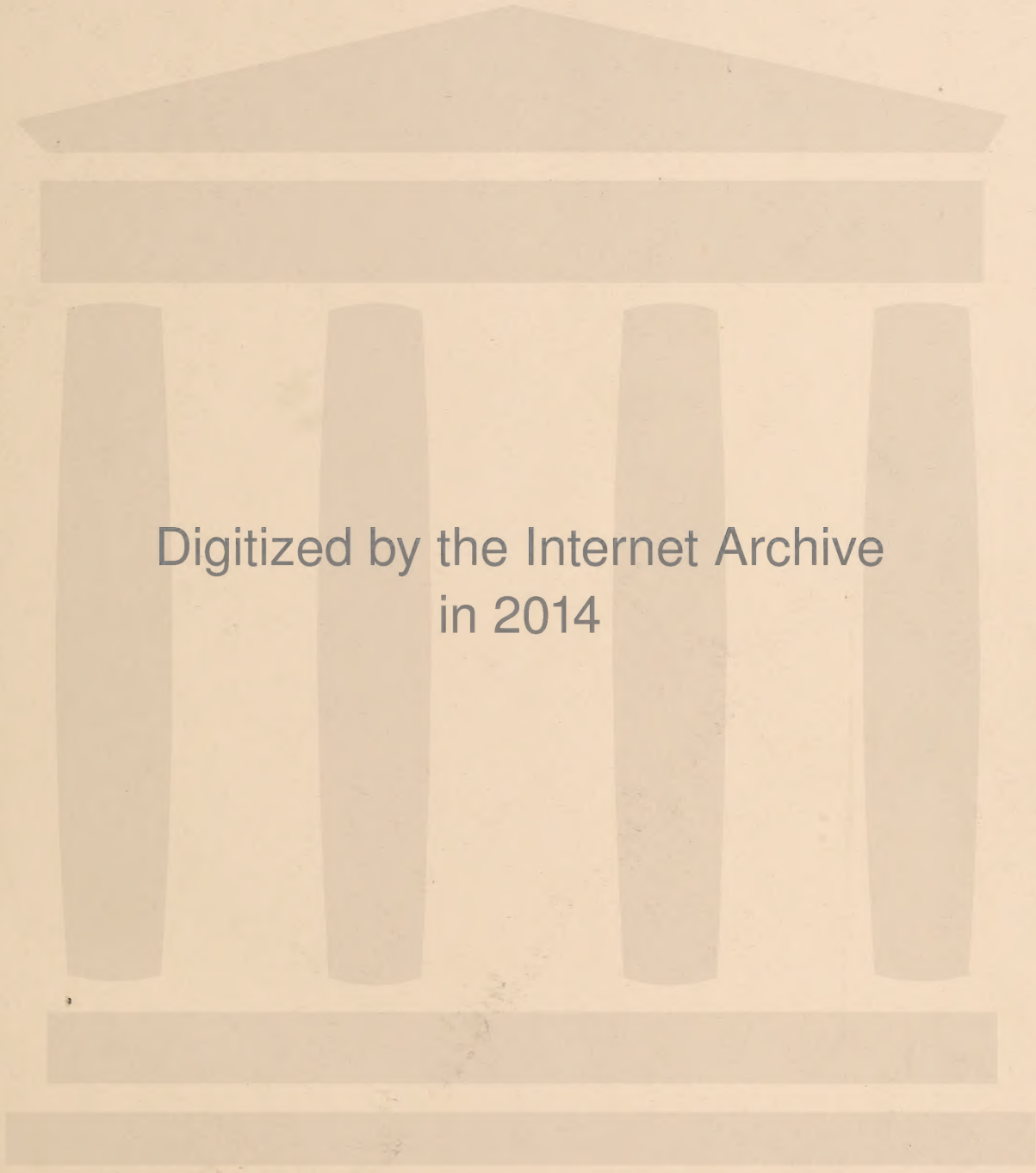

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MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN SYRIA.

How an Eastern Maiden is Betrothed—A Bride's Personal Wealth—Marriage Among the Poor—Social Status of Syrian Women.

IF an artist, in the search for the picturesque, should look the whole world over, he would probably accord to the East the palm of pre-eminence, no less for the grandeur of its natural scenery, and the weird, ghostlike, antiquity of its cities, hoary with centuries, than for the peculiar personality of its people, in the matter of dress, facial expression and social surroundings. While all else, and especially the West, have progressed with the passing generations, the East has stood still; and throughout a very large part of those countries that are comprehensively described as "The Orient," the same general picture greets the traveler to-day as that which was presented possibly a thousand years ago. This is true in detail of almost everything that pertains to the social life and economy of the people; their food, dress, dwellings, manners, language, customs and traditions having undergone hardly any perceptible change, save possibly in a few of the larger cities, where increasing contact with Europeans or other strangers has somewhat modified the old conditions. The East of to-day is the East of the past, for there is apparently some subtle quality in the Oriental mind and character which clings to the old and disdains the new, and places a higher estimate upon ancient usage, legend and tradition than anything that leads to progress or change.

In Syria, this race peculiarity is strikingly noticeable. Social usages, such as those that belong to dress, betrothals, weddings, festivals, funerals and the like, are apparently changeless. In the photograph on this page, two Syrian women of the peasant class are shown, just as they may have come from marketing. They are fair types of thousands who are to be found in the villages and hamlets of Palestine; hard workers, who lead simple and very frugal lives that have but little of sunshine in them. Yet their parents and grand-parents lived and dressed just as they do. Their quiet, patient faces show no sign of discontent or unsatisfied vanity, although the calico dresses they wear so gracefully would be scorned by the lowliest working-woman of the western world. There is something almost Madonna-like in those calm, restful faces, framed in white, transparent gauze—something that marks them as distinct from the Moslem women, with their almost coquettish veils; from the Druse maids and matrons, with their fantastic "tantura," or horned head-dress, and the infinite variety of veils including the "milayah" worn by the women of Egypt, the "burko" or face-veil, and the "yashmak," familiar throughout the Turkish dominions. But the Syrian women, poor and rich, while they may omit the veil at home or during the performance of domestic duties, generally wear it when they go visiting, the married women wearing dark veils and the young girls white silk or calico, according to social position.

Betrothal and marriage are the two chief events in the life of a Syrian girl, the former being a ceremony to which great importance is attached. Rarely are the young people permitted to meet each other before their union has been decided upon by the relatives, who arrange the betrothal compact. It is hardly possible to conceive of any real sentiment existing between the parties before marriage; the Eastern idea is that mutual affection will follow the relation. In Upper Syria, as well as in some parts of Egypt, the betrothal ceremony is a peculiarly interesting one. A mother pays a round of visits, with the purpose of finding a suitable wife for her son. One by one the eligible daughters of suitable families are allowed by their parents to be seen by the visitor. There is a great show of timidity and bashfulness, before they permit the prospective mother-in-law to see their faces. When report is made, and the youth makes choice of one to whom he wishes to be betrothed, the next step is to settle the amount of the dowry. This adjusted, the father of the bride-to-be pledges his faith to the bride-groom's father that his daughter "shall be a slave to your son; a servant of his servant, and her life and honor shall be under his feet." In return, the youth's parent pledges himself that his son "is willing to take her for his companion; and he wants her to stand by his side through life." The form of the ceremony varies but little throughout Syria.

SYRIAN WOMEN OF THE LOWER CLASS.

(From a photograph brought from Palestine by the Proprietor of "The Christian Herald.")

At the wedding, whether the families be rich or poor, a brave show of wealth and finery is made. Some brides are encumbered with all the jewelry and coins they can possibly carry on arms, neck, head-dress and bodice. These valuables are regarded as a bride's personal property, and, according to usage, cannot be taken away from her, even by her husband, although he should divorce her. Among Christian Syrians, as well as Moslems, this practice prevails, and it is still quite common for a bride to put upon her person such a dazzling array of precious stones and gold and silver ornaments that the assembled guests are duly impressed with the fact that she is a "woman of worth," in a financial sense at least. The most excitedly dramatic incident is the unveiling of the bride by the bridegroom. This first glimpse of his future life-companion is sometimes a keen disappointment, at others, a pleasant surprise; for neither has seen the other beforehand and there is, therefore, no tender, loving acquaintanceship such as precedes western marriages. Should the husband be pleased with her looks, he announces his satisfaction to the relatives and guests and there is general jubilation and happiness over the result.

Among the poorer Syrians, the women lead hard, laborious lives, that are pitiful to see. Their environment, their ignorance and the placid contentment of their natures makes social elevation almost impossible. It is a land of diverse religions. Christianity is doing much to uplift and cheer the women of Syria but their status has been a low one for many generations. The country is a land of homes, and the people possess many admirable characteristics, which the spread of education and the Gospel are gradually improving. Christian Churches, missions, schools and similar institutions have multiplied of late years and are working harmoniously and effectively for the spiritual redemption and educational uplifting of the Syrian people.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

Round-the-World Sermons, by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

"PALACES OF INDIA."

Text: Amos 3: 10, *"Who store up violence and robbery in their palaces."*

IN this day when vast sums of money are being given for the redemption of India, I hope to increase the interest in that great country, and at the same time draw for all classes of our people practical lessons, and so I present this fifth sermon in the "'Round-the-world" series. We step into the ancient capital of India, the mere pronunciation of its name sending a thrill through the body, mind and soul of all those who have ever read its stories of splendor, and disaster, and prowess—Delhi.

Before the first historian impressed his first word in clay, or cut his first word on marble, or wrote his first word on papyrus, Delhi stood in India, a contemporary of Babylon and Nineveh. We know that Delhi existed longer before Christ's time than we live after his time. Delhi is built on the ruins of seven cities, which ruins cover forty miles with wrecked temples, broken fortresses, split tombs, tumble-down palaces and the debris of centuries. An archæologist could profitably spend his life here talking with the past through its lips of venerable masonry.

There are a hundred things here you ought to see in this city of Delhi, but three things you must see. The first thing I wanted to see was the Cashmere Gate, for that was the point at which the most wonderful deed of daring which the world has ever seen was done. That was the turning-point of the mutiny of 1857. A lady at Delhi put into my hand an oil-painting about eighteen inches square, a pict- well executed, but chiefly valuable what it represented. It was a scene the time of mutiny; two horses at full harnessed to a carriage in which were persons. She said: "Those persons on the front side are my father and mother. The young lady on the back seat holding in her arms a baby of a year was my older sister and the baby was myself. My mother, who is down with a fever in the next room, painted that years ago. The horses are in full run because we are fleeing for our lives. My mother is driving, for the reason that father, standing up in the front of his carriage, had to defend us with his gun, as you there see. He fought our way out and on for many a mile, shooting down the Sepoys as we went. We had somewhat suspected trouble, and had become suspicious of our servants. A prince had requested a private interview with my father, who was editor of the Delhi "Gazette." The prince proposed to come veiled, so that no one might recognize him, but my mother insisted on being present, and the interview did not take place. A large fish had been sent to our family, and four other families, the present an offering of thanks for the king's recovery from a recent sickness. But we suspected poison, and did not eat the fish. One day all our servants came up and said they must go and see what was the matter. We saw what was intended and knew that if the servants returned they would murder all of us. Things grew worse and worse until this scene of flight shown you in the picture took place. You see, the horses were wild with fright. This was not only because of the discharge of guns, but the horses were struck and pounded by Sepoys, and ropes were tied across the way, and the savage halloo, and the shout of revenge made all the way of our flight a horror."

The books have fully recorded the heroism displayed at Delhi and approximate regions, but make no mention of this family of Wagentreibers whose flight I am mentioning. But the Madras "Atheneum" printed this: "And now! Are not the deeds of the Wagentreibers, though he wore a round hat and she a crinoline, as worthy of imperishable verse as those of the heroic pair whose nuptials graced the court of Charlemagne? A more touching picture than that of the brave man contending with well-nerved arm against the black and threatening fate impending over his wife and child, we have never seen. Here was no strife for the glory of physical prowess, or the spoil of shining arms, but a conquest of the human mind, an assertion of the powers of intellect over the most appalling array of circumstances that could assail a human being. Men have become gray in front of sudden and unexpected peril, and in ancient days so much was courage a matter of heroics and mere instinct that we read in immortal verse of heroes struck with panic and fleeing before the enemy. But the savage Sepoys, with their hoarse war-cry, and swarming like wasps around the Wagentreibers, struck no terror into the brave man's heart. His heroism was not the mere ebullition of despair, but, like that of his wife, calm and wise; standing upright that he might use his arms better."

"THE CASHMERE GATE," DELHI, INDIA.

(Scene of a Famous Deed of Daring, During the Great Mutiny.)

As an incident will sometimes more impress one than a generality of statement, I present the flight of this one family from Delhi merely to illustrate the desperation of the times. The fact was that the Sepoys had taken possession of the city of Delhi, and they were, with all their artillery, fighting back the Europeans who were on the outside, and murdering all the Europeans who were inside. The city of Delhi has a crenulated wall on three sides, a wall five and one-half miles long, and the fourth side of the city is defended by the River Jumna. In addition to these two defences of wall and water, there were 40,000 Sepoys, all armed. Twelve hundred British soldiers were to take that city. Nicholson, the immortal General, commanded them, and you must visit his grave before you leave Delhi. He fell leading his troops. He commanded them even after being mortally wounded. You will read this inscription on his tomb:

"John Nicholson, who led the assault of Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory, mortally wounded, and died 23d September, 1857. Aged 35 years."

With what guns and men General Nicholson could muster he had laid siege to this walled city filled with devils. What fearful odds! Twelve hundred British troops uncovered by any military works, to take a city surrounded by firm and high masonry, on the top of which were 114 guns and defended by 40,000 foaming Sepoys. A larger percentage of troops fell here than in any great battle I happen to know of. The Crimean percentage of the fallen was 17.48, but the percentage of Delhi was 37.9. Yet that city must be taken, and it can only be taken by such courage as had never been recorded in all the annals of bloodshed. Every charge of the British regiments against the walls and gates had been beaten back. The hyenas of Hindooism and Mohammedanism howled over the walls, and the English army could do nothing but bury their own dead. But at this gate I stand and watch an exploit that makes the page of history tremble with agitation. This city has ten gates, but the most famous is the one before which we now stand, and it is called Cashmere Gate. Write the words in red ink, because of the carnage! Write them in letters of light, for the illustrious deeds! Write them in letters of black, for the bereft and the dead. Will the world ever forget that Cashmere Gate? Lieutenants Salkeld and Home, and Sergeants Burgess, Carmichael and Smith offered to take bags of powder to the foot of that gate and set them on fire, blowing open the gate, although they must die in doing it. There they go, just after sunrise, each one carrying a sack containing twenty-four pounds of powder, and doing this under the fire of the enemy. Lieutenant Home was the first to jump into the ditch, which still remains before the gate. As they go, one by one falls under the shot and shell. One of the mortally wounded, as he falls, hands his sack of powder with a box of lucifer matches to another, telling him to fire the sack; when with an explosion that shook the earth for twenty miles around, part of the Cashmere Gate was blown into fragments, and the bodies of some of these heroes were so scattered they were never gathered for funeral, or grave, or monument. The British army rushed in through the broken gate, and although six days of hard fighting were necessary before the city was in complete possession, the crisis was past. The Cashmere Gate open, the capture of Delhi and all it contained of palaces, and mosques, and treasures was possible. Lord Napier, of Magdala, of whom Mr. Gladstone spoke to me so affectionately when I was his guest at Hawarden, England, has lifted a monument near this Cashmere Gate with the names of the men who there fell inscribed thereon. That English Lord, who had seen courage on many a battlefield, visited this Cashmere Gate, and felt that the men who opened it with the loss of their own lives ought to be commemorated, and hence this cenotaph. But, after all, the best monument is the gate itself, with the deep gouges in the brick wall on the left side, made by two bomb-shells, and the wall above, torn by ten bomb-shells, and the wall on the right side, defaced, and scarped, and plowed, and gullied by all styles of long-reaching weaponry. Let the words "Cashmere Gate," as a synonym for patriotism, and fearlessness, and self-sacrifice, go into all history, all art, all literature, all time, all eternity! My friends, that kind of courage sanctified will yet take the whole earth for God. Indeed, the missionaries now at Delhi, toiling amid heathenism, and fever, and cholera, and far away from home and comfort, and staying there until they drop into their graves, are just as brave in taking Delhi for Christ as were Nicholson, and Home, and Carmichael in taking Delhi for Great Britain. Take this for the first sermonic lesson.

Another thing you must see if you go to Delhi, though you leave many things unseen, is the palace of the Moguls. It is an enclosure a thousand yards by five hundred. You enter through a vaulted hall nearly four hundred feet long. Floors of Florentine mosaic, and walls once emeralded, and sapphired, and carbuncled, and diamonded. I said to the guide: "Show us where once stood the Peacock Throne." "Here it was," he responded. All the thrones of the earth put together would not equal that for costliness and brilliance. It had steps of silver, and the seat and arms were of solid gold. It cost about $150,000,000. It stood between

vo peacocks, the feathers and plumes of hich were fashioned out of colored stones. bove the throne was a life-size parrot cut ut of one emerald. Above all was a can-py resting on twelve columns of gold, the anopy fringed with pearls. Seated here, ne Emperor on public occasions wore a rown containing among other things the Coh-i-noor diamond, and the entire blaze of ronet cost $10,350,000. This superb and nce almost supernaturally beautiful room as imbedded in the white marble wall let-ers of black marble, which were translated o me from Persian into English as meaning:

If on the earth there be an Eden of bliss,
That place is this, is this, is this, is this.

But the peacocks that stood beside the rone have flown away, taking all the dis-lay with them, and those white marble oors were reddened with slaughter, and hose bath-rooms ran with blood, and that Eden of which the Persian couplet on the valls spake, has had its flowers wither, and ts fruits decay, and I thought while look-ng at the brilliant desolation, and standing mid the vanished glories of that throne oom, that some one had better change a ittle that Persian couplet on the wall and nake it read:

If there be a place where much you miss,
That place is this, is this, is this, is this.

As I came out of the palace into the street of Delhi, I thought to myself: Paradises are not built out of stone; are not cut in sculpture; are not painted on walls; do not spray the cheek with fountains; do not offer thrones or crowns. Paradises are built out of natures uplifted and ennobled, and what architect's compass may not sweep, and sculptor's chisel may not cut, and painter's pencil may not sketch, and gardener's skill may not lay out, the grace of God can achieve, and if the heart be right all is right, and if the heart be wrong, all is wrong. Here endeth the second lesson.

But I will not yet allow you to leave Delhi. The third thing you must see, or never admit that you have been in India, is the mosque called Jumma Musjid. It is the grandest mosque I ever saw except St. Sophia at Constantinople, but it surpasses that in some respects; for St. Sophia was originally a Christian Church, and changed into a mosque, while this of Delhi was originally built for the Moslems.

As I entered, a thousand or more Mohammedans were prostrated in worship. There are times when five thousand may be seen here in the same attitude. Each stone of the floor is three feet long by one and one-half wide, and each worshipper has one of these slabs for himself while kneeling. The erection of this building required five thousand laborers for six years. It is on a plateau of rock; has four towers rising far into the heavens; three great gateways inviting the world to come in and honor the memory of the prophet of many wives; fifteen domes with spires gold-tipped, and six minarets. What a built-up immensity of white marble and red sandstone? We descended the forty marble steps by which we ascended, and took another look at this wonder of the world. As I thought what a brain the architect must have had who first built that mosque in his own imagination, and as I thought what an opulent ruler that must have been who gave the order for such vastness and symmetry, I was reminded of that which perfectly explained all. The architect who planned this was the same man who planned the Taj, namely, Austin deBordeau, and the king who ordered the mosque constructed was the king who ordered the Taj, namely, Shah Jehan. As this Grand Mogul ordered built the most splendid palace for the dead when he built the Taj, at Agra, he here ordered built the most splendid palace of worship for the living at Delhi. See here what sculpture and architecture can accomplish. They link together the centuries. They successfully defy time. Two hundred and eighty years ago Austin de Bordeau and Shah Jehan quit this life, but their work lives and bids fair to stand until the continents crack open, and hemispheres go down, and this planet showers other worlds with its ashes.

I rejoice in all these big buildings, whether dedicated to Mohammed, or Brahma, or Buddha, or Confucius, or Zoroaster: because as St. Sophia at Constantinople was a Christian Church changed into a mosque, and will yet be changed back again, so all the mosques and temples of superstition and sin will yet be turned into churches. When India and Ceylon, and China, and Japan are ransomed, as we all believe they will be, their religious structures will all be converted into Christian asylums, and Christian schools, and Christian libraries, and Christian churches. Built at the expense of superstition and sin, they will yet be dedicated to the Lord Almighty. Here endeth the third lesson.

As that night we took the railroad train from the Delhi station and rolled out through the city now living, over the vaster cities buried under this ancient capital, cities under cities, and our travelling servant had unrolled our bed, which consisted of a rug and two blankets and a pillow; and as we were worn out with the sight-seeing of the day, and were roughly tossed on that uneven Indian railway, I soon fell into a troubled sleep, in which I saw and heard in a confused way the scenes and sounds of the mutiny of 1857, which at Delhi we had been recounting; and now the rattle of the train seemed to turn into the rattle of musketry; and now the light at the top of the car deluded me with the idea of a burning city; and then the loud thump of the railroad brake was in dream mistaken for a booming battery; and the voices at the different stations made me think I heard the loud cheer of the British at the taking of the Cashmere Gate; and as we rolled over bridges the battles before Delhi seemed going on; and as we went through dark tunnels I seemed to see the tomb of Humayun in which the king of Delhi was hidden; and in my dreams I saw Lieutenant Renny, of the artillery, throwing shells which were handed him, their fuses burning; and Campbell, and Reid, and Hope Grant covered with blood; and Nicholson falling while rallying on the wall his wavering troops; and I saw dead regiment fallen across dead regiment, and heard the rataplan of the hoofs of Hodgson's horse, and the dash of the Bengal Artillery, and the storming by the immortal Fourth Column; and the rongher the Indian railway became, and the darker the night grew, the more the scenes that I had been studying at Delhi came on me like an incubus. But the morning began to look through the window of our jolting rail-car, and the sunlight poured in on my pillow, and in my dreams I saw the bright colors of the English flag hoisted over Delhi, where the green banner of the Moslem had waved, and the voices of the wounded and dying seemed to be exchanged for the voices that welcomed soldiers home again. And as the morning light got brighter and brighter, and in my dream I mistook the bells at a station for a church bell hanging in a minaret, where a Mohammedan priest had mumbled his call to prayer, I seemed to hear a chant, whether by human or angelic voices in my dream I could not tell, but it was a chant about "Peace and good will to men." And as the speed of the rail-train slackened the motion of the car became so easy as we rolled along the track that it seemed to me that all the distress, and controversy, and jolting, and wars of the world had ceased; and in my dream I thought we had come to the time when "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Halt here at what you have never seen before, a depopulated city, the city of Amber, India.

The strange fact is hat a ruler abandoned his palaces at Amber and moved to Jeypore, and all the inhabitants of the city followed. Except here and there a house in Amber occupied by a hermit, the city is as silent a population as Pompeii or Herculaneum: but those cities were emptied by volcanic disaster, while this city of Amber was vacated because Prince Joy Singh was told by a Hindoo priest that no city should be inhabited more than a thousand years, and so the ruler one hundred and seventy years ago moved out himself, and all his people moved with him.

You visit Amber on the back of an elephant. Permission obtained for your visit the day before at Jeypore, an elephant is in waiting for you about six miles out to take you up the steeps to Amber. You pass through the awfully quiet streets, all the feet that trod them in the days of their activity having gone on the long journey, and the voices of business and gaiety that sounded amid these abodes having long ago uttered their last syllable. You pass by a lake covering five hundred acres, where the rajahs used to sail in their pleasure boats, but alligators now have full possession, and you come to the abandoned palace, which is an enchantment. No more picturesque place was ever chosen for the residence of a monarch. The fortress above looks down upon this palace, and the palace looks down upon a lake. This monarchial abode may have had attractions when it was the home of royalty, which have vanished, but antiquity and the silence of many years, and opportunity to tread, where once you would not have been permitted to tread, may be an addition quite equal to the subtraction.

I will not go far into a description of brazen doorway after brazen doorway, and carved room after carved room, and lead you under embellished ceiling after embellished ceiling, and through halls precious-stoned into wider halls precious-stoned. Why tire out your imagination with the particulars, when you may sum up all by saying that on the slopes of that hill of India are pavilions deeply dyed, tasseled and arched; the fire of colored gardens cooled by the snow of white architecture; bath-rooms that refresh before your feet touch their marble; birds in arabesque so natural to life, that while you cannot hear their voices, you imagine you see the flutter of their wings as you are passing; stone-ware translucent; walls pictured with hunting scene, and triumphal procession, and jousting party; rooms that were called "Alcove of Light," and "Court of Honor," and "Hall of Victory;" marble, white and black, like a mixture of morning and night; alabaster, and lacquer-work, and mother-of-pearl; all that architecture, and sculpture, and painting, and horticulture can do when they put their genius together was done here in ages past, and much of their work still stands to absorb and entrance archæologist and sight-seer. But what a solemn and stupendous thing is an abandoned city. While many of the peoples of earth have no roof for their head, here is a whole city of roofs rejected. The sand of the desert was sufficient excuse for the disappearance of Heliopolis, and the waters of the Mediterranean Sea for the engulfment of Tyre, and the lava of Mount Vesuvius for the obliteration of Herculaneum; but for the sake of nothing but a superstitious whim the city of Amber is abandoned forever. Oh, wondrous India! The city of Amber is only one of the marvels which compel the uplifted hand of surprise from the day you enter India until you leave it. Its flora is so flamboyant; its fauna so monstrous and savage; its ruins so suggestive; its idolatry so horrible; its degradation so sickening; its mineralogy so brilliant; its splendors so uplifting; its architecture so old, so grand, so educational, so multipotent, that India will not be fully comprehended until science has made its last experiment, and exploration has ended its last journey, and the library of the world's literature has closed its last door, and Christianity has made its last achievement, and the Clock of Time has struck its last hour.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Hindoo Pariahs.

The Only Hope of the Low-Caste People of India Lies in the Gospel.

BISHOP J. M. THOBURN, in a recent article on missions in India, writes: "The pariahs of Southern India form a part of an immense division of the general community, numbering about 50,000,000 souls, or more than one-sixth of the whole population. These 50,000,000 are divided into many castes and sub-castes, and in recent years the term "depressed classes" has been applied to the whole mass, from the lowest scavengers to the more respectable artisans. The whole 50,000,000 are below the line of social respectability; and, although legally entitled to admission to the public schools, their children are practically excluded from them. Public sentiment would not tolerate their presence. The condition of these people is very hopless, unless they can in some way escape the hard lot which has fallen to them.

Mr. Telang (an educated Brahman) frankly confesses that the hope and the help of these lowly people is in Christianity. With admirable candor, he says: 'The structure of Hindoo society and religion is such that there is no such help for the pariah as the Christian missionary has brought to him.' Those who become Christians improve rapidly and ask no odds of the Brahmans or the Mohammedans. I have seen a son of an extremely low out-caste preparing high-caste youths for university examinations. I have seen hundreds of Christian youths, whose parents had belonged to these classes, in school and college with Hindoo and Mohammedan boys, apparently on terms of good fellowship, and successfully holding their own in the keen competition of the school-room. It ought not to be supposed that all converts in India have come from the lower classes. The Christian community has won a recognized position in the country, and in proportion to its numbers, stands fully abreast of any other community in the country. At the close of the mutiny, a general distrust of missionaries was manifested in some parts of the Empire, but this gradually passed away, and a different feeling now prevails, especially among the common people. The missionary is regarded as the friend of the poor, the representative of public morality, and the promoter of reform. The common people are able to distinguish between spurious Christianity and that which is genuine."

THE GIANTS OF BIBLE TIMES.

Many scientists and investigators have endeavored to settle satisfactorily the question whether man's stature has increased or decreased since the days of the "giants of old." Of the stature of the early heroes of the Pentateuch nothing is said. About the time of Moses, we read that "in these days there were giants on the earth, the sons and daughters of Anak." The spies who went up to view the land of Canaan reported: "There we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants; and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." Isolated giants are frequently spoken of, such as Og, king of Bashan, Ishbi-benob, who hoped to have slain David, and better known than both, was Goliath, whose stature, we are told, was ten or eleven feet. Nor were the Greeks of a parsimonious disposition when they described the strength and stature of their heroes. Homer grieved over the gradual leveling down of the men of his day. Hesiodus bewailed that his contemporaries had declined in stature compared with the men of the good old times. Herodotus, Pliny, Pausanius and Plutarch have all given expression to a similar idea, the latter complaining that the rising generation resembled new-born babes. Virgil's opinion is well known. In one passage he says: "When the cultivator upturns with his plough the weapons and bones of his ancestors, he is dumbfounded, lost in admiration of their gigantic stature." The results of recent scientific investigation neither tally with the ancient theory of stature degenerating, nor yet with the more modern one of a constant upward tendency. Dr. Rahon, an eminent French scientist, after a very thorough inquiry, and the examination of many ancient skeletons, has reached the conclusion that, while there may have been and no doubt were "giants of old," the people as a whole were of normal stature like those of our own day and generation.

FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 13. Mark 6: 30-44. Golden Text Luke 1: 53. By Mrs. Baxter.

THE apostles were pioneers, their ministry made room for that of the seventy, and they in their turn, made room for that of the hundred and twenty on the day of Pentecost. Let us never think when a worker is removed, that his work ceases with him. Like a row of stones in a building, it lies upon the work of his predecessors, and it remains to bear the weight of, and to strengthen future workers. God sees the work in its entirety, and he alone can judge of the value of each worker in his season.

"And they departed into a desert place by ship, privately." A conquest had been gained; these workers, new in the field, had learned to have their work interrupted, just when to human eyes the moment was most unfavorable. Now they must go on to learn another lesson, and be as willing to let their rest be interrupted. "The people saw them departing, and many knew him, and ran afoot thither out of all cities, and outwent them, and came together unto him." When we take things into our own hands we are always liable to be disappointed. If our confidence is only partial in our God, we may be put out by a disarrangement of our plans. If the disciples had yielded to the suspension of their work at a strain to themselves, and had reluctantly given up the precious opportunities for service that they might have a time alone with the Lord, they would have been doubly impatient that, after procuring rest at such a sacrifice, that rest should be interrupted. It might seem to them to have been a needless sacrifice. But they had to learn from Jesus to take all things, without exception, from a Father's hand. "Jesus, when he came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd." In the Gospel of Luke we read:

"He Welcomed Them."

No thought of whether it suited him, or not, was permitted; nothing could happen without his Father's permission, he took the interruption from his hands, and taught his disciples the double lesson to have either their works or their rest interrupted as their God should will. Far from being a day of rest, it was one of close service. Precious teaching was being given, but it was not what the apostles had looked for; and human nature takes unwillingly the failure of its expectations. Long before the Lord was weary, long before the multitude was weary, the apostles began to find the time long. They came to Jesus and said, "This is a desert place, and now the time is far passed; send them away, that they may go into the country round about, and into the villages and buy themselves bread; for they have nothing to eat." Much as Jesus was teaching the multitude, he never for a moment lost sight of his chosen twelve. The whole day had been one of special testing to them, and when he answered and said to them, "Give ye them to eat," it might have seemed to some of them that the strain was too great; he was requiring from them impossibilities, and they say unto him, perhaps with some petulence: "Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread, and give them to eat?" Human nature would go no farther.

But was the Master making a claim on human nature? Does he ever expect anything from us independently of him? Does he not say: "Apart from me ye can do nothing." Jesus was not at a loss. He put the question to Philip, "Where shall we buy bread, that these may eat?" And this he said to prove him; for he himself knew what he would do." (John 6: 5, 6.) Philip's answer was all on human lines. In all probability Philip had been present when Jesus turned the water into wine, and yet he did not connect the manifestation of his power there with the need of the present moment. "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little." Not one of the chosen twelve though they had already been used of God to cast out many devils, and anoint the sick, and heal them (Mark 6: 13), connected the presence and power of Jesus as the solution of the need, and their difficulty. Were they more unbelieving than many of God's children in the present day? How many, in a time of temporal, physical or spiritual need, look in the first place to their own resources, to see how far these will reach out; their money, time, strength, talent, experience, or that which they are able to procure! All they have may be only "five barley loaves and two small fishes" (this was all the disciples could produce), and even were it multiplied to the produce of two hundred pence, it would make a meagre meal for five thousand men besides women and children. There was but one man in the company whose resources were not exhausfed. "Jesus himself

Knew what He Would do."

True Man at all times, he learned from his Father's Word. The manna in the wilderness was more than an incident of ancient history to the Son of man; he read in it the heart and the hand of his heavenly Father. When he had said to his disciples: "Give ye them to eat," he was not mocking their weakness. He was not alone because the Father was with him; the Son of God present with them, how should they not have enough to give to the needy ones around them? There was one thing which the apostles could do. "Make the people sit down." Until this was accomplished nothing could be done. Sitting down, at rest, not attempting to help themselves, they were in a position for Jesus to do something. "They sat down in ranks, by hundreds, and by fifties." Then he who made the worlds took the tiny provision into his human hands, and, just when others might have murmured, and while, perhaps, the disciples, who did not know how weak their faith was, were full of disquietude, that one thing after another which was trying and humbling had happened—"he looked up to heaven and blessed." Jesus was not disconcerted. He counted on his Father. We can never be placed in any position which will disconcert us, so long as our eye is really and entirely on our God. One look at ourselves, and faith and courage fail us; but we cannot behold our God and be put to shame. Oh, how often in our life and work for God, we have reviewed our miserable resources, and our hearts have failed us. But these in the hand of Jesus are the divine provision for the emergency. Faith does not only justify God, but gives thanks in the moment of perplexity. With nothing more than five little loaves and his two small fishes in hand, Jesus could give thanks, and he broke the loaves, and gave them to his disciples to set before them; and the two fishes divided he among them all.

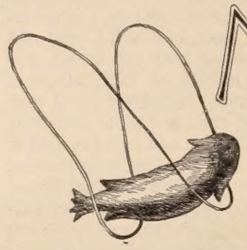
And they did All Eat,

and were filled. A receptive multitude, a believing Son, an Almighty Father! What could not be accomplished! it was simply Almighty supply turned into the channel of real and pressing need. Not one of that vast company went away hungry: everyone was more than satisfied. What a lesson! The disciples had been successful in their ministry, but they needed to learn this lesson of the mountain. Now, if they took heed, their lives and their ministry would be enriched. When they were sufficed, and not till then, he sent the multitude away But all was not finished: the disciples had yet something to do: "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost." There was enough and to spare, there always is where God is trusted; but nothing to throw away of that which God, in his lovingkindness, gives to us. There is much in every day's experience, much in every exposition of his Word, which patient, persevering disciples may gather, out of that which the generality of people reject and throw away.

All was ordered; the suspension of their ministry, the call for a time of rest, the interruption, the opportunity for faith, the responsibility to trust. All was calculated to empty, and to humble those who were in training for future ministry. God never sacrifices the worker to the work. Just because the apostles showed a right spirit, it was the more worth while to teach them advanced lessons in the school of faith and patience.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



ORIENTAL WALLET OR BASKET.

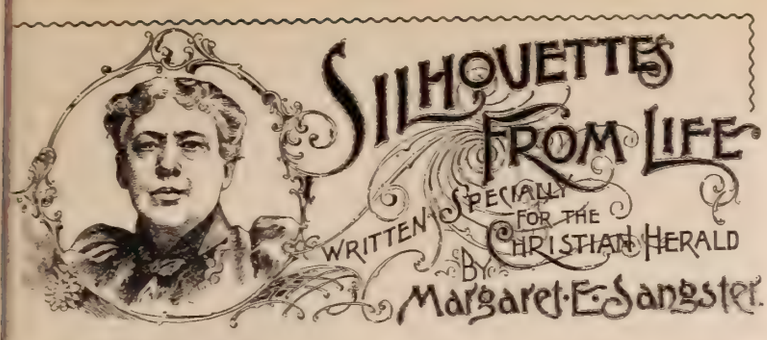
MANY attempts have been made to explain away the miracles, but this of the feeding of the five thousand can have no explanation but one; it was the work of divine power. Everyone knows that five thousand hungry men beside women and children would consume a large quantity of food. They were fed in broad daylight in a solitary place, where no food was accessible and where no ship carrying such a supply of food could have come without being seen. A great preacher calls it a fortress of a miracle; it is impregnable. Probably that was the reason why all the evangelists record it; no other miracle is recorded by them all. It was unpremeditated. Jesus was at Capernaum, whither his disciples hurrying back from their tour, concerned and alarmed by the murder of John the Baptist, went to him. They were full of news. They wanted to tell him of the events of their missionary journeys. Each couple would have a story to relate about their teaching and the attitude of the people. But interruptions were continuous. Not only could they not converse with their Master; there was no time so much as to eat. As usual when Jesus was at his home in Capernaum, the news spread and every family in which there was a cripple or a sick person hurried with the sufferer to the young Teacher to get relief. The strain was too great, and Jesus resolved to go away with his disciples to get privacy and rest. Just across the Lake there was a retired place suited to the purpose. It was a triangular stretch of country having the mountains on one side and the sea on the other. Mark calls it a desert place, but he does not mean a sandy desert, but simply uncultivated. It is called Butaiha. Incidentally he mentions that there was grass there. Jesus and his disciples go there in the ship. But scarcely have they seated themselves when they see crowds of people coming evidently seeking Jesus. They had seen Jesus go and had followed him on land going round the head of the lake, a distance of about four miles from Capernaum. John was dead, and to Jesus they seemed like sheep without a shepherd. Their condition appealed to him, and he resumed his work of teaching and healing. Toward the close of day his attention was called to the fact of their being hungry and he was reminded that they would have a long distance to go to buy food. Jesus proposes that they should be fed there and asks Philip who lived at the neighboring town of Bethsaida, where food could be bought. Philip does not answer that question, but says that it would cost two hundred pence, which would be thirty dollars of our money, to give each one even a morsel. They have only five barley loaves, the poorest, cheapest kind of bread and two fishes. John says the fishes were small. The word he uses indicates a fish much like what we know as sardines, with which the lake abounded and which were dried and sold at a low price. Christ broke the bread and divided the fishes, and in his hands the provision was inexhaustible. All were fed, and the remains filled the baskets or wallets which the disciples had with them.

Sheep not having a Shepherd. Walking through a country district a traveller saw a flock of sheep grazing near a wide brook. Planks were laid across it at intervals of about thirty yards, making rude bridges. Two of these were in the meadow where the sheep were. Suddenly the barking of a dog startled the sheep. They listened a moment and then all started to fly for safety. They made straight for the brook which was on the opposite side of the meadow to that on which the dog was. They halted at the water, evidently afraid to jump. Less than ten yards away was one of the bridges, but not one sheep in the flock seemed to have any notion of its use. At last one jumped, landing safely on the other side. All the rest followed, some falling into the water, some slipping down the opposite bank. Not one went across the bridge, although it was so near. Had the shepherd been there he would have led them to the bridge, but they were helpless without him—sheep not having a shepherd. When we read of the self-tortures, the penances and toils of people in India and other unchristianized countries, in their effort to win salvation, we see how like to sheep unenlightened men are.

Give ye them to eat. The disciples must have been surprised at the command. Where could they get the bread for five thousand men? They had not counted on what Christ could do. Those who count on him now find the help that the disciples did. When George Muller undertook the support of two or three orphan children he had no money of his own to spare, but he believed that God would provide and he did provide. One after another Muller added to the number of his charges and still the money came. He has now over two thousand orphan children in his houses and many thousands have been fed, clothed and educated there, and are now out in the world earning their livelihood. God sent the money to do it and still sends it as it is needed. The two thousand children have never lacked for a meal though Mr. Muller has never once appealed for help to the public. Daily prayer is made to God, and the provision always comes in time. It costs about five thousand dollars a week to clothe and feed the children, but this sum has always been provided. God has influenced people who have heard of the work to send money for its support.

How many loaves have ye? Christ knew that he was going to work a miracle. John mentions in the parallel passage that "He knew what he would do." Why then not make the bread by a creative act out of nothing? Christ never worked in that way. He required something on the part of those that came to him. It is so in spiritual things. Those who come to him for spiritual blessing must bring faith, a consciousness of need, a desire for help or some other feeling with which Christ can work. Chaplains and prison-workers tell the same story. They say there is no hope of reclaiming a criminal until some trait is found in him that they can use. Sometimes a criminal is hard and reckless, and there seems no good in him, but when the chaplain talks to him about his dead mother, or his dead child, he breaks down and is a different man. So the question "How many loaves have ye?" becomes important. It means what is there on which the miracle can be worked?

Baskets full of the fragments. When Jesus could so multiply the loaves why did he direct his disciples to gather up the fragments? Of what value could the pieces of bread be to one who could make tons of bread by a word? So we are apt to think of all divine work. But God does not waste. The fragments, the lives that the world despises as useless are precious in his sight for he can transform them into gems. There is an old story of a great artist in colored glass. He had designed a window for a grand cathedral, and selected for it some very choice material. After he had completed his work an apprentice gathered up the rejected fragments, and from them designed a wheel window in the same cathedral which was pronounced to be more lovely than the work of the great master, although but formed from his leavings. So our God can from the broken and rejected opportunities of our lives, as they appear to us, make some more precious work than we accomplish with the very best we have



A GIRL'S HAND.

SHE was a slight little creature, with eyes like stars for brightness, and blue as a bit of the sky. Her golden hair made a sort of a halo around her peach-blossom face, and her hands and feet were tiny. Altogether, she was a dainty, fragile, wee maiden, twenty years old, and looking seventeen.

But she had a strong spirit, and a resolute will of her own, this airy, fairy Lilian mine, and the superintendent of the Bethel Branch had a level head, and knew what he was about, when he asked her to take the worst class in the school.

"That child?" jeered the secretary. "They'll crush her as if she were an egg shell! Why, Doctor Grimm and Judge Sayerweather have tried that class and given it up in despair! They're a set of roughs, and Miss Lilian will be used up in the session. Better send her to the infant class!"

But the superintendent held his ground.

"It's Lilian Ward or it's nobody," he said firmly. "She and the Lord Jesus together will manage that class! See if they don't."

"Oh! if you're going to be irreverent," answered the secretary, "I have nothing more to urge." And he turned away offended.

"Brother Lawrence," the superintendent laid a gentle hand on the secretary's arm, "why do you take it this way? Is there anything irreverent in coupling the Lord's name with that of one of his servants? Are we not workers together with God here in the Bethel Branch? If not, we would better shut up our shop. It's the Lord Jesus and Lilian, this time, believe me. Why, man, don't you remember the old war-cry that did for the hosts of Midian, 'The sword of the Lord and Gideon?'"

The secretary was appeased, but still doubtful. And the big superintendent, with Lilian at his side, like Una and her lion, walked the length of the room and installed the new teacher in her class.

It was not done in one week, or one month, or three months, and pretty Lilian's blue eyes that could flash and blaze with indignation when there was need of it, were often wet with hot tears as she knelt in her closet at home, but she won her class. Once when the turmoil was at its loudest, a man passing down the chapel aisle to deliver library books, drew the curtain aside and asked if she needed assistance. He never forgot the look she gave him.

"Thank you! We can manage our own affairs," she said quietly. Sometimes she threw the lesson aside and told them stories. After a little, the biggest and roughest lad in the group became her champion and defender, and ordered the kids to behave themselves or he would know the reason why they didn't. Not all at once, but gradually these boys who had gone cold and hungry and slept on hard pillows of paving stones, and "moved on" at the order of the policeman and the prod of his club, some of whom had been in jail, some who had fathers and brothers on the Island, grew interested in the story of One who came to this world in poverty, and fared as the poor fare, and had not where to lay his head. Lilian and the Lord Jesus had conquered them.

When, one bright morning, over a pathway strewn with daisies, Lilian walked to church to be married to the man who had won her heart, the boys formed a procession, and walked after her, and sadly filed in to take places in the rear pews. It was a blow to them, this losing her, and it took away some of their sunshine, but the good seed had been sown, and the teacher who followed Lilian found little difficulty in controlling and influencing the class, several of whom were now members of the church.

Seven years rushed by, as the years do rush by those who are at once busy and happy. Lilian was taking a little journey, and as she sat in the car, the conductor who took her nickel looked at her with keen interest. He was tall and bearded, a fine-looking, gentlemanly fellow. Lilian had noticed his courteous manner, and the care he had taken of an old lady on the train, and of a young woman traveling with three little tots under five years of age.

"I beg pardon, madam," said a low voice at her side, "but are you not Mrs. Matthews, and were you not Miss Lily Ward?"

"Yes, I was Lily Ward," answered the lady, "and I beg pardon, for now that you speak, I see that you were one of my boys at the Bethel—Tom Rodgers, I am sure?"

"Tom Rodgers it is, Mrs. Matthews, and all I am," his voice dropped lower and the look on his face was beautiful to see, "all I am for this world and the next I owe to you. To you and the Lord Jesus," he answered solemnly.

Then he went on to tell her rapidly—he, a boy who had been a waif and stray of the streets, of this work on the line, his promotion, his little home with a wife and a baby, and his place in the Y. M. C. A. and the Christian Endeavor. It was told in a few quick flying minutes, but Lilian's very soul was uplifted with joy and praise. Christ had given her some sheaves. She closed her eyes in a prayer of thankfulness, and the express train went whirling and thundering on.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

JAPANESE TREE WORSHIP.

In many parts of the world trees have at different times, been worshipped by the superstitious and ignorant. To the mind of the educated West, the groves of the cedars of Lebanon would appeal more strongly than the groves of the Sierra Nevada; the bulk of the one could not outweigh the associations of the other. But to the primitive notions of Eastern peoples, the giant tree makes a direct appeal, uot only for respect, but for worship. Whatever departs from the ordinary course of nature strikes them as the immediate work of God, and one which necessarily preserves something of the divine. Such, for example, is the holy pine of Japan, with its double stem, pictures of which are presented to every bride and bridegroom on the marriage-day; and this claim to worship is shared potentially in the East by every great tree that overtops its fellows.

Raising the Fallen.

The Christ-like Work Being Done at the Bethesda Mission in the Reclamation of the Friendless and Fallen.

ONE of the most conspicuous signs of the effort this generation has witnessed to bring into greater prominence the teaching and example of Christ himself as the model of Christian life, is the increased interest taken in the reclamation of the fallen. Especially is this so in the case of those women who have left the path of virture. The church has at last realized that hatred for the sin should be combined with pity for the sinner. The first steps in the attempt to rescue these women showed that it was Christ-like work, for it was found that large numbers of them were continuing in sin because they felt that society regarded them as outcasts, and took no concern for their welfare. As soon as they perceived that Christian people stood ready to help them to retrieve the past and live a clean life, many dropped their defiant attitude, confessed that they loathed the life they were leading, and desired nothing so much as reformation. Thus the reward came to the church for following its Master's example in preaching salvation to the lost.

Our readers have for some time past been doing good service in this field. Mainly through their gifts a few kind Christian ladies in Brooklyn, N. Y., have been enabled to keep open a home in that city where any girl who desired to leave a life of sin could go and receive Christian counsel and decent food and clothing, with a shelter for her weary body. This was absolutely necessary as the first step in a systematic attempt at reclamation. The city missionary or the volunteer Christian worker who spoke a word of kindness and warning to one of these lost ones would receive in reply to any appeal to leave the life of sin, the question, "Where can I go? How could I live?" And sometimes sadly, sometimes scornfully the girl would say, "No one would employ such as I; no one would receive me into their home." That was true, and there were good reasons for it. Sin is contaminating and the sinner cannot complain if society shrinks from the danger of contamination. But the difficulty remained and its solution was found in establishing homes for the reception of these women where Christian influences would surround them, and the way be paved for their restoration to decent society. Such a home is the Bethesda Mission, which our readers have been helping to support.

THE LAUNDRY AT THE BETHESDA MISSION, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

If is at 208 Union street—a quiet and respectable section of the city, where there is nothing to remind the inmates of their past life and everything to encourage them to return to the paths of virtue. It is in charge of the Misses Brace, two ladies of eminent Christian character whose gentleness, patience and kindness win the confidence of the girls. They have devoted their lives to this work without remuneration, glad if they can have the opportunity of pointing lost souls to the Saviour. Stronger faith than these ladies have it would be difficult to find. They believe that Christ saves to the uttermost, and that none, however low and degraded they may be, are beyond the reach of his love and power. With this faith in their hearts they urge the fallen to trust him not only for the salvation of their souls, but for the strength to keep them from falling back into sin. At the present time there are twelve girls under their care, all of whom show signs of genuine reformation. Many others have been in the home in the past few months during which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers have been sending money for its support. Some have been restored to their families, who have gladly welcomed the repentant wanderer; others, after a period of probation, have become domestic servants or in some other way have been helped to earn a decent livelihood. Others, as was inevitable, have accepted the shelter of the home in an hour of depression, or extreme need, but without the true repentance or conviction of sin which comes before permanent reclamation, and these have returned to their evil ways, to the sorrow of the good ladies who worked and prayed for their conversion. But these have been a comparatively small proportion of the entire number received, and under the system now being tentatively adopted the number will be still smaller.

It has been thought that the Bethesda might do a very much needed and useful work if it were made in some degree a training school by extending its educational facilities. There has always been a difficulty in finding work for girls, who had no knowledge of any occupation by which they could support themselves. Some of the girls, who are anxious to reform, do not know anything even of common household duties; others are constitutionally unfitted for such duties and would find them irksome, even if they were taught. Some of these latter show considerable skill with the needle, and with very little instruction might become milliners or dressmakers. Others, again, have been well educated without any special training. These might become clerks and typewriters. These facts, learned by experience, have suggested the thought that girls received into the temporary shelters in New York and Brooklyn, who convince the matrons in charge of them that their desire for reform is genuine and who give evidence of that spiritual change on which alone hopes of permanent reformation can be based, might be sent to the Bethesda for just the technical training that they need to support themselves. The plan has been mentioned to several of the managers of the shelters and has been approved. With their co-operation, if it can be secured, the Bethesda might become a very "door of hope," to repentant sinners and remove the greatest obstacle to reclamation.

Already a beginning has been made in this work. One of the inmates proved to be an experienced dressmaker and she is giving instruction in the art. A friend of the institution is also teaching other kinds of needlework. In addition a laundry is in operation, and the inmates are employed in one way or other, and are thus able to contribute a little toward their own support, while acquiring the knowledge that may eventually make them independent.

The Bethesda has exceptional facilities for such work. Its committee of management, at the head of which is Miss L. J. Eginton, is composed of ladies who take a deep, personal interest in the home and one of them—Miss Halvorsen, was its originator and founder. They have all aided it in various ways and are anxious to extend its sphere of usefulness. The building is well-adapted for the purpose. It is capable of accommodating over thirty inmates. Gladly would the committee and the matrons see it filled from attic to basement, and it would be so filled if the applicants could be admitted. Unhappily the funds have never been sufficient to furnish the home. There is room for about twenty more cots than there now are, but the money to buy the cots has never been at command. From sixty to seventy dollars are needed to furnish the vacant rooms and make the home all that it might be. It is grievous to tell girls who come to the home, as they do often, with the desire to turn from their wickedness and live, that they cannot be received, but while every cot is occupied, and there is no place for them to sleep but the bare boards of the floors of the vacant rooms, they cannot be admitted. The matrons, however, are not discouraged. They believe that in his own good time God will send the funds to complete the furnishing, and the work will grow yet more useful.

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A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

WHAT sublime rest in the thought that the roll of the centuries does not age the Omnipotent! In the nineteenth century, as in the first, in the dying groan of the world to be, as he was in the opening chant of creation, master of all worlds and all centuries, from everlasting to everlasting, God the first, God the last, and this God our Father, this God our Friend, this God our shelter, this God our eternal home. If I had an idea that any man, or any party of men, had the control of this world, I would not sleep nights for trepidation. Jehovah governs, so I have not a particle of fear. He will work out of darkest gloom radiant consummations. Trust him for all. Eternity is his lifetime. The noonday sun is only a spark struck from his anvil. The ocean is a drop from the overflowing cup of his joy. All the ages of time are only a small section of his forever. Why, then, should you fret about this, and worry about that, and wonder about the other thing? The Lord reigneth, let the earth be glad. There come times in our life when we seem hedged in and we do not know which way to turn. Patiently wait for the way to clear. No crisis of events can ever surprise the Lord. In his hand confide health, family, business, body, and soul this New Year.

[illegible] Him not,
[illegible] tell.
[illegible] the throne,
He ruleth all things well.

THE SIN OF AVARICE.

THE best place to see avarice is not where its victim dies under embroidered canopy in a palace, but where the certificates of large deposits are ripped out of the pads of an old dress. The same principle that controlled a half-starved and ragged miser is holding in its grip ten thousand men who are denying themselves all ease and comfort that they may pile up great fortunes. It matters not whether the goal aimed at is twenty thousand or twenty million dollars; whether the articles trafficked in are refuse meat or percentages in stock exchange, it is all the same. What a debasing passion that is which makes money-getting paramount. If you are living a dog's life, snatching what you can snatch, denying yourself all personal and domestic and social comforts, you may leave something for your heirs to quarrel about when you are dead. The trouble with avarice is that it is respectable. We fling people out of church and social life for drunkenness and impurity; but a man may have surrendered body, mind, and soul to miserliness and yet keep his position. What church ever expelled a member for money clutching? And yet before God and the angels I think this vice is as disgusting as the two vices I have just now mentioned. There are tens of thousands of men whose bodies, minds, and souls are consuming with this infernal passion for gain.

A London stock jobber was worth a hundred thousand pounds. He was found dying in a garret. He had been eating the most disgusting food because it was cheap. He told the overseers of the poor that he was going to leave them in his will one thousand pounds, but asked them if in consideration of prompt payment they would not allow him a discount! When they assented, he, in great glee, gave them a check for nine hundred and fifty pounds! You and I have seen the same thing on a smaller scale in this country. It is well once in a while for the world to look on such a case, and see what avarice is when stark and unadorned and loathsome. Do not mistake me. The more money a man has the better, if he gets it honestly and uses it lawfully. The whole teaching of the Bible has a tendency to create those kinds of habit and that kind of mental acumen which leads on to riches. The man who talks against wealth as though it were a bad thing, is either a knave or a fool—not meaning what he says, or ignorant of the glorious uses to which money can be applied. But the person who builds the soul's happiness on earthly accumulation is a wretched being, whether the life be spent in a garret or a mansion. If you are not happy now with the smaller possessions, you will never be happy with the larger possessions. If with decent and comely apparel you are not grateful to God, you would be ungrateful if you had a prince's wardrobe crowded until the hinges burst. How shall I break the infatuation of those of you who are neglecting the present sources of satisfaction, hoping that there is to be something in the future for them of a worldly nature that will satisfy their soul?

DEAD BOOKS.

WHETHER it be Asiatic cholera or the trichinæ that has got among books we know not, but most certain it is they are dying a hundred a day. The second-hand book-stores are the morgues where thousands of them are laid out. Many of them died after doing their work and their end was peace. But many of them from the start were afflicted with a marasmus that never allowed them to take one healthy breath. The mortality of novels is something fearful. Three-fourths of them never paid the expenses of their publication. The entire enterprise was a dead loss.

Most men need to publish one book in order to find what an expensive and unsatisfactory business it is in most cases. We had a friend who had given birth to a religious poem. He thought it would rival "Paradise Lost," and shake the nations. He kept the secret under lock and key for a long while, showing it only to a few especial friends, and that under promise of secrecy. He grew thin in calculating at what time the world could best endure the exhilaration of its publication. At last the manuscript was in type, and the proof was read, and the book put upon the market. He banqueted his friends on publication day, in anticipation of a large fortune. He figured up how many would be sold. First, he calculated on disposing of twenty thousand; but as he reviewed the importance of the work and the fascination of the style, he put up the figures to fifty thousand. Afterward, bethinking himself of the fact that it is impossible to keep a rare thing on this side of the Atlantic, and the certainty of its world-wide distribution, he concluded it reasonable to expect the circulation of one hundred thousand. The fact was, that of the first edition of five hundred copies one hundred and fifty were sold, and the rest were given away. Its rivalry didn't hurt John Milton's reputation a bit.

We once had a cross old relative who believed in war because he thought the best way to reform the human race was to keep killing it off. While we reject that theory, we really believe that this epidemic among books is fortunate. If one-half of the books which have been printed in the last thirty years had continued to live, our libraries and tables and book-stands would have been so crowded that the world would have had no room to turn around. If all the snow that has ever fallen had continued lying on the ground, we should have had banks of it reaching well on up toward the moon, but fortunately the crystals melt; and the only reason that our way is not entirely blocked by snowstorms of literature is because through the paper-mills the material soaks away. Long life to all good books, and honorable sepulture to those that die early.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. J. Lemmert, New Haven, Ct. Some time ago I read a notice in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of a little book: "The Lord's Coming," by Mrs. M. Baxter. How can I secure a copy and what is the price?

We have still a few copies left of the third edition. You can procure one by sending fifteen cents to this office.

Gertrude Bayne, Luton, Ia. What was the language used by Adam and Eve?

All endeavors to identify the language of our first parents have proved futile. Speech, or the power of lingually expressing the thoughts or impressions of the mind seems to have been coeval with the human creation, and it is probable that the first efforts in this direction were confined to the expression of simple physical wants. The growth of a vocabulary must have been a slow process.

Fred'k L. Manton, Harrisburg, Pa. We are preparing a package of clothing and supplies for the suffering Nebraska farmers. Is there any one district more needy than the rest, to which it should be sent? We will, of course, prepay the expressage, as you suggested.

Where all are so distressed, it is difficult to discriminate. Make your choice from among the cases mentioned in the letters printed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Such kindly, thoughtful charity will bring a blessing to you and yours.

Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman, Sacramento, Cal., writes: "In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for Oct. 17, 1894, page 662, I find an article on 'Microbes and Plagues,' referring to yellow fever. Two ladies, who passed through a season of it in New Orleans, described a remedy prescribed for others by residents, who had passed through it unharmed. The remedy used was the leaves and blossoms of the orange tree, which grows in such abundance there, from which a tea was made and drank constantly. I am informed that it is a sure preventative for yellow fever. I am told that some French people use orange tea as a tonic."

R. J. Parks, Waterloo, Ia. Who is the Shepherd, the Stone of Israel, mentioned in Gen. 49: 24?

The passage is understood in many different ways by various commentators. It is extremely enigmatical. The most probable theory is that it is a vague reference to the Messiah. If so, then the word translated "thence" does not refer to Joseph, but to God. The passage in that case would be as if read, "The mighty God of Jacob, from whom shall come the Shepherd, the stone."

A. M. Douthett, Brownsdale, Pa. In enumerating the difference between Baptists and Methodists, you omit their different views of election and predestination; are those not radically different?

Not necessarily. As a matter of fact, Baptists are usually Calvinists, but of late years the Calvinistic doctrines have not been so prominent in Baptist preaching as they used to be. There are many Baptist pulpits in which a preacher would be acceptable, even if he had abandoned Calvinism. But he would be decidedly out of place if he advocated baptism by sprinkling, or if he advocated church government through a conference. The two points we mentioned are the distinctive features of difference.

Constant Reader, Palmyra, Wis. If a man acts according to the dictates of his conscience, must he not be right? How is it that men equally conscientious reach opposite conclusions?

A man may act according to the dictates of his conscience and yet do wrong. Paul was perfectly conscientious when he persecuted the church. The conscience needs to be informed, and it needs to be freed from the prejudices which come from constitution or from education. It acts as a judge. We have no confidence in a judge in our law courts unless he has a knowledge of law and is unbiased. As a man prays for wisdom, and earnestly strives to know and do what is right, the conscience becomes more reliable, but there are non-essential matters in which men, through education and environment, will always be opposed to each other, and yet be conscientious.

Lemuel Thompson, Princeton, N. J. What is the attitude of modern science toward the Biblical story of the Flood?

Substantially corroborative. Raymond de Girard, the eminent Swiss geologist and Suess, the German scientist, affirm that the Noachian deluge was due to a gigantic series of seismic phenomena. In the Chaldean story of the Flood, which has been taken from the cuneiform inscription, the story of Genesis is corroborated with much detail. The tablets tell of the dark clouds, the thunders, the whirlwinds; the floods that came from earth and sky; the overflowing canals, and the widespread inundation. Some modern scientists assume that the deluge was limited to the Chaldeo-Mesopotamian territory, but there is no general agreement as to its extent.

Maria G. Johnston, Higley, Fla. I am anxious to have the larger Bible, I have the small one as a Premium, and also "From Manger to Throne." If I want the Gospel Hymn Book and large printed Bible (Premium No. B-3), what amount sha l I send?

Send $2.00 extra for the larger Bible and $1.00 for the Gospel Hymns—$3 in all.

J. H. Faucett, Buffalo Hart, Ill. 1. Is the commandment in Matt. 10: 8 Heal the sick, &c., to be obeyed now? 2. Has an evangelist a right to baptize, if he has never been ordained? 3. If a man who has been converted and baptized, and has afterward been a backslider, is reclaimed, ought he to be baptized again?

1. It was a commandment to the Apostles who needed miraculous powers which Jesus gave them as credentials, so that the people might give heed to their teaching, perceiving that they had authority from God. If God gave such powers in these days, those who received them would be under the solemn duty of exercising them. 2. It depends on the discipline of the church to which he belongs. There is no virtue in ordination. It is simply a protection to the people, so that improper persons may not assume to speak in the name of the church and mislead others. If a man is fit to preach, he is fit to baptize. No one ever questioned Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's right to baptize; yet he was never ordained. 3. It will do no harm if he wishes to be baptized again; but there is no need for it. If he has really repented and has gone to Christ for forgiveness, that is all that is necessary.

John Ischy, Salt Lake City, Utah. We regret that we are unable to do what you ask.——A. J. Doremus, Minneapolis, Minn. In the last Madagascar war the French were called in as allies by a rival tribe which was resisting the aggression of the Hovas. We do not believe the liquor traffic was a leading factor in the matter.——M. A. Harris, Hebron, Me. We know of no such incident.——Mrs. E. D. Brown, Marshall, Mich. Yes, you will be in time to secure "The Pathway of Life."——H. H. Goddard, Lambs' Corner, Me. Yes.——Thaddeus Wheelock, Vienna, N. Y. No.——Thomas Robinson, Buttonl, Ont. We think such a life would be inconsistent with Christianity.——Miss Anna W. Floyd, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. Yes, you can pay them in advance. Send $3 to pay subscription and secure the two premiums. 2. See 1 Peter 3: 19. This is the only passage which has the appearance of confirming the passage in the Apostles' Creed. The latter not the Bible, is the authority for the expression.——William Minsker, Waller, Pa. Yes; add $1 for each additional premium.——Mrs. Marian Crooks, Belleville, W. Va. You can extend your subscription for another year and secure the premium by sending 50.——George M. Cook, Chicago. Address Lee, care of Biglow & Main, music publishers, Ninth street, New York.——Rev. Thomas Harma, Black Diamond, Cal. We do not approve of such methods, especially as they seem to overlook many who may have done excellent and valuable service.——F. J. Parker, Washington, D. C. Write to Mr. H. P. Main, of Biglow & Main, Ninth Street, New York.——S. W. E., Baltimore, Md. 1. It is claimed to be a peculiar gift confined to a few. 2. It is an English maxim, of obscure origin. It was founded on the saying of an English tradesman who cavalierly informed his customers they could take "that or none."——Subscriber, Galesbury, Mich. We never heard of it save in exceptional cases.——S. N. Wright, Grafton, Vt. 1. Confucius. It was called the "Golden Rule" because it advised a course of action which if followed would have produced much happiness. 2. It is nowhere stated.——R. Atkinson, Sheffield, Ia. 1. No. 2. Yes; it is harmless.——J. Lewis, Milwaukee, Wis. In his own good time the Almighty will adjust such matters.——Amy C. Shattuck, Cherry Creek, N. Y. Write to Harper & Brother, publishers, New York.——Reader, Newcastle, Pa. "Conscience money" is a term usually applied to funds sent by individuals to the Government to reimburse it for duties out of which it has been defrauded by the sender.——C. H. S., Cleveland, O. See the question fully discussed in THE MAIL-BAG of December 5, last.——Mrs. Ed. C., Lisbon, Ill., S. C. Frost, St. John, Can., A. T. C., and others. All the letters are pronounced as written, except the "t" which is silent.——Mrs. George R. Parrott, Still Pond, Md. We cannot supply the information asked.——John A. Sims, Baltimore, Md. We believe he will.——S. C. Haggerty, Searights, Pa. 1. One of the best is Jamieson, Faussett and Brown's, which can be had of Revell, Publisher, New York. 2 and 3. We cannot give the information asked.——Mrs. George F. Wilbour, Austin, Minn. Already repeatedly answered in THE MAIL BAG.——Louisa McLoughlin, Mayn, Wis. We believe the story is unfounded.——Mary E. Gartside, Chambersburg, Pa. Send $1 extra for each additional premium.——Earnest Inquirers, Chautauqua, N. Y. Address Rev. A. B. Simpson, 692 Eighth Ave., New York.——Subscriber, Norfolk, Va. This subject has been very recently discussed in THE MAIL BAG.——James Lee, St Catharines, Ont., Can. Your criticism is just. We don't regard the "Nidarim," which was quoted, as an authority.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS.

By a Daughter.—Miss. C. B. O—, for an aged father and mother, who are professing Christians, but the Lord has seen it to chasten them by taking away wives and daughters and now they are separated from pecuniary embarassments.

By a Grandfather.—H. W. D—, for a grandson, that he may be brought to Christ, also that an invalid granddaughter may be restored to health.

By a Sorrowing Wife.—Mrs. J. D. K—, that her husband and self may be helped in their adversity and brought to a fuller trust in God.

By a Mother.—Mrs. A. J. R—, for a son and wife and four little children not safe in the fold; the son a habitual drunkard, that he may be broken off from the pernicious habit and that his spiritual eyes may be opened.

By a Sufferer.—M. B. B—, that she may have less pain and also be relieved from some financial difficulties. She and her husband have been Christian since childhood.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE RED CROSS IN THE WAR.

IT is gratifying to learn that in adopting the military system of Western civilization, Japan has not overlooked the merciful arrangements included in the system for the alleviation of suffering. Her enemy has not the least notion of surgery. A wounded man in the Chinese army has little chance of recovery if his wound is too severe to heal unassisted. China has such an overflowing population that life seems to be held very cheaply there and the trouble of setting a broken limb, or saving a patient's life by an amputation appears to be regarded as not worth taking. To let the wounded man die and supply his place with a new recruit is a simple arrangement which commends itself to the Chinese official mind. But the Japanese are a different people. They have adopted the Red Cross idea and have thus given proof of their advance in civilization. The picture on this page shows the Japanese surgeons at work after a battle. It was taken from a sketch made on the spot by Mr. Frederic Villiers, the artist of "Black and White." On one side an orderly is bending over a man with a wounded leg, cleansing the gash with the help of an irrigator; another, with skill that would do credit to a dresser in a European hospital, is bandaging the head of a wounded foe. A Chinaman in like circumstances would have settled the question by cutting it off. It is much to be wished that the merciful kindness thus shown to wounded enemies were the invariable characteristics of the Japanese forces. That it is not so, is evident from a letter sent to a New York journal by Mr. Creelman, its correspondent at the seat of war. He says that after the capture of Port Arthur, there was a massacre by the Japanese of unoffending Chinese citizens, which continued for four days. Thousands of unarmed men, women and children were ruthlessly slaughtered in cold blood and no quarter was given on account of age or sex. The cause was the discovery by the Japanese, when they entered the city, of a number of corpses of their comrades which were horribly mutilated. The Japanese, believing that the Chinese had tortured their comrades to death, were exasperated and took vengeance on the inoffensive inhabitants, who certainly were not responsible for the outrage. The report has aroused great indignation against the Japanese, but some allowance must be made for the provocation, and also for the very short interval which separates the Japanese of to-day from a time of semi-barbarism, in which magnanimity and mercy had no place. It is from Christianity, not from human nature or civilization, that men learn to love their enemies, and do good to them that despitefully use them. (Matt. 5: 44.)

THE JAPANESE RED CROSS CORPS ATTENDING TO CHINESE WOUNDED PRISONERS.

Alive, but Legally Dead.

A peculiar argument was made before a New Jersey judge on December 19. The lawyer who made it, represented a client who was at the time lying under the sentence of death at Camden, N. J. He was convicted in May last and sentenced to be hanged on December 13. The Governor, however, on December 4, in compliance with a petition sent to him, gave the prisoner a reprieve of thirty days to allow him time to petition the Board of Pardons. This the prisoner did, but the Board rejected the petition. It was supposed that the man would be executed, as a matter of course, on January 3, when the reprieve of thirty days would expire. But his lawyer has raised the question of the Governor's right to have him hanged then. He contends that under the New Jersey laws the Governor has no right to interpose to prevent the execution of a sentence unless he does so within ninety days of the conviction of the prisoner. The Governor's reprieve was therefore illegal and the original sentence is consequently the only legal record in the case. As the date fixed in that sentence is past, the prisoner must be regarded as legally dead, and the law has no further control over him. Having made the argument, the counsel applied for the release of his client. Doubtless the legal authorities will brush away this ingenious sophistry and the man will pay the penalty of his crime. But as the Christian rejoices to know, there are circumstances in which a man may be legally dead while yet alive. He is "dead to the law by the body of Christ." (Rom. 7: 4.)

A Picture in the Eye.

An effort has been made to solve the mystery of a double murder at Jamestown, N. Y., by the aid of science. On Dec. 15 two women who were alone in one of the houses of the town were murdered in broad daylight. They were mother and daughter, and were apparently sitting together when attacked by some miscreant who killed them both, and then searched the house for plunder. The weapon used was an axe, but that could not be found after the murder. There was no clue of any kind, save a few foot-marks in the mud at the back of the house. A local scientist suggested that the eyes of the murdered women should be examined through a microscope to ascertain if the retina still bore the image on which the women last looked in life. The suggestion was adopted, and on Dec. 20 the Coroner and a number of witnesses were present while an examination was made. The eyes of the daughter revealed nothing, but in the eyes of the mother the image of a man was distinctly outlined. The microscope, which magnified four hundred times, showed the man in a stooping attitude with one foot lifted as if stealthily advancing toward his victim. The face was hidden, but the lower part of the figure was quite clear. He was a large man wearing a long overcoat reaching below the knees, and the wrinkles in his trousers showed plainly. All the witnesses examined the picture on the retina and verified the descriptive statement that was drawn up. Evidently the mother had caught a glimpse of the man as he crawled toward her, and had afterward seen nothing more on earth. Many have been disposed to doubt whether the retina does retain after death the image last mirrored there, but this instance appears to be well authenticated. It may yet be discovered that in some way by some subtle process unknown to us now, not only what we see but what we say or do leaves an indelible impression upon ourselves or others which may become a record of our lives. (Mark 4: 22.)

For Sunken Treasure.

Another effort is to be made to recover the treasure which for thirty years has been lying in the hold of the steamer "Pewabic" at the bottom of Lake Huron. A diver from Harrisburg, Pa., is said to have made an effort to go down and examine the sunken steamer, and raise it, if the syndicate having control of the business, will give him one half the treasure, if he succeeds, and will insure his life for twenty-five thousand dollars, so that his family may be provided for if he dies. The "Pewabic" is said to have had on board, when she was sunk in the collision with the "Meteor," $300,000 in gold coin and five hundred tons of the finest copper in the world." The treasure, therefore, has excited the eager desires of many adventurous men. But it lies in twenty-five fathoms of water and there is great risk in the quest. Already four lives have been sacrificed in trying to secure it. Five years ago a diver from Toledo, O., went down, and was drawn up dead. Two years afterward another diver, tempted by the reward offered, went down on two occasions, but on the second, he too lost his life. His armor was stove in, as if by some great force. Since then two other divers have gone down, neither of whom survived the effort. Now, it appears that a fifth proposes to put his life in peril. The fact of his stipulating for an insurance on his life shows that he is aware of the dangerous nature of his undertaking. Many people who would be very glad to get so large a sum of money, will be disposed to think the man foolish in incurring so awful a risk to gain it. Yet how many to gain wealth lightly incur an infinitely more appalling risk by putting in peril their immortal souls! (Matt. 16: 26.)

A Heroic Engineer.

A deed of heroism worthy of world-wide fame was performed at West Pittston, Pa., a few days ago. The hero was Thomas Lloyd, the engineer of the Stevens colliery. He was busy cleaning his engine when he noticed a smell of smoke. Looking around, he saw that a heap of oily waste had caught fire and the flames were crawling rapidly up the side of the engine house. He ran out and filling a pail with water threw it on the fire. But the whole shed was reeking with oil and the water had no effect on the flames. He was alone in the place fighting desperately with the devouring element. There was no hope of saving the building and the thought of the forty men down in the mine rushed upon his mind with a great horror. The engine would soon be disabled and then there would be no way of raising the men from the mine. The fans would stop, leaving them to perish from the deadly gases. If they were to be saved, not a moment must be lost. The engine sounded the warning whistle. It rang through the mine eight hundred feet below and the men quitted their work and ran to the foot of the shaft. The engineer waited above for the signal to hoist. At last the signal was given. Eagerly he grasped the lever and watched the cable wind around the drum. Then came the signal to descend. The men were not all up. A second time the cage was drawn up and again the signal to descend was given. Still the men were not all up. The engineer grasped the lever, the cage descended and came up with the last of the men. Then the heroic man staggered blindly out through the flames and fell fainting on the ground. His injuries are severe, but the doctors think that he will recover. It was a noble deed and although the men whose lives were saved may be strangers to us, we honor the engineer and applaud him for his act. Yet how many who so honor him hear with indifference, that to secure their own salvation from eternal death, Christ voluntarily laid down his own life. (1 Peter 2: 24.)

BRIEF NOTES.

In Order to Prevent any and Every Disappointment to our subscribers in connection with the delivery of the Premiums, this office either mailed or shipped by express on Saturday, Dec. 22, 1894, every Premium of whatsoever character, the order for which had reached us by mail or otherwise up to 3 o'clock on the afternoon of that day. Consequently, none of our readers should have been disappointed in their Christmas expectations, provided the United States mail and the express companies promptly dispatched the goods. During the week an aggregate of forty thousand premium books were shipped to our subscribers, and an average of over five thousand subscriptions daily were received at this office.

The Most Curious Paperweight in the world is said to belong to the Prince of Wales. It is the mummified hand of one of the daughters of a Pharaoh.

A Missionary now in India Reports that her going was largely the result of joining a prayer union to intercede for more laborers to be sent. It seemed "so mean to ask for others to go, and not face the question, can I not go myself?"

Friday, December 14, was set apart in London for a day of humiliation and prayer on account of the spread of infidelity, Romanism, and Ritualism, when representative members of forty societies assembled in St. Martin's Hall.

The Bible Society Record states that the joint circulation of the American and the British and Foreign Bible Societies has passed the round number of 200,000,000 copies.

Mr. W. H. Watts, the Newly-elected Lord Mayor of Liverpool, England, is a descendant of Dr. Isaac Watts. He is the son of a Baptist minister, and himself a regular attendant of the Myrtle Street Baptist Chapel.

Mrs Isabella Bird Bishop writes a letter to the London "Times" from Pekin, dated October 6, in which she says that she is enjoying privileges never accorded foreigners before. She says that stringent orders have been issued for the protection of all foreigners. While the government has a vestige of power, Mrs. Bishop thinks there will be no riot, but if the Manchu dynasty is overturned a catastrophe of a very serious character is almost certain.

The Problem of the Suffrage is being Tested in Belgium in a novel way. Every man over twenty-five, if he is not a pauper, has one vote. If he is over thirty-five, married, a widower, or a father, and pays the yearly inhabited house tax, he has two votes. A university degree gives him a third vote.

The Next Convention of the Society of Christian Workers will be held in Philadelphia March 21-27, in Dr. Russell Conwell's church. The recent convention at Portland was the beginning of a widespread revival and was blessed to the professed conversion of nearly three hundred souls.

A Men's Bible School Especially for Those without any regular church home or employment, is held every Sunday afternoon in the Seventh Street Methodist Episcopal Church, near Cooper Institute, New York. The school is taught by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Saunders, and meets at 2.30 p. m. Dr. Saunders takes a personal interest in the welfare of the people. He will be glad to have the help of any one who is willing to help another find work and live a good life. He will also be glad if employers desiring workingmen of almost any description will communicate with him at 22 Seventh street, and reliable men will be recommended.

The Moody Bible Institute in Chicago to the support of which our readers have been contributing, has made up its record to the end of the year. It has kept track of the students who have passed through its course of study and reports that of those who formerly attended the Institute, one hundred and fifty-three are Pastors or Pastor's Assistants in sixteen denominations, sixty-nine are Home Missionaries; sixty-seven are Foreign Missionaries; twenty are Secretaries in Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations; twenty are employed by Sunday School Boards; ninety are Evangelists; twenty-five are Superintendents of City Missions; fifteen are Teachers in Educational Institutions, and one hundred and forty are pursuing their studies in Theological Seminaries and Medical Schools for Home and Foreign Work. Thus there are, with those now at the Institute, nine hundred and two, men and women from the Institute, at work the year round.

"The Green Hill Far Away."

Our Traveler Visits the Traditional Site of the Crucifixion—"Jeremiah's Grotto"—The Solitary Tomb on Calvary and the Riven Rock.

IT is Sunday morning, and without communicating our intention to any one except our dragoman, we have left the hotel directly after breakfast, accompanied by him, passed out of the city through the Jaffa Gate, and skirting the walls as far as the Damascus Gate, diverged there from the highway to climb this gentle eminence. The top and one side are studded with many flat and a few upright tomb-stones. For uncounted generations the Moslems have buried their dead here, and thus protected it from the encroachment of buildings for the use of the living. Across the road rises the north wall of Jerusalem, founded upon and built into the solid rock. The ancient capital of Israel was "a city that had foundations." In the native granite upbearing the massive masonry is a rude door, closed to-day and locked, leading into Solomon's Quarries. We explored them yesterday, marvelling to see "what manner of stones" were left there by workmen who hewed out and squared the material for the temple "so that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building." Big blocks, still as white as chalk because never exposed to air and light, bear the marks of chisel and wedge. When the quarry was first opened many years ago, bones of men, and also of animals used for food, and fragments of pottery, were found in out-of-the-way corners. These last were probably left there by workmen, while the human remains may have been those of fugitives from the law, or from persecution, forced to hide in forgotten dens.

Diagonally opposite the quarry yawns a natural cave known familiarly as "the Grotto of Jeremiah," from a tradition that the prophet lived there while writing his Lamentations. I name it now because it and another wide mouth in the upright rock form the eyes in the "skull," which is considered by some to assist in the identification of this hill with Golgotha. By the help of imagination anybody can make out the eyes, the line of the nose and the mouth. Some think it marvellous, and attach great importance to the fantastic likeness. Others find in the round top of the hill warrant for calling it "the place of a skull." Thoughtful archæologists set aside these features of the spot, whether natural or artificial, as unnecessary in proving that here was enacted the most momentous scene in the history of the world and of the universe. Since our arrival in Jerusalem, we have studied carefully the evidence in favor of what is now the received hypothesis of the most learned and devout Bible scholars of the age, with regard to the place of the Crucifixion. As briefly as is consistent with comprehensiveness, I will rehearse some of the reasons we have for believing this "green hill" to be the True Calvary.

I have already cited several arguments against the once-popular belief that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre covers the place where the Cross was set up, as well as "that where the Lord lay" during the three days separating his death from his resurrection. It is needless to repeat them here further than to say that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is not and has never been outside of the gate of Jerusalem, and that our Lord was led forth to the "place of the skull," and "suffered without the gate" is directly affirmed by the writers of the Bible. Scripture students will not be required to be reminded of the important significance of this circumstance in connection with Christ, our sacrifice.

In looking, then, for a hill resembling a skull in shape, without the gate, in a public place where many passing by would witness the Crucifixion, bearing in mind also that the place of public execution among the Romans remained the same from one age to another—(as witness the scene of Paul's death at Tre Fontane near Rome, well known as the ancient Tyburn of that city) and seeking to find records of other executions as having occurred in the same vicinity; reading that the new sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea was near the place where he was crucified, and hence in consecrated ground already used as a Jewish burying-ground—it would be strange indeed had intelligent explorers failed to see how faithfully all these requisites are met by the hill on which we now sit.

Behind us, as we face the city and look directly into the Temple enclosure, lies what was known four hundred years after Christ as the "Place of Stoning," and as the scene of Stephen's death. It bears the name still in Jewish tradition and there, according to Jewish chroniclers, criminals were hung up by the hands after death until the sun went down. A church in memory of St. Stephen was raised upon the "Place of Stoning" by St. Eudocia in the fifth century, the ruins of which have lately been excavated down to the exquisite mosaic pavement. In turning to the account of the death of Stephen, we note that the marginal reference against the words, "they cast him out of the city," is Heb. 13:12: "Wherefore, Jesus, also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate." The proximity of the two places is, is to say the least, a singular coincidence.

A great Hebrew cemetery lay all about the base, and upon the slope of the line of hills of which Calvary is one, for centuries before our Lord's birth. Of this I shall speak more at length by-and-by. If Joseph had wished to be gathered to his fathers at his death, he would naturally have made hereabouts his new tomb.

At "Herod's Gate," began in the time of our Lord the great military road leading fromtJerusalem to Cæsarea Philippi, along which Paul was hurried at night by his escort of four hundred and seventy Roman soldiers, he riding in their midst upon the beast provided for him to bring him safe to Felix, the governor. This road, recently discovered, winds directly about the foot of this hill, and the forks of the great highway lead off to Damascus and other large towns. At the great feast of the Passover, it would have been thronged with passers-by and lent itself fully to the custom of the Romans of making their places of execution as public as possible by establishing them near the busiest thoroughfares.

I cannot resist the temptation to quote at this point from the eloquent comment of Dr. Cunningham Geikie upon his able summing-up of proofs as to the identity of the "New Calvary" with the old: "Here, then, apparently on this bare, rounded knoll, the Saviour of the world appears to have passed away with that great cry which has been held to betoken cardiac rupture, for it would seem that he literally died of a broken heart. Before him lay outspread the guilty city which had clamored for his blood; beyond it, the pale slopes of Olivet from which he was shortly to ascend in triumph to the right hand of the Majesty on High; and in the distance, but clear and seemingly near, the pinkish-yellow mountain of Moab, lighting up, it may be, the fading eyes of the Innocent One with the remembrance that his death would one day bring back lost mankind to the kingdom of God."

I read it aloud, and then, more slowly and tenderly, the story of the Crucifixion given by each of the four Evangelists.

The day is very still, the place is deserted but for ourselves, seated upon a flat tomb-stone, and David who stands within hearing of the familiar, always-thrilling words. About our feet fragile crocuses pierce the earth, clustering closely upon the southern side of the grave-stones. Hyssop grows freely in the pale green turf, and wild lilies shoot rank leaves above the lower herbage. Masses of clouds, white and gray, roll slowly apart, glints of sunshine gleam fitfully upon the lower cliff at our right, where is another and much smaller cave than the Grotto of Jeremiah—a sepulchre hewn in the rock, and overlooking a garden. A very ancient well attests the age of the enclosed space, and olive and fig-trees grow in it.

We let ourselves down to the lower level, and are in front of what Gordon Cummings, Selah Merrill, Lew Wallace and many, many other godly and learned men believe to be the long-hidden tomb of the Christ.

We have visited the vaults excavated with the ruined church built by the pious Eudocia, and seen with strange emotion the grooves in which moved the "rolling stones" used in our Lord's time for closing the mouth of the principal tomb containing several sarcophagi, or niches, in which bodies were laid. When uncovered, these were full of bones, great heaps of which are still to be seen in holes beneath the niches. A road divides this cemetery from Calvary, and explorers have not been permitted to dig beneath the highway for other graves that no doubt reach all the way to the solitary tomb in the side of Calvary. A board door has been fitted into the opening once filled by the rolling stone, and a square window cut in the same side of the rock allows any one to look in. The door is kept locked, and the key, during Dr. Merrill's term of office, was kept at the American Consulate. A single empty sarcophagus fills the far end of the small chamber. There is no inscription record; no frippery of altar, candle, lace and artificial flowers detracts from the solemn simplicity of the shrine. Upon the brink of the natural cliff is a great rock, oddly riven from top to bottom, as by the shock of an earthquake, each severed projection corresponding to a depression or gap upon the other side of the fissure. David points out these peculiarities diffidently:

"Of course nobody can say positively that it is so, and we Protestants are, maybe, over-careful in such matters, but I can't help thinking, whenever I look at that, of what St. Matthew tells us—that 'the earth did quake, and the rocks were rent.'"

I find the place and read on:

"And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many."

The saints that slept in the mighty cemetery lying along these hills from Olivet to Golgotha—the vanguard of the multitude which no man can number who shall stand beside the victorious Lord at the last day upon the earth.

MARION HARLAND.

THE TRADITIONAL GROTTO OF JEREMIAH AND ITS GUARDIAN.

(From a Photograph Secured in Palestine by the Proprietor of "The Christian Herald.)

PATIENT SUFFERERS.

A lady who accompanied one of the deaconnesses of Mildmay Park in her visits among the poor of London mentions two cases she saw which struck her as singularly pathetic. She says:

We visited a young widow a few days ago, and found her, as usual, almost hidden behind a pile of cardboard boxes, at which she was working busily. Four years ago her husband died, leaving with her two little girls to support, and she had to work. She remarked: "I have often worked for sixteen hours in the day, Miss, and have not tasted food all the time—but then, I don't mind as long as I can bring up the children properly," and she stops her work for a minute to kiss the children as they start for school, and to return their accustomed salutations, "God bye, mother, God bless you."

Another case was that of a young girl who had borne thirteen years of weakness and suffering, privation and poverty, and only eighteen years old! Poor little Annie has had a sad life so far as this world is concerned. A fall when a little child caused serious injury to the spine, and prevented her further growth. For months together she has had to lie in bed in the little living room occupied by the family, where meals have to be prepared and eaten and all the household work performed. Weary months of headache and the pain of spinal abscesses, when she is "so tired of lying down," and no change of posture gives her any rest. We are so glad when we are able to take her a little milk or fruit, as her father is often out of work, and she has to go without the necessary nourishment. And yet she is happy, for the joyous peace of God fills her heart, and she knows that all that He does is good.

AMONG THE KOORDS.

Sir Henry Layard's Experiences of Asiatic Travel—His first Visit to the Ruins of Ancient Nineveh.

THERE is no more interesting part of the career of the late Sir Henry Layard, explorer and orientalist, than that which relates to his experiences in Armenia and Koordistan. Alfred E. Lomax, his most recent biographer, writing of a journey from Aleppo along the Tigris, says:

"Without servants, guides, or escort, and trusting to Providence for forage, shelter, and provisions, the two travelers, Layard and his friend Mitford, left Aleppo. Their first resting-place was a cave in the side of a hill, which was shared by a herd of oxen and a party of fellahs, their only beds being a bundle of straw laid on the ground. The Turks in the various villages were, as a rule, very obliging. They often showed their good fellowship by making free with the travelers' pipes and tobacco without troubling to say "By your leave." They also thought nothing of going to the door and, thrusting their naked feet into the guests' boots or slippers, walk away through the mud, regardless of the fact that the owners might in the meantime require them. At Bir the travelers were informed that the road onward swarmed with robbers, and therefore they stopped in the city rather than attempt to go on in the darkness. An Armenian took them to his own house, but the women could neither be forced nor persuaded to admit the strangers. They were therefore obliged to lodge in an empty room under the walls of the ruined castle.

"At Orfa they fared better, and were received into an Armenian household. This place is supposed to be the Ur of Abraham, and there is a large mosque dedicated to the patriarch. Some of the people in the streets were not so friendly disposed towards the travelers, and indulged in very bad language. The women did not present a very agreeable appearance, as they wore veils of black horse-hair, which allowed them to see without being seen.

"After leaving Orfa, the travelers had their first experience of life among the Koords, who were described as 'cut-throats and plunderers.' This, however, was not true. Strangers who behave properly towards them receive good treatment at their hands. Layard and Mitford were passed from camp to camp, and from village to village. In one village they were lodged in "a horrible den," the mistress of which was so begrimed with smoke and dirt that her features were scarcely distinguishable. Unable to find shelter elsewhere, they had no choice but to remain and partake of the food prepared by this dirty woman. Another night they lodged in a hut with horses, donkeys, and wild-looking, filthy Arabs. Not liking the appearance of their companions, the travelers went to sleep with their weapons in their hands.

"At length they reached the famous river Tigris, which flowed majestically through a verdant valley, backed by rugged peaks and dark precipices. They crossed by means of a raft made of inflated goatskins, over which a frame of wood was fixed, and landed in Koordistan. 'My early impressions from reading travels,' says Mitford, 'had led me to imagine that every Turk was a brute, the Albanian a cut-throat, and Koord next of kin to a cannibal. I was agreeably deceived to find the Turks gentlemen; the Albanians, though far from heroes of romance, plain soldiers, and harmless if uninjured; and the Koords hospitable and good-natured, though all are merciless in time of war.'

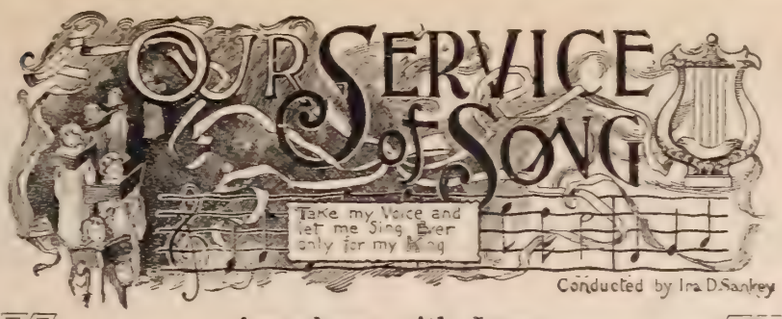
"In four days the travelers reached the village of Telkif, where they saw the huge mounds which at that time were supposed to cover the ruins of ancient Nineveh. Though Layard regarded these remains with great interest, he little thought that he should make his name famous by restoring to the world the buried treasures which had been hidden there for hundreds of years.

"They made up a party to visit the mounds which formed the tomb of the glories of Nineveh. The principal mound, supposed to be the ruin of a large palace or temple, had just before been the scene of a terrible tragdy. At that time no one was able to say that the mounds were the site of the capital of Assyria, and the attempts previously made to explore them had been frustrated by the hostility of the Arabs. When the inhabitants of Mosul heard of the proposed expedition, they assured the travelers it was impossible for them to carry out their plans. Nay, they declared that they would never escape to return. Even the Turkish Pasha could not ensure safety, and it was deemed advisable not to take an escort. The party consisted of Layard, Mitford, Rassam, and Ainsworth, a servant named Ali to look after the horses, and one Turkish soldier. Each man carried a quilt or cloak strapped on to his saddle to serve as a covering at night, and Ali had charge of a bag of biscuits.

"On the third morning the Turkish soldier refused to go any farther for fear of falling into the hands of Arabs. He therefore turned back, and was never heard of again. On the fourth day the party approached an Arab encampment, and prepared to defend themselves if attacked, but were agreeably surprised when they received a friendly welcome. Seated round the fire, they were assailed with questions as to where they had come from and the object of their journey. The Arabs also expressed great surprise that the little party had got so far without being plundered and murdered. The usual food of the tribe was barley-bread, butter, and sour milk, but they killed a sheep in honor of their visitors.

"Though received in such a friendly manner, the explorers found that they were closely watched, and the Arabs never lost sight of them for a moment. They believed that the strangers were there to dig up buried treasures of the secret hiding-place of which they had been informed. It was quite clear that some of the Arabs were quite ready to join in an attack on the travelers at the least provocation.

"Many interesting remains were visited, and numerous sketches taken. No attempts were made to unearth the buildings, but notes of their position and size were put down. The stonework was covered with a variety of carvings of human figures and winged quadrupeds, with lions', eagles', and griffins' heads, placed face to face, holding heads or masks unders their raised paws. There were also numerous inscriptions which the explorers were unable to decipher. Having satisfied themselves of the great extent and importance of the ruins, the travelers decided to return to Mosul."



Anywhere with Jesus.

ROBERT SHAW. J. E. EDWARDS.

1. A - ny-where with Je - sus, glad - ly would I go; At His side there's
2. A - ny-where with Je - sus, this my song to - day, Mas-ter, I will
3. A - ny-where with Je - sus, He will be my guide, In His own pa -

safe - ty from the cru - el foe; A - ny-where with Je - sus,
fol - low, fol - low all the way; A - ny-where with Je - sus,
vil - ion I can safe - ly hide; A - ny-where with Je - sus,

this my pray'r shall be, Help me, O my Sav-iour, still to fol-low Thee.
in the dark-est hour, He will ev - er keep me by His might-y pow'r.
this is all I need; In His love a - bid - ing, this is rest in - deed.

Refrain. (*May be repeated softly.*)

A - ny - where, a - ny - where, thro' this world be - low,

With my Sav - iour lead - ing, glad - ly would I go.

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AFTER THE MILLENNIUM.

The Thousand Years of Peace to be Succeeded by a Period of Trial.

BY G. F. TRENCH.*

NOT so very long ago Christian people generally saw nothing ahead but the Judgment Day, the Last Day, the general dissolution of all things, and eternity beyond. But students of prophecy, telescope in hand, began to discern intermediate events—ranges of hills, so to speak, and mountains beyond them—and have proclaimed their discoveries with such a fervent "Eureka! Eureka!" that nowadays the old, crude belief is well-nigh broken down.

Instead of talking about the Last Day, like Martha in John 11, the saints are expecting, as she was then taught (vv. 25, 26, R. V.), the transformation of the living, and the resurrection of the sleeping, at the coming of the Lord: an event which, instead of closing the world's history, will—after the brief but most eventful epoch that it has ever passed through, for widespread suffering, cruelty, and war—introduce the reign of Christ on earth, and be in fact a morning star to tell of the coming sunrise.

From a mountain height which revelation affords, it has been already discovered that the stretch of waters that our forefathers had taken for the ocean is but an inland sea, circumscribed by most definite borders. But what is there beyond it? Is that shining field of light, whose calm face looks up to the ethereal blue, reflecting its tints beyond the broken edge of cliff and foam—is that eternity? Or may the prophetic telescope discover limits even there, and even in some small degree descry its features and ascertain its bourne? In plain words, is the Millennium the final age or limited period before eternity; or is there a further dispensation of fixed length, exceeding in glory all that came before it?

Now, what is the Millennium? For if this be the kingdom of the Son of Man in its final form, if it exhaust the prophecies and promises of his human glory as Redeemer-King, there is no more to be said. Then, indeed, when its failure has been shown by its terrible end, he will sadly deliver up the wreck and ruin of it to his Father, and God will be all in all. But is this true? To answer the question let us recall its locality, its moral character, and its end.

1. As to locality, the scene of the millennial reign is this planet—Earth (Psa. 72: 8-11; Isa. 11: 10-16); its centre, or metropolis of government is Jerusalem (Isa. 52: 1, 2, 7-10; Zech. 14: 16-21.)

2. The moral character of the Millennium is given in several passages (Dan. 9: 24, R. V., margin, "to restrain trangression and seal up sins;" Zech. 18, 19), as one of sin suppressed and life prolonged, while Satan remains imprisoned; and of sin revived in the most open and undisguised rebellion upon his release at the close of the thousand years, and the most frightful destruction of human life ever recorded since the days of Noah.

3. The end is a scene of war. Jerusalem, besieged already seventeen or eighteen times, is besieged again, this time by an innumerable host of all nations; who throughout that period of enforced truce have never forgotten their ancient hostility to the Jews and their Messiah. And, but for the Divine interposition, the scene of carnage so often enacted in the streets of the beloved city might be, and probably would be, repeated in a form many times more aggravated than ever before.

It should also be remembered that the great revolt, of which this siege is the terminus, will necessarily, from the account given, occupy a considerable time. To deceive the nations in the four quarters of the earth; to gather them together to battle in numbers "as the sand of the sea:" to mobilize such vast armies; to conduct them across "the breadth of the earth;" and finally to lay siege to Jerusalem, for what length of time we know not—all this proves that the "little season" of Rev 20: 3 must be understood in the light of similar Scriptural language.

*From his article in the London *Christian*. As will be seen, the author differs from other commentators in placing Armageddon after the Millennium.

THE LORD'S COMING.

A popular little work by Mrs. Baxter, whose articles on the Sunday School Lessons appear every week in this journal. It contains fifteen chapters on the events predicted in the Bible to occur between the present time and the close of the Millennium. Third Edition—Revised and Enlarged. 144 pages. Price fifteen cents. Published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92-102 Bible House, New York.

SOUL-HUNGER.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Jan. 13, 1895. Psalm 84.

ONE of the most mysterious of Christ's utterances was that of his declaring that whosoever ate of his flesh should have eternal life. The Jews who heard him could not understand it, and the world cannot understand it to-day. The only man who does understand is he who knows that his soul —his real self—derives all its nourishment day by day from Christ. In many ways Christ tried, and for the greater part ineffectually, to make this profound spiritual truth plain to men. He did not come to teach, or to heal, or to rule, so much as to give life. Life, divine, eternal, was in him and he imparted it to such as could receive it. How it is imparted we do not know, but of the fact there can be no doubt in the mind of any one who has experienced it. Even to others the fact ought not to be so incredible as it is. Every one understands the necessity of food for the body. When a starving man faints from exhaustion, we know that food will restore his strength. We may not be able to explain how food taken into the stomach is transformed into bone and muscle and flesh. The broad fact is sufficient that food is necessary to life. We go further, and have no difficulty in understanding what is meant by mental food. We even discriminate as to quality, and tell a child that his mind will never be a strong and well-developed mind, if he persists in playing, when he should be studying, or if he will read nothing but trashy stories. The mind needs nourishment and the fact is perfectly understood. It should not be incomprehensible, therefore, that the soul also needs to be fed. The commonest experience points the truth. The time comes to all, when something is needed besides physical and mental support. In some bereavement, in some terrific crisis, in the face of some severe ordeal, a need is felt which nothing physical or mental can satisfy. Spiritual strength is required and to seek to gain it by anything but spiritual food, is as useless as it would be to try to prevent a house falling by strengthening the fence around the garden. Like must go to like, spiritual food for the spirit. This spiritual food comes from God through Christ. Like the physical food it must enter into the man to benefit him. How it can enter we know not, but we know the way to receive it. The Christian who neglects prayer, who seldom opens the Bible, who absents himself from the sanctuary, does not grow, does not gain strength. His soul is starved. He needs to come in contact with Christ by communion, by seeking to know his will and to do it, in striving to have his spirit and to live his life. So does he gain strength. His capacity for receiving the spiritual food increases simultaneously with his capacity for work. As with the body, a healthy appetite is developed by a healthy life. And, best of all the life derived from the nourishment is eternal. It survives the body, for they who eat of that bread live forever.

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ONE CIRCLE'S WORK.

Mutual helpfulness and combined effort for the temporal and spiritual good of others is evidently the object of a circle of King's Daughters in Cleveland, O., the leader of which sends a report to headquarters, from which we extract the following: Nearly four years ago our circle commenced its work with a membership of twelve. We held regular business meetings and a prayer meeting every Sunday evening. Our work was helping to support a teacher among the mountain whites, and we gave a barrel of bedding to the same school. We regularly visited hospitals in our own city, carrying flowers, fruit, reading matter and Scripture verses. We also helped a poor mother with six children through a hard year. We carried on about the same work till July, 1891, when we undertook the support of a native helper in India, paying $70 per year. This we have continued up to this time. We have a very efficient worker, and are interested in him. Our meetings now consist of a prayer meeting, which has been kept up all these years, on Sunday evening, and evening meetings as follows: business meeting every alternate Wednesday, which is always a busy one, planning for the King's work. Bible study every Monday; we are now studying the book of Acts; twelve of our members are memorizing whole books of the Bible. Several of our members are organized into a local Circle of the C. L. S. C., which meets on Thursday. We also have a social once a month, its object being to help our members to know each other better and to draw in new members. We always have a literary and musical programme and we collect a dime from each, and this fund we use for local benevolent work. During the four years' work over one hundred persons have been actively connected with the Circle.

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NOTABLE B. Y. P. U. MEETINGS.

Fairbault, Minn., was the scene of an inspiring gathering of Baptist Young People recently. It was a convention of the Unions of the Minnesota Central Association, and delegates attended from all the Unions. Rev. Charles A. Reese, of Minneapolis; Rev. John D. Rumsey, of Fairbault, and Rev. W. H. Whitney, of Austin, were the chief speakers among the pastors. The majority of the speakers were, however, laymen from the ranks of the Unions, and their speeches commanded special attention because of their practical character. No one can so thoroughly hold the attention of a young people's audience as the man who himself works in the regular meeting. An enthusiastic conference has been held also at Dayton, Ohio. The Unions of Southwestern Ohio were generally represented. From Springfield alone came seventy delegates, and other Unions sent large delegations. Dr. H. A. Cuffy, of Springfield; Rev. E. W. Hunt, of Toledo; President Purinton, of Denison University, with Rev. D. D. McLaurin, took part in the proceedings. The new State President, Mr. T. J Kirkpatrick, was also a prominent figure in the conference, which was mainly his own project. Reynoldsville, Pa., entertained the delegates of the Unions in the Clearfield Association on Dec. 6. The conference was a memorable one on several grounds, not least for the thrilling speech of Rev. Lemuel C. Barnes, of Pittsburg, who held the conference spellbound by his eloquence. In the course of his address he said he believed that "the time would come when the world would be as much better than Pennsylvania, as Pennsylvania is now better than Darkest Africa." This he believed would be brought about by a deeper apprehension of Christ. He said that "there are truths as vital and as radical yet to be discovered as ever Luther, Hubmaier, or Hetzer ever propounded to the world."

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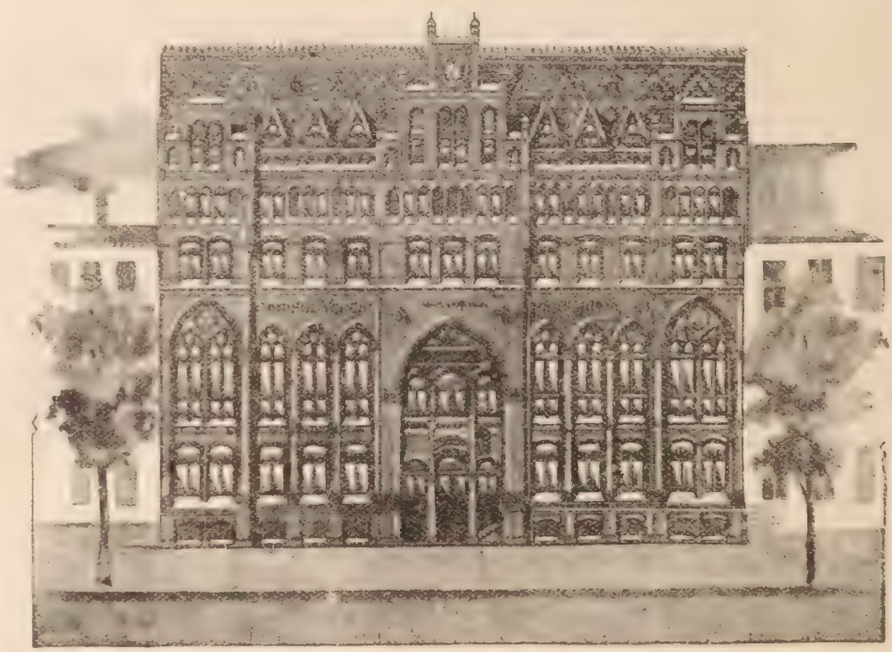
A PROJECTED Y.M.C.A. BUILDING.

Something novel in Young Men's Christian Association buildings is likely soon to add to the beauties of Chicago. The edifice of which a picture appears on this page has been designed for the use of the German-speaking young men of the city. The conception is as beautiful as it is novel. It is a successful attempt to combine the ecclesiastical style of architecture with a style appropriate for a busy city street. We hope that the Association will be able to raise the funds necessary for so handsome a home and will soon turn the architect's brilliant idea into solid stone. The Association has at present a membership of only 151, but with the increased facilities which the acquisition of such a home will afford the number of members will rapidly multiply and we may hope for it a career of wide and extensive usefulness.



THE PROJECTED BUILDING FOR THE GERMAN Y. M. C. A. IN CHICAGO.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

An enthusiastic convention in India is reported by the "Indian Witness." It included all the Chapters in the Madras district and was held in that city. The discussions were of a practical character, dealing with the working of the Leagues. "How to Conduct Devotional Meetihgs," "The Epworth Leaguer as a Good Samaritan," "The Best kind of Reading for Epworthians," "The Ingredients of a Successful Monthly Social," "The Aims and Results of Junior League Work;" were the topics of the chief papers. They show that in India the Epworth League is appreciated and that its members believe time well spent in the study of its methods.——Kewanee, Ill., was the rendezvous of over two hundred Epworth League delegates, who came for a three days' conference early in December. A correspondent of the "Epworth Herald" gives a glowing report of the condition of the League throughout that section which is based on the statements of the delegates. They represented the four Districts of Rock Island, Macomb, Peoria and Galesburg. There are, it appears, in the four districts an aggregate of 137 Senior Leagues with a combined membership of 6,610 and sixty-two Junior Leagues with a total membership of 3,134. Bishop Bowman and pastors Luckey and Cullen were the chief speakers.—The Epworth League of Detroit, Mich., is taking the lead in the Good Citizenship movement. It recently invited all the Young People's societies in the city to meet in the Tabernacle Church to take combined action for the better enforcement of law in the community—Preparations are being made for the convention of the German chapters which is to be held in Chicago in July next. Committees have been appointed to arrange for the entertainment of delegates for transportation and for the programme. This will be a national Convention.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The sixteen Endeavor Societies of Reading, Pa., have organized a good-citizenship committee, representing the sixteen churches, with the object of reforming local politics.

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A Baptist Young People's Union has now been organized in connection with each of the twelve Baptist churches in Richmond, Va. A year ago only three churches in the city had Unions.

✠

More life and activity is being manifested in the Epworth League, says the "St. Louis Christian Advocate,' in Missouri and throughout the entire Church at the present time than ever before in its history.

✠

Bridgeport, Conn., was recently the scene of an enthusiastic convention of the Epworth League of the New York District. From the report it appears that the District League is composed of fifty-six Chapters, with a membership of forty-two hundred and seventy-nine. Five new Chapters were added the past year.

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The Epworth Era says: The records of the central office show that we have almost as many chartered Leagues in the Northwest Texas Conference as in all the other Conferencns together. This is a fine showing for that part of the field.

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During a revival conducted recently under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association at Detroit, Mich., twenty-five of the members organized into a band and raided the saloons every evening seeking possible converts and were very successful.

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The Young Men's Christian Association of New Orleans, La., has commenced the erection of its new building, the cost of which will be $42,449.

✠

Delegates from Christian Endeavor Societies were present at the first annual meeting of the Dakota Union of Indian Societies. The report of the Cleveland Convention was given in both English and Dakota by Jonas Spotted Bear, who spoke for his people at the convention.

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Inteeest in the Epworth League has greatly increased during the past year, says the Nashville "Christian Advocate," especially in those sections of the Church which before were aroused on the subject. There has been a growth of more than one hundred per cent. in the North Carolina Conference.

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Seventeen members of South Australian Christian Endeavor Societies are laboring in foreign missionary fields. The denomination missionary boards there furnish to the societies list of articles needed by different missionaries in order that the Endeavorers may pray definitely for these workers every day.

The New Year's Festival.

It is a very Ancient Observance—How other Nations Celebrate it—The Day in Old New York, 200 Years ago.

SO extremely ancient is the custom of welcoming the advent of the new year, with festivity and song, that it is difficult to determine precisely at what point in the world's history the observance began. Among the ancient Jews, one of the great "holy days" was the Feast of Trumpets, and it has been duly honored among them from "the giving of the Law" up to the present time. The festival of the new year was designed to draw the attention of the people to the significance and importance of the Day of Atonement, to which it was preparatory, and it has passed into Jewish history as "the day of the blowing of the silver trumpets," the blasts being a summons to enter upon the work of sanctification and to effect a reconciliation with God. Like the Sabbath, the New Year festival was to be a day of rest from all labor. After sacrifice, psalms and festival prayers in the temple, the families went to their homes and there enjoyed a social repast. In the evening they again visited the temple, witnessed the evening sacrifice and the lighting of the golden candlestick, and at the conclusion, they exchanged congratulations in such terms as: "May you be written down for a happy new year," or "May the Creator decree for you a happy new year," to which the response was given: "And you likewise." With the exception of the temple sacrifices and possibly of some slight and unimportant modifications in the form, the ceremony of the New Year festival is preserved to-day among the Jewish people almost unchanged in the thousands of years that have passed away.

But the New Year festival is found, as an immemorial usage, among other ancient peoples, notably the Egyptians, Persians, Hindoos, Chinese, Romans, and Moslems, although their calendars varied as to the date of the jubilee. In ancient Rome, the year began with March, and on the first day of that month, the "Salii," or priests of the god Mars, bore the sacred shield in procession through the city, while the people feasted and rejoiced. When the Roman calendar was changed the date of the festival was transferred to January 1st. People wished each other health and prosperity and exchanged gifts. But the celebration, both public and private, partook so strongly of a pagan character that the early Christian churches, among their own people, transformed it into a religious festival and by degrees the popular rioting and excess were greatly modified.

Among the Hindus, the day is called, Prajapatya, "the day of the Lord of Creation," and is sacred to Ganesa, the god of wisdom, who is worshipped with sacrifices, illuminations and general rejoicings. In China (there as in India, being of a different date), it is a festival of thanksgiving and good-will, and so also in Japan. In ancient Persia prisoners were liberated and debts forgiven. In Mexico, temples and houses are adorned and the festival is of a religious character. Among the various nations of Europe, the day is observed by the pleasant interchange of social courtesies, by visits and the giving of presents.

MAKING NEW YEAR'S CALLS IN NEW YORK, TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

In our own land, in a modified degree, the New Year festival is observed, although the proximity of Christmas deprives it of much of its enthusiasm and importance. In the old Dutch days, when the thriving settlement of Nieuw Amsterdam was gradually growing to the proportions of a city with some few comforts and refinements, the day was observed with a hearty spirit of hospitable sociability for which the Hollanders were famous. Greater even than Kerstrydt (Christmas), Paas (Easter), and Pinxter (Whitsuntide), Nieuw Jar was the most enjoyable holiday of the whole twelvemonth. Christmas was a double anniversary, being also celebrated by general consent as the anniversary of "Landing Day," but Nieuw Jar was devoted to social enjoyment, making and receiving calls and to feasting. For days in advance the thrifty housewives were kept busy baking, brewing and preparing appetizing dinners, to which came not only the neighbors but friends from distant points sometimes even as far as Fort Orange (Albany). Those quaint old Dutch dining-rooms in New Amsterdam must have been a goodly picture, with their long tables loaded with haunches of venison, turkeys roasted whole, their shining silver tankards and quaint table-ware and their piles of cakes, comfits and confectionery, with the groups of jolly, sturdy burghers feasting and joking, while their vrouws and daughters, all bravely clad, welcomed the new arrivals and dispensed the hospitalities of the house. In the great, open fire-places, twelve feet wide, the logs crackled and blazed, adding the ruddy, comfortable glow of fire-light to the light of the candles, and giving the finishing touch to a scene of comfort and enjoyment that was in striking contrast to the wintry exterior. Such was New Year's day in New York over two centuries ago.

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Womanly Sympathy.

The want of sympathy and charity which women feel for the faults of their own sex, says a thoughtful writer, is well known; but exactly why this is the case is hard to tell. It may be that because the consequences of a woman's faults are so severe, that a well-balanced woman cannot understand their commitment and so judge of them. But certain it is that this want of feeling exists. One may well ask, when the accused is of their own sex, where is the sympathy? Where are kindly feelings expressed and heard? Much good could women do in this world if they would abandon the selfish feeling that too often finds expression against their own sex.

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A New Year's Thought.

In the "Century," W. D. Howells has some beautiful verses on the closing year, from which we take these (supposed to be written by Father Time), as specially appropriate to the season:

Do you wish me, then, away?
You should rather bid me stay:
Tho' I seem so dull and slow,
Think before you let me go!

Whether you entreat or spurn
I can nevermore return:
Times shall come, and times shall be,
But no other time like me.

Tho' I move with leaden feet,
Light itself is not so fleet:
And before you know me gone
Eternity and I are one.

THE HAPPIEST HEART.

WHO drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better slowly the deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet
And left to Heaven the rest.

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A HOME RECEPTION IN CHINA.

WRITING from China, Bishop Galloway gives this entertaining description of a visit to the home of a wealthy and cultured native: "He is said to count his gold by the half-million. His house, fronting on the narrow, crowded street, seemed not unlike many others; but in the rear, where the family dwell, there are numerous, spacious, and elaborately-decorated and furnished apartments. We were received with great grace and cordiality, and invited to the seats of honor in a model Chinese reception-room. Immediately tea was served in the costliest china—the tea without cream or sugar, and each cup with a handsome cover of the same ware. That is to preserve the fragrant aroma of the delicious tea. In a few moments he served other dishes on a silver waiter, which afforded our party the greatest pleasure as they partook of them one after another.

"Into a large reception hall for feasts and distinguished guests, adorned with swinging lanterns and rich carvings, we were conducted and shown the various articles of interest. Adjoining was the schoolroom, in which three of his four sons were being instructed by a private teacher. The oldest, a handsome youth of seventeen, was married last year. His wife was an inmate of the family. I am told as many as four generations sometimes live within the same compound. In another part of the house there was a room and teacher for his four daughters. The ladies and their apartments, of course, were not visible, but we had reason to believe that they were not denied a sight of the foreign guests.

"He then led us into his beautiful garden, fragrant with blooming tea olive and radiant with a variety of fruits and flowers. In the centre was an octagonal tea-house, over which delicate vines were tastefully twined, and where again we were served with the Chinaman's favorite beverage from plants grown in the host's native province. I have not often met a gentleman with manners so graceful and a bearing more distinguished. With many well-wishes, and a cordial invitation to accept his hospitality at any time, we were bidden a friendly good-bye. Thus a long coveted opportunity was enjoyed—seeing the inside of a cultured, high-class, Chinese home. The humble huts of the coolies, and the malodorous haunts of the laundrymen in America, give no idea what the Chinese can be and are, when uplifted by education and culture."

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How to be Happy.

Would'st thou be happy? Take an easy way:
Think of them 'round you—live for them all day;
Think of their pain, their grief, their loss, their care—
All that they have to do, or feel, or bear:
Think of their pleasure, of their good, their gain;
Think of those 'round thee—'twill not be in vain.

An Ounce of Prevention

is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

A NEW-FASHIONED WOMAN

Written Specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BY MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

CHAPTER XXX.

Forgotten Altercations.

"COME in, Mrs. Somers!" called out a woman's voice from the room, "that is if ye can git in. The steps is gettin mighty shackly."

"How do you do, Mrs. Flint, and how is your husband?"

"Jim's jest as bad as he kin be. Come right in, you and the lady."

They went in, and after speaking to Mr. Flint and introducing Annie, Mrs. Somers said:

"Are you no better, Mr. Flint?"

"No ma'am, I git worse all the time—don't know what a minute's ease is and never sleep a wink without morphine."

"No," said his wife, taking up the story, "he never sleeps one mite 'thout powerful big doses of morphy, and he goes on so, I can't sleep neether."

The man was lying on a plain, coarse lounge with one leg in a box, a long, rude, pine box, and it was bandaged so as to secure it against moving. The wife eager to talk, turned to Annie and said:

"You see, Jim, he works in the lumber yard out'n the edge of town, and one day as the train come whizzin' by, Jim, he never seed a piece of lumber close to him stickin' out, and the cars knocked it and that knocked Jim and he fell, and a lot of lumber fell on him and his leg was just broke and tore most to pieces. The doctors want to cut it off, but Jim won't let um come here hackin' on him. They told him, one day, that he'd die, but Jim just told um that if he had to die he just meant to be buried with his two legs. I was powerful glad, for I didn't want no one-legged man for my old man."

There was a grunt of some kind from the lounge, whether of dissatisfaction from the husband or assent, Annie could not tell, but Mrs. Somers asked:

"Is there any delicacy that I can send you; perhaps you can think of something you would fancy."

"You've been so kind already, I hate to trouble you."

"Don't be afraid to ask. Your appetite is so poor, I will be glad to make anything I can to tempt it. What is it you think you would like?"

"I once saw some kind of yellow jelly, that looked like clear gold, and I've been thinking of that lately, for as I see it, it looks so nice and cool, and 'pears to me I could eat that."

"Gelatine," suggested Annie.

"Gelatine!" exclaimed his wife. "It seems like it ought to be ought to be gela-gold and not gela-tin."

"Well, you may call it what you please, it makes no odds to me, I shan't quarrel with the name, but 'pears to me like—but then it's too much trouble, I mustn't ask it."

"I'll make you some, Mr. Flint," and Annie spoke eagerly. "It will be no trouble at all; and I hope it will do you good. You seem very feeble. I wish I could make you something else nourishing. Suppose I make you some syllabub, too, and send with the gelatine?"

"All right. I'll be much obleeged, you are very kind."

"Well. Mr. Flint, now how comes on the soul, while your body is so feeble?"

"Feeble too, I'm afeered, Miss Somers."

"My friend and brother, can't you trust in Jesus and feel that all things work together for good? You are a professing Christian, a member of the Methodist Church. Has the Saviour you profess to love, been close to you since I last saw you? Can you now trust him implicitly?"

"I've been praying, and trying to trust, and trying to believe that it's all right, but it's mighty hard, mighty hard. Now I think I could believe, if I was walking round and at my work again. I think I could believe that all was working good for them that loves God, but it's hard work when you're flat on your back, sufferin' and nothin' to give your wife and children to eat, and no hope of things gettin' any better fast. I tell you it's hard to trust then, I know, for I've tried it. You can't live on trust, it wont give you food nor clothes; it wont stop pain nor make your leg whole when it's broke, and it wont give a man work when he get's crawlin' 'bout, I know. Once, birds brought meat for men and bread fell down from the sky, and water spirted out a rock, but not now. Them days is past, no such things happens to poor folks now. Somewhere in the Bible, I don't know where, it says, God helps them that helps theirselves. That's the way the world is run now, and when folks gets past helpin' theirselves. they don't get helped. That's the way now."

Mrs. Somers waited patiently till he was through, and then said very quietly, "No, that is not in the Bible. Mr. Flint, have your wife and children ever gone without a meal since you've been sick?"

"No'm, I dunno as they have exactly, but then——"

"Stop a moment, I only want to ask you a question or two for my satisfaction. Have you ever suffered for anything you needed since you've been lying here?"

"No'm, but then you know somebody would just happen to come in?"

"Nothing ever just happens, Mr. Flint, it is all ordered by a good God. Have you not had all the medicine you needed?"

"Yes'm, I believe I have."

"Has not Dr. Gordon been kind and attentive?"

"Oh! yes, mighty, mighty. He is a good kind man, and I mean to——"

"Haven't you a good wife, Mr. Flint?"

"Yes'm, I have."

"And your children, what about them?"

"They are as good as anybody's got."

"And has not George succeeded in getting into a good place as errand boy?"

"Yes'm."

"Has not God been good, Mr. Flint?"

"Oh! yes; I didn't know how good till you began to count up," and the man's eyes were swimming in tears and a handkerchief came out from under the pillow, which he pressed to his face. Mrs. Somers was a good soul doctor, and she went on:

"Never say again, my dear friend, that our heavenly Father isn't good. He is, oh! he is so good. That passage you mentioned is not in the Bible, Mr. Flint: there are no such words there. On the contrary, God helps those who cannot help themselves. Don't murmur at him, my brother, when he is doing everything for you. Trust him who has proved himself such a good friend to you in trouble, so careful of you, so worthy of yoar childlike confidence. Go to him, and tell him how your poor unbelieving heart is tempted, and he will pity you, and give you faith to trust his promises, even though the way seems dark. Now, I want to pray with you, and ask him for you, that you may not be tempted above what you are able to bear, and that he will make you a little child in faith, implicit trust and meekness."

Then, around the couch the three women bowed, and one poured out her full heart to heaven for the poor, tried, suffering child; and when they arose and the farewells were spoken, it was in low, soft, tremulous tones.

As Annie and Mrs. Somers parted, just at sunset, Annie said, with deep feeling,

"Mrs. Somers, I thank you for the lessons I have learned this afternoon. I have lived in this city all my life, but I never once dreamed that there was so much suffering in it before."

"Ah! my dear, I have only shown you two families. Come again when you can, for there are others still. Don't forget your gelatine."

"Never! I feel that that promise of mine was made to my Saviour. Could I cause that tempted man to distrust Jesus because I fail? Oh! no! no! His gracious promise shall be fulfilled in me: my act shall verify it. What a privilege to be God's errand child!"

So they parted, Mrs. Somers to pursue her quiet duties, Annie to fulfil her promise.

A large glass bowl of sparkling, quivering amber, and a brimful bowl of frothy syllabub; a broiled chicken, made savory with rich butter and black pepper, snow-flaky bread, and a dish of sweet peach pickles—these went on a waiter under a fine damask towel to the house of Mr. Flint, the morning following the visit. The sweet odor of the evening prayer was still in the room, and its dewy influence rested upon the hearts of the occupants.

"Only see, Jim!" Exclaimed his wife as she lifted the white cover. "If you can't eat this, you can't eat nothin.' Somehow it's gest as Miss Somers says, 'God ain't forgot us.'"

"God's too good!" said Jim with feeling. "I don't see how he can be so good to me when I've been so mean to him. Oh! how nice and beautiful this waiter is. Flowers, too! As if he hadn't sent enough when he sent me food, he had to send some sweet roses, too. Well, he is good!"

"Wait till I empty everything and give the girl her things, and then I'll bring them to you."

"Tell the servant to come here," said Jim. When the girl stood by him, he said:

"Tell the lady, I thank God for he sent her."

The message was delivered to Annie verbatim, and no sweeter thanks would she have desired.

When the food was laid by the poor man, he closed his eyes, folded his hands and asked a blessing. Then he ate. How nice it all was; how tender the chickens, how light the bread, how delicious the gelatine and syllabub, and savory the pickles! His wife must eat this, the children must have that, and when he could eat no more, refreshed and strengtened, he laid his head upon his pillow, saying:

"I'll never, never, doubt, him again! I said he did not send birds now with bread, but I tell you, Polly, he sent two angels here yesterday — they were just angels, Polly."

"Miss Somers, she's been an angel comin' here a long time, Jim, but somehow or 'nother, I never see it so plain as I did yesterday. That other one, seem to me I could gest see her wings ready to fly."

"It don't take wings to make angels, and everything that's got wings ain't angels, but God sent angels to me, sure. It's so easy to trust him when your waiter's full and your stomach, too. but I won't doubt him again when they are both empty. Oh! Lord, I promise not to doubt thee any more!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

An Old Friend.

The next afternoon, according to promise, Annie was with Mrs. Somers again.

"I sent a waiter," she said, "over to Mr. Flint, and he sent me word, that he thanked God, for it was God who sent me. I was so glad to receive those words, for it proved that he was trusting more."

"He was much softened," Mrs. Somers replied, "when we left. I did not think he appeared quite so rebellious. He has had a trying time, been lying there a month, and his wife has not been able to go on with the washing which she had taken in, but lately his little boy has succeeded in securing a good place with my brother-in-law, and this helps out considerably. Dr. Gordon thinks now that he will recover, though it has been a difficult and doubtful case. Are you acquainted with Dr. Gordon?"

"I have known him for several years. He did not visit us very often, owing, I suppose, to his pressing business, for he always pleaded that as his excuse. I always included him in my invitations, however, for though he was poor, I always regarded him as a sensible, high-minded, noble man."

"He is rising rapidly. I have never seen a man who has won my esteem and confidence in so short a time. I know him through the poor. They love him, and whom they love I must love. His labors are gratuitously given to them, and he is so attentive. The best of all is that he carries his religion into the sick-room and ministers to the soul as well as to the body."

"I understand that he is to be married very soon. You remember, perhaps, the young lady who visited Capt. Roland's last winter. Rumor says she is to be his wife."

"Happy woman, to be the wife of so noble a man. Our visit this afternoon takes us down on the river, and as it is some distance from here, we must start early to accomplish anything. I shall take you to see two more of my afflicted ones, so nerve yourself up to see suffering. There is a great deal in this wide world, and those who would do good must accustom themselves to witnessing it. We can teach the afflicted lessons our Saviour would have them learn, and we can teach our own hearts lessons of contentment. I once heard a minister say that the greatest affliction God could send upon a creature was poverty. What do you think of that, dear?"

"I do not agree with him. Poverty is a blessing sometimes, Mrs. Somers. Why, I think he made a hasty and very sweeping assertion. In my own case, poverty was a bright blessing: for work which poverty required was the first thing which ever gave me my happiness, for this brought me more than evanescent, fleeting pleasure. There was something deeper, a happier joy, if I may call it so, because I knew and felt that it would be lasting. I had found the joys of my gay life like the apples of Sodom, and, like them, they turned to ashes as I pressed them to my eager lips. Action brought some abiding happiness, but religion alone brought that peace which passeth knowledge, the joy that endureth forever."

"You are right," replied Mrs. Somers. "Poverty is not the worst affliction; to many it is a blessing, as it proved to you. It is not the rich man who is the happy man. There is a middle condition of life which is the happy mean: it is this state for which Agur prayed when he said, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches.' This is the happiest class. The rich are, as a rule, drawn aside by their riches, either to pleasure or ambition, and so find it hard to give their attention to religion; and the poor are so often wearied with work, or are so occupied with anxiety as to their daily bread, that they have no thought to spare for the things of the soul. Yes, it is hard for both classes. Agur's desire was best. But in whatever condition we may be, religion comes as a blessing, with special help for the difficulties of that condition. If people only knew what happiness there is in it, all would seek it."

The talk was interrupted by Mrs. Somers stopping at the door of a cottage. She said: "Here we are at Mrs. Edgefield's. She is a policeman's wife, and she is suffering from an incurable disease."

A woman answered the rap, and her salutation was:

"Come in, Mrs. Somers, we were looking for you."

The afflicted woman was lying on a single bed which had been drawn up to the open window. Everything was neat and clean. Flowers brightened the mantle; there was a vase on the table and a hint of violets everywhere.

"My dear sister, how are you to day?" said Mrs. Somers, going forward. "I have brought my friend, Mrs. Deveraux, to see you."

"I am so glad to see you both. I thought you would come this evening, Sister Somers. Sophie and I were just wishing for you."

"Mrs. Deveraux here, is a young Christian who is anxious to work for her Saviour, and I am introducing her to some of the suffering of our city, so that she can learn to soothe and sympathize."

"My dear young sister, I am doubly glad to see you, for these are good lessons to learn. I thank my kind friend for bringing you here."

"Thank you, Mrs. Edgefield. One would never class you with the suffering, afflicted of earth, you are so bright and cheerful."

"Ah! child, it is good for me to be afflicted, I needed it. It is a different school from any I ever went to before, but it's a higher grade, you see, the lessons are longer and harder, but that is just as it should be. What does all this matter? I shall soon stand my examination, shall get my diploma, with my School-master's signature, signed in letters of blood."

All this was said with a smile and with a playful air as though she was saying the most pleasant thing in the world. Annie said: "Mrs. Edgefield, I understood that you were a great sufferer, that your disease was—"

She hesitated, but Mrs. Edgefield finished the sentence with a smile.

"An incurable cancer, my dear, it is true. I suffer with what my physician tells me is a cancer, and it is gradually sapping my life away. He has prescribed opiates to deaden my pain, but I avoid them as much as possible."

(To be Continued.)

Christians Persecuted in Greece.

DURING a period of two years, the Greek Protestant congregation at Ordu, near Trebizond, on the Black Sea, has been prevented by the authorities from worshipping on the Lord's day. The prohibition arose from the effort of influential Greek clergy, and was based upon their statement that the Protestant place of worship was too near the Greek church. Although a government commission examined the question and reported that there is no real reason for objections on the part of the Greeks, the Porte in order to please the Greek clergy, directed Protestant worship to be suspended until an Imperial firman could be obtained, authorizing the use of a house for the purpose. After a delay of two years the delivery of the Imperial firman seemed no nearer than ever, and the British Embassy called the attention of the Porte to the violation of religious liberty involved in the suppression of this Protestant service. On the twentieth of May, the Protestants met by authorization of the Porte, for worship in the house for which they had asked an Imperial firman. A great mob of Greeks then collected and stoned the house, smashing the windows, sashes, and even the iron shutters by which the windows were protected. This attack continued during seven hours, during which time the congregation of 350 was besieged in their place of worship, being held back by the pastor from hurling back the stones of the mob, and being ultimately extricated from their perilous position by the police. The Greeks profess to act under orders of their Patriarch at Constantinople.

JAPAN AND FOREIGNERS.

Writing of the attitude of Japan toward foreigners in January "Scribner's," Prof. G. F. Ladd says: "The real and predominating attitude of the popular mind toward 'the foreigner,' is still the same unreasonable sentiment that it has ever been. A few, and only a very few, even of the educated Japanese, have any intelligent and sympathetic knowledge of that type of mental life which has been developed by a Western and Christian civilization. Among the people of all classes, uninformed, unreasoning feeling toward all foreigners still underlies the crust of enforced or selfish and conventional politeness. This sentiment is a mixture of surprise and admiration with repulsion and contempt. A well-principled, or even a cosmopolitan, feeling toward all humankind, an 'enthusiasm of humanity,' is a rare and difficult thing to find in Japan. What but the knowledge of this mental attitude of his countrymen could have influenced an intelligent native preacher to say, in extremest praise of the power of divine grace: 'It can make you love even a foreigner!'"

BREAD MADE OF WOOD.

A curious statement is published in a German paper, "Die Kontinentale Holtz-Zeitung," which announces that the fabrication of food products consisting partly of wood is now an accomplished fact. At Berlin a factory has been built, which is turning out about two hundred quintals of "wooden bread" a day. The mode of preparation consists in fermenting sawdust and subjecting it to divers chemical manipulations, after which it is mixed with one-third farina and prepared like ordinary bread. The product at present serves only as feed for horses, and it appears that the Berlin Tramway Company, which is the most important customer of the factory, declares itself enchanted with the effects of this nourishment. The manufacturers declare that "wooden bread" constitutes also an excellent aliment for man, whose stomach, it seems, digests it at least as well as ordinary bread. If what is claimed for the new discovery be true, it is certainly a triumph of science, but like the "lime-dust flour," so widely written of in France some years ago, it is more likely to prove a disappointment.

A SAILOR'S WORK FOR CHRIST.

"I remember a young Scandinavian sailor," writes a missionary, "who came to one of our great seaports. He was just like the majority of sailors, a happy-go-lucky fellow, taking life as it turned up, and if it were bad luck to-day, hoping for good luck to-morrow. He had been two or three times to our country, and had each time been invited to evangelistic meetings which were held near the docks, specially for seamen; but on all previous occasions he had been too busy to attend to the affairs of his immortal soul. This voyage, however, we got him in. When God's love, and the wonderful sacrifice of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, was brought home to him, the poor fellow completely broke down, and in faltering accents made known his intention of coming to Christ at once and publicly confessing him before his shipmates. This we encouraged him to do, and he left us that night rejoicing with a new-born joy, such as only the redeemed know. He was with us for two or three evenings, and then his ship sailed, and we did not see him again for some months. Then, when he did come, he did not come alone. While absent, he had been about his Master's service, and two had been born into the kingdom through his instrumentality."

MURDER IN HIS HEART.

A native preacher in India, while on a tour among the hills, came at night to "dharmsala" (rest house), and found the place already occupied by a man and woman. The preacher asked the man who he was and whither he was traveling. The man replied that he was a Rajput, the head man of a certain village and now was on his way with his wife, who was a leper, to a certain village where was a doctor who would cure her of her disease. The preacher replied, I live in that village myself and no doctor lives there. After further conversation the Rajput took the preacher aside and said, The truth is I am going with this leper to the Ganges to throw her into the stream. The preacher at once began to warn the man not to commit such a crime; explained the commandments to him and at last made the man agree to pray with him; so the three kneeled together and the preacher prayed for the man and the woman as best he could. After prayer the man, who seemed quite broken hearted, said to the preacher, I will not go to the Ganges or do at all as I had intended. I am very sorry now. In the morning the preacher whose way led toward the Ganges, said to the man, I am going toward the Ganges, if you are going that way we will travel together. The man replied, No, I am going back to my own village, and will provide a house for this woman and will care for her as long as she lives.

AN ARTIST WITHOUT ARMS.

Art critics in London have been much interested, lately, over the work of Bertram Hiles, of Bristol, an artist without arms. Mr. Hiles had both arms amputated above the elbow, as the result of a tram-car accident when he was eight years old. Only two years after his accident, he had so far mastered the control of his pencil, held in his mouth, that he was placed in first-class division of the second grade of free-hand drawing of the National School at Bristol, and he was only sixteen when he exhibited a work at the local academy of pictures. For the next few years he studied so assiduously and successfully, that in 1890 he carried away a scholarship open to the competition of the United Kingdom, of one hundred guineas, and tenable for two years, offered by the National Art Department of South Kensington. Since then he has gained prizes for designs for a fan and a finger-plate. A water-jug and ewer, painted in five hours, won him a silver medal last year at South Kensington, where his skill in modeling in clay with his lips, was rewarded by his being classed in the first division. A beautiful sunset effect at Venice was hung at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists. Mr. Hiles is a cheery, good-looking, and intelligent man of twenty-eight. He seems to suffer but little inconvenience on account of his misfortune. His lips appear to serve him nearly as efficiently as hands do to most people. This shows that a man's facilities are not always the measure of his achievements. It is so in philanthropic and religious work. The most useful people are often those like Muller and others who have none of the resources which are considered essential to the work.

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My age is 63. I suffered intensely from catarrh 10 yrs., dry scabs formed in nostrils, one or both sides stopped up continually, dryness and soreness of throat, hoarseness, intense headache, took cold easily, and had continual roaring, cracking, buzzing, and singing in my ears. My hearing began to fail, and for three years I was almost entirely deaf, and continually grew worse. Every thing I had tried, failed. In despair I commenced to use the Aerial Medication in 1888, and the effect of the first application was simply wonderful. In less than five minutes my hearing was fully restored, and has been perfect ever since, and in a few months was entirely cured of catarrh.

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Return this Advt. with order and we will send by express prepaid, this beautiful hunting case, **Gold Filled**, full jeweled, **Elgin** style, stem wind and set watch which you can sell for $25.00. If worth it pay express agent $6.50 and keep it; otherwise have it returned. We only ask your promise to go to express office examine and buy if as represented. **These Watches** are equal to those sold by certain dealers from $12.50 to $25.00 and warranted for **20 years.** Give your full name, express and P. O. address. State which wanted, ladies' or gents' size. If you want Watch sent by mail send cash $6.50 with order. **FREE** for 60 days a Gold Plated Chain with each Watch. A binding guarantee with every Watch.

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Fighting Famine in the West.

The Pitiful Condition of the Kansas and Nebraska Farmers—Grateful for "The Christian Herald's" Help—Waging a Desperate Battle with Starvation.

EVERY day brings new and harrowing details of the widespread destitution and suffering among the farmers of Kansas and Nebraska. A number of our readers, responding to the appeals published in this journal, have kindly forwarded boxes of clothing and supplies to the sufferers at different points in the afflicted States, and their aid, together with the money appropriated by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the relief of thirty of the most urgent cases, has been received with expressions of the warmest gratitude; but these are merely as a drop in the ocean, when the great extent of the destitution and the numbers of the sufferers are considered. Letters have been received in this office from over one hundred different localities in the two States, and each repeats the same story of almost hopeless privation; fine farms destroyed by the two years' drought; empty barns and still emptier larders; stock dying for want of feed, and men, women and children weak from prolonged hunger and freezing for lack of clothing and fuel. It is impossible to over-estimate the calamity that has overtaken a once fertile and industrious section of our Union. Everything is needed that human aid and Christian charity can supply, and it is needed most urgently. In one case, near Niobrara, Neb., a sick mother and two little children starved to death in their lonely cabin. This is only one case of many.

Money to Aid the Sufferers.

The following cash contributions have been received up to date, for the Relief Fund:

"The Christian Herald"	$150 00
Friend, Lebanon, Ill	25
Illinois Friend	1 00
Mrs. H. Barendreght, Kalamazoo	1 00
H. G. M., Lafayette, Ind	1 00
Mrs. A. E. Campbell, Germantown	5 00
Subscriber, Albany, N. Y.	1 00
Mrs. I. Wampole, Easton, Pa	1 00
D. S. I.	1 00
New Subscriber	5 00
W. K. Dosé, Allentown, Pa	5 00
T. F., St. Denis, Mo	5 00
Mrs. J. F. Lucas, Springfield, Mass	5 00
R. H. Stroud, Philadelphia	5 00
L. D. V., "	2 00
G. S. V., "	1 00
L. M. V., "	1 00
W. A. V., "	1 00
F. C. V., "	50
A. H. V., "	50
A. H., Berne, Ind.	1 00
J. A. J.	10 00
A. M. H., Buckhannon, W. Va	1 00
T. W., Bucyrus, O.	5 00
Cora Hazard, N. Y.	25 00

Pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD might easily be filled with tear-stained letters containing stories of privation, borne patiently and uncomplainingly until hope itself seemed dead; of homes cheerless and cold that once were bright and comfortable; of strong men and women made weak by the long struggle with adversity. It has been a sad Christmas in those shadowed homes, and the New Year finds them in the depths of a misery that can hardly be imagined by those who are surrounded by many comforts and blessing in their own households. Unless substantial relief comes soon, the crisis though which our Western brothers and sisters are passing must end in emigration from the scene of their sufferings, or many must die if they are left to continue the struggle. All money contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be acknowledged and applied through our corps of volunteer distributors. Boxes of clothing and supplies should be sent direct to any of the distributors whose names are given in the list below or who were included in the list in last week's issue.

Additional List of Volunteer Distributors

Dr. E. A. Pauley, Oberlin, Kan.
Mrs. S. P. Starkey, Palmer, Neb.
[illegible]
Rev. E. J. Vivian, Box Elder, Neb.
Rev. W. G. Eastman, Lee Park, Neb.
[illegible]
Martha R. Hayden, Curtis, Neb.
Mrs. H. E. Kelley, Minneapolis, Ottawa Co., Kan.
M. L. Bundy, Wallace, Neb.
R. J. Benbow, Galla, Moody Co., So. Dak.
Dr. J. M. Lawrence, Cimarron, Kan.
[illegible]
[illegible]
Mrs. T. K. Irwin, Spencer, Boyd Co., Neb.
Mrs. Thos. Doctor, Scandia, Republic Co., Kan.
Rev. J. S. Van Alstyne, Lone Piney, Neb.
[illegible]
[illegible]
Byron Herrick, Drakola, Kingsbury Co., So. Dak.
Rev. L. M. Riley, Leoti, Wichita Co., Kan.
[illegible]
F. C. Wheeler, Beaver City, Neb.
Mrs. S. E. Madison, Great Bend, Kan.
W. L. Sorrells, Seagoville, Tex.
Mrs. Clara R. Pence, Macksville, Kan.
Rev. N. A. Axling, Gottenburg, Neb.
Rev. J. R. Shoemaker, Wood River, Neb.
H. Kesor, Supt. S. School, Ingalls, Kan.
Martin Keller, Bonilla, So. Dak.
J. A. Brinton, McCook, Red Willow Co., Neb.
Rev. J. W. Thomas, Maywood, Neb.
Mrs. Rhinehart, Glasco, Cloud Co., Kan.
Mrs. Mary Evans, Gothenburg, Neb.
William Buck, Litchfield, Neb.
B. P. Morris, Macon City, Neb.
John H. Peters, Pleasanton, Neb.
C. H. Gillan, Oberlin, Kan.
Mrs. A. B Jaynes, Russell Springs, Kan.
Daniel T. Starrett, Lenore, Kan.
Ed. A. Allen, Agra, Kan.
O. J. Lansing, Oakley, Kan.
Mrs. Lora Winters, Isabella, Okla.
Ruth Lamb, North Branch, Kan.
Joel Turner, Goodland, Kan.
Mrs. Ray Carl, Long Island, Kan.
Mrs. M. B. Capron, McDonald, Kan.
P. S. Siegrist, Logan, Kan.
Jobs Turner, Goodland, Kan.
G. W. Ratliff Buchanan, Neb.
Henry Welch, North Platte Neb.
Mrs. M. L. Wilson, Beaver City, Neb.
Willard Ross, Anselmo, Neb.
Mrs. H. H. York, Arcadia, Neb.
C. Swansen, Postmaster, Brayben, Neb.
Mrs. R. D. Carlton, Grand Island, Neb.
Isaac Underhill, Trenton, Neb.
C. H. Foland, Axtell, Neb.
Mrs. Elmer Adams, Eustis, Neb.
Mrs. Dr. Hull, Kearney, Neb.
Mrs. Amy Mapes, Clearwater, Neb.
Marion Courtney, Springview, Neb.
Mollie Pierce, Garden City, Kan.
Mrs. M. A. Brewer, Brownell, Kan.
D. F. Blair, Colby, Kan.
Dr. L. E. Lapham, Kensington, Kan.
O. Brown, Portland, Kan.
J. P. Stutman, Ransom Kan.
George King, Bogue, Kan.
Chas. H. Emmons, Hill City, Kan.
Rev. J. G. Armitstead, Alton, Kan.

The following missionaries of the American Sunday School Union have also agreed to act as distributors in their respective districts:

A. G. Hunt, Aberdeen, S. Dak.
Ira B. Dye, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
C. M. Peck, Mitchell, S. Dak.
Marinus Rogers, Vermillion, S. Dak.
F. A. Carleton, Shelton, Neb.
C. H. Trody, Neligh, Neb.
T. A. Moss, Broken Bow, Neb.
K. T. Scotthorn, Hebron, Neb.

How the Children Suffer.

Emma L. R. Smith, Cozad, Neb., gives this most interesting account of the suffering there: "We could stand one failure and look hopefully forward to another seed-time, but when a second failure comes and a worse one than the first, it is hard to bear. We thought we had little last year, but we have less now. People struggled through last year looking hopefully forward to the coming sowing-time. Many of my neighbors went in debt for their seed this spring and literally obeyed the good rhythmic injunction:

> Sow in the morn thy seed,
> At eve hold not thy hand.
> To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
> Broadcast it o'er the land.

Farmers worked early and late and hundreds of acres of wheat were sowed just in our neighborhood. When it became evident that the wheat crop was a failure, corn was listed in on the wheat ground, and when the corn dried up, some farmers said they would sow flax if there came a rain, but the rain did not come, so they saved their flaxseed. I never saw men and women grow haggard and careworn in a short time as I have seen this summer.

"Passing along the road one day, I saw a father and four children cultivating corn; the oldest about thirteen years of age had a team and a harrow; the brother next his age was also harrowing, while a still younger brother and their father were each cultivating. The smallest boy was not large enough to drive his team and hold the plow handles at the same time, so a seat was fixed on the plow and the youngest of the family—little Blanche—was perched upon it, holding the lines and guiding the horses, while Willie held the plow handles. I could not help thinking that they deserved to succeed, but they have not a grain of corn for what they put into the ground. The father is now about one hundred miles northwest of here, where he had to take his cattle and horses for the winter. There he could get hay. There with the help of his wife and children he built a shanty for himself, put up hay for his stock and built sheds for them, while his family return home to spend a lonely winter. This family of whom I am speaking have now nothing for themselves to eat. [Horses and cattle cannot be sold—cannot even be given away. He who has least is richest.) I have given this woman a little for immediate needs."

"Many would be glad of warm overcoats. The stock has all to be turned out as there is very little feed," writes M. Masterson, Selkirk, Kan." The story of destitution here is too true and the half has not been told. About one hundred families have had help to a meagre supply of clothing, and there are not less than five hundred here who must have clothing, food and fuel."

Warm Clothing Needed.

Julia Kissinger, Leoti, Kan., writes: "Many are needing clothing, lots of people in Western Kansas; any kind, from small children to grown-up men."

Mrs. M. M. Butler, Childress, Texas, writes: "We live near the line of Hall and Childress counties. This portion of the country has been visited by droughts for three years in succession. I know of several families in need. Many families left here. We were too poor to get away. If our wheat fails this time, which I think it will, I don't know what we can do. How we are to get through the winter is a mystery as yet."

Mrs. Clara R. Pence, Macksville, Kan., writes: "Whatever is done or can be done should be done quickly or many will suffer. I offer my services to act as distributor of anything that may be sent."

Rev. N. A. Axling, Gothenburg, Neb., writes: "If we could get a bit of clothing to distribute among the most destitute in and around our vicinity we would be very grateful. It would be a blessed gift for the many poor. There is a great number of families who have no money, clothing and fuel; only rags for shoes and clothing. Numbers of children are deprived of their schooling, owing to having no clothes."

Mrs. Sarah Burton, Culberson, Neb., in a letter descriptive of the hardships the poor are undergoing this winter, says: "We have sod houses, a sod church and have Sunday School every Sunday, and Christian Endeavor and prayer meeting once a week. I miss so many of late! I know they lack caps, etc., for the children. I made about twenty pairs of mittens last winter but this winter I could not get any yarn. Oh, dear! we none of us raised even potatoes this year. I do not see what will become of us all, but we think and pray. Heretofore the Lord has helped us and we put our trust in him."

Starving Homes.

P. S. S., Logan, Kan., writes: "I have lost all my crops these two years . . . During last summer, I spent the last cent I had on earth to help the destitute families, for I have been in their homes, and I saw little children without a mouthful of bread to eat for their breakfast. Our own people are unable to take care of the needy ones, and the worst time is to come yet. Snow means starvation and death to the horses and cattle, because feed is scarce and stock is in a pitiful condition. You folks in the East will never realize our condition until you visit this country for awhile. I have been a Christian since I was twelve years old, but I never was so discouraged in my life, and I often wonder, has God indeed changed, for he has helped me in every time of need, but this seems the test of my life. I see no way out for all is as dark as death! Yet I will trust in him though he slay me."

Mr. G. W. Ratliff, Chairman of the Relief Committee, Buchanan, Neb., writes: "A great many are suffering here. These people need provisions, flour, meat, potatoes, beans, meal—or anything to eat, corn or wheat feed of any kind, and clothing of all sorts—shoes and stockings the worst."

Mr. H. H. Rink, evangelist, writing from Jetmore, Kan., writes: "There are twenty-eight counties in this part of Kansas as bad as or worse off than our own. Philanthropic giving seems the only solution; then if it pleases the Lord to add his increase blessing to the farmers' efforts, through previous arrangement a proper return can be made for the use of the seed, and the returns used in helping other needy ones."

An Asthma Cure at Last

European physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

The most remarkable cures on record have been accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine is unequalled for all diseases of the blood. Take only Hood's, for Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

SINGERS AND ACTORS GENERALLY are users of "Brown's Bronchial Troches" for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and Throat Irritations. They afford instant relief. Avoid imitations.

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Which would YOU choose? The Gold Dollar or the Silver? Large Bottle—Big Dose? Small Bottle—Small Dose?

Freligh's Tonic, A Phosphorized Cerebro-Spinant,

For the

Brain & Nerves

is the Gold Dollar; small bottle, small dose,—only 5 to 10 drops—*But*

Concentrated,

Prompt,

Powerful.

Formula on every bottle. Always good for 100 doses to the bottle. Price, one dollar. Sample, enough to last ten days, sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Send your address for descriptive pamphlet,

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Primer of Musicianship,

having in it the foundations of **Harmony, Musical Form, Principle of Phrasing,** the correct way of playing all the embellishments and ornaments, the

Principles of Pianoforte Technic,

and other interesting and mind-awakening instruction. While intended for the use of young pupils, the ground it covers is so much more extensive than that usually covered by elementary piano lessons, that pupils as far along as the fourth and fifth grades will find here much matter which they have previously neglected.

PRICE, BOARDS, 75 CENTS. CLOTH, $1.00.

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THE BOOK SHELF

BACK UNTO BETHEL.*

BACK unto Bethel, it is well to wander,
Where the fresh beauty of our morning lies,
Where the glad sunlight of the spirit's dawning
First woke to radiance the soul's dark skies;
And drops more grateful than the dews of Hermon.
Or those that gathered upon Zion's mounts,
Poured, in their crystal and anointing clearness
From life's pure founts.

Back unto Bethel when our way is darkened,
And thro' the shadow we can find no light,
Our guidance lost and thickly round us closing
Doubt's misty circle, and despair's black night;
If hitherward our fearful steps are turning,
Perchance the cloud may glow with rainbow dyes,
And we behold the ladder of the angels
To Heaven rise.

Back unto Bethel when our feet are straying
Far from the pathway leading unto peace,
When cumbering care has been our steps delaying,
And earthly pleasures yielded their increase,
Let us return and mourn the promise broken,
Bind up the covenant, renew our vow,
And he who stands the same forgiving Saviour
May meet us now.

A CHURCH FAIR'S SEQUEL.†

IN spite of the fatigues and excitements of the fair, the Limber family assembled in full force at the breakfast-table next morning. Mrs. Limber and Bessie were unusually quiet, and their appetites were evidently below the ordinary standard. Sam was in unabated spirits, and Mr. Limber, according to his wont, serenely cheerful.

The door-bell rang.

"That," said Mrs. Limber, "is the man from Delf's. He was to come early this morning to take away the extra china."

The man from Delf's proved to be a boy from somewhere else.

It was plain enough that the place he had come out of was a lawyer's office. He had in his hands a big bundle of papers, unmistakably legal, tied with red tape, and arranged with evident precision; and he was equipped with a memorandum-book and a pencil. He was a chunky boy, rubicund of hair and face, somewhat belligerent in his general aspect, and looked as though he might have been, as perhaps he was, the lineal descendant of several generations of deputy sheriffs. A view of his side-pocket disclosed the fact that he had been engaged in eating a large apple, upon which he had temporarily stayed proceedings in order to attend to the business in hand.

"David Limber, Martha Limber, Samuel Limber, Bessie Limber," said the boy, as if he were calling the roll of the entire family, "I have got summonses and complaints for all of you," and he evidently knew by sight the respective persons whose names he had pronounced, for he proceeded, in the most deliberate manner to draw certain papers from his bundle and to deliver one to Mr. Limber and another to Sam, who was seated at his father's left hand. He then crossed, as formally as though he were following a stage direction, to Mr. Limber's right, and, after a deliberate survey of Bessie, thrust a third paper at her, which he put into her hand without any co-operation on her part, very much as packages of prize-candy and other light wares are devolved on unwilling recipients in railway cars.

"I would like to know," said the aggressive boy, as the paper fell on Bessie's lap, "whether you are a minor, under the age of fourteen years?"

"What an impudent boy!" said Bessie, turning to her mother.

"Oh, very well; if you decline to answer, I will make sure, and serve a copy on your father, mother, or guardian. I've got plenty of them."

"Oh, I am over fourteen—seventeen last March," cried Bessie, fearing lest she had involved the family in some new trouble by not telling the whole truth instantly, and yet entirely unable to comprehend the behavior of her strange interlocutor.

"It is a suit at law," said Sam; "the overseers of the poor of the town of Spindle have sued papa and mamma in Justice Hazey's court for three hundred and ten dollars. Just hear this, will you—it is all printed: it says that the defendants—that's papa and mamma—'did, heretofore, on the fifteenth day of December in this present year'—that's short for yesterday, you see—'at the village of Spindle, in the town of Spindle, set up and propose a certain chattel, to wit'—oh, do listen to this!—'an image or effigy of the female, human form, composed, as to the head and neck thereof, of wax, and as to the rest, residue, and remainder thereof, of muslin stuffed with bran, sawdust, or otner minute particles'—there's a legal description of a doll for you—'to be raffled for to certain persons who then aud there respectively paid or contracted to pay, the sum of one dollar for the chance of obtaining the same, there being in all one hundred chances, and the value of the said chattel so set up being then and there one hundred dollars'—that's a whopper," said Sam—"'contrary to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of this State; wherefore, the said plaintiffs'—that's the overseers of the poor," added Sam—"'demand judgment against the said defendents'—that's papa and mamma, you know—'for the sum of three hundred dollars, being three times the value of the article so set up'—I should think it was—'together with the further sum of ten dollars, making in all three hundred and ten dollars and the costs of this action'—hollao! Richard Folio, plaintiff's attorney.'"

"So, Dick Folio is at the bottom of all this," said Mrs. Limber. "How utterly contemptible!—Of course, husband, you will take no notice of it."

"Really," said Mr. Limber, "it looks like his having us arrested."

"And to think," continued Mrs. Limber, "that this same Richard Folio was once a boy in my Sunday School class, when he was no bigger than our Davy. Of course, he can never, never, cross the threshold of this house again."

"It is thirteen hundred and ten dollars all told," said Sam, still absorbed in the legal documents on which he was making marginal notes and calculations; "and costs besides in one hundred and one suits. Now costs are something that you can't calculate. There is no telling what they may run up to."

"Thirteen hundred and ten dollars," said Bessie despairingly, "is more than the whole profits of the fair."

"What on earth have the overseers of the poor got to do with all this?" demand Mrs. Limber; "do they oversee everybody, and do you suppose that Dick Folio has any right to bring them into his impudent schemes?"

"I believe," said Mr. Limber, "by the law anyone who sets up a thing at a raffle is liable to pay a penalty to the overseers of the poor of three time its value and ten dollars besides, just as Sam has read from the paper, and everyone who takes a chance in a raffle is liable to pay a penalty of ten dollars."

"What an infamous law!" said Mrs. Limber, "and then to start it up and set it agoing, between night and morning, against respectable people like us, while thieves, and drunkards, and murderers, and burglars, go scot-free! Who in the world would ever suspect that there were any such penalties kept concealed like traps to be sprung upon honest people in their own houses, and at the breakfast-table, and by boys, too?"

"My dear," said Mr. Limber, "everyone is supposed to know the law, and I told you long ago that I believed the raffle was against the law, and I warned you to take care, but you went on, and now it appears that the law is going to be enforced against us. Respectable people are just as good defendants as thieves or drunkards, and at all events those who dance must pay the piper. That's good law."

* From *Wavelets*, a volume of poems by D. S. Pennell. pp. 120; half gilt; canvas covers; price, 65 cents. American Sunday School Union, N. Y., publishers.

† From *Mrs. Limber's Raffle, or a Church Fair and its Victims*, by William Allen Butler, pp. 163; cloth covers, D. Appleton and Co., New York, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Evolution and the Immanent God; by William F. English, Ph.D. 122 pp. Arena Publishing Company, Copley Square, Boston.

Christian Doctrine, a series of discourses by R. W. Dale, LL.D., the learned and eloquent author of the "Lectures on Preaching" delivered at Yale University; pp. 329; price $1.75; published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East 10th Street, New York.

The Historical Geography of the Holy Land; especially in relation to the History of Israel and the early Church, by George Adam Smith, D.D., Glasgow. With six maps; 692 pp.; cloth covers; price, $6. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, publishers.

Philip Leicester; by Jessie P. Wright, a charming story for the young; pp. 264, illustrated, cloth covers, price $1.25. W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston, publishers.

Big Cypress, the Story of An Everglade Homestead; by Kirk Munro, illustrated, 164 pp., cloth covers, price $1. W. A. Wilde & Co, Boston, publishers.

The Meeting-Place of Geology and History; by Sir J. William Dawson, LL.D., F. R. S., being the substance of a year's course of lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston; pp. 223, cloth binding; price $1.25. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

The Worker's Weapon, Its Perfection, Authority, Study and Use; by John Henry Eliott; a booklet full of hints for the guidance of those engaged in Christian work, pp. 98, cloth binding, price 50 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

Character Studies, by the author of "Pastime Papers," comprising sketches of Edward Irving, Anna Jameson, Washington Irving, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Bryant and Cogswell; pp. 177; price $1; published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

The Parchments of the Faith; by Rev. Geo. E. Merrill. 288 pp.; price $1.25. Published by the American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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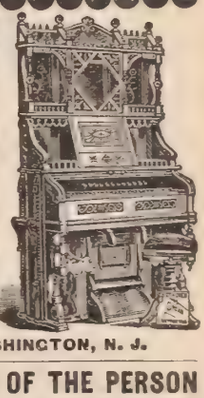

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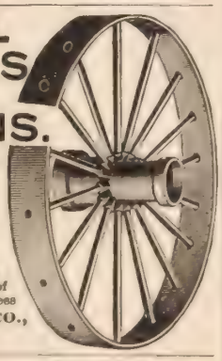

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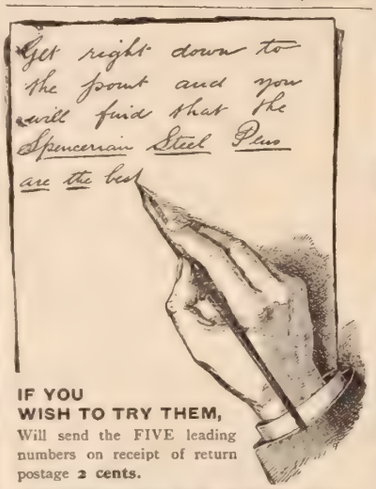

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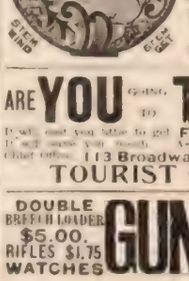

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See Christian Herald Oct. 24th and Nov. 28th.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18. COPYRIGHT 1895, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH. NUMBER 2.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1895.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, $1.50.

A GREAT MISSION FOUNDER.

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, Pioneer Christian Worker in Many Lands—He carried the Gospel to the Eskimo and Founded the Alaska Mission—A Glorious Record.

WORLDLY fame places its laurel upon the brows of the explorer, the scientist and the geographer, who, by their brilliant genius and daring, add to the sum of human knowledge. But a more enviable reward comes to him who, in the performance of his high mission as a servant of the Master, carries the Gospel of Jesus to the remote parts of the earth, holding his own life as a very little thing, if he but win souls from the darkness of ignorance and superstition, into the blessed light of divine truth. As Christianity advances, the work of such men as Carey, Brainerd, Livingston and other Gospel pioneers looms up with a greater significance. Science changes and the work accomplished by explorers and historiographers is obscured by later rivals; but divine truth is eternal and immutable and the seed sown by Gospel pioneers, in whatever land, bears fruit perennially.

REV. SHELDON JACKSON.

From time to time, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has presented, for the instruction and encouragement of its readers, sketches of the lives of modern missionary pioneer workers in all parts of the globe. Some toiled for souls in the heat of a tropical sun in India or Africa, others among the wild tribes of Asia or the nomads of Syria or Arabia, and still others among the mixed races of South America or the people of Mexico. The typical mission career outlined below has had for its field of operations a territory extending almost from the equator to the Arctic zone, and is one that abounds in interest and momentous results.

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., has for thirty-seven years been one of the most prominent pioneer ministers of the Presbyterian Church of the United States. Born at Minaville, N. Y., in 1834, he graduated at Union College in 1855, and Princeton Theological Seminary in 1858. Ordained to the ministry by the Presbytery of Albany, May 5, 1858, he, with his wife, went as missionary of the Foreign Board to the Indian Territory on the frontier of Texas. His health failed in that malarious climate, and he became a Home Missionary for Western Wisconsin and Southern Minnesota, from 1859 to 1864, with headquarters at La Crescent, Minn. He afterward had general charge of the mission work in Southern Minnesota, and later was appointed Superintendent of Missions for Northern and Western Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, and "the regions beyond," comprising one-fourth of the United States. In 1870 he received a commission from the Board of Domestic Missions, as Superintendent of Missions for the Rocky Mountain Territories, and removed to Denver, Colo., taking charge of the vast and then almost unknown region of country along the Rocky Mountains, from British America to Old Mexico, and covered by the territories of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah. He remained in this work until January, 1882, when he spent a short time in the East. Dr. Jackson's field of work being among the exceptional populations of the country, he became the originator and one of the chief promoters of the "Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions." He organized the first Presbyterian missions or churches in the Territories of Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Arizona and Alaska, and he founded the Alaska Mission. He assisted in the organization of the Synods of St. Paul in 1860, and Colorado in 1871, of the Presbyteries of Chippewa in 1859, Southern Minnesota in 1865, Colorado 1870, Wyoming 1871, Montana 1872, and Utah 1874; having previously organized the majority of the churches composing several Presbyteries. Over one hundred prosperous churches owe their existence to this one man's consecrated labors.

AN ALASKAN INDIAN CANOE CONVEYING MISSIONARIES.

When Dr. Jackson first went to Alaska, it was an unorganized section, without law or government. Recognizing the need of goverment protection for the infant missions, he pressed the matter upon the attention of Congress until, in the spring of 1884, a bill was passed giving both a government and a common school system to Alaska. In the spring of 1885, he was appointed by the Secretary of the Interior, "United States General Agent of Education in Alaska." As the representative of the government he sought and secured the establishment of mission schools in Alaska by the mission societies of the Moravian, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, Swedish Evangelical and Friends' Churches.

In 1887, he commenced the publication at Sitka, Alaska, of "The North Star," a monthly paper in the interest of schools and missions.

In 1890, finding that the Eskimo of Arctic Alaska were being gradually reduced to starvation by the steady destruction of the whale and walrus, he devised and set in operation a scheme for introducing the tame reindeer of Siberia into that country, as a new and permanent source of food supply. In 1891, he brought to Alaska sixteen reindeer, which were turned loose on an island in Unalaska harbor. The following year he established the first herd of tame reindeer on the shores of America. The station selected was Port Clarence, near Bering

Continued on page 10.

THE FIRST REINDEER LANDED ON THE COAST OF UNALASKA.

From a Photograph Forwarded by Rev. Sheldon Jackson.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

Round-the-World Sermons, by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

"TOMB AND TEMPLE."

Text: Esther 1 : 1, "*From India even unto Ethiopia.*"

IN all the Bible this is the only book in which the word India occurs, but it stands for a realm of vast interest in the time of Esther as in our time. It yielded then as now spices, and silks, and cotton, and rice, and indigo, and ores of all richness, and precious stones of all sparkle, and had a civilization of its own as marked as Egyptian or Grecian or Roman civilization. It holds the costliest tomb ever built, and the most unique and wonderful idolatrous temple ever opened. For practical lessons, in this my sixth discourse in "'Round-the-world" series, I show you that tomb and temple of India.

In a journey around the world it may not be easy to tell the exact point which divides the pilgrimage into halves. But there was one structure toward which we were all the time traveling, and having seen that, we felt that if we saw nothing more, our expedition would be a success. That one object was the Taj Mahal of India. It is the crown of the whole earth. The spirits of architecture met to enthrone a king, and the spirit of the Parthenon of Athens was there; and the spirit of St. Sophia of Constantinople was there: and the spirit of St. Izaak of St. Petersburg was there; and the spirit of the Baptistery of Pisa was there; and the spirits of the Great Pyramid, and of Luxor Obelisk, and of the Porcelain Tower of Nankin, and of St. Mark's of Venice; and the spirits of all the great towers, great cathedrals, great mausoleums, great sarcophagi, great capitols for the living, and of great necropolises for the dead, were there. And the presiding genius of the throng with gavel of Parian marble smote the table of Russian malachite, and called the throng of spirits to order, and called for a vote as to which spirit should wear the chief crown, and mount the chief throne, and wave the chief sceptre, and by unanimous acclaim the cry was: "Long live the spirit of the Taj, king of all the spirits of architecture! Thine is the Taj Mahal of India!"

The building is about six miles from Agra, and as we rode out in the early dawn we heard nothing but the hoofs and wheels that pulled and turned us along the road, at every yard of which our expectation rose until we had some thought that we might be disappointed at the first glimpse, as some say they were disappointed. But how can any one be disappointed with the Taj is almost as great a wonder to me as the Taj itself. There are some people always disappointed, and who knows but that having entered heaven they may criticise the architecture of the Temple, and the cut of the white robes, and say that the River of Life is not quite up to their expectations, and that the white horses on which the conquerors ride seem a little spring-halt or spavined?

My son said, "There it is!" I said, "Where?" For that which he saw to be the building seemed to me to be more like the morning cloud blushing under the stare of the rising sun. It seemed not so much built up from earth as let down from heaven. Fortunately, you stop at an elaborated gate-way of red sandstone one-eighth of a mile from the Taj, an entrance so high, so arched, so graceful, so four-domed, so painted, and chiseled, and scrolled that you come very gradually upon the Taj, which structure is enough to intoxicate the eye, and stun the imagination, and entrance the soul. We go up the winding stairs of this majestic entrance of the gate-way, and buy a few pictures and examine a few curios, and from it look off upon the Taj, and descend to the pavement of the garden that raptures everything between the gate-way and the ecstasy of marble and precious stones. You pass along a deep stream of water in which all manner of brilliant fins swirl and float. There are eighty-four fountains that spout, and bend, and arch themselves to fall in showers of pearl in basins of snowy whiteness. Beds of all imaginable flora greet the nostril before they do the eye, and seem to roll in waves of color as you advance towards the vision you are soon to have of what human genius did when it did its best; moon-flowers, lilacs, marigolds, tulips, and almost everywhere the lotus; thickets of bewildering bloom: on either side trees from many lands bend their arborescence over your head, or seem with convoluted branches to reach out their arms towards you in welcome. On and on you go amid tamarind, and cypress, and poplar, and oleander, and yew, and sycamore, and banyan, and palm, and trees of such novel branch, and leaf, and girth, you cease to ask their name or nativity. As you approach the door of the Taj one experiences a strange sensation of awe, and tenderness, and humility, and worship. The building is only a grave, but what a grave! Built for a queen, who, according to some was very good, and according to others was very bad. I choose to think she was very good. At any rate, it makes me feel better to think that this commemorative pile was set up for the immortalization of virtue rather than vice. The Taj is a mountain of white marble, but never such walls faced each other with exquisiteness; never such a tomb was cut from block of alabaster; never such a congregation of precious stones brightened, and gloomed, and blazed, and chastened, and glorified a building since sculptor's chisel cut its first curve, or painter's pencil traced its first figure, or mason's plumb-line measured its first wall, or architect's compass swept its first circle.

The Taj has sixteen great arched windows, four at each corner. Also at each of the four corners of the Taj stands a minaret 137 feet high. Also at each side of this building is a splendid mosque of red sandstone. Two hundred and fifty years has the Taj stood, and yet not a wall is cracked, nor a mosaic loosened, nor an arch sagged, nor a panel dulled. The storms of 250 winters have not marred, nor the heats of 250 summers disintegrated a marble. There is no story of age written by mosses on its white surface. Montaz, the queen, was beautiful, and Shah Jehan, the king, here proposed to let all the centuries of time know it. She was married at twenty years of age and died at twenty-nine. Her life ended as another life began; as the rose bloomed the rose-bush perished. To adorn this dormitory of the dead, at the command of the king, Bagdad sent to this building its cornelian, and Ceylon its lapis lazuli, and Punjab its jasper, and Persia its amethyst, and Thibet its turquoise, and Lanka its sapphire, and Yemen its agate, and Punah its diamonds; and blood-stones, and sardonyx, and chalcedony, and moss agates are as common as though they were pebbles. You find one spray of vine beset with eighty, and another with one hundred stones. Twenty thousand men were twenty years in building it, and although the labor was slave labor, and not paid for, the building cost what would be about $60,000,000 of our American money. Some of the jewels have been picked out of the wall by iconoclasts or conquerors, and substitutes of less value have taken their places; but the vines, the traceries, the arabesques, the spandrels, the entablatures are so wondrous that you feel like dating the rest of your life from the day you first saw them. In letters of black marble the whole of the Koran is spelled out in and on this august pile. The king sleeps in the tomb beside the queen, although he intended to build a palace as black as this was white on the opposite side of the river for himself to sleep in. Indeed, the foundation of such a necropolis of black marble is still there, and from the white to the black temple of the dead a bridge was to cross; but the son dethroned him and imprisoned him, and it is wonderful that the king had any place at all in which to be buried. Instead of windows to let in the light upon the two tombs, there is a trellis-work of marble, marble cut so delicately thin that the sun shines through it as easily as through glass. Look the world over and find so much translucency: canopies, traceries, lace-work, embroideries of stone.

THE "TAJ MAHAL" NEAR AGRA, INDIA.

We had heard of the wonderful resonance of this Taj, and so I tried it. I suppose there are more sleeping echoes in that building waiting to be wakened by the human voice than in any building ever constructed. I uttered one word, and there seemed descending invisible choirs in full chant, and there was a reverberation that kept on long after one would have expected it to cease, When a line of a hymn was sung there were replying, rolling, rising, falling, interweaving sounds that seemed modulated by beings seraphic. There were aerial sopranos and bassos, soft, high, deep, tremulous, emotional, commingling. It was like an antiphonal of heaven. But there are four or five Taj Mahals. It has one appearance at sunrise, another at noon, another an sunset, and another by moonlight. Indeed, the silver trowel of the moon, and the golden trowel of the sunlight, and the leaden trowel of the storm build and rebuild the glory, so that it never seems twice alike. It has all moods, all complexions, all grandeurs. From the top of the Taj, which is 250 feet high, springs a spire thirty feet higher, and that is enamelled gold. What an anthem in eternal rhythm! Lyrics and elegies in marble. Sculptured hosanna! Masonry as of supernatural hands! Mighty doxology in stone! I shall see nothing to equal it till I see the Great White Throne, and on it Him from whose face the earth and heavens flee away.

The Taj is the pride of India, and especially of Mohammedanism. An English officer at the fortress told us that when during the general mutiny in 1857 the Mohammedans proposed insurrection at Agra, the English government aimed the guns of the fort at the Taj and said, "You make insurrection, and that same day we will blow your Taj to atoms;" and that threat ended the disposition for mutiny at Agra.

But I thought while looking at that palace for the dead, all this constructed to covcover a handful of dust, but even that handful has probably gone from the mausoleum. How much better it would have been to expend sixty millions of dollars which the Taj Mahal cost, for the living. What asylums it might have built for the sick, what houses for the homeless! What improvement our century has made upon other centuries in lifting in honor of the desparted memorial churches, memorial hospitals, memorial reading-rooms, memorial observatories. By all possible means let us keep the memory of departed loved ones fresh in mind, and let there be an appropriate head-stone or monument in the cemetery, but there is a dividing line between reasonable commemoration, and wicked extravagance. The Taj Mahal has its uses as an architectural achievement, eclipsing all other architecture but as a memorial of a departed wife and mother it expresses no more than the plainest slab in many a country graveyard. The best monument we can any of us have built for us when we are gone is in the memory of those whose sorrows we have alleviated, in the wounds we have healed, in the kindnesses we have done, in the ignorance we have enlightened, in the recreant we have reclaimed, in the souls we have saved! Such a monument is built out of material more lasting than marble or bronze, and will stand amid the eternal splendors long after the Taj Mahal of India shall have gone down in the ruins of a world of which it was the costliest adornment. But I promised to show you not only a tomb of India, but a unique heathen temple, and it is a temple underground.

With miner's candle we had seen something of the underside of Australia, as at Gimpie; and with guide's torch we had seen at different times something of the underside of America, as in Mammoth Cave; but we are now to enter one of the sacred cellars of India, commonly called the Elephanta Caves. We had it all to ourselves, the steam yacht that was to take us about fifteen miles over the harbor of Bombay, and between enchanted islands, and along shores whose curves, and gulches, and pictured rocks gradually prepared the mind for appreciation of the most unique spectacle in India. The morning had been full of thunder, and lightning, and deluge, but the atmospheric agitations had ceased, and the cloudy ruins of the storm were piled up in the heavens, huge enough and darkly purple enough to make the skies as grandly picturesque as the earthly scenery amid which we moved. After an hour's cutting through the waters we came to the long pier reaching from the island called Elephanta. It is an island small of girth, but 600 feet high. It declines into the marshes of man grove. But the whole island is one tangle of foliage and verdure; convolvulus creeping the ground; mosses climbing the rocks; vines sleeving the long arms of the trees; red flowers here and there in the woods, like incendiary's torch trying to set the groves on fire; cactus and acacia vying as to which can most charm the beholder; tropical bird meeting parti-colored butterfly in jungles planted the same summer the world was born. We stepped out of the boat amid enough natives to afford all the help we needed for landing and guidance. You can be carried by coolies in an easy chair, or you can walk, if you are blessed with two stout limbs, which the Psalmist

evidently lacked, or he would not have so depreciated them, when he said: "The Lord taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man." We passed up some stone steps, and between the walls we saw awaiting us a cobra, one of those snakes which greet the traveller oft times in India. Two of the guides left the cobra dead by the wayside. They must have been Mohammedans, for Hindoos never kill that sacred reptile.

And now we come near the famous temple hewn from one rock of porphyry at least eight hundred years ago. On either side of the chief temple is a chapel, these cut out of the same stone. So vast was the undertaking, and to the Hindoo was so great the human impossibility that they say the gods scooped out this structure from the rock, and carved the pillars, and hewed its shape into gigantic idols, and dedicated it to all the grandeurs. We climb many stone steps before we get to the gateways. The entrance to this Temple has sculptured doorkeepers leaning on sculptured devils. How strange! But I have seen doorkeepers of churches and auditoriums who seemed to be leaning on the demons of bad ventilation and asphyxia. Doorkeepers ought to be leaning on the angels of health, and comfort, and life. All the sextons and janitors of the earth who have spoiled sermons and lectures, and poisoned the lungs of audiences by inefficiency ought to visit this Cave of Elephanta and beware of what these doorkeepers are doing, when instead of leaning on the angelic, they lean on the demoniac.

In these Elephanta Caves everything is on a Samsonian and Titanian scale. With chisels that were dropped from nerveless hands at least eight centuries ago, the forms of the gods Brahma, and Vishnu, and Siva were cut into the everlasting rock. Siva is here represented by a figure sixteen feet nine inches high, one-half man and one-half woman. Run a line from the centre of the forehead straight to the floor of the rock, and you divide this idol into masculine and feminine. Admired as this idol is by many, it was to me about the worst thing that was ever cut into porphyry, perhaps because there is hardly anything on earth so objectionable as a being half man and half woman. Do be one or other, my hearer. Man is admirable, and woman is admirable, but either in flesh or trap rock a compromise of the two is hideous. Save us from effeminate men and masculine women!

Yonder is the King Ravana worshipping. Yonder is the sculptured representation of the marriage of Shiva and Parhati. Yonder is Daksha, the son of Brahma, born from the thumb of his right hand. He had sixty daughters. Seventeen of those daughters were married to Kasyapa and became the mothers of the human race. Yonder is a god with three heads. The centre god has a crown wound with necklaces of skulls. The right hand god is in a paroxysm of rage, with forehead of snakes, and in its hand is a cobra. The left hand god has pleasure in all its features and the hand has a flower. But there are gods and goddesses in all directions. The chief temple of this rock is one hundred and thirty feet square and has twenty-six pillars rising to the roof. After the conquerors of other lands, and the tourists from all lands have chipped, and defaced, and blasted, and carried away curios and mementos for museums and homes, there are enough entrancements left to detain one, unless he is cautious, until he is down with some of the malarias which encompass this island, or get bitten with some of its snakes. Yes, I felt the chilly dampness of the place, and left this congress of gods, this pandemonium of demons, this pantheon of indifferent deities, and came to the steps and looked off upon the waters which rolled and flashed, around the steam yacht, that was waiting to return with us to Bombay. As we stepped aboard, our minds filled with the idols of the Elephanta Caves, I was impressed as never before with the thought that man must have a religion of some kind, even if he has to contrive one himself, and he must have a god, even though he make it with his own hand. I rejoice to know the day will come when the one God of the Universe will be acknowledged throughout India.

That evening of our return to Bombay I visited the Young Men's Christian Association with the same appointments that you find in the Young Men's Christian Associations of Europe and America, and the night after that I addressed a throng of native children who are in the schools of the Christian Missions. Christian universities gather under their wing of benediction a host of the young men of this country. Bombay and Calcutta, the two great commercial cities of India, feel the elevating power of an aggressive Christianity. Episcopalian liturgy and Presbyterian Westminster Catechism, and Methodist Anxious-seat, and Baptist Waters of Consecration now stand where once basest idolatries had undisputed sway. The work which shoemaker Carey inaugurated at Serampore, India, translating the Bible into forty different dialects, and leaving his worn-out body amid the natives whom he had come to save, and going up into the heavens from which he can better watch all the field—that work will be completed in the salvation of the millions of India: and beside him gazing from the same high places stand Bishop Heber, and Alexander Duff, and John Scudder, and Mackay, who fell at Delhi, and Moncrieff, who fell at Cawnpore, and Polehampton, who fell at Lucknow, and Freeman, who fell at Futtyghur, and all heroes and heroines who, for Christ's sake, lived and died for the Christianization of India: and their heaven will not be complete until the Ganges that washes the Ghats of heathen temples shall roll between churches of the living God and the trampled womanhood of Hindooism shall have all the rights purchased by Him who amid the cuts and stabs of his own assassination cried out: "Behold thy mother!" and from Bengal Bay to Arabian Ocean, and from the Himalayas to the coast of Coromandel there be lifted hosannas to Him who died to redeem all nations. In that day Elephanta Cave will be one of the places where idols are "cast to the moles and bats." If any clergyman asks me, as an unbelieving minister of religion once asked the Duke of Wellington, "Do you not think that the work of converting the Hindoos is all a practical farce?" I answer him as Wellington answered the unbelieving minister: "Look to your marching orders, sir!" Or if any one having joined in the Gospel attack feels like retreating, I say to him, as General Havelock said to a retreating regiment, "The enemy are in front, not in the rear," and leading them again into the fight, though two horses had been shot under him.

Indeed, the taking of this world for Christ will be no holiday celebration, but as tremendous as when in India during the mutiny of 1857, a fortress manned by Sepoys was to be captured by Sir Colin Campbell and the army of Britain. The Sepoys hurled upon the attacking columns burning missiles, and grenades, and fired on them shot and shell, and poured on them from the ramparts burning oil, until, a writer who witnessed it says, "It was a picture of Pandemonium." Then Sir Colin addressed his troops, saying, "Remember the women and children must be rescued!" and his men replied: "Ay! Ay! Sir Colin! We stood by you at Balaklava, and will stand by you here!" And then came the triumphant assault of the battlements. So in this Gospel campaign which proposes capturing the very last citadel of idolatry and sin, and hoisting over it the banner of the Cross, we may have hurled upon us mighty opposition, and scorn, and obloquy, and many may fall before the work is done, yet at every call for new onset, let the cry of the church be "Ay! ay! Great Captain of our salvation; we stood by thee in other conflicts, and we will stand by thee to the last!" And then, if not in this world, then from the battlements of the next, as the last Appolyonic fortification shall crash into ruin, we will join in the shout: "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory!" "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

A GROUP OF ALASKAN ESKIMO IN NATIVE DRESS.
(From a photograph sent by Rev. Sheldon Jackson.)

WHEN WRITING TO THIS OFFICE

In order to secure the promptest attention for your communications, please bear in mind that the business of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is divided into the following three departments, and that communications intended for anyone of these departments should **never** contain matters of interest to any other department:

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York.

A Great Mission Founder.

continued from first page

Straits, and the herd numbered one hundred and seventy-five. In 1894 the herd numbered seven hundred. In the spring of that year, in order to secure the very best instructors to teach the Eskimo the care and management of tame reindeer, Dr. Jackson sent an agent to Lapland and brought over six families of Lapps. This was the first colony of that people ever brought to the United States.

In the prosecution of his work Dr. Jackson has travelled from 1869 to 1894, an aggregate of six hundred and five thousand and twenty-seven miles, or an average of twenty-three thousand two hundred and seventy miles a year. Much of this traveling was by stage coach, and some of it on mule-back or on foot, over the dangerous trails of the mountains. Several trips involved each 1,500 miles of staging through a desolate and wild Indian country; twice he went by stage across the plains and over the mountains, to the Pacific; twice he made trips of 2,000 miles each, by stage and horse-back, and twice, dangerous canoe-trips of several hundred miles, along the Alaskan coast, with wild Indians for his companions. Five trips were made north of the Arctic Circle among the eternal ice-fields off the northern coasts of Alaska and Siberia. To ride in the stage coach day and night, from early Monday to late on Saturday, without stopping, except for meals, was not an uncommon experience. To make a new way in the wilderness, ford rivers, climb mountains, cross the track of the avalanche and the trail of the murderous Indian; to be gaunt with hunger or parched with thirst; to blister under the semi-tropical sun of Arizona, or shiver amid polar ice-floes; to sleep upon the ground, without shelter, exposed to the poisonous reptiles of the South; or dig a bed in the snow of the high mountains, or toss in a canoe on the waves of the North Pacific, have been the necessary vicissitudes of his work.

Thrice the news despatches in the daily press have announced his death, reporting once that he was drowned while making a preaching tour in a canoe: once that he was killed by the Indians and again that he was wrecked in the Alaskan Archipelago.

Dr. Jackson's wide experience, his fervid zeal, and his practical pungency, make him a very effective platform speaker, and he has frequently visited the East, to arouse the Church on the subject of missions. From 1869 to 1894 he delivered over twenty-nine hundred mission addresses. The result of his work in Alaska alone is a splendid monument to Christian devotion and courage. His is a life that has been full of spiritual triumphs on the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles and his labors have been blessed in the gathering of multitudes to the kingdom. He is, in the highest and most spiritual sense, a true pioneer and the father and founder of Christian missions in Alaska and the outlying regions of the North.

DR. TALMAGE'S NEW YORK PULPIT.

As announced last week in these columns, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage on Sunday, January 6, began regular Sunday Services in the Academy of Music, New York City. These services will be continued every Sabbath afternoon at 4 o'clock, the doors being open at 3:30. CHRISTIAN HERALD readers residing in New York City and suburbs, or those living at distant points in other states but who may be intending to visit New York, can secure reserved seats on application to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York. Dr. Talmage would be pleased to have all persons who desire to co-operate with the management of these services, to send their names to him personally, care of this office. Holders of tickets for reserved seats will use the Fourteenth street entrance to the Academy of Music.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

CHRIST THE BREAD OF LIFE.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 20. John 6: 23-35. Golden Text John 6: 31. By Mrs. Baxter.

THE immediate effect of the feeding of the multitude was to convince the multitude that "this is of a truth the Prophet that cometh into the world." (verse 14, R.V.) But they had their own ideas of the mission of that prophet for whom they were looking. Like their forefathers, they wanted a king that they might be like all the nations; a king who might judge them, and go out before them, and fight their battles. (1.Sam. 7: 20.) They wanted Christ to minister to their political pride and ambition, to "set them on high above all the nations of the earth" (Deut. 28: 1), without their fulfilling the conditions attached to this promise: "If thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all his commandments." Without a word of reproach, without seeking to convince them of their mistake, without saying at the time what he could say later on to Herod when his hour was come to state this great fact: "My kingdom is not of this world," or age, he silently left them. But Jesus could not serve their purpose, and "go out before them;" Jesus therefore perceiving that they were about to come and take him by force to make him a king, withdrew again into a mountain himself alone. He could not go out before them; He did always those things that pleased God. (John 14: 29.)

Oh, the patience of our Lord! He could always wait, and therefore nothing premature or unripe ever fell from his lips. Impatience and unbelief are closely allied. "He that believeth shall not make haste." He had a lesson to teach his disciples; He had constrained them to take a boat and go before him across the lake of Gennesaret while he had sent the multitudes away, and in the storm on the lake, he put to the proof how far they had understood all he had meant to teach them by the miracle of the loaves. But when in their terror and distress in the storm on the lake he came to them on the water and calmed the storm, they were sore amazed in themselves; for they understood not concerning the loaves, for their heart was hardened; and he needed, on another occasion, to reproach them sharply for letting this manifestation of his power go by without turning it to account in a deepened knowledge of God, and deeper understanding of the ministry of their Master.

But while he was always on the watch to teach his own chosen twelve he did not forget the needs of the multitude. Impressed by the miracle of the loaves, and finding that neither Jesus nor his disciples remained on the Gadara side of the lake, they took boats, and crossed the lake to seek him, and on reaching the spot where he was "they said unto him: Rabbi, when camest thou hither?" There were questions put to Jesus which he never answered. It was no concern of theirs when he crossed the lake, but there was a matter of deep importance to him: it was

The Motive

which led them to seek him. Thus, in answer to their question, he says: "Verily, verily, I say unto you: "Ye seek me, not because ye saw the signs, but because ye ate the loaves and were filled. Work not for the meat which perisheth, but for the meat which abideth unto eternal life, which the Son of man shall give unto you, for him the Father, even God, hath sealed." Words utterly incomprehensible to them at the moment, yet sown for the time when the Spirit of God should quicken them. Because they had seen his signs they had followed him to the mountain; because they ate of the loaves they followed him over the sea. But the temporal benefit in the way of supply had failed to produce in them the conviction that he was the Messiah or to produce any change of heart which could turn them from their self-life to a life of real conformity to the will of God.

"Meat which abideth unto eternal life" was to them an idea beyond their grasp; they lived, like the heathen nations around them, in things seen and temporal, and eternity and eternal things were a region unknown to them. Their occupation and concern was: "What shall we eat, what shall we drink; wherewithal shall we be clothed?" of which Jesus says: "After all these things do the Gentiles (the heathen of the days), seek; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." (Matt. 6: 31, 32.) Children of forefathers which had been fed in the wilderness by bread from heaven, they yet shared the anxiety of the heathen who knew not God as their Father, and thus they justified the heathen in their unbelief. Set in the midst of nations as witnesses that God is God, they had as a people signally failed him.

They manifested some desire after God in their question: "What must we do that we may work the works of God?" (R.V.) still with a material end in view; still occupied with the temporal benefit of the miracle of the loaves. The answer of Jesus brought other considerations before them: "This is the work of God that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." But oh, the blindness of those who have not a single eye, whose heart goeth after their covetousness! they ask the question: "What then doest thou for a sign, that we may see and believe thee?" Oh the patience of Jesus! Only one day had elapsed since five thousand of their men, besides women and children, had been fed to the full with five little loaves and two small fishes, distributed by the mighty hand of him who multiplied them; and now, just as though no snch miracle had happened, the very men who had eaten the loaves say: What sign shewest thou then that we may see and believe thee? What dost thou work? (ver. 30). It is an awful hardness of heart in a sinner to pass over an unprecedented intervention of God as though it were a common thing. Tyre and Sidon, wicked as they had been, were righteous in the eyes of God when compared with Chorazin, Bethsaida and Capernaum, the cities where so many of Christ's mighty works were done, because they repented not when God spoke to them through his Son; their spirit did not fail before him; they did not recognize who it was that drew near to them; their eyes, blinded with self-interest, had lost the focus which made eternal things visible to them.

They had their Sign,

and they still did not believe. Still thinking of the meat which perisheth, they continued: "Our fathers ate the manna in the wilderness; as it was written: He gave them bread out of heaven to eat. Jesus therefore said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, it was not Moses that gave you the bread out of heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread out of heaven. For the bread of God is that which cometh down out of heaven, and giveth life unto the world." Another life, eternal life, must have another bread, the bread of life; this was a mystery to them, and is and will be ever a mystery to those who are not partakers of eternal life. They were out of their depth now; alive to all temporal and material things, they little knew how much they were in need of that life from above which Adam lost when he fell. Yet seeing there was something to be gained, they knew not rightly what, and having tasted of the loaves, they imagined perhaps it was an unfailing supply of earthly good, they said: "Lord, evermore give us this bread."

When the Samaritan woman in her blindness and ignorance, made request of Christ for living water, he took her at her word, searched her sinful heart, put his finger on the sore place, the shameful history of her life, and said: "Go call thy husband and come thither." She recognized in whose presence she was: "Sir, I perceive that thou art a Prophet," and he was able to tell her that he was more, even the Messiah, the Christ of God. The request of these people of Gadara was of the same nature, but it did not bring about the same result. "Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life; he that cometh to me shall not hunger and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." Here was the touchstone, to come to him and to believe in him. Many there are who accept benefits at the hand of God, and yet do not come to Jesus or believe in him, they will not have to do with himself but with his gifts only.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

DANGER was in the mood of the crowd who had been miraculously fed, as described in the preceding lesson. They felt that here truly was an extraordinary man. One who could feed them by superhuman power could surely do anything else. Perhaps this was the great king of whom their prophets had spoken. He ought to be a king. They would have him exert his power to set the nation again in its old position of independence and power. But that would have been a small thing for Jesus to do, compared with the plan he had conceived of a world-wide deliverance. Truly he would set the people free, but by the deliverance of the individual from sin. A republic with no foreign domination may be a nation of slaves if the people are dominated by their appetites and passions. A drunkard or an opium-eater is a slave, because he cannot let the drink or the drug alone if he wanted to. Christ perceived what the people had in mind. He would not yield to them, for he had met that temptation in the wilderness, and had overcome it. So he sent the people away and reinvigorated his soul by a night of prayer. Afterwards, about four in the morning, he crossed the lake after his disciples, coming on them when they were in the midst of one of those sudden storms which to this day are the dread of voyagers on the sea of Galilee. They were terrified at the sight of him at first, but when their fears were allayed, they welcomed him on board. It was not long after they had landed that the people came seeking Jesus. He was not deceived as to their motive. Their minds, he perceived, were set on material things. The true lesson of the miracle was that the man who had fed them must have come from God, and could therefore teach them heavenly truth. But they could not learn it. They wanted ease and prosperity. The sermon of the week's lesson was a reproof to them. The really important thing, Christ tells them, is the nurture and development of the soul. They should seek that above all, that they might live forever. The same lesson needs to be taught now. If people would use as much earnestness in seeking to be good as they use in seeking to be rich, they would be far happier, and better. This should be the chief aim. Christ describes the way. His hearers supposed they must do the works of God or good works. But not so; the only way was through him. He was the bread of God; in believing on him and following him they might have life.

This is the work of God, that ye believe on him. "Why do you stay with Marks?" one young man asked another, as they met in a restaurant at the lunch hour. "You could get a much better salary," he continued, "with our firm and with less work. You would have money to dress better and you would have time to go to the theatre occasionally instead of being kept late at night at your desk over those wretched stocks and bonds." The young man addressed looked shrewdly at his questioner as he said: "You are very kind, but I don't want to change. I know I could get twice the salary elsewhere, but it is not the salary I am concerned about. Mr. Marks is the best financier on the street. I believe in him and I am learning his methods. I shall be a rich man some day if I stay with him. I don't care for dress and the theatre, I am looking for something better." That was faith—faith in a man. Christ asks for faith in him assuring us that what he has to impart is the best of all gifts.

Evermore give us this bread. During the French Revolution, the National Assembly was debating a question as to the criminal laws with a long string of subjects to follow, affecting the right of suffrage and the procedure of the chambers, when the proceedings were violently interrupted. A great crowd of women broke into the chamber escorted by a number of armed men. There was great indignation at the interruption, as the members were in arrears with their work and were anxious to have the constitutional questions settled. "Nay, nay," cried a fish-woman, "stop that babble. That is not the question; the question is about bread." While thousands of the people of Paris were hungry there could be no question so important as that of providing for them. Everyone understands this need. People must have food if they are to live. Christ says that the need of the soul is like that of the body, and that he alone can supply it.

My Father giveth you the true bread. Christ's favorite name for God was Father, and he sought by many ways to get people to regard him as their Father and to think of him as loving them and providing for them as a father does for his children. They were apt to think of him as a great king afar off from them and that idea misrepresented God. Kings were often very indifferent to the needs of their people. Once when Rome was suffering from a famine, ships were sent to Egypt for corn. But Nero, in a freak of cruelty, countermanded the shipmasters' orders, and directed them to fill their vessels with sand for his arena. So when the hungry people heard the news that the ships were nearing port, they were elated with joy. Alas! how quickly their joy was turned to sorrow when they discovered that these vessels contained only sand, instead of corn. Sometimes when a person becomes anxious about his eternal welfare, an indiscreet friend bids him go into cheerful society, take some pleasure, have some amusement to relieve the anxiety. That is like giving sand instead of bread. Christ said that the true bread came from God.

Bread from Heaven. During the Crimean war in 1854, a clergyman in the south of France visited a camp where the soldiers were collected in readiness for embarkation for the Black Sea to take part in the siege of Sebastopol. Knowing that many of them would not live to return, he brought some testaments and distributed among them. Several years afterward he was traveling in a country district in France, and being one night in a village where there was no room for him in the inn, he asked where he could obtain a lodging. He was directed to the home of a widow, who, he was told, would be pleased to entertain him. He found the home clean and cheerful, but the widow herself was very dull and sorrowful. He made friends with her. She told him she had just lost her eldest son, who had been a soldier. The best son, she said, a mother ever had. He was not always so. As a boy he had been a great trouble to her, but since he came back from the war he had been her support and comfort. No one could be better, and he was as happy as the day was long. Even when he fell sick and knew he was going to die, he was happy. It all came from a book given to him before he went to the war. He used to read it every day and while he was sick he had it by him continually. He said he got more good from it than from food or medicine. The widow showed her guest the book and he at once recognized it as one of the Testaments he had given to the soldiers several years ago.

I am that Bread of Life. An eminent physician says that bread is the only kind of food on which a man could live exclusively without injury to his constitution. If a man were obliged to eat nothing but meat he would soon be sick and die. If he were to live on vegetables only, he would not thrive; he might eat nothing but bread and yet be strong and well. So Christ is sufficient for the happiness of those who love him. The richest men are often unhappy. The people who have most pleasure are often sick and weary of it. Kings and princes are generally envied because they have so much power and splendor, but many of them have left on record that their lives have been miserable. But a true Christian who has not found happiness in Christ has never existed. He may be poor, he may be despised, he may have any kind of trouble, but with Christ he is happy.

HELP FOR THE STRICKEN WEST.

Many Loving Hands now extended to Succor the Starving Kansas and Nebraska Farmers—The First $1,000 Forwarded by "The Christian Herald"—Contributions of Money and Clothing Pouring in—A Central Relief Depot Opened in New York.

RIGHT speedily have the Lord's people begun to respond to the appeal of the thousands of destitute families in the famine-stricken farming districts of Kansas and Nebraska. From every quarter, gifts of money and clothing are flowing in, accompanied by letters that breathe the pure spirit of Christian benevolence and kindly sympathy. Up to the present time THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has expended from the Fund **$1.000** for the relief of a number of families in Kansas and Nebraska, and to some in Oklahoma, South Dakota and Texas, checks having been forwarded by mail to reliable distributors in one hundred and ninety-eight districts in the sections where the suffering is the sharpest. A "Central Relief Depot" has been opened at 740–742 Broadway, New York City, for the reception of contributions of clothing, &c., and all who desire to render aid in that form can send their gifts to that depot by express, from which point they will be shipped direct to their destination in the West. This will be a considerable convenience to contributors relieving them from the expense of transportation West. Express charges on all boxes and packages forwarded to the Central Relief Depot need be prepaid to that point only, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD having arranged with the American Express Company for the transportation West, of all clothing supplies, etc., free of charge.

The Work of Distribution.

Some of the letters received from volunteer distributors during the past week show how faithfully and prayerfully their work is being performed among the needy ones. Rev. H. K. Bushnell, Sabbath School Missionary, Hastings, Neb., writes:

Your letter with the enclosure for the sufferers was received a week ago. In the same mail came a letter from the West, and it read somwhat in this fashion: "We are starving to death. I have been sick and am just able to sit up. We have two children, and are taking care of a little niece also, who is motherless. The men cannot get work and what shall we do?" Our neighbors are just as badly off, but they dislike to ask for alms, but I know that the Lord will provide, for I immediately sent them the five dollars. In the same mail were the request and the answer.

The people in the East have been kind in sending second-hand clothing, and it has been very acceptable, but the people here need food even more than they need clothing. I was in a man's house a few days ago whose family had had nothing but flour to live on for more than six weeks.

Mr. J. S. Dewey, Oakdale, Neb., writes:

In behalf of those who received the benefit of your contributions, many, many thanks. The destitution in this locality is much greater than during the grasshopper plague. Individuals, township and county are doing all in their power, but the wants are many and funds are few.

What one $5.00 Bill did.

Mrs. David E. Dodge, Almina, Kans., writes:

I received your letter containing $5.00 for the destitute and needy. I gave $2. to one family of seven; they only had a part of a sack of flour and did not know where the next sack was coming from, and they did not even have money enough to replace a broken lamp chimney. I gave $1. to a family of seven—three of the children had no shoes and they were very poorly clad. I gave $2. to a family of eight; they were very needy. The mother had no stockings. The fathers of these families would be glad to work if they could get the work. Their crops were a failure, and they have no means of support. I can distribute anything else you may send. Hoping, and praying that God may bless you in your efforts in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked.

Miss Minnie Matthew, Webster, Kan., gives this faithful detail of her stewardship:

I have been been busy with the $5 00 you sent me. I spent it as follows: 7 yards of calico for a girl's dress, 35 cents; five yards calico for a girl's dress, 25 cents; cap for a little boy, 40 cents; material for two hoods, 92 cents: material for a pair of pants, 60 cents; nine yards of calico for a dress, 63 cents; ten yards of calico for a dress, 70 cents; mittens, 20 cts; yarn for mittens, 20 cents; three pairs of stockings, 40 cents. I have given them to the very poorest.

"The Children! Oh, the Children!"

Mrs. Mary C. Taylor, Bird City, Kan., writes:

I received the $5.00 sent me through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I thank you a thousand times. I visited all the families in my section. One family which I helped consists of father, mother, and nine children. Their ages ranged from one year to fourteen. The mother told me that when she washed their clothes they had to go to bed. She washed the day I was there, without soap. The children! Oh, the children! and the mothers that are nursing babes! How they are suffering. I ask the blessing of God upon all those who are helping hand.

Mr. P. H. Day, Pearl, Neb., writes concerning his distributing work:

Finding the most pressing present demand to be bread, I laid out the whole amount in flour, and have disbursed the same where I found the wants most urgent. And in their behalf I earnestly thank those who aided in this contribution. There are many who shrink from so public a parading of their wants and will suffer great privation, before applying for aid, and to this class the flour has been given.

Sylvia Hutchinson, Mascot, Neb., another distributor, writes:

Yours enclosing $5.00 for the destitute here was duly received, and with it I bought $3.00 worth of flour at $1.50 per hundred; three pairs wool hose, 50c for the three. I keep account of all that is given out. I also received a box of groceries and one of clothing from Oakland, Neb., from the Ladies' Aid Society of that place. All, together, have helped the most urgent cases for a short time. Send us the added help of your prayers.

A Heartrending Picture.

O. A. Buzzell, Juniata, Neb., another distributor, writes:

I esteem it a privilege to carry help into the stricken homes of the West. The field I have undertaken to canvas lies about 150 miles beyond my home, and back from the railroad, beyond the usual lines of missionary visits, and is not so well looked after. I sent to-day $2.00 (of your contribution) to a merchant, ordering flour and groceries delivered to two families—one, a man who is sick and will probably soon die, having a wife and five children all under fourteen years, very poor. The other a woman who is trying to support herself and two little girls. I found both of these families very destitute, when I was there ten days ago, and gave them some clothing. I shall look after them forthwith as means is supplied. The other $3.00 I shall use in similar ways. I find the people needing provision and fuel, and this need will be intensified as winter advances.

Aaron McKnight, Culbertson, Neb., gives this statement of the situation:

I received your check and have appropriated four dollars of it. There are many persons here who will need help before spring. The county funds are exhausted and dealers have refused to take any more county orders, and wait until taxes can be collected, for the people are too poor to pay their taxes.

Mr. H. C. Gane, Wilson, Kan., writes:

Your draft for the "drouth Sufferers" is a Godsend. I have used a part of it to meet some of the immediate needs of two quite destitute families and will, later on, report fully.

Editor. P. W. Scott of the "Chase County Enterprise," Imperial, Neb., writes:

It certainly was an opportune gift. A Mr. Harris just recently died, leaving a wife and several small children destitute. They were out of fuel and had nearly nothing to eat. I helped them, and Mrs. Harris sends you thanks. Our people are in hard circumstances, and anything you can do will be appreciated.

An Evangelist's Experience.

Mr. H. H. Rink, Evangelist, Jetmore, Kansas, another distributor, gives this picture from his own observation:

Your prompt attention is, I assure you, sincerely appreciated. I trust by your aid we will be able to materially help the people. We have the names of at least forty families, representing two hundred people living in Hodgeman County, who find themselves unable to purchase seed wheat and who, if they could secure the same, would sow it. This inability arises in almost every case from no fault of the parties involved. The more fortunate ones in the county have been, with but few exceptions, deprived the pleasure of keeping their neighbors owing to the losses they themselves have sustained. Indeed the helping hand extended by these already has made the number as small as it is at present. Children can help with their pennies as well as the older people with their dollars. Farmers who have the grain, but no money, can help. A few bushels contributed by each farmer more fortunate would do much to make up the quota needed. Contributions made outside the State of Kansas had best be made in form of money. There need be no fear of sending an over supply. There are twenty-eight counties in this part of Kansas as bad or worse off than our own. We hope to be able to help these five thousand people in similar straits.

Another faithful volunteer is Mrs. R. C. Bradley of Holdrege, Neb., who writes:

I used the money you sent to relieve the wants of a very needy family in the country, consisting of father, mother and five small children, in very destitute circumstances. To get work seems impossible. They need almost everything, but food and fuel seem to be the great need of many. I received a barrel of clothing to-day in answer to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S call for help, which I will endeavor to put where it will do good. Pray for us that the winds may be tempered.

They ask Aid "In Jesus' Name."

Letters of appeal, from residents of the afflicted states still continue to come by every mail in undiminished numbers. Mr. B. I. Hinman of North Platte, Neb., writes:

This (Lincoln) County is 48x54 miles in dimensions and probaby has more needy than any other county in the State, as we have met with a loss in the late total failure of crops in the years 1890, 1893 and 1894. We must expect much suffering this winter.

Mrs. O. H. Gordon, President of the Relief Society, Merna, Neb., writes that four barrels of clothing were received there and faithfully divided. The people have no money even to pay freight charges. Regarding the situation, she says:

It is just as bad as anywhere under the sun for hundreds of miles in Nebraska and western Kansas and Dakota. We can take back all we sent Russia thankfully and it will be none too much. We hope God will continue to restrain the cold waves, but if not, then hundreds must freeze to death, for there is no fuel, no money to buy any by most of the people on these bare prairies. I am doing all in my power at my own expense for the souls and bodies of the people, as a Nebraska missionary. If any one feels like helping me among the people these hard times, it will be thankfully received. If you give to help, give in Jesus' Name alone and for his cause.

Late telegraphic dispatches show that Mrs. Gordon's fears have been only too well founded. The recent snow storms have were very severe in Nebraska, and many persons are believed to have perished of cold. The situation in Buffalo, Boyd, Dawson, Keith, Lincoln, Perkins, Hitchcock, Chase, Hayes, Dundy, and Frontier counties is reported as appalling.

With his gift of $5, Mr. D. D. Davis, Bloomsburg, Pa., writes in this wholesouled Christian fashion:

This is to buy ten bushels of wheat to be distributed where wanted and needed. I have used it some years ago in New Jersey: dried it and ground it in the coffee mill; boiled it and made porridge of it, and was glad I had it, and liked it in my family. It is about the cheapest and best of nutrition. I pray God will see to the distribution and speedy relief of all sufferers.

Mrs. R. Cunningham, Woodson, writes:

The Ladies' Missionary Society of Unity Presbyterian Church of Woodson have just forwarded a box of clothing, valued at $55.00, to Nebraska. We saw in the columns of your paper the account of much suffering there.

Facing a Nebraska Winter.

Mrs. Wilson, President of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Brethren Church, Beaver City, Neb., says: "There is a great deal of help needed here, especially in the line of provisions. Of course, there are many that need clothing also."

E. S. Murphy, Litchfield, Neb., writes: "There is no point in the whole drought-stricken district, perhaps, that needs help more this. There was absolutely nothing made here the past season agriculturing, not even hay. 1893 was almost a complete failure, and the people to-day have nothing, only as it is shipped in from outside and there is no money to buy it when it comes and a Nebraska winter before us. Hundreds of horses and cattle must necessarily die before spring."

John H. Peter, Pleasanton, Neb., writes: "People here have not raised anything. What the people will do, I do not know. We have nothing to sell, and the merchants have come down on the credit, so you see the condition we are in. Any help sent, I assure you, will be thankfully received."

The record of distribution of the first $1,000 of the Fund is given below. Acknowledgments of all moneys contributed will be found on the next page.

How the first $1,000 of the Relief Fund was Distributed.

Distributors.		*Distributors.*	
Rev. N. A. Axling, Gottenburg, Neb	$5 00	C. L. Karnes, Anselmo, Neb	5 00
Ed. A. Allen, Agra Kan	5 00	F. A. Kirkpatrick, Superior, Neb	5 00
Mrs. Elmer Adams, Eustis, Neb	5 00	O. J. Lansing, Oakley, Kan	5 00
Rev. J. G. Armitstead, Alton, Kan	5 00	Ruth Lamb, North Branch, Kan	5 00
L. P. Anderson, Atwood, Kan	5 00	Dr. L. E. Lapham, Kensington, Kan	5 00
Elizabeth Adams, Gaskell, Kan	5 00	Dr. J. M. Lawrence, Cimarron, Kan	5 00
J. Anderson, Oxford, Neb	5 00	Mrs. Mira Lamb, Stillwater, Payne Co., Okla.	5 00
Mrs. E. E. Austin, Burwell, Neb	5 00	Mrs. Eda Leoncke, Inman, Neb	5 00
E. A. Anderson, Gothenburg, Neb	5 00	Rev. Jas. Leonard, North Platte, Neb	5 00
J. Abernathy, Alma, Neb	5 00	Rev. N. S. Lowrie, O'Neill, Neb	5 00
Jefferson Andre, Hendley, Neb	5 00	Rev. E. K. McNeil, Loup City, Neb	5 00
J. A. Brinton, McCook, Red Willow Co., Neb	5 00	Pearl McCracken, Howe, Kan	5 00
Mrs. M. A. Brewer, Brownell, Kan	5 00	Aaron McKnight, Culberson, Neb	5 00
D. F. Blair, Colby, Kan	5 00	Ira McCollister, Berwyn, Neb	5 00
O. Brown, Portland, Kan	5 00	John McNess, Orleans, Neb	5 00
William Burton, Culberson, Neb	5 00	B. P. Morris, Macon City, Neb	5 00
M. L. Bundy, Wallace, Neb	5 00	Mrs. Amy Mapes, Clearwater, Neb	5 00
R. J. Benbow, Galla, Moody Co., So. Dak	5 00	Mrs. D. E. Madison, Great Bend, Kan	5 00
Mrs. D. Burrows, Franklin, Neb	5 00	Rev. E. P. Mead, Clearwater, Neb	5 00
Mrs. Thomas Bell, Hendley, Neb	5 00	Mrs. Dora E. Meyers, Brownell, Kan	5 00
Mrs. C. H. Bruce, Hill City, Kan	5 00	Mrs. Lucinda Montgomery, Malcolm, Neb	5 00
Dr. A. Bennie, Long Island, Kan	5 00	Miss Minnie Matthew, Stockton, Kan	5 00
Mrs. C. A. Bretz, Pleasanton, Neb	5 00	S. A. Morris, Arapahoe, Neb	5 00
Mary Brown, Cuba, Kan	5 00	Rev. M. Miller, Turkey, Neb	5 00
Rebecca Burgess, Red Cloud, Neb	5 00	Mrs. Ella Milbourn, Minden, Neb	5 00
Rev. O. A. Buzzell, Juniata, Neb	5 00	W. A. Nelson, Devizes, Norton Co., Kan	5 00
Mrs. R. I. C. Bradley, Holdredge, Neb	5 00	Rev. E. Overman, Doniphan, Neb	5 00
Mrs. P. Burmood, Wood River, Neb	5 00	B. W. Orr, Beaver City, Neb	5 00
W. T. Brickley, Palisade, Neb	5 00	Mrs. Clara R. Pence, Macksville, Kan	5 00
Rev. H. K. Bushnell, Hastings, Neb	5 00	John H. Peters, Pleasanton, Neb	10 00
Mrs. L. C. Boyce, Beeville, Tex	5 00	Mollie Pierce, Garden City, Kan	5 00
Joseph Billingsley, Shelton, Neb	5 00	Dr. E. A. Pauley, Oberlin, Kan	5 00
Mrs. C. N. Baker, Belgrade, Neb	5 00	W. W. Pierce, South Enid, Okla	5 00
David Bender, Milfort, Neb	5 00	W. A. Pickett, Syracuse, Kan	5 00
Rev. Geo. W. Brooks, Lembey, Neb	5 00	Rev. C. W. Preston, Curtis, Neb	5 00
C. H. Bromilette, Oxford, Neb	5 00	Mrs. Sarah Paige, Ada, Kan	5 00
Rev. H. Bross, Lincoln, Neb	5 00	N. A. Pettygrove, Oxford, Neb	5 00
Mrs. Ray Carl, Long Island, Kan	5 00	Wm. B. Persell, Bloomington, Neb	5 00
Mrs. M. B. Capron, McDonald, Kan	5 00	Rev. Frank Perry, Ponca, Neb	5 00
Mrs. R. D. Carlton, Grand Island, Neb	5 00	Mrs. L. A. Prindle, Stratton, Neb	5 00
Marion Coatney, Springview, Neb	5 00	H. Resor, Supt. S. School, Ingalls, Kan	5 00
E. A. Converse, Hendley, Neb	5 00	Mrs. Rhinehart, Glasco, Cloud Co., Kan	5 00
Mrs. J. R. Crozier, Guide Rock, Neb	5 00	G. W. Ratliff, Buchanan, Neb	5 00
George L. Copeland, Nonchalanta, Kan	5 00	Willard Ross, Anselmo, Neb	5 00
Mrs. G. R. Callahan, Curtis, Neb	5 00	Rev. L. M. Riley, Leoti, Wichita Co., Kan	5 00
Mrs. Lizzie M. Corke, Winona, Logan Co., Kan.	5 00	Rev. G. W. Ryan, Ogallala, Neb	5 00
W. R. Christie, Jetmore, Kan	5 00	G. W. Rousseau, Alva, Okla	5 00
Wm. S. Crause, Republican City, Neb	5 00	Geo. Rogers, Imperial, Neb	5 20
V. J. Clark, Palisade, Neb	5 00	Mrs. Jane Reynolds, Cozad, Neb	5 00
Mrs. Chester, Pleasanton, Neb	5 00	J. F. Russell, Fandon, Neb	5 00
William Duck, Litchfield, Neb	5 00	Rev. J. R. Shoemaker, Wood River, Neb	5 00
Mrs. Thos. Doctor, Scandia, Republic Co., Kan.	5 00	Daniel T. Starrett, Lenore, Kan	5 00
James Dayton, West Union, Neb	5 00	C. Swansen, Postmaster, Brayben, Neb	5 00
A. M. Dickey, McPherson, Kan	5 00	J. B. Stutman, Ransom, Kan	5 00
Rev. D. D. Dodge, Almena, Kan	5 00	Mrs. S. P. Starkey, Palmer, Neb	5 00
J. S. Dewey, Oakdale, Neb	5 00	W. L. Sorrells, Seagoville, Tex	5 00
Rev. S. H. Day, Pearl, Neb	5 00	Lulu Satte field, Aaron, Tex	5 00
Rev. S. H. Day, Imperial, Neb	5 00	Mrs. B. A. Shinkle, Wallace, Neb	5 00
Mrs. Maggie Dunbee, Imperial, Neb	5 00	John S. Sims, Sharon, Kan	5 00
Geo. H. Dewey, Gates, Neb	5 00	Mrs. Sherley, Atwood, Neb	5 00
Mrs. D. E. Dodd, Green, Custer Co., Neb	5 00	Rev. Erastus Smith, Kearney, Neb	5 00
M. E. Davis, Trenton, Neb	5 00	O. J. Siegrist, Logan, Kan	5 00
Mrs. Mary Evans, Gothenburg, Neb	5 00	P. W. Scott, Imperial, Neb	5 00
Chas. H. Emmons, Hill City, Kan	5 00	Mrs. Hannah Seick, Huntley, Neb	5 00
Rev. W. G. Eastman, Lee Park, Neb	5 00	Harry Sheffield, Alpena, So. Dak	5 00
Henry A. Edghill, Maywood, Neb	5 00	Walter Scott, Imperial, Neb	5 00
C. H. Foland, Axtell, Neb	5 00	Mrs. B. F. Stilley, Farnam, Neb	5 00
George Fish, Olive, Neb	5 00	Miss Cinderella Shuey, Quick, Neb	5 00
J. Seward Frank, Hartwell, Neb	5 00	Rev. T. M. Stiffler, Wilcox, Neb	5 00
C. H. Gillan, Oberlin, Kan	5 00	Rev. J. W. Thomas, Maywood, Neb	5 00
Wm. Greenway, Danbury, Neb	5 00	Joel Turner, Goodland, Kan	10 00
Mrs. M. Eliza Gilbert, Haydon, Neb	5 00	Maria E. Thornton, Loup City, Neb	5 00
Mrs. C. H. Gordon, Merna, Neb	5 00	Mrs. Mary C. Taylor, Bird City, Kan	5 00
E. A. Gilbert, Macon, Kan	5 00	J. Trautman, Mascot, Neb	5 00
Rev. H. H. Gane, Wilson, Kan	5 00	Mrs. W. H. Thrasher, Mascot, Neb	5 00
Mrs. A. M. Gordon, Merna, Neb	5 00	Isaac Underhill, Trenton, Neb	5 00
Mrs. Dr. Hull, Kearney, Neb	5 00	Isaac Underhill, P.M., Cornell, Neb	5 00
Martha R. Hayden, Curtis, Neb	5 00	Rev. E. J. Vivian, Box Elder, Neb	5 00
R. M. Herrick, Elm Creek, Buffalo Co., Neb	5 00	Rev. J. S. Van Alstyne, Lone Pine, Neb	5 00
T. H. Henderson, Elsie, Neb	5 00	E. W. Van Doren, Petersburg, Neb	5 00
Byron Herrick, Drakola, So. Dak	5 00	K. Vasbinder, Elmendorf, Tex	5 00
Rev. J. E. Hawley, Arcadia, Neb	5 00	Robt. C. Van Horn, Farnam, Neb	5 00
Rev. C. A. Hale, Holdrege, Neb	5 00	Wm. Voorhees, Edison, Neb	5 00
Mrs. Wm. Heath, Johnson, Neb	5 00	Mrs. Lora Winters, Isabella, Okla	5 00
Sylvia A. Hutchinson, Mascot, Neb	5 00	Henry Welch, North Platte, Neb	5 00
J. B. Hughes, Cozad, Neb	5 00	Mrs. M. L. Wilson, Beaver City, Neb	5 00
Geo. H. Hornby, Valentine, Neb	5 00	F. C. Wheeler, Beaver City, Neb	5 00
Rev. C. A. Hale, Holdrege, Neb	5 00	Mrs. C. H. Wells, Brockton, Kan	5 00
C. O. Henry, Beaver City, Neb	5 00	S. G. Wineholtz, Summer, Neb	5 00
Mrs. M. E. Howard, Palisade, Neb	5 00	Miss Lavina Weld, Colby, Kan	5 00
Rev. F. J. Hazelton, Bassett, Neb	5 00	Mrs. J. M. Wheat, Detmet, S. Dak	5 00
Mrs. T. K. Irwin, Spencer, Boyd Co., Neb	5 00	William Walker, Overton, Neb	5 00
John C. Irwin, North Platte, Neb	5 00	W. J. Wayman, Cambridge, Neb	5 00
Mrs. A. B. Jaynes, Russell Springs, Kan	5 00	Mrs. J. Wagner, Eustis, Neb	5 00
Rev. A. R. Julian, Chadron, Neb	5 00	Mrs. J. E. Whitesel, Kenesaw, Neb	5 00
Thos. Johnston, Haigler, Neb	5 00	Mrs. O. S. Wilson, Inman, Neb	5 00
Martin Keller, Bonilla, So. Dak	5 00	Mrs. A. Warner, Republican City, Neb	5 00
George King, Hague, Kan	5 00	Mrs. H. H. York, Arcadia, Neb	5 00
Mrs. H. E. Kelley, Minneapolis, Kan	5 00	**Total**	**$1.000**

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
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Next week, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will publish a complete Balance Sheet of all the Charity funds entrusted to its care during the year 1894. This would have appeared in the present issue, but our recently increased circulation compels us to close our forms for the present edition before New Year's Day.

COLD-HEARTED CHRISTIANS.

FRIGID Christians have sunk ten thousand young voyagers for heaven. One Christian who doubts will freeze the faith of fifty trying to believe. One arctic exhorter in a praying circle will send the meeting to the bottom of the sea. One man who does not know will discourage fifty men who do know. Alas! for the icebergs that float up and down church aisles, and up and down the streets, and up and down the social life. They do a thousandfold more damage than the one which staves in the bow of an ocean steamer. Such professors of religion broke loose from the region of eternal winter, and nothing but the warm gulf stream of God's mercy can melt them down. Meanwhile, stand clear of them. The warmest Christian cannot afford to come near such congealments. The temperature of your soul will immediately drop below zero.

All bigots are icebergs; beware of bigots. All formalists are icebergs; beware of formalists. All men who are trying to serve the world and serve God at the same time are icebergs; beware of all such compromisers. Be not deceived by the glittering pretentions of such persons. Nothing is more imposing than an iceberg; it towers up through the night in columnar and castellated grandeur; its pinnacles blaze in the daylight; it has galleries of crystal, and arches of crystal; and walls of crystal, and terraces of crystal, and corridors of crystal, and domes of crystal; but it is nothing but ice after all. The worst thing that can happen a ship is to run against an iceberg. The worst thing that can happen a young Christian is to get acquainted with a cold-hearted professor.

A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

WE plead for the whole kingdom of birds, either distinguished by gorgeous plumage or sweet cadence, the orioles, the grosbeaks, the robins, the quails, the meadow larks, the bluebirds, the cuckoos, the finches, the ptarmigans, the humming birds, the swallows, the kingfishers, the jays, the turtle doves, the starlings, that they are by the skyful being swept into the millinery establishment. The groves, the orchards, the forests of Amer[illegible] life. Seventy thousand birds from one village were sent to New York, not for food—for that would be legitimate—but for human beautification. A three months' trip in South Carolina furnished for the market 11,000 bird skins. One sportsman furnished 10,000 white egrets, and at Cape Cod in one season 40,000 terns were slain for the same purpose. A million were destroyed in a very little while. An establishment of New York bargained to furnish a Parisian firm with 40,000 of those dead musicians. A million bobolinks near Philadelphia were killed in one month! Whole species of birds have become extinct through persistent springing of the trap and flashing of the gun. One house in New York had on hand 200,000 bird skins. One auction room in London, in three months, sold 356,000 East India bird skins, and 404,000 West India and Brazilian bird skins. If for scientific museums they were taken, or for human diet, that would be excusable, but this universal war is now mostly waged either for fun or fashion.

What a state of things when a daily paper says of a lady's head-dress, "She had a whole nest of sparkling, scintillating birds in her hair, which it would have puzzled an ornithologist to classify," and says of another, "Her gown was of unrelieved black, looped up with blackbirds, and a winged creature so dusky that it could have been intended for nothing but a crow, reposed among the braids of hair." What is most needed and what will be most effective will be the establishment of a public sentiment in American womanhood that shall be opposed to this bird slaughter. If once they realize the wrong they will extinguish it. The kindly and songful birds have enough enemies without human antagonism. No creatures of God have a harder time to live than they. The wife of a United States Senator told my family the following incident: She said to the great Alexander Stephens, "Come and see my canary bird that has just died." "No," said Governor Stephens, "I cannot look at a dead bird with any composure.; it makes me cry." Surely, if God declares his deep interest in the birds, we need not be ashamed of having a feeling of regard for them.

PERNICIOUS AMUSEMENTS.

THE sacrifice of one's regular business is a great mistake. I never see a man go out with fishing rod to sport but I silently say "May you have a good time, and the right kind of bait, and a basket full of catfish and flounders." I never see a party having a pleasant ride but I wish them a joyous round, and say, "may the horses not cast a shoe nor the traces break, and may the horses' thirst not compel them to stop at any taverns." In a world where God lets his lambs frisk and his trees toss, and his brooks leap, and his stars twinkle, I know he intended even at times to laugh and sing, and sport. Out upon that fashion that will let a man smile, but pronounce him vulgar if he ha-ha's. Out upon that style of Christianity that will make a man's face the counter on which to measure religion by the yard. But while all this is so, every thinking man will acknowledge that too much devotion to amusement is ruinous. Many of the clergy in the last century lost their theology in a fox chase. Many a splendid business has had its brains knocked out by fast horses. Many a man has smoked up his prospects in Havanas of the best brand. I offer this as a principle: Those amusements are harmless that do not interfere with home duties and enjoyments. Those are ruinous which give one a distaste for domestic pleasure and recreation.

I offer home as a preventive, as an inspiration, as a restraint. Home! It is a charmed word. Through that one syllable thrills untold melody, the laughter of children, the sound of well-known footsteps and the voices of undying affection. Home! Upon that word there dropped the sunshine of boyhood and the shadow of tender sorrows and the reflection of ten thousand fond memories.

HELP FOR THE STRICKEN WEST.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

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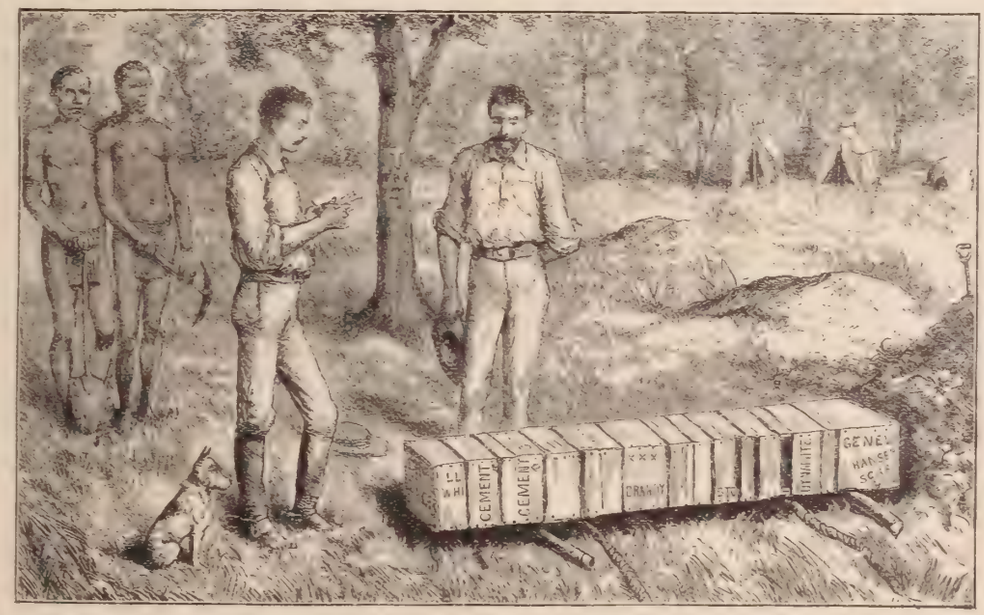
THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

AN EXTEMPORIZED FUNERAL.

ONE of the strangest spectacles in all the varieties of funeral arrangement, was witnessed in the neighborhood of Delagoa Bay in South Eastern Africa. Delagoa Bay is in the district which has long been the subject of dispute with England, Portugal and the Republic of the Transvaal. About twenty years ago the dispute was submitted to the arbitration of the President of the French Republic, who gave judgment in favor of Portugal. Since that time there have been frequent disturbances, and at one time the Boers made a settlement there in spite of the Portugese. A railroad is now being constructed in the territory with the hope of opening up the resources of the surrounding country. Not long ago, one of the officers employed in the construction, died at the scene of his labor. It was at a place far up the country a long way from the resources of civilization, but his comrades were anxious to give him decent burial. But in that pestiferous region burial has to follow very speedily on a death, and there was no time to send to the coast for a coffin. The natives would have been satisfied to wrap the body in any kind of covering, or to bury it as it was, but the white men would not hear of such an arrangment. A coffin of some kind they would have, and in default of anything better, they utilized the cases in which the stores had been sent to camp. The ends of the cases were knocked out and a sufficient number to hold the body were roughly fastened together. The body was put into this extemporized coffin, and before it was committed to the ground, one of the men read the English burial service over it. It was the best the men could do in the circumstances and they were glad to get any kind of thing to serve as a coffin, but the effect was somewhat incongrous as the cases still bore the inscriptions orignally put on them. One part of the coffin bore the brand of whiskey, another of brandy, a third of beer, and so on. Little did it signify, however, to the dead man or to his comrades what was written on the rude coffin. Many a costly coffin and many a granite headstone above it has borne a misleading inscription before this, and it has done neither good nor harm. The matter that is all important is what is written respecting the dead in God's book, or as was revealed to the seer of Patmos, "The dead are judged out of those things that are written in the books according to their works." (Rev. 20: 12.)



AN EXTEMPORIZED FUNERAL NEAR DELAGOA BAY IN SOUTH-EAST AFRICA.

A Bird's Confidence.

A farmer in New Jersey reports a singular incident of a bird's sagacity and friendliness. He was taking a load of wood from the forest near Gladstone, N. J. to his home, when a bird, which he recognized as a ruffled grouse, rose from the ground and after circling round his wagon a few times, alighted on his load near to where he sat. The farmer, knowing well how shy and timid these birds are, was astonished at the extraordinary conduct of this specimen. He reached over toward it, fully expecting that it would fly away, but it suffered him to take it up and it nestled into his hands as if glad to be in his keeping. Puzzled how to account for the bird's departure from the habits of its kind, he looked around and soon discovered the reason. High overhead, a large hawk was hovering, evidently with designs on the grouse. Doubtless the grouse was aware of its danger and had fled to the wagon for refuge. The farmer put the bird in a safe shelter among the wood, and drove on, expecting it would fly away when it was out of danger But the bird did not stir and when he reached home it made no attempt to escape, but it allowed him to take it from the wagon, and put it in a chicken-coop where he still has it. It would be well if Christians who have been beset by the great enemy of souls and have been delivered by the Saviour, would ever afterward do as the grouse did. Too often, after the danger is past, they venture again into the way of temptation and are unmindful of Christ's claims upon them. (II. Peter 2: 22.)

A Possible Source of Wealth.

A writer in a financial journal hazards the prediction that in the not distant future Canada will control the ship-building industry of the world. He bases his prediction on the fact that in Canada above every country on earth is found in apparently inexhaustible quantities the nickeliferous pyrites which will enter so largely into the construction of the merchant and war navies of the world. He contends that the steamers of the future must necessarily have a large quantity of nickel in their composition, and that it will not be long before shipbuilders realize the fact. It has, he says, been proved that the mixture of nickel with steel has precisely the results most needed in the construction of ships. It doubles the strength of the steel, and as it is much lighter than steel, it will reduce the weight of the ship, and so need far less power and less fuel to propel the ship through the waves. Beside which, nickel does not corrode nor take on barnacles, so that a ship made of nickel-steel would never need to be laid up for scraping. If the facts are as alleged, there is little doubt that the metal will come into general use in the construction of ships, the advantages being too obvious to be overlooked. It is much to be wished that similar advantages could be secured for the church. Its progress, although rapid compared with former times, might be still faster if it were stronger, had less weight to carry, and if it could be kept clear of the barnacles of worldliness, inconsistencies, selfishness, and intolerance, which cling to it and impede its progress. (Rev. 3: 2, 3.)

A Narrow Escape.

A lumberman who works on the St. John River near Grand Falls recently told the story of a wonderful experience to the reporter of a Boston journal. He said that he and his men were rolling logs down a bluff into the river one evening after a hard day's work. Most of the great, heavy logs rolled smoothly down the bluff into the water, but one that was crooked, slewed around in its descent and getting end first, settled about two-thirds of the way down. One of his men was therefore sent down to dislodge it. While he was working it around the other men brought another gigantic log to the brink. They balanced it with their "peevies," until the man who had gone down should get out of the way. They were looking over, watching him tugging at the obstinate log, when one of the men missed his footing and slipped. The end of the log was released as he fell and the other men were compelled to let go to save themselves from being hurled over the bluff. A cry of alarm was raised to the man below, but there was no time for him to get out of the path of the log. His comrades looked over, expecting to see him crushed and mangled under the huge descending log. It rolled on, gaining velocity at every yard, but just before it reached the man, it struck a rock or some other projection and gave a great bound into the air. It passed clear over his head and struck the ground again several feet beyond him, rolling harmlessly to the foot of the declivity. The lumberman said that they had rolled thousands of logs down that same bluff, but never before had he seen a log leap into the air as that one did. There was nothing incredible about it, for the projection which caused the leap was plainly visible to all, but it was remarkable that the only log to strike the projection should have been one that would have crushed out a human life if it had not struck it. Special providences and answers to prayer are often disbelieved and ridiculed, but this incident shows how, without a miracle or suspending natural laws, God can order events to meet special cases. The "one chance in ten thousand," may be timed in his hands to occur at the right moment. (II. Peter 2: 9.)

A Dishonest Bridegroom.

A shameful confession was made by a man who was arrested in Brooklyn, N.Y., last week. For several days prior to his arrest, he had been a frequent visitor at a saloon in the city and while loitering about the bar had offered valuable articles of jewelry for sale, at very low prices. His readiness to sell them so cheap excited suspicion and the police were notified. They were convinced that the man had acquired possession of the valuables dishonestly, and arrested him. After a day or two in prison pending the result of police investigation, the prisoner made a confession which showed that he had been guilty of deserting his wife as well as committing robbery. He said that while in Germany lately, he learned that a certain family in Frankfort had some rare jewels which were kept in the home they occupied. He determined to steal them, but as the house was strongly guarded, he was unable to break in. He therefore decided on a strategem. He made love to one of the women servants and married her. He then had a plausible excuse for visiting the house and was admitted freely. At the first opportunity he seized the jewels and fled with them to America. He admitted that he had no affection for the woman he had made his wife, but had merely married her to gain access to the house. No one thinks of blaming the poor girl who was victimized; but when it is shown, as it frequently is, that some defaulter was active in church work before his defalcation was discovered, it is a common thing to cast reproach on the church. In the majority of cases the wrongdoer, like the stealer of the jewels, was playing a part throughout and to further his purpose professed an attachment that he never experienced. (I. John 2: 19.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Jewish Emigration from Russia Last Year, voluntary and assisted, amounted to a quarter of a million souls.

The Reformed Church in America asks its members for $140,000 for foreign missions this year This will mean $1.40 for each member. That proportion was exceeded in the Classis of New York last year, but not in the country Classes.

Mr. C. M. Gill, the Famous Athlete of Yale University, has offered himself to the Presbyterian Mission Board for service as a missionary. He is willing to go to either China or Africa. Mr. Gill was captain of the football team at Yale and was a member of the University boat crew for three years.

Major Hilton has been Holding Successful meetings at Dixon, Ill. The local journals say that large accessions have resulted to all the churches. The number of cards signed and sent to the evangelist was 776, and of these one half have made profession of faith in Christ.

Dr. Talmage Preached last Sunday Afternoon in the Academy of Music, New York, to an enormous audience. The services are to be held every Sunday afternoon during the winter. Their object and further particulars about them are stated in an announcement in another column.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union has arranged to present its polyglot petition against the liquor traffic to Congress on Feb. 15. It has four million signatures, and fifty different nations are represented among the signers. Duplicates are to be presented to the Monarchs or Presidents of the other nations.

There are Now Seventy-five Congregational Churches in the Territory of Oklahoma. Five years ago, there were but two in the entire Territory.

The "Presbyterian" of Sydney, Australia, says that Dr. John G. Paton, the famous missionary to the New Hebrides, took back with him, as the product of his missionary tour around the world, the large sum of $125,000, which he handed over to the Foreign Mission Board of the Victorian Church.

Rev. John T. Vine has just Returned to New York from the Catskil Mountains. He reports large meetings at East Durham, Gay Head, Freston Hollow, Hawrerville and Flat Creek. In each place many persons made profession of faith as a result of God's blessing on the services.

Rev. Gilbert Reid has Arrived in safety at his station in Chefoo, China. The vessel on which he sailed was overhauled by the Japanese off the Chinese coast, and two of his fellow-travellers were sent to Japan as prisoners as they were suspected of having a political object in visiting China. Mr. Reid says: "The Japanese proposed to take me as prisoner, too, but when the French and American Consuls certified that I was a preacher, they desisted. For once in my life it was a good thing to be a missionary." Mr. Reid was warmly welcomed.

Dr. J. W. Chapman's Meetings at Indianapolis closed Dec. 21. For two weeks Tomlinson Hall, which seats four thousand persons, was crowded every night and hundreds were turned away. A chorus of three huudred voices, led by Mr. Bilhorn, assisted. Upwards of three thousand cards have been received by pastors and they are busy looking up inquirers.

The Full Figures for the Lutheran Branches in this country are now 5,514 pastors, 4,830 parochial school teachers, 9,457 congregations, and 1,462,217 communicants or confirmed members. The official United States statistics for 1890 credited the Lutherans with 8,595 organizations and 1,231,072 communicants.

Dr. Charles L. Hoffman, Rector of the Church of All Angels, New York, has presented the Church with a new building for Christian work. It is three stories high and will comprise technical schools, a kindergarten, Sunday School, gymnasium, offices for the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, and rooms for the use of other organizations of church work.

The Pope of Rome Forbids membership on the part of Roman Catholics in the orders of Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows, and Sons of Temperance. The archbishops of the Church united in advising the Pope to take this step. The Catholic members of these orders will now be in the disagreeable dilemma of either quitting the order to which many have paid large sums of money or of losing their standing in the Church.

Mr. D.L. Moody's Meetings at Lowell, Mass., closed on December 23. The city has never before had so stirring a time of revival. Hundreds of conversions have taken place. One of the most remarkable converts is a prominent business man who is eighty-six years of age. Many victims of strong drink have been reclaimed, and a number of Catholics have confessed Christ in the meetings. The ministers of the twenty-eight churches uniting in the movement have decided to continue the Saturday afternoon ministers' prayer-meeting, which has been a special feature.

THE SUPREME MOTIVE.

A Sermon delivered in the First Baptist Church, Richmond, Va., by Rev. Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, of Atlanta, Ga. Text: I. Peter 4: 11, "*That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.*"

IN all that he said and did and suffered, the master motive of the Lord Jesus was to glorify God. He began his earthly career with a declaration of this motive, and on the eve of his departure he looked God in the face and protested that in all his ministry to men he had glorified him. He sought glory for himself that he might use it in glorifying his Father in heaven.

The question is sometimes asked, "How can God be glorified? How is it possible to glorify a being who is from everlasting to everlasting infinitely glorious? He is infinite in his perfections. He is the maker, ruler, and preserver of the universe. What can be done to make him more glorious?" My answer is that God is glorified by any revelation or manifestation of his glory. God is invisible. He dwells in light unapproachable. To be appreciated and loved, he must be known. We must know who he is, and what he is. Neither men nor angels could adore, love, and serve an unknown and unknowable God. For this reason God provided for

A Manifestation

of his attributes, character and will to the intelligent creatures of his hand. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God; and the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us full of truth and grace." Jesus Christ is that Word. "He was God manifest in the flesh." In his visible human personality in life and death he declared him to the world. He brought out his attributes from their dark obscurity and displayed them. When Philip said, "Lord, show us the Father," his reply was, "He that has seen me hath seen the Father. Believest thou not that I am in the Father and the Father in me? The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself; but the Father that dwelleth in me he doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very work's sake."

Christ has been the organ through which the divine nature has manifested itself; and as it has been manifested, God has been known, loved, worshipped, and obeyed by countless millions of his creatures. They have seen his glory in the face of Jesus Christ, and filled with adoring rapture, they have made earth and heaven resound with their "Gloria in excelsis."

God Interpreted.

The blended beauties of the sunbeam had never been known, if God had not provided the means of revealing them. When the sunbeam falls upon the prism its wealth of exquisite tints is revealed, and by this revelation the sun is glorified. The poet and the painter see beauties in nature which are hidden from common mortals like you and me. When these hidden charms are revealed to us on canvass, or in descriptive poetry, nature is glorified. Many of us would have but a feeble appreciation of Shakespeare, if he had not been interpreted by men of dramatic genius. When some great teacher uncovers to us the wondrous wealth of thought in Hamlet, or Macbeth, Shakespeare is glorified. Alexander Pope's translation of the Illiad was not so much a translation of the words of the great Greek epic, as it was an interpretation of the genius and spirit of its matchless author. Thus Homer was glorified by one who understood him, and who revealed to others the sublimity of his immortal work. In an infinitely superior sense, the Son has been the medium through which the Father has been revealed and glorified.

"The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." But who made the heavenly bodies? The Bible says, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth;" but two thousand years later an inspired writer ascribed the work of creation to Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God. "All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that is made." There is no contradiction here. The Son was the medium through which the creative power of the eternal Godhead was exerted. His creative work is a manifestation of the invisible Jehovah to his intelligent creatures, and by this manifestation

God is Glorified.

So wonderfully do the spangled heavens declare the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, that the poet Young, as he gazed upon the solemn pomp of the midnight sky, exclaimed "An undevout astronomer is mad!" How it quickens the divine side of our nature, and lifts us above the cravings of the flesh, to see the infinite Spirit in the stars which splendor the nightly sky.

> There's not a scene to mortals given
> That more divides the soul and clod,
> Than yon proud heraldy of heaven—
> Yon burning blasonry of God.

And when we are thus taught, inspired, and enraptured, by the manifestation of divinity in the wonders of creation, God is glorified.

Jesus Christ made the heavens and the earth for the glory of God, and he controls them for the same purpose. When I say that he controls the earth, I mean not merely that he holds it in its orbit around the sun, and in its revolutions upon its own axis. I mean also that he controls the creatures that live upon its surface. He controls men. They may follow their own rebellious wills and depraved lusts, but he overrules them, and manifests the glory of God in the disasters and sufferings which he permits them to bring upon themselves. If you think that Jesus Christ has nothing to do with the tidal wave of sentiment which at one time overwhelms one great political party in this country, and places another in power, you deceive yourselves. If you think again that he has nothing to do with the return of a defeated party to power, you are still more sadly deluded. He is behind all such revolutions, and through them he glorifies God by making men to see and feel that they cannot, with impunity, ignore his truth and righteousness.

Christ has revealed and glorified God in creation and providence, but in his own life and words and death, there is a revelation of God which glorifies him infinitely more than creation and providence. When Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea, the angels of God gathered over his cradle and sang "Glory to God in the Highest." It was this new and

Grander Revelation,

about to be made to the world and the universe, that inspired the angelic Son. In that child of a human mother we see Immanuel—"God with us." "In him was all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." In his personal ministry among men he displayed every attribute of the invisible God. He revealed his power, wisdom, holiness, justice, truth, goodness, love and mercy. The result of that revelation is, that God is glorified as never before, both by men on earth and angels in heaven.

When we study the lives of the apostles, we are convinced beyond all doubt that they had caught the spirit of their self-denying Lord, and that their one dominant motive was to glorify God. Not for emolument, or human praise, did Peter stand up on the day of Pentecost and charge the Jews with the murder of Christ. Not for money, or for office, did he refuse to obey the edict of the court, and tell them he would obey God rather than men. Not for power or place, did Paul forsake Phariseeism, and the high position which he held as a learned and brave devotee of the Hebrew religion, to follow the standard and preach the gospel of the crucified Nazarene. Not for worldly advantage did he cross the sea and unfurl the banner of Jesus among a people who were "wholly given to idolatry." Not for human applause did he stand before the royal sensualists and despots and reason of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come. Not to display his learning and eloquence did he stand on Mars Hill and dispute with the philosophers of Greece, and unfold to them the attributes of that "unknown God" whom they ignorantly worshipped. Not for fame, not to win for himself a place in the history of the world's heroes, not to project his life and power into a distant future, did he encounter hardships and perils, and endure bonds, imprisonments and stripes, and finally perish by a Roman sword. In all his toils, struggles and sufferings, he protested that his supreme motive was the glory of God.

I trust that I shall have the approbation of your judgment and consciences when I say, that this should be

Our Motive.

In working for this we cannot fail. Success is as certain as the promise, righteousness and power of a faithful God can make it. If I preach the gospel with the desire and purpose to glorify God, I do glorify him. Not only by my words, but by the spirit and manner in which they are uttered, God's truth and character are manifested, exalted, and glorified. If a man should come into this pulpit and preach the gospel merely to entertain you, or to magnify himself in your eyes, you would certainly discover his motive. His sermon, however spiritual, orthodox, and clear and strong in statements of truth, would make no impression upon your hearts and consciences. You would see in it not a manifestation of God, but an exhibition of the gifts and attainments of the preacher. While you might admire the speaker, there would be no stir of your moral nature, no consciousness of your sin, or of any desire to bring your lives into harmony with God. Such a preaching of the gospel does not glorify God. The man who can stand in the pulpit, and honestly say, "For me to live is Christ," is not a failure. He accomplishes what he desires and purposes—the glory of God.

Failure Impossible.

How comforting and inspiring to know, that in the sublimest of all human undertakings, there is not the possibility of failure. Only about one man in five hundred who seeks material wealth, succeeds. Not more than one artist in a thousand ever makes himself known and felt beyond the community in which he lives and labors. In the great army of men and women who devote themselves to literature, only a few rise to enduring fame, Out of the millions of men who aspire to great oratorical power and distinction, only two or three in a generation electrify a country. Almost every man, in the earlier years of his life, catches the martial fever, and determines to dazzle the world with the splendor of his military genius. How many succeed? How many Bonapartes, Wellingtons, Grants, Lees, and Jacksons can you count in any one nation, or in any one generation of mankind? But the man whose master-passion and purpose is to be Christ-like, and thereby glorify God, does not and cannot fail. He succeeds, and when death removes him from the post of duty here, God will robe him in all the paraphernalia of celestial royalty, and celebrate the triumphs of his earthly mission in an eternal anthem of celestial praise. Human aspiration can soar to nothing higher, and human effort can accomplish nothing grander than this.

Working for the glory of God is the only activity that

Satisfies the Human Soul.

You consecrate your powers to the pursuit wealth, and realize your highest anticipations of success, but as you stand in the midst of your accumulated treasures, you are conscious of disappointment. There is a great aching void in your being that your hoarded riches cannot fill. You may mount the ladder of fame and climb to the topmost round, but when you reach the dizzy height your first experience is one of disappointment. As you look out on banners waving from a thousand heights, in token of your success, and hear the roar of multitudes, as they rend the air and shake the solid earth with their rapturous applause, your deeper and diviner nature sighs for something better. But the man who walks with God and lives for God, finds at every step a new and more satisfying joy. Glorifying God is an endless undertaking. When a man has done his best, it is still before him, beckoning him on to the summits which look like mountains rising above mountains in endless succession. But every hour of labor and struggle brings with it an experience of deeper and diviner satisfaction.

There are church members who attach great importance to a large congregation, and their religious activity consists chiefly in efforts to enlarge the congregation with which they worship; but if in doing this they are not moved by a desire to glorify God, their labors are unsanctified, unacceptable, and in the great

Day of Final Revelation

and judgment they will be rejected as "dead works." I find men sometimes in the ranks of temperance reformers, who, though brave and determined, are impelled more by a desire to protect their own households, to reduce taxation, and to advance the prosperity of the country, than by any heartfelt concern for God's truth and kingdom and glory. Such reformers are of but little value to the cause for which they battle. When you appeal to a community to abolish its bar-rooms and gambling-houses on the ground that these institutions are hurtful to your material interests, your motive is too selfish and low to command respect. It is almost on a level with with that of the depraved and consciencelss wretches who run the bar-rooms and gambling-houses. If in your efforts to remove these curses you ignore God and his glory, you are doomed to inglorious defeat.

Motive in Giving.

To make any gifts of our possessions to a good cause acceptable, we must give ourselves to God. A few years ago, in the midst of a great temperance crusade, a whiskey-seller gave forty thousand dollars to endow an Orphan's Home. The trustees of the institution received the donation; but, if they were not hopelessly stupid, they knew that God did not accept it. If they had any capacity for interpreting human conduct, they saw that the motive which inspired the giver, was neither the glory of God nor the welfare of humanity, but a desire to disarm the enemies of his iniquitous business, and to perpetuate a license to make money by wrecking the fortunes, homes, characters, and lives of men. If he had made the gift as an offering to God, he would at the same time have made a bonfire of his liquors, and a surrender of himself to the service of God's truth and kingdom.

It is the high and holy motive presented in the text, that will dignify all life. We make distinctions that heaven does not recognize. You speak of all matters pertaining to your religion as sacred, and of everything else as secular. You speak of great deeds and small deeds. You judge things by their appearances, and the space they occupy among men. But with God, the difference is entirely one of motives. "A sacred motive makes everything sacred; a secular motive puts any human act on a godless level. Little things become great when wrought from

A Great Motive of Love.

and consecration to God; but a mean motive will make the gift of a millionaire shrink into a nutshell as small as itself." The poor woman, who, inflamed with desire to please God, cast her two mites into the Temple treasury, made an immeasurably grander contribution to the world's welfare than the Wall street gambler, who, with ill-gotten gains, builds a monument, or establishes a library, or endows a university, only to hear himself lauded as a public benefactor.

God looks down from heaven and sees in many a community, royalty in rags, and slavery in purple and fine linen. The needlewoman, who plies her humble vocation, that she may have a gift each week to bring to God's altar, is, to angelic eyes, ineffably regal in comparison with the great merchant, who goes into the marts of trade and buys and sells and gets gain, that he may fare sumptuously every day. The most infinitesimal man who breathes the atmosphere of this planet, is the devotee of the club-room, who spends in sensuous gratifications an income that might establish perennial fountains of blessing in his community and country.

If you have a legitimate business, do not imagine that to glorify God you must get

ut of it and go into the pulpit. Put the ight motive behind your business, and you ill serve God as acceptably as the most onsecrated preacher of Christ's Gospel. man can glorify God in the practice of aw. To the average person this is inconeivable, but it is not to me. He may glorify Im by using his calling to uphold law, ustice, and good government. But if for he sake of a fee, he could mislead a court nd jury, and thereby turn loose, unwhipped f justice, a thief, or a wayside assassin, I now of no language that will express God's abomination of him. No man has a etter opportunity to please God than the udge, who is charged with the trial of offenses against the laws of his country. If e performs the functions of his high office nbiased by any selfish consideration, and with a sincere desire to uphold virtue and romote the public weal, he is loyal not nly to the commonwealth, but to the righteus ruler of heaven and earth. But if he its upon the bench merely to obey the beests of an army of unwashed sensualists, nd to win the applause and votes of a godess rabble, he is in as little sympathy with ivine truth and government as the aposolic traitor who betrayed the Lord and his eople for thirty pieces of silver.

My brethren, your life will not be a failre, a mystery, a tragedy, a crying in the ark, but a psalm of hope and gladness, a riumphant march along a highway to a livine end, a steady and perpetual rise hrough ever-increasing light toward the entre of all life and the source of all blessdness, if you will only put behind it the notive which brought the divine Redeemer rom the throne of heaven to the manger of Bethlehem and the cross of Calvery. That notive is the glory of God. If for that purpose you live, labor, sacrifice and suffer, when death comes, there will be no alarms and no misgivings. Peacefully, confidently, you will fold your arms, and say with the apostle, "I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown." Oh, my soul grows impatient with the blessedness of that hour, when my Lord shall say,

Servant of God, well done! Well done!
Rest from thy loved employ,

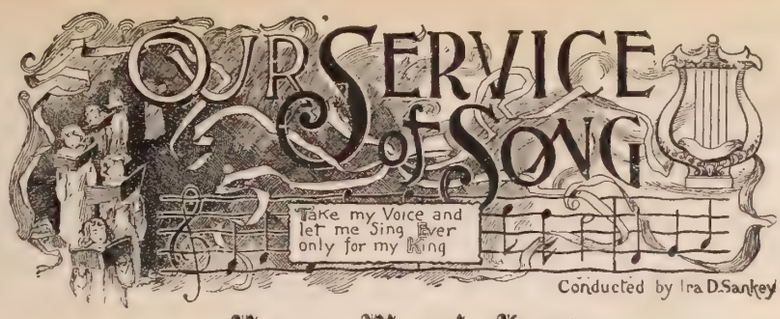
and when I shall calmly, gently, sweetly, pass away from the world's dim twilight into day.

AN ATTACK ON A MISSION.

An attempt to establish a mission station at Hagi in Japan has aroused a degree of hostility unusual in that country. Miss Harriet M. Browne thus describes the outbreak in a letter to the "Baptist Missionary Magazine:"

On an evangelistic tour to Hagi in June, just after the purchase of the preacher's place there, Miss Duffield and myself were stoned nine nights. Before the stoning began, and even before a meeting was held, we learned that an organized plot to destroy the work was to be put into execution, and we notified the police, who helped somewhat to protect us, but were powerless to control the mob that gathered every night. The whole front of the place was smashed, tables, dishes, desks and lamps broken, and slight bruises given, but none of us had a serious wound. One night two native women, two children and myself who were in the chapel alone, were driven upstairs, then off the back roof into the yard, where we stood barefoot from 12 P.M. to 1:30 A.M. Posters in red ink, all over the town, declared that the Christians were to be killed and Yaso-kyo [The Jesus Religion] wiped out. Attempts were made on the lives of three Christians, but they and we, though hit by many stones, were providentially saved from serious wounds. All the while there were many inquirers.

Some of the remarks of the mob were: "Your Jesus was crucified, so you ought not to mind these stones we throw;" "Why don't these Christians give up when treated so ill?" Shimose san, the Bible woman, was especially brave. When asked by the man next door why she she believed such a hated religion, she replied by telling of Stephen's death. The preacher's boy, Hiroshi, seventeen years old, was told by his school-mates they would kill him if he did not give up Yaso-kyo. He said, "Very well, I won't give it up." The felt presence of the Lord and his most evident protection was very precious. We count it all joy to have had this privilege to testify by deed. Pray for Hagi. I expect to see a heavy harvest gathered there.



Nearer, Blessed Jesus.

"Let us draw near with a true heart."—HEB 10: 22.

Mrs. C. WARNER. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Near - er bless - ed Je - sus, To Thy wound-ed side;
2. Pur - er Sav - iour, pur - er, Make my heart to be,
3. Watching, ev - er watching, E - ven un - to pray'r;
4. Wait - ing, on - ly wait - ing, 'Till the sum- mons come,
Near - er to Thy heart of love, Would my soul a - bide;
Free from ev - 'ry earth - ly stain, Free, O Lord like Thee;
Leav - ing all with Je - sus, Yield- ing ev - 'ry care;
Call - ing me to meet Him there, In that heav'n-ly home;
There a - lone is safe - ty, There a - lone is rest,
List- 'ning mid the temp - est, For Thy "Peace be still;"
Pa - tient un - der tri - al, Ev - 'ry day more sweet;
O for that glad morn- ing, When my Lord a - gain,
When be - set with dan - ger, When with guilt op - press'd.
Trust- ing when in dark - ness, Rest - ing in Thy will.
Learn-ing life's great les - son, At Thy pre - cious feet.
"Glorified in all His saints," Comes with them to reign.

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A LITTLE JAPANESE HERO.

A little Japanese lad was engaged on the occasion of a special ceremony in the army to pour out the wine, and, on being asked at the close by the General-in-Chief to take a drink himself, as he must be tired, and in need of something refreshing, the little fellow said he didn't care for any. The General thought this strange, and urged him to take some anyway, as it would be good for his health, even though he disliked it. But our temperance youth persisted that he didn't want any. This somewhat vexed the officer, to find anyone connected with the army guilty of disobeying his orders, and he said rather roughly to the lad, "Well, if you won't do as I say, you never can become a soldier in the army." One of the lower officers who was standing by, and heard the conversation, laughed, and came up to the boy and asked him why he was so disrespectful to the General, threatening that if he persisted in such insubordination, he would cut him down with his sword. (This was in old feudal days.) The brave little fellow, with tears in his eyes, said he could not drink, even if he had to disobey the General's order; and, in fact, he did not think it was necessary for a soldier to obey such orders. His own (the boy's) father, he said, had lost his life through drinking "sake," and when he left home he solemnly promised his mother that he would never taste "sake," and he felt he must keep his word. The officer and the General were so filled with admiration at the boy's simple firmness, that they, from that time, showed him special kindness; and it is said that the boy became one of the most trusted officers in the army.

THE RETURNING SINNER.

(Hosea xiv.)

"RETURN." Oh word of Love, surpassing sweet,
Wherewith the father draws us to His feet
When we would flee!

All spent with pain, and bruised by many falls,
He sees us through the dark, and gently calls,
"Return to Me."

At noonday, as in night, we stumbled, Lord;
The crooked paths we made no peace afford
From day to day.

Oh, now receive, forgive. We need Thy care;
We cannot safely tread this desert bare.
Teach us Thy way.

We stand afar—we cannot venture near—
Dark seems it, though Thy gracious voice we hear
From our low place.

Lord, we are fatherless apart from Thee.
Our sins are as a wall—we cannot see
Thy glorious face.

THE LITTLE SEASON.

Light Shed on the Character of the Millenninm by the Outbreak at its End.

BY GEO. F. TRENCH, B.A.*

THE moral character of the millennium, as well as the political and material conditions of the world in that period, have been generally understood by students of prophecy as presenting an almost perfect state of sinlessness, harmony, and prosperity. It is a task possessing little of attractiveness or satisfaction to show that in these respects our notions of the coming dispensation have been exaggerated.

We looked from our earth-prison, and thought the outside light was heaven. And this was natural. The heart found rest and soothing in the thought of a universal jubilee, and fondly believed that this was at once to come to pass, yea, that it was "even at the doors." But in truth, the transition will not be so immediate or so complete. A better dispensation is at hand, no doubt, with tremendous blessings in its lap. But the perfect state will not be yet.

The same passage (Rev. 20) which fixes the length of the coming kingdom of Christ on earth at a thousand years, and which describes the arrest of Satan and his imprisonment during that period, reveals also that at its end there will be this great and world-wide revolt against Christ. The language is perfectly clear and most startling: "When the thousand years are finished, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison, and shall come forth to deceive the nations which are in the four corners of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to the war; the number of whom is as the sand of the sea. And they went up over the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints, and the beloved city."

I beg attention to these significant words. They indicate, as I read the passage, that the greater portion of mankind, at the end of the thousand years' reign, will be in a condition of spiritual death, and of bondage to sin and Satan, while the saints will be a small body easily encompassed and besieged by the host of the infidel armies. It is evident that the people of Israel, and the city of Jerusalem, beloved of God, are the objects of the attack. The people of Israel will have been all saved (Rom. 11: 26) from the date of the Lord's reappearance, when the sight of him whom they had pierced will lead to their conversion. Besides the saints of Israel and Jerusalem, there will be found at the outbreak of the war, scattered here and there among the nations, an election of loyal and faithful men, who will not join the great mobilization, or be numbered in the levies that will form the largest allied army ever yet seen on earth. That the fullness of Israel will lead to the riches of the Gentiles in every material sense, so long as they own Christ's sceptre, we know (Rom. 11: 12). That there will be godly persons found among sons of the stranger (Isa. 56: 3-8) we also know. And when, at Satan's summons, men flock to the standard of revolt, in numbers as the sand of the sea, coming up over the breadth of the earth, and from its four corners, there can be no doubt that individuals here and there among the nations will stand aloof, faithful to the end. But the masses, the world's population, will be in revolt.

By means, therefore, of this short and terrible glimpse of the Millennium's end, a flood of light is cast back upon the moral character of the world during the whole of the thousand years preceding. It is a condition of outward and seeming peace, calm, and contentment; but inwardly the heart of man is what it always has been—enmity against God and against his Christ. Discontent is forced underneath the surface by the rod of iron (Ps. 2: 8, 9). The nations will be Christ's possession, and the uttermost parts of the earth his inheritance, not by conversion, but by coercion, to be "broken in pieces like a potter's vessel," at their first resistance; held down as the "footstool of his feet" throughout that age; and at its end when in irrepressible and incorrigible hostility they dare once more to lift the rebel hand against him, to be utterly and finally destroyed by fire from heaven.

*From his article in the London *Christian*.

THE LORD'S COMING.

A popular little work by Mrs. Baxter, whose articles on the Sunday School Lessons appear every week in this journal. It contains fifteen chapters on the events predicted in the Bible to occur between the present time and the close of the Millennium. Third Edition—Revised and Enlarged. 104 pages. Price fifteen cents. Published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92-101 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PERPLEXITIES.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for Week Commencing Jan. 20. I. Kings 4: 29-34; Luke 11: 31; 2: 46.

EVERY Christian has his perplexities. They are above him, around him, and within him. In nature, in providence, in the Bible, in his own heart, and life, they confront him and challenge his understanding and his wisdom. And this is no proof of ignorance or stupidity. It is the keenest, most penetrating minds which perceive these problems and fail to solve them. And they are not alone intellectual. Some of the most difficult are moral and practical. With the most earnest wish to think right and to do right, there is often a paralyzing incapacity to know what is right. Looking back over his life, the Christian has to sorrowfully admit that he has often blundered. The precipitance or the negligence of a moment has entailed on him years of weariness and restriction. It is too late for remedy; he will not pass that way again. He must bear the incubus that he incurred. Is there no way in which he can attain the power of seeing and doing the right thing at the right time? Examining ourselves, we perceive that the power to which we must look for this much-needed guidance is the conscience. That is the eye of the soul. If that power performed its functions properly, if it never hesitated and never misled us, we should have what we need. The conscience fails us and there is the secret of the difficulty. It is not the secret of all difficulties of conduct. The will often disobeys the conscience and the man does wrong knowing that he is doing wrong. But that is not the case with which we are dealing. The difficulty here is on higher ground. It is experienced by the man who has left the lower life and is living for something higher than self-gratification. For him light is needed, and it comes from above. The voice which spoke to Solomon giving him his choice of blessings, comes to everyone seeking divine illumination. To the man whose desire is for riches, or honors, or for self in any form it has nothing to say; but to him who above all things desires wisdom, that he may do his duty and be a blessing to all with whom he comes in contact, it speaks words of peace. Jesus gave his own assurance of the blessing." If any man will do his will, he shall know." The gift comes in the doing. It is not denied to any who seek it in the way of obedience. The constant effort to live in God's way, the readiness to walk in any path that God has marked out, is the open hand into which God puts the blessing. The conscience is quickened and enlightened. It gains perception and precision. The flash of the light from the great white throne illumines the darkness and gradually the illuminated circle enlarges. Outside its circumference there is the darkness, but about the feet there is always light and the next step cannot be uncertain.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN EUROPE.

The following communication from Mr. J. Willis Baer, Secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, contains the welcome news of Dr. Clark's recovery, and of the rapid progress of the Christian Endeavor movement on the other side the Atlantic:

"Rev. F. E. Clark, President of the United Society, has just returned from a four months' trip to Europe. Though his health was much broken in the summer, he reports himself as quite well and strong once more, having had a few weeks of absolute rest in Switzerland and Italy. Of late, at the request of many Christian people in Germany and Scandinavia, he has been attending meetings in Berlin, Frankfort, Leipsic, Dresden, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Christiania in the interests of the Endeavor Society. In all these countries he found much interest in the movement, especially in Germany, where already some societies have been formed since his visit, with a promise of many thousands in the years to come. He also attended special meetings in Great Britain for two weeks, addressing large gatherings of young people in different parts of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland. In London five thousand Endeavorers assembled in the Metropolitan Tabernacle; while in Bristol no building large enough to accommodate the audience could be obtained, and two simultaneous meetingswere held. So in Edinburgh, Dublin, Cardiff, and other centres, great throngs of Christian Endeavorers came, together with their pastors and older friends.

"Dr. Clark reports the enthusiam for the society as quite equal to that which he finds in America. The Baptists are the leaders numerically in Christian Endeavor in England, although other evangelical denominations are coming well to the fore. England took the famous badge banner for the greatest number of societies formed during the last year, and our English friends are evidently inclined to keep it on their side of the water. Dr. Clark says that much interest in the great International Convention in Boston next July is already manifested among the societies of Great Britain, and an excursion is even being talked of from Ireland to attend that meeting. Altogether he feels that the prospect was never so encouraging for the Endeavor movement as to-day in all denominations and in all parts of the world. Like the Sunday School, it is rapidly becoming a world-wide movement. The new year will undoubtedly begin with more than 37,000 Christian Endeavor societies, representing not far from two million and a quarter members."

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FOR THE DESTITUTE.

Inquiries have been received from several Societies in response to our appeal for the destitute sufferers in Nebraska and Kansas. We are glad to hear that an effort will be made by the Societies to relieve the urgent needs of these afflicted people. We have opened a depot to which gifts of clothing and supplies may be sent, and have made arrangements with the American Express Company to forward them to the needy districts free of charge. Any Society making up packages of clothing will therefore have no further expense than the expressage to New York. They should be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Depot for the Relief of Western Sufferers, 740-742 Broadway, New York City. Gifts of money may be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, Bible House, New York City, and these will be sent to reliable persons in the districts, who will distribute the money free of charge.

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HELPING THE GIRLS.

We have already at various times mentioned the excellent work being done by the Women's Christian Association of Philadelphia. On this page is a picture of one of the most popular rooms in the magnificent building owned by the Association. This is the Library and Reading-Room. It is thoroughly well arranged and organized and the members of the Association put it to good use. The Library itself is divided into reference and loan library, the reference department being classified and well catalogued. The loan library is of lighter order, but is by no means one in which fiction preponderates. History, biography, travel, art and science are well represented. Volumes from this section are eagerly sought and go out at the rate of about seven hundred a month. The Reading-Room is equipped with Reviews, Magazines and Newspapers and there is besides a corner devoted to Art, where portfolios covering every department are at the service of the members. Studies in black and white, studies in china, flower and miscellaneous painting are to be found there, and the students in the various classes avail themselves of their help. How valuable such a refuge must be to the young women of the city, especially to such as live in boarding houses and those who are in business houses it is easy to perceive. Here an intelligent girl away from home and friends in a great city, may find congenial society as well as food for the mind. An institution which makes such provision, deserves the cordial support of all citizens and all the financial assistance it may need.

THE LIBRARY OF THE WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA.

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A NEW STATE B. Y. P. UNION.

Alabama has organized a State Union of Baptist Young People. At a convention recently held in Montgomery officers were elected and the Union regularly organized. Over one hundred delegates representing twenty-five Unions attended and the meetings were held in the First Church. The programme bore this inscription, setting forth the objects of the Union: "The Unification of Baptist Young People;" "Their Increased Spirituality;" "Their Stimulation in Christian Service;" "Their Edification in Christian Knowledge;" "Their Instruction in Baptist History and Doctrine;" "Their Enlistment in Missionary Activity through Existing Denominational Organizations." The following permanent officers were elected: Prof. P. H. Mell, President; W. L. Chandler, Montgomery, A. M. McIntosh, Dadeville, Vice-Presidents; W. D. Dunlap, Birmingham, Secretary. An executive board was appointed to have charge of the affairs of the convention to provide for courses of lectures, and appoint delegates to meet with kindred bodies. Provision was also made for developing the young people in the churches in Christian work and leading them to hearty co-operation with the denomination in mission work. The constitution and by-laws, after some amendments, were unanimously adopted. The next convention is to be held in Birmingham in April, and a delegation was appointed to represent the State at the national convention at Baltimore in July. The sessions were of a most enthusiastic character, the delegates showing a hearty interest in the Union and its work.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, now more than six years old, numbers 227 chapters, and has a membership of over 5600, representing twelve denominations.

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The Neighborly Circle of King's Daughters, of Chicago, gave a "parcel entertainment" recently, the admission being a parcel whose contents were distributed among the poor on Christmas morning.

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Nearly four thousand Endeavorers crowded the great Town Hall at Sydney at the consecration meeting of the recent New South Wales convention.

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Every one of the 1200 convicts in the Kentucky penitentiary at Frankfort received a letter from the Christian Endeavor Society of Louisville on Christmas day. These letters were of a religious nature, and no two were worded alike. Many of the prisoners have signified their intention of answering the letters.

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At the Christian Endeavor convention of Victoria, Australia, held at Melbourne, the reports showed that excellent relief, evangelistic and missionary work has been done in the colony during the year. Thirty-two Endeavorers from Victoria are in mission fields, and more than $2500 have been given to the missionary boards.

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The Young Men's Christian Association connected with Lafayette College has erected a monument at Martin's Creek to the memory of David Brainerd. It was there that Brainerd built his house December 6, 1744, and wrote much of his memorable journal and labored among the Indians with marked success, so that many converts were gathered.

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Mr. Lidbeck, General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at Gothenburg, in Sweden, sends the gratifying intelligence that the building fund of his Association amounts at present to about 100,000 francs ($20,000), and the number of members to 350.

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The fifth biennial convention of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States and Canada will meet in Pittsburg, April 18-21. Already the plans of the convention committee are well under way for an especially strong and practical convention.

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Rev. J. E. Newell, the Christian Endeavor superintendent of the South Sea Islands, writes that as yet the Samoan societies are not united. "There are," he says, "in the political unrest of Samoa and its terrible ravages and moral disorder of civil war, very serious difficulties in the way of organizing united effort."

The Food Exposition

is an educator for housekeepers. You are obliged to attend it to appreciate the value of Borden's Peerless Evaporated Cream. Your Grocer can supply you always ready; uniform results assured. Insist upon having Borden's.

Life in Ancient Rome.

The Proud, Pleasure-loving People of the Great Capital—Their Dress, Amusements, and Social Customs.

ROMAN STANDARDS.

WHEN the illustrious roll of the famous cities of old is reviewed, Rome easily stands at the head. Athens, Jerusalem, Nineveh, even the great Babylon itself were tame in comparison with this imperial capital, seated on its seven hills, and, for a time at least, practically ruling the whole of the known world, civilized and barbarian. In the height of its power the Roman Empire under Augustus had a population of 85,000,000, which in the time of Claudius had increased to 120,000,000. The city on the Tiber had somewhere between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 souls, so that it must have been as large as New York, even if it did not cover so great an area. The varied society presented a more complex picture than was ever known before, including many different races and nationalities. Its splendors were more striking and imposing, its squalor more appalling than in any other city of Europe.

Our illustration on this page represents a group of Romans under the empire. On the left is an imposing trio—emperor in the centre, with a "lictor," or public functionary, with an ax and rods (fasces), the emblems of his office, on the one side, and on the other a nobleman who is bent on consulting him concerning some document of public importance. The "lictor" wears the simple tunic, or short coat, the others the imposing and graceful toga, that of the emperor being of rich material, trimmed with costly furs. The second group presents two Roman ladies, accompanied by a young slave. Their coiffures are such as give an added dignity to the ladies' figures, while the "stolas" or "pallas"—the outer garments — are gracefully and picturesquely draped on both. The slave wears a short-sleeved tunic, this garment, with suitable modifications, being common to both sexes.

Life among the wealthier classes in imperial Rome in the first century, A. D., was a round of pleasure and gayety. In well-regulated families the first breakfast, "jentaculum," was a light meal; the second breakfast, called "prandium," being somewhat more substantial, while the third meal, "coena," was the principal repast of the day. It was recorded by the chroniclers of the day that the globe was ransacked to supply delicacies for the tables of the rich, and that many of the dinners served cost the most fabulous sums. The favorite attitude at dinner was to be seated or reclining on a "triclinium," or couch, capable of accommodating three persons. For relaxation, there were the gardens, the circus, and the games.

Horticulture was an art greatly favored and the public gardens presented a variety of skilful devices, the bushes and trees being clipped to represent the forms of various animals, the garden walks being hedged with box-wood and the flower-beds arranged with consummate taste in a multitude of attractive designs. A popular pastime was barge-racing in "triremes," or three-oared barges on the Tiber, the oarsmen taking their time from the sound of a flute, a song, or a hammer. Chariot-racing was another prevalent passion with both sexes, and many Roman stables had niches in which were enshrined statues of "Epona," the goddess of the horse, an offering to whom was supposed to bring victory in the contests.

Roman matrons were not all as dignified and severe as history portrays them. Some of the minor writers tell us that many of them were capricious and cruel. It was not an uncommon occurrence for married ladies to stick pins into their slaves for amusement, or by way of punishing some trivial offence. Martial relates that one "great Roman dame," because her slave maid let a single curl of her hair escape from its confining comb, administered such a beating to the poor girl that she fell unconscious to the floor. But the older slaves, trusted servants, were regarded almost as members of the family and addressed the children as "little father," and "little mother." Great care was taken with the education of the young and they began to learn before the age of seven. In the schools, reading was taught twice a day, special attention being devoted to the pronunciation, for a Roman mother would not tolerate her children talking like a provincial.

In writing waxen tablets were generally used, the letters being made with a "stylus" or pencil-shaped piece of metal or agate. Some of the slaves were excellent scholars and were instructors in their owners' families. In still earlier times, their leaden tablets were used for writing purposes. In the British Museum there is a book or series of those engraved leaden sheets which was taken from a heathen temple. Upon them are the names of a number of men and women, but alas! for weak human nature, these names so wonderfully preserved are not those of people whom it was desired to render immortal by preserving them to posterity, but of men and women whom the writers hated and had presented to the gods as objects of malediction and vengeance. The Romans, however, could use papyrus as well as tablets and they held the secret of making both colored and invisible inks, even in those early days.

Rome had already begun to decline when Christianity appeared in the world. Its condition was that of a high civilization, a flourishing commerce, but a terribly degraded state of public and private morals, which resulted at last in bringing about the downfall of the once proud "mistress of the world."

PEOPLE OF ANCIENT ROME.

ROMAN LICTOR, EMPEROR AND NOBLE. ROMAN LADIES AND SLAVE.

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Chinese Women's Small Feet.

Writing from Shanghai, Mrs. Baxter says: I do not think I have told you what the bandaging of the feet really means. Until the age of from four to six, little girls' feet are allowed to develop; then the torture begins. First, the little toe is doubled under the foot, and the poor child, who is constantly screaming with the pain, has to walk with the toe forced under. When she is accustomed to this, the next toe is pressed under, then the next, then the next, until only the great toe remains. Then the heel is pressed up and bandaged against the back of the ankle, so that only the great toe and the ball of the foot, with four toes under it, have to go into the shoe, which is from three to six inches long. The ankle looks like an ill-shaped animal's hoof, and the walk of the women is impossible except for short distances, and some are carried altogether. This foot-bandaging pains them till they are over forty years of age, but fashion compels them to bear it. The man who wants to buy a wife does not ask to see her, but her shoe; and by the smallness of her feet he estimates his future companion.

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Backward Children.

A backward child, may indeed be deficient in application, writes Margaret Sangster, though not in capacity. Should this be so, arouse him, not by a hailstorm of nagging or a downpour of fault-finding, but by a system of rewards lovingly adapted to his disposition and character. Suffer no discouragement to creep into your own heart concerning him, and do not allow him or her to feel that there is reason for any doubt about the reaching the top of the ladder in due season. The top, mind, not the middle rounds; anyone can reach these. Set a definite aim before your child, cultivate a high and noble ideal.

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A Little Hindoo Bride's Doll.

Dr. Edith M. Brown, who has a hospital in India, tells this interesting incident: "One of my patients was a little bride of six years old. One side of her face was very pretty, but the other was greatly disfigured. When I dressed the child's face every day, she used to put up her arm, and point from the tip of her fingers to her elbow. I could not think what she meant, but found out that she had seen a doll about that size and wanted one. I was so glad to be able to find one that English children had been sent out to give her. There is a woman here, quite forty years old, and one day she came to the house crying bitterly, really in great distress; and what do you think was the reason? She had broken her doll! Another poor young woman, whose children had all died when small, and who had just lost a baby a few months old, said: 'Miss Sahib, I sit all day long and think and think of my baby and feel so miserable and lonely. Could you let me have a doll?'"

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A YOUNG GIRL'S WORK OF LOVE.

FAME, which usually evades those who seek after it most strenuously, once came to a young girl in a most interesting and unexpected way. She lived in a suburb of London, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, were just ordinary everyday, honest people. One day she wrote out in detail a little incident related by her father and her elder sister. Elizabeth sent the manuscript to Dickens, the famous author, who thought so well of it that he published it in his magazine, "All the Year Round," and sent the child-writer $25, with a suggestion that she keep on writing. This was the literary entree of little Miss Smith, otherwise known by her nom de plume of of Hesba Stretton.

She has been a prolific and most successful writer since that first attempt, and has probably written more that has been read by Sunday School boys and girls than any other woman in a generation. One or more of her volumes are to be found in almost every Sunday School library of size. The years that have passed in her career as a writer, says the "Sunday School Bulletin," have served to form an epoch in Sunday School library literature. As in other things, progress in the character and style of Sunday School literature has been clearly discernible. For two long a time and too great an extent unreal productions have been the meat set before readers in the Sunday School field. Just why does not appear, but happily the last decade has indicated a change in the character of the books put to this use; and notwithstanding the numerous circulating libraries and the unprecedented cheapness of books, the Sunday School library is more of a power than ever before. For many years, in fact from her first book, Miss Stretton has so formed her stories as to make them helpful, stimulating and life-like. As a woman, she is one of those uncommon characters, who toil in a quiet, simple way, dreading and avoiding any circumstance that serves to bring them personally before the public. She has been instrumental in placing much good reading into the hands of the children of English-speaking countries.

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"Pleasing Mother."

The effort at "pleasing mother" should be cultivated in the childish heart. Early in life they should begin the cultivation of thought and effort with reference to the gratification of her wishes and of making her happy. If they would do this they would find daily opportunities for speaking kind words and rendering such helpful services and showing such noble traits of character in dealings with others, as would gladden the heart and lighten the cares of mother in a way too often little thought of. If boys, if girls, could but realize their indebtedness to their mothers, they certainly would generally be very much more anxious about pleasing them. The great men of the world, who have acknowledged their great indebtedness to their mothers, took great delight in pleasing them. But most of all their noble lives, their courage in doing right, and their honorable achievements in public life were especially pleasing to their noble mothers. Hardly a higher tribute can be paid to any young man's success in life than that "it pleased his mother."

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The Guiding Hand.

I know the hand that is guiding me
  Throw the shadow to the light;
And I know that all betiding me
  Is meted out aright.
I know that the thorny path I tread
  Is ru'ed by a golden line;
And I know that the darker life's tangled thread,
  The richer the deep design.

A NEW-FASHIONED WOMAN

Written Specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

BY MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Testimony by Suffering.

PATHETIC, almost beyond Annie's conception of possibility, was the spectacle of the patient woman, so cheerful, so gentle, yet with so much to bear. It was a triumphant proof of the power of the spirit, which refused to be subdued and depressed by the pain which tore its frail tenement. Annie looked at her in admiration more than pity. But it might be that the poor creature was buoyed up by a hope of recovery which her friends had been obliged to abandon, so she asked: "Have you no shadow of hope that you may recover?"

"None whatever. There is no hope in my case. I must endure till the end comes. I am sorry to be so great a burden to my friends, but here,too,was a lesson I needed. My pride had to be humbled, for, in good health, I would never ask help,would never trouble any one. I felt a secret pride in my being independent, in doing everything myself. Now you see it is very different. I am perfectly helpless and must be waited upon, but I have the kindest, most patient friends in the world."

"Lucy," interrupted her sister, "you know you're no burden. We tell you this all the time. You are our sunbeam, our comfort, our support when we most break down seeing you suffer."

"Well, I ought to return something for all your trouble and kindness, and its little enough I can do. I actually believe they will weep when I'm gone."

"For ourselves, indeed we will; for you, not a tear."

Mrs. Somers had said but little, only sat and smiled. Annie looked all the amazement she felt. Now Mrs. Somers asked softly: "Does the Saviour still smile upon you? Are no clouds between you and his dear face?"

"My dear sister, I do enjoy my Saviour's presence. He is so good to stay with me so much. Sometimes, I am too happy to express myself; sometimes he gives me 'songs in the night,' and they are the sweetest while others sleep, and he always comes with the pain. Oh! I would not exchange places with anyone I know. I would rather have his presence with pain, than ease without him."

"You are a woman to be envied and not pitied," exclaimed Annie in a tremulous voice. "I came here expecting my nerves to be unstrung by viewing a sufferer writhing in agony. Instead I see before me the happiest woman I ever beheld!"

"To him be all the glory!" said Mrs. Edgefield, folding her hands silently and reverently.

Annie went on with deep feeling: "I came to impart some lessons of patience and trust perhaps, but instead of teaching I am taught, and taught the grandest, sublimest lesson of life or death!"

"Thank God!" exclaimed the sick woman. "Blessed be his holy name, that he still lets my tongue speak for him! My dear young friend, for years my prayer has been, let thy glory be my highest ambition, my greatest joy; let me glorify thee throughout my life, and, in dying, let me glorify thee still. I thank him for answering the last part of my prayer, at least. I have always been a poor, uninfluential woman; was never known further nor otherwise than the Policeman Edgefield's wife, so my circle was very limited. Since my disease has become known, my circle of friends has widened, and I rejoice, for now I can talk of Jesus to more, and I must work for him till death seals my lips. I used to sew sometimes to help my husband. I made dresses in a plain, humble way, and now I think of myself as a piece of work that God is finishing to carry home. There are so many little stitches to put on a dress when you think it done; it is so hard to get it perfectly finished. Here is a stitch needed, there a basting thread to pull out, here a corner not complete, there a button forgotten. Ah! so many things even after it seemed done. So it is with me. I am that piece of work, and God sees so many ravelled ends to cut off, so many little things to be finished; but after awhile-- Ah! after awhile, the last stitch will be put in, the garment will be folded and it will be carried home—done,all finished, complete, perfect!"

"And what a home!" said Mrs. Somers. "What a heaven will burst upon your vision—what a heaven of rest it will be to you!"

"Yes, but better than this, my sister, Christ will be there, and there will be no sin! My Saviour will be there and I shall see him face to face. I shall be like him. Some want to know where heaven is. Christ is my heaven; I want no more."

Annie looked from her face to that of Mrs. Somers, and if a chariot of fire had come down and they had both gone up in a whirlwind, it would not have surprised her much. The two seemed hardly to belong to earth, so much of heaven encircled them, but the hour had come for them to make another visit; so, bidding the sick woman and her sister good-by, and promising to come soon again, they left. As soon as they were out of hearing, Annie exclaimed: "She is the happiest creature I ever saw!"

"Another child of the King! An heir of glory going soon to claim her inheritance. Ought she not to rejoice?"

"Oh, Mrs. Somers, I don't believe I am a Christian at all!"

"Why, my child, you are in the primary department, learning your A, B, C's, and she is nearly ready for her diploma! You are certainly in God's school."

"I could never, never stand her tests."

"No, dear, perhaps not now. A child in fractions,were he to be set down with a problem in trigonometry, why how he would weep and lament over his hard lot! Easy lessons come first; hard ones are coming early enough. Don't look ahead and say, why, I never can do that example in the world. Wait, go on, step by step, God is leading you. One step at a time, then another, just as he shall give you light and grace. That's the way to move on and up."

"There is one line, Mrs. Somers, I have never yet been able to sing, and it is this—

'E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me.'"

"Go on singing, go on praying for strength, it will come after awhile. Step by step, my child, and sooner than you think you will break forth into

So by my woe to be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."

"Here we are at Mrs. Freeman's. She is a poor woman, whose husband is a smart man, a foreman in the printing office of our Daily News, but he drinks. Often and often, he spends his wages for liquor and then his family suffer. The office has discharged him several times, but the proprietor is a kind-hearted man and he takes him back for his wife's sake, and then he is always very penitent himself and full of good promises. She has had a severe affliction lately, but I would rather you should hear it from her own lips."

They reached the cabin, a very poor, one-roomed house, and very poorly furnished. A baby lay in a wooden cradle and the mother herself who came forward looked very feeble. As soon as they were seated, Mrs. Somers began in a cheery voice:—

"Well, Sister Freeman, how's baby?"

"He's better, ma'am. That medicine you sent done him a power of good. It 'pears ta me he's grow'd all of two pounds since he's taken it."

"How is your husband getting on this week? Any better?"

"Not much, ma'am. Bill's just over a spree now. They turned him off, but they taken him back once more."

"I must introduce my friend, Mrs. Deveraux, to you and I wish you would tell her about yourself."

Mrs. Freeman was very willing to talk. Turning to Annie she said: "Well, ma'am, I've been married nigh on to eight year, come this October. I thought I was marrying a sober, hard-working man, when I married Bill Freeman; but it warn't long before I found out that he drank some thing. When I asked what was on his breath, he said 'twant nothing but lager beer, I didn't think there was any more harm in that than there was in water, so he just kept on. Then after awhile, lager beer warn't strong enough for him, and he got whiskey and drank and came home drunk.

"This kept on for years, and he drank so much he like to have lost his place, and we didn't know what on earth we would do for bread, for my baby was just two weeks old, and I couldn't do much, and we had two other children to feed. Nannie (now she wipes away a tear). Ah! she was a good child, Nannie was, as good as any mother ever had, and she helped me all she could. It 'pears to me like that little child was born a Christian, if ever any body was born twice at once, but I don't know about that, only she was the best, the sweetest child a mother ever had. Her father would get drunk, and he always got mad with me, with everybody when he was that way and me specially, and sometimes it seemed to me he would strike me in spite of all I could do. Then, that chiid, she would coax him so sweet, and rub his head and soothe him just like he was a baby, and when he'd drop off to sleep, then she'd come kiss me and say, 'Mamma, it's your time now. He's gone to sleep, now you lie down and let me rock the baby, and I'll sing so soft I won't wake any body, and then as soon as he's sleep I'll put him by you.'

"Sometimes I'd lie down, and then again I couldn't. It seemed like I couldn't leave that sweet child up and me lying down. Oh! She was my comfort! After awhile Josie she took sick, that was my second child, and she lay and moaned and moaned, and we couldn't break the fever at all, and after awhile she just got weaker and weaker and one day she just shut her eyes and died. Then Bill he did better, and I thought a better day was coming for us all, for he didn't drink, and it seemed as if the child's death had changed him. But it wasn't long afore Bill, he taken to whisky again, and for a time he drank worse than ever. Then Nannie she'd go off all to herself and pray. I knew what she went for, though she never said; for when she'd come again, her face would shine so bright.

"She belonged to the Infant class of the Sunday School of the Mission Church and she loved the teacher to devotion. Nothing, rain nor nothing would keep her from Sunday School, though we lived two miles away. Often that child would go without a mouthful of breakfast, for we hadn't anything to eat in the house, a great deal of the time, for Bill would drink up his wages, Saturday night, and so we would have nothing, unless somebody would send us a little something, and that wasn't every time. Many and many a time has that child gone in her poor little faded calico, and little straw hat, that somebody was good enough to give her, and walked that two miles, and my heart would ache to know that she had had but little supper the night before and not one bit of breakfast! But she had a brave little heart and without one murmur, she would kiss baby and me and go.

"I heard the other day, and how it did make my heart hurt me, that some of them rich children would tuck their fine dresses close, to keep their clothes from touching hern and how they wouldn't walk with her when they marched out of the church two and two to the infant class-room. But the teacher she always took my poor little child by her hand herself. Oh! she was a good woman and I thank her from my heart. I'll be bound Nannie always know'd her lesson the best of all. Her teacher told me herself she never took her blue eyes off her while she talked.

"One Saturday, ah! it was a sad day, the saddest Saturday I ever expect to see, the child had learned her verse for next day and it was this one, 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.' I know the verse because she kept saying it over and over, till I learned it, too. Just as she had finished learning her lesson, her Uncle Jeff came by with his team. He stopped and talked awhile, and asked how Bill was comin' on, but I couldn't say for certain, for Bill hadn't come home yet, so Jeff, he called to Nannie and said: 'Don't you want to ride over to my house, Nannie?' But she said: 'I'd like to go, Uncle Jeff, only you know I couldn't stay; I can't leave mamma, and to-morrow is Sunday and I can't miss Sunday School.'

"So Jeff, he is always good and kind, and he said,'Well, come jump in the wagon, I'll give you a little drive around and bring you back home.'

"She jumped in, so glad of a little ride, and she took her seat, as he told her, at the back on a plank laid across the top, for it was a big open wagon without any seat. Jeff stood talking to me and playing with baby in my arms, while Nannie sat in the wagon so happy. Presently she started to sing out there in the road, and these were the words, I remember them well:

'Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?'

"Then she sat singing away, for she know'd these words and loved 'em, too, and Jeff he said, 'Good-by,' and jumped in the wagon in front, flourished his whip with a big crack—the horses gave a bound, and—"

The poor woman, who had been weeping all the time, here buried her head in her lap, and sobbed out loud. In a moment she raised her streaming eyes, and went on:

"They started off—she fell back out on the hard ground—and—broke her neck! Oh! she never smiled, she never spoke one word to me, but she died, died, died! Oh, that Saturday night! My husband drunk! My Nannie dead on the bed close beside me, and me alone! I tried to die, too, but I couldn't. Oh! how I did want to die and go to Nannie. I didn't think of Jesus. I almost cursed God there on that dark night all alone, for taking my child. Oh! I did curse the day that brought me into this miserable world. I walked the floor; wailed out loud and tore my hair; I took my dear child in my arms and rubbed her cold, stiff hands, and kissed her white lips but Bill he slept on and did not wake til Jeff brought a coffin and we put Nannie in.

"I heard that the next day in Sunday School the teacher of the class said: 'Can anybody tell where Nannie Freeman is? Ah! Nannie, my Nannie, was in heaven The 'pure in heart' was with her God!

"Monday, Bill was sober enough, and was sorry for him, he was so wretched, he was just ready to kill hisself for his cruelty. We sent for the minister. Jeff had to go home, and we went to the grave-yard the minister, Bill, and me, and we buried my Nannie. Oh! I thought it would kill me to leave that grave. I couldn't help it I threw myself on the heap of earth and cried, 'Oh! Nannie, my darling, my comfort, my angel, come back!' I know'd she couldn't come. Oh! I know'd it, but couldn't help it; it seemed my heart would burst with such tears as it was so full of Oh! ma'am, grief don't kill anybody; never does, or it would have killed me long ago."

The woman was choked with weeping Mrs. Somers wept silently, but Annie, seemed the very flood-gates of her pent-up heart had burst apart, for a tide of tears came rushing through. She mourned for the poor woman, but then there came, besides, the remembrance of a time when she too, wept over a dead child, and that child had had a drunken father! The two pictures side by side stood out before her in bold relief, and she wept so hysterically that Mrs. Somers, after a short prayer, bade the afflicted woman good-by, and drew Annie away. But she would not go till she had pressed the warmest kiss upon the surprised woman's lips, while the tears still rained down her cheeks.

They walked down on the river's bank and as they stood a moment before parting Mrs. Somers said: "My dear child, forgive me for carrying you there. I forgot. You must not go there any more."

"Oh! yes, Mrs. Somers, that is the place for me. That poor woman is my sister in affliction, for our cases were similar, though very dissimilar. That is the place for me, but I am sorry I could control myself better. I thought I was strong to bear, but I am only human after all!"

"Dear child, my heart yearns over you, and I did not know which mother claimed the most of my sympathy, you or Nannie's mother. Somehow you feel like my own dear child. I do not know why exactly, but it is so."

"I am so glad to hear you speak so. Will let me be your child, your child to pray for, to keep from wandering, to watch, to counsel, to guide."

(To be continued.)

Questions and Answers

rangements have been made with the American Express Company for the free transportation from New York City of all clothing and similar articles contributed for the Kansas and Nebraska sufferers. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has opened a general depot at 740-742 Broadway for the reception of such contributions as those readers who are making up boxes or packages for this worthy cause should therefore address them:

CENTRAL RELIEF DEPOT,
740-742 Broadway, New York City.

rom Mr. .....

such packages should be prepaid to New York, and the name of the sender or senders should be written on the outside in characters smaller than the address. Money contributions to the Relief Fund should be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

S., Cornell, Neb. 1. Why were the Israelites called Hebrews? 2. Where can I procure a paper published in the interest of the Salvation army?

According to Augustine and Ambrose, the name Hebrew is derived from Abram, (taking the form Abræi). The, Bible, however tells us that Eber or Heber the ancestor of Abram was the name—father of the sons of Eber (Gen. 10: 25 and Numbers 24: 24 and Gen. 14: 13. 2. Write to the "War Cry," New York City.

Inquirer, N. Y. 1. Was George Washington a Protestant? 2. Are Joan of Arc and Joan the Maid of Orleans the same? 3. What Joan became a Pope for six months?

Yes; Episcopalian. 2. Yes. 3. According to Anastasius and a few other writers, Joan was the name of a female pope who occupied the chair of St. Peter, between the pontificates of Leo IV. and Benedict III about the years 855. Other and more recognized writers declare the story of Joan to be mythical and that the manuscript found among Anastasius' writings was an interpolation.

Earnest Inquirer, Denison, I.. Many are teaching that there is no hell, and others that "forever" does not mean everlasting punishment. What is the truth?

It should be sufficient to know that the Bible holds out no hope to those who die unrepentant. If a man rejects Christ, or fails to avail himself of his redemption, he incurs the penalty appointed, whatever that may be. It is described in the Bible by many symbols, such as "everlasting fire," "the second death," etc, it is useless to speculate as to its character or duration. The plain practical duty is to avoid it by faith in Christ and by right living.

Mrs. J. A. Long, music teacher, Sappington, Mo., writes:

"The exquisitely beautiful hymns contained in Gospel Hymns Nos. 1 to 6 Complete (one of your premium offers with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), gave me a foretaste of heaven. Among the vast army of redeemed, marching heavenward, thousands upon thousands have been, are, and will be, strengthened, cheered, guided, and sustained, by the out-pourings of Christian hearts contained in this book. Sweet Fanny Crosby, will have indeed a jewelry crown to lay at her Master's feet. God bless her."

Reader. Suppose a person owning property has an agent who carries on all the business. The owner (inheriting the property), finds that it has not been taxed since it came into said owner's possession—the assessor knowing nothing about the property. What is the duty of this property-owner as a Christian?

It is duty, both on conscientious grounds and as a matter of business, is to ascertain, as soon as possible, whether there are any arrears of taxes chargeable against the property. This can readily do from the assessor. If there are they should be paid; otherwise the property is in danger of being sold for taxes, in which case it would cost more to redeem it, than to pay the taxes outright.

J. Rockton, N. Y. What are the chief points of difference between Calvinists and Arminians?

Volumes would be required to give a full statement of them. The controversy has called forth thousands of learned treatises. Roughly stated, however, they may be summarized thus: The cardinal distinction as to predestination. Calvin held that God, by eternal decree, chose out of among men a definite and limited number of men, wholly apart from any merit in themselves, should be saved, and left the remainder to undergo the punishment consequent on their sin. The chosen ones were brought to repentance and faith by the influence of the Holy Spirit and the others did not have the same influence. Arminius denied this and contended that all had an equal opportunity. Thus election, according to Calvin, came from election, while according to Arminius, election was the result of holiness. You will see that these men occupying these respective standpoints would take different views as to many other doctrines.

J. H. Carruth, Houston, Tex., writes as follows concerning the probable date of our Saviour's birth:

"We read in Exodus, 12th chapter, that the Jewish ecclesiastical year began about the time of the vernal equinox or the 20th of March. We read in 1. Chron. 24th chapter, that twenty-four courses of priests were appointed to superintend the offerings and sacrifices. The courses took their names from those first appointed and their names are all given. The duties of each lasted half a month. Abijah was the eighth of the twenty-four men first appointed. In the New Testament he is called Abia. Zacharias was of the course of Abia. His work must have ceased about the 20th of July. It was "after this" and probably soon after that Elizabeth his wife conceived, and according to Luke, Jesus was born about fifteen months later, which would bring it about the 20th of October. This would be so, if the year began uniformly on the 20th of March. But we are told that the months of the Jews were lunar months beginning with each new moon. Consequently the year did not begin uniformly on the 20th of March, but on the new moon that comes near to it, before or after. For this reason as well as for another we cannot fix the day at the 20th of October, but it is highly probable that it was within two weeks of that time, before or after.

Subscriber, Rosedale, Kans. A Catholic priest tells me that Baptism by sprinkling was first introduced in about the second century, and its object was the conferring of eternal life on infants. Is that so?

It is a disputed point whether sprinkling or pouring was practised before this. Baptists contend that the Apostles baptized by immersion and in no other way, but other sects dispute the statement. The Roman Catholic theory is that baptism relieves the infant of the results of original sin and makes it a member of Christ's Church. It is thus an initiation, but as the infant grows to years of discretion, other duties and ceremonies are demanded of him by the Catholic church as essentials to salvation.

George W. Harris, Yorkville, Ill. Is it possible to bring about a union of Protestant sects? Does not Ephesians 4: 5 indicate that there can be no real union, while some practice immersion and some sprinkling under the name of baptism?

We doubt whether it is possible to bring about a union of the sects. Few people are sanguine enough to hope for that. What is possible, is union in Christian work. In small towns, in benevolent work, in the evangelization of Christless neighborhoods and in the Foreign mission field the sects might work together with advantage, while maintaining a separate organization. Much money might be saved by combining forces and there would be no detriment. Baptism need not be an insurmountable obstacle. In a union church, the mode might be left optional with the candidate Or, if immersion were made the rule in a church, the believer in sprinkling might submit to immersion as a concession to his brethren, who attach importance to the mode.

Inquirer, New York. We can send you a piece of olive wood from Palestine, on receipt of twenty-five cents.——Edward J. Schneider, Winona, Ia. The new standard dictionary, issued by Funk & Wagnalls, New York, is probably the best.——R. M. Lawrence, Vineland, N. J. Yes: she was in Bethlehem on Christmas Day, 1893, and her letter deals with that visit. She returned from the Holy Land months ago.——Abe Hocker, Berne, Ind. You must make it a matter of conscience altogether. It is certainly better to avoid such work, if you can.——Clara B. Knoll, Fort Wayne, Ind. They are unnecessary and expensive, besides being liable to lead to undesirable associations.——Mary E. Cox, Waldron, Ark. It is probably a humbug.——I. S. Plymire, Orwigsburg, Pa. See answer to E. J. Schneider in this column.——Novice, Iowa. Write to Editor, "Electrical World," N. Y. City.——Mrs. Geo. Sornberger, Hillside, N. Y. The clothing you have collected will do a world of good to some poor suffering family in Kansas or Nebraska. Send to our Central Relief Depot, 740-742 Broadway, New York City.——E. A. Conersve, Hendley, Neb. You will still be in time during January.——L. L., Norwich, N. Y. 1. Yes, some such incident was recently related of the late Czar, who was a very strong man, physically. 2. We have no record of it.——Flora D. Longenhelt. Oneida, New York. About $200 for the full course.——E. T. Benner, Lancaster, Pa., about two months.

——P. C. Chaney, New Salem, Ill. Yes. A will be acceptable. See answer to A. S. Collins above.——E. R. H., Lansing, Ia. We find no trace of it in poetical indices.——E. D. M., Caney, Kan. We believe they are English and not yet introduced here.——Old Subscriber, Dakota, Ill. We hold that he is not; yet, it is an evil that cannot be eradicated in the present condition of society.——H. C. Sloan, Evalin, N. C. You can procure copies of the U. S. Treasurer's reports for the years referred to by writing to Treasury Department, Washington, D. C. These will show the facts.——James Love, Liberty, Mo. Her letters described the events of Christmas, 1893, and were entirely accurate.——W. B. Glover, Greeley, Ia. See answer to Mrs. E. Langdon, Waterbury, Ct., in THE MAIL-BAG of December 12. F. C. Jones, Newmarket, Ont. Write to Librarian, Astor Library, New York, to ascertain its value.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS.

By a Sorrowing Mother—For her family. That a son who has become a scoffer and a father who drinks may be led to Christ.

By a Father.—H. K——. That his young son may be restored to perfect health and that his home may be comforted and rendered happy by Divine grace.

By a Sister in Christ.—Hearne, Tex. That an erring cousin—a hard drinker—may be brought to the Saviour and made a blessing to others.

By a Widowed Mother—Mrs. A. A. L.—That her two sons just entering manhood and still without Christ, may be brought to the Saviour.

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It was before the day of **SAPOLIO** They used to say "Woman's Work is never Done."

AN IMMANENT GOD.*

THE time is rapidly approaching when the presence of an unseen God in the universe will be accepted on the same ground as the presence of an unseen soul in man. The latter cannot be proved by a mathematical demonstration, nor by the rules of logic. We judge man to have a soul by what it does in and through the body. By a parity of reasoning we must judge that the universe has a soul. We see the same evidence as in the human body of a Will working in and through it, a conscious Being who feels, loves, plans, and executes.

How can we do otherwise than describe as a spiritual age the era in which the truth breaks in upon the consciousness of the race that what have been regarded as material forces are really spiritual forces; when it even begins to be surmised that matter itself has a spiritual origin? It is a day of wonderful revelations and strange reconciliations. The most significant of these reconciliations, that which in a sense includes all others, is the new and thrice-blessed union and fellowship of science and religion. Theology has heretofore looked upon science as an enemy of religion; as if religion were a tender lamb, and science a fierce wolf ready and anxious to pounce upon it and destroy it. How rapidly is this feeling passing away! It would not fully express the truth to say that the former antagonism has disappeared. In place of antagonism and fear has come a recognition of the truth that science is furnishing the most effective arguments and weapons of defense the Christian faith has ever gained outside of the sacred Scriptures. That all scientists and all friends of Christianity do not yet realize this in no wise affects the truth itself. That some do not yet see the laws of nature as the laws of God proves nothing but the limitation of their own vision. They are shut in by a self-created horizon.

In substituting an immanent God for an external God, science has rendered a supreme service to mankind. It gives a basis of order and system in the moral world, as the theory of Copernicus gave order and system in the physical universe. It marks the beginning of a new epoch in the religious history of the race as truly as the Copernican theory revolutionized astronomy. In point of fact, the great religious movement of the new age was initiated by science and not by theology. Copernicus was as necessary a forerunner of Calvin and Luther as of Kepler and Newton. A correct idea of the physical universe was essential to a true conception of God in the universe. The progress of science since that time has been gradual, but no more so than the evolution of religious thought. Neither Copernicus nor Calvin spoke the final word. The former revealed to mankind an orderly universe. The latter exalted God as its Sovereign Ruler. If Calvin's God appears to us too arbitrary, it must be remembered that he only reflected the spirit of the times in which he lived and wrought. No other conception would have suited that rude and tyrannical age. Since that period religion and science have worked side by side at the great problem of Divine Providence, or God's relation to his creation and his creatures. Although apparently antagonistic, they were, in reality, working toward the same end, each having a different but equally essential phase of the problem to solve.

*From *The School of Life; Divine Providence in the Light of Modern Science*, the law of development applied to Christian thinking and Christian living, by Theodore F. Seward. Pp. 267; cloth binding. James Pott & Co., New York, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Daily Messages from the King by His Messengers to His Children; with a preface by Margaret E. Sangster; especially designed for the use of King's Sons and Daughters; pp. 384, artistic binding, gilt edges, price $1. Marcus Ward & Co., publishers, London, Belfast and New York.

The Missing Cho'd; a charming story of student life in Germany, by Lucy Dillingham; pp. 206, cloth covers. G. W. Dillingham, New York, publisher.

The "Index to Chimneys" tells what shape and size and make to get for every burner and lamp.

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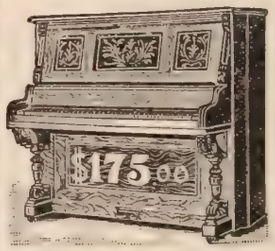

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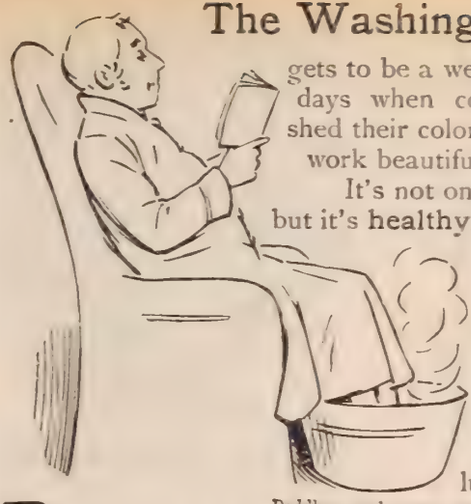

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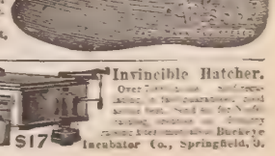

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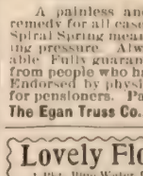

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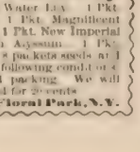

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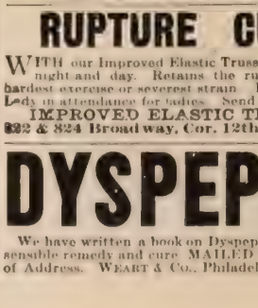

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18. NUMBER 3.

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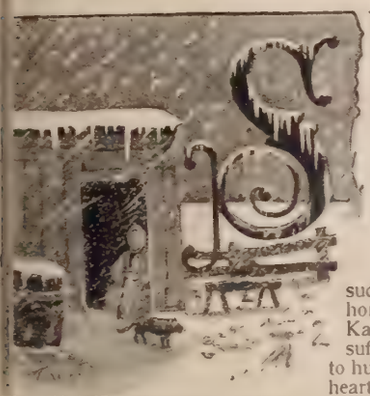
ALL EAGER TO HELP THE WEST.

Thousands of God's People, in many States, Coming Nobly to the Relief of the Suffering Farmers of Kansas and Nebraska—Quick Succor Afforded—The Fund Growing.



SYMPATHY with the sufferings of the destitute thousands in Kansas and Nebraska has touched the hearts of their brothers and sisters throughout the land. It is not the sympathy that expends itself in mere words, but it takes the practical form of speedy and substantial aid. Every mail received at the offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD bears a host of white-winged missives from those who feel it to be one of the highest joys of this life to be able to help others in distress, and who well remember the promise: "He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack." (Prov. 28: 27). If these gifts, that carry succor and comfort to the cold and cheerless homes on the sterile plains of Nebraska and Kansas, are the cause of tears being dried and sufferings lessened and lives saved, a great good to humanity will have been accomplished, and the hearts of thousands will be filled with an overwhelming gratitude to the benevolent givers, and their souls led to a firmer trust in the Divine Father, who careth for all his children. These are the feelings that are expressed in many of the letters already received from families who have been aided in the darkest hours of their misery.

During the week, the Relief Fund has grown to considerable proportions, as the acknowledgments of another issue will show, and a large number of packages of clothing, etc., have been received at the Central Relief Depot, established by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at 740-742 Broadway, New York, for free transportation to the sufferers. But the extent of the work to be done is so great that it will require the co-operation of all friends of Christian benevolence. From Kansas letters of urgent appeal have come from different points in Cheyenne, Sherman, Wallace, Greeley, Wichita, Rawlins, Logan, Scott, Garfield, Ford, and other counties, and in Nebraska, from Keith, Dawson, Boyd, Buffalo, Hitchcock, Perkins, Lincoln, Chase, Hayes, Frontier, Dundy, and others, besides many localities in Texas, South Dakota and Oklahoma.

No relief movement was ever urged forward with greater zeal or expedition, this being largely due to the promptness with which the readers of this journal responded to the appeal and the cheerful alacrity of the Distributors in tendering their services for the work. Quick relief meant the saving of hundreds of precious lives. Our corps of over three hundred Volunteer Distributors have for two weeks past been busily relieving large numbers of families in those districts which are the

Centres of the Most Aggravated Suffering.

Another instalment of $3000 was forwarded to them during the week by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to carry forward the work. This, too, in addition to large quantities of clothing, etc., which have already gone forward, and been distributed.

Many of the workers in the field, in the intervals of their consecrated labor (for they receive no pecuniary reward), find opportunity to write us of the progress of the distribution. On every side they are met by a multitude of pressing appeals for food and clothing. The pictures of poverty and suffering given in their letters would move the stoniest heart. All the barriers of hesitancy have been broken down; for, to crown a long season of want and misery, there has now come the dreaded Western winter, with its accompaniments of cold and starvation, which none may withstand. With children hungry and half naked; with cattle perishing for lack of feed; with neither food nor fuel in their homes, it is little wonder that the cry of distress, wrung from

Those Poor Fathers and Mothers,

has been so loud and long, that it has been heard across a continent.

Writing from Lincoln, Neb., a correspondent of the New York "Times" fully corroborates the statements of suffering contained in the letters that have reached us. In Logan County, a recent canvas showed three hundred and fifty-seven cases of destitution. The farmers around North Platte are "unable to give a meal or even to sell one." Hundreds of people are living on flour and water, and have not sufficient clothes to cover them. In Hitchcock and Dundy Counties between four hundred and five hundred people have abandoned their holdings and moved away. Gov. Crounse has appointed a State Relief Committee with Rev. Luther P. Ludden as manager. Outside help will be welcomed. Mr. Ludden estimates that between five thousand and seven thousand families (averaging five to a family), will require assistance until Spring, and this number may increase as winter advances. Thus over thirty thousand persons in Nebraska alone are practically destitute.

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Central Relief Depot, established by the Christian Herald
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To which boxes, barrels and packages of Clothing and Supplies may be sent for "Free Transportation" to Kansas and Nebraska.

A calm and dispassionate statement of the situation in Nebraska comes from Rev. J. S. McPherson Pastor, M. E. Church, Hiawatha, Neb., who writes us as follows:

I desire to present to your readers some facts in regard to the situation that now prevails over this country. Many and oft have been the calls for help in certain localities; sometimes the districts were small and at others extensive. Sometimes only partial and at others total; but not since men crossed the Ohio have such conditions prevailed for extent and severity. A strip of country four hundred and fifty miles in width, stretching from the Rio Grande to Michigan and Minnesota; eighty percent of the cultivated acres, a desert of dust.

Mr. McPherson further adds that twenty per cent. of the population have gone from their homes in search of food and shelter. Many who are mere boys and girls have been driven from their homes to earn a living for the more dependent of the family. These are some of the general features that present themselves to the view. These are not the worst; a large percentage of the people have very little of this world's goods and very many have no friends upon whom they can rely for the necessaries of life.

(Concluded on Page 37.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

Round-the-World Sermons, by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

"ISLE OF PALMS."

Text: Isaiah 60 : 9, "*The ships of Tarshish first.*"

THE Tarshish of my text by many commentators is supposed to be the island of Ceylon, upon which the seventh sermon of the "'Round-the-World" series lands us. Ceylon was called by the Romans Taprobane. John Milton called it "Golden Chersonese." Moderns have called Ceylon "The isle of Palms;" "The isle of Flowers;" "The Pearl-drop on the brow of India;" "The isle of Jewels;" "The island of spice;" "The show place of the Universe;" "The land of hyacinth and ruby." In my eyes, for scenery it appeared to be a mixture of Yosemite and Yellowstone Park. All Christian people want to know more of Ceylon for they have a long while been contributing for its evangelization. As our ship from Australia approached this island, there hovered over it clouds thick and black as the superstitions which have hovered here for centuries; but the morning sun was breaking through like the Gospel light which is to scatter the last cloud of moral gloom. The sea lay along the coast calm as the eternal purposes of God toward all islands and continents. We swing into the harbor of Colombo, which is made by a break-water built at vast expense. As we floated into it the water is black with boats of all sizes, and manned by people of all colors, but chiefly Tamils and Cingalese.

There are two things I want most to see on this island: a heathen temple with its devotees in idolatrous worship, and an audience of Cingalese addressed by a Christian missionary. The entomologist may have his capture of brilliant insects; and the sportsman his tent adorned with antler of red deer and tooth of wild boar; and the painter his portfolio of gorge three thousand feet down, and of days dying on evening pillows of purple cloud etched with fire; and the botanist his camp full of orchids, and crowfoots, and gentians, and valerian, and lotus. I want most to find out the moral and religious triumphs, how many wounds have been healed; how many sorrows comforted; how many entombed nations resurrected. Sir William Baker, the famous explorer and geographer, did well for Ceylon after his eight years' residence in this island, and Professor Ernst Heckel, the professor from Jena, did well when he swept these waters, and rummaged these hills, and took home for future inspection the insects of this tropical air. And forever honored be such work: but let all that is sweet in rhythm, and graphic on canvas, and imposing in monument, and immortal in memory be brought to tell the deeds of those who were heroes and heroines for Christ's sake.

Many scholars have supposed that this island of Ceylon was the original Garden of Eden where the snake first appeared on reptilian mission. There are reasons for belief that this was the site where the first homestead was opened and destroyed. It is so near the equator that there are not more than twelve degrees of Fahrenheit difference in the year round. Perpetual foliage, perpetual fruit, and all styles of animal life prosper. What luxuriance, and abundance, and superabundance of life! What styles of plumage do not the birds sport! What styles of scale do not the fishes reveal! What styles of song do not the groves have in their libretto! Here on the roadside and clear out on the beach of the sea stands the cocoanut tree, saying: "Take my leaves for shade. Take the juice of my fruit for delectable drink. Take my saccharine for sugar. Take my fibre for the cordage of your ships. Take my oil to kindle your lamps. Take my wood to fashion your cups and pitchers. Take my leaves to thatch your roofs. Take my smooth surface on which to print your books. Take my 30,000,000 trees covering 500,000 acres, and with the exportation enrich the world. I will wave in your fans, and spread abroad in your umbrellas. I will vibrate in your musical instruments. I will be the scrubbing brushes on your floors."

Here also stands the palm tree, saying: "I am at your disposal. With these arms, I fed your ancestors 150 years ago, and with these same arms I will feed your descendants 150 years from now. I defy the centuries!"

Here also stands the nutmeg tree, saying: "I am ready to spice your beverages, and enrich your puddings, and with my sweet dust make insipid things palatable."

Here also stands the coffee plant, saying: "With the liquid boiled from my berry I stimulate the nations morning by morning."

Here stands the tea plant, saying: "With the liquid boiled from my leaf I soothe the world's nerves, and stimulate the world's conversation, evening by evening."

Here stands the cinchona, saying: "I am the foe of malaria. In all climates my bitterness is the slaughter of fevers."

What miracles of productiveness on these islands! Enough sugar to sweeten all the world's beverages; enough bananas to pile all the world's fruit-baskets; enough rice to mix all the world's puddings; enough cocoanut to powder all the world's cakes; enough flowers to garland all the world's beauty.

But in the evening, riding through a cinnamon grove, I first tasted the leaves and bark of that condiment so valuable and delicate that transported on ships the aroma of the cinnamon is dispelled if placed near a rival bark. Of such great value is the cinnamon shrub that years ago those who injured it in Ceylon were put to death. But that which once was a jungle of cinnamon is now a park of gentlemen's residences. The long, white dwelling-houses are bounded with this shrub and all other styles of growth congregated there, make a botanical garden. Doves called cinnamon doves hop among the branches, and crows, more poetically styled ravens, which never could sing, but think they can, fly across the road giving full test of their vocables. Birds which learned their chanting under the very eaves of heaven overpower all with their grand march of the tropics. The hibiscus dapples the scene with its scarlet clusters. All shades of brown and emerald, and saffron, and brilliance; melons, limes, magnosteens, custard-apples, guavas, pine-apples, jessamine so laden with aroma they have to hold fast to the wall, and begonias, gloriosas on fire, and orchids so delicate other lands must keep them under conservatory, but here defiant of all weather, and flowers more or less akin to azaleas, and honeysuckles, and floxes, and fuchias, and chrysanthemums, and rhododendrons, and fox-gloves, and pansies, which dye the plains and mountains of Ceylon with heaven. The evening hour burns incense of all styles of aromatics. The convolvulus, blue as if the sky had fallen, and butterflies spangling the air, and arms of trees sleeved with blossoms, and rocks upholstered of moss, commingling sounds, and sights, and odors until eye, and ear, and nostril vie with each other as to which sense shall open the door to the most enchantment. A struggle between music, and perfume, and iridescence. Oleanders reeling in intoxication of color. Great banyan trees that have been changing their mind for centuries, each century carrying out a new plan of growth, attracted our attention, and saw us pass in the year of 1894, as they saw pass the generations of 1794, and 1694. Colombo is so thoroughly embowered in foliage that if you go into one of its towers and look down upon the city of one hundred and thirty thousand people you cannot see a house. Oh, the trees of Ceylon! May you live to behold the morning climbing down through their branches, or the evening tipping their leaves with amber and gold! I forgive the Buddhist for the worship of trees until they know of the God who made the trees. I wonder not that there are some trees in Ceylon called sacred. To me all trees are sacred. I wonder not that before one of them they burn camphor flowers, and hang lamps around its branches, and a hundred thousand people each year make pilgrimage to that tree. Worship something man must, and until he hear of the only Being worthy of worship, what so elevating as a tree! What glory enthroned amid its foliage! What a majestic doxology spreads out in its branches! What a voice when the tempests pass through it! How it looks down upon the cradle and the grave of centuries! As the fruit of one tree unlawfully eaten struck the race with woe, and the uplifting of another tree brings peace to the soul, let the woodman spare the tree, and all nations honor it, if, through higher teaching, we do not, like the Ceylonese, worship it! How consolatory that when we no more walk under the tree branches on earth, we may see the "Tree of life which bears twelve manner of fruits, and yields her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations!"

Two processions I saw in Ceylon within one hour, the first led by a Hindoo priest, a huge pot of flowers on his head, his face disfigured with holy lacerations, and his unwashed followers beating as many discords from what are supposed to be musical instruments, as at one time can be induced to enter the human ear. The procession halted at the door of the huts. The occupants came out and made obeisance and presented small contributions. In return therefor the priest sprinkled ashes upon the children who came forward, this evidently a form of benediction. Then the procession led on by the priest started again; more noise, more ashes, more genuflection. However keen one's sense of the ludicrous, he could find nothing to excite even a smile in the movements of such a procession. Meaningless, oppressive, squalid, filthy, sad.

Returning to our carriage, we rode on for a few moments, and we came on another procession, a kindly lady leading groups of native children all clean, bright, happy, laughing. They were a Christian school out for exercise. There seemed as much intelligence, refinement and happiness in that regiment of young Cingalese, as you would find in the ranks of any young ladies' seminary being chaperoned on their afternoon walk through Central Park, New York, or Hyde Park, London. The Hindoo procession illustrated on a small scale something of what Hindooism can do for the world. The Christian procession illustrated on a smale scale something of what Christianity can do for the world. But those two processions were only fragments of two great processions ever marching across our world; the procession blasted of superstition and the procession blessed of Gospel light. I saw them in one afternoon in Ceylon. They are to be seen in all nations.

Nothing is of more thrilling interest than the Christian achievements in this island. The Episcopal Church was here the National Church, but disestablishment has taken place, and since Mr. Gladstone's accomplishment of that fact in 1880, all denominations are on equal platform, and all are doing mighty work. America is second to no other nation in what has been done for Ceylon. Since 1816 she has had her religious agents in the Jaffna Peninsula of Ceylon. The Spauldings, the Howlands, the Doctors Poor, the Saunders and others just as good and strong have been fighting back monsters of superstition and cruelty greater than any that ever swung the tusk or roared in the jungles.

The American missionaries, in Ceylon, have given special attention to medical instruction, and are doing wonders in driving back the horrors of heathen surgery. Cases of suffering were formerly given over to the devil-worshippers, and such tortures inflicted as may not be described. The patient was trampled by the feet of the medical attendants. It is only of God's mercy that there is a living mother in Ceylon. Oh, how much Ceylon needs doctors and the medical classes of native students under the care of those who follow the example of the late Samuel Fish Green are providing them, so that all the alleviations, and kindly ministries, and scientific acumen that can be found in American and English hospitals will soon bless all Ceylon. In that Island are 32 American schools, 210 Church of England schools, 234 Wesleyan schools, 234 Roman Catholic schools. Ah! the schools decide most everything. How suggestive the incident that came to me in Ceylon. In a school under the care of the Episcopal Church two boys were converted to Christ and were to be baptized. An intelligent Buddhist boy said in the school, "Let all the boys on Buddha's side come to this part of the room, and all the boys on Christ's side go to the other part of the room." All the boys except two went on Buddha's side, and when the two boys who were to be baptized were scoffed at and derided one of them yielded and retired to Buddha's side. But afterward that boy was sorry that he had yielded to the persecution, and when the day of baptism came, stood up beside the boy who remained firm. Some one said to the boy who had vacillated in his choice between Buddha and Christ "you are a coward, and not fit for either side," but he replied, "I was overcome of temptation, but I repent and believe." Then both the boys were baptized and from that time the Anglican Mission moved on more and more vigorously. I will not say which of all the denominations of Christians is doing the most for the evangelization of that island, but know this Ceylon will be taken for Christ! Sing Bishop Heber's hymn:

> What though the spicy breezes,
> Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle!

Among the first places I visited was a Buddhist College, about one hundred men studying to become priests gathered around the teachers. Stepping into the building where the high-priest was instructing the class, we were apologetic and told him we were Americans, and would like to see his mode of teaching if he had no objections. Whereupon he began, doubled up as he was on a lounge, with his right hand playing with his foot. In his left hand he held a package of bamboo leaves on which were written the words of the lesson, each student holding a similar package of bamboo leaves. The high-priest first read and then one of his students read. A group of as fine formed young men as I ever saw surrounded the venerable instructor. The last word of each sentence was intoned. There was in the whole scene an earnestness which impressed me. Not able to understand a word of what was said, there is a look

anguage and intonation that is the same mong all races. That the Buddhists have ull faith in their religion no one can doubt. hat is, in their opinion, the way to Heav-n. What Mohammed is to the Moham-edan, and what Christ is to the Christian, Buddha is to the Buddhist. We waited for pause in the recitation, and then express-g our thanks, retired.

Nearby is a Buddhist temple, on the al-r of which before the image of Buddha re offerings of flowers. As night was oming on we came up to a Hindoo temple. irst we were prohibited going farther han the outside steps, but we gradually dvanced until we could see all that was oing on inside. The worshippers were aking obeisance. The tom-toms were ildly beaten, and shrill pipes were blown, nd several other instruments were in full ang and blare, and there was an inde-cribable hubbub, and the most laborious tyle of worship I had ever seen or heard. he dim lights, and the jargon, and the looms, and the flitting figures mingled for ve and ear a horror which it is difficult to hake off. All this was only suggestive of hat would there transpire after the toilers f the day had ceased work and had time p appear at the temple. That such things hould be supposed to please the Lord, or ave any power to console or help the wor-hippers, is only another mystery in this orld of mysteries. But we came away addened with the spectacle, a sadness hich did not leave us until we arrived at a lace where a Christian missionary was reaching in the street to a group of natives.

I had that morning expressed a wish to witness such a scene, and here it was. tanding on an elevation the good man was ddressing the crowd. All was attention, nd silence, and reverence. A religion of elief and joy was being commended, and he dusky faces were illumined with the entiments of pacification and reinforce-hent. It was the rose of Sharon after walk-ng among nettles. It was the morning ght after a thick darkness. It was the Gospel after Hindooism.

But passing up and down the streets of Ceylon you find all styles of people within ve minutes: Afghans, Kaffirs, Portuguese, Moormen, Dutch, English, Scotch, Irish, American; all classes, all dialects, all man-ers and customs, all styles of salaam. The most interesting thing on earth is the human race, and specimens of all branches f it confront you in Ceylon. The island f the present is a quiet and inconspicuous ffair compared with what it once was. The ead cities of Ceylon were larger and more mposing than are the living cities. On this sland are dead New Yorks, and dead Pe-kins, and dead Edinburghs, and dead Lon-ons. Ever and anon at the stroke of the rchæologist's hammer the tomb of some reat municipality flies open, and there are ther buried cities that will yet respond to he explorer's pick-axe. The Pompeii and Herculaneum underneath Italy are small ompared with the Pompeiis and Hercula-eums underneath Ceylon. Yonder is an xhumed city which was founded five hun-ired years before Christ, standing in pomp nd splendor for twelve hundred years. Stairways up which fifty men might pass ide by side. Carved pillars, some of them allen, some of them aslant, some of them rect. Phidiases and Christopher Wrens never heard of, here performed the marvels f sculpture and architecture. Aisles through which royal processions marched. Arches nder which kings were carried. City with eservoir twenty miles in circumference. Extemporized lakes that did their cooling nd refreshing for twelve centuries. Ruins nore suggestive than Melrose and Kenil-worth. Ceylonian Karnaks and Luxors. Ruins retaining much of grandeur, though ears bombarded them and Time put his hisel on every block, and more than all, veg-tation put its anchors, and pries, and wrenches in all the crevices. Dagobas, or places where relics of saints or deities are kept. Dagobas four hundred feet high, and their fallen material burying precious things for the sight of which modern curiosity has digged and blasted in vain. Procession of elephants in imitation, wrought into lustrous marble. Troops of horses in full run. Shrines, chapels, cathedrals wrecked on the mountain side. Stairs of moon-stone. Exquisite scrolls rolling up more mysteries than will ever be unrolled. Over sixteen square miles, the ruins of one city strewn. Throne rooms on which at different times sat one hundred and sixty-five kings, reigning in authority they inherited. Walls that witnessed coronations, assassinations, subjugations, triumphs. Altars at which millions bowed ages before the orchestras celestial woke the Shepherds with midnight overture.

When Lieutenant Skinner, in 1832, discovered the site of some of these cities, he found congregated in them undisturbed assemblages of leopards, porcupines, flamingoes and pelicans; reptiles sunning themselves on the altars; prima-donnas rendering ornithological chant from deserted music halls. One king restored much of the grandeur; rebuilt fifteen hundred residences, but ruin soon resumed its sceptre. But all is down; the spires down; the glory of splendid arches down. What killed those cities? Who slew the New York and London of the year 500 B.C.? Was it unhealthed with a host of plagues? Was it foreign armies laying seige? Was it whole generations weakened by their own vices? Mystery

THE SHRINE OF A HEATHEN DEITY IN CEYLON.

sits amid the monoliths and brick dust. Finger on lip in eternal silence while the centuries guess and guess in vain. We simply know that genius planned those cities, and immense populations inhabited them. An eminent writer estimates that a pile of bricks in one ruin of Ceylon would be enough to build a wall ten feet high from Edinburgh to London. 1600 pillars with carved capitals are standing sentinel for ten miles. You can judge somewhat of the size of the cities by the reservoirs that were required to slake their thirst; judging the size of the city from the size of the cup out of which it drank. Cities crowded with inhabitants: not like American or English cities, but packed together as only barbaric tribes can pack them. But their knell was sounded; their light went out. Giant trees are the only royal family now occupying those palaces. The growl of wild beasts, where once the guffaw of wassail ascended. Anuradhapura and Pollonarna will never be rebuilded. Let all the living cities of the earth take warning. Cities are human, having a time to be born and a time to die. No more certainly have they a cradle than a grave. A last judgment is appointed for individuals, but cities have their last judgment in this world. They bless, they curse, they worship, they blaspheme, they suffer, they are rewarded, they are overthrown.

Preposterous! says some one, to think that any of our American or European cities which have stood so long can ever come through vice to extinction. But New York and London have not stood as long as those Ceylonese cities stood. Where is the throne outside of Ceylon on which one hundred and sixty-five successive kings reigned for a life-time? Cities and nations that have lived far longer than our present cities, or nation, have been sepulchred. Let all the great municipalities of this and other lands ponder. It is as true now as when the Psalmist wrote it, and as true of cities and nations as of individuals: "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

LED TO CHRIST BY A SINGLE VERSE.

An interesting incident is related of the early spiritual experience of the Bishop of Liverpool, by Rev. Canon Christopher, an English clergyman of distinction. Many years ago, on one Sunday evening, there came into an Oxford parish church the steps of a stalwart undergraduate, one of the university cricket eleven, one who shortly afterwards gained a first-class in the Honor School. It happened that evening that a stranger clergyman read prayers, whose name the undergraduate never heard. He read the second chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians as the second lesson. He read the eighth verse with a slight pause between each two clauses, as if to fix attention on one truth at a time, 'By grace ye are saved—through faith—and that not of yourselves—it is the gift of God." That verse so read was used of God to teach that undergraduate the truth. It is not too much to say that the great usefulness of the long life of that Oxford man, and of his numerous writings, his 'Expository Thoughts on the Gospels,' his 'Christian Leaders of the Last Century,' his numberless faithful Gospel tracts, his forcible addresses and episcopal charges, may be traced back to the work of the Holy Spirit in his mind and heart by means of that single verse of his Word."

"THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE."

A father—an attorney at law, and the most patient and faithful Sabbath School superintendent the writer ever knew—lay dying. He had gone thither hoping to regain his health, and return to bless his loving family. From a Christian gentleman by his bedside he begged "a cup of cold water," and as the man gave it to him he repeated these comforting words, "And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away;" and then he bent his ear to catch the faint whisper of the dying father, who said, "Ah, I was just thinking, if this water was so refreshing, what will it be to drink of the fountain of life," and he passed to its realizations beyond the skies.

BABYLON'S HANGING GARDENS.

THE origin of Babylon is lost in the obscurity of ancient times. Herodotus tells us nothing of its founder, but says it was the most celebrated city of Assyria, and that it was fifty miles in circumference, its walls 350 feet high and 87 feet thick. Babylon was built in the middle of a vast plain, and the hanging gardens were constructed by the king to gratify his wife, Amytis, a native of Media.

These gardens contained a square of above 400 feet on each side, and were carried up in the manner of several large terraces one above the other, till the height equaled that of the walls of the city. The ascent from terrace to terrace was by stairs ten feet wide. Large trees were planted, and every description of plants and flowers till the whole was one vast pleasure garden. Above was trellis work, bearing

> The rarest kinds of fruits and flowers from every clime,
> Flowers abounded and in perfect prime.

Nebuchadnezzar spared neither expense nor pains to please his Median bride, for no less than 200,000 slaves were employed in the construction of these gardens, to reconcile his wife to the barren appearance of Babylon; and thus she ceased regretting the hills and forests she formerly delighted in.

The different terraces and groves contained fountains, parterres, seats and banqueting rooms; and combined the minute beauties of flowers and foliage with the largest known specimens of flora extant, till it was known as a paradise on earth.

The motive power that prompted all this trouble and expense was love of the Queen—mightier far

> Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
> Of magic, potent over sun and star.

We have a grander example of its power in "the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." "He loved the Church and gave himself for it." He who was "God over all blessed for evermore," gave himself for us, the sons of men. 'Tis true that

> Love, like death, levels all ranks,
> And lays the shepherd's crook beside the sceptre.

Love! Who shall describe it? A volume in a word! An ocean in a tear! A whirlwind in a sigh! But by far more wondrous is the love of Christ, and as the Bride of the Lamb, we shall know his changeless, everlasting love through all eternity.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

In his early life the late James Haldane commanded a man-of-war the "Melville Castle." Once, when engaged in an action, he ordered up a fresh set of hands to take the place of those who had been killed by the broadside of the enemy. The men, seeing the mangled bodies of their comrades, instinctively drew back; at which he poured forth a volley of oaths and wished them all in hell. A religious seaman shortly said to him respectfully and seriously, "If God had answered your prayer just now, where would you have been?" His words were winged by him who never smites in vain, and from that day the captain became a changed man. He lived to preach the Gospel fifty-four years. His brother Robert, known as an able and learned commentator, was early converted under his preaching. Robert went to Geneva: and while there a number of young men were converted under his labors among whom were Felix Neff, the devoted young pastor of the High Alps; Merle D'Aubigne, the historian of the Reformation, and Frederick Monod, one of the pillars of the Evangelical Church in France. Who can gather up the results of that one conversion on board the "Melville Castle," brought about through a single sentence addressed by a sailor to his profane commander?

THE GREAT CONFESSION.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 27. Matt. 16: 13-28. Golden Text Matt. 16: 16. By Mrs. Baxter.

IT was not only the multitude which after the miracle of the loaves wrought even a second time, could ask Jesus such a question as: "What then dost thou for a sign, that we may see, and believe thee?" The Pharisees and Sadducees also "came, and tempting him asked him to shew them a sign from heaven." He "sighed deeply in his Spirit;" He had told them earthly things, and shewn them signs in earthly necessities, and they believed not; how should they believe if he told them of heavenly things? The precious days of his ministry were passing quickly away, but how little seemed to be accomplished! John the Baptist, who had understood and borne witness to him, had been beheaded; who was there now that recognized him as the Messiah? He answered the Pharisees: "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and then shall no sign be given unto it, but the sign of Jonah.

Sad with the unbelief of the multitude, and of the Pharisees and Sadducees, he turned to his disciples: would they believe? He charged them, saying, Take heed, beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and the leaven of Herod." But the thoughts of the disciples were not running in the line of their Master's thoughts, they

Did Not Understand Him;

and instead of asking him for an explanation, "they reasoned among themselves;" darkness with darkness, instead of coming to the Light. They came to the conclusion that Jesus was referring to the fact that they had forgotten to take bread! "And Jesus perceiving it saith unto them, Why reason ye, because ye have no bread? Do ye not yet perceive, neither understand? Have ye your heart hardened? Having eyes, see ye not? and having ears, hear ye not? and do ye not remember when I brake the five loaves among the five thousand, how many baskets full of broken pieces ye took up? They say unto him, Twelve. And when the seven among the four thousands, how many basketfuls of broken pieces took ye up? And they say unto him, Seven. And he said unto them, Do ye not yet understand?

And yet he did not lose patience with them; they were his chosen ones, and he should at last succeed in training them for his purposes; they had been given to him by his Father: He went forth, still accompanied by them "into the villages of Cæsarea Philippi." He had discharged the burden of his soul upon his Father, and with an opened ear, he learned that the time was come when he might bring his chosen twelve to a test of their faith in him. Nothing seemed to lead up to it. His recent intercourse with them had been disappointing and perhaps they never had seemed so far off from understanding him. But his Father's direction was unerring, and never could lead him astray. In his quiet confidence in his Father he asked his disciples when "he was alone," praying, "Who do men say that the Son of man is? And they said, Some say John the Baptist; some, Elijah; and others, Jeremiah, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But who say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

Peter had understood, as little as the other apostles, the miracle of the loaves, but one incident had happened in which his faith had been manifested. When Jesus had come to his disciples, walking on the water, during the storm on the lake, and had quelled their unbelieving fears by the words, "It is I, be not afraid," Peter had immediately answered: "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee upon the water." True, his faith had failed him when he saw the winds and the waves, but there was, in his stepping out upon the water, a faith in the miraculous power of Christ which the others did not evince. When his brother Andrew, a former convert of John the Baptist, sought out Peter, it was with the words, "We have found the Messiah," and Peter allowed himself forthwith to be led to Jesus. Peter had made no difficulty; as soon as he saw good reason for believing he believed. And, inconsistent as he was very often, and untrue to this, his first faith, he never abandoned it. Christ was the Messiah, the annointed of God, and his own succumbing to the spirit of unbelief around him did not uproot his first faith, and thus he could say without a doubt, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

At such a moment, in the midst of such unbelief where he had least reason to expect it, this confession of faith by Peter was an intense joy to the Lord. When he had first seen him, Jesus had said to Peter, "Thou art Simon, the son of Jona: thou shalt be called, Cephas, which is by interpretation, A stone;" He gave him

A New Name

in token of what he should become. And now he repeats it, and blesses him: Blessed art thou Simon Barjona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I also say unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it." Peter, when he first came to him, had grasped the truth through Andrew and John the Baptist, that Christ was the Messiah, but now it had come in a deeper way, by revelation from heaven, it had got hold of him and possessed him, that Jesus, the Messiah was indeed the Son of the living God. Perhaps Peter, who had had faith to walk on the water, felt more deeply and personally than the other disciples the stern rebuke of Jesus, when the disciples considered not the miracles of the loaves, "Having eyes, see ye not? and having ears, hear ye not? and do ye not remember?" Probably Peter had humbled himself, and was prepared to get, straight from heaven, right into the depth of his being, into "the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible," the precious truth, which, up till now had attained only his understanding. There are many children of God who stop short of getting things

Direct From God.

They listen to, and adopt, spiritual ideas from others, and repeat them as though they were their own; but, unless a truth has come to us direct from above, it cannot, and does not, bring more of God into our own life, or more of real power into our service to others. Peter had got it from above, but now he was in a position to learn truths which would be strangely unwelcome to him in his present condition. No sooner does a truth of God lay hold of us than we are put to the proof as never before. First Jesus says to him, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock will I build my church"—not establish my kingdom—"and the gates of Hades"—not the Roman power—"shall not prevail against it." John the Baptist had preached the kingdom; Jesus himself had preached "the Gospel of the kingdom," after having preached over again John the Baptist's message, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Had he now abandoned the kindom in the interests of the church? What did he mean? Such thoughts may have stirred the mind of Peter. But Jesus adds, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." A kingdom in which heaven and earth should be so closely united as to be one in judgment, a power to bind and loose on earth which should be endorsed in heaven—how utterly different was this announcement to the conceptions of Peter and all the apostles which were gathered from the Scriptures which speak of Christ's millennial reign on earth.

Oh, the humiliation, Oh, the suffering; Oh, the blessedness of unlearning our human conceptions, to make room for the thoughts and purposes of our God! First, the disciples must know that the revelation of God to Peter was not yet to be made public. After the pouring out of the Holy Spirit things would be ripe, and the same Peter, who is now to keep silence regarding it would yet be the mouthpiece of the Holy Ghost to say, "Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

BETWEEN this lesson and that of last week there was an interval which should not be overlooked. It occupied several weeks and when we consider how short Christ's ministry was, and how brief the records of it are, such periods are of importance. He appears to have been at Capernaum or its neighborhood when a company of his inveterate foes, the Scribes and Pharisees came about him. They seem to have made allies of their opponents the Sadducees with whom they had nothing in common but dislike of Jesus. Their first ground of criticism was that the disciples of Jesus omitted the ceremonial washing of the hands before meals. The charge was not denied, so we may conclude that the disciples were really becoming indifferent to the ceremonial laws. Christ's teaching would naturally have that effect. He directed their attention to heart-cleansing as being the one essential thing. In all times of religious movement this difference between men is observed. There are some who seek vital religion and others who shrink from it, but try to make up for it by giving undue stress to outward observances, which is a much easier matter. In our own day the Roman Catholic church has many adherents who act on that principle. They think much of the mode of baptism, are particular about being early at mass, and would be horrified at the thought of eating meat on Friday, yet are not concerned about leading an immoral life. Jesus gave the critics a sharp rebuke and left them. He must have foreseen at this time that his enemies would soon end his life and he was anxious to have some time in privacy for the instruction of his disciples, that they might carry on his work after his death. He accordingly went with them to the semi-heathen region of Phœnicia on the northwest of Palestine and stayed in the neighborhood of the seaports of Tyre and Sidon. He speedily left that region, crossed the Sea of Galilee again and went into the Decapolis country. There, too, he was known and the crowds followed him. Some of them would not go home, even for food, and again he worked a miracle to feed them. There were four thousand in this case and the provision was as bountiful as in the former case of five thousand. Afterward, Jesus appears to have returned to Magdala and Capernaum. Thence he made that journey to Jerusalem which John describes (7: 2—10: 21). On his return, or on the way, the conversation occurred which forms the subject of the lesson. Christ asks his disciples plainly what they think of him. Peter, prompt as usual, answers for himself and the others, without hesitation or circumlocution. Peter's reply marks a turning point in the life of the Apostles. Christ, now that he was recognized by them, could teach them higher truths. He could proceed to build his church on the foundation of Peter's statement. And the church still stands upon it. Christianity is not a philosophy, although it is philosophic. It is not a system of morality, although it requires morality. It is a religion of life based on "the Christ, the Son of the living God."

I will build my Church. A great preacher says: Christ builds on through all the ages. For the present, there has to be much destructive as well as constructive work done. Many a wretched hovel, the abode of sorrow and want, many a den of infamy, many a palace of pride, many a temple of idols will have to be pulled down yet, and men's eyes will be blinded by the dust, and their hearts will ache as they look at the ruins. Be it so. The finished structure will obliterate the remembrance of poor buildings that once cumbered its site. This King of ours will boast of the world as Augustus boasted of Rome, that he found it of brick and left it of marble.

The gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Sometimes when the infidel and the blasphemer are most rampant, and when professed friends are indifferent, it seems as if the church would fall, but Christ gives the promise that the gates of hell (meaning the designs, from the fact that plots and rebellions were hatched in the gates of the cities which were the common meeting-places) shall not prevail against it. Some years ago a minister travelling in Wales was overtaken when on a high mountain by a storm. He saw a light and directing his steps toward it came to a shepherd's cabin, where he spent the night. The howling of the wind filled him with fear that the house would be swept away. He rose and sat by the fire all night prepared for the worst. In the morning the minister told his host how frightened he had been and expressed his surprise that the shepherd had slept so soundly while such a storm raged. "Oh!" said the shepherd, "I was not afraid of the house being carried away, and you need not have been. Its foundations are laid in the solid rock."

Whatsoever thou shalt bind, etc. Every Jewish child was instructed in the law. His father was required to see to that duty. An elementary study was sufficient for the greater number. Those who were to become Scribes or teachers of the people had to take an advanced course of study at the end of the elementary course. After this they were examined by the most learned Scribes and the examination was very thorough and searching. If they passed, they were authorized to teach the law. A key was handed to them as a symbol of their office, which was to open the mysteries of the law and make it plain to the people. The officiating examiner used the formula: "Have thou authority to bind and to loose." That is, to give decisions in difficult cases, to state whether such and such an act was allowable under the law, to permit or prohibit. The Jews had a theory that their Supreme Court, the Sanhedrim at Jerusalem, had its counterpart in heaven, which confirmed whatever was done by the Jerusalem Sanhedrim. Thus Christ's words to Peter would be recognized by those who heard them as a kind of diploma.

Thou art an offence unto me. Peter was doing the work of Satan. Already in the wilderness Satan had urged Christ to take an easier way to his object of saving the world. Christ's human nature shrank from the suffering and must have taken sides with Satan. Now Peter was urging the same thing. Christ had resisted Satan, had resisted his own nature, and now he resisted Peter. He knew that the way to the crown was by the cross. In a charming story much read half a century ago, the author describes a wise father who resisted the pleading of his wife, his son and his friends. The boy at ten years old was almost a prodigy. He was learning Latin, his mother was teaching him French and music, one friend of his father was teaching him botany and another geology. But his father stopped it all by declaring that the boy should go to school. The boy did not want to go; his mother insisted that he was learning more at home than he could learn at school, and the family's friends protested, but the father was determined. The boy went and at the end of six months came home, the despair of all but his father. He had forgotten his botany, his geology and his other studies and cared only for play. He could run and leap and play cricket and pull an oar. His mother bemoaned his condition, but his father was pleased. "Now," he said, "he will become a man. If I had not sent him to school he would have grown up a sickly pedant, a nuisance to himself and other people." It should be a comfort to every Christian when his plans are crossed and he is apparently kept from what he thinks is best for him, that he has a wise Father in heaven who knows what is really best for him. If Peter could have had his way, Christ would never have suffered and died, but he would have failed in the purpose for which he came into the world.

All Eager to Help the West.

Continued from first page.

Mr. J. J. H. Gregory, Seed Grower, Marblehead, Mass., has the interests of the suffering farmers at heart when he writes:

I have supplied seed several times free to those who would be benefited by it and am ready to aid again if it is wise to do so.

All contributions of seed received at the Central Relief Station, 740-742 Broadway, will be sent to the headquarters of the Relief Committees at Palisades, Neb., and Kearney, Kan., by whom they will be distributed to best advantage among the farmers.

Our Distributors at Work.

Mrs. Jennie Persell, Bloomington, Neb., a Volunteer Distributor, tells this bit of her experience:

We were thankful to receive the money and have used it where it has done the most good. I have a destitute neighbor with a big family of hungry children, the neediest of any I know, and I supplied them with four dollars' worth of food. The present needs of the people are clothes for the ragged children and underwear for the women.

H. H. Gane, Wilson, Kan., writes:

Your much appreciated $5 for the relief of the drought sufferers in this vicinity has been used carefully for the relief of the sick in three quite destitute families (save a balance of 50c. which will be carefully used later on). This help has brought comfort and good cheer to three families and four sick ones in those families.

Harry Sheffield, a volunteer distributor in Alpena, S. Dak., acknowledges through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the receipt of two dollars for relief work from a "Friend in Tennessee." Mr. Sheffield with the five dollar remittance we forwarded last week, helped several poor familes in his section of Jerrauld county.

"There are many who will not be able to live through the winter without help," writes Mr. Sheridan Williams of Woodruff, Kan.

Mrs. L. C. Bovce, of Beeville, Tex., a distributor, gives this interesting account of her relief work:

I divided the $5 as follows among three families most in need. To a widow with five children I gave $1.75 worth of groceries. To an old man and wife $2 in clothing. To a very poor family $1.25 worth of calico and domestic. I have received some help from others in this State which enabled us to gladden the hearts of those in need.

Hundreds Cold and Starving.

Rev. N. S. Lowrie, President of the Relief Committee, O'Neill, Nebr., writes as follows:

Received the $5.00 for the drought sufferers of Holt County, and we are very grateful. We have one hundred and fifty families in the county who need help. Fuel is a great want, for this county is treeless. People used corn-cobs, but we have no cobs and even he corn-fodder, which is often used for fuel is all fed to beasts now. People need bedcomforts and shoes. Second-hand clothing is a great need. We have had ten or twelve barrels and have helped 35 or40 families. We are having an awful cold snap now—10 below zero—and, oh! how can the people live through it! "He gives twice who gives quickly."

Rev. J. Rogers and other members of the Christian Endeavor Committee, Ransom, Kans., write:

Allow us to thank the good brethren and sisters of Mendon, Ill., for their kind and liberal contributions to the needy of this vicinity. Yesterday morning we received a large box of clothing, boots and shoes and distributed to ten of the most needy families. We have many more applications which we are unable to fill. We have failed in crops two years in succession.

Mrs. O. J. Siegrist, Logan, Kans., one of our distributors, writes:

I received your $5.00, and was more than thankful. I promptly bought flour for several families; and they asked many questions as to who sent it, and what prompted you to send it. The majority have begun to believe earnestly that there is something in Christianity after all. Many have made application to me for things, but I had to turn them away empty for the present.

Concerning her distributing work, Miss Pearl McCracken, Hoxie, Kan., writes:

Your letter and check were gladly received. We expended the money for fuel, meat, and clothing, and distributed them the best we could. Shoes are very much needed here and clothing and supplies will be thankfully received.

Mr. C. D. Littlefield, Secretary of the Litchfield, Neb., Aid Society, writes:

Your check received. Our people are in a desperate condition, and a great amount of aid is necessary. The condition of the farmers of Western Nebraska are beyond description. Not a day passes but what is recorded cases of complete destitution. Numbers have been found dead from starvation. This year is as much worse than was '90, as '90 was, than prosperity. Yet the "Bee," through its correspondents, makes the claim that but one county (Boyd), in the whole northwest, is in need of outside help. All the counties of Western Nebraska are in the same condition, with put one or two exceptions. Some, who have land for sale, hindered the work of relief in no small degree, and that influence has been felt even in our county, Sherman. Several reports have been published as to the needs of different counties, but Sherman has been falsely rated. If any one of the HERRAD readers can send us boxes or barrels of clothing or provisions, we will make good use of same. Money can be used to good advantage.

Trust Amid Affliction.

"Your gift of $5 purchased flour for seven poor families," writes Hannah Seick of Huntley, Neb., "all of whom needed it very much. The people are in need of food, and will need seed of all kinds, as we raised nothing last season. They will require food until harvest, as it is impossible for our merchants to carry them. If you have donations of other things they can be put to good use here, for the people need everything in fact. We cant see why our heavenly Father withheld rain last season, but he doeth all things well."

C. H. Brouilette, of Oxford, Neb., (a volunteer distributor) sends this reminder:

Kindly mention in your paper that the good people of the East who are sending donations to the Western sufferers ought to prepay the expressage or freight, as the parties to whom they are sent cannot. There is now an express package of the kind for me on which there is a charge of $7.50. which I cannot pay. Many thanks to the many responses which have already been made. I hope and pray they may continue to come.

Fred'k Flint, Stockville, Neb., writes:

No crops this season at all and a very light crop last. Some places they raised nothing either season. It was not known how badly our county was in need until the county commissioners furnished work on the public highway to those who had to have help or go hungry. They limited the help to the bare necessities of life. The rush was so great that our county funds were soon exhausted and they had to stop work. Now with Winter here and all local assistance exhausted we have to look for help through charity. People need food, clothing and fuel for this Winter and seed grain for next Spring. This is the condition of four-fifths of our people. We do not like to ask help but we have to.

Mrs. G. W. Shelton, Corydon, Ia., gives this cheering report of work for the sufferers:

We send to-day $6.42 to Mrs. Peter Burmood, Wood River., Neb., the proceeds of a collection taken for the destitute at the close of a Christmas entertainment given last evening in the Baptist Church in Corydon. Three boxes, 640 pounds of clothing contributed by citizens of Corydon, under my superintendence, are now at the depot awaiting free transportation to Mrs. Peter Burmood, Wood River, Neb. May you succeed in rousing the people everywhere in their behalf.

Donations of Clothing and Supplies.

The following gifts of clothing, etc., for the sufferers have been received at our Central Relief Station, 740-742 B'way, N. Y.:

Mr. Oliver, Brooklyn, N. Y., package of clothing.
Friend, Dobb's Ferry, N. Y., bbl. of clothing
Friend, 788 Broadway, package woolen clothing and bbl. flour.
Mrs A. Baldwin, Wales, Mass., box of supplies.
Friend, 87th st., N. Y., clothing.
Three packages of clothing from unknown donors.
Christian Endeavor Society, Bouquet, N.Y., clothing.
Ladies of Calvary Episcopal Church, Stonington, Conn., 3 bbl. clothing.
W. H. McIntyre, men's clothing.
Unknown Friend, children's clothing.
Dana B. Clough, Brooklyn, N. Y., bbl. clothing.
Unknown Friend, Jersey City, bbl. clothing.
J. F. Malcolm, 17 E. 80th St., N. Y., clothing for ministers.
Unknown Friend, Wells, Me., bbl. clothing.
Mrs. Gruman, Lyons Farms, N. J., package clothing
C. F. Battin, 14 E. 9th St., package.
—— Greenwich, Ct., package and bbl. of supplies.
Mrs. W. A. Ketcham, 321 Adelphi St., Brooklyn, N. Y., clothing.
Geo. B. Roys, 27 W. 34th St., N. Y., boxes of hats and shoes.
Mrs. Comly. 15 W. 20th St., N. Y., overcoat and other articles.
—— Mont Clair, N. J., package of clothing.
H. Ewen, 464 Vanderbilt Ave., Brooklyn, clothing.
Ladies of Presby. Church, Hempstead, L.I., through Miss A. M. Chapman, forwarded free by Long Island Express Co., 2 bbls. clothing and 2 bbls. of supplies.
—— Newark, N. J., box of clothing.
Fountain City Hotel. Daytona, Fla., box for Holland City, Neb.
Mrs. Mary Hayes, Hume, Mo., clothing and groceries
Unknown Friend, Brooklyn, N.Y., package clothing.
Mrs. Denham, 100 W. 91st st., two packages
Mrs. E. Nickerson, Ridgewood, N.J., 5 cases supplies.
Mrs. O. Vail, 29 Wash. Sq., N. Y., p'kge woolen cloth'g.
Mrs. C. M. Duprey. 58 W. 49th St., N. Y., p'kge clothing.
A. Ashum Kelly, Malvern, Pa., sends the following donations:
Mrs. Jane L. Goff, Hazard, Neb., 2 bbls. food & clo'g.
Mrs. S. H. Jolly, Paleo, Kan., 2 bbls. food & clothing.
Rev. Z. N. Lowrie, Neb., 1 bbl. food and clothing.

The contributions to the Relief Fund during the week are acknowledged below:

Prev. ackn'd .. $1929.51	Du Bois, W, D D 1 50	Goldsmith, H B. 2 00	Knickerbocker, H B 5 00	Perkins, F O 1 50	Sub'r, Manchester.. 1 00	C M, Weymouth 5 00	K P, Atlantic City... 1 00
Amsden, Mr & Mrs BB 1 00	Davis, Mabel G 5 00	Goodwin, H M 5 00	Kull, Ida E 1 00	Peters, C 25	" Milbank, S D.... 1 00	C E G, Clinton, Mass 2 00	Mrs and Mrs K.
Andrews, H F 1 00	Day, Mrs A B 1 00	Gordon, C F 5 00	Ladd, J A 10 00	Polk, Wm F 1 00	" Tuxedo 2 00	M R S, New York ... 1 00	Brooklyn, N Y 1 00
Armstrong, Thos ... 5 00	Day, M 5 00	Gordon, H D 1 00	Lamoreaux, G V 5 00	Pond, Mrs F M 10 00	" Phila, Pa. 50	Mrs T D M, ... 50	H F L, Elmira, N Y 2 00
Adams, Mrs S 1 00	Despland, Mrs L 5 00	Graham, J I. 10 00	Landfear, Mr 1 00	Postelthwait, L V ... 2 50	" Axton, NY 1 00	Mrs M A, Virgil 1 00	M S L, ... 1 00
Anderson, Mrs E M 5 00	De Weiss, Mable T.. 1 00	Gray, W A 1 00	Lane, Mr & Mrs A O 2 00	Price, G & E 5 00	" Groton, N Y 2 00	—, Alexandria, Va... 5 00	Mrs J M S, Jackson-
Ashton, Cora V .. 5 00	Drane, Mrs S A 1 50	Greiner, Mrs G G .. 1 00	Lee, Mrs Ellen 5 00	Provost, Miss L M.. 1 00	" HopeValley, R I 1 00	—, Knoxville, Tenn 1 00	ville, Ill 1 00
Ault, Dr A 5 00	Draper, J 1 00	Gridley, J 3 00	Lindergan, Carrie A 50	Quackenbush, F T... 10 00	Sub & friend of poor 1 00	—— 35 00	W. ——, ... 1 00
A Friend, 724 St N Y 2 00	Drummond, D 5 00	Griffith, Mrs C F .. 1 00	Lindergan, John 5 00	Rawling, Mrs M 1 00	Tanner, Mrs M B ... 1 00	—— 10 00	F D, Charlottesville 5 00
A family, Russelville 2 50	Dyer, Mrs C A 50	Grisworld, Mrs L J 5 00	Lonaconing Friends 1 50	Rice, Mrs A E 5 00	Tilley, F M 50	—— 10 00	S J M, ... 5 00
Balance of WESTERN	Dyer, Harriette E .. 50	Gubby, Elizabeth. .. 5 00	Lutheran C E Soci'y 5 00	Rider, G F 2 00	Todd, Mrs C A 3 00	—— 5 00	E A W V, Masha-
FIRE FUND transferred	Dorcas Society, Tow-	Heacox, C J 1 00	Larkin, Mrs A S 5 00	Ringer, I 5 00	Tompkins, A G 5 00	—, Manheim, Pa.. 10 00	pang, Ct 1 00
to Western Famine Fund,	er Hill, Ill 5 00	Hamilton, Mrs S A 1 00	La Force, F H 1 00	Roberts, Thos 10 00	Townsend, Mrs C N 2 00	—, Shelburne, N H 2 00	Mr and Mrs M, At-
no further relief being	Ead, T 30	Harper, Carl P 20	Lawall, Mrs E 1 00	Robertson, Mary 2 00	Tress, R C 1 00	—, Chapin, Ill..... 5 00	tica, N Y 2 00
needed in Minnesota. See	Eckerson, T H 10 00	Hartson, Mrs E B .. 2 75	Lawrence, J H 2 00	Rockwell, Mrs H R 1 00	Talmadge, J W 50	—, Bridgeport, Ct. 1 00	W N C, E Buffalo .. 1 00
page 38..... $453.16	Engel, Mrs J 1 00	Heilman, A E 5 00	Livering, W H 1 00	Russell, R L 5 00	Tilden, W S 5 00	—, Andover, Ct.... 5 00	Mrs H L, Grand
Ballou, C F 5 00	Evans, Mrs H F.... 1 00	Henry, Miss Mary .. 50	Lizzie, Asbury Park 2 00	Rambo, John. 1 00	Tobin, Mrs John.... 50	—, New Market, Mo 10 00	Grand Rapids 1 00
Banks, Mrs M J 5 00	Eckler, Mrs N 5 00	Hensen, Mrs 1 00	Ludwick, Israel..... 3 00	Rand, Wm 5 00	Townsend, R H L.. 20 00	—, Trenton, N J .. 1 00	E A M, Ballston
Bard, Annie 25	Eddy, Mary Baker G 100 00	Hickman, Mrs. & Mrs	Luygster, Mrs Peter 15 00	Ryrfuse, Mrs. J. B.. 1 00	Trem, Mary 1 00	A Reader of Herald. 1 00	Center, N Y 5 00
Bard, Emma..... 50	Eeslinger, M..... 25	Pope 2 00	Lyman, N F 10 00	Ream, Carrie 13	Tuttle, Mrs S 1 00	" Mass 1 00	Mrs C M S, Agosta 1 00
Barker, Mr & Mrs I 10 00	Evans, H D 3 00	Hilton, Mrs C G 3 00	Mc'utcheon, Mrs AC 2 00	Ream, James 25	Tyler, Mrs M K .. 5 00	A C H Reader..... 5 00	E L M, St Albans, Vt 1 00
Bartholomew, Jer.. 1 00	Epworth League,	Hodgdon, Mrs A P.. 2 00	McDonald, S F..... 5 00	Richardson, Mrs P C 5 00	Unarigst, R 1 00	H K, Fayonne, N J. 1 00	W D D, Hamburg... 2 00
Bates, L W..... 5 00	Romulus, Mich.... 5 00	Hoffman, Mrs S N .. 1 00	McDonald, T W 4 00	Risser, Samuel 50	Underwood, Clara.. 5 00	M R B, Portsmouth. 1 00	H E P, Newportland 2 00
Berrien, Mrs E S.... 2 00	Evangelical Society,	Hooper, J 2 00	McGallicher, Frank 50	Robe, M 5 00	Van alstyne, F B .. 2 00	Sub'r 5 00	J W, Navarre, O 5 00
Beynon, Mr & Mrs T 5 00	Glanntown, Ohio. 5 00	Houghton, C W 3 00	McQuaid, C Mrus.... 25	Robertson, James.. 5 00	Van Ingen, Gertrude 5 00	Sub'r, Amesbury.... 1 00	E T S, E Greenwich 1 00
Bidwell, Mrs F..... 1 00	Fackler, Dr L H 5 00	Hoyt, C A 5 00	McQuaid, Susan 25	Roen, G W 5 00	Van Roalte, D B K 3 00	Sympathizer, Rye .. 1 00	Wm J B, Buffalo, N Y 5 00
Boothby, Mrs S M.. 2 00	Fader, A E 1 00	Hutchinson, Mr 1 00	McTavish, A 5 00	Rose, Cordelia S 2 00	Walter, J A 3 00	Fred, Webster, NY 2 00	J M D, Allegheny, Pa 5 00
Bovard, Wm H.... 5 00	Fulton, Mrs E M 10 00	Harris, Miss J 1 00	Macomber, Olive and	Ruby, Emma A..... 5 00	Waltman, J 2 00	I H N, Bloomingdale 1 00	Mrs N B, Withersfield 5 00
Boyer, B F 5 00	Farr, A O 3 00	Hawkins, Mrs W W 2 00	sister 10 00	Ruby, J W 5 00	Ward, C S 5 00	Promptorga, Fla.... 1 00	Mrs E N J., Brooklyn 1 00
Braun, Mrs A 3 00	Farral, T 1 00	Haywood, J E 1 00	Martin, Miss Maggie 3 00	Rumsey, Moses 1 00	Weierhauser, G 5 00	Maellon, Br'kl'n, NY 1 00	M L A, Mattapan... 1 00
Brickman, J W..... 2 00	Fechbig, Mrs M B .. 5 00	Hicks, Mrs E S 5 00	Mary, Burnside, Ill.. 1 00	Runyon, I P 2 00	Windom, M M 1 00	Par'sge, Freehold, NJ 10 00	C H H and E A H,
Broadburn, B B..... 1 00	Fisher, J H 1 50	Hill, A H 2 00	Meade, Elizabeth D 1 00	Rutherford, Thos F 1 00	Wing, S B 5 00	Eight Ladies, Camp-	Pine Plains, N Y... 1 00
Brown, Walker 2 00	Fisher, John H..... 50	Hill, J W 5 00	Meeks, Andrew 5 00	Rutherford, W 10 00	Winter, R 5 00	pello, Mass..... 14 00	S, Baltimore, Md.... 5 00
Bruce, L A 3 00	Fleming & Co, A H 10 00	Hiswall, W C 4 00	Mershon, C S. 3 00	Reader of Herald,	Westfall, Mrs C M 5 00	One who desires, &c,	A J R and family,
Bruen, Mrs Alex M. 200 00	Fletcher, Mrs R F.. 1 00	Hoffman, Mr & Mrs. 3 50	Miller, John G 5 00	Lebanon, Ill 2 00	Wilson, J H 1 00	Monson, Mass 3 00	Piceance, Colo.... 5 00
Buckley, Timothy .. 1 00	Ford, Mrs G G 2 00	Horton, Mrs W 5 00	Miller, John R 50	Reader of Herald,	Woodward, C G..... 1 00	Cash, N Y City..... 2 50	E R, South Mountain 10 00
Buffern, A C 1 00	Frazer, Jesse & Eliz 25 00	Howard, Mrs P P .. 1 00	Morgan, Annie 15 00	Greenwich, O 1 00	Walker, C C 30	Sympathizer, Flander-	J S J and E S B C,
Bullard, G W 5 00	For His Sake, Gi-	Humphrey Bros 5 00	Morris, Theo F 5 00	Reader 1 00	Walker, J S... ..... 1 00	s, W J 5 00	McDonough 3 00
Bulow, E H 2 00	rardville, Pa 3 00	Husb'd & wife, niece	Morrison, Mrs J 1 00	" Wakefield, Mass 1 00	Wallace, M 25	Symp'izer, Barton, Vt 2 00	H L M D, Phila. Pa 5 00
Bunnell, Mrs S E 1 00	Friend 5 00	& nephew, Marti'b g 4 00	Moss, A L H 2 00	" Lindsey, O 25	Ware, Wm T 5 00	Symp'izer, Dover, N J 2 00	J A F, Biggs, Cal... 1 00
Burnett, J B..... 2 00	Friend, Green Hill.... 5 00	I H N, Waterbury, Ct 1 00	Mull, Isaac P 25	" Talip Cavey, Pa 10 00	Wheelwright, Mrs S 5 00	In Sym'thy, Peoria, Ill 5 00	J W S, Biggs, Cal.... 5 00
Burson, Mrs D 2 00	" Leon, Iowa 6 00	" Ansonia, Ct.... 6 00	Myers, G W 25	" Lake Geneva .. 1 00	White, Mrs J D 1 00	Sym'thy, Montreal, Pt	E H W, Phila, Pa.... 1 00
Barrow, P M..... 2 00	" Sardis, Pa..... 1 00	" Syracuse, NY.. 5 00	McEwers, S W 3 00	" Harris, Mo.... 1 00	Wight, J 1 00	St Charles, Can ... 1 00	A S P, Warren, R I.. 5 00
Bates, F L 2 50	" Machipongo, Va 1 00	" Frankfort S, Pa 1 00	McEwen, Mrs C 5 00	" Bridgeport, Ct 1 00	Wight, Mrs M J 1 00	Sym'thy, Phila, Pa.. 20 00	G E I, Batavia, Mich 50
Bell, G W 5 00	" 10	" Wickatunk, N J 10	McFadden, Geo. 5 00	" Morristown, NJ 10 00	Wilcox, Emily W 1 00	Sister, Sister 2 00	Mrs R N J 2 00
Blankingship, B W. 2 00	" Madison, Ind.. 1 00	" Monson, Mass . 2 00	McVeely, Miss E 5 00	2 " Haverhill, Mass 2 00	Wild, Mrs 1 00	Two Invalid Sisters,	A M B 1 24
Bowles, Annie V.... 5 00	" Dayton, Ohio.. 1 00	" Mendocino, Cal 1 00	Manp, E H 50	3 " Beallsville, Pa. 3 00	Wild, Ben 1 00	Alexander, —... 1 00	E M, New York 2 00
Breech, Mrs, H..... 1 00	" Richmond, Va. 5 60	" Colebrook, N H 5 00	Mather, J P 6 00	Seacord, Mrs J 5 00	Wild, Joe 1 00	Mother & Daughter,	H C B, Jersey City.. 5 00
Briney, Mr 1 00	" Penllyn, Pa..... 2 00	" Hamorton, Pa. 1 00	Metcalf, Mrs L A 25 00	Sengslacken, H 50	Wilkinson & others.. 3 00	Fleming, O 50	M H, Closter, N J .. 5 00
Brown, F W 2 00	" Ware, Mass 1 00	In Jesus' Name,	Milbank, I 20 00	Sinclair, Mrs A 2 00	Williams, E R 1 00	A Young Lady 50	L T H, N Y City 1 50
Brummitt, G..... 3 00	" Grand Rapids.. 10 00	Brookville, Vt 4 00	Miles, Miss A J 5 00	Smith, Ed 5 00	Wilson, Annie B 1 00	Christian Endeav'er,	Mrs M L, Baltimore 1 00
Buckwalter, D M.... 5 00	" Plymouth, Conn 9 00	Imbrie, G F 5 00	Miles, Miss N 5 00	Smith, F E 1 00	Winter, Mrs A M.... 1 00	New Bedford, Mass 2 00	L M, Elmira, N Y.. 2 00
Bunnell, Mrs G..... 3 00	" Manheim, Pa... 5 00	Ingle, Nancy..... 1 00	Moore, R M 2 00	Smith, R E 5 00	Wirth, J L 5 00	A Christian Sister,	People of Adel, Ia 22 50
Burlew, H 1 00	" 25	Irving, Mr & Mrs ... 1 00	Morrow, Hugh 1 00	Stanhope, T J 5 00	Wright, Mrs M C.... 1 00	Hart, Mich .. . 1 00	'Judge not workers,'
Burpee, N B 2 00	" Lounsville, Ky.. 5 00	I H N, Phelps, Ont 1 00	Morrow, Robt 2 00	Steelman, Mrs C C.. 1 00	Wyler, W H..... 4 25	Str'ng'r, Oakland, Cal 1 00	Bridge Hampton.. 4 00
Balance in hand "FOR	" Worcester, Mass 1 00	I H N, Newark N J 3 00	Moorse & family, C F 5 00	Steiner, D C 10 00	Zerger, Rev J E 1 00	Felsenheim Chapel,	3d Pres S S, Rich-
ANY GOOD CAUSE"	" Newark, N J.... 1 00	I H N, Placerville, Id 1 50	Monro, Elizabeth 1 00	Sunday, J W 5 00	Zimmer, H H 5 00	Beedes, N Y 5 00	mond, Va 5 00
fund transferred to the	" Acton, Me..... 4 00	In His Name 2 00	Monro, Neil 1 00	Sanborn, N J..... 2 00	Zook, S 25	Cong S S, Bethle-	Reformed Church,
Western Relief Fund. See	" Leeds, N Y 2 00	In Christ's Name,	Murph, R R 25	Sankey, R W..... 25 00	Cash, G't'n, Phila.. 2 00	hem, Ct 5 00	Scotia, N Y 9 00
page 38..... 123.13	" Nashville, Tenn .. 2 00	Nashville, Tenn .. 2 00	M E Church of New	Schultz, Mrs F 5 00	" Kennett Sq, Pa 5 00	Cong SS, Essex, Mass 10 00	And over 200 others
Carpenter, Mrs R S. 50	" Springfield 2 00	M E Church of New	Market, O 2 00	Scoville, Mrs M S 5 00	R R S and Wife, Va 2 00	Christian Endeavor,	to be acknowledged
Caverly, A A P..... 1 00	" New Jersey 3 00	Market, O 2 00	Mother & daughter,	Shark, Mrs E O 1 00	J H G, Huntingdon 5 00	Ransomville, N Y 2 11	next week.
Chapman, Miss J M 5 00	" Bath, Me 1 00	I H N, Hillsboro, O 1 00	Morris, N J 4 00	Shaw, Abram.. ..... 5 00	S R B, Plainfield, 1 00	Free Baptist S S,	
Chubb, J R 2 00	" Kalamazoo 1 00	I H N, Leivasy, W Va 50	Mosher, D & F Ashl'd 4 00	Shoemaker, Mr & Mrs 5 00	E H P, Athens, Pa.. 25 00	Norwood, R I 10 50	**Total $8249.69**
Clarke, Mrs C F 1 00	" Argosville, N Y 1 00	I H N, Belen, N Mex 1 00	Neighbor, E J 10 00	Smith, Mrs C C 5 00	S B S and E S N,	Dorset Cong S S,	Less duplicates in
Clewell, Rev L P.... 8 00	" Hallowell, Me.. 2 00	Johnson, Mrs J C.... 10 00	Nicholls, Rev Wm F 5 00	Smith, R B 2 00	Newcastle, Del .. 50 00	Dorset, Vt 10 00	last issue $30.50
Colburn, H H 3 50	Friend, Oregon 1 00	Jones, Grace N 25	Norris, Mrs G W.... 5 00	Snow, D. W 10 00	M E S and J S K S	New Harmony Pres	
Coleman, Mrs M.... 5 00	" Prompton, Pa . 1 00	Jones, Jas 1 00	Nye, N C 5 00	Southwick, L. 6 00	Driftwood, Pa 2 00	ch, York co, Pa.... 18 00	**Total $5199.19**
Cook, F 1 00	" Hallowell, Me.. 5 00	Jones, Jas J, Jr 5 50	Oberholtzer, Mary . 50	Street, R H 5 00	M P W, Newark, N J 1 00	Baptist ch, Lyme, Ct 5 00	The following were in-
Cook, S V 5 00	" Peekskill, N Y 10 00	Jones, Mary J 25	Ogden, Miss 10 00	Strong, Mrs F B 25 00	M E W, Phila, Pa.... 1 00	For the Master, Anon 5 00	accurately acknowledged
Corn, Edith C 50	" Bethlehem, Pa. 25 00	Jenney, Mrs W B.. 5 00	Oakwood, Dorothy.. 3 00	Strong, Harriet E .. 25 00	P F R, New York 25 00	Mrs T K, Carmel, N Y 3 00	last week:
Cory, Mrs E P 5 00	" Canada 20 00	Johnson, Miss M T.. 5 00	Parker, Mrs R A.... 10 00	Swartmont, E L 2 00	C M R, Tyrone, Pa... 1 00	Barton, Mrs J..... 2 00	Mrs F R F, Beverly 2 00
Crane, Lillian A ... 1 00	" Plymouth, Mass 10 00	Johnston, Mrs S E .. 2 00	Pearson, C F 1 00	Sweeney, Annie 50	A B H M, Mass 1 00	Friend, Vienna Va.. 1 00	J E M, New Wilm'g'n 1 00
Crosby, H T 6 00	" Bristol, N H ... 2 00	Johnston, Mrs A.... 1 00	Pierce, Mr F 2 00	Subr. Greene, Iowa. 1 50	C N, Peterboro, N H 1 00	Old Sub'r, Newark.. 2 00	Miss L R F, Beverly 5 00
Cummings, Ida 1 00	" Bridgeport, Ct. 2 00	Jones, G C 5 00	Pierce, Mrs L R.... 3 00	" Sardis, Pa 5 00	H R S 60	Salladasburg Ep-	S A B, Renova, Pa.. 2 00
Cummins, E A..... 5 00	" Riverhead, N Y 5 00	Jones, S P 10 00	Pierce, Mrs M S.... 5 00	" Horton, Ia 1 00	L W D 1 00	worth League .. 5 00	S A C, Manchester. 1 00
Calhoun, Mrs H 30	" Cable, Ill 2 00	Jordan, G A 1 00	Plummer, G W 20 00	" Westkill, NY 1 00	A A M, Monson 1 00	W C T U, Hastings. 2 00	Mrs W N, Sr 3 00
Catlin, Carrie M 1 00	" Vineland, N J 3 00	Kass, Wm 2 00	Porter, R 10 00	" Acushnet, Mass 5 00	W H C, Woodbridge 25 00	YPSCE Ohio School	Poor Friend, Barron 2 00
Clark, J 2 00	" Westville, N H 1 00	Kathlene, Berlin, Ont 2 00	Powe, C 1 50	Subscriber, Newport 2 00	M E M, Pasadena.... 10 00	for Deaf, Columbus, 3 00	An Aged Widow,
Clark, John 1 00	Friends, New Jersey 5 00	Kidd, W A 5 00	Putnam, F H 5 00	" Octagon, Ind.. 5 00	"N," Charity, Pa.... 50 00	Mrs C H L, Holliston 10 00	Middletown 10 00
Clarke, Wm 5 00	" Calvary, Md 11 00	King, Mrs S A 1 00	Palmer, Mrs G S .. 5 00	" Port Penn, Del 2 00	B A B, Brattleboro 10 00	H M, Newark, N J.. 15 00	2 Sisters, Greenport 2 00
Columbian Chapel,	" Eureka Sps, Ark 2 00	Kittler, A. 50	Palmer, Mary W 1 00	" San Antonio Tx 5 00	Mrs L B S, Newark 2 00	Reader, Picton, Ont 1 00	Cort, Patterson, N J 12 00
Hastings, Neb 46	2 " Wallingford, Vt 2 00	K 1 00	Palmquist, Louis.... 2 00	" Rockland, Me 1 00	C O A, Forest City 1 00	Mrs J M M, Saratoga, 2 00	—, ... 5 00
Davenport, S..... 5 00	" of the needy,	King's Daughters,	Parkhurst, A W ... 2 00	" Walworth, N Y 2 50	C D C, Altoona, Kan 2 00	J M W, Ft McPh'rson, 2 00	1 Pres Ch S S, Itaska 2 00
De Voe, J H 2 00	Wilkensburg, Pa 3 00	Pleasant Grove, Pa 2 00	Parmelee, Mrs M E. 1 00	" Orono, Me 1 00	E S C, Fairfax, Vt.. 2 00	Mrs M, Union Co, N J 3 00	Ladies Aid So, Itaska 3 00
Dixon, G F 2 00	Greensmith, F 5 00	Keich, Margaret.... 1 00	Parrot, Mrs A W.... 5 00	" Wilmington, Dl 1 00	M S F, Fairfax, Vt.. 2 00	Mrs M P R, Brookfield 1 00	Opechee, Mich 5 00
Dixon, W F 5 00	Gibson, G G 5 00	Keich, Miss Susie.... 1 00	Pedeo, Joseph H.... 1 00	" Darien, Ga 2 00	M W, Little Falls.. 2 00	S & E J M, Pottsville 3 00	Phila 1 00
Dorr, C J 3 00	Gibson, M J 5 00	Kelly, Mrs E..... 3 25	Peebles, Mary E 5 00	" West Haven, Ct 25	H E C, Syracuse, NY 2 00	Mrs S L, Bay Centre 1 00	"His Name's Sake".. 5 00
Dresser, W A 5 00	Gingrich, H 1 00	Kent, D 1 00	Peeso, Mrs Joseph.. 6 00	" Meriden, Conn 1 00	W B, Newark, N J.. 5 00	"Violet," Auburn .. 1 00	3 Reads of the C H.. 2 00
Du Bois, Miss M C.. 2 20	Goddard, Mrs 1 00	Kirkwood, Mrs H .. 5 00	Perkins, Mrs D M .. 1 00	Subscriber, ... 1 00	O F S, Springfield.. 3 00	C E, Woodbourne,.. 5 00	Reader C H, Madison 5 00

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

OUR CHARITY BALANCE SHEET.

THE accompanying report accounts for every dollar received for charitable purposes by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the year 1894, amounting altogether to the enormous sum of nearly $45,000.00.

We advised our readers not to send us money for the relief of Western Fire Sufferers, both Minnesota and Wisconsin having announced their abundant ability to meet the exigency. Notwithstanding this, the generous impulses of our readers constrained them to remit contributions to the extent of $635.36, and although we immediately dispatched Rev. George W. Sharp, our Sunday School Missionary, to the burned district, we found occasion to expend only $182.20, leaving a balance in our hands of $453.16 which we now transfer to the Western Relief Fund (see page 37), a course which, we trust, will meet the approval of the generous contributors.

For "Any Good Cause," $397.91 were contributed during the year, and $285.78 were expended, as per detailed statement on this page. The balance of $123.13 is likewise transferred to the Western Relief Fund (see page 37).

The demand for funds by the Bethesda Home, which by the way is doing a grand and good work, has been greater than the supply; but rather than let the work suffer, we have advanced $236.15, and we are confident that our readers will in a practical manner endorse our action.

The Moody Gospel Fund has also been helped a little in advance, and $126.16 is the amount of the overpayment which has been made in order to admit of remittances of $5000. Such of our readers as are interested in the glorious work done by this noblest of institutions, may manifest their approval of this overpayment if so disposed.

The Foreign Mission account has also been overpaid $62.00, which makes the total overpayment on account of charitable and missionary enterprises $425.31.

We carry over a balance of $77.45 to continue Rev. George W. Sharp in the field as Sunday School Missionary. The reports of his work, published from time to time in our columns, give encouraging evidence of how much good one consecrated man can do in the Master's service.

God has richly blessed our efforts in behalf of these various enterprises, and while we are profoundly grateful to Him, we extend our heartfelt thanks to our readers for the liberal encouragement which they have so cheerfully given us.

May He who loveth a cheerful giver, abundantly bless them in body and soul, in basket and in store, and richly reward them for every sacrifice, great or small, made in His Name.

Charity Balance Sheet.

Showing the Moneys Received and Expended by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for various Charities, Missions, and other Religious Work during the Year 1894.

RECEIPTS:			DISBURSEMENTS:		
CHRISTIAN HERALD FOOD FUND.					
Total receipts from January to May, 1894		$32671 15	Expended in Food, Clothing, Rents, Medicine, etc., as per statement published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 6, 1894	$27747 16	
Detailed Report of Children's Home Charity now in preparation			Balance transferred to Children's Home for poor and invalid children of Food Fund beneficiaries	4923 99	$32671 15
EARTHQUAKE SUFFERERS					
Total receipts credited in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD	$3385 62		Remitted direct to Constantinople—Caliadis Bey, $100.00; Ismail Assim Bey, $25.00; M. Kelekian, $15.00	$140 00	
Add commission in amount earned Edward Oct. 17, 1894	54 50		Expenses for printing, postage on personal appeals, cablegrams, exchange, etc	152 97	
Deduct errors in duplicating the following subscriptions: Oct. 3, Buckwalter, $5.00; King's Daughter, $1.00; Oct. 3 and 10, Gulbenkian, $10.00, $25.00; Kelekian, $25.00	440 12 / 153 00				
Net amount subscribed		3287 12	Remitted American Minister at Constantinople	2994 15	3287 12
WESTERN FIRE SUFFERERS.					
Total amount received	$635 36		Paid through Rev. Geo. Sharp	$82 20	
			" P. Knudsen	100 00	
			Balance transferred to Western Famine Fund, no further relief being needed in Minnesota see page 37	453 16	635 36
		635 36			
BETHESDA HOME.					
Contributions to Jan. 1	$241 50		Payments to date	$241 50	
" for 1894	173 60		" for 1894	409 75	
	415 10				
The needed money is greater than the supply, hence this account has been overdrawn	236 15	651 25			651 25
FOR OUR S. S. MISSIONARY.					
Contributions to Jan. 1, 1894	$284 39		Remitted per American Sunday S. S. Union	$700 00	
Subsequent acknowledgments	493 06	777 45	Balance	77 45	777 45
FOR MRS. BELLA COOKE		107 30	Remitted Mrs. B. Cooke		107 30
FOR WARSZAWIAK'S MISSION		23 60	Remitted H. Warszawiak		23 60
FOR MRS. JAMAL'S SCHOOL.		243 20	Remitted Mrs. Jamal		243 20
FOR FAUST'S JEWISH WORK		134 00	Remitted to Dr. Faust		134 00
FOR DOOR OF HOPE		122 87	Remitted to Door of Hope		122 87
FOR MR. HEYDRICK'S WORK		55 50	Remitted to Mr. Heydrick		55 50
FOR DE BROEN PARIS MISSION		14 25	Remitted Miss De Broen		14 25
FOR FREEDMEN'S MISSION		7 00	Remitted to Freedmen's Bureau		7 00
FOR CHINESE MISSIONS		25 00	Remitted to Rev. Hudson Taylor		25 00
FOR NEWFOUNDLAND		5 00	Remitted to Mayor, of St. Johns, N. F.		5 00
FOR BETHANY LODGING HOUSE		131 85	Remitted to Mrs. Williamson		131 85
FOR BAREFOOT MISSION		25 50	Remitted to Tello D'Apery		25 50
MOODY GOSPEL FUND					
Contributions	$4873 84				
Overpaid by Christian Herald	126 16	5000 00	Remitted to Dwight L. Moody		5000 00
MISCELLANEOUS Contributions for Sundry Charitable and Philanthropic purposes and **"for any good cause,"**	$397 91		Feb. 28, Jerry McAuley's Mission	$5 00	
			" Varick Place Rescue	32 00	
			April 2, Salvation Army	15 00	
			" Sailors' Mission	2 00	
			" Sister Charlotte's Day Star Mission	12 50	
			April 10, Mr. C. B. Walmsley	1 00	
			April 20, Mr. Spicer	5 00	
			May 19 Mary Washington's Monument	14 03	
			Aug. 23, "Affluence to Poverty,"	20 00	
			J. A. O'Connor (R. C. Mission)	50	
			Clara Barton for Flood Sufferers	12 75	
			Centenarian Millie Jefferson	2 00	
			Lillie Summers, "Little No 1000"	5 00	
			Rev. J. Freshman's Mission	3 00	
			Jan. 1, "Home for the Friendless"	50 00	
			Jan. 9, Christian Aid to Employ-Bureau	20 00	
			Aug. 16, 25 Bibles for poor	4 50	
			Nov. 24, Thanksgiving Dinner, Water St. Mission	25 00	
			Nov. 24, M. E. 11th St. Church	10 00	
			Dec. 7, Colored Church, South	1 00	
			Sundry Local Charities	35 00	
		397 91	Balance in hand transferred to Western Relief Fund page 37	123 13	397 91
FOREIGN MISSIONS.					
Contributions	$261 50		Remitted African Missions, per Missionary Nassau	$6 50	
			Remitted Mission among Spanish children	8 00	
			" Cape Colony Mission	1 00	
			" South American Mission	25 00	
			" Nestorians	50	
			" Indian Industrial Schools	2 50	
			Miss M. E. Talmage in China	20 00	
			Rev. J. W. Wadman, Horosaki	20 00	
			Mrs. J. H. Kilbuck, Bethel, Alaska	20 00	
			Rev. Francis Penzotti, Callao	20 00	
			Dr. Nachtegekey, Children's Hospital Jerusalem	20 00	
			Miss Nevius, Foundling House, Canton, China	20 00	
			Dr. W. J. Hall, Seoul, Korea	20 00	
			Rev. W. J. Current Lourenco, Africa	20 00	
			Rev. R. H. Nassau, Batanga W. A.	20 00	
			Dr. J. G. Kerr, Canton, China	20 00	
			Dr. H. Loomis, Yokohama	20 00	
			Dr. Geo. F. Herrick, Matanzas	20 00	
			King Khama, Bamangwato, W. C. A.	20 00	
Overpaid by Christian Herald	62 00	323 50	Rev. R. S. Taylor, Madura, India	20 00	323 50
Total Receipts		$44638 81	**Total Disbursements**		$44638 81

CHRIST-LIKE GIVING.

HEARTY congratulations to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The noble work they are doing for their destitute brothers and sisters in Kansas and Nebraska proves that they are the grandest kind of people. Charity of this sort is a kind of spiritual pulse. It indicates spiritual health and shows that the heart is beating true to the principles inculcated by our Lord and Saviour. The physician puts his finger on the pulse of the patient and judges of his condition by the rate and character of the beats. The Bible intimates that there is just as good a test of a man's spiritual condition. "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" As the converse of this is true, these gifts to the starving farmers show not only love for them, but love for God. And how royally the gifts are flowing in! Money in checks and bills; warm clothing in parcels and barrels! How glad those poor, shivering, hungry people will be! How thankful that man will feel when his thin, haggard child is sitting down, warmly clad, to a good wholesome meal! How he will bless God that people, whom he never saw, took pity on his misery, and because they were like Him who "had compassion on the multitude because they had nothing to eat," gave them food! Oh, charity like this is God-like! And in these days it means more than at other times. Just now, very few people can give out of their abundance. Some of the letters that come with these gifts indicate that the gift involves self-denial. That enhances the value of the gift. He who praised the widow "who cast into the treasury all her living," never overlooks such gifts. Let the good work go on! "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

SABBATH THOUGHTS.

THE French proposed to have Sunday only once in ten days. I feel thoroughly satisfied with the present arrangement. If I proposed any change at all, it would be to have it every fifth day, coming in about where Friday now is, the Sabbaths coming nearer together and allowing more frequent opportunity for refreshment and recuperation. What are your regrets your joys and your anticipations? I suppose we might divide all the experiences into three groups; those that belong to the young, those that belong to the middle-aged and those that belong to the aged.

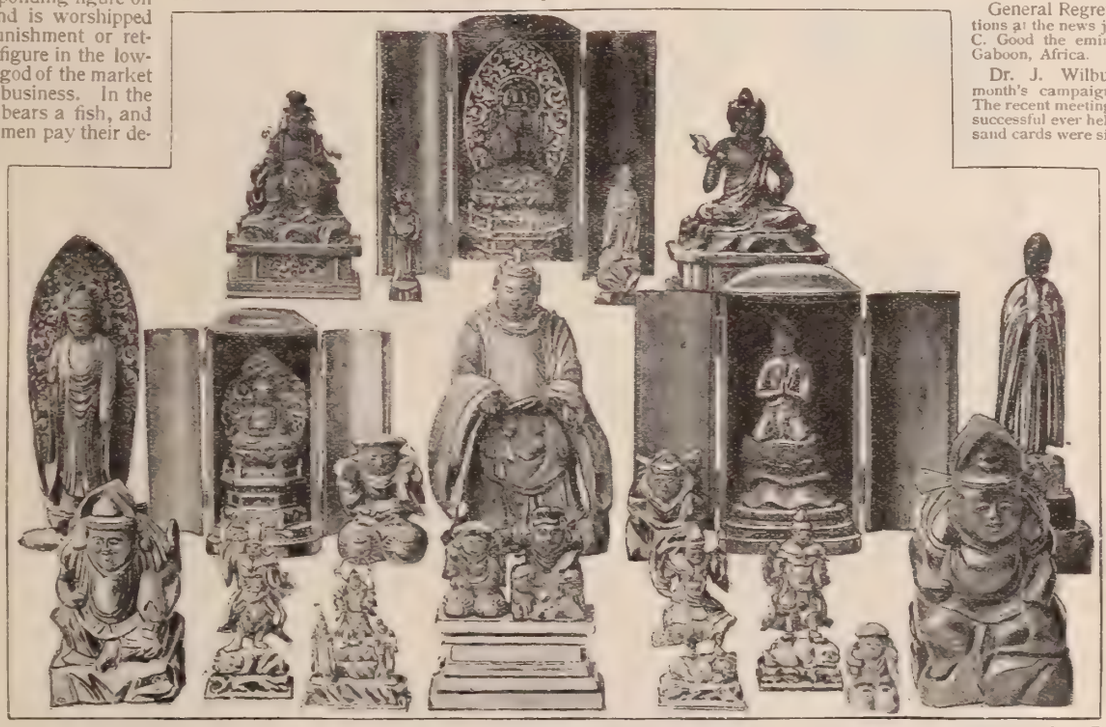
There are no doubt many young people who may be purer or not so pure as last Sabbath morning. How are you getting on, young man? Have you kept the promise you made since you left your father's house? Are all the characteristics of an upright Christian man becoming more evident in your life, or are they getting worn off? Can you consent to do things you could not do in other days? Are dishonesties less repulsive? Are unclean thoughts less vulturous in your appreciation? It is mean of you to put off the Christian religion to old age, thinking in the finality of life to do that for God which you ought to do in the very preface of your earthly existence.

In my boyhood days we had at school a boy characterized for his meanness and stinginess. He often came from his father's orchards bringing large and luscious fruit, but I never knew him to give anything to any of his comrades save once, and when we opened our hands to receive the bright and delicate gratuity, we were surprised at his sudden outburst of generosity, but found out when we had tasted it, that the fruit was rotten to the core. That was mean, but not half so mean as for you to give the best fruits of your life to the world and then when your energies are decayed to present them to God as a gratuity. God does not want your rotten apples. Give to God that which is sweetest, brightest, fairest.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE IDOLS OF JAPAN.

AN object lesson in missionary enterprise is furnished by the collection of discarded idols in the possession of the Rev. Satori Kato, the Japanese Presbyterian minister whose portrait appeared recently in this journal. A picture of a group of these idols reproduced from a photograph taken expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD appears on this page. In this group Buddha appears in various attitudes, In some instances a species of screen is at his back to represent him appearing in the clouds. In some figures the hands are joined to represent him interceding for his people. Others show him in meditation, or in the attitude of benediction. But Buddha was not a monopoly of worship. In the upper part of the picture, on the left of the Buddha in the shrine, is a seated figure holding a key. That is the God of wealth, the key being supposed to give access to the treasury. The corresponding figure on the right bears an axe and is worshipped with awe as the god of punishment or retribution. The grotesque figure in the lowest left hand corner is the god of the market worshipped by people in business. In the opposite corner the figure bears a fish, and before it sailors and fishermen pay their devotions. The central figure and the smaller ones in the front are very important deities in Japan at the present time for they represent the god of war in various forms. Here, too, we have images of various household or family gods. One is supposed to have special charge of mothers; another has the duty of protecting infants; a third attends to the interests of youths, and so on. In the temples a full assortment of these various deities is found, and the worshippers select for their particular attention, the one that is supposed to have in its keeping the special boon needed by the devotees respectively at that particular time. Besides these, in every idolatrous household there are several images for family devotion. One of those in the group was a household god and when it was given to Mr. Kato by a woman who had turned from idols to serve the living God, she told him that it had been in the possession of her family for more than two hundred years, and seven generations of her ancestors had worshipped it. If any find it difficult to reconcile the worship of these images with the accounts we read of the advanced civilization of Japan we must remember that when Athens was the centre of learning and of the arts, Paul found in it almost as many idols as men and had to preach to the cultured Athenians against idolatry. Mr. Kato says that a constant danger attends the duty of exposing the folly of idolatry in Japan. His countrymen in abandoning their idols, often become prejudiced against all religion and declare themselves infidels. The work of the missionary must be constructive as well as destructive, otherwise, like the man in the parable, the idolater's heart may become an empty temple into which evil enters with increased power, and "the last state of that man becomes worse than the first." (Matt. 12: 43-45.)



IDOLS SURRENDERED BY THE CONVERTED IDOLATERS OF JAPAN.

From a photograph of a group in the possession of Rev. Satori Kato.

A Test of Ownership.

A long suit for the possession of a parrot which has involved law expenses to the amount of several hundred dollars, has just been decided in one of the law courts of San Francisco. It appears that a family had a parrot of which they were very proud. It was stolen and a search was made for it. One day the owner saw a bird hanging in a window and was convinced that it was his lost parrot. After a great deal of wrangling and a trial in a police court, a civil suit was brought to recover possession of the bird. When the case came up for trial there were over fifty witnesses examined. Each claimant produced witnesses to prove that he was the owner and the conflict of testimony was so confusing that the judge could not decide on the evidence. He therefore took his own way out of the difficulty. He asked each claimant to write down a list of his parrot's accomplishments and then took the bird and the lists to his own house, where he kept them a week. At the end of that time the case was called up again and judgment was given. The parrot, the judge said, was not the one that was stolen. Its talk and songs were those described by the people in whose house it had been found. The parrot had not uttered a word of those on the list furnished by the owners of the stolen bird. He therefore restored it to the family whose list corresponded with the parrot's performances. There can be no doubt of the justice of the decision for which the parrot unconsciously furnished the material. A similar judgment is constantly going on in society as to the character of men. The world does not always base its opinion on a man's profession of religion, nor on what church claims him as a member. If his conversation is habitually worldly, it concludes that he does not belong to Christ. (Matt. 12: 37.)

Held by a Wreck.

Two men were rescued from a perilous position a few days ago near Greenpoint, L. I. They were on board a sloop when a sudden squall struck her. The men were thrown down when the vessel careened before the squall. But one of them fell near the boat that was on deck and held fast to it. The sloop was evidently going down so the man crawled into the boat and soon afterward his companion joined him. The boat floated off when the sloop sank and the men felt sure they would be able to make the land in it. To their dismay, however, they found that the boat was securely tied to the sloop. They had forgotten to throw off the painter. It was impossible in their position to detach the rope from the boat and neither of them happened to have a knife on his person. The men made frantic efforts to keep afloat by bailing, but they knew that it would be impossible to keep up that kind of work very long. They were just giving themselves up for lost, when they were seen from another vessel. A boat was sent to their assistance and they were taken from their half submerged craft. Their failure to throw off the rope which attached the boat to the wreck nearly proved fatal, Disastrous consequences have often come from the connections between Christians and men who have made moral shipwreck. It should never be forgotten, especially by young people, that such associations may drag them down and that while seeking to benefit worldly acquaintances, they should avoid entangling alliances with them. (II. Peter 3: 17.)

A Pilot's Complaint.

Three wrecks have taken place recently in Long Island Sound, and the last one is to be made the subject of inquiry. The pilot, who was in charge of the vessel when it went ashore, has made an affidavit that the wreck was due to the discontinuance of a lighthouse on Sands Point. He says that shortly after midnight he was trying to make the head of the Sound and slowed the engines until he could see some landmark by which to steer. Only one light was visible and that one he mistook for Norwalk Light. He could not see the light that has shown from Sands Point for more than fifty years and has since learned that the Government has discontinued it. He was not long in discovering that his course was wrong. In a very short time he saw the breakers on the beach and before he could do anything to prevent it, his vessel went ashore near the lighthouse from which the warning light had been wont to shed its light. As that light could be seen for a distance of twelve miles he is sure that if it had been shining he would have seen it in time to save his vessel from wreck. It is alleged that the Government was induced to discontinue the light by a report that it was a useless expense. A similar opinion is often expressed as to the cost of church work but not by those who have a true estimate of the value of souls. Every Christian should take care that his own individual light is shining brightly. It would be a terrible thing for any soul to say, as the pilot did, that if some particular light had been shining the wreck would not have occurred. (Matt. 5: 14.)

Light From a Trolley Wire,

A contractor in Williamsburg, N. Y., has devised an ingenious plan for facilitating the work of repairing a surface railroad. The company operating the road were anxious to have the repairs done in the night when very few cars were run, so as to avoid the loss which would be entailed by the stoppage of traffic. The usual plan of using a gasoline tank for light was tried, but the wind was too strong to permit of a steady light being obtained by that means, and a steady light was essential to the work required. After several experiments, the contractor thought of the trolley wire overhead, which conveys the electricity for the running of the cars. The trolley wire was tapped and a wire attached, on which several incandescent lamps were fixed. The result was a strong, steady light by which the men could see to do their work. Thus the same power that gave motion to the cars also gave light for the repair of the road on which the cars ran. An analogous principle is familiar to every earnest Christian. When he is puzzled by some difficulty in the Bible, or in his own experience or by some mysterious providence, he finds when light comes upon it that it emanates from the same divine Source whence he derives his power to work. Christ's promise is fulfilled: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." (John 7: 17.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Our Subscribers and their Friends in other States, who may contemplate visiting New York, can secure Reserved Seats for Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sunday afternoon services in the Academy of Music, New York, by writing to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Tickets will be sent to all such applicants in advance, and without cost.

General Regret will be Felt in all Denominations at the news just received of the death of Dr. A. C. Good the eminent Presbyterian Missionary of Gaboon, Africa.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman commenced a month's campaign at Troy, N. Y., on January 15. The recent meetings at Indianapolis were the most successful ever held in that city. Over three thousand cards were signed by the seekers.

At the Recent Meeting of the American Bible Society, a letter was read from Rev. H. Loomis, of Japan, announcing the distribution of Japanese New Testaments among the soldiers, and Chinese New Testaments among the wounded Chinese prisoners.

The Experiment of Issuing reserved tickets for the evening services has been tried with satisfactory results at the People's Temple, Boston, Mass. It has been found that the certainty of having a regularly numbered seat corresponding with the ticket has been an inducement to many persons to attend.

Mr. F. H. Jacobs, of Chicago, Mr. Moody's helper in evangelistic work, has recently held a musical institute among the Minneapolis churches. He has done much toward bringing out the best musical and spiritual work of the Gospel Hymns. He has also been able to organize large choruses in most of the churches, which will be helpful in the evening services.

Evangelist W. H. Brown, of Chicago, is laboring in Canada. The *Evening Banner*, of Chatham, Ont., reports a wonderful work at Blenheim, which commenced on Dec. 30. Meetings are held every afternoon and evening, and a very deep religious interest has been aroused and is spreading through the neighborhood.

The Christian Churches of Toronto desiring to make some substantial acknowledgment of the benefits resulting from Mr. D. L. Moody's recent campaign in that city, have sent a donation of one thousand dollars to the Moody Schools, Northfield.

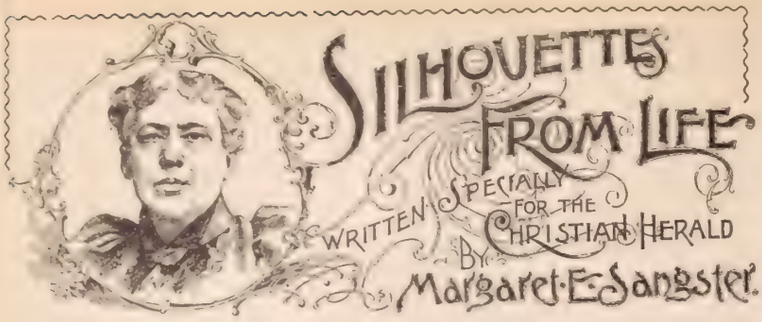
The Forty-eighth Report of the American Missionary Association just issued is a noble record of work among the Indians in the West and the Chinese on the Pacific Coast. In its schools and training institutions there are over twelve thousand pupils and nearly five hundred teachers and profes-

Rev. J. N. Thomas of Tipton, Ind., writes that a remarkable work of grace has been going on in his church under the labors of Evangelist W. A. Bodell of Crawfordsville, Ind. Seventy new members, the greater part men have been added to the church and there are many more whose impressions have the promise of conversion.

The Famous Broadway Tabernacle, New York, is to be sold, and a new edifice built for the church farther uptown. It was built in 1859, and has been since that time the Cathedral of New York Congregationalism. The first building occupied by the church was in Chatham Square. Its pastor then was the eminent revival preacher Charles G. Finney.

Returns of Religious Statistics Compiled by *The Independent*, show that in the four years since the census of 1890 there has been a general gain in all denominations in the number of churches, ministers and communicants. The gain in the number of churches is: Methodists of all branches, 7,319; Baptists, 1,678; Disciples, 1,522; Presbyterians, 874; Protestant Episcopal, 795; Lutherans, 576; Congregationalists, 532.

Special Meetings for "the Deepening of Religious Life of Christians and the awakening of the Unconverted" are being held every afternoon and evening except Saturdays in the Lafayette Ave. Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. They began on Monday last and will continue for two weeks. Among the speakers who have arranged to conduct the meetings are Dr. A. T. Gordon and Dr. Erdman.



TWO SNOW STORMS.

A GRAY sky, sullen and brooding. White flakes falling silently, drifting before the wind, covering landmarks.

Intense, bitter, biting cold, the snow which penetrates the thickest clothing, and chills you to the bone. Lake Michigan foam-tossed and furious, the wild waves booming on the shore! Here and there, widely separated, log cabins standing in the middle of cultivated fields, sometimes a mere patch of ground only, with sheds for cattle, where to-day a mighty city's throbbing heart beats time to the pulses of trade the world over.

In one such house the family were assembled 'round the lamp; supper was over, a big fire blazed on the hearth and the shutters were bolted and barred. Fifty years ago, the dread of Indian prowlers was on every settler's family, the thought of the red men creeping stealthily up with tomahawk and fire-brand was an oppressive terror, never absent. So people were on guard. Only at Ellsler's there was always a rosy light just over the door, for the mother had compassion on the decent wayfarer stumbling through the darkness. This stormy night the light glowed brightly in its niche and flickered out over the snow.

A pretty sight they were—the young, strong father, the mother golden-haired and blue-eyed, the sturdy boys and the eight year old girl. A darling baby daughter asleep in her cradle completed the group. Eight o'clock struck, and the father took down the large-print leather-bound Bible, and began to read. The twenty-third Psalm was chosen. In strong, sonorous tones, he read the familiar verses:

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters."

The Psalm being ended, they sang, all together:

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
[illegible]
word,
[illegible]
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have [illegible]

MR. ELLSLER RESCUED BY THE FAMILY HE HAD BEFRIENDED.

Then the father prayed. The little daughter, who used to hear her father pray, remembers yet how fervent, how confiding, how glad and tender, those prayers were. If ever prayers soared to heaven's gate, stormed it with loving earnestness and trust, they were those of Reuben Ellsler. Then, at the last, he always led the children, and they joined in "Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name!"

As the family arose from their knees this stormy night, they were aware of a low knocking, low at first, but growing louder every minute, and voices crying, "Let us [illegible] We have wandered from the way! Let us in before we perish! If you have human hearts, dinna wait, but [illegible]"

Reuben looked at Phebe, Phebe with the children clinging 'round her skirts, returned the look, then:

"Open the door, dear," was what she said. "We cannot deny shelter to any this night, were he the worst enemy we had on earth."

Reuben unbarred the door and admitting a wild gust of wind, and a great blast of snow. In the white wake of this, tottered in a man who had battled with the cold and the gathering darkness for hours; his wife bundled up in shawls and furs, hooded and veiled, had her baby in her arms.

They were Highlanders from Inverness, and on their journey to what was then considered the far West of America, where friends had preceded them, and a new home awaited their endeavors. Caught in the snow-storm, they had lost the conveyance in which the last stage was to be made.

"'Deed an' we scarce know how it happened," explained the wife. "We had but to cross the road, and we took the wrong turn, an' we hae maundered aboot till we're nigh to fainting. But we heerd your gude mon pray and the sound guided us and we were no feared to knock where Christians prayed to Almighty God."

Three days and nights elapsed before the tempest was over, and the snow blockade raised. Paths were cut, the sun came out, the world laughed in its wintry splendor. Warmed and fed, the MacMurdo family was speeded on its way, Mr. Ellsler carrying them many miles in his own sleigh, covered with buffalo robes and with hot bricks at their feet; and in their basket a bountiful luncheon packed by Mrs. Ellsler.

Twenty-five years passed. Reuben Ellsler's farm had been broken up into city lots. He had prospered steadily, and was a man of substance, held in high esteem in the community, where he was a leader. He had held the foremost offices in town and State, and was his pastor's right-hand man and the most acute and sagacious of church-workers. His business instinct had early led him to invest largely in land and at fifty, he was a millionaire.

At fifty, he was stouter and graver of course, but upon the whole, not much older looking than when twenty years younger. He still worked hard. Most Americans do. It does not occur to them to shirk work simply because they have made money.

One cloudy morning in December, his fiftieth December, Mr. Ellsler said good-bye to his still comely Phebe, and galloped away on brown Betty, the mare. It threatened a storm, but he had to keep an engagement at a distant point. The "onding" of snow to quote Sir Walter Scott, led him to take the railroad at a station eight miles from home, stabling Betty until his return. He telegraphed home when he might be expected and went fearlessly on.

How helpless we are in a struggle with the elements! Mr. Ellsler, not one mile from a great city, found himself that evening, baffled, beaten, freezing, almost in desperation. He ran, he shouted, he struck his hands together, he called for help, but it seemed as if he must perish in that blinding, seething storm. The snow cut his face like a whip, his teeth chattered, he began to grow numb and indifferent to fate, longing only to sleep. When suddenly, he never knew how, a great red star rose and glowed before him, a path of light over the snow led straight into the fiery radiance, kind hands were busy rubbing him, pulling off his clothing, offering him food and drink. And a hearty voice beside him cried, in strong Scotch accents, "We were at the buks, and feyther was reading 'The Lord's my Shepherd,' when, sudden, it went to my heart like a knife I heard the voice of the man who took us in to the fire and gave us bed and home, twenty-five years ago. It was a voice I'd know in the New Jerusalem, and it was a voice of trouble. 'Preserve us and keep us, mon!' said I to feyther, 'but yon's Mr. Ellsler in the tempest, and we maun cease pravin' and go to his help. And right glad we are that here's the home, and the love, we've owed you all this time.'"

Lying under soft blankets, with warmth and comfort and deliverance from death filling him with great thankfulness, Reuben Ellsler heard a song of praise in the room below. His hosts were singing,

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word.

HOLY DESIRE.

Oh, that mine eyes might closed be,
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear,
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie,
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest,
Or be conceived within my breast;
That, by each word and deed and thought,
Glory may to my God be brought.

The Ragged Urchins' Friend.

John MacGregor, Voyager, Explorer, Philanthropist and Christian Worker.

NEW men striving against adverse conditions, have accomplished more in a quiet unostentatious way in the furtherance of God's work among the neglected waifs and strays than the late John MacGregor. In a sketch of his life, published in "The Presbyterian Observer," the writer says: MacGregor seems to have been cradled in adventure, for even in the days of infancy he was surrounded by peril. In 1825, his father, an officer in the English army, sailed for India with his wife and newly-born child, on board the "Kent." The ship took fire in the Bay of Biscay; but, after looking death right in the face, the MacGregors were saved in a manner little short of miraculous. Thirty years later, the child, now grown to be a man, was busy on a Scotch race-course on connection with the work of the open-air mission, when he met an old sailor selling some doggerel verses about the burning of the "Kent," at which he professed to have been present. Mr. MacGregor went up to the man and declared that he, too, had been on board the ship at the time of the awful catastrophe. The sailor then quickly scanned him before exclaiming: "That you were not, unless you were the baby I helped into the boat!" It turned out to be the baby, who had developed into the stalwart man, who, for the time being, was an evangelist bent on doing good to frivolous pleasure seekers.

Industry and methodical habits enabled him to do the work of a dozen men. As a philanthropist, he did work for the Ragged Schools, and Shoe-black Brigades of London, which redeemed many young lives from the temptations of street life to honest and useful activity. As an educator, he opened a path to knowledge for many who otherwise would have been debarred from acquaintance with the master-minds of the ages. As an earnest Christian worker, he did splendid service in connection with the Bible Society, the Open-air Mission, the Pure Literature Society, and similar organizations, the purpose of which was to bring the principles of Christianity to bear on the hearts and lives of men.

The service by which Mr. MacGregor will be best remembered is his philanthropic efforts in behalf of the ragged urchins of London. Late in the year 1850 he and three friends met to consider how the coming Exhibition could be utilized so as to provide employment for the boys who were homeless as well as taskless. It was resolved to start a shoe-black brigade. MacGregor threw himself into the movement with characteristic energy, and carried it out with pluck and perseverance. He and his boys were laughed at for some time, but the value of their endeavor came to be recognized as the months rolled by.

The system upon which the organization was worked was a very admirable one. A "Home" was provided for the boys, to which they marched when the day's work was done. After a good wash and brush-up, each handed in his earnings, which were divided into three parts, one part going into the boy's own pocket, one part to Society's funds for working expenses, and one part to the boy's bank. When the inner man was refreshed, a couple of hours were spent in lessons in reading, writing and arithmetic. The evening closed with some games, prayers and bed. The good done by this organization cannot be calculated in figures. It has checked crime, redeemed young lives, and opened the door into useful service for hundreds, who otherwise would have been hounded into criminal careers. John MacGregor did several things which won greater applause from the world, but he never did anything more enduring in value or more hopeful to humanity, than the formation of the Shoe-black Brigade.

A Wheelbarrow Tour in China.

A Lady Missionary Describes Her Peculiar Traveling Experiences.

MRS. HOWARD TAYLOR (formerly Miss Geraldine Guinness) writes a very interesting account of a recent missionary tour in China. She says:

How kind and pleasant the women seem! Here is one old lady who has hobbled out to see us, rice-basin and chopsticks in hand, and her grey old hair half hanging down her back, in her anxiety not to miss the foreigners! There are numbers of pleasant, middle-aged, motherly women, and quite a crowd of younger women and girls—bright, healthy, happy-looking, and so kindly disposed towards us! At the top of the bank is one picturesque group of five young girls in bright red and blue garments, and one very old lady, with white hair and tiny feet, sitting on the ground beside them. When all was ready, we went ashore to follow the barrows to the town, a large and friendly crowd escorting us all the way. How we longed to stay amongst them, and tell them of Jesus! But our time was limited, and our destination far distant.

By the time we reached the homes of our men, the real business had begun. The large and cumbrous barrows, on which we were to travel two hundred and fifty miles, had to be loaded and prepared for the road. There they lay, awkward, heavy-looking objects. How could they ever be made available for the transit of human beings on such a journey? We eyed them ruefully.

Springless, primitive constructions, they simply consist of a strong wooden framework, with one large wheel in the middle, and handles both back and front. On one side of the wheel a seat can be devised, and the whole is covered by a sort of hood, made of bamboo matting, bent round and fastened at the sides, under which you sit, divided by the wheel and facing backwards. Luggage is piled on in front, and inside, the traveller's bedding is spread out, to save those poor unfortunates from being shaken and battered, jumbled and jolted, beyond the possibility of endurance.

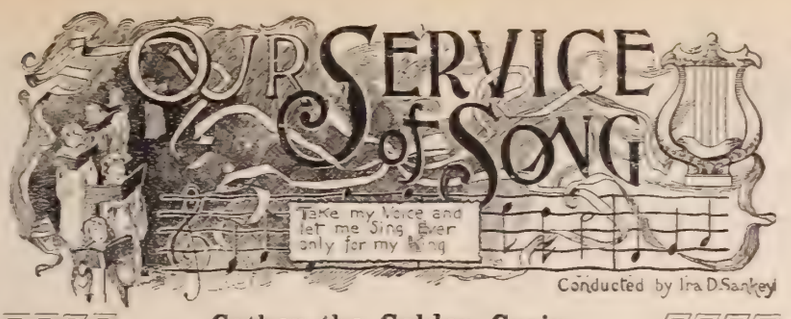
Oh these long hours of waiting in the dust and heat, while the barrows were being packed! Feeling we could do nothing to help, Mrs. Taylor and I moved off a little to draw away the crowds. This was effectual, for the people followed and surrounded us, hemmed us in on every side, and stood gazing at us, and commenting most freely upon everything connected with our appearance and proceedings. By-and-by my husband brought us some Chinese tea and a piece of cake from our food-basket: but this was all we had till night.

Hour after hour we sat in the burning sun, talking as well as were able to the hundreds of friendly observers who crowded around us increasingly, till we were almost exhausted. At last a nicely-dressed, pleasant woman made her way up to us, and kindly invited us to step into her house nearby to rest. She seemed to mean it, so we went. While dear Mrs. Taylor followed her into an inner room to lie down, I sat in the courtyard talking to the still interested people until my voice gave out. Just then a message came for me to go indoors.

Inside, across a little courtyard, I found Mrs. Taylor quite at home with our new friend. Within five minutes I was fast asleep. Soon the barrows were ready, and the men willing to start. With grateful hearts we bade our hostess farewell, and passed out once more into the crowd and neat.

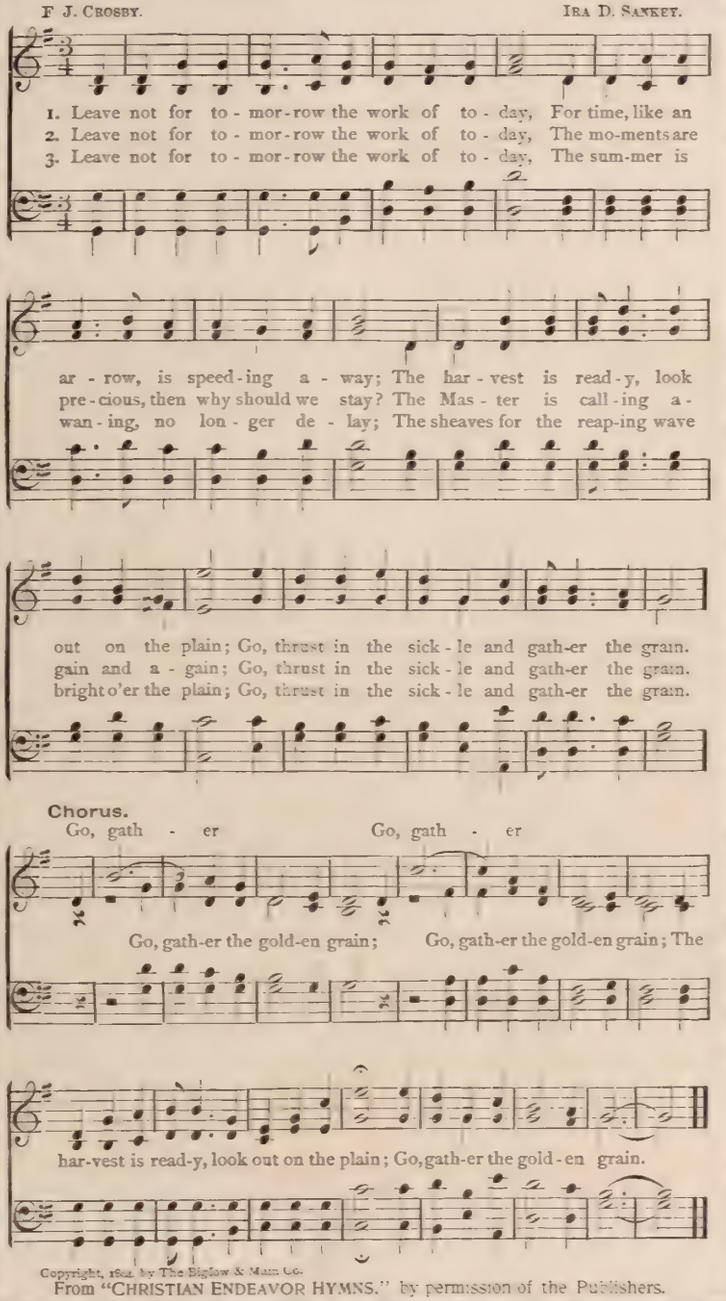
Two barrows laden with luggage had gone on, and two were waiting for us. Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor were soon ensconced in the first, and the second was for Howard and me. Such a funny little nest it looked to creep into on my side of the wheel! Bedding and pillows piled up made a comfortable seat, and outside, across the handles of the barrow, a strong bamboo rod was fastened, on which to rest our feet.

As soon as we were in, the powerful young barrow-man slipped the broad leather strap across his shoulders, lifted and balanced the barrow—throwing us backward at a sharp incline—and called to the other man in front to start away. With a creak, a jolt, and a long, strong pull, the cumbrous machine moved slowly forward, the dust began to rise around us from the feet of the men and the wheel-track in the sandy road; with a gasp we clung, as if for dear life, to the framework of the barrow, jumbling heavily over ruts and stones; dry and oilless, the slowly-revolving wheel set up a discordant wail, somewhat resembling the most atrocious bagpipes; large beads of perspiration stood out upon the forehead of the man scarcely a yard away from us, bending himself so determinedly to his task; the friendly crowds disappeared in the distance—and our journey was begun.



Gather the Golden Grain.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Leave not for to-mor-row the work of to-day, For time, like an
2. Leave not for to-mor-row the work of to-day, The mo-ments are
3. Leave not for to-mor-row the work of to-day, The sum-mer is
ar-row, is speed-ing a-way; The har-vest is read-y, look
pre-cious, then why should we stay? The Mas-ter is call-ing a-
wan-ing, no lon-ger de-lay; The sheaves for the reap-ing wave
out on the plain; Go, thrust in the sick-le and gath-er the grain.
gain and a-gain; Go, thrust in the sick-le and gath-er the grain.
bright o'er the plain; Go, thrust in the sick-le and gath-er the grain.
Chorus.
Go, gath-er Go, gath-er
Go, gath-er the gold-en grain; Go, gath-er the gold-en grain; The
har-vest is read-y, look out on the plain; Go, gath-er the gold-en grain.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York.

BEAUTIFUL SABBATH.

BEAUTIFUL Sabbath! Day of rest.
Beautiful day which God hath blest;
Beautiful hymns of praise so bright,
Beautiful chapel, God its light.
Oh! how I love these sacred hours.
With droppings sweet from Mercy's showers.
Blessed Sabbath! Blessed Sabbath!
Beautiful Sabbath—Day of Rest!

Beautiful thoughts which fill the breast,
Beautiful robe in which we're dressed;
Beautiful prayers to God above,
Beautiful heaven where all is love;
Onward I journey to that home,
From whence I never more shall roam.
Blessed Sabbath! Blessed Sabbath!
Beautiful Sabbath—Day of Rest!

Beautiful Bible: precious truth,
Beautiful guide of age and youth;
Beautiful teachings, oh! how sweet—
Beautiful rest at Jesus' feet!
Oh! may I, when my work is done,
Hear the Master say, "The crown is won."
Blessed Sabbath! Blessed Sabbath!
Beautiful Sabbath—Day of Rest!

—F. A. ABBOTT

MILLENNIAL SHADOWS.

Submission to Christ's Rule During the Millennium Merely Superficial.

BY GEORGE F. TRENCH, B. A.*

VERY remarkable indications are given in the Scripture as to the mixed character of the Millennium, in which time Satan will be imprisoned, but not finally rendered powerless: in which, rebellion will be driven beneath the surface, only to break out at the first opportunity with accumulated force; and in which multitudes will yield nothing more than a "feigned obedience" to the all-powerful Ruler, who, with his associates, the restored people of Israel, will rule the nations with a rod of iron from his throne of power on God's holy hill of Zion. (Psa. 2.)

We are not limited to Revelation 20, for our knowledge of the moral character of the Millennium. It is set forth fully in the Old Testament prophecies, notably in the Psalms.

That there will be then an atmosphere of tranquillity, wholly foreign to our present experience, is undoubted. But what is taught us is, that that peace will be mainly superficial and unreal. Three times in the Psalms (18: 44; 66: 3; 81: 15), we find the submissiveness of the nations of the world to Christ's rule described as "feigned obedience."

Psalm 110, rightly occupies a foremost place in all study of the Kingdom; its opening words being four times quoted in the New Testament, to show their proper application to our Lord Jesus Christ. (See Matt. 22: 44; Acts 2: 34; I. Cor. 15: 25; and Heb. 1: 13.) Now what says that inspired utterance, which our Lord has endorsed with his own imprimatur? Christ is to rule in the midst of enemies.

This, then, is the condition of the world's masses morally. They are strangers to God, enemies to Christ, haters of Jehovah; and that external calm which has so captivated the imagination of Christians is the product of power, not of grace; is the result of fear, not love; and is maintained by ever-repeated execution of judgment on offenders. I ask my readers if this is exactly the Millennium they have pictured to themselves? Does it convey the idea of a perfect state, of a Kingdom worthy of the Prince of Peace? If anyone replies, "These judgments cannot possibly occur during the progress of the reign, they must be merely initiatory," I ask for some Scripture proof. I challenge the suggestion with great confidence, and point to Isa. 64: 23 again, and to Zech. 14: 16-19, where we are plainly taught that the judgment of a dearth of rain will be inflicted on every nation that shall fail (throughout the thousand years), to send its representatives once a year to Jerusalem to worship. But, even if this theory could be sustained, is it not manifest that a Kingdom, the peace of which is procured and brought about by such means, can be nothing more than what it has already been shown to be, a reign of might, and leaving the world in its spirit, exactly where it is now.

In the glorious Age of Ages that lies beyond that last of this world's long series of failures, the will of God will be done on a new earth as it is done in heaven. On that day of glory there shall fall no night; there no tears shall be shed; no death, by fire from heaven or otherwise, shall invade its perfect peace, for death itself must be destroyed; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.

On that new earth the heavenly city shall descend, the Bride adorned for her Husband, the ethereal mountain where Israel shall dwell: and the nations shall not go up as the sand of the sea to encompass it with armies, but shall peacefully walk in its light, and bring into it the glory and honor of all kings.

This cannot be the Millennial Age, for there shall be "no more curse," nor death. It cannot be Eternity, for the Lamb is still on the throne. The throne is the throne of God and the Lamb. It must therefore of necessity be a period intervening between these two.

*From an Article in the London *Christian*.

THE LORD'S COMING.

A popular little work by Mrs. Baxter whose articles on the Sunday School Lessons appear every week in this journal. It contains fifteen chapters on the events predicted in the Bible to occur between the present time and the close of the Millennium. Third Edition—Now ready. Paper covers. Price fifteen cents. Published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

ACCEPTING CHRIST.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for Week Commencing Jan. 27. Rev. 22: 1-17.

PEOPLE often complain that the language or the pulpit is technical and, to them, incomprehensible. They use the language of the street, the store, and the newspaper, and do not know what the preacher means when he begs them to "accept Christ," to "come to Christ," to give themselves to him. But are such phrases really only theological jargon? When they are used in ordinary conversation, in the same sense they are understood readily. Ask an Englishman what is meant by the phrase, "accepting the Queen's shilling." The shilling in question is the coin in ordinary use. It is given by an officer in the army to the ordinary citizen. In the course of a day he may pay out several such coins without any significance. He may buy food with it, he may with it pay a man to drive him in a hack, or he may buy a book with it In either case the transaction ends there, it is payment for an equivalent and there are no ulterior consequences But in the course of the day some one may accept a shilling from him, and the act will involve results that change his whole life. The officer is empowered to enlist recruits for the army, and the giving of the shilling is the sign or seal of the engagement. One day the young man may work for any man who will employ him, may rise in the morning at any time that suits him, may wear any kind of clothes he chooses, may spend the day as he likes, may go from place to place according to his fancy; but let him accept the Queen's shilling from a recruiting officer, and all this is changed. He has entered the service. He must live where he is ordered, he must go to a certain place, it may be thousands of miles away, he must wear certain clothes, attend to certain duties, and his liberty is curtailed in a hundred ways. Besides this, if there is a war in progress, he may be required to go into danger, to risk his life, and even to go to certain death if he is ordered. Thus the word, "accept," in common parlance has a meaning not far removed from the sense in which it is used in the pulpit. The man who "accepts Christ," accepts him as his King, and is henceforward his servant. The sermons delivered in our pulpits are nothing more than explanations of the rules of the service, enunciations of its principles and descriptions of its rewards. There should be nothing mysterious about accepting Christ in this sense. Other matters are involved, but this initiation is simple. After that is passed, the recruit begins to find delightful mysteries, as well as some that are distressing. He becomes dissatisfied with himself, finds that he cannot obey as he intends or wishes to do, that he is remiss, incompetent and perverse, but as he regrets and tries to do better, he is mysteriously helped, his nature is changed by some unseen power, the trend of his life is upward instead of downward. In accepting Christ, he has become a new man. His motives are changed; he loses his interest in amusements which he formerly enjoyed, and delights in occupations which were formerly insipid to him. Christ did not exaggerate when he likened it to a new birth.

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THE Y. M. C. A. AT KINGSTON, ONT.

Among the buildings owned by the Young Men's Christian Associations of Canada, the new one at Kingston, Ont., is conspicuous for its size and beauty. The picture of it which appears on this page shows how much skill and taste have been exercised to make the edifice really suitable for the work as well as an ornament to the city. The building is arranged for use exclusively by the Association. On the ground floor on the right of the entrance hall is the parlor and behind that the auditorium. On the left is the library, reading room, and Secretary's office. Between these at the rear of the entrance hall is the physical department which is one of the finest in the country. A large swimming bath, with

THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING OF KINGSTON, ONT., CANADA.

lavatories, dressing-rooms and lockers occupies the ground floor, and above that is the gymnasium, with an area of forty by sixty feet. The second floor of the main building contains a large hall, the directors' room and the rooms devoted to the boys' auxiliary. The third floor is devoted to class-rooms and apartments for the janitor. The building is of pressed brick heavily faced with rock stone. The Association which has gained possession of this handsome home is only ten years old, but it has had a career of great success. Several of its officers have gone to more extended fields of usefulness, and one of them has entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The members are remarkable for their enthusiastic devotion to the Association, and their energy in aggressive Christian work.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

The special offering for missions taken up by the Leagues on Thanksgiving Day did not fulfil expectations. It was, however, a magnificent contribution to the funds and probably may yet be increased by amounts yet to be sent in. Up to the close of the year the Treasurer had received $27,500. If fifty cents per member had been contributed, as was asked, the total would have been $400,000.——A League of Hindustani-speaking Methodists has been organized in Calcutta. Fifteen persons were enrolled at the first meeting and these elected officers and appointed committees. The next meeting was appointed for a date two weeks later. At that meeting there was a large attendance and thirty-two names were added to the roll. The officers believe that the numbers will continue to grow as there is much enthusiasm among those who have already joined.—— The Epworth House in Chicago is receiving generous support from the Leagues. It began in a small way with very little money in hand, but now occupies a large building with a large lecture hall and nineteen rooms, some of which are used as class-rooms and others as dormitories. It has a dispensary, a kindergarten, a sewing school, a restaurant, a Sunday School and a Senior and Junior Epworth League. In six months it furnished six hundred and fifty-nine free lodgings and the free meals it has supplied average over six hundred a month.——Secretary Schell announces the complete arrangements for the Epworth Extension Course. The total cost of five lectures will be thirty dollars, to which must be added in each case the lecturer's travelling expenses. All applications should be addressed to Rev. W. E. McLennan, Berwyn, Ill.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The First French Baptist Young People's Society was organized in the Baptist Church of Worcester, Mass., of which the Rev. Arthur H. James is pastor. This is a mission church consecrated to labor among the French Romanists of the city. The Young People's Society now has twenty-three members and is two months old. Mr. James says: Three weeks ago nine were added to the membership, all Romanists by previous training and all young people too.

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Plainfield, N. J., has just erected a new building for its Young Men's Christian Association. It is on the corner of Front Street and Watchung Ave. The building cost forty thousand dollars. It has a well-equipped gymnasium and is tastefully furnished. The association was organized twenty-five yoars ago.

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A member of the Young Men's Christian Association in Rome, Mr. Pirazzini, has left for Springfield, Mass., where, thanks to the support of Mr. J. Stokes, of New York, he will study at the school of the general secretaries, and will then become the secretary of the General Association, which, it is hoped, will be formed in Rome by the fusion of the different Circoli of the churches.

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An echo meeting in Samoa has been heard from, which was held after the Endeavorers there had received the Cleveland papers giving the reports of the convention. The condition of Samoa at present makes union of the societies there very difficult, but Rev. J. E. Newell, the Christian Endeavor superintendent of the South Sea Islands, with several of his workers, visited a number of the islands and had delightful meetings with the societies there.

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The Kentucky State Convention of the Society of King's Daughters was held in the First Presbyterian Church of Owensboro, recently. Dr. Charles P. Luce, the pastor, presided at a crowded popular meeting of delegates and friends. Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson and Mrs. Isabella C. Davis were present during the sessions, speaking with great acceptance. This Society has only recently been introduced into the State, but has already nearly one hundred circles, with fifteen hundred names enrolled. These are extending special help to the Jennie Cassidy Infirmary in Louisville. Mrs. Charles P. Luce was chosen State Secretary and Mrs. J. C. Crawford, Treasurer. At the closing consecration meeting Mrs. Dickinson and Mrs. Davis gave the crosses of the order to fifty persons.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Subscriber, Rochester, Minn. What law did David break in numbering the people? Was there any prohibition of a census in the Mosaic law?

There is none recorded that we know of. On the contrary, provision for a census was made. (See Ex. 30: 12, 13). But in that provision there is an intimation of danger and this David apparently ignored. David's sin appears to have consisted in his motive. He probably wanted the census as gratifying to himself indicating that his reliance was upon his army not upon God.

O. H. Bube, Desterville, N. Y. What was done with Jephthah's Daughter? Was she offered for a burnt offering?

There can be no information outside of the record and that of course you have read. Several eminent Jewish writers, notably Levi ben-Gersom and Bechai, besides many Christian scholars, believe that the fulfilment of the vow went no further than to devote her entirely to the Lord's service. In thus being compelled to celibacy she underwent a fate dreaded by Jewish women. It is inconceivable that her father offered her in sacrifice as he must have known that such an act would be abhorrent to God. Besides, he might have redeemed her and probably did so under the law specially provided. (See Lev. 27: 3-5).

W. J. S., San Antonio, Tex. Is it possible for any one to know the year in which our Lord will return to the earth? Did he not say that no one will know the day nor the hour?

We think Christ did not say exactly that. He said no one "knoweth" and he expressly included himself for he added that at that time he did not know. It is possible that some may know as the time draws near. He described a condition of society which was to be a sign of his nearness. He said that when we saw certain things existing, we might know that his advent was near "even at the doors." (See Matt. 24: 33). The Apostle Paul added to this statement that certain persons were "not in darkness that that day should overtake them as a thief." (II. Thess, 5: 4.)

E. T., Rock Springs, Ky Is it right for a woman to speak and pray in public?

It would be assuming a great deal to pronounce authoritatively on the question. As a matter of opinion, however, and with the full knowledge that many eminent authorities hold otherwise, we see no valid objection to a woman preaching or praying publicly. We think that the familiar passage in which Paul directs women to keep silence in the churches was evoked by the condition of society at the time, and that in a different condition of society he would not have written it. His recommendation of celibacy and his advice to a pastor to drink wine instead of water, are, we believe, utterances of a similarly temporary character. If a woman had taken part in the services in Apostolic days she would at once have been set down as an immodest woman, and a scandal would have attached to the Christian community. There was therefore good reason for the prohibition then. People who insist on the literal obedience to Paul's injunction seem to forget that if we obeyed it literally no woman could sing in church.

C. R. M., Alma, Mich. A pastor I heard lately preached against wearing a gold watch, or a gold ring and said that we could not expect God's blessing if we wore any but the very poorest and commonest clothes. Is that true Christian doctrine?

We would not judge the pastor. Doubtless, he meant well and there is only too much reason for protest against ostentation and the waste of money in mere adornment. We do not believe, however, that the blessing of God would be withheld from a man or woman who wears decent clothes corresponding with the position they occupy in society. The sin to be most earnestly avoided is pride in such things. No one has a right to dictate in such trivial matters as the quality of another's clothes. The Christian is a law unto himself. As he consecrates himself unto God he will be more and more disposed to curtail his expenditure on himself, that he may have the money to devote to religious and philanthropic work. But how far he shall carry this self-denial his conscience must decide.

Mrs. M. K. Tyler, Greenfield, Mass. Mr. Gladstone's sight is now said to be greatly improved.—— L. P. Day, Missionary, Edmonds, Okla., desires back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and other religious literature for distribution.——S. D. Howard Lewistown, Pa. We have no other.——H. S. Collins Collinsville Conn. Send your box of clothing to our Central Relief Station, 740-742 Broadway, New York and we will forward it to the Western sufferers free ——Zella, Macy, Ind. 1. Dec. 25. 2 and 3. Both recently and fully answered in THE MAIL BAG. ——Subscriber. You can probably get the book you want by writing to Scribners, publishers, N. Y.——Mrs. M W., Warren, O. Yes; premium International Bible will be sent on receipt of one dollar additional.—— S. H. Hallam, Dean, Tex We regret that we cannot

REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS.

By a Mother.—V. H., Lyon, Pa —For the conversion of a young man who is in a condition of spiritual indifference.

By a Sister —S. S., Decatur Tex —For two sister and herself, that they may have sustaining grace amid the trials of a difficult life.

By a Young Lady — "Golden Hair." —That she may be led to Christ and that her tyrannical temper may be subdued

By a Mother.—Salem, Mass. — That her son, young man of twenty-three, may become a Christia and that he may be kept from the curse of drink.

In a Queen's Kitchen.

Where the Royal Dinners are Prepared at Windsor Castle—Queens and Empresses as Notable Housewives.

THAT imperial station is not wholly incompatible with proper attention to household duties, is proved by many instances. Probably the best queens have been those who were not so wholly taken up with the pomp and glitter attached to the ceremonial functions of their royal position, that they had no time to interest themselves in the training of their children, the conduct of their households, and the ordering of those house-wifely tasks in which the true woman takes delight. Such belong to the class of noble women of whom it is said in the last chapter of Proverbs that "she seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands: she riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens. . . She looketh well to the ways of her household." Such women were the late Empress Augusta, of Germany, and ex-Empress Frederick. To the same illustrious category of royal housewives belong the present Empresses of Germany and Austria, the Dowager Queen of Holland, the Queens of Denmark and England, and, as correspondents have recently stated, the Empress of Japan. That the domestic virtues, combined with works of charity and benevolence, are not inseparable from the most elevated station, the lives and daily experiences of these royal ladies have abundantly testified. And there are many other women, occupying high stations in public and social life in this and other lands, who are equally distinguished by the possession of those rare qualities that mark the "perfect housewife."

In the illustration on this page, reproduced from the "Illustrated London News," a glimpse is afforded of a royal kitchen. It is the culinary establishment at Windsor Castle, and is probably the most extensive and best equipped kitchen in all England, although no doubt less expensively fitted than those of Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg. Here there is nothing for mere show but everything for use. The long lines of ranges and ovens, surmounted by rows of pots and saucepans, the substantial-looking carving-tables, and the active, bustling servants all go to make up the complement of a well-ordered, serviceable kitchen, where nothing is lacking, and nothing wasted and where there are no inefficients. Here are roasted the "royal barons of beef," for the great dinners that are given by Her Majesty. The main fire-place is a spacious one with a dozen or more spits, and at times there are eight or ten roasts in front of the great fire at once, all suspended over a huge drip-pan. On festive occasions, "barons of beef," boar's head and game-pie are the famed products of the kitchen, but it is sometimes turned to other uses than the feeding of royalty and nobility. During the recent floods in the neighborhood, which caused much distress, hundreds of gallons of soup were prepared in the royal kitchen by the Queen's order and given to the poor.

IN THE ROYAL KITCHEN, WINDSOR CASTLE, ENGLAND.

* * *

The Beauty of Plain Living.

We love to see people live well, says a thoughtful writer, and to dress respectably, and enjoy themselves, but there is a happy mean in all these these things, and when that is passed in the direction of extravagance, the people distress and enslave themselves, and diminish their ability to do good. For the sake of keeping up the styles people live far above their income, harass themselves with debt, wear themselves out and keep themselves in a constant nervous strain by giving themselves fashionable dinners, fashionably entertaining, and making fashionable calls. How much better is a plain, quiet, Christian home, where all is peace and cordiality, the neighbors heartily welcome to come and go at will, and freed from the pestering, senseless conventionalities of fashionable life! Why should our earthly life, which at best cannot continue a hundred years, be fretted, and burdened, and worn out prematurely by vain efforts to ape the manners of the idle, irreligious, self-seeking, rich devotees of pleasure? God has us in the world for a nobler purpose than this, and those do well who strive to place this service above all else.

* * *

Children's Confidences.

If the parent has been the companion and friend, the comrade and confidant of the child all the way along from infancy to maturity, there will exist between the two a mode of communication which, without words, will keep up a perfect mutual understanding, so that both will feel just what is proper in every delicate exigency. But, unfortunately, this ideal equilibrium of sympathy is very rare, and the cold, hard facts of life must be anticipated by the parent long precedent to the days of manhood and set before the child without shrinking or prejudice. And here, says the "Chautauquan," is where the most difficult part of duty lies. The nearer we can come to regarding our children with the absolute vision of love, the nearer we shall approach the ideal of understanding with regard to their natures, dispositions, tempers, needs.

* * *

A Village of Washerwomen.

Writing from Heidelberg, Germany, Harriet W. Patton gives this entertaining sketch of village life in that country: It would not appear strange to you, she writes, were I to say that the women did the washing here, for that is a feature common with most countries; but what is perhaps not so usual is to see a whole village, whose women are almost exclusively engaged in washing clothes, in fact a village which is the laundrying-place for two or three towns, one being some miles distant. This is what can be said of the village of Zeigelhausen, which is situated on the right bank of the Neckar, some three miles from here. Monday is the great day for gathering the clothes, and all day they are to be seen in transit through the city. Sometimes they are carried in baskets by women, but oftener they are collected in large wooden carts usually drawn by cows. Zeigelhausen has natural advantages which eminently fit it for laundrying purposes. The houses, for the most part, are built up against the mountains, and between the houses and the river there is, first, a stream of beautiful clear water, at which every day, women are to be seen washing the clothes; then, beyond this stream and stretching to the river, lies a green sward which affords an excellent drying and bleaching ground.

* * *

Take Time.

Let us take time for the good-by kiss. We shall go to the day's work with a sweeter spirit for it. Let us take time to speak kind words to those we love. By and by, when they can no longer hear us, our foolishness will seem more wise than our best wisdom. Let us take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies which we often omit because they are small, will some day look larger to us than the wealth, which we have coveted, or the fame for which we have struggled. Let us take time to get acquainted with our families. The weath you are accumulating, may be a doubtful blessing to the son who is a stranger to you. Your beautifully kept house, busy mother, can never be a home to the daughter, whom you have no time to caress.

HOME.

AN exile from Eden how sweet to my soul,
The word of thy promise, my Saviour, my Goal;
A stranger and pilgrim on earth as I roam,
The Lord is my Portion, my Refuge, my Home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
O, keep me my Saviour, my Refuge, my Home.

In thee is the glory and gladness of light;
In thee is the song and the solace of might;
Whatever my changes, thy Truth will abide,
Thy Presence to guard me, thy love to provide.

And most in my sorrows thy heart is with mine,
Thou feelest my woes and thou makest them thine;
My home ever open in thy faithful breast,
A refuge unfailing with welcome and rest.

Through life as I journey I journey in Thee,
In Canaans of blessing, or tossed on the sea;
And better than these—where no storms ever rise,
I still am in Thee—Thee my home in the skies.

—D.

* * *

A CHILD'S DOLL PLAYMATES.

A PRETTY little incident in the life of a little girl is related by a lady. She writes: Viola's mamma had been to see a very poor family, where the dear little girl was very needy, and without clothes or food. When she was getting a bundle together for her, she said to Viola, "My dear daughter, don't you think you could spare one of your dolls for a poor little girl who does not own a single toy or a dolly?" "Why, yes, mamma," said Viola, "I will give the dear little girl a dolly; but I will have to talk to them and see which one is willing to go. Of course I could not part with the Princess, but the six others I will select one from." So she brought the six dolls, and sat down on her little chair and took Sarah Jane on her lap (Sarah Jane is a rag doll, and quite old), and asked, "Do you wish to leave your dear old mother, Sarah Jane, and go and live with a new mamma?"

She looked the doll all over, and then said, "No, mamma, Sarah Jane does not wish to go." Then she set Sarah Jane down on the other side of the room and took up Jack, a boy doll, and said, "Jack, do you wish to go away from me and have a new mother—a poor little girl hasn't a dear boy dollie in all the world to make her happy? If you feel as if you would like to go, just say so, and I will give you away." Jack is a Chinese, and has a frightful pigtail, and the rest of his hair stands out all over his head. "No, no, Jack, I see you shake your head; you do not want to leave your kind mamma."

So the little prattler talked to the five dollies, and not one wished to go. There was only one left, Cecile by name; so she asked Cecile if she felt she could leave, and then said to her mamma: "Cecile nods her head, yes. Well, she has been more trouble than all my family put together, and I will send her. Please tell the little girl, mamma, that Cecile has a very weak head, and that her eye sometimes falls out, and that she requires great care, and that I hope she will be very good to her, as she has lost one hand."

So Cecile was fixed up in her best clothes and sent in the bundle to the little girl. I am sure, the narrator added, they will be very happy together.

Laughing Babies

are loved by everybody. Good nature in children is rare unless they are healthy. Those raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk are comparatively free from sickness. This milk is easily prepared that ignorance in feeding is inexcusable.

A NEW FASHIONED WOMAN.

Written Specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BY

MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

Summary of the Preceding Chapters.

Two charming girl cousins are introduced to the reader at the opening of the story. One of them is Annie St. Clair, the idolized daughter of Col. Royal St. Clair, in whose magnificent home, surrounded with every luxury that money can buy, she is living with her parents and her brother Roy. She has finished her education, has traveled through Europe and has seen much of fashionable life. Visiting her, is her cousin, Valeria Vernon, the daughter of the Colonel's only sister. The two girls are sharply in contrast, in character and circumstances, for Valeria is a quiet, pious, unsophisticated country girl, who has never been in fashionable society. At a garden party given in her honor, Valeria meets Dr. Gordon, a physician high in the favor of the aristocratic families, who, admiring her fresh and unspoiled nature, solemnly warns her against fashionable life, as an empty, vapid and disappointing existence. Valeria repeats his remarks to Annie who ridicules Dr. Gordon and his sombre notions and describes her own idea of what constitutes a happy life. Valeria objects that a life spent in idle self-indulgence cannot be a useful life and is therefore a wasted life. Before her return to her country home, where she subsequently marries James Carlisle, a God-fearing business man, Valeria learns that Annie is engaged to Clarence Deveraux, whom Valeria has noticed indulging somewhat freely in wine, and she warns her cousin of the danger of becoming a drunkard's wife. Annie, however, laughs at her fears and afterward marries him. The wedding festivities end tragically, for Col. St.Clair is seized with sudden illness and dies among the wedding guests. Annie's husband becomes more and more addicted to liquor, as the years pass; he loses her fortune at the gambling table, in lavish generosity and in imprudent investments, and at last dies in one of his drunken fits. She is left a penniless widow, with one child, who is her sole consolation. But he, too, dies, and Annie falls ill with nervous prostration. Her brother Roy, who shared her father's wealth with her, would gladly support her in the former luxurious style of living, but Annie is anxious to support herself, and Roy yields when her physician assures him that some occupation is necessary to her restoration to mental and physical health. She then accepts a position as music and art teacher in a girls' college. There, in a revival, she is converted and helps in the work of bringing others to Christ. One of the girls, learning where Annie lives, tells her that she knows an eminent Christian widow, named Somers, who lives in that town, and she gives Annie a letter of introduction to her. When Annie returns home in vacation she calls on Mrs. Somers, who takes her to visit several poor and afflicted families.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"I must grow."

THE visit to the bereaved mother agitated Annie so strongly that Mrs. Somers thought it wise to postpone the next engagement indefinitely. She had known Annie's past life, yet in their conversation there had been a tacit acknowledgment of suffering rather than a confession of pain. She knew there were graves dear to the young widow's heart—one a little one and most precious; yet Annie had never entered upon a recital of her griefs, had never recounted her heart throbs, her tears, her sighs. Time had partly cicatrized the wound; but here, in this desolate home, it had been torn open afresh and it bled anew. Mrs. Somers saw in the flood of tears a depth of sorrow which could not be fathomed; heard in the suppressed tumult a grief which could never be perfectly healed. With womanly tact, she postponed their visit; and, in the meantime, she went to see Annie, fearing that she had already taxed her too far, and that she might suffer from overstrained nerves. When her name was announced, Annie exclaimed:

"Mrs. Somers? Betsy, ask her right up here in my room. I can never make a parlor visitor of her, my dearest, best friend."

So Mrs. Somers sat in Annie's room in an easy chair, while footstool, fan, ice-water, everything was brought which might add to her comfort. Following Bessie's fashion, Annie sank at Mrs. Somers' feet on a cushion, and looked up in her face in evident joy.

"To think of your walking up this hill on this hot day, just to see me! You don't know how I do appreciate your visit, and how I do love you for coming."

"I am glad love greets me, for I am very sure that it was love that brought me. My dear child, you are very dear to me."

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Somers, and believe your love is returned with compound interest. How vain I am getting! I am really uneasy about myself, for I surely believe I am growing very important in my own estimation."

"Not you, dear. Love does not hurt you, neither am I constrained to believe does praise."

"Mrs. Somers, do you not form your own estimate of yourself?"

"I am not sure but that I am inclined to over-estimate myself."

"This is what I mean. Can't you stand off and look at yourself? Can't you judge of yourself impartially; say of yourself, that is a very ordinary individual. I don't like her expression; she looks peevish, cynical, morose; and, now that she speaks, she shows some absolutely disagreeable traits of character. No, I don't like her, don't think she is pretty one bit, and not one bit lovable."

"Ha! ha! Annie, you are original. No, I don't think I am good at such abstractions."

"Well, this is just the way I do. I step out of myself, stand off, take a good view, criticize myself, dissect myself, using the scalpel freely, then I jump back and try to be sweeter than ever. When I can do this, somehow I imagine that flattery does not hurt me. You see, here is a wheel within a wheel, for I'm so conceited and vain, that when I estimate myself, I have such confidence in my own judgement, that other people's opinions do not affect me, for you see I am sure I know the best."

"Well, you have a novel way of managing yourself, and I am not sure but that it is a very good one. You may contrive to keep your thoughts straight about yourself, but how do you manage with your thoughts about your neighbors?"

"That's hard. I repeat to mpself and re-repeat, 'charity thinketh no evil,' not talketh but thinketh. How few can stand the test of secret thoughts! It is not my nature to speak quickly. I deserve no credit for it, since it is not my natural disposition, but I am given to plenty of thinking, and I know from my Bible and my own experience, that it is not only those who speak that sin, but those who think as well. I am culpably guilty here."

"And I, with you, guilty before God."

"Mrs. Somers, there is one thing I have seen lately, and that is that the Christian cannot sit in supineness, for he either goes forward or backward. This is a subject which interests me greatly, just now, I believe more than any other. Last Sabbath, you remember our pastor, Dr Hammond, said the Christian was as one in a boat on a swift stream, unless he plied the oars vigorously and stemmed the current he would drift backward down the stream at a rapid rate, for there was no such thing as standing still."

"This is a very important subject, and I am truly glad it interests you so much. The Christian's cause is spoken of in the Bible as a race, a fight, and every figure in these comparisons is one indicating that great effort is required, nothing passive about it. We must run or lose, fight or be whipped. We are told that we must grow in grace. A tree that does not grow, we say, at once, must be wrong about the roots, so with a Christian. He who does not show some signs of life cannot be rooted in Christ."

Annie looked perplexed as she said:

"Growth! yet the rains and the dew and the sunshine come from heaven. The tender plant cannot produce the growing causes."

"True, all true, but human lips can ask. This is the command, and followed by the promise, 'And it shall be given you.'"

"Faith is the gift of God, Mrs. Somers, and without faith it is impossible to please him."

Mrs. Somers repeated:

"And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son . . . If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it,"

"Grace, Mrs. Somers, is God's gift, faith is his gift, growth is his to give, also. Ah! I stumble."

"The Bible is full of beautiful paradoxes, Annie. In one place it says, 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling,' while it distinctly declares, that 'it is God who worketh in you both to will and to do of his own good pleasure.' Christ is a shield, yet our Sun; the Creator and yet the Destroyer; the Life-giver, yet the Life-taker. He is our Shadow in a weary land, yet our Light; the Rock of Ages for our refuge, yet a stone of stumbling and a rock of offense; he is Bread, he is Meat, he is water, he is Wine. With us, sorrow is joy; down is up; death is life; weakness is strength; loss is gain, and defeat is victory. If we take each and trace it out we will find them all beautifully fitting. Then Christ offers us milk and wine without money and without price; yet he tells us beggars, beggars in rags with nothing to buy with,—tells us, 'I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire; that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear.' That is the sublimest faith which trusts in the dark, which cannot understand, yet accepts. Faith is the gift of God, and I am so glad that it is his to give, for I am surer of it than if I had to seek it myself. Oh! I am glad it is his to give, for he gives royally, like the King he is. It may not come as in the days of Pentecost, as with the sound of a mighty, rushing wind, but it will come just as surely, and so will come growth and strength."

"These things bewilder me, Mrs. Somers. My feeble, finite mind cannot grasp thoughts of Infinity, but tell me, do all Christians grow?"

"That which has life must in some way, at sometime show signs of life, but you ask if Christians actually grow. Some become very gnarled, very twisted, very deformed, stunted little trees. Life is possible without growth. The seeds of wheat wrapped up in the golden sheets of the shrivelled old mummy of ages ago, had life, for they grew when planted, and they had rain and sunshine: but they did not grow, they could not, when so closely coffined. So with the Christian, he must have light, the air of heaven, the dew and the sunshine."

"And if he does not grow, what then, Mrs. Somers?"

"Paul tells us, Annie, "Every man's work shall be made manifest: "for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is—'If any man's work abide which he hath built, thereupon, (the foundation Christ) he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet as by fire!'"

"How can you tell whether a Christian is growing or not, Mrs. Somers?"

"'By their fruits ye shall know them.' 'Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?' Faith, my child, without works is dead."

"How can you measure growth?"

"Not by moods of feeling, though many do try to make these the line and plummet."

"How then, Mrs. Somers? Now this is the plain, practical question I want answered: How can I tell whether I am growing or not—how can I tell whether or not I am squeezing up the little life within, until it is threatened with extinction? I can't stand still, I can't drift backward. I must grow, must get better and better, reaching forward with earnest strivings to the perfect day of development. I must work. I am not content to sit still. I have idled away, and sinned away so much precious time already—done so little for my dear, long-suffering Saviour. Now tell me, please, how I can know certainly whether I am growing or not?"

"A healthy babe grows, but there are means to insure this growth. It must be nourished by proper food, be kept from all things hurtful, and take proper exercise. So, too, a babe in Christ must be nourished by God's Word, praver and meditation on divine things; and to develop strength there must be work for Christ. One feeding thus, working thus, must grow. Fear of not growing, anxiety therefor is a sure sign of growth. The indifferent Christian, the idle Christian does not grow. 'As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine: no more can ye, except ye abide in me.—If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.'"

"I love these words of Christ. I can never read them enough, but I am not satisfied yet. How shall I know whether I am growing or not? I want to be sure."

"The Christian, my dear, has a dual nature. Paul says, 'For I know that in me (that is in my flesh), dwelleth no good thing. —For I delight in the law of God after the inward man: but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity, to the law of sin which is in my members.'"

"Let me interrupt you just here, please. Have not unregenerate persons dual natures, too? There is Conscience, you know, and surely they must have some struggles."

"The unregenerate man cannot be said to have, as the Christian, a dual nature. Conscience with him is no guide; it is seared and ceases to admonish, and his total depravity consists in his unwillingness to obey its dictates, when this Monitor wars with his lower propensities. With him it is a struggle between lower and lower propensities. The Christian is always conscious in his mortal struggle of a loving regard for God's authority. He fears to wound him, he grieves if he has offended him; self is crushed and he is not at peace if a sinful propensity has a temporal control over him. Christ is the Christian's centre, around him he revolves. Self is the unregenerate man's; every thought is for his idol, Self; every act for his own happiness and advancement. In your own struggles and conflicts, notice which comes forth conqueror, self or grace; compare yourself now with your former self, and see if you still count sin your greatest enemy. Search your heart and see if hatred for it increases or diminishes; see if you find your love for Christ and his people languishing or glowing; whether the earth is dearer or earthly things more highly prized; whether you can bear and forbear more or less than formerly; whether a hasty temper and revengeful spirit trouble you and conquer you; whether work for Christ is loved because you love him, or because you want to pave your way to heaven with good works."

"No, no, Mrs Somers, never, never! Oh I do believe I am growing a little!

Mrs. Somers leaned over and kissed her forehead as she said:—

"I know you are, my darling, even my blind old eyes can see that. Remember that the babe never stops to inquire whether he is growing or not; he cannot see it, is the last person of all to notice any change yet, using proper means, he make rapid strides towards manhood. I said, and it is true, that a Christian has a dual nature made up of self and Christ, and as you feed and exercise one, that one grows and pushes the other into smaller space. Some Christians are so full of Christ that self wholly submerged."

"I am so glad, Mrs. Somers, that our conversation took this turn, and I thank you for all you have said, all the tests you have given me."

"By the way, my dear, one of my flock has a sick family, and I promised to prepare something suitable for an invalid appetite for them, so I must hurry back."

"Let me help you, Mrs. Somers, can I not do something?"

"No, thank you. I have all that is necessary and it it will not take me long. The family have typhoid fever; they live in a sickly part of the city, near the old pond that the city authorites have had drained lately, and I fear this may have caused the sickness."

"Can't I aid in nursing them? Please don't spare me."

"You dear, willing child, your heart prompts you to do more than your body and nerves can endure."

"Why, I am strong and well. Mrs. Somers, you dont know how much endurance there is in me! The idea of your nursing and trying to spare me!"

"Ah! well, I am accustomed to such scenes, while you are not, that makes a difference you see."

"No ma'am, I don't see it at all. I will to help in this work! and you must let me. Will you promise to send for me if you need anyone with this family? I think I shall be down to-morrow anyhow and offer my services personally."

No, don't go, I promise to let you know if you can be of assistance, so let this satisfy you for the present."

"Very well, Mrs. Somers, upon this promise, I will wait to be sent for. Since you say you must go, come down and let me offer you a green-house bouquet. I will not offer you roses, for yours shame our Geraniums, heliotropes, pelargoniums, Arabian jasmine, Azaleas, daphnes, and a variety of the most beautiful japonicas made a bouquet, the loveliest the city could produce.

(To be continued.)

GOOD CAUSES HELPED.

Deferred Acknowledgments of Contributions to Various Charities.

For the Moody Bible Institute.

reviously Acknowledged	$4,778 94
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Mrs. J. Barton	2 00
Total	**$4,873.84**

For Mrs. Jamal's Training School, Jerusalem.

Previously Acknowledged	$164 70
Sub'r, Washington, D. C	14 00
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Mrs. E. R. Bozworth	5 00
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Total	**$276.58**

For the Christian Herald's Children's Home.

Previously Acknowledged	$365 65
C J Jackson	50
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Total	**$376.15**

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Previously Acknowledged	$411 10
Friend, N J	2 00
Sub'r, New York City	2 00
Total	**$415.10**

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Previously Acknowledged	$469 06
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Total	**$493.06**

For Mrs. Bella Cooke's Work.

Previously Acknowledged	$95 25
—,	50
A friend of the Cause, Buffalo	1 00
An invalid, Burlington, Vt	4 00
In His Name, Leivasy, W. Va	10
Miss L A Snook	25
In His Name, Garden City	50
Friend, Magtown, Pa.	70
Mrs M S Dudley	2 00
Sub'r, New York City	2 00
Subscriber	1 00
Total	**$107.30**

Day Star Home (Charlotte Draper.

Previously Acknowledged	$5 00
C, Carlisle, Pa	3 00
Friend, Mechanicsburg, Pa	2 50
S. J. M., N. J	2 00
Total	**$12.50**

For the Turkish Relief Fund.

Previously Acknowledged	$3,296 37
Mrs John Avery	75
Y P S C E, Ridge Road, N Y	2 00
M W Bryant	1 00
Carrie Stegmeier	50
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Mrs Madge Nesbitt	2 50
C B Miller	2 00
John Wilson	1 00
Miss M Ford	50
Richard Bowles	3 00
Maria G Johnston	50
G F Rickhow	1 00
Mrs K. Ogden, Iowa	5 00
Mrs E B Adams	1 00
Mrs Nettie Wilcox	3 00
John Jones	1 00
Geo W Patrick	50
J C Gould	1 00
Mrs Theron Shaw	3 00
Mrs Edwin Huyck	50
Mrs Rebecca Yatman	2 00
Mrs Fannie A See	1 00
Sub'r. Beaver, Pa	1 00
Mattie S Clawson	1 00
Jas S Martin	1 00
M J A, St John, N B	1 00
R B Hedrick	25
In His Name, Plymouth, Mass	25
Friend, —	50
Sam'l M Boothby	1 00
Reader, Washington, Pa	2 00
Total	**$3,385.62**

For the Western Fire Sufferers.

Previously Acknowledged	$611 91
Robert Waring	1 00
Mrs W L C. Essex, N Y	1 00
Friend, Montrose, Wis	20
Interested, Rutland, O	1 00
Mrs Madge Nesbitt	2 50
Mrs William Riley	50
G W Harper	10 00
Ezra Crandall	2 00
Amanda B Golding	2 00
Eliza Shenk	50
John Wilson	1 00
Miss Martha Ford	75
J W Pierce	1 00
Mrs. Edwin Huyck	50
J C Gould	1 00
—, Hicksville	1 00
Friend	50
C M, Ivanhoe N C	1 00
George W Patrick	50
Anna and Flora Milligan	5 00
Samuel M Boothby	1 00
Printer's error in addition in issue of Oct. 10th, '94	10 50
Total	**$635.36**

For Mr. Warszawiak's Mission to the Jews of N. Y.

Previously Acknowledged	$8 50
In His Name, Leivasy, W Va	10
Sub'r, Wash., D. C	7 00
J W Pierce	1 00
Sarah J Bray	2 00
A, New Brunswick	5 00
Total	**$23.60**

For Dr. Faust's Hebrew-Christian Mission.

Previously Acknowledged	$129 90
A. C. W. S	1 00
In His Name, Leivasy, W Va	10
James S. Martin	1 00
Mrs. J. Barton	2 00
Total	**$134.00**

For the Door of Hope.

Previously Acknowledged	$111 37
Mrs. C Coatsworth	10 00
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In His Name, Waynesboro, Pa	50
Total	**$122.87**

For Mr. Heydrick.

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Mrs. P Peterson	50
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Total	**$55.50**

For Freedman's Mission.

Previously Acknowledged	$5 00
Blankville, Mass	2 00
Total	**$7.00**

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Mrs. Browning	5 00
Total	**$5.90**

Spanish Children Mission.

Previously Acknowledged	$5 00
A E Switzer	2 00
J, Mass	1 00
Total	**$8.00**

China Inland Missions.

Previously Acknowledged	$20 00
S H Hoag	1 00
E L Potter	4 00
Total	**$25.00**

African Mission, Fer Missionary Nassau

Previously Acknowledged	$1 50
Theodore Lohf	5 00
Total	**$6.50**

For General Balance Sheet of these and other Charities see page 38.

THE WALDENSIAN COLONY.

It is feared that the Waldensian colony in Burke county, N. C., will suffer acute distress during the present winter. The difficulties attending the settlement of a large number of persons in a new country, are very great, and they are increased in this case by the refusal of the colonists to adopt new methods of agricultural labor, and their resolve to continue farming as they were wont to do in their old mountain homes. The consequence is that their crops have been very small, and some of the families are already living on corn-meal. The potato crop failed. A curious characteristic of the people is that they shrink from cutting down a tree, even when they need fuel.

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Comfort Powder Co., Hartford, Ct.

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Is needed to assist the overworked organs in supplying the additional vitality required to resist the cold. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, strengthens the heart, sustains the kidneys, and invigorates the liver. It does all this by supplying pure, rich, healthy blood. In this way it prevents sickness and keeps the body in a condition of uniform health.

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"Hood's Sarsaparilla has been of great benefit to me on account of its health-giving qualities. I have taken three bottles and I gladly recommend it to all who are in need of a toning up medicine." E. C. MOORE, Woodstown, New Jersey. Get Hood's.

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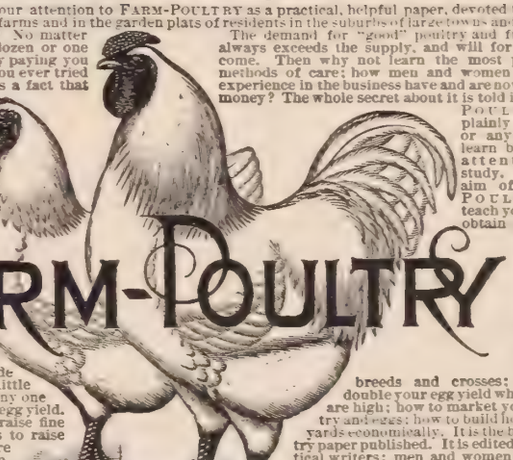

breeds and crosses; how to double your egg yield when prices are high; how to market your poultry and eggs; how to build houses and yards economically. It is the best poultry paper published. It is edited by practical writers; men and women who are engaged in poultry raising for market purposes—not fancy. All of the matter which goes into FARM-POULTRY is based upon actual experience on a poultry farm. That farm is producing eggs and poultry every year at a profit, just as our paper can and will teach you how to produce, if you study its pages monthly.

Success is all a matter of care, feeding and management; and is made up of a multitude of little details, the neglect of any one of which means a lower egg yield. You can just as easily raise fine poultry like this cut as to raise scrubs. It costs no more to feed or care for them. Again, they will lay more eggs, which you can sell for a better price if you market them properly. The dressed poultry therefrom will bring from three to five cents per pound more in the markets than from second grade stock. Why not? this extra price?

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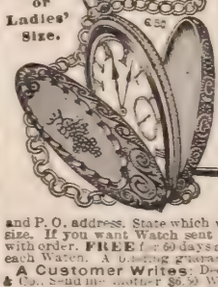

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WITH our Improved Elastic Truss. Worn with ease night and day. Retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain. Examination free. Lady in attendance for ladies. Send for pamphlet.

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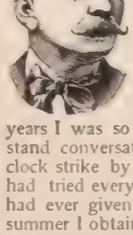

FREE!

We Direct Special Attention to the following Remarkable Statement:

For many years I suffered from Catarrh of the head and throat, which destroyed my hearing, and for twenty-five years I was so deaf that I could not understand conversation at all. Could not hear a clock strike by holding my ear against it. I had tried every known remedy, and nothing had ever given me the slightest relief. Last summer I obtained Dr. Moore's treatment, and had not used it three weeks until my hearing began to improve, and has steadily improved ever since, and now I can hear common conversation across a room without difficulty; can hear a clock strike in an adjoining room, 30 feet away, with the door closed, and I think I am entirely cured and my hearing permanently restored. I urge all who are afflicted as I was, to obtain Dr. Moore's treatment.

EDWIN COLEMAN, Mayse, Ky.

Medicine for Three Months' Treatment Free.

To introduce the treatment and prove beyond doubt that it is a positive cure for Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will, for a short time, send **Medicines** for three months' treatment free. Address,

J. H. MOORE, M.D., Cincinnati, O.

MY PRAYER.

"Cast all your care upon him, for he careth for you.'

CARE, O, my Father, take
Of this poor life of mine,
Do with me what thou wilt,
And make me wholly thine.

Take, O, my Father, take
This fickle heart of mine,
I cannot give it thee,
But thou canst make it thine.

Keep, O, my Father, keep
This weary heart and brain.
O, Father, in the midst of strife,
Do thou my soul sustain.

Thou only, Lord, canst know,
Thou only, Lord, canst see
How hard the struggle is within,
Tho' calm the surface be.

Nothing but perfect faith,
And love of thy sweet will,
Can praise me from the deep
And bid me: "Peace, be still!"

Care thou! I will not care
Nor ask with troubled mind,
About my future here—
Teach me to be resigned.

Care for me all my life,
Care thou for me and mine—
Almighty Father, gracious, good,
Care thou for all of thine.

Oil City, Pa —MRS. M. E. THROPP-CONE.

VALUABLE BIBLES.

The three most valuable Bibles in the world are found in the British Museum, the National Library in Paris, and the cloister of Belem, near Lisbon. The first is in manuscript, written by Alcuin and his pupils, and in the year 800 was presented to Charlemagne on the day of his coronation. In the thirties of the present century it was in the possession of a private gentleman in Basel, who offered it to the French government for 42,000 francs. Afterwards it was sold to the British Museum for the comparatively small sum of £750. The book is written in fine, small characters, and is decorated throughout with exquisite vignettes and arabesques. The Paris Bible was purchased in 1527, printed by order of Cardinal Ximenez and dedicated to Leo X. One of the three copies, printed on vellum paper, was, in 1789, sold to England for 12,000 francs. This copy was afterwards presented to Louis Philippe, and in this way was placed in the National Library. The third, or Belem Bible, consists of nine folio volumes, and is written on parchment. It was stolen by Junot in 1807, and taken to Paris. Madame Junot, when Portugal wanted to buy the Bible back, asked 150,000 francs for it. Louis XVIII, however, made the Portuguese government a present of the precious volumes.

THE SACRED BRIDGE OF JAPAN.

One of the most attractive objects in Yokohama, writes Miss Reba L. Irvine, a missionary, is the Sacred Bridge, which rests on solid stone piers, but is a wooden structure and lacquered deep red. The gate of this bridge is locked, only being opened once a year, during the great festival. The legend says, "that when the holy Buddhist saint, Shodo Shonin, first visited Nikko and arrived at this spot, he found the rocks so steep and the flood which rushed between them so full of whirlpools, that it seemed impossible to pass over. Appalled at the sight, he fell on his knees and called fervently upon the gods and upon Buddha for aid, when, in answer to his prayer, there appeared on the opposite bank the indistinct figure of the god Shusa Daio, holding two green and red snakes, which he cast over the abyss. In an instant a long bridge was seen to span the stream like a rainbow floating among the hills. The astonishment of the saint was so great, that he doubted the reality of the miracle, but became fully convinced of the practical intervention of the god, when the bridge in another moment became covered with long grass. Feeling quite satisfied about the safety of the structure, he crossed it with his disciples, and on turning round to look at it again, saw to his wonder that the god and the snakes had completely disappeared." Such is the absurd legend still credited in Japan.

Good News—Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption.

Our readers who suffer from Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption will be glad to learn of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known as Inhalation on the Aerial Plan, introduced by Drs. Starkey & Palen, Medical Associates, 1120 Girard Building, Philadelphia, Pa., and they will send you their treatise free, on receipt of your address.

For Inflammation of the Bowels caused by Cold or Wet Feet, "Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets" are a certain remedy.

The bridge is eighty-four feet long and eighteen feet wide, and although built in the year 1636, has not required any repairs of importance since.

A QUAINT OLD GRAVEYARD.

Among the quaint old churchyards in Pennsylvania, writes a correspondent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is the one at the old Tinicum Church, in Tinicum township, Bucks County, Pa., a short distance from Frenchtown, N. J. The first church edifice was erected in 1667, fifteen years prior to the landing of William Penn at Philadelphia. It was erected under the direction of Governor Printz who was the royal governor over the Swedes and Finns on the Delaware. The present large edifice is the fourth one. The original church was a Lutheran, as Governor Printz was a devout disciple of the great reformer, Martin Luther. The present church is owned jointly by the Lutheran and Reformed, and both are large country congregations. There are three graveyards. The oldest one was filled over a hundred years ago. I observed on one of the headstones dates back to June, 1736. A number of the headstones are rudely cut native stones. Even those that are marble are singular, compared with those of a more recent date.

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FACTS ABOUT SLEEP

is the title of a little booklet published by Foster Bros. Mfg. Co., 4 Clay St., Utica, N. Y. It is full of illustrations, and interesting reading, on the subject of rest and sleep, and will be mailed free. Some spring beds rest all, others only a portion of the body. Sleep that refreshes the body, brain and whole nervous system comes with the use of the "IDEAL." Ask your furniture dealer for the Ideal.

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THE FAMILY WASH BLUE. ALWAYS RELIABLE.

FOR SALE BY GROCERS.

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The large circle is the size of a Silver Dollar. The small circle that of a Gold Dollar.

Which would YOU choose? The Gold Dollar or the Silver? Large Bottle—Big Dose? Small Bottle—Small Dose?

Freligh's Tonic,

A Phosphorized Cerebro-Spinant,

For the

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is the Gold Dollar; small bottle, small dose,—only 5 to 10 drops—*But*

Concentrated,

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Powerful.

Formula on every bottle. Always good for 100 doses to the bottle. Price, one dollar. Sample, enough to last ten days, sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Send your address for descriptive pamphlet,

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to the Sole Agents,

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$21.50, $32.50, $39.00,
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$26.00, $34.00,
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"The more you say the less people remember." One word with you,

SAPOLIO

JOHN VASSAR'S CONVERSION.†

SOME of you used to know that little man who was called by the title of "Uncle John Vassar." He was a man of God. He was not a minister, he never preached in the pulpits, but he was a man that had to win souls for Jesus Christ. He was converted when he was about twenty-five years of age, when he was at work in his uncle's brewery in Poughkeepsie. In those days people thought that a man could make beer and still be a Christian. After he was converted, John made a little rack above the vat where he was at work, on which he kept his Bible. He wanted to have his Bible there so he could study it. But soon there came an explosion. There will always be an explosion when you take the Word of God wherever there is any kind of intoxicating liquor. This one blew John clear out of the brewery, and he never went back. His wealthy uncle offered to raise his wages, and finally offered to take him into partnership, but John said, "No, I will have nothing to do with this accursed thing." He became, as he used to say of himself, legs for good men. He was employed by the American Tract Society to carry around Bibles and good books, and he used to say of himself that he was the shepherd's watch-dog. He would go into a parish and find out the minister and say, "Let us go out and see if we cannot find some lost sheep." So it was the shepherd's dog that led the shepherd. He went into the army as a tract-distributor, where he had the modest salary of twenty-five dollars a month. When the chaplain died the soldiers elected him to that position. But he was not an ordained minister, and, in order to be chaplain, he would have to be ordained. As chaplain he would get a salary of some twelve or fifteen hundred dollars. People in Poughkeepsie heard about it, and they asked John to come back, and said they would make him an ordained minister. He went back, and they called a council of the Baptist churches to ordain him. But he heard some people say that John was just like the rest of them—he would do anything to get money. So he said to the council, "Brethren, you will have to forgive me. I am sorry that you have come together in this way," and told them what he had heard. He would not do anything that by any possibility would bring discredit on Jesus Christ, and he went back to his old salary of three hundred a year.

He came into a hotel in Boston, looking for a friend, and in the parlor were two fashionably dressed ladies. He went right up to them and said to one of them, "Excuse me, madam, are you a Christian?" She said, "Of course." He said, "I didn't mean that kind of a Christian. Have you been born again?" "Why, no; we have gotten all over that in Boston; we do not believe in being born again any more." "Have you gotten all over the Bible in Boston, or do you believe that some, more?" "Oh, yes, we believe the Bible, of course." "Will you let me read it to you?" and he took his Bible and began to pour the Word of God into her heart, until her soul burned within her and the tears came into her eyes. His friend came and he had to go, but he said, "Before I go may I pray with you?" She answered, "I wish you would. He knelt down and asked God to save her there. Her husband came in afterward, and seeing signs of tears in her eyes, he asked, "What is the matter?" She said, "There has been a strange little man here. He came up to me and asked me if I was a Christian—if I had been born again; and then he preached to me and read the Bible; and, husband, I never in my life felt as I feel now." He said, "Why didn't you tell him it was none of his business?" She said, "Dear, if you had been here, you would have thought it was his business."

† From *God's World*, and other sermons, by B. Fay Mills. A volume of interesting and helpful discourses, pp. 322, cloth covers, price $1.50; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, Publishers.

Good News for Asthmatics.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

When catarrh becomes chronic it is liable to develop into consumption. Avoid this result by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which makes one feel that he has a new lease of life.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Before he is Twenty, Five Perplexing Phases of the Boy Question Considered; being contributions on the subject by five well-known writers; pp. 104; illustrated; cloth binding; price 75 cents; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, pub'rs.

The Speech of Man and Holy Writ: An interesting study of language and its relations to Biblical truth. The author's claim is that language was a divine gift. 250 pp.; cloth binding; price 75 6d. William R. Gray, London, England, publisher.

In Cairo and Jerusalem: An Eastern note-book of remarkable interest, by Mary Thorne Carpenter; illustrated, pp. 222, cloth binding, price $1.50. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

Tony, the Story of a Waif: by Laisdell Mitchell. A delightful little juvenile story. pp. 58, artistic binding, beautifully illustrated. Charles H. Banks, Philadelphia, publisher.

St. Paul and Woman; or Paul's Requirement of Woman's Silence in Churches Reconciled with Woman's Modern Practice of Speaking in Churches; by Rev. Wm. deLoss Love, D.D. 144 pp., cloth binding, price 75c. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

More Bedtime Tales: by Minnie E. Kenney. An entertaining little book for young readers. Pp. 137; cloth binding; price 75 cents. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publisher.

Outlines of Christian Theology: by Rev. Cornelius Walker, D.D., Professor of Systematic Divinity in the University of Virginia. Comprises the leading topics in a course of theological study. Pp. 256; price $1.50; cloth binding. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publisher.

The Argument for Christianity: by George C. Lorimer, D.D. Pp. 480; price $2. Published by the American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Pushing to the Front: by Orison Swett Marden. A book for boys, giving advice as to a career and daily work, with twenty-four fine portraits of eminent Americans. Price $1.50. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York and Boston.

The New Womanhood: a solution of the Woman Question, by James C. Fernald. A remarkable book which will be read by most women with pleasure and profit; pp. 369, cloth covers, price $1.25. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers.

Dew Drops, a volume of poems, by D. L. Pennell. Some of these productions by a young author are highly spiritual, evincing rare imaginative powers. Pp. 132; canvas covers; top gilt; price 75c. American Sunday School Union, New York City, publishers.

A FAITHFUL MISSIONARY DEAD.

From Batanga, West Africa, comes the news of the death of Rev. A. C. Good, a missionary of the Foreign Board. Mr. Good went out in 1882, being assigned to the Gaboon and Corisco Mission. During the last few years he has penetrated far into the interior on various expeditions for the purpose of selecting sites for the missions. A widow and young son, now living in Ohio, survive him. He was one of the noblest men who ever gave his life for the salvation of Africa. He stood deservedly high in the estimation of his brethren on the field and of the Board of Foreign Missions and of the Church at large.

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"What I have seen of God's healing power through you demands of me that I speak for the good of others."

If you value your Life

Or the Lives of those nearest and dearest to you,

Read!

DEAR MR. CONGREVE.—As a rule, I have no faith in advertised remedies; but it must now be some twenty-five years since I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your Balsamic Elixir. He seemed at death's door, but he lives now, a strong, hearty man. Since then I have seen in many, very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude. Personally I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation. Yours heartily,

Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

The above letter from the late eminent preacher, C. H. Spurgeon, is one of thousands of testimonials to the wonderful curative properties of my **BALSAMIC ELIXIR**, which not only cures consumption, but gives instant and permanent relief in cases of Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, Influenza and all Chest affections.

For years I have been entreated to make my remedy known in the United States, but my time has been too much absorbed by my European patients to allow this. Now, however, **I have been able to extend my organization** so as to bring America within the scope of my personal observation, and my desire is to make it clear to all inhabitants of the United States that they may henceforth procure from my American depot a **Cure for Consumption** which, even in the advanced stages of that terrible disease, may be used with certainty of relief.

It acts like a charm in ordinary cases of Cough, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Chills, &c., and should be kept in every home.

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Congreve's Balsamic Elixir can be obtained from many drug stores, but it will take some time before it will be introduced into all of them throughout this vast country. If your druggist has not yet put it in stock, it will be sent you, carriage paid, from my own depot, on receipt of $1.00, $1.75, $3.75, or $7.00, according to the size of the bottle ordered.

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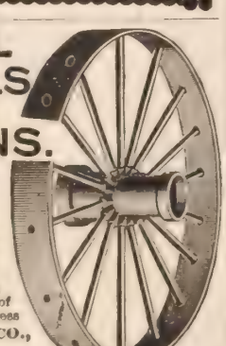

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BUILT OF OAK, POLISHED ANTIQUE FINISH, WITH BEAUTIFULLY GRAINED THREE-PLY VENEER BACK. THE SEAT, HEAD AND FOOT RESTS ARE UPHOLSTERED WITH SILK PLUSH.

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CENTRAL DRAFT ROUND WICK BURNER. ABSOLUTELY ODORLESS. HEIGHT, 3 FEET, DIA. OF DRUM 8½ INCHES; WEIGHT, 30 POUNDS. ONE GALLON KEROSENE LASTS 12 HOURS.

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MOST POPULAR DESK EVER MADE. SOLID OAK THROUGHOUT, HAND-RUBBED. 5 FEET HIGH, 2½ FEET WIDE, 10½ INCHES DEEP. THE LAUNDRY AND TOILET SOAPS, "BORAXINE" AND "MODJESKA" TOILET ARTICLES, BOUGHT AT RETAIL WOULD COST, - - - - - - $10.00 / EITHER PREMIUM, WORTH AT RETAIL, 10.00 } YOU GET ALL FOR $ 10.00. WE WILL SEND BOX AND EITHER PREMIUM ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL; IF SATISFACTORY, YOU CAN REMIT $10.00 IF NOT, HOLD GOODS SUBJECT TO OUR ORDER.

See Christian Herald Oct. 24th and Nov. 28th. THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

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A handsome book of 174 pages with many **new features** for 1895—hundreds of illustrations, pictures painted from nature—it tells all about the **BEST SEEDS that grow,** including rare novelties that cannot be had elsewhere. Any seed planter is welcome to a copy **FREE.** *Send your address to-day on a postal.*

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CATALOGUE OF AND OTHER FLOWERS **ROSES**

Brighter and handsomer than ever with special features of Premiums, Discounts, Club Offers and Low Prices with full description of the latest varieties and profusely illustrated. IT IS SENT **FREE.** WRITE TO-DAY.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18. NUMBER 4.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 23, 1895.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, $1.50.

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THE NATION'S GREAT HEART TOUCHED.

A Universal Response to the West's Appeal for Help—Cargoes of Food and Clothing Going Forward and Money Flowing in to Swell the Relief Fund—Sympathetic Letters from Governor Crounse, Senator Manderson and Several Congressmen—The Widespread Suffering Proved by a Mass of Indisputable Evidence.

EARLIER than expected, the appeal in behalf of the suffering farmers of Nebraska and Kansas, published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has, under Divine blessing, been the means of starting a relief movement which has now become national in character and extent. Many thousands of benevolent people, throughout the entire country, have been stimulated to Christian effort and are now generously aiding the relief work with their gifts and their prayers. North, South, and East, the work of succor is being pushed with zeal and activity. Churches of all denominations, Church societies, Leagues, Unions and Sunday Schools, vie with each other in kindly sympathy, while merchants, business men, tradesmen, and humble toilers of both sexes are sending in their contributions in such generous measure that the result must be the alleviation of much suffering and the saving of very many human lives.

In a movement like the present, every moment counts and aid quickly rendered is the best aid. To expedite the work at all points, Dr. Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of this journal, has started for Nebraska where he will personally supervise the distribution of the major portion of the Relief Fund contributed by our readers through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He will visit all the principal centres of suffering, first stopping at Lincoln, Neb., the headquarters of the State Relief Committee. Our Sunday School Missionary, Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, has already been sent from his post in Missouri to Nebraska, to assist in this urgent work of mercy. $1,000 of the Relief Fund have been placed in the hands of the editor of the Omaha "World-Herald," for immediate distribution, at points where the destitution is most pronounced, and nearly three hundred barrels, boxes and packages of clothing and supplies have been forwarded from our Central Relief Depot, 740-742 Broadway, N. Y., to different points in Nebraska and Kansas to be distributed by our corps of Volunteer Distributors, who have thus far done noble service in behalf of the distressed—such service as should win for them the loving gratitude of God's people everywhere. As the Relief Fund grows, it is expected that every centre of suffering will gradually be reached and the very worst cases of distress from

The Pangs of Hunger and Cold

at least temporarily assisted. While, from all accounts, the situation in Nebraska is much more widespread and serious than that in Kansas, no point will be neglected, should the generous aid of our contributing friends enable us to reach them all.

During the week, letters have been received from our volunteer distributors at Lincoln, North Platte, Stockville, Eustis, Curtis, Gothenburg, Elm Creek, Palmer, Pleasanton, McCook, Oxford, Clearwater, O'Neill, Cornell, Spencer, Box Elder, Grand Island, Malcolm, Elsie, Long City, Culberson, Westerville, Cornell, Beaver City, Dublin, Cambridge, Benkelman, Inman, Mason City, Litchfield, Arcadia, Springview, Grant, Hayden, and over twenty other points in Nebraska, stating that the relief work is progressing rapidly, and that many kind friends have forwarded clothing in response to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S appeal, which, together with the money sent from our Relief Fund, has been the means of helping a very large number of the destitute. The condition of the poor in the farming districts is pitiful in the extreme. There is hardly a district in which there are not

Hundreds of Destitute.

Custer county has 250 families utterly unable to help themselves; Perkins 200, Chase 225, Dundy 120, Hitchcock 250, Red Willow 100, Hayes 200, Frontier 40, Fuernas 100, Lincoln 700, Dawson 45, Keith 200, Duell, Cherry, and McPherson 40 each; Blaine 20, Boyd 250, Holt and Antelope 30 each, Keza Paha 25, and Knox 25. These numbers are on the increase, as the blizzard weather, with intense cold, has set in. Many families in remote districts have been subsisting for some time past on "prairie dogs" as their sole article of diet. The famine has driven off large numbers, and abandoned farms, sod houses, granaries, and farm implements can be seen just as their owners left them. In one section, a mother and two little children died in their cabin, and at the inquest no trace of food was found in their stomachs.

Our Nebraska distributors report that the money thus far sent them from the Relief Fund has been expended mainly in the purchase of flour, needy families averaging a sack apiece, and very large families two sacks. Groceries and clothing are also given where needed. Many of the letters are very touching, and disclose a gratitude deep and heartfelt, to the generous contributors who have aided them in the time of keenest distress. Sickness is prevalent in some sections, doubtless the result of long privation, and it is hard to realize the amount of misery the distributors encounter in many of the stricken homes, where they go with food and words of loving cheer. Everywhere they are hailed as the Lord's messengers, whose coming has been earnestly prayed for. To very many of the

(Continued on page 52.)

QUARTERS OF THE WESTERN RELIEF FUND
ESTABLISHED BY THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
TRIBUTIONS OF CLOTHING AND MONEY SOLICITED
Distributors in Many Counties of Kansas and Nebraska
are now engaged in

RECEIVING CLOTHING AND SUPPLIES FOR THE SUFFERERS AT OUR RELIEF DEPOT.

(After Feb. 1 the Depot will be Removed to No. 15 Bible House, New York.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

POINTS OF COMPASS.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage, preached last Sunday in the Academy of Music, New York. Text: Luke 13: 29: "*They shall come from the East, and from the West, and from the North, and from the South, and shall sit down.*"

THE man who wrote this was at one time a practicing physician; at another time a talented painter; at another time a powerful preacher; at another time a reporter—an inspired reporter. God bless, and help, and inspire all reporters! From their pen drops the health or poison of nations. The name of this reporter was Lucanus; for short he was called Luke; and in my text, although stenography had not yet been born, he reports verbatim a sermon of Christ which in one paragraph bowls the round world into the light of the millennium. "They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south and shall sit down." Nothing more interested me in my recent journey around the world than to see the ship captain about noon, whether on the Pacific, or the Indian, or Bengal, or Mediterranean, or Red Sea, looking through a nautical instrument to find just where we were sailing; and it is well to know that though the captain tells you there are thirty-two points of division of the compass card in the mariner's compass, there are only four cardinal points, and my text hails them, the north, the south, the east, the west. So I spread out before us the map of the world to see the extent of the Gospel campaign. The hardest part of the field to be taken is the north, because our Gospel is an emotional Gospel, and the nations of the far north are a cold-blooded race. They dwell amid icebergs and eternal snows, and everlasting winter. Greenlanders, Laplanders, Icelanders, Siberians — their vehicle is the sledge drawn by reindeer. Their apparel the thickest furs at all seasons. Their existence a lifetime battle with the cold. The winter charges upon them with swords of icicle, and strikes them with bullets of hail and pounds them with battering-rams of glacier.

But already the huts of the Arctic hear the songs of Divine worship. Already the snows fall on open New Testaments. Already the warmth of the Sun of Righteousness begins to be felt through the bodies, and minds, and souls of the Hyperboreans. Down from Nova Zembla; down from Spitzbergen Seas; down from the Land of the Midnight Sun; down from the palaces of crystal; down over realms of ice, and over dominions of snow, and through hurricanes of sleet, Christ's disciples are coming from the north. The inhabitants of Hudson's Bay are gathering to the Cross. The Church Missionary Society in those polar climes has been grandly successful in establishing twenty-four Gospel stations, and over twelve thousand natives have believed and been baptized. The Moravians have kindled the light of the Gospel all up and down Labrador. The Danish Mission has gathered disciples from among the shivering inhabitants of Greenland. William Duncan preaches the Gospel up in the chill latitudes of Columbia, delivering one sermon nine times in the same day to as many different tribes who listen, and then go forth to build school houses and churches. Alaska, called at its annexation William H. Seward's folly, turns out to be William H. Seward's triumph, and it is hearing the voice of God through the American missionaries, men and women as defiant of Arctic hardships as the old Scottish chief who, when camping out in a winter's night knocked from under his son's head a pillow of snow, saying that such indulgence in luxury would weaken and disgrace the clan. The Jeannette went down in latitude 77, while De Long and his freezing and dying men stood watching it from the crumbling and crackling polar pack; but the old ship of the Gospel sails as unhurt in latitude 77 as in our own forty degrees, and the one-starred flag floats above the top-gallants in Baffin's Bay, and Hudson's Strait, and Melville Sound. The heroism of Polar expedition, which has made the names of Sebastian Cabot, and Scoresby, and Schwatka, and Henry Hudson immortal, is to be eclipsed by the prowess of the men and women who amid the frosts of highest latitudes are this moment taking the upper shores of Europe, Asia and America for God. Scientists have never been able to agree as to what is the the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights. I can tell them. It is the banner of victory for Christ spread out in the northern night heavens. Partially fulfilled already the prophecy of my text, to be completely fulfilled in the near future: "They shall come from the north."

But my text takes in the opposite point of the compass. The far South has through high temperature, temptations to lethargy, and indolence, and hot blood, which tend toward multiform evil. We have through my text got the North in, notwithstanding its frosts, and the same text brings in the South, notwithstanding its torridity. The fields of cactus, the orange groves, and the thickets of magnolia are to be surrendered to the Lord Almighty. The South! That means Mexico, and all the regions that William H. Prescott and Lord Kingsborough made familiar in literature; Mexico in strange dialect of the Aztecs; Mexico conquered by Hernan Cortes, to be more gloriously conquered; Mexico with its capital more than seven thousand feet above the sea level, looking down upon the entrancement of lake, and valley, and plain; Mexico, the home of nations yet to be born —all for Christ. The South! That means Africa, which David Livingstone consecrated to God when he died on his knees in his tent of exploration. Already about 750,000 converts to Christianity in Africa. The South! That means all the islands strewn by Omnipotent hand through tropical seas. Malayan Polynesia, Melanesia, Micronesia, and other islands more numerous than you can imagine unless you have voyaged around the world. The South! That means Java for God; Sumatra for God; Borneo for God; Siam for God.

A ship was wrecked near one of these islands and two life-boats put out for shore, but those who arrived in the first boat were clubbed to death by the cannibals, and the other boat put back and was somehow saved. Years passed on, and one of that very crew was wrecked again with others on the same rocks. Crawling up on the shore they proposed to hide from the cannibals in one of the caverns, but mounting the rocks they saw a church, and cried out: "We are saved! A church! A church!" The South! That means Venezuela, New Granada, Ecuador and Bolivia. The South! That means the torrid zone, with all its bloom, and all its fruitage, and all its exuberance; the redolence of illimitable gardens; the music of boundless groves; the lands, the seas, that night by night look up to the Southern Cross, which in stars transfigures the midnight heaven as you look up at it all the way from the Sandwich Islands to Australia. "They shall come from the South."

But I must not forget that my text takes in another cardinal point of the compass. It takes in the East. I have to report that in a journey around the world there is nothing so much impresses one as the fact that the missionaries divinely blessed are taking the world for God. The horrible war between Japan and China will leave the last wall of opposition flat in the dust. War is barbarism always and everywhere. We hold up our hands in amazement at the massacre at Port Arthur, as though Christian nations could never go into such diabolism. We forget Fort Pillow! We forget the fact that during our war both North and South rejoiced when there were 10,000 more wounded and slain on the opposite side. War, whether in China or the United States, is hell let loose. But one good result will come from the Japanese-Chinese conflict. Those regions will be more open to civilization and Christianity than ever before. When Missionary Carey put before an assembly of ministers at Northampton, England, his project for the evangelization of India, they laughed him out of the house. From Calcutta on the east of India to Bombay on the west, there is not a neighborhood but directly or indirectly feels the Gospel power. The Juggernaut, which did its awful work for centuries, a few weeks ago was brought out from the place where it has for years been kept under shed as a curiosity, and there was no one reverentially to greet it. About three million of Christian souls in India are the advance guard that will lead on the two hundred and fifty million. The Christians of Amoy, and Pekin, and Canton are the advance guard that will lead the three hundred and forty million of China. "They shall come from the East." The last mosque of Mohammedanism will be turned into a Christian church. The last Buddhist temple will become a fortress of light. The last idol of Hindooism will be pitched into the fire. The Christ who came from the East will yet bring all the East with him. Of course, there are high obstacles to be overcome, and great ordeals must be passed through before the consummation: as witness the Armenians under the butchery of the Turk. May that throne on the banks of the Bosphorus soon crumble! The time has already come when the United States Government, and Great Britain, and Germany ought to intone the indignation of all civilized nations. While it is not requisite that arms be sent there to avenge the wholesale massacre of Armenians, it is is requisite that by cable under the seas and by protest that shall thrill the wires from Washington, and London, and Berlin to Constantinople, the nations anathematize the diabolism for which the Sultan of Turkey is responsible. Mohammedanism is a curse whether in Turkey or New York! "They shall come from the East!" And they will come at the call of the loveliest, and grandest, and best men and women of all time. I mean the missionaries. Dissolute Americans and Englishmen who have gone to Calcutta, and Bombay, and Canton to make their fortunes, defame the missionaries because the holy lives and the pure households of those missionaries are a constant rebuke to the American and English libertines stopping there, but the men and women of God there stationed go on gloriously with their work; people just as good and self-denying as was missionary Moffat, who when asked to write in an album, wrote these words:

> My album is the savage breast
> Where pagan night and darkness rests
> Without one ray of light
> To write the name of Jesus there;
> To point to worlds both bright and fair;
> And see the pagan bow in prayer,
> Is all my soul's delight.

In all those regions are men and women with the consecration of Melville B. Cox, who embarking for the missionary work in Africa, said to a fellow student: "If I die in Africa, come and write my epitaph." "What shall I write for your epitaph?" said the student. "Write," said he, "these words: Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up."

There is another point of the compass that my text includes. "They shall come from the West." That means America redeemed. Everything between Atlantic and Pacific Oceans to be brought within the circle of holiness and rapture. Will it be done by worldly reform, or evangelism? Will it be law, or Gospel? I am glad that a wave of reform has swept across this land, and all the cities are feeling the advantage of the mighty movement. Let the good work go on until the last municipal evil is extirpated. About fifteen years ago the distinguished editor of a New York daily newspaper, said to me in his editorial room, "You ministers talk about evils of which you know nothing. Why don't you go with the officers of the law, and explore for yourself, so that when you preach against sin you can speak from what you have seen with your own eyes?" I said, "I will." And in company with a commissioner of Police, and a Captain of Police, and two elders of my church, I explored the dens and hiding-places of all styles of crime in New York, and preached a series of sermons warning young men, and setting forth the work that must be done lest the judgments of God whelm this city with more awful submergement than the volcanic deluge that buried Herculaneum and Pompeii. I received as nearly as I can remember several hundred columns of newspaper abuse for undertaking that exploration. Editorials of denunciation, double-leaded, and with captions in great primer type, entitled "The Fall of Talmage," or "Talmage makes the mistake of his life," or "Down with Talmage," but I still live and am in full sympathy with all movements for municipal purification. But a movement which ends with crime exposed and law executed stops half way. Nay, it stops long before it gets half way. The law never yet saved anybody; never yet changed anybody. Break up all the houses of iniquity in this city, and you only send the occupants to other cities. Break down all the policemen in New York, and while it changes their worldly fortunes, it does not change their heart or life. The greatest want in New York to-day is the transforming power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to change the heart and the life, and uplift the tone of moral sentiment, and make men do right, not because they are afraid of Ludlow Street Jail or Sing Sing, but because they love God and hate unrighteousness. I have never heard, nor have you heard, of anything except the Gospel that proposes to regenerate the heart, and by the influence of that regenerated heart, rectify the life. Execute the law, most certainly; but preach the Gospel, by all means—in churches, in theatres, in homes, in prisons, on the land and on the sea. The Gospel is the only power that can revolutionize society and save the world. All else is half and half work, and will not last. In New York it has allowed men who got by police bribery their thousands, and tens of thousands, and perhaps hundreds of thusands of dollars, to go scot free; while some who were merely the cat's paw and agents of bribery are struck with the lightnings of the law. It reminds me of a scene in Philadelphia when I was living there. A poor woman had been arrested and tried and imprisoned for selling molasses candy on Sunday. Other law-breakers had been allowed to go undisturbed, and the grog-shops were open on the Lord's Day, and the law with its hands behind its back walked up and down the streets declining to molest many of the offenders; but we all rose up in our righte-

ous indignation, and calling upon all powers, visible and invisible, to help us, we declared that though the heavens fell no woman should be allowed to sell molasses candy on Sunday.

A few weeks ago, after I had preached in one of the churches in this city, a man staggered up on the pulpit stairs maudlin drunk, saying: "I am one of the reformers that was elected to high office at the last election." I got rid of that "great reformer" as soon as I could, but I did not get rid of the impression that a man like that would cure the abominations of New York about as soon as smallpox would cure typhoid fever, or a buzz-saw would render Haydn's "Creation." Politics in all our cities has become so corrupt that the only difference between the Republican and Democratic parties is that each is worse than the other. But what nothing else in the universe can do, the Gospel can and will accomplish. "They shall come from the west," and for that purpose the evangelistic batteries are planted all along the Pacific coast, as they are planted all along the Atlantic coast. All the prairies; all the mountains; all the valleys; all the cities are under more or less Gospel influence, and when we get enough faith and consecration for the work, this whole American Continent will cry out for God. "They shall come from the west."

The work is not so difficult as many suppose. You say, "There are the foreign populations." Yes; but many of them are Hollanders, and they were brought up to love and worship God, and it will take but little to persuade the Hollanders to adopt the religion of their forefathers. Then there are among these foreigners so many of the Scotch. They or their ancestors heard Thomas Chalmers thunder, and Robert McCheyne pray. The breath of God so often swept through the heather of the Highlands, and the voice of God has so often sounded through the Trossachs, and they all know how to sing Dundee; so that they will not have often to be invited to accept the God of John Knox and Bothwell Bridge.

Then there are among these foreigners so many of the English. They inherited the same language as we inherited—the English in which Shakespeare dramatized, and Milton chimed his cantos, and Henry Melville Gospelized, and Oliver Cromwell prorogued Parliament, and Wellington commanded his eager hosts. Among these foreigners are the Swiss, and they were rocked in a cradle under the shadow of the Alps, that cathedral of the Almighty in which all the elements, snow, and hail, and tempest, and hurricane worship. Among these foreigners are a vast host of Germans, and they feel centuries afterward the power of that unparalleled spirit who shook the earth when he trod it, and the heavens when he prayed—Martin Luther! From all nations our foreign populations have come, and they are homesick, far away from the place of their childhood, and the graves of their ancestors, and our glorious religion presented to them aright will meet their needs, and fill their souls, and kindle their enthusiasm. They shall come from amid the wheat sheaves of Dakota, and from the ore beds of Wyoming, and from the silver mines of Nevada, and from the golden gulches of Colorado, and from the banks of the Platte, and the Oregon, and the Sacramento, and the Columbia. "They shall come from the west."

But what will they do after they come? Here is something gloriously consolatory that you have never noticed: "They shall come from the east, and the west, and the north, and the south, and shall sit down." Oh, this is a tired world! The most of people are kept on the run all their lifetime. Business keeps them on the run. Trouble keeps them on the run. Rivalries of life keep them on the run. They are running from disaster. They are running for reward. And those who run the fastest and run the longest seem best to succeed. But my text suggests a restful posture for all God's children, for all those who for a lifetime have been on the run. "They shall sit down!" Why run any longer! When a man gets heaven, what more can he get? "They shall sit down." Not alone, but in picked companionship of the universe. Not embarrassed though a seraph should sit down on one side of you, and an archangel on the other.

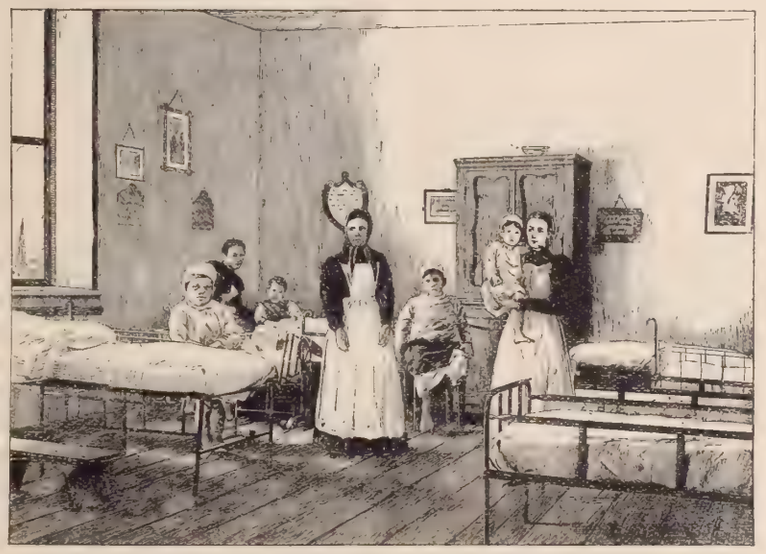
There is that mother who through all the years of infancy and childhood was kept running amid sick trundle-beds, now to shake up the pillow for that flaxen-head, and now to give a drink to those parched lips, and now to hush the frightened dream of a little one; and when there was one less of the children because the great Lover of children had lifted one out of the croup into the easy breathing of celestial atmosphere, the mother putting all the more anxious care on those who were left; so weary of arm, and foot, and back, and head, so often crying out, "I am so tired! I am so tired!" Her work done, she shall sit down. And that business man for thirty, forty, fifty years has kept on the run, not urged by selfishness, but for the purpose of achieving a livelihood for the household. On the run from store to store, or from factory to factory; meeting this loss, and discovering that inaccuracy, and suffering betrayal or disappointment; nevermore to be cheated, or perplexed, or exasperated, he shall sit down. Not in a great arm-chair of heaven, for the rockers of such a chair would imply one's need of soothing, of changing to easy posture, or semi-invalidism; but a throne, solid as eternity and radiant as the morning after a night of storm. "They shall sit down."

I notice that the most of the styles of toil require an erect attitude. There are the thousands of girls behind counters, many such persons through the inhumanity of employers compelled to stand, even when because of a lack of customers there is no need that they stand. Then, there are all the carpenters, and the stone masons, and the blacksmiths, and the farmers, and the engineers, and the ticket agents, and the conductors. In most trades, in most occupations, they must stand. But ahead of all those who love and serve the Lord is a resting-place, a complete relaxation of fatigued muscle, something cushioned, and upholstered, and embroidered, with the very ease of heaven. "They shall sit down." Rest from toil. Rest from pain. Rest from persecution. Rest from uncertainty. Beautiful, joyous, transporting, everlasting rest! Oh, men and women of the frozen north, and the blooming south, and from the realms of the rising or setting sun, through Christ get your sins forgiven and start for the place where you may at last sit down in blissful recovery from the fatigues of earth, while there roll over you the raptures of heaven. Many of you have had such a rough tussle in this world that if your faculties were not perfect in heaven you would sometime forget yourself and say: "It is time for me to start on that journey;" or "It must be time for me to count out the drops of that medicine," or "I wonder what new attack there is on me through the newspapers?" or "Do you think I will save anything of those crops from the grasshoppers, or the locusts, or the droughts?" or "I wonder how much I have lost in that last bargain?" or "I must hurry lest I miss the train." No, no. The last volume of direful, earthly experiences will be finished. Yea, the last chapter, the last paragraph, the last sentence, the last word. Finis!

Frederick the Great, notwithstanding the mighty dominion over which he reigned, was so depressed at times he could not speak without crying, and carried a small bottle of quick poison with which to end his misery, when he could stand it no longer. But I give you this small vial of Gospel anodyne, one drop of which, not hurting either body or soul, ought to soothe all unrest, and put your pulses into an eternal calm. "They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and the south, and shall sit down."

AN OBSTACLE TO MISSIONS.

It is notorious that the morals of Portuguese, Dutch, Danes and English in the East have largely been a reproach to the Christian name, writes A. C. Thompson in his work on "Protestant Missions." Though calling themselves Christians they are such, not by holding the distinctive doctrines of our religion, but because in the general census of the world they are not classed as Jews, Mohammedans, or idolaters. Englishmen were then wont to say that they left their religion at the Cape of Good Hope on the way out, which they could pick up on the way back to Europe. What religion those men had was not likely to enrich South Africa in the meantime. Sir Monier Williams remarks, "I doubt, however, whether the worst Indians are ever so offensive in their vices as the worst type of low, unprincipled Europeans." When a certain European, who had been a terror and a disgrace to a district in Southern India, died, the natives habitually offered brandy and cigars at his tomb to propitiate his spirit, which was supposed to be still wandering about with bad intentions. It is not yet a century since Captain William Bruce wrote to Southey that if England's empire in India were overthrown, the only monuments that would remain of it would be broken bottles and corks. Schwartz declares that in his earlier acquaintance with India he sought in vain for a pious European. Later missionaries have sometimes confessed to much the same. There was not a precept of their own religion which the natives did not observe, nor a precept of Christianity which some Europeans did not disregard. What could the honest servants of Christ do in the midst of such harassing retorts as were made by the Hindus who had seen the white men's misconduct?



IN THE SICKROOM OF THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, JERUSALEM.
From a Photograph.

Sick Children of Jerusalem.

How they are Tenderly Nursed and Cared for at the Marienstift—A Beautiful Charity.

ONE of the numerous philanthropies established under Christian auspices in recent years in Palestine is more efficient or more deserving of sympathy and kindly consideration than the Hospital for Children known as the "Marienstift," ("Mary's foundation") which is situated on the outskirts of Jerusalem about fifteen minutes' walk from the Damascus gate.

Grand Duchess Mary of Mecklenburg Schwerin was the august patroness. Children from six months old to twelve years are admitted for treatment, hundreds being taken in with their mothers and sheltered annually. Two hundred and forty-eight in all received treatment in the first three years. All who have visited the East have remarked the great number of people afflicted with diseases of the eyes. In most cases, this is directly traceable to neglect in childhood. The average number of patients per year has been three hundred, including a number of mothers. In addition to this there were many outside patients. The creeds represented by the inmates of the "Marienstift" included Moslems, Jews, Protestants, Greeks and Catholics. A majority of the little sufferers and waifs come from the great city itself, but some were from Hebron, Gaza, Nazareth and Safed and even from the land of Moab. Sick children are brought to the hospital from Christian villages by missionary societieties. A great variety of diseases is necessarily treated. It must not be imagined that medical work constitutes the sole duty of the hospital staff. School and general educational work are included wherever possible, and the Gospel is explained to listening ears and eager hearts.

The "Marienstift" has its patrons scattered all over the world—generous Christian men and women in almost every country in Europe, in America, India, and even New Zealand—and Medical Director Sandreczky having carefully preserved its purely undenominational character, has had the good fortune to secure for the institution the friendly cooperation of every governor of Jerusalem for the last twenty years.

Our illustration shows the interior of the "Sick Room" of the "Marienstift." Under Director Sandreczky is an able Medical staff, including Dr. S. Bittelreich and Dr. P. Kauffmann. The year just closed has been a very busy one, the patients increasing in number every month. The work is being steadily extended and this policy will be continued, should the institution meet with the same generous help from the good people of Europe and America it has received in the past.

MISSION WORK IN SEOUL.

Dr. John B. Busteed, an American Medical Missionary at Seoul, Korea, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"The missionaries are all in Seoul at present. Everything is quiet, we are perfectly safe, not only protected by our governments, but we are in our Heavenly Father's keeping. At the beginning of the war, the work was somewhat impeded on account of the scattering of the Koreans, due to their fear of war; but now most of them have returned and work is resumed. Korea is still in an unsettled condition. Reforms have already been started, but how they will be accepted by the people, time alone will show. During the year the Si Pying Won hospital work has proved a blessing to several thousands and is crowded with patients, especially at the time of the attack on the palace, when so many Koreans were wounded. This winter our needs are many and they include a dispensary building at the new hospital site; blankets, pieces of flannel for undergarments, cotton for bandages and quilts for winter; instruments, books for hospital library and cheese-cloth for dressings."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

The Nation's Great Heart Touched.

Continued from first page.

distributors this relief work is a new and blessed experience, for which they express themselves in their letters as thankful to the charitable donors who are enabling them to do this service "in His name." Every dollar is made to go as far as possible in the distribution of food and fuel among the suffering, many pastors, with the assistance of their church societies, devoting their entire time to it, day after day. Yet such is the extent of the distress that in a majority of the districts the relief afforded thus far has

Barely Touched the Surface.

A letter from C. W. Preston of Curtis, Neb.,—the echo of many similar ones—describes the situation tersely. He writes:

We commenced giving a carload four days ago, and although we have been severely economical in distribution, Resident people from a distance of twenty miles come after supplies. The starved look upon some of the faces is indescribable. One case may serve to illustrate. A man comes from seventeen miles away, nothing to eat at home —[illegible] two days before. As he starts on his long, cold ride, nearly night, he says: "My wife and children will have nothing to eat until I get home." You do not need to be told that your gifts are very acceptable.

C. H. Brouilette of Oxford, Neb., gives this sad picture, seen on his relieving tour:

I travelled along the Kansas lines yesterday, and saw the destitution all around—the weak and dying condition of stock for want of food—saw five dead horses on one farm, and fowl, sheep and hogs in a starved condition. My heart ached. God pity poor, bleeding Nebraska's starving.

Five families, a total of twenty-three persons, were relieved by Mrs. Sarah Burton of Culberson, Neb., with her first $5 received from the Relief Fund. In almost every instance the Distributors have been equally economical. "We have relieved sixty families," writes Rev. N. S. Lowrie, O'Neill, Neb., "and have twice as many more to help." "The people are not half clothed to stand the winter," writes Postmaster Isaac Underhill, of Cornell, Neb., "They need coats, cloaks and dresses of all kinds, and clothing for children. The cattle and horses are turned out to live or die." "If every gift does as much good as this one, many poor sufferers will be made glad," is the expression of Rev. L K, McNeil, Long City.

Gov. Crounse Welcomes Aid.

An effort has been made by a certain class of real estate speculators, and other interested persons, to suppress the facts concerning the deplorable condition of the people in the western counties of Nebraska. These attempts at concealment, however, are effectually exploded by the mass of evidence that has reached THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, including not only a great volume of letters from sufferers themselves, but communications from many chairmen and officials of local relief committees. Gov. Crounse, in a letter dated Jan. 3, 1895, and addressed to Mr. A. M. Purdy, Palmyra, N. Y., says:

"Our people are actively engaged in supplying the needs of those who are brought to distress by reason of the widespread and severe drought of the past season, and the Legislature, now in session, will take prompt action in the matter. While the State is not asking for relief from the outside **yet any donations from the charitably disposed will be thankfully received to aid in meeting the extensive need for help.**"

This from the Chief Executive of Nebraska sufficiently refutes the fabrication of the land speculators that no outside help is wanted, and that the State can take care of its destitute without assistance. Rev. L. P. Ludden, Secretary of the State Relief Commission at Lincoln, Neb., and the officers of over a score of local relief committees, will fully endorse the wise and humane admission of Gov. Crounse that all outside help is welcome in the present emergency.

Senator Manderson's Plain Words.

From U. S. Senator Manderson of Nebraska, a most practical letter has been received, [illegible] well worth] effectual silence the land speculators who deny the stories of suffering in that State. He writes that the statements regarding the distress have not been overdrawn. During the last campaign he was in nearly all parts of the State of Nebraska, and the partial failure of the crop in the season of 1893, followed by [illegible] total failure of crop in 1894, [illegible] has brought about a deplorable condition. The people of the eastern part of the State [illegible] have given liberally for those who are in the West, but of course their power to relieve distress is limited. He travelled over parts of the State where for a hundred miles at a stretch there was no vegetation, except what nature places upon a soil that is entirely dried up and without moisture. The condition can be readily imagined when it is stated that in Nebraska, according to the Weather Bureau, the shortage of rain during the last three years has been five feet of water over the entire State, as compared with the usual average of the twenty-five preceding years. The Senator has no doubt that this is a mere passing adversity that will ultimately do good by leading to better agricultural conditions. It will mean irrigation and the artificial placing upon land of surface and subterranean water, and will also bring about subsoil plowing. He sees no objection to trying to have the Agricultural Department, by an appropriation, send seed to Nebraska. The difficulty is that with the slow processes incident to government appropriations he fears that seed-time and harvest will both have passed away before the seed could be purchased and distributed. He proposes, so far as he is individually concerned, to send the entire quota of seeds allotted to him to the Governor of Nebraska, or to some person he may designate. He will also urge this action upon his associates in Congress.

What a Blizzard might Do.

Congressman Kem of Nebraska, writes us as follows:

House of Representatives, U. S.
Washington, January 6th, 1895.

Your letter, under date of the 4th inst., relative to the drouth sufferers of Nebraska, is just at hand and contents noted. I have to say in reply that my home is in the drouth-stricken district, and I am personally acquainted with the situation there. I have seen no article in the press exaggerating the condition of the people, and if an old-time blizzard should visit that country, hundreds, if not thousands, would absolutely perish!

As to legislation in the matter, I do not know what can be done, but you may rest assured that nothing along this line will be neglected upon my part.

Very truly,
O. M. KEM. M. C.

There is no attempt at concealment of the true situation by the Nebraska press, if we except a single newspaper in Omaha. One newspaper, "The Mason City Transcipt," says:

Once in awhile we hear somebody say that Custer county is able to take care of its own poor. The statement does not appear to be well founded when the fact is known that there are but few stores in the county that will honor an order on the county for goods. There is but one store in Mason City where a county order will be filled, and the proprietors are not anxious for many of them. All the other stores in town positively refuse to sell goods on county orders. This is the case all over the county. Will some one please explain how the hundreds of needy people of Custer county are going to have their wants for food, clothing and fuel supplied when the county's credit will not buy them.

A Pitiful Case.

The "Arcadia (Neb.) Courier" tells of a distressing case of destitution and poverty which recently came to light in that vicinity. A woman recently gave birth to a child, but there was nothing in the house to eat, no fuel and no clothing. In the course of a day or two the neighbors found out the state of affairs and provided the needs of the family as best they could, but the aid came too late. The woman died, leaving six small children, without sufficient clothing to keep them warm. She was buried Sunday in a rough, unpainted pine box.

The Omaha "World-Herald" and other leading newspapers in Nebraska are publishing details of the destitute condition of the population in the distressed sections and many are substantially aiding the relief work.

A Relief Fund Gift Welcomed.

Gilbert M. Hitchcock, President of the "World-Herald" Company, Omaha, Neb., writes to the Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as follows:

On behalf of 125 families who will be the beneficiaries of your generosity, I beg to thank you for the gift of one thousand dollars for the drouth sufferers of western Nebraska tendered in your telegram of January 4th. We at once took action to make a distribution of your contribution. After consulting with Mr. Peattie, who was the member of our staff, whose letters from the drought-stricken region first advised the country of the urgent need for aid, I decided to authorize a certain man in each of twelve different counties to send me the names of the ten most destitute families in the county. In Custer county, however, we selected two men on account of the large size of the county, and in Deuel county we only asked for the names of five families for the reason that that county was not in such straits as others. I have therefore sent a telegram to each of the different counties as follows: Postmaster at Ansley, Custer county; Postmaster at Anselmo, Custer county; County clerk at Ogallala, Keith county; County clerk at Chappell county; County clerk at Imperial, Chase county; County clerk at Grant, Perkins county; Oscar Callahan, at Benkleman, Dundy county; H. A. Edghill, at Maywood, Frontier county; Rev. Palmer at Trenton, Hitchcock county; George A. Dillard at North Platte, Lincoln county; County clerk at Gandy, Logan county; County clerk at Butte City, Boyd county; County clerk at Hayes Center, Hayes county. I requested each man to give me the names of the ten most destitute families in the county by mail upon the following day, and informed him that I had $80 to be expended for provisions for those families. The only exception was in the case of Deuel county as noted above, where I asked for the names of five families for whom $40 would be expended. To-day I have received some of the answers and expect to have them all by to-morrow. We expect to spend the money for provisions, which we buy at wholesale and at the lowest possible price. We shall then ask the railroad to deadhead the shipments to the respective destinations, and I will supply you with the names of the families and their addresses.

Justice to Nebraska.

This paper has been criticized a good deal by people in Nebraska who think that our publications have resulted in damaging the State in the estimation of the east. I will therefore esteem it a particular favor and a matter of justice to Nebraska, if you will set forth in your columns the fact that such an affliction as Nebraska had last year is almost unheard of in the State, and that of the 91 counties in Nebraska, not more than a dozen are in a serious condition. The Legislature of Nebraska within the next few weeks will make the necessary appropriation for relief, including the purchase of seed grain for the spring planting. Meanwhile, it is unfortunately true, however, that contributions like yours have been needed to give temporary relief pending the necessary delay in official action.

Mr. R. H. Edwards, editor of the "Manufacturers' Record," Baltimore, writes us that a full train-load of eighteen cars each carrying twenty-five tons of coal, has been contributed by West Virginia coal miners to the Nebraska sufferers.

Appeals From Committees.

Appeals that are extremely pathetic in character, are in circulation in many parts of Nebraska, which alone would be sufficient to set all doubt at rest as to the true situation and the urgent need of help. Here is one issued by the Callaway (Custer co.) Central Relief Committee:

THE DROUTH

in Western Nebraska has reduced the farmers' condition to one of

Abject Poverty

and hundreds of families that have labored assiduously to raise a crop, are at this time on the

Verge of Starvation.

Many have been assisted and have gone to their friends and relatives in other States, but hundreds of them here are without friends and their only home is the sod house on the farm, divested of all comforts; without food and without sufficient clothing to protect them from Nebraska's freezing blasts.

There is no employment here by which they can earn a living, and many, driven to desperation, have left the mother and children destitute, and gone in quest of work only to join the surging mass of unemployed. The mother unable longer to bear the cries of her children for food, is begging for help. Local relief is not equal to the demand upon it, and the Relief Committee is empty-handed ere the winter has begun.

AN APPEAL FOR AID

from the public seems our last and only resort. The press has endeavored to suppress the misfortune and misery of our people, no doubt from a desire to preserve the fair name of our State; but the pangs of hunger leave us without pride, and we humbly ask you to contribute something to these suffering people. Second-hand clothing or anything that will ameliorate their distress, will be thankfully accepted.

These people in want and misery are not idlers, but on the contrary are honest, energetic and industrious farmers who have lost their crops for two years in succession. Their condition is

Simply Appalling.

Should any doubt these assertion, we refer you to our County or District Judge; or better still, we invite you to come and witness for yourself; but your assistance we ask, for, without it when winter sets in, the suffering will be indescribable, if the poor mortals do not actually starve to death. Address all donations to

The Callaway Central Relief Committee,
CALLAWAY, CUSTER CO., NEB.

Our Nebraska Distributors.

They are all busy, day by day, over two hundred consecrated men and women, doing splendid work. Writing from Sumner, Neb., Mr. S. G. Wineholtz, says:

Thanks for the money sent; it was distributed among four families for groceries and other things. They were all very grateful. One family I visited did not know what they were going to do, as they had not a cent in the house. When I came they said that it was "surely God who sent me to them with the money." Another family live in a little sod-house with no floor in it, the walls plastered with clay, and the roof made from the limbs of trees and covered with sod. There are several more just as badly off. My neighborhood has twenty-five families who have to be helped. They need everything pertaining to food, fuel and clothing. One family visited did not have enough quilts to cover their little ones, and we (although poor) gave them a quilt.

Whatever you may send in the way of clothing or money I will distribute to the best of my ability.

An interesting letter comes from Mr. B. F. Armitage, Kenesaw, Neb. He says:

The destitution and suffering are great, and the suffering is caused by no fault of the poor people. I need not say what should be sent us. It will readily occur to all that grain of all kinds is needed. Clothing, flour, provisions, and coal for fuel. Donations can be sent to Luther P. Ludden, Agent of the State Relief Commission, Lincoln, Neb. Donations sent me through Mr. Ludden will be carefully distributed to the needy.

There are three months during which feed must be provided to carry the stock through the winter, and then in the spring seed and feed has to be provided, and not one farmer in four has any means to get it. I live 17½ miles west of the Missouri River, and about midway of the State from east to west. I never got my living so easy out of the soil as I have in this State, but in 1894 the heat and drouth were too much and a total failure is the result. But Nebraska will return to bless the husbandman with an abundance. But now, *to save life, and relieve our distress*, we are obliged to ask food, clothing, feed and seed from the charitably inclined. Haste is demanded.

One volunteer distributor, Mrs. Wm. Heath, of Johnstown, Neb., gives this account of her labors:

I used the money sent to buy flour (100 lbs). for a family that had none, cloth for a pair of shirts for a man who lost everything by drought and then hail, and a bottle of medicine for another unfortunate, the father of three little ones, who was confined to the house by sciatic rheumatism. There has been considerable clothing sent in, thanks to your kind appeal in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A Desperate Fight with Poverty.

From Boyd County, Mrs. S. E. Lumpkins, Butte City, Neb., writes:

There is so much need of workers and so many to be helped. It is going so be a desperate fight with poverty in this county. Many large families are without a dollar to buy bread.

Willard Ross, Anselmo, Custer Co., Neb., writes:

I received your check. I will do my best in distributing it, or anything sent me. The people are in need of clothing to keep them warm, and shoes, most all sizes. Groceries, too, are acceptable.

This from Mrs. C. A. Bretz, Pleasanton, Neb.:

I distributed to the most needy around me, but there is much sickness and suffering here. My days are full of duty, but I will do the best I can with the aid that is sent me.

An active Christian lady distributor, Mrs. Gordon, of Merna, Neb., sends this letter relative to her work:

I thank you in God's name, and in the name of suffering humanity. Your money will do much good, and is greatly needed. The cases of want and destitution brought to my knowledge each day are appalling, and the number increases, nay doubles, weekly, and will until another crop is raised. But few families in the county have any fuel excepting cord chips, and neither clothing sufficient to be comfortable, or variety of food to be healthful. Doctors say there will be much sickness from scurvy owing to a lack of vegetable or fruit diet, such as the people have been accustomed to in former years. Our county up to the present time has been able to supply flour, but that fund is now exhausted. What will be done, God only knows. But we trust "heaven's manna" will be showered upon us in the form of money, food and clothing in sufficient quantities, that we may be able to supply the most urgent needs.

The Mothers and the Children.

Mothers have come to my house on cold, windy days, without shoes or one thread of underclothing, their babes wrapped in an old dress skirt—come to receive food, and clothing, which kind, charitable people send us, and these are *ladies*, members of Christian churches, reduced to poverty not from any fault of their own, but through misfortune. A lady friend came in this morning and said, "I was in a house yesterday, and the destitution was beyond anything I could imagine. There was a family of twelve and not one bed quilt in the house, the children were barefooted, and one thin covering over their bodies." I sent them all the bedding there was on hand, and a supply of wearing apparel.

Mrs. S. Shelby, Gothenburg, Neb., writes:

There are people here suffering for things to eat and wear. We have not raised crops for two years, and the people have begun to need help. Anything that could be sent would be very acceptable.

An Army Chaplain on the Distress.

Rev. Orville J. Nave, U. S. Army Chaplain at Fort Niobrara, Neb., writes:

I enclose some matter relating to the destitution in Western Nebraska. Your noble work for starving Russia, indicates what THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can do for the people in this region.

Of a community a few miles from this garrison, consisting of twenty families, only two remain. The others have fled. I have personal knowledge of the situation.

Fuel is needed in some instances, as well as food and clothes. Animals will have to be subsisted entirely on the ranges, which are very barren, and in some cases destroyed by sweeping fires that have laid desolate miles and miles of country. Subsistence and seed must be provided for next summer as well as this winter. Relief should be distributed systematically by districts. The counties are organized to co-operate with those who offer help.

Unless prompt action is taken for the relief of the unfortunate people of Northwest Nebraska, great privation and distress must be suffered during this winter, and until another crop can be harvested. People living in the fertile and well-improved regions cannot imagine the situation in the arid regions of the west. They could endure a total failure of crops. By hook or crook they could get along. Their homes and wardrobes would stand a year of use, but not so here. Homesteaders have located in this arid region, where at best they can barely make a living in prosperous years, and have erected a sod-house, or a scanty frame, mortgaging their property for its full mortgage value in order to make improvements, and obtain the simplest outfit of agricultural implements. Not a fence or tree is in sight but the little they have planted or built. A pair of ponies, or a yoke of oxen, a cow, a few chickens, and a half dozen children constitute their possessions, aside from a mortgaged and not a very valuable homestead. Here they faith it through on the uncertainties of farming. When this fails, as it has this year, what are they to do? There is nothing for them but distress. They must be helped, and helped to everything, food, clothes, and seeds for next year's planting. I appeal to the people of the East for money and clothes. I appeal to clergymen to lay this before their congregations and urge them to act quickly. I appeal to Sunday-school Superintendents to lay it before their schools, to Epworth Leagues and Societies of Christian Endeavor to act at once, and be sure that collections of clothing are serviceable, and not such as might come from a mere house-cleaning.

One of our distributors, Mrs. Amy Mapes

of Clearwater, Neb., writes that until help came, there was not enough in that part of Antelope County "to feed one person until Spring." She is now at work among the needy.

A Pastor's Relief Work.

Rev. A. R. Julian, Chadron, Neb., writes:

I will send your $5 by next mail to Stewart, Holt Co., Nebraska, from which point I have received, by this mail, urgent appeals for help. In many localities in our territory, our people are caring for themselves and the needy in their midst. In some counties, notably Boyd, Holt and portions of Cherry and Keyas Paha, and in some localities in all our territory the people are destitute of the necessaries of life. I am glad the Lord directed you along the way of our need. Anything you send to me will be carefully distributed, and placed where it will do the most good.

The Y. M. C. A. of Nyack, N. Y., has two boxes of clothing to Rev. H. Bross, of Lincoln, Neb., for distribution among the sufferers.

Mrs. Jane L. Goff, President of the W. C. T. U., Hazard, Neb., writes:

In sending us anything that is useful you can make no mistake. If this had been our first loss of crops, the people could have borne it. But we have had four years of drought in the last five, culminating in an entire failure the past year. So far I have received $15.00 in money, one barrel, and also one box of clothing from readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and $20 and one sack of clothing from other sources. There are at least twenty-five families in our township who must be fed and clothed. All of them need bedding and clothes. These people will have no means of self-support until they can raise a crop. Remember the trainload of corn sent to the Russians by Nebraska; and now, in her hour of need, must her sons and daughters be left to suffer? I have lived among these people for fifteen years and know for myself how deserving they are of help. If anyone wishes they can write to our State President, Mrs. S. M. Walker, of Surprise, Neb., or to Mrs. C. M. Woodward, Evangelist, Seward, Neb. If you have only ten cents to give, give it. Every little helps.

"Hundreds of Silent Sufferers."

Rev. E. J. Vivian, Box Elder, Neb., gives this sorrowful picture of suffering:

I desire to thank you in behalf of the suffering people of this district. I can assure you the money will go only to the most needy and deserving. The condition of the people is very, very sad. I cannot tell you one-hundredth part of the distress and sorrow that comes under my notice as pastor of a large country circuit. There are hundreds of silent sufferers—only known to God our Father. Some families have very little more than bread and water to live on, and some families I know are eating their last sack of flour. They have not any money to buy with and, of course, if it is not given to them by kind friends they must suffer. There is quite a large quantity of clothing coming into this county; yet the demands seem as great as ever, so wide-spread is the distress.

I received a letter yesterday from a family, twenty miles away, asking if I can render them help. They seemed to be in great need for all the things of life; and such appeals come to me daily, some for food, others for clothing.

I am in a position to know that the persons assisted in any way by me are deserving. I travel over so large a country, and learn of my stewards and class-leaders of the deserving in each of their districts. I have five churches. In that way, with my personal knowledge also, I think I cannot be imposed on by designing people, but render help to those who really need.

Rev. C. A. Hale of Holdredge, Neb., writes:

I can assure you that the gifts from our Eastern friends are greatly needed, and will be carefully used. I am now engaged in raising $200 with which to buy 100 tons of coal to distribute to the destitute families of the Western part of my district. There are at least eight counties in my district over which I travel, in which are hundreds of families in want of *clothing, food and fuel*. Much clothing has been sent which has done much good.

C. Swanson, a Volunteer Distributor at Brayton, Neb., with $5 sent him from the Relief Fund, helped seven families with one sack of flour each, their greatest need being bread.

Clothing, Fuel, and Food Needed.

Mrs. M. L. Bundy, Wallace, Nebr., writes:

The suffering in our vicinity will be great unless we get aid in the way of clothing, fuel, and food. I am a teacher in the Sabbath School here, and my main object in life is to work for Jesus while here. Please forward goods or anything in the line of aid as soon as possible, as it is needed so badly.

Writing from Haigler, Nebr., Messrs. Allen, Johnston, and Lake, a Church Committee, make this appeal:

It is useless for us to enter into a detailed account of the destitution and suffering in this vicinity. If we don't have assistance soon, men will be driven to desperation. Whole families are not clothed fit to be out-doors five minutes in the present inclement weather. We have no fuel except what can be picked up about the cow barns. We will accept clothing or anything that will be of use to us. Anything you can send will be distributed to the most needy, and fully accounted for.

"Their Feet Tied up in Rags."

Mr. John H. Peters, Pleasanton, Neb., writes:

In going around my district, I found some of the children with their feet tied up in rags, and of course they cannot go to Sunday School or day school, etc. I truly can say, they are all in need of aid, and it is going to be still worse by Spring. What we need the most at present is clothing, footwear, and supplies.

This from John Donner, Elgin, Neb., gives an idea of what the farmers are suffering:

Our fields are as naked as the sands of the sea. We did not raise anything. Nine-tenths of us cannot buy a box of matches. If any one can send us any aid, it will be thankfully received. Stock is dying for want of feed. Those that are not sufferers cannot realize the condition.

The ladies of Gothenburg, Neb., have organized a relief society to provide clothing and food for the sufferers in their section and would be grateful for aid.

A Missionary Volunteer, Rev. K. S. Douglass, writes from Chase, Neb.:

I am doing volunteer missionary work in Chase County, Neb., and as a result learn of the great need in many homes of provision, clothing, fuel, and feed for stock. Through the kindness of brothers and sisters east, I have been able to help a number as to clothing. Yet the need is great. Being situated as we are about twenty miles from the railroad Imperial), but little aid sent there for distribution reaches us. The Baptist Church at Chase has organized their Aid Society to attend to this kind of work. As president of the Society, I would be glad to receive anything that can be used, which aid shall be distributed with the needy.

The Relief Work in Kansas.

Our Kansas Distributors are also doing noble work, as letters from McDonald, Garden City, Oberlin, Hill City, Colby, Chapman, Scandia, McPherson, Minneapolis, Lenora, Ingalls, Goodland, Russell Springs, Alton, Cuba, Leoti, Kill Creek, Gaskill, Kensington, Bird City, and many other points indicate. "We are sadly in need of assistance," writes Mrs. M. B. Capron of McDonald, Rawlins County, "and we have prayed the dear Lord to open the hearts of those who have enough and to spare to help us. Send anything in the line of seed, food or clothing. In many an attic and closet there are partly worn garments that would keep many a child warm as well as older people. There are little ones here who have worn no shoes this winter." This is echoed by a score or more other Distributors. The money sent for the Fund has purchased necessary food for hundreds of unprovided Kansan homes and bedding, fuel and clothing are loudly called for. All our correspondents agree in the statement that Kansas has never known a season of such widespread distress and suffering as the present. "I prayed over your check when it came," writes Elizabeth Adams of Gaskill, "and then started out to do the best I could with it," the result being six very needy families relieved. Wm. Walker of Goodland, states a very touching case. He writes: "There is a settlement of Swedes five miles north of Spencer (across the line), whose people have no clothing, only bushel sacks, with a string around their waists. No food fit to eat, and no fuel but cow-heaps. There are eighty families in the settlement and sixty of them are in this state and it is very cold there; and scarlet fever and diphtheria raging. One man buried four children. Many other families are losing their children by death."

"SEND THIS COAT TO SOME POOR FELLOW."
An incident at the Central Relief Depot last week.)

Senator Peffer's Hope.

U. S. Senator Peffer writes us that he has already sent 'a large quantity of garden seeds to people in Kansas and will send to every person inquiring, as long as the seeds last, and I doubt not that I shall have plenty for all of them. If I do not have enough of my own quota, I can easily procure more from Senators in the Eastern and Middle States who have large cities near them, where seeds are not so much needed. As to congressional legisiation, I do not believe it is worth while to ask it." He will, however, give a bill of that kind his most hearty and earnest support.

Hon. Mr. Broderick, Kansas, writes:

The Legislature of Kansas will meet in regular session in a few days and will certainly make timely provision for supplying the western portion with seeds. Similar action, under similar circumstances, was once taken and that precedent will be followed.

I do not wish, however, to be understood as discouraging any voluntary contributions by eastern friends, but do think unless the winter should be long and severe that suitable provision will be made by the State and local authorities to help during the winter and supply necessary seeds for spring. The Kansas representatives will endeavor to get all the help possible from the Agricultural Department at Washington. Thanking you for the interest manifested in the welfare of our people, I am,

Very truly yours, CASE BRODERICK.

Many letters from Kansas distributors have been received, but lack of space prevents their reproduction in this issue. Dr. A. E. Lapham, of Kensington, Kan., who, with the remittance received from the Relief Fund, assisted several families, writes deprecating the attempts of land speculators in Kansas, (as in Nebraska) to hide the truth concerning the suffering, through motives of self-interest. A Committee of Kensingtonians composed of Rev. J. H. Stewart, J. G. Mick, S. W. Morrill, James Blauwelt, B. D. Vessey and C. H. Greuter, certifies that there is great need of aid there.

Another distributor, Mrs. Dora E. Myers, Brownell, Kan., writes:

With your check for $5 my husband bought a small hog, and divided it between three very needy families. One had not had any breakfast on that morning and about noon they had to go to a neighbor to borrow flour enough for a meal.

Mrs. Ray Carl of Long Island, Kan., another lady distributor, was equally discriminating, although in a different way. With her check ($5) she bought shoes, meal, tea, calico, and thread for two families who fortunately had some flour. One was a family of motherless children.

Miss Clara Jellison, Secretary Missionary Society, Belleville, Kan., writes:

I have already canvassed the town for second-hand clothing or anything people could give to send to the poor, and also to distribute amongst our poor. The more I look into this matter, the more I see that much must be done for the Lord only knows what is to become of some families if they do not receive help.

Mrs. F. Slade, Athol, Kan., writes:

I have just learned of families by the score that will starve and freeze if there is not aid sent them very soon. If there should be a sudden cold spell there would be nothing to save them. My heart aches so sorely for them and have prayed so earnestly for them. I think if we, all over this blessed country, would contribute our mite, it would make quite a showing for those who are not so favored.

Mr. J. Hewitt, Oberlin, Kan., writes:

Your account of the destitution in Kansas and Nebraska is not overdrawn.

Mrs. Clara Pence, of Macksville, Kan., writes:

Your letter with draft for $5 received. There are a number here that need clothing, and second-hand clothing would be very acceptable. Several men's overcoats could be used; shoes and boots of all sizes, underwear, children's clothes, in fact anything; also garden seeds, as nothing has matured here. We need garden seed of all kinds. We have failed here two years in succession, so we feel that truly God is trying us to see if we will trust him.

Clothing the Needy Ones.

A very large number of barrels, boxes and packages of clothing and supplies have been received in response to the appeal at our Central Relief Depot 740-742 Broadway, New York, for the transportation to the sufferers. Up to the hour of going to press with this issue, every consignment has been forwarded to its destination—some three hundred different places in all. These include every article of clothing for the use of men, women and children. Besides these, a large quantity of clothing has been sent direct to the sufferers by our readers and their friends in different parts of the country, without coming via New York. This is cheering and gladsome Christian work, and these garments will doubtless afford warmth and a degree of comfort to many of the sufferers, their arrival being specially timely in view of the "cold wave" that is now sweeping over the West. One of the largest single shipments of this character up to the present time, has been that collected under the supervision of Rev. John W. Butt, of Wilmington, N. C., whose people brought in four hundred and seventy-eight garments, shoes, etc., valued at over $200, which were shipped to Rev. N. A. Axling, Gothenburg, Neb., one of our Volunteer Distributors. So generous a gift will relieve much suffering.

One of the contributors at our Central Relief Station was a gentleman who entered the office at 740-742 Broadway, and stripped off his overcoat and handed it to the clerk in charge, remarking:

"There; send that to some poor fellow out West. I can get another and this will keep him warm at any rate."

Gifts of Clothing and Supplies.

The following gifts of clothing, etc., for the sufferers have been received at our Central Relief Station, 740-742 B'way, N. Y.:

Union Sunday School, W. Stamford, Ct., clothing and sundry articles.
Unknown Friend, Yonkers, N. Y., one package.
"Old Ladies' Home," Phila., Pa., two barrels.
Miss Todd, 11 E 17 St., N. Y., jacket and garments.
Rogers, Peet & Co., suit of clothing for Nebraska missionary.
J. J. Robinson, Fort Edward, N.Y., 1 bbl clothing.
Mrs. D. S. Roberts, Meshoppen, Pa., 2 bbls.
Unknown Friend, clothing and shoes.
Horace Jones, 127 4th Ave., N. Y., men's clothing.
Mrs. Ranpolph, N. Y., 1 bbl. and package clothing.
M. L. Van Lennep, Montclair, N. J., 3 bbls. supplies.
Andrew Wood, Mont Clair, N. J., box of clothing.
J. M. Lipman, N. Y., men's clothing.
Mrs. Newell, Brooklyn, N.Y., trunk of supplies.
Mrs. A. C. Bennett, N. J., two barrels clothing.
Y. S. C. E. Pres. Church, box canned goods.
Mrs. E. F. Lufianon, Atlantic Highlands, N. J., one barrel clothing.
Jennie Sell, Chapman, Kan., package.
Mrs. W. T. Arthur, 184 8th Ave., N.Y., bbl. clothing
C. G. Hopper, Prest. Y S C E, Ridgewood, N. J., four barrels of supplies.
H. D. Brink, Wentworth, N. H., 2 bbls, clothing.
"E. B.," Newark, N. J., one package.
Geo. R. G. Fisher, missionary, box of clothing.
Mrs. J. B. Minor, 8 Christopher St., N.Y., blankets.
Unknown Donors, Lowell, Mass., 1 bbl.
"Willing Hand Circle," Brooklyn, N.Y., 1 bbl.
Missionary to China, package of clothing.
"W. E. M," New Haven, Conn., package of clothing.
A Friend, Lancaster, Pa., box of clothing.
A Friend, Newtown, Conn., box of clothing.
"Mission Circle," United Church, New Haven, Ct., 2 bbls. clothing.
A Friend, Chicopee, Mass, box clothing.
J. Wardell, Lake Mahopac, N. Y., 2 bbls clothing.
Mrs. Rose, 933 President St., Brooklyn, box clothing
Geo. R. G. Fisher, missionary, package.
Alfred O. Blaursdell, 268 Claremont Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., package.
Mrs. and Miss Woodhall, Brooklyn, N. Y., bedding.
John K. Clapp, 372 Monroe St., Brooklyn, package.
Mrs. S. B. Wycoff, 58 Hansom Pl., " clothing.
Fred. W. Boose, 385 16th St., Brooklyn, clothing.
Henry R. Post's family, Westbury, L. I., barrel.
F. Fredericks, Queens, L. I., 2 bags clothing.
A Friend, 26 S. Portland Ave., Brooklyn, clothing.
A Friend, 67 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, clothing.
Mrs Stephens, 402 LaFayette Ave., Bklyn, clothing.
Mrs. G. Alcott, 1068 Fulton St., Brooklyn, clothing.
Sisters of the Strangers, per Miss St. John, "
Y. P. S. C. E., Renselaerville, N. Y., 3 cases.
Alida Cam, Schenectady, N. Y., box clothing.
A Friend, 362 W. 116th St., New York, clothing.
M. Hamilton, 2060 8th Ave., " "
Mrs. F. Storber, New York, clothing.
Mrs. H. Doremus, Mont Clair, box and bbl. clothing.
J. W. Lutphen, 150 E 23d St., N. Y., barrel.
A. S. Burd, 367 W 23d St., N. Y., clothing.
Cong. Church, Collinsville, Ct., case and 3 bbls.
Unknown Friend, bbl. clothing.
Mrs. Hopkins and friends, Greenfield Hill, clothing.
Y. S. C. E., Ocean City, N. J., case supplies.
King's Daugeter, Nazareth, Pa., 3 cases.
Mrs. W. G. Foss, Wells River, Vt., box.
J. C. Spinning, 55 Christopher St., N. Y., package.
S. Cong. Church, Campello, Mass., 12 bbls. and 1 box of supplies.
Mrs. S. Teall and Mrs. Chas. Teall, Bloomfield, N.J., package of useful articles.
Mrs. LeCoultre, New Hamburg, N. Y., box and pkg
Mrs. Gilman, Lower Gilmantown, N.H., case clothg.
Simpson M. E. Church, Jersey City, two barrels.
Mrs. F. L. Hewitt, 42 W 20th St., N.Y., women's cloths.
W. C. Mead, 405 W. 17th St., 2 packages.
D. B. Rand, Newark, N. J., 4 bbls.
John Hediger, clothing.
Mrs. Wm. Blair, 72 Wash. Pl., N. Y., bbl.
Mrs. McLean, 24 VanDam St., N. Y., clothing.
Wm. J. Hussey, 31 Bank St., N. Y., clothing.
M. Pope, St. Luke's Pl., N. Y., clothing.
Mrs. J. Griggs, Summerville, N. J., 2 cases supplies.
A Friend, N. Y., 5 cans corned beef & woolen clothing
Ethel Powning and Lucy Haff, 2 pkgs clothing.
W. H. Sheppard, 235 W. 135 St., N. Y., box clothing.
"Ready Hand Circle," King's Daughters, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1 bbl.
Mrs. P. T. Smith, Bullvale, N. Y., 2 bbls.
Mrs. Hutchins, Washington, D. C., bbl. clothing.
Baptist Society, Greenville, N. H., 1 bbl.
Mrs. A. J. Canfield, N. J., Package.
"A. Q. N." Philadelphia, bbl.
A. W. Chapman and friends, Greenville, bbl.
Mrs. Gerrard, New York, bbl.
Mrs. Hanks, " clothing.
F. Kaufman, " "
Mrt. Wilson, " "
Mrs. Purdy, " "
M. Kay, " "
Mrs. Hunt, " "
Mrs. Knapp, " "
Mrs. Moss, " "
Unknown friend, bbl. and box
E. R. Edwards, Braggsville, Mass., bbl.
A Friend, Plantsville, Conn., bedding and clothing.
Mrs. Simonds, Woborn, Mass., bbl.
C. J. Oliver & friends, Brooklyn, children's clothing.
Aiden P. Barker, R. I., clothing.
Mrs. Sanborn, Somerville, clothing.
L. H. Crosier, Bloomfield, package.
W. H. Canfield, N. J., bbl.
Mrs. W. Hill, Jr., N. Y., bbl.
M. A. Hyatt, Conn, bbl.
W. C. T. U., New Rochelle, 3 bbl.
Wm. Barrie, N. J., box.
Tuxedo Club, Tuxedo, package
Perry Centre and vicinity, per Mrs. Butler, three bbl. clothing, 1 bbl. beans, 1 bbl. flour.
F. M. Ward, N. J., 1 bbl.
Unknown friend, Coxsackie, N. Y., 1 bbl.
P. H. Pass, Nazareth, Pa., 1 case.

Contributions to the Western Relief Fund.

The Following Sums have been Received during the Week to be Applied in Aid of the Destitute Nebraska and Kansas Farmers.

Prev. ackn'd $3199.19
Andrews, E S 2 00
Allen, Mrs P Jr 1 00
Andrews, T B 10 00
Arnold, C C 2 00
Ashworth, John 25
Atherton, A F 25
Abell, R C 5 00
Adams, Mrs H C 50
Agard, Paul 2 00
Alford, F J 1 00
Allen, Mrs P Jr 1 00
Appel, J 1 00
Avery, Mrs J E 1 00
Aten, L H & S S 2 00
Baker, Mrs J 1 00
Ball, Miss K 1 00
Bickle, Mrs Sarah 50
Bicknell, Mrs 1 00
Billingsley, A S 7 00
Bosserman, J B 2 00
Boyle, J F 57
Bradley, Mrs L C 1 00
Brown, Mrs J H 50
Brown, J G 10 00
Brown, Minnie 25
Brown, W S 1 00
Bradley, Lizzie 50
Burton, P B 10 00
Beattie, J 2 00
Berryman, Mrs F M 1 50
Bodell, Mrs S 2 00
Branch, L J 20 00
Burns, M D L 2 00
Conner, A F 1 00
Cornish, Mrs J W 1 00
Cotton, Mrs T W 1 25
Cox, W R 10 00
Clark, Mrs H A 1 00
Conway, J M 2 00
Cook, Mrs L M 5 00
Christin, Bettie 1 00
Cooper, Edw 50
Cooper, Chris 1 00
Crowther, H 1 50
Caldwell, C H 1 00
Connelly, Hattie 1 00
Connelly, Mrs P 1 00
Chamberlain, A 1 00
Coicord, Capt C A
Conway, R 5 00
Cooley, J M 3 00
Cousins, Dora 10
Cramer, Susan I 10 00
Crane, Joel 25
Cunningham, J B 5 00
Curtis, P D 5 00
Cushing, Mrs H 5 00
Cement, I & Mrs M 5 00
Colbert, S R 10 00
Cooke, G 1 00
Cook, J S 5 00
Curtis, Mrs G B 20 00
Children of District School, Lake Falls 3 51
C E Christian Endeavor, Tower Hill, Ill 3 25
C E, Presbyterian Church 1 75
Davis, W S 11 10
Dice, Annie 3 00
Dickey, J B 5 00
Dickinson, L E 1 20
Dosher, John 2 00
Douds, Mrs J M and others 1 90
Drew, Mrs, E M 1 00
Dale, Mrs J C 1 00
Dudley, Mrs L L 3 00
Dulin, Mrs and Miss Maggie I 2 00
David, Lida 1 50
Dreisbach, D M 1 00
Davis, S 50
Deems, Mr & Mrs 2 00
De Voe, Rachel 1 00
Devor, J D 3 50
Dorsey, A K 3 00
Ditmar, Minna B 50
Dumas, Mrs S A 2 00
Dague, Mr & Mrs H 5 00
Dance, Mrs L A 5 00
Dart, C J & daugh 6 00
Davies, Mrs W 5 00
Davis, H 5 00
Davis, J O 5
Davis, Solomon 25
Dacus, Will 10
Dawson, Bros 1 00
Day, L L 1 00
Dewey, W H 2 00
Dodge, Mrs U T 1 00
Douglas, M 1 00
Dresser, Mrs H C 5 00
Eddy, Wm 2 00
Everson, Mrs L 50
Echel, Jennie 2 00
Elliott, Mrs J 30
Ellis, Mrs N H 2 00
Ely, A J 1 25
Ely, Cora B 1 25
Ely, Martha R 1 25
Espach 1 00
Eaglesman, H 10 00
Edel, Mrs Louisa 50
Elliott, Mrs S P 2 00
Eyster, Miss Lucy 1 00
Eyster, Mrs Susan 2 00
Erkland, Margaret 1 00
Fellow, John 1 00
Fenellason, Mrs M 3 00
Fielde, C F 1 00
Finklepaugh, Miss L 1 00
Fols, E W 2 00
Foote, Rev A E 2 00
Forbes, V N 50
Fuller, Mrs H H 2 50
Farnsworth, Mrs E J 5 00
Figley, Mrs J E 2 00
Faulding, J F 5 00
Ferguson, E M 5 00
Fisher, Frank 5
Fisher, Texie A 2 00
Foote, Mrs M 1 00
Friend, Norfolk, Mass 1 00
" Bristol, Conn 1 00
" Normandy, Mo 1 00
" Meriden, Ct 3 00
" Schenectady 50
" Jamesville, NY 1 00
Friend 5 00
" Chelsea, Mass 1 00
" Waddington 2 00
" N Amity, Me 2 00
" Newville, NY 15 00
" St Albans, Vt 25
" Paris, Ont, Can 1 00
" San Lorenza 5 00
" Jamaica, NY 10 00
" N Wilbraham 1 00
" E 31 St, N Y 1 00
" Newville, N Y 15 00
Bridgewater 6 00
Stoddard 50
Friend in Christian
2 Friends, Antigonish, N S, Can
2 Friends, N Y City 10 00
2 Friends, Pittford 3 00
Friend, Brooklyn 1 00
Friend, Cal 1 00
A Boston Friend,
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Gay, Mrs E 1 00
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Gaspel, A M 2 00
Gillam, Sallie M 5 00
Gerhard C A 4 00
Gilreath, Mrs W W 2 00
Goble, H V 2 00
Good, Mrs G 1 00
Goodyear, A 1 00
Gould, Mrs D 2 00
Gould, J C 5 00
Graham, Rose B 5 00
Griffin, P B 10 00
Griswarld, H 1 00
Grisworld, S H 5 00
Gunning, Emma E 2 00
Gadd, John W 5 00
Gall, W H 1 00
Gibson, W F & F I 5 00
Gillmore, Mrs S E 10 00
Green, Mrs Levi 2 00
Grenelle, Alvah J 2 00
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Gates, Mrs G 1 00
Goodrich, Mrs A 2 00
Grant, R 50
Grieve, Jas 5 00
Gauss, D W 2 00
Gardner, Florence M 1 00
Gates, C C 2 00
Gindle, Mrs A J 25
Godfrey, Mrs A 3 00
Green, Mr & Mrs I 10 00
Greene, Mrs F 1 00
Grieves, J E 2 00
Grove, Mrs R J 1 00
Gump Mrs F A 10
Haile W 1 00
Hall, Jas 1 00
Hall, Louise V 2 00
Hand, H C 10 00
Hanscom, Emily L 1 00
Harper, Jas 5 00
Harris, Mrs Robt 5 00
Harwell, Dora E 1 00
Haskell, W N 3 00
Hawkes, Louis F 10 00
Heagle, H L 25
Hetzel, Val 2 00
Heydrick, M A 5 00
Hick, Jane 3 50
Hicks, W F 5 00
Hill, Chas 2 00
Hill, Hannah B 1 50
Hitchcock, O O 2 00
Hobart, I S 2 00
Holcombe, C D 1 00
Holman, Henry 5 00
Holly, Mrs W M & family 2 00
Hoelbrook, Geo A 6 00
Hull, Mrs A G 5 00
Hammill, Mrs 5 00
Hammill, E S 2 00
Hancock, F H 5 00
Hare, Susan 1 00
Hartman, Sarah D 2 00
Harting, A M 10 00
Hayward, Mrs S T 2 00
Headley, H 1 00
Hedbloom, J L 1 25
Hitchings, Geo H 1 00
Hose, Susie 1 00
Huff, Dollie R 50
Hunter, Saml 2 50
Hupp, Lulu 1 00
Hupp, Ruth 1 00
Hupp, Walter F 50
Harrison, J R 5 00
Haughton, J J 3 00
Hemibeh, D 1 00
Herrington, Mrs E F 5 00
Hill, H J 1 00
Hill, Mrs J G 5 00
Hill, Jas 1 00
Hill, O T 1 00
Hill, W W 5 00
Hinkle, N A 50
Hitchcock, Mrs M 2 00
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Hosking, H 1 00
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Howe, Mrs L L 2 00
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Johnson, Mrs H 1 00
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Judson, D B 1 00
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Kemp, Mrs D 5 00
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Kemp, R'd, Sr 1 00
Kemp, Mrs R D 50
Kennedy, A M 2 00
Kennedy, Mrs H 1 00
Kerr, Isabella 3 00
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Keeler, G N 3 00
Kinney, Mrs G T 5 00
Kinney, Mrs L A 6 00
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Kaufman, P B 1 00
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Lackland, Mrs M P 8 00
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Lake, Nora 1 00
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Richards, Nellie 25
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Steele, Francis 5 00
Stimmel, Jno 50
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Shuckford, Wm H 50
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" Hampton, N H 5 00
" Georgia 25 00
" Brooklyn, N Y 1 00
Subr, Creston 2 00
" Leighs, Va 1 00
" Wash, DC 25 00
" Mich 1 00
" Mt Vernon 2 00
" Lansingburg 1 00
" Henniker, N H 2 00
" Sidney, O 1 50
Subr, Newport, N H 1 00
" Oregon, Ill 1 00
" Dayton, Tenn 1 25
" Instanter, Pa 2 00
" St Louis, Mo 1 00
" Roxbury, Mass 1 00
" W Newton, Pa 1 00
" Poplar Mount 2 00
" Coxsackie, N Y 1 00
" Litchfield Pl'ns 2 00
" Windsor, Ont 5 00
Sympathizer, Junc't City, Kan 5 00
Sympathizer 1 00
" Guelph, Can 1 00
" Gardner, Mass 1 00
" Sunnidale, Can 2 00
2 " Harper's Ferry 2 00
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Tebbs, Mrs Tillie & others 6 25
Townsend, Mr & Mrs H C 10 00
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Taylor, F J 2 00
Tharp, K & W 1 00
Tiffany, N 25
Tiffany, O L 1 00
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True, Mrs Octavia 5 00
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Tryon, Celia 1 00
Tupper, Mrs Hattie 1 00
Tuttle, C 5 00
Taylor, Mrs E T 5 00
Taylor, H H 3 00
Taylor, J H 1 00
Thexton, Geo 50
Toms, J P 2 00
Toms, R'd 1 00
Tucker, C Z 1 00
Tucker, Minnie 1 00
Tuttle, Mrs M E 1 00
Terhune, Mrs G 2 00
Terrell, N D 1 00
Tetrick, E E 1 00
Tetrick, Mrs F 1 00
Tetrick, Mrs M E 1 00
Tetrick, V J 25
Tetride, Cyrus 50
Thompson, F M 25
Toll, Miss S D 5 00
Townsend, Thos 5 00
Treat, Mrs Geo A 50
Turner, C L 50
Turner, Wm 1 00
Tyler, A 2 00
Vinton, Mrs H 8 00
VanValkenburgh, Mrs 1 00
Veeder, Mrs S J 1 00
Watson, Mrs G 2 00
Workhoven, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Wheeler, Miss J E 5 00
Williams, Mrs D 1 00
Williams, S 2 00
Williamson, Mrs A L 1 00
Wilson, Carrie 10
Wilson, Jane L 1 00
Wright, Mrs W 25
Welday, M K, A C & Co 10 00
Wheeler, Mrs J 10 00
Wammington, H 1 00
Warmington, J 1 00
Watts, D I 50
Weisgerber, J 2 00
White, R'd 2 00
Wiesting, J H 3 00
Williams, A J 50
Wingate, Miss M E 2 00
Walliza, Mrs A 5 00
Webber, Mrs Carrie 10
Wesley, Mr & Mrs G T 10 00
White, Mrs M J 2 00
Whitt, P H 5 00
Wilcox, Chas H 10 00
Williams, J 5 00
Wills, Mrs Emma; Saline B Hall 2 00
Wilson, Mr & Mrs W E 1 00
Wing, S A 1 00
Winne, Lewis 5 00
Winslow, Mrs M G 10 00
Wright, C 1 00
Wright, Mrs C 1 00
Wood, E T 50
Wood, Eliza 25
Wood, J C 25
Woodruff, L E 1 00
Yates, Elbin 10 00
York, H G 1 00
Yost, Mrs H 10 00
Zinkel, Mrs Francis 2 00
—, Galena, Ill 2 00
—, Slater, Mo 75
—, Oxford, N Y 1 00
—, Deedsville, Ind 3 00
—, Boston, Mass 1 00
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Centerport, N Y 1 00
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A Kansas Son, Lancaster, Pa 2 00
A Cheerful giver, Olean, N Y 25
Sympathizer 3 00
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W, Roxbury, Boston 5 00
A Little Tot, Sardis 05
A M & others, Malden, Mass 5 00
"Inasmuch," Stoneham, Mass 2 00
Dailey, G W 1 00
N Syracuse Baptist, Church 4 00
Hope, — 7 00
"Peekskill" 3 00
Lend-a-hand Club, Mt Wash., Ind 31 35
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A Public school, teacher & pupils 4 50
School children, Dis 90, Lyon co, Kan 1 00
Children of N R B Kensington, Md 10 00
Lowell & Ray 25
Lula, Lilly & Leo, Arcola, La 3 00
Mother & daughter, Henderson, Tex 3 03
Mother & daughter, Thornburg, Iowa 5 00
King's Daughters, Tarpaulin, N Y 5 00
Shower at corner SS, Sedan, Ind 1 00
Westbury C E So, L I, N Y 10 00
Two Cong SS, Lynnville, Mass 10 00
Two Cong Church, Campello, Mass 15 00
Caldwell S S, Oreg. 6 00
Melville S S, Ore 6 50
Free Baptist S S, Newport center, Vt 4 25
Y P S C E, Candler 8 25
Ladies Guild of Pres Ch, Newark, N J 7 00
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Women's Miss'y Soc. Pres ch, Whitesboro 5 00
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One of the Lord's Redeemed 10 00
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C E So, Moravian ch, Nazareth, Pa 10 00
C E So, Ocean City, N J 25
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Solicited by W C T U, Fair Grove, Mich 10 00
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Y P S C E, Brooklyne 10 00
Hebron Pres S S, Clinton, Pa 25 00
Pleasant Ridge Miss So, Westen, O 30 03
YPSCE, W Hoosick 10 00
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Hidlay Union S S, Cabin Run, Pa 3 36
Pres T P S C E, Apollo, Pa 10 60
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J E B, New Dorp 5 00
E F H, — , Pa 2 00
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A L A, Ritchie C H 1 00
A L D, Glastonbury 2 00
M H B, Newtown, Pa 5 00
S Madison Wis 10 00
S, Bar Harbor Me 50
G S F, Brooklyn 1 00
L T S, Cornwall, N Y 5 00
Mrs L T S, Cornwall 1 00
D W, Salisbury, Md 1 00
W A H, Saganaw E S 1 00
Mrs A M, Lansingburg, N Y 1 00
M G, New Haven 1 00
J H, Mechanicsburg 1 00
E M G, Norwalk, O 1 00
M H T, Booklyn, N Y 1 00
Mrs E B, Fayette, Ia 2 00
C H W, Fall River 5 00
I I D, Waupaco, Wis 1 00
F L C, Bonsfort 1 00
S L B, Bardsville 1 00
F D, Greene, Me 2 00
T P, Waterbury, Ct 2 00
J G 1 00
L S, Pawtucket 2 00
C M B 1 00
E O C & L M C M, Lowell Mass 20 00
M M, Miss, Cressona 2 00
D A R, N Y 1 00
J J O, Minneapolis 5 00
Wm C 5 00
J H W, Canaseraga 2 00
L E W, DuBois, Pa 2 00
F R D, Brooklyn 1 00
M F, Mr & Mrs 50
C M M, Parkesburg 2 00
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J C, Enfield, Mass 50
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I R, Orange, N J 1 00
E A, Coal Centre, Pa 1 50
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Geo H S D, Wakefield 3 00
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C P F, Hookstown 2 00
M R R 3 00
V B, Los Gatos, Cal 1 00
L T, Haverhill, Mass 50
Mrs J K, Mt Vernon 1 25
H E, Newcastle, Me 1 00
D W M, Phila, Pa 4 00
A S H, Webster 1 00
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J G & E C, Breese 5 00
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S W H, Rutland, O 1 00
A B, Glen Hall, Ind 1 00
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And over 300 others to be acknowledged next week.

Total $8868.14

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

MOUKDEN'S GREAT TEMPLE.

IN threatening the capture of Moukden in Manchuria, the Japanese are proposing to inflict a severe blow on the reigning dynasty of China. Moukden is more closely identified with royalty than Pekin. It is the burial place of many of the Emperors and there was located the imperial treasury. The city, however, and indeed the whole province of Manchuria is more densely heathen and more superstitious than China proper. The shrines to the various deities which are numerous in Chinese towns are everywhere in Manchuria. By the wayside, on the mountain paths, in every forest-clearing, the traveler comes upon these shrines, besides those he finds in the cities. They are dedicated to an endless variety of gods, each supposed to have a special department under his control. Some of them are of a malevolent character and these need to be propitiated lest they do harm to punish the neglect of the people. From these and others of a more beneficent disposition favors are expected in return for worship. Even the Confucianists, who have a sublime system of morality, are not above these superstitions, just as among Christians there are many superstitious people. In traveling in Manchuria which is a mountainous country they pay their devotions to the spirit of the hills who is regarded as an invaluable protector against accidents and against robbers and wild beasts. Another favorite deity is the god of literature, and the student about to undergo examination would have little hope of passing if he had failed to make an offering at the shrine of this deity prior to going before the examiners. Beside these there is the god of fire who deals out conflagrations on negligent worshippers and protects those who pay him the attention which is considered his due. Then there is the god of horses to whom any man who owns a horse must pay respect if he desires his horse to live and succeed. But the most respected god, the one to whom universal honor is paid is the fox. More shrines and temples are devoted to him than to any other deity. One of the most beautiful of these is that at Moukden, a picture of which appears on this page. In thus honoring the animal, the Chinese do not overlook the qualities of cunning and deceit usually associated with it. They have numerous legends about the fox deity assuming the guise of a beautiful woman luring young men to their ruin. Tailors and dressmakers are among his devout worshippers; for if he is vexed with them, he is supposed to be liable to spoil a new garment with a grease spot. But his chief business is the healing of disease. Afflicted people go to his temple to pray for recovery, with implicit faith in his power. It is a curious fact, showing what faith in anybody or anything will do for the person who exercises it, that in the temple at Moukden are many votive tablets, placed there by persons who have been wonderfully cured after praying to the fox deity. The condition of the whole people shows the urgent need of missionary work. It is true now as it was of old that men by searching cannot find out God. A revelation was necessary and this revelation is a sacred trust to be imparted to all who know Him not. (Ps. 115: 8).

THE TEMPLE OF THE FOX AT MOUKDEN, MANCHURIA.

Prison as a Refuge.

A prisoner in a police court in New York last week thanked the justice for a sentence of a month's imprisonment. He was so evidently sincere and was so glad to go to the Island, which is generally regarded as a very undesirable place of residence, that some inquiries were made as to his reason for being glad. He said that his life was a misery to him and he wanted quiet and sleep. It appeared that he was in the habit of getting intoxicated at intervals. Some injudicious friend of his wife, to whom she told her troubles, advised her to scold her husband thoroughly. She took the advice, and as she was very voluble, the man suffered. Whenever he came into the house, whether he was sober or not, she began her lecture, and continued it far into the night. The neighbors could hear her calling him opprobrious epithets and upbraiding him with his treatment of her. Sometimes she would scold him all night and prevent his getting any sleep at all. Entreaties and threats from him had no effect; the scolding went on, until the man declared he was going crazy. At last he threatened to commit suicide, and then his wife had him arrested. In court he admitted his drunken habits, and made no defense. The only question he asked was whether his wife would be allowed to visit him in prison, and being told that she would not, he said that he would be glad to go. He must have been very miserable before he came to the conclusion that prison life would be an improvement. We might be sorry for him if no other alternative was open to him. It is a pity that, instead of exchanging one form of misery for another, he did not quit his evil habits and so avoid both. Yet there are many who act in the same way. Although their lives are made wretched by sin and they have no hope beyond the grave, they reject the salvation of Christ which would make them happy here and hereafter, "having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." (1. Tim. 4: 8.)

Whiskey in a Church Wall.

The surprising statement is made by a mason, that a bottle of whiskey is concealed in the walls of a church at New Brunswick, N. J. The church was built eleven years ago, and the mason was one of the men employed in its erection. He says that it was the habit of the men to send to a neighboring saloon for whiskey every day while they were working at the church. One day, just after the bottle had been replenished, and before the men had time to drink any of it, the pastor of the church walked in with a party of clergymen to inspect the progress of the work. The man who held the bottle, knowing that trouble would ensue, and possibly discharge, if it was seen, thrust it between the inner and outer walls until the party should go. But the visitors lingered, and the men could not desist from their work without provoking inquiry. When after about two hours the visitors took their departure, the wall had been built up so high that the bottle could not be reached without tearing down a large section of the work. This the men dare not do, so it was left in its hiding-place, and thus it comes about that the wall of the church contains a bottle of whiskey. Although it can do no harm there, it seems like a profanation. However fond a man may be of liquor, the incongruity of its presence in a building consecrated to the worship of God must be apparent to him. That, however, is merely sentimental. It is much more incongruous to take the agent and curse of so much sin and misery unto the human body which should be the temple of the Holy Spirit. (1. Cor. 3: 16.)

Asking Help to Crush a Moth.

Several gentlemen officially representing the Commonwealth of Massachusetts had an interview recently with the Senate committee on Agriculture with the object of obtaining an appropriation from Congress to aid Massachusetts in her efforts to exterminate the gipsy moth. The insect, which is found to be a great pest on the continent of Europe and in Algeria, was introduced here about twenty-five years ago by a professor in Harvard University, who had an idea that it might be advantageously crossed with the silkworm. In this he found that he was mistaken, and the caterpillars which he had imported got away accidentally and proved to be the progenitors of swarms that now every year eat up the leaves of the apple, pear, cherry, and other garden trees of Malden, Bedford, Everett, and other towns in the metropolitan district of Boston. The Massachusetts Legislature has spent several hundred thousand dollars in efforts for the extermination of the pest, which affects an area of 350 miles and which might spread throughout the whole country. It is this possibility which affords the reason for asking for an appropriation from Congress. It is thought that a million dollars will be needed to rid the country of the pest. Doubtless, the professor had no idea when he let the caterpillars go, what an enormous sum would be lost through his inadvertence. But it is so in still more serious matters. No man can foresee the consequence of a word lightly spoken, or some hasty action which may have a bad influence on some child who is watching him and who may in turn influence others in ever widening circles to the end of time. (Rom. 14 : 7.)

A Disastrous Mistake.

Two young men from a country town made a blunder while on a visit to New York recently, which involved a disagreeable experience. They came to witness a football game in which some of their acquaintances were to take part. The game was won by the side to which their friends belonged and the young men assisted in celebrating the victory by liberal potations of wine. Late in the evening they bade their friends good-by and set out for the depot to take the train for home. But by that time their memory for localities had become hazy and they missed their way. After wandering around for some time they saw a police-station, which they thought was the depot. The sergeant in uniform and gold-laced cap sat at the desk and one of the young men went to him, and putting down a bill asked for two tickets. The sergeant told him he was in a police-station, not at a railroad station. He bade them begone, but they would not go and, when an attempt was made to turn them out, they resisted, still insisting that the place was a railroad depot and they would have the tickets. Finally as they became more boisterous they were arrested and locked in a cell for the night. A more ludicrous blunder could not have been made than to go to a police station, in a state of intoxication, to procure tickets for home. Yet many who are seeking their eternal home act with similar folly. Instead of going to Christ, whose mission it is to save sinners, they try to reform their lives and fulfil the law, which can punish but can never save. (Rom. 8: 3.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Our Central Relief Depot has been Changed from 740 Broadway to No. 15 Bible House, New York.

Mr. D. L. Moody writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "Ten thousand thanks to you and all your readers for their great help. The five thousand dollars that has come in from your journal has been of great help to me in the Bible Institute. May the Lord of the Harvest reward you a hundred-fold!"

Familiar Talks on Palestine are announced by Marion Harland, who, as our readers are aware, made a tour in the Holy Land, last year, for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. She is prepared to give a series of four lectures on: "The Jerusalem of To-day;" "Ephrath—which is Bethlehem;" "Our Syrian Sisters;" "Olivet and Calvary." Those who have read Marion Harland's letters in this journal will know how interesting these lectures must be. Churches and Societies desiring to secure this course of lectures may address Mrs. Terhune, 479 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nine Hundred and Ninety-nine Baptists were baptized in Hungary last year. The number of Baptists in that country has doubled since 1871.

The Christmas Sermon in St. Stephen's Lutheran Church, Baltimore, Md., was preached by Rev. J. G. Morris, D.D., who is over ninety-one years of age. The venerable preacher gave a most powerful and vivacious sermon.

From a Recently Published Volume of statistics compiled by Prof. A. H. Newman, LL.D., of Toronto, it appears that between the years 1790 and 1890, while the population of the United States increased about sixteen fold, the number of Baptist communicants increased nearly fifty-seven fold and the Methodist eighty-one fold.

In Reporting the Results of a meeting of colporteurs recently held in Tokyo, Mr. Loomis, the Japanese agent of the American Bible Society, writes: "The business people, or merchants, as a class dislike Christianity, because of the ethical teachings of the Bible." A legitimate inference from this fact is not very creditable to the integrity of the merchants. The Bible requires only fair dealings.

A Remarkable Experiment in Church Union is being tried at Lenox, Mass. The Congregational, Methodist, and Episcopal churches are holding monthly union services that call out large audiences and are proving profitable. The meetings are held in the churches by turn, the choirs uniting.

At a Service in the Church in Madagascar which the Queen attends, she made a public prayer on the Sunday after the French relations were ruptured. The Queen prayed for the deliverance of her country from the plots of her treacherous and unscrupulous enemies, declaring that her sole trust was in God. The people, who were deeply moved by the Queen's prayer, added a hearty "Amen."

An Extensive Revival is in Progres at Yonkers, New York, as the result of the labors of Rev. B. Fay Mills. Neighborhood prayer-meetings are being held, and an interest is manifested in religious matters by people who have not heretofore been seen at church. At the closing meetings two thousand persons were present. Mr. Mills has now taken up his pastorate at Albany, N. Y.

A College Settlement has been Founded among the mountains of North Carolina. Miss S. C. Chester, a graduate of Vassar, has taken up her quarters in a log cabin, about three miles from Asheville to work among the mountaineers. One or more helpers will stay with her at intervals. Clubs and classes for the children and a library and reading-room for elders will be opened, and in other ways religious and educational work will be done. Miss Chester has made preparation for her work by a study of the College Settlements in cities.

The Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, is satisfied with the new departure it made three years ago. It decided to adopt the free pew system and to make special efforts to reach and evangelize non-churchgoers. During the three years, two hundred and seventy-three new members have been added to the church. All the expenses of the church have been met and there is a balance in hand for the new year. The income was sixteen thousand dollars, besides four thousand contributed for benevolent purposes. Dr. Charles L. Thompson, the pastor, considers the free church experiment a decided success.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 3. Luke 9: 28-36. Golden Text Matt. 7: 5. By Mrs. Baxter.

THE apostles had continually to unlearn as well as to learn. Peter, after his great confession of Christ as the Son of the living God, had undergone the sharpest rebuke which any disciple of Christ had experienced, because, after receiving a revelation from heaven, he still looked on things with earthly eyes, and judged of Christ's announcement of his coming sufferings from a human and carnal standpoint. And Jesus had taught the great lesson that he that would save his life (i.e. spare himself) should lose it, but he that would lose his life, i.e. deny himself, and not spare himself, should save it, or "find it." It was the old teaching of death for life. But death should be only a way to life, the crucifixion and the shame should lead to the kingdom and the glory; and Jesus told them, "Of a truth, there be some of them that stand here, which shall in no wise taste of death, till they see the kingdom of God," or "till they see the kingdom of God come with power."

It was a week after Peter had acknowledged him to be, "The Christ, the Son of the living God," and had also taken upon himself to rebuke his Lord when he spoke of his sufferings, his death and resurrection that "Jesus took with him" Peter, and John and James, and went up into a mountain to pray. He needed

Special Witnesses

to the transfiguration; should he take Peter, who had so signally misunderstood him? Yes; for "He himself knew what he could do" with this chosen vessel.

There was in Jesus intense love to his disciples: "Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." It was not that weak, selfish love which would spare them suffering, because it cost Him too much to see them suffer; but it was the unselfish love which never wavered, never lessened under all their misunderstanding of him, all their earthly mindedness, all their strife, the one with the other, the denial of one, the forsaking of all, and thus, having rebuked Peter, he now, in his patience, trusts him again.

The disciples were accustomed to the prayerfulness of Jesus. You cannot live many days with a man or woman of prayer without finding out the secret of his or her life. But on this occasion, something unusual happened: "As he was praying, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment became white and dazzling." "He was transfigured before them; and his face did shine as the sun, and his garments became white as the light." The glory of an earthly throne had filled their horizon, position at an earthly court was their high ambition; to see a crown of earthly gold upon their Master's head, and to see him arrayed in the gorgeous insignia of royalty; such was their dream. But to see his face, instead of being surmounted with a crown, transfigured with a glory like the sun itself, and the humble peasant-garments which he wore, not replaced, but themselves lustrous as the light—this was new indeed, and most unexpected, it was

A Glimpse of His Kingdom.

above and out of the line of, all their conceptions. He had [illegible] to tell no man that he was the Christ. But he let the gleam of light from the unseen world visit them that they might not be stumbled when it came to shame and cross, death and burial, with him whom they had left all to follow. And at the same time it should enable them to bear witness of him, as did Peter afterwards when he wrote: "We did not follow cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but we were eye-witnesses of his majesty For he received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory. This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; and this voice we ourselves heard come out of heaven, when we were with him in the holy mount." (II. Pet. 1: 16-18, R.V.)

But their Master was not alone; others were with him, heavenly beings, but perfectly recognizable. "Behold, there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elijah, who appeared in glory and spake of his decease which he was about to accomplish at Jerusalem." Just that which Peter would not hear of, that of which he had said, "Be it far from thee, Lord; this shall not be unto thee," filled the thoughts of these two holy men of old as they appeared in glory with the Christ for whom they had looked! Did the three disciples understand? Did the real meaning of their Lord's kingdom dawn upon them? They were dazzled, but not fully enlightened; and while the glory of their Lord had wakened up men whom they had thought of as dead, the three disciples were heavy with sleep! They were not yet in a condition to bear the glory of his kingdom And there are visions of Christ's glory which come into the lives of his children, but which find no response from them because they are not sufficiently at the disposal of their Lord, because they have not learned what it is to live exclusively for him; they see, but they remain asleep.

Moses and Elijah understood, what in their earthly lives, had not been fully revealed to them. They had indeed "sought and searched diligently," prophesying of the grace which should come unto us; they truly searched "what, or what manner of time, the Spirit of Christ, which was in them, did point unto, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glories that should follow them. It was indeed revealed to them, that not unto themselves, but unto us did they minister these things: but now the light had dawned upon them, and while the chosen three of the chosen twelve slept, the holy intercourse between the Christ and these princely ones of his kingdom went on; for

They Understood

that the glory of a kingdom into which fallen man should be introduced, could come about in no other way than the way of the Cross, the utter condemnation of the flesh It is impossible to have an eye for the true glory of God, of Christ, and of his Church, without going down with him to the Cross, and being, in our own eyes, as well as God's, "made a curse" (Gal. 3: 3), with him in being crucified with Christ (Gal. 2: 20), by the the fact of his having identified himself with our sin and shame, when he died for us and was "made sin for us" Much of the holy intercourse between Jesus, Moses and Elijah was lost upon the disciples through their sleep. "But when they were fully awake, they saw his glory, and the two men that stood with him? But as they were parting from him, Peter said unto Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles: one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elijah, not knowing what he said" When men speak involuntarily they often reveal the true bent of their hearts: Peter's idea was a narrow and selfish one; the vision of the mountain suited him better than the teaching of the Cross a week ago. Now he had found what he could rest in, but it must be shewed [illegible]: if this was to be the manner of Christ's kingdom, then let it be always thus: no cross, no more suffering, but always blessed spiritual intercourse with heavenly beings. Oh, how many there are who seek to preserve or to produce some spiritual enjoyment which has come to them during some special revelation of God to them through his Word or by his Spirit! they meant everything to be stereotyped and kept in store for their own personal enjoyment, and they have not entered into the very purpose for which Christ died. "He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again."

While Peter said these things, a cloud overshadowed Moses and Elijah. It was a quiet but a solemn rebuke. God does not give his heavenly visions for man's personal enjoyment. He would not have suffered Moses and Elijah to visit earth again except with a purpose which should establish the kingdom of his Son. The very moment Peter seeks to appropriate the heavenly vision for personal enjoyment, the heavenly vision fades; such visions cannot exist in an atmosphere of self pleasing.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

AN early tradition, dating from the fourth century, locates the scene of the Transfiguration on Mount Tabor, and three churches, realizing the aspiration of Peter, have been built there, to commemorate the event. But doubts as to the accuracy of the tradition are aroused, when the topography of the country is compared with the record of the events occurring before and after the supernatural appearance. Modern scholars are now generally agreed that Mount Hermon was the scene of the memorable event This mountain is not like Tabor a solitary peak, but the southern end of the Anti-Lebanon range. It rears its snow crowned head 9376 feet above the level of the sea and is the highest mountain in or around Palestine. To this mountain Jesus appears to have led his Apostles about a week after Peter had made his great declaration of faith in his Master's divine origin. Luke says it was about eight days after; Matthew says six, probably counting only the intervening days. With his three most intimate disciples, Jesus begins the ascent, leaving the others at the foot. As they did not return on the same day, we may infer that the ascent commenced after noon and they were on the mountain all night. The Transfiguration probably took place in the early dawn. The three disciples had apparently fallen asleep, but were fully awake at the time of the change. Christ was praying when his face became radiant and even his garments shone with heavenly light. Two beings in luminous guise like himself, were with him. They were recognized by the disciples as Moses and Elijah, but how, we are not told The whole scene, the change in Christ's appearance, the coming of the two visitors, and the subject of conversation—all had a purpose. The disciples were perplexed by what Christ had told them of his approaching humiliation and death. It was so contrary to all they expected of the Messiah. They would be still more perplexed when they saw his suffering and disgrace. They would need support for their faith, and Christ gave them beforehand this opportunity of witnessing his inherent glory, that when their trial came, they might still be sure, in spite of appearances, that he really was what they had believed him to be. There was another purpose, too. John who was an eyewitness wrote many years afterward, for the encouragement of persecuted believers: "We know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him." Paul saw Christ, too, in his glory and was blinded by the sight. He wrote with full knowledge of the meaning of his words: "Who shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body."

The fashion of his countenance was altered. The story is told of a famous woman that when she was a child her mother found her in tears one day after her return home on her vacation from boarding-school. The mother, after some questioning, learned that the child was grieving over her lack of beauty. She had been snubbed at school by her playmates, and some distinguished visitors to the school had petted and praised the pretty girls, but had taken no notice of "that plain child." Was it to be so all her life? The child understood that beauty was everything in a woman and she was in despair. Happily, the mother was a woman of tact as well as of piety. She impressed on her daughter the superior value of goodness "Be good, do good, be kind," she said, "and although you may not be beautiful you will be loved." The child heeded. Her life was a continual effort after holiness. Sorrows came upon her and she learned patience and cheerfulness in adversity. Prosperity came and she was kind and benevolent and sympathetic. Responsibilities came upon her and found her conscientious, self-sacrificing and ready to sink herself in her work. When she was an old lady and sat at a great ceremony among women who had been her friends in childhood, a great artist saw her and begged permission to paint her portrait. "Nearly a hundred faces were before me," he said, "faces of women younger than herself and of others of about the same age, but there was none so beautiful as her's. They expressed frivolity, or ambition, or sordid spirit, but her face was the face of a sweet and lovely soul. Her character shone through. She was the most beautiful woman there." Of more than Jesus it has been true, that as they prayed, the fashion of their countenances has been changed.

When they were fully awake they saw his glory. (R.V). This privilege was given to the disciples for their support and encouragement in the ordeal before them. Jesus had been with them for fully two years, but they had never seen him thus glorious before. People are not quick to perceive spiritual and moral beauty. The ostentatious man, the man who is always elbowing his way to the front gets the admiration of the public and the modest man who is really good is unrecognized. Hawthorne has a story of a valley in which the cliffs had a fancied resemblance to a human face of exquisite beauty. There was a legend in the valley that the greatest and noblest man of his generation would be born in that valley and that he might be recognized by the resemblance of his features to the great stone face. Many children were born in the valley, left it in their youth and returned at maturity or old age and the people looked at each but the legend was not fulfilled. One man returned with wealth and built a marble palace and gave away much money and the people thought this was the promised man, but his face was wrinkled and his eyes greedy not like the great stone face. Another who had been a soldier and had won fame in battle returned as general and again the people thought their greatest and noblest man had appeared. But not so. At the banquet given in his honor it was seen that his face was too fierce to be like the great stone face. Many others returned as the years passed. A statesman came who had won fame and power, but his features were gloomy and suspicious and had not the cheerfulness of the great stone face. A poet came and there were signs of greatness in him but there were marks of dissipation on his face and the great stone face was remarkable for its purity. The people were losing hope when they discovered that a man who had lived among them all his life doing good to all, humble, kind, gentle, ready to serve any one, and beloved of all, was the man they had been looking for. The poet called their attention to the striking resemblance between his features and those of the great stone face. Purity, gentleness, goodness, all were there. They saw it at once and wondered that they had not seen it before.

Feared as they entered into the cloud. Many have quailed before impending trouble, although they were sure that Jesus would be with them in it. There is a fear that is all physical which refuses to be subdued by the most courageous spirit. Brave soldiers have often experienced this fact. Paxton Hood says that he once met a distinguished naval officer who told him that he owed to Admiral Ball what was dearer to him than life. "When he was Lieutenant Ball," said the officer, "he was the officer under whom I went on my first boat expedition, being only a midshipman in my fourteenth year. As we were rowing up to the vessel which we were to attack, amid a discharge of musketry, I was overpowered by fear, and seemed to be on the point of fainting away. Lieutenant Ball, who saw the condition I was in, placed himself close beside me, and still keeping his face toward the enemy, pressed my hand in the most friendly manner, and said in a low voice: 'Courage my dear boy, you will recover in a minute or two. I was just the same when I first went out in this way.' I declare to you, Sir," said the officer, "it was just as if an angel had put a new soul in me."

Gospel Minstrel of the Sea.

muel Medley, the Sailor-Singer, and his Melodious Christian Life.

SACRED song is one of the most effective weapons in Gospel warfare. Samuel Medley, the pious British midshipman, after his conversion in 1767, finding an irrepressible vein of spiritual song in his soul, began to write hymns. I remember, says a riter in the "Sailors' Magazine," how it ed to stir my young soul in the days of y boyhood in the revival meetings. Most the hymns then sung were of the deeply lemn sort, such as, "Oh, there will be ourning, mourning, at the judgment-seat Christ." But when the people struck up e jubilant notes of "Loving-kindness," ey sounded like a carol of larks after the otings of an owl. Not only did pastor edley read his newly composed hymns om his pulpit, but he had them printed on aflets or broadsheets. A poor little blind rl sat on the steps of the church and sold em for a half-penny to the congregation s they came out from worship. The child rned her livelihood in this way, and one the pieces she sold to her customers was at glorious hymn, "Oh, could I speak the atchless worth." After the hymn floated er to America, Dr. Hastings composed r it his splendid air of "Ariel," and to that will be wedded forevermore. Happy is at hymn in that it is wedded to an inspiring ne! Another of the pieces which the litе girl sold began with the words, "Jesus, ngrave it on my heart."

Medley had the gift of rapid composition. One day when visiting at the house of Mr. hilips in London, he said to the daughter f his host, "Betsey, will you bring me ome paper and ink?" He retired to his oom, and presently came back and handed o Betsey his famous hymn of "Loving-indness!"

The good old sailor-singer ended his useful life on the 17th of July, 1799. During is last sickness he talked in the racy lanuage of the sea, and spoke of himself as a poor, shattered bark just about to gain the lissful harbor, and oh, how sweet will be he port after the storm!" He imagined himself looking at a compass, and repeated o himself, "A point or two more, a point r two more. Dying is sweet work, sweet work.' As he drew near to the heavenly harbor he exclaimed, "I am looking to my Dear Jesus, my portion, my all in all. Home, home, hallelujah!" With these triumphant exclamations the old sailor in Christ's royal navy swept, with colors flying, into the heavenly port.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN CALIFORNIA.

The Pacific Gospel Mission is conducting a valuable mission work among the "unchurched masses" in Los Angeles. It is an undenominational mission and is located in the most populous part of the city, on Second street. Among the features of the work are: home visitation, cottage prayer-meetings, Gospel wagon-service, Sunday morning breakfast, a sewing school, and an employment bureau. At some of the tent meetings, remarkable conversions have taken place, and criminals have been recalled to sober, honest lives. For a time the Gospel Union Mission tried the experiment of furnishing a simple meal of coffee and bread only, to all who had tickets, and numbers came, and remained to a Gospel meeting, and on one occasion fifteen promised to lead a new life. Seventy have found employment. The Mission is supported by voluntary contributions. S. I. Merrill is president and C. S. Mason superintendent, both having long experience in mission work of this character. Its work has commended it to the support of the best Christian people in Los Angeles and its opportunities for extending in usefulness are limited only by the resources at its disposal.

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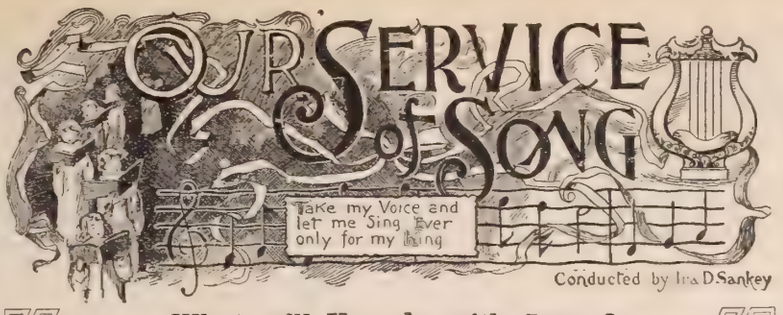

What will You do with Jesus?

JULIA STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. What will you do with Je - sus? Think well ere you de - cide;
2. What will you do with Je - sus? He's knocking at your heart;
3. What will you do with Je - sus, Your on - ly hope of heav'n,
Once came the fa - tal an - swer:—Let Him be cru - ci - fied.
Will you ad mit the Sav - iour, Or shall He now de - part?
If you should die with - out Him, Unblessed and un - for - giv'n?
And will you slight His mer - cy, And cru - ci - fy a - gain,
What will you say to Je - sus? Will you re - ject His love?
O, nev - er could you en - ter The pearl - y gate so fair,
The Lord of life and glo - ry, For your re - demp-tion slain?
Can this vain world, so transient, Give joy like that a - bove?
That o - pens to the king-dom, Where ma-ny man-sions are.

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"GOD'S GRAIN."

THE page bears but a single line;
And yet the gentlest, truest friend
Who ever mingled tears with mine,
With her sweet hand the sentence penned
I scan in puzzle and in pain,—
"Our Lord is gathering in his grain!"

Within my sight two graves were heaped,
But yesterday, with cruel clods;
The sharp and sudden scythe that reaped
In my home-meadow—was it God's?
The blast that swept my lilied plain,
His way of gathering in his grain?

Man's reckoning is not thine, dear Lord!
From grapes unripe who wrings the wine?
With flowing corn whose barns are stored?
In summer's prime we strip the vine;
In autumn pile the mighty wain,
And gather fully ripened grain.

"God's grain,"—she wrote, and then,—"His
With tactful skill the truth is phrased [own;"
His chosen seed, in weakness sown,
To be in strength immortal raised.
Who early sows, with latter rain,
Knows when to gather in his grain.

From frosts that blight; from droughts that
The very life-blood from the roots; [draw
From canker-worm; from tempests raw
That bruise, then harden, tender shoots;
From earthly hap; from earthly stain,—
In loving haste he saves his grain.

Thrice-blessed sheaves! with them he fills
His stately chambers, strong and fair;
The while the everlasting hills,
And boundless reach of sun-steeped air,
Thrill with the Harvest-Home refrain,—
"Our Lord has gathered in his grain!"

—MARION HARLAND.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

JOHN 15: 13, 14.

A Life laid down to save a friend—
No greater love than this can be;
Yet Jesus suffered to the end,
And poured his life out on the tree,
That heaven's door might open wide
For those He knew before He died,
Were not His friends.

And though he loved and suffered so,
His offered friendship oft' we spurned;
And often grieved his heart, we know,
As from his outstretched hand we turned:
And yet in spite of all our sin,
He said we might new lives begin,
And be his friends.

At last there came one glad, sweet day,
A torn hand pulled the barrier down;
Jesus took all our sins away,
And pointed to a golden crown,
He captured, by his matchless love,
Those, who so long against him strove,
And we were friends.

Sinner! thy Saviour calls to-day:
Come to thy God, He'll pardon thee;
Hark! Jesus saith, "I am the way
And no man cometh but by me."
If my commandments thou wilt do
And love as I have loved you,
Thou art my friend.

Jan. 8, '95. R. F. MCCORMACK.

NEW MILLENNIAL THEORIES.

The Light Shed on the Character of Christ's Millennial Reign by the Organized Rebellion at its Close.

ONE of the most remarkable features of prophetic study is the new light that is continually breaking from the old books. Although learned and earnest men in many generations have studied the prophecies and written about them, the subject is not exhausted. Closer and more systematic study reveals facts, the existence of which, was not previously suspected. A case in point is found in the articles on the Millennium which have recently appeared in this column. They were extracts from longer articles appearing in an English journal, which again are chapters from a book shortly to be issued in London by Messrs. Morgan and Scott. While we cannot endorse the views expressed therein until certain difficulties are explained, and the book in which they are advocated has been examined, there is a plausibility about the theories and an apparent scriptural basis for them which demand respectful and fair consideration.

It is not so very long ago that the great body of Christians had no more precise idea of the close of this dispensation than was conveyed in the phrase, "the end of the world," or "the Second Advent." Everything was vague and indefinite. More than that, the event was dreaded. So different was the attitude of the church to the attitude of the Seer of Patmos, who so far from being appalled by the terrible judgments he had been describing, wrote as his final word, "Even so, come Lord Jesus." It appeared then that what was desired by the Apostle was dreaded by the Church. The anomaly suggested thought and a new examination was made to find out the cause, for there was a presumption on the face of it, that there must be misunderstanding somewhere. The result was the promulgation of the doctrine of the rapture of waiting Christians. It was found that the Scriptures did not teach a time of persecution, bloodshed, and of fearful tribulation for the whole church; but that Christ would appear in the air and summon to him there all his waiting people. They would be caught up to meet him suddenly. There in peace and safety they would have a refuge while Antichrist persecuted all such of Christ's people who were not caught up. These would be Christians who had been leading worldly lives, and who were not worthy of the privilege of translation. Afterward, at an interval of some three, four, or seven, years Christ would come to the earth for a thousand years.

The view now put forward by Mr. Trench opens another vista beyond. A mysterious statement is made (Rev. 20: 7.) that Satan is to go forth at the end of the Millennium to resume his work of temptation. It is this statement that sent Mr. Trench on his expedition of exploration and induction. The common idea was that the glorious reign of Christ for a thousand years would be the golden age of the earth—a period of unalloyed happiness, peace and holiness. How then could it be that Satan would find dupes and victims at the end of it, and that he would apparently be so successful in organizing a widespread rebellion against God and his people? Mr. Trench answers the question by propounding a new view of the Millennium. He believes that Christ will reign by sheer force. That opposition to him will be rigorously suppressed, but it will not be eradicated. Men's natures will not be changed. They must perforce submit to him, but they will do so unwillingly and against their inclinations. After a thousand years of Christ's rule it might be expected that the world would have learned how much better was the reign of Christ than the reign of evil; but they will not learn the lesson. Satan inspires them with the courage to rebel and organizes a gigantic combination to wrest the world from Christ's dominion. Then occurs the battle of Armageddon at which, by supernatural power, Antichrist is overthrown and Satan finally excluded from terrestrial affairs. This is the programme which Mr. Trench submits for the consideration of students of prophecy.

THE LORD'S COMING.

A popular little work by Mrs. Baxter, whose articles on the Sunday School Lessons appear every week in this journal. It contains fifteen chapters on the events predicted in the Bible to occur between the present time and the close of the Millennium. Third Edition—Revised and Enlarged. 104 pages. Price fifteen cents. Published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92-101 Bible House, New York.

ADVANCE!

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for Week Commencing Feb. 3. Ex. 14: 15:31; 15: 1, 2.

ON an anniversary the mind naturally turns backward as well as forward. It will be so on this day, in this and many lands. In fourteen years how much has Christian Endeavor accomplished! Out of that small seed sown in one corner of our land how majestic a tree has grown! What a mighty force has sprung into existence from that simple unostentatious effort! In thousands of towns the young people are now banded together for Christ and his Church. An army two million strong is enlisted in the service. Mutual helpfulness and aggressive influence have come from the organization, and the possibility of the united co-operation of the sects has been demonstrated. The world sees now that below the rivalries and jealousies of sectarian difference there is essential unity. It has been found that love to Chist and loyalty to him are a sufficient bond of brotherhood to hold his people together. If Christian Endeavor has accomplished nothing more than to provide this basis for union of effort, it would have merited the hearty gratitude of Christendom.

But the new watchword is needed. The pioneer work is done; the army is enlisted and organized; its power has been tested and proved. what shall be its work? The command to the Israelites is the command to this new army. The word is "Forward." And it must be an advance on the old lines. If any are looking to the Christian Endeavor movement for a union of the sects and an obliteration of denominational divisions they will be disappointed. If any are expecting from it a political or social movement for the suppression of vice, drunkenness, or public immorality they, too, are deluded. The work of the Society must be on the principle of the Master—the reformation of society by the reformation of the individual. It is by the ones and twos added to the army that good will be effected. It is by the spirit of tolerance and love in the hearts of the individuals that the denominations will be drawn closer together. Under the most efficient government and the wisest legislation the sinner will find opportunities for his sin if he desires to commit it. The hope of getting a clean city and a sinless world lies in eradicating that desire. We may insist on legislation to suppress the open temptations to sin, but Christian Endeavor will fail if it seeks to make men moral by law. Friends of the movement who are urging this plan of campaign on the Society are unwise. The work of the Society will be successful only as its aim is kept to its true line of personal and individual effort. To turn one sinner from the error of his ways, to win one brother from worldliness to consecration seems a small achievement compared with the gigantic task of winning the world for Christ; but every one counts, and it is so that the Christian Church to-day exists. Legislation never helped it. On this line by patient, persistent, prayerful effort, let us advance.

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THE EMERGENCY.

Acknowledgments are made in another column of various gifts of clothing, blankets, etc., from King's Daughters, Christian Endeavor and other church societies, for the destitute people in Kansas and Nebraska. The response to the appeal made on this page recently, is very gratifying. The societies will be glad to hear that it will not be necessary for us to pay the freight of the clothing to the West. The American Express Company, desiring to co-operate in the work of charity, is making no charge for conveying the goods from [illegible] Worthy and reliable people, city missionaries, Sunday School missionaries, and other Christian workers, who have extensive opportunities of knowing who and where the most needy are, have undertaken to receive and distribute the gifts free of charge. How sorely they are needed may be seen from the letters we have published from the people of the afflicted States. These are only a small part of those we have received. The majority do not come from the sufferers themselves, but from people who have seen the destitution and know how severe it is. There is no need to plead the cause of the needy with the societies. We need only say that the necessity is dire and urgent, that thousands of our brethren and sisters with their little ones are in the midst of the severities of a Western winter, without food and fuel, and with nothing but rags to cover them. We are sure that their condition will appeal to the heart of every follower of Him who bade us feed the hungry and clothe the naked.

BISHOP R. K. HARGROVE.
President of Epworth League of M. E. Church, South.

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THE SOUTHERN LEADERS.

Members of the Epworth League in all parts of the country will be glad to see the two portraits which adorn this page. They are the portraits of the chief officers of the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. In this, as in every organization of its kind, while the main reliance must always be on the local and church company, the success of the organization as a whole depends very much on the men at the head of it. Inspiration and stimulus and direction must come from them. They are its leaders, and as the soldier looks to his general for the plan of the campaign, while doing his humble duty in the ranks, so the Epworth Leaguer hopes that the work he does will be turned to effective purpose by his leaders. The Southern branch of the League has been singularly fortunate in its choice of men for all the higher offices, and particularly so in the selection of its President and General Secretary. Bishop Hargrove and Dr. Steel are specially qualified by their learning, talents, and [illegible] responsible [illegible] and [illegible] may be expected from the League under their leadership.

Robert Kennon Hargrove, D.D., is sixty-six years of age, in the ripe vigor of a long experience in ministerial work. He is a native of Alabama, in which State he was educated and served his first appointments. He was converted at the early age of eleven years, and is a conspicuous example of the enduring influence of piety begun in childhood. It was not until his twenty-eighth year that he entered the ministry. His first license came from the Tuscaloosa Conference, and was dated December, 1857. He served on the Macon circuit, and subsequently held appointments at Summerfield, Greensboro, and Mobile. Kentucky had his services at Lexington, and Tennessee at Franklin, McKendree, Nashville, and Clarksville. Dr. Hargrove has also had considerable experience in educational work. He served in the University of Alabama as Professor of Mathematics, and was for some time President of Centenary Institute, and of Tennessee Female College. He was elected Bishop in 1882. He has won the admiration of his section by his stalwart Christian principles, his unswerving integrity, and his large liberality in supporting the various enterprises of the church.

Rev. Samuel Augustus Steel, D.D., is one of the best-known ministers of the Southern Church. His visit to New York in 1888 as a representative of his branch of the church to the General Conference will not soon be forgotten. His address on that occasion thrilled his critical audience by its commanding eloquence and the sterling good sense which it showed. The Northern church perceived that the South had a man of might in its ranks whom any section might be proud to number among its leaders. Dr. Steel is in the prime of life, having just entered his forty-seventh year. He comes of ministerial stock, his father having been a traveling preacher of the Methodist Church. His early years were years of hard toil on a farm in Mississippi. The studious boy had to snatch his education from intervals in cutting timber, driving oxen, and following the plough. But the real grit in the lad could not be kept down by physical toil. He had been converted when he was fifteen years old, and two years afterward, under a regular license, he preached his first sermons to country audiences. Two years more on the farm and then he was ready for college. Emory & Henry College, Virginia, was the institution to which he went. He speedily made his mark among his peers, and, while still an undergraduate, was appointed chaplain to the University of Virginia. At the close of his course the Virginia Conference gave him an appointment at Broad Street Church, Richmond, where he labored for three years. Since then he has been called to several important spheres of work. At Columbus, Miss., Memphis, Tenn., Louisville, Ky., Kansas City, Mo., and Nashville, Tenn., he has done excellent service. During all this time Dr. Steel's pen was busy, and his high reputation as a preacher was less than his reputation as a writer. His clear, vigorous, pungent sentences stirred the hearts of thonsands of readers who had not the advantage of hearing them, and his name became known far and wide as an active and consecrated Methodist. At the last General Conference at Memphis, Tenn., when the duty of filling the office of General Secretary of the Epworth League came before the Conference, Dr. Steel, although not a member of the Conference, was elected. With this office he combines that of editor of the "Epworth Era," the organ of the Southern League, and has proved in editorial chair, as on the platform of the League, the same stirring, stimulating, inspiring leader.

DR. S. A. STEEL.
Secretary of Epworth League of Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

Fifteen Christian Endeavorers from the Floating Society of the United States man-of-war Charleston surprised the society at the Union Chapel, Yokohama, by attending their meeting. In return, several from the Yokohama society visited the vessel on the next Sunday afternoon and held services there.

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The Baptist Young People's Unions of North Carolina have taken the initial steps toward State organization. A committee appointed to consider the matter has reported in favor of combining the Unions and a special Convention is to be called to complete the arrangments. There are about forty unions in the State.

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The Baptist Young People's Unions of the Southern New York Association held a grand rally on January 3rd in the Central Baptist Church, New York President George E. Croscup opened the meeting, and E. E. Chivers, Rev. Jessup Sholer, Rev. A W. H. Hodder, and Rev. A. Francis delivered addresses.

✲

The Committee in charge of the B. Y. P. U. national Convention, which is to be held this year at Baltimore, Md., has already been organized with Rev. L. S. Henson as Chairman. Local Committees have been at work for some time past preparing for the reception of the largest Convention that can be brought together.

✲

The Anglo-American Young Men's Christian Association in Paris has recently held its annual meeting. The secretary stated that during the year a deficit of 2,276 francs had been reduced by over 500 francs, adding that a gentleman, who desired to remain anonymous, having witnessed the good work the Association has done and is doing, generously offered to wipe out the balance—an announcement which was heartily welcomed.

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The Albany, N.Y., Young Men's Christian Association building, of which we published a picture recently, was destroyed by fire on Dec. 25. It was situated in the business portion of the capital. The fire started in the boiler room, and was not discovered until it had gained a strong foothold. A high wind was blowing, and soon the entire building was ablaze. The building was a gift to the association from James B. Jermain. It was worth $25,000. The insurance will not cover the loss.

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The Junior Christian Endeavor movement is making rapid progress in New York City. The Junior Local Union was organized in 1892 with twenty-four societies. Mr. W R. George, who has worked among children for the past five years, was the first president. During the past year under the presidency of Mr. Percy J. Ryan, there has been an increase of one hundred per cent. in the number of societies. Junior Superintendents have been appointed over the districts into which the city has been divided according to the constitution of the Young People's Societies. The Superintendents and the officers of the Junior Local Union meet on the Second Saturday evening of each month in the Madison Avenue Reformed Church to discuss plans for the advancement of the work.

The Family and Home Circle

Around Jerusalem.

Pretty Village of Kulonieh in the Suburbs—A Historic Valley.

BOUT an hour-and-a-half's walk from Jerusalem westward, and almost in a direct line between that city and Ramleh, the traveler descends into and crosses a deep valley, at the west point of which is a quaint Eastern village. This is the village of Kulonieh, and it reached by paths that wind in and out among the hills, affording glimpses of picturesque mountain scenery, almost as fine as those to be found in Switzerland. Kulonieh lies in the very heart of ground almost every foot of which is consecrated to sacred history. To the north lies Nebi-Samwil the ancient Mizpeh, where old prophet Samuel was buried); immediately eastward is the village of Ain-Karim, where, according to tradition, John the Baptist was born; at the bottom of the valley which is situated on the extensive Valley of the Terebinth, is the brook Elah, in whose pebbly margin the young shepherd-warrior of Israel gathered the stones with which he slew Goliath. Every foot of the old roadway, shown in the foreground of the illustration) is sacred to Bible memories. From Kulonieh to Jerusalem is an uphill journey, and as the traveler proceeds, hallowed memories crowd upon each other and he can picture in imagination the Ark being borne upward in triumph to Mount Zion, with the priests and the people following. Along this same highway, Jesus and the two disciples probably walked together on the way to Emmaus. Roman cohorts have swept past and Roman legions have marched on this highway, and Titus, too, have passed the hosts of the Crusaders and Saracens, tramping into clouds of dust the white thoroughfare along which, centuries before, the fragrant beams of cedar were carried for the erection of Solomon's Temple.

There is a great charm for the tourist in this part of Palestine, so quietly beautiful and retired, and yet so near to the Holy City itself, the seat and centre of life and activity. Here and there a dwelling may be seen that shows signs of comparatively modern construction, but in the main, the houses, and the bridges, like the mountains themselves, bear evidence of antiquity. Groves of olives, and rows of terebinth and sycamore trees give variety of color to the verdure of the sloping hillsides, while the brook in the valley goes on its way quietly singing as though the world had stood still since the day when its pebbles furnished the ammunition for securing the triumph of Israel over its enemies.

THE VILLAGE OF KULONIEH NEAR JERUSALEM.

From a photograph bought from Palestine by the Proprietors of "The Christian Herald"

In a Japanese Parlor.

If a man of taste should enter a Japanese parlor, he would not fail to be surprised at the display of marvelous and exquisite taste. Yet, says an observant Japanese native writer, I have often heard the saying of foreigners that "The Japanese house has no furniture, and is absolutely cheerless and empty." This is quite wrong. I must say that such have no taste for the Japanese art; for the men of taste are agreed in saying that the art of decoration in Japan is excellent. If anyone has any taste in this art, he will perceive that the hanging picture on the "toko" wall, the elaborate arrangment of flowers, pictures on the framed partitions and all decorations, however trifling, reveal infinite taste. The gorgeous display of colors in the rooms of Western people would please our children to look at. Drawing-rooms piled up from corner to corner with toys, shells, stones, dishes, spoons, and different novel things remind us of our curio shops. A bunch of flowers is stuck in a vase without form and without order! The pictures in the rooms hang perpetually, though the face of nature and feeling of man change from time to time! All these sights which we are accustomed to see in the European house excite in us nothing but wonder. Yet this is the taste of your people; we have no right to criticise it.

Physical Culture and Morality.

We are beginning to recognize the fact that there is more in mere physical exercise than we have considered, writes Miss Carrie Rand, Instructor in Iowa College. We are wont to be much of the opinion of a legislator from the agricultural district of one of our neighboring States, who, when spoken to upon the subject of erecting a gymnasium for young women, said that girls in his district had exercise enough without anything of that kind; they swept and dusted, and milked cows. But we are beginning to see that exercise to be most beneficial to the body and mind alike must be not only a complete change, and bring into play muscles not generally used, but must also be enjoyable. Unless the element of pure enjoyment comes in, the natural functions of the body are arrested through the influence of the brain. Also our exercise must be ennobling. We cannot set a high mark before ourselves and make all our work tend to build up to it, and then let slip into our recreation and exercise elements which undo the good.

A Hint to Mothers.

An eminent teacher was asked recently what she considered the greatest obstacle nowadays in a girl's education, and she promptly replied, "Their mothers." She then explained that the school in which she taught nominally opened in October, but that a large contingent of the pupils came straggling back as late as the middle of November. In May or early June off they flit again, and meantime the Christmas holidays intervene, when the girls engage excessively in social gayeties, which use up their vitality and leave them unfit for study. We then inquire how they ever learn anything under such a regime, and again the teacher promptly replied, "They don't!" In many cases it is the mother who is at fault. She insists upon having her daughters attend festivities and parties, claiming that such forms of recreation are an essential part of her education. The real purpose of education, without neglecting proper exercise and recreation, should be the unfolding of the moral and intellectual nature.

WHEN BABY SINGS.

WHEN baby sings I seem to hear
The music of the angels near;
The melodies she must have heard
Before she came, our little bird.

The brooklet's voice the song of birds,
Are sweetest sounds, though lacking words,
And baby's song, though but an air,
Is music true, divine and rare.

When baby sings, so soft and low,
I'm in the land where flowers grow,
Where violets shy peep through the grass
And breezes kiss them as they pass.

The robin and the bobolink,
The meadows sweet and river's brink,
The rustling leaves and cooling springs,
All come to view when baby sings.

—J. WOLFE.

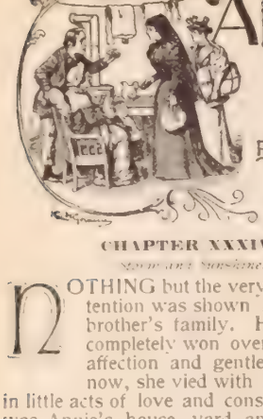
CHILDREN AND THE SABBATH.

TO bring a child into habits of loving and reverent Sabbath observance is a matter of training, writes Rev. C. H. Trumbull, and that training ought to begin at a very early age of the child, and continue throughout the years of his childhood. Long before a child can know what is the distinctive idea of the Sabbath, or why it is to be observed in a manner peculiar to itself, he can be trained to perceive that one day in seven is different from the other six days, and that its standard is higher and its spirit more joyous; that its tone is quieter, and its atmosphere more reverent. And all this ought to be secured to every child in a Christian home, from the very outset of a child's training to its close. Even a dog, or a horse, or an ox, learns to know and to prize some of the privileges and enjoyments of the Sabbath; and an infant in arms is as capable as one of the brutes of receiving an impression of truth in this realm of fact and sentiment. But in the case of an infant or of the truth everything depends upon those persons who have it in training.

It is for the parents to make clear the distinction that marks, in the child's mind, the Lord's day as the day of days in the whole week's history. The child may be differently dressed, or differently washed, or differently handled, on that day from any other. Some more disagreeable detail of his morning toilet, or of his day's management, might on that day be omitted, as a means of marking the day. There may be a sweeter song sung in his hearing, or a brighter exhibit of some kind made in his sight, or a peculiar favor of some sort granted to him, which links a special joy with that day in comparison with the days on either side of it. As soon as the child is old enough to grasp a rattle or to play with a toy, there ought to be a difference between his Sabbath rattle or other toy, and his week-day delights in the same line. By one means or another he should have the Lord's day to look back upon as his brightest memory, and to look forward to as his fondest anticipation. And in this way he can be trained to enjoy the Lord's day, even before he can know why it is made a joy to him. A child is well started in the line of wise training when he is carried along as far as this.

Merit is Essential

Consumers [illegible] merit [illegible] Hood's Sarsaparilla [illegible] Hood's Pills [illegible] Hood's Sarsaparilla [illegible]



A NEW-FASHIONED WOMAN.

Written Specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BY MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Sowing and Sunshine.

NOTHING but the very tenderest attention was shown Annie in her brother's family. His wife was completely won over by Annie's affection and gentleness, so that now, she vied with her husband in little acts of love and consideration. It was Annie's house, yard, and flowers as well as theirs, they insisted; and she, in her turn, had too much delicacy of feeling, and thorough appreciation of the kind spirit which prompted the assurance, to contradict it. To the little ones, "Aunt Annie" was the model of patience and forbearance, the nurse and entertainer for the sick ones, the playmate and doll-mantua-maker for the well ones. Two little pets, Roy and Annie, composed the nursery department. At the time we write, Roy was five and Annie three; both perfect in form and feature. Here, within this home circle, the young Christian's influence was being felt, and here her light gleamed out brightly in the worldly darkness which shrouded this fashionable family. Roy's wife cared little for parties, therefore there were few at their house, but every theatre was frequented, and the care of the children gradually fell to Annie.

"We'll have a dood time to-night," said little Annie one evening at supper, "tause mamma's doin' out."

This innocent speech might have caused some feeling on mamma's part, only it struck all as so ludicrous, even to the clapping of the little fat hands that accompanied it, and there was a merry laugh from all.

"So you are glad mamma's 'doin' out,' are you, pet?" asked mamma with a kiss.

"Me sorry 'bout that, but Aunt Annie talks so feet, me aint sorry but a 'ittle bit."

It was stories from the Bible, about Samuel and Joseph, and all the old worthies that made the children's eyes so big and bright. When Aunt Annie stayed, they sat up a little longer and everybody was glad when Auntie's night came, she, nurse, children, and mamma.

"Annie, your influence over our little Annie is beautiful" said father Roy one day. "She was beginning to show lots of human nature in her composition, but lately she has changed; for, as she says, she has learned to 'fight herself,' and she does it, too. Well, if my children will only become as sweet and good as you are, I am willing for them to be religious."

So the seed was being sown. The example of the young Christian was having a telling effect. Frequently her brother Roy would go with her to her own church, and occasionally his wife would join them; and in the afternoon they all looked on with a smile when, each Sabbath, she prepared Annie and Roy for Sunday School, and then took them by the hands and led them to the infant class of her own church. Annie argued that though little Annie was very small, nevertheless she sat perfectly quiet, and it did neither her nor any one else any harm for her to go; then, besides, it gave her mamma an hour's rest.

On the Monday following Mrs. Somers' visit, as Annie was culling some flowers for the parlor vases, a little boy handed her a note which ran as follows:

"MY DEAR ANNIE:—I promised to let you know if you could be of service to the Mason family, who, you remember, are quite sick. The mother was taken with fever yesterday, which makes the third member of the family stricken down, a grown daughter, a little girl, and now the mother. The father must have his rest so as to work all day, for he is their only available support. Now, if you are perfectly well, come round and let us see what arrangements we can make for the night.

With warmest love, M. G. Somers."

Quick the roses fell into the vases, and quickly Annie changed her dress for a plain [illegible] of heliotrope and rose-geranium leaf at her throat, she started for Mrs. Somers', leaving word that she would not return till morning.

There was something particularly sweet and attractive about Mrs. Somers' cottage for Annie. The white frilled curtains swaying to and fro were so cool, everything seemed sweeter, purer, calmer here than anywhere. The water was clearer and colder; the breezes were fresher and balmier, and the white clouds seemed to pause and rest overhead like a sweet, never closing benediction.

"How quickly you came!" exclaimed Mrs. Somers, as Annie stepped in bright and rosy.

"Love lent me wings," said Annie. "I am so glad you sent for me."

"We have quite a distance to walk, dear. So let us make an arrangement at once, for we must hurry as the clouds threaten rain. I am so sorry that this is not my night to sit up, as I would like to be with you!"

"Have you been sitting up regularly, Mrs. Somers, and yet never sent for me before?"

"Well, my child, I really have not needed you till to-night. Mrs. Wilkins, a neighbor of Mrs. Mason, is to sit with you to-night. There is not much to be done, only to watch and give nourishment and water when wanted. They are a family above want, but since they are in trouble, I have provided you with a lunch in this basket: they will have coffee for you."

"How thoughtful and kind in you, Mrs. Somers."

"You see I have been in such places before. You will only need your supper, you must eat breakfast with me. I shall wait and watch for you. Come, let us start."

They passed Mrs. Wilkins' house and found her getting ready to go over and spend the night with the sick, Mrs. Somers having made the engagement. As they stopped a moment at the gate, she called out:

"I can't come over, Mrs. Deveraux, till after supper as my husband does not get home till late from the store; but Mr. Mason will sit up till a late bedtime. You know I cannot leave the children until Mr. Wilkins gets here, but I will come as soon as possible."

"Suppose you take a nap while you're waiting, Mrs. Wilkins," said Mrs. Somers, "and then let Mrs. Deveraux sleep towards day; but wake her up before you leave, for she is to breakfast with me."

"Very well, then, Ma'am, I'll do that way. Suppose I come about one and let Mrs. Deveraux sleep till day, will that suit you?"

"Any arrangement will suit me," said Annie. "I did not expect to sleep at all, however. Expected to be up all night and I am fully able to do it."

"Mrs. Wilkins' plan is the best," said Mrs. Somers, "so we will consider that that is agreed upon and go on."

On reaching the house they found the wife quite sick; the daughter, in the next room, better, and the little baby girl quite restless and fretful. The father was at home, and doing all he could in an awkward way. His greeting to the ladies was very cordial, for he was evidently very glad to have their help. The clouds were so very threatening, Mrs. Somers was compelled to hurry back, much to her regret and Annie's, too.

"We are going to have a stormy night," said Mr. Mason. "It's been so awfully hot all day, I expect there'll be mighty sharp lightning. You've never nursed much have you—don't know much about sickness, I expect?"

"I have had some experience in sickness and I love to nurse," replied Annie. "You are greatly afflicted just now, Mr. Mason."

"Yes, Ma'am, I am. Don't know when I ever did have such a time in my life before. I've got a fine doctor, though, the best I believe anywhere about—Dr. Gordon, do you know him?" But not waiting for a reply, he went on: "He left a paper with directions written on it, for anybody that might sit up to follow to-night. Here it is."

"He said he was called out in the country to a bad case, but would be here about dawn. He said all was doing as well as could be expected, and that the fever had to run its course—whew! what a flash, and no rain! That was dangerous! Just listen at that clap! It's going to be a terrible night. What's the arrangement for the night?"

"I am to sit up until midnight, then Mrs. Wilkins will come and we will remain together."

"She's a mighty good nurse, Mrs. Wilkins is. I wish I could help you, but unless I sleep I can't work to-morrow, but you can call me any time you want me. I'll be right close. Here's coffee down by the fire and a cup over there and sugar I reckon. If little Ginnie wakes up she'll fret for her ma, and I expect you'd better call me. Oh! Me! It's a sad time for me and for them. Worse for them than for me. If I get the fever we are all gone up."

"Oh! I trust you will not have it, Mr. Mason, it would be indeed terrible for you to fall sick. You had better lie down and try to sleep, now while they are all so quiet. There is no telling how soon I may have to arouse you."

"But I hate to leave you by yourself in this storm."

"I don't mind it. I am not timid about lightning, so don't remain up on my account."

After a little more persuasion, he left, went into the next room, and in a minute, it seemed to Annie, she heard him breathing heavily, in deep sleep. She was alone.

The wind howled fearfully without. Flashes of lightning blinded her through the partly closed window blinds, and the thunder pealed so long and loud, and reverberated with such tremulous roar that the window-panes rattled so, she feared the sick might be startled. She sat watching the lightning flashes and measured the distance of the cloud by counting between the flash and peal; but presently she remembered her supper, and thinking that this might be her best opportunity for enjoying it, she opened her basket. What a nice lunch! Her repast was just finished, her coffee drunk, and the fragments cleared silently away, when little Ginnie aroused and asked for water. Annie gave it to her, then awakened Mrs. Mason to take her powder. She was glad they had waked up, for time was dragging rather heavily. No book to read, no one to talk to, only her thoughts on a stormy night to keep her company, and these she did not find very entertaining. She wondered if Dr. Gordon would come! What a noble man he must be! She always thought he was a nice man, but somehow he never seemed to like her, never paid her much attention, never sought her society, rarely came unless invited, though he was always included in invitations. She thought he and Val would fall in love, but they didn't. Now they say he is in love with the young lady lately visiting Captain Roland's family.—Well, that's all right. No doubt she is worthy of him. I know she is, or he would never have selected her for his wife.—Somehow she wished he woutd come the first half of the night, for it was lonesome and dreary. Very dreary with the wind roaring and rain pelting without!—Only listen to that peal! Wonder it doesn't wake them up, but how soundly they sleep! No more powder now till twelve, for its just ten now.—Don't care to meet Dr. Gordon anyhow. He was a former friend and it's better not. What a strange description Mrs. Somers gave of him! Said he was a man gentle to every thing and a perfect gentleman."

Little Ginnie roused just here and wanted to be rocked, so Annie relieved at this break in the monotony of the tedious night took the child into her arms and rocked her. The little one opened her eyes and saw it was a stranger; but, by this time, she had grown accustomed to changing her nurses, so she closed her eyes again and sank into a sleep, while Annie pillowed the little curly head on her arms and rocked her very gently. It was company for her to hold the little one in her arms.

How it stormed! There had been a lull, but it seemed only a cessation to gather more strength, to rush on with increasing fury. Quick, vivid flashes fast followed each other, and the thunder hardly ever died away, for it was one loud, long, shaking peal! Presently one flash lighted the room, seeming like great balls of fire floating in the air, when just as the thunder was dying and muttering, the sound of feet striking off mud upon the steps reached her. Mrs. Wilkins is early, she thought, and what a terrible storm she has come through! She turned her head as a soft step approached, but instead of Mrs. Wilkins, there stood Dr. Gordon!

"Why, Miss Annie, you here?"

"I believe I am, doctor. Good evening," and she smiled at his surprised face.

"Is there no one here except yourself?"

"No one, sir."

"How came this? It ought never to have been managed this way; some one ought to be sitting up with you."

Annie then explained the arrangement while the doctor listened attentively, and then he persisted in saying:

"This is all wrong, all wrong!"

"No, I agreed to this plan; it is all right sir. I hope you do not suppose me so delicate as not to be able to sit up with the sick."

Dr. Gordon made no reply, but turned towards the window, through which the came a blinding flash.

"Alone, and in this storm! This enough to set every nerve in your body quivering. I have never witnessed a severer storm, and here you are all by yourself, sitting up with three sick people! I fe out of patience with this inconsiderate arrangement."

"You pay me a poor compliment, Dr. Gordon. You think I am no account, fit to nurse your sick, but I think, sir, I worth a little more in the world than I or was."

Dr. Gordon was passing his fingers lightly over Ginnie's head; then he pressed pulse and pronounced her better. Then turned to Mrs. Mason, found no percepti change in her, but declared the grow daughter almost out of danger. An made her report of what she had done, a said:

"It is time now for the next powder, dear little Ginnie is sleeping so sweetly hate to disturb her."

"I will prepare it, Miss Annie, you n not disturb the little thing."

"He mixed the powder, gave it to M. Mason, raising her head and laying it b gently, with a woman's soft touch. T he walked back to Annie and stood lo ing down at her as she rocked to and with the sick child, until the silence bec painful. At length he said:

"Let me relieve you of little Ginnie, Ms Annie. I will hold her in my arms; sl too heavy for you, and you look tired."

"I am not tired in the least, Dr. Gor I love to hold the dear little, feverish ling. She is company for me this dre night."

"Dreary! I should think it was dre Poor company, too, an ill child! I ha patient not far from here, Miss Annie am going over to see her now, then I coming back, and if Mrs. Wilkins is here by that time, why I—you shall sit up alone. I shall take care of you few hours anyhow."

"You are very kind, doctor, but p do not feel troubled on my account. get through the night alone very we have been of so little use in the world s please don't discourage my little b nings."

"I think your little beginnings are thing but little; they would shame so the rest of us who have been wo longer. I can hear of you almost e where. Why, as to Mrs. Somers thinks—shall I tell you what she thin

"No, if you please, don't. I wa love, her motherly counsel, but she spoil me if she praises me."

"She says you are beyond spoiling

"Please don't prove that she has m mistake then by telling me any more praise. Just let me know that I ha love and I am fully satisfied."

"Well, I'll keep the rest till I come b

He went out in the storm. How the room seemed! She was really now. Dreary! The night was dreary dreary! More so than she had th Wonder if Mrs. Wilkins will come looked at her watch—it was half-pa and no Mrs. Wilkins! What could it Well, it did n't matter. There w much to do; the sick slept quietly. right dreary, though—how the rain how dismally the wind sounded, a lightning, would it never stop fla Ah! well; it did not matter. Every had its morning,—so would this could wait!

(To be Continued.)

IS IDOLS BROKEN TO PIECES.

he following incident is given, by Miss enbeck, of N.E. Si-Ch-uen: "We had od time at the Hundred Temples Mar- and at Wang's home. A man named an-uen came to us for medicine, and sed us to visit his home. We did so, he entertained us very hospitably. Aft nner, while having a talk, he asked us he was to worship God. I told him the first thing would be to destroy his 'How am I to do that?' he asked. them in the fire; they are only wood, swered. 'Shall I do it at once?' 'Cer y; the sooner the better.' So he imme ely stood up on a stool, and got down god. Our Christian coolie and servant ce very nicely to him, encouraging him ust only in God, and telling him their experience on similar occasions. So dol was chopped up and set fire to, as as all idolatrous papers, etc."

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Isaac B. Davis, New York, says: "Why is the number 13 so unfortunate and how did the belief originate?"

It had its origin in the fact that thirteen sat at table at the "Last Supper." The belief that the number is unfortunate is entertained by the superstitious only. Intelligent people should give no heed to such notions.

Subscriber, North Sterling, Ct.: What is the meaning of the initials A.U.C. used in reference to dates?

They refer to the era from which the Romans reckoned as we date from the birth of Christ. They are the initials of the words "Anno Urbis Conditæ," or "Ab Urbe Condita," meaning, from the founding of the city, that is, Rome. It corresponded with 752 or 753 B.C. or 2647 years ago.

Old Subscriber. How many rooms are there in the White House at Washington?

Eleven state rooms in all, viz: the East Room, Blue Room, Red Room, Green Room, State Dining Room, Family Dining Room, Ante-Room, Library, Cabinet Room, and two state bed-chambers. The Red Room is used as the private family parlor. On the second floor are the executive offices and the private apartments of the family.

Sincere, Curwensville, Pa. Is there in the Bible any command prohibiting us from conversing with our departed friends by table-rapping or otherwise?

There is a command to the Hebrews to abstain from cognate practices. (Deut. 18: 10-12.) Isaiah also reproved the people for resorting to persons whom we should now call mediums—"wizards that peep and mutter." and he asks, "Should not a people seek unto their God?" (Isa. 8: 19.) You are doubtless aware that a large number of the people who profess to give others opportunity of conversing with departed friends have been proved to be frauds.

Reader, Canada. I have no doubt THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches many young men situated as the writer is, with no opportunity of attending church, or of meeting with Christian people; I should like to propose the start of corresponding society, which I think would be very helpful. Will some of the readers of this journal let us have their opinions on this?

If all who are interested in such a proposition will send their names and addresses to THE MAIL-BAG, (including Reader, Canada, who makes the suggestion) THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be pleased to put them in communication with each other for mutual spiritual improvement.

J. O. Hodgkins, Warrenton, Va., and others. Your inquiry as to the comparative ages of Nahor and Methuselah has been sent to Dr. Talmage personally.——A. C. Maulden, 274 20th St., Memphis, Tenn., can dispose of any good religious reading matter friends can send him.——Reader, Norwich, Conn.: For what years are the volumes? 1. First written and published and shortly to be preached.——B. B., Wallace, Neb. Of itself, dancing is not necessarily sinful, but as it leads to promiscuous acquaintanceship, improper and unhealthy excitement, and is a serious obstacle to spiritual progress, Christians should let it alone.——F. Little, Beachburg, Ont. Certainly not.——D. S. Mackenzie, Holywood, Ont. The alleged author of the book you mention has recently acknowledged it to be a myth—the book itself a clumsy forgery.——Walter B. Flanders, New Bedford, Mass.: We never performed on Sundays in connection with this journal by its printers, compositors, editors or others in its employ.——Reader, Oak Ridge, N. C. We are overrun with similar requests and regret that we must decline.

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Congreve's Balsamic Elixir can be obtained from many drug stores, but it will take some time before it will be introduced into all of them throughout this vast country. If your druggist has not yet put it in stock, it will be sent you, carriage paid, from my own depot on receipt of **$1.00, $1.75, $3.75,** or **$7.00** according to the size of the bottle ordered.

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A "CHAUTAUQUA" ROCKER AND RECLINING CHAIR FREE,

BUILT OF OAK, POLISHED ANTIQUE FINISH, WITH BEAUTIFULLY GRAINED THREE-PLY VENEER BACK. THE SEAT, HEAD AND FOOT RESTS ARE UPHOLSTERED WITH SILK PLUSH.

OR A "CHAUTAUQUA" OIL HEATER FREE,

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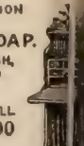
OR A "Chautauqua" DESK FREE, WITH A COMBINATION BOX OF "SWEET HOME" SOAP.



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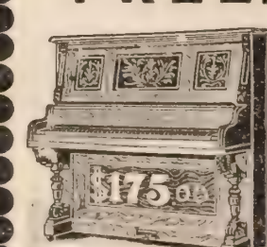

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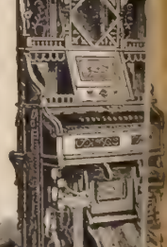

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with a record of six years, will give the satisfaction than forced plants from known houses. Our Catalogue this year, though handsomer than ever, is an exponent of the Gardens fairer than ever, at less cost, are made possible by its Special Features of Premiums, Discount Club Offers, and Low Prices on the BEST PLANTS, SEEDS, and BULBS. Write for it to-day—it is free.

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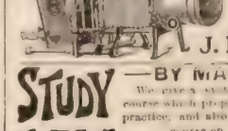

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HOW many old years
Have you seen depart?
And can you look back
With a loving heart
To deeds of kindness,
That you have done
For the sake of Him
Who gave his Son?
Have you done what you could,
In kindness and love,
To point fallen man,
To the kingdom above?

Have you studied the Bible
That tells us the way?
Have you knelt many times
Unto Jesus to pray?
Have you thanked Him for bread,
For water and air:—
I'm sure that you ought to,
He's kept you with care;
Or have you been selfish,
Not caring to know
The fountain from whence
All our great blessings flow?

In the year just begun,
Will you live like the past?
Why won't you but try
To reach heaven at last?
We all were created
Some small niche to fill.
We only can do it
By doing His will:—
Then choose the right way,
Do all that you can
To lift up, and cheer up
The down-fallen man.

Bradford, Pa. J. W. FRITTS.

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From *A Hoping Son* for the restoration to health of his sick mother and for his own preservation under temptation.

From *A Mother* for the conversion of her son and step-daughter, who are at present utterly indifferent to the Gospel.

From *A Mother* for the conversion of one son, the last in her family out of Christ and for whom she has been praying many years.

From *Mrs. S. M. G.* (Maud, Mo.), for the conversion of a friend, a mother who has recently been bereaved of her daughter and realizes that not being a Christian, she lacks the comfort that believers have in sorrow.

From *A Mother* Naples, Neb. for the conversion of her son.

From *A Mother* (Chicago, Ill.), whose sons are married to selfish and extravagant women that their eyes may be opened to the claims of religion and charity on their means.

From *Mrs. A. E. G*, for the restoration of her son, formerly a church member, who has become addicted to gambling.

From *A Mother* (New Orleans), for the recovery from deafness of her son, who is a minister

From *A Subscriber* (Yankton, S. D.), for a friend that he may be protected in travelling and may be led from his present condition of indecision to give himself to Christ.

From *A Mother* (Arizona), for the conversion of her aged husband, who is not a Christian and for the conversion of a son, who has fallen under the power of intoxicating drink.

A New Cure for Asthma.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

When people inquire about your health and you answer with a jeremiad about your ills you make them sick. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will lose your tale of woe and gain health.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are of great service in subduing Hoarseness and Coughs. Sold only in boxes. Avoid imitations.

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$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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All our shoes are equally satisfactory
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The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole.
From $1 to $3 saved over other makes.
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$60 Kenwood Machine for • $23.00
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We have re-marked our Stock to conform with the new Tariff, and have supplemented it with early importations of Rich Crepons, including the fashionable "Mistletoe Design."

The full benefit of the reductions will be in effect this week in all Dress Goods Sections, and customers will not fail to see and appreciate the change.

The season's collection of Challies is unusually pretty, and in anticipation of an active trade, our importations have been larger than usual; these also will be displayed this week.

Large shipments of Foreign Novelties received daily.

James McCreery & Co.,
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"A dollar saved is a dollar earned."
This Ladies' Solid French Dongola Kid Button Boot delivered free anywhere in the U.S., on receipt of Cash, Money Order, or Postal Note, for $1.50. Equals every way the boots sold in all retail stores for $2.50.
We make this boot ourselves, therefore we *guarantee* the *fit, style and wear*, and if any one is not satisfied we will refund the money or send another pair. Opera Toe or Common Sense, widths C, D, E, & EE, sizes 1 to 8, and half sizes. *Send your size; we will fit you.* Illustrated Catalogue FREE.
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send for new information how to remove it easily and effectually without chemicals or instruments.
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Say you saw this in Christian Herald.

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Joseph's Coat of Many Colors

Beautiful as it undoubtedly was, would have had an added charm had it been interlined with

FIBRE CHAMOIS.

As a support in Puffed Sleeves and Skirts of the present style, **Fibre Chamois** has no equal, being far superior to hair cloth, crinoline and elastic duck.

For interlining Bed Spreads, where warmth is required without weight, **Fibre Chamois** has no equal, being light, clean and warm, and within the reach of all, so far as cost goes.

Throw aside the heavy old-fashioned dirt and germ-breeding cotton comfortable, and enjoy the luxury of an Eider Down Coverlet, at one-tenth the cost, by using **Fibre Chamois.**

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Get the little book that tells the whole story. *Free*

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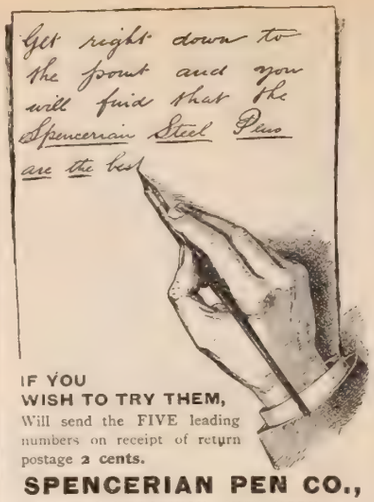

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Cleveland's, the best that money can buy.

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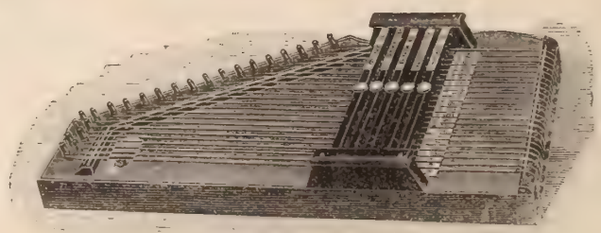
The Autoharp

Easy To Play.



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Style No. 2¾, $5.00

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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EV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 30, 1895.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, $1.50.

ON THE ROAD TO EMMAUS.

ıe Highway Where Jesus Overtook and Talked With His two Disciples, After the Resurrection—The Village on the Heights—Scenes full of Tender Memories.

EAVING Jerusalem by the Western gate, the sojourner in Palestine finds himself on a smooth broad Roman highway which leads across a plateau whose level stretches are dotted at intervals with country-houses, most of them of comparatively modern aspect. As he advances, the ground becomes more hilly and from the top of some of those rolls he can command a wide prospect, the eye ranging as far as Bethlehem. Forty minutes further walking brings him to a lovely valley, with a gentle ascent to the northwest and on the distant height stands the village of Emmaus. To the right, only a few miles away, can be seen the village of Lifta, and on the other side, and about equidistant, Kulonieh, which was described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last week. In the bed of the valley flows a stream, along whose banks are fragrant orange and lemon gardens, olive groves and neat enclosures, interspersed with very comfortable-looking houses. By this pleasant picture the traveler is tempted to linger; but Emmaus, no less attractive on the height above, and of far greater interest by reason of its associations, urges him onward.

It may have been along this road, somewhere between the valley and the heights beyond, that the Saviour joined the two disciples who, while travelling to Emmaus, were earnestly, yet sadly, discussing the tragic event that had occurred in Jerusalem. Luke tells the story with a clearness of circumstance that bring the scene vividly back to view. We picture, in imagination, the surprise of Cleopas at the questions put by the Stranger, whom they supposed to be ignorant of recent remarkable occurrences which to them were of absorbing interest. Their surprise deepened to wonder when He began at the writings of Moses and explained to them, in order, all the principal passages both in the books of that great legislator and the writings of the other prophets, relating to his own sufferings, death and glorious resurrection. There were, doubtless, no less astonished at his authoritative interpretation of Scripture than at his familiarity with all that Jesus did and suffered; yet their eyes "were holden" during those miles of converse, and they failed to recognize their beloved Master. With child-like simplicity they told the Stranger their inmost thoughts concerning Jesus, not even concealing their perplexity at the news that had come to them and to their associates of his resurrection. Their hearts warmed to him as they listened to his words of comfort and encouragement, and their love for such a welcome companion found expression in the invitation to share their evening meal. It was only when he revealed himself in the breaking of bread and then disappeared out of their sight, that they realized that they had indeed been conversing with and entertaining the risen Christ.

Those events alone have ever since that day made the old roadside to Emmaus and the village itself sacred to the hearts of his followers the world over. The incident near Emmaus, simple in all its details, was the starting point for the public proclamation of the great fundamental Christian doctrine of the resurrection, for the favored two did not keep the good news to themselves. Hastily leaving the untouched meal, they returned to Jerusalem and told the rest, whom they found still in perplexity, sorrowing and disconsolate. They were told in return that Jesus had already appeared to Mary and to Peter, but still there were doubters. The experience of Cleopas and his fellow disciple confirmed in their minds the truth of the glorious reality of the resurrection and any lingering misgivings were forever set at rest by Christ's appearance to the company of disciples.

Emmaus, in many respects, is probably little changed to-day from the Emmaus of New Testament times. Its buildings are constructed on the same model, its surroundings have the same general aspect and the dress and customs of its villagers are practically unchanged. Although the sloping hillsides and valleys of this section of Palestine are stony and sterile, they are not altogether barren, and the presence of occasional orchards and clumps of olive trees redeems the landscape from dullness. Emmaus is prolific in ruins, but they lie scattered about in the shape of innumerable boulders that once formed part of the buildings of a place of considerable note, which in the days of the Crusaders was the site of a castle built to command the pass to the Holy City. All around are memories of the heroic Maccabees, for the village was fighting ground and is on the highway to Jerusalem. Not far distant is Latrone, embosomed amid orange orchards and noted, in native legend, as the birthplace of the "penitent thief."

Emmaus is of great antiquity, and is held by some authorities to be identical with Nicopolis. Josephus, the Jewish historian, refers to it as Ammaus, a place where Vespasian had a garrison of eight hundred troops. Biblical commentators in the fourteenth century believed that the little village of Kubeibeh, about three miles west of Neby Samwil was the true site of Emmaus, while later writers have regarded the village of Kuriet-el-enab as the real location. The modern accepted site shown in the photograph is generally agreed upon by the majority of Bible investigators, and fulfils every requirement of the sacred narrative.

THE VILLAGE OF EMMAUS, PALESTINE, AS IT NOW APPEARS

From a Photograph Secured in Palestine by the Proprietor of "The Christian Herald."

The Metropolitan Pulpit.

THE DANGERS OF PESSIMISM.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage, preached last Sunday in the Academy of Music, New York. Text: Psalm 116: 11, *"I said in my haste, All men are liars."*

WINDLED, betrayed, persecuted David, in a paroxysm of petulance and rage, thus insulted the human race. David himself falsified when he said, "All men are liars." He apologizes and says he was unusually provoked, and that he was hasty when he hurled such universal denunciation: "I said in my haste," and so on. It was in him only a momentary triumph of pessimism. There is ever and anon, and never more than now, a disposition abroad to distrust everybody, and because some bank employees defraud, to distrust all bank employees; and because some police officers have taken bribes, to believe that all policemen take bribes; and because divorce cases are in the court, to believe that most, if not all, marriage relations are unhappy. There are men who seem rapidly coming to adopt this creed: All men are liars, scoundrels, thieves, libertines. When a new case of perfidy comes to the surface, these people clap their hands in glee. It gives piquancy to their breakfast if the morning newspaper discloses a new exposure, or a new arrest. They grow fat on vermin. They join the devils in hell in jubilation over recreancy and pollution. If some one arrested is proved innocent, it is to them a disappointment. They would rather believe evil than good. They are vultures, preferring carrion. They would like to be on a committee to find something wrong. They wish that as eye-glasses have been invented to improve the sight, and ear trumpets have been invented to help the hearing, a corresponding instrument might be invented for the nose, to bring nearer a malodor. Pessimism says of the Church, "The majority of the members are hypocrites, although it is no temporal advantage to be a member of the Church, and therefore there is no temptation to hypocrisy." Pessimism says that the influence of newspapers is only bad, and that they are corrupting the world; when the fact is that they are the mightiest agency for the arrest of crime, and the spread of intelligence, and the printing press, secular and religious, is setting the nations free. The whole tendency of things is toward cynicism, and the gospel of Smash-up. We excuse David of the text for a paroxysm of disgust, because he apologizes for it to all the centuries, but it is a deplorable fact that many have taken the attitude of perpetual distrust and anathematization. There are, we must admit, deplorable facts, and we would not hide or minify them. We are not much encouraged to find that the great work of official reform in New York City begins by a proposition to the liquor dealers to break the law by keeping their saloons open on Sunday from two in the afternoon to eleven at night. Never since America was discovered has there been a worse insult to sobriety, and decency, and religion than that proposition. That proposition is equal to saying: "Let law, and order, and religion have a chance on Sunday forenoons, but Sunday afternoons open all the gates to gin, and alcohol, and Schiedam schnapps, and sour mash, and Jersey lightning, and the variegated swill of breweries, and drunkenness, and crime. Consecrate the first half of the Sunday to God, and the last half to the devil. Let the children on their way to Sunday Schools in New York at three o'clock in the afternoon, meet the alcoholism that does more than all other causes combined to rob children of their fathers and mothers, and strew the land with helpless orphanage. Surely, strong drink can kill enough people and destroy enough families, and sufficiently crowd the alms-houses and penitentiaries in six days of the week, without giving it an extra half day for pauperism and assassination.

Although we are not very jubilant over a municipal reform that opens the exercises by a doxology to rum, we have full faith in God, and in the Gospel, which will yet sink all iniquity as the Atlantic ocean melts a flake of snow. What we want, and what I believe we will have, is a great religious awakening that will moralize and Christianize our great populations, and make them superior to temptations, whether unlawful or legalized. So I see no cause for disheartenment. Pessimism is a sin, and those who yield to it cripple themselves for the war, on one side of which are all the forces of darkness, led on by Apollyon, and on the other side of which are all the forces of light, led on by the Omnipotent. I risk the statement that the vast majority of people are doing the best they can. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of the officials of the municipal and the United States governments are honest. Out of a thousand bank presidents and cashiers, nine hundred and ninety-nine are worthy the position they occupy. Out of a thousand merchants, mechanics and professional men, nine hundred and ninety-nine are doing their duty as they understand it. Out of one thousand engineers, and conductors, and switchmen, nine hundred and ninety-nine are true to their responsible positions. It is seldom that people arrive at positions of responsibility until they have been tested over and over again. If the theory of the pessimist were accurate, society would long ago have gone to pieces, and civilization would have been submerged with barbarism, and the wheel of the centuries would have turned back to the dark ages. A wrong impression is made that because two men falsify their bank accounts, those two wrong-doers are blazoned before the world, while nothing is said in praise of the hundreds of bank clerks who have stood at their desks year in and year out until their health is well-nigh gone, taking not a pin's worth of that which belongs to others for themselves, though with skillful stroke of pen they might have enriched themselves, and built their country-seats on the banks of the Hudson, or the Rhine. It is a mean thing in human nature that men and women are not praised for doing well, but only excoriated when they do wrong. By divine arrangement the most of the families of the earth are at peace, and the most of those united in marriage have for each other affinity and affection. They may have occasional differences, and here and there a season of pout, but the vast majority of those in the conjugal relation, chose the most appropriate companionship, and are happy in that relation. You hear nothing of the quietude and happiness of such homes, though nothing but death will them part. But one sound of marital discord makes the ears of a continent, and perhaps of a hemisphere, alert. The one letter that ought ought never to have been written, printed in a newspaper, makes more talk than the millions of letters that crowd the post-offices, and weigh down the mail-carriers, with expressions of honest love. Tolstoi, the great Russian author, is wrong when he prints a book for the depreciation of marriage. If your observation has put you in an attitude of deploration for the marriage state, one or two things is true in regard to you: you have either been unfortunate in your acquaintanceship, or you yourself are morally rotten. The world, not as rapid as we would like, but still with long strides, is on the way to the scenes of beatitude and felicity which the Bible depicts. The man who cannot see this is wrong, either in his heart, or liver, or spleen. Look at the great Bible picture gallery, where Isaiah has set up the pictures of aborescence, girdling the world with cedar, and fir, and pine, and boxwood, and the lion led by a child; and St. John's pictures of waters and trees, and white horse cavalry, and tears wiped away, and trumpets blown, and harps struck, and nations redeemed. While there are ten thousand things I do not like, I have not seen any discouragement for the cause of God for twenty-five years. The Kingdom is coming. The earth is preparing to put on bridal array. We need to be getting our anthems and grand marches ready. In our hymnology we shall have more use for Antioch than for Windham; for Ariel than for Naomi. Let "Hark! from the Tombs a doleful cry," be submerged with "Joy to the World, the Lord is Come!" Really, if I thought the human race were as determined to be bad, and getting worse, as the pessimists represent, I would think it was hardly worth saving. If after hundreds of years of Gospelization no improvement has been made, let us give it up and go at something else beside praying and preaching. My opinion is that if we had enough faith in quick results, and could go forth rightly equipped with the Gospel call, the battle for God and righteousness would end with this nineteenth century, and the twentieth century, only five or six years off, would begin the millennium, and Christ would reign, either in person on some throne set up between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, or in the Institutions of mercy and grandeur set up by his ransomed people. Discouraged work will meet with defeat. Expectant and buoyant work will gain the victory. Start out with the idea that all men are liars and scoundrels, and that everybody is as bad as he can be, and that society, and the Church, and the world are on the way to demolition, and the only use you will ever be to the world will be to increase the value of lots in a cemetery. We need a more cheerful front in all our religious work. People have enough trouble already, and do not want to ship another cargo of trouble in the shape of religiosity. If religion has been to you a peace, a defense, an inspiration, and a joy, say so. Say it by word of mouth; by pen in your right hand; by face illumined with a divine satisfaction. If this world is ever to be taken for God, it will not be by groans, but by hallelujahs. If we could present the Christian religion as it really is, in its true attractiveness, all the people would accept it, and accept it right away. The cities, the nations would cry out: "Give us that! Give it to us in all its holy magnetism and gracious power! Put that salve on our wounds! Throw back the shutters for that morning light! Knock off these chains with that silver hammer! Give us Christ—his pardon, his peace, his comfort, his heaven! Give us Christ in song; Christ in sermon; Christ in book; Christ in living example!"

As a system of didactics, religion has never gained one inch of progress. As a technicality, it befogs more than it irradiates. As a dogmatism, it is an awful failure. But as a fact, as a reinforcement, as a transfiguration, it is the mightiest thing that ever descended from the heavens, or touched the earth. Exemplify it in the life of a good man or a good woman, and no one can help but like it. A city missionary visited a house in London and found a sick and dying boy. There was an orange lying on his bed, and the missionary said, "Where did you get that orange?" He said, "A man brought it to me. He comes here often, and reads the Bible to me, and prays with me, and brings me nice things to eat." "What is his name?" said the city missionary. "I forget his name," said the sick boy, "but he makes great speeches over in that great building," pointing to the Parliament House of London. The missionary asked, "Was his name Mr. Gladstone?" "Oh, yes," said the boy, "that is his name; Mr. Gladstone." Do you tell me a man can see religion like that and not like it? There is an old-fashioned mother in a farm-house. Perhaps she is somewhere in the seventies; perhaps seventy-five or seventy-six. It is the early evening hour. Through spectacles No. 8 she is reading a newspaper until towards bed-time, when she takes up a well-worn Book, called the Bible. I know from the illumination in her face she is reading one of the thanksgiving Psalms, or in Revelation the story of the twelve pearly gates. After awhile she closes the book, and folds her hands, and thinks over the past, and seems whispering the names of her children, some of them on earth and some of them in heaven. Now a smile is on her face, and now a tear, and sometimes the smile catches the tear. The scenes of a long life come back to her. One minute she sees all the children smiling around her, with their toys, and sports, and strange questionings. Then she remembers several of them down sick with infantile disorders. Then she sees a short grave, but over it cut in marble: "Suffer them to come to Me." Then there is the wedding hour, and the neighbors in, and the promise of "I will," and the departure from the old homestead. Then a scene of hard times, and scant bread, and struggle. Then she thinks of a few years with gush of sunshine, and flittings of dark shadows, and vicissitudes. Then she kneels down slowly, for many years have stiffened the joints, and the illnesses of a lifetime have made her less supple. Her prayer is a mixture of thanks for sustaining grace during all those years; and thanks for children good, and Christian, and kind; and a prayer for the wandering boy, whom she hopes to see come home before her departure. And then her trembling lips speak of the land of reunion where she expects to meet her loved ones already translated; and after telling the Lord in very simple language how much she loves him, and trusts him, and hopes to see him soon, I hear her pronounce the quiet "Amen," and she rises up—a little more difficult effort than kneeling down. And then she puts her head on the pillow for the night, and the angels of safety and peace stand sentinel about the couch in the farm-house; and her face even and anon shows signs of dreams about the Heaven she read of before retiring. In the morning the day's work has begun down-stairs, and seated at the table the remark is made, "Mother must have overslept herself." And the grandchildren also notice that grandmother is absent from her usual place at the table. One of the grandchildren goes to the foot of the stairs and cries, "Grandmother!" But there is no answer. Fearing something is the matter they go up to see, and all seems right. The spectacles and Bible on the stand, and the covers of the bed are smooth, and the face calm, her white hair on the white pillow-case like snow on snow already fallen. But her soul is gone up to look upon the things that the night before she had been reading of in the Scriptures. What a transporting look on her dear old wrinkled face! She has seen the "King in His beauty." She has been welcomed by the "Lamb who was slain." And her two oldest sons having hurried up-stairs, look and whisper, Henry to George, "That is religion!" and George to Henry, "Yes, that is religion!"

There is a New York merchant who has been in business I should say forty or fifty years. During an old-fashioned revival of religion in boyhood he gave his heart to God. He did not make the ghastly, and infinite, and everlasting mistake of sowing "wild oats," with the expectation of sowing good wheat later on. He realized the fact that the most of those who sow "wild oats," never reap any other crop. He stayed right, and has kept right. He went down in 1857, when the banks failed, but he failed honestly, and never lost his faith in God. Ups and downs—he sometimes laughs over them—but whether losing or gaining, he was growing better all the time. He h

been in many business ventures, but he never ventured the experiment of gaining the world and losing his soul. His name was a power both in the Church and in the business world. He has drawn more checks for contributions to asylums, and churches, and schools than any one, except God, knows. He has kept many a business man from failing by lending his name on the back of a note till the crisis was past. All heaven knows about him, for the poor woman whose rent he paid in her last days, and the man with consumption in the hospital to whom he sent flowers and the cordials just before ascension, and the people he encouraged in many ways, after they entered heaven kept talking about it; for the immortals are neither deaf nor dumb. Well, it is about time for the old merchant himself to quit earthly residence. As it is toward evening, he shuts the safe, puts the roll of newspapers in his pocket, thinking that the family may like to read them after he gets home. He folds up a five dollar bill and gives it to the boy to carry to one of the carmen who got his leg broken, and may be in need of a little money; puts a stamp on a letter to his grandson at college, a letter with good advice and an enclosure to make the holidays happy; then looks around the store or office and says to the clerks, "Good evening," and starts for home, stopping on the way at a door to ask how his old friend, a deacon in the same church, is getting on since his last bad attack of vertigo.

He enters his own home, and that is his last evening on earth. He does not say much. No last words are necessary. His whole life has been a testimony for God and Righteousness. More people would like to attend his obsequies than any house or church would hold. The officiating clergyman begins his remarks by quoting from the Psalmist: "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men." Every hour in heaven for all the million years of eternity that old merchant will see the results of his earthly beneficence and fidelity; while on the street where he did business, and in the orphan asylum in which he was a director, and in the church of which he was an officer, whenever his geniality, and beneficence, and goodness are referred to, bank director will say to bank director, and merchant to merchant, and neighbor to neighbor, and Christian to Christian, "That is religion. Yes, that is religion."

There is a man seated or standing very near you? Do not look at him for it might be unnecessary embarrassment. Only a few minutes ago he came down off the steps of as happy a home as there is in this or any other city Fifteen years ago, by reason of his dissipated habits his home was a horror to wife and children. What that woman went through with in order to preserve respectability and hide her husband's disgrace is a tragedy which it would require a Shakespeare, or Victor Hugo to write out in five tremendous acts. Shall I tell it? He struck her! Yes, the one whom at the altar he had taken with vows so solemn they made the orange blossoms tremble! He struck her! He made the beautiful holidays "a reign of terror." Instead of his supporting her, she supported him The children had often heard him speak the name of God, but never in prayer, only in profanity. It was the saddest thing on earth that I can think of — a destroyed home! Walking along the street one day an impersonation of all wretchedness, he saw a sign at the door of a Young Men's Christian Association: "Meeting for men only." He went in, hardly knowing why he did so, and sat down by the door, and a young man was in broken voice and poor grammar telling how the Lord had saved him from a dissipated life, and the man back by the door said to himself, why cannot I have the Lord do the same thing for me, and he put his hands all a-tremble over his bloated face, and said, "O God, I want that! I must have that!" and God said, "You shall have it, and you have it now!" And the man came out, and went home a changed man, and though the children at first shrunk back, and looked to the mother, and began to cry with fright, they soon saw that the father was a changed man. That home has turned from "Paradise Lost" to "Paradise Regained." The wife sings all day long at her work for she is so happy, and the children rush out into the hall at the first rattle of the father's key in the door-latch to welcome him with caresses, and questions of, "What have you brought me?" They have family prayers. They are altogether on the road to heaven, and when the journey of life is over they will live forever in each other's companionship. Two of their darling children are there already, waiting for father and mother to come up. What changed that man? What reconstructed that home? What took that wife who was a slave of fear and drudgery, and made her a queen on a throne of affection. I hear a whispering all through this assemblage. I know what you are saying: "That's religion! Yes, that's religion!" My Lord and my God, give us more of it!

Why, my hearers from all parts of the earth, do you not get this bright, and beautiful, and radiant, and blissful, and triumphant thing for yourselves, then go home telling all your neighbors on the Pacific, or in Nova Scotia, or in Louisiana, or Maine, or Brazil, or England, or Italy, or any part of the round world, that they may have it, too; have it for the asking; have it now? Mind you, I do not start from the pessimistic standpoint that David did, when he got mad and said in his haste, "All men are liars!" or from the creed of others that every man is as bad as he can be. I rather think from your looks that you are doing about as well as you can in the circumstances in which you are placed, but I want to invite you up into heights of safety, and satisfaction, and holiness, as much higher than those which the world affords as Everest, the highest mountain in all the earth, is higher than your front doorstep.

Here he comes now. Who is it? I might be alarmed and afraid if I had not seen him before and heard his voice. I thought he would come before I got through with this sermon. Stand back and make way for him. He comes with scars all around his forehead; scars in the centre of both hands stretched out to greet you; scars on the instep of both the feet with which he advances; scars on the breast under which throbs the great heart of sympathy which feels for you. I announce him. I introduce him to you: Jesus of Bethlehem, and Olivet and Golgotha. Why comest thou hither this winter day, thou of the springtime and summery heavens! He answers: To give all this audience pardon for guilt; condolence for grief; whole regiments of help for day of battle; and eternal life for the dead! What response shall I give him? In your behalf and in my own behalf I hail him with the ascription: "Unto him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

THE LORD'S APPOINTMENT.

I SAY it over and over, and yet again to-day
It rests my heart as surely as it did yesterday,
It is the Lord's appointment,
Whatever my work may be.
I am sure in my heart of hearts
He has offered it to me.

I must say it over and over, and again to-day,
For my work is different from that of yesterday,
It is the Lord's appointment,
It quiets my restless will
Like the voice of tender mother,
And my heart and will are still.

I will say it over and over, this, and every day,
Whatsoever the Master orders, come what may,
It is the Lord's appointment,
For only His love can see
What is wisest, best and right,
What is truly good for me.

A FUNERAL IN AFRICA.

Dr. Robert H. Nassau Writes of an Incident in his Work as Physican and Missionary at Libreville.

IN a letter received a few days ago from Dr. Robert H. Nassau, the eminent missionary who has given so many years of labor and consecrated service to the cause of Christ in the Dark Continent, he thus describes a recent incident of his work:

The conditions at Libreville, where I am now stationed are very different from those at my former station. Physically, they are much easier, but not so satisfactory in evangelistic work. The population of this place is very heterogeneous. Civilization and many degrees of half civilization in transition, mixed up with pure heathen. A hard place to work in. Just these last few days I have had some illustrations of this in funeral and mourning customs. An old woman, Ozume, one of my church members, has been sick for some two years, off and on, with a dysenteric affection. She almost died of it about a year ago, when Mrs. Ogden worked over her a great deal and she got over that attack. A few months ago she had another attack. She lived with a married daughter just outside the line of the Mission premises and only a gunshot distant from this house. She walked slowly and painfully daily to me for her dose of medicine. It was impossible with my many engagements to go to her. I dare not send to the villages more than one dose at a time of any dangerous medicine, lest it should all be drunk at once, on the idea that if a little is good, more would be better. Anyone with her disease should keep prone on the back, so I told her not to come herself but to send someone. She said she had no one. I asked her where was her daughter? her sister? her son-in-law's slaves? the little children playing about her door? She said they would not come for her, or were otherwise occupied, that they said the mission could take care of her, she being a professing Christian. Even when she did come I had to provide the cup in which to send the medicine. And, finally, I had to send one of my own workmen to carry the cup daily, or thrice daily, as the case needed. She never entirely recovered: could only occasionally come to church, though her house is only a few hundred yards away from the church building, and she was nor able to be with us at the table on Sabbath, October 7, 1894. When, about ten A. M., of Monday October 8, a wail was raised, I suspected that it proceeded from her house, and that she was dead. The mourning customs here are exactly those of Oriental nations, as described in the Bible: ornaments laid aside, most (and sometimes all) clothing taken off, only old torn garments, hair disheveled, sitting on the ground, and extravagant wailing.

Immediately came the son-in-law, to ask for a spot in our cemetery. There are three cemeteries: the Roman Catholic, where, of course, only Romanists, white and native, are buried, our Protestant, for any civilized foreigner, white or black, the third, for heathen, etc., a neglected Potter's field. After assigning the spot to him and loaning him the implements, he sent men to dig, and I went to do any pastoral work, for which there might be call, at the house. At such times, one is not expected to salute or be saluted. There were no seats prepared, nor was any brought to me. I stood on the veranda of his neat bamboo cottage, by the door, opening into the sitting-room. (She had died in an old comfortless hut.) On the floor, in the middle of the room, was a comfortable mattress on which the corpse was lying, covered with a clean counterpane. (In life she had had barely enough for decency, and not enough for warmth.) According to custom, her head was tenderly pillowed on the thigh of the nearest female relative. Six of these were sitting by the corpse, frantically tearing their hair, tears coursing down their cheeks, shrieking, calling the dead by dear names, and imploring her to come back. Six other women were sitting or lying prone on the floor, quietly smoking their pipes and waiting their turn to take the mourners' places, when the voices or tears of the latter should be exhausted. I have never been able to overcome the depressing influence made on me by that mourning more than thirty years ago, though I have long since learned that it is all hollow. Some of our professing Christians engage in it, afraid not to "follow the fashion." (You know what that means, even in America.) Our better educated and ladylike women, of course, will dress decently, but on such occasions they always wear some old torn dark dress. Very few but what insist that it must be torn and soiled. Out of my sixty male and female members, probably not more than five would dare to wear a clean dress. They conform, so far, as to buy a few yards of some dark cotton stuff, and wear it over their ordinary dress. My little Mary's nurse and governess, Auzentyuma, is one of these few ladies; you perceive why I was willing to entrust her with the training of my child. I did not stay long; it did not seem the time to speak in that hubbub. Later on in the day, when the less civilized element had exhausted itself somewhat, I heard the voice of native Christian women singing hymns under the guidance of one of my elders.

Funerals here, like Irish wakes, are occasions for drunkenness. There are some of my members, who, totally abstinent on all other occasions, will drink at a funeral or at a marriage, through fear of being called unsocial, and at the funeral, for hunger. It is impossible for the relatives of the dead to feed the crowd that settles on them, perhaps for a whole week, or even a month; but it is easy to provide rum—costs less than proper food and allays the pangs of hunger. That very day, the heathen crowd began to be drunken; two men, distant relatives, came with the official Government burial-permit for eight A. M. of next day, but allowing me discretion for five P. M. of that very day. I was ready for either. These two insisted that it should be at five P. M.; they were so drunk, they could not walk straight. The son-in-law decided for eight A. M., of next day. One old woman, a church member came to me a day later, and surprised me by kneeling to me (as the Romanists, at confession; of course, I instantly bade her rise), to confess that she had been intoxicated. She said that she was hungry, and the little liquor she had taken, and to which she was not accustomed, had, on her empty stomach, gone promptly to her head.

As an offset to the noise in the village that Monday night, my usual young people's prayer meeting was well attended.

A NEW CHIEF.

The decision of a whole village to serve Christ is reported as having recently occurred. The story is told by Rev. Oscar Michelsen, the author of "Cannibals Won for Christ." He says: "The village of Selembanga, on the east side of Tonga, New Hebrides, has just changed its chieftain. This is the village of which Manambalea was chief, but according to usage, the chieftainship was passed over to a young man named Usamoli, whilst Manambalea was still strong and active. All the time I have been on the island, Usamoli has been a drag on our work. During my absence the Christian life of Selembanga has been ripening very much, whilst Usamoli has not been able fully to tear himself away from his harem. As the chiefs rule more by example than by direct orders to the people, it is easy to see that such conduct would have a very bad effect. For months and years there has been a great deal of talk about his conduct, until about a fortnight ago the people felt they could bear it no longer. At last Manambalea ordered the big drum to be sounded, which is the call for the whole village to assemble. He stood up and rehearsed how that many years ago he resigned the chieftainship according to the wishes of the people, in order to make Usamoli chief. He continued, 'You followed him for a long time; but now another chief has come in, and many of us follow him. I have called you together to-day to ask who is on the Lord's side—who will have Jesus for Chief, and who will have Usamoli?' All declared for Jesus. Usamoli was then sent for, and Manambalea informed him that he was no longer chief, and that the whole village had chosen Jesus to be their Chief. Manambalea then talked to the young man in a most kindly manner, expressing the hope that he, too, would soon place himself under Jesus, the divine Chief. Since then everything has gone on quietly in the village."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 10. Matt. 18: 1-14. Golden Text Matt. 13: 14. By Mrs. Baxter.

THE beauty of the child is his lack of self-consciousness; he may be a beautiful child, but he does not know it, he may be ugly, but it does not trouble him; he may be gifted, but he is innocent of his superiority. As soon as a child becomes self-conscious, and begins to pride himself on his superiority to his little brother or sister, or to draw selfish comparisons between himself and some child companion, one has a sickening proof of the fall, and of how, even in little children, human nature is manifestly a ruin. The true child spirit in the unconsciousness of self, continued untainted in Jesus, the Son of man, throughout his life on earth.

On descending the mountain where he had been transfigured, Jesus had healed the epileptic, whose father had brought him in vain to the nine apostles who had remained below, in the plain. They had asked of him privately, "Why could not we cast it out? And he saith unto them, Because of your little faith." (Matt. 17: 20, R. V.) "Bnt while all were marvelling at all the things which he did, he said unto his disciples, Let these words sink into your ears: for the Son of man will be delivered up into the hands of men. But they understood not the saying, and it was concealed from them that they should not perceive it: and they were afraid to ask him about his saying." Unable to cast out devils, although Jesus had given them authority to cast out; incapable of understanding the blessed truth which Jesus taught them, and above all, afraid to ask him! What could all this mean?

There was Something Wrong,

and Jesus, who knew their hearts, waited for his opportunity. "They came to Capernaum; and when he was in the house he asked them, What were ye reasoning in the way? But they held their peace: for they had disputed one with another in the way, who was the greatest." It was at the very same hour in which Jesus had rescued Peter from his dilemma about the tribute money, and had directed him to go and "cast a hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up," in the mouth of which he should find a piece of money, and he had directed "that take, and give unto them for me and thee." Knowing all that was going on, he did not disassociate himself from his erring disciples, from the Peter who had so often stumbled; it was still "for me and thee;" nothing cooled his love, nothing exhausted his patience. But he must teach and they must learn; and the lessons he taught should be laid up for the time when the Holy Ghost should bring them to remembrance, and when they would at last sink down into their ears. They could never come to a satisfactory conclusion; He must solve the question which commenced in their reasoning together. Now that he had detected them in their unseemly strife, they brought the question to him: "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?"

Is not this qestion or a similar one, that which is sowing discord thoughout the whole church of God? Is it not the canker-worm at the root of mission work in our home lands, and precious missionary work among the heathen? Is not the sense of superiority to others in the knowledge of the language, the facility of expression, the talent for organization,—even, yes, and frequently, the success in winning souls, used by the great enemy to foster a self-consciousness in some, which in some measure despises, or at least disparages others? And is not this

The Very Thing that Hinders

the lesson of the Cross from sinking down into the ears of those, whose conscious superiority makes them think they know, and do not need to learn? Is not this the hindrance to the casting out of devils? How can one who yields to the devil's temptations to exalt himself, cast out the devil in another? Is not this the secret of a fear to bring things to a point with Jesus lest the inquirer must needs come down from his high pedestal, and find himself on a level with, or lower still than those whom he had looked down upon as inferiors?

Jesus "called to him a little child." There was no resistance in this little unconscious one; no fear of Jesus, because there was no self-consciousness in him. Jesus "set him in the midst,"—the beautiful picture of a true inheritor of the kindom of heaven—and said, "Except ye turn (or be converted), and become as little children ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven." It is the hardest thing for human nature to become little, to recognize itself as of little worth. How much more to learn the truth that it is nothing worth. Yet this lesson is at the root of all the true kingliness of the kingdom of heaven.

How utterly the reverse of human nature which stands upon its own dignity, and exacts from others esteem and respect on account of the mere accident of birth, riches, etc. One expects to find this spirit among the heathen, whose whole religion consists in trying to be superior! but for Christians, whose only standing-ground before God is their identification with Jesus,—this same Jesus, who came down to the lowest place possible for human nature—how utterly unseemly, how utterly antagonistic to their faith and to him in whom they trust, to any thought of superiority over others! Is it not piteous that Christians, even Christians who have, as far as they understand, consecrated themselves to Christ, should "learn the way of the heathen" (Jer. 10: 2), in assuming or seeking to maintain, the chief place? Christ's kingship was manifested in his absence of self-assertion, while all he was, and all he did, bore witness of him. And in his teaching of his disciples, he led them in the very path which he himself trod. "Whoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven." There is a self-conscious humility, but, like Saul's armour, it cannot fit the wearer. True humility is like that of the child, unconscious. But how shall we, who are by nature so self-conscious, ever accomplish the practice of a humility which is unconscious of itself? There is only one way, but that is the Way. Himself is the cure for ourselves. Self-contemplation always leads to pride, although it may put on the garb of humility, but contemplating Jesus and taking the place he gives us at the Cross—if he died for all," all were crucified with Christ: this leads to the real humility which loses sight of self in him. As "crucified with Christ" we can glory in the Cross, and in him who died there, but it is utterly impossible to glory in our being crucified with Christ; our sins, our shame brought him to the Cross. And if we truly take our place there with him, there is enough of shame to make us hide away from ourselves and from others, as well as from God, to be out of sight of any one but as hidden in him. How than shall we value ourselves, glory in ourselves, or institute comparisons between others and ourselves? How shall we disparage even the most unsatisfactory Christian, how shall we despise one of these little ones?

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

ONE of the most significant features in the character of Jesus, as portrayed in the Gospels, is his fondness for children. He liked to have them around him, would take them in his arms and sternly rebuked his disciples for keeping them away from him. There must have been something very lovable in his mere human character to have attracted them to him and he saw in them characteristics that caused him to love them. In this lesson, he makes one of them the text of sublime teaching. The disciples wanted to know who would be greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven. They had been disputing about it on the journey to Capernaum from Mount Hermon, where the Transfiguration had just taken place. It was not an abstract question with them, but a practical personal one. They were expecting their Master to set up a kingdom in Jerusalem and to reign over it with a magnificence surpassing that of Solomon. They saw themselves in imagination in high office under him, holding sway over their countrymen. So they ask him who would be greatest. To Jesus, oppressed with the revelation of his approaching suffering and death, their question must have seemed very crude. How little they understood the kingdom he was to establish! A kingdom, truly, but one composed of people redeemed from sin, who were seeking after righteousness. They would be men of every race and every clime, who were trying to live pure and beneficent lives and who should call him their king, because in him they found the strength and help necessary to the attainment of that object. His subjects would be men whom he would save by his death, that they might live in his service. Who should be greatest in that kingdom? He would tell them and more than that he would tell them. Calling a little child, he set him among them; Mark says, he took him in his arms. Except they became as little children, gentle, guileless, confiding, teachable, submissive, they should not even enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Their first step must be like that of the child, to come to him when he called. Then he goes on to speak of their future, still retaining the figure of the child as a symbol. They were to receive, that is encourage, the beginner in the new life. Woe be to any one who offended him, that is caused him to stumble or be discouraged. And for him, henceforth, the growth in the Christ life must be his supreme desire. Everything must be sacrificed to that, just as we unhesitatingly amputate a foot or a hand to save life. A habit, an affection, a pursuit, though inexpressibly dear, must be given up, if it hinders progress. So might men enter the Kingdom.

"THEY BROUGHT YOUNG CHILDREN TO HIM."

Greatest in the kingdom. A king cannot make a man great. He may put a man into a great office and give him a great title, but he cannot make him great. The greatness must be in the man. Grosteste, a powerful and famous bishop, had an idle and stupid brother, who came to him with the request that Grosteste would make a great man of him. "Brother," replied the Bishop, "if your plough is broken, I'll pay for the mending of it, or if your ox should die, I'll buy you another; but I cannot make a great man of you. A plowman I found you and a plowman I must leave you."

Ye shall not enter. The story is told of a privilege being missed by a difficulty about an entrance. A concert, flower-show and general entertainment was being held in a private park. The owner of the park invited his personal friends, and afterwards determined to admit the general public. His friends were invited to his house, which opened upon the park; the public notice stated that at the gate opening from the highway into the park anyone would be admitted. One man in the village wishing to attend and seeing several persons enter the house, presented himself at the door. Had he a special invitation? he was asked. He said he had not. "Then," said the servant brusquely, "I cannot admit you." The man went away offended and the next day, when asked if he had been at the party, said he had not, for he had been refused admission. "Ah," said his friend when the circumstances were related, "you went to the wrong door. If you had gone to the public entrance you would have got in easily." Mr. Spurgeon told the story to a man who came to him complaining that for years he had been seeking salvation but had not found Christ. He was a good moral man, and had been familiar with the Gospel from childhood. "There is something wrong with your seeking," Mr. Spurgeon said. Telling him the story of the lawn-party, he added, "Now, you see if you can get in at the sinners' door." The man went away and prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and in a few days returned saying that he had found peace.

Their angels. Frequent references are made in the Bible to the ministry of angels. Christ refers to these mysterious beings here by way of reproof to any of his followers who might be disposed to despise a child or a new convert. No such contempt, he intimates, is felt by the angels, although they stand in the presence of God. The passage is sometimes used to show that there is a special angel appointed to have charge of each Christian, but it does not afford sufficient basis for such a theory. In monarchical lands the privilege of access to the monarch is highly prized. It is reserved for nobles and persons holding high office. But the woman who is nursing the monarch's infant, frequently sees and speaks with the king. In a European picture gallery is a famous painting of a feast in which the guests are in rags and tatters. Servants are running about briskly. Some are bringing in beautiful clothing, others are cooking viands, others are bringing in delicacies, all for the delectation of the ragged guests. When the spectator comes near the picture, he sees the servants are angels.

RELIEF WORK GOES ON BRAVELY.

Train-loads of Coal, Clothing and Supplies for the Sufferers—Our Corps of Distributors Busy in both States and Reporting Progress—A Season of Royal Benevolence.

IN no work of far-reaching benevolence, among the many they have conducted in former years, have the readers of this journal displayed such an amount of energy and enthusiasm as in the great charity upon which they are now engaged. They have already established for themselves a character for practical benevolence such as attaches to no other aggregation of Christian men and women in this Union—and all the more deservedly that their efforts have been directed by no desire of vain-glory or personal reward, but from a Christ-like spirit of sympathy with human suffering. And that a double portion of blessing has already attended their efforts and their prayers is demonstrated by the news that reaches us from several points in the afflicted West, of a spiritual awakening, full of precious promise.

Although every week brings nearer the prospect of permanent relief to the sufferers in the drouth-stricken districts of Nebraska and Kansas, through legislative measures, the condition so far is only mitigated in the degree that it has been helped through already impoverished local sources, and by the generosity of the East and South. Great cargoes of food, supplies and fuel are going forward from various points, and communities are striving to outdo each other in the abundance of their gifts.

It is estimated that ten per cent. of the entire Nebraska farming population need assistance from outside sources, the greatest destitution being in the southwest part of the State. Part of Western Kansas is in a similar condition. Much substantial help, in the shape of money and clothing, has already been rendered, and at several points the distress has been perceptibly alleviated. This is specially true of Kansas, where the suffering has been much less extensive than in Nebraska, being practically confined to a few counties. Up to the present time it cannot be truthfully said that there is any general diminution of the distress in Nebraska; indeed, every mail brings additional correspondence that reveals new centres of destitution.

Cargoes of Coal and Food.

What our corps of Volunteer Distributors are doing may be gathered from the letters published below. Contributions in money are coming in generously, to the Relief Fund and large shipments of clothing and supplies are made regularly from our Central Relief Station, in New York. Meanwhile, hundreds of gifts of money, clothing, etc., have been sent direct to the Distributors for allotment in their districts.

Some of the gifts are of a character and value that demonstrate the splendid generosity of the givers. The coal operators of Fairmont, W. Va., notify us, through Mr. Oliver J. Sands, that they have contributed an entire train-load of coal, which will go to Lincoln, Neb. At Cobleskill, N.Y., Mr. D. L. Rose writes us, the church people and Societies have contributed a car-load of clothing and provisions. Mr. John H. Eby, of Leaman Place, Pa., notifies us that the good people of Strasburg, Ronko, Kinzy, Buyerstown, and Leaman Place have loaded a car with flour, clothing and provisions for the sufferers, and Mr. Amos Milles, of Quarryville, Pa. writes that he has a car-load of potatoes ready to load whenever the weather will permit them to be sent forward without danger of freezing. These are only a few of the many large contributions from readers of this journal and their friends, that are either on the way or in preparation to be sent to the sufferers.

The benevolent people of Forest City, Ill., have loaded a car with corn, flour, groceries and clothing for the destitute of Hazard, Neb., and the citizens of Rantoul, Ill., are preparing one or two cars of provisions, grain, and clothing, which will be sent to Mr. Ludden, at Lincoln, for distribution. Mrs. Lucretia M. Graton, Worcester, Mass., sent five barrels of clothing (estimated value $150) and $40 in in money to the sufferers. W. Atlee, Burpee & Co., the well-known seedsmen of Philadelphia, have donated $100 worth of seeds, in good assortments for distribution in the districts where crop failures have been reported.

A Suggestion to Contributors.

All money contributions should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office direct, and not indiscriminately to the West. The reason for this course is obvious: it is necessary to distribute intelligently where most needed, if it is desired to accomplish the greatest amount of good, and this can only be done by keeping the work of distribution within a system where accurate information as to the condition and needs of the section to be relieved is at hand to guide the operations. The very object of the relief movement is defeated if a few beneficiaries are helped beyond their real needs, while many others are comparatively neglected. Besides, one dollar, when it is used in a wholesale purchase of flour and provision, such as can be made at Lincoln, goes as far as three dollars spent in small retail purchases. Our earlier money remittances through local distributors were to relieve wants quickly; the object now should be to make the Relief Fund a means of assistance to every destitute family that can be reached, and this can only be done by concentration of its resources in the line of large purchases of supplies.

Dr. Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of this journal, who is now in Nebraska, advises that, whenever possible, contributions of clothing and other articles should be sent to Rev. L. P. Ludden, State Relief Committee, Lincoln direct, instead of via New York. The Nebraska railroads are giving free transportation to all such contributions to any part of the State. He adds that while the suffering was in no wise exaggerated, yet through the generous contributions already made it has been considerably relieved and hundreds of families lately destitute now look forward hopefully to the coming Spring, and the prospect of a harvest next season.

What Some of Our Distributors Say.

Among a corps of over three hundred distributors, working over so extensive a territory, it is to be expected that there would be a great variety of experiences. All write with enthusiasm of the work, and state what has been accomplished with the funds entrusted to them. Letters reporting progress in the work have been received from these Distributors: Mrs. Dr. Huss, Kearney; Rebecca Burgess, Red Cloud; M. L. Bundy, Wallace; Mrs. L. A. Prindle, Stratton, (who acknowledges receipt of $3.50 from an unknown donor); Thomas Johnson, Haigler; Maria E. Thornton, Loup City; Mrs. J. F. Russell, Fanelon; Mrs. A. Warner, Republican City, (who has received $15 and four packages of clothing from other sources); Mrs. Ira McCollister, Berwyn, (many other donations received); Mrs. S. E. Crane, Editor, "The Courier," Arcadia; Mrs. Eda Leucks, Inman; Blanche Cluster, Pleasanton, and others in Nebraska, also Rev. David D. Dodge, Almena, Kan., Geo. L. Copeland, Nonchalanta, Kan., and many others in the same state. Mrs. O. P. Starkey, of Palmer, Neb., says:

We found one family of five children barefooted and poorly clothed . . . They pleaded for shoes, but we told them that bread was more essential. I gave an order for one hundred pounds of flour and to-day we have been culling our own garments and those of our neighbors till we will have them passable. You have no idea what the destitution is here among the farmers.

T. H. Henderson, of the firm of Pearson and Henderson, merchants, Elsie, Neb., writes:

I have distributed the whole amount to the best of my ability, buying the goods and thus saving something by so doing. The necessities of the people are so great that they cannot be told. There is much suffering and unless aid is given through the winter season deaths from cold and starvation will be the result. I have receipts for everything. Our prayers ascend daily with yours.

From Spencer, Boyd Co., Neb., Mrs. F. K. Erwin, writes:

The County Committee cannot get enough to supply the wants of one-tenth of the most needy. What is needed is something to eat, and to wear, and bedding.

Orphaned and Destitute.

Alice Fletcher, Arcadia, Neb., in a letter to a relative about the distress, gives these pathetic incidents:

We are not among the ones that are suffering; we are living on what we have saved. People are almost starving to death. To see them, you would not believe that they could live. There has been some aid sent in here, but they need more. One of our neighbors died Dec. 9, and did not even have a shirt to be laid out in. I gave them one. It did seem awful. Two weeks ago a mother died and left a baby four days' old, and five other children. They had no milk for the little one, so the father gave it flour and water. A kind lady has taken the baby, and the rest are scatt red around. We are the only ones in our neighborhood that have not suffered. We have given what we could. You may think what it is for little ones to live on flour and water mixed up and eaten raw, but to see it is far different.

"I never wish to see so much suffering," writes E. A. Kirkpatrick, of Superior, Neb. "We have thirty families now to care for besides others out in the country and can hardly realize where it is to come from."

Mrs. L. A. Prindle, Stratton, Neb., gives this record of her work:

I have distributed the money among three poor families for flour, potatoes, and shoes—the shoes being for children. There are many other families in similar circumstances. I have never known the people here so poorly clad and fed as they are now.

All outside donations for the destitute in and around Merna, Neb., should hereafter be sent to Mrs. Willson, who has become President of the Relief Society.

A Pastor's 25-mile Ride.

Rev. J. E. Hawley, of Arcadia, took a trip of over twenty-five miles in the country among the neediest of the suffering farmers to make his distribution. Four poor families were relieved.

From J. E. Hathorn, M. D., of Bartley, Neb., we have this interesting letter:

The friends of the needy have responded nobly in the way of clothing, and what we have received and have been notified is on the way, and what will be sent before this is in print, will place the people in this locality in a very good condition in the line of clothing. If our friends could see how eager and thankfully fathers and mothers take even the very much worn clothing, and hear their remarks as to what they can do with this or that piece, it would make you feel amply paid for your trouble and expense. What we need now is food, fuel, and feed for stock.

This from Mrs J. L. Stroup tells its own story in brief:

There were fifty families sent in for aid a few days ago, and there are a great many others in need.

Rev. W. C. Miller, Beaver City, Neb., has received, since our appeal was published, from a Trenton, N. J., lady $1; Mrs. P. S. Russ, Worcester, $1; Mrs. S. L. Welbury, Newark, Ohio, $5; and boxes of clothing from Mrs. N. G. Norton, Vergennes, Vt., and Rev. S. A Glasgow, Woodson, Ill. Food and fuel, he writes, are still the greatest necessities. Shoes, garden seeds, and feed are also needed greatly.

The Cry for Bread Continuous.

Another of our distributors, Rev. R. A. Day, of the Friends' Church, Pearl, Neb., writes:

The response to the appeal made in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been prompt and generous in bringing clothing and money to the sufferers in this section of Nebraska, as you will see by enclosed bill of receipts. I have distributed the larger part of the second-hand clothing and seventy-eight suits of ladies' underwear. Have bought twenty-five hundred pounds, or fifty sacks, of flour at $1.25 per hundred, and in a few cases have supplied other necessities. The most pressing need, and one that must be met, is the cry for bread, and this call is continuous. The demand for old clothing will be, I think, pretty fully met in this vicinity. Some of this clothing has gone into Perkins, some in Dundy, but of course most of it in this (Chase) county. This is also true of the flour supplied.

I would not have you infer that everyone here, or even a majority of the farmers, are in need of aid. Those who have stock, in any numbers, will be able to pull though all right. It is those who have relied upon raising grain for a living that are in the sorest straits, and the situation is bad enough without painting. May the gracious Master bless all the workers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and make his face to shine upon them, and those whose have been stirred by the appeal in behalf of suffering humanity here and elsewhere.

Hopes of Legislative Relief.

George W. Ryan, Ogalalla, Neb., writes of his work:

The contribution sent me for the needy has been dispensed to those most in need, as follows: a mother with eight children; had a little flour in the bottom of a fifty-pound sack, enough to make one baking. I left $2.50 worth of groceries. My second donation was to a family of seven children. Extreme poverty and destitution were manifest on every hand. Groceries to the amount of $2.60 were left here. While there doubtless will be much privation, and in many ways want, by families in some localities in Keith Co., yet I do not anticipate extreme suffering or starvation, as has already been the case in other portions of Neb. The Legislature now in session will doubtless take measures to lend impoverished counties money by issuing bonds to help the starving. But while buncomb, tardiness and red tape are tarrying by the way "on the other side," many of God's poor may suffer hunger and death. Meantime we crave help. God bless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in its work of alleviating the distress of the needy.

Mr. Geo. H. Hornby, lumber and hardware dealer, Valentine, Neb., another distributor, writes:

I have bought with the check forty-five yards of cotton flannel and one quilt, and two pounds coffee, and gave them to Mrs. A. Ludwig, President of the Woman's Relief Corps, and Mrs. Northrop, President of the W. C. T. U., to be given out with supplies that they are distributing. These societies have rooms in my store, where they receive and distribute supplies. Several cases of clothing and provisions have arrived, but so far the supply has not been equal to the demand.

From Mrs. W. D. Giffin, of the Ladies' Board of Relief, Gothenburg, Neb., comes this significant statement, after telling of her relief work as Distributor:

Our station agent, who is not a Christian, tells me that ninety per cent. of all donations coming to this place are coming through Christian denominations.

Another Pastor's Good Work.

An idea of the destitution in some parts of Nebraska may be gathered from letters of which the following from Rev. J. W. Thomas, Maywood, Neb., is an example:

I have six preaching appointments and make the round of my circuit once every two weeks, traveling by horse and cart, and of course I see much of the destitution of the people. Wherever I go, I am besieged by appeals for aid, not by members of my own church only, but from other churches and also those who are members of no church. At one place on my circuit, I am told that the farmers have had but one good crop in the past five years, owing to hail as well as drought. There are a few men interested in the sale of real estate, who object to the actual condition of this country being made known to the people of the Eastern States; and while I have no desire to say anything to lessen or hinder the financial prosperity of anyone engaged in legitimate business, I feel that is my duty to state facts plainly to those inquirers who are able and willing to contribute supplies for this drought-stricken and destitute country. Starvation is avoided by people who have food dividing it with their neighbors, by appealing to friends in the East for aid, and by securing some help from the county commissioners, which however, is very little now, as the counties are being thrown into debt so deeply. Most of the aid sent out so far has been clothing, but the most pressing demand now is for food.

With the remittance sent to him from the Fund Mr. Thomas helped no less than six families, living long distances apart in the country.

The People's Spirit Broken.

Another very interesting report of progress in the work is from Jane L. Goff, President of the W. C. T. U., of Hazard, Neb., who writes:

To date, I have received and distributed nine boxes and barrels, and one sack of clothing, one bushel of beans, two half barrels oatmeal, and thirty-two lbs. of rice. This has been divided among seventeen families; giving to each member such garments as were needed, and would fit. Cash received (which has not been very much) will be held for men and teams in the spring and early summer. Sherman County was not put on the list of needy counties, so all of the State relief goes by. I am struck very forcibly with the expression of the faces of those who receive aid. In the early days of Nebraska, fifteen years ago, I kept a country store in this township. These some people came to me with their trade. Their eyes were bright, and faces buoyant with hope and expectation. To-day, there is a heavy discouraged look in each face. Except in a few cases of extreme need, we have done nothing outside our boundaries, for we have hardly made a beginning in our own precincts. In the way of seeds, Burpee and Landreth have each sent a collection of garden seeds. I wish to add extra thanks, for the cleanliness of garments sent us. One could tell at a glance that our boxes had been packed by women.

Postmaster M. C. Warrington, of Mason City, Neb. (Editor "The Transcript"), writes:

Check for $25.00 for distribution among the destitute of this locality, has been received. I give my personal assurance that it will be placed where it will do much good. Your noble work for the poor people of Nebraska is more than commendable, and I am satisfied your plan of distribution is one which will come as near reaching those deserving and needing help as any that has been adapted.

Manager Ludden's Relief Work.

An idea of the method of State relief adopted in Nebraska is afforded in a letter from Rev. L. P. Ludden, Manager of the State Relief Commission, at Lincoln, Neb.:

Your check of $25 will be used for the procuring of food, supplies or fuel, in the next few days. We are truly grateful for the appeals that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has made in behalf of our drought-stricken people.

We have a complete organization for the distribution of supplies in every county in the destitute district. The counties are organized as follows: A Central Committee for relief consisting of seven or nine is formed by the citizens of the county gathered in a mass-meeting, and a sub-committee of three is elected by every voting precinct or school district, this is what we call our Visiting Committee, they are expected to visit every family in their respective districts and make a report in writing to the Central Committee. Upon a written recommendation signed by two of the three, the Central Committee are ready to issue supplies to the needy. All cash contributions come through the hands of the Commission, because we are able to make $1 go farther than $5 sent direct to individuals

Mrs. Lucy J. Barger of Hebron, Neb., writes that Thayer County is taking care of its own poor. Hebron has sent more than a car-load of food and clothing for the destitute in the western counties.

Cash contributions during the week are acknowledged on the next page, and gifts of clothing, &c., on page 78 of this issue.

Contributions to the Western Relief Fund.

The Following Sums have been Received during the Week to be Applied in Aid of the Destitute Nebraska and Kansas Farmers.

Previously ackn'd $88868.11
Abbott, Mary G 2 00
Adair, Wm 10 00
Alexander, Mrs A H 1 00
Allen, Florence 2 00
Anderson, A M 50
Ankers, Mrs L A 5 00
Armstrong, Irvine . 1 00
Ashley, Gertrude B. 5 00
Atwater, L 2 00
Averill, Edw 5 00
Attenson Mrs Geo 5 00
Ansler, A E 5 00
Allen, I H 2 00
Andersen, Mrs C C. 50
Anderson, Miss C M 2 00
Atchinson, Jas 2 00
Atchley, Jane 2 00
Ayers, Mrs Hester.. 5 00
Binford, F E 50
Bacon, Mrs A 25
Baker, A M 1 00
Baldwin, M A 1 00
Barton, Thos J 2 00
Beasley, Mrs M E... 2 00
Bedell, Misses 55
Beltz, Mrs 55
Benedict, W E 1 00
Bixby, Mrs 25
Bratt, Mrs G 25
Bogar, J D 2 00
Bosler, Miss M H 3 00
Bowers, J S 5 00
Bowman, Mrs 50
Boyd, Mrs M 1 00
Boyd, Mrs M R 1 25
Brodley, Rev R F... 1 00
Brooks, Mrs M L ... 25
Bull, W D 1 00
Burburg, Mrs Flora. 1 00
Burnsted, A W 50
Burton, Rev G H ... 1 00
Bushill, P H 1 00
Butler, Mrs Lydia... 3 00
Baldwin, C T 10 00
Barber, G S 2 00
Berry, Mr & Mrs G J 2 00
Binkhood, I H 5 00
Blakely, J D 3 00
Blaker, Mrs Susan.. 25 00
Bloomer, A J 1 00
Bonar, Miss 1 00
Boyle, Thompson Jr 25
Boyle, W D 1 00
Brown, Thos 50
Brown, Alex 1 00
Brown, Frank 25
Bruce, R A 2 00
Bunker, Miss W J ... 1 00
Burton, C W 2 00
Baker, G R 1 00
Barbour, Charlotte .. 1 00
Barney, Mary J 1 00
Bartlett, Mrs C E... 50
Bassett, Mrs E M ... 5 00
Beach, Mrs E W 1 00
Beal, Parker 1 00
Benedict, Miss B ... 1 00
Bennett, Mr & Mrs.. 5 00
Berger, Mrs H J 2 00
Blumerder, Chas 50
Blumerder, Dan 1 00
Bockon, Edw 50
Bohn, W A 5 00
Bonzer, Mrs Lucy .. 1 10
Boyd, Miss Annie .. 1 00
Bracken, F 1 00
Brockelin, Miss Belle 1 00
Brown, S L 1 00
Burns Edgar 1 00
Burnside C 1 00
Butler, Mrs Mary ... 10 00
Butman, Mrs J P... 1 50
Butz, Henry 1 00
Butz, Jacob 2 00
Butz, Thebalts 1 00
Butz, Wm 1 00
Binford, M J 50
Boddy, Mrs Wm M.. 5 00
Borden, Mrs R M.. 1 00
Bowers, Gertie I 35
Bowles, Thos 5 00
Bowlby, Mrs John .. 1 00
Brown, Mrs R J 1 00
Budd, Mrs Charlotte 2 00
Calkins, J W 5 00
Cady, Mrs H R 2 00
Carpenter, Mrs L .. 4 00
Carrel, J F 50
Carroll, Jas 1 00
Chapman, Mrs A G.. 1 00
Clark, J P 1 00
Claston, Mrs M J .. 2 00
Coe, Mrs A E 5 00
Coleman, Mr & Mrs 3 00
Comes, A 5 00
Conely, C F 25
Conely, John A 1 00
Connor, K F 2 00
Cook, Mrs Eliza J .. 10 00
Coppersmith, Ella.. 1 00
Council, Mr & Mrs.. 25
Crane, Mrs M E 50
Crane, W R 50
Crannell, Mrs Mary 1 00
Crapo, Geo W 25
Crapo, Henry S 50
Culp, John 1 00
Cummings, J I 50
Curtis, N H 1 00
Clark, W D & Wife . 1 00
Coe, Mr 1 00
Cogswell, Mrs C M.. 2 00
Cummings, H B 2 00
Cummings, E G 10 00
Colquhoun, S M 5 00
Compton, Mrs W 25
Cross, A 25
Cooper, S A 50
Cooper, Mrs W J 2 00
Corbet, E S 50
Cornell, J S 1 00
Cross, Mrs C 2 00
Crocker, W H 1 00
Cross, H A & W 2 00
Crawford, Mr 1 00
Crawford, Mrs 1 00
Cunningham, Mrs C 1 00
Cooper, Henry 2 00
Campbell, Jas 45
Cornell, Geo 2 00
Cook, E P 10 00
Clark, A L 5 00
Clement, A H 1 00
Cooper, M J 1 00
Carlisle, Jas D 5 00
Carpenter, Vernon .. 5 00
Castle, Wm 10 00
Cross, Anna M 1 00
Cummings, Ivy E 5 00
Crossman, Mrs A F 2 00
Crouch, M W 1 00
Clemson, Miss E & A 2 00
Copley, Mrs J 2 00
Cox, J E 3 00
Dahl, C A 5 00
Davis, F B 2 00
Day, C S 2 00
Dechert, Mrs C C .. 25 00
Dickey, Harvey 30
Dickson, U W 5 00
Dunn, John 1 50
Dunn, W T 25
Davis, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Davis, H B 25
Davis, James 25
Deitz, J W 25
Dendy, J N 1 00
Dendy, T M 1 00
Dorn, J M 50
Dorsett, Moses S 5 00
Due, Mr 25
Dummes, Mrs M A.. 2 00
Darr, O E 1 75
Davies, R P 5 00
Davis, Mrs Geo P .. 1 50
Davis, Miss Maudie . 50
Davis, Mrs S H 3 00
Drane, Mrs S 50
Dunham, Mrs 50
Dunham, Eva E. 4 00
Duffee, Rev F 50
Davis A W 1 00
Davis, Ella I 1 00
Denham, Mrs Ella.. 1 00
Depew, Mrs R 10 00
Doran, Mrs Jane 1 00
Dorn, David 1 00
Dorsett, Mary and Katie 1 00
Douglass, Robt A 1 00
Dresbach, C A 25
Dyer, Mrs Hester... 1 00
Eastman, Mrs E R 1 00
Eaton, J M 25
Elliott, Mr & Mrs J. 5 00
Ellis, Mr & Mrs S T. 5 00
Earll, Chas 50
Eastman, Eliz'bethR 5 00
Elliott, Menzo 2 00
Emig, Belle L. 5 00
Emig, Miss M J 5 00
Eskelson, J 50
Eskelson, Ole 50
Evans, Jas D 25
Eakin, Samuel 2 00
Ellis, Thos 1 00
Evans, John G 5 00
Everson, Sarah A 2 00
Ewing, J H 50
Fisher, H A 2 00
Fitch, Ernest E 2 00
Floyd, Nannie E 1 00
Fox, Claude P 2 00
Frank, Geo A 1 00
Frederick, Jno G 1 00
Fullerton, John 2 00
Fulton, Wm 1 00
Falconer, Geo A 50
Farrell, Dr F E 10 00
Fisher, M O 5 00
Fladhammer, H A.. 1 00
Fleming, Benj a wife 5 00
French, Mrs Flora.. 5 00
Fry, John 1 00
Fulton, Mrs 1 00
Finfrock, Mr & Mrs M A 2 00
Fish, Sarah C 2 00
Forbes, Mrs G A 3 00
Foster, H 1 00
Fridley, Geo 5 00
Fritcher, David 5 00
Fuller, W C 5 00
Field, B D 5 00
Fiske, Mrs L A 2 00
Foster, L W 1 00
Friend, Muncie, Wis 1 00
" Cleveland, Miss 5 00
" 50
" Lexington, Ky. 1 00
" Harpers Ferry.. 3 00
" Crested Butte .. 50
" Aspen, Colo 5 00
" Cheyenne, Wyo 2 00
" Ft Steilacoom.. 1 00
" Dexter, NY..... 5 00
" 75
" Emlenton, Pa. 3 00
" Girardville..... 50
" Adams, Mass .. 50
" Columbia, Ct .. 1 00
" 1 00
" Me 1 00
" Hammondsport 1 00
" Fulton, N Y ... 1 00
" Springfield 2 50
" Bayfield, Can .. 1 00
" 25
" Sunset, Ill 2 00
" Altenwald, Pa. 2 00
" Strasburg, Pa. 5 00
" Flat River, Mo. 2 00
" Rochester, N Y. 1 00
" Brooklyn 1 00
" Three Rivers .. 3 00
" New York 1 00
" Riverhead, N Y 2 00
" (A V) Madrid . 5 00
" Sargentville .. 2 00
" N Y City 2 00
" Victoria, B C .. 1 00
" Evangeline 5 00
" Lynn, Mass 5 00
" Tolono, Ill 1 00
" Oshavia, Ont .. 2 00
" Cen Sandwich 2 00
" Chicopee, Mass 5 00
" Southington, Ct 5 00
Friends, Stowe, Vt.. 6 75
" Carolina, R I.. 6 50
" Penn, Pa 20 00
" Lebanon, Tex.. 1 20
" Corning, N Y .. 10 00
" Harmony, Me. 2 50
" Colton, N Y 3 00
" Campbell Hill 11 00
" N Hillsdale 1 50
" Lumberton, O.. 5 00
" N Lebanon, O.. 5 00
" Wrightstown .. 5 00
" Kennett Sq 5 00
" Pleasant Mo'nd 2 46
" Murphy's 32 30
" Scottsville, Ky 6 75
" Cedar Grove, I 1 75
" Mentor, O..... 1 25
Gager, Mrs K A 1 00
Good Master J 2 50
Gates, Wesley 50
Gebhart, Albert C 5 00
Gibson, Miss Ida 1 00
Gould, Rose Wm 50
Greene, Ira M 5 00
Greene, Geo C 25
Grubb, Emily 10 00
Garlock, J P 3 00
Giles, George 2 00
Graham, Mrs Effie 2 00
Grace, Carrie 1 00
Green, J J 3 00
Greene, A R 1 00
Gregory, W L 1 00
Grier, Mrs E 1 00
Griffith Mrs N & Mrs J B Agee 2 50
Gulick, Geo 1 00
Gillem, Mrs 1 00
Goble, F H 25
Greene, Mrs L R 5 00
Grenelle, John D 2 00
Gruneer, Wm 10 00
Garretson, H V N .. 1 00
Goodhard, John 50
Griffin, Mrs Marcella 5 00
Griffith & Son 2 00
Gunn, Mrs C N 1 00
Gunn, Joe 25
Guilford, Mrs T 1 00
Hack, Geo W 50 00
Halbert, Alice D 5 00
Hale, Benj 5 00
Hanson, H 10 00
Hardy, Mrs Alex 5 00
Harris, J S 1 00
Harrison, Geo. 50
Hartzell, E F 5 00
Hatheway, Mrs H S 2 00
Haven, Mrs J A 25
Hill, Thos 50
Hoge, Miss J E 5 00
Hoose, E J 1 00
Haig, T C 25
Harper, Mrs T A 1 00
Harris, F M 2 00
Harris, Mrs G N 5 00
Hawkins, M E 5 00
Hendricdson, E 5 00
Herrick, H 5 00
Howe, Mrs R A 2 00
Huntington, G A 5 00
Harris, Theo W. 5 00
Harrison, Mrs Cath' 5 00
Hazen, Laura E..... 5 45
Head, Carrie 25
Heckman, E M 5 00
Herdeman, Will 1 00
Hill, Mrs Uriah 20 00
Holden, Mrs R 1 10
Hooper, Kitty 2 00
Hopkins, Celia 2 00
Hosbuck, F 50
Hosford, C E 2 00
Howes, E J 1 00
Hoyt, Earnest 1 00
Hunt, Mrs L S 1 00
Hunter, R A 2 00
Hunter, Mrs R J 2 00
Hall, C L 2 00
Hanson, Flora 35
Hanson, H A 1 00
Hanson, Mrs H A... 1 00
Hanson, Ray 5
Harland, Mrs Sadie 2 00
Hastings, J E 10 00
Hawks, Mrs Louisa 1 00
Hinman, Mrs W A .. 5 00
Hobkirk, Mrs A J .. 1 00
Hobkirk, A J 50
Hoffman, G W 1 00
Honeyford, Mrs W J 5 00
Hopkins, M E 1 00
Hott, Mrs L J 2 00
Houghton, Anna 2 00
Hughes, Mrs J J 1 05
Ingham, A C 1 00
Ingham, Mrs A C ... 50
Irvin, Milred & Laura 2 50
Ivey, Wm C 10 00
Ives, Mrs Wm 2 00
I H N, Bartlett, O .. 1 00
" 5 00
" W Newbury . 1 00
" Cape Charles. 2 00
" 1 00
" Pleasantville 50
" 1 00
" Yolo 10 00
" Manchester.... 2 50
" Waupaca, Wis 2 00
" M I D, N Y 5 00
" Oakland, Me... 2 00
" Beverly, Mass. 10 00
" Northfield Fms 2 00
In His Name 1 00
" 1 00
" 2 00
In the Lord's name 2 00
In Jesus Name, Sharon Centre, Pa 3 00
In Christ's Name, So Lee, Mass 5 50
Jacobson, A C 1 00
Jaffries, R 5 00
James, Bess & S.... 1 00
James, J D 25
Janvrin, W H 50
Jennings, Amelia A. 1 00
Johnson, J W 1 00
Johnson, N P 5 00
Joslyn, W H 5 00
Jacob, Mrs 50
Jagnow, Albert A .. 5 00
Jacoby, Herbert G. 1 00
Jones, Mrs A E 1 00
Jaques, Miss 50
Jaques, Mrs 25
Jay, W T 50
Jenson, John 50
Johns, C 1 00
Justin, Christen 50
Jewett, Mrs W B 1 00
Johnson, Susan..... 5 00
Johnson, Wm 2 00
Johnson, D & family 5 00
Keen, D J 5 00
Keen, John E 50
Keller, Mrs Lizzie .. 2 00
Kimble, Mary M 1 50
Karn, David 2 00
Kellenring, Mrs C .. 25
Kelsey, Mrs John 1 00
Kensington, Edda 4 00
Knowles, Mrs C H 5 00
Krogen, G 50
Kendall, Mr & Mrs .. 3 00
Kennedy, Harry 2 00
Kent, Jos 25
Kichl, Mr & Mrs 5 00
Kirkpatrick, A J 2 00
Kleine, Edith H 1 00
Kramer, W H 2 00
Koch, A R 50
Koch, Amel 1 00
Kratz, Mick 1 00
Kratz, Philip 1 00
Kratz, Wm 1 00
Kunz, Wolfgang 2 00
Kuntz, Samuel 1 00
Kurshman, John 1 00
Kyle, Mrs H E 50
Knist, F L 50
Knowlan, Frank 50
Kohlmeyer, Mrs D O 8 00
Kuhn, Mrs J 1 00
Langess, Rev C T... 2 00
Lee, Mrs C 1 00
Letheman & wife, Dr 1 25
Libthorp, J P 1 00
Liscom, S E 1 00
Lubton, F M 10 00
Lamgen, Knub 50
Lathrop, Mrs C T... 1 00
Lawson, J M 5 00
Leach, Mrs John 2 00
Leader, Julia A 2 00
Leard, T E 25
Lee, T C 25
Lockhart, Sam'l 1 00
Louis, S O 5 00
Lowe, J C 5 00
LaRue, H & mother. 1 00
Latourette, H B 5 00
Lincoln, Mr & Mrs G W 2 00
Long, Geo 1 00
Lyons, John R 25
Lyons, Robbie 1 00
Lyons, Rylie 1 00
Latham, Mrs Ann .. 9 85
Le Cate, Mrs L B 5 00
Lehrer, E 3 00
Lillie, Marian W 10
Little, A G 20 00
Lorimer, John 2 00
McGaffey, Sam'l 10 00
McHatton, Mrs E 2 00
McHatton, Wm 1 00
McMillen, Chas 50
McMillen, John 1 00
McCann, S M 50
McCann, Warren E. 50
McCann, W A 50
McConnell, J 1 00
McDermott, Henry. 5
McFarlane, Mrs J K 28
McIntosh, Mrs John 25 00
McKiver, John 1 00
McMillin, Wm 1 00
McWilliams, L 25
McCashlan, J W 25
McClain, Mrs Sarah 20 00
McCutchen, I G 25
McDonald, Mrs C... 5 00
McDonald, Chas.... 5 00
McFarland, Mrs L A 1 50
McGuckin, Marian.. 1 00
McMurram, Miss 25
Malcom, G A 5 00
Markley, Mrs J W .. 1 00
Mayes, W M 2 00
Marshall, Mrs M. & Hall, C L 2 00
Manson, Flora 1 00
Morey, Mrs L 1 00
McDonald, F A 4 00
McLean, Mrs M D .. 1 00
McMillen, Mrs J 3 00
McMurray, S A 1 00
McNab, John 3 00
McNichols, John W. 5 00
Main, W B 5 00
Marshall, Dallas 5
Martin, John 2 00
Mathews, Mrs T G.. 5 00
Maurer, H F 1 00
Maynard, Mrs E C. 1 00
Mead, D D 1 00
Meade, Mrs E J 1 00
Merriman, Mrs W .. 1 00
Mickel, H W 1 00
Miller, Mrs Amy 1 00
Mitchell, Mrs M 2 00
Morse, A S 25
Morse, Ethel P 25
Morse, Eugene 1 50
Morse, L B 25
Morse, N E 25
Mann, Jacob 5 00
Marston, W E 1 00
Martin, L B 3 00
Mayo, W G 10 00
Meglody, H L & M C 10 00
Mertz, Mrs 50
Meyer, Mrs 50
Meyers, Ollie 2 00
Mills, Alice 40
Mills, Mrs M E 5 00
Miracle, Mrs 1 00
Mitchell, H W 2 00
Moore, H 1 00
Morrison, Wm 1 00
Mowes, Mrs Jacob . 1 00
Mullinox, J W 1 00
Mullinox, L P 20
Myrick, K A 1 00
Major, W S 2 00
Milligan, Rev A M . 1 00
Moffitt, Addie 10
Mofitt, L C 35
Moncrieff, W J 25
Moore, Andrew 5 00
Moore, Lizzie L 1 00
Morton, Mrs H 25
Neals, Mr L B 5 00
Nicholas, E 50
Nash, Mrs 2 00
Nelson, Mrs 10
Nicholson, Peter 50
Nishwitz, E 2 00
Niwde, T Tom 1 00
Nunderdf, W G 3 00
Nayers, Mrs E J 5 00
Neumacher, Miss T 50
Nicholls, Mrs H C 1 00
Neeley, Mrs V 1 00
Sherman, Mr 25
Shiel, Mrs 20
Sibert, G M 25
Simmons, Halsey ... 1 00
Stein, Rev T W 1 00
Solomon, J P 50
Southard, Mrs Theo 1 00
Spencer, Charlie .. 1 00
Steding, E 1 00
Steele, Jas E 50
Stowe, Mrs M C 3 00
Strong, Mrs M M 1 00
Sturdevant, F F 1 00
Swart, Mrs Ellen 2 00
Symonds, Mary E 5 00
Sanborn, Ruth D.... 50
Scrimes, Mrs E 1 00
Searles, Mrs S W 5 00
Seay, R W 1 00
Shanklin, Mrs O 5 00
Salisbury, J D 5 00
Schroub, Mrs S L .. 2 00
Shepardson, H 1 00
Sherman, Mr & Mrs 1 00
Smith, C Ed 1 50
Smith, Griffin 1 70
Stewart, Hugh 1 00
Shaw J C 1 00
Philips, L 2 00
Philips, C W 25
Pelton, Josephine .. 1 00
Printz, Alfed 8 00
Pritchard, Mr & Mrs 75
Parsons, Mr & Mrs C F, Mrs A M, Marvin R. & Miss Hattie Winch 10 00
Payne, Mrs W O 5 00
Pendleton, Rebeeca 1 00
Pendleton, T & wife 5 00
Pierce, J G & wife.. 5 00
Post, Martha E 1 00
Palmer, W 2 00
Parmenter, Sarah J. 5 00
Peck, Mrs M E 1 00
Penker, Mrs C 25
Penny, Henry 5 00
Peterson, A 25
Peterson, E 1 00
Peterson, N 1 00
Pettenring, Mrs J .. 25
Phipps, Miss May .. 50
Prentice, Mrs M M.. 2 00
Prentiss, O G 50
Prescott, Mrs S I.... 50
Pressley, Dr Geo 50
Price, C G 1 00
Pritchard, Ann 2 00
Puckitt, J F 50
Puckitt, J W 10
Puckitt, R R 10
Quarles, Jack 15
Redpath, Miss Ella. 1 00
Reid, Maggie E..... 3 00
Respess, S C 1 00
Respess, Annie 1 00
Respess, S C 40
Respess, Calvin..... 25
Respess, Matilda.... 25
Ritchie, D E 25
Ritchie, F B 25
Ritchie, S 25
Rose, Elmer 1 00
Royer, D B 1 00
Ruddock, Mrs L S.. 4 00
Rutland, Manly A... 20 00
Rundell, J W 2 00
Redding, J H 1 00
Reilly, P O 25
Reynolds, Mrs H F.. 3 00
Richards, E S 1 00
Richards, Mrs S A.. 1 00
Riggins, M P & wife 1 50
Riggins, Miss Pattie 25
Riley, Wm 5 00
Riner, Mrs M M.... 2 00
Robinson, A T 50
Rockwell, Mrs J 1 00
Roe, Perry 2 00
Rogers, W W 1 00
Roundy, Mrs M L .. 50
Round, Mr & Mrs .. 2 00
Russell, J S & J L .. 50
Rutherford, T S..... 5 00
Ramsfeld, Anna.... 2 00
Ramsaur, R S..... 2 50
Ramsaur, W P 2 50
Redpath, Chas 1 00
Redpath, Jas, Jr.... 50
Reichent, Chas 5 00
Rex, W H 5 00
Reynolds, Mrs J S .. 2 00
Rice, Mrs Sarah 2 00
Richmond, R B 1 00
Robertson, Annie R . 5 00
Reynolds, L D 5 00
Rose, Mrs 1 00
Ross, Mrs G W 5 00
Rowley, N R 5 00
Rigeley, W A 3 00
Ritsch, Mrs Henry.. 2 00
Robbins, Mrs E L.. 5 00
Roberts, Mrs C J 5 00
Robson, Alex 1 00
Russ, Mrs Geo W 5 00
Rutherford, Jno 50
Sanderson, James 1 00
Schnell, E J 25
Scott, Mrs W 2 00
Shanklin, Sophia.... 15 00
Shephard, W H 5 00
Short, Thos 50
Siglin, Ezra 3 00
Sloan, David F 5 00
Smith, Mrs Jane 50
Smith, Mrs Lizzie... 3 00
Smith, Nancy 25
Smith, S 10 00
Smith, S J 1 35
Smith, T M 2 50
Smith, W J 1 00
Smith, W K 3 00
Smith, Andrew 1 00
Smith, John 50
Smith, May W 50
Smith, B 25
Smith, C W 5 00
Smith, Mrs F O 1 00
Smith, Fred A 50
Smith, S 25
Smith, Mrs SJW 1 00
Smither, J D 5 00
Snyder, H M 25
Spotts, Johnathan .. 50
Stevens, D E 50
Stewart, Sadie 10
Swift, Mrs Martha .. 3 00
Sampson, Mrs W T.. 5 00
Sanborn, Mina S 10 50
Sanderson, W G 3 00
Sayers, Mrs E J 5 00
Schumacher, Miss T 50
Scoville, Mrs H C 1 00
Seeley, Mrs V 1 00
Sheldon, Albert 1 00
Shell, J W 2 00
Shell, Mrs J W 2 00
Shell, Louise 50
Shell, Vernon 50
Shimer, J M R 5 00
Shorey, Julia R..... 50
Sinclair, Charlotte.. 1 00
Skelton, Henry 1 00
Skine, E A 1 00
Smoker, Jacob 25 00
Spelman, Mr & Mrs. 5 00
Spurr, Mrs E H. 2 00
Standish, Mrs S 2 00
Stanley, Mrs Mary.. 1 00
Stillwell, Mrs C..... 2 00
Swan, Josie 50
Tannehill, R R 4 00
Tarboe, Mrs Wm 1 00
Tefft, Mrs M H 2 00
Thompson, C H 1 00
Thurston, Mrs M E . 1 00
Tryens, A G 2 00
Tyler, Mrs G C 1 00
Teboy, Mrs Wm..... 3 00
Thomas, Sarah W... 5 00
Thornburger, Jacob 1 00
Todd, Miss Annie... 1 00
Tagliabur, Mrs A .. 50 00
Tefft, Mrs Oscar 4 00
Thatcher, Samuel .. 3 00
Thornton, G W 6 00
Todd, M A 1 00
Townsend, Mrs C 1 00
Trop, Rawles, Iowa . 10 30
Travers, Adelaide M 2 00
Tremayne, Mr & Mrs 5 00
Tyler, Mrs M A 1 00
Taylor, E R 25
Taylor, H E 25
Templin, Mrs J M .. 50
Ter Haas, Mrs B 1 00
Thomas, N 50
Thompson, V R 2 00
Thornton, Charlotte 50
Todd, Jennie 1 00
Toland, Mrs E T.... 1 00
Tomlinson, T H 25
Toucar, Mrs Louis.. 2 00
Tubb, H J 1 00
Tull, Isaac 3 00
Turner, J H 25
Van Sickle, C H..... 1 00
Van Sickle, G W.... 1 00
Vernay, Augusta 2 00
Vanarsdell, Mrs J .. 5 00
Van Wagenen, Mrs . 1 00
Veitch, Annie 5 00
Veitch, Mrs Thos .. 1 00
Warner, I V 1 00
Walker, Wm Jr 1 00
Watters, Jane H 2 00
Wetherbeth, J 5 00
Wiest, Catharine 50
Wilkinson, Wm S.... 25
Witmer, Ephriam .. 50
Wood, Mrs L. 2 00
Worrall, Thos. 20 00
Wade, R H 1 00
Wade, W F 2 00
Waggoner, C W & wife 2 25
Waldron, Peter..... 1 00
Waller, H M 1 50
Waring, H E 1 00
Waugh, Mrs E J B.. 5 00
Weghoon, Miss 50
Wentworth, Leroy A 5 00
Wentworth, M 1 00
West, Mr 25
White, C M 2 00
White, J F 10
Wideman, Jay & Co 2 00
Wideman, A C 10
Wiley, Sallie H 2 00
Williams, B 40
Wilink, H M 1 00
Wills, Mrs 5 00
Wiseman, P N 25
Woods, Julia A..... 5 00
Worley, Mrs Susan'h 3 00
Wright, Annie B.... 2 00
Wright, Mabel G.... 1 00
Wyes, Miss 1 00
Wyles, Catharine 10 00
Ward, Mrs E B 10 00
Waterbury, Mrs H E 1 00
Wedeman, John 1 00
Weeks, C F 3 50
West, Mrs A R 5 00
Weston, Mr & Mrs 10 00
Whitney, W L 1 00
Wiley, C 4 15
Winslow, Miss E 2 00
Wollam, Mrs A E.... 1 00
Walling, Thos S 5 00
Young, Rev Wm..... 5 00
Young, Peter 1 00
C E W, Phila, Pa.... 1 00
B W J, Kirksville, Mo 2 00
W G, Winters, Cal .. 1 00
A J F, Manitoba, Can 1 00
Mrs W E C, Provo City, Utah 1 00
Mrs M M P, Creston, Iowa 4 00
H N M, S Peacham, Vt 5 00
M S R, Brooklyn 2 00
C F S, Brooks Sta, Mass 2 00
Mrs F E R, Orwell, Vt 1 00
M M W 5 00
M B, Northfield, Mass 1 00
S H, Chester, Mass. 10 00
M L T, —..... 50
N H S, Milton, Mass 2 00
O H M, Bristol, R I 5 00
M, Newark, N J 5 00
Mr & Mrs R S E, Crestline, Kan 1 00
L T, Ricketts, Pa.... 50
E G T, Ricketts, Pa. 5 00
J H T, Ricketts, Pa 2 00
G H, Ch'leston, WVa 1 00
Mrs F, Bridgeport, Ct 1 00
C F M, East ampton, Mass 1 00
M, Greenport, Mass. 2 00
A L M, Mars, Pa.... 3 00
Mr & Mrs O T W, Sinclairville, N Y 2 00
S D, Francest'n, NH 1 00
B H, Hartford, Ct .. 1 00
S A W, Tay, Tenn .. 5 00
A M C, Rowesv'le, SC 2 00
A, Brooklyn, N Y .. 5 00
R B S, Bowl'g Green, Ky 1 00
Q A J, Leroy, WVa .. 25
E N S, Lenwas, WVa 25
J W J, Lenwasy, WVa 25
B A, Jamesburg, N J 1 00
A A S, Chicago, Ill 1 00
M S, ... 1 00
K B, St Joseph, Mo 2 00
C H M, Shelburne Falls, Mass..... 2 00
Mrs J C, Seaforth, Can 5 00
A E P, Fairhaven, Vt 5 00
Mrs L F R, W Haven 5 00
M & Mrs G V K, Balto, Md..... 10 00
H, Cush Creek, Pa.. 1 25
F L O A, Mills River, N C 2 50
"Clifford," Bridgeport, Ct 3 00
I E E, Westfield, NY 1 00
Elnora, Paul & Gerald Morrison's, Pa 2 50
M J, Pensaukin, N J 1 00
T S H & wife, Bloomington, Ind 1 00
C F, Ipsilanti, Mich 5 00
Mrs L G, Albany, NY 5 00
G L K, Enfield, Ct.. 1 00
Mrs E K, New Danville, Pa..... 10 00
H S G, South Park, N J 1 00
Mrs C A S, Brookl'n 5 00
Annie & Will, Slitcrs, N Y 1 00
C F L, N Y City 1 00
W C L 1 00
"B," 1 00
Maggie & Jane, Octagon, Ind 2 00
E D W, Brooklyn 2 00
Mr & Mrs A C M, W Bay City, Mich.... 6 00
A B G, Lowell, Mass 25
W A L, Wayland, NY 3 00
L K, Mt Jackson, Va 2 00
Dr H W, Winona, Minn 20 00
L F G, Brooklyn, NY 2 00
A S 2 00
E & E S, Auburn, NY 2 00
L L, Wayland, N Y 1 00
Mrs L L, Wayland .. 1 00
E H S, Herman, Pa 4 00
E B, Strasburg, Pa 3 00
B H, Phila, Pa..... 2 00
S, Pascoag, R I 50
G L, Lakeland, Fla . 40
C W K, Phila, Pa.... 2 00
L L M, Brownwood, 1 00
Mrs M, Chester, N J 2 00
M, — 1 00
R R C, — 3 00
Mrs A C, Roberts, Ia 5 00
E H, Mariposa 5 00
A D, — 1 00
C S A, — 5 00
T K W, Cedarville, Va 3 00
A S, Ashtabula co, 3 00
E H D, Calumet, Mich 1 00
E M S, E Shelburne, Mass 1 00
W C T Bathgate, N D 1 00
Mrs J S R, Rochester, N Y..... 2 00
A K, N Y City..... 5 00
C E S, Washington.. 3 00
K L & M 1 25
Marguerite & Gladys B, Searsport, Me.. 50
M M, Phila, Pa..... 1 00
H, ... 25
L D, Phila, Pa..... 5 00
S A N, Haverh'l, Mass 3 00
H, — 2 00
J V, Brooklyn, N Y. 5 00
Mrs M A B, De Land, Fla 5 00
H D M, Newark, N J 25 00
C W H, Phila, Pa.. 1 00
Friend to the needy. 1 00
Michigan Friend.... 5 00
Friend of sufferers. Balto, Md..... 2 00
Needy one's friends, Allen, N Y. 9 46
For His Sake, Girardville, Pa 2 50
King's Daughters, Phelps, N Y 1 50
King's Daughters Circle, Springvale. 5 00
Cash, Troy, SC 25
" Ft Steilacoom. 3 50
" " 1 00
" Hommy Falls.. 25
What-so-ever Circle
King's Daughters Woodville, NY.... 10 00
Rawling's Chapel Aid Society 5 00
Westford Hill Y P S C E 5 00
B Y P U, Butte, Mont 5 00
C E So & S S of Herring Row, N J 27 50
Stony Brook C E So. 5 00
Baptist Church, E Winthrop, Me..... 3 00
Spicewood meeting of friends, Ind 16 60
Fred & Mollie, Newcastle, Pa..... 2 50
Earl & Jessie E, Crestline, Kan 50
Sympathizer, W Fallon, Mo 2 00
Sympathizer, Crested Butte, Colo 5 00
Stroud Village, Can. 4 00
Bible Class Collection, Millington. 5 10
Two Little Sisters, Boston, Mass..... 2 00
School Children and Friends, Lebanon. 2 80
Father, Mother and Son, Mobile, Ala .. 3 00
Stranger, Rapley 2 00
A Blacksmith Southhold, L I 2 00
An Invalid, Fayette, N Y 2 00
A Helper, Sethton, Mich 2 00
Helpers of Windsor, Vt 2 00
"Violet" 1 00
Mite, Bloomington.. 50
In memory of Mrs C M Loomis, Brklyn 10 00
From a baby 10
Zephyr, Stafford, Ct. 50
One interested, Millington, N J..... 30
Well-wisher, Marengo Co, Ala 1 00
Box 300, —, Minn .. 2 00
Two Friends, (J W), Madrid, N Y 7 00
Sub & Friend, Washington, Ky 2 00
In Memorium, Brooklyn, N Y 5 00
Central Band King's Daughters, Waterbury, Ct..... 16 00
One of Christ's Stewards, Baltimore . 10 00
For the Master, W Newbury, Mass .. 5 00
Scranton Friends, Pa 1 15
Sympathizer, Hume. 5 00
The Twins, Brooks.. 5 00
Citizens of Greensboro, N C..... 36 00
Christian, — 5 00
Ireille, Cohoctah 5 00
For Jesus

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

FRANCE'S NEW PRESIDENT.

AFTER a brief term of less than seven months, M. Casimir-Perier has given France and all Europe a genuine surprise by resigning his office as President of the French Republic. The reasons he assigned for so extraordinary a step seem ridiculously inadequate. He complained that he had been personally assailed in the press, that his friends had not defended him with the earnestness and sincerity he had a right to expect, and added that certain recent votes in the Legislature indicated a disposition to attack the parliamentary regime and the public liberty. As his chief duty in the office to which he was elected was to protect free institutions and public liberty, his resignation is regarded as an evidence of his lack of sense and courage. As the French Constitution has not the provision that we have in the Vice-Presidency, for filling an unexpired term, a new election was necessary. The Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, who in France elect the President, assembled accordingly on Jan. 17, in joint session and elected a President for the full term of seven years. Their choice fell on M. Francois Felix Faure who was secretary of the navy in the late government. He is a ship owner of Havre and is said to have the confidence of the commercial classes. In the Legislature he has always been recognized as an authority on marine and colonial matters. He is fifty-four years of age, tall and upright of carriage and a man of genial temperament. It is worthy of note that he is a Protestant, the first Protestant who has ever ruled over France. What his election may mean for the nation it is impossible to predict with any confidence. Belonging to the same political party as his predecessor, M. Faure will have to meet the same kind of opposition from the same enemies and will have the same difficulties to encounter. Like Casimir-Perier, too, he cannot count on all the men who voted for him as President. Many of them are opposed to him in politics, but gave him their votes because they preferred him to his chief rival, M. Brisson, who was the candidate of the Radicals. That they will give him their support in the Legislature is improbable and so the wheels of government may be blocked. Nor can M. Faure hope to gain any benefit by dissolving the Chamber. The socialists and anarchists have made capital out of the recent financial scandals, which have implicated many prominent men, and a feeling of disgust has been aroused against the crowd of adventurers who are preying on the public treasury, which is now becoming so fierce as to threaten social revolution. In the present state of public opinion an election would undoubtedly result in a more radical and revolutionary Chamber than the present one. France is now learning that the godlessness and infidelity which have characterized the nation for more than a century have led to a double danger to national life. They have produced a lack of principle in the upper classes and a ferocity and recklessness in the lower classes which are the usual precursors of civil conflict and bloodshed. (Isa. 1 : 23-25.)

A Captain's Complaint.

The captain of a schooner wrecked recently at Ocracoke, N. C., complains that one life was lost and his own and others imperilled by the lack of proper organization of the life-saving service. His ship, which was bound from Boston to Darien, Ga., was struck by a hurricane off the North Carolina coast, and was driven on a sand-bank. As it was in a sinking condition, the only boat on the ship was launched and the mate and several of the crew went in it to the land, to secure assistance for the captain and the remainder of the crew who remained on the ship. The boat was capsized in the breakers, but the men were all good swimmers and succeeded in getting ashore. There was no life-saving station at that point, but word was sent to the station at New Portsmouth, four miles to the south. There was, however, no organized crew there at the time, and a messenger was sent to Hatteras Inlet, twelve miles to the north. The crew there obeyed the summons, but by the time they had their apparatus at the scene of the disaster, darkness had come on, and nothing could be done. At dawn the crew succeeded in shooting a line to the wreck, but by that time one of the men had frozen to death, and the captain and the other seamen had suffered terribly from exposure. All the survivors were saved, but the captain complains bitterly of the delay consequent on the lack of organization. It may be hoped that in the day of final account no charge of a like character will be brought against any church. Magnificent buildings, fine choral services, and large contributions will count as nothing if the church has failed as a soul-saving institution. (I. Cor. 9: 22.)

M. F. FELIX FAURE, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Insurrection in Hawaii.

A belated mail from Hawaii brings the news of an outbreak in Hawaii, on Jan. 6. About five hundred Kanakas and half-whites managed to secure arms, and under two leaders named Wilcox and Nowlein, attempted to surprise Honolulu. The government, however, had been informed that goods were being carried ashore from a steamer off Diamond Head, about six miles from the capital. The police were sent to investigate, and found that the goods were arms and ammunition. The Citizens' Guard and the Volunteer Companies were at once called out and arrangements made for the defence of the town. A squad of mounted police was dispatched to Diamond Head to ascertain the extent of the rising and a few citizens accompanied it. They lined up before the house of a suspected man and informed him that they had a warrant to search his house for arms. They were immediately fired upon from the windows of the house and from a canoe-shed on the beach. A rush was made to capture the canoe-shed, but a second volley was fired, and a young lawyer who was in the police party was killed, and a lieutenant of police dangerously wounded. The insurgents, finding that their plan of surprising Honolulu could not then be carried out, retreated to the bush. In the morning it was found that the insurgents had possession of the roads leading to Honolulu, and were well armed. One of the parties had a field gun. Their number did not exceed five hundred, while the Government's force including citizens who had volunteered, numbered twelve hundred. At several points there was a stubborn fight, but when the mail left the insurgents had everywhere been put to flight. Many had been killed and several taken prisoners. From the latter, information was obtained which shows that the intention was to surprise Honolulu on Sunday night while many citizens would be at church. The timely discovery at Diamond Head disarranged the plan and doubtless prevented much damage being done. The people in Honolulu have reason to be thankful for the vigilance of their government, It is much to be wished that a like vigilance were maintained by every Christian against the assaults of the great enemy of souls. His successes are frequently gained by sudden and unexpected temptations when there are no means at hand of resisting him. (I. Peter 5 : 8.)

A Court Surprised.

In the course of a discussion on the merits of a new judge of the Court of Appeals of New York, an early associate of the judge related an interesting experience of his court. He said that the judge, while serving as a County Judge in Erie county, became proficient in dealing with criminal cases. He was elected to the Supreme Court and when he took his seat there, he knew no more about the law administered in the court than he had picked up in the course of his studies as a youth. At his first term, he was called upon to decide a case of ejectment, involving the title to land. After listening to the arguments on both sides, the judge adjourned court for the day, to the surprise of all the lawyers present, as it was early in the afternoon. Another case was an action against an insurance company and in this case, too, the judge adjourned court early in the day. In both cases the decision he gave when the court re-opened was the subject of appeal, but the higher courts sustained it. The judge frankly admitted to his friend that his reason for adjournment was that he did not know what was the law in the case and wanted time to look it up. He worked over each case far into the night and when he had finished, was absolutely certain that his decision was impregnable. He followed this practice until he became one of the strongest judges in the district. The judge's example may be commended to Christian people who are puzzled by conflicting teaching. Fewer people would be led astray by heretical preachers, if the practice was more common of appealing at once to "to the law and to the testimony." (Isa. 8 : 20.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Religious Services Conducted by Rev. Dr. Talmage at the Academy of Music, New York, on Sunday afternoons, have already become a prominent feature of the metropolitan Sabbath. Vast crowds are in attendance long before the opening hour—3.30 o'clock—and it is impossible to accommodate more than half of the thousands that seek admission. The fifteen minutes preceding the sermon are devoted to sacred music, the great audience being led by the cornet and the piano. Some beautiful solos are rendered by Mr. Jacobs, the famous Gospel singer who has long been associated with Evangelist Moody.

Dr. A. T. Pierson is Preaching every Evening this week in Lafayette Ave. Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, of which Dr. Gregg is pastor.

The Dowager Empress of China has Written an autograph letter of thanks to the foreign ladies of Pekin who on her sixtieth birthday presented her with a beautifully bound copy of the New Testament.

A Deed of Conveyance of Property Made in 1817, but never registered, was filed last week in New York. It recorded the sale of meadow land now occupied by six city blocks. The price paid was five hundred and six dollars. It is now valued at nearly five millions.

The Hebrew-Christian Mission at 17 St. Mark's Place, New York, is now under the charge of Rev. Bernhard Angel, whose successful work among the Jews in Chicago has been notable. Mr. Angel also preaches on Saturdays in the De Witt Memorial Church in Rivington St. The entire work is under the auspices of the City Mission.

Twenty Years Ago a Poor Little Yellow Boy was taken from the streets of Waynesborough, Va., educated and trained for the ministry and for missionary work. To-day, a man of thirty, the Rev. W. H. Sheppard is the most distinguished colored man in the Southern Presbyterian Church, and the only American negro who has ever been made a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

The Pekin "Gazette," Said to be the Oldest newspaper in the world, recently celebrated its one thousandth anniversary. Among the vicissitudes of its long life in a despotically-governed country have been the vacancies caused in its editorial staff by the executioner. No less than nineteen hundred of its editors have been beheaded. There is no record of the kind of blunders which were thus punished.

The Scotch Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia has been celebrating its hundred and twenty-ninth anniversary. The church has many interesting associations. The British used it as a hospital during their occupation of the city. Louis Phillippe, king of France, occupied its parsonage while an exile. President John Adams, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, worshipped in the building.

Mr. D. L. Moody Expects to Hold Services at various centres in Texas during the remainder of the winter. Our readers who have seen paragraphs in the daily press giving alarming reports about his being in a critical state of health, will be glad to learn that there is no foundation for them. Mr. Moody called at this office on his way West and was then looking strong and well.

Rev. Thomas Harrison's Services at Bridgeton, N. J., have led to the most remarkable revival that town has ever witnessed. The Bridgeton "Daily Pioneer" says that the interest increased from the start and now the conversation in all circles is on the revival and religious matters. It adds that "Some of the leading business men of the city are coming to God. Persons not in the habit of attending church are being converted." Jan. 29 was fixed by the committee as a day of jubilee over the conversions.

The Board of Indian Commissioners Held a conference on Jan. 16 with the Secretaries of the Denominational Boards doing work among the Indians. Ex-Commissioner Morgan represented the Baptists, and reported progress among the tribes in Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. Dr. Ryder, who represented the Congregationalists, said that although his Board had surrendered on principle the government appropriation of $22,000, the work reached thirty tribes and employed a hundred missionaries. The Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal and Friends' Missions were also represented at the Conference.

The Women's Board of Missions of the Congregational Church held its annual meeting in Boston on Jan. 16. Its receipts for the year were $101,878 in contributions, and $24,550 in legacies, a slight decrease on the receipts of the previous year. The report showed that the society is doing valuable work among women in many foreign lands. In European and Asiatic Turkey, in Japan, China, and Zululand progress has been made. It is proposed to open a home in Zululand for the reception of converted Zulu girls who are in danger of being sold into polygamy while they remain in the kraals. The Board has now three lady physicians in the Chinese field.

Particulars about the Death of Dr. W. J. Hall have come in a private letter from his friend and colleague in Korea, Dr. John B. Busteed. It appears that Dr. Hall remained at Pyeng Yang attending to the men wounded in the great battle there until sickness compelled him to leave. He travelled to Seoul on a steamer on which were six hundred Japanese soldiers, suffering from fevers, etc. When he was carried ashore, he was very ill. His case was clearly typhus and there could be no doubt that the disease was contracted among the patients on the steamer. Dr. Busteed and his friends gave him the best attention, but he gradually sank and on Saturday, Nov. 24 he peacefully closed his eyes in death.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

THE DEAD AND THE LIVING CHRIST.

Sermon preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, by Robert Stuart MacArthur. Text: Rev. 1:18: *"I am he that liveth, and was dead: and, behold, I am alive forevermore, amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."*

THESE are the words of the glorified Jesus to the exiled John. We have in this connection a magnificent description of Christ as he appeared in glory, standing in the midst of the seven candles, clothed with a long garment, and girt with a golden girdle. His hair was white as snow, his eyes were as a flame of fire, his feet like unto fine brass, and his voice like the sound of many waters. In his right hand he had seven stars, and from his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword, and his countenance was like the sun in its splendor. John, overawed by the sight, fell at his feet as if he were dead; but the Glorified One lays his hand tenderly upon the apostle, exhorting him not to fear, assuring him that though he, the triumphant Saviour, was dead, he is now alive forevermore, and has the keys of hell and death. We are not surprised that the apostle, recognizing the presence of a divine being, is greatly alarmed; neither are we surprised that when he recognizes in this glorious personage the Lord Jesus, whom years before he had known so well and loved so tenderly, his fears are allayed, and his soul is filled with peace and joy.

The Dead Christ.

The text teaches us that Christ had been dead. This description at once identifies the glorious Personage who thus appeared to the astonished apostle. To none other would this remarkable description apply Jesus Christ had been truly put to death: he was certainly dead, On this point there can be no doubt. This account carries us back at once to the history of Christ in the gospels. After he had uttered his seventh saying upon the cross his head sank upon his breast, and the Lord of life and glory was dead. The marvel to all who were familiar with his crucifixion was that he should die so speedily. He had been on the cross but about six hours; and we know that often the crucified lingered two or three days before death came to relieve their sufferings. How shall we account for our Lord's speedy death? Several considerations enter into this answer. The exhaustion incident to that long and checkered "night in which he was betrayed," has its part in this answer. We have only to think of the sorrowful passover, of the bloody sweat, of the cruel arrest, of the illegal trials before Annas and Caiaphas, of the arraignment before Pilate and Herod, of the brutal scourging, of the taunting mockeries, and of the physical pain on the cross, to discover reasons for his death so unexpectedly soon. There was also

A Deeper Reason,

a reason which mere natural causes will not explain. Our Lord was bearing our sins in his own body on the tree; in the hiding of his Father's face, as evidenced by his own agonizing cry, there was a sorrow which no human tongue can explain. Mere physical causes will not account for the early death of one whose proper life gave sound health and a vigorous body. It may be true, as Dr. William Stroud and others have argued, that he died of literal rupture of the heart. This supposition will explain solemn prophecies in the 22d Psalm, as well as some of his own exclamations while upon the cross. This idea has received the endorsement of some critics who are among the ablest physicians, as well as the most reverent believers of our time.

We know that the Romans were accustomed to allow the bodies of the crucified to remain on the cross until they were devoured by birds of prey, or wasted away by decomposition. This fact was one of the elements of the fearful degradation of this form of death. But by a special law the Jews [illegible] sunset; it is certain that this course would be pursued in this case, as the next day was not only the Sabbath, but the Sabbath of the great Passover Feast. The next day was "a high day" and no time is to be lost, as it is now fast westering. We are told that the authorities besought Pilate that the death of the victims might be hastened, so that there might be no desecration of the sanctity of the Sabbath by permitting the dead to remain upon their crosses upon that day. Pilate yielded and gave the necessary orders, and soldiers were sent at once to give them effect.

The Action of the Soldiers

in hastening the death of those upon the cross, resulted in immediate death. The soldiers break the legs of the robbers, but we are told that when they came to Jesus "they brake not his legs," and the reason assigned is that they "saw that he was dead already." This is one proof of the actual death of Jesus.

These soldiers little knew that they were fulfilling a prophecy which was uttered fifteen hundred years before — a prophecy which the evangelist John records, "a bone of him shall not be broken." But there was a bare possibility that Jesus might have swooned and that he was not really dead. To make assurance doubly sure, "one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water." These soldiers must faithfully perform their duty. This scene produced a profound impression on the mind of the sensitive John. Years after, when he records the event in his gospel, the solemn occasion is reproduced in all its vivid details; and still later, when writing in his epistle, he says: "This is he that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ; not by water only, but by water and blood."

We shall not stop here to discuss the physiological details which this solemn fact suggests, nor to dwell upon the arguments which have arisen in connection with it, but we cannot help noticing that this incident fulfilled another prophecy, of which the same evangelist speaks, "They shall look on him whom they pierced." The flowing of the water and the blood is of great importance in establishing beyond a doubt the reality of Christ's death. The spear-thrust did not cause his death. He was already dead; but if he had not been dead that spear-thrust would certainly have produced death.

The Living Lord.

But we observe, in the next place, that this same Jesus is "alive for evermore." So he affirms in his interview with the disciple whom he loved. This appearance of Christ carries us once more back to the gospel narrative. We remember the new tomb with the great stone placed at its mouth. We remember the placing of Cæsar's great seal and the appointment of the night-watch. We see the soldiers as they pace to and fro during the solemn hours guarding the tomb of the mighty dead; but we learn later that the grave is empty and that the Lord of Life and Glory has burst the bands of death and has overturned the throne of the grim despot who so long had reigned without a rival in the regions of despair and death.

No human eye witnessed the glorious resurrection: it has been well said that often God's sublimest works are wrought in silence and secrecy; but of the resurrection there can be no more doubt than of the death. If the testimonies of these witnesses cannot be taken as conclusive, then no testimony of any witnesses can ever make any historical event certain. The clumsy story of the soldiers and of the chief priests can impose upon no student of the narrative. Christ's resurrection is the great, majestic, and sublime fact of Christianity. We hail him as the Conqueror of sin, the Vanquisher of death, and the Ransomer from the grave. His resurrection is the keystone in the sublime arch of revelation and Christianity. The resurrection of Christ has exalted the poetry, the music, the sculpture, the painting and the literature of the world. It is the proof of all Christ's assertions concerning himself. He staked all on that event. It is the conclusive evidence of all his prophecies concerning himself. It also emphasizes and glorifies the story of his incarnation, of his perfect life, and of his atoning death. The apostles were willing to set that fact forth as a sufficient evidence of the truth they preached. We follow their example.

The Unique Distinction.

Other religions had their great leaders, but they died to live no more; but Christianity's Founder rises to live forever more. We worship a living, and not a dead Christ. The dead Christ is unwelcome in art, and still more unwelcome in religion. We will not make less of the cross on which the Lord of Glory dies, but we will make more of the grave from which he arises in triumph. If we are reconciled to God by the death of his Son, we are still more fully saved by his life.

His resurrection accounts for the existence of the Church. The Christian Church has been and is; that fact no amount of infidelity can deny. But how can we account for the Christian Church, except as we admit the resurrection of the Lord? The first preachers went forth affirming their faith in the resurrection. Were they deceived? Who can so believe? Were they deceivers? Who dare so affirm? The resurrection of the Lord Jesus is a sufficient explanation of the existence of the Church. Deny the resurrection, and you cannot account for the Church. This fact any man may safely affirm in the presence of any student of history. You may challenge any man who denies the resurrection of Christ to account for the existence of the Church. No sensible man will accept the challenge. The resurrection is

The Crowning Miracle

of Christianity. If it be true, all other miracles are credible. To this miracle the apostles constantly appealed; to it we to-day appeal with the utmost confidence. The Apostle Paul said, "If Christ be not risen your faith is vain," but he was able to add the glorious announcement, "Now is Christ risen." This truth has resounded throughout the world; it is really the creation of a new heaven and earth. Death is disowned; the gates of life and glory are opened. From the night of death the sun of a new life has arisen upon the world. The brightness of that triumphant morning now shines over the earth. The apostles attached the greatest importance to the preaching of the resurrection. To be a witness to this truth was one function of their calling. On the day of Pentecost the Apostle Peter said: "This Jesus hath raised God up, whereof we are all witnesses." Later, when questioned regarding a miracle which had been performed, the same apostle said: "Be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by him doth this man stand before you all." It was said of the apostles a little later, that with great power they gave witness of the resurrection. Than Paul's reasoning in I. Cor. 15, nothing can be more logical or sublime. Every reader of the Gospel has observed what a great proportion of space is given to the events of the three days preceding and following Christ's death—almost as much space as is given to the three preceding years of his life. These facts certainly are remarkably suggestive.

His Dominion.

Christ is shown by this text to be Sovereign over death and Hades. He is here represented as having the keys of death; he holds the key to the vast realms of darkness and death. The word here rendered "hell" refers to the under world, the abode of spirits, the region of the dead. This imagery of a gate and key was natural in a country with walled cities and gates. Death is represented as having reigned in that gloomy abode. He was the inexorable tyrant, the autocratic potentate. No tears could move him, no prayers could bribe him, as he marched forward to receive his victims. Only two in the whole history of our race passed into glory without going through the gates of death. But once, ther entered a strange visitor into that dar realm; he seemed to yield to the power o the tyrant, but only to make that tyrant' overthrow more conspicuous. Death wa astonished; Death was discrowned; Deat was destroyed by the Lord of Life an Glory. We now have nothing to fear. W are Christ's and Christ is King. Deat lies vanquished at his feet. That dark porta can open only by Christ's permission. W need not fear to enter a world which h entered, and from which he returned in tri umph. Because he lives we shall live also Standing by the empty grave of Christ w take up the triumphant words of the apos tle: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? But thank be to God, which giveth us the victor through our Lord Jesus Christ."

This doctrine of resurrection, then, is striking proof of our Lord's divinity. I the resurrection be true,

Our Lord's Divinity

is assured. Disprove the resurrection, an you rob him of the crown of his divinity accept the resurrection, and you must crow him Lord of all. The apostles Peter an Paul indorse these statements; Paul affirm that Christ was, "declared to be the Son o God with power by the resurrection fro the dead." And on Mars Hill he affirm that God will judge the world by Chris because "He hath given assurance unto a men in that he hath raised him from th dead." Christ's whole life was a test testimony to his divine character and mis sion; but his resurrection is the crownin glory of that testimony. He foretold hi resurrection; he affirmed that he had powe to lay down his life and to take it up again The resurrection is the proof of his char acter as a true prophet and as a divine Be ing, for he claimed the power to raise him self from the dead, and if he did raise him self from the dead he was God. He ros from the dead; therefore he is God. Th atonement was finished, not upon the Cros of Calvary, but in the tomb of Joseph. I Christ's work had not been completed an his atonement accepted, he had never rise from the tomb.

The resurrection is also

A Prophecy

of our resurrection. Christ won this victor not for himself alone. Through the ope grave he has made a way along which a his redeemed may pass. The Good Shep herd goeth before his sheep. Our resur rection depends upon his. When men sa that scientific objections are such tha they cannot believe in the doctrine of th resurrection, we have simply to ask them Did Jesus rise? That is a question of fact Is it true? There are, all admit, difficulties in the doctrine of our resurrection. The are inexplicable; but were there not als difficulties in the resurrection of Christ The difficulties in the case of a general res urrection are not greater, from a strictly sci entific point of view, than those in the cas of the resurrection of Jesus. To believe tha he died and rose again is scientifically a difficult as to believe that we die and ma rise again. He who denies that the dea can rise must also deny that Christ di rise. "But now is Christ risen." Then we too, may rise. All hail, then, thou rise Jesus! Thou art he who once was dead but who now liveth for evermore.

"THE MASTER CARRIES THE KEY."

It is related that the mind of a pious workman, named Thierney, was much oc cupied with the ways of God, which ap peared to him full of inscrutable mysteries The two questions, "How?" and "Why?" were constantly in his thoughts—whethe he considered his own life, or the dispensa tion of Providence in governing the world One day, in visiting a ribbon manufactory his attention was attracted by an extraordi nary piece of machinery. Countless wheel and thousands of threads were twirling in all directions; he could understand nothing of its movements. He was informed, how ever, that all this motion was connected with the centre, where there was a ches which was kept shut. Anxious to under stand the principle of the machine, he asked permission to see the interior. "The mas ter has the key," was the reply. The words were like a flash of light. Here was the an swer to all the perplexed thoughts. Yes the Master has the key. He governs and directs all. It is enough. What need we know more?

OUR MAIL-BAG.

nstant Reader, Trenton, N. J. Will you kindly tell me something about the life of Thomas A. Kempis, and where and when he was born?

He was born at Kempen, near Cologne his al name being Thomas Hamerken, although e was known as Thomas-a-Kempis, in recogtion of his birthplace. He joined in early outh a monastic brotherhood known as the Brethren of the Common Life," and was roughout his career distinguished for his eekness and piety. His principal work, "De nitatio Christi," is known the world over, but e wrote beside, a large number of sermons, eatises, biographies, letters and hymns.

n old Subscriber. Is a wife justified in refusing to learn the game of euchre, when her husband enjoys the game and wishes her to learn, so that she may play a quiet game at home with him in the evening, the husband being an exemplary man in every respect?

The husband, being an exemplary man, will espect his wife's conscientious objections, if he will kindly and lovingly explain them to im. She should show him that they are wellounded and that as a professing Christian she ould be recreant in her duty to her Lord if he countenanced, by her example, an amusement which is apt to lead to grievous harm.

. C. Manly, New Salem, Ills. For what period did Tao live and what was his belief? Was he a priest? 2. Where can a book be had of the writings of Confucius: are they moral, or mixed with immorality? 3. What was the birthplace of the Rev. J. B. Hawthorne? 4. Has the Rev. Dr. Talmage a son that is a minister? 5. Is it true that sun worship is now practiced in India?

1. Tao is not the name of an individual, but of system. Lao-tze who lived in China about 600 B. C., and was known as "the venerable hilosopher," was the accredited founder of Taoism. The word "Tao" means a path or oad. 2. See "The World's Religions," published by The Christian Literature Co., New York. It contains a generalization of his writings, which chiefly relate to the moralities. 3. Alabama. 4. Yes. 5. It has been abolished by direct order of the government.

Subscriber, Neenah, Wis. 1. Can any of the readers give the remaining verses of this hymn?

Another closing day,
Another setting sun.
What progress have I made?
What duties have I done?
Behold the record, Lord, and see
If I have tried to live for thee;
And where I've failed,
O pardon me, O pardon me.

2. What is your opinion in regard to a Christian who is boarding, eating game that the head of the house has hunted and killed on the Lord's day?

1. Possibly some of our readers can supply the verses. They seem to be a paraphrase of the farmer's "Golden Verses" of Pythagoras. 2. Delicacies procured by Sabbath-breaking should be unhesitatingly declined, if one does not wish to share the sin of the Sabbath-breaker.

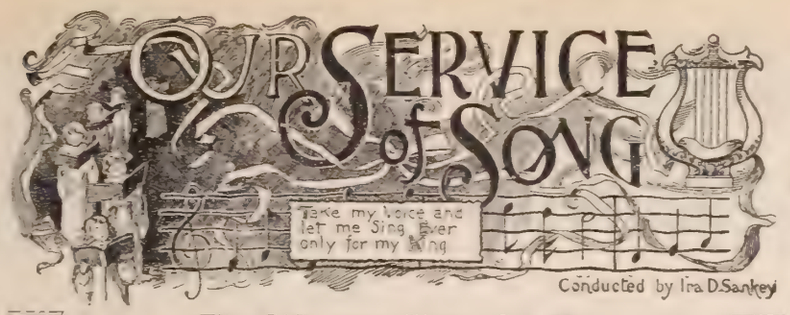
M E. T., New York. State whether it is proper for a young man to use his wheel on Sunday. A professing Christian is often tempted, and at times has yielded—taking his bicycle ride. A clergyman friend has said, "It is no harm." Others friends say, "It is wrong." Please give your idea, and clear a much vexed and disturbing question.

There are circumstances in which the use of the wheel on Sunday may be justifiable, but they are very few. Wheeling for recreation, for exercise or for any other than duties of actual necessity and works of mercy on that day, are clearly violations of God's law. To use the pretext that it is necessary to ride to church when the latter is within reasonable walking distance, is also wrong. We do not agree with the latitudinarian advice of your clerical friend. If you have yielded where your conscience spoke otherwise, even ever so faintly, you have probably erred, for the conscience is a monitor it is never safe to ignore.

Reader, Gainsville, Mo. 1. Is it true that there is a second blessing by which we can get clear beyond the spiritual joy and power of a converted soul, and after which the sorrows and cares of this life have no power to disturb us? 2. Must we exercise faith for it or may we expect God to give us faith? 3. Would you advise me to urge my sons to join the Freemasons or Odd-fellows?

1. There is the great blessing of sanctification which is far beyond the experience of the newly converted soul. It would be an exaggeration to say that it prevents sorrow and care having the power to disturb; but it enables the subject to bear them bravely, because of the conviction that God controls all the events of life. Sanctification or growth in grace is a continuous process which begins at conversion, and should go on through all the subsequent life. 2. It comes from God through faith. God gives the blessing and faith is the hand that takes it. It is quite proper to ask God for an increase of faith and he will give it. 3. The Editor of this journal does not belong to either of the Orders, so is unable to tell you what advantages or disadvantages may come from joining them.

John W. Daub, Tracadia, N. C. Author unknown. —Can any reader furnish the book, "God in the Storm," by Rev. L. P. W. Balch, to Julia Balch, 11th and N Sts., Washington, D. C.?——Mrs. S. C. O'Sullivan, Belleville, O. The question has been repeatedly answered in THE MAIL BAG during the last few months.——L. L. Brown, Maple, Me. We believe it does in newly settled and neglected districts, but not in the large cities. Write to the American Bible Society, Bible House, New York.——W. A Dunn, Hallton, Pa. The brook Kedron.——J. E. N., Pleasant Valley, N. Y. Why not write direct to the manager of the Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.——M. L. P., Martinsburg, W. Va. The name doubtless arose from some achievement or personal characteristic of the owner.——C. M. Jones, Wilton, Conn. For a complete corroboration of the statements as to the prevalent distress in Kansas and Nebraska, see the first article in this issue.——Lydia S. Seldomridge, Greenback, Pa. It is published at 48 Paternoster Row, London. —— Mrs. B. Gage, Cedar Springs, Mich. Yes: all boxes and packages delivered at our Central Relief Station, 740 Broadway, New York, are forwarded free to the sufferers from that point.——George O. Greene, Princeton, Ill. No: we believe it is a different variety.——Old Subscriber. 1. Send $1.50 for renewal of your subscription without premium. 2. Yes. If you know you are right you should state your convictions, but it is wrong to keep up an unnecessary argument, which only serves to provoke ill temper.——Mrs. Hattie Tupper, Emmetsburg, Ia. Write to American Tract Society, New York City.——Reader. You are at liberty to do what you please with what is wholly your own, provided the thing can be done conscientiously and nowise to the injury of others.——Aggie Walker, Patterson, N. J. You will find the most complete explanation of Bible difficulties in the "Helps to the Study of the Bible" that are bound in with the International Teachers' Bible, a copy of which is given as a premium to every subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD $2 a year.——Mrs. Clara A. Craig, Cook, Neb. Send $1 extra.——J. P. S., Hepburn, Pa. Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, New York, have issued a life of Spurgeon. We cannot tell about the others.——R. R. Kelly, Cross Roads, Pa. One dollar.



Thy Life was Given for Me.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, by per. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Thy life was given for me! Thy pre-cious blood, was shed That
2. Long years were spent for me In wear - i - ness and woe, That
3. Thy Fa-ther's home of light, Thy rain - bow - cir - cled throne, Were
4. Oh, let my life be given, My years for Thee be spent; World-
I might ran-somed be, And quickened from the dead. Thy
thro' e - ter - ni - ty Thy glo - ry I might know. Long
left for earth - ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone. Yea,
fet - ters all be riven, And joy with suf-f'ring blent: To
life was giv'n for me (for me): What have I giv'n for Thee (for Thee)?
years were spent for me (for me): Have I spent one for Thee (for Thee)?
all was left for me (for me): Have I left aught for Thee (for Thee)?
Thee my all I bring (I bring): My Sav-iour and my King (my King)!
Thy life, was giv'n for me (for me): What have I giv'n for Thee?
Long years, were spent for me (for me): Have I spent one for Thee?
Yea all, was left for me (for me): Have I left aught for Thee?
To Thee my all I bring (I bring): My Sav-iour and my King!

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REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

From *M. L. A.*, for her restoration to health.

From *A Sister in the Church*, that one who once knew the Lord may be delivered from the chains of passion and return to the Saviour.

From *A Mother* (Malden, Mass.) for her two sons, one of whom is a professing Christian, but fond of worldly pleasures, that both may be given up to Christ.

From *A Believer in Prayer*, for divine protection of a family of orphans whose inheritance is being depleted by unprincipled men. Also for the conversion of a man who is trusting for conversion to his good moral character.

From *E. C. G.*, that an only son may become a Christian and a power for good. Also for the conversion of a brother, brother-in-law, and two uncles, all of whom are unconverted.

From *W. V., Deposit, N. Y.*, that a friend who has a family of children left in her care may become a true follower of Jesus and a good mother to her children.

JESUS AT THE HEART'S DOOR.

BROTHER, at thy heart's door,
The Saviour stands;
The mark of thorns upon his brow,
The print still in his hands;
His eyes behold thee tenderly,
His love no tongue can tell;
Oh, friend, he died on Calvary,
To rescue thee from hell.

How can you keep the door closed
With Jesus there?
Oh, will you not now open wide,
Let Him thy burdens bear?
He patiently is waiting,
Turn not from Him away;
Or you will be a lost soul,
In the awful Judgment day.

Des Moines, Ia. —CHARLES W. McCROSSAN.

ANTICHRIST'S FAITH.

What Prophecy Tells of the Religious Attitude of the Enemy of the Church.

BY AN OXFORD GRADUATE.

ST. JOHN tells us (1. John 4: 3) what the characteristic of the Antichrist should be who is to come; viz., that he shall openly deny our Lord Jesus Christ to be the Son of God come in the flesh from heaven. So exactly and fully was this description to answer to him, that to deny Christ might be suitably called the spirit of Antichrist; and the deniers of him might be said to have the spirit of Antichrist. From which it would appear that Antichrist would be led on from rejecting the Son of God, to the rejection of God altogether.

It seems clear that St. Paul and St. John speak of the same enemy of the Church, from the similarity of their descriptions. They both say that the spirit itself was already at work in their day. "That spirit of the Antichrist," says St. John, "is now already in the world." "The mystery of iniquity doth already work," says St. Paul.

Two other passages of Scripture may be adduced, predicting the same reckless impiety; one from the eleventh chapter of Daniel: "The king shall do according to his will; and he shall exalt himself and magnify himself above every other god, and shall speak marvellous things against the God of gods, and shall prosper till the indignation be accomplished."

The other passage is but faintly marked with any prophetic allusion in itself, except that all our Saviour's sayings have a deep meaning, and the Fathers take this in particular to have such. "I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not; if another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive" (John 5: 43). This they consider to be a prophetic allusion to Antichrist, whom the Jews were to mistake for the Christ. He is to come "in his own name." Not from God, as even the Son of God came, not in God's name, not with any pretence of a mission from him, but in his own name, by a blasphemous assumption of Divine power thus will Antichrist come.

Our Lord foretold that many should come in his name, saying, "I am Christ." It was the judicial punishment of the Jews, as of all unbelievers in one way or another, that having rejected the true Christ, they should take up with a false one; and Antichrist will be the complete and perfect seducer, towards whom all previous ones are approximations, according to the text just quoted, "If another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive." Hence, considering that Antichrist would pretend to be the Messiah, it was of old the notion that he was to observe the Jewish rites and ceremonies.

Antichrist should "sit in the temple of God;" that is, according to the earlier Fathers, in the Jewish Temple. Our Saviour's own words may be taken to support this notion, because he speaks of "the Abomination of Desolation," which (whatever other meanings it might have), in its fulness denotes Antichrist "standing in the holy place." Further, the persecution of Christ's witnesses which Antichrist will make, is described by St. John as taking place in Jerusalem. "Their dead bodies shall lie in the streets of the great city (which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt), where also our Lord was crucified."

Next, let us ask, Will Antichrist profess any sort of religion at all? Neither true God nor false god will he worship: so far is clear, and yet something more, and that obscure, is told us. Indeed, as far as the prophetic accounts go, they seem at first sight incompatible with each other. Antichrist is to "exalt himself over all that is called God or worshipped." He will set himself forcibly against idols and idolatry, as the early teachers agree in declaring. Yet in the book of Daniel we read, "In his estate shall he honor the God of Forces; and a god whom his fathers knew not shall he honor with gold and silver, and with precious stones and pleasant things. Thus shall he do in the most strongholds with a strange god, whom he shall acknowledge and increase with glory" (Daniel 11: 38-39).

What is meant by the words translated "God of forces," and afterwards called "a strange god," is quite hidden from us, and probably will be so till the event: but anyhow some sort of false worship is certainly predicted as the mark of Antichrist, with this prediction the contrary way, that he shall set himself against all idols, as well as against the true God.

"AS LITTLE CHILDREN."

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for Week Commencing Feb. 10. Luke 18: 15-17; Matt. 11: 25, 26.

EVERY Christian's experience demonstrates the sound philosophy of our Lord's teaching as to the beginning of Divine life in the soul. Growth is possible; indeed it is demanded; there is no limit to attainment, but the beginning must be in the spirit of a little child. To this day, he calls little children, the men of childlike spirit, and sets them among his people. That the number does not grow more rapidly is due to the fact that so few follow that child's example and go to him when he calls them. Some postpone going to him till they have had a little more play and pleasure; some are precocious and want to know what he will do with them, being too smart to be entrapped, as they regard it; and some want no dealings with him. He calls, but they do no not respond. The simple, confiding spirit that goes to him willingly and lovingly, places itself without reserve in his hands, is the spirit that he loves to receive. With such material he can make men; he can make sons of God. The most difficult of all to bring into the kingdom are those who, in common parlance, "know it all." Those who can direct their own lives, those who believe that if they lead fairly moral lives, God will overlook any little imperfections, those who want to study the philosophy of salvation and cavil at the doctrines of Christianity—these seldom come to Christ. They have not the spirit of the little child who, asking no questions, raising no objections, simply comes when he is called. That is the first and the essential step. It does not exclude the exercise of intelligence. The very idea of a child suggests one who expects to receive and to learn. Education and training are to follow the first step and at every stage the mind and the conscience must be alert. But the simple confidence that prompts the coming is essential, and the same confidence and rest must continue all the way through making every task acceptable and every burden light. This is the one and only door by which the kingdom can be entered. It is humiliating to the proud, but it is the only way to attainment. It is so at school and at college and in business. Nothing can be done with a boy who has no confidence in his teachers. The more intelligence the boy has the better, but he must be ready to learn, and the teacher is glad to help him. So with Christ. If any one desires to make the best of his life, to live a better life than the animals live, to have higher pursuits, higher principles than the gratification of the body, Christ will help him. He redeems him from sin, from sordid passions and appetites and puts him on a new plane that reaches up to heaven. Princes, statesmen, warriors, scholars have entered through this door with the children and have found it the gate of life.

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THREE STATE PRESIDENTS.

Conspicuous among the State Unions of Christian Endeavor Societies are those of Texas, Maryland and Idaho, the Presidents of which we introduce to our readers through their portraits on this page. The Importance of those Unions is coming so rapidly into recognition in the Christian world, that the office of President has taken a representative character, corresponding in religious matters to the office of Governor in politics. There is this also to be said, that as the President of the Christian Endeavor Union does not reach his high office by the peculiar methods in favor in politics, he is much more likely to be truly representative than is the Governor of the State, as he is also likely to be the best man for the office in the State, which is more than can always be predicated of the Governor.

The first of the group is Mr. William Gilmore Bell, President of the Union of the great State of Texas. Mr. Bell is a successful young broker of Austin, a Presbyterian with many titles to respect. First he is the son of a minister closely identified with the Bible Society. Then he has been a church member since he was seventeen years of age and a deacon since he was twenty-three. His connection with the Sunday School has been still longer, and indeed, there were physical reasons why it could not have been longer than it has been. He was elected last year Superintendent of the school, which he entered as a scholar in the Primary Department at three years of age. Mr. Bell is also an active Y. M. C. A. worker and one of the organizers of the institution at Austin.

The second member of the group is Mr. W. H. G. Belt, President of the Maryland Union. Mr. Belt is a Congregationalist, though his early associations were with the Lutheran Church. He is a native of Baltimore and is thirty-eight years of age. He entered commercial life as a boy, but has continued his education through the assistance of Chautauqua, and holds certificates in those courses. His connection with Sunday School and the Young Men's Christian Association prepared him to appreciate the value of Christian Endeavor and he was chosen first President of the local society connected with his church. Subsequently he became the first President of the Union of Baltimore, and has now reached the chair of the State Union.

Rev. Joseph Hughes Barton is the head of the Union in Idaho. He is a Pennsylvanian, but may claim to be a Westerner by a ten years' residence and much valuable work. He is one of those earnest, studious farm boys, whose rudimentary education was a work of difficulty and self-denial, and whose college education was won by his own efforts in school teaching. At Washington and Jefferson College and in the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny City, Mr. Barton proved his capacity for scholarship and his native talent for ministerial work. His first charge was at Boise City, Idaho, where he labored for eight years in the First Presbyterian Church. It was a most successful pastorate and his people were grieved to lose him when in obedience to the call of Providence Mr. Barton removed to Caldwell. He was the first President of the Idaho Christian Endeavor Union and is now serving his second term.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR STATE PRESIDENTS.

MR. W. G. BELL, *of Texas.* MR. W. H. G. BELT, *(of Maryland.)* REV. J. H. BARTON, *(of Idaho.)*

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THE Y. M. C. A. IN INDIA.

In a letter to a friend Mr. David McConaughy writes from Madras: Our work appears to have entered upon a new phrase—one of organized opposition. Ever since the week of prayer for young men, when a number of Hindu associate members openly asked for prayer, many of our associate members have shown less disposition to attend our meeting; some have given expression to unfriendliness. But in August, one of our associate members, Mr. S. Ramanujam, M.A., B.L., a pleader in the High Court of Madras, was baptized. He belonged to the Comatees, a community of which it is said no member has ever become a Christian. They have the reputation of being more orthodox than the Brahmin. You would hardly believe what a sensation this step of Mr. Ramanujam caused throughout India. And here at once a move was made to counteract the influence of our Asssociation, by forming a Young Men's Hindu Association, on lines as similar as possible to our own, but, of course, lacking the very heart of the matter. One of the native rajahs has contributed 5000 rupees toward a building for the new Association. Our membership has thus been somewhat diminished, but the reaction will not be long in setting in,

If there were nothing to show for the work of the past four years and more, other than the transformation of one home in which I was yesterday, I should feel that our investment had paid a hundredfold. It is the home of Vyramuthu, the assistant Secretary of our Vepery branch, who is one of our brightest trophies. It is two years ago this month that Vyramuthu became a Christian. Since then six other young people—his brother and his wife, his two sisters and both their husbands—have followed his example in following Christ. All of the seven have been publicly baptized within these two years and are shining for Jesus. On Sunday evening after church they carry on open-air preaching in a village near where not long ago they themselves were living as heathen.

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A TYPICAL B. Y. P. U. CONFERENCE.

A recent conference of Baptist Young People's Societies at Aurora, Ill., may serve as a model for similar meetings elsewhere and among other societies. One of the members who attended it sends an account of it to the Chicago "Standard." From this writer it appears that this was the first of a series of such conferences projected by the State Executive Committee. The Park Place Church was the place of meeting. Pastor E. H. Brooks, of the First Church, delivered an address of welcome, and Rev. F. R. Swartout, Chairman of the Executive Committee, responded. This was followed by a symposium on the three departments of educational work. Pastor H. W. Reed, of Waukegan, spoke on the Sacred Literature Couse; Pastor F. G. Davis, of Streator, on Missionary Conquest; and Pastor H. J. White, of Joliet, on Bible Study. The symposium was succeeded by an open parliament on the best methods of promoting progress in each department. The remainder of the afternoon session was given up to a consideration of the Junior department. The leaders of the Juniors in the different churches reported marked progress, and spoke hopefully of the spirit manifested by the children. State President Nuveen opened the evening session with an address on the State needs and opportunities, showing in how many ways the B. Y. P. U. could exert a helpful influence. President John H. Chapman, as became his office, took a still wider view, and one quite as encouraging. His recent Western trip convinced him that the young people of all the States were ready and willing to work, and had found the Union a means of combining and concentrating forces. An experience meeting concluded this most interesting conference. We learn that the Executive Committee designs to cover the State from north to south with these conferences, and if this is a sample of what they are to be, they will add greatly to the strength and usefulness of the churches. We bid them Godspeed.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Epworth League of Grace Church, Richmond, Ind., is giving a series of Pentecostal services on successive Monday evenings, conducted by Rev. Dougan Clark.

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The report of the first annual meeting of the united C. E. Society for China shows good work and steady. By its means many churches have been kindled into new life and vigor.

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When diphtheria and scarlet fever broke out in Saginaw, Mich., last summer, there was found to be no place where the patients could be cared for. So the Endeavorers raised $1,350 with which they erected in connection with the hospital, a special build- for the treatment of diphtheria and scarlet fever, different rooms in the building being furnished by different societies.

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The tenth Anniversary of the Young Men's Institute of the Y. M. C. A. of New York was held in the Institute Hall in the Bowery on January 15; William M. Kingsley, Esq., presided. Among the speakers were Mr. Edward M. Shepard, Mr. W. Dulles, Jr., and Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge. The report showed that the Institute was doing an excellent work on educational and social lines, and was exerting a strong religious influence.

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Big Rapids, Mich., has an energetic Epworth League. At the recent annual meeting the Secretary reported that a Sunday School has been organized in the country, with one of the leaguers as Superintendent. The Gospel is being preached by another in a district where otherwise there would be none. Other Leagues have been organized; calls have been made on the sick and strangers; bouquets of flowers with Scripture texts attached have been sent to thesick; baskets of clothing to the poor. Paper racks in the depots have been kept supplied with religious literature.

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The special appeal on behalf of Missions to the Epworth League was not neglected in India. In Calcutta 220 rupees were given, in Lucknow 175. Societies elsewhere in India brought the total offering up to 458 rupees or about $115.

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Responses continue to come in from Christian Endeavor Societies, Baptist Unions and Epworth Leagues to our appeal for the destitute people in Kansas and Nebraska. The contributions are acknowl- on another page. On behalf of the poor for whom bread is thus provided we tender our hearty thanks.

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A suggestion is made that an exchange be opened at the Chicago headquarters of the Epworth League for the reception of reports from chapters on the frontier. Many of these chapters know of cases of dire need which could be relieved by the Mercy and Help Departments of city chapters.

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Dr. Schell, General Secretary of the Epworth League, announces that there is no longer any doubt about the one-fare rate for the round trip to Chattanooga for those attending the Second International Epworth League Conference, June 27-30. The Southern Passenger Association at its December meeting by a unanimous vote acceded to the request of the committee.

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A caution against frauds has been sent out by the International Committee of Young Women's Christian Associations. If an offer is made to any Association to print a year-book containing facts and statistics of the Association with portraits and pictures, to give one thousand copies free and fifty dollars in cash, on condition that the President and Secretary sign a letter recommending merchants to advertise in it, the offer should be rejected. An Association which recently accepted an offer of that kind, now bitterly regrets doing so.

Hindu Homes.

The Child-wives of India and their Offspring—Very Picturesque Dresses—A Famous Maharajah's Household.

THERE is a peculiar charm about everything that relates to India; its social life, apparently as little changed by the passing centuries as its ancient temples and hoary religions, has a special interest for the visitor from other lands. Zenana missionary work, in recent years has given us many interesting glimpses of domestic life in India, and disclosed aspects of character as charming as they were unexpected.

On this page is an illustration representing a typical high-class Hindoo family group—that of the late Maharajah of Mysore. The Maharajah was a great native prince, whose territory lies in southern India, and has an area of nearly 5,000 square miles, with a population exceeding 4,000,000 souls. It has been ruled by a long line of princes, the history of whose conquests and vicissitudes extends backward nearly to the days of the Ptolemies. Cham Rajendra Wadeir, the late Maharajah, (who is seen seated in the group), was a representative of the ancient Hindu line of rulers, and his administration was conducted under British advisement, like that of other Indian princes. The old palace at the capital, Mysore, is a wonderful piece of Indian architecture, adorned within by European artists, and it contains a throne said to have been presented to a former Maharajah by the great Emperor Aurungzebe. A new palace was erected for the late ruler about ten years ago at Bangalore, in which he resided with his family. His family consists of Princess Jaya Lukshammanee the tallest girl of, the group, Princess Cheluva Jammanee, the little tot seated aloft between Jaya and Krishna Raj Wadeir Bahadoor, the new Maharajah (a bright lad of nine years), Kuntee Narsa Raj, the baby of the group, and sedate little Princess Krishnajammanee, who stands with hands folded, on her father's right. All the children wear the sober and somewhat serious expression common to little Hindus of the upper class. The Maharanee is not included in the group.

A Hindu girl of rank wears a dress that would be deemed picturesque anywhere. Soft, clinging material, of rich texture and brilliant colors to please the eye; an abundance of coins strung as necklaces and armlets; earrings so large that they seem to overload the wearer and of such complicated and artistic design that they puzzle the Western beholder. A prominent article of attire is the "saree," a cloth several yards in length, which is gathered into a point in front and fastened around the waist. It is often richly embroidered with gold or silver and being thrown loosely around the entire person, can also be drawn over the head to serve as a veil, when the wearer goes outdoors. Under the saree a fine silk bodice is worn, the whole attire being very becoming. The little princesses in the picture wear the "saree."

Life in Hindu homes is, for the most part, tame and uneventful—little else, as far as the mother is concerned—than a ceaseless round of family cares. When the children happen to be boys, the mother is proud and the father kind, but the birth of a daughter is a disappointment. Such an event the Hindu mother regards as a punishment for some sin she has committed in a former state of existence. Such is Hindu theology. Usually, the babies are a pretty sight, wee plump, brown mites and guiltless of clothing till they reach the toddling age. Around neck and arms are strings of gold coins and these ornaments increase in weight and value as the child grows older. The finest garments are procured for the little ones, and they are made to look very attractive indeed. On the other hand, the greatest possible contrast is presented by the lower classes, who are all garbed pretty much alike, with limbs scarcely covered.

THE LATE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE AND HIS CHILDREN.

Filial reverence and obedience are regarded among the cardinal virtues in the homes of India. In many, the sweet influence of the Gospel of Jesus has made itself felt, brightening the monotony and giving a new meaning to life. Thousands of Hindustani mothers now teach their children to lisp the sacred Name from earliest infancy.

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A Child's Treasures.

Values are relative; so are losses; so are sorrows. One person puts a high estimate on what another deems quite worthless. One grieves over a loss for which another would feel no concern. That which a child values highly may be of no moment to the child's father; but its loss might be as great a grief to the child as would the loss to the father of that which, in the father's sight, is incalulably more important. A little girl was startled by what she heard said at the family table concerning a neighbor's loss of household silver through a visit of robbers. "Mamma," she whispered, "do robbers take dolls?" Her dolls were that child's treasure. If they were in danger, life had new terrors for her. "No, my dear," said her mamma; "robbers don't want dolls. Why should they take them?" "I didn't know but they would want them for their little girls," was the answer. With the assurance that her dolls were safe, that little girl had less fear of midnight robberies. What, to her mind, was the loss of the family silver, or of clothing and jewels, if the dolls were to be left unharmed!

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Don't Nag the Children.

"My first child was my best child," said a parent, "and I harmed her for life by over-doing in her training, as I now see, in looking back over my course with her. I thought I must be training her all the time, and I forced issues with her, and took notice of little things, when I would have done better to let her alone. So she was checked unduly, and shut up within herself by my course with her; and she grew up in a rigid and unnatural constraint which ought not to have been hers. I saw my mistake afterward, and I allowed my other children more freedom, by letting them alone except when they must be interfered with; and I've seen the benefit of this course. My rule with all my children, since my first, has been to avoid an issue with them on a question of discipline whenever I could do so safely. And the less show of training there is, in bringing up a child, the better, as I see it."

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A Child's Idea of a Lady.

Here are four estimates of "a true lady," as written by four little girls of nine to eleven years:

"A true lady is a girl or woman who is modest, not boisterous, mannerly and polite. Her dress has nothing to do with her actions, though it should be neat, and she should have neat ways.

"Being a lady depends very much upon manners, gentleness and kindness, and if you want to be a lady, you must be a good deal like Christ. A lady consists of fine deeds and actions, not of fine clothes. It takes a modest, good kind girl to make a lady—a woman who is honest and intelligent, and who says and does the kindest things in the kindest way.

"A lady is a well-bred person, whom everyone respects, who is kind to all human beings and dumb animals. A lady is a lady, whether rich or poor.

"A lady is one who is tender-hearted, forgiving, obedient and kind; who has remembered her Creator in her youthful days. Her ways are ways of pleasantness; her price is far above rubies."

CLINGING HANDS.

ALL day, upon my work intent,
My busy feet pace to and fro,
And every energy is bent
Upon each mission as I go:
And ever 'round my fingers twine
These little hands that cling to mine.

"Wait mamma," cries a birdlike voice:
"Don't leave me; I must go, too."
His loving eyes my heart rejoice;
I linger, though I've much to do,
What would life be could I not find
This little hand that clings to mine?

Dear little hands? Oh, guide them, Lord
And keep them pure and clean;
So quick to do with loving might,
Turn them from all things mean
To thine own use I pray Thee, bind
These little hands that cling to mine.

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HUMBLE MEXICAN HOMES.

REV. J. W. McLAUGHLIN, writing of a journey in Mexico, gives this interesting description of town and village life: Every now and then one comes upon a little adobe (mud-built) town. Entering one of these adobe cabins at the ever-open door—there are no windows—we find a flat roof, slightly slanted to throw off the rain, with four or five thick wooden beams upon which a few boards and rough sticks are nailed. On the top of these a foot or more of dirt is disposed. The majority have only a thatched covering supported by small branches of trees trimmed for the purpose, over which are placed dried banana leaves. Some of the floors have stone tiles, but most of them consist of uncovered earth. These last are wretchedly unwholesome in the brief rainy season, but the swarthy unclad children are as numerous and active as young chickens.

In some of these cabins dark-hued, native women are seen wearing only a cotton cloth around the lower part of their bodies from the middle, and a short cotton waist over their shoulders without sleeves. Rebosa is the universal garment of the common class of people, and is utilized as a carry-all for babies or bundles. It is worn over the head and shoulders in daytime, when not otherwise in use, and at night is blanket or covering while the owner is asleep.

One sees on his journey down through Mexico many things to indicate that the people are not entirely dead to the luxuries of life. Beside every lowly mud cabin there is a tall oleander. Branches and leaves hidden in gorgeous bloom, imparting a cheerful aspect, even amid all the squalor and the poverty.

Close at hand, on the adobe wall hangs a willow cage, imprisoning a tropical bird of gaudy plumage. Every now and then as we pass through these villages comes the pleasant sound of a guitar, accompanied by a human voice; so these people love birds and flowers and music, and beautiful things. The half effaced image of God must still be on their hearts.

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A Father's Love.

There is no better safeguard for a girl than a father's love, writes a noble Christian lady. Every atom of good in me, every scrap of good I have done in the world, I owe to my father—a father who was never too busy or too absorbed to listen to me, or to make his strong, wise, tender heart his girl's refuge in every difficulty. There would be fewer "Refuges" for poor, lost girls if the door of a father's heart had always been open to them, as it was to me. Just see to it that your girl bears the same testimony to you when you are gone, as I do to my father, and not the testimony a little Sunday School girl bore to her father, when her teacher was sympathizing with her over his sudden death. Feeling keenly how much happier and more peaceful her home was now, the child looked up and exclaimed sharply, "Better without him!" That was the child's epitaph over her father's grave—"Better without him!"

A NEW-FASHIONED WOMAN.

Written Specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

BY MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A Strange Dawn.

DREARY indeed was the watch in the sick-room with nothing to break its monotony but the sounds of the storm outside. Annie sat and listened to them with an occasional shudder as she thought of the poor homeless creatures who might be exposed to its fury. She wondered why Mrs. Wilkins did not come to bear her company as she had promised. Something must have delayed her. The city clock struck two—a step—not Mrs. Wilkins'—a man's footstep—Dr. Gordon again.

"Mrs. Wilkins will not come," he said softly, stooping to pick off his arctics.

"She will not?"

"No, she cannot. Her little boy is quite sick. As I passed, I saw a light and called in and found her child with spasmodic croup, and I relieved him, and her mind by saying I would take the last part of the night myself."

"Dr. Gordon, you must not do this. I can sit up all night and by myself, too. Indeed, were you to stay, it would not relieve me, for they have shown me no room to occupy, so I cannot lie down. You must not think of staying, indeed, you must not."

"Yes, I must. You cannot sit up alone, and if you have no place to sleep, neither have I. Now! What do you say to that? They are all sleeping sweetly, doing very well, we can only watch, and while we watch, Miss Annie, may I say a few words to you of the past?"

"You may, certainly, yes. My past life is no secret from you, Dr. Gordon, and our long friendship will surely allow us to talk freely of it."

"I wish to speak of the past and present, too, Miss Annie. I have followed you for years with the deepest interest, and I truly mourned with yon in your affliction. You have had more suffering than commonly falls to the lot of mortals, my dear friend, but it was sent in love—a severe blow, but a loving Father dealt it. Can you not see it now?"

"I can. I see the love now, though once I felt it was most cruel. I had to be beaten into the fold, Dr. Gordon—beaten with almost death-dealing stripes. Oh! it was terrible, both the blows and my stubborn, hard heart!"

"Terrible, indeed! I stood off and saw the conflict, witnessed the crushing strokes, and my own heart was sore, and, may I say it? I prayed God to spare you—prayed him to draw you to him by cords of love."

"You prayed for me, Dr. Gordon? I never dreamed of your sympathy, that you ever gave me a passing thought."

She arose with emotion, laid Ginnie down and came and leaned her head against the mantel. He replied:—

"Indeed, you were mistaken. I had always admired you, I do not say I loved you, for my heart was schooled against loving the beautiful pet of society, the pampered child of wealth. Your life was in the world and your thoughts engrossed by its fashion."

"True. It is all true, Dr. Gordon. Once I was the leader, the proud, acknowledged leader of fashionable society; now, thank God, I am in another sense a new-fashioned woman."

"Ah! I have known it—have known it a long time, I can see it; everyone who knows you has seen it. While you were in society I admired; saw and confessed your charms of face, manner, and mind, and I believed that in you were the elements of a grand womanhood; yet I saw no plan for developing these latent powers, saw no future for you, but the unsatisfying one you were shaping for yourself. How different you appear to me now! It seems to me you were never so rich, so lovely, so peerless as right now. 'The fashion of this world passeth away' truly, but your new adorning is forever. Once, I bound my heart with fetters and said, 'thus far shalt thou go and no further.' May I give loose reins now, and let it love you just as much es it longs for love?"

He arose and stood by her. She replied calmly. "No one prizes the love of friends more than I, Dr. Gordon."

He interrupted her—"Don't mistake the love I offer you."

She raised her head, looked at him with surprise and said: "Dr. Gordon, I thought," she paused.

"You thought what?"

"Who was that young lady visiting Captain Roland's this winter?"

"That young lady? She is my half sister."

"Your sister? Why, I heard——"

"What?"

"That you were soon to marry her?"

"And you believed it?"

"I did, certainly."

"Believe only this, then, that I love you with the purest, fondest love that ever a man offered the woman of his heart, and that there is none other in all the broad earth whom I love and whom I want to be my wife but you."

Suddenly opening his arms, he said:

"Will you come, my darling?"

They were around her, she knew not how, never could explain what was said, or how it all came about, but she was then pressed to his heart.

And then the rain-drops danced upon the window-pane, tickled and dashed and splashed—and the trees clapped their hands for joy—and the multiflora peeped through the blinds, sparkling with bright drops—and the wind ceased to wail—and the clouds were rifted—and the moon looked out.

Four o'clock!—day had come!

What a strange, yet what a sweet night!

The sick were all better. Mrs. Wilkins came over to apologize for not coming, and Annie excused her readily. Dr. Gordon had gone for his buggy to carry her home; but since she had promised to breakfast with Mrs. Somers, he would carry her there first, allow her one hour for that meal, and then he would take her home

"Tell Mrs. Somers, Annie, I am coming for her blessing."

"A cosy breakfast was begun by the two ladies alone, for Mrs. Somers' nephew had gone to his store at an early hour.

"Mrs. Wilkins did not come last night, Mrs. Somers," Annie began, for the time was passing and she feared Dr. Gordon's return, before she had prepared the way for his reception.

"Why, how was that? You surely did not sit up all night alone, my child?"

"Yes. Well no, not exactly either," with some embarrassment. "I mean Mrs. Wilkins was not there; her child had the croup and she could not come, of course."

"Did you remain alone with those three sick people through that terrific night?"

"Mostly, yes, but I did not mind that. I had very little trouble, and I feel perfectly well this morning."

"You look rather brighter, rosier, than usual. I expected a pale, hollow eyed woman to breakfast with me."

"These are the simple facts, Mrs. Somers: Dr. Gordon came in, found out the condition of affairs, found me alone with Ginnie in my arms, went to see a patient not far off, saw a light in Mrs. Wilkins' room as he passed by, stopped to inquire why she had not gone over, found her child with croup, relieved him, and her mind about the necessity for her going—came back and declared his intention of staying the rest of the night, and—"

Mrs. Somers looked up with quick inquiry and with woman's instinct caught the truth, and smiling, said:

"Declared also that he would never again leave you alone?"

"Words to that effect, I believe."

And the spoon wouldn't balance on the cup, she couldn't make it, though her eyes and efforts were all directed towards it.

"Well, my dear, I hope you did not send him from you?"

"No, I don't believe I did—well I don't know how it all happened, what led to it, what words were said, and how it all came about."

"But how did it happen?"

"Why I am sure I never dreamed of such a thing before. I certainly thought Dr. Gordon was engaged to be married."

"He is, isn't he?" asked Mrs. Somers laughing; and Annie joined in the laugh as she replied: "Not to the one I supposed. That young lady is his half-sister. It came, I mean the revelation of his love like a flash of lightning. I reproach myself, now, for being so hasty."

"Indeed, you need not reproach yourself. The fact was, your heart was hungry for the love he offered you. You knew him to be noble, far above all men, and when he told you he loved you, your pent up heart just opened and took him right in."

"That is just so, you describe it exactly."

"Then you did exactly right not to keep him waiting. There was no need to defer your answer; only custom, though generally I would prefer to wait, not however in your case. You knew him well, had esteemed him long. I am so glad you have, at last, discovered your adaptation for each other. I have long known that you were suited, and I have prayed God, if it could be his will, to open the eyes of each and show your fitness for each other. Let us go to the sitting-room. I think I heard a buggy drive up."

They went in, and as Dr. Gordon appeared at the door, Mrs. Somers took his hands in both of hers and said: "Doctor, I feel like saying with old Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'"

"Not yet, my dear friend," said the doctor, holding her with one hand, and reaching out the other towards Annie. "You must live to see how perfectly we will make our lives accord—how harmoniously we will work together for our Saviour; and you must live to bless us with your counsel and your prayers. I shall take good care of my prize, Mrs. Somers; and I shall not let her kill herself in sympathy for my patients, and sit up alone with them, long, dark, dreary, stormy nights. But good-by, I am going to carry my nurse home to take a good nap, for there's another sphere she must work in now, and she will not work alone any more."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Equally Yoked.

Annie looked radiantly happy and beautiful that night as she entered the parlor, in response to Dr. Gordon's card. She thought, too, that she had never seen so peaceful a look of deep seated joy on the doctor's handsome face. How they talked! How fast time flew! Dr. Gordon pleaded for a speedy marriage, but Annie wished to postpone it till after Christmas. He argued and finally said:

"Now Annie, tell me candidly and freely your reasons for wishing to defer our marriage. You are not as much in love as I am, or you would brook no delay."

"Dr. Gordon you know that I am a teacher in the Female College at R., and I told President Clarke that I would certainly return, and I know that he requires his teachers to give him six months' notice if they intend to leave."

"Six months! Whew! I can't begin to wait that time. I'll write to him, at once, and see if he will not make an exception in your favor."

"Six months will fly rapidly, doctor."

"Indeed they would drag their weary lengths most heavily with me. No, indeed, no six months probation, if you please. Doctors are arbitrary men, have got so in the habit of being minded that they can't stand much opposition, especially when one is dreadfully in love and his sweetheart talks of six months. I shall write over to R. and effect a compromise. Where's Mr. St. Clair? Perhaps he can help me out. Please ask him to step in here for a few minutes."

So Annie went to call her brother. Now Roy had been apprised of the state of affairs, and he entered into them with hearty concurrence. When he and Annie returned together, they found Dr. Gordon pacing up and down the floor with his hands behind him, and his face perplexed. As soon as they entered, he walked up in front of them and said:

"Mr. St. Clair, I'm in a quandary, and my conviction is, you are the only man that can help me out."

"Well, for what amount?" asked Ro with mock gravity, pulling out his penci "I've gone security for a good many unfo tunates, and I expect I can stand one more.

"It's not exactly that kind I want, bu its a man I want you to secure me agains and a woman I want you to secure for m and at once."

"Oh! a woman's in it, is she? They a generally at the bottom of all the mischi in this world. Well, first tell me what can do and I'm at your service.

Then the case was stated, the cause Annie's objections, for which she could s no remedy. After the whole thing was e plained, Roy said:

"Annie please excuse us for a few m ments. I will take Dr. Gordon to the libra where pen and ink are more convenient; f in these security papers I must have an u mistakable signature in black and whit Go to the piano and play something, till w come back."

"Yes, Annie," said Dr. Gordon, ste ping back, "play 'Raindrops' and thin what sweet music they made for me la night."

When they were in the library with do closed, seated facing each other, while t rippling notes of the piano floated aroun Roy said:

"Dr. Gordon, there is a secret about n sister's teaching, and while I shall tell yo yet it must ever remain a secret betwe us. Yes, I know you are impatient to g back to her, but patience, my dear fello the end will come after awhile. I scout the idea of her teaching, I told her that n property belonged to her as much as it d to me, and when she found how the su ject pained me, she quit urging it. Wh our physician said that in her physical a mental condition she must be put to wor that would be healthy for body and brai as my last resort, her only chance for covery, in tears I told him of her former sire to teach in a college. He caught at t idea, and it was arranged between us t he was to write to his friend Preside Clarke, the College in R——, and he w to tell him her true condition. He was secure a situation for her in the departme of music and painting, and I was to p her salary. Oh, I could not allow him pay Annie! I paid both salary and boa indeed I would not consent to the arran ment without this stipulation."

"Mr. St. Clair," said Dr. Gordon, I lo and admire you more than ever, my bro er. You have acted a noble part."

"Well, you see the case was peculiar. troubled me no little, but Dr. Kipley s he would see her safe to the college, a afterward make every arrangement for health and comfort, and he did. His p scription worked a miracle. I have ne seen her so bright, so uniformly happy, her gay life, surrounded by hosts of mirers, and all that wealth could buy have seen her lighthearted and sparkl with exuberance of joy, but now she s constantly happy. She seems never think of herself now, lives for others al the time."

"She says, Mr. St. Clair, that once was a fashionable member of society, now that she is a new fashioned woma a different sense and it is true. Hers is a life of beautiful self-abnegation. Now lives for Christ."

"If religion makes everybody so lov so angelic, would that I and all of my f ily, and it, too!"

"Would that you had, Mr. St. Clat

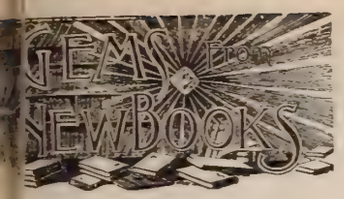
"Well, Dr. Gordon, going back to subject, you see there is no six month's tice to be given in Annie's case, for I was a peculiar contract to be annul whenever I pleased. Tell her, I thou she might grow weary of teaching, and ranged so that her contract might close day. Don't tell her all the truth it w mortify her. And now, sir; I have gi my consent most cheerfully to my sis giving up teaching, but not exactly to being your wife. I had hoped that would never leave us. How can we without Annie!"

"You can live without her, Mr. St. C far better than I can, and I promise y shall not do without her long, now you have removed this obstacle from path. Well, Sir, if you won't cons you will let us marry in your house, w you? That is the way indulgent, forgi fathers do."

"Yes, I will let you have the parlor, I tell you doctor, I don't like it."

"Well, Mr. St. Clair, I do."

To be continued.



AN INDIAN PATRIARCH.*

STRUCK-BY-THE-REE was the Chief of the Yankton Sioux. This name was given him from the fact that once when in battle with the Rees he was shot and left for dead where he fell. But he finally rallied and got to his lodge with the arrow point in his when it was extracted by Mr. Henore , the father of Charles Picotte. And hat day, he bore the name—"Struck- Ree,"—a name upon which rests no

Chief once said to Governor Faulk : ten years old when Lewis and Clarke up the river and reached our camp." s a very influential Chief among his all controversies were referred to or settlement, the opposing parties to abide by his judgment, always he position which he occupied among ple for three-quarters of a century, e of almost sovereign authority. Per- , Struck-by-the-Ree was of medium broad shoulders, very stout; and most kindly expression. It was well whites that this Yankton Chief had ower over his people, as they realized e than one occasion.

ne time when the lower Brules were to unite with the nation at Crow and with the Yanktonese, for exam- was wholly through him that a ter- aughter among the whites was pre- ; while hands that were eager to the scalping knife and to dip their alms in the blood of the hated enemy, staid by the strength of his humane termined efforts.

us now think of him, surrounded by tal host, clamoring for the dogs of be let loose, as alone and single- nd, he not only saved the Agency from extinction, but kept those helpless rom a fate far worse! until re-inforc- the arrival of his friend and assistant, es F. Picotte. And remembering such, ought arises, can too high an estimate ced upon the character of that Chief- Through his long life of almost a y, to the day of its close, he stood an ible bulwark between the whites and stile tribes of his nation.

it is not surpising that his honorable referred to him, and the days when elt in the valley, with a voice in which seemed not far off. Truthful, kind, t and faithful, he laboring for the es- ing of an enduring peace between the s dwelling in camp and village along alley that bore his name, and wherever uld reach them by his influence on the and, and timely warning on the other, would his pacific spirit do its gracious unheralded and without price.

I it was with feelings of deepest in- that I visited the room wherein the able Chief of almost one hundred had just passed his last days, and tly waited for the coming night. And as I stood at the close of that autumn by his new-made grave, over which ngering rays of the October sun were like a mantle of gold, it seemed, in- a sacred place, the grave of a hero. ugh the only indication, about the mound, of care and thoughtfulness, he offering of two red apples, which, me kind hand, had been placed upon rave where lay the Royal Patriarch of ankton Sioux.

t it is hoped that the people who have the objects of his solicitude and pro- n—and they are many—will not fail ect above where he rests, a suitable ment to his virtues and memory, in nition of all that has been done to , when life and worse than death were grant or withhold. And a most fit-

m *Once Their Home, or Our Legacy from the as*, by Frances C. Holley. A book of marvel- terest sketching the history and purposes of eatest of American Indian tribes; replete with le information; finely illustrated; pp. 419; cloth g. Donohue & Henneberry, Chicago, publ's.

ting inscription were the words of his own uttering :

"Not one drop of white man's blood is on these hands!"

A DREAM OF JUDGMENT.*

"I HAD a dream; a dream I can never forget. Jesus had come again to earth. He stood on the steps of the New York City Hall, and an immense crowd of people listened to his words. Every one knew who was speaking, and all listened with the most profound attention. And lo! a miracle was being performed: cars and wagons passed up and down the streets, on both sides of the park, and all the life of a busy city went on as usual, but not a sound came to distract the attention of the audience.

Every sound was hushed, save the voice of the speaker. I never in all my life heard such sweetness. Even in the midst of his fiercest denunciations there was a tremulous softness in the voice, as if he strove to win them by love, and would fain clasp to his loving bosom even the Pharisees he was denouncing. This is what he said :

" 'The scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat, just as they did in the olden time, in the city of David, and they are of the same pattern, and care as much for the people's welfare as did the Pharisees of old. They open saloons, and say unto the people, 'Drink, drink;' and when men have well drunken, then they lead them, as sheep to the slaughter, to deposit their votes so that these saloon-keepers may be kept in power. And these pot-house politicians love the uppermost seats at feasts, and greetings in the market, and to have clubs and associations named after them, and to be called of men, 'The Boss.' And they say unto their followers, 'Would you like to get a job on the public works? then vote for us, and ye shall have it.'

" 'Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, ye legislators and rulers of towns and cities! for ye bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, on men's shoulders, but you will not move them with one of your little fingers. Woe unto you! for ye license race-tracks and gambling-hells, that ye may debauch the people, and blind their eyes to your shortcomings. Woe unto you! for a day is coming when ye will be sent to perdition; a day is at hand when the people, with eyes opened to your enormities, will hurl you from power, as Satan was hurled from heaven.

" 'Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, ye money-changers and usurers, who beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor! Ye speculators, who speculate in the very life-blood of the people! Ye say, 'Let us raise the price of wheat and corn, and make great gain,' well knowing that your brethren must suffer for your selfishness. Ye fools and blind! know ye not that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches? What will your wealth avail, when the people arise in their wrath, and sweep you from the earth?

*From *Christ the Socialist;* a story by the author of *Philip Meyer's Scheme.* Pp. 357: price 50 cents. Published by The Arena Publishing Company, Copley Square, Boston. Perhaps a better title for this book might have been, "the Gospel of the Golden Rule." It shows in a vivid, forcible way how much happier the world would be if Christ's teachings were practically obeyed in our relations with each other.

Vigor and Vitality

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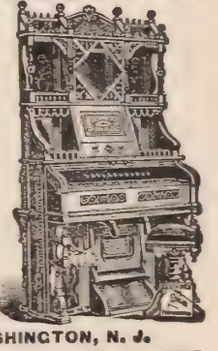

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I'M a millionaire, my comrades,
I'm a millionaire to-day;
Not in this world's fading riches;
No, my wealth is far away.

High in heaven I've stored my treasure,
Where no thief can enter in;
Yes, I've wealth there without measure,
In that land all free from sin.

I've a mansion in yon city
That outshines the noon-day sun;
And when this world fades in darkness,
Life on earth forever gone—

Brighter still my heavenly mansion,
As eternal ages roll,
Shall loom up in wondrous beauty,
In that loved home of the soul.

Though ten thousand times ten thousand
Worlds like this were all my own;
Though I sat in gorgeous splendor,
Ruling from a kingly throne—

What could gold and silver give me?
How could earthly fame and power
Cheer and comfort or befriend me.
In the gloom of death's dark hour?

Give me then enduring riches,
Treasures stored at God's right hand,
In that city of all cities,
With its scenes so wondrous, grand.

There to live through endless ages,
With my Saviour, God's dear Son:
Joining in the glad hosannas,
With the loved ones 'round His throne.

Richmond, Ind. —J. CHARLES.

THE RUM TRAFFIC IN AFRICA.

The love of money, says a missionary writer, has brought about such a terrible state of affairs in the Congo State that the battle will be between the Bible and the bottle. The love of money has sent concoctions termed rum, for which no market could be found in England, to be poured down the throats of the helpless blacks. The African cannot withstand brandy, gin and rum. He never can be a moderate drinker; let him once indulge and an appetite is formed over which he has no control, and when under its influence is a maddened demon.

Joseph Thomson, who has led three expeditions into Eastern Central Africa, writes: "I travelled and suffered, inspired by the idea that I was doing good in opening new lands to commerce and civilization; but all satisfaction was blighted as I felt that what little I had done was better undone, and Africa had better remain the dark continent, if such must be the end of it all. Underneath the cry for gin I seem to hear the reproach, 'You see what Christians have made us. You talk of peace and good will, yet put devils into us.' As things stand in many places, I translate this cry of opening Africa to civilizations, as really opening it to European vices, old clothes, gin, rum, powder and guns. Truly liquor has been well termed 'the devil in solution.'"

A DAY OF PRAYER.

The International Committee of the B. Y. P. U. A recommend that Sunday, April 21, be observed as a special day of prayer for the young people's work, and of consecrated giving for its wide extension. It is suggested that the day be hereafter known as Founders' Day. A special programme for an appropriate service will be furnished free by the International Union to those societies of young people that will observe the day, and will make an offering in connection with the observance for the International work.

A Wonderful Discovery—Catarrh and Consumption Cured.

There is good news for our readers who are victims of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, in the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral Boos Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

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The next leave New York on February 5th and at intervals of three weeks until May 14, 1895, inclusive. The rates, including accommodations at Washington's best hotels, are $15 from New York and $12 from Philadelphia, proportionate rates from other points.

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LOVE THAT BROUGHT LIFE.

'TWAS love that brought life unto man,
'Twas love that brought death to the Lord;
It gave him the grave
That our souls he could save,
And grant us eternal reward.

'Twas wonderful, wonderful love
That brought such a Saviour to men—
The grace he imparts
Is the song that our hearts
Sing over and over again.

'Twas love—oh! Compassionate love
That willingly suffered and died—
That counted death small
And could sacrifice all
That we might in glory abide.

Oh, come to the fountain of love:
Where every poor sinner may go—
That fountain so free
Is for you and for me—
And washes us whiter than snow.

'Twas wonderful love—
It was wonderful love
That bore all its burden of pain—
And wherever I am
I will sing of the Lamb—
The Lamb that for sinners was slain.

Ineland, N. J. —CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

AN UNSATISFACTORY EXCUSE.

DURING a visit to London," says Mr. Marchmont, "my friend Mr. Murray made the acquaintance of a young man, to whom as was his habit he put the question, 'My friend, are you one of the Lord's people?' The young man frowned and sullenly replied, 'No, I am not, and I do not wish to be.' 'Can you give me any reason for what you say?' continued the clergyman, quite unperturbed. 'Oh, yes, I can give a reason, and a good one.' 'May I ask what it is?' 'Well, just twenty years ago I was in a professing Christian's kitchen, and he, finding me there, swore at me, and kicked me out. From that time I resolved never to have anything to do with religion, and I never have.' 'And you have thoroughly made up your mind to continue in that course?' 'Certainly I have.' 'Then let us put it in writing,' he said; and with that, he wrote down the young man's words and handed the paper to him, saying, 'Take this, my friend, and when you are asked for your excuse on the Day of Judgment, hand this up.' The man took it mechanically, scarcely realizing what he did, and they parted. Mr. Murray had got home; prayers had been said, and he was on his way to his own room, when the door-bell rang.

"As he was in the hall he opened the door himself, there was the young man to whom he had spoken that day. 'What is the matter now, my friend? Can I do anything more for you?' he asked. Holding up the little slip of paper, and trembling perceptibly, the young fellow said, 'Oh, Mr. Murray. I want to talk this over with you. It will not hold water. When I look at it in black and white I see it will not do for me to reject the Lord Jesus Christ for such a paltry excuse. I cannot continue to do it; is there hope for me' Very kindly he was drawn into the house, and the clergyman asked, 'Is this excuse of twenty years' standing not sufficient for you?' 'No, it is not.' 'Then we will throw it into the fire, and, suiting the action to the word, the paper was cast into the flames. Together they knelt down, and after praying to God to save the poor sinner who knelt before him, they rose and gave praise to the Lord for all his goodness; and the mad went away renewed in heart, resolving to serve the Lord from that time onward."

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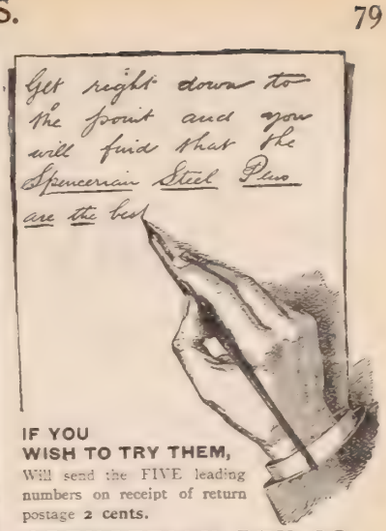

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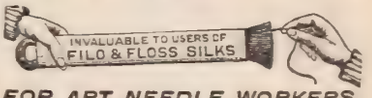

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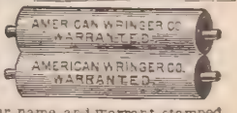

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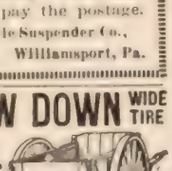

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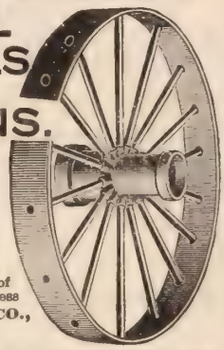

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18. NUMBER 6.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 6, 1895.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, $1.50.

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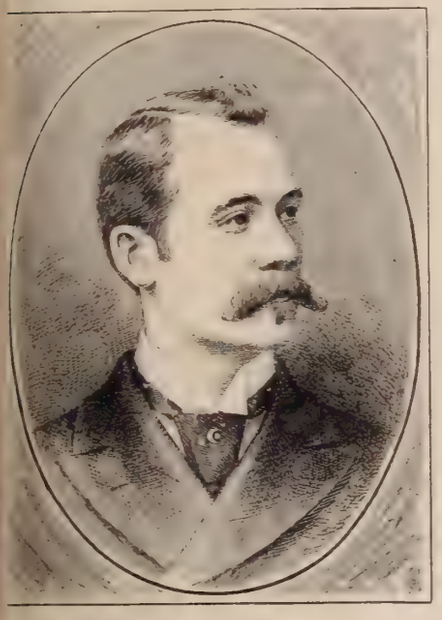
THE WALDENSES IN AMERICA.

A Little Godly, Primitive Colony in North Carolina—Descendants of the Brave and Pious Vaudois Who have Settled Here—A Sober, God-fearing People.

IN Northwestern Italy a series of valleys of rare beauty are enclosed by the crescent



REV. BARTH SOULIER, PASTOR OF THE COLONY.

range of the Cottian Alps. A more picturesque region than this it would be difficult to find in Europe anywhere. Its sequestered shades, its beautiful groves and waterfalls, its dark gorges, and its snow-capped mountains attract the notice and ravish the eye of the passing traveler. These valleys are the homes of the Waldenses, a people whose history is as marvellous as the physical features of the country are beautiful and picturesque. Here, through ages of relentless persecution God has preserved, sometimes almost miraculously, a little company of the "faithful," who have clung tenaciously, to the "faith once delivered to the saints." These people have been called "The Israel of the Alps." Milton has perpetuated the memory of their sufferings and trials in the familiar lines:

Thy slaughtered saints whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones.

They trace their descent from the Apostolic age, and number among their ancestors Christians who fled from Rome during the persecutions of Nero. Even Apostles, it is affirmed, preached the Gospel in their valleys, and from father to son the truth has been handed down "from time immemorial." This historic church, more commonly called the "Vaudois," is a member of the great "Alliance of the Reformed Churches holding the Presbyterian system," though with reason they refuse to be called "Reformed," saying "we have never been deformed."

It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that a recent immigration of a large number of these Waldenses to North Carolina should have excited such widespread interest. The first company of these new settlers arrived in this country eighteen months ago, about twenty families, who came to prepare the way for a larger number, who followed some six or eight months afterward. The colonists now number about two hundred and fifty. There are in all fifty men, heads of families. They are generally young married couples. One-third of the whole number are less than ten years of age. The occasion of this emigration from their native Italian valleys was the overcrowded condition of their population and a natural ambition among the poorer classes to better their condition by seeking homes in the New World. The property now owned by the colonists in Burke county, North Carolina, several thousand acres of good land, was purchased upon most favorable terms from a local land company. The purchase was made only after careful investigation by one of their native pastors, the Rev. Teofilo Gai, and a committee of farmers from their own country. The land is situated about eight miles east from Morganton, the county seat. It is well timbered with oak and pine, has numerous streams of pure water, is well suited to grape and fruit culture, and lies in part within the celebrated thermal belt, of which so much has been written in recent years. The colony is a corporation, chartered under the laws of the State, and is governed by a board of directors, consisting of six Waldenses and three Americans. The writer of this sketch is a member of the board, and its president. Recently it has been determined that the best interests of the colony would be promoted by the dissolution of its corporate life and a holding of the land in severalty. If this scheme is effected, the land will be divided among the colonists, each family owning from forty to one hundred acres, each free-holder assuming his proportionate part of the debt contracted by the community. The time of the colonists, since their arrival in this country, has been actively spent in clearing their land, building homes, setting out vines and fruit trees,

A WALDENSIAN PLEASURE CART.
From a Photograph taken at the Village of Valdese, N. C.

and in making themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

The village, "Valdese," now a station on the N. C. R. R., a branch of the Southern Railway, is the post-office of the colony, and the site of church and school, of store and hosiery mill. The traveller as he passes to and fro on this great railway line is always interested in the new village which has sprung up, and heads are always projected from car-windows to obtain a view of any Waldensian, who may by chance be within sight. These newcomers have awakened the interest of all classes in their adopted State. The area of the village includes about twenty acres and has been regularly and tastefully laid off into streets and building lots. The town lots are held in trust to be sold for the benefit of Church and school.

The Waldenses are generally of low stature, they are short, stout, thick-set. It is said that the higher the altitude of their native Italian home, the shorter are they in stature. Their complexion is dark; their eyes are bright and intelligent; their faces vivacious. Their dress always attracts attention, especially that of the women, with their white head-dresses of pretty, antique design, and of the young girls with bright-colored handkerchiefs neatly tied around their necks. Everyone

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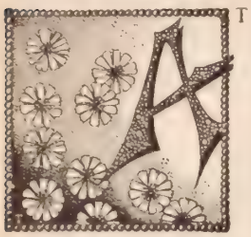
A GROUP OF SCHOOL CHILDREN IN THE WALDENSIAN COLONY, VALDESE, N. C.
(From a Photograph supplied by Rev. J. M. Rose.)

The Metropolitan Pulpit.

OPPORTUNITY.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage, preached last Sunday in the Academy of Music, New York. Text: Gal. 6: 10: "*As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good.*"



AT Denver, Colorado, years ago, an audience had assembled for divine worship. The pastor of the church for whom I was to preach that night, interested in the seating of the people, stood in the pulpit looking from side to side, and when no more people could be crowded within the walls, he turned to me and said, with startling emphasis: "What an opportunity!" Immediately that word began to enlarge, and while a hymn was being sung, at every stanza the word "opportunity" swiftly and mightily unfolded, and while the opening prayer was being made, the word piled up into Alps and Himalayas of meaning, and spread out into other latitudes and longitudes of significance until it became hemispheric, and it still grew in altitude and circumference until it encircled other worlds, and swept out, and on, and around until it was as big as eternity. Never since have I read or heard that word without being thrilled with its magnitude and momentum. Opportunity! Although in the text to some it may seem a mild and quiet note, in the great Gospel harmony it is a staccato passage. It is one of the loveliest and awfulest words in our language of more than one hundred thousand words of English vocabulary. "As we have opportunity, let us do good."

What is an opportunity? The lexicographer would coolly tell you it is a conjunction of favorable circumstances for accomplishing a purpose; but words cannot tell what it is. Take a thousand years to manufacture a definition, and you could not successfully describe it. Opportunity! The measuring rod with which the Angel of the Apocalypse measured heaven could not measure this pivotal word of my text. Stand on the edge of the precipice of all time and let down the fathoming line hand under hand, and lower down and lower down, and for a quintillion of years let it sink, and the lead will not strike bottom. Opportunity! But while I do not attempt to measure or define the word, I will, God helping me, take the responsibility of telling you something about opportunity.

First, it is very swift in its motions. Sometimes within one minute it starts from the throne of God, sweeps around the earth, and re-ascends the throne from which it started. Within less than sixty seconds it fulfilled its mission.

In the second place opportunity never comes back. Perhaps an opportunity very much like it may arrive, but that one never. Naturalists tells us of insects which are born, fulfill their mission, and expire in an hour; but many opportunities die so soon after they are born that their brevity of life is incalculable. What most amazes me is that opportunities do such overshadowing, far-reaching and tremendous work in such short earthly allowance. You are a business man of large experience. The past eighteen months have been hard on business men. A young merchant at his wits' end came into your office or your house, and you said, "Times are hard now, but better days will come. I have seen things as bad, or worse, but we got out, and we will get out of this. The brightest days that this country ever saw are yet to come." The young man to whom you said that was ready for suicide, or something worse, namely, a fraudulent turn to get out of his despairful position. Your hopefulness inspired him for all time, and thirty years after you are dead he will be reaping the advantage of your optimism. Your opportunity to do that one thing for that young man was not half as long as the time I have taken to rehearse it.

In yonder third gallery you sit, a man of the world, but you wish everybody well. While the clerks are standing round in your store, or the men in your factory are taking their noon spell, some one says, "Have you heard that one of our men has been converted at the revival meeting in the Methodist Church?" While it is being talked over you say, "Well, I do not believe in revivals. Those things do not last. People get excited, and join the church, and are no better than they were before. I wish our men would keep away from those meetings." Do you know, oh man, what you did in that minute of depreciation? There were two young men in that group who that night would have gone to those meetings and been saved for this world and the next, but you decided them not to go. They are social natures. They already drink more than is good for them, and are disposed to be wild. From the time they heard you say that, they accelerated their steps on the downward road. In ten years they will be through with their dissipations, and pass into the Great Beyond. That little talk of yours decided their destiny for this world and the next. You had an opportunity that you misimproved, and how will you feel when you confront those two immortals in the last judgment and they tell you of that unfortunate talk of yours that flung them over the precipice? Oh, man of the world, why did you not say in that noon spell of conversation, "Good! I am glad that man has got religion. I wish I had it myself. Let us all go to-night. Come on; I will meet you at the church door at eight o'clock." You see, you would have taken them all to heaven, and you would have got there yourself. Opportunity!

The day I left our country home to look after myself, we rode across the country, and my father was driving. Of course I said nothing that implied how I felt. But there are hundreds of men here, who from their own experience know how I felt. At such a time a young man may be hopeful, and even impatient, to get into the battle of life for himself, but to leave the homestead where everything has been done for you; your father or older brothers taking your part when you were imposed on by larger boys; and your mother always around, when you got the cold, with mustard applications for the chest, or herb tea to make you sweat off the fever, and sweet mixtures in the cup by the bed to stop the cough, taking sometimes too much of it because it was pleasant to take; and then to go out with no one to stand between you and the world, gives one a choking sensation at the throat, and a home-sickness before you have got three miles away from the old folks. There was on the day I spoke of a silence for a long while, and then my father began to tell how good the Lord had been to him, in sickness and in health, and when times of hardship came how Providence had always provided the means of livelihood for the large household; and he wound up by saying, "De Witt, I have always found it safe to trust the Lord." My father has been dead thirty years, but in all the crises of my life—and there have been many of them—I have felt the mighty boost of that lesson in the farm-wagon: "De Witt, I have always found it safe to trust the Lord." The fact was, my father saw that was his opportunity, and he improved it. This is one reason why I am an enthusiastic friend of all Young Men's Christian Associations. They get hold of so many young men just arriving in the city, and while they are very impressionable, and it is the best opportunity. Why, how big the houses looked to us as we first entered the great city; and so many people! It seemed some meeting must have just closed to fill the streets in that way; and then the big placards announcing all styles of amusements, and so many of them on the same night, and every night, after our boyhood had been spent in regions where only once or twice in a whole year there had been an entertainment in schoolhouse or church. That is the opportunity. Start that innocent young man in the right direction. Six weeks after will be too late. Tell me what such a young man does with his first six weeks in the great city, and I will tell you what he will be throughout his life on earth, and where he will spend the ages of eternity. Opportunity!

We all recognize that commercial, and literary, and political successes depend upon taking advantage of opportunity. The great surgeons of England feared to touch the tumor of King George IV. Sir Astley Cooper looked at it and said to the king: "I will cut your majesty as though you were a plowman." That was Sir Astley's opportunity. Lord Clive was his father's dismay, climbing church steeples and doing reckless things. His father sent him to Madras, India, as a clerk in the service of an English officer. Clive watched his time, and when war broke out came to be the chief of the host that saved India for England. That was Lord Clive's opportunity. Pauline Lucca, the almost matchless singer, was but little recognized until in the absence of the soloist in the German choir she took her place and began the enchantment of the world. That day was Lucca's opportunity. John Scott, who afterward became Lord Eldon, had stumbled his way along in the practice of law until the case of Ackroyd vs. Smithson was to be tried, and his speech that day opened all avenues of success. That was Lord Eldon's opportunity. William H. Seward was given by his father a thousand dollars to get a collegiate education. That money soon gone his father said, "Now, you must fight your own way," and he did, until gubernatorial chair, and United States senatorial chair were his, with a right to the presidential chair, if the meanness of American politics had not swindled him out of it. The day when his father told him to fight his own way was William H. Seward's opportunity. John Henry Newman, becalmed a whole week in an orange boat in the strait of Bonifacio, wrote his immortal hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." That was John Henry Newman's opportunity. You know Kirk White's immortal hymn, "When Marshalled on the Nightly Plain." He wrote it in a boat by a lantern on a stormy night as he was sailing along a rocky coast. That was Kirk White's opportunity.

The importance of making the most of opportunities as they present themselves is acknowledged in all other directions; why not in the matter of usefulness? The difference of usefulness of good men and women is not so much the difference in brain, or social position, or wealth, but in equipment of Christian common sense: to know just the time when to say the right word or do the right thing. There are good people who can always be depended on to say the right thing at the wrong time. A merchant selling goods over the counter to a wily customer who would like to get them at less than cost; a railroad conductor while taking up the tickets from passengers who want to work off a last year's free pass, or get through at half rate a child fully grown; a housekeeper trying to get the table ready in time for guests, although the oven has failed to do its work, and the grocer has neglected to fulfill the order given him: those are not opportunities for religious address. Do not rush up to a man in the busiest part of the day, and when a half dozen people are waiting for him, and ask, "How is your soul?"

But there are plenty of fit occasions. It is interesting to see the sportsman, gun in hand and pouch at side, and accompanied by the hounds yelping down the road, off on hunting expedition, but the best hunters in this world are those who hunt for opportunities to do good, and the game is something to gladden earth and heaven. I will point out some of the opportunities. When a soul is in bereavement is the best time to talk of Gospel consolation and heavenly reunion. When a man has lost his property is the best time to talk to him of heavenly inheritances that can never be levied on. When one is sick is the best time to talk to him about the supernatural latitude in which unhealth is an impossibility. When the Holy Spirit is moving on a community is the best time to tell a man he ought to be saved. By a word; by a smile; by a look; by a prayer, the work may be so thoroughly done that all eternity cannot undo it. As the harp was invented from hearing the twang of a bowstring; as the law of gravitation was suggested by the fall of an apple; as the order in India for the use of a greased cartridge started the mutiny of 1857, which appalled the nations: so something insignificant may open the door for great results. Be on the watch. It may be a gladness; it may be a horror; but it will be an opportunity.

A city missionary in the lower parts of the city found a young woman in wretchedness and sin. He said, "Why do you not go home?" She said, "They would not receive me at home." He said, "What is your father's name, and where does he live?" Having obtained the address and written to the father, the city missionary got a reply, on the outside of the letter the word "immediate" underscored. It was the heartiest possible invitation for the wanderer to come home. That was the city missionary's opportunity. And there are opportunities all about you, and on them written by the hand of the God who will bless you, and bless those whom you help, in capitals of light, the word "IMMEDIATE."

A military officer very profane in his habits was going down into a mine at Cornwall, England, with a Christian miner, for many of those miners are Christians. The officer used profane language while in the cage going down. As they were coming up out of the mine the profane officer said, "If it be so far down to your work, how much farther would it be to the bottomless pit?" The Christian miner responded, "I do not know how far it is down to the place, but if this rope should break you would be there in a minute." It was the Christian miner's opportunity. Many years ago a clergyman was on a sloop on the Hudson River, and hearing a man utter blasphemy, the clergyman said, "You have spoken against my best Friend, Jesus Christ." Seven years after, this same clergyman was on his way to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, when a young minister addressed him and asked him if he was not on a sloop on the Hudson River seven years before? The reply was in the affirmative. "Well," said the young minister, "I was the man whom you corrected for using that oath. It led me to think and repent, and I am trying to atone somewhat for my early behavior. I am a preacher of the Gospel, and a delegate to the General Assembly." Seven years before on the Hudson River sloop was the clergyman's opportunity.

I stand this minute in the presence of many heads of families. I wonder if they all realize that the opportunity of influencing the household for Christ and heaven is very brief, and will soon be gone? For a while the house is full of the voices and footsteps of children. You sometimes feel that you can hardly stand the racket. You say, "Do be quiet! It seems as if my head would split with all this noise." And the legs get broken and ruined, and it is, "Where's my hat!" "Who took my books?" "Who has been busy with my playthings?" and it is a-rushing this way, and a-rushing that, until father and mother are well-nigh beside themselves. It is astonishing how much noise five or six children can make and not half try. But the years glide swiftly away. After awhile the voices are

many, and those which stay are more ate. First this room gets quiet, and n that room. Death takes some, and rriage takes others, until after awhile the se is awfully still. That man yonder ld give all he is worth to have that boy is gone away forever rush into the room e more with the shout that was once ught too boisterous. That mother who s once tried because her little girl, now e forever, with careless scissors cut up nething really valuable, would like to e the child come back, willing to put in hands the most valuable wardrobe to as she pleases. Yes! Yes! The house sy now will soon be still enough, I war- t you; and as when you began house- ping, there were just two of you, there be just two again. Oh, the alarming ity of infancy and childhood! The portunity is glorious, but it soon passes. rents may say at the close of life, "What ity we did not do more for the religious lfare of our children while we had them th us!" But the lamentation will be of avail. The opportunity had wings and anished. When your child gets out of cradle let it climb into the outstretched ms of the beautiful Christ. "Come thou d all thy house into the ark."

But there is one opportunity so much ghter than any other; so much more in- ing, and so superior to all others that re are innumerable fingers pointing to it, d it is haloed with a glory all its own. s yours! It is mine! It is the present ur. It is the now. We shall never have again. While I speak and you listen the portunity is restless as if to be gone. You not chain it down. You cannot imprison You cannot make it stay. All its pulses throbbing with a haste that cannot be dered or controlled. It is the opportuni of invitation on my part, and acceptance your part. The door of the palace of d's mercy is wide open. Go in. Sit wn, and be kings and queens unto God ever. "Well," you say, "I am not ady." You are ready. "Are you a sin- ?" "Yes." "Do you want to be saved w and forever?" "Yes." "Do you be ve that Christ is able and willing to do e work?" "Yes." Then you are saved. ou are inside the palace door of God's ercy already. You look changed. You e changed. "Hallelujah, 'tis done!" id you ever see anything done so quick ? Invitation offered and accepted in less an a minute by my watch or that clock. ir Edward Creasy wrote a book called, The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, om Marathon to Waterloo." But the most ecisive battle that you will ever fight, and e greatest victory you will ever gain, is is moment when you conquer first your- elf, and then all the hindering myrmidons f perdition by saying, "Lord Jesus, here I m, undone and helpless, to be saved by hee, and thee alone." That makes a panic hell. That makes celebration in heaven.

On the 11th of January, 1866, a collier- rig ran into the rocks near Walmer Beach, England. Simon Pritchard stand- ng on the beach threw off his coat and said, "Who will help me save that crew?" Twenty men shouted, "I will," though only seven were needed. Through the aw- ul surf the boat dashed, and in fifteen min- tes from the time Pritchard threw off his coat all the shipwrecked crew were safe on the land. Quicker work to-day. Half that time more than necessary to get all this assemblage into the life-boat of the Gospel, and ashore, standing both feet on the Rock of Ages. By the two strong oars of faith and prayer first pull for the wreck and then pull for the shore. Opportunity!

Over the city went the cry,
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!

Let the world go. It has abused you enough, and cheated you enough, and slan- dered you enough, and damaged you enough. I like what the good man said to one who had everything but religion. The affluent man boasted of what he owned, and of his splendors of surroundings, put- ting into insignificance, as he thought, the Christian's possessions. "Ah!" said the Christian, "man, I have something you have not." "What is that?" said the worldling. The answer was, "Peace!" And you may all have it—peace with God; peace with the past; peace with the future, a peace that all the assaults of the world, and all the bombardments satanic, cannot interfere with.

A Scotch shepherd was dying and had the pastor called in. The dying shepherd said to his wife, "Mary, please to go into the next room, for I want to see the minis- ter alone." When the two were alone the dying shepherd said, "I have known the Bible all my life, but I am going, and I am 'afeered to dee.'" Then the pastor quoted the Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." "Yes, mon," said the shepherd, "I was familiar with that before you were born, but I am a-goin,' and I am afeered to dee." Then said the pastor, "You know that the Psalm says, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." "Yes," said the dying shepherd, "I knew that before you were born, but it does not help me." Then said the pastor, "Don't you know that sometimes when you were driving the sheep down through the valleys and ravines there would be shadows all about you, while there was plenty of sun- shine on the hills above? You are in the shadows now, but it is sunshine higher up." Then said the dying shep- herd, "Ah! that is good. I never saw it that way before. All is well. 'Though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, thou art with me.' Shadows here, but sun- shine above.' So the dying shepherd got peace. Living and dying may we have the same peace! Opportunity! Under the arch of that splendid word let this multitude of my hearers pass into the pardon, and hope, and triumph of the Gospel. Go by companies of a hundred each. Go by regiments of a thousand each. The aged leaning on the staff; the middle-aged throwing off their burdens as they pass; and the young to have their present joys augmented by more glorious satisfactions. Forward into the kingdom!

As soon as you pass the dividing line there will be shouting all up and down the heavens. From the Imperial Gardens the wreaths will be twisted for your brow, and from the halls of Eternal Music the harpers will bring their harps, and the trumpeters their trumpets, and all up and down the amethystine stairways of the castles, and in all the rooms of the House of Many Mansions, it will be talked over with holy glee that this day while one plain man stood on the platform of this vast building giving the Gospel Call, an assemblage made up from all parts of the earth and piled up in these galleries, chose Christ as their portion, and started for Heaven as their everlasting home. Ring all the bells of Heaven at the tidings! Strike all the cymbals at the joy! Wave all the palm branches at the triumph! Victory! Victory!

The Waldenses in America.

Continued from first page.

is struck with the bright, intelligent faces of the little children.

They are taught to read and write when very young. It is a noteworthy fact that every child is able to read in French and Italian, besides speaking a patois, by the time he reaches the age of ten or twelve. They seem anxious to learn and are rapidly acquiring the language of their adopted country; the little ones more rapidly than their elders, as is always the case.

Among the characteristics of this people there should be noted as prominent a whole-souled courtesy. This appears to be a race characteristic. Speak to one of them, from the youngest little lad to the oldest among them, and with a sweeping bow he stands hat in hand, ready to render any service. They are an industrious, economical, God-fearing people, and will beyond all doubt prove to be a very desirable acquisition to the population of their adopted State. Frugality is universal. They live on far less than the most economical Americans. They know nothing but the hardest work and the simplest living. Their homes are generally rudely furnished, but have an air of neatness and comfort. They are an honest, industrious, frugal, high-spirited, simple-minded folk, with no bad habits and with every disposition to make their own way in the world.

A GROUP OF WALDENSIAN MATRONS.

Hospitality is a prevalent virtue. They welcome you to their homes with the utmost cordiality, and cheerfully share with you the best the larder will afford. They esteem it a slight if you will not accept the universally proffered cup of tea. They are a moral, law-abiding people. They cherish a high sense of honor. They expect those with whom they deal to be equally honorable, and a breach excites in them the greatest indignation.

A hosiery-factory has been established at Valdese, which gives employment to many of the young people of the colony. A saw-mill likewise affords employment to many at such times as can be spared from the home and farm. Their crops the last year were not good. Several causes combined to bring about this result: a late frost, a protracted drought in the early summer, lack of information in regard to methods of successful farming in this country, and the fact that they are as yet unused to our tools and farming implements. The spade and the hoe are familiar implements, but not the plow and the reaper. Possibly the colonists are themselves in part to blame. They do not always take kindly to suggestions which imply that other methods are better than their own. Indeed this is natural, for the training of many centuries has made them a stubborn, intractable people.

They have their own local pastor who lives at Valdese, the Rev. Barth Soulier. He is a young man of genial spirit, friendly manners, well educated, and speaks English with fluency. He and his excellent wife, also well educated, crossed the Atlantic on their bridal tour, he to begin life in the pastoral charge of the colony in America, and she to be a devoted help-meet to the young missionary. They find constant employment in ministering to the spiritual interests of the flock.

The doctrinal creed of the Waldensians, as would be inferred from the membership of the Vaudois church in the alliance of the Reformed churches, of which mention has already been made, is substantially that of the Presbyterian Church in the United States and their forms of worship resemble ours in their apostolic simplicity. No one would observe any difference hardly that would excite attention. Their ordinary Sabbath worship consists simply in prayer and praise, in reading God's Word and preaching. They practice infant baptism, and lay great stress upon the children's birth-right privilege. They are rigid in the observance of the duties of family religion. The children, even the very little ones, are faithfully instructed in the Scriptures. Both the doctrinal teachings of the Word are inculcated, and the very words of Holy Writ are committed to memory. It will be remembered that it is said that in the days of their persecutions every child was taught to memorize thoroughly some portion of the Scriptures, so that if the sacred texts were entirely destroyed it might be reproduced from memory. It is this love for the Word of God, inherited from their fathers, which manifests itself so conspicuously. The children are taught to carry with them a copy of the French Testament to read while watching the cows in the pasture. The church is governed by a bench of Elders who, together with the pastor, constitute the "consistory."

The Colony has recently been set apart into a "school district" under the laws of the State, and an appropriation has been made of the public school fund for the support of their schools. The law requires that the pupils of these schools shall be taught English. These people are generally poor. They have come hither to better their worldly condition. They are worthy of the sympathy and encouragement of the people among whom they have cast their lot, a claim which has not been unrecognized. They have received from everyone with whom they have been brought into contact a cordial and whole-souled welcome. They seem contented and happy. The mountain scenery of Western North Carolina suffices to satisfy their inborn predilection for "rising ground," while the balminess of the climate possesses an attraction that even their native Alpine district cannot offer. The future for them and their children is encouraging and full of hope. They are planning the building of a church adequate to accommodate their present numbers and their growing families.

Cavalier Matteo Prochet, D. D., a famous leader among the Waldensians of Italy, the pastor of a Waldensian church in the city of Rome, known perhaps to some of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, visited the Colony last winter and rendered them substantial help in the organization of the Colony and the settlement of many perplexing problems. The pastor of these people in their home in Italy, Rev. C. A. Trou, in a letter to the author of this sketch writes: "Everyone here is following this stream of emigration with great anxiety and prayer. Oh, may God bless this effort, this colony among Protestants. Help, direct and pray for my dear Waldenses."

JOHN M. ROSE, JR.

A CHINESE COLONEL.

Among the Chinese soldiery now prisoners of war in Japan Christian missionaries are busily circulating New Testaments and religious literature and are holding conversations with all who may desire teaching. Rev. H. Loomis, the agent of the American Bible Society in Japan, has been specially active. He writes: One of the prisoners in Hiroshima with whom we talked, was a Chinese Colonel, a bright, fine-looking man. Someone had already given him a copy of the New Testament, and he had read nearly one half of it. He expressed by his actions, as well as by his words, that he was deeply grateful for the gift, and said that he believed much of it. He will also tell his companions what he has learned. He had heard something of Christianity from the missionaries in China, but it had never come to him so impressively before. On his sleeve, as on all others, was the badge of the Red Cross Society. When he was asked if he knew the meaning of that emblem he replied that he did, and that Christianity was the origin of the care and comfort which they received.

These men come from various provinces, and when they go home will tell that, instead of torture and death at the hands of their foes, they had experienced nothing but kindness and attention.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 17. Luke 10: 25-37. Golden Text Lev. 19: 18. By Mrs. Baxter.

IN the course of his teaching there came to Jesus one day a lawyer, a doctor of laws, as we should call him, but of laws which were inspired of God. This man stood up and tempted him, or proved him, saying, "Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" How little that man knew into what close quarters he was coming with him who is himself eternal life! There stood eternal life in its embodiment and deepest source, and the man who came with his enquiries after eternal life was seeking in something he himself could do, something which should proceed from himself, that eternal life which is to know the only true God, and he whom he hath sent, even Jesus Christ!

Jesus took him on his own ground, that of doing: "What is written in the law? How readest thou? Two very different questions: "What is written," the unfathomable truth of God on the one hand, and man's acquaintance with it. "How readest thou?" on the other. And he answering, said, "Thou shalt love." This man was not without understanding of Divine things: intellectually he was far beyond some of his compeers, who tithed mint and anise and cummin, and left undone the weightier matters of the law, judgment, and mercy and faith." (Matt. 23: 23, R.V.) The doctrine of this man was sound and Scriptural, but it had yet to be put to the test. He had spoken in Scriptural language: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."(Deut. 6: 5.) Love is the fulfilling of the law. "Thou hast answered right" was the Lord's rejoinder in language as Scriptural as his own, headed

"This do, and Thou Shalt Live."

Most of the old classical systems of heathen religion teach precepts which enjoin a life of love, but the problem to the honest enquirer among the heathen is the same as that which meets the Christian who is still under the law. In his conflict he cries out: "In me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not." I ought to love God with all my heart, soul, mind, and strength; I ought to love my neighbor as myself; but I find in my heart a distrust of God, and a depreciation of my fellow-man, and all my efforts to love prove useless, I cannot do the things that I would.

The more intelligent followers of Buddha loathe and fret against their own inherent and contemptible selfishness by nature; they despise themselves, but they cannot conquer themselves, and their highest idea of happiness and holiness is in a kind of moral annihilation, a condition of deadness to all emotion, all love, all hope, all aspirations, an escape from suffering by moral suicide. The papist also, knowing that he cannot attain the holy life which is his ideal, hands over his conscience and his responsibility to the keeping of another, a fellow-sinner, though a priest, and tries to avoid the personal responsibility which he has thus shelved. The unsatisfied face of the Mohammedan shows that his constant cry: "Allah is great, Allah is good," and his fatalistic abandonment of all his responsibility to Allah has not brought him [illegible] "I ought to thirst and love God. I ought to be of use to my [illegible]"

This Jewish doctor of the law, like many [illegible] strengthen his position, and justify himself. To escape from his dilemma, he asked the question, which, perhaps he thought Jesus would not attempt to answer: "And

Who is My Neighbor?"

Who can prove his claim upon my love? Where is limit to the number that I am bound to love as I love myself? My power of love is so restrained that I must know how far it has to reach out, and what demands can be justly made upon it. It is a critical moment when, for the first time in his life, a man who is still self-centred, who has up to that moment looked upon all things and all persons in the light of how far they pleased and ministered to him—becomes aware of the fact by the light of the Spirit of God, that he is not his own, and that his life has been one great terrible mistake. It causes a revolution in a man's life when, instead of his old habit of considering how people ought to treat him, and what is due from them to him, he comes to see that true kingship is "not to be ministered unto, but to minister," that the true computation in the light of Christ, and of his Word, is not how much is due to me from others, but how much will God accept from me, and how much may I have the privilege by love to serve others?

When from the highest heaven the Son of God came down to earth, he did not ask the question: "How many of these fallen creatures am I bound to help?" There was a holy oneness between the Father and the Son when "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3: 16.) And the deep love breathed out from the heart of Jesus to the cold calculating man at his side when he answered him by the story of the good Samaritan, the very picture of his own position at that and at every other moment of his career among men. "A certain man"—he may not have been a Pharisee, he may not have been in any way a noted man, there was nothing mentioned which should distinguish him from the ordinary run of men—"was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho,"—an ordinary journey—"and he fell among robbers, which both stripped him and beat him and departed leaving him half dead" (R.V.) If he had been a priest, his position would entitle him to the first consideration; if an elder, a prince, a very rich man or a public benefactor, he could claim or command assistance. But

"A Certain Man."

He might have been somebody's servant, he may have been only a day laborer—whose neighbor was he? On whom was it incumbent to care for such an one? A priest passed by; it was none of his business: a Levite followed; his vocation was to trade, not to nurse the sick. He looked at him, saw that he was nobody particular, and passed by, too. "But a certain Samaritan,"—also a man who was not prominent enough to be described in any way—"came where he was, and when he saw him he was moved with compassion, and came to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring on them oil and wine; and he sat him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him." (R.V.) What was there in the certain man which attracted the Samaritan? What was the special claim which he had upon him, and how could he have proved he was his neighbor? He had only his need to prove his claim, but that was enough.

Jesus Christ, our Lord, has made every man his neighbor. In the deepest sense, it can be said of every human being; Jesus "came where he was;" under the curse, under the condemnation of the disgrace of his sin. Jesus was "made a curse for us," "made sin for us," and he has loved his neighbor as himself, yet above himself. We count our neighbor to be he who is near to us, who lives next door, in the same street, on the next farm, or closely connected with us in business, or in our church or family relations. Where can we find a neighbor nearer than he who has shared the same condemnation, who has awaited execution in the same prison-cell? Thus near to us is every son of man. We cannot say that at the antipodes, men in New Zealand and Australia are not our neighbors because their bodily presence is on the other side the world. Christ died for them, and in his death they died, they were crucified even as we. (II. Cor. 5: 14; Rom. 6: 6.) In the light of Christ we are silenced by his very Cross in raising the question: Who is my neighbor? the great question which forces itself with tremendous vigor upon us is this: Who is not my neighor?

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

SNARES were set for Jesus during the whole course of his ministry by the recognized religious teachers of the day. The question of the lawyer appears to have been one of them. Unlike the lawyers of our day, he was a religious teacher, the law he had studied being the law of the Pentateuch. He probably hoped that Jesus would give him an answer opposed to the law. Jesus skilfully parries the attack by asking another question, which the lawyer answers by a quotation from the book of Deuteronomy. The lawyer feeling himself foiled, and willing to justify himself, that is, extricate himself from his failure, asks, Who is my neighbor? Jesus replies by the Parable of the lesson. It should be noticed that Jesus changed the standpoint of the lawyer's question by his parable. The lawyer wanted to know who the people were whom he was to love as himself; Jesus does not indicate them, but raises the question of whom he is willing to love. He shows him that he is not to pick and discriminate, but be a neighborly man, a man whose love would go out to anyone in need. Was the wounded man a neighbor to the priest, the Levite or the Samaritan? Jesus does not say. The question was who was a neighbor to him. The man might be a stranger, he might have been imprudent, he might even have been a wicked man; the Samaritan, whose example the lawyer is to follow, does not stay to inquire. The man is in need of help and he helps him. He does not consider himself, but uses his oil and wine, puts him on his own beast, takes him to the inn, waits upon him and when he can do no more, pays the landlord two pence, or dinars, worth about thirty cents, which at that time was sufficient to hire a man to work two days, equivalent to three dollars now, so that his protege was sure of attendance till he recovered. The man who would do that, was the man the Saviour commended. So when we hear the talk about people not being worthy of help, of their having brought their troubles on themselves, of their being no relation to us, of it being no concern of onrs how they live or starve—we may be sure that we are listening to unchristian talk. If we see anyone needing help, which we can give, we may think of what the Samaritan did and hear our Lord say, "Go thou and do likewise."

AN ORIENTAL INN BETWEEN JERUSALEM AND JERICHO.

What shall I do to inherit eternal life? A similar question was asked long ago in pagan Rome. An ardent young man went to Hermas and asked him what sacrifice would be acceptable to God, what he should offer to show his gratitude and love. Hermas took the noble young fellow and showed him something of the sin of Rome, and he pointed out here and there something the need of its souls, he said, "Here you will find an altar and there become the sacrifice!" The same advice may still be given to any earnest young Christian: Look upon the millions who are without Christ in the world in their awful sin, and you will find an altar; and may God help you to be a sacrifice.

He had compassion on him. Perhaps we might wait all our lives for an opportunity to succor a man who had been wounded and robbed; but we need not wait a day for an opportunity to do what Christ was suggesting when he told the story of the Good Samaritan. A popular writer says: "Walking before me was a young girl very handsomely dressed. I thought: 'I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her person.' A poor old man was coming toward us wheeling a loaded wheel-barrow. Just before he reached us he turned and tried to wheel his load into the yard of a house. But the gate was heavy and it would swing shut before he could get the barrow through. 'Wait,' cried the young girl, springing lightly forward; 'I'll hold the gate open.' She smiled and received his thanks with a pleased smile. 'She deserves to have beautiful clothes,' I thought, 'for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast.'"

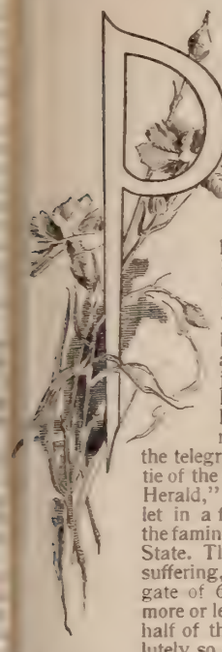
Pouring in oil and wine. A common mode of dealing with contusions and abrasions in ancient times. There are some wounds that require one kind of treatment and some another. Here is a kind that a child found effectual. "There is a little girl in our class," she said to her mother on her return from school, "who is in dreadful trouble. Her mother is dead and she was at school to-day for the first time since the funeral. At recess, she could not play, she just sat down and put her head on her desk and cried." Her mother saw tears and sympathy in the child's eyes and asked, "What did my little daughter do?" The child looked up wonderingly, saying, "What could I do, mamma? I could not comfort her, you know. You can't comfort any one whose mamma is dead. It's too bad to talk about. I could not help crying, and when I saw her, and I sat by her and cried quietly. And she put her arms around my neck and kissed me, and said I had done her so much good. What did she mean, mamma?"

Which was neighbor unto him? "I was sitting at my window;" writes a lad, "Two or three persons passed and I noticed that they all slipped and some nearly fell at one place. I think the boys must have been sliding there. When anyone slipped they all laughed and I was sorry to hear them. Now a little girl came by with a basket heavily laden I judged by the way she walked. On the top were a number of buttons, spools, tapes and such things. Down she went, her basket falling on its side and all the contents rolling out. Through the window I could hear the boys laughing. But the door of the house opposite opened quickly, and a little boy ran out bare-headed and without overcoat. He crossed the road and I saw him picking up the girl's things and putting them in her basket. Her hands were so stiff and cold she could not pick them up herself. "That boy," said I, "is a little knight. If he had seen the wounded man on the Jericho road, he would have done as the good Samaritan did."

Go and do thou likewise. Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, formerly pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, relates a family reminiscence which illustrates the lesson. His grandfather was a farmer in a mountain district of Scotland. One day, a boy was going to the mill with a sack of wheat which, according to the custom in that region, was thrown across a horse's back. the horse stumbled and the sack slipped off. The farmer tried in vain to lift it back. A man approached on horseback, and Taylor resolved to ask his help, but when he came nearer Taylor recognized him as the lord who lived in the great castle of the county, far too great a man to be asked for such a service. But the Lord did not wait to be asked. He dismounted and helped to put the sack back in its place. Taylor was profuse in his thanks. "Say no more," said his lordship. "I will tell you how you can pay for my help. Whenever you see a man needing a helping hand as badly as you did just now, just you go to his assistance." So saying he rode away.

FIGHTING BACK THE FAMINE.

Nebraska Grateful for the Aid Extended by "The Christian Herald" Relief Fund—Governor Holcomb, Through Dr. Klopsch, Thanks the Benevolent East—Fears that the Worst Suffering is Yet to Come—The Distress Universally Admitted.



PAINFUL as is the revelation, the investigation now being conducted by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in connection with the distress in the West and especially in Nebraska, has abundantly justified the fear that the worst has not yet been told. Letters and despatches just received from Dr. Louis Klopsch, in Nebraska, as well as the telegram of Mr. Peattie of the Omaha "World-Herald," published below, let in a flood of light on the famine situation in that State. Thirty-six counties suffering, and an aggregate of 60,000 persons more or less destitute, one-half of that number absolutely so and the remainder almost certain to become destitute ere winter passes, such is the situation concisely stated. All attempts to conceal the true condition of affairs have proved futile. Much remains to be done, and although the gifts of clothing and similar articles would now seem to be sufficient for all needs, the food supply provided is barely enough to avert the impending and graver danger for a very limited time.

Gov. Holcomb thanks the East.

Dr. Louis Klopsch, accompanied by Mrs. Klopsch and also by Rev. George W. Sharpe, Sunday School Missionary, had a most cheering interview with Gov. Holcomb of Nebraska, in the Capitol at Lincoln. Rev. Luther P. Ludden, Manager of the State Relief Commission, was also present. The State Legislature, that same afternoon, passed a bill appropriating $50,000 for the purchase of seed for the farmers in the drouth-stricken counties and for the payment of freight charges. Moreover, another important relief measure was under discussion, viz.: a bill to empower the stricken counties to issue bonds for the relief of the suffering people. But even if this measure had been immediately passed, thirty days, at least, must necessarily elapse before any action could be taken in the direction of practical relief and, meantime, the lives of man and beast must be sustained.

Governor Holcomb expressed profound gratitude for all that had been done for the relief of the sufferers in his State. He explained that, but for the constitutional provision prohibiting the increase of the public debt beyond the $100,000 already incurred, legislative appropriations would have afforded the necessary relief ere now. He hoped the people of the country at large would understand the limitations to Nebraska's good intentions which were thus constitutionally imposed. The suffering, he admitted, was intense; but thanks to generous people everywhere, relief had been afforded. Still, much remained to be done. He was grateful to a kind Providence for the mild weather and hoped it would continue. Before the interview closed, Governor Holcomb desired Dr. Klopsch to express to the people of the East, his heartfelt and sincere gratitude for all their kindness and practical sympathy in this time of widespread and intense destitution.

Dr. Klopsch's Mission of Relief.

Before leaving Lincoln, on his tour of investigation through the State of Nebraska, Dr. Klopsch telegraphed as follows:

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 28:—I have interviewed Mr. Mason, President of the State Relief Committee, Mr. Ludden, General Manager, Governor Holcomb, Senate Chaplain McTeal, Church Howe, Commander of the G. A. R., Bishop Newman, Presiding Elder Hale, of the Holdredge District, the Omaha "World-Herald," Omaha "Bee," and many State Senators and judges, and I am fully satisfied that the Nebraska farmers, notwithstanding very generous contributions, will suffer further and more general impoverishment, and that, before harvest time, **100,000** at least will have reached a very desperate condition.

Just at this time, the plethora of supplies, especially of clothing, has developed the impression that the enemy has been conquered and the victory achieved. I believe the worst is yet to come. The railroads will no longer carry free the supplies which, in a month or two, will be needed more than ever. An army of thirty thousand consumes a vast quantity of stuff, and what now seems such an abundance will then be found to have been utterly inadequate. There can be no harvest until July, and unless they eat the seed given for sowing, many will have to starve; and if they do eat it, there will be no crop for them and they will be worse off than ever.

The Plan of Distribution.

However, I am going through the States of Nebraska, Kansas, and Colorado. I am just preparing for myself and Mr. Sharp the following circular to our distributors and other relief agents. We will board cars on the arrival of the train and discuss matter en route until the next station, when they must make room for the local committee of that place. Mr. Sharp takes one route and I another. Every now and then we will stop over to make personal investigations. This is the circular:

DEAR FRIEND:—The readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of New York, having generously provided a liberal fund for the relief of the Western drouth sufferers, I am now in Nebraska on a tour of investigation, in order to correctly ascertain the actual needs of the families rendered destitute by reason of the crop failures. Should the condition of your district call urgently for immediate assistance, will you, and the head of your organized relief committee the pastor of your church and the leading officers of your town, please take notice that on the ——I shall be a passenger on the west-bound Block Island train number ——, and on board of which I would be pleased to meet a small committee, who can make it convenient to travel to the next station and communicate en route whatever report they may choose to make, in relation to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD relief movement. Should this for any reason, prove impracticable, a detailed report in writing may be submitted and handed the conductor of the train and will receive prompt and careful consideration. Please have the report properly authenticated and state distinctly how many families are destitute and who is duly authorized to receive contributions for distribution among the needy. If no relief should be required, a line from you to that effect would be very helpful to me in fixing the extent of the suffering. Thanking you in advance for your kind offices in the matter, I am very faithfully yours, LOUIS KLOPSCH.

If this is as generally responded to as I have every reason to believe it will be, I shall be in possession of such facts as will admit of almost infallible conclusions. In the meantime, I am in daily receipt of letters from persons who have read of our arrival, begging of us, many of them piteously, to give their neighborhood prompt and favorable consideration. Especially do appeals come from Kansas and Colorado, insisting on their claim to equal attention with Nebraska. After Kansas, we go into Colorado pursuing the same plan and endeavoring also to reach out to South Dakota and Oklahoma.

Appropriations From the Relief Fund.

Mr. Sharp will meet the five car-loads of clothing and supplies sent from our Central Relief Depot in New York last week, and with $1,000 in cash, will personally visit writers of the most important appeals from Kansas.

Thus far the following appropriations have been made:

From THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund, previously sent to 270 distributors, ...	$5000 00
Relief for G. A. R., ...	1000 00
Nebraska State Relief Commission, ...	5000 00
World-Herald, Omaha, . . .	1000 00
Coffee, tea, and sugar for aged and invalid sufferers, . . .	500 00
Rev. Huntington's Relief Com.	1000 00
Total for Nebraska, ...	$13500 00

The State Relief Committee has unanimously voted to give me the direction of the distribution of these appropriations, and I have given them the names of our Volunteer Distributors, and of the pastors of churches to whom to give preference. In a few days I will be able to fix the appropriations for Kansas, Colorado, Oklahoma, South Dakota, and Northern Texas.

I have spent an hour at the Omaha "World-Herald" office, and another hour with Editor Rosewater, of the Omaha "Bee." The latter readily admits there is much suffering in the State, but he thinks it unwise to give undue prominence to the subject. This is the first time in thirty years that the entire State has suffered a total failure of crops; the eastern tier of counties can bear the loss without much trouble.

The Truth No Longer Concealed.

The central tier, inhabited by people who have been there three or four years, have been pretty badly hurt; but with little assistance can pull through. The western tier, consisting principally of lands which have heretofore been considered of little value except for grazing and which have never been operated with much success, is worse off, as three or four crop failures in succession have occurred. Mr. Rosewater believes that they are suffering terribly. The railroad and land interests in the State, of course, endeavor to make little of the trouble, but it does exist, and Mr. Rosewater believes, with me, that the tightest pinch will come in three or four months from now. This is a valuable admission, inasmuch as it establishes the fact that the "Bee's" attitude in relation to the suffering was principally influenced by a desire to protect the fair name of the State

LOUIS KLOPSCH.

Thirty-six counties in Nebraska are affected, a very large number of the families being entirely destitute, while probably as many more badly require assistance. It is a reasonable estimate that 30,000 people are entirely destitute and as many more will need help through the winter—altogether 60,000!

Thirty-Six Counties Suffering.

These are the counties where destitution prevails:

Families.	*County.*	*County Seat.*
200	Antelope	Neligh
50	Brown	Ainsworth
200	Boyd	Butte
100	Blaine	Brewster
100	Buffalo	Kearney
100	Cherry	Valentine
200	Cheyenne	Sidney
400	Custer	Broken Bow
200	Chase	Imperial
100	Dawes	Chappell
100	Lawson	Lexington
200	Dundy	Benkleman
150	Frontier	Stockville
100	Furnas	Beaver City
150	Garfield	Burwell
100	Greeley	Greeley
200	Gosper	Elwood
200	Holt	O'Neill
100	Howard	St. Paul
300	Hayes	Hayes City
500	Hitchcock	Culberson
100	Harlan	Alma
50	Keya Paha	Springview
50	Knox	Niobrara
200	Keith	Ogalalla
100	Loup	Taylor
100	Logan	Gandy
300	Lincoln	North Platte
100	McPherson	McPherson
300	Perkins	Grant
100	Phelps	Holdredge
50	Rock	Bassett
200	Red Willow	Indianola
100	Sherman	Rushville
100	Valley	Ord
100	Wheeler	Bartlett

Editor Peattie on the Distress.

OMAHA, NEB., Jan. 28. To-night Dr. Louis Klopsch leaves the State after a stay of nearly a week, arranging for the distribution of the magnificent gift of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The prayers and thanks of a grateful people follow him on his errand of mercy.

The situation in this State cannot be exaggerated. In spite of the protests of certain newspapers and the denunciations of real estate speculators and others who are trying to float county bonds of one kind or another, the truth has been told otherwise the real condition of the people in certain Nebraska counties would be unknown to-day.

The writer of the dispatch made a trip through the famine drought-stricken region or a part of it just previous to Christmas, traveling about two thousand miles by rail and about four hundred by wagon. He personally visited thirteen counties and interviewed many hundred persons. The information which he has gained from personal contact with the people themselves in their own homes; with ministers whose duty requires them to travel over vast tracts of country and with county officers, who were personally conversant with the fact.

As a result of this investigation, and the publication of the truth, supplies are pouring in on every hand. If proper care is used in the distribution, no one will need to suffer for the necessities of life. Nothing, however, but a personal supervision of the work by intelligent and well-posted agents will suffice, for in many cases the really needy will never apply for relief

"The Christian Herald's" Plan Approved.

They will have to be sought out and their wants looked into and if the munificence of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is only distributed according to the directions of Mr. Klopsch, the efforts of that gentleman will keep off the grim spectre of want, until the people can begin to take care of themselves. They are a magnificent lot of people, these Nebraska farmers. They are self-respecting American citizens, who have given of their substance to their neighbors, and their life's blood to their nation, and what is given them now, you may be sure will return with interest some day to the givers.

Causes of the Suffering.

It is a bleak, wind-swept county for the most part, and in sharp contrast to the well-watered and wooded lands of the East, from whence many of these people came. They were driven out, most of them, by excessive taxation or worn-out land, and have cast their fortunes on these prairies, attracted thereto by the low price of farm lands, and the freedom and sweep of the West. When the problem of irrigating this country shall have been solved, there will be no richer farming sections in the Union, and when that time comes, the people, if sustained at present, will reap the benefit.

Meanwhile, two successive failures of crops have reduced a large proportion of the people to the verge of beggary. Up to July 26, the corn crop of 1894 promised to be one of the most bountiful in the history of the State. Then, after a long, rainless period, came three days of the awful hot winds. This blast—like the breath of a furnace—withered the entire vegetation of the State. Farmers looked out the next day at the ruin of their entire crop and prepared to face starvation, for few had saved anything from the scant yield of the previous year. One by one, they sacrificed their coins. Their chickens and hogs died for want of feed. Day after day they watched their larder growing less and less. Then, as autumn and finally winter, came on, the pinch of want was felt. To-day the farmer of Western Nebraska sits shivering over a miserable blaze of cow chips, wondering how long it will be before gaunt starvation will claim him for its own.

Plea for the Children.

In some counties, the numbers of the destitute reach as high as twenty-five hundred and three thousand, and in Keith county, there are over six hundred little children in families applying for aid. The writer has seen women clothed only in torn calico wrappers and little tots, barefooted, and in a single garment, running over the stubble in the sharp December wind to herd the one remaining cow or horse. In Keith county, the other day, a woman, finding that she was about to bring into the world another child to face famine, cut her throat and her husband followed her example.

A letter from Frontier county, says:

We don't want to go out of the county, but I guess we will have to, or starve. We have not a thimbleful of grease in the house. There are eight of us in the family. * * * We had one hundred acres of crops in last year, and did not get a grain of anything. We lost our team, and have only a pony team. We have some hay, but no grain to feed them on. George the husband) cannot get work anywhere. We have very little bed-clothing or clothes.

Nebraska itself has done what it could to take care of its own, but the truth is that the whole State has suffered, although not in such a degree as experienced in the western portion. The gifts of good, kind Eastern people have been timely and Nebraska returns to the donors, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, its heartfelt thanks.

R. B. PEATTIE.

No More Clothing Needed.

Both in Kansas and Nebraska, the urgent needs of the destitute, as far as clothing is concerned, seem to have been generously supplied, and no more contributions of that character are now needed. Our Central Relief Station, at 15 Bible House, has therefore been instructed to receive no further gifts of clothing and supplies. A very large shipment was made last week by express.

Owing to limited space, the publication of many reports of our Volunteer Distributors in both Nebraska and Kansas is deferred till next week. The money contributions to the Relief Fund are acknowledged on the next page, and the gifts of clothing, etc., on page 89 of this issue.

Contributions to the Western Relief Fund.

The Following Sums have been Received during the Week to be Applied in Aid of the Destitute Nebraska and Kansas Farmers.

Prev.ackn'd $12,202 99
Atkinson, Miss Alta 3 00
Almy, Mrs W E 1 00
Anderson, A 50
Acheson, David 1 00
Acheson Geo 25
Acheson, Will H 25
Alberton, Mary 1 00
Alger, Mrs E 15 00
Amicke, Mrs D 5 00
Arnicke, Henry 5 00
Ayres, Miss & friends 20 00
Adams, N C 5 00
Allen, Hosea R 5 00
Allen, J D 1 00
Allen, Mrs Jonathan 2 00
Allen, S J 5 00
Appel W H 5 00
Arnold, S V 5 00
Allen Dr J E 1 00
Arnold, A 10 00
Arnold, Mr & Mrs O M 2 00
Autt, Mrs S 1 00
Atkinson, W S 25
Baker, M Bell 5 00
Barnes, Helen O 1 00
Bauer, August 2 00
Bauer, B 2 00
Bailey, F O 10 00
Bailey, Wm 1 00
Bauer, Millie 1 00
Bauer, Walter 1 00
Beddall, E & R E 2 00
Bergen Mary E 5 00
Biggs, J C & family 2 00
Bingham, Wm G 2 00
Bluemel, Henry 2 00
Blum, Mrs J J 1 00
Brown Mrs E R 1 00
Brown Fred 1 00
Bryant, Buckner 2 00
Byers, Mrs M J 5 00
Bradhead, Mrs A G 2 00
Bridges, Thos 50
Bradfield, Mrs C A 10 00
Boydston, Jas 2 00
Boydston, Alice 5 00
Bolles, J L 2 00
Brown, Hiram 5 00
Bourne, Rev D A 50
Boyd, Mrs 10 00
Badges, Mrs M 25
Bahn, Sam'l 1 00
Baldwin, S C 2 00
Barnes, Mary E 5 00
Barron, L W 5 00
Bartlett, W B 2 00
Bassler, Mrs K A 2 00
Baum, Henry 25
Bell, G F 2 00
Benjamin, Mrs M T 2 00
Bennett, G W 5 00
Bogardus, Bert 1 00
Bolsbaugh, Frank 50
Bolsbaugh, J H 75
Bowstring, Jacob H 50
Bolsbaugh, John A 50
Bullock, Mrs E L 5 00
Buchman H D 25
Brooks, A D 1 00
Borden, B F 2 00
Bostaine, D A 1 00
Bozell, H M 60
Brecht, J A 25
Brightbill, H P 50
Bromhead, Mrs 2 00
Bluss, Bros 50
Boggs, H L 5 00
Boggs, Mrs H L 2 50
Bosley, D W 2 00
Bowker, J A 5 00
Bacon, E W 5 00
Butchart, Alex 50
Bain Benj. 5 00
Barnes, A J 50
Beatty, Sarah 1 00
Bender, Geo 50
Bell, Margaret 1 00
Board, Mrs Martha 1 00
Brookfield, W W 1 00
Branch, Mrs M D 1 00
Brandt, D L 5 00
Branner, John P F 1 00
Bonnett, Mrs 5 00
Breed, Richard 5 00
Bonn, Annie L 1 00
Buckley, Mr P R 1 00
Bunn, Henry 1 00
Cady, Mrs L A 2 00
Cochran, J H 100 00
Cox, David S 5 00
Callison, J J 25
Calvert, Henry 2 00
Campbell, E & E 1 00
Campbell, Mary 1 00
Carpenter, W F & wife 5 00
Case, J I 10 00
Cassell, Mrs E A 1 00
Congdon, Mrs & sister 50
Cornwall, Ralph 5 00
Cook, Mrs E W 3 00
Cork, Geo 2 00
Cortright, N D Sr 1 00
Cox, A J 1 00
Covey, J R & wife 1 00
Crothers, Cristy 1 00
Crothers, Thos 1 00
Cutler, B H 5 00
Cable, A B 25
Carter, A 25
Carpenter, Jno R 5 00
Cartwright, Sam'l 5
Case, A 1 00
Cassell, Jno W 1 00
Cassell, Mrs M E 2 00
Cass, Rev O R 2 00
Cummings, Mrs L W 1 00
Cuney, Jno B 50
Cuney, C B 25
Cuney, Mrs A W 1 00
Cuney, Sam'l 5
Cuney, E E 25
Cuney, M T 25
Case, R M 50
Champlin, Mrs H M 1 00
Chapman, Mrs Mary O 5 00
Chapman, H 5 00
Caldwell, Homer 25
Caldwell, Jno W 25
Cameron, Alfred 25
Cameron, Mrs 5 00
Cameron, Mrs E S 25
Cameron, W 5 00
Cameron, J 5 00

Chatfield, Mrs C A 50
Chisholm, Alex 5 00
Clark, Mrs 25
Clark, Geo T 3 00
Collins, W 25
Conard, E 1 00
Connell Mrs M K 1 00
Cowan, Ed 50
Crawford Mary 2 00
Crispell, Miss E 25
Crone, R W 10 00
Cullen, Mrs 25
Curtis Rev W W 50
Darling, M E 5 00
Darrohn, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Davis, Sarah A 2 00
Deane, Rob't 2 00
DeCosta, Annie E 4 00
Degner, Mr & Mrs 5 00
Devlin, Mrs J 1 00
Dickinson, Mrs Phila 3 00
Donnely, Jas 1 00
Douglas C B 1 00
Dover, Mr 1 00
Dow, John 1 00
Danielson Mrs 1 00
Debolt, Aris 25
Deurill, A 1 00
Dickinson, Mr & Mrs 6 00
Doenger, Mrs L J 50
Draper, E H 5 00
Dunham, Mrs E 50
Dunham, Mrs G 50
Davis, B T 1 00
Day, James 2 00
Dewsnap, Mrs S D 1 00
Damez, John & Benj 2 00
Dungan, Jos B 2 00
Dovey, Margaret 10
Dovey, Mrs D S 25
Dovey, Mrs D D 50
Doolittle, D Edw 5 00
Dillon E 1 00
Davis, Mrs M J 5 00
Dillingham, J M 50
Dunham, C M 5 00
Evans, Dan 1 00
Elliott, Mrs E 2 00
Earl, Alida 2 00
Earl, Mary A 2 00
Ebersole, W H 1 00
Edmonds, Mrs P A 1 00
Edwards, F & M 2 00
Emerson, A E 5 00
Everett, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Ewell C O 10 00
Dillon C 50
Edwards, A R G 1 25
Edwards, D E 1 00
Eldridge, John 3 00
Elkey, Mrs 10
Ellis, Isaac 2 00
Ellis, Thos 1 50
Embrey, C W 50
Falconer, Mrs R 1 00
Farrell, T 2 00
Fenellason, Geo M 1 00
Fenton, C M 75
Fenton, T E 1 00
Fenton, W W 5 00
Floyd, Dr E A & wife 10 00
Ford, Mrs H G 2 00
Fox, S C 2 00
Frantz, Ferdinand 1 00
Fuller, Albert S 10 00
Fulton, Lucy 2 00
Florshan 1 00
Flatter, Mr & Mrs 50
Fogelbach, J N 50
Foorman, Jno 25
Ford, C P 5 00
Fox, Harriet 25
Frisbie, S 7 00
Frost, W W 1 00
Ferguson, Mary 50
Fitzsimons, J D 1 00
Flack, A C 50
Foster, Elisha 10 00
Fryer, L B 2 00
Faith Geo 1 00
Farnsworth, Chas 1 00
Folda, E F 50
Forth, E 5 00
Fussell, Geo C 1 00
Frissell, Kathleen 25
Fussell, Lucius 2 00
Fraser, Mrs M A 1 00
Fussell, Merry 2 00
Fussell, Wm P 1 00
Evers C 50
Friend, Augusta 2 00
" 5 00
" Young, — 24
" 50
" 5 00
" 1 00
Emporia Kan 5 00
Sioux Rapids 3 00
Newport, R I 2 00
Groveport, O 3 00
E Greenwich 3 00
Jackson, Can 5 00
Phillipsburg 1 00
Palmer 5 00
Brooklyn N Y 5 00
Scranton Pa 1 00
Middlebury, Vt 1 00
San Lorenzo 3 00
Little Compton 3 00
Steuben co, NY 10 00
Steuben co, NY 5 00
Newark, N J 1 00
Ealing, Can 1 00
Peekskill, N Y 1 00
Somerville, N J 2 00
Melvastown, Wis 1 00
Mt Vernon, N Y 50
Kankakee, Ill 5 00
Fairview, Pa 5 22
Alton, N Y 25
Cash Corner 1 15
Metuchen, N J 1 00
of the poor 1 00
" 25
Napiers le Can 1 00
Chemungsburg 1 00
" 10
Hardwick, Me 5 00
Concord, N H 3 00
Ingalls, Mich 1 00
W Township 5 00
Cash & Samuel 1 00
Cash, Mrs E 2 00
Raymond, Me 1 00
Mt Ivy, N Y 2 00
Mechanicsburg 5 00
Sandusky 1 00
Lewis, Mass 10 00
Friend Mrs S H 1 00
Moorestown, Pa 5 00
" 2 00

Friend, E Andover 1 00
" 25
" Bridgewater 1 00
" W Stockbridge 25
" " 25
" Metuchen, N J 4 55
" Nashville, Ark 55
" W Wilton, N H 1 00
" of Haddam 3 00
" 5 00
" Brumgton, Va 1 00
" Flattsburgh 5 00
" Newark, N J 2 00
" Octagon, Ind 1 00
" 1 00
" I H N, Minneapolis, Minn 1 00
" a Reader, Hallowell 5 00
" of sufferers, Glenville, Pa 2 00
Friends, Oneida, NY 4 00
3 " 6 00
" Park River, ND 10 00
" Exeter, R I 3 00
" Bloomington 1 00
" Fabus, N Y 7 20
" Waring, Fla 6 75
" Gloversville 5 00
" Mattapan 50
" Church, N S, O 81 85
3 " Rochester, N Y 3 00
" Westport Point 6 00
" from Patten 12 00
2 " 2 00
" Newcastle, Cal 15 00
2 " Drinkee, O 2 00
" Waseca, Minn 8 00
" Hyde Park 10 00
2 " Buckland, Mass 3 00
Gearhart, C R 7 00
Gleason, Mrs J 10 00
Godfrey, Geo L 10 00
Goodsell, Mrs I B 2 00
Grant, M S 1 00
Green, Miss E L 2 00
Green, Ira W 2 00
Gregory, Mrs Jane 5 00
Grunow, Mrs W 2 00
Guenthes, Andrew 5 00
Gibsen, Mrs A M 2 00
Gilchrist, Mrs 5 00
Gingrich, C B 50
Gingrich, Cyrus 50
Gingrich, M M 25
Gish, Jno R 1 00
Goodlaxson, Elroy 50
Goodlaxson, Oliver 50
Goodwin, Maria 1 00
Gould, Sarah 5 00
Graham, Mrs C 1 00
Grant, J L 1 00
Green, S Matilda 5 00
Glasner, Anton 50
Glover, Mrs Geo B 1 00
Green, Celia 1 00
Green, D A 2 00
Gaffin, J A 25
Gaines, A C 1 00
Galbraith, L W 1 00
Gannon, Mrs E 25
Gannon, W 10
Gardner, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Gibson, Mrs 2 00
Goodwin, Mrs L 1 00
Graefe, Theo 2 00
Graham, Jas E 1 00
Greene, W 5 00
Gaebelbuck, J N 50
Groff, D B 10 00
Haddon, Mrs 3 00
Haines, Mrs DeWitt 5 00
Hames, Julia 5 00
Hallock, Tony 1 00
Hanne, Mrs F 5 00
Hargrove, M D 1 00
Hartman, Miss F 2 00
Haslip, Jas 1 00
Hathaway, Laura 1 00
Haywood, Dr 50
Henry, Hugh 1 00
Herring, H C 3 00
Heyes, Homer 5 00
Hoge, Ella 1 00
Hood, W C 2 00
Hooking, B H 5 00
Houze, Harm 50
Hoven C 10 00
Hughson, Mrs R 2 60
Humphreys, Rev J T 25
Hussey, Henry W 3 00
Husted, Mrs A S 1 60
Hanlin, Freddy 2 00
Hannon, Mrs Flora 25
Hart, Mrs H 25
Hart, Lucy A 1 00
Heckart, J E 25
Henderson, Mrs D 1 00
Herr, Ira Evan 25
Hershey, E M 25
Hewlet, A 50
Hewlet, Mrs 50
Hewlett, Mary E 25
Hildreth, F N 25
Hildreth, S C 25
Hill, Mrs Sylvester 50
Hinshaw, C P 1 50
Hochstrass, Anna 1 00
Hocker, I L 25
Hocker, H L 50
Hoff, Wilson 1 00
Hollings worth, L H 25
Howe, Mary E 1 00
Hower, J K 2 00
Hudson, Jesse 50
Hummel, Solomon 5 00
Hunt, M J 1 00
Hunter, Chas 2 00
Hare, Mrs M A 1 00
Hart, Albert 2 00
Hartley, J N 1 00
Hartzler, Rebecca 1 00
Heaine, C 50
Hemphill, John 50
Hudson, E 2 00
Hudson, I 2 00
Huelster, Mrs A H 1 00
Hughes, John 25 00
Hoit, Mrs S 2 00
Hale, S K 1 00
Hall, Mrs N 1 00
Hall, N I 1 00
Hampton, W L 1 00
Hampton, H F 1 00
Hanson, G 1 00
Hanson, Chas L 1 00
Hass, Mrs J 5 00
Hastings, Mr H F 10
Hatch, Mr & Mrs W 2 00
Hawkins, Rose 1 00
Hawkins, Jos P 50
Heath, J J 2 00
Heath, T S 25
Heavenrich & Chap 2 25

Hettinger C C 2 00
Hines, L M 1 00
Hinman, Mrs C 25
Hollenbeck, Mrs 50
Holmes, Mrs HP 2 00
Hudson, Mrs E 1 00
John Huggins 1 00
I H N 1 00
" Waxahachie 5 00
" Darlington, Pa 5 00
" St Louis, Mo 5 00
" S C 2 00
" Haverhill, N H 5 00
" 1 00
" Bath, Me 2 00
" East Rush, N Y 1 00
" East Rush, N Y 50
" 1 00
" Sweet Springs, 2 00
" Sedalia, Mo 10 00
" Stuart, Iowa 1 00
" Wahpeton, N D 1 00
" New Brunswick 1 00
" 1 00
" Hoytville, Pa 2 00
" Charleston 1 00
" Norristown, Pa 1 00
" Concord, N H 1 00
" Phila, Pa 2 00
" Tionesta, Pa 2 00
" Reno, Nev 2 00
Jacob, J W 50
Joens, Mrs Abe 1 00
John, L Annie 1 00
Johns, Mrs Kate 5 00
Jones, Morris 1 00
Jamison, Hugh 50
Jinson, Mrs 50
Jinson, Peter 50
Johnson, Miss E 2 00
Johnson, J 5 00
Johnson, Mrs Wm 5 00
Johnston, Claus 1 00
Johnston, Mrs 50
Jones, Mr & Mrs A 75
Joyce, Austin 25
Johnson, Mr & Mrs 5 00
Jones, J T 1 00
Jones, Mrs W 25
Jordan, Chloe S 2 00
Judd, T F 2 00
Kayser, Mrs M L 1 00
Kenworthy, Allen 1 00
Kinney, Matthew 1 00
Kinsey, Mrs B 50
Klotz, Mrs L E 2 00
Klotz, Mrs Robert 2 00
Krumm, L W 2 00
Karstetter, Wm 2 00
Kastner, Mr & Mrs H 5 00
Keeler, A T 1 00
King, Levi 1 00
Kirby, A 5 00
Kithell, Mrs A W 4 00
Kaercher, Lucy E 2 20
Kirby, C E 2 00
Knight, M A 1 00
Krouse, Edward 1 00
Keugh, A E 4 00
Keugh, M T 2 00
King, J S J 5 00
Kirk, Anna L 2 00
Kniffen, G 50
Laughlin, J G & E 3 00
Lawrence, Thos 50
Leonard, Miss C B 1 00
Lewis, Mr & Mrs F L 1 00
Lindenmuth, Mrs 25
Lockhart, Mrs Mary 5 00
Longanecker, Ida M 5 00
Longmaid, Mrs F 1 00
Lovelass, Grace 1 00
Lyle, Mrs W 5 00
Lyman, Mrs 5 00
Lathrop, H 4 80
Lathrop, Mrs Lucy 5 00
Laverty, Mrs Kate 1 00
Lee John M 2 00
Lewellyn, Mrs D E 3 00
Litel, M 1 00
Longenecker, A G 50
Longenecker, J 50
Luddington, A 25
Luddington, J 50
Luddington, Lewis 25
Lynch, John 25
Laub, Jacob 1 00
Leggett, B R 1 00
L Hommedieu, Mrs J A 10 00
Little, W D 2 00
Lovett, Mrs L E 5 00
Lowd, Jeannette 50
Lamont, Mrs J 25
Lampshire, Mrs F 1 00
Lampshire, Florie 10
Lampshire, Fred 10
Lampshire, Wilbe 10
Langdon Mrs W J 25
Laws, Drusilla 50
Leavitt, Mrs 50
Leavitt, Mr P 25
Lennon N 10
Lewis, C A 1 00
Lundy, Mrs Mary 1 00
Lynch, J D 1 00
McCay C W 50
McCay, Mrs John 5 00
McCreary, J C 2 00
McDowell, Mrs M 50
McIrchee, J M 1 00
McLean, Richard 5 00
Manton, H J 2 00
Martin, Horace 2 00
Martin, Miss Lavina 3 00
Martin, Mrs Peter 50
Matthes, M 3 00
Meredith, Mrs M L 2 00
Miller, Mrs C M 1 00
Mitchell, Mrs N 2 00
Mills, W E 25
Moffitt, C E 2 00
Moore, Mrs Dr C R 6 50
Morris, Mrs Wm C 1 00
Morse, Eliza 10 00
Morton, Edw 5 00
McCorkle, Mary 05
McFarland, Robt 1 00
Macgregor, Milton A
Hall, Mrs S 1 00
Harold Wrnchen
Keogh 5 00
Magart, Freddie and Frankie 50
Magart, L H & wife 2 00
Magart, Mr & Mrs W 5 00
Maxone, Fred 1 00
Mapes, Geo C 1 00
Marsh, Mrs D 1 00
Marshall, Julm E 9 50
Martin, Daniel 25
Mason, S C 1 00
Mason, Mrs S C 1 00
Maswer, G F 1 00

Maynard, Mrs Lucy A 55 00
Meeker, Rev A R 5 00
Meyer, Frank 25
Miller, David 1 00
Miller, Mrs E 5 00
Miller, W M 5 00
Mills, Mrs A 1 00
Mitchell, Jos D 2 00
Mitchelire, L D 50
Moore, L A 1 00
Moore, Minnie 1 00
Moyer, C M 25
Moyer, J H 50
Murray, H S 50
McDonald, Allan 1 00
McElroy, Miss J 5 00
McPherson, J B F 25
Maples, Mrs M J 50
Miller, B F 25
Moore, E B 1 50
Moore, Lizzie 3 00
Moss, J W 50
Mayer, Laura E 1 00
Myers, E L 25
McAlister, Thos 5 00
Magill, Mrs J 25
Mannen, Helen P 1 00
Martin, Mrs D S 25
Mason, Ed 1 00
Mauss, Mrs W G 4 00
Megginson, Mrs S 5 00
Michael, C G 3 00
Michael, H L 2 00
Miller, H C 1 00
Miller, J D 1 00
Mills, W S 2 00
Molumpy, Mr M 50
Moody, M H 2 00
Mullen, O 50
Mullins, Geo 25
Nalls, Orville 5 00
Neil, S K V 25
Nelson, Mrs C A 2 00
Nevill, John 1 00
Nichols, S R 2 00
Nock, E L 4 00
Negley, Margaret C 1 00
Nelson, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Nicholas, A 50
Nicholas, Leslie 10
Nichols, Mrs Jas 1 00
Niles, A E 2 00
Newberne, D 1 00
Newberne, L 1 00
Ogborn, F B 50
Osborn, Miss Annie 1 00
Obenauer, Bertha E 2 00
Orr, Mary 2 00
Ostrander, E V 11 34
Ostrander, Mrs H S 1 00
Ockford, W W 1 00
Parkhust, J C 1 00
Parsons, Jos U 5 00
Penn, Fred 2 00
Perduyn, John 1 00
Perry, Addie 60
Phelps, Amanda 5 00
Pierson, M A 1 00
Porter, Mrs I C 5 00
Price, John C 25
Proseus, Hiram 1 35
Palmer, J C Jr 1 00
Palmer, Wm 1 00
Parsons, Dwight S 1 00
Peart, C 25
Peck, Geo 50
Perkins, Mrs C S, & Miss E L Porter 2 00
Peterson, Carl O 5 00
Peterson, Soren 2 00
Pierce, W E 5 00
Piercey, Mrs M 2 00
Pratt, Mrs J H 5 25
Parsons, S D 1 00
Pearce, Lulu 1 00
Penn, A S 1 00
Perkins, A N 50
Perry, Mr & Mrs J 5 00
Pinney, H F 50
Pollock, Mrs M 5 00
Polson, V L 25
Rainbird, Mrs J 2 00
Ranye, Mrs E B 5 00
Rawson, Miss May 1 25
Reed, Otis 5 00
Rutherford, Mrs R 1 00
Reid, E J 2 00
Reinhard, Julius 2 00
Roan, M L 1 00
Robinson, E C 5 00
Robinson, Mrs E 1 00
Robinson, J W 1 00
Robinson, Jas 5 00
Robinson, John 5 00
Robinson, Mrs M 1 00
Robinson, Robt 2 00
Robinson, W B 1 00
Rogers, C B 1 00
Rogers, Spencer 5 00
Longdon Mrs W J 25
Rose, Mrs Laura 1 00
Rowe, Mrs H D 50
Russel, Mrs 50
Ryal, Mrs Dan 1 00
Randall, A H 50
Randall, D S 1 00
Randall, Eva 1 00
Randall, M L 50
Ray H & H 1 00
Ressler, Joel 4 00
Rice, Mrs C W 2 00
Robinson, Miss M 5 00
Rodda, W J 50
Rolfe, Miss F P 1 00
Russell, N T 1 00
Randolph, Emma F 1 00
Rank, Mrs Geo 1 00
Regen, Peter 50
Richard, Jacob 25
Riday, C S C 5 00
Rissler, N 50
Rutherford, Mrs J M 1 50
Rutherford, Robt 5 00
Ryde Gros Co 50
Reader, Pa 5 00
" Andrew co, Mo 10 00
" Leechburg, Pa 1 00
" Antrim, O 5 00
" 1 00
" Balto, Md 1 00
" Tipton, Cal 5 00
" Millersburg, Pa 5 00
" Linden Hall 1 00
" W Davenport 1 00
" Pleasant Mt 1 00
Savage, H D 2 00
Sayre, Miss M E 15 00
Schmier, A M 5 00
Scofield, Allen 5 00
Shannon, John R 5 00
Shaw, W T 1 00
Sherman, Miss A 1 00
Sherman, Geo 50
Sherman, Mrs H 50
Sherman, Holly 1 00

Sherman, John 20
Sherman, Oscar 25
Sherman, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Skidmore, Bert 50
Skidmore, Elmer 25
Skidmore, Floyd 10
Skidmore, Geo 2 00
Skidmore, Ray 15
Smith, Alice 25
Smith, M W 1 00
Smith, S T 2 00
Snapp, Mrs Geo 1 00
Southard, M A & Z 5 00
Spurr, Mrs C H 1 00
Stahl, Peter S 2 00
Stevens, Wm 50
Steward, Mrs & dau 2 00
Stoddard, E R 5 00
Stover, Josiah 1 00
Stule, Abbie 1 00
Stule, Jacob 1 00
Surface, Mary L 1 00
Swabb, Ida 5 00
Swindle, A R 1 00
Sylvester, W E 2 00
Sanford, Mrs E M 1 00
Sanford, Mrs S 1 00
Sanford, Mrs T 50
Sayre, Mrs 2 00
Shearer, A E 2 00
Sheldon, Mrs C H 1 00
Sheppard, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Shively, J A 2 00
Sikes, Rollin 50
Simonson, E G 2 00
Skillin, Mrs E A Covell, Mrs Nason, B W 3 00
Smith, Miss A E 5 00
Smith, Alson E 3 00
Smith, Mrs Geo 1 00
Smith, H D 2 00
Smith, Mrs M E 5 00
Smith, Mrs M M 2 00
Smith, N M 2 00
Snuke, J F 25
Snowden, Mr & Mrs 1 00
Sprague, Mrs E A 5 00
Stafford, J 10
Stephens, Mrs H V 3 00
Stephens, J J 5 00
Sterling, Mrs J A 10 00
Stone, Mrs B S 5 00
Stroh, W R 50
Strong, Mrs Ed 10 00
Schlicher, C 5 00
Schlicher, Hannah 5 00
Schrenk, M 3 00
Schwartz, Abe 50
Severson, F W 50
Short, Fred 1 00
Smith, Mrs Clarissa 1 00
Smith, J B 1 00
Smith, Laura A 5 00
Smith, Lewis 25
Smith, Mrs Stephen 3 00
Spedden, Mrs Carrie 2 00
Spencer, F B 1 00
Spencer, R S 25
Stern Bros & Co 2 00
Stevens & Kennedy 1 00
Stringham, F C 1 00
Sym thizer, Grenada 2 00
" Grenada, Miss 3 00
" Bloomfield, N J 2 00
" Kilgore, O 2 00
" Hughsonville 2 00
Sympathy, Mo 10 00
" 50 00
" & daughter, Pa 2 25
" Alesville, Miss 1 00
" Steuben co, NY 1 00
" Mansfield, O 5 00
" Syracuse, N Y 5 00
" Canaan, Conn 1 00
" 1 00
" Graham, Va 1 00
" Eureka, Pa 1 00
" Colchester, Ct 1 00
" Durham, N J 2 00
" New Gloucester 1 00
" Rose Hill, N Y 1 00
" & readers, Minn 8 00
" Turkey City, Pa 5 00
" Pasadena, Cal 1 00
" Rutland, Vt 1 00
" Saco, Me 1 00
Thompson, Wm 2 00
Tramble, Mrs I P 5 00
Triby, Miss Ella 2 00
Tabor, S O 1 00
Tait, Mrs G 1 00
Taylor, Benjamin 30
Thomas, Geo Jr 1 00
Thomas, Mrs L J 1 00
Thompson, R S 2 00
Tomlinson, A 5 00
Travis, Jas H 1 00
Tribbe, D A 24
Tryon, Peter D 25
Turner, J M, wife, & daughter 2 75
Tuttner, Miss R D 50
Taylor, Miss Mary 2 00
Thayer, Ann M 2 00
Thomas, P J 25
Thompson, Mrs A C 2 00
Tichenor, Mrs J D 3 00
Tombs, Mrs Ellen 1 00
Tremmell, A 50
Underwood, H J 1 00
Underwood, Virginia 50
Upwood, Jas 50
Verger, Paul 1 00
Vance, N M 15
Vandecar, E C 50
Vandecar, Frank 25
Vandecar, Mrs J 50
Vandecar, Thos B 1 00
Van Sicklen, Geo E 2 00
Vandusen, G W 25
VanHoute, O 1 00
Vine, Edward 50
Way, Mrs E T 2 00
Winter, Jos 1 00
Whitehead, Miss A 2 00
Wise, S S 50
Welloft, T W 5 00
Wilson, Wm L 1 00
Wallis, D C 50
Walters, Mrs D 1 00
Watkins, Nettie 25
Watson, Esther A 2 00
Webb, Mrs C H 1 00
Wears, E S 2 00
Weir, Mrs Jas 5 00
Wheat, Rev C M 1 00
Wheeler, Mrs L E 2 00
Woodside, W 5 00
Wright, M F 1 00
Walborn, E J 25
Walker, P 2 00

Watson, Wm 5 00
Way, Mrs A 25
Webster, Mrs R P 50
Weidenkopf, Mrs C 1 00
Weiss, Gust A 1 00
Wharton, Mrs S M 1 00
Whittemore, Eva 1 00
Wilcox, Edson D 2 00
Willard, H & sister 7 00
Williams, J 1 00
Wilson, A L 2 00
Wilson, John 5 00
Windling, Bessie 2 76
Wing, Mrs Fidelia 1 00
Wing, Geo A 1 00
Wing, Geo B 50
Wing, Paul 1 00
Witman, H M 50
Witman, H S 50
Woerman, J W 5 00
Wood, Daniel 1 00
Worrell, Martha A 5 00
Wortman, Mrs R S 5 00
Waage, Mrs C T 2 00
Walker, Chas C 30
Ward, E O 2 00
Warner, Mrs E M 3 00
Wells, J T 25
Williams, Jno 6 00
Wesley, L E 1 00
White, Bob 20
Williams, R A 1 00
Wilson, Alex 1 86
Wilson, Bertie 1 00
Wilson, H W 25
Wilson, Robt 2 14
Wilson, Mrs Robt 1 00
Woodbridge, S J 1 00
Yard, Rebecca A 1 00
Young, J T & F J 2 00
Zwertsch, W F 1 00
—, Warsaw, Ind 1 00
—, 1 00
—, Canaan, Pa 10 60
—, Waymart, Pa 12 75
—, Manchester, Ia 10 60
—, 10 00
—, Westvill, N J 1 00
—, Logan, Iowa 1 00
—, N H 50
—, 50
—, 50
—, Wells Branch, Me 10 00
—, 1 00
—, 2 00
—, Wayside, Can 1 00
—, 10 00
Mr B, N Y 10 00
M A J, Ashville 200 00
P E M 2 00
C & L G 20 00
J M B, Rochester 1 00
Mr & Mrs C L C t 1 00
E V L, Brooklyn 1 00
G A B, Va 50
I S R, Fredicksb'rg 3 00
P E B, Fishkill 1 00
C T K, Hillsdale 10 00
J F R, Stelton, N J 5 00
C, Buffalo, Pa 5 60
F G R H, N Y 1 00
Mrs H H, Emporia 1 00
M H E, La Grange 1 00
F & M, San Francisco 3 00
F E C, Globe Village 5 00
F R C, Thetford, Vt 1 00
B S & F M S, Kan 5 60
T Y D, Me 1 00
Mrs D N M, Pa 3 00
A F, Cleveland, O 2 00
M S, Mich 1 00
A T H, S Francisco 5 00
M G, St Louis, Mo 1 00
C E B, Rochester 2 00
R M 1 00
J C, New York 20 00
A E S 1 00
T W S 2 00
Mrs J H R, Johnsv'l 1 00
W H B, Charlestown 2 00
A M W, Cortland 5 00
D H B, Altenwald 1 00
L F, Leroy, Ill 1 16
Miss A E B 1 00
Mrs L E, Mich 5 00
B C S, Melrose, Mass 3 00
J W H, Northwood 1 00
M J A, St John, Can 1 00
P L S, Waterville 5 00
X Y Z, Conn 2 00
S M A, Phila, Pa 5 00
T C, Adrian, Mich 1 00
B C S 1 00
M J B, N Y 5 00
Mrs S N B, Phila, Pa 25
O A C, Rochester 3 00
S E C, Springfield 5 00
M O T, Nantucket 1 00
R B, Manayunk, Pa 1 00
S R W, Jamestown 90
D T L, Buffalo, N Y 1 00
A W, N Dak 10 60
Mrs NFL, Mt Vernon 5 00
Miss M L S, Newton 3 00
L M, Vassalboro 1 00
A B G, New Bruns'k 2 00
L E A, New Bruns'k 4 00
A G K & M B 3 00
M L A, Throopville 1 00
A V A S 2 00
C L S 5 00
C & J, Cincinnati, O 2 00
Mrs C A M, St Louis 5 00
Miss N, Balto, Md 1 00
C R, Newark, N J 5 00
S M C, Kingston, N J 6 00
S B 2 00
W, W Kingston, R I 4 00
M E W, Val'y Stream 2 00
D B W, L I, N Y 10 00
J B, Woodman 1 00
M B, Gault, Can 1 00
E W, Gillett, Pa 5 00
F D B, Webster, Mo 2 00
A P, W Greece, N Y 2 00
A & Aytch 2 00
R A S, S Holland, Ill 8 00
Lansmgville Epw'th League, Mich 50
Ladies Aid Society, Post Oram, N J 14 00
In the Master's Name, Brooklyn 1 00
Cong C E Society, Newport N H 16 50
C E Soc, 1 Pres Ch, Princeton 16 00
All for Jesus, P'keepsie, N Y 3 00
Ladies Aid Soc, Canaan Four Corners 2 00
Mother & Daughter, German Valley 10 00
Lord's money, Mass. 2 00

Canadian "Daughter of the King" 1 00
E Atlanta Mission S S, Ga 2 50
Methodist Church, Whitesboro, N Y 1 00
Baptist Church, Whitesboro, N Y 13 00
Congreg'l Church, Amenia, N D 11 00
Point Pleasant C E S 1 50
Christian Churches of Athens, N Y 12 50
Inter-Nos Circle, K D, New Rochelle, Tex 5 00
Residents of Middleboro, Mass 35 00
Uhrichsville Pres S S & others 20 00
Middlefield Y P S C E 10 00
Conquerall Bank C E Soc, N S, Can 5 00
Resolute Circle, K D, Irvington, Ct 5 00
Class in Pres S S, E Hampton, L I 80
Central Band, K D, Waterbury, Ct 10
New Boston Y P S C E, Mass 80
Dunham Union S S, Howard, Hill 90
10 Dis Peekin S S 50
King's Daughter & friends, Vt 30
Epworth League, Mechanicsburg 50
S S Collection at Floyd's Chapel 5
YPSCE, Ginger Hill 35 00
2 King's Daughters, Fall River, Mass 20
W C T U, Castle 20
Ladies Miss'ary Soc, Pres Church, Ore 17 3
Reflecting Circle, K D, Newark, N J 10
Christ's Band, N C 30
Wash Hill M E Soc, Hampstead, Conn 3
Rolling Hill Prayer Meeting, Va 7
S S, Castle, Mont 3
Church, Castle, Mont 6
Yellow Crest Pres ch 18
Citizens, Ferndale 31
Mother, Montrose, Ia 1
Mother, son & daughter, Paragould, Ark 10
Mother, City Island 10
A son of W A 2
Mt Hermon Student 10
Christian 1
Loudon, N H 1
"Luzerne" 20
"Suntry" 10
For Jesus' Sake, Northport, N Y 1
For Christ's Sake, Clermont, N Y 2
In Jesus' Name, Ill 2
For His Name's Sake, Lowell, Wash 5
"Inasmuch," S I 1
Grace, New Haven 5
In Jesus Name, Phila 1
In Name of the Master, Waterloo, Wis 15
X 10 0 8, Balto 1
Luke 6-31 5
"In Nomine Illo" 5
Flagtown S S, N J 5
Tabernacle Scholar, Brooklyn, N Y 5
One who wishes to help, Mass 2
A Fellow-countryman, Jersey City 5
4 Little Brothers 4
Chadren, Father, & Friend, Md 5
Citizens, Frankfort 60
Epiphany Teachers of Forest H School 7
Harmony, Me 1
Kippie, Pa 5
Ada & Rhoda, Can 1
"Conny" 1
Marian, Geneva, N Y 1
Men's Union Meeting, Hampton, Va 1
Class 8, Amagansett S S, N Y 1
Marshfield Aid Soc 1
A King's Daughter 1
Whatsoever Circle, K D, Marlboro, N J 1
Christian Endeavor, West Bend, Ia 1
Methodist Y P S C E, Shushan, N Y 1
Y P S C E, Ivoryton 1
W C T U & Citizens, Macedon Ctr, N Y 1
Helper, Nashua, N H 1
Ladies of Middle Granville, N Y 1
St Paul's P E C, N J 9
Honey Brook Pres Church 1
Cong Church, Sugar Grove, Pa 1
Reformed Church, Bloomingburg, N Y 7
Relay M E Church, Balto, Md 3
Barton, Md, Pres Ch 5
Pres Ch, Corfu, N Y 1
Primary Dept Williamsport School 5
Aquetuck Union S S 5
Templeton S S 4
Far'gdale Union SS, Grand Valley S S 10
S S Gleaners, Rockford, Ill 5
Lamoine Y P S C E 1
Y P S C E Pres Ch, Ontario Ctr, N Y 10
King's daughter, Cal 2
Ladies Miss'y Circle, Leominster, Mass 5
Ladies, Kinderhook 1
Sister Mem, Alta Ret Ch, Branden, Wis 1
Auntie, Alton, N Y 25
In Jesus' Name 50

Total ack'd 16,10 50
And over 300 other to be acknowledged next week 92 30

Total rec'd $170 2 80

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

MADAGASCAR IN PERIL.

WITH the opening of the spring, the Queen and people of Madagascar expect the arrival of the French expedition which has been equipped for their subjugation. That it is dreaded there is no doubt. The people are poor and their armaments are antiquated. They are unused to fighting, and are but few in number compared with the army that France is preparing to send against them. Yet they were too brave to yield to the insolent demand of their enemies, and are making what preparations they can to resist the invader. The little army has been drilled by Gen. Willoughby, an English officer, and another English General—General Shervington—has also recently cast his lot with them. They have but few guns, and those badly mounted. The accompanying picture of the battery at Ambodinandohalo shows the character of their forts. The real defense of the country, however, will be the natural difficulties it presents to the march of a European army. The dense forests, the rugged mountain ranges, and the wide rivers, to which there are few bridges, are obstacles that the invaders are likely to find even more serious than fortifications. A few troops, who know the country, and take advantage of its natural fastnesses may be able to harass a hostile army, and perhaps effectually bar its progress. It is certain that all that the native troops can do will be done, for they are enthusiastic in their loyalty, and have a wholesome hatred of the French. They have seen something of what French rule implies, in the northwest part of the island, and they prefer death to submission. To human reason it seems impossible that the brave and pious people can be saved from their unscrupulous enemies, but history records many instances of God interposing to bring to naught the designs of wicked rulers, and it may yet be that the prayers of the Godly Queen and her people, and their friends, the missionaries, will be heard. They are putting their trust in One who in olden time in a similar crisis delivered a king who prayed: "We have no might against this great company that cometh against us: neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon thee." (II Chron. 20: 12.)

THE FRENCH INVASION OF MADAGASCAR—NATIVE BATTERY AT AMBODINANDOHALO.

An Illogical Verdict.

When jurymen cannot agree, they occasionally make a compromise which satisfids neither party to the dispute. One such case was tried by Judge Pryor, in New York, last week. It was brought against an ice company by a man whose son had been run over and killed by a wagon belonging to the company. The father claimed damages which the company objected to pay, on the ground that the killing was a pure accident, the boy who was playing in the roadway, having run under the horses' feet before it was possible for the driver to check them. The jury after a long consultation awarded the father fifty dollars. Judge Pryor promptly acceded to the request of the father's counsel for a new trial. He said: "If the jury had found a verdict for the defendant, I should not have disturbed it, because the question of responsibility was pretty evenly balanced; but having found for the plaintiff and having assessed the value of the life of this boy at fifty dollars—the price, about, of a poodle dog—I think the verdict should be set aside. I cannot imagine that the value of the life of such a son to such a father is only fifty dollars. I infer that there is no father on that jury who would consider that the value of his son." All parents will agree with the judge, but, unhappily, they do not always act as if they knew how much their children are worth. If they did rightly appreciate the value of a child's soul they would be more careful as to the example they set and the training they give. (Prov. 22: 6.)

An Unrecognized Brother.

An unexpected family reunion took place at Southampton, L. I., a few days ago. A married lady who lives there received a visit from her brother who lives in Brooklyn. During his stay she introduced him to several of her friends. One of them, on hearing his name, remarked that he had an acquaintance of that name and asked if he was a relative. The young man replied that he did not know of any relative living in Southampton besides his sister, but said that he would like to see his namesake. A meeting was arranged and it was found that the two were brothers. They were separated twenty years ago when their parents died. The three children being unprovided for, had been adopted by different families and had lost trace of each other. About two years ago the family which had adopted the youngest boy removed from Ohio to Southampton and he accompanied them. His sister has been living there since her marriage five years ago and must have seen her brother numberless times on the village street without recognizing him. She will never do so again. Although he is practically a stranger to her, the discovery that he is her brother will secure him at least a kindly greeting from her and a sisterly interest in his welfare. It should always be so with every follower of Christ. To him the man who loves the same Lord should never be a stranger, but be treated as a brother. (Philemon 16.)

Lives Lost in the Storm.

A sad story of loss of life comes from New London, Conn. A powerful tug took refuge in that port on Jan. 26, which had lost all its convoy of five barges on the night before. It left New York on Jan. 23, with its tow of coal-laden barges on each of which were several persons, fourteen in all. The weather was fine until Point Judith was reached, shortly before midnight of Jan. 25. There the wind freshened and was soon blowing fiercely from the East. A blinding snow-storm also came on, so that the captain of the tug could scarcely see the lights on the barges behind him. Being afraid that he would be driven on shore, he headed eastward in the teeth of the storm. For two hours the sturdy tug pulled at its long tow, the gale increasing in violence. Then there came a violent strain on the hawser and it parted, the three stern barges drifting away. From the tug they could be seen violently swaying before the heavy sea that was running and then the lights went out in the darkness and the captain believes that they went down. A few minutes afterward the two remaining barges were engulfed by a huge wave and sank, the hawser breaking as they foundered. The tug flung out life-preservers attached by ropes and two men were saved by this means, but all the others, eight men and four women must have perished. The captain of the tug, bronzed sailor as he was, shed tears as he told of the distress with which he saw the people on his convoy drifting to destruction, while he was powerless to save them. He said it was one of the worst storms he had ever been in. The tug had much ado to save itself and could do nothing for the barges it was towing. The Christian in the storms of life sometimes fears that he will be overwhelmed, but there is no danger while he is linked to his divine Leader by a bond that even death itself cannot sever. (Rom. 8: 38, 39.)

Bats in a Church.

The sexton of an old church at Riverdale says that he has witnessed several strange encounters in the unused basement of the edifice. A number of bats have made it their home, and as the windows are seldom closed in the summer, they fly in and out on their nightly excursions, while in the winter they are content to remain within. Last winter a new furnace-man got rid of the entire colony for several weeks by the simple plan of leaving the windows open till midnight and then closing them and keeping them closed. The bats flew out in the evening on their usual nocturnal journeys, and, when they returned after midnight, they found their entrance closed. They flapped at the windows for some time, but finally sought some other home. Since then, the windows having been left open through the summer, they have returned to their old quarters in the church basement. They find enough food to support life in the mice which infest the building. They hang head downward, suspended by the hooks at the joints of their wings and remain motionless for hours. They look as if they were asleep, but they are simply watching. Suddenly they swoop down upon a mouse, or even a small rat. There is a squeal and a great flapping of wings in the semi-darkness, and after a struggle the mouse is killed. Then there is often a fight between two or more bats for the largest part of the prey. If any bat is wounded or in any way incapacitated for taking care of itself, the other bats fall upon it and kill and eat it. The bats simply act according to their nature in the church as they would elsewhere. But it ought not to be so with the men who frequent the edifice. However cruel and rapacious they may be by nature the effect of what they hear there should be manifest in gentleness of heart and life. There is, besides, Apostolic warning against people "who bite and devour one another." (Gal. 5: 15.)

BRIEF NOTES.

At a Meeting in the Interest of Sunday School work in the Marble Collegiate Church, New York, a few days ago, Mr. B. F. Jacobs said that there were in New York State nearly seven hundred thousand children growing up without religious training.

The Report of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions shows that the Board has twenty distinct fields of labor having an aggregate population of one hundred millions. It has 571 missionaries, nearly three thousand native helpers, and maintains twelve hundred Schools, seminaries and colleges.

The Old South Church at Boston, Mass., recently celebrated its 225th anniversary. That it has not suffered from senility is evident from the fact that its contributions to missions l st year amounted to $16,267. $7,500 went to Foreign Missions; $3,900 to Home Missions; and $4,887 to City missions.

The Municipality of Rome has accepted the the gift of a bust of Alexander Gavazzi, the famous Italian patriot and orator. This will be a fresh grievance for the Pope, who reckons Gavazzi his uncompromising foe.

Rev. Thomas Harrison's meetings at Bridgeton, N. J., are exerting an influence far and wide in the State. Other towns in Southern New Jersey have been moved and it is hoped that revivals will be started at many centres.

A Revival Continuing eight weeks is reported from Cornwall, Vt. It commenced in a house to house visitation, then meetings in suburban schoolhouses and finally in the churches. The leaders are three lady-evangelists, Mrs. Pratt and Misses Pickering and Freeman

Dr. George F. Pentecost makes the statement in his Church paper that money spent by men and women of his congregation in wines spirits, beer and tobacco would be almost, if not entirely sufficient to defray all the expenses of the Church. The church in question is the Marylebone Presbyterian Church, London.

A Union Evangelistic movement in Denver, Colo., was commenced on Jan. 28 under the leadership of Rev. F. E. Smiley. The plan of campaign as outlined by Mr. Smiley consists of dividing the city into seven districts. All the churches in a given district, after holding separate preparatory services in their respective churches, will unite in the most central and commodious church for union meeting for at least one week.

The Churches of Madison, Wis., have United in the work of municipal reform. Their first effort is for the better observance of the Lord's Day. The closing of saloons and gambling houses on that day is enjoined by law and the churches are compelling the enforcement of the statute.

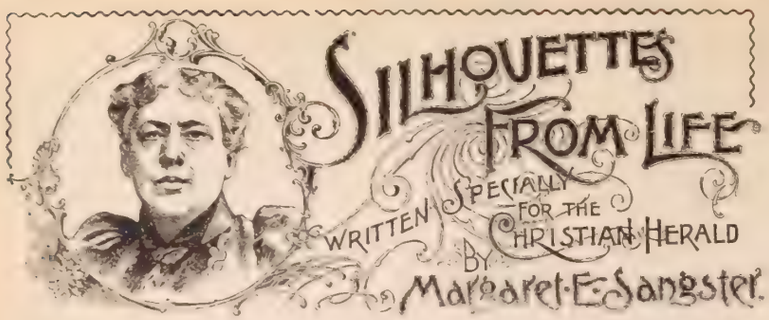
A Meeting was Held in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, on Jan. 24, at which it was decided to send a memorial to Congress in reference to the project of celebrating the beginning of the Twentieth Century by erecting a temple "In honor of Christ" in Jerusalem.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's Services in the First Presbyterian Church, Jersey City, N. J., have attracted enormous audiences. Four churches co-operated in the work and each is enjoying a great outpouring of the Spirit. The crowds were so large on Jan. 20 that an overflow meeting was necessary and Prof. Birch, who is asssisting Dr. Munhall, took charge of it. The number of seekers includes several prominent people.

The Suggestion of the "Reform Mayor" of New York City, that a change of the law should be made by which the saloons might be opened during specified hours on Sunday is arousing decided opposition. The New York Presbytery has passed a resolution strongly deprecating the change. A similar resolution was passed at a meeting held in the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church by a union meeting of ministers representing the Presbyterian, Congregational and Reformed Churches of the city.

Recent Statistics as to the Public Libraries of the United States show that Massachusetts ranks first with 212 free public libraries with a total of 2,700,000 volumes, or 1233 volumes to every 1000 of the State's population. New Hampshire comes next with 42 libraries and 175,000 books, or 464 volumes to every 1000 of population. Illinois ranks third, having 42 libraries, or 130 volumes to each 1000 of the population.

Mrs. David Jamal is very Grateful for the help our readers have rendered, in her efforts for the poor girls of Jerusalem. She writes: "My tongue and my pen cannot express our hearty gratitude for the interest the kind Christian ladies are taking in my class. I beg you to be good enough to thank them in my name, and in behalf of the class, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for their comforting words and their contributions. I humbly hope that by God's mercy and the aid of these good friends, the class will continue to grow and flourish as the mustard seed which our Lord spoke of."



The Little Milliner.

DURING the week of prayer, there were meetings of the greatest interest in the churches of Locust Dale. Three churches, Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian held union services every evening, and, alternating in their different edifices, were thronged by rapt and earnest congregations. Never were prayers more fervent, never was singing sweeter, never was there shown a lovelier devotional spirit, than in these delightful meetings, which rich and poor, learned and ignorant, old and young, sought with ardor and enjoyed with zest and enthusiasm.

The little milliner who went out to work by the day, just as dressmakers have from our earliest recollection, felt her soul quickened and her piety revived by the genuinely spiritual meetings. Tired as she usually was when after a day of hard work, trimming and lining and spangling and wiring and shaping, making over old hats, and evolving new ones which her customers pronounced "loves" and "dreams," she would not for the world have missed a single meeting. And being a practical little body, with a knack of living out whatever creed she adopted, she set out, devoutly, to let her light shine, carrying the glow of the sacred week far into the late winter, and the early spring.

"Dear Lord," she whispered, as she tripped up the brown stone steps of Mrs. Chambers' elegant avenue residence, "Dear Lord, help me to be a living epistle here to-day, a witness for thee. Enable me to do something that thou canst approve, even in my humble calling." Such petitions always find their answering opportunity very soon.

Florence Chambers met the little milliner with a clouded and frowning face, on the threshold of the sewing-room. Florence was a belle, just out this season, and greatly admired, but her temper was not of the sweetest, though, outside her own home, few imagined that the pretty girl could sometimes be both cross and shrewish.

"Miss Armour," cried Miss Florence, "in your hurry to go to your meeting last night, you put Alice's feathers on my hat, and gave mine to her. It was very careless in you to make such a stupid mistake."

"I will change them at once," began Miss Armour.

"You cannot," said the young lady fretfully, "for my sister went away before daylight on a week's visit and has carried her hat with her. I only wanted to let you know how careless and stupid I thought you. I blame it entirely on your craze for going to meetings."

"But, dear Miss Florence," returned the little milliner with some heat, "I surely did my full day's work. I am sorry to have annoyed you, but I did not mean to do it. The meeting must not bear the blame."

"Oh! well!" was the answer, "when a blunder is made, apologies do not repair it. I shall take my hats after this to Madame Floubert," and the angry young woman walked away, hearing as she shut the door, the worker's plaintive regrets.

The little milliner was only a girl herself and human, so it is not strange that she could not see her work for tears, and that when she dashed them away a feeling of proud resentment sprang up in her heart, and dyed her cheek. But, presently, this text came into her mind, as if spoken by an audible voice, "The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." Thinking of this, she forgot the little flurry of the morning, finished the tasks she had set herself to do, and at noon went home to her cat, her cup of tea, and the little chop she broiled for herself over the coals of her landlady's range.

In the afternoon, the milliner had another engagement. It was one she had made for herself a Sabbath or two before, when sitting a couple of pews behind old Mrs. De Lancey, she had noticed how shabby and rusty that dear old friend's best bonnet had grown.

"The first day that I can make time," she had said, "I'll set a few stitches for grandmother DeLancey."

Mrs. DeLancey was left at home by herself all day, her daughters having places as saleswomen in a great and fashionable shop and her son being a book-keeper employed in a railroad freight office. Her son was a widower, and his little boy also shared the home, which was a pretty and very tidy flat, up four flights of stairs. The little boy was already a bread-winner with a place in an office. It was very merry and cheerful when they all came home at night, tired to be sure, but each with something pleasant to tell, and the only lonely time was for the old mother through the long day.

In glided the little milliner, as cheerful as a bird, and laid a half-dozen pink carnations on her friend's lap.

"I have two hours, Mrs. DeLancey," she said, "I've brought my needle and thread, my thimble and my scissors, and I've found a nice piece of black velvet in my bureau drawer, a piece which looks like you, and here I am, ready to make over your go-to-meeting bonnet."

"You dear child!" said the old lady, lifting the bonnet out of a large green bandbox, in which it kept company with an antique lace veil, a pair of black kid gloves and a folded kerchief meant for wearing around the neck.

"You have very few holiday hours, Mary," said Mrs. DeLancey, "I appreciate your spending some of them for me. Now tell me the text of last Sunday, please. It was dreadfully slippery, and the girls would not let me go out, and, poor things, they were too tired to go themselves."

"'We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed,'" reverently repeated the little milliner, adding softly, "Isn't it a true text, one that Christians can understand? And what do you think of this bit of verse, which I found in a newspaper yesterday," she said, pulling it out of her pocket, and putting it in her friend's hand.

There is nothing I can fear,
There is naught can bring me low,
Blessed Saviour, ever near,
Hopeful unto thee I go.

Though the way be dark and dreary,
And the pilgrim's feet are weary,
Yet the heart is full of cheer
With the Saviour ever near.

So the two women chatted over the bonnet, their hearts growing warm with love. Most of us are afraid to introduce our Christian experience into our ordinary talk, and so we lose precious inspiration and blessed help which might be ours.

But when the little milliner went home that night, she had no thought of the good seed she had been sowing. At the depths of her being, Florence Chambers had a conscience, though the shallows did not reflect its power. Happening to pick up the Bible on her dressing-table, as she was preparing to make her dinner toilette, the young girl opened at the very passage which had come into Miss Armour's mind; she read it, and was impressed:

"The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

"Why, that was what Miss Armour showed me to-day. There is something real in her religion, and I wish I had it myself. I behaved like a wretch, and I am ashamed of myself."

There came to the little milliner's house the next day a little box, which when opened, disclosed the sweet fragrance of violets, a lovely bunch of them, and with them was Florence Chambers' card, and on it these words, "Forgive me for my rudeness, I thank you for your gentle patience."

If the next regular prayer-meeting night found Florence in her place among the worshippers, it was to the little milliner's courtesy that the circumstance was due. Would we not do well, dear friends, to put our Christianity into practice more and more in our daily lives?

Mr. Beecher used to say pithily that some people prayed "cream," and lived "skim-milk." It should not be so with us.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

No more contributions of clothing will be received either at the stations 740-742 Broadway, or 15 Bible House, N. Y. Quantities already received and now in transit warrant the belief that nearly all wants have been supplied.

Mrs. M. Taylor, Brooklyn, writes the following, evoked by a recent article in this journal, entitled: "A Plea for the Birds:"

Oh, how my heart aches to see many lovely women wearing egret's plumes, and bringing up their daughters in the same paths. 'Any observant person who notices these plumes waving, not singly, but often in clusters, on the heads of so many women, must know that the slaughter has not been thousands but millions. It goes without saying that women must adorn themselves; but are there not many ways of doing it which need not involve such heartless cruelty? Ought not every good and gentle woman who has learned of it, to shun the responsibility of carrying aloft the trophies of such brutal work?'

R. A. W., Bluefield, W. Va. Does our Saviour's prohibition of swearing apply to the oath administered in courts of justice?

The Quakers and some other sects have so held. The majority of Christian people, however, differ with them. It is generally believed that Christ referred to a practice common among the Jews of that day of emphasizing an assertion by an oath, much as profane men at the present time garnish their talk with imprecations.

S. R. G., Armour, S. D. What constitutes a divine call to the ministry, or any other special work? Is an impression cherished from childhood sufficient?

God appears to indicate his will in the matter in different ways. A mere impression or desire to preach must not always be regarded as a call. Many have that, who are unfit for the work and are manifestly not called, because God never commissions any man for a task without giving him at the same time the qualifications for its performance. Where a man has earnest piety, an intense desire for service, a gift for speaking, and the consciousness of a message to deliver, and especially when he has already been used of God in the conversion of souls in the Sunday School or at small meetings, and if at the same time there is a providential opening of the way to the ministry—in such a combination there is fair ground for presuming that there is a divine call.

T., Milwaukee. Is a Christian minister justified in preaching on a Sunday morning about "The Health Department," "Vaccination," or a local strike? Is it not his duty to preach the Gospel?

It is undoubtedly his duty to preach the Gospel; but he has a perfect right to show how the principles of Christianity apply to the concerns of the present day, and if is his duty to do so. If members of his congregation are in doubt as to how a Christian ought to act in certain exigencies of business or public duty, they have a right to expect from their minister such light as he is able to give on the subject. If they are acting in a manner inconsistent with their Christian profession the minister would be recreant if he neglected to warn them. The minister's aim should be to help men to live the Christ life on earth in all their relations, and the more practical his sermons are, the better. Mere amusement or instruction in secular matters is out of place in the pulpit on the Lord's day.

W. J. Macaulay, Tevis, Kan. On December 25. ——A. E. Stevenson, West Newton, Pa. You will find it in almost any collection of Watts' hymns, the first verse beginning, "Why should we start and fear to die?"——Stella T. Zea, Rensselaer, Ind. Probably not ——Mrs. Lydia Yarborough, Big Rock, Tenn. Write to the Palestine Exploration Society, London, for all information as to localities in Bible Land discoveries.——Sarah Tefft South Bend, Ind. We regard it as an illusion on the part of the credulous and as trickery on the part of charlatans who make a living out of it.——Subscriber. Write to Henning H. Revell Co., publisher, New York.——M. E. Daniels, Enfield, Mass. We cannot advise you.——A. B. C. Restoration should be made to the person direct, failing which, you could adopt the plan you outline.——Mrs. M. Dorn, Schenectady. We believe it is no longer published.——Subscriber, Chase City, Va. Southern California.——Thos. Buffum, Fallbrook, Cal. You can be accommodated. It has not need very much.——J. W. Mitchell, Chesterville, Md. The letter j in Turkish is pronounced to rhyme with "zhe."——C. F. Kesse, Westfield, Mass. Why let your correspondence with some one else be a burden?——W. H. B. H. All the letters are pronounced as written except the ... which is silent.——Ex-[illegible] Bristol, N. H. One of the best is Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography. Chambers's Encyclopædia is also a good one.——L. L. Conant, Worcester, Mass. Write to J. E. Jewett, Chesselton, Bible House, New York.

A Band of Godly Men.

One of Dr. Hall's Youthful Associates Revives Hallowed Memories of the Dead Missionary—A Touching Tribute

MR. Frederick J. Blanchard, of New York, a friend of the late Rev. W. J. Hall, missionary to Korea, whose recent death from typhus fever, contracted while laboring among the sick and wounded after the battle of Pyng-Yang, was related in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, sends in the following interesting reminiscences of him:

"Dr. Hall was born near the village of Glen Buell, in Leed's County, Ontario, Canada, between thirty and thirty-five years ago. His parents were humble but devout Christians. When he was but a boy upon his father's farm, the seeds of Gospel truth were planted in his young heart by his pious parents. From boyhood he was noted for earnest unassuming piety. When not more than sixteen, he was one of the most energetic, active, devoted, self-sacrificing and successful Christian workers in the community where he lived.

"In 1883, he and I were fellow students, in Athens High School, located in his native county. Largely as the outcome of his zeal, a prayer-meeting among the students was organized, and weekly meetings were held in the school building. The meetings were productive of great good to the students. It was also our custom to conduct a prayer-meeting on Tuesday evenings, in our rooms, meeting from week to week in our various boarding places. Of the members who constituted that meeting, Dr. Hall has died in harness in a foreign mission field, mourned by thousands; Rev. Dr. Kilborn is a medical missionary in Central China, where Rev. Geo. Hartwell is also laboring; Dr. A. E. Bolton is a medical missionary among the Indians in British Columbia, with a hospital at Port Simpson; Rev. J. A. Dorman is a member of the Montreal Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada; W. J. Hayes, from Dr. Hall's neighborhood, died about two years ago, a few months after his ordination into the ministry of the Methodist Church; J. A. Madden is a lawyer and an active Christian worker in Toronto, Canada, and W. J. Crummy, a young man ever zealous in the cause of Christ, and a leading spirit in all our meetings, went home to his reward eight years ago.

"Dr. Hall was 'instant in season and out of season,' yet his earnest, devoted efforts and words, were not offensive to the ungodly, whom he tried to lead to a better life and to Christ, as even the most irreverent and irreligious among his acquaintances have nought but words of praise to say of him. In Queen's College, Kingston, he was a recognized leader, especially in connection with the University Y. M. C. A. Later he came to New York accompanied by A. E. Bolton, as they believed their opportunities to qualify themselves for their chosen work, would be greater here, than in the smaller cities of their native country. His work while in New York, first as a student and then as a missionary, is well known.

"When leaving Kingston, in the course of a farewell address, he said, 'I have but one short life to live, and how can I best employ it.' It is written of the Master, 'He went about doing good,' and the same can truthfully be said of our departed brother.

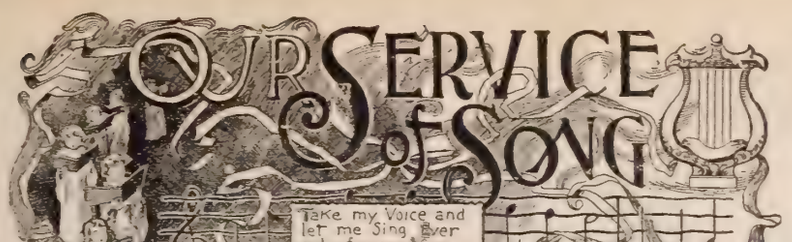
"He is dead, yet he lives in the hearts and memories of all who knew him. To grasp his hand, to look into his eyes, to listen to his conversation, was in itself a rebuke to sin, and an inspiration to a holier and a better life, to know him intimately, was to love him. I have never known a man, who in my humble judgment, served God with as clean and perfect a heart, with all those words imply, as did the late Dr. Hall. I never read the words, 'In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand,' but what the revered face and life of my now departed friend and class-mate, presents itself before my mind's eye, as the most perfect exemplification of its teachings, of whom I have any knowledge.

"'God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform,' and while I cannot understand this mystery of God's Providence, I am confident he doeth all things well, and I pray sincerely, that as our brother's life was made a blessing to so many his death may be a great benediction to the people for whom he laid down his life."

Clothing for the Needy West.

The following contributions of clothing, ., for the sufferers in Nebraska and Kan- s have been received:

SCE Hanover, 2 bbls.
known Donor, box & bbl
Townsend, Vt, bbl.
Asylum, Mass. box.
Schenectady, pkg.
Plymouth, N H, bbl.
ist Church, Georgia
Plains, Vt. bbl.
H Crowell, case.
lesick, box.
Gillespie, pkg.
an L Carter, 2 bbls.
as Schwartz, bbl.
H Kindall, bbl.
end, N Y, pkg.
G Y Williams, pkg.
J Menks, pkg.
end clothing
lies Aid Soy, E Wind- r, Ct, 2 bbls.
ng's Daughters, Mara- hon, N Y, 10 bbls.
iend, Amstead, 2 bbls.
ner Bros, Sandusky, O, boxes.
ise G Anderson, box.
H Cromwell and daugh- ter, box.
Ware, shoes & clothes
iend, clothing.
ader of C H, overcoat.
M Strong, 2 bbls.
E Church, Richwood, ox.
d N, pkg.
CTU, Sandy Hill, 2 bbls.
M Lee, 2 bbls.
CTU, Pine Bush, bbl.
t Pleasant friends, bbl.
ist C Dechert, bedding
iends, Wheeling, pkg.
formed Church, Schraal- burg, N J, 2 bbls.
rolina, RI, friends, 2 bbls
rs C B King, 2 bbls.
riend, Greenport, bbl.
iends Ref Church, As- bury Park, 2 bbls & box.
iends, Carlyle, clothing
iends, Chester, case.
rs C C Brown, bbl.
E S, per Mrs Vorhees, 2 bbls.
E Church, box.
icholas N Congdon, case.
iends, Preston, 5 bbls.
resby Church, Hornells- ville, 3 bbls.
Bloomfield friends, bbl.
lrs Decker & friends, bbl.
ara B Allen, clothing.
eo Barnes, box.
lrs H E Bugbee, 2 bbls.
riends, Ryegate, "
hrell & Olmick, bbl.
lrs Stratton & fr'ds, bale.
ndrew Shane, box.
P Moore, pkg.
Anderson, pkg.
lrs M F Bowers, pkg.
riend, Charlottsville, Va, clothing.
A B overcoat.
Mrs Haas and Mrs Matter case.
People of Rockville, case.
lrs S, New Haven, pkg.
lrs Geo Green, pkg.
riend, N Y, pkg.
Ministering Children and Church of Reconcilia- tion, bbl.
Friend, Eagle, N Y, bbl
A Cummings, box of coats
I L Keith, box.
Friend, Charlestown, box.
Mrs A E Smith, 2 trunks.
Mrs D Gluck, pkg.
Friend, Gray, Me, bale.
Mrs W W Brown, pkg.
Mrs S Dwinell and Ladies Aid Soc'y, bbl.
J Saxton, bbl.
H W Dann, bbl.
Mrs Daniel Webster, box.
Epworth League, Mt Kisco, 3 bbls.
Trinity Miss Soc'y, Patter- son, 2 bbls and box.
Ladies Miss Circle, W Ac- ton Mass, bbl.
T E A, Morrel, bbl.
Mrs Geo Porrine, box.
M E and Bap Churches, Whitestone, 3 bbls.
A deVoll, bbl.
W H M S, First Church, Brockton, 4 bbls.
H Thompson, bbl.
Little Boy, jacket.
Mrs Girard Reed, 2 bbls.
Mrs Mary V Hills, bbl.
Mrs E M Sayre, pkg.
Benedict Parker, bbl.
Rasidents of Middleboro per Rev J A Clark, 15 bbls
Kings' Daughters, Brock- ton, case.
Julia Kuhr, pkg.
Geo B Atwater, 2 bbls.
W W Case, 2 bbls.
C E S, Windsor, 2 bbls.
Mrs O B Sikes, bbl.
Unknown Donor, bbl.
" bale.
Mrs Hinchey, clothing.
Friend, N Y, "
Friend, clothing.
"
Friends in Bklyn, clothing
Farmer's Daughter, coat.
Friend, Bethlehem, Pa, pkg.
Unknown Friend, clothing
YPSCE, Franklin, bbl.
Unknown Friend 2 bbls.
Friend, men's clothing.
Livingston Church, Lin- lithgo, 5 bbls.
Reformed Church, Spring Valley, 3 bbls.
Unknown Friend, pkg.
Mrs McKee, bbl.
Mrs Whitmore, clothing.
Mrs Winslow, "
M Smith, "
A Friend, "
YPSCE, Ref Church, Tap- pan, pkg.
Friend, Hackensack, box
E J Eddy, bbl.
YPSCE, West Berne, bbl.
Friend, N Y, pkg.
Mrs Shaw, clothing.
Friend, Easton, pkg.
" Pawtucket, bale.
" N Y, pkg.
" White Plains, bbl.
" Rochester, box.
" Gt Barrington, box.
" Madison, bale.
" Rome, N Y, bale.
" of New Haven, 2 bbls
Laura Kall, pkg.
Mrs G Rasp, bbl.
C E Grubb, bbl.
N Madison Aid Soc'y, bbl.
Mrs Soule & friends, 2 bbls
Mrs Pierce, bbl.
Rainbow Band, Castine, Me, 3 bbls.
Mrs C L Hyde, box.
M E Church, Stroudsburg Pa, bbl.
J M Snook, bale.
Friends of Peekskill, pkg.
A C Niver, box.
Friends, Yonkers, bale.
C Burkhardt, bbl.
Moses Yerks, box of shoes and box of clothing.
"J R," pkg.
F S & J G, No Collins, bbl
A B & P M More, box.
Mrs C F Chadwick, pkg.
A Friend, pkg.
Martha Degamp, clothing
Friends, Huntington, box.
" Northport, box.
Ladies Aid Soc'y, Spring- field Centre, bbl.
Unknown Donor, pkg.
1st Baptist Church, Hack- ensack, pkg.
Friends, Foxburg, box.
Elizabeth Hunter, pkg.
Mrs Hopkins, pkg.
Mr Cree, clothing.
Orphan Asylum, Brook- lyn, clothing.
Friend, Bklyn, clothing.
F E Rowe, "
Mrs Bell, "
Mrs Secor, "
Mrs J Palmer "
Mrs Shaw, "
Mrs Rose, bbl.
Mrs Howard, 2 pkgs.
M A B, coat.
Rev D Beal, 3 boxes.
L H F, pkg.
Mrs Mitchell, pkg.
Friend, N J, pkg.
G W Stitzer, box.
Mrs DeWitt Haines and Friends, box.
Mrs I P Trumble, pkg.
Friend, Glen's Falls, pkg.
Rev G Bard, bbl.
Congers M E Church, bbl.
Cong So'y, Plainville, bbl.
Friend S. New Berun, bbl.
" Cambridge, box.
12 Ladies of Oberlin, 2 bbls
Friends, E Orange, 2 boxes
WCTU, FortyFort, bbl.
E T Kyte, clothing and bedding.
Friend, Lordville, bbl.
Y P S, Essex, Ct, bbl.
Baptist C E S, Windsor, Vt, bbl.
J F Cann, 2 bbls.
Mrs Cole, clothing.
B A B, Ithaca, valise.
Friend, Oil City, box.
Miss Soc'y, Ref Church, Living-ton, 4 bbls.
Friend, Munson, bbl.
Ladies Aid Soc'y, Cherry Flats, Pa, 3 bbls.
Cong Soc'y, Chester, bbl.
Mr & Mrs Walker, box.
40 Sinclair Ave, Syracuse, bbl and pkg.
Friend of S Dover, pkg
S J Allen, pkg.
S. Rhinebeck, N Y, pkg.
The Misses Atchley, box.
Friend, Doylestown, box.
Poplar Ridge Sewing So- ciety, 2 bbls.
Mrs F Pamphilon, clothes
Gus Linquist, box.
Mrs Brackett, pkg.
Friend, N Y, pkg.
Mrs E Holmes, pkg.
Box 43, Oakland, bbl.
Mrs Olney & Mrs Knapp, bbl.
Mrs Geo P Kinney, 2 bbls.
T C B, N Woodbury, bbl.
L E D, bbl.
Friend, Boston, pkg.
Miss J Redman, bbl.
Unknown Donor, case.
" Mt Hecter, bbl.
" Montclair, pkg.
Mr J Abendwely, trunk.
A D Webster, box.
Mrs Thompson, clothing.
Mrs Scott, bbl.
Mrs Beardsley, clothing.
First Pres Church, Mont- clair, 2 bbls.
S H Muchmore, 2 coats.
Grace Pres Church, Mont- clair, 2 boxes.
Mrs J C Anderson, bbl.
Friend, Greenfield, bale.
YPSCE, Morristown, 4 bbl
Emily J McCool, pkg.
Ladies Aid Soc'y, Dale, bbl
E T Spencer, valise.
Cong Church, Sterling, Mass, 2 bbls.
Friend of E Haven, bbl.
Friends, Marlboro, 2 bbls
A L Brown, box.
Mrs M S Blood, pkg.
C D Sheldon, suit clothes
M G E Lasher, bbl.
C E Stebbins, clothing.
Mrs J W Phillips, pkg.
Friend, Fishkill Ldg, pkg.
Cranesville Ref Church, case.
Friend, NewCastle, box.
" Yappant, 2 bbls.
" Trenton, pkg.
Mrs T Langdon, case.
Ladies Aid Society, Pres Church, Chester, case.
C N Tubbs, case.
Friend, Tully, 4 bbls.
King's Daughters, Brook- field, 6 bbls.



In Pastures Green.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. In pas-tures green He lead - eth me, My falt-'ring steps He guides;
2. In pas tures green He lead - eth me, Where healthful wa - ters flow;
3. In pas-tures green He lead - eth me, To Him my voice I'll raise,
4. In pas-tures green He lead - eth me, No ill my soul shall fear;
And for my need how gra - cious-ly My Shepherd still pro - vides.
He spreads His ban-ner o - ver me, My shield from ev - ery foe.
Whose lov - ing kindness ten - der - ly Has fol - lowed all my days.
His rod and staff shall com-fort me, For He is ev - er near.
Refrain.
He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, My soul with gladness sings;
While safe I rest, se - cure and blest, Be - neath His might-y wings.

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THE CZAR OF THE JEWS.

The Jewish "Missionary Herald," for January, 1895, says: "By a ukase of the late Emperor Alexander III., a large number of Jews were under orders to quit the Crimea on October 20th, 1894. Many who could not dispose of their businesses and possessions did not obey the order, and during the last days of the late Emperor his full instructions were not carried out. Thus many Jews remained in the various towns and villages where they had been living. On the conclusion of the festivities at the marriage of the new Czar, the community petitioned Nicholas II. to allow them to remain in their homes till they could comply with the command. The Czar replied by telegram: 'The Jews of the Crimea can stay there as long as they are willing to stop.' Moreover, just a week after Alexander III. died, Jews residing in Yalta were also to have been expelled from their homes and driven away to the Pale of Settlement, which has been well described as 'the Russian analogue of the Black Hole of Calcutta.' Under the circumstances the law was not immediately enforced. This afforded the Jews an opportunity of trying to bring their case before the new Sovereign. They journeyed to Livadia and persuaded a well-known minister of religion to secure for them admission to the Audience Chamber of Nicholas II. The minister presented their petition, to which the Czar replied: 'The Jews of Yalta will be allowed to reside there in peace.' It is also stated, by the 'Voskhod,' that the authorities in Wilna have 'recently received from the Minister of the Interior a proposal to stop the expulsion of Jews from the fifty verst zone of the frontier, mentioning therein also another suggestion with regard to cancelling the law of the fifty verst zone altogether."

UNDER SEALED ORDERS.

OUTIDE she swung her moorings,
And over the harbor bar:
As the moon was slowly rising
She faded from sight afar.
And we traced her gleaming canvas
By the twinkling evening star.
None knew the port she sailed for,
Nor whither her cruise would be;
Her future course was shrouded
In silence and mystery;
She was sailing under "sealed orders,"
To be opened when at sea.

So souls cut off from moorings,
Go drifting into the night,
Darkness before and around them,
With scarce a glimmer of light;
They are acting under "sealed orders,'
Are sailing by faith, not sight.
Keeping the line of duty
Through good and evil report,
They shall ride the storms out safely,
Be the passage long or short;
For the ship that carries God's orders
Shall anchor at last in port.

THE MILLENNIUM.

The Characteristics of the Reign of Christ on Earth and the Changes to take Place Before it is Inaugurated.

BY REV. C. J. OLIVER.*

A THOUSAND years' rest for the world, a thousand years' simultaneous truce in all war between the spirit and the flesh, between man and man, between God and the devil. Rejoice, O, ye inhabitants of the earth; re-echo our rejoicings, O, ye children of the skies! A thousand years will Satan be bound, says Holy Writ; a thousand years shall we have peace on earth, responds the universal heart of man.

Sin, as a condition, continues; sinning as an overt action, ceases. Sickness, weakness, weariness, and pain will be unknown; they are the fruits of sin, and in the Millennium sin is not permitted to show blossom or bear fruit.

It is a time of sowing and of reaping, "but one shall not plant and another eat;" "they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them;" "they shall not build and another inhabit it;" "they shall long enjoy the work of their hands." A time of building houses, but the poor man shall not build for himself and the extortioner inhabit it; "they shall not labor in vain;" a time of buying and selling; of abundant commerce. Men will "eat" and "drink" and "sing," but not "weep." The peaceful dominion inaugurated in Eden shall obtain at last; there will be no poison in the fang of the viper, no scent of blood to lure the tiger, no rotting dead to tempt the jackal; no ferocity shall lead the bear to rend or the wolf to raven in the fold.

What is the Millennium? A time when God will vindicate himself by making the world as if no sin had marred its beauty, perfect in all its appointments; in all the realm of nature there can be no lack and no redundancy. There can be no imperfect or mutilated forms of men, no lame, no blind, no deaf, no dumb. "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert" (Isa. 35).

When? No one need feel any hesitation in putting the beginning of the Millennium within the twelve hundred years which precede the end of all temporal things. We measure the duration of the Millennium by the period of Satan's incarceration, and the relation of that period to other events enables us to locate the Millennium, as its beginning and end, and say, when Satan is chained at the close of Armageddon, which marks its beginning; while at the close of the Millennium he is liberated for the so-called "little season." He then proceeds at once to stir up disaffection, to enroll recruits, to organize his sub-millennial army, and come up against the "camp of the saints" "as the sand of the sea:" and the "consummation determined" (Dan. 9: 27) is wrought in "fire which comes down from heaven and devours them." The "little season" seems to be less than two hundred years, which is a "little" period, indeed, as compared with any of the extended ones that have preceded it.

We return to our question, When? When Christ shall have achieved that quiet advent wherein "one is taken and another left," and before he "shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God." When? When the plagues, none of which antedate the coming of the Son of man, shall culminate in the trampling out of sin on the earth by the white-robed hosts of heaven, and before the innumerable hordes of Gog and Magog shall gather from the regions still beyond and move down upon the citadel of God, the capital of Christ. When? When man has suffered the reward and the result of sin from Adam to Armageddon, and God declares a truce that the millions of men then living may consider his offer of eternal amnesty in Jesus Christ. When? Why, then shall be and that shall be man's Millennial opportunity to make his peace with God.

*From his new work, entitled *The Third Period of the Apocalypse Explained*. Pp. 426; price $1.50. May be obtained from the author, 77 Larkin St., Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Oliver has evidently devoted considerable study to the unfulfilled prophecies, and has struck out for himself an original and ingenious theory in regard to them. While we are unable to endorse all his conclusions, we commend the work to students of prophecy as one containing much that is valuable and suggestive.

LESSONS FROM A PARABLE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for Week Commencing Feb. 17. Luke 10: 25-37. Missionary Topic.

IN choosing as a basis for a Missionary Topic the Parable of the Good Samaritan, the Committee shows its adherence to principles and methods of teaching which the Church is rapidly abandoning. Our Lord's teaching was of that broad type which is capable of infinite varieties of application. The principles he laid down were those that transform the soul. The man who receives them finds that they affect his whole life and conduct. They "leaven the whole lump." If he becomes in heart and spirit like the Good Samaritan, he can see no one in need of help of any kind without feeling an impulse to give that help. Thus his sympathies go out to the world lying in the darkness of heathenism and he gladly co-operates in the effort to send the Gospel to those who have it not. He knows what the Gospel can do for the individual and the nation and he longs to have its beneficent influence reach to every land. His sympathy with the heathen springs from the same spirit which Christ commended in the Good Samaritan. All honor to those who yield to the impulse, to the noble men and women who leave home and country and go out at the risk of health and life to extend the kingdom of Christ. All honor, too, to the people who give their money to make such work possible. The effort should never decline; men and money should always be forthcoming for such work and they always will be, while the Spirit of the Good Samaritan is at work in the Church. And the more effectually it is at work the more men and women and the more money will be consecrated to this purpose.

But the Church in these days is learning a different lesson from the Parable than that of activity in the foreign mission field. It has noticed that in the story, Christ did not represent the Good Samaritan as going to the wounded man and preaching to him, or offering him a tract. The divine spirit in him recognized the man's need and adapted his benevolence to his need. Although the wounded man was "half dead," the Samaritan whom our Lord commended, concerned himself with his body, not with his soul. Under the guidance of men such as those who selected the Parable for "a missionary topic," the Church of the past century has been giving tracts and preaching, when it should have given the oil and wine of life. This it ought to have done and not left the other undone. Christ was never indifferent to the hunger, or to the physical suffering of those around him. He sought to save men altogether—body, soul and spirit. Would he think we were obeying the injunction with which he closed the Parable, if he were here to-day? The Church has given freely to charity; probably our great hospitals, orphanages, and other charities derive the bulk of their support from Christian people; but there has not been hitherto the thoughtful adaptation of remedial measures to the crying need which was seen in the behavior of the Samaritan. The church has stood by indifferent, while the poor have suffered wrong and neglect. It has made no effort, in short, to give those who have fallen on life's highway, who have been robbed and maltreated, the help of which they stood in need. If the intelligence and the acumen that have been spent in defining and defending doctrine, in disputing about how much water should be used in baptism, and at what time it should be applied, had been devoted to finding a remedy for the anomalies of our social conditions, the world would be a far happier world to-day than it is. The contempt Christ poured on the men who were particular about paying a tithe of the sprigs of mint in their garden, while they robbed the widow and the fatherless, he must have felt for those of his professed followers who were too busy disputing about sublapsarianism and supralapsarianism to give any attention to the condition and the wrongs of the poor around them. The man who contracts disease from the foul-smelling alley in which his poverty compels him to live; the man who dies for the lack of nourishment and medical attention, while another, no better than he, but more fortunate, has a surplus of wealth beyond his power to use; the man who is able to work and willing to work, but can find no one to employ him; the woman whose wages are so low and precarious that she is constantly confronted with the alternative of starvation or sin—all these are justified in asking with indignation if the Church has obeyed her Master's injunction to look upon the Good Samaritan and "go and do likewise." Thank God, the time has come when the duty of studying the problem of poverty and of devising some means of doing for the poor what the Good Samaritan did for the wayfarer—giving him the help he needs—is being felt.

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THE WESTERN DISTRESS.

During the past week the gifts of clothing for the destitute people in the Western counties of Nebraska and Kansas have poured in from Young People's Societies of all names and denominations. It would have gladdened the hearts of these young people, if they could have looked into our Central Relief Depot, to see the barrels, boxes and packages of clothing, blankets, shoes and all kinds of gifts which have been sent to us, and have been forwarded with all speed to the West. They would have thanked God that the spirit that was in the Good Samaritan had moved so many hearts. This world is a better world than some of us thought, and we see proof of the fact in the response that has come to the appeal for the sufferers. Our young people are not asking with Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" but have shown their concern for their brothers whom they may have never seen, by keeping them from the pangs of hunger and cold, in short, by keeping them alive. The contributions have been far greater and more numerous than we dared hope. So much has come that there is now sufficient to supply every need. If there is in Nebraska or Kansas a single sufferer who lacks clothing it is because his need is unknown to our distributors. No more is required, and if any Society is preparing a contribution, it will be well not to send it to us, but use it for some other destitute people, of whom, unhappily, there are many to be found in every State. Again, we tender our thanks to the Societies, Leagues, and Unions which have sent contributions of money and clothing in response to our appeal—we thank them in the name of the people whose wants they have helped to relieve, and In His Name, who said: "I was naked and ye clothed me. Inasmuch as ye did it to to these, ye did it unto me."

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE Y. M. C. A. OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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A WESTERN Y. M. C. A.

On this page is a picture of the new building recently erected for the use of the Young Men's Christian Association of Minneapolis, Minn. The Association is one of the oldest in the Western States. It was organized in 1866, and is, therefore, in its maturity of vigorous life. Its last published record shows a membership of 987 and probably it has now passed into the honor group, of the "Associations of four figures." More than half its members are on the active list which is always a good test of an Association's right to its title. The record of over ten thousand attendance on the religious meetings of the year is an additional evidence of its spirituality. Its educational work, which comprises eleven departments is also flourishing and that it is heartily appreciated is evident from the fact that nearly two hundred young men are registered students and many of them in several departments. The Association has now a well equipped gymnasium with baths, lockers, etc. None can ever estimate the value of such an institution in a great city like Minneapolis, where young men have need of every kind of help that Christ's people can give them in their struggle against temptation.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

Many of the Leagues are arranging for a Lincoln evening, on Feb. 12, in celebration of the birthday of the Martyr President. —— The League is making great progress in the Hanibal Distrtct of the Missouri Conference. At the Hope Street Church there is a special advantage in the fact that Dr. S. R. Reno, the pastor, has held the office of President of the District League and is therefore an efficient and enthusiastic leader. Macon has for its leader Rev. Price A. Crow, who is the present President of the District. Louisiana has a League with seventy-five members, all of them good workers. Brookfield, Centralia and Rush Hill are all in efficient service. ——Dr. S. A. Steel is urging the Southern Leagues to make special efforts for the evangelization of the colored people around them. He suggests special services, the distribution of religious literature and Bible classes. Volunteer teachers from the League might also have classes for the most ignorant some of whom would be glad to learn to read. This implies personal service which after all is more to be valued than gifts of money.——A proof of the efficiency of Junior work in the League comes from Wisconsin. Fifteen members have received diplomas after examination from the Chautauqua Union. Mrs. Sharpe is the leader.——The Executive Committee of the Southern League Board at its recent meeting at Nashville, Tenn., appointed four courses of reading. The Biblical and Doctrinal comprised besides Scriptural selections, Dr. Godbey's "Methodist Church Members' Manual;" the Historical Course comprised Dr. Lovejoy's "History of Methodism" and the "History of the English Bible;" the Biographical Course has only one book, Lucy Larcom's "New England Girlhood;" the Miscellaneous Course comprises Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," Mrs. Campbell's "Prisoners of Poverty," "the Imitation of Christ." The Committee also passed a resolution of confidence in Dr. Steel's editorial charge of "The Epworth Era," and commended the paper to the Leagues.——In several New England Districts the League is doing good work for the poor. The League of Brayton Church at Fall River has commenced a series of charming entertainments which have attracted large audiences, and the proceeds have been turned over to the Mercy and Help Department. The money is very welcome, for there was a protracted strike in the district recently, and the effects are still felt.——The League at the Metamora, (O.) Church of which Rev. W. Spencer is pastor, has a grand record for its past year's work. It gathered one hundred bushels of wheat, fifteen bushels of potatoes, and $60 in money for families who lost everything in the late fire that burned the business part of the town to the ground. The League has undertaken to raise $200 toward building a new church in place of the one burned.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

Seventeen members of South Australian Christian Endeavor Societies are now laboring in foreign missionary fields.

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A Presbyterian Christian Endeavor Society of Union, S.C., puts one of the elders of the church on each of the committees, as an ex-officio member. This places all branches of society work directly under the supervision of the church officers.

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The National Convention of English Christian Endeavor Societies is to be held at Birmingham, June 1-4. Two large halls have been engaged for the meetings. Eminent men of various denominations have promised to attend and take part in the proceedings.

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A Young Men's Christian Association at Swansea, Wales, has inaugurated a useful work in a series of lectures on Christian Evidences to enable young men to meet the objections and arguments of sceptics. The lectures are highly appreciated as such a series would be in any large town in this country.

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Many new Christian Endeavor Societies are being formed in China. Reports have been received of three at Nanking alone which have been organized within a month. Rev. A. A. Fulton of Canton, writes that there will soon be organized there a Canton Christian Endeavor Union. He also reports that Endeavor work is to be begun in Amoy.

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At a largely-attended consecration meeting in connection with the Central South London Christian Endeavor Union held at Christ Church, Rev. F. B. Meyer presided. The motto text for the year was given "Thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint" (II Sam. 15: 15). Mr. Meyer urged the members to be at all times ready for the work.

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Mr. John Willis Baer, General Secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, writes: "You will be glad to know that since report was made, last October, our net increase in the official enrolment of Societies is 1293. We now have 37,002 Societies in our world-wide fellowship, with a total membership of 2,223,800. Of these the number of Societies is 3993."

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The Young Women's Christian Association of Dundee, Scotland, has a Letter Mission as one of its departments. It commenced about ten years ago. There were only ten workers connected with it at that time, and about 400 letters distributed every month. There are still the ten heads, but these are now assisted by eighty-nine other ninety workers, while 1600 letters are distributed monthly.

STRANGE.

'Tis strange that we seldom seem thankful
For the blessings around us that lie;
Strange that we 're always complaining,
Doubting and questioning "Why?"
Strange that the world moves on ever,
Ne'er missing a link in its chain;
Strange the world's filled so with gladness
When hearts are nigh broken with pain.

So strange that we seek not the sunshine;
Strange that we shun not the cloud;
Strange we accept not the beauty
Of eternity—heaven avowed.
So strange that we grope here in darkness,
When our Saviour proclaimeth the light;
Strange that we tarry in weakness,
But stranger his grace and his might.

Alaskan Children.

The Little Folks in that Icy Clime no Longer Neglected—Eskimos at School.

PROBABLY in no part of the world has Christianity and the introduction of Christian missions accomplished more for the intellectual and spiritual advancement of any race than in Alaska. Only a few years ago, the Eskimo of that great territory were ignorant heathen. To-day, Alaska has a school population of ten thousand, with over thirty schools, of which sixteen are day schools and the remainder contract. These schools are supplied jointly by the Government and the Missionary Societies of the Presbyterian, Moravian, Episcopal, Methodist, Congregational, Lutheran and other churches.

In his report on education in Alaska, Rev. Sheldon Jackson describes interestingly the result of this system of instruction. There are among the scholars many industrious pupils who, in addition to being clothed, housed and fed, are taught shoemaking, house-building, furniture-making, coopering, baking, gardening and the care of cattle by the boys while the girls learn cooking, baking, washing, ironing, sewing, dressmaking, housekeeping, and other useful branches.

One of the girl-pupils at Point Barrow, Alaska, is shown in the accompanying illustration, from a photograph by Mr. Sheldon. When the first school was opened at Point Barrow, the majority of the natives were away on a fishing and hunting expedition. Food was scarce, and the whole outlook was unpromising. There were strange native prejudices against education, and at the outset the influence of the native sorcerers or priests kept many of the children away from school the first year. As winter advanced, more attended. They were well-behaved and seemed to remember what they learned. Soon the little folks began to use the English language, even on the play-ground.

Excellent schools have also been established at Point Hope, Cape Prince of Wales, Unalaliklik, Anoik, Kososiffsky, Nulato, Cape Vancouver, Bethel, Carmel, Unalaska, Metlakhatla, and also at different points in the Kadiak and Sitka districts. The children quickly mastered the alphabet, learned to spell and pronounce English, to write neatly and to sing Gospel hymns and patriotic songs. They were taught cleanly habits and to make their own clothing. The result of these teachings has been admirable, and the rising generation of Alaskans bids fair to be emancipated from the Shamanism and sorcery which constituted the native religion and to become good, moral, well-behaved Christian men and women, and a blessing to their native land.

This is only a faint outline of what Christian missions have already done for the children of Alaska.

* * *

A Child's Love of Knowledge.

The thoughts of childhood are deep thoughts. Oftener than we think we are given opportunity to guide these thoughts. Children are far keener than we commonly fancy in detecting the unsatisfactoriness of meagre and shallow definitions. The logic with which they will often run down a fallacy is merciless. A child does not need to be led by degrees into a knowlege of God. As soon as he is capable of learning that his voice can be heard by his loving mother or his loving father in another room, he is capable of learning that his voice can be heard by a loving Father whom he has never seen; who is always within hearing, but never within sight; who is the loving Father of his father and mother, as well as of himself and everybody else; who is able to do all things, and who is sure to do all things well. In the knowledge of this truth, a child can be taught to pray to God in faith as early as he can speak; and even to know something of the meaning of prayer before he can utter words intelligently. One important way in which children obtain information is by the asking of questions. The beginnings of their education are achieved through interrogation. They have been not inaptly called "animated interrogation points." Such a new and wonderful world has opened upon them, and one piece of knowledge so leads to another that they are induced to proceed, and can ascend only on the steps of questions. For this reason it becomes a matter of transcendent importance how we answer them. It is just here that many people fail, and more especially in matters of information in regard to religious truth and teaching. When it comes to questionings upon religious themes many parents and teachers do not answer children at all, while some others put them off with some foolish evasion.

* * *

The Mother's Sacred Charge.

Early impress your little ones with the truth that all we have is a gift from God, a sacred trust to be accounted for, and that the more we have the more we are under the obligation to serve others. Herein lies the secret of eradicating selfishness. "For even Christ came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Let this thought encourage us amid the cares and perplexities of the ever-recurring household duties, that the little child receiving his first lessons in life at our hands may be so influenced that he shall carry the light of the Son of Righteousness to those we have longed to reach:

You are guiding the little footsteps in the way they ought to walk;
You are dropping a word for Jesus in the midst of your household talk;
Living your life for love's sake, till the homely cares grow sweet,
And sacred the self-denial that is laid at the Master's feet.

* * *

The Faith of the Young.

The training of a child's faith is the most delicate and the most important duty that devolves upon one who is set to the work of child-training. More is involved in it for the child's welfare, and more depends upon it for the child's enjoyment and efficiency in life, than pivots on any other phase of the training of a child. He who would train a child's faith aright has need of wisdom, and yet more has need of faith,—just such faith as that to the exercise of which he would train the child of his charge.

If you tell a child that God is able and ready to give him everything he prays for, the child is prompt to accept your statement as a truth, and so he prays for a pleasant day, when a pleasant day is desired by him. If the pleasant day comes accordingly, the child's faith in prayer is confirmed; but if the day be a stormy one, the child's mind is bewildered, and a doubt is likely to creep into his mind whether prayer is always so effective as he had been told to believe it to be.

Peculiarly has a parent need to watch lest he check or hinder unduly the loving promptings of a child's faith; for it is our Lord himself who has said: Whoso shall cause one of these little ones which believe on Me to stumble, it is profitable for him that a great millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be sunk in the depth of the sea."

* * *

AN EMPRESS'S BIBLE.

THIS pleasant incident is related by a lady missionary in China: In Shanghai it is a time of feasting and jollity, as though the times were the "piping times of peace." On the broad main avenue of the English settlement are all the young elite of Shanghai with gay equipages and gayer dress. The native city and the streets are full of people running hither and thither with lanterns and cheap ornaments for the decorations that are meant to celebrate the Empress's birthday, soon to dawn.

But a different crowd gathered, one afternoon, in one of the Christian churches, to see the birthday gift of the Chinese Christian women to their Empress. It is a most beautiful gift—the casket alone costing $500. It is 15 x 12 x 4 inches, made of silver, elaborately ornamented with bamboo leaves and birds. A gold plate on the top bears the inscription in Chinese characters. It is lined with olive green plush and fits into a box, covered, within and without, with plush. The "Bible" is the New Testament printed in large type on fine foreign paper, with a broad gilt border and gilt edges. The cover is of silver embossed like the casket, the whole cost amounting to $1200. It is to be sent immediately to Peking, with earnest hopes that it may reach it destination, and many prayers that the proud Empress may learn the beautiful lesson of the meek and lowly Jesus' life.

* * *

Housekeeper's Sunday.

Housekeepers need one day in seven for rest as much as any other class of laborers, but too often the Sabbath is crowded with work that seems inevitable. While some duties must be performed, Sunday's work may be greatly lessened. Much work may be saved on Sunday in the cooking. During the week the wise housewife will plan all her Sunday meals and purchase everything needed. It does not look very consistent to see professed Christians patronize butcher shops, bakeries, milk and ice wagons on the Lord's day. The mother's Sabbath is not complete unless some time is spent in religious instruction, and by an attractive recital of Bible stories, early teaching a love for God's word. This hour can be made one of real pleasure to the little ones if wisely conducted, and will be a bright spot in their memories and an incentive to right living in the years to come. A calm, useful, well-spent Sabbath is the crowning joy of the whole week.

AN ESKIMO GIRL-PUPIL OF THE FORT BARROW COOKING SCHOOL.

A NEW FASHIONED WOMAN

Written Specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BY

MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A Wedding.

GOING back into the parlor, Dr. Gordon found Annie still sitting at the piano. He seated himself behind her, and, laying his hand over on her's he stopped the chords and said: "Your obstacle is removed, Annie, much to my joy. Your brother says he made no regular contract about your teaching, thinking you might become tired and wish to stop without notice. He will write to President Clarke tonight. It is all right now, is it not?"

"I do not know," Annie replied. "I want to act honorably toward President Clarke, whether there was a contract or not. I must write to him and ascertain if it will not inconvenience him for me to resign at once. He may be depending upon my assistance next term."

"But I am depending on you, too," Dr. Gordon pleaded. "I urge a stronger claim if his is a prior claim. Now be good, and don't set up any ridiculous obstacles. There are a score of efficient teachers who could be secured in a week to fill your place in the college, but who is there who could fill your place in my home? You would really be doing some poor girl a kindness by creating a vacancy on President Clarke's staff; you don't know what a boon that position may be to the girl who succeeds you and I beg you let her get the place at once and not keep her waiting."

"How much you are concerned all at once about this imaginary young person! You see your pleas are not disinterested, but I admit there is some sense in them. In any case I will write President Clarke, and find out if he can release me at once without inconvenience, and if so, I will not go back."

"Now Annie, you are reasonable, and I am sure all will be satisfactorily arranged, and we can be married as soon as you get President Clarke's reply."

"We could be, but why such desperate haste? I must have time to get accustomed to the idea, at least. Only last week I had my plans for service and usefulness among the poor all arranged. I intended to fill up my vacation in that way and then go back to college. Now you have disarranged everything. I am confused and bewildered."

"You will soon recover. Let us fix it for the beginning of next month."

Annie smiled, and began: "But, Dr. Gordon, you surely do not want to be married so soon? The idea of being married next month! Who ever heard of such a thing!"

"Who cares, we will institute something new. I don't care one straw for fashion or custom. You are the first and only woman I ever loved, and somehow I am afraid of losing sight of you for a moment, for fear of losing you altogether. Annie, don't oppose me. I don't believe I will be fit for work, until I feel that I have secured you. Say yes to next month, won't you?"

"I do not see how I can do that. Why are you in such haste? Do you think I am the same light, changeable girl you used to know? But I need not ask you that, for you would not have asked me to be your wife if you did not know I was changed. I suppose you are drawing an unfair inference from my accepting you at once. You think I did it impulsively and I may change my mind, is it not so?"

"Do not put such a possibility in words, Annie. I cannot bear to think that such a thing could be. It is only that a great happiness has come near to me, so great that to lose it would be worse than death, and I tremble at the thought that it might happen."

"Well I must teach you patience and trust, dear. You must trust God as well as me. If God designs the happiness you crave, you know there can be no doubt that you will have it. Why should I not say that we shall have it. You must not think me unwomanly if I say that I, too, regard it as a great joy, I am looking forward to great happiness in your companionship, and there is no reason why I should conceal it from you. I thank God for the love that has come to me, and for the answering love in my breast. It is very good of him to have so enriched my life. But I can wait, and I want you to be good."

"Very well, I will be good this time and yield. Let it be six weeks from to-day, then."

So it was agreed that in about six weeks Annie was to be Dr. Gordon's wife. The question of trips was discussed, but Annie said she preferred a plain, unostentatious wedding, with only the family and Mrs. Somers present, after which it was agreed that they were to settle down in their own home.

During the days that intervened between the agreement and the marriage-day, Roy seemed unusually busy. Now he was here, now there, now his wife must go with him, and often they were in secret conclave.

Day after day passed by and at last the eventful one arrived. It arose bright and beautiful. Roy's phaeton was unusually busy, hurrying to and fro until night. At five they were to be married, a supper given them, then they were to go at once to their future home, and where this was Annie did not know. It was all involved in mystery.

Annie looked unusually lovely in her rich pear silk, with natural flowers at her throat and in her hair. She was really more beautiful than on her first bridal night when her dress, a marvel of lace aud pearls called forth the admiration and the envy of her fashionable friends. There was calm happiness on her face and Dr. Gordon's heart seemed overflowing. The supper was elegant, for it was universally conceded that the entertainments at the St. Clair's were very stylish, and on this occasion neither money nor taste was wanting. All was over, ceremony, supper, presents given, and congratulations extended, and at ten o'clock Dr. Gordon turned to his wife and said: "The phaeton is ready, Annie, shall we go?"

Good-night was said all around, and they left. As soon as they were alone Dr. Gordon said:

"Annie, Roy's royal gift to you is your future home. Ours is a noble brother! He selected a home, he says, that you always half way coveted, a sort of Naboth's vineyard to you. He actually bought the owner out of it, and he has furnished it,he and his wife, entire, pantry and all. They would not let me touch it or even go to see it."

"How good!" exclaimed Annie from a full heart. "This is Roy's crowning gift of gifts. How can I thank him enough!"

Annie guessed that it was the Italian villa in the suburbs,with its park, vineyard and orchard, and so it was. Within and without everything was complete. Dr. Gordon had provided servants; so when they drove within the yard, they found themselves before a brilliantly lighted house.

In the sitting-room the servant left them alone, and there they bowed in prayer, thanking God for mercies showered upon them, and most of all for each other. In that prayer they dedicated themselves to work together for Jesus, and Annie's audible "Amen" showed how heartily she gave herself to this work.

Now weeks flew, months flew in the midst of happy home duties, duties as wife, duties as friend, duties as the child of the most High God. These filled Annie's time and heart. Life was not a calm, placid lake, always unruffled, reflecting only the clear blue of heaven, but often and often there were wavelets dashing to and fro, troubles which sent her quickly to the throne of grace for strength, and to the home of Mrs. Somers for Christian counsel.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Christian Wife and Mother.

As years glided by, changes came into Annie's household. The first was in the form of a little rosebud, which began to expand its rosy petals in the shape of a lovely little girl. She was, at Annie's request, named Mabel, after Dr. Gordon's mother. She was a sweet, good baby, and, as she grew, she developed into a child, delicate in form and feature, but very gentle and lovely.

"Does not Mabel frighten you?" asked Annie of her husband one day. "She seems so spirituelle, that I have a fear that some day a pair of wings will expand and she will take flight. I wish there was a little more of human nature about her."

"She is certainly the sweetest child I ever saw, laying aside a father's prejudices, you know. The other day when you dressed her so beautifully, with sleeves caught up showing her snow white arms, I took her riding, and stopped at my office and carried her into Mr. Chapman's office which is opposite mine. You know, he is an old bachelor, I tell him from necessity, for I never saw a man who loved women and babies so much. As soon as he caught sight of my fairy girl, he heaved a deep sigh, shut up the dispensatory he was studying, and said in a melancholy tone when I introduced her:

"'You don't say so, Doc!'"

"But I do, though, I said. She's mine. Wouldn't you like the facsimile?"

"'That depends,' he said, 'on who would own tother half—but I believe I'd take that little beauty both halves—Baby, tum to your old uncle,' and Mabel laughed and actually held out her arms to go to him. He was in ecstasy; danced her about the room, jumped up and down with her, until the perspiration stood in great beads upon his forehead. He didn't want me to bring her away. As I started, I looked back and said, 'Go and do likewise, my friend,' and I left him scratching his head and sighing."

"I think," said Annie, that every man who loves women and babies ought to have one of each, and I commiserate your old bachelor friend sincerely."

"So do I. How I managed to live so long without them I am sure I cannot see!"

A year passed; and another little life was added to the Gordon family, a big, bouncing healthy boy. Another immortal to train for heaven," said Annie, and her mother's heart was full. As little Mabel at her birth was dedicated to Jesus, so was the boy Wallace, whom Annie had named after his father.

Another child added greatly to Annie's care and anxiety. Mrs. Somers was still the spiritual mother in whom she confided. In her relation of wife her troubles were few, for Dr. Gordon was a model husband, bestowing every tender attention upon her,and relieving her of labor whenever it was in his power, and in every possible way aiding in her daily duties. They were by no means rich, so economy was necessarily practiced by Annie. By Roy's kind generosity they had a commodious home, comfortably, nay, even elegantly furnished, and surrounded by spacious grounds which it was Annie's delight to cultivate. Dr. Gordon's professional practice was large and constantly on the increase. He was popular as a man, and pre-eminently successful as a practitioner. He was constituted with a rare combination of qualities as nurse as well as a physician. His touch was so gentle, his step so soft and voice so sympathetic, but this was not all. Better than these womanly qualities he was a Christian physician, and while he ministered to the body, he did not forget the soul, for while relieving the sufferer, he whispered many a tender warning entreaty. How rare a combination!

"I book annually over $5000," he remarked to Annie one day, but though they were now increasing in worldly goods and were on the road to wealth, still they were neither of them elated on account of it. They rather felt that prosperity was harder for the Christian to bear than adversity, hence as wealth increased so did prayer. The list of families in which he practised was lengthening, and he was busy day and night, still he found ample time to love his wife and children, and to tell them so. He did not start off in the morning leaving a wife starving at home for words of affection, her hungry heart forever unsatisfied.

Upon one occasion, Dr. Gordon had attended a medical convention in an adjoining State, with a friend, and they were absent a week. A few days after their return, this friend's wife called informally one morning to see Annie. She had by nature an unusually bright face, but now it was troubled, and Annie could not divine the cause. Feeling very happy herself on account of her husband's safe return, she wondered to find her friend's face so clouded. She know this lady to be one of the most devoted of wives, and very demonstrative. More than this, since her husband had met with heavy losses, she knew that she had taken music pupils, and had, for a long time, supported herself and children almost entirely by her own individual exertions. Besides this, she was saving the expense of both cook and housemaid by doing her own housework. Annie knew these facts, but now her quick eye discerned something wrong, and she waited patiently for the key note, which was struck at last, and on this wise:

"Mrs. Gordon, I want to ask you a question, a silly one, but nevertheless I want you to answer me. What was the first thing your husband said to you when he came home the other night?"

"Said to me? First thing? Let me think—Oh, (laughing), I don't believe I want to tell you."

"Please do. I am anxious to know, and it is not mere idle curiosity that prompts my question."

"It was only one of Dr. Gordon's ordinary speeches, I do not like to repeat it."

"That is just what I want to hear, one of his ordinary speeches—please tell me."

"It was only one of his little love speeches, that will not sound half so sweet from my lips as they do from his, but since you ask, I will tell you. When Dr. Gordon arrived it was just supper time. I was a little uncertain about his coming, but nevertheless I had put on his favorite white dress, and was just fastening a white rose in my hair, when I suddenly found myself in somebody's arms, and on turning in surprise, I found myself rapturously kissed, and between the kisses, that somebody managed to say:

"'Bless my darling! I haven't seen a woman since I've been gone half so sweet, half so beautiful as my own darling wife.'

"Now I have told you, and I am ashamed because I have."

"I am very sure, Mrs. Gordon, that there is nothing to be ashamed of in such a greeting as that, indeed you might well be proud of such words as those. I know you think me foolish, and that these tears that will come are exceedingly silly, but I can't help it. I am not one bit jealous, never have seen anyone I was the least jealous of, have never seen a man I would exchange for my husband, and I am confident that he loves me. Oh! just let me get sick, and he thinks I am about to die, and he is almost distracted with grief, he cannot find language sweet enough for me then, but it is entirely different as soon as I get well! I think it is a sad state of things when a husband has to wait for sickness before he can tell his wife that he loves her. Now I am not one to confide domestic troubles to my neighbors, but I am going to repeat to you my greeting. I, too, had put on his favorite dress, and in it, I was standing over a hot stove trying to prepare his favorite supper, and when I heard the buggy stop, I threw my cooking apron in the corner, and ran out to the gate overjoyed to see him. These were his words after he kissed me and while he was fastening his horse:

"'Howdy, how are you and all of the children,' then not waiting to hear, he went on, 'I've just had the nicest kind of a time! I've seen just the prettiest girls and sweetest little widows! Couldn't help flying 'round a little,' but 'dear me,' says I to myself, 'you needn't be looking so captivating, sir, you are not a widower yet.' So I kept pretty straight, you know, as a man well could under such trying circumstances. Ha, ha, ha! What's the matter? jealous, hey?'"

Poor hungry, starving wives! Ireland raises beseeching hands and cries to America for her famishing thousands, and meetings are called, purses are opened, and help and sympathy are quickly sent. The Mississippi bursts its levees, and houses and starving people float down the angry flood, and the legislatures of the States vote ample means to relieve the suffering. Alas! in silence, in wounded love and pride, in bitter tears, thousands of wives are starving right here on America's shores,—starving for little words of love from thoughtless husbands,—starving for acts that cost nothing,—for tender smiles that would bring no money in market, that are worthless everywhere but at home, to everyone but to patient, toiling, longing wives!

(To be continued.)

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

From *Mrs. S. E. Bostic*, for her son who is an independent missionary in the interior of China and whose work is restricted by lack of funds.

From *Reader*, who is dependent on her needle for livelihood, and is now laid aside by sickness, that she may be restored to health, and that her soul may be comforted by the assurance of salvation.

From *L. C. W.*, Mt. Vernon, Tex. For the recovery of a sister in Christ who is suffering from a disease that it is feared is cancer.

From *a Mother*, Detroit, Mich. For the reclamation and conversion of a dissipated son, the child of many prayers.

From *J. M.*, Osterhout, Pa. For a dear friend who has wandered away from Christ and has become dissipated and profane, that God would bring him to repentance and give him grace to resist temptation.

From *A. J.*, Falmouth, Va. For the conversion of dissipated sons and for the suppression of the liquor traffic.

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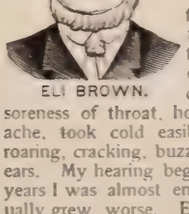

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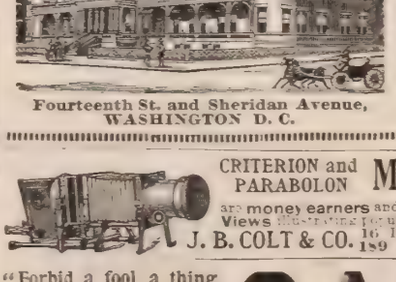

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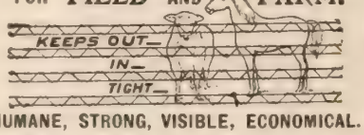

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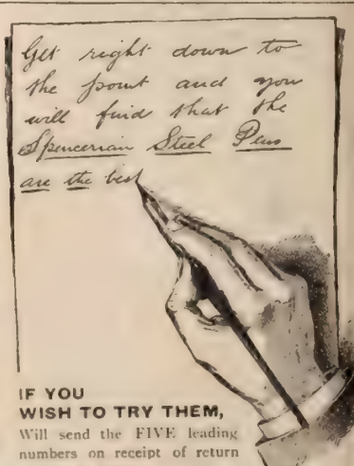

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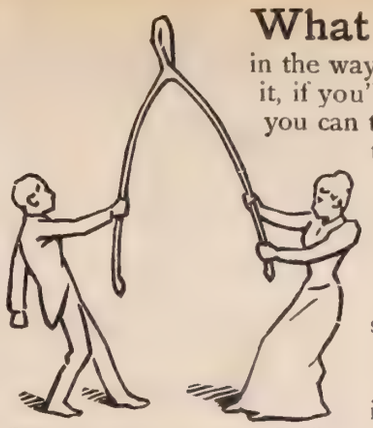

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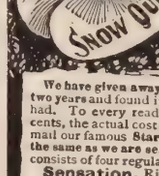

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To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen, and who encloses us 20 cents (in stamps), we will mail the Catalogue, and also send, free of charge, our famous 50-cent Newport Collection of Seeds, containing one packet each of New White Sweet Pea "Emily Henderson", New Butterfly Pansy, New Crested Zinnia, Succession Cabbage, New York Lettuce, and Ponderosa Tomato, in a red envelope, which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order of goods selected from Catalogue to the amount of $1.00 and upward.

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Try the recipe. *

Cleveland's, the best that money can buy.

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Of these SOUVENIR SPOONS, but you think there must be some catch on account of the small sum asked for them. It is a genuine offer and we do this to dispose of them quickly.

Remember we Refund your Money
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GENUINE BARGAIN

ONLY 99c FORMERLY SOLD FOR $9

FOR ALL SIX

HOW ARE WE ABLE TO DO IT?

These Spoons were made up especially for the World's Fair trade, by ONE OF THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD, and were left on their hands. In order to dispose of them Quickly, we make this unheard of offer. SIX SOUVENIR SPOONS, after dinner coffee size, HEAVY COIN SILVER PLATED, with GOLD PLATED BOWLS, each spoon representing a different building of the World's Fair. The handles are finely chased, showing head of Columbus, and dates 1492-1893 and wording "World's Fair City." They are genuine works of art, making one of the finest souvenir collections ever produced. Sold during the Fair for $9.00: we now offer the balance of the stock at ONLY 99 CENTS. Sent in elegant plush lined case, properly packed, prepaid to any address. Send Chicago or New York Exchange. In-dividual checks not accepted. Postal Note or currency. Money cheerfully refunded if goods are not as represented.

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IN this new book just published the pen and camera transport its reader to "Fordhook," the Model Seed Farm of America—in so far as such a thing is possible—by affording him a comprehensive view of it as it actually appears. Although the price is 10 cents, we will, upon receipt of **two 2-cent stamps**, mail a copy to any planter who desires to read it **before sending** this season's order for Seeds. Shall we mail you a copy now?

In addition to the many charming views of "Fordhook," it contains photographic illustrations of a unique Floral Wonder to appear in 1896—something absolutely without parallel in the annals of Horticulture. One dollar per seed would not buy a packet now; but we believe flower lovers the world over will be glad to learn, a year in advance, of the coming of the greatest novelty that has yet rewarded the scientific cultivation of flowers. 'Twill produce a profound sensation in '96, and it were wise for you to write to-day. Address,

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A ▲ BRIGHT ▲ BOOK ▲ ABOUT ▲ SEEDS ▲ (JUST ISSUED)

Bright alike inside and outside. The outside is red, and the inside certainly will be—by all who need live **Seeds.**

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3 Lovely Tea Roses, White, Pink & Yellow For 10 CENTS.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18 — NUMBER 7.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York. — NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 13, 1895 — TWENTY PAGES.

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A special and unequaled offer for trial to gain new customers by a well-known Philadelphia firm of Seed Growers. The varieties embrace the most beautiful novelties, and have been grown at FORDHOOK FARM, famous as one of the model seed farms of the world.

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☞ **The ten packets** named above purchased from us or any other seedsman, would amount to **$1.20** at regular cash prices. We will, however, send all ten varieties, with full directions for culture printed on each packet—**The Complete COLLECTION for only 25 CENTS,** or five complete collections for $1.00.

Never before have such rare and valuable seeds of the most beautiful flowers been offered at such a nominal price. We hope to make thousands of new customers, and we guarantee perfect satisfaction to every purchaser. To each one who asks for it we will also send **FREE**

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a handsome book of 174 pages, well known as the **"leading American Seed Catalogue,"** or **A Bright Book about Seeds,** novel and unique.

If with the silver quarter you enclose two 2-cent stamps or thirty cents in stamps altogether, besides the entire collection of seeds and either of the catalogues named, we will **also** send you a superb work of art entitled **"A Year's Work at Fordhook Farm;"** this beautiful book gives many pictures from photographs of America's Model Seed Farm. **WRITE TO-DAY,** as this advertisement **may not appear again,** and such value was never before offered for so little money. Catalogue alone **FREE** to any address.

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A Flower, natural size, of **BURPEE'S DEFIANCE PETUNIA** *as grown at Fordhook Farm*

This is certainly the largest and finest strain of Petunia the world has ever seen. **Alone it costs 25 cents per pkt.,** but is now included in **THE GEM COLLECTION FOR 1895,** of **10 Pkts. Choicest Flower Seeds** for only **25 Cents.**

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"The Leading American Seed Catalogue."

A handsome book of 174 pages with many new features for 1895—hundreds of illustrations, pictures painted from nature—it tells all about the **BEST SEEDS that grow,** including rare novelties that cannot be had elsewhere. Any seed planter is welcome to a copy **FREE.** *Send your address to-day on a postal.*

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We would now call your attention to THE GREATEST OFFER EVER MADE IN NEW SWEET PEAS, known as

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by means of which we expect to make many thousands of flower lovers acquainted with the wondrous beauty of the latest NOVELTIES. This collection contains one liberal packet each of

Six Best NOVELTIES, with a BRIGHT BOOKLET, all for 25 CENTS.

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FIREFLY. For color this superb variety is unapproached. Splendid, large, expanded flowers, three on a stem, truly a fiery scarlet, vivid in the wings and deep brilliant in the standards.

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NEW SWEET PEAS, MIXED. This is our own mixture of many distinct new named varieties—a beautiful bouquet of which [illegible] ural size, painted in fourteen colors, is shown on the *three* [illegible] *hanger* mentioned below.

FOR 25 CTS. we will send postpaid to any address one full-sized packet each of all the Sweet Peas briefly described above, **and** a copy of the [illegible] booklet—"THE ART OF SWEET PEAS," specially written for us by the well-known Mr. Hunnewell, and charmingly illustrated—a simple but trustworthy *guide to success* with Sweet Peas. ☞ **Five Complete Collections for $1.00.**

AGENTS WANTED to sell "FORDHOOK COLLECTION of SWEET PEAS." All those who are so situated that they can spare a little time to show this collection to their neighbors can easily "[illegible] AND MAKE MONEY" at the same time.

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☞ **Everything advertised on this page for 50 Cents,** including **16 pkts. Choicest Seeds, Three Books, and the Elegant New Large Painting of Sweet Peas,** with special terms to agents. **WRITE TO-DAY!** Mention **CHRISTIAN HERALD.**

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Plain, Plaid, Stripe, and Check
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Excellent heavy muslin Night Dresses in the newest and most approved shapes. Mother Hubbard yoked yoke, trimmed at neck, sleeves and down front with tasteful pretty embroidery. Workmanship the best finish possible. An unusual money-saving opportunity for readers of the Christian Herald.

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We have secured, at very advantageous prices, a large invoice of Muslin Underwear and Wool Wrappers which will be on sale in the Broadway section of our second floor this week.

IN THE BASEMENT.

At the same time, another important sale of Muslin Underwear will begin. The items below show in part the great values offered:

Corset Covers,	35 cts.,	upward
Drawers,	40 "	"
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Containing the latest Anthems, Quartets, Duets, Sacred Songs and Choruses, by the authors.

Will be issued February 25th.

Price: Paper Covers, 36c. per copy, postpaid; $3.60 per dozen; Board covers, $4.50 per dozen; Cloth, $6.00 per dozen, by express not prepaid.

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NEW MUSIC

TRIUMPHAL ANTHEMS Very fine. Send $1 for sample copy **THE NEW SONG.** For the S. S. send 25c for sample copy.
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"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

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A Perfect Fit Assured.
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Cheerfully Refunded.

SENT FREE OF EXPRESS UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

SKIRTS.

Lined throughout "Organ Pipe" back plaits.

In Black Crepon at 6.00, 7.50, 10.00.

In Black Silk Moire Brocaded Satin or Figured Silk Taffeta, at 10.00, 12.50, 15.00.

In Imported Storm Serge, black or navy, 4.50 and 6.00.

In Ladies' Cloth, all colors, Novelty Suitings, at 5.50.

In Habit Cloth, black, navy and Covert mixtures, 4.00. **Special Price.**

SILK WAISTS.

Latest Patterns,
Newest Styles,
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in Plain Colorings, Tin Checks, Frolic Plaids, Stripes and Brocades. Evening Shades. My own importations, at 3.75, 4.50, 5.50, 6.50, 7.50 up to 10.00.

SPECIAL at 6.75 – Elegant black Silk Figured Taffeta Waist, worth double. Jackets, Capes, Suits and Riding Habits made to order.

Ladies' own materials made up.

Goods sold by the yard.

Write for "Spring Fashion Plate," MAILED FREE.

When ordering please give bust and waist measure; state length of skirt desired.

LEAVY, Dressmaker, Ladies' Tailor. No. 20 West 125th St., near 5th Ave., NEW YORK

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OLUME 18. COPYRIGHT 1895 BY LOUIS KLOPSCH. NUMBER 7.

EV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 13, 1895.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, $1.50.

RELIEF STILL FLOWING IN.

od and Seed Now the Principal Needs of the Afflicted West—Dr. Klopsch's Tour of Investigation—Substantial Relief Work in Nebraska and Kansas—Colorado also Helped—Kansas takes Official Action on the Destitution.

ANOTHER week of activity among the destitute in the great drought belt of Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado, while it has brought relief to many thousands of hapless families, has disclosed to the workers any new scenes of suffering. Every ay has multiplied the appeals for aid that me with the energy of despair from homes hich the grim shadow of starvation has arkened for many weeks past. This is ue not only of the Western counties of ebraska and Kansas, but also of Colo- do, and that portion of the drought belt at traverses Oklahoma and South Dako- . Our whole land has been stirred in sym- athy with the cry of distress, and Chris- an people everywhere have given of their ibstance to feed and clothe the sufferers. lready $20,000 have been raised by the aders of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and ast quantities of clothing have been sent the stricken States from our Supply De ts in New York, while nearly 400 Volun- er Distributors have been personally por- oing out the advances made from the elief Fund the form money or d. Our test con- gnment of e railroad r-loads of othing—er 1300 oxes and arrels, ag- rega ting ,000 gar- ents—sup- lied all resent eeds of at descrip- on in Ne- raska and ansas. But he greater nd pressing eed of food r man and east has een only bated in art. There re appeals om very any sec- ons where o relief has et reached. Ve trust, owever, ith the ontinued enerous co- eration of ur friends the East, hat before any days, may be uthfully claimed that no readily acces- ible point in any of the States named as a single deserving case of real desti- tution still unaided. The aid already ren- ered has been the means under Providence f saving many hundreds of human lives, nd rescuing thousands from a misery such s those who never felt the pangs of want and starvation can never know. It is a work which the Great Father has laid upon the hearts of his children, and in the prosecution of which they will not falter, even if it should lead—as it has already done—to a field of duty far wider than was at first anticipated.

It is with this object in view—to make the great trust confided in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by its readers as efficacious and far-reaching as possible—that Dr. Klopsch is now in the West, counseling with the State and local relief committees, and with Governors and other officials. Thus far, in addition to $5000 distributed through our volunteers, and otherwise, he has placed with Manager Ludden's State Committee in Lincoln $5000, to be expended through that committee's agents under Dr. Klopsch's direction. The $500 given for tea, coffee, and sugar for the aged and invalid sufferers in that State, the $1000 for the G. A. R.; the like sum to the "Omaha World-Herald" and the $1000 to be expended by the Rev. G. W. Sharp, are all being economically administered, and Pastor Huntington's committee, which has charge of a very large district, is doing good work with the $1000 appropriated for that particular field.

Until now, practically the only help received in Nebraska has come from religious sources. A gentleman in Lincoln expressed the opinion of thousands of others when he said, "I never believed in churches. I could not see that they had any particular or great mission. I am satisfied that I was mistaken. I now believe in God and the mission of the Church."

From Nebraska, Dr. Klopsch proceeded to Colorado, the condition of the impoverished farmers in a number of counties in that State being quite as serious as in Kansas or Nebraska. At Denver, he had a pleasant interview with Gov. McIntyre, who expressed his cordial approval of the relief movement and added that he would cheerfully co-operate, officially and otherwise. The Denver "Republican," the leading newspaper of the State, is fully alive to the existence of widespread distress and has opened its columns for a Relief Fund, which is headed by a contribution of $1,000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the "Republican" also giving a substantial contribution to the cause. Local relief committees will be appointed in the distressed counties, the work organized and the same system of distribution adopted which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has followed with good results in Kansas and Nebraska. Several car-loads of clothing and supplies will be forwarded to Colorado for distribution in the eastern strip of counties, where the greatest suffering prevails.

State Senator Painter, representing Sedgwick, Washington, Phillips and Yuma counties, reports a condition of affairs prevailing there similar to that in Nebraska. The people have borne their privations patiently and suffered in silence; but at last their burden of wretchedness has grown intolerable and they are appealing for help. Colorado, he believes, however, can be depended on to take care of her own, when the relief movement is once fairly started. Meanwhile, the need there is urgent and the calls for help quite as moving as any that have yet been received.

"No one can travel over the plains," Dr. Klopsch telegraphs, "and see the present condition of these people without being convinced that the half of their story of destitution and hopelessness has not been told, and that the worst part of their terrible experience is yet to come."

REV. LUTHER P. LUDDEN,
Manager, Nebraska State Relief Commission.

S. & J. WERNER
HELP THE DESTITUTE WESTERN FARMERS
Central Relief Depot established by the
CHRISTIAN HERALD
KANSAS & NEBRASKA FAMINE SUFFERERS
CONTRIBUTIONS OF CLOTHING & PROVISIONS SOLICITED

SHIPPING FIVE RAILROAD CAR-LOADS OF CLOTHING AND SUPPLIES TO THE WESTERN SUFFERERS

Scene in front of "The Christian Herald" Depot, New York—The line of loaded wagons on Broadway and Astor Place.

Before he left Denver, the relief movement was thoroughly organized there. In speaking of the progress of the relief work thus far, Dr. Klopsch makes this statement in the "Denver Republican:"

"Nebraska is now fully supplied. By that I mean that so far as it is possible to ascertain, all the immediate wants have been satisfied and the people have food and clothing for their present needs. But in two months the real pinch will come . . . When the present supplies have all been exhausted, instead of 30,000 people in want, there will be 100,000 people starving. I speak calmly from what I and my agents have personally seen in a tour of investigation. There will be suffering past telling in April. I talked with citizens of all classes, particularly farmers."

Continued on page 101

The Metropolitan Pulpit.

A CALL TO OUTSIDERS.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage, preached last Sunday in the Academy of Music, New York. Text: John 10: 16: "*Other sheep I have which are not of this fold.*"

THERE is no monopoly in religion. The grace of God is not a little property that we may fence off and have all to ourselves. It is not a king's park at which we look through barred gate-way, wishing that we might go in and see the deer and the statuary, and pluck the flowers and fruits in the royal conservatory. No, it is the Father's orchard, and everywhere there are bars that we may let down and gates that we may swing open.

In my boyhood, next to the country school-house, there was an orchard of apples, owned by a very lame man, who, although there were apples in the place perpetually decaying, and by scores and scores of bushels, never would allow any of us to touch the fruit. One day, in the sinfulness of a nature inherited from our first parents, who were ruined by the same temptation, some of us invaded that orchard; but soon retreated, for the man came after us at a speed reckless of making his lameness worse, and cried out: "Boys, drop those apples, or I'll set the dog on you!"

"Well, my friends, there are Christian men who have the Church under severe guard. There is fruit in this orchard for the whole world; but they have a rough and unsympathetic way of accosting outsiders, as though they had no business here, though the Lord wants them all to come and take the largest and ripest fruit on the premises. Have you an idea that because you were baptized at thirteen months of age and because you have all your life been under hallowed influences, that therefore you have a right to one whole side of the Lord's table, spreading yourself out and taking up the entire room? I tell you no. You will have to haul in your elbows, for I shall place on either side of you those whom you never expected would sit there; for, as Christ said to his favored people long ago, so he says to you and to me: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

MacDonald, the Scotchman, has four or five dozen head of sheep. Some of them are browsing on the heather, some of them are lying down under the trees, some of them are in his yard; they are scattered around in eight or ten different places. Cameron, his neighbor, comes over and says: "I see you have thirty sheep; I have just counted them." "No," says MacDonald, "I have a great many more sheep than that. Some are here, and some are elsewhere. They are scattered all around about. I have four or five thousand in my flocks. Other sheep I have,which are not in this fold."

So Christ says to us. Here is a knot of Christians and there is a knot of Christians, but they make up a small part of the flock. Here is the Episcopal fold, the Methodist fold, the Lutheran fold, the Congregational fold, the Presbyterian fold, the Baptist and the Pedo-Baptist fold, the only difference between these last two being the mode of sheep-washing; and so they are scattered all over; and we come with our statistics, and say there are so many thousands of the Lord's sheep; but Christ responds: "No, no; you have not seen more than one out of a thousand of my flock. They are scattered all over the earth.'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold.'"

Christ, in my text, was prophesying the conversion of the Gentiles with as much confidence as though they were already converted, and he is now, in the words of my text, prophesying the coming of a great multitude of outsiders that you never supposed would come in, saying to you and saying to me: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

In the first place, I remark, that the heavenly Shepherd will find many of his sheep among the non-church-goers. There are congregations where they are all Christians, and they seem to be completely finished, and they remind one of the skeleton-leaves which, by chemical preparation, have had all the greenness and verdure taken off them, and are left cold, and white, and delicate, nothing wanting but a glass case to put over them. The minister of Christ has nothing to do with such Christians but to come once a week, and with ostrich feather dust off the accumulation of the last six days, leaving them bright and crystalline as before. But the other kind of a Church is an armory, with perpetual sound of drum and fife, gathering recruits for the Lord of hosts. We say to every applicant: "Do you want to be on God's side, the safe side and the happy side? If so, come in the armory and get equipped. Here is a bath in which to be cleansed. Here are sandals to put upon your feet. Here is a helmet for your brow. Here is a breast-plate for your heart. Here is a sword for your right arm, and yonder is the battle-field. Quit yourselves like men!"

There are some here, who say: "I stopped going to church ten or twenty years ago." My brother, is it not strange that you should be the first man I should talk to to-day? I know all your case; I know it very well, You have not been accustomed to come into religious assemblage, but I have a surprising announcement to make to you: you are going to become one of the Lord's sheep. "Ah," you say, "it is impossible. You don't know how far I am from anything of that kind." I know all about it. I have wandered up and down the world, and I understand your case. I have a still more startling announcement to make in regard to you: you are not only going to become one of the Lord's sheep, but you will become one to-day. You will stay after this service to be talked with about your soul. People of God, pray for that man! That is the only use for you here. I I shall not break off so much as a crumb for you, Christians, in this sermon, for I am going to give it all to the outsiders. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

When the "Atlantic" went to pieces on Mars' Rock, and the people clambered upon the beach, why did not that heroic minister of the Gospel, of whom we have all read, sit down and take care of those men on the beach, wrapping them in flannels, kindling fire for them, seeing that they got plenty of food? Ah, he knew that there were others who would do that. He says: "Yonder are men and women freezing in the rigging of that wreck. Boys, launch the boat!" And now I see the oar-blades bend under the strong pull; but before they reached the rigging a woman was frozen and dead. She was washed off, poor thing! But he says: "There is a man to save;" and he cries out: "Hold on five minutes longer, and I will save you. Steady! Steady! Give me your hand. Leap into the life-boat. Thank God, he is saved!" So there are those here to-day who are safe on the shore of God's mercy. I will not spend any time with them at all; but I see there are some who are freezing in the rigging of sin, and surrounded by perilous storms. Pull away, my lads! Let us reach them! Alas! one is washed off and gone. There is one more to be saved. Let us push out for that one. Clutch the rope. Oh! dying man, clutch it as with a death-grip. Steady, now, on the slippery places. Steady. There! Saved! Saved! Just as I thought. For Christ has declared that there are some still in the breakers who shall come ashore. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Christ commands his ministers to be fishermen, and when I go fishing I do not want to go among other churches, but into the wide world, not sitting along Hohokus Creek, where eight or ten other persons are sitting with hook and line, but, like the fishermen of Newfoundland, sailing off and dropping net away outside, forty or fifty miles from shore. Yes, there are non-church-goers here who will come in. Next Sabbath they will be here again, or in some better church. They are this moment being swept into Christian associations. Their voice will be heard in public prayer. They will die in peace, their bed surrounded by Christian sympathies, and to be carried out by devout men to be buried, and on their grave be chiseled the words: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." And on Resurrection day you will get up with the dear children you have already buried and with your Christian parents who have already won the palm. And all that grand and glorious history begins this hour. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

I remark again, the Heavenly Shepherd is going to find a great many of his sheep among those who are positive rejectors of Christianity. I do not know how you came to reject Christianity. It may have been through hearing Theodore Parker preach, or through reading Renan's"Life of Jesus," or through the infidel talk of some young man in your store. It may have been through the trickery of some professed Christian man who disgusted you with religion. I do not ask you how you became so; but you frankly tell me that you do reject it. You do not believe that Christ is a Divine being, although you admit that he was a very good man. You do not believe that the Bible was inspired of God, although you think there are some very fine things in it. You believe that the Scriptural description of Eden was only an allegory. There are fifty things that I believe that you do not believe. And yet you are an accommodating man. Everybody that knows you says that of you. If I should ask you to do a kindness for me, or if any one else should ask of you a kindness, you would do it. Now, I have a kindness to ask of you to-day. It is something that will cost you nothing and will give me great delight. I want you by experiment to try the power of Christ's religion. If I should come to you, and you were very sick, and doctors had given you up, and said there was no chance for you, and I should take out a bottle, and say: "Here is a medicine that will cure you; it has cured fifty people, and it will cure you." You would say: "I have no confidence in it." I would say: "Won't you take it to oblige me?" "Well," you would say, "if it's any accommodation to you, I'll take it." My friend, will you be just as accommodating in matters of religion? There are some of you who have found out that this world cannot satisfy your soul. You are like the man who told me one Sabbath after the service was over, "I have tried this world and found it an insufficient portion. Tell me of something better." You have come to that. You are sick for the need of Divine medicament. Now I come and tell you of a Physician who will cure you, who has cured hundreds and hundreds who were sick as you are. "Oh," you say, "I have no confidence in him." But will you not try him? Accommodate me in this matter; oblige me in this matter; just try him. I am very certain he will cure you. You reply: "I have no especial confidence in him, but if you ask me as a matter of accommodation, introduce him." So I do introduce him—Christ, the Physician, who has cured more blind eyes, and healed more ghastly wounds, and bound up more broken hearts than all the doctors since the time of Æsculapius. That Divine Physician is here. Are you not ready to try him? Will you not, as a pure matter of experiment, try him, and state your case before him this hour? Hold nothing back from him. If you cannot pray, if you do not know how to pray any other way, say, "O Lord Jesus Christ, this is a strange thing for me to do. I know nothing about the formulas of religion. These Christian people have been talking so long about what thou canst do for me, I am ready to do whatever thou commandest me to do. I am ready to take whatever thou commandest me to take. If there be any power in religion, as these people say, let me have the advantage of it." Will you try that experiment now? I do not at this point of my discourse say that there is anything in religion; but I simply say, try it—try it. Do not take my counsel or the counsel of any clergyman, if you despise clergymen. Perhaps we may be talking professionally; perhaps we may be prejudiced in the matter; perhaps we may be hypocritical in our utterances; perhaps our advice is not worth taking. Then take the counsel of some very respectable laymen, as John Milton, the poet; as William Wilberforce, the statesman; as Isaac Newton, the astronomer; as Robert Boyle, the philosopher; as Locke, the metaphysician. They never preached or pretended to preach; and yet putting down, one his telescope, and another his parliamentary scroll, and another his electrician's wire, they all declare the adaptedness of Christ's religion to the wants and troubles of the world. If you will not take the recommendation of ministers of the Gospel, then take the recommendation of highly respectable laymen Oh men, sceptical and struck through with unrest, would you not like to have some of the peace which broods over our souls to-day? I know all about your doubts. I have have been through them all. I have gone through all the curriculum. I have doubted whether there is a God, whether Christ is God. I have doubted whether the Bible was true; I have doubted the immortality of the soul; I have doubted my own existence I have doubted everything, and yet, out of that hot desert of doubt I have come into the broad, luxuriant, sunshiny land of Gospel hope, and peace, and comfort; and so have confidence in preaching to you and asking you to come in. However often you may have spoken against the Bible or however much you may have caricatured religion, step ashore from that rocking and tumultuous sea. If you go home to-day and hering to your infidelities, you will not sleep one wink. You do not want your children to come up with your scepticism. You can not afford to die in that midnight darkness can you? If you do not believe in anything else, you believe in love—a father's love, a mother's love, a wife's love, a child's love. Then let me tell you that God loves you more than them all. Oh, you must come in. You will come in. The great heart of Christ aches to have you come in, and Jesus this very moment—whether you sit or stand—looks into your eyes and says: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Again I remark, that the heavenly Shepherd is going to find a great many sheep among those who have been flung out by habit. It makes me sad to see Christian people give up a prodigal as lost. There are those who talk as though the grace of God were a chain of forty or fifty links, and before they had run out, there was nothing to touch the depth of a very bad case. If they were hunting and got off the track of the deer, they would look longer among the brakes and bushes for the lost game than they have been looking for that lost sheep. People tell us that if a man have delirium tremens twice, he cannot be reclaimed; that after a woman has sacrificed her integrity she cannot be restored. The Bible has distinctly intimated that the Lord Almighty is ready to pardon four hundred and nine times; that is, seventy times seven. There are men before the throne of God who have wallowed in every kind of sin; but, saved by the grace of Jesus, and washed in his blood, they stand there radiant now. There are those who plunged into the very lowest of all the hells in New York, who have for the tenth time been lifted up, and finally, by the grace of God, they stand in heaven gloriously rescued by the grace promised

the chief of sinners. I want to tell you at God loves to take hold of a very bad ıse. When the Church casts you off, and hen the club-room casts you off, and when ɔciety casts you off, and when business ssociates cast you off, and when father ısts you off, and when mother casts you f, and when everybody casts you off, our first cry for help will bend the Eternal od clear down into the ditch of your suf- ring and shame.

The Good Templars cannot save you, al- ough they are a grand institution. The ons of Temperance cannot save you, al- ough they are mighty for good. Signing e temperance pledge cannot save you, al- ough I believe in it. Nothing but the ace of the Eternal God can save you, and at will if you will throw yourself on it. here is a man in this house who said to e: "Unless God helps me I cannot be de- ered. I have tried everything, sir; but ow I have got in the habit of prayer, and hen I come to a drinking saloon I pray at God will take me safe past, and I pray ıtil I am past. He does help me." For ery man given to strong drink there are ores of traps set; and when he goes out business to-morrow, he will be in infinite ril, and no one but the everywhere present od can see that man through. O! they lk about the catacombs of Naples, and the ıtacombs of Rome, and the catacombs of gypt — the burial places under the city here the dust of a great multitude lies; but tell you New York has its catacombs, and oston its catacombs, and Philadelphia its ıtacombs. They are the underground staurants, full of dead men's bones and l uncleanness. Young man, you know God help you. There is no need of ɔing into the art gallery to see in the skil- l sculpture that wonderful representation a man and his sons wound around with rpents. There are families represented in is house that are wrapped in the martyr- ɔm of fang and scale and venom—a living aocoon of ghastliness and horror. What e you to do? I am not speaking into the r. I am talking to hundreds of men who ust be saved by Christ's Gospel or never ved at all. What are you going to do? Do not put your trust in bromide of po- ssium, or in Jamaica ginger, or anything at apothecaries can mix. Put your trust ly in the Eternal God, and he will see ou through. Some of you do not have mptations every day. It is a periodic mptation that comes every six weeks, or very three months, when it seems as if the owers of darkness kindle around about our tongue the fires of the pit. It is well ough, at such a time, as some of you do, seek medical counsel; but your first and ost importunate cry must be to God. If e fiends will drag you to the slaughter, ake them do it on your knees. O God! ow that the paroxysm of thirst is coming gain upon that man, help him! Fling ack into the pit of hell the fiend that as- ults his soul this moment. Oh! my eart aches to see men go on in this fearful ruggle without Christ.

There are in this house those whose ands so tremble from dissipation that they an hardly hold a book; and yet I have to ll you that they will yet preach the Gos- el, and on communion days carry around onsecrated bread, acceptable to everybody, ecause of their holy life, and their conse- rated behavior. The Lord is going to ave you. Your home has got to be re- uilt. Your physical health has got to be estored. Your worldly business has got to be reconstructed. The church of God is oing to rejoice over your discipleship. Other sheep I have which are not of this old."

While I have hope for all prodigals, here are some people in this house whom I ive up. I mean those who have been hurch-goers all their life, who have main- tined outward morality, but who, notwith- anding twenty, thirty, forty years of hristian advantages, have never yielded heir heart to Christ. They are Gospel ardened. I could call their names now, and if they would rise up they would rise up in scores. Gospel hardened! A sermon has no more effect upon them than the shining moon on the city pavement. As Christ says: "The publicans and harlots will go into the kingdom of God before them." They have resisted all the import- unity of Divine mercy, and have gone, during these thirty years, through most powerful earthquakes of religious feeling, and they are farther away from God than ever. After awhile they will lie down sick, and some day it will be told that they are dead. No hope!

But I turn to outsiders with a hope that thrills through my body and soul. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." You are not Gospel hardened. You have not heard or read many sermons during the last few years. As you came in to-day everything was novel, and all the services are suggestive of your early days. How sweet the opening hymn sounded in your ears, and how blessed is this hour. Every- thing suggestive of heaven. You do not weep, but the shower is not far off. You sigh, and you have noticed that there is al- ways a sigh in the wind before the rain falls. There are those here who would give anything if they could find relief in tears. They say: "Oh, my wasted life! Oh! the bitter past! Oh the graves over which I have stumbled! Whither shall I fly? Alas for the future! Everything is dark—so dark, so dark. God help me! God pity me!" Thank the Lord for that last ut- terance. You have begun to pray, and when a man begins to pe- tition, that sets all heav- en flying this way, and God steps in and beats back the hounds of temptation to their kennel, and around about the poor wound- ed soul put the covert of his pardon- ing mercy. Hark! I hear something something fall. What was that? It is the bars of the fence around the sheep-fold. The shepherd lets them down, and the hunted sheep of the mountain bound in; some of them their fleece torn with the brambles, some of them their feet lame with the dogs; but bounding in. Thank God! "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

MRS. HALL.
Widow of Dr. W. J. Hall, and Physician of Women's Hospital at Seoul.

"THE SAILOR'S FOUR ANCHORS."

THE night is dark, yet God, our God
Is here, and in command;
And sure are we when morning breaks
We shall be at the land;

And since we know that darkness is
To him as sunniest ray,
We'll cast the anchor, "Patience" out
And wish, but wait, for day.

Though fierce the storm, the winds and waves
Within his hand are held;
And trusting to "Omnipotence,"
Our fears are quickly quelled.

If wrecked we're in his faithful grasp,
We'll trust him, tho' he slay;
So letting go the anchor, "Faith,"
We'll wish, but wait for day.

All through the moments, dreary, long,
We'll rest upon the Lord;
We'll muse on his eternal years
And feast upon his Word.

His promises so rich! so great
Are our support and stay
We'll drop the anchor, "Hope" ahead
And wish, but wait, for day.

Faithful Unto Death.

Personal Recollections of Dr. W. J. Hall's Work on the Battle-field of Pyeng Yang and in the Homes of Korea by his Friend and Companion, Dr. Samuel A. Moffet of Seoul.

THE readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have as I know been interested in the pioneer work of Dr. Hall in the north of Korea as I have seen him writing his letters for the paper. They consequently will appreciate a few words of his last earthly work for the Master. Probably in his last letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD he told of his expectation to return to his work in Pyeng Yang in company with Mr. Lee and myself. We reached Pyeng Yang soon after the great battle fought between the Japanese and Chinese there; and for over a month we were able to remain re- assuring the frightened Koreans, looking after our interests there, preaching the Gospel and healing the sick and wounded. Dr. Hall was busy from morning till night attending the sick, directing his men, re- establishing his school for boys and hold- ing services every evening with the Ko- reans. It was his privilege to see some of the first fruits of his labors, and at this time he examined a class of six applicants who had received instruction through several months. Four of these he baptized as he received them into the Church of Christ. The Lord was especially gracious to him in giving him this privilege as his last work in that city where sin and Satan had such a strong- hold. It was with greatest joy he praised the Lord on that Sunday for having al- lowed him to see the evi- dence of faith in the hearts of these men. Shortly after this Dr. Hall began to feel the effects of his untiring application to the physical and spiritual needs of this people, who had taken such a strong hold on his heart's affec- tion. This to- gether with the exposure of the past year in his numer- ous visits to Pyeng Yang, had left him without sufficiently strong constitution to withstand the dreadfully unhealthy condition of the atmosphere in and around this city which had been the battle-field. The decaying bodies of men, horses and cattle were so numerous that in whichever direction we went we came across them constantly, so that the atmos- phere was foul beyond all expression. We all suffered from malaria and as this seemed to have taken more serious hold up- on Dr. Hall, we arranged to leave for Seoul by Japanese transport. Through the courtesy of officials we were able to do this and after going down the Ta Tong river some forty miles we embarked on board a transport carrying six hundred sick soldiers who were suffering from dysentery and va- rious fevers. We had a safe voyage and when we reached Chemulpo all thought the doctor had about recovered from his fever, but the sequel shows that he had contract- ed typhus fever on the transport. After a day in Chemulpo in which he seemed fair- ly well again, his fever went up and con- tinued to rise while we awaited the arrival of the small river steamer upon which we took passage for Seoul.

Leaving in the afternoon, by dark we had reached a point opposite Kang Hoa isl- and where we struck a rock and nearly cap- sized. All efforts to free the steamer were futile so there was nothing for us to do but to get Dr. Hall on shore, make him as com- fortable as possible in a Korean hut and then seek for a junk. The junk we secured at daybreak, and after a slow journey reached Seoul the next morning. Here, in the hands of his wife and with all the care the doctors could give him, we hoped he would recover,—but the Lord had higher service for him and he left us on Saturday, Nov. 24th, entering into his reward.

Short as was his service in Korea—three years—none had been more faithful and no one was more ripe for heaven than he. It seems to us that in recognition of his fideli- ty and his rare consecration, the Master has called him to a higher place and a more glorious service. Well do I remember the calm assurance with which he left it all with the Lord, as we talked of the proba- bility of his going. He remarked that he had been willing to leave home when the Master called him to Korea, to leave Seoul when he was called to Pyeng Yang and that he was willing and ready to go to oth- er service on high if the Master called him from earth. Dr. Hall was a man of great faith, great love and great humility. His prayers were an inspiration to us. His love for the Koreans was such that he exercised a great influence upon all with whom he came in contact. His love for children was especially noteworthy, and whether in New York or in the foreign community in Seoul or among the Koreans in Pyeng Yang, the children were always around him and al- ways occupied a large share in his plans for work. When beginning his work in Pyeng Yang he was not satisfied until he had secured a school teacher, gathered a number of boys and established a school so that he could at once influence the children and win them to Christ. Great was his joy when one of these boys had induced his parents to give up spirit worship and allow him to kneel in the midst of them of- fering prayer to the only living and true God. This boy he received into the Church and no privilege the Master gave him was the source of greater pleasure. In the com- munity Dr. Hall was known as a thorough- ly sincere, earnest Christian, whose love for all led him to be continually serving others He has been a blessing to his fellow-work- ers, a blessing to the Koreans and an influ- ence in the establishment of the Church of Christ in Korea.

As one most intimately acquainted with him in his work in Pyeng Yang, it is my privilege to bear witness to his fidelity, to the solid character of his work and to the great hold which he had upon the hearts of the people who intuitively recognized his great sympathetic love for them. May the Lord send us many more such missionaries.

His wife, who was so earnestly laboring with him and who had endured not only the hardship of service with him in Pyeng Yang, but also the hardship of separation from him during part of that work, has de- cided to return to America for a few years. Our prayers and our sympathy go with her in the hope that she may be able to re- turn and carry on their work so well begun.

TEACHING IN LIVINGSTONIA.

In a recent interview published in an English journal, the following facts relative to the mission in Livingstonia are given by Mr. Charles Stuart, who has been laboring there, but is now at his home in Aberdeen on furlough:

At the beginning of 1889 I went out to Livingstonia in connection with the Free Church Mission. I was sent on my ar- rival in Africa to Njuyu, one of the stations of the Livingstonia Mission, some three days' journey to the north-west of Lake Nyasa, from Bandawe, the headquarters of the Mission. I went to assist Dr. Elmslie, my department being school work. When I arrived there in 1889, there was one mis- sion station, and one school, attended by about one hundred children, with four na- tive teachers. I took charge of the school work. When I left the district last May, on furlough, we had three stations, with five European workers. There are eight or ten schools, attended by about a thousand chil- dren, with thirty-six native assistant teach- ers, male and female. These assistants are taken from the most advanced and most hopeful students, and the great majority of them are professing Christians. In 1890 the first two converts in the Agoni tribe (among whom we work), were baptized at Njuyu. Now there is a little Christian community there. A few weeks before I left I was present at a service where eight natives were admitted into church fellow- ship, and twenty-one of us sat together at the Lord's Supper—seventeen African men and women and four Europeans.

CHRIST AND THE BLIND MAN.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 24. John 9: 1-11. Golden Text 9:5. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

NATURE always manifests itself. When God created the animal kingdom, he made "the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and everything that creepeth upon the earth after his kind." (Gen. 1: 24.) The camel never could become a sheep, nor a horse become a goat, each family of creatures remained as it was created,

"After His Kind."

And equally so the natural man is never changed, but remains "after his kind," and the divine nature also is after its kind. It was not the divine nature which led the disciples when they saw a man blind from his birth, begging at the gates of the temple, to say, "Rabbi, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he should be born blind?"

Jesus was passing out from the temple, where he had been teaching holy truths, incomprehensible to the Scribes and Pharisees, and most unacceptable to them; and they and taken up "stones to cast at him." But he "hid himself (or R.V., margin, was hidden) and went out of the temple, going through the midst of them, and so passed by." (John 8: 5, 9.) Hidden from his enemies, but not hidden from a blind beggar! Shielded from those who sought his life and yet, at the very same moment at the disposal of the beggar whom his own disciples despise! This was a spirit and nature far removed from that which led to the question of the disciples. Oh, it is a deep humiliation when a child of God comes in contact with any fellow creature, even the most undeserving, without being in some way made a blessing to him. Under any circumstances, however unwise and really unkind it may be in some cases to give money to such, we can always take them on our hearts in prayer.

To the disciples' question, spoken in a spirit of judgment and of conscious superiority, Jesus answered, "Neither did this man sin, nor his parents; but that the work of God should be made manifest in him. We must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work!" It was a quiet but forcible reproof which does not appear in the authorized version. To the Son of Man the presence of the persistent beggar was an opportunity, not for unkind and disparaging remarks or questions, but for doing the works of him that sent him; in which he gives his disciples their part; as though to imply that their suspicion and condemnation of the man were not the works of him that sent him. Let us not lose the lesson. Every occurence in every day of our lives is an opportunity to work the works of God; if instead, we are working the works of self, then the light which is in us is darkness.

"While [or when, R.V.] I am in the world, I am the light of the world." To say with Jesus was to do. What should light do when darkness was manifest? Without waiting to find any merit in the blind man, anything which could possibly recommend him, he whose vocation was to give light took in hand to heal him. He did not repeat his method with any other blind man; but simply spat on the ground, made clay of the spittle, anointed the eyes of the blind man, and sent him to the pool of Siloam to wash. All he required of him was trust and obedience. These things he found in the very man whom the disciples had despised, and the man returned with opened eyes, seeing. The light had shone into the darkness, and light had broken through it. Light had conquered darkness.

But how would this "work of God" affect him who had wrought it? The rulers and the teachers of the people were incensed against him: how would they take this miracle? It could not be kept quiet, the blind man was known all over Jerusalem. First, the neighbors began to talk: they doubted if it were he, and when he himself asserted his identity, and they demanded an account of the wonderful work which was done on him, he frankly told them how "the Man that is called Jesus" had anointed his eyes, and sent him to the pool of Siloam to wash, and he had come back, seeing. How strange is human nature! One might have expected that the neighbors would have been overjoyed at the healing of one among them, and such a healing, But Jesus had done it, and the name of Jesus was already well known as one held in disfavor in high quarters, and human selfishness, the mean selfishness which seeks its own at whatever cost to others, led the neighbors to calculate how the healing of the man would touch their interests. They might lose much ground with the Pharisees, perhaps lose some work which might bring them in a good deal, if they should appear to take the part of the Prophet of Nazareth, whose fame was on the decline. So to make sure of their position these mean men determined, at all costs, to let the Pharisees know what had happened, and so secure themselves by playing into their hands.

They brought the man to the Pharisees, and told the story. These, also had their own ends to serve, and neither they nor his neighbors sympathized with the man, whose opened eyes had placed him in a new world. They discovered that the worker of the miracle was not of God because the man was healed on the Sabbath; but some differed and enquired, "How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles?" [or signs.] They then tried to get rid of the matter in another way, and threw discredit on the miracle by suggesting that the whole thing was a fraud, that the man had never been blind at all. Oh, the miserable subtefuges of man to get rid of the miracle of God! Adam and Eve are not alone in the desire to get away from God; Jonah has many companions in his attempt to run away from God; the most externally religious people will be quite angry if one tells them of something in which God has drawn nigh; if he has signally answered prayer, has healed the sick, has given a precise direction and so has drawn nigh to man. They want to keep him a God afar off, too great and too high to interfere in the ordinary life of man. They will give him gifts, perform devotions, penances, anything rather than let him manifestly appear in and interfere with their lives: to them he is an idea, not a real, living, loving Father.

The Pharisees entered into the matter as though they were judging a criminal case in a court of law. They called the parents of the man into court as witnesses of his birth-blindness, which, although in terror of being cast out of the synagogue, they proved beyond a doubt. What was it which led these Pharisees to look on such a work of power and love, wrought by him whose life was one of love and mercy, as though it were an evil thing? It was that the "Light of the world" was shining into their lives, and making visible the darkness and the evil; their selfishness and meanness, their hypocrisy and unreality. They could not bear the holy light of Jesus shining into every secret purpose and motive—bringing it to light by his own life lived among them sometimes without even saying a word. He "went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil;" while they bound "burdens heavy and grievous to be borne," and laid them on men's shoulders; while they themselves would not "move them with one of their fingers." They were particular to the letter about all manner of outward observances, while he poured out love, and light, and healing, upon all around him; the contrast could not remain unnoticed.

The parents disposed of, the man was called again, and the Pharisees, who could not deny the deed which was done, exhorted him to give the glory of it to God, for, they said, "We know that this man is a sinner." "Whether he be a sinner or not," was the man's rejoinder, "I know not; one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." It was an unanswerable testimony: they did not attempt to deny it, but followed up their point that Jesus was a sinner, and in their bitter hatred of Jesus, they sought to draw out from the poor man something that would make him criminate himself, that they might have some ground to excommunicate him. Thus bitter is the human heart against Jesus.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

HEREDITY was a doctrine thoroughly established among the Jews. Every child was familiar with the declaration that God visited the sins of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation. There was also an idea current, probably imported from nations of the East, that people had an existence before this. When therefore, the disciples saw the man born blind, these two ideas found voice in the question: "Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" It was characteristic of Jesus that he turned the question in a new direction. The disciples had assumed that the affliction was a punishment. Jesus says it was not to be regarded as a punishment, but as an opportunity, and immediately proceeds to cure the man. The lesson lies on the surface. In the presence of suffering, the Christlike course is not to speculate about causes, nor to wonder whether the sufferer has brought the affliction on himself, but to do whatever can be done to alleviate the suffering. A second lesson suggested by the incident is, unquestioning obedience. It is remarkable how often in working a miracle Christ required the sufferer to do something. In this case the man was to walk to a certain pool and wash. It may have appeared to him a useless thing to do; it certainly was not necessary, as Christ could have healed him without that, but he did as he was told and received sight. At this day, the way to be delivered from drunkenness, vice and all forms of sin is to believe on Christ. The remedy seems inadequate; we cannot understand how faith can transform character. But it is the way to get it transformed. Those who believe, are delivered. A third lesson is the testimony of experience. The man who had been blind clung to his fact. The learned people tried to confuse him, but he would not be mystified. They said Jesus was a sinner; Jesus had broken the Sabbath; Jesus had no respectable people among his followers. The once blind man did not care. They reminded him of his own ignorance and taunted him with the sin by which their abominable doctrine accounted for his blindness, but he could not be moved. They might speculate, draw inferences, condemn, but, one thing he knew, that whereas he was blind, now he saw. He might be ignorant, but he knew that one thing—a thing he was quite sure about; a thing he could not be argued out of; the most momentous thing to him in the world. So Christianity stands on the testimony of experience. Infidels have assailed it and ridiculed it; sceptics have raised difficulties and pointed out discrepencies; scientists have pronounced it unphilosophical; but it has held its ground, because of the men who could say, "I know." The men whose lives and characters it has transformed could declare themselves living witnesses to its power like the man who said, whether these are as you allege I know not; "one thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see."

That the works of God should be made manifest. Why am I made to suffer so terribly?" is often asked, and the sufferer looks over his past life to see what sin he can have committed to bring chastisement upon him. It would often be more profitable to take a different view — that which Christ took of the man's blindness. The affliction may be sent for a purpose not as a punishment. Many generations of Christians have been comforted and encouraged by a book, entitled, "The Saint's Everlasting Rest." Probably thousands of persons have derived help from it in sorrow, sickness and death. That book would never have been written but for a time of sickness and loneliness. Robert Baxter, the author, was a busy minister, whose time was fully occupied with preaching and pastoral work. He was too busy to write a book. But he was prostrated with severe sickness while at a distance from home, and when none of his friends was near him. He was very lonely with no one to speak to but a dull servant, and his thoughts turned to the land which his physician told him he was approaching. That they might not be too discursive he set them down on paper and they grew into the book which after his recovery was printed. He often said afterward that the world would never have got the book from him if he had not been through that time of sickness and loneliness. So it was that Germany got her Bible from Luther. Shut up in the Wartburg he had the time to translate it which he would not have had at the University.

Washed and came seeing. What a change that must have been for the blind man! Beauty was all around him, but he knew it not until his eyes were opened to see it. A little boy was born blind. At last an operation was performed; the light was let in slowly; when one day his mother led him out of doors, and uncovered his eyes, and for the first time he saw the sky and the earth. "Oh, mother!" he cried, "why didn't you tell me it was so beautiful?" She burst into tears and said, "I tried to tell you, dear, but you could not understand me." So it is when people have been converted. They see beauty and life and joy in religion, of which, before their spiritual eyes were opened, they had no conception.

I am he. It is related of St. Augustin that before his conversion he led a dissipated, vicious life. His boon companions missed him suddenly. He was passing through a severe ordeal. He was seeking salvation and it was very hard for him to accept Christ and give up the world. But he was saved and changed. He came out of his retirement a new man, as devoted to Christ and righteousness as before he had been to pleasure and the world. One day afterward he was in a public square when a beautiful woman whom he was passing without recognition, although in former years she had been his companion in many a revel, called to him reproachfully, "August, it is I." He looked round upon her and said, "But it is not I," telling her that he was changed, and had become a new man in Christ. She listened incredulously and went her way; but Augustine's words were true. His nature had been changed; he was not the Augustine his quondam friends knew.

One thing I know. In the old coaching days, before railroads were made, a young man made a journey in England of eighty miles on the box-seat of a coach. The driver was a taciturn man whom it was difficult to draw into conversation. The young man sitting beside him plied him with questions. As the coach passed some country seat the young man would ask who lived there, and the coachman invariably answered, "I don't know." At last, in desperation, the young man asked, "What do you know?" The coachman looked down at the four spirited horses he was guiding and said grimly, "I know how to drive." That was his business, and it was much in his favor that he knew this. The blind man in the lesson did not profess to understand logic or theology, but he knew one thing, and that was the chief thing to him.

Relief Still Flowing In.

Continued from first page.

From Colorado, Dr. Klopsch went to Kansas, where the work of relief has been progressing under Mr. Sharp's management. Several car-loads of clothing and supplies, besides money, have already been distributed in that state. Dr. Klopsch met Governor Morrill at Topeka and discussed further relief measures.

Kansas will Help its Own Destitute.

While in Topeka, Dr. Klopsch interviewed the Mayor of that city and also managing editor Hudson of the "Daily Capital." The latter is thoroughly convinced that the destitution in Kansas is very great and warrants the most energetic measures of relief. The "Capital" has accordingly published a stirring appeal, inviting contributions, and opening a Fund for the sufferers in the western counties to which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has contributed $1,000 from the general Relief Fund. In the Kansas Senate, a bill appropriating $50,000 for seed for the farmers has been amended by adding $50,000 more for food supplies and fuel for the destitute.

The Governor of the State has appointed a Relief Commission, who have issued an appeal to prosperous Kansans. This appeal, despite the fact that it deprecates the publicity given to the distressed condition of Western Kansas, is a virtual admission of the entire truth of the statements published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which have thus been the means of compelling the State, through its officials, to recognize the existence of destitution, and to do its duty in helping its own poor.

Our prolonged insistence on the existence of destitution makes it impossible for officials longer to conceal the fact, to the shameful disadvantage of the suffering farmers.

Apart from the enormous contributions of money and supplies induced directly and indirectly through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, actually aggregating much more than $100,000 in value, the moral pressure persistently brought to bear on the tardy officials, influenced by railroad, real-estate or bonded interests, ranks this as the leading public benefaction of the day. The whole relief movement now benefitting Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Dakota, Oklahoma and Northern Texas, in an exceedingly large measure, owes its vitality to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which has awakened churches, young people's societies and Sunday Schools in the smitten States to a realizing sense of their duty.

This wonderful experience has demonstrated the readiness with which the Christian people of this country are prepared to do their share towards helping any very considerable proportion of our population who may be plunged into misfortune and suffering. But it is an experience worthy of emulation and one to be commended to the religious portion of the communities in each individual State.

A Suggestion to the Churches.

It should be the sacred duty of the Christian people of every State, and especially of those who dwell in the prosperous sections, to see that any cases of real distress and destitution within their borders are relieved through the existing religious agencies. Proper organization sustained by sympathetic hearts and willing hands, would enable any State to assume the burden of relieving its own poor without the necessity of calling in outside aid, save in a time of the greatest extremity, such as now prevails in the Western drought-belt. The time has arrived when the people of Nebraska, Kansas, and Colorado, by organizing in the manner suggested, should be able to take care of their own destitute in future emergencies. If an organization such as has been suggested can be effected, the need of outside aid will speedily disappear.

Suffering in Oklahoma.

That a great deal of suffering exists in Oklahoma, is evident from the reports received; indeed, the destitution is more marked there at this writing than anywhere else, and much assistance in the shape of food and other supplies, will be needed to enable the unfortunate sufferers to survive the almost arctic winter of that region. The Fund will assist in money and clothing, and it is earnestly hoped that the same generosity that has accomplished so much good in Nebraska and Kansas will be extended by our friends to Oklahoma and Colorado. Any gifts of clothing, therefore, that may be sent in for use there, will be forwarded through the Fund. The near future of these states will fully bear out the worst that has been prognosticated. Kansas, too, still has great need of clothing.

In Nebraska, Manager Ludden is doing the best any man could do in the very trying position in which he is placed. The railroads have cut off free transportation, and even if they had not, it is quite right for him, before making further shipments, to ascertain how well the different stations are supplied. Besides, he is compelled to husband his resources, as the end is not yet in sight.

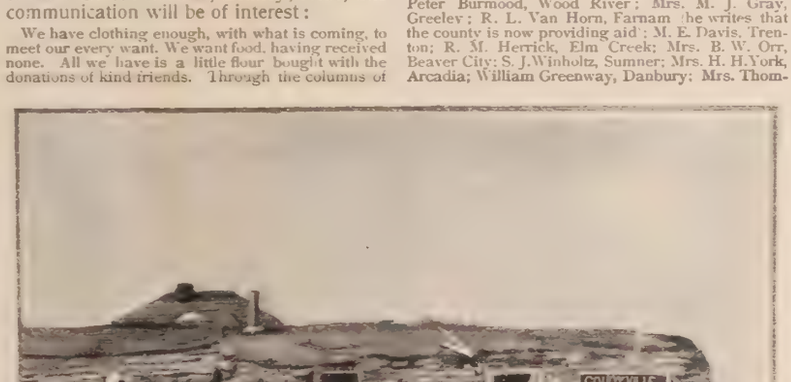
Faithful Workers.

If the whole story of the work of our faithful Volunteer Distributors were told, it would make a most inspiring volume, full of bright examples of integrity, consecration, and love of humanity. Rev. J. C. Irwin, Presbyterian Church, North Platte, Neb., writes:

The $5 received from you early in January was used to buy two pairs of shoes and two sacks of flour for two needy families who live in the northern part of this county, thirty miles from the railroad. I have reason to believe that it did much good, and relieved considerable suffering in those homes. I have received one barrel of clothing, and have distributed it as need appeared. The Relief Committee of this (Lincoln) county have received and distributed a good deal of clothing and some provision. We are not now so much in need of clothing as we are of provision and fuel. We need money very much to buy these.

To readers who have sent contributions to Rev. G. W. Brooks, Lemley, Neb., this communication will be of interest:

We have clothing enough, with what is coming, to meet our every want. We want food, having received none. All we have is a little flour bought with the donations of kind friends. Through the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, extend thanks to all.



A POST OFFICE IN THE DESTITUTE BELT OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

Built of sods and occupied also as a Dwelling. From a photograph

Telling of the sympathy that binds the sisterhood of States, Mrs. G. W. Dewey of Gates, Neb., has sent us a poem in which Nebraska thus speaks her thanks to a sister State:

And if ever, sister Georgia,
Such a blight on thee should fall,
May we then be found as ready
To respond unto thy call.

In her letter accompanying the verses, Mrs. Dewey says:

We decided to use half the amount ($10) to relieve the sick. We appreciate the good work the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is doing, and heartily thank all who have contributed clothing. We have received several barrels and a large box, also several packages and have distributed nearly all. A box from New Bethlehem contained many useful articles which have been distributed to the needy.

Welcoming the Relief.

From Erwin Eddy, Supervisor, Belgrade, Neb., comes this:

When THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund checks come in, it does one's heart good to see the happy faces. The money has been spent for flour, hominy and other necessaries. I also received a box of clothing, which we are distributing to the best of our ability. Now the greatest need is seed and feed.

Rev. O. A. Buzzell, Juniata, Neb., makes a very gratifying report of relief work accomplished. He has received, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD appeal, the following sums:

Mrs. C. F. Logan, $10.; Adeline Reebles, $11.; J. C. Brenizer, 5.; Mrs. J. E. Lucas, $10.; Thos. E. Estlack, $5.; H. E. Newman, $5.; G. B. Wray, $5.; I. S. Babcock, $26.; W. B. Bigger, $5.; Edith Nichols, $5.60; Mrs. Hattie E. Parker, $2.; Brought forward, $80.60; E. H. Turner, $1.60; total $91.20. This, in addition to the two drafts from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Some of this is sent for the purpose of paying freight on barrels and boxes now on the way. Have received notice of ten barrels, two boxes, and one sack of clothing not yet received, and 650 pounds of flour. Of the cash received, I have given (besides the $2 before reported) to a poor widow, $1.; a family of five children, $1. Sent to County Judge of Logan County, $13, to be used as follows: A widow with two little girls, $5. A sick man, $2.50. A poor man with large family, having lost one leg, not a pensioner, $2.50; another very poor crippled man, having no means of support, $5. The balance is in the bank until I receive the clothing which is on the way, when I expect to go around the field and supply it as I see it most needed.

Grateful for Help.

Chairman Roberts of the Associated Charities, Beaver City, writes:

Allow me to express my gratitude to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for what you are doing for the drouth sufferers of Nebraska. The money and supplies are doing great good and relieving much distress. Any aid you may have to send to this place should be sent to "Associated Charities," Beaver City, Neb. What the people need most are shoes, stockings, and underclothes for children; rice, beans, flour, and such necessaries of life. Our committee went out and found mothers about to bear children, and the mothers without a garment of any kind prepared for the little ones.

In a recent letter, Rev. G. W. Sharp quotes N. S. Lowrie, Chairman of Holt County Relief Commission, as authority for the statement that all the north half of Holt County is destitute. The supervisors did not over-estimate the situation when they reported officially two hundred and fifty families totally destitute. Mr. Sharp has made a tour of part of Holt and King Counties and writes that relief is urgently needed there.

More Nebraska Distributors.

From Nebraska was have received letters reporting progress from these distributors:

W. E. Spottswood, Anselmo; Mrs. Ella Millbourn, Minden; A. F. Cook, Kearney; Mrs. Sylvia Hutchinson, Mascot; J. S. Wayman, Cambridge; Mrs. Blanche Cluster, Pleasanton; O. D. Pierce, Imperial; Mrs. Peter Burmood, Wood River; Mrs. M. J. Gray, Greeley; R. L. Van Horn, Farnam (he writes that the county is now providing aid); M. E. Davis, Trenton; R. M. Herrick, Elm Creek; Mrs. B. W. Orr, Beaver City; S. J. Winholtz, Sumner; Mrs. H. H. York, Arcadia; William Greenway, Danbury; Mrs. Thomas Bell, Hendley; Lucinda Montgomery, Malcolm; Mrs J. E. Whitese, Kenesaw; Rev. Allen Kenworthy, Stockville; N. A. Edgehill, Cashier Maywood Bank (received a car of provision and clothing); Mrs S. E. Miller, Stratton; C. W. Preston, Curtis; M. P. Stiffler, Wilcox; Mrs E. DeMott, Beaver City; Rev. A. R. Julian, Chadron; Geo. H. Hornby, Valentine; Mrs. Eda Leucks, Inman; Jefferson Andre, Hendley (says county aid is exhausted); J. S. Frank, Hartwell; C. Swanson, Brayten; Mrs. E. E. Austin, Moulton (no more clothing needed). Thomas Johnson, Haigler. A. W. Brouillette, Oxford (writes that the district is now supplied); U. S. Lowrie, O'Neill (has clothed 100 families; received many packages of clothing); Jane L. Goff, President W. C. T. U. Hazard (received about 100 packages of clothing and needs no more; also received $10 besides Fund allowance); Jerome Troutman, Mascot; Mrs. M. E. Howard, Palisade (all clothing needs supplied and enough money and provision in sight; has received $23 from outside donors, and many packages of clothing); Mrs. B. A. Dean, Kenesaw; D. C. Nichols, Paxton; Silas R. Barnes, Maywood; E. A. Esher, McCook; B. P. Morris, Mason City; E. W. Vandoren, Petersburg; J. Billingsly, Shelton (serious suffering has been prevented); M. Hofmayer, Supervisor, Republican City (two needy families helped); S. A. Morris, Arapahoe (clothing and provisions received); Mrs. N. H. Thrasher, Mascot; Waller Scott, Champion (several needy families helped); V. J. Clark, Palisade; Rev. C. H. Roland, Axtell; N. E. Axling, Gothenburg (has distributed clothing to 100 families and groceries to 38 families and 1200 pounds of flour to 70 families); Mrs. Duck, President Aid Society, Litchfield (six families assisted).

The weather in Nebraska has been of the "blizzard" type, with intense cold and high winds. Everywhere, throughout the State, expressions of gratitude are heard for the relief extended by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund. The good work of its Fund contributors is known far and near throughout the State.

Relief Work in Kansas.

In the distressed counties of Western Kansas, the relief work has been progressing splendidly and uninterruptedly during the week and a large number of destitute have been aided. Rev. George W. Sharp, our Sunday School Missionary, who has distributed over $1,000, has also charge of the distribution of one car load of clothing and provisions sent to each of the following points: Almena, Beloit, Colby, Hill City and Quinter. This will undoubtedly supply all wants in these districts for the time being. We have received many encouraging letters from our Volunteer Distributors in that State. M. Lumpkin writes from Sharon, Kan., that there are a great many destitute there. Mrs. Sarah Paige of Ada, Kan., says that the help rendered through the Fund was "a God-send." She distributed it among the sick and needy. Mrs. W. R. Shirley, Atwood; C. Rinehart, Glasco; Geo. L. Copeland, Nonchalanta; and a number of others also send reports of the work, which is being pushed with energy in every necessitous quarter. Flour, feed and potatoes constitute the main purchases made by the Distributors. Many large families of children and very sick and utterly destitute have been helped by the Fund.

Among the reports received from Distributors in Kansas, are the following:

W. C. H. Marshall, Norton, two families relieved, received one barrel clothing; Rev. D. D. Dodge, Almena, supplied food to several families, some boxes of clothing and provisions received; Joel Turner, Goodland, many needy ones helped, two packages of clothing and some money received, besides the remittance from Relief Fund; H. H. Gane, Wilson, has received several boxes of clothing and some money from outside sources, besides the Fund allowance; relieved a number of needy, says no more help is necessary in his district. E. F. Ham, Quinter; W. R. Christie, Jetmore; J. Rogers, Ransom (received $4.25 from outside donors); Peter Moyer, Ludell; Mrs. C. H. Bruce, Hill City; Mrs. Dora Sparks, Howard; A. F. Lapham, M. D. Kensington; Mrs. A. Kuhn, Stuyvesant; Geo. I. Coaland, Nonchalanta; Wm. Wilson, Ness City; W. A. Picket, Liverpool (comparatively few suffering); D. T. Starrett, Lenora (several families helped); Mary Brown, Cuba; Clara Jellison, Fellville; A. Bennie, Long Island (community taking care of its own poor); George Hubbuck, Cameron (abundant clothing).

Two Counties Relieved.

Judge W. D. Thompson of Minneapolis, Kan., writes that Ottawa county is able to take care of its destitute. President Giffen Culbertson of the Commercial State Bank, Long Island, Kan., says no more help is needed in that district, although the destitution at some points is great.

I purchased dry goods with the Fund remittance which went to fifteen families and gave to over fifty persons a warm, useful article of clothing. This shows how God will prosper his work.—(writes Mrs. Carrie Nation, Medicine Lodge, Kan.

Helping so many almost recalls the days of miracles; but it was only the wise planning of a careful woman. Her letter goes on to tell how it was done:

With the $5 I purchased a bolt of shaker flannel and a job lot of shop-worn hoods and jackets mostly for children, also a hat, two pairs of shoes and some stockings. God bless this his own work to relieve the need of the poor in this place.

Mrs. Doctor of Scandia, Kan., who received money and clothing, relieved twenty-one persons. She writes:

Although there is a great scarcity of money and the closest kind of economy is being practiced, still the actual suffering in our immediate neighborhood is relieved for the present.

"May God bless all the donors," writes Mrs. McFarland, Norton, Kan. "We have received four boxes, a barrel of clothing and $31 in cash. The clothing has been distributed and with the money we have bought shoes, flour and potatoes for the needy families."

From the drouth-stricken districts of Texas, where several Distributors were appointed, we have received letters showing that the relief has been faithfully administered. Lulu Satterfield, Iwawah, Hardeman Co., writes:

Two families were among the beneficiaries of your contribution. One family of six small children, hungry and ragged children; the other an old gentleman and two motherless children, who were equally destitute. This financial strait will continue until another crop is raised. As I am a teacher in the public schools I am well acquainted with the wants of the people. Food and clothing are both needed; I believe, clothing most.

Three very needy families relieved was the result of Mr. W. L. Sorrell's distributing work at Seagoville, Tex. Mr. K. Vasbinder, photographer, of Elmendorf, also did good work in his district, where there were only four or five families actually destitute. The Texas reports indicate that the distress in that State is not widespread and is quickly being lessened by active relief work.

Money contributions to the Relief Fund are acknowledged on next page and gifts of clothing, etc., on page 111. A notable recent contribution was fifteen barrels containing six hundred garments from Southington, Conn. A. Ashmun Kelly of Malvern, Pa., packed his ninth barrel last week. A handsome contribution of new clothing was received from Sonneborn & Co., 740 Broadway, New York.

Contributions to the Western Relief Fund.

The Following Sums have been Received during the Week to be Applied in Aid of the Destitute Nebraska and Kansas Farmers.

Previously acknowledged $16,108 50

Anderson, Mrs C 1 00
Anderson, Francis M 2 00
Andrews, Rev A M 1 00
Arnold, G F 6 50
Ashbrook, Charlie .. 25
Ashbrook, Elmer 25
Ashbrook, Jessie 25
Ashbrook, Otto 25
Adams, Mr 1 00
Adams, Mrs 1 00
Ahrens, Henry 50
Allen, L C 5 00
Allen, Mrs Robt 2 00
Anderson, Ed 25
Avery, Mrs H 50
Anderson, Mrs J R .. 1 00
Arneke, Hattie 1 35
Atwood, L S 25
Atwood, S C 25
Anderson, Anna 1 00
Atkinson, L 50
Brown, Josiah 50
Mrs Rachel Pike 25
Mrs Ruth White 1 00
Mrs Anna Ackerly 2 00
Babcock, E E 2 00
Bateman W H 5 00
Barber, Mrs Jas 5 00
Barnard, Mrs M M .. 50
Barnes, Emma 2 00
Barratt, Mrs 2 00
Bassett, J 1 00
Bates, O 1 00
Beaty, Mrs Lydia 1 00
Beans, Mrs E 50
Bidwell, Mr 25
Bieber, W B 1 00
Bigelow, Mrs 50
Black, E S 3 00
Black, Geo A 2 00
Boger, John 25
Border, Mrs E & little son 2 00
Boyd, Miss F E 5 00
Brenton, F 2 00
Briggs, C E 3 00
Bristol, Mrs M 5 00
Brock, Jos 2 90
Brown, Mrs A 1 00
Brown, Mrs C L 1 00
Brown, F L 2 00
Brown, Mrs J M 1 00
Brown, Mary J 50
Brubaker, Mrs L E .. 1 00
Bruton, Geo M 1 00
Burbridge, Wm 5 00
Burger, Leah 25
Butterff, R H 1 00
Baker, Mrs M O 5 00
Baker, O L 50
Beaton, Wm 1 00
Beemer, G E 1 00
Bennett, J A 50
Bird, Mrs A C 2 00
Bisbee, L J 3 15
Bowen, D 50
Bower, M F 50
Boysett, Wm Dobie A Boshart & Nancy Boshart 15 00
Bostwick, S D 1 00
Bowen, M 3 25
Boyd, B H 2 00
Brookfield, F H 50
Brodie, Wm 1 00
Brooks, Matilda 1 00
Brown, D A 2 00
Burns, Mrs J T 3 00
Burrows, F N 1 00
Bus. Howard 2 00
Bandy, R 2 00
Barnum, Mrs R W 5 00
Bellman, Mary F 3 00
Bingham, Mrs W H .. 1 00
Bratton, Agatha 5 00
Brown, J M 1 00
Burleson, L H 2 00
Burns, Mrs John 2 00
Bushnell, C E 1 00
Buxus, Frank 25
Baechler, Mrs O 1 00
Barker, Georgia 1 00
Barnes, Lizzie and Minnie 1 00
Bean, Mildred M 50
Bjorkes, August 25
Bradley, G J 2 00
Brown, Mrs L M 1 00
Burdick, Mrs F 1 00
Burton, Mrs E H 4 00
Bynum, O E 1 00
Bell, Louis 50
Biederwolf, M 5 00
Bridge, Edwin 25
Bogart, I H 25
Bower, C W 50
Burke, Jane 1 00
Barger, Mr & Mrs. Sr 2 00
Carter, H 2 00
Cassidy, Mrs Thomas 1 00
Chandler, S M 5 00
Chandler, Vern 50
Chase, K S 1 00
Chubbuck, J Graham 1 00
Clark, Mrs F 25
Clifford, P M 1 00
Coffin, Miss Julia M 10 01
Colman, John 5 00
Cone, Thos 1 00
Cottingham, Mary M 1 00
Crocker, Mrs E 1 00
Crouse, Rev 25
Cannon, Mrs J G 1 00
Carman, Christopher 5 00
Chapin, Florence M. 25
Chapman, Mrs 5 00
Chapman, Mrs H 5 00
Chevalier, I J 2 00
Christopher, S H 50
Clark, Mrs H 2 00
Clark, Mrs E B 2 50
Colburn, Mrs E B 1 00
Conner, Vernon C 1 00
Coller, B A 1 00
Cooper, Lucy L 2 00
Coller, John T 75
Cameron, A J 1 00
Cameron, J S 2 00
Cameron, Mrs H S .. 2 00
Chase, Capt Joe 25
Chase, ... 2 00
Clark, ... 1 00
Clark, ... 1 00
Conrad, Mrs A M E 20 00
Cosby, W J 1 00
Cramer, M F 1 00
Cramer, Mrs Hiram 1 00
Colby, Mrs John 50
Cummins, Ira L 50
Cushman, Cora L 1 00
Cushman, Mrs W H 1 00
Cushman, M 1 00
Curtis, B 50

Carter, Miss C S 1 00
Cartland, John 50
Clay, Mrs I B 1 00
Cook, Albert E 50
Cook, E J 25
Conkling, D 25
Conkling, Ham 1 00
Cook, Len 50
Crawford, Mary M .. 2 00
Cash, Cowan, Tenn. 1 00
" " 1 00
" Morgantown 1 00
" W Stockbridge 25
" " 25
" " 25
" " 50
" " 25
" " 1 00
" " 25
Gardner, W W 1 00
Gay, W 50
Gemung, I W 2 00
Getchell, Mrs T M .. 1 10
Gilbo, Mrs 25
Gill, Mrs Samuel 1 00
Gillespie, Mrs J C .. 10 00
Gordon, Mrs Esther 1 00
Gould, Mrs G H 1 00
Graham, Thos 1 00
Greiner, A 1 00
Gunn, D D 5 00
Grimes, Mr & Mrs .. 5 00
Gross, Samuel W 1 00
Grubb, Laban 25
Ganslee, Mrs 1 00
Garretson, A V N 1 00
Gibby, Elliott 1 00
Gibby, Gwennie 50
Gibby, J C 1 00
Gibson, C R 14
Gibson, E E 1 00
Gregin, Della 1 00
Gilbert, L & M 1 00
Gilbert, P 5 00
Glascock, Bedford .. 15 00
Goodall, A J 5 00
Goodall, Archie 50
Goodwin, Mrs E L .. 1 00
Govenlock, Mrs J 2 00
Gray, Mrs E W 2 00
Griffin, Mrs F E 3 00
Groves, Rev J S 1 00
Groves, Mrs Mattie. 1 00
Givan, Mrs J C 1 00
Govan, John 1 00
Gordon, Ethel 2 00
Gordon, J C R 5 00
Gaines, G H 1 00
Haist, John 5 00
Hale, Mrs L A 50
Hale, Mrs P A 25
Hall, Mr & Mrs Lee. 1 00
Halsey, Geo W 1 00
Hannah, Mrs T 3 00
Hard, Mrs E L 25
Harrington, W J 2 00
Harris, Mrs A A 1 00
Harris, R M 50
Harris, Mrs S E 1 00
Hathaway, Mary E. 1 00
Hayes, Mrs A M 1 00
Hayes, L E 2 00
Hench, D M 5 00
Henry, Mrs S J 1 00
Hickland, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Hill, O D & wife 5 00
Hill, Russell 50
Hitzell, Mrs H 1 00
Holmes, Mrs E B 5 00
Hossinger, Miss A .. 10 00
Hotaling, Mrs J K .. 1 00
Household, Dr AB .. 50
Howe, Emily 35
Hoyt, T H 5 00
Huber, Maud 10
Huber, P W 50
Huber, Sam 5 00
Huffman, G G 1 25
Hughes, Miss H 1 00
Hunsberger, Mary .. 1 00
Huse, Mrs Loana 10 00
Hans, Geo J 1 00
Hagglund, G L 50
Hall, J C 1 00
Halsey, Mrs H A .. 21 50
Hammond, Mrs H 2 00
Harman, Mrs O S 2 00
Harmon, C T 3 00
Harris, Mr 50
Hess, Bessie 25
Hunt & Hewitt 1 00
Hickson, Mrs C G 1 00
Hillert, Mrs Oscar .. 25
Hitchcock, R L 3 00
Hitchcock, S 1 00
Hoath, Mrs S A 50
Hodgdon, S A 3 00
Houston, J E 1 00
Hagglund, K K 50
Hull, John P 2 00
Hunt, C J Jr 1 00
Hunter, Jas H 5 00
Hutchinson, R A 1 00
Hamilton, Ruth 2 00
Hansen, Hans 1 00
Hawk, Mrs L 1 00
Heagle, H E & friends 50
Hill, Hannah B 5 00
Hoare, Mr & Mrs W. J S Andrews Jr. Mr & Mrs J S Andrews 5 00
Howe, Mrs E G 1 50
Howes, D F 25
Howes, K R 25
Hoyt, W M 2 00
Hunt, Mrs J F 1 00
Hamilton, F J 3 00
Hazel, H C 1 50
Harmon, John 1 00
Heath, Mary 50
Heath, Mrs J & son 75
Heaton, Mary 5 00
Hess, Mrs Edwin 1 00
Hesselgrave, O M 1 50
Holtzworth, Chas C 25
Holtzworth, J Blair 50
Holtzworth, Louis E 25
Hopkins, John 2 00
Horton, Mr & Mrs 5 00
Hoffman, I 1 00
Howard Bros & sisters 10 00
Howard, Irving 50
I H N, Salem, Mass 1 00
I H N, Nicholville, NY 1 00
Ivins, Los Angeles 5 00
Ivins, Freedom, Pa 1 00
Ivins, Elmira, N Y 3 00
Ivins, Walnut Port 2 00
Ivins, Easton Mich 1 00
Ivins, Dixmont, Pa 1 00
Ivins, N Y City 2 00
Friends of Baptist Church, Peekskill 7 00
Tilton, N H 2 00
Parallel, Kas 5 00

Friends, Peekskill .. 2 00
" Riverton, Md.. 5 00
" Galway, N Y... 3 00
" Orange, Va.... 4 00
" Summer Hill .. 5 20
" Stamford, N Y. 2 50
" Phoenix, Ariz.. 3 15
" Bristol, Vt 2 00
3 " Mechanicsburg 10 00
" Blue Grass, Ia. 11 25
2 " Jonesville, N Y 5 00
2 " Lexington, Va. 5 00
" Whitlock Mine 27 00
2 " Mollettsville.. 2 00
" Newcastle 16 85
" Fairview, Pa... 4 00
" Ware Centre.. 8 00
I H N, Cleveland, Ill 1 00
" Allentown, Wis 1 00
" Mt Holly, N J. 2 00
" Mitchell, Ind .. 1 00
Johnson, Roswell... 1 00
Jones, Mary 50
Jones, Walter 2 00
Jackson, Mrs C C... 2 00
Jackson, J G 5 00
James, H J 1 00
Johns, Mrs 50
Jones, Mr & Mrs.... 2 00
Jones, Eva S 2 00
Jackson, Mrs J H... 5 00
Jamison, A & J..... 1 00
Jones, Lewis 5 00
Johnson, T W 5 00
Johnson, Mrs W G.. 1 00
Jordan, Miss Nora.. 1 00
Jenkins, Mrs C B, Mrs L N Hubbard & Mrs S S Hubbard 3 00
Keehn, P G 50
Kilgore, Mrs M..... 1 00
Kimball, W W 1 00
Kirton, Mrs Julia E. 1 00
Keay, Miss C E.... 5 00
Kenney, John L.... 1 50
Kershner, Mrs M... 2 00
Kizer, W W 2 00
Kelly, Mrs H C.... 1 00
Kirby, E 1 00
Knowlton, Louisa G 2 00
Kump, A E 1 00
Klahr, E H 2 00
Kellogg, E Moody .. 1 00
Kolloch, Chas 50
Layer, Frederick.... 1 00
Lehr, E 5 00
Levan, Miss Kate... 25
Lincoln, Dwight 1 00
Long, Miss Ella.... 50
Lowery, Oscar 2 00
Lytle, Jas D 1 00
Lansing, H T 25
Lee, F W 1 50
Loomis, I N 50
Love, Lulu & Ida.... 30
Love, W L 2 00
Luttrell, Mrs W A.. 5 00
Lee, F J 1 00
Long, Mrs Amanda, daughter and two nephews 2 20
Larson, Selma 1 00
Lawson, Oscar 1 00
Lee, Thomas 25
Lineaberry, Adam .. 50
Lineaberry, Lytle... 1 00
Little, Moses 2 00
Lombard, Mrs 75
Losee, Mrs H 3 00
Lowell, Dana 50
Lowell, Mrs Urbane 50
Lynch, Addison W .. 1 00
Lynch, W N 1 00
McAdams, Chas 10
McRae, Mrs Lila 1 00
Mann, Martin 50
Matthews, Mr & Mrs 10 00
Miles, J B 5 00
Montgomery, A K .. 1 00
Montgomery, Annie 1 00
Montgomery, Mary 2 00
Morehouse, Benj F. 5 00
Morrill, Nannie.... 2 00
Mortimer, F 50
Myers, Peter 1 35
McConnell, Mrs J A 10 00
McCulloch, Mrs S .. 1 00
McIntosh, D J 1 00
McKezie, D 1 00
McLean, D H 50
Mackerell, Mrs S W & daughter 5 00
Madison, Hannah F 1 00
Magune, Miss Hawes C & Mrs Blaisdell. 3 50
Mather, Mrs Sarah F 2 00
Matron, N 1 00
Mayhugh, Mrs 25
Merritt, Samuel 1 00
Morehouse, Mrs Z B 2 50
Morgan, Fred L 4 00
Morrill, M E 2 00
Morrison, W B 10 00
McDade, H D 1 00
McNeely, Wm 1 00
Minkler, H T 50
Morrison, N L 1 00
McCall, Emily C 1 00
McNamara, Mrs Ida 50
Mackintosh, D D ... 5 00
Marton, C C 1 00
Montgomery, Mrs A 5 00
Morton, Mrs Thos .. 2 00
Muschick, Mary 1 00
Nichols, Mrs J H N and P S 2 00
Norman, J W 1 00
Nesbitt, Jas 1 00
Nodine, Willis 5 00
Naff, W C 2 00
Neeley, Frank 1 00
Nelson, A D 1 50
Neilson, T J 1 00
Newman, Miss H M. 3 00
Newman, Roy A 2 00
Norcross, A M 10 00
Nickerson, G A 25
Nickerson, G H 25
Naffziger, John 1 50
Naffziger, Mary 50
Nichols, Mrs Ira 2 00
Norris, Caddie 25
Norse, Julia 25
Nugent, Jos 1 00
Nutter, Mrs 1 00
Oliver, Mrs R F 50
Oliver, Martha 10
Osborne, Mrs Louie. 2 00
Ogg, D L 2 00
Osborn, Mrs E F.... 2 95
Osmundson, O 5 00
Orr, Jas E 1 00
O'Connor, Ada 30
Owens, Mrs Chas ... 1 00
Porter, J B 1 00
Palmer, L V & family 1 00
Patten, Mrs C M 1 00
Porter, J A 1 00
Perry, H 1 00
Perkins, J E 5 00
Payne, Mrs Ellen .. 5 00
Parsons, Frank 2 00
Peebles, Mrs A Mrs. 10 00
Peebles, Mrs Mary 5 00
Perry, Mrs L S 2 00
Persing, C F 5 00
Peters, Mrs L A 1 00
Peters, Mrs G H 5 00
Potterfield, H T 25
Potts, Mrs M J & Mrs Ella 1 00
Place, Mary 2 00
Parker, L A 5 00
Peterson, Swan 25
Pethbridge, Jos 2 00
Pidcock, J Wm..... 3 00
Potter, E A 2 00
Pearce, B 50
Pearce, Ella C 50
Phillips, C 1 00
Preston, HB & family 5 00
Pugh, Mrs N W..... 1 00
Paul, Miss Alice G.. 2 00
Paul, Harry, Myrta, & Mrs 1 75
Paul, Martha D..... 5 00
Peterson, Oloff 1 00
Pierce, Mrs N 2 00
Pingree, Lunette... 15
Pinkham, A S 5 00
Pritchard, E 1 00
Proffitt, J V 4 00
Parker, F F 3 00
Quig, Mrs 50
Quigley, Robert & family 5 00
Quitter, Thos J 1 00
Robertson, G O 1 00
Rollins, Jas 1 00
Roohan, J M 1 00
Robinson, R 10
Robinson, H 10
Ross, Mrs F C 2 00
Ransom, A G 5 00
Richford, Mrs E J .. 1 00
Richardson, M L.... 1 00
Randall, Mrs W N.. 2 00
Razey, Jesse 2 00
Rice, Mrs S E 1 00
Richardson, Amos.. 5 00
Rinker, Mrs J M.... 50
Roberts, C O 1 00
Roderic, Mrs 50
Routzahn, S 7 00
Rucker, W S 5 00
Rullen, J 25
Rush, E P 1 00
Russell, Geo 50
Ramsey, Mrs D J .. 1 50
Reynolds, F W 50
Richardson, F E 1 00
Richardson, S 1 00
Rickbeil, John 2 00
Robertson, J 1 00
Robinson, J B 1 00
Robinson, Mrs N H 5 00
Rockwell, Mrs F M. 5 00
Rogers, Emaline 1 00
Radcliffe, S 2 00
Ralph, Miss G H.... 50
Ralph, L D 1 00
Ralph, Mrs L H..... 1 00
Ralph, Miss R M.... 1 00
Reed, T G 1 00
Reeth, W 1 00
Ritchie, Mr & Mrs .. 2 00
Robbins, Mr & Mrs. 5 00
Rogers, J M 25
Rogers, S 5
Rawls, Mrs B A..... 1 00
Reed, Mrs S 1 00
Richardson, Mrs L A 1 00
Riley, Joseph 5 00
Ryan, J F 1 00
Ryan, Orbes 25
Reader, Boston, Mass 25 00
" Pocahontas, Mo 1 00
" Cherokee, Kan. 1 00
" Brooklyn, N Y. 2 00
" Collinsville, Tex 5 00
" Sterling, Conn. 4 00
" Givan, Ia 50
" St Joseph, Mich 2 00
" 2 00
Smith, Mrs A J..... 10 00
Smith, Marietta 5 00
Schultz, Mrs Sudie.. 2 00
Sykes, Mrs E 2 00
Slover, J N 50
Scott, Mrs F A 50
Spaulding, Mrs S L 50
Smith, Mrs J 50
Smith, J 25
Silvernail, Mrs A 10
Spencer, Mrs W H .. 25
Stodden, W 25
Scott, Frine 10
Scott, Alfred 10
Swettenham, E A & wife 10 00
Stanley, Mr & Mrs.. 2 00
Summers, H A 2 00
Sawyer, Miss H 25
Sewell, Melville 1 00
Sheffer, J W 25
Shepherd, G H..... 3 00
Shepherd, Mrs Wm. 10 00
Sherry, Miss Clara .. 25
Shinn, Mabel 10
Shults, Walter O.... 10 00
Simpson, A J & Mrs A J 15 00
Smith, E T W 5 00
Smith, Mr & Mrs C & daughter 2 25
Smith, Caroline 5 00
Smith, M E 2 00
Sneller, Otto E 50
Sneller, Mrs P O.... 1 00
Snow, S Ida 1 00
Snyder, D B 2 00
Spencer, M A 5 00
Spooner, Mrs A B... 5 00
Sprague, Sarah & F. 4 00
Springsted, Mrs H .. 5 00
Stanford, C H 50
Stanley, Mrs J L.... 1 00
Starkey, Mrs A 50
Starkey, Mrs G A... 50
Stone, M T 1 00
Strong, Mrs N 2 00
Swan, Miss S J 5 00
Sweeney, Mr & Mrs.. 3 00
Simpson, Edw E 5 00
Smith, Mrs E 1 00
Smith, F J 1 00
Smith, G James 2 50
Smith, I E 2 00
Snediker, Edgar 25
Sommer, Mrs C 5 00
Soper, Beecha 25
Soper, C T 5 00
Spangler, G E 1 50
Spencer, Mrs E P .. 2 50
Stalnacker, Mrs L A 5 00
Stanley, Mrs A M .. 3 00
Stearns, H H 1 00
Stone, S & L A..... 1 00
Swain, John 1 00
Sykes, Harry 26
Severy, Mrs A E.... 3 00
Sheard, C B 10 00
Simester, A 2 00
Skiff, V W 2 00
Snell, T T 5 00
Stevens, R 1 00
Stewart, Warren & Co 10 00
Schuller, Levi I 10 00
Schuyler, Madie E... 25
Seale, W F 1 00
Shadle, Miss Nora B 60
Shadle, Veras H 60
Skelly, Maud 30
Slutz, Marjorie 1 00
Smith, Mrs L 1 00
Snow, Mrs Bertha .. 25
Spurrell, Flora 20
Stevenson, Clair 25
Stevenson, Mr & Mrs 1 00
Sugars, Mrs. son & daughter 75
Sub'r, W S 2 00
" Wilmot, N H .. 2 00
" Upland 1 00
" Haddonfield .. 5 00
" E Portland, Ore. 1 00
" Brewster, N Y 2 00
" Clintondale 1 00
" Elroy, Wis. 1 00
" Cambridge.... 10 00
" Cambridge, NY 3 00
" Jersey City 5 00
" Dartford, Wis.. 1 00
" Chicago, Ill 2 00
Thatcher, Samuel... 1 00
Thompson, H 50
Trusdal, H 1 00
Thomson, Mrs W S. 2 00
Thomas, Ernest K.. 2 00
Thayer, Mrs W H... 1 00
Taylor, Chas E 5 00
Tenbrink, Mrs Alice 50
Topping, Mrs J H... 1 00
Turner, Mrs C A 20
Taylor, Mary 10
Thompson, Henry .. 2 00
Tompkins, Mrs L 50
Travelute, A 50
Trenholme, J D 1 50
Tyler, Mrs M A 2 00
Tanner, Orrie O 1 00
Taylor, Martha A... 2 00
Teesen, E 3 00
Thomas, Mrs Wm.. 5 00
Trotter, Kate 2 00
Underwood, F M 1 00
Ulrich, Mary 50
Wilcox, Mrs 5 00
Willey, S A 1 00
Wescott, Grace 25 00
Williams, J E 2 00
Wilson, B F Jr 1 00
Wheeler, Miss G M 25
Washburn, Miss S L 25
Woodruff, Mrs H 10
Wheeler, Miss F A .. 25
Walker, Mrs M A... 2 00
White, Benj R 1 00
Webber, A P 1 00
Weir, Mrs E S 2 00
Welch, Miss E B.... 10 00
Welch, L L & H C .. 10 00
Wenner, Thos..... 25
White, Mrs L E..... 3 50
White, N R 1 00
White, Mrs W A.... 25
Whitney, C W 50
Wiley, C L 25
Williams, Mrs A 1 00
Williams, Mrs S F.. 5 00
Williamson, G B 1 00
Winget, Mrs M J 1 00
Winter, Reuben 5 00
Wise, ... 25
Wise, W F 1 00
Woodbury, W Y 1 00
Woods, Allan 10
Walbert, Miss S K.. 5 00
Walker, C L 2 00
Warner, George 1 00
Waterman, H H & wife 5 00
Watson, Mr 1 00
Watson, Mrs 2 00
Weed, Levi S 5 00
West, Mrs J M 2 00
White, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Wilbur, Mrs O K 5 00
Willard, Walter 1 00
Williams, Bert 25
Williams, R H 2 00
Wilson, Mrs M L.... 25 00
Wilson, Ralph 2 00
Winn, Mrs A M..... 5 00
Witmer & Derby 1 00
Wackermic, A 2 00
Wade, B E 2 00
Wade, Wm E 1 00
Willson, Mrs M S... 1 00
Wilson, J W 2 00
Wilson, Ruth S..... 2 00
Wells, A F 1 00
Wentworth, Lousa 25
Wickens, Mrs H H .. 4 00
Wilson, Francis..... 25
Wilson, Mrs M J.... 25
Woodruff, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Young, Jas 2 00
Yule, Mrs Jos 5 00
Yuhn, Gust 25
—, Howe, Tex 5 00
—, Margaretville.... 10 25
—, ... 2 00
—, ... 50
—, Chambersburg... 1 00
—, Lonaconing, Md. 1 00
—, ... 1 00
—, Detroit, Mich 10 00
—, Fort Worth, Tex 3 00
—, Ont, Can 1 00
—, Savannah, Ga.... 30
—, Jericho, Vt 1 00
Mrs J S S, Maine 1 00
J N K, Miller Place. 1 00
B, Princeton, N J .. 5 00
F D, Red Bank, N J 10 00
S A C, Anthons, R I 10 00
A S A, New Haven .. 2 00
D S, Glasston, N D .. 50
I M W, Cleveland 1 00
C W P, Edgartown .. 1 00
Mrs —, Me 1 00

Lewis, D, Cortland.. 3 00
J W, London 1 00
A, Indiana, Pa 25
J M W, Ft McPherson 1 00
J A, Plymouth, Pa .. 1 00
Mrs L L S, E Lemon 1 00
E J S, Gilbertsville. 5 60
M, E St Louis, Ill.. 5 00
K, Columbus, Ga 2 00
E Y F, Oneida, N Y 25 00
N S, Marcellus, N Y 2 00
T R C, Phila, Pa 3 00
B R & H, Wyndham. 15 00
E C H, Toledo, O.... 1 00
C R B, Millville 1 00
E & M, Phila, Pa.... 2 00
H W & R Y, Pa 3 00
F E B, Vt. 3 00
F M, Fairport, N Y.. 2 00
A B C 1 00
Mrs M A B, Mass... 2 00
C S, Brooklyn, N Y.. 5 00
E T, Brooklyn, N Y.. 1 00
G H B, Albion, Mich 5 00
Mrs G W S, Minn.. 1 00
G E C, Portland, Me 1 00
H L M 1 00
W C S, Detroit, Mich 5 00
S E D, Brooklyn, NY 5 00
M M B, Brooklyn, NY 1 00
W T M, Baltimore.. 1 00
E W, Baltimore 10
H C G & family, Ia 5 00
Hy W, Parry Sound. 1 00
Judith P B, O..... 5 00
Mrs R T, Adams.... 1 00
I K, Ann Arbor..... 5 00
E L H, N H 1 00
J E G, Pa 1 00
M S W, Jersey City 2 00
L C D, Williamsport 2 00
Mrs B D, Southfield 6 00
W J C, Har. Pa..... 2 00
C A & L E, Florence 10 00
S & H, Bangall, N Y 5 00
C H L, N Greenfield 5 00
M J B, Mill Hall, Pa 5 00
K B B..... 3 00
M H T, Brooklyn.... 5 00
S H B 20 00
S H A, Lynn, Mass.. 2 00
A & L B, Millville... 2 00
D L, Pawtucket, R I 1 00
F W, Moreno, Cal... 10 00
C M F, E Northfield 1 00
J F A, Waubeek..... 2 00
M D S, Baltimore... 1 00
E Y H, Matamoras .. 1 00
T L K, Bergen, N Y 5 00
Little Annie 4
Miss M J, Groton... 1 00
S A B, Groton, N Y. 4 00
R, Florissant, Mo .. 1 00
Vanderhag, Wm..... 50
VanValkenburg, Miss 1 00
Voorhes, Smith I 1 00
Voorhes, Mrs S I.... 1 00
Vaughn, Mamie..... 2 00
Miss E N, Millbury . 25
Miss A P, Millbury.. 25
Mrs J H, Millbury .. 25
M W C, N Y City.... 50
E A E, Phila, Pa.... 5 00
J H M, Ashfield 5 00
M C E M, Kan 50
C M C, Blue Earth City, Minn 5 00
J P B, Kelseyville.. 50
J H and Mrs C C, Freeman 2 00
M L W, Norway, Pa. 1 00
A G T 5 00
M D C, Pittsfield ... 5 00
S S, Waco, Kan.... 7 00
D P, Lost River, Ida 5 00
L M B, Edgemont .. 1 00
C H P, Unionville .. 2 00
S A H, Greenfield .. 5 00
Mrs S F D, Salisburg Heights, N H 1 00
H U P, E Thetford . 2 00
Mrs E D, Brown Branch, Mo 3 00
K, Richmond, Va... 5 00
Mrs Adrian 2 00
Mrs W A, Melmore 1 00
Sympathizer, Port Monmouth, N J .. 6 50
People of Stewartstown, Pa 11 00
The Circle of K D, Kennett Square .. 11 00
With prayer for the recipient, Phila 5 00
Texarkana, Tex 1 00
Cheerful Workers, Floral Park, N Y. 10 00
K D, Carlowville, Ala 5 00
Lovers of God & humanity, Vaughn's. 2 00
Junour Miss. Soc. Plymouth, N H.... 35 00
Ivins, Mills, N Y.. 1 00
People of Goulds'le 19 50
Citizens of Roaring Spring, Pa 40 00
Ashland Lodge No 168, A F & A M .. 5 00
Florence Pres Ch.. 17 78
Granite S S, Ia.. 3 00
C E Soc, Tuzuh, Pa 6 50
Matt 25: 34-40... 4 75
Daughter, Waynet'n S S, Suffield, Conn 5 00
Ladies of Wisseroning Pres Church 2 65
Grandpa, Afton, NY 1 00
Hillie 50
Bogart 25
Manayunk 1 00
Eastin Farmer, Mass 2 00
Cottage Prayer Meeting Circle 3 00
Prayer Meeting Circle, Cross Keys, Va 12 35
K D Circle, Stony Brook, N J 20 00
Welsh C E Society, Picatonica, Wis.. 12 00
Epworth League, Vernon, Ind 6 00
Mill Creek Epworth L, Seguin, Tex.. 17 00
P C E Mill Creek Ch, Rahway, N J 12 00
Baptist Y P S, Reno 5 00
In the name of the Master, Pa 1 00
Sympathizer, Watertown, N Y 50
Total acknowledged 19281.30
And over 100 others to be acknowledged next week 124.82
Total rec'd $19406.12

Y P S C E Pres Ch, Hughesville, Mo .. 18 25
West Ware SS, Mass 2 50
Collection made by Mrs H S Beck 10 00
In Jesus Name, Huntsville, Tex .. 9 50
A Disciple of Jesus, Cleburne, N Y 25 00
She hath done what she could, Wash .. 1 00
Wells Branch, Me .. 3 00
Culpeper, Va 3 00
A Few Sympathizers, Eckford, Mich 6 00
Children, Dover, N C 5 00
The Ladies of Bakerstown, Pa 10 00
Mother & Daughter, Barre, Vt 2 00
Farmer, Bloomsburg 1 00
A Foxboro, Mass, family 15 00
2 Brothers, Pa 2 00
St Matthew 25-35... 1 00
Citizens, Hayfield 20 00
Elberon, Phila, Pa 1 00
Our Heavenly Father, Spring Lake .. 20 00
One whom the Lord has helped..... 1 00
Boarders, Wood Girls and Boys & guests, Ramer, Ala 2 20
Raccoon Ford, Va .. 1 00
Sweetsburg, Can.... 10 00
M E S S, Black Creek 8 00
Long Soc Preston SS 22 50
Lake View Evangelical S S 3 08
Congregational Church, Baiting Hollow.... 3 00
Preston City Baptist Church 1 40
Baptist Church & S S, Lyme Ctr..... 14 00
1st Pres Church, King's Ferry, N Y 7 00
Schooley's Mountain Pres Church 4 00
Ever Ready Circle, K D, Plainfield, N J. 1 00
Schooley's Mountain Y P S C E..... 10 00
Christian Endeavor Soc, Glendale, Mass 3 00
Christian Endeavor Soc, Pres Church, Marianville, N Y.. 5 00
Ellenville W C T U, N D 1 00
Ormley W C T U, N D 5 00
Ladies Soc, Pleasant Hill 11 65
Missionary Society, Ormley, N D.. 5 00
In the name of the Master, Blissfield 1 00
Sympathizer, Pa 4 00
Sympathy, Toronto . 1 00
Tarton Pres S S, Md 10 00
Union S S, Chelsea 3 00
Miss Mamie Myers' S S, M E Church, Cressona, Pa.. 2 00
Y P S C E, Chepatchet 10 00
C E s of the Pres Ch, New Hope, Pa 1 05
Helping Hands, Montague City.. 12 65
Ladies Aid Society, Omar, N Y..... 5 00
King's Daughters, Hibernia, N Y 2 00
Little Praying Band, Binghamton, N Y. 2 25
The Master, Jersey City, N J 10 00
A Thank Offering, Middle Falls, N Y 1 00
For Christ's Sake, Tracy, Mo..... 5 00
Farton Public School 5 00
James 2: 15-16, Galt, 1 00
2 Sisters, Ashford 2 00
In the name of Jesus, Beddow, Mich 5 00
Sympathizer, Can .. 6 00
Inasmuch, Wahnapitae, Can 1 00
Nemo, Can 1 00
Mary, Jacksonville . 1 00
Susie G, Fly Summit 1 00
Widow, Elmira, N Y 4 00
Mother & daughter, Phelps, N Y..... 1 00
Christian Endeav'er Soc'y YPCE, 1 Cong Ch, Eastford 5 00
Baptist Soc'y, Goffstown, N H..... 35 00
Citizens of Farley, Iowa 52 45
Presby Church, Poplar, Mont 9 44
Jefferson Heights SS & prayer meetings 10 00
Blue Point Bapt S S, L I, N Y..... 10 00
E U S S, Eastmanville, Mich 10 00
Mother & daughter, Clyde, N Y 2 00
A Canada girl 30
C Pratteville, F D .. 5 00
Helper, Oak Grove . 2 00
One who wants to help a little 30
Bogart 25
Manayunk 1 00
Sym'thizer, Ashland 60
3 Ladies, Fulton, N Y 3 00
Penn Schoolmaam 1 00
Yolande Incle, K D, Phila, Pa..... 5 00
Christian Church, Stanfordville, N Y 14 12
G Christian M, Prairieville, Mich 1 00
Loyal Temperance Legion, Newville .. 3 00
Y P S C E, Worcester 16 00
Missionary Soc 1 Ref Ch, Bethlehem, N Y 33 00
Y M C A, Winona .. 7 00
Ramer M P Church & friends 2 30
Sympathizer, Watertown, N Y 50

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

JAPANESE TEMPLES.

ONE of the most fashionable resorts in Japan is Nikko, which is situated in the heart of the central mountain system of the country about ninety miles north of Tokio. An American traveler who visited the place a few years ago, describes it as a tangled maze of glens, wild ravines, cascades, woods, temples, and mountain torrents. The shrines are unparalleled for symmetry of proportion, elegance and variety of design and richness of lacquering. They are hidden in forests on the side of the mountain and are built on terraces about seven feet above each other and connected by flights of stone steps. At each terrace is a magnificent gate, that of the third terrace flanked on each side by a graceful belfry in which are hung the great bells for which Japan is noted. The temples were erected in honor of two Japanese potentates of the seventeenth century, Iyeyasu and his grandson Iyemitsu who are buried on the mountain at Nikko. They were the representatives, and their time the culmination of the system of feudalism which has now utterly passed away. The memory of them is, however, imperishable while the temples and shrines retain their beauty. They are remarkable for the absence of any of the Buddhist images which abound in other temples in Japan. The strange religious system of Japan has applied them, and the temples appear to have been erected with the idea of the departed spirit inhabiting them, as the great potentates lived in palaces in their lives. Incense is burned, women dancers perform their sacred dances, and monks chant their prayers in the several buildings, and all is done with due pomp and solemnity. Pilgrims still go to the shrines to pray and to make their offerings, for Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu are duly enrolled among the gods of Japan and are supposed still to have power to bless and help their worshippers. It is sad that this instinct of worship should be directed to idols and the spirits of dead heroes for it is right in itself and its absence is the most deplorable thing in our modern civilization. Our difficulty is not that men worship the wrong objects but that they do not worship anything, though the Being whose name and attributes are revealed to them in the Bible is infinitely worthy of supreme adoration and service. (Rev. 22: 9.)

MORTUARY TEMPLE AND BELFRY ON THE MOUNTAIN AT NIKKO, JAPAN.

Gifts of Skin.

A practical evidence of sympathy and good will has been given to a comrade by the officers and men of a company of the Illinois National Guard. A few weeks ago the wife of one of the officers had a narrow escape of being burned to death. She upset a lighted oil lamp, and in a minute was enveloped in flames. Fortunately, help was at hand and the flames were extinguished, but not until her neck, breast and arms had been severely burned. Since then she has been lying in a critical condition, her injuries refusing to heal. Her physicians at last had recourse to skin-grafting, which had the desired effect. Her husband freely offered his own cuticle for the purpose and six hundred minute pieces were transferred from it to that of his wife. It was considered imprudent to remove more of his skin, but more was needed for the injured lady. In the emergency the whole military company to which he belonged promptly offered themselves, and the offer was accepted. Several hundred pieces of skin have been taken from their arms and applied to the lady's wounds, and she is now well on the way to recovery. She ought to feel very grateful to the husband's comrades. They have given unmistakable proofs of their devotion. Many a man who would give freely of his money or goods for the relief of some one in distress would hesitate, if asked to suffer personal pain that another might regain health. Yet this spirit is the one that should animate every Christian, making him willing to endure pain and hardship, if in that way, souls may be saved. This was the spirit that was in Christ himself, "by whose stripes we are healed." (Isa. 53: 5.)

A Reverse of Fortune.

A singular retribution which has befallen an ambitious woman is reported in the "Lewiston (Me.,) Journal." It recalls a marriage of two popular young persons, which took place twenty years ago. The young man was in a prosperous business at the time and had the brightest prospects of a successful career. His bride had been the belle of the neighborhood and had chosen him out of a number of suitors. She was very pleased with the home he provided for her, as she had reason to be, for he had spent his money lavishly in making it attractive and comfortable. But after a time she grew discontented. She had a passionate desire to be rich and gradually grew to despise her husband because he could not maintain her in the style she thought becoming her station. It was not long before her extravagance brought him to bankruptcy and then she deserted him, procured a divorce and soon afterward married a wealthy man. Her former husband often saw her enjoying the height of her ambition which was to ride in a handsome carriage behind a pair of fine horses. He resumed business and soon was able to retrieve his fortunes. He is to-day one of the most prosperous business men of the district; while his former wife, whose second husband mismanaged his property and came to ruin, is glad to earn a dollar from any one who will give her a job at scrubbing or washing. She knows now that it would have been better for her in a worldly point of view, apart from all considerations of honor and principle, if she had been faithful to her husband in his adversity. The same discovery will be made at last by every one who despises the life of humiliation with Christ and chooses the pleasures of sin which are but for a season. (Heb. 11: 25.)

The North Sea Calamity.

A thrill of horror went through the whole civilized world on January 30, when the news came that the great passenger steamer "Elbe" had gone down with nearly all her passengers and crew. The news of the disaster was brought to Lowestoft, an English port, by a fishing boat which had on board twenty persons whom it had found tossing about on the waves in a frail boat. They came from the "Elbe" of the North German line and they told a story of appalling disaster. The "Elbe" was on her way from Bremen to New York with 155 officers and sailors and 199 passengers, 354 persons in all. About six o'clock on the morning of January 30, when the steamer was only a few miles out from Bremen and when the English coast was about fifty miles away, the lookout on the "Elbe" saw a small steamer approaching. He gave the alarm, but before the course could be changed or the speed checked, the crash came. The little steamer struck the "Elbe" with terrific force near the engine-room and when she backed out, there was a huge hole in the great ship's side through which the water rushed in a torrent. It was evident from the rapidity with which the "Elbe" listed that she must soon founder. The only hope for the people on board lay in the boats. Of these, three were launched. One was swamped as soon as it touched the water, the fate of the second is unknown but it, too, was probably sunk, and the third with its meagre load of twenty lives was picked up by the fishing-sloop. That few boats were launched is probably due to the confusion that ensued after the collision and to the rapidity with which the "Elbe" filled and sank. It is significant that of the twenty persons saved, only one was a woman and fifteen were sailors. The fact confirms the stories of the surviving passengers that the sailors were intent on saving themselves and prevented any one else getting into the boats. It was too dark at the time of the disaster to see the name of the little steamer that worked the mischief. There is no doubt, however, that it was the "Crathie," which left Maasluis for Aberdeen ou the night before the catastrophe and returned the next day with her bow smashed in. The captain admitted that he had been in collision with a steamer. When asked why he did not stay on the scene and try to save some lives, he said that he thought his own vessel was sinking and would go down if he delayed making for port. It was one of those times that test men's souls. The captain of the "Crathie" and the sailors on the "Elbe," who fought for places on the boat, had evidently not attained the higher plane to which Christianity leads men, where they prefer other's welfare to their own. In giving up manliness, honor and magnanimity to retain life they justified Satan's slander of the human race," All that a man hath will he give for his life." (Job 2: 4.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Whole Christian Community in this and other lands suffers a severe loss in the death of Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston, Mass., whose sermons have been published at regular intervals in this journal. A biographical notice of this eminent servant of Christ appears on another page.

The British Museum has Thirty Miles of book shelves and contains over two million books.

The Emperor of Austria Recently Conferred the Silver Cross of Merit upon a young soldier, who, finding that a young sleeping princess had been bitten by a viper, sucked the poison, thus saving her life.

The British Government is Enforcing a stringent prohibition law in Matabeleland and Mashonaland. Any person detected in selling or giving intoxicating liquor to a native is liable to fine and imprisonment.

Rev. E. P. Hammond Has Been Holding meetings at Chatham, Ont. The venerable evangelist still retains his power with the children, and crowds of them attended his services. Some of them wrote him letters of gratitude, which he caused to be published in the Chatham [illegible] Record.

Dr. A. C. Dixon, of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, is holding meetings at Willimantic, Conn. Mr. M. H. Jacobs is assisting him in the musical part of the services.

An Excellent Plan Has Been adopted by the Seventh Presbyterian Church of New York, of which Rev. J. T. Wilds is pastor. It has opened a large house at 46 Ridge Street for the accommodation at low rates of impoverished and homeless men.

Dr. Henry S. Lunn, a Prominent English Methodist minister, is now in this country on a lecture tour. Dr. Lunn believes in a union of churches of all denominations, and has been active in promoting the famous Grindelwald Conferences. He is anxious to interest American Christians in the work of uniting the churches.

Lebanon, Ill., is Enjoying a Remarkable revival. Mrs. Alice Lindly writes that 720 persons have signed cards pledging themselves in Christ's strength to a new life. Rev. W. A. Matthews, pastor of the Baptist Church, baptized 140 new members in one week, which makes 250 who have thus publicly made profession of faith since the meetings commenced.

Rev. R. S. MacArthur's People are making preparations to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate at Calvary Baptist Church, New York. One gratifying feature of the preparations is the complete extinction of the debt on the beautiful edifice. The amount of money raised by the church for philanthropic and religious work increases year by year, and the church records show a steady growth in numbers and new lines of work.

Rev. Wm. F. Davis Has Been again committed to jail for preaching on Boston Common without a permit. He has already served one sentence in jail for this offense. He was fined $20 and the costs of court amounting to $30. Refusing to pay, he was taken to the Charles Street jail. He has now applied for a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that the city ordinance is in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States.

A Bible Conference has been held at Baltimore, Md., under the management of Rev. Geo. C. Needham. Messrs. Erdman, Stroeter, Gabelein, Pollard and Stifler took part in the proceedings. The Christian people of the city have asked Mr. Needham to make the conference an annual arrangement.

Major George A. Hilton has been Holding successful meetings at Canonsbury, Pa. Several churches united in the movement and people came from a circuit of twelve miles to listen to the Evangelist. Many conversions have taken place and many people who were aroused to spiritual concern are now seeking guidance of the ministers of the town.

The London Poor are Suffering Acutely this winter. Mr. Frederick N. Charrington writes to the English *Christian Herald*: "The distress in East London has now become so keen and pressing that I do trust you will allow me to plead for help for the literally starving families by whom we are surrounded. Our visitors report case after case of homes in which is no fire, and children crying for bread."

The Success of the Central Union Mission in Washington, D. C., and the work it has done in the rescue of the victims of dissipation and vice, have suggested the idea of a national organization. The result is the organization of the National Gospel Mission Union. Three objects are contemplated: First, to send out evangelists; second, to organize Gospel missions on the plan of the Central Union Mission; and third, to establish a training school for mission workers.

The Home Established in Oberlin, O., for the children of foreign missionaries is endeavoring to obtain enlarged accommodations. Judson Cottage, the temporary home, is filled to overflowing. A permanent home building is needed at once to meet the applications of missionaries who wish to send their children to this country during this season and to give them the opportunities of the Oberlin schools. Four thousand dollars have already been raised for the enterprise, and other sums are promised

A Journey to Joppa.

Marion Harland's Journey Through Samson's Country—Nearing Lydda—Amid Groves of Orange and Olive—The House of Simon the Tanner—The Ancient Land of the Danites.

BOTH the carriage-road and railway from Jerusalem to Jaffa run through Samson's country, the stamping-ground of the long-maned, strongbacked, soft-hearted Nazarite. A village of new, neat farm-houses, one of Rothschild's colonies, is in the immediate vicinity of Zorah, the home of "a certain man of the family of the Danites, whose name was Manoah," and the birthplace of his son. A large rock, lately uncovered, is supposed from indications that it was used as an altar, to be that upon which the Danite offered the kid to the Lord:

"And it came to pass that when the flame went up toward heaven from off the altar that the angel of the Lord ascended in the flame of the altar, and Manoah and his wife looked on."

Samson's range in his fighting with the Philistines, and his courtings of divers women, lay between the hills on either side of the road. Zorah, Ekron, Gath, Kirjathjearim, Gaza, the rock Etam, Lehi—are names that suggest the years upon years of warring with the original lords of the land who were a chronic pest to the conquerors. The House of Dagon at Ashdod has left no trace upon the landscape of to-day; Ashdod itself is represented by a few poor mud-huts roofed with straw and turf.

Gezer, made a City of Refuge by Joshua and afterward taken by Pharoah of Egypt, rebuilt and given by him to his daughter, one of Solomon's wives — crowns a hill on the right of the road. Far up the heights on the left is the cave of Makkeddah (also lately discovered) in which Joshua cooped the five kings until the battle was won, when "he smote them and slew them, and hanged them on five trees, afterwards casting their bodies into the cave and laying great stones upon the cave's mouth, "which remain until this very day."

From the brook (marginal reading "valley") now a wide, dry waterbed, paved with loose white pebbles, crossed more than once by our track, David took the five smooth stones for his sling, and somewhere in this same valley was the great fight between Saul and the Philistines, who "stood on a mountain on one side, while Israel stood on a mountain on the other side, and there was a valley between them." It is impossible to designate the exact spot where the stripling confronted Goliath of Gath, but we select a locality to please ourselves, and fight the battle over to our satisfaction.

"Lydda was nigh unto Joppa," when Peter, tarrying in the smaller town with resident saints, healed Eneas, who had been bed-ridden for eight years—in the sublimely simple formula:

"Eneas! Jesus Christ maketh thee whole. Arise and make thy bed!"

He was still a sojourner in Lydda when summoned to Joppa by the news of Dorcas's death. The village is brought so near to the sea-port by rail that a touch of New World enterprise would make it a suburb easily accessible for merchants who care for purer air than is to be had in the narrow streets of modern Jaffa. The Crusaders set their stamp upon Lydda in the form of a noble church built above the alleged burial-place of St. George, the patron saint of England, and coupled in everybody's mind with the dragon. The remains of this structure, dating from the twelfth century, are amiably shared by the Greek Church and the Moslems, part of them being used as a mosque. Beside this building there is nothing of interest in the square village.

The approach to Jaffa is heralded by groves of orange and olive-trees. Bleak hills, where the only signs of human habitation are villages of low stone houses, the materials being taken, in many cases, from the ruins of citadels and walled towns, make way for sand-dunes drifted from the seashore by winds that make the harbor of Jaffa a word of terror over the world. Fertile patches fight with these — sometimes victoriously, sometimes with such indifferent success that the thin fringes of grass and starved-looking grain edge oases of vine and fig-lands, and end abruptly in yellow sand. Then, the orange-groves thicken into orchards encircled by hedges of prickly-pear with big, fleshy leaves and ugly stalks as crooked as snakes and large as a man's arm, and we plunge suddenly into a labyrinth of alleys, lined with dirty stone houses, standing flush with the pavement—the usual and now the old story in Syrian towns. One of these conducts us to the Jerusalem Hotel, a rambling building of various ages, over the modest doorway of which we read, "Go through, go through the gates."

Gardens lie behind it, and by way of these we go to see the house of Simon the Tanner, where Peter lodged. While neither of us believes that the unpretending building, evidently not more than five hundred years old, and which may be less, is that once occupied by the apostle's landlord, it is quite possible that the site may be the same. Tanning has been the business of the locality for perhaps twenty centuries, and the always restless surf of Jaffa booms against the sea-wall bounding the court-yard. We pay to enter this, the fee being taken by a man in the garb of a Moslem priest, the care-taker of the shabby mosque of which Simon's house is an appanage. Another man, similarly attired, lowers a skin bucket into the old well in the yard and gives us to drink of the water. It is exceedingly brackish and salt, as might be expected. We pluck a few leaves from the fig-tree overhanging it and ascend the short staircase, built upon the outside of the house to the flat roof. It is surrounded, like the pretty nest on the house-top we visited in Jerusalem, with hollow tiles arranged horizontally in geometrical designs and set in cement, for the convenience of Moslem women who would peep at the world. A parapet of some sort was about the house-top chosen by Peter as an oratory, "a battlement for thy roof" being one of the laws of Moses. The fisherman-disciple certainly never fell into a trance upon these cemented stones, yet the scene spread out for him that noon-tide, before the miraculous vision locked his senses against external objects, was like, in general features, that upon which our eyes now fasten eagerly. The great and wide sea — the "utmost sea" seen by Moses's dying eyes, —the Mediterranean, blue, seductive, and treacherous of mood and meaning, rolled and thundered then against a jetty built by a Roman Emperor. The ruins of this now make dangerous the always difficult business of landing and embarkation. The hills, the distant line of mountains, the ineffable blue of the smiling heavens, were beautiful then as they are now. But the town had, in Peter's time, a wall and gates and a Roman garrison, and commodious inlets where had been moored Hiram's floats laden with Lebanon cedar for the Temple in building at Jerusalem.

"And Me-jarkon and Rakkon with the border before (over against), Jopho (Joppa)," were deeded to the Danites in Joshua's grants of Palestine lands. From Joppa, Jonah, sailed for the port of Tarshish, instead of to Nineveh. The territory and town still belonged at that date to the Phœnicians from whom the Hebrews had never been able to take them. Joppa had been a bone of contention among Turks, infidels and Jews, and enough blood has been shed in defense and conquest of this rough key to the Mediterranean to dye the blue waters crimson. In using the figure, we look toward the east at a group of sand-dunes, pale-yellow in the sunlight, that should be forever red. There Napoleon—the great Napoleon—had three thousand prisoners shot in platoons, to avoid the trouble and expense of transportation to Egypt.

On our way to the hotel we meet a funeral procession, turn aside to let it pass, and then follow the line of march through the very muddiest streets we have eve seen, even in Palestine. Not one person in the company of mourners has shoes, o even sandals on his feet; the men wea abiehs and turbans, the women, gowns o dark-blue cotton and 'white (by courtesy) izzars. They are not too much afflicted t hold these up, we perceive, when the puc dles reaching clear across the street are un usually deep. The bier is borne upon th shoulders of four men. Our guide make us notice that it is an unpainted open box, s shallow that the breast, shoulders, and pr file of the corpse are visible from the groun

"He was poor, and the friends canne afford a new coffin. This has been use many times already. Rich people have ne and handsome coffins, which are som times buried with them. You hear that the sing happy songs," continues the speake a Jaffa man, and an acquaintance of Davi "That means that he was a good man. H made a prilgrimage to Mecca but lately, s short a time ago that he has, the Moslem think, surely gone to the bosom of th Prophet. He has not had time for muc sin since. So nobody cries, and the hymn are glad."

Maybe so, to an ear cultivated into a preciation of Syrian melody. To us, t happy hymns are as dolorous as dirge and like all other Moslem mus tuneless, but for the rythmic be of time such as a drum-stick brin from a drum in the intervals march or quick-step. The char ing of Southern negroes in an bellum days, of long sentence all upon one, or, at best, two not was something akin to the na sing-song to which the moth crew splash through pools in t lanes, and the stiffer mire of t market-place, where not a m or woman turns out of his w to make room for them—up to t door of the mosque, where leave them.

Our solitary call in Jaffa was up Miss Arnott, the principal of o of the best schools in the H Land, now over thirty years successful operation. Since lea ing Beirut, we had not sat in room that reminded us of home forcibly as the parlor where were entertained by the gentlewo an and philanthropist, to wh is due the good accomplished this great light in a dark pla David Jamal has two daught here, one engaged in teachi where she was herself taug the other as a pupil. All the t tive assistants are graduates the school, and the gentle dign of the principal is reflected in deportment of her subordinates

Dismissing David and sendi Alcides with him, I had a lo and, to me, deeply interesting t with Miss Arnott. She left ho and country in her youth to vote her whole life to the task lifting her fellow-women out the depths wherein they h lain for ages of despotic rule and speakable degradation. She has laid h of the only hope of her sex in Syria, toiled hopefully for the girls who are to the wives and mothers of the next gene tion. After all these decades of patient bor and manifold discouragements, sees her school a recognized power in land and sits a queen-mother among grateful children-in-heart.

MARION HARLAND

THE TRADITIONAL HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER, IN JOPPA.

From a Photograph Secured in Palestine by the Proprietor of "The Christian Herald."

A FRIEND IN JESUS.

"WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,"
Sweetest words by mortal penned.
What a paradise this world is
When we've Jesus for our Friend.

When the sky of life is darkest,
And when grief our hearts doth rend
Is there not some ray of gladness
When we've Jesus for our Friend.

Though the cross of life seem heavy,
Yet he bore it to the end.
Oh! bear it patiently, my brother,
For the Saviour is your Friend.

—CHARLOTTE MOCHRI

The prayers of the readers of this jour are requested for the blessing of God upon proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, printed in it; and that its circulation be used by the Holy Spirit for the conver of sinners and the quickening of God's peo

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Constant Reader, Topeka, Kan. The index print in the Gospel Hymns is clear and easily read. The collection is specially desirable for use in church and gives complete satisfaction.

Well-wisher, Marengo co., Ala. In all business letters, should an unmarried lady sign her full name, "Sarah E. May," or, "S. E. May?" Should "Miss" precede a name in parenthesis?

It is always well to sign the given name and surname in full, as "Sarah E. May." "Miss" is unnecessary, and is not employed by those who lay claim to good taste, although it is the rule for married ladies to sign "Mrs."

D. P. Donnell, Newburyport, Mass. Who was the author of the expression: "The good die young?"

Plautus the ancient Roman dramatist is supposed to have originated the phrase. His language was: "He whom the God's love dies young," and this has been paraphrased and adapted by a score of poets and prose writers since.

Dorothy C., Maysville, Ky. Do you think there is any reasonable objection to church-members playing whist? It cannot be called altogether a game of chance.

You must decide for yourself whether the objection is reasonable. It consists in the associations of the cards and in the example. If a child or a young person sees a professing Christian using the cards, he is liable to conclude there is no harm in them and will not draw close distinctions as to the character of the games played with them.

The following have sent their names in response to "Reader, Canada," for the purpose of forming a Correspondence Society for mutual spiritual benefit:

S. E. Rowden, Hook St. Telegraph Tower, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Alpha McCollister, Berwyn, Neb.; Della Mosier, St. Louis, Mich.; H. O. Wieland, 619 Fort St., Louisville, Ky.; Thos. H. Thorn, St. L. & S. W. R. R., Tyler, Tex.; Edwin Ladd, Anabel, Macon, Mo.; Ed. C. Ogborne, Arcanum, O.; Northen Wallace, Greenbush P. O., Warren, Ills.; Frank Bixler, Mitchell, Ind.; Richard Fletcher, Lake Linden, (Box 425), Mich.; Clarence R. Greeley, Cummiusville, Neb.

Other names are desired to make a large circle. "Reader" will please send his name and address to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

H. B. S., Big Bend, Ky. The subject of the sin against the Holy Ghost is exciting much discussion in our neighborhood; will you give us your opinion of what it is?

The question has been repeatedly answered already in this column, but for the benefit of our correspondent and several others who have written on the subject, we again give our opinion. It is that in our Lord's time it consisted in ascribing to Satanic power the miracles worked by the power of the Holy Spirit. If it may be committed in our day—about which there is some doubt—it probably consists in ridiculing and despising the work of the Holy Spirit as it is seen in conversions.

S. S. Teacher, Ottumwa, Ia. 1. What became of the head of John the Baptist? 2. What was the origin of surnames? 3. How large were the baskets in which the fragments were gathered after feeding the five thousand? 4. What do the words mean which stand between the division of the 119th Psalm.

1. There is no record. It was probably buried. Herodias would naturally be satisfied with the proof it gave of his death. She would have no further use for it. 2. Some originated in trades, as Smith, Baker, Wright, &c. Some in paternity, as Johnson, the son of John. Others in locality or some personal characteristic. 3. Probably they were simply the wallets of the disciples, such as men carried slung over their shoulders when they went on a journey. 4. They are the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Each part and its several verses begin in the Hebrew with the letter standing at the head of the section.

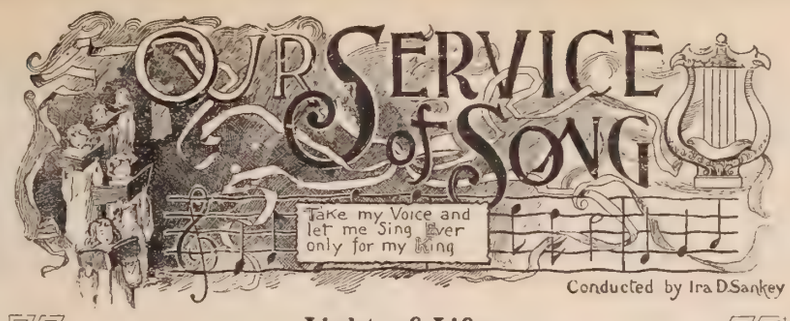
Subscriber, Anita, Iowa. Were the Children of Israel justified in borrowing of the Egyptians silver, gold, and jewels? Were they ever returned?

The transaction was not regarded on either side as a loan. The Revised Version (Ex. 12: 35) correctly translates the words, "They asked of the Egyptians," &c. It was the custom at parting of friends, or on the leaving of a servant, to make a gift. The idea is much like the backsheesh in Oriental lands at this day. The Israelites had fully earned the gifts by long years of unrequited labor, and the Egyptians in the panic were heartily willing to give them anything if they would only go, and go quickly.

W. S., Chanute, Kans. Does a man who has been converted in his youth and has led a consistent Christian life have to undergo a second change in order to sanctification?

The change is continuous beginning at his conversion. The Holy Spirit given to him then will, if he yields to his influence, enlighten him and strengthen him and promote his growth in knowledge and power. It is like the growth of a child to manhood, a constant progress. There are times when greater progress is made than at others, but there is no such marked change as at conversion, which is a reversal of the principles of life. In sanctification it is a continuance and development of the divine life in the soul.

Jane Mortimer, Cairngorm, Can. Many but not all novelists may be so classed. There are stories that by illustrating a high principle, serve the purpose of parables. It is only where the literature of imagination is debased that it should be condemned. ——Mrs. A. M. Lampheer. 1. It is published in book form by Dutton & Co., New York. 2. Mrs. Baxter is the wife of Rev. M. Baxter of London, England, and is a writer and teacher of recognized ability and great spirituality.——D. W. Gorman, Moscow, Pa. Write to Rand & McNally, publishers, Chicago —— Dairyman, Topeka, Kan. It is not necessary to market milk or any other articles of food on Sunday. An extra supply can be secured Saturdays to customers. ——M. L. North, Wolcott, Vt. See answer to Mrs. A. M. Lampheer in this column.——Mrs. M. J. Briggs, North Dighton, Mass. Any game that excites the passions or brings an impure thought; that awakens the spirit of the gambler or the temptation to unfairness, is to be avoided. There are so many excellent and proper amusements to choose from that we cannot enumerate them here.——E. A. Adams. It was Lincoln's favorite poem; its author was unknown.—— H.C. Johnston, Fort Omaha, Neb. Certainly not.—— Reader, Dwight, Ill. Your suggestion is a good one but it would operate better in England than here.—— Sub'r and Contributor, Vermont. As the relief extended in the case in question averaged $8 per family—the most destitute being selected, and the total no doubt aggregating over 600 persons—we do not consider the allowance excessive. The relief, which took the form of food supplies, was to last a considerable time.——John H. Stone, Kokomo, Ind. Funk & Wagnall's is the best.——Mrs. E. M. D. We never heard of it.——Joseph B. Francis, Tucurrique St., Costa Rica. He was reputed to be the wisest that ever lived up to that time.——S. A. C., Andover, O. 1. Your consignment will probably reach its destination safely. 2. Write to Prof. Torrey, Bible Institute, LaSalle Ave., Chicago, for terms.——Will Metz. As she only wanted the head as proof of death, she doubtless gave it up to be buried.——J. D. Carscadin, Cal. We believe it is still published. A letter will readily find the right party.——Fanny, South Framingham, Mass. We cannot devote space to it at present. Your conjecture as to its authorship is correct.——H. A. Summers, Tingley, Pa. Write to American Temperance Society, Reade street, New York.——J. B. Porter, Waynestown, Ind. We sincerely wish we could, but it is impossible.——Mrs. C. J. Bradley, Denmark, Ill. We are unable to supply the information.——Susan M. Sturgis, Ohio. The collections contain no record of it.——E. F. Frisbie, Vergennes, Vt. In New Jersey.——J. P. Ross, Mankato, Neb. Lawrence Sterne wrote it.——St. Blair, Chittenango, N. Y. Write to Librarian, Astor Library, New York, for information.——Miss M. E. Fish, Springfield, Wis. He never uses liquor of any description.——Subscriber, Opdyke, Ill. Your list of questions, would involve the publication of a minute history of China, which you can readily turn to in any modern encyclopædia.——Reader, Lawrence, Kan. 1. The labor of cooking had better be done the previous day. 2. Cannot inform you. 3. The first is peculiarly liable to convey disease, and the others are nerve stimulants that injure if taken in excess.——Mrs. E. L. Wilson, Oakland, Cal. They are brief answers to letters received.——Alex. Kennel, Trenton, O. No more wrong than if he drove you there in his wagon.——Dottie Kearney, Hammond, Ill. The death-rate is not larger than that of other European cities of like size.



Light of Life.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Light of Life, so soft - ly shin-ing From the cross of Cal - va - ry;
2. Light of Life, that knows no fad-ing, From all chang-es Thou art free;
3. Light of Life, that knows no set-ting, Day and night Thy beams I see;
4. Light of Life, in days of gladness, To Thy ra-diance I would flee;

Nev-er wan-ing, nor de - clin-ing, Shine on me, O shine on me.
Ho - ly Light, that knows no shading, Shine on me, O shine on me.
Joy and peace and life be - get-ting, Shine on me, O shine on me.
Be my strength in days of sad-ness, Shine on me, O shine on me.

Chorus.

Shine on me, O shine on me, Light of Life, O shine on me;

With the love of Je - sus beaming, Shine on me, O shine on me.

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REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

From *E. A. G.*, Springfield. For the conversion of her husband, son, daughter and daughter-in-law.

From *a Wife and Mother*. For her husband and two children, that they may live nearer to God. Also for her restoration to health.

From *H. N.*, Pottsville, N. Y. For the recovery of a daughter whom it has been necessary to send to a hospital for the insane.

From *a Wife and Mother*, that she and her husband may be helped in their adversity and henceforth live nearer to God. Also for the conversion of a wayward son.

From *a Subscriber*, Burg Hill, O. For more laborers in the Master's Vineyard who are not afraid to bear the reproach of the Cross.

From *a Friend*. For the recovery and safe return of a lady who is now critically ill in Europe.

THE MILLENNIAL PRIEST.

The Relation of Melchisedic to the Rule of Christ in the Millennium.

BY REV. WILLIAM MAUDE.

THE grey dawn of patriarchal history reveals to us no more majestic and significant figure than that of Melchisedec "King of Salem" and "priest of the most high God," who met Abraham, returning from the slaughter of Chedorlaomer, the king of Elam, and his three confederate kings, in "the Valley of Shaveh, which, we are told by Josephus, was only two furlongs from Jerusalem.

It is in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis that Melchisedec is historically presented to us. The incident and its record, although so brief, and standing in such singular isolation from the thread of the history which it interrupts, is not only in itself most striking and interesting, but also in its typical teaching profoundly instructive. How suddenly and altogether unexpectedly does Melchisedec here appear before us—a most kingly and majestic form, yet clad in priestly robes, and with the mystic emblems of eucharistic offering—bread and wine—in his hands. We see those priestly hands raised in blessing; we observe the great patriarch, Abraham—the father of the faithful and the Friend of God—bowing before the mysterious priest-king, and presenting to him the tithes of all his spoil; and then, as abruptly as it appeared, the vision passes away, and for nearly a thousand years the voice of inspiration utters not again the name of Mechisedec.

Then, however, in an ecstatic Psalm of a most distinctly Messianic character, and descriptive of our Lord's exaltation in the day of his power, we meet with it once more, in the solemn declaration: "The Lord hath sworn and will not repent, thou art a priest forever, after the order of Melchisedec. (Ps. 110: 4.) Again, something like a thousand years pass away, and then, once more, the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews take up the subject of this mysterious personage, who, "Without father, without mother, without genealogy, having neither beginning of days, or end of life; but made like unto the Son of God; abideth a priest continually" (Heb. 7: 3); and on the two brief references to him, above given, which are all that the Scriptures contain, founds an argument to show the superiority of Christ's priesthood, as being "after the order of Melchisedec," to that of Aaron, or Levi, which it had superseded.

Who was Melchisedec? Much labor has been wasted in attempts to answer the question. Later Jewish tradition identified him with Shem; and it is certain that that patriarch was not only alive in the days of Abraham, but even continued to live till Jacob was fifty years old. (Compare Gen. 11: 11 with verses 12: 26; 21: 5; 25: 7–26.) According to others he belonged to the family of Ham, or of Japheth; and it has been said that this is necessarily implied by the language of the Apostle, when, drawing a parallel between Melchisedec and Christ, he says that our Lord belonged to "a tribe of which no man gave attendance at the altar." Some, again, have suggested that he was an incarnate angel, or other superhuman creature, who lived for a time among men. Others have held that he was an early manifestation of the Son of God; and a sect, called the Melchisedecians, asserted that he was "an incarnation of the Holy Ghost." But, in all these conjectures, the fact has been strangely overlooked that the reticence of Scripture on the point is typical and significant, for, could it be determined who Melchisedec really was, it could no longer be said that he was "without father, without mother, without genealogy;" which statement is to be understood, not as implying that he was not a natural descendant of Adam, but that he designedly appears and disappears in the sacred narrative without mention either of his parentage or death.

There can, however, be no question that, whoever Melchisedec may have been, he was an eminent type of Christ. This is placed beyond doubt, not only by the language of the 110th Psalm—the Messianic character of which has ever been recognized by Jews and Christians alike,—but especially by the argument of the Apostle, in the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, in the course of which there occurs the explicit declaration that he was—in the various respects mentioned—"made like unto the "Son of God."

(*To be Concluded.*)

GOD-GIVEN SIGHT.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for Week Commencing Feb. 24. Acts 9: 1-11; 17-31.

WHAT blindness must be in all its deprivation no one can conceive by any effort of the imagination. To be shut out from the sight of the glorious springtime, to see no tree or flower or mountain or stream; to never behold the faces of loved ones; to have all literature placed beyond reach; to be kept from seeing a picture or a statue; to hear others talk of wonderful scenes and of delightful spectacles, and not to see—all this and more is included in the one word, blind. And there is a mental blindness which is an awful privation. The contrast between the condition of the blind man and the one who can see is but little more marked than that between the college bred man, with cultivated literary tastes, familiar with the treasures of history, poetry, philosophy, and the ignorant boor who has grown up in ignorance of the alphabet. The one revels in a realm of glorious delight in which the other has never set foot. Spiritual blindness and spiritual sight are in contrast quite as startling. A whole world of ecstatic experience lies between the two. The man to whom Christ gives sight now, has an experience as wonderful as he whose eyes Christ opened nineteen centuries ago in Jerusalem. He sees himself for the first time as he really is. That is a surprising revelation. The weakness, the meanness, the corruption of his nature are positively hideous, when he sees them with newly opened eyes. The sight is humiliating, but it is better that he should know. If a ship is rotten and her compasses are wrong, the sooner the owner and the captain know of it the better. If an insidious disease is sapping away the vitals, the discovery of its presence is not pleasant, but it is useful if it comes before it is too late to check and cure it. So the discovery of the evil in the soul, if unwelcome is beneficial. Then the eyes are opened to the possibility of attainment. When Christ has opened the spiritual eyes, high planes are visible which were not seen before. New pleasures, new delights, new capacities are revealed which may be possessed and at each point attained other heights beyond can be seen. "Be ye holy" and "going on unto perfection," become watchwords of life and progress. Then the eyes are opened to strange things in life. This world is an awful puzzle, a bewildering enigma to the man spiritually blind. Much of it remains a mystery to the end, but when the eyes are opened, a plan is discernible, which is so evidently wise in the little that we can see, that we are sure it will prove to be wise all through when we come to see it in its fulness. And the eyes are opened to the spectacle of human beings. There is a recognition of brotherhood in those around. The eyes being opened, the man sees that the poor and afflicted are his brothers with fraternal claims upon him. More than all, the eyes are opened to the majesty and tenderness of Christ himself. He is no longer an historical character, but a personal friend, ever near and always kind. So much and ever more and more day by day is seen by him whose eyes Christ opens.

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KING'S DAUGHTERS IN VERMONT.

One of the most exhaustive and interesting reports, of beneficence we have seen in a long time is that sent to the "Silver Cross," by the King's Daughters of Vermont. It shows that the Circles, many of which are composed of school-girls, are not only doing work in their own respective neighborhoods but are reaching out to lend a hand to charitable enterprises at a distance. On this page we give a portrait of Miss Ethel R. Brown, the State Secretary; of Mrs. E. J. Warner, the Secretary of the Order in Franklin County, and of Miss Florence E. Clarke, the Secretary in Windham County. The Order now has ninety-two Circles with a total of 1806 members, an increase over last year's numbers of twenty-eight Circles and five hundred and eight members. The circles are scattered over the whole State and probably few knew how many there were until the recent Convention brought them together. Each county secretary collected the records from the Circle secretaries and the whole skilfully combined by the State secretary make up a report well worth reading. A few expressions are very significant of the simple, unobtrusive, earnest spirit that pervades the Order. One secretary writes: "We did not know how much there was to be done for Christ until we joined the Order and really looked for opportunities to serve him. Another says "Our work has not been so extensive as that of some other circles as we are busy school-girls." But this young lady—Miss Florence M. Hemenway—reports visits paid by her circle to the sick, and regular readings to a blind lady, and ministrations to a girl sick with consumption, which are occupations that all school-girls do not follow in their leisure hours. Mabel Hunt reports packages of Christmas gifts for poor children and the purchase of a pulpit Bible for a church. Jessie M. Aldrich, who is secretary of a school circle also makes light of the work done, but she speaks of making things pleasant for girls at school for the first time, and cheering those who are homesick, which certainly is Christlike work, as the girls so comforted would testify. It appears that there is a pioneer missionary in the Indian Territory who is indebted to this circle for a new saddle for his horse. Another circle is busy sewing and furnishing bedding for a Home for Destitute Children, a Home for Old Ladies, and a Home for Friendless Women. Mrs. R. J. Irwin reports from a circle that is keeping two children at school through the winter and helping to furnish a King's Daughters' Room in in an old Ladies' Home. Florence L. Allen is Secretary of a circle which has earned two hundred dollars to clothe and educate two little children and give coal and provisions to poor people. Mabel Brownell reports from a circle that has been preparing rose-leaves in Japanese rose-jars for patients in the hospitals; arranging for boating parties of invalid and poor children from the tenements and supplying money to a city missionary for use in his work. These are specimens of work done In His Name by the King's daughters of Vermont, and surely the King himself must be pleased as he sees how like it is to the work he did himself in the days of his earthly life.

PROMINENT KING'S DAUGHTERS OF VERMONT.

MISS FLORENCE E. CLARKE. MRS. E. J. WARNER. MISS ETHEL R. BROWN.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

The Epworth League of Indiana is honored by the election to Congress of Hon. James E. Watson, who has served two years as State President. He succeeds Hon. William S. Holman in the Fourth District.——The Central Traffic Association has made the same terms as the Southern Passenger Association for the National Convention at Chattanooga, namely one-fare rate for the round trip. Other associations will doubtless make the same rate before the arrangements are finally completed. ——The Epworth League House Flower Mission in Boston, Mass., distributed 89,689 bouquets among the poor last year. They came from sixty-eight different Chapters.——Superintendent Van Orsdel sends an encouraging report of the Epworth Piegan Indian Mission. The new church at Great Falls was opened on Dec. 22. It has been built mainly through the efforts of Rev. E. S. Dutcher, who has been teaching and preaching at that point among the Indians for nearly two years. He is a skilful carpenter as well as a preacher and he worked himself among the laborers. The Indians hauled the lumber for the building. ——The Central German Church of Minneapolis, Minn., was the scene of a great convention of German Chapters from St. Paul, Minneapolis and the district recently. The meeting continued all day, excellent papers being given, interspersed with varied and pleasing musical exercises. Rev. C. F. Blume of Minneapolis was elected President for the ensuing year. —— The organization of the Epworth Guards is meeting with variable success. So much depends on the officers and there is so much difficulty in finding suitable men for the work that in many places the Guards have disbanded after a few months, while in other places the institution makes progress.

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AN ANCESTOR OF Y. P. S. C. E.

Another illustration of the statement that there is "nothing new under the sun" is furnished to the "Golden-Rule" by Rev. Otis Cary, of Kyoto, Japan. He has in his posesssion an old record book which shows that in 1741—one hundred and fifty-four years ago, a society existed in connection with a church at the place now called Brockton, Mass., which was to all intents and purposes a Christian Endeavor Society, although it did not bear that name. Mr. Cary gives the rules of the Society, from which we extract the following, retaining the quaint old spelling:

"This agrement was made June 17, 1741, between those who thrue the grace of god have ben awackened in the davs of our vuth to be consarned about the things that belonge to our evalasting peace and that wolde remember our Creater in the days of our vuthe.

"It shall be our endeaveare to spend the tow ourse frome seven to nine of every lords dav eveneing in prayer togathare by turnse the one to begine and the outhear to conclud the meting and betwene the tow prayers haveing a sarmon repeated whereto the singing of a psalm shall be anexed and ef aftear the stated exersise of the eveneing are ovear if theare be any residue of time we will aske one a nothare questions out of the catecism or some questions in divinyty or have such reliagus conversation as we shall best sarve for the edefication of the sosiety."

"That we will bare with one anothare infarmitys and not upbrad tharwith nor deulge any thing of what natur soever to that is done at our metings to the pregedic of it."

"We do oblige our sevels to come directly from the pelaces whare we do live to our metings and to returne directly as sone as the meting is done oure homes without going any othour places or into any othar company."

Perhaps if there had been as many newspapers and as many facilities for communication in 1741 as there were in 1880, we might this year have been celebrating the one hundred and fifty-fourth anniversary of Christian Endeavor, not the fourteenth.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

Efforts are being made in Brooklyn to secure for that city the National Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union for 1897. A committee has already been organized to promote the enterprise.

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A thoughtful and kindly enterprise which has only just been reported was executed on Christmas-day in the French capital. The Anglo-American Y. M. C. A., 160, Rue Montmartre, Paris, and a Christian Endeavor Society made joint arrangements for entertaining lonely young people. Twenty-one young ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a good dinner, and passed a pleasant afternoon at the rooms of the Y. M. C. A.; and over thirty attended the tea and evening meeting at the chapel.

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Dr. Vedder of the "Examiner," the leading New York Baptist journal, reads his brother Baptist editor, Dr. Wilkins, of the "Baptist Union," a lesson in Christian charity. He writes: It would greatly please many readers of the "Baptist Union," and promote the progress of the educational work of the B. Y. P. U. A., if that paper would refrain from its frequent spiteful "digs" at President Clark and Christian Endeavor. President Clark also presents in the "Golden Rule," a good-humored protest against the attacks of the Secretary-Editor.

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A movement in the direction of organizing the Baptist Young People's Union of the South has been initiated at the Florida State Convention which passed a resolution recommending that "a committee of five be appointed to consider the expediency of a state organization and to report to the next state convention, said committee to confer with similar state committees during the meeting of the Southern Baptist convention, with reference to the general organization of the Baptist Young People of the South."

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The B. Y. P. U. in Michigan is working in active co-operation with the State Mission and Sunday School Boards. Two-day conferences are being held in every Association to discuss and formulate plans for reaching the unsaved.

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The Young Women's Christian Association is making good progress in Australia. The annual meeting in Adelaide was largely attended. The report showed that the effects of the recent crisis are passing away, and that the work is progressing well.

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The Windsor, Ont., Young Men's Christian Association is waging a vigorous crusade against open saloons and hotel men who are charged with violating the law. The officials claim to have information upon which they could have cancelled the license of many saloons.

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The B. Y. P. U. of Delavan, Wis., recently celebrated its fourth anniversary of its existence as a young people's society. It had already attained its legal majority when it changed its name to the Baptist Young People's Union. Its first name was "Pastor's Helpers," and afterward "King's Messengers." A memorial tree was planted on the recent anniversary.

The Family and Home Circle

Winter Sports in China.

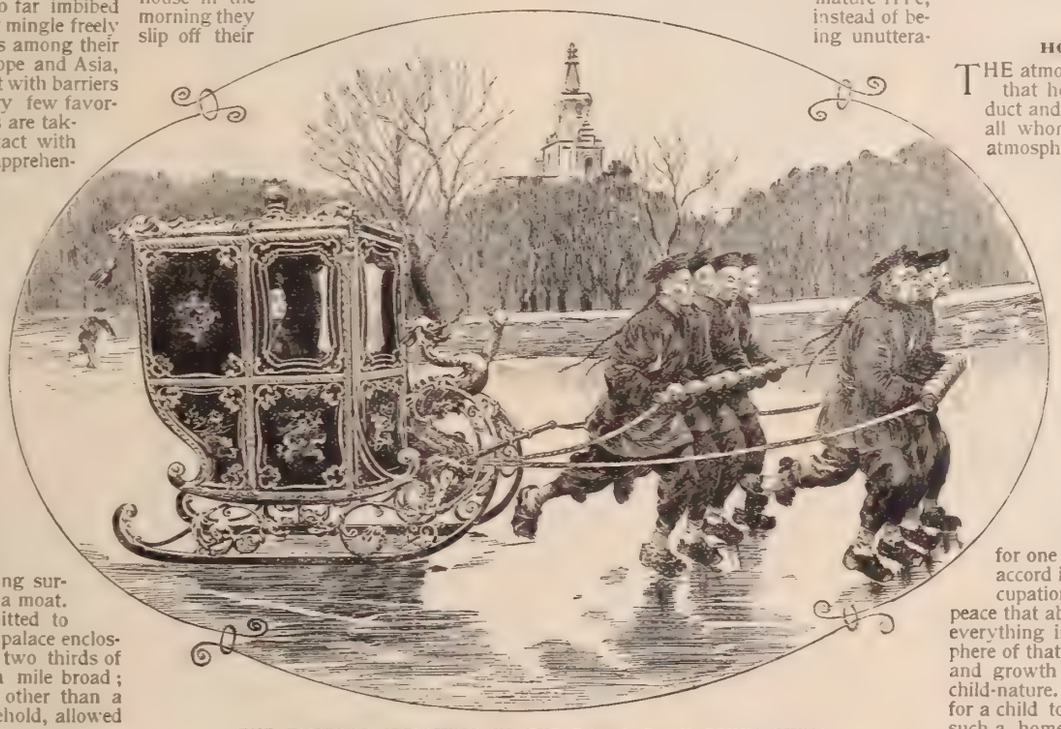
A Imperial Sleighing Party at Pekin—The Young Ruler's Lonely Recreation on the Ice.—His Marvelous Sleigh.

ROYALTY has its disadvantages, and among them must be reckoned the exclusiveness that is necessarily imposed upon the ruler of a realm, in many of those innocent pleasures and recreations which the meanest of his subjects may enjoy in each other's society. Some Western rulers, it is true, have so far imbibed the democratic spirit that they mingle freely with certain privileged classes among their subjects; but in Eastern Europe and Asia, royalty still hedges itself about with barriers that shut out all except a very few favorites. The greatest precautions are taken to protect it from contact with the people, partly through apprehensions of danger and partly through the inherited fear of social contamination.

When the young Emperor of China goes abroad, all the avenues of access to his palace in the "Forbidden City" are cleared, so that none may gaze at or approach the Son of Heaven," as he is called by his loyal people, who love those absurd, high-sounding titles, that have been applied to royalty in the East from time immemorial. This "Forbidden City" is trebly barred against intrusion, being situated inside the "Yellow City," which is also inside the "Tartar City," each of the three being surrounded by a high wall and a moat. No foreigners are ever permitted to come within the walls of the palace enclosure, which surround a space two thirds of a mile in length, and half a mile broad; nor is any native of China, other than a member of the imperial household, allowed to enter.

Just outside the palace walls is a beautiful lake, spanned at its narrowest part by a marble bridge of exquisite architectural design. From this bridge, which the young Emperor has closed to all save the royal household—a fine view is obtained of the stretch of water which, in summer, is covered with lotus plants, whose beautiful pink flowers cover the lake like a carpet, and exhale a fragrance that can be felt a long distance. In the winter season, the lake is a sheet of ice, and the palace inmates pass many an hour sleighing across its smooth surface. Lately, the Emperor had a new and very handsome sleigh sent from Austria, and he is not deterred by the cares of state, nor even by the excitement which prevails over the war with Japan, from enjoying the exhilarating recreation of an occasional ride. When he goes sleighing, however, he has practically the entire lake to himself, for with the exception of his personal attendants, no one is allowed to go on the smooth surface of the lake, nor even to appear on the banks, except by special permission.

Around the lake are several venerable buildings, some of which are said to be nearly a thousand years old. On a distant hill (shown in the illustration), is a large white dagoba, and nearby is an altar erected to the memory of the originator of silk manufactures and to the gods that are supposed to control the silk-worm. In a small building close at hand, are thousands of silk-worms, which the Empress comes to feed once a year, thus setting the seal of royal approval on an industry which has been one of the main pillars of China's commercial greatness.



THE EMPEROR SLEIGHING IN THE ROYAL PARK, PEKIN, CHINA.

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Childhood in Central Asia.

The juvenile life of children born in Central Asia is extremely brief. There a maiden of eighteen is considered almost an old woman, while she is generally married at the age of nine or ten. Boys wear loose garments and queer cone-shaped caps, and, when six years old, attend school pretty regularly, the daily session lasting from sunrise until quite late in the afternoon, with a few short intermissions for rest and eating. Holidays are few and far between. As soon as the scholars reach the schoolhouse in the morning they slip off their shoes, which resemble slippers, and sit "tailor-fashion," on mats on the floor in a semi-circle around the teacher, who keeps a long rod constantly at hand, and uses it, too, whenever a lad is inclined to be lazy. The Koran is their principal study, for their prophet has said, "All that is right to know is contained in the Koran." They are, however, taught to write and a little arithmetic and geography.

***

A Missionary's House Furnishing.

I do not know of anything simpler and more delightful than housekeeping in Japan—if you live a la Japonaise, writes a missionary. I myself determined to try it, and having found a suitable spot to settle in, on the highest hill in Tokyo, I proceeded to engage a native servant, who was also to be my adviser as to how to furnish my establishment in strictly Japanese fashion. The furnishing was complete in less than ten minutes, and here are some of the principal items of which it consisted: two foutangs or thin mattresses, between which one lies at night, and a makura, a wooden pillow, or rather an intrument of torture for the first few nights, furnished my bedroom; a hibachi or brass brazier, with chopsticks to stir the fire with, and a water-kettle, made the hall cosy; and a little lacquer table, a foot square and about six inches high, with a couple of tiny little plates and a bowl, made the dining-room quite complete, and replete with every comfort. Two silk cushions were placed in the sitting-room for distinguished guests to sit on. "Ah," said I to my servant, "but do you not think that I shall need something more?"—as, to my European mind what I had purchased seemed somewhat insufficient to furnish a twelve-roomed house. "No, sir," said he, in his broken English; "real Japan gentleman has no furniture."

***

Domestic Education.

Let domestic education begin from the cradle. Let the little girl not as tall as the table wipe knives and spoons, which won't break, and dust off a few chairs, writes J. C. Fernald. On baking day, let her make actual biscuits in little patty-pans, and bake them in the real oven, and learn what is the matter and what to do in that awful situation when they stick to her fingers, and discover how the amount of dough which she knew was altogether too little, fills the pan brimful by the time it is risen and baked. When school-days begin, insist on time for domestic teaching. Have no studying at home, and no books brought home, except at the end of a term. Five hours a day of close study is enough for any human being under sixteen years of age. Some of the brightest and most successful students we ever knew were educated without ever taking a book home for study from the common schools. And such have carried the love and the power of study on into mature life, instead of being unutterably relieved at "finishing their educaiion," and hoping never to see their books again. If school work is limited to school hours, then light household tasks will benefit, and not injure health. Such exercise is infinitely better than sauntering up the street in full dress, and more restful than reading sensational romances. If but five or six hours a day of book-study are required, there will be time to learn household arts, and time, too, for good, hearty recreation, which will be entered on, then, with wonderful zest.

***

Mother's Letter.

Oh! you'll never forget it. It's dear old memory comes back to you now like the fragrance of flowers whipped and whiffed from far-off fields on every whirling wind.

What if it were an old piece of soiled paper? It was more to you than a thousand perfumed and gilt-edged notes from other lands. What if the lines were not followed with mathematical exactness. It was mother's letter and that fact makes the lines read straight. What if tear stains did soil its edges; they were tears that fell from mother's eyes, as she wrote to you, and that made them seem more beautiful than jewels that sparkle in the coronet of the queen.

Yes, mother's letter came to you just in the nick of time. You were in a boarding-house, heavy-hearted, sick, despondent, but mother's letter was to you a new breath of life, and came with the welcome of the mountain breeze, that invigorates as it fans every passing stranger. It was sweet as the perfume-laden air that came creeping through, bounding over the orchard pickets, in spring time, when the blossoms were out in all their beauty. Like the kiss she gave in childhood, her letters of later years have been an inspiration, and mother, though now you're silent in the churchyard yonder, your letters, like your loving life, live to bless us still.

***

AWAY FROM HOME.

STANDING forth on life's rough way,
Father guide them;
O! we know not what of harm
May betide them;
'Neath the shadow of thy wing,
Father, hide them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray
Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to thee,
Thou wilt hear them;
From the stains of sin and shame
Thou wilt clear them;
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks
Thou wilt steer them:
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be thou near them.

Unto thee we give them up,
Lord, receive them;
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them;
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them;
Trustful, in thy hands of love
We must leave them.

***

HOME INFLUENCE.

THE atmosphere of a home is the spirit of that home, as evidenced in the conduct and bearing of the parents, and of all whom the parents influence. The atmosphere itself—there, as in all the natural world—is not seen, but is felt. Its effects are clearly observable; but as a cause it is inferred rather than disclosed. Indeed, the better the atmosphere in a home, the more quietly pervasive its influence. Only as the home atmosphere is inimical to the best interests of those who feel its power, does that atmosphere make itself manifest as an atmosphere, rather than give proof of its existence in results that cannot otherwise be accounted for. You enter one home, and, mingling with the family there, you feel the balmy air of love and sympathy. Parents and children seem to live for one another, and to be in complete accord in all their enjoyments and occupations; and all is restful in the peace that abides there. You are sure that everything in the moral and social atmosphere of that home tends to the fostering and growth of whatever is best in the child-nature. It is obvious that it is easier for a child to be good, and to do well, in such a home as that, than in many another home. You enter another home, and the chill of the household air strikes you unpleasantly, at the first greeting given to you by any member of the family. There is a side of the child-nature that you know needs more warmth than that for its developing. Again it is the burning heat of an excited and ever-driving household life that you are confident is withering the more delicate and sensitive tendrils of the young hearts being trained there. Yet again, it is the explosive storm-bursts of passion which tear through the air, that make a home a place of peril to the young for the time being, however it may seem in the lulls between tempests. In the one case as in the others, it is the home atmosphere that settles the question of the final tendency of the home training.

***

A Child's Faith.

The first lesson in the training of a child's faith is the lesson that he is to have faith in God, writes Rev. H. C. Trumbull. Many a child is told to have faith in the power of prayer, or faith in the value of good conduct, without being shown that his faith should rest wholly and absolutely on God. He is told that he can hope to have whatever he prays for; and that if he is a good boy he can expect a blessing, while if he is a bad boy he cannot expect to be blessed. With this training the child's faith is drawn away from God, and is led to rest on personal conduct; whereas it ought to be trained to rest on God to whom he prays.

A NEW-FASHIONED WOMAN.

Written Specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

BY MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Suiting discipline to the character of children.

THE Gordon family now consisted of father, mother and three children, Mabel, Wallace and Roy; Mabel now seven years of age was a beautiful, lovely child. Since Annie's conversation with her husband about her angelic temperament. Mabel had shown enough of human nature to remove her mother's fears on the wing question. She was still a child of uncommon qualities, one who never required reprimand, one whose mother's wishes were her pleasure, and as the eldest she developed rapidly and became very soon the companion for her parents. By nature she was unselfish, always ready to yield to the younger children, and in this respect she resembled both father and mother.

Wallace, the second child was three years of age and was very different in many respects. His will was a great obstacle in his governmont, for it oftentimes amounted to wilful stubbornness. Many were the contests which Annie had with this child, and though she always came off victorious, still she had to encounter the same spirit each time and the next.

One day after a long struggle, she said to her husband: "At last I have found the key to Wallie's heart."

"Ah! What is it?"

"I had a siege with him this morning. He had snatched Mabel's round comb from her hair,and was bending it back and forth at the danger of snapping it, when, without any thought of any contest, I said: 'Wallie, don't do that, my boy, you will break sister's comb. Give it back to her.'

"He looked at me a moment and started to bend it again, but when he saw that I looked firm, he threw the comb with force across the room toward Mabel. She stooped to pick it up, but I said: 'Stop, Mabel, mamma told Wallie to give the comb to you, not to throw it, he must mind me, must do exactly as I said.'

"Then very gently I said to Wallie, 'Go, pick it up, my little boy, and hand it to sister.'

"He turned around, his black eyes flashing defiance. I saw it, but did not appear to read their language, but said quietly: 'Are you not going to be mamma's good little boy?'

"Very deliberately, but very firmly, he bowed his little head and said: 'No'm.'

"I spoke more sternly. 'Wallie, you must do just as I tell you, I shall be sorry to punish you, but you must pick up the comb then, and hand it to your sister. Is not my little boy going to mind mamma?'

"Again came out the doleful, 'No'm.'

"'Wallie,' I said, 'I shall have to whip you if you do not mind me, and mama does hate so much to hurt her little boy,'

"As he made no motion toward it, I called nurse Nancy and told her to bring me a switch, for I would have to punish Wallie. She began begging for him: 'Miss Annie, indeed dat chile too little to understand you. Nancy 'll pick it up for you, honey.'

"But I stopped her and said: 'No, Nancy, Wallie must pick it up himself, and I shall certainly punish him if he does not mind me.'

"How bravely I talked, and what a poor relenting heart I carried in my bosom! How I wished I had never made an issue of so trifling a circumstance! How I resolved for the future, but the future was far off and the present was right before me. Then for fear he did not understand me I said: 'Wallie, see here. Mamma wants you to pick up this comb—so—and then hand it to sister—so. Do you understand me?'

"He nodded out, 'Yes'm.'

"Then I said: 'Very well, go now and pick it up and do as I have told you.' But he only looked at it and sobbed.

"'Are you not going, Wallie?' 'No'm.'

"Then I whipped him, but he sobbed out 'No'm' again. Then my heart grew faint. Mabel and Nancy were both crying, and the little fellow was sobbing hard. For a moment I lifted my heart in prayer to God for strength, then outwardly calm, I called him to me, and I whipped him again. He was still so firm, that I felt almost heartbroken, and I bent over him, and in the very depths of despair and distress said: 'Oh! my little boy doesn't love his mamma, doesn't love her one bit.'

He spoke quickly — 'Yes, me do love my mamma, me do love you.' Then he wound his little firm arms around my neck and kissed me, I never was so glad of a kiss in my life. My heart gave a big bound, for it seemed to me that I saw my way out of the tangle. I schooled my voice not to appear too glad and spoke as before: 'No, you don't, you can't love your mamma when you treat her so, you don't mind me, you can't love me.'

"'Me do love you,' still caressing me.

"'If you do love me,' I said, 'you would go right straight and pick up the comb and give it to sister.'

"I felt his arms loose their hold of me, in another minute he had picked it up, in another it was in Mabel's glad hand, and in another he had climbed upon my lap. I pressed him tight to my heart as I thanked God for this new victory. It seemed to me as I held him there that I was the very happiest women in existence. Yes, I have found out the key to Wallie's heart. It is love, and I will use it after this."

"What would you have done," Dr. Gordon asked,"if Wallie had remained obstinate?"

"I do not know," said Annie, "I was dreadfully anxious."

"Yes, I can imagine that. I think you may congratulate yourself on the result. If Wallie had held out you would have been hopelessly discredited. I think it is a bad plan to make an issue of that kind. I would not do it again. As he gets older his will may not be so easily overcome. It is quite sufficient to say to him, 'You must pick that comb up and give it nicely to your sister otherwise I shall have to whip you.' That gives him the choice and you avoid the struggle in which you cannot afford to be beaten."

"Yes, I see that now. I am very glad this struggle ended well."

"Annie, my dear wife, I am sorry, yet glad, on account of this struggle. Love is the best key to unlock anybody's heart,and it is a key that can never be counterfeited. Mothers often talk about difference in disposition and blood. Well, I always did believe in blood. I think good blood is just as necessary in people as it is in horses. Look how a horse's blood is boasted of, and how his genealogy is traced back, and it certainly more important for human blood to be good than for horse blood. In my practice, I often hear the complaint, 'This child is just bad, he cries all the time,' when upon examination the child is sick. In my opinion the fault of bad children lies more with the mother than with the children. If they all had as good mothers as my children, why——"

"Oh, you flatterer. I do not quite agree with you, though once I did. Mabel and Wallie have convinced me that oftentimes the difference lies, in great measure, in the children, for see how dissimilar ours are. I think, however, that a good mother can control this difference. Mabel, by nature, is sweet and yielding. Wallie loves his way, and if you put yourself in opposition to him, you raise all of the salient points of his character, and their name is legion. As for baby Roy, I tremble for him and for myself, too, when he grows large."

"He is a smart little chap, but strange, I confess."

"He is not like any other child I ever saw. He never slept like other babies, fights sleep until it overpowers him, and then he yields because he cannot help himself, and at the first peep of day he is up. You caution me about overtaxing his brain. I try to be careful in this respect, but he is going all day long, is never still, and his big head is full of baby thoughts, and he won't be quiet, he won't be still a minute."

A call for Dr. Gordon interrupted the rehearsal of baby peculiarities, or they might have proceeded ad infinitum. As time advanced, the indomitable will so plainly discernable even in Roy's babyhood, now acknowledged no authority but his own; his will was supreme, and it was to him an inexplicable thing that anyone for a moment could have the audacity to doubt the sovereignty of that will. He was a tyrant, a despot, a military dictator, and Annie looked forward to each day with dread; but when it was over, she rejoiced that he was one day farther removed from the realms of infancy, and one nearer that of reason. She had practiced diversion, but now she felt its day was over, yet every effort of hers to control him exasperated him beyond endurance. She knew the time must come when he would have to find out that there was higher authority than his, a will even surpassing his own.

The encounter came, we will not rehearse the scene, but it was a two hours' struggle alone in her room, and when the young mother came out, bringing her boy in her arms, both had been purified through suffering. If it was a two hours' conflict, it was also a two hours' prayer, and hence the victory.

Telling Mrs. Somers her trouble with Roy, the good woman remarked:

"He is an uncommonly bright child, and if trained aright, will be a power for good. That very will, if rightly directed, will prove of inestimable value."

"But the responsibility, Mrs. Somers, the training aright! the rightly directing, all devolves on me."

"When we are weak you know, dear, then we are strongest."

"Yes, I believe this. Oh! I do feel childishly weak sometimes — feel, sometimes, that I must sink under the terrible responsibility. Dr. Gordon aids me all he can, but he is at home so little, I don't want the little time he is there to be taken up with scolding and punishing. Besides, a mother being with her child so much, soon learns his natural propensities, I can and must operate upon these. Let me give you an instance to show how I have to manage Roy. One Sabbath afternoon late, he was down on the lower terrace telling Bible stories, in his original way, to some little girls who were staying a week with Mabel. I wanted to wash his face and put a clean apron on before papa came, so I sent for him. He didn't choose to come, so he went on talking. After I had sent three times, I saw his head rise slowly above the terrace, and not liking my serious face, he concluded to postpone the interview as long as possible, so he walked around every tree and every bush on each terrace. I did not wait, but went to my room determined to be patient. Presently he came running in with a bright smile, calling out: 'Mamma, oh! mamma, did you want me?'

"'Yes!' I said, 'I sent for you.'

"'Well, what did you want with me, mamma?'

"I walked to my escritoire, took out some nuts and candy I had some time before put away for him, and holding them out in my hand, said: 'I had some nice nuts and candy for a good little boy who minded his mamma, but I haven't found him yet, so I will put these back, till he does come.'

"I put them back in the desk, locked it, and dropped the key into my pocket. His face was blank, but he said nothing. Mabel, who was standing by, said: 'Mamma, Roy was not very good in the yard, he called May a rascal.'

"'Why, Roy,' I began, but in an excited way he started—'Why, sissie, I didn—I nev—Eh—I didn'—then with the brightest face and most excited manner, he turned to me, 'Oh! mamma, mamma, if you had a little boy and your little boy had a little hatchet, and your little boy was to cut down your little cherry tree and you was ter say, did you cut down my cherry tree? And he was ter say, Yes'm, 'cause I can't tell a lie—You wouldn't whip him, would you, mamma? No, you wouldn't, 'cause your little boy didn't tell a lie.'

"I turned my back to keep him from seeing my smile; and, controlling my voice, I said indifferently: 'No, I don't know that I should;' then looking at him seriously, I asked: 'Roy, did you call May a rascal?'

"'Yes'm—but you ain't going to whip me though, is you, 'cause I told the truff?'"

"That was certainly amusing," sai Mrs. Somers, "for a three-year-old boy. think you acted wisely. He remembere the Washington legend pretty well; is h truthful?"

"Very, Mrs. Somers, and I look upo this as his salvation."

"You are right. Use that good quality Annie; play upon that one string, it wi make sweet music after awhile. It will brin other strings to harmony."

"I think I am, Mrs. Somers, but som times it is very hard to decide on the wise course. The other day he was going t play in the hall and I said, 'Roy, don't g in the parlor to play.'

"'No, ma'am,' he said, as he closed th door, but he opened it again, put his hea in and said, 'I won't promise, mamma, f you know I might forget.'

"Of course, I did not insist upon th promise, but he did not forget. He is ver independent; has been from a baby, th most independent child I ever saw.

"He is certainly original. The other da he came in with Nancy, and knowing th he had not been well, I asked him how h was, when he replied very seriously: 'I fe weller than I did to-morrow.'

"Yes, he is all the time making que speeches and sometimes they startle u Your speaking of his truthfulness and ca tioning me to use it reminds me of a litt incident that occurred last month. Mab had given him her small dumb-bells an had larger ones made for her calisthen exercises. The smaller children were strive for a prize, and Roy's little dum bells just fitted Lily Jones' tiny hands, an he was very devoted to Lily. She aske me if I would lend them to her to use practising, and on the prize night, and consented at once, glad to oblige her, an sent them over. A few days after, whi playing at her house, he spied his dum bells, seized them, walked straight hom and standing before me with flashing eye said: 'Mamma, you had no business lend my dumb-bells to Lily.'

"It was by no means a pretty speec but I know that there is much wickedne in his little heart I would rather it wou open right before me so I can guide hi aright, hence I let the words pass and me ly said: 'No, Roy, I ought not to let Li have your dumb-bells without speaking you, for they belong to you and not to m but I did not believe my little boy wou care. I knew that you loved dear little Li so much, and I felt sure you would be gl to lend them to her. You have broug them home, now don't you want to be sweet, pretty boy and carry them back?'

"'I'd like to be sweet very well, but don't care nothin' 'bout the pretty. I' not going to carry em back. I'm going hide em where nobody can't find em.'

"I did not remonstrate, believing it t part of wisdom to forbear, but I was trouble since Lily was depending on m promise, and the night was drawing nea I waited and thought before acting. No he always goes with me to the dining-roo and sits up in the high chair at the tab while I put the finishing touches to the t ble, and then he rings the bell. When w were alone at the breakfast table ne morning, I said, 'Roy, you wouldn't ma mamma tell a story would you?'

"'You, mamma? Why no'm.'

"'Well, don't you see I promised lend Lily your dumb bells, and if I don't it, won't that be a story?'

Thinking seriously a minute he burst o with a merry laugh and said, 'But you c lent em to her.'

"Oh!' I replied, 'but I promised her s should practice with them, and then u them on the night of the 'show,' as y call it.'

His face grew serious, and he was qu all through breakfast. After he had finis ed, he hurried off and carried the dum bells back to Lily. He let her practi with them, then went with me on the pri night to the exhibition, saw her use them the Calisthenic drill, made no complaint comment. Next morning, almost as so as he was dressed, he went over, took po session of his property and brought the home."

"He is a strange child, certainly, b Annie, he will, I am persuaded, be a co fort to you yet. Keep him close to you, e courage him to talk out all his heart, mak him your companion, and with God's bles ing, Roy will make a noble man for h possesses those qualities which will mak him a power for good.

(To be continued.)

NINEVEH AND TYRE.*

WE begin, with Nahum and his "burden of Nineveh." This servant of God recorded his dark visions of the doom awaiting that city, according to Knobel, whom rationalistic critics admire and ...st, sometime between 1713 and 1711 B.C. ...anon Driver however suggests a later ...te. That is, if we follow Knobel, upward ...a hundred years elapse between the writ...g and the tragedy; if we follow Driver, ...en more than fifty years divide them. ...ut these conquerors were also to array ...emselves against God's people, and Isaiah ...oclaimed the inevitable calamity (chap. ...), long before the Babylonian power re...rded itself as strong enough to cope with ...ineveh. Micah is equally explicit on this ...eme. He relates how the Hebrews should ... led into their second bondage, and, according to some authorities, fully two hun...ed years before the accomplishment of ...eir deliverance, described their return to ...erusalem. The passages which chronicle ...ese momentous movements are admitted ... be genuine, and their fulfilment is a mat... of history.

Tyre likewise was a subject of prophecy. ...aiah (chap. 23), a long while before the ...ighty agent in working out the desola...ons recorded had acquired national prom...ence or importance, gave a detailed ac...unt of what should occur. Gesenius in ...s "Commentary," thus explains the lan...age of a part of the prediction: Behold, this ...ople of the Chaldeans, a little while ago ...habitants of the desert, to whom the As...rians first assigned settled habitations ...d made it a people: this hitherto insig...ficant people, scarcely deserving mention, ...all be the instrument of the destruction of ...e ancient world-wide famous city of Tyre. ... It is historically certain that Tyre was ...esieged by the Chaldeans and commercial... ruined, and that new Tyre, situated on ...e island and subsequently devastated by ... lexander, submitted to the conqueror. ...eremiah and Ezekiel (Jer. 1; Ezek. 26: 4, 5) ...ace her vicissitudes to her final doom, and ...he latter in the name of the Lord writes: ... will also scrape her dust from her, and ...ake her like the top of a rock. It shall be ... place for the spreading of nets in the ...idst of the sea. Concerning the fulfil...ment of such a minute statement, Volney gives this testimony: The whole village of Tyre contains only fifty or sixty poor families, who live obscurely on the produce of their little ground and a trifling fishery. The barbarisms of the Greeks of the lower empire have accomplished their predictions. Instead of that ancient commerce so active and extensive, Tyre, reduced to a miserable village, has no other trade than the exportation of a few sacks of corn and raw cotton; nor any merchant but a single Greek factor, who scarcely makes sufficient profit to maintain his family.

*From *The Argument for Christianity*, by George ... Lorimer, D.D. The writer undertakes to show ...e truth of Christianity by arguments drawn from ...istory, from Christ, from Testimony, from Miracles, ...om Prophecy, from Humanity, etc. The above ex...act is from the chapter on the Argument from ...rophecy. Pp. 480. Published by the American Bap...st Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut St., Phila.

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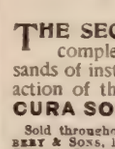

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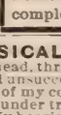

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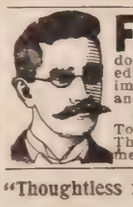

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The Late Dr. A. J. Gordon.

Death of the Eminent Preacher and Writer—His Life of Service in the Cause of Christ—Some of his Books.

CHRISTIAN people on both sides of the Atlantic are mourning the loss of one to whom they have for many years looked as a leader, a teacher and a friend. Few there are in any denomination who are not familiar with the name of Dr. A. J.

THE LATE DR. A. J. GORDON.

Gordon, the famous Boston preacher, whose earnest, manly utterances from the pulpit and the press have been blessed of God to the conversion of many souls. To the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD especially his name was dear; for in these pages he often gave expression to thoughts which he desired to reach a wider circle than that to which his voice could penetrate. Not many days before his death he sent us two sermons for publication, and these will form his last message to our readers. Little did he then think that they would be his last words to the vast audience to which he counted it a privilege to minister. But had he known, they could not have been more earnest, or more intense. Dr. Gordon put himself and all that was best in him into every sermon he preached, making no effort to amuse or please his hearers, but preaching the truth with a profound conviction that he was delivering a message from God. To Christians, as well as to outsiders, he had a message and with both he pleaded eloquently and earnestly in his Masterts cause. None could listen to him or read his thrilling words without being impressed by his love for souls and his profound conviction that in Jesus alone could true happiness be found for this life and that which is to come. He was continually urging the sinner to put his trust in Christ, and then to follow Him in love and service, growing into closer likeness to Him day by day. It was a great work that he did, glorious in its results to the church of Christ. To him surely would the greeting be given, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

He was born at New Hampton, N. H., on April 19, 1836. His father was for many years an enthusiastic supporter of foreign missionary work, and an ardent admirer of the pioneer American missionary, Adoniram Judson, "the apostle of Burmah." To him he tendered a tribute of homage by naming his son after him. He was converted to Christ at the age of sixteen, and united with the church at New Hampton. Almost immediately afterwards he was strongly influenced to become a preacher of the Gospel. He entered a preparatory school with the distinct object of fitting himself for a theological training in college. Thence he went to Brown University, where he entered with zest, even while a student, into active Christian work, teaching in the Sabbath School and helping in missions in the neighborhood around.

In 1860, at the age of twenty-four, Mr. Gordon graduated. He then proceeded to Newton Theological Seminary, for a more special course of training for ministerial and pastoral work. Before the completion of his studies there, he had already entered upon his life's labor, by accepting, at the earnest solicitation of the people of Jamaica Plain, Mass., the office of pastor of the Baptist church in that place. His ordination took place in June, 1863, and until the year 1869, Dr. Jordan continued there. He then received a call from Boston to become the minister of the Clarendon Street Baptist Church in that city. He accepted the call, and went to his new sphere with the expectation of doing vigorous and energetic work. He was not disappointed in that expectation, nor in the anticipated results. A new edifice was erected, which was soon filled with worshippers.

Dr. Gordon was a student of prophecy and a believer in the Premillennial Advent. In the fall of 1878 he took a prominent part in the Prophetic Conference held in the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York. There are few who were present at that conference who will ever forget the fervent address he delivered there on "The First Resurrection," or the rapt attention in which he held the vast audience which hung breathless on his lips.

As an author Dr. Gordon has become known to English-speaking Christians the world over. In 1872 he issued the volume entitled "In Christ," in which he dealt with one of the deepest and tenderest themes of the Gospel—the believer's union with his Lord. Dr. Gordon intended the book to be an aid to meditation, and very excellently it fulfills that purpose, being devout as well as suggestive.

A volume of twenty sermons appeared in 1880 under the title "Grace and Glory." They cover a wide range of Christian life and thought, and are, withal, so simple that the child in Christ may understand and feed upon them. Among the most characteristic and impressive of these sermons is that on "The Virgins' Lamps," in which Dr. Gordon gives a very lucid and impressive exposition of his belief in the Premillennial Coming of the Lord. "Congregational Worship," and "The Ministry of Healing," followed in quick succession. In 1886, Dr. Gordon published "The Twofold Life; or, Christ's Work for us and Christ's Work in us." His latest work published last December is "The Ministry of the Spirit."

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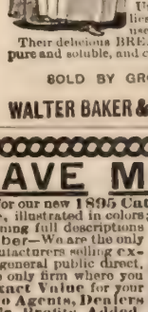

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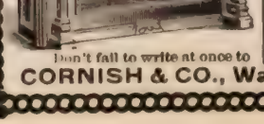

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Chamberlain, Taylor & Co case.
By mail, pair of socks.
Cong Church, Pulaski, N Y, 2 bbls.
Friends, Ypsilanti, bbl
Esther Circle, K D, Lewis Ave Ch, Bklyn, 2 bbls.
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Good News for Asthmatics.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make a trial of the Kola Compound free by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free of charge to sufferers.

Winter medicine is needed to assist the overworked organs and supply the additional vitality required to resist the cold. Hood's Sarsaparilla will do it. Try it now. Take only Hood's.

MEMORIES OF OLIVET.

(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

HOW precious are thy memories,
Oh, sacred Mount of Olivet,
Where Jesus often bent his knees.
Upon thy soil with night-dews wet;
When vexed and wearied with the rude
And vulgar throng, then it was there,
He sought its peaceful solitude,
To find sweet rest in hallowed prayer.

In view of yonder gath'ring throng,
Upon its sloping sides he taught
His dear disciples, while they hung
On every word, with wisdom fraught.
From scenes enacted near its base,
I ween the stars refused their light,—
Or moon 'neath clouds, concealed her face.
On our dear Lord's betrayal night.

To his disciples oft he spoke.
Within the olives' cool retreat.
How Jewish hatred would provoke,
The cruel death he was to meet.
The soil of Olivet was pressed,
By his dear feet so lately riv'n
As lifting up his hands, he blessed
Them one by one, then rose to heav'n.

Yet one more promise sure and blest,
Is lying in the future yet;
Some day his feet again shall rest,
Upon the Mount of Olivet.

New Brunswick, N. J. MRS. MARY LUTZ.

Not a Patent Medicine.

Nervous Prostration.
Mental Depression.
Nervous Dyspepsia.
Mental Failure.

Freligh's Tonic

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will cure when everything else has failed. Prescribed and endorsed now, and for ten years past, by over 40,000 Physicians. Sample by mail 25c., ten days' trial. Regular bottle $1 by mail. Small bottle, but 100 doses in each.

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Formula on Every Bottle.

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a nice Bangle Pin or Friendship Ring. Any name artistically engraved. Splendid birthday gift. 3 for $1. Rolled gold plate or solid silver. (Solid gold, $3.)
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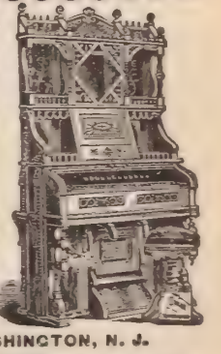

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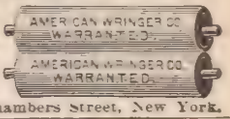

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FREE A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it a good $3.50 watch pay our agent the price, $3.50, and it is yours. Write at once as we shall send out samples at the reduced price for 60 days only. Mention in your letter whether you want GENTS' OR LADIES' SIZE.
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Delicate Cake
Easily removed without breaking. Perfection Tins require no greasing. No sticking, round, square and oblong. 2 layer tins by mail, 50cts. Circulars *Free.*
Agents Wanted. Richardson Mfg. Co., 6 St., Bath, N.Y.

THE ORIGIN OF THE JUGGERNAUTH.

According to Hindoo legend, the origin of Juggernauth was as follows: A timber-god, which was the unburnt body of Krishna, had been kept hidden in the Neilgherries hills and worshipped by a low-caste man — a huntsman. A prince of Malva tried to bring out the timber-god from the hill for public worship. A Brahmin succeeded in tracing the whereabouts of the god by the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Basu Sahar, whose guest the Brahmin was. He married the girl, and was permitted to go blind-folded with her to see the god. But to be led blind-folded was what the Brahmin did not desire; he wanted to know the path. His wife gave him some teel-seed, telling him to strew the seeds on both sides of the road. In time the plants grew and revealed the secret path to the place of the god. But they were sadly disappointed at not finding the timber-god. They were told to build a temple and then to take the god, whom the king would find flooting in the sea. Even by the employment of elephants, he could not drag the timber-god ashore. The prince was helped by the gods, and easily carried away the piece of timber, and then employed twelve hundred men to make a god out of it; but they could not even make a scratch on the wood.

At last the god Bishun himself, assumed the form of an old carpenter and obtained permission to construct the image within twenty-one days, on condition of being shut up in the temple for those days without interruption. On the fifteenth day the Raja opened the door and saw, to his great amazement, the form of Juggernauth without hands and feet. The king and queen prostrated themselves before the god, who gave instructions to them about his worship.

Good News—Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption.

Our readers who suffer from Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to hear of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease

Not Since Adam Dug

in the gardens around Eden, has there been seen the peer of our gorgeous Catalogue for 1895 of

Everything FOR THE Garden

This Catalogue is really a book of 160 pages, 9 x 11 inches, containing over 500 engravings and 8 colored plates of Seeds and Plants. And as all are drawn from nature, we show, as in a looking-glass, the best of the old and the latest of the new.

To trace advertising, and give our Catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following unusually liberal offer:

Every Empty Envelope Counts as Cash.

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen, and who encloses us 20 cents (in stamps), we will mail the Catalogue, and also send, free of charge, our famous 50-cent Newport Collection of Seeds, containing one packet each of New White Sweet Pea "Emily Henderson," New Butterfly Pansy, New Crested Zinnia, Succession Cabbage, New York Lettuce, and Ponderosa Tomato, in a red envelope, which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order of goods selected from Catalogue to the amount of $1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.,
35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

No False Hope

is offered, but a **TRUTH** proven by abundant testimony when we say that our ***PNEUMO-CHEMIC SYSTEM*** cures

CONSUMPTION

Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and **Hay Fever.** Our practical **HOME TREATMENT** requires no experience to use. Perfectly safe. Harmless. **IT CURES.** Endorsed by prominent physicians and in constant use at our Pulmonary Sanitarium. We change the climate and **KILL the GERMS.** Full descriptive circular with references, mailed free on application.

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Stamped Steel Ceilings

Decorative, Durable, and Best for Churches, Ceilings of any room, old or new. Send for Catalogue B.

H. S. NORTHROP, - 40 Rose St., New York.

$255.00 FOR EARLY TOMATOES.

This wonderful Early Tomato has proved a great success for earliness, smoothness and quality. Perfect ripe fruit has been produced in less than 5½ days. We offer **$255** for ripe Tomatoes grown in the least number of days from day seed is planted. All climates and soils have equal chance. Full instructions with seed. We own it all.

SURCEHEAD CABBAGE—is all head and sure to head, of large size, excellent quality and a good keeper. Single heads have weighed 60 lbs.

JAPANESE CLIMBING CUCUMBER—A wonderful variety from Japan, and will climb a trellis, wire netting, or any support 5 to 8 feet. Fruits early and continues throughout season; long, tender, excellent for pickling. Pleases all, and a wonderful curiosity.

EARLY FORTUNE POTATO, 5 bbls. given away. Earliest Potato grown, and has proved it. A Potato Grower writes: "Planted Early Fortune 5 weeks after Early Rose, and they matured together. Fortune yielding over three times as many, quality excellent, and sure to be a great favorite." We want a great test made in 1895, and will give Free one barrel of seed to growers of the largest yield from one whole potato in each State and Territory. Instructions with Potato. Cannot be obtained elsewhere. One Potato is worth $1.00 to any person.

We will send a package each of Early Tomato, Surehead Cabbage, Japanese Climbing Cucumber and one whole Early Fortune Potato packed from frosty with a Garden Annual, (nothing published like it) for only 25 cents. ☞ If you send silver or M. O. we will add Free a Floral Calendar for 1895, a work of art in colors. Order at once. Address **FAIRVIEW SEED FARM,** Box 74, **Rose Hill, N. Y.**

10 Pkts. Choice Vegetable Seeds FOR ONLY 15 CTS.

1 pkt Tomato, Fuller's New Surprise.
1 pkt Cabbage, Long Island Beauties.
1 pkt Cucumber, New Japanese Climbing.
1 pkt Lettuce, New Hard Head, very fine.
1 pkt Sweet Corn, New Floral Park.
1 pkt Beet, Early Blood Turnip.
1 pkt Beans, Early Valentine.
1 pkt Radish, French Breakfast.
1 pkt Turnip, Early Flat Dutch.
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10 pkts. Choice Flower Seeds, all different, **only 15 cts. 12 bulbs** Gladiolas, fine mixed, **15 cts.** 3 bulbs Hyacinths Candeanus, a grand summer bloomer, **15 cts. We will send the four collections for only 50 cents.** We will include in each collection a check good for 20 cents with first order.

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Leave

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Always the best. Known everywhere. **Ferry's Seed Annual for 1895** tells you what, how, and when to plant. Sent Free. Get it. Address

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"Bright alike outside and inside." Mailed FREE on application. With each copy we will send (that a beautiful painting of New Sweet Peas until the 500,000 I have all been called for. Send a postal to-day.

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SEEDS OF SUCCESS.

Better Seeds, Better Prices, better trees are what we want. Tweed's Seed Almanac does this one of the kind: helps sow the proper in. Book is free, but for 10c. we will send 3 packets either Flower or Vegetable seed. Write to-day.

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GREEN introduces Loudon Red Raspberry. For particulars, send for Green's Fruit Instructor. Submit your wants and get SURPRISINGLY LOW PRICES for best quality APPLE, PEAR, CHERRY, PLUM, QUINCE TREES, GRAPES, SMALL FRUITS, and ORNAMENTALS.

Send for sample copy Green's Fruit Growers. GREEN'S NURSERY CO., Rochester, N. Y.

35 cents worth of Seeds Free

Our object in making this extraordinary offer is to increase the circulation of the **Agricultural Epitomist** to a half million or more copies, and to induce everyone to plant **pure, selected** and **tested seeds.** The circulation of the **Agricultural Epitomist** is now 125,000 copies, and we feel certain that by making this most liberal and valuable offer, we will increase it to four times that amount; for where is there a person who has a farm, a garden or a flower bed, who will not take advantage of this great opportunity to get **35 cents worth of seeds** and a year's subscription to the **Agricultural Epitomist** for **Fifty Cents!** The **Epitomist** is devoted to the Farm, Garden and Household, and no one interested in any of these pursuits can afford to be without it. It is interesting to the farmer, the housewife and their children. It is original, and its writers are all practical and well-informed men and women. You may have a successful business and a happy home, and yet without the **Agricultural Epitomist** something is lacking. You cannot afford to plant poor seeds any more than you can afford to be without the **Agricultural Epitomist.** The **Seed Houses** named in this offer are **old** and **reliable** firms as you well know, who will furnish you with **pure, selected** and **tested seeds** and of latest varieties, which are sure to produce good results. Upon receipt of **Fifty Cents** we will send you the **Agricultural Epitomist** for one year, and by return mail an order in the shape of a due bill, which will be accepted by any of the following Seed Houses in payment of **35 cents worth of seeds,** or it will be accepted as so much money to apply on a larger order. Make your selection from the stock of any of these well-known Seed Houses. They all take the **Agricultural Epitomist** due bill for 35c. **CURRIE BROS., Milwaukee, Wis.; JAMES VICK'S SONS, Rochester, N. Y.; WM. HENRY MAULE, Philadelphia, Pa.; JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.; JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.; THE HUNTINGTON SEED CO., Indianapolis, Ind.; NORTHRUP, BRASLIN & GOODWIN, Minneapolis, Minn.**

TO GET **SEEDS FREE** cut this out or copy order and send to us with **50 cts.** Sign your name and address plainly and in full.

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I enclose **fifty cents** for which you will please send me the AGRICULTURAL EPITOMIST one year, and an order in the shape of a **due bill** good for **35 cents,** which will be accepted in purchasing Farm, Garden or Flower Seeds from the 1895 catalogue at **regular cash prices,** of any one of the seed houses named in this offer, which appears in Christian Herald.

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AGENTS WANTED.

$1000 IN GOLD DIVIDED IN 28 PREMIUMS AMONG OUR AGENTS MARCH 31

ADDRESS:
AGRICULTURAL EPITOMIST, Indianapolis, Ind.

BIG BARGAINS IN ROSES, PLANTS, AND SEEDS

Our GRAND SET of 13 Elegant Ever-blooming ROSES for only 50cts. by mail, postpaid, safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed.

These roses are fine healthy plants and will bloom all this Summer in pots or planted out. **We guarantee them to be by far the best 50 cts. you ever invested in roses,** as follows:

Ruby Gold, beautiful shades of Copper and Gold. **Duchess de Brabant,** flesh color, the old favorite. **Madame de Watteville,** the famous Tulip Rose. **Snowflake,** pure White, always in bloom. **Meteor,** rich velvety Crimson, none better. **La France,** Silvery Peach and Rose, a beauty. **Sunset,** Tawny shade of yellow, very rich. **Isabella Sprunt,** deep rich Yellow. **Princess Sagan,** richest, Scarlet, very bright. **Marie Van Houtte,** Creamy White and Yellow. **Grace Darling,** Satiny Pink, elegant. **Honore Defresne,** Yellow, flushed Pink, charming. **Marie Guillot,** pure White, tinted Lemon.

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Set 34—13 Ever-blooming Roses all different	50 c.	Set 42—20 Large Flowered Pansy Plants,	50 c.
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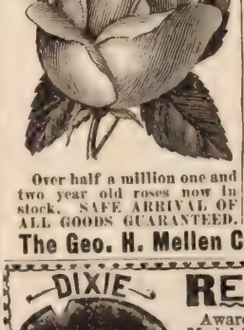
" 38—15 Choice Prize Chrysanthemums,	50 c.	" 46—30 Pkts Flower Seeds, no two alike,	50 c.
" 39— 4 Choice Decorative Palms, try them,	50 c.	" 47—20 Pkt's elegant Sweet Peas, all different	50 c.
" 40— 5 Dwarf Cannas, 5 kinds,	50 c.	" 48—18 Pkt's Choice Vegetable Seeds 18 sorts	50 c.
" 41—12 Sweet Scented Double Tube Roses,	50 c.		

You may select half of any two sets for 50 cents, or 3 complete sets for $1 25, any 5 sets for $2.00, the entire 15 sets for $5.00; or half of each set for $2.50. Get your neighbor to club with you. Our catalogue free. **ORDER TO-DAY.** We will hold the plants and ship them any time you may desire. Address

THE GREAT WESTERN PLANT CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.



Over half a million one and two year old roses now in stock. SAFE ARRIVAL OF ALL GOODS GUARANTEED.

We Want You to Know

That 50 CENTS will Buy

12 Very Choice Everblooming Roses

as follows: The Bride, white; Bon Silene, carmine; Bridesmaid, pink; H. M. Stanley, amber rose; Souv de P. Gaulaine, dark crimson; Md A. Nabonnand, rosy flesh; Queen's Scarlet, scarlet; Mlle Franceska Kruger, rich yellow; Arch Duchess Immaculata, citron red; Countess Eva Stahremberg, cream yellow; Ball of Snow, pure white (hardy); Gen l de Tartas, brilliant carmine.

10 Fine Begonias, 10 Splendid New Carnations, 12 Selected New Chrysanthemums, 12 Flowering Geraniums, 25 pkts Choice Selected Flower Seeds.

Any one of the above liberal collections sent postpaid for **only 50 cents.** Our 32 large greenhouses are stocked with the best and newest varieties of plants, bulbs, flower and vegetable seeds. **Send for our large handsomely illustrated Catalogue, mailed Free to any address.**

The Geo. H. Mellen Co., Box I, Proprietors the old established INNISFALLEN GREENHOUSES **Springfield, O.**

RELIABLE SEEDS

Awarded World's Columbian Grand Prize Medal for Purity. Always Fresh and Reliable. **SPECIAL OFFER:** For only 10c, I will send a liberal package each of New Holland Cabbage and New Dixie Water Melon. Beautiful Seed and Plant Catalogue **FREE.** Address at once **H. W. BUCKBEE,** Rockford, Ills. P. O. Box [illegible] Rockford Seed Farms.

SCOTT'S CATALOGUE OF ROSES AND OTHER FLOWERS FREE

Brighter and handsomer than ever with special features of Premiums, Discounts, Club Offers and Low Prices with full description of the latest varieties and profusely illustrated. IT IS SENT FREE. WRITE TO-DAY.

ROBERT SCOTT & SON, 19th and Catharine Sts., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE MOTHER'S CHAIR.

THE century's day had just begun
When the bride, as shy as a small grey mouse
Came home one eve at the set of sun,
And reign a queen in a wee bit house,
A wee bit house but love was there,
And in its throne was the bride's small rocking-chair.

Time fared along, and the rocking-chair
Kept peace with the rise and fall of a tune
That the little mother caroled there,
Slowly and sweetly, rune and croon,
Mother and baby and rockaby,
As the busy and beautiful years flew by.

And the wee bit house was a crowded nest
That was left one day for a statelier home,
But the small chair stood in its place with the best.
A throne for the mother, whoe'er might come.
Babies and babies were cradled there
In her tender arms, in that rocking-chair

The years spread on like the waves in a race,
And small grandchildren fluttered in;
The dear old hearth was the rallying place
For a bevy of youthful kith and kin
Always, the centre, standing there
Was the dear little mother's rocking-chair.

Love sifted snowflake the days trooped on,
All the mother heard the angels call;
One sunrise broke with the mother gone—
Only to heaven—that was all.
But, O, it was lonely lingering where
She knelt to her in her little chair!

And one of the youngsters of all the line,
A gay girl, just out of college, sits
In that same old chair, and in shade and shine
Look of her great grandmother flits
O'er her face, so sweet and fair,
As she rests in the prim little rocking-chair.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY'S TOURS TO FLORIDA.

For the season of 1895 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company presents a series of five Florida tours as follows, Jan. 29th, February 12th and 26th, March 12th and 26th. These tours will be run under the personally conducted system for which that Company has become famous and every detail relating to them will be maintained on that high grade which has been the marked characteristic of previous undertakings of this kind.

The first four tours will admit of a visit of two whole weeks in the land of flowers, tickets for the fifth tour are valid for return by regular trains until May 31st. The rate of $50.00 from New York covers in addition to transportation, meals en route and Pullman berth. Detailed itinerary will be sent on application to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, or 860 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"What I have seen of God's healing power through you demands of me that I speak for the good of others."

If you value your Life

Or the Lives of those nearest and dearest to you,

Read!

DEAR MR. CONGREVE.—As a rule, I have no faith in advertised remedies; but it must now be some twenty-five years since I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your Balsamic Elixir. He seemed at death's door, but he lives now, a strong, hearty man. Since then I have seen in many, very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude. Personally I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation. Yours heartily,

Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

The above letter from the late eminent preacher, C. H. Spurgeon, is one of thousands of testimonials to the wonderful curative properties of my **BALSAMIC ELIXIR**, which not only cures consumption, but gives instant and permanent relief in cases of Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, Influenza and all Chest affections.

For years I have been entreated to make my remedy known in the United States, but my time has been too much absorbed by my European patients to allow this. Now, however, **I have been able to extend my organization** so as to bring America within the scope of my personal observation, and my desire is to make it clear to all inhabitants of the United States that they may henceforth procure from my American depot a **Cure for Consumption** which, even in the advanced stages of that terrible disease, may be used with certainty of relief.

It acts like a charm in ordinary cases of Cough, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Chills, &c., and should be kept in every home.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs and Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis; together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, *any one of which may be like yours*, to be had post free for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order of **$1.00** bottle of my **Balsamic Elixir.**

Congreve's Balsamic Elixir can be obtained from many drug stores, but it will take some time before it will be introduced into all of them throughout this vast country. If your druggist has not yet put it in stock, it will be sent you, carriage paid, from my own depot on receipt of **$1.00, $1.75, $3.75,** or **$7.00,** according to the size of the bottle ordered.

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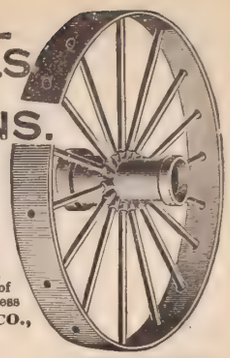

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Ever since I began to use the Electropoise in our family, I have taken frequent occasion to speak to my friends of its wonderful curative powers. We have both the pocket and wall Electropoise, and we would not part with either under any circumstances.

I have found that no medicine or drugs will so quickly give relief as the Electropoise, and particularly is this true of a cough, or in case of sleeplessness. The application of the instrument almost instantly stops the cough, and thereafter produces sleep. Ordinarily, I decline to give public testimonials, for I very much dislike notoriety in any form, but I take pleasure in recommending the Electropoise, because of the wonderful relief it has accomplished in our family.

Yours truly, MRS. HOWELL E. JACKSON.

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A Nineteenth Century SOUVENIR.

Do you realize that the Nineteenth Century will soon pass into history? **THE GREATEST WORLD'S FAIR** ever held or likely to be held graced the closing years of the present century, and every man, woman and child should have a souvenir; an heirloom to hand down to posterity, of the great White City.

One of the largest Manufacturers of Silverware in the World made up an immense stock of magnificent and costly souvenir spoons, to be sold on the Fair grounds at $1.50 each, but the exclusive privilege of selling souvenir spoons was awarded a syndicate of private dealers. **This Immense Stock Was Left on Their Hands** and must be sold at once. **The Full Set** of six spoons formerly sold for $9.00 can now be had **FOR ONLY**

EXACT SIZE OF SPOONS.

GENUINE BARGAIN

ONLY 99c

FORMERLY SOLD FOR $9

FOR ALL SIX.

99c. For All Six SENT PREPAID,

In a plush lined case.

The spoons are after dinner coffee size, **Heavy Coin Silver Plated**, with **Gold Plated Bowls**, each of the six spoons representing a different building of the World's Fair. The handles are finely chased, showing head of Columbus and dates 1492-1893.

THEY ARE GENUINE WORKS OF ART

and the finest souvenir collection ever presented. This same advertisement has appeared in the following papers for several months past: the *Christian Herald*, *Christian at Work*, and *Evangelist*, of New York; *Union Gospel News*, of Cleveland, O. *Herald and Presbyter*, of Cincinnati, O.; *Presbyterian*, of Philadelphia, Pa.; *Congregationalist*, of Boston; *Enterior*, *Union Signal*, *Baptis Union*, *RamsHorn*, and *Epworth Herald*, of Chicago; and many other leading publications. You certainly know that th editors of these papers would not accept this advertisement if the goods were not as represented. You will never agai have an opportunity to purchase genuine souvenirs at such a low price. Money cheerfully refunded if not as represented

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CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18. COPYRIGHT 1895, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH. NUMBER 8.

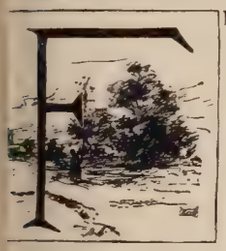
REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 20, 1895.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, $1.50.

Training Poor Syrian Girls.

Mrs. Jamal's Noble Efforts in Behalf of her Neglected Countrywomen in Jerusalem —A Work that has Brightened Many Young Lives, Brought Happiness to Humble Homes and Led Hearts to Christ—Described by its Founder.



FEW subjects associated with the every day life of the people of modern Palestine have awakened more interest in the minds of American women than the effort now being made by Mrs David Jamal, to train, educate and spiritually enlighten the poor neglected Syrian girls of Jerusalem. From time to time, the progress of this laudable and beautiful work has been reported in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and a number of our readers, who have become specially interested in Mrs. Jamal's classes, have undertaken to share the burden of their support for a time.

The lady who founded this work is a woman of fine Christian character, and the wife of a leading dragoman. She was educated in a Christian school for girls at Beirut, and afterward went to Jerusalem as a native helper in a school in in that city. Since her marriage, she has devoted a large part of her time and all her available means to the training and education of young Syrian girls, too many of whom, in Palestine at least, are allowed to reach womanhood in a sad condition of ignorance in all things that relate even to the simplest domestic acquirements, and to moral and intellectual progress as well. Such a gracious and self-denying work was possible only as a development of Christianity, for neither Mohammedanism, nor any other religion than that of Jesus Christ, has ever shown the slightest consideration for the neglected women of the East. Mrs. Jamal's efforts to help them began a number of years ago, and she is now devoting her entire energies to this labor of love. At first she gathered in her own home twice a week, a small class for instruction. Their tasks were lightened by the singing of Christian hymns and Bible reading. Much spiritual good has resulted, and many of her former pupils are now noble Christian women, honored mothers of children who are taught to love the Saviour

From Mrs. Jamal's own pen, we have received the following interesting description of her work:

"JERUSALEM, January 15, 1895.

"In writing of our efforts among the poor native girls of Jerusalem, which I first undertook a few years ago, let me begin by explaining the causes that persuaded me to it. The thought had been impressed on my heart many, many times, to do something for some of my poor countrywomen, who never enjoyed the privilege of being brought up in any school. I was educated in the British Syrian school, at Beyrout, and in 1893, was sent by Mrs. Mott, the Superintendent of the school, to Jerusalem as a teacher, under the charge of the Church Missionary Society to open a daily school for the girls. Through God's help and blessing, the girls' school soon was exceedingly flourishing, and I had seventy girls of different creeds as pupils. After two years, I married, and yet school-teaching was my daily thought, as I had taken a deep interest in the girls. With the consent of my husband, and to my joy, I had some of the older girls in my house daily, teaching them hand-work, as well as housework, as they were in great need of training of that character.

"In the years that passed, some of the girls got married, and I had to occupy my time in attending to my own little children until I began this training class. At that time, I used to visit my girls in their own homes, and most of them used frequently to visit me, asking my help in household matters, and whenever they were in perplexity. When visiting some of the married girls (who lived about four or five families in one house), the neighbors would encircle me and beg me to have their daughters trained in my house, as they had observed the difference between their girls and the daughters of their neighbors, in cleanliness, in home management, and as to their children, and in their ability to help their husbands in hard times. My girls had been taught simple domestic ways, and their training had been such as to prove of practical service in sickness, in home management, or in earning a livelihood. There were a few who did so well after marriage that naturally they were envied by the neighbors, and their husbands always praised them—a thing by no means usual in Syrian homes of this class.

"I recall the case of one girl — a former attendant of my class — who was married but bore her husband no children. The husband's mother and sisters urged him to take another wife, according to custom, but he refused, declaring he would never marry another, as he was pleased with his wife's manner and character, her good behavior to him and her skilful management of her home. 'I cannot possibly find in Jerusalem a good, educated wife like her,' he said to his mother. 'Since I married we have never paid a penny for any kind of sewing, and see the pleasant, peaceable life we are living. I would rather be without children than part with my good wife, and may God prolong the life of her mistress by whom she was taught.'

"On another occasion, I was called to the home of one of my girls. I found, to my surprise the room full of women of her relations. After salutations, they opened the subject, saying to me: 'You are her teacher and she respects and obeys you. We want her to be given in marriage.' This girl was an orphan, and had to take care of her two little sisters and a baby brother. She absolutely refused to marry, preferring to fulfil her duties to the little ones. 'The man who wishes to marry her,' said the women, 'has heard how well she is educated, and that she will be a very good woman. He said to his mother, he would pay well for her dowry. And she is

(Continued on page 115.)

MRS JAMAL'S TRAINING CLASS OF NATIVE SYRIAN GIRLS.

(Photographed in Jerusalem expressly for "The Christian Herald."—Mrs. Jamal Seated in Centre.)

THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage, preached last Sunday in the Academy of Music, New York. Text: 1. Tim. 1: 11, *"According to the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust."*

THE greatest novelty of our time is the Gospel. It is so old that it is new. As potters and artists are now attempting to fashion pitchers and cups, and curious ware like those of nineteen hundred years ago recently brought up from buried Pompeii, and such cups, and pitchers, and curious ware are universally admired, so anyone who can unshovel the real Gospel from the mountains of stuff under which it has been buried, will be able to present something that will attract the gaze, and admiration, and adoption of all the people. It is amazing what substitutes have been presented for what my text calls, "The glorious Gospel." There has been an hemispheric apostasy. There are many people in this and all other large assemblages who have no more idea of what the Gospel really is than they have of what is contained in the fourteenth chapter of Zend-Avesta, the Bible of the Hindoo, the first copy of which I ever saw I purchased in Calcutta, India, last September. The old Gospel is fifty feet under, and the work has been done by the shovels of those who have been trying to contrive the Philosophy of Religion. There is no philosophy about it. It is a plain matter of Bible statement, and of childlike faith. Some of the theological seminaries have been hotbeds of infidelity, because they have tried to teach the "Philosophy of Religion." By the time that many a young theological student gets half through his Preparatory Course, he is so filled with doubts about Plenary Inspiration, and the Divinity of Christ, and the questions of eternal Destiny, that he is more fit for the lowest bench in the infant class of a Sunday School than to become a teacher and leader of the people. The ablest theological professor is a Christian mother, who out of her own experience can tell the four-year-old how beautiful Christ was on earth, and how beautiful he now is in heaven, and how dearly he loves little folks, and then she kneels down and puts one arm around the boy, and with her somewhat faded cheek against the roseate cheek of the little one, consecrates him for time and eternity to him who said, "Suffer them to come unto me." What an awful work Paul made with the D.D.'s, and the LL.D.'s, and the F.R.S.'s, when he cleared the decks of the old Gospel ship by saying: "Not many wise men not many noble, are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty."

There sits the dear old theologian with his table piled up with all the great books on Inspiration, and Exegesis, and Apologetics for the Almighty, and writing out his own elaborate work on the Philosophy of Religion, and his little grandchild coming up to him for a good-night kiss, he accidentally knocks off the biggest book from the table and it falls on the head of the child, of whom Christ himself said: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." Ah! my friends, the Bible wants no apologetics. The Throne of the Last Judgment wants no apologetics. Eternity wants no apologetics. Scientists may tell us that natural light is the "propagation of undulations in an elastic medium, and thus set in vibratory motion by the action of luminous bodies;" but no one knows what Gospel Light is until his own blind eyes by the touch of the Divine Spirit have opened to see the noon-day of pardon and peace. Scientists may tell us that natural sound is "the effect of an impression made on the organs of hearing by an impulse of the air, caused by a collision of bodies, or by other means;" but those only know what the Gospel sound is who have heard the voice of Christ directly, saying, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." The theological dude unrolls upon the plush of the exquisitely carved pulpit a learned discourse showing that the Garden of Eden was an allegory, and Solomon's Song a rather indelicate love ditty, and the Book of Job a drama in which Satan was the star actor, and that Renan was three-quarters right about the miracles of Jesus, and that the Bible was gradually evoluted, and the best thought of the different ages, Moses, and David and Paul doing the best they could under the circumstances, and therefore to be encouraged. Lord of Heaven and Earth, get us out of the London fog of Higher Criticism!

The night is dark and the way is rough, and we have a Lantern which God has put in our hands, but instead of employing that Lantern to show ourselves and others the right way, we are discussing lanterns, their shape, their size, their material, and which is the better light,—kerosene, lamp oil, or candle; and while we discuss it, we stand all around the Lantern, so that we shut out the light from the multitudes who are stumbling on the dark mountains of sin and death. Twelve hundred dead birds were found one morning around Bartholdi's Statue in New York Harbor. They had dashed their life out against the lighthouse the night before. Poor things! And the great Lighthouse of the Gospel—how many high-soaring thinkers have beaten all their religious life out against it, while it was intended for only one thing, and that to show all nations the way into the harbor of God's mercy, and to the crystalline wharves of the Heavenly City, where the immortals are waiting for new arrivals. Dead skylarks, when they might have been flying seraphs.

Here also come, covering up the old Gospel, some who think they can by law and exposure of crime save the world, and from Portland, Maine, across to San Francisco, and back again to New Orleans and Savannah, many of the ministers have gone into the detective business. Worldly reform, by all means; but unless it be also Gospel reform, it will be dead failure. In New York its chief work has been to give us a change of bosses. We had a Democratic boss, and now it is to be a Republican boss, but the quarrel is, who shall be the Republican? Politics will save the cities the same day that Satan evangelizes perdition.

Here comes another class of people who in pulpit and outside of it cover up the Gospel with the theory that it makes no final difference what you believe, or how you act,—you are bound for heaven, anyhow. There they sit, side by side, in heaven: Garfield, and Guiteau, who shot him; Lincoln, and John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated him; Washington, and Thomas Paine, who slandered him; Nana Sahib, and the missionaries, whom he clubbed to death at Cawnpore; Herod, and the children whom he massacred; Paul, and Nero, who beheaded him. As a result of the promulgation of such a mongrel and conglomerate heaven, there are millions of people in Christendom who expect to go straight to heaven from their seraglios, and their inebriation, and their suicides, when among the loudest thunders that break over the basaltic island to which St. John was expatriated, was the one in which God announced that "the abominable, and the murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their place in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." I correct what I said when I declared the Gospel was buried fifty feet deep; it is buried a thousand feet deep. Had the glorious Gospel been given full opportunity, I think before this the world would have had no need of pulpit, or sermon, or prayer, or church, but thanksgiving and hosannas would have resounded in the temple to which the mountains would have been pillars, and the blue skies the dome, and the rivers the baptistery, and all nations the worshippers in the auditorium of the outspread world. But so far from that, as I remarked in the opening sentence of this sermon, the greatest novelty of our time is the Gospel. And let me say to the hundreds and thousands of educated and splendid young men about to enter the Gospel ministry from the theological seminaries of all denominations, on this and the other side of the seas, that there is no drawing power like the glorious Gospel. "Him hath God lifted up to draw all men unto him." Get your souls charged and surcharged with this Gospel, and you will have large audiences, and will not have to announce in order to assemble such audiences, a Sunday night sacred concert, with a brief address by the pastor; or the presence of "Black Pattis," or Creole Minstrels, or some new exposure of Tammany, or a sermon accompanied by a magic lantern, or stereopticon views.

The glorious Gospel of the blessed God as spoken of in my text will have more drawing power, and when that Gospel gets full swing it will have a momentum and a power mightier than that of the Atlantic Ocean, when under the force of the September equinox it strikes the Highlands of the Navesink. The meaning of the word "Gospel" is "good news," and my text says it is glorious good news, and we must tell it in our churches, and over our dry-goods counters, and in our factories, and over our threshing-machines, and behind our ploughs, and on our ships' decks, and in our parlors, our nurseries, and kitchens, as though it were glorious good news, and not with a dismal drawl in our voice, and a dismal look on our faces, as though religion were a rheumatic twinge, or a dyspeptic pang, or a malarial chill, or an attack of nervous prostration. With nine "blesseds" or "happys," Christ began his sermon on the Mount: Blessed the poor; blessed the mourner; blessed the meek; blessed the hungry; blessed the merciful; blessed the pure; blessed the peace-makers; blessed the persecuted; blessed the reviled; blessed, blessed, blessed; happy, happy, happy. Glorious good news for the young as through Christ they may have their coming years ennobled, and for a life-time all the angels of God their coadjutors and all the armies of heaven their allies. Glorious good news for the middle-aged as through Christ they may have their perplexities disentangled, and their courage rallied, and their victory over all obstacles and hindrances made forever sure. Glorious good news for the aged as they may have the sympathy of Him of whom St. John wrote: "His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow," and the defence of the everlasting arms. Glorious good news for the dying as they may have ministering spirits to escort them, and opening gates to receive them, and a sweep of eternal glories to encircle them, and the welcome of a loving God to embosom them.

Oh, my text is right when it speaks of the glorious Gospel. It is an invitation from the most radiant Being that ever trod the earth, or ascended the heavens, to you and me to come and be made happy, and then take after that a Royal Castle for everlasting residence, the angels of God our cup-bearers. The price paid for all of this on the cliff of limestone about as high as this house, about seven minutes' walk from the wall of Jerusalem, where with an Agony that with one hand tore down the rocks, and with the other drew a midnight blackness over the heavens, our Lord set us forever free. Making no apology for anyone of the million sins of our life, but confessing all of them, we can point to that cliff of limestone and say, "There was paid our indebtedness, and God never collects a bill twice." Glad am I that all the Christian poets have exerted their pen in extolling the matchless One of this Gospel. Isaac Watts, how do you feel concerning him? And he writes, "I am not ashamed to own my Lord." Newton, what do you think of this Gospel? And he writes, "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound." Cowper, what do you think of him? And the answer comes, "There is a fountain filled with blood." Charles Wesley, what do you think of him? And he answers, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Horatius Bonar, what do you think of him? And he responds, "I lay my sins on Jesus." Ray Palmer, what do you think of him? And he writes, "My faith looks up to Thee." Fannie Crosby, what do you think of him? And she writes "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine." But take higher testimony: Solomon, what do you think of him? And the answer is "Lily of the valley." Ezekiel, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "Plant of renown." David, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "My Shepherd." St. John, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "Bright and morning star." St. Paul, what do you think of him? And the answer comes, "Christ is all in all." Do you think as well of him, O man, O woman of the blood-bought immortal spirit? Yes, Paul was right when he styled it "The Glorious Gospel." And then as a druggist, while you are waiting for him to make up the doctor's prescription, puts into a bottle so many grains of this, and so many grains of that, and so many drops of this, and so many drops of that, and the intermixture taken, though sour or bitter, restores to health: so Christ the Divine Physician, prepares this trouble of our lifetime, and that disappointment, and this persecution, and that hardship, and that tear, and we must take the intermixture, yet though it be a bitter draught under the Divine prescription it administers to our restoration and spiritual health. "All things working together for good." Glorious Gospel!

And then the Royal Castle into which one step out of this life, without so much as seeing our foot with the upturned earth of the grave. "They shall reign forever and ever." Does not that mean that you are if saved to be kings and queens, and do not kings and queens have castles? But the one that you are offered was for thirty-three years an abandoned castle, though now gloriously inhabited. There is an abandoned royal castle at Amber, India. One hundred and seventy years ago a king moved out of it never to return. But the castle still stands in indescribable grandeur, and you go through brazen door-way after brazen door-way, and carved room after carved room, and under embellished ceiling and embellished ceiling, and through halls precious-stoned into wider halls precious-stoned, and on that hill are pavillions deeply dyed, and tasselled, and arched, the envy of colored gardens cooled by the snow of white architecture; birds in arabesque so natural to life that while you cannot hear their voices you imagine you see the flutter of their wings while you are passing; walls pictured with triumphal procession; rooms that were called "Alcove of Light," and "Hall of Victory:" marble, white and black like a mixture of morn and night; alals-

r, and mother-of-pearl and lacquer-work. tanding before it the eye climbs from step latticed balcony, and from latticed balco- y to oriel, and from oriel to arch, and from ch to roof, and then descends on ladder f all colors, and by stairs of perfect lines tropical gardens of pomegranite, and ne apple. Seven stories of resplendent rchitecture! But the Royal castle provid- d for you, if you will only take it on the rescribed terms, is grander than all that, nd though an abandoned castle while Christ was here achieving your redemp- on is again occupied by the "Chief among en thousand," and some of your own indred who have gone up, and waiting for ou are leaning from the balcony. The indows of that castle look off on the ing's gardens where immortals walk link- d in eternal friendship; and the sup- er is the marriage supper of the Lamb; nd there are fountains into which no tear ver fell, and there is music, and there is he kiss of those re-united after long separa- ion. More nerve will we have there than ow, or we would swoon away under the aptures. Stronger vision will we have there han now, or our eyesight would be blinded y the brilliance. Stronger ear will we have here than now, or under the roll of that ninstrelsy, and the clapping of that acclam- ation, and the boom of that hallelujah we would be deafened. Glorious Gospel! You hought religion was a strait-jacket, that it ut you on the limits, that thereafter you must go cowed down. No, no, no. It is o be castellated. By the cleansing power of the shed blood of Golgotha set your aces toward the shining pinnacles. Oh, it does not matter much what becomes of us here—for at the longest our stay is short—if we can only land there. You see there are so many I do want to meet there. Joshua, my favorite prophet; and John among the evangelists; and Paul among the apostles, and Wycliffe among the martyrs, and Bour- daloue among the preachers, and Dante among the poets, and Havelock among the heroes, and our loved ones whom we have so much missed since they left us, so many darlings of the heart, their absence some- times almost unbearable: and, mentioned in this sentence last of all because I want the thought climacteric, our blessed Lord without whom we could never reach the old Castle at all. He took our place. He pur- chased our ransom. He wept our woes. He suffered our stripes. He died our death. He assured our resurrection. Blessed be his glorious name forever! Surging to his ear be all the anthems! Facing him be all the thrones!

Oh, I want to see it, and I will see it—the day of his coronation. On a throne already; methinks the day will come when in some great hall of eternity all the nations of earth whom he has conquered by his grace will as- semble again to crown him. Wide and high and immense and upholstered as with the sunrises and sunsets of a thousand years, great audience room of heaven. Like the leaves of an Adirondack forest the ransom- ed multitudes, and Christ standing on a high place surrounded by worshippers and subjects. They shall come out of the far- thest past led on by the Prophets: they shall come out of the early Gospel days led on by the Apostles; they shall come out of the centuries still ahead of us, led on by champions of the truth, heroes and hero- ines yet to be born.

And then from that vastest audience ever assembled in all the universe there will go up the shout, "Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him!" and the Father who long ago promised this his only begotten Son, "I will give thee the heathen for thine in- heritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession" shall set the crown upon the forehead yet scarred with Crucifixion bramble, and all the hosts of heaven, down on the levels, and up in the galleries will drop on their knees crying, "Hail king of earth! King of heaven! King of saints! King of seraphs! Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and to thy dominions there shall be no end! Amen and Amen! Amen and Amen!"

Training Poor Syrian Girls.

(Continued from first page.)

truly very clever in sewing and doing fancy work.' 'Certainly I cannot force the girl to marry against her will, otherwise the three little ones will be neglected,' said I. 'She is quite right in her determination.'

"These and many similar incidents de- lighted my heart, as they were the fruits of my labor. Then came the thought that I might be still more useful to my country- women, in teaching them many useful things, and bringing them nearer to civili- zation and a higher plane of living more pleasing to God. Could my ears be shut and my heart remain solid as a stone and not help them! At the time I was greatly grieved and regretted my inability to do what I wished; yet I felt that a great re- sponsibility was upon me.

"A few years passed away, but the pic- ture was ever before my eyes and impressed upon my heart. At last there came a time when I felt that I could undertake this im- portant work, as I could devote time and room in my house for the benefit of these poor girls; but, alas! I had not the means needed to start the work. Fortunately I received the help of a famous and benevo- lent Englishman, who offered to furnish the necessary funds for one year of training for eight girls. I soon prepared sufficient material for a start and added a small stock of religious books. On the first Tuesday, after the New Year's day, 1893, the open- ing of my training class took place. When the girls were gathered, I read a chapter from the Bible and asked the blessing of God on the undertaking. Each girl had her allotted work, and two were appointed to prepare the luncheon and do the cooking. The class was to meet twice a week, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.; and the programme included use- ful house-work, hand-work, and native fancy-work; the housework included coooking, cleaning, ironing, etc.; the handwork, cutting out, sewing, patching, darning, etc.; the fancy work, gold em- broidery on velvet cushions, tea cases, belts, work-bags, tea-table covers, silk em- broidery on muslin and Indian silk for anti- macassars, needle-work, lace and doylies, etc. All money received from contributions and from selling the product was to be ex- pended in paying the girls for their work, buying new material, furnishing a simple lunch, if possible procuring clothing, which was greatly needed by most of the girls, and helping them with medicine when any were taken sick.

"We always begin the class with the reading of a portion of the Bible, followed by a short prayer. When work has fairly started and all are at their places, I read for them from some religious book, to in- terest them, and by enlightening their minds bring them nearer to the Saviour, as the children in Christian lands are brought to know God and to understand their du- ties one to another. I also teach them some verses by heart, as well as the words and music of simple hymns. When at home, they repeat to their parents what they have heard. The Lord's prayer is repeated in unison when closing the class for the day.

That the result of training these girls has fully justified the labor, I have had many proofs at different times. The father of one girl—a noted drunkard—was changed to a sober, and, I believe, a good man, by hear- ing his daughter repeat at home the Gospel lessons she learned in the class. This girl taught her brothers all the verses and hymns. Another girl, the daughter of a widow, is now a successful dressmaker and supporting her mother and sister. She has exerted a good influence at home. Her mother tells me that she asks God's bless- ing morning and evening and they join in the prayers. Still another girl, aged twenty- two, came to the class with an idea of only learning fancy work. She came in opposi- tion to the will of her father who did not believe females should be educated, as some of the native men hold that girls have no right to leave their fathers' houses to learn anything. When the father of this girl leaves in the morning for business, she comes privately to the class. The girl has a step-mother with whom she was con- stantly quarreling, using very profane lan- guage. After coming to the class for a time, the girl underwent a great change in character and behavior. Her step-mother paid me a visit and expressed her thanks for the change in her step-daughter and said that her father also himself saw a great difference in her and had changed his opinion as to consent to her coming to the class, and he even allowed her younger sis- ter to accompany her. I was greatly pleased at the change in her father's attitude. He now regrets that his wife was not trained in such a class, and he asked if I could take his brother's wife, as she is only sixteen, I have done so, and have now consequently three of that household in the class. There is no more rough and profane talk in that home, but all live together in harmony and peace.

"The departure of our benefactor, who largely supplied funds for this work, made the continuance of the training class a per- plexing problem. While here last year, Mrs. Terhune greatly encouraged me by her kind advice. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD also, has aided me materially, and the result of its occasional references to the work has shown me that there are a great many Chris- tian American ladies who take a deep inter- est in my simple efforts for these poor Syri- an girls. I have received some contribu- tions sent to me direct, and others sent through Dr. Louis Klopsch, which have en- abled me to defray the cost of training nine of the girls. The full class number up to the close of 1894 was fourteen girls, so there has been a deficiency of funds equal to the tuition of five girls during the year. At the beginning of 1895, believing that the work will be aided by Christian people sufficient- ly to meet all needs, I have promised to add to the class several more girls, selecting from among many applicants only a few of the most deserving. As the work has been wholly one of faith hitherto, I am encour- aged to trust the Lord to find ways and means for its continuance and development. In closing, let me present my hearty thanks to all the benefactors of these girls in the past year, and may the Almighty reward them for the loving help extended to those who might otherwise live and die neglected and unenlightened."

"Very faithfully yours,
REBECCA JAMAL."

It was suggested some time ago in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that if twelve "cir- cles" were formed, each contributing twen- ty dollars a year, the result would be suf- ficient to enable Mrs. Jamal to continue the work in Jerusalem and to receive a larger number of pupils. Several responses have already been received from American ladies, who are willing to bear a share of the bur- den in carrying forward this most gracious and helpful mission of a godly Syrian wo- man among her countrywomen. Any aid rendered to this worthy cause by our read- ers can be sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A SUITOR AS PHYSICIAN.

The two medical missionaries in Damas- cus, Drs. Smith and Mackinnon, had for a long time been trying to secure a site for their dispensary and hospital. The man with whom they were in treaty for a suit- able piece of land took advantage of the mazes of Turkish law, all antagonistic to Christian litigants to cheat them out of their rights. The local cadi or judge was slow to act against a Mohammedan in fav- or of a Christian and the matter dragged along wearily in true Oriental fashion.

One day after many hours' work the doctor was sitting down to dinner when an officer of the court rushed in "Dakheclak! Dakheclak? Have pity, come at once," he gasped out. "The cadi's little boy, his dearly beloved, is very, very ill."

Away the doctor went at once to the call of duty and of mercy.

He found him a little lad of three years, suffering from opium poisoning. All the household was in alarm. There the boy lay, livid and well-nigh pulseless.

Now began a struggle with death. For full two hours the good doctor fought and wrought, stimulating the dying boy, and keeping up constant artificial respiration. A hard and anxious fight it was, but in the end death was routed. Slowly the flicker- ing signs of life grew stronger and steadier, until at last anxiety began to lose itself in gratitude and praise to God. The boy was out of danger.

Oh, the feelings of the father's heart! Tears were in his eyes; he embraced the doctor. In his strange foreign way he ex- pressed his thanks. "All my life," he said, "I shall be your debtor." From that day he began to display a new interest in the pending lawsuit, and in the succeeding stages of the case he has done all he could to secure justice. The question is not yet finally settled, but the prospects are now as bright as they were formerly gloomy.

A Female Fakir's Conversion.

Brought to Christ through the Instru- mentality of a Little Native Convert.

WRITING of their missionary work in India and Ceylon, Misses Mary and Margaret Leitel, the two devoted mis- sionaries, relate this inci- dent: Topsy was the name given playfully by a mis- sionary in Midnapore, In- dia, to a little girl in the orphan- age. One Sabbath, when the missionary was preaching about Christ's death on the cross for us, he no- ticed Topsy, usually so restlestlees, sitting strangely quiet, and two great tears gather- ing in her lustrous eyes, which were fixed upon him. That night Topsy gave her heart to the Saviour who had so loved her as to lay down his life for her. The mis- sionary and his wife rejoiced that night that their labors had not been in vain. She asked and obtained permission to go out every day after school hours with an aged Bible-woman, to help her to teach the Bible lessons and Christian hymns to the Zenana women whom she visited.

One day as they were going through the streets, the little girl walking a step or two behind the Bible-woman, Topsy espied a very strange-looking object seated by the roadside on a tiger skin. It was a fakir woman. Topsy sat down beside her and asked her if she had ever heard about Christ. The fakir woman said she had not, so Topsy began to tell her the story, but before she had finished, the Bible-wom- an, who had gone on for some distance without missing Topsy, came back to look for her in some alarm, and when she found her, blamed her for stopping behind. Topsy in great distress said to the fakir woman, "I can't stop to tell you the rest now, but if you will come to the house where the missionary lives, this evening, he will be at home then, and he will tell you all about it much better than I can. Be sure to come. I will tell him to expect you."

The missionary received the stranger kindly, and when she was seated, told her about Christ and what he had done for us. He discovered that she was a Brahminee named Chandra Lilavati, and possessed a remarkable education, being able to read in four different languages, viz: Nepalese, Origa, Bengalee, and Hindi, and familiar with many of the sacred books of the Hin- dus. Her husband, who had been a noted man, a learned Brahmin Pundit, had in- structed her, and since his death she had wandered during many years all over India on pilgrimages, visiting numerous shrines and temples, and everywhere she was wor- shipped as a goddess. The missionary gave her a Gospel in the language most familiar to her, and she went away, only to return again and again to learn more, until she was led to believe in Jesus as the Son of God and to accept him as her Saviour. On the day when she publicly professed her faith and was baptized, throngs of people came to witness the ceremony, and to see her whom they had formely worshipped as a goddess renounce all her worldly honors and privileges, and give up her lucrative profession to become a humble Christian.

After this she begged to be allowed to come daily while the missionary was in- structing his class of young theological students, and to listen to his words. When the students were ready to enter upon their work, the missionary said to the woman, "If you would like to become a Bible-woman, I would provide you with a house and give you a salary sufficient to meet your living expenses;" but she answered, "No, no, I must go back, and in every city where I have told the wrong story, I must tell the right one." And she who had so long been an object of worship, and received every honor and attention, lifted up and placed on her head the heavy basket of Bibles and tracts and religious books which she had begged the missionary to supply her, and started on foot, though an old woman with white hair, to revisit the cities she had pre- viously visited, and put right what in igno- rance she had put wrong.

The missionary heard of her from time to time in Calcutta, Burdwan, Monghir, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Delhi, and other cities in India, the missionaries in these places writing that she had visited them and greatly revived and stimulated their native Christian people by her presence and words, causing great astonishment among the Hindus who had formerly known and wor- shipped her as a holy and learned fakir.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

S. S. Lesson for March 3. John 11: 30-45. Golden Text 11: 25. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IT was while Jesus was engaged with a few learning followers that Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary, fell sick, and the sisters sent a message, in terms which meant much to him and much to them, just at this time of his increasing rejection: "He whom thou lovest is sick." "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God may be glorified thereby." Such was the only, but the significant answer. Let us learn from what follows. "Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus;" the sisters were not wrong in their message to the Master: "He whom thou lovest is sick." But to the human ideas it sounds strange that the sequence should be: "When therefore—

Because He Loved Them—

He heard that he was sick, he abode at that time, two days in the place where he was." He did not hurry to his sick friend or to the tried sisters, but remained where he was, as though the tending of the few around him were of more consequence in his eyes than what concerned the family in Bethany. Jesus was laying himself open apparently to the criticisms of the Jews who could not understand how that, possessing the power to heal, he should not intervene on behalf of his friend; he was apparently giving ground to the subsequent reproach of both Martha and Mary: "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." He could not explain, even to the disciples; all looked so strange. And yet the Word of God declares that he acted out of love! Because he loved them he honored them by putting them to the proof, he could trust this family as he could not others But this was not all: he knew what his disciples had not yet been able to understand, that his ministry was drawing to an end, he was about to work the miracle which should bring about the crisis which should lead to the supreme act of man's rejection of him, the Christ of God: and, more than ever before, he must go forward, unhindered by any earthly consideration, free from any pressure from beneath, of man or of circumstances.

After two days he said: "Let us go into Judea again." The disciples understood him so little that they replied: "Rabbi, the Jews were but now seeking to stone thee; and goest thou thither again?" Disciples at least should understand that the life of the Christ of God was

Not Regulated from Beneath

by any fear of man or fear of death It could never be a reason for him to go hither or thither that thereby he should escape death"; he knew the hours of the day by the daylight in which he walked, the full consciousness of pleasing his Father in all things. "Are there not twelve hours in the day? If a man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of the world." He was not stumbling, but walking in the sure way of his Father's will, which was the light of the world in which he lived. In such a light the approval of man ceases to be a necessity.

But strange as might seem to the disciples the action of their Master at this time, they had clear proof that it was not the result of indifference. He said to them: "Our friend Lazarus is fallen asleep; but I go that I may awake him out of sleep." (R.V.) What then, was he, after all, not indifferent to Lazarus, and yet he would let things come to the worst? Yes; Jesus could afford to let things come to the extreme, but he could not afford to do one thing without the clearest direction from above. The disciples could not conceive that their Master would let Lazarus die; they only thought he spoke of taking rest in sleep: "Lord, if he sleep he shall do well;" the crisis of his sickness would have passed. "Then Jesus said unto them plainly: Lazarus is dead. And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe; nevertheless, let us go unto him." Peter, James and John had seen their Master raise the daughter of Jairus; yet not one of them seemed to connect the former manifestations of Christ's power with the present emergency, and Thomas went so far as to say to his fellow disciples: "Let us also go that we may die with him!" Had all the teaching, had all the works of Jesus produced so little an effect even on his chosen twelve that they remained under the power of things seen and temporal still, and never conceived that he, who had before raised the dead, could and would do the same again? But is their unbelief more incomprehensible than that of a sleeping, lukewarm, Laodicean church in our own day, which, with the glorious hope of the Lord's return to take to himself, without dying, them "that wait for him unto salvation," to be his chosen Bride, yet remains indifferent, earthly-minded, more occupied with death than with resurrection, and with things present, rather than with this coming glory?

Jesus had sent a message to the beloved family of Bethany: "This sickness is

Not Unto Death,

but for the glory of God, that the Son of God may be glorified thereby:" And yet Lazarus was dead! How could they understand it? Martha having heard that Jesus was coming, went out and met him, but it was with the reproach, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died" And yet she added: "And even now, I know that whatsoever thou shalt ask of God, God will give thee." "Thy brother shall rise again." Was this what Jesus had asked and obtained? Martha was too full of her own thoughts to take it in; her mind was filled with the fact of her brother's death after Jesus had said: "This sickness is not unto death." She was, in fact, condemning Jesus in her heart; things were so different to her expectations So she put off to the future the meaning of the Master's word, and said, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." Oh, how like a half-awake church which puts off the hope of the Lord's return until this or that has happened, and does not take as a reality for to-day, that his coming may be at even or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning

"I am the Resurrection.

and the life he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live and whoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die" Such was the answer of Jesus with the personal application: "Believest thou this?" The disciples had not believed nor even understood when he said, "I go to wake him out of sleep," and now Martha does not understand, and she falls back upon her past faith. "Yea, Lord, I have believed that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, even he that cometh into the world." Would Mary believe? Would there be one who understood him? Martha went to tell her sister: "The Master is come and calleth for thee." And she arose quickly and went to meet him But even she had sat at his feet and heard his Word, she who anointed him for his burial, even Mary met him with the same reproach as Martha: "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died!"

Jesus Groaned in the Spirit

and wept. Had it come to this that he had come down from heaven to save man, that he had taken infinite pains with his disciples to instruct them about his coming sufferings, death and resurrection; he had taught the little family in Bethany as beloved and closely united friends, and now was there not one who could stand the tremendous test of faith with which he had honored them?

When Jesus came to the tomb, his first word was: "Take ye away the stone." There was a heavy stone of unbelief manifest in the reply of Martha: "Lord, by this time he stinketh, for he hath been dead four days." "Said I not unto thee, that if thou believedst, thou shouldst see the glory of God?" Jesus had said to her: "Thy brother shall rise again," but even now she did not understand. And he cried with a loud voice: "Lazarus, come forth." Now the sisters understood, but they had failed the master under the severe test to which he had put them. But his work was accomplished. "He that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave clothes, and his face bound with a napkin."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

"TAKE YE AWAY THE STONE."

GOING up to Jerusalem in December of the last year of his earthly life, Jesus stayed at the house of the family at Bethany, which was about two miles out of the city. The family consisted of Lazarus and his two sisters. Whether this was Christ's first visit to them we are not told, but their reverent familiarity and certain incidental expressions imply previous acquaintance. Lazarus does not appear to have been at home. He was probably in Jerusalem keeping the feast of Dedication. Incidentally it is worthy of notice how much there must have been in Christ's life that has not been recorded. We are not told that Jesus ever met Lazarus, yet, a few weeks later, when he fell ill, his sisters sent a message to Jesus showing that not only did he know him, but loved him. It is remarkable, too, that only one of the four Evangelists should have recorded this astounding miracle of his resurrection, which no ordinary biographer would have left unmentioned. After the feast, the hostility of the Jerusalem priests and governing body being so pronounced, Jesus retired across the Jordan to Bethabara, about thirty miles away. He, doubtless wished, perceiving that he could not hope much longer to escape the jealous fury of the authorities, to have a period of comparative retirement with his disciples, that he might instruct them and prepare them for the work that he wanted them to take up after his death. While he was in the Perean region, he delivered that wonderful series of talks which Luke records in the fourteenth to the seventeenth chapters of his Gospel. It was more advanced teaching than he had ever yet given to them and we can imagine how intently the disciples would listen. While he was still there, a messenger comes to tell him that Lazarus is sick. Jesus does not hurry to him that he might heal him, as Martha, Mary and the disciples doubtless expected. He intends that they shall learn, before he is taken from them, that he is not only able to cure disease but to raise the dead. So he waits in Perea until Lazarus is dead and buried. The time was near when all the future of Christianity would depend on their faith in him. He wanted them to see with their own eyes and to be fully assured that they were justified in preaching him to the world. So he continues his teaching, and does not go to Bethany until Lazarus has been four day in the rocky tomb in which he had been laid. Then he works the miracle which is the subject of the lesson. Probably all his disciples witnessed it as well as the Jews. The memory of that scene must have been strong in them in after life, and would give them confidence when they proclaimed Jesus to the world and declared his power to impart life. They were to declare to the world that Jesus was able to give spiritual life to men who were dead in sin, and they could not doubt his power to do this after they had seen him give life to a man who had been four days in the grave.

If thou wouldest only believe. There would be less sorrow in bereavement if people would only believe. Faraday relates in one of his letters a coincidence which was very comforting to an observant mind. He says that he was much interested in the simple memorials on the graves of the poor in the churchyard of Oberhofen in Switzerland. In one instance the relatives had not been able to afford even the plain wooden slab bearing name and date, which marked most of the graves. But affection could not let the grave go unmarked. The poor little story had been written with ordinary ink on a piece of card, which was stuck in a cleft stick. The stick was thrust in the soil at the head of the grave, in such a way that the card it bore would be protected from rain by the overhanging cornice of the wall. Just at the junction of the card and cornice was a recess which a caterpillar had chosen as the retreat in which to undergo its change into a butterfly. The cocoon was there still, and in it the empty skin of the caterpillar which had been burst asunder when the lovely winged creature emerged into its new life. Why, thought the naturalist, should not the same change have taken place in the grave below. There, too, was the outward form, like the caterpillar's skin, left behind with nothing to indicate the nature of the creature into which it was changed.

He that was dead came forth. "I remember," says a great writer, "when I was a young man being allowed as a great privilege to visit the studio of a famous sculptor. We almost worshipped that man for the wonderful genius which could produce from a block of marble statues of such wondrous grace. When I went to his studio there was a statue of a great Italian statesman standing there just finished. The likeness, the attitude, the expression were absolutely perfect. We could not say enough in its praise, or think too much of the master whose cunning hand had called it out of the dead block. Since then I have ceased to worship the sculptor, for all my worship with all my heart has gone to him who brings beauty out of corruption and puts life into the dead."

Take ye away the stone. "I do not approve of your philanthropic work," said a clergyman to a Quaker whose efforts for the amelioration of the condition of poor had cost him thousands of dollars. "A Christian man's duty," he went on "is, I think to look after the spiritual good of the people. You would have done better to spend your money in Bibles and tracts than in building these lodging houses and free baths." The Quaker shook his head. He said, "I am a plain, simple man and cannot preach or teach, but I can help them in my own way. I am like the man that Jesus ordered to take away the stone at the grave of Lazarus. They cannot listen to thee while they are living so miserably. They are crushed under their burdens; their dirt and foul-smelling houses were a barrier to religion. They cannot think about it. I am just taking away the stone."

Jesus wept. Why did he weep when he knew that he was about to restore the lost one to his sorrowing family. One word explains it—sympathy. A minister had in his congregation a lady who gave large sums away in charity. He was surprised however, to find how few people spoke well of her. He was curious to know the reason and one day, when visiting a widow who as he knew had received several handsome gifts from her, he introduced the lady's name. "Yes, sir," said the widow "she has been very generous. I am very grateful to her. The money was very welcome." There was no enthusiasm. But when he mentioned the name of another lady, the widow's eyes lighted up. "Oh," she said, "I love her. She is really good she must have a good heart." The minister noticed the contrast, and said: "But she never gives you anything; she is too poor Why do you love her, while you are only grateful to Mrs. B.? The widow had no difficulty in explaining. She said: "When my husband died, Mrs. B. gave me money but she was very hard. But when Mrs. M. came, though she did not give me anything she cried with me and was sorry for me and I wanted sympathy most."

Back from Scenes of Suffering.

'. Klopsch Tells the Story of his Three-Weeks' Tour Among the Destitute Sections of Nebraska, Colorado and Kansas– A Great Relief Work under Way, but Thousands yet Appealing for Help—Kansas Calls for Food and Clothing.

AS the reports received from the West are so contradictory as regards the status of the people in the drouth-stricken districts, it may, perhaps, be not altogether without interest to our readers to hear something n that subject from Dr. Klopsch, who has st returned from a three-weeks' tour rough Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado, ade for the sole purpose of ascertaining e actual condition of the people, in behalf whom appeals had been made time and gain, and of affording aid to the most edy ones, through the Relief Fund gen-ously contributed by the readers of this urnal. He says:

"In distributing the Relief Fund entrusted my charge, I have kept two important jects constantly in view, viz.: (1), to ach and relieve, as expeditiously as pos-ble, those sections where the suffering was e sharpest, and (2), to create new centres Christian work at advantageous points hich, with the momentum afforded by HE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund, would ex-and to wider proportions of usefulness, the work we had begun. The ontributions of $1000 each t) ie 'World-Herald,' of Omaha, Republican,' of Denver, and Capital,' of Topeka, were of is character, and those three ournals, aided by generous con-ibutions in their respective lo-alities, are now pushing the ork of relief with a zeal and nthusiasm that promise excel nt results among the sufferers, esides affording thousands of enevolently-disposed people an pportunity of sharing in a work hat is fraught with blessing to ll concerned. I need hardly tate that the appropriations rom the Fund, of $5000 to be istributed through the Ne-raska State Relief Commis-ion, $500 for a Tea, Coffee and ugar Fund for aged and invalid ufferers, $1000 to Rev. Dr. Hun-ington, to be apportioned among he destitute by the pastors of he Western Nebraska Confer-nce, and $1000 for the relief of Nebraska G. A. R. veterans, have all been promptly and faith-ully applied to the purposes in-licated and a great amount of wretchedness has been relieved.

Through Three States.

"In the carrying out of this work I have traveled more than half way through Nebraska, throughout the entire length of Kansas, and through Colorado as far as Denver. While the whole State of Nebraska has suffered an entire failure of crops—a condition of things without prece-there for at least thirty years—the Eastern portion of it is abundantly able to stand the loss. The middle section of the State has required, and will still require some little as-sistance in the way of food for man and beast, and very much help in the matter of seed grain. The Western third of the State, notwithstanding the oft-repeated denials which are sent out from the Eastern part of the State, is almost entirely destitute, and the great suffering of the population can-not find adequate expression in anything short of actual experience. It is safe to say that, in territory covering about twenty counties, there are at least 30,000 people who are practically living altogether on charity, and who, moreover, deserve chari-ty. They are not poor because of their own shiftlessness, but simply because nature has repeatedly denied them that return for hon-est labor which they had a right to expect.

Great Suffering Ahead in Nebraska.

"To go into detail would be harrowing to the reader, and would require more space than pressure of other matter will admit; but these selfsame 30,000 will be in the same condition for the next six months, and at least three times that number will be added. Clothing contributed by charitable people North, East, West and South, has reached in sufficient quantity to meet the most ur-gent requirements for the present. Hence, that particular phase of relief work has been well looked after, and further efforts in that direction for Nebraska may be dis-continued with safety. What is wanted is food for man and beast, fuel and seed grain. Unless these people get food, they will starve. Unless they get fuel, they will freeze, and unless they get seed grain they will become paupers, which at present they are emphatically not. The seed grain ques-tion has, to a large extent, been satisfac-torily handled by the State. While I was in Lincoln, the bill appropriating $50,000 for that purpose passed the Senate, and the Governor told me that on the same day the bill reached him, he would promptly sign it. This money will be used not so much for the grain itself as for transportation, the Relief Committees established at different centres being able to 'rustle' i.e., beg enough grain from the more prosperous counties, and even outside of the State, to supply that indispensable article, and the appropriation will enable them to have it brought to con-venient places for distribution. Ten times the amount appropriated would not buy both grain and transportation. Of food there is, on the most economical basis of calculation, enough at the different relief centres to sup-ply ten days' demand, and perhaps enough on the way, in store-houses or side-tracked, for a week more, but the contributions are decreasing, owing to the unfounded reports that the wants had all been met and no fur-ther contributions were desired. Of fuel there is fortunately enough at hand and in sight to admit of comfort in one room in each of the comfortless homes for a month to come, owing to the very generous action on the part of miners and railroads who, in many instances, have jointly contributed the coal, the mining and the transportation. This leaves the food and fodder question as the most important, the fuel question as secondary, the seed grain question as a hopeful one, and the clothing question as solved.

State Relief Yet Far Off.

The State of Nebraska, because of the limitations in its debt-contracting ability im-posed by the Constitution of the state, can-not come to the relief of these people, a fact greatly deplored by Governor Holcomb and Nebraska legislators. A change of the Constitution cannot be brought about in time to be of any advantage to the suffer-ers; therefore, charity alone can solve the problem, and charity must do it till harvest time. Owing to the snow which has fal-len in large quantities in the state, the pros-pects of a bountiful crop were never brighter or better than this year, and with one good crop these people will be abundantly able to take care of themselves. It is a harrow-ing thing to read of shoeless feet out in the piercing cold, treading the frozen snow on the plains of Nebraska, and of mothers and daughters having but one present-able dress among them, and of chil-dren crying for bread with nothing in the house to quiet them, and of men so poorly clad as to render them unfit to walk the streets of New York even on an April day with any degree of comfort. There are thousands of such cases to be found in these counties of Nebraska, where people stay in bed to hide their nakedness, and, if possible, to sleep away the hunger that cannot be appeased; but I will not stop for descriptions of that kind.

"At one station I jumped off the train while it stopped there for a minute or two, and on the platform I saw a man who look-ed like an honest Western farmer, and opened up conversation with him, asking him how things were in the neighborhood. He told me that times were very hard, and that the people had had no crops for two years. I said that as they had been pros-perous in the past, the loss of crops for a few years would probably not seriously af-fect them. The last thing he said before I jumped on the train was that 'more than half of that town did not know where they would get breakfast to-morrow morning!'

Kansas' Hour of Need.

"Kansas is like unto Nebraska in its ex-treme western portion, with the exception that they need clothing in addition to all that Nebraska wants, and need it badly. While the people in the eastern portion have en-deavored to delude themselves with the belief that Kansas farmers were well taken care of, the suffering went on and on and on until at last it became so unbearable, that the cry for help could not be stifled, and it as-sumed in a very short time such tremen-dous proportions, that the Topeka 'Daily Capital' which, in the last week of Janu-ary, contained an editorial denying the ex-istence of want in Kansas, on February 5th made an earnest appeal for help in its columns, closing as follows:

"'Our State pride may rebel a little against accepting these kind offers, but the first thing for us to do, as sensible people, is to relieve the suffering of our citizens, who are making a brave struggle to hold their homes and settle in Western Kansas, and then after the trouble is over and the good crops once more come to bring plenty to those now suffering, we shall easily patch the holes in our pride and be happier because we did our duty in their hour of need.'

"This morning, I am in receipt of a tele-gram from Major Hudson, managing edit-or of 'The Capital,' which says 'the situa-tion grows more serious upon investigation. Send me what money and clothing you can spare for this territory.'

The Distress in Colorado.

"In Colorado, the Relief movement has been so well organized that the six counties which have been suffering in the past, will hereafter be well taken care of by more prosperous portions of that State. The 'Denver Republican' is soliciting contribu-tions, the list being headed by $1,000, from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund and three car-loads of clothing. Governor McIntyre of Colorado, is a wide-awake, energetic of-ficer, who is personally and deeply inter-ested in the relief work, and has promised to give it official and personal encourage-ment. The total number of families sorely distressed in Colorado is about 1800.

"Sections of South Dakota, almost the entire territory of Oklahoma, and the North-ern part of Texas, are similarly afflicted, and before long we may expect to receive pathet-ic and well-founded appeals from the entire section that suffered from the terrible drouth of last summer.

"Let those that have not yet contributed, do their share, and those who have already given, let them, if possible, double their gifts."

LOUIS KLOPSCH.

Many Pastors Aiding the Work.

A large number of suffering families are now being helped with the gift of $1000 paid over from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund to Rev. D. W. C. Huntington at Lincoln, a week ago. Dr. Huntington, who has charge of the relief work conduct-ed by the Nebraska Conference, apportioned the $1000 among the following distributors:

PRESIDING ELDERS.

Rev. D. Marquette, Neligh, Neb.	$160 00
Rev. C. A. Hale, Holdredge, Neb	250.00
Rev. A. R. Julian, Chadron, Neb.	120.00
Rev. Eras. Smith, Kearney, Neb.	180.00
Rev. Alf. Hodgetts, Norfolk, Neb.	50.00
Rev. D. K. Tindall, Grand Is., Neb.	80.00
Rev. J. Leonard, N. Platte, Neb.	160 00

These amounts, given at the darkest period of the distress, will doubtless be the means of relieving much suffering.

Among the multitude of notable contributions to the relief movement, sent direct by readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the scenes of suffering, should be mentioned that of the kind-hearted Christian people of Yu-ton, Ill. Yuton is a small place, with a grain-elevator and a post-office, but its big-hearted men and women have donated $200 in money and sent two carloads of corn and provisions to the sufferers. The Ladies' Relief Committe of Warren, Pa., sent to various points in Nebraska eleven barrels of clothing and $50 in money in a week, and are still sending. The good people of Crayton, N. Dak., have col-lected a carload of flour and sev-eral barrels of clothing and for-warded them to Nebraska. The towns-people of Apollo, Pa., have sent $100 in money, and over $1000 worth of clothing to Nebraska.

Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, our Sun-Missionary, who has charge of the Fund distribution in Kansas, writes that he has received and distributed a carload of clothing and supplies among the destitute at Almena, Kan.

Reports of relief work performed have been received from the following Volunteer Distributors in Kansas:

Mary C. Taylor, Bird City, (all denominations sup-plied,; Rev. D. E. Dodge, Almena (over eighty fam-ilies relieved); Mrs. Thomas Doctor, Scandia (one of the gifts recorded by this distributor—a doll—goes to a little sick girl of five who never owned a dollie); Mrs. M. A. Brewer, Brownell; Mrs. A. Weis-ner, Bird City; Mrs. Florence Hurley, Bird City (many families helped); Mrs. Clara R. Pence, Macks-ville (some of the clothing she received was sent twenty miles to needy families); John P. Anderson, Thornton (several families relieved); J. W. Briney, Atwood; Lavinia Weld, Colby; J. A. Carl, Ashland,

As this edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes to press, Mr. Hudson, manag-ing editor of the "Capital," Topeka, sends this urgent plea for help for Kansas:

I find upon investigation that the necessities of the people of our extreme western counties have been underestimated. The demand upon me for flour, meal, and clothing is beyond my ability to supply. Your visit stirred our energies in a new direction, and I believe thousands of people will bless you for your noble charitable work. We are in the midst of the most severe storm of the winter, as I write. I am pushing the supplies out and will be able to get off six carloads by the end of the week. The Fund grows slowly. The demands on our people, even here in the Eastern side of the state, have been so constant that their contributions are small. If we can arouse the communities, they will make up carloads, but the suffering must be helped at once, and it all seems to go slow. Now that I have taken hold of this work, I want to do something of real value to the people in western Kansas. If you can ship us several carloads of clothing to Chicago, I will take them from that point. Further, if you can send me more money I will see that every cent is made to do a good work. The $1000 was all used in buying flour and meal which I secured below wholesale trade prices.

THE SUFFERING IN THE WEST—A SOD-HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS OF ALMENA, KAN.

From a photograph forwarded by Rev G. W. Sharp, "Christian Herald" Missionary.

Contributions to the Western Relief Fund.

The Following Additional Sums have been Received during the Week to be Applied in Aid of the Destitute Western Farmers.

Prev.ackn'd $19,281.30
Anderson C M & wife 1 00
Androh. Chas 1 00
Armstrong, H M 3 00
Abbe, Mrs 1 00
Abbe, H L 1 00
Abbe, L P 1 00
Ames W A 5 00
Armstrong, Nellie 25
Africa, H L 50
Armstrong, Wm 5 00
Adams, Wm 25
Armstrong Geo 2 00
Adams, Thos 6 00
Austin, Benj C 3 00
Baker, Henrietta 1 00
Borden, A H 1 00
Boshler, Frank B 1 00
Boshler, Walter 10
Brooks, Misses Julia & Fannie 1 00
Brusse, Irene 1 00
Bailie, H M 1 00
Bassé, Mr & Mrs J E 50
Bard, Mrs G I 3 25
Beavers, Mrs J 1 00
Bennett, Henry A 2 00
Bolton, Geo C 1 00
Bonette, Miss Nellie 1 00
Brown, Geo 2 00
Bassam, F C 2 00
Brodewick, Mrs P 5 00
Burliegh, B 25
Buxton, Ralph P 1 00
Buxton, Mrs R B 1 00
Barnitz, Margie I 1 00
Barrett, A S 5 00
Benson, J S 25
Best, John E 5 00
Beyer, F D 1 00
Brannan, H O 1 00
Briggs, C 5 00
Brown, D & daughter 3 00
Bunn, Jas 12 43
Bawden, Mrs E 5 00
Bell, Mrs C M 2 00
Bently, Mrs C 50
Boer, Henry 1 00
Bowes, Mrs M M 2 00
Boyd, Mr & Mrs F J 2 00
Brandt, Miss Hattie 5 00
Bromwell, Nettie 1 00
Bull, Mrs M J 1 00
Byers, J M 50
Barker, Mr & Mrs A J 5 00
Boggs, Clara 2 00
Camp, Geo 5 00
Carkhuff, Mrs E 1 00
Chase, J H 10 00
Clark, Mrs A 25
Clemons, Mrs W G 1 00
Cochran, Mrs Sophie 2 00
Cofrin, Page W 1 00
Colby, Mrs P 50
Cooper, Mrs M J 2 00
Calhoun, J W Jr 5 00
Chamberlin, J R 50
Conrad, Mrs E M & Mrs L A Trego 5 00
Cook, Miss Annie 6 00
Cortelyon, J J & L 5 00
Cousens, Enoch 2 00
Cadenwood, H B 50
Carrow, A W 3 75
Carson, Jas 25
Coppin, H F 50
Corwin, H B 10 00
Camp, G 25
Case, Mr & Mrs 50
Carter, Mrs R A 2 00
Chapman, R W & wife 2 00
Conlon, J W 50
Corlies, Mrs B 5 00
Concannon, H B 1 00
Crutchfield, A 25
Carver, S & wife 1 00
Cash, Tyrone, Pa 25
" " 25
Dawley, A H 10 00
De Forest, Ada 1 00
Downing, C 1 00
Drake, Maria 1 00
Danghenbaugh, T L 25
Davis, J Mc 25
Dyer, B F 50
Dates, Mrs John 1 00
Douglas, T M 1 00
Downes, Mrs B S 1 00
Disher, W F 5 00
Dodd, S M, wife & children 5 00
Dyer, L W 50
Dye, Mrs Mary 20
Dyer, S E 50
Dyer, Mrs S E 1 00
Davis, Mrs Edward 2 00
Deed, John W 25
Devine, Mrs L M 5 00
Estes, Mrs R L 1 00
Emory, S E 5 00
Ewing, C S 25
Eagye, Mrs L A 1 00
Ernest, Frank 1 00
Eager, Mrs O E 1 00
Edmunds, Ralph 25
Evans, Mrs 5 00
Fairchild, Mrs H H 5 00
Farnsworth, Mrs E J 5 00
Flanders, G E 1 00
Fraser, Donald 5 00
Fitzgerald, T J 5 00
Flowers, Mrs John 1 00
Farquharson, Mrs 5 00
Fackler, John W 10 00
Foulke, Harriet M 5 00
Friend, W 5 00
Fellows, J T 1 00
Francis, Mrs G 25
Frank, Julia 1 00
Fulton, Kate 25
Ferguson, Thos M 2 00
Ferris, C C 5 00
Fish, H M 50
Fitch, Mr & Mrs H 2 00
Fournier, John F 2 00
Frost, L 5 00
Fairbanks, Mr & Mrs 5 00
Friend, Fly Creek 2 00
" Mapleton, N Y. 1 00
" Troy, Pa 1 00
" 1 00
" — 1 00
" Sherborn Mass 2 00
" Groveland, N Y 2 00
" Clarksburg, O 25
" E T, Windham 5 00
" Elgin, Ill 2 00
" Independence 2 00
" Mass 1 00
" Elgin, Pa 50
" Elizabeth, N J 2 50
" Homer O 1 00
" Lapwai, Idaho 1 00
" E Moraines, NY 2 00
" McLeansville 1 00
" Tom's Brook 1 00
" N Y City 25
" 2 00
" Harding, Me 1 00
" Texas 1 00
" & syracuse, Vt 2 50
Friends, Hope, Ind 12 00
" Barnet, Vt 7 50
" Plantersville 12 50
" Stamford, N Y 5 40
" Prompton, Pa 11 00
" Pratt's Hollow 3 00
" Bradley Beach 48
" Wash ton Depot 1 00
" Saranac Lake 4 00
" Edenburg, Pa 5 00
" Medicine Hat 4 00
" Centreville 2 00
" N Dighton 1 00
" Dispatch, Kan 1 50
" W Auburn, Pa 7 00
" of Temperance & W C T U 5 00
" Chase Mills 1 00
Gilbos, Mrs M 25
Green, M & S 1 50
Griffith, Jas 1 00
Gates, Mary J 5 00
Gibbs, Israel 1 00
Goodwin, Jas L 1 00
Goodwin, Mrs S A 1 00
Griffin, Henry N 1 00
Goodman, Catherine 3 00
Gordon, F 50
Goodman, Isaiah 1 00
Gerssler, Mrs 5 00
Gerling, L C 1 00
Gerringes, I H 1 00
Gilpatrick & L S 50
Goodell, Mrs M L 1 00
Gage, Lucy K 1 00
Gilbert, Mrs Nellie 3 50
Gillpatrick, Mrs L C 1 00
Grow, Elijah 1 00
Grow, Mrs M A 1 00
Gibson, Mrs Capt 1 00
Hall, Flora 1 00
Hanson, B 3 00
Hartman, E D 5 00
Hill, Mrs Wm 1 00
Holmes, Florence V 1 00
Hudnut, Mrs Jas M 5 00
Hamlin, Miss J M 1 00
Helstrom, Mrs Mary 5 00
Hill's Family, The 1 00
Howells, Byron 1 00
Hoyt, Hiram 5 00
Huston, Mrs Zelba 2 00
Haagen, D H 50
Henderson, J W 25
Hesser, C H 25
Hesser, H L 50
Hicks, W L 1 00
Hiller, J A 50
Howell, E D 2 00
Hull, Geo W 25
Hall, J H 1 00
Hall, W F & wife 3 00
Hanson, Mrs 50
Hanson, V C 50
Harris, Mrs R A 1 00
Hall, Ada 2 00
Hawkes, Mrs E 75
Hawkes, Mrs Geo 50
Hawkes, Mrs H C 50
Hawkes, Lorin S 25
Hawkes, Mrs Z H 25
Holmes, A C 50
Houseworth, W W 50
Hussey, U P & wife 1 00
Hall, C G 25
Hallock, Mrs D Y 2 00
Hammack, W M 25
Hatter, Geo 50
Heckert, Mrs E 4 00
Hill, Mrs C L 5 00
Hodge, Mrs A G 1 00
Hodge, Miss E 1 00
Hodges, Mary E 1 00
Hoover, W L 1 00
Halliday, M J 1 00
I H N, Newark, N J 1 00
" this mite I give 1 00
" Northfield, Ct 2 00
" Mountville, Pa 2 00
Jones, Edward R 1 00
Jones, John 1 00
Jones, Mary 50
Jones, Willie 50
Jacques, A 2 00
Jaeckel, Chas 3 00
James, Ann 2 00
Oakwood, John 25
Oswell, J A 2 00
Ott, Mrs J 1 00
Oliver, Mrs J 1 00
Oxley, Mr & Mrs E E 5 00
Parks, Mrs M J 1 00
Petty, Mrs 1 00
Petty, John 1 00
Peterson, Margaret 1 00
Plank, Mrs M A 5 00
Putnam, C M 2 00
Peterson, Andrew 2 00
Peterson, Emma S 1 00
Peterson, Mrs M 1 00
Peterson, Maggie L 25
Perdee, Jas R 1 00
Parks, John 50
Platt, A 25
Paxon, Albert 1 00
Peterson, Chas M 1 00
Phinney, Mrs Chas 25
Pride, Alice B 50
Propst, Mr & Mrs 5 00
Perkins, Mrs A S 1 00
Phelps, G V 1 00
Patterson, J L 2 00
Pierce, Mrs J T 5 00
Risley, Hannah 1 00
Robison, A J 1 00
Ross, Florence 13
Ross, Mrs Hugh 1 00
Ross, Miss Nettie 4 00
Rasmussen, H 1 00
Rees, Essie, Della & Eliza 3 00
Rees, F A 22 00
Rively, Mrs J 1 00
Robbins, Mr & Mrs 4 00
Rogers, Mrs M W 1 00
Reeder, Dan'l 25
Lichtie, Mrs C R 2 00
Locke, Ellen E 3 00
McDonald, Anna 50
McDonald, Jas 1 00
McDonald, Jennie 50
Mickelson, C F 5 00
Milliken, Mrs Ella 1 00
Mills, Mrs C D 3 00
Murchison, Mrs 5 00
McBride, Lilbe and Fannie 1 00
McFarland, Mrs L 1 00
Maddock, Mrs M G 1 00
Mattman, Mrs Ann 2 00
Martin, Geo 50
Meyer, Mrs N 1 00
Miller, Jesse 1 00
Miner, H H 10 00
Mitchell, Margaret 1 00
Mohr, Mathias 2 00
Moog, Albert 1 00
Moore, E 1 00
McCammant, S 50
McIntyre, Samuel 4 00
Miller, C D 25
Miller, W H 25
Moore, Urbane 1 00
McDonald, Mrs F L 1 00
Maginnes, Mrs G B 2 00
Magley, Almeda 1 00
Maybery, Stephen 1 00
Morrell, Leroy 50
Mays, L M 4 05
Merrill, Mrs M 1 00
Moreland, Alex L 1 00
Morton, J H 50
Moulton, Chas M 4 00
Myers, Titus M 2 00
Margerum, A W 3 00
Margerum, B Albert 1 00
Margerum, Elizabeth 1 00
Mast, J F 1 00
Miller, F 25
Moore, Mrs A T 3 00
Morris, Mark 50
Morse, Mrs C B 2 00
Mudgett, Mattie M 1 00
McDonald, Neil 5 00
Murray, Jas 5 00
Norman, Mrs Betsy 5 00
Nason, Mrs Jane 5 00
Neely, S E 2 00
Northrup, Mrs C L 1 00
Naff, Little Henry 10
Newell, G A 25
Nicol, Wm 2 00
Nelson, Carlton 3 00
Nesbitt, Mrs J W 1 50
Olney, Mrs H 1 00
Oakwood, John 25
Ostrander, Gus 1 00
Seely, Widow 10
Shaffer, D M 1 25
Showers, Phil 50
Sides, Mrs J M 1 00
Smith, Mrs Alex 1 00
Smith, Mrs E T 25
Smith, L M 2 50
Snodgrass, M A 50
Snyder, G W 5 00
Stevens, A N 50
Stewart, Wm T 1 00
Stiller, Mrs M A 2 00
Swett, J N 50
Shaw, Mrs Susan 1 00
Sherwin, P R M 1 00
Stebbins, W A 10 00
Steel, M 50
Stranahan, G B 1 00
Stone, B 50
Sykes, W H 1 00
Shepard, C E 2 00
Spencer, Mrs L 1 50
Sub'r, N W T 1 00
" Pickett, Wis 5 00
" Red Belt, Ga 1 00
" & wife, Cal 5 00
" Hopewell, O 1 00
" Brighton, O 1 00
" Akron, O 5 00
" University, Va 10 00
Subscribers, Munroe's Mills, Ont 5 00
Subscribers, Bartville, Pa 3 00
Subscribers, White Rock, Pa 3 00
Sub'rs, Garden City 2 00
Tarry, W 25
Roberts, J C 5 00
Ramer, R 25
Rand, D M 50
Read, Lizzie J 25
Read, Sarah 25
Robinson, G B 50
Rea, Mary E 1 00
Ritchie, Mrs Mary A 4 00
Remper, EugBone 5 00
Robison, B F 25
Robison, Geo S 50
Robison, Price 25
Robison, Ten 25
Routt, F M 25
Rowan, S M 50
Rodemore, Mrs J H 1 00
Reader, Norristown 50
" Naugatuck, Ct 1 00
" Texarkana, Tex 19 00
" Montgomery Co 1 00
" Auburn, Pa 20 00
" Opelika, Ala 1 00
" L—, N Y 5 00
Readers, Picton, Ont 1 00
Schwob, C C 5 00
Schwob, Mrs J A 5 00
Schwob, J W 10 00
Sheen, Mrs Jas 1 00
Simmerman, J H 2 00
Spencer, Mrs H 50
Sterrett, Mrs S E 3 00
Stirling, J P & M E 23 00
Stover, G C 2 00
Stover, Mrs I S 1 00
Seavey, Adelbert 2 00
Sheldon, Albert 1 50
Singleton, J L 1 00
Smith, C H 1 00
Smither, J D 87
Sparkling, Mrs M E 3 00
Sparks, Mrs B W 1 00
Staffanson, Hiram 1 50
Staffanson, Peter 1 00
Staffanson, W P 1 25
Stewart, M & R 1 50
Stubblebine, Katie M 1 00
Saunders, Mrs F 1 00
Scott, F J 50
Seeger, C 50
Sharpless, Benj 5 00
Sheldon, Dan'l 1 00
Starks, Geo F 1 00
St John, Miss Lucy 1 50
Strobaugh, Edd 25
Swartmont, E L 3 00
Sandy Ridge Baptist Church 7 42
Sawyer, D J 50
Sawyer, Eugene 50
Sawyer, F E 50
Sawyer, P S & Gus 1 00
Swigart, Mrs M A 25
Withan, Chas 25
Wooding, Mrs E S 2 00
Wyman, Mrs E K 1 00
Williams, Rosa B 50
Wimer, Geo W 1 00
Wollaber, Mrs J H 1 00
Wright, Mrs C W 1 00
Woodward, Fred 25
Woodward, Walter 25
Yow, E M 5 00
Yerdon, Mrs J H 1 00
—, Milltown, N B 2 00
— 20
— 6 00
—, Windsor, Vt 1 00
I F, Beaver Dam 5 00
W D, Sailor's Home 1 00
E J G, Lamont, N C 1 00
D S, Lamont, N C 1 00
W H C S, " 1 00
E S, " 50
B H, " 50
Mrs E H L, Loyalton 1 50
E M W, Edisto Island 1 50
J W M, Canada 1 00
J S & R W, Mont 3 00
P H O, — 5 00
S F L, Hallowell, Me 1 00
C C, Holyoke, Mass 2 00
W H B, Chrisman 5 00
J S P, Merricourt 1 00
Sister Irene 1 00
M S N, Pa 1 00
T E S, Ft Klamath 1 50
S O S, " 1 00
H G B, W Arlington 50
Mrs H G B " 50
I N H, Ansonia, Ct 5 00
Terhune, Mrs John 2 00
Terry, Mrs F I 1 00
Todd, Mrs J 25
Tate, Mrs Fannie L 1 00
Taylor, Charles E & mother 1 00
Terrett, Miss C E 5 00
Terrett, J W 2 00
Tiffany, Mr & Mrs J E 5 00
Towne, Ernest O 1 00
Trowbridge, John B 1 00
Templeton, C O 1 00
Thatcher, Thos R 1 00
Thompson, F W 2 00
Tapson, Jas 5 00
Tarbox, M H 2 00
Terhune, John W 5 00
Thayer, Mrs 25
Thomas, Mrs N B 1 00
Totten, Rev C E 1 00
Tukey, D R 1 00
Taylor, W C 5 00
Thayer, Rev. H O 3 25
Thomas, Mrs C W 1 00
Town, A 50
Trump, Elizabeth 1 00
Twoling, Thos 3 00
Trethewey, J & M A 2 00
Tuley, W P 2 00
Usborne, Ella E 50
Van Meter, N A 3 00
Vandenbergh, G 50
Vandenbergh, Maria 5 00
Varney, Edwin M 2 00
Varney, Mrs S M G 25
Varney, Sumner B 1 00
VanValkenburg, Mrs J & daughter 2 00
VanVorhis, Mrs D 1 00
Vening, John H 10 00
Wood, Mrs C H 1 00
Whaley, Esther 1 00
White, Fred 1 00
Widney, Eliza J 2 00
Williams, Mrs 5 00
Williams, Mrs J E 5 00
Wyckoff, C D 2 00
Wagner, Mrs R 5 00
Walker, B F 25
Ward, R I 25
Webster, Mrs J G 1 00
White, Moses T 1 00
Wolf, W I 50
Wolfgang, Wm 25
Woomer, Frank 25
Weaver, C A 1 00
Webb, S 50
Webb, Stephen 1 00
Weeks, Mrs L 25
Williams, Mrs 1 00
Yingute, Mrs M A 1 00
Withan, Chas 25
Wooding, Mrs E S 2 00
Wyman, Mrs E K 1 00
Williams, Rosa B 50
Wimer, Geo W 1 00
Wollaber, Mrs J H 1 00
Wright, Mrs C W 1 00
Woodward, Fred 25
Woodward, Walter 25
Yow, E M 5 00
Yerdon, Mrs J H 1 00
—, Milltown, N B 2 00
— 20
— 6 00
—, Windsor, Vt 1 00
I F, Beaver Dam 5 00
W D, Sailor's Home 1 00
E J G, Lamont, N C 1 00
D S, Lamont, N C 1 00
W H C S, " 1 00
E S, " 50
B H, " 50
Mrs E H L, Loyalton 1 50
E M W, Edisto Island 1 50
J W M, Canada 1 00
J S & R W, Mont 3 00
P H O, — 5 00
S F L, Hallowell, Me 1 00
C C, Holyoke, Mass 2 00
W H B, Chrisman 5 00
J S P, Merricourt 1 00
Sister Irene 1 00
M S N, Pa 1 00
T E S, Ft Klamath 1 50
S O S, " 1 00
H G B, W Arlington 50
Mrs H G B " 50
I N H, Ansonia, Ct 5 00
H B 25
E M A, Peace Dale 1 00
E W, Blossvale 25
Mrs C C, Atlantic City 1 00
C H, Brooklyn, N Y 1 00
M F G, Sunderland 1 00
A C R, Phila, Pa 5 00
M F, Bethlehem, Ct 1 00
C P, Baltimore Co 5 00
C L S 2 00
W J W, Sayville, NY 1 00
L C B, Phila, Pa 1 00
W W F, Indianapolis 4 00
R S, In Jesus' Name 1 00
H E P, Belleville 1 00
Mr & Mrs Z Q 2 00
E A C, Peck, Fla 1 25
L S, Balto, Md 1 00
S U, St Charles, Mo 2 00
J H, Balto 5 00
Mrs C M, Olympia 2 00
G C B, Forest City 1 00
F P P, Ont, Can 1 00
A Y, Pottsville, Pa 1 00
H S G, S Park, N J 1 00
E S W, Berwyn, Pa 3 00
J A M P 1 00
M R, Johnston, N C 5 00
C P, Carver 1 00
W W B H 1 00
Mr & Mrs J B F, Ala 2 00
1, Huntingdon, Pa 1 00
S & M F, Providence 1 00
C M S, Norwich, Vt 1 00
Windham Pres S S, Windham, N Y 30 0
Avon SS, W Avon, Ct 8 00
S S, Zipps, Ind 4 00
Amenia Cong S S, Amenia, N D 66
S S, Springfield Ch, Bath Co, Ky 4 10
Danish Baptist Ch, Hutchinson, Minn 7 50
Cong Church, East Brentwood 1 00
Windham Pres S S, Windham, N Y 30 0
Avon SS, W Avon, Ct 8 00
S S, Zipps, Ind 4 00
Amenia Cong S S, Amenia, N D 66
S S, Springfield Ch, Bath Co, Ky 4 10
Danish Baptist Ch, Hutchinson, Minn 7 50
Cong Church, East Brentwood 1 00
Junior C E Soc, 2d Pres Church, Mich 75
C E Society, Hensonville, N Y 13 18
In Christ's Name, Lake Forest, Ill 2 00
Lover & follower of the Lord 3 00
People of Parkesville 5 00
" Columbiana 17 00
Pupils of Hillside School, Staunton 3 35
Y P S C E, Bethlehem Cong Ch, Cal 3 50
Presby Y P S C E, Kingsland, N J 8 50
Y P S C E, Bennington, N H 75
Bradford Y P S C E 7 00
Christian Endeavor Soc, Tirzah, Pa 4 80
C E Soc, W Arlington, Vt 1 05
Endeavor Society, Clearfield, Pa 36 60
Children's Mission Band, Stanley, Kas 1 00
Meyersburg C I Soc Meyersburg, Pa 1 52
Ladies Aid Soc, Cong Ch, Woodbridge 10 00
Cong Society, West Hartland, Ct 5 35
S S Association, Bennington, N Y 7 00
Relief Committee, Ayr Township and McConnelsb'g, Pa 100 00
Union Meeting of 3 Churches, Newark Valley, N Y 30 38
In Sympathy, Geer 2 00
Orphan, Spencer, Wis 20
Aid Soc, Hatfield 3 00
Patrons of Husbandry, Grange Hall, Pa 35 0
E Stroudsburg State Normal School 18 36
Employes of shirt factory & friend Norwalk, Ct 13 00
"As oft as you do it unto one," &c, N J 5 00
King's Daughter's Circle, Middletown 25 00
Peach Grove C E 2 00
Beemerville Presby Church, N J 33 60
Baptist Church, Macedon, N Y 7 00
Reformed Church & other, Oregon, Ill 45 50
In our Master's Name, Custer, Mich 3 00
Loving kindness, Gloucester, Va 1 00
Sympathy, Pittsb'rg 5 00
Louise & Bessie, Sudlersville, Md 3 00
Francesca M, Warsaw, N Y 3 00
C E Society, Manor Chapel, N Y 10 00
Christian Endeavor, Bluff Point, N Y 7 50
37 Grand Ave, New Haven, Ct 1 00
Thoughtless, Phila 1 00
Venedocia & vicinity, O 300 00
For His Name's sake Monson, Mass 2 00
For His Name's sake Madison, Wis 1 00
Widow's Mite 1 00
Citizens of Mooresville, N C 23 75
A Sympathizer, Norwich, N Y 51
Disciple of the Master, Blacksburg, Va 5 00
Junior C E, Bklyn, Ia 14 00
YPSCE, Ref Church Gallatin, N Y 5 00
King's Daughters, Lafayette Str Ch, Salem, Mass 5 00
Blackstone W C T U, Mass 3 50
Kingston, N C 1 10
King's Daughter Circle, Groton, Mass 2 00
Willing Workers, No Sharon, Mich 4 54
So Side C E, Stevens Point, Ind 3 00
Y M Social & Literary Club, Pennis Manor, Pa 2 00
West St Sewing Circle, Mansfield 3 00
The little people of the Primary room of public school, Crystal, N D 13 00
Pres S S, Pasture-field, Ill 2 75
Long Lake S S, Minn 5 00
Ontario, Wis, S S 2 25
1st Baptist Church, Brocket on, Mass 1 35
Berwint hapel, Charlton Heights, Md 1 50
Restitution, Monroe 5 00
In Jesus' Name, La Grange, Wis 10 00
Epworth League, M E Ch, Burlington 3 00
Y P S C U, Universalist, Woodstock 5 00
Methodist, Congreg, Christian, & Universalist Soc, Vt 29 86
Belluue S S, Bellvue 3 00
Christian Workers 2 00
Aid Soc, Hatfield 3 00
Patrons of Husbandry, Grange Hall, Pa 35 0

Total ack'd **$21,638.9**
And over 50 others to be acknowledged next week **100.5**

Total rec'd **$21739.4**

CONTRIBUTIONS OF CLOTHING, &C., DURING THE WEEK WERE AS FOLLOWS:

H E Stevens, case.
Leonard Kenyon N H, bbl.
W R McD Cranmore, bbl.
Mrs Kate Thompson, bbl.
Ladies of Baptist Church, Jonesville, 2 bbls & box.
I O O F Monticello, N Y box & box.
54 Ref Church, Middletown, 2 boxes.
Second Spring Valley, box.
Unknown Donor, clothing.
Mrs Cook
Mrs Terry
Antwerp, N Y
Mr Pratt
Mr Fuller
E W, New York
Second Weekend Luncheon Club, bbl.
Ladies of Methodist, bbl.
Unknown Donor, Newton bbl.
Ladies of Presby Church, Punxsutawney, 3 bbls.
C W Hammond, Jersey
Friend, Stuyvesant, pkg.
L K & M O K Schultz, Jersey
Ladies Dorcas, New Haven, Ct.
M J M Rutherford, box.
A K Dunsinger, 2 bbls and box.
Ladies, Newark Valley, N Y, 2 bbls.
R M Stevens, pkg Rags
Friend, Rochester, bbl.
Mrs Lamoree, Greene, bbl.
Unknown Donor, Manette, Me, bbl.
Commons and Armitage, Rose City, Ill, bbl.
Mrs Chas Stebbins and friends, 3 bxs.
Friends of Newton, bbl.
Mrs Hoagland, Bergenfield, N Y, bbl.
Friend, Mrs M Pa box.
Mrs Hazen, Ct box.
Sarah Hitchcock, bbl.
Cong Ch, Chester, Vt, bbl.
Mrs L M Lockerson, trunk
Unknown Donor, bbl.
Mrs A E Spence, bbl.
Friends of Germantown, House
Ladies Aid Society, Oakley Pa bbl.
A W Colegrove, box & bbl
R Ham box
King's Daughters & friends of Danby, N Y, bbl.
Mrs Shipman, pkg.
Rose Isle Circle, King's Daughters, Centre Co, 2 bbls.
Mrs Goodsell, clothing
Mrs J C Banning, box
D Thayer, 2 bbls.
Friend, Chelsea, Vt, bbl.
Unknown Donors, 3 bbls.
3 Brothers and little sister Afton N J, bbl
Hanover Ch, N J, bbl.
Unknown Donor, Elberon N J, box.
By Fall River Line from friends, box
A Roberts, clothing
Ladies Benevolent Soc'y Sayville, L I, 2 bbls.
J W C, New Haven, pkg
Mrs Lamoreaux, 5 bbls.
Unknown Donor, 2 pkgs
Mrs Sweeney, bbl
D B K, pkg bbl
Friends, Hampton, bbl
Mrs Lamoree, Greene, bbl
Unknown Donor, Manette Me, bbl.
Commons and Armitage Rose City, Ill, bbl
Mrs Chas Stebbins and friends, 3 bxs.
Friends of Newton, bbl.
Mrs Hoagland, Bergenfield, N Y, bbl.
Friend, Mrs M Pa box.
Mrs Hazen, Ct box
Sarah Hitchcock, bbl.
Friend, N Y City, 2 pkgs
Old Hill Bapt S S, Old Frame, Pa, box.
Mrs Sturges, 4 pair small blankets, 4 pair gray blankets, 40 yds outing flannel.
M E Church, Bakersville, Ct, bbl
Mrs P V Wilcox, 2 pkgs
Friend, Staunton, Va, pkg
King's Daughters, Carlowville, Ala, pkg.
By mail, 3 pkgs
Pres Church, Montclair, N J, bbl.
Luce Bros and Mrs Ida Luce, bbl.
Unknown Donor, Phila box
Ladies Aid, Frederick and Carroll, Md case.
E K, Richmond, Va, bbl.
Jas Loughlin, box
C B Tubbs, pkg
M A K, Phila, clothing
King's Daughters, Depositt, N Y, 2 bbls.
Friend Patterson 3 bbls
Mrs M Aldrich, clothing
G W Eddy & friends bbl
Mrs Kate D Armstrong, 3 boxes
H E Leland, box
Mrs E A, New Haven, pkg
Jos M Lewis, pkg
J Zeeland, pkg
Mrs Eda Salmon, pkg.
Friend, Leominster, pkg
Whitman & Barnes Mfg Co, pkg.
Berean Bapt Y P S C E, Carbondale, bbl
Marshall Straight, bbl
Daughters of the King, Marbledale, bbl.
Friends of New Bruns wick, N J, pkg
Mrs H A Hyde, pkg
Cushing P L Ch, So Sunk et, IL, 2 bbls.
Mrs E Stevenson, pkg.
Mrs C F Fucher, pkg.
Friends of N Y City, pkg
Friend, Baltimore, pkg.
Mrs Sarah Bell, pkg.
Mrs Julia Matteson, bbl.
1st Pres Church, Morristown, 4 bbls.
Unknown Donor, box.
Mrs A M Hyde, bale
Friend Newport, bbl.
W S Vandervoer, bbl.
Friend Plattsburgh, pkg.
Mrs A Moore & friens, pkg
N J Towle & H B Colard, box
W B Alverson, bbl.
Friends, Newport, Vt, 2 bbl
E H C, Canterbury, 4 bales
A L Moore, bale.
Cong Ch, Shelton, 2 bbls.
Mrs W A Watson, box.
H K Dresher, box & 3 bbls
Mrs J Stevens bbl.
Friends, Chaplin, Ct, bale
4 Readers of C H, Newark N J, pkg.
Lake Ridge Bapt Church, bbl.
Mrs J E Reid bbl.
P J Burlee, bbl
Mrs Owen Compton, pkg
Friend, Albany, pkg.
Cong Ch, Stafford, Ct, bbl.
J W Wm bbl
Donor, Stafford, Ct, bbl.
Friend, bbl.
J F Wardell, bbl.
Friends We l ls Branch, Me, 2 bbls.
C V Burton, bbl.
Mrs O Neal & friends two boxes
Mrs Morton & friends bbl
Y T Clement, bbl
Mrs S I Rice and friends, bbl & pkg.
A W Lynn, pkg
Friends, Watertown, pkg
Mrs Geo W Phillips and neighbors, pkg
T O Lazeaux, 2 bbls
Friends, Chester, 2 bbls.
Berean Bapt Y P S C E, Carbondale, bbl.
Friends of Pittstown, pkg
Sealy Lalsall, 4 cases.
T Cooper, box.
G L Von Ewbeook, case.
Mrs W S Wright, box.
Cong Ch, Essex, 4 bbls & box.
B L Holmes & family, bbl.
Friend, Rhinebeck, bbl.
N H Farr, 2 bbls.
Friend, Spencer, box.
Gospel Hall, New Bedford Mass, 2 bbls.
Donor, Taunton, bbl.
" New Bedford, bbl.
Friend, E Manayunk, pkg.
" Foxboro, bbl.
S E, Berlin, N Y, 6 bbls.
Jersey City friends, bbl.
F Pelle, pkg.
Mrs H Mills, bag.
South Ch, Woodbury, bbl.
Watkins Bros, bbl
N H S, N Y City, pkg.
Rollin Sykes, 2 bbls.
H A Jones, bbl.
Friend Northville, 2 bbls.
E Smithfield, Pa, bbl.
L Squires, box.
Friend, Hoytville, bbl.
Mrs R S White & others, bale.
Mrs Sloat, bbl.
Mrs A L Andrews, bbl
Friend Cameron Mills, bbl
A Humphrey, bbl.
Mrs J E Watkins, pkg
Mrs S H Street, 2 bbls.
Mrs Mowbray, Mrs Duryea & little Jannie & Ethel Mowbray, pkg
Friend, Jersey City, pkg
S P Ives, 5 bbls.
Friend, Kingston, box
Donor, Stamford, box.
Friend, Eastford, bbl
Donor, Kingston, bbl.
Donor, bbl
Home Miss Soc'y, Mattapoisett, 3 bbls.
Friend, Milwaukee, pkg.
Donor, Montclair, bbl.
A J Smith, 3 bbls.
Mrs Thos F Sears, bbl.
J A Maurice, pkg.
Andrew Foster, 4 bbls.
Donor, bbl.
Friend, New Hartford, bbl
Donor, Ellenville, 2 bbls.
Epworth League, No 1008, bbl
A J Harwood, 2 pkgs.
Ladies Sewing Society of Pres Church, Bethlehem Pa, 4 bbls.
Breungsville S S, bbl.
W Fox, bbl.
G W Eddy & friends, bbl.
In His Name, N Y, pkg.
Edwin Ackart, bale
Donor, E Orange, bale.
A A Pennington, pkg.
Friend, So Orange, box.
Donor, Troy N Y, bale.
A W Newitt, bale.
W C T U, W Phila, 2 bbls.
King's Daughters, McMasters Corners, bbl & box.
M E Church, Asbury, 2bbls
Friend, Elberon, box.
Friend, Plainfield, bbl.
M B B, Tioga, Pa, box.
Milldale S S, box.
Donor, Middletown, box.
Donor, Indian Orchard, Mass, pkg.
Miss L S S, Easthampton, 4 bbls
Friend, pkg
" Great Falls, box.
Donor, Norwich, case.
G E Blaumont, bbl.
W M Soc'y, 1st Pres Ch, Woodhaven, bbl
Miss L Welker, box
M L, Monmouth, bbl
Donor, Beaver Dams, box
" Jersey City, pkg.
" Caldwell, bbl
Miss Ann Stephens, pkg.
H C Hall, bbl.
Ladies' Mission Circle, Global, Ct, 2 bbls.
S H Taylor, bbl.
Donor, Canton Ctr, bbl.
Mrs G P Kinney, box.
C H Hill, pkg.
First Reformed Church, Coxsackie, bbl.
Mr VanAmburg and wife, box.
I B Frost, bbl.
Mrs Edw Brown and Mrs Geo A Fountain, 4 bbls.
A A Jagnon, box.
Ladies Soc'y, Wainscott, bbl.
Pres Ch, Hanover, bbl.
Ladies Aid Society, Port Oram, N J, 2 bbls.
Jos T Ruckhist, box.
Donor, bbl.
Helping Hands, Groton, bbl.
Landa Messinger, box.
Willing Workers Society, Bapt Ch, Norwich, 2 bbls
Friend, Cooperstown, bale
Friends of the Cause, Newark, pkg.
Friend, Madison, pkg.
Donors, 7 pkgs.
Friend, Fitchburg, pkg.
" Lowell, pkg.
" Rochester, N H, box.
" Newbury, Vt box
" Hillsboro Bdg, box.
" Belmar, N J, 2 bbls.
" Baltimore, pkg.
Donor, Windsor, Vt, box.
" Williamson, box
" Monmouth, Me, bbl.
" Hoboken, box.
Epworth League, Windsor, Vt, 2 bbls.
Concord Sweetsh Cong Ch Soc'y, 2 bbls.
S G Clark, bbl.
Mrs A M Stanborough, pkg
A C F Koch, pkg
B W Snow & F Allen, b
Mrs E H Penmoyer box.
Agnes F Barber, 3 bbls.
J M Catlin, bbl.
Donor, bbl.
" Drakes Branch, bb
Diamond, Smyrna bbl.
Mrs J Q Hanks, bbl.
C Frederick, pkg.
Mrs Green & Mrs Howa bag.
Friend, box.
Somneborn a Co, box.
Epworth League, Dawsville, Pa, case.
Willow Grove Chapel S Fanwood, case.
Miss A M Hallock, pkg.
2 Friends of Railway, b
C A Masters, bbl.
Bapt Ch, Jenkintown, b
Friend, Peekskill, box.
Pres Ch, Northport, 3 b
L Y P S C E, Frecburgh, b
Donor, bbl.
Benj Arber, 2 boxes
Ladies Benevolent Soc Binghampton, 2 bbls
Friend, Northport, bbl
Donor, Waymark, bbl.
Friend, N Woodlock, c
W C T U, Long Eddy, ca
Sarah J Pannento, 2 b
Mrs J Farmer, pkg.
Friend, So Bklyn, bbl
C E Parvend & S J Rusbox.
Donor, Ridgwater, bbl
Friend Newport, box
Ref Ch, Englewood, 4 l
Baldwin Bros, 2 bbls.
Stamford W C T U, B gall, 2 bbls.
Maud Vrooman, pkg.
— for dresses of cloth from Nazareth, Pa, I merely mentioned, as his lodgment is due to the P S C E, and for one from Schoeneck, to Kin Daughters.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

ABDICATION IN HAWAII.

REPUBLICAN institutions in Hawaii are strengthened by the issue of the document a copy of which reached this country on Feb. 6th. It is the formal abdication of the deposed Queen, Liliuokalani, and her voluntary recognition of the Republican government. There is nothing dubious or equivocal in the instrument. The Queen declares "the late Hawaiian monarchy final- and forever ended and no longer of any legal or actual validity, force, or effect whatsoever," and she further absolves every one of the islands from "all and every manner of allegiance, or official obligation or duty" to her and her heirs forever, and assures them that it is their duty to support the government of the Republic of Hawaii. For herself she takes the oath of allegiance and promises that she will loyally support the new constitution. The Queen was under arrest when the document was executed. In investigating the origin of the conspiracy which was discovered on January 6th, sufficient evidence was secured to prove that the Queen was aware of the project to restore her to the throne if she did not institute it. There were also grounds for believing that she supplied the funds for the purchase of arms for the insurgents. She was accordingly arrested and confined in one of the suites of apartments in the royal palace. Her abdication was probably executed with the object of securing clemency for herself and her followers, of whom 310 are now in prison for participating in the rebellion. Although it does not change the situation, as there was small chance of the Queen ever regaining her throne, the abdication may prevent any further insurrections and is so far a gain to the Republic. The Queen simply accepts the inevitable and bows to the will of the people as expressed in the revolution of January, 1893. It probably cost her a severe struggle to sign such a document. To renounce her own claims to govern and to promise to obey the new government must have involved a sacrifice of pride and ambition which would not be easily made. Many a man has been unwilling to make the sacrifice even to save his soul. Some who have been very near to the kingdom of God have turned back when they found that they were required to make a full surrender of their own will and the conduct of their lives, and yield themselves unreservedly to God's goverment. (Mark 10 : 21, 22.)

Burnt Money Redeemed.

A farmer in Pennsylvania has been saved from a serious loss by a very narrow chance. Several weeks before Christmas his wife was notified that a legacy had been left to her. When the estate was settled, her share was found to be $280, and this amount she collected. She took it home, and as the farmer had not a bank account, they decided to hide it where thieves would not be likely to find it if they broke into the house. They put the bills into a tin box and concealed it in the side of a stove which stood in a disused room. It seemed to be quite safe there, but an unforseen event put it in peril. The farmer's children had a party of young visitors in the holidays, and the unused room was utilized as a play-room. It occurred to the children that the room would be warmer if they made a fire in the old stove, and they speedily collected bits of wood about the house, and without informing their parents of their project, laid the fire and lighted it. The dismay of their mother when she discovered what had been done may be imagined. The precious tin box was extricated and its contents examined. The bills had been reduced to a few charred pieces of paper and a quantity of ashes. At first they feared it would be a total loss, but they were advised to send the box and its contents to the United States Treasury, with an affidavit reciting the circumstances. This was done, and last week they had the satisfaction of receiving the full amount of the burned notes. By a process known to themselves the Treasury officials had satisfied themselves that the ashes and fragments really did represent the amount claimed. No tradesman or banker would have accepted the ashes as money, but at the fountain-head they were recognized and correctly appreciated. It may be so with true religion. At the last day some will probably be found among the sheep whose religious experience would not have satisfied any church, but has satisfied him who seeth the heart. (Matt. 8 : 11, 12.)

The Fall of a Smoke-stack.

A contractor in New York had an arduous piece of work undone a few days ago in a curious manner. He had undertaken to erect a huge smoke-stack of steel, to use in connection with the mammoth boiler which was brought to New York from the Chicago exhibition. The stack is five feet in diameter, eighty feet high and weighs several tons. It had been set up and was held in place by guy ropes until it could be secured by strong fastenings to the wall of the building. Before all the fastenings were put in, there came a heavy fall of snow followed by rain, which caused the guy ropes to shrink. It then became a trial of strength between the ropes and such of the joints as had already been put in place. It was decided in favor of the ropes. One after another the joints were torn out of the wall and finally the huge stack was pulled over and fell with a crash. Happily no one was hurt, but the contractor's work was undone and the stack will have to be set up again. It was strange that the very apparatus which was applied to prevent the stack falling should have caused its fall. It is sometimes so with character. The only effective safeguard is the eternal principle of right and truth. When parents try to keep their children from wrongdoing by teaching them that "honesty is the best policy," and by instilling similar worldly maxims, they are using means which, like the guy ropes, may fail in some stress of temptation and produce the evil they were set to prevent. (1 Timothy 6 : 5.)

Unattainable Wealth.

A discovery of a peculiar tantalizing character was made recently in Dubuque County, Iowa. On a farm there, is a curious lake that extends for some distance under the side of a hill. It has been found by exploration that the subterranean part of it is larger than that which is exposed. Recently, in making some improvements it became necessary to sink a shaft to the bed of the lake. To the surprise of the workmen they struck pure lead crystals. The farm is in the heart of the lead region, but until now none of the metal had been found there. An effort was at once made to secure the treasure and work the veins in the bed of the lake. It was at first supposed that it would be a simple thing to drain the lake, or to pump it dry. Arrangements were made to carry out the work, but after proceeding with the operation for some time, there was no diminution of the quanity of water. It is now found that the lake has a connection underground with the Mississippi River and the futility of draining it or pumping it is apparent. The farmer is consulting with prominent engineers, who may eventually, be able to help him, but at present he is in the tantalizing position of possessing wealth which he cannot reach or use in any way. There are some Christians who, all their life long find wealth similarly just beyond their grasp, and are foiled in every attempt to gain it. Perhaps, in the clearer light of the eternal world, they will see that what interposed between them and fortune was the inexhaustible ocean of God's love wich prevented their having the thing that would have injured their better life. (Hosea 13 : 6.)

Between Fire and Flood.

The crew of a steamer which put into Halifax, N. S., on February 9, had a thrilling experience. The steamer was on its way from Galveston, Tex. to Hamburg, laden with logs of cedar, a large quantity of oil-cake and thirty-five hundred bales of cotton. They encountered the terrific storm when they were five hundred miles off Halifax. The first serious trouble arose from the breaking loose of the cedar logs which were piled on deck. With every lurch of the ship they rolled about smashing everything in their way. Several of the crew were hurt and it was decided for the sake of safety to expedite the rolling of the logs overboard. While the crew were busy at this work, they were surprised to notice the deck growing hot beneath their feet. There could be only one cause in this wintry weather for such a circumstance. The cargo of cotton must be on fire. A search was made and the terrible fact was established. The position of the crew may be imagined. The storm was at its height, gigantic waves breaking over the ship and threatening to engulf her, the great cedar logs pitching around, and the smoke of the burning cotton bursting from every crevice. The captain determined to make a quick run for Halifax, but it seemed doubtful whether it would be possible to fight the fire and navigate the ship even to that port. The crew would have abandoned the vessel had there been the slightest chance of a boat living in such a sea. Happily the sea aided them by drenching the decks every few minutes and finally the port of Halifax was reached safely. Thus many a soul has entered the haven of eternal rest after an analogous experience. With the fires of appetite and passion within him, kept in subjection, and the storms of trial and trouble around him, he has feared that he would be lost, but has been delivered through the grace of God. (II Cor. 7 : 5.)

THE ROYAL PALACE AT HONOLULU WHERE THE QUEEN SIGNED HER ABDICATION.

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr Cantine the Agent of the American Bible Society in Arabia, writes that several [illegible] districts of that ancient country are now accessible to Bible colporteurs.

Evangelist John T. Vine Has Been Holding successful revival services in the Central Methodist Church, At Cairo and East Durham there were large accessions to the churches, as the result of God's blessing on the services.

Bishop Tucker, who Now Has Charge Over the Diocese in Africa, of which the martyred Hannington was bishop, has been stricken down with the African fever. When the last mail left he was in the hospital at Mombasa.

Mr. D. L. Moody and Mr. Ira D Sankey have promised to visit Mexico at the conclusion of their work in Texas, and will hold services in the capital. Our readers are asked to pray that God will bless the effort in that land, which is to so large an extent a stranger to the Gospel.

Union Evangelistic Services have been Held in Greenpoint, L. I., for several weeks. The pastors of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches, Rev. J. J. Dunlop and Rev. H. H. Beatty and Rev. J. F. Carson, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, have taken charge in turn.

A Copy of the First Bible Ever Printed in America [illegible] It was printed in Boston in 1761, by Samuel Kneeland. As it was against the law at that time for anyone to print a Bible without the permission of the king, the printer modestly suppressed his own name and fraudulently placed that of Mark Baskett, the king's authorized printer in London, on the title page as the printer

Rev S. M. Zwemer has been Doing very successful missionary work in Arabia. He is a Holland-American by birth and he has gone out as a missionary under the auspices of the Reformed Dutch Church, which was the first American church to send missionaries to Arabia Mr. Zwemer was educated at New Brunswick, N. J., and regularly ordained. He is not of Jewish birth as was erroneously stated.

The Death of Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, formerly pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York brings sorrow to many homes. Dr. Taylor was admired and loved wherever he was known. Although, after the stroke of paralysis, which caused his resignation [illegible] three years ago, no hope of resuming active work was entertained, it was hoped that his life might be prolonged and he might preach to his people occasionally. He died on Feb. 8th.

Evangelists Billing and Byers have been conducting evangelistic meetings at various points in Nebraska. There have been many conversions. The terrible distress in the State appears to have been instrumental in turning the thoughts of many to spiritual matters. The relief sent from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and other religious sources has, it is believed, also tended to remove prejudice against religion that existed in many circles.

The Christian Endeavor Society connected with the Clarendon Baptist Church, Boston, of which the late Dr. A. J. Gordon was pastor, has entered on a work of love. At the first meeting of the Society after their beloved pastor's death, the young people resolved to raise a memorial to him and $425 was immediately contributed. On a discussion of the form the memorial should take, it was unanimously decided to apply it to the reduction of the debt on the American Baptist Missionary Union, in which Dr. Gordon was deeply interested.

Rev. Thomas Harrison's Jubilee Service at Bridgeton, N. J., on Feb. 5, was an event which will not soon be forgotten there. Large numbers of thrilling testimonies were given by persons, who have made profession of conversion during the meetings. The number of converts is stated to be three hundred and forty. Dr. Vernon of Indianapolis, who was present at the Jubilee, said that after Mr. Harrison's services in that city four hundred and fifty persons were received into his church on probation, of whom at the end of six months, all but nine were received into full membership.

King Khama, the Christian King of Bhamangwato, South Central Africa, recently had an interview with Sir Henry Loch, the British Governor of Cape Colony, in which he described his efforts to prevent his people being demoralized by liquor. The Governor having reported the interview to England, has now received a telegram direct from Quen Victoria for transmission to King Khama, assuring him that she heartily sympathizes with his effort and that she will co-operate with him to the full extent of her powers in preventing the importation of liquor into his dominions.

A Boston Journal Says that the Death of Rev. A. J. Gordon has revealed for the first time the extent of his labors. No one knew how many of the poor families in that city were visited and helped by him until the news of his death was published. The testimonies of hundreds of persons show that Dr. Gordon did an extensive [illegible] philanthropic work of which no one knew anything. Not even his own family knew that when he was absent from home for many hours at a time he was visiting the homes of the poor and afflicted in the lowest quarters of the city. How he found time for this visiting in addition to his pulpit and literary labors is a mystery.

SERMONS-WORTH READING

HELPFUL DISCOURSES for the PEOPLE

THE CHRISTIAN'S WEALTH.

One of the Last Sermons Dr. A. J. Gordon Preached in Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass., and Prepared for Publication in "The Christian Herald." Text: I. Cor. 3: 21-23. *"For all things are yours: whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas or the world or life or death or things present or things to come: all are yours, and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's."*

WE have in this text a very plain and practical lesson in joint heirship. We remember this saying in the eighth of Romans: "If children then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ." And here we have an inventory of our estate, a summary of our inheritance, a list of the spiritual goods that belong to us. It will be our task, at this time, to set before you a description of your property.

All Teachers

of truth are ours, whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas. Referring back to the opening of the chapter, we see that Paul had complained of the sectarian spirit of the sectarian spirit of the brethren. One said, "I am of Paul," and another said, "I am of Apollos," and so divisions and factions were created in the church. Is not this a constant temptation? We identify the truth with the men who report it to us, and so call ourselves Calvinists or Lutherans or Wesleyans. These men preach the truth, but not one of them ever said as Jesus Christ said: "I am the Truth;" these men communicated spiritual light to the church, but not one of them ever said as Christ did: "I am the light of the world." There are many planets, but one sun and each planet shines only by the reflected light of the sun: and so as the disciples of Christ we are bound to be one, however we differ. Perhaps the hostile sects of the East—the sun-worshippers and fire-worshippers and the followers of the crescent—might like to carve up the sun or moon and divide it among themselves. But that is just the thing they cannot do, however much they hate to have anything in common. The fire-worshipper may kindle the flame which he keeps perpetually burning; the moon-devotee may glory in the pale light of the crescent; but both must own that all their light and all their fire come from one sun. "Now this I say," writes the apostle, (I. Cor. 1-12) "that every one of you saith, 'I am of Paul and I am of Apollos and I of Cephas and I of Christ.' Is Christ divided?" No, not any more than the sun is sliced to pieces when it shines in the four corners of the heavens. Paul and Cephas and Apollos and James and Augustine and Calvin and Luther and Wesley and Chalmers and Spurgeon—all these reflected the clear rays from the Sun of Righteousness. If therefore Christ is ours, they are ours. The light which they communicated is our light. The knowledge of the Gospel which they acquired is our knowledge, and we cannot afford to ignore any of them in summing up our spiritual wealth.

How inveterate is the temptation to monopolise the truth, and to set up

An Exclusive Claim

to some special truth, or to the great men who have taught us some special truth! There is baptism—the symbolic burial and resurrection of the believer with Christ—what a deep, comprehensive and graphic symbol it is. "But it is ours," says the Baptist. "It is copyrighted, and our church holds the patent right to it. Join us and you may have a share of it, but not otherwise." So some have spoken, as though we could be monopolists of truth; as though we could create an ecclesiastical trust for holding precious doctrines in our own hands. And there is the doctrine of sanctification and the witness of the Spirit—"These are ours," says the Methodist—bequeathed to us by Wesley and Fletcher and Whitefield. You cannot get the genuine article except you come inside our ranks." It is exactly this spirit that the Apostle is condemning in our text. Truth is a common property belonging to the whole church of God; and the teachers who have unfolded the truth are the common inheritance of the great body of believers. Tell me what you know of the globe upon which we live? You possibly have never been out of the United States, and yet you know about Europe and Asia and Japan and the islands of the Sea. And how do you know? Because all the great explorers are yours and all the wealth of discovery which they have brought—Franklin and Kane from the ice-bound regions of the North—Livingstone and Stanley from the torrid plains of Africa, Cook and Drake from the Islands of the Sea. It is their discoveries which have given us a map of the world. All these are ours. And so in the church of modern times, to go no further back. The spiritual illumination of George Fox, the Quaker—the profound reasoning of Jonathan Edwards, the Puritan, the evangelical fervor of John Wesley, the Methodist, the rich Gospel simplicity of Charles Spurgeon, the Baptist—all this has been weaving into the warp and woof of our latter day evangelical faith. Indeed, this is according to God's way of working. Paul praying in the Holy Ghost "that ye may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge." To comprehend with all saints! Truth is a globe which no single explorer has ever yet circumnavigated. It is only by the combined knowledge of those living on all sides of it that we begin to comprehend that which passeth knowledge. Claim therefore your inheritance, O Christian! All saints are yours; all teachers are your teachers; all truths as set forth by all preachers are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

The World is ours:

"Whether Paul or Apollos or the world—I take this word in its largest sense—the material universe. I do not think we have half appreciated this portion of our inheritance in Christ; and I would advise you to go out under the clear, starry heavens some cloudless night and count up your wealth. "Whether Paul or Apollos or the world." When you become disheartened from looking around, look up and get relief and cheer. You know the famous saying of St. Cuthbert. When overtaken in a terrific storm his comrades said to him, "The sea is before us, and our pathway is blocked with snow behind us—what shall we do?" The heroic saint replied: "Thank God the road to heaven is unobstructed." And so if ever you despair when looking at the earth — volcanoes wiping out whole cities; floods bearing thousands of helpless beings into sudden ruin: tornadoes driving a whole village to wreck in less time than you can crush a dry leaf in your hand; fire consuming twenty prosperous and peaceful hamlets in a day; riots, strikes, wars and rumors of wars, the dagger at the king's heart and dynamite under the king's throne—enough to make one swoon with heartsickness when one stops to take it all in Why then look up and say with the Psalmist: "When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" This earth is only a pebble on the shore of the infinite universe: a grain of sand on the boundless beach of the ocean of space. If by wreck or revolution or the fires of judgment I should lose this earth, the stars are mine, planet upon planet, system upon system. "Let not your heart be troubled," says Jesus, "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . I go to prepare a place for you." Perhaps as you look up to the heavens in the evening you can see the mansion where your beloved ones are now dwelling and you may have a room already fitted up for your residence hereafter. I do not think such a conjecture at all improbable. God and Christ and the angels do not live in an infinite and boundless nowhere. "I go to prepare a place for you," says Jesus, and place has location and bounds and reality. It is somewhere and it may be in one of the myriad stars which you see at night. Why should it seem incredible?

And who made all those shining worlds? Listen: "All things were made by him and without him was not anything made which was made." If he made them he owns them; and if he owns them, we own them, for "all things are yours and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's." Here, my brethren, is the title deed to

Your Real Estate.

But the earth itself is ours if we are Christ's. "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth." This promise unquestionably refers to the present material globe. The Scriptures teach plainly that it is to be renovated by fire and overarched with a new heaven and that then it will become the millennial abode of the saints. Not simply does Christ remove the stain from human consciences the death curse from human bodies, but the dragon curse from our groaning and suffering earth. His work will not be completed till he has wiped away every trace and taint of sin from the earth and turned a Paradise lost into a Paradise regained, replaced the groans of creation with the music of redemption.

Life and Death

are ours. That is, life is ours, because death is ours, having been conquered by Christ and compelled to yield up its prey. Here you see at once the distinction between the regenerate and unregenerate condition. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life." You cast a handful of grain into the earth and you discover that ninety seeds out of the hundred spring up and bear fruit, and ten remain in the earth and rot there. If you ask the reason why, it may appear that ten of the seeds have been sterilised by frost or by heat and that their life principle has been destroyed. We shall all go into the grave if the Lord tarry, but all will not spring up at the coming of Christ in glory to raise the dead. They that have Christ have life—that life which is the principle of the resurrection, and they that have not Christ have not life. In a word, our share in the first resurrection is dependent entirely on our being in Christ and having Christ in us. Hear how our Lord affirms and reiterates this fact in the sixth of John: "And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one that seeth the Son and believeth on him should have eternal life and I will raise him up at the last day." Faith in Christ, the condition of partnership in the first resurrection! "No man can come to me except the Father which sent me draw him; and I will raise him at the last day." Only as we come to Christ now, can we come with Christ in the first resurrection. "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day." Communion with Christ now is the condition of resurrection with Christ at his coming. Thus, as this refrain, "I will raise him up at the last day" sounds in our ears again and again and again, it reiterates the same lesson—No life out of Christ and no resurrection into life for those who live and die unregenerate.

Life by Union.

Yes, this is it. Life is yours and ye are Christ's. As the sap in the tree enters into the scion, when, by grafting, that scion has been incorporated with the tree, so this life of Christ becomes ours when by faith we have been united to him. "He that hath the Son hath life." This fact lies at the foundation of every privilege and possession which the Gospel holds out to us. "To him that hath shall be given," says Jesus, "and he that believeth on the Son hath life." Therefore to him can be given. Growth is only possible to him if he has life. The tiniest seed has the advantage over a block of marble, though the marble were the finest ever cut from the quarries of Vermont. The seed can grow, the marble cannot.

Fruitfulness is possible to him only who has life. The commonest apple tree in your garden has precedence over the most majestic pillar in a European cathedral. It can bud with every returning Spring: it can fashion its fruit with all the exquisite grace of tint and color and shape; it can ripen that fruit and cast it into the lap of the husbandman with each returning autumn. Wonderful significance is there in this saying: "Life is yours." All of joy, of strength, of fruitfulness, and final conquest are wrapped up for us in these words. And when death comes, if it shall come, we may hear with our last final gasp, the words of the strong Son of God: "And

I Will Raise Him

up at the last day." Here is the crown and consummation of life; and considering its greatness and importance, what wonder that all the powers of darkness were brought to bear to prevent our Lord's rising from the grave; and to prevent the world from believing in the fact after he was raised. John Bunyan, with his wonderful gift at personification, names death and dissolution, "The terrible Captain Sepulchre and his standard bearer Corruption." I think I hear these two talking together on the night when Christ was buried. "Hold fast to that man in Joseph's tomb," says Corruption to Sepulchre, "hold him fast till I can fasten on him with my teeth." But though death holds him fast through Friday night and Saturday, Corruption can get no hold on him; for it had been declared by David, speaking by the Holy Ghost: "Thou wilt not leave my soul in Hades neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." Hell from beneath was moved with affright and cried out to the sepulchre, "Hold fast to that man in Joseph's tomb; if thou let this man go thou art not Satan's friend." And he that hath the power of death, that is the devil, lifts up his voice from the pit, "Oh grave, hold fast thy prisoner: if he gets out he will make a breach in the wall through which all the rest will come forth." But vain the watch, and vain the seal, and vain the resistance of the powers of darkness. "It was not possible that he should be holden of death." After the two appointed days were over he came forth from the tomb. And what did he bring in his hands? "Life and immortality." To every true believer he now says: "Life is yours." Death may strike you down and hold you for a little while in his grip, but I will raise you up at the last day. And I will raise you up in no mortal, corruptible body, but in a body fashioned like unto my own,—immortal, forever beyond the power of sin and sickness and decay. "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection, for upon such the second death has no power."

And things present and

Things to Come

are ours. I thank God that I am not to have all my good things in this life, for then I should have nothing to anticipate in glory; and I thank God I am not to have all my good things in the life to come, for then I should have nothing to enjoy in the present world. No, the Gospel in a wise and right sense is that which enables us "to make the most of both worlds." You remember how distinctly the Lord puts his promise: "Manifold more in the present time and in the age to come, life everlasting" (Luke 18-29). But this manifold more in the present time is conditioned on our willingness to forsake houses and lands and kindred for Christ's sake. Christ has nothing in his hand for those who are so greedy of gold or so hungry for pleasure that they devote their whole life to the business of getting and keeping. The Lord gives in this life, but it is to those who give up. The Lord multiplies his blessings even in this present world, but it is to those who minimize their pleasures for his sake. The Word standeth fast for those who are ready to meet the conditions "manifold more in the present time." Who in the world knows such joys as the Christian — the joy of doing good in Christ's name; the joy of bearing another's burdens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ; the joy of suffering for Christ with the sweet inward satisfaction resulting therefrom? Uninterrupted pleasure becomes monotonous, and the music of life that has no minor strain in it, becomes tedious. Therefore, our Lord links our happiness in this world with self-sacrifice for him. He tells us that if we will choose his cross we shall have his joy. And in the world to come life eternal. Here we have Christ's life in us; there we shall be in his life. "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of the Lord." "It is but a little joy that can enter into us here, because of our narrow capacity; but there we shall enter into joy as vessels put into a sea of happiness."

OUR MAIL-BAG.

C Subscriber. 1. Is it wrong to practice music lessons on the Sabbath day? 2. Have you small Testaments? If so, kindly send me the price.

Yes; it is just as much a violation of the sanctity of the day to devote its hours to mere music practice as it would be to spend them in ball-playing or carriage-driving. This does not apply to the rendering of songs of praise in public worship or in the home. 2 No, write the American Bible Society New York.

R. S., Caldwell, O. Who are the "children of the kingdom" referred to in Matthew 8: 12?

Persons who have special religious privileges. Christ was comparing the conduct of the Roman Centurion with that of the unbelieving Jews. The Jews had the idea that their being descendants of Abraham gave them birthright in the kingdom of heaven. Jesus told them that some of the people whom they despised as heathen would be received, while they would be excluded

R. P., Newton, Ia. Do you think a true, sincere and conscientious Roman Catholic may find everlasting life?

Any man who believes in Christ, as his Saviour, and has committed his soul to him according to the Gospel, and is living a life of faith and holiness, will, we believe, be saved, whatever Christian Church he may belong to. We are, however, unable to see how such a person can remain in the Roman Catholic Church, worship the Virgin and accept certain doctrines which his church requires him to hold.

T. S., Beverly, Mass. Can you explain why the beetle of Egypt, with which the Jews were familiar, was an emblem of Eternity and Resurrection, and why it was worshipped?

The scarabœus was worshipped because of its supposed mystical virtues. The number of its toes (30) represented the days of the month; its time of depositing eggs had reference to the lunar month, and another of its peculiarities had reference to the action of the sun on the earth. As it was of one sex (as supposed) it represented the eternal, self-existent, self-begotten principle of deity, and there were still other parallels which the Egyptians discovered to connect the sacred beetle with their gods. During its life it was worshipped, and after death embalmed.

W. Vilas, Collinsville, Ill. Does the Holy Spirit come upon every believer in the present day as he came upon the Apostles at the day of Pentecost?

Not in results. Every believer receives the Holy Spirit, but not its miraculous powers. Even in Apostolic days there was a difference in the gifts conferred. (See I. Cor. 12: 1–12.) Paul says, "there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit." As at Pentecost, the Holy Spirit fits men with the particular gift required for the work they are to do. In our day, some men have eloquence, others logical acumen, and others other gifts. There was a special need at the Pentecost of the gift of tongues, as the uneducated men had to preach to foreigners, and the Holy Spirit gave that, as he might give it again if it were needed.

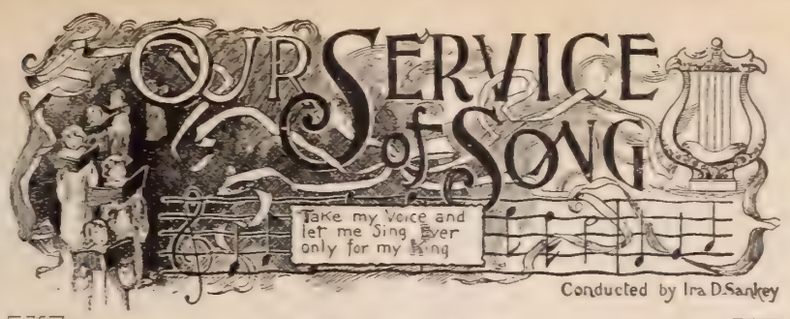
Constant Reader, Storrs, Conn. There appears to be some contradiction between Job 19: 26 and 1 Cor. 15: 50. In the former Job says, "In my flesh I shall see God," and in the latter Paul says, "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." Please explain.

The passage in Job is a mistranslation. It is given correctly in the Revised Version as "From (or without) my flesh I shall see God." The patriarch's meaning appears to be that, although he may die under his sufferings, that will not be the end. He will still live and God will vindicate him. The Apostle writing to people disposed to materialism, argues that the body is merely a dwelling inhabited by the real man who can live without it, and he goes on to say that even those who will be alive when Christ comes, will not have the body they previously had, but will be changed at his coming. The gross and the material have no place in the heavenly state.

W. A. C., Berry, Ga. 1. Why, if Easter is the anniversary of our Lord's resurrection, does it occur on different dates in different years? 2. Is it wrong to encourage a child's belief in Santa Claus?

1. The early Christians naturally associated the Passion and resurrection of Christ with the Passover and the celebration of the anniversary followed that feast. As the date of the Passover was at the first full moon after the spring equinox the celebration of Easter was held at the same time. Easter, however, is a misnomer as applied to the anniversary. The word is derived from the name of a Saxon goddess Estera, whose festival occurred at the same time as the Jewish Passover. It gave its name to the occasion, and the Anglo-Saxon Christians retained the name, although the event celebrated was so different. 2. As soon as the child can comprehend your meaning you should explain that the beautiful story of Santa Claus, which affords so much pleasure to childhood in many lands, is only a Christmas myth, typifying the generous Giver of all good things, who at that hallowed season bestowed on his children on earth the priceless gift of his own Son.

Mrs. H. D. H., Duluth, Minnesota. Write to the Secretary, Cooper Institute, New York City, N. Y., for all information——Reader. We consider that the "chain letter plan" is so much overdone as to be little short of a nuisance.——Subscriber, Chelten Ham, Pa. The speeches are fully reported, and are published in two volumes by the Parliament Publishing Company, Chicago. For all information as to speakers, address Rev. Dr. Burrows, Chicago, Ill.



Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

My Hiding Place.

T. RAFFLES. (QUARTET.) S. THALBERG, arr.

1. Thou art my hid - ing place, O Lord! In Thee I put my trust;
2. When storms of fierce temp - ta-tion beat, And fu - rious foes as - sail,
3. And when Thine aw - ful voice commands This bod - y to de - cay,
En - cour-aged by Thy ho - ly word, A fee - ble child of dust:
My ref - uge is the mer - cy-seat, My hope, with-in the vail:
And life in its last ling'ring sands, Is ebb - ing fast a - way;—
I have no ar - gu- ment be-side, I urge no oth - er plea;
From strife of tongues, and bit- ter words, My spir - it flies to Thee;
Then, tho' it be in ac-cents weak, My voice shall call on Thee,
And 'tis enough my Sav-iour died, My Sav - iour died for me!
Joy to my heart the tho't af-fords, My Sav - iour died for me!
And ask for strength in death to speak, "My Sav - iour died for me."

From "CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HYMNS," by permission of the Publishers.

GOOD CAUSES HELPED.

Amounts Received at "The Christian Herald" Office for Various Enterprises, Since January 1st, 1895.

For the Moody Bible Institute.

Mrs S I D Mathews	52
J Libby	50 00
N C Metcalf	1 00
Friend, Little Compton	2 00
Mr & Mrs A C M, W Bay City	2 00
Mother from Va.	5 00
Mrs D S Betts	3 50
A M, Currie, N C	1 00
In His Name, Frankfort Spgs.	25
S O Tabor	1 00
Mrs Miles D Carpenter	5 00
Total	**$71.27**

For the Bethesda Home for Fallen Girls.

In His Name, Frankfort Spgs.	25
N C Metcalf	1 00
Letitia E Herr	25
Mrs C B Randall	1 00
Mrs Wills	5 00
B G Bryan	10 00
In His Name, Warren Pa	1 00
Friend to the Fallen, Lynn	1 00
Dr E A Floyd	5 00
Anonymous	10 00
S S class of Catharine, N Y	50
Subscriber, Ohio	2 00
P M G, Charleston, S C	1 00
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In Christ's Name	1 00
Friend, Hoosick Falls, N Y	5 00
For the love of Christ, Huntsville, Tex	2 00
J L F, Augusta, Ga	10 00
Jos Winter	1 00
Total	**$98.50**

For Mrs. Jamal's Training School, Jerusalem.

A A Caverly	1 00
Mrs M M Tufford	1 00
——, Hanoverton, Colo	1 00
T G E, Evanston, Ill	3 00
Mr & Mrs W B Higdon	1 00
Henrietta Paules	1 00
Mrs L A Bruce	5 00
——, Wayside, Ont. Can	1 00
Mrs E A Peers	1 00
Total	**$15.00**

For The Christian Herald Sunday School Anniversary.

In His Name	25
Subr. Wimer, Oreg	50
Mrs A M Brown	1 00
Friend of S S, Baltimore, Md.	2 00
Peter Young	1 00
N C Metcalf	1 00
Laura A M Barrett	2 00
Mr and Mrs A C M	2 00
M M N	1 00
Mrs L A Bruce	2 00
Total	**$12.75**

For Mrs. Bella Cooke's Work.

Mrs A M Brown	1 00
Calvin O Diffenbacher	2 50
Total	**$3.50**

For Any Good Cause.

Anonymous	2 00
Two King's Daughters, Bivins	2 00
Total	**$4.00**

For Foreign Missions.

Mrs T Pearson	1 00
Friend in N M	1 00
Subr. Olneyville, R I	15 00
Total	**$17.00**

For "The Christian Herald" Children's Home.

——, Cedarville, O	50
Cheering Circle, King's Daughters, per Mrs F F Kane	50 00
Calvin O Diffenbacher	3 00
Total	**$53.50**

For the Door of Hope.

Mrs Phebe Danbenspeck	50
In His Name, Frankfort Spgs.	25
Letitia E Herr	25
Calvin O Diffenbacher	3 00
Total	**$4.00**

For the Varick Place Temporary Shelter.

Friend, Phila. Pa	2 00

For Mr. Heydrick's Work.

M A Heydrick	2 00
A Wandron	5 00
Total	**$7.00**

For the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions.

Mrs C A Taylor	10 00

For the Alaska Mission.

Mrs E Highlands	5 00

For Rev. Stephen Merritt.

Anonymous	15 00
Calvin O Diffenbacher	2 50
Total	**$17.50**

For the Turkish Relief Fund.

W H Woodruff	1 00

For Mrs. W. J. Hall's Hospital in Nevis.

W S Kellogg	15 03

The Balance Sheet of Contributions received last year was published in our issue of Jan. 16.

THE MILLENNIAL PRIEST.

The Relation of Melchisedec to the Rule of Christ in the Millennium.

BY REV. WM. MAUDE

Continued from page 105

UNDER what aspect does our Lord's priesthood more particularly correspond to the priesthood of Melchisedec? In other words, Was Christ made a priest "after the order (i.e. 'similitude') of Melchisedec" at his first advent, when he appeared to offer the one great sacrifice for sin, for ever; or, will he be so constituted, at his second advent, when, during his millennial reign, the regal office, heretofore as it were in abeyance, shall be exercised in conjunction with the priestly? In one sense it must, I think, be admitted that this Melchisedec priesthood of Christ dates from his ascension, and is now possessed by him in the heavens; still, it will not, I apprehend, be exercised by him till after he appears the second time, "without a sin-offering," like the Jewish high priest when he came forth from the most holy place, having presented the blood before the throne, to bless the people. The grounds upon which this conclusion is based are the following:

1. It seems to be indicated, not obscurely in the very language alike of the Apostle and the Psalmist, when literally translated. "Thou art a priest for the age after the order of Melchisedec." (Heb. 7: 21). So I would render a sentence very important and full of meaning which the Apostle quotes no less than five times, making it the basis of his lengthy argument. And the language of the 110th Psalm exactly corresponds in the Hebrew, for the learned Bennet thus renders the fourth verse: "The Lord hath sworn and will not repent, thou art a priest for the future age, according to my appointment, O King of Righteousness." But in the first three verses of this Psalm we have a description of the assumption of Christ's future kingly rule, and the question, therefore, is naturally suggested, Will not Christ, when he thus assumes the kingly, lay aside his present priestly office? No; the Psalmist seems to say, for "The Lord hath sworn and will not repent, thou art a priest (also) for the future age," i. e., the Millennial age, of the introduction of which this whole Psalm treats.

But of what character is his priesthood? "After the order of Melchisedec:" in other words, as we shall immediately see, a priesthood exercised in conjunction with kingship. I conclude, therefore, that the Melchisedec priesthood of Christ is his Millennial priesthood, in contradistinction to that which he is at present exercising, which is rather the antitype of the priesthood of Aaron.

2. Again: the Millennial character of the priesthood of Melchisedec is, it seems to me, indicated by the fact that it was after the slaughter of the Canaanitish kings that Abraham was met and blessed by Melchisedec. Now this slaughter of the four kings is evidently typical of the last great conflict, in the vicinity of Jerusalem, of which Zechariah speaks, where he says: "I will gather all the nations against Jerusalem to battle; and the city shall be taken, and the houses rifled, and the women ravished; and half of the city shall go forth into captivity, and the residue of the people shall not be cut off from the city. Then shall the Lord go forth, and fight against those nations, as when he fought in the day of battle," etc. (Zech. 14: 2-5).

3. But most especially and unmistakably is the Millennial character of the Melchisedec priesthood proved by the fact that it is a regal priesthood. It is written, as we have seen, concerning Melchisedec, not only that he was "first (by interpretation of his name), King of Righteousness, and after that King of Salem, which is, King of Peace; but also, that he was at the same time "the priest of the most high God." Now all this is luminously descriptive of the King Messiah. For these three titles—"King of Righteousness," by interpretation of the name Melchisedec: "King of Salem," afterwards Jerusalem (Ps. 76: 2; Gen. 14: 18); and "King of Peace," are not titles appertaining to Christ's kingdom in the heavens, but to the future kingdom of Messiah on earth as foretold by the prophets. Christ will be "King of Righteousness" in those yet future days of which the Lord speaks, by Jeremiah: "Behold, the day is come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous branch, and a king shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justce in the earth.

THE LIFE-GIVER.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for Week Commencing Mar. 3. Rev. 3: 1-31, 7-13, 20-22.

FROM the idea of Christ as a mere philosopher and teacher the Church turns with indignant protest. He was all that, but if he had been only that, the Church would not have been what it is today. He was and is a life-giver. The man who knows the truth, who knows how he ought to live, but who cannot live as he would, goes to Christ and finds new life in his veins. The man who makes good resolutions and with all the force in his nature tries to keep them, but miserably fails, finds when he comes in contact with Christ a power not his own, working in him for righteousness. The man sunk in vice and sensuality, so low down in degradation that he has abandoned all hope of shaking off his bonds and developing from the beast to the man, discovers when he puts faith in Christ that there is a new force imparted to him, which is more wonderful than any miracle on record. We cannot explain it, but the fact is incontrovertible. There are men now living in every city, who have felt the power and whose changed lives are evidence of its potency. Virtue goes out of Christ now as it went out of him when the woman touched his garment and it heals and saves as it did then. I am the resurrection and the life, he said to Martha as he stood by the grave of Lazarus and he makes the same claim now. And men find it true. When all that is noble, all that is pure, almost all that is human is dead within them, Christ brings them to resurrection, to a new life and a new being. They hear the voice of Christ summoning the better nature in them as he summoned the man in the charnel-house, Lazarus come forth. And he gives the power to obey. To the man who will receive it he gives it freely and delights to give it. There are some so vile and corrupt that the people have felt about them as Martha did at the door of the tomb; but even on them the power of Christ is transforming. The new life he gives shakes off corruption. It is time we got rid of the idea of God as an autocrat ruling the world at a distance, making laws, capriciously meting out punishments. The true conception of him is as we see him in Christ, infinitely pitiful, kind and sympathetic, ready to help all who are willing to be helped. Sin is loss and injury by inevitable law and God would have us leave it for our own good. As we grieve to see a young man of talent and genial nature giving himself to drunkenness and licentiousness, as we expostulate with him and beg him not to throw his life away, so God looks on every sinful man. In his helplessness he cannot deliver himself, but he can have help. Though his lower nature has so asserted its power that he has lost all sign of spiritual life, though he has sunk below the level of the beast, God gives the power to live and move and grow into his image. This is the glory of Christianity; it is less theology than life.

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THE METROPOLITAN Y. M. C. A.

A notable celebration took place recently in the Young Men's Christian Association building on Twenty-third Street, New York. It was the forty-second anniversary of the organization of the Association in the city and the seventh anniversary of the Twenty-third Street branch. A large number of distinguished men were present to offer congratulations and the official reports showed that there was a sound basis for them. Mr R. R. McBurney, the general secretary, whose portrait with a picture of the Central building appears on this page, was able to show a most gratifying condition of affairs There are now, it appears, 7,582 members connected with the various branches, while the aggregate attendance during the past year had been 1,851,347. The various educational classes had an enrollment of 4608. The Association is about to open a new branch on the west-side at Fifty-sixth Street near Eighth Ave. All the existing branches are doing excellent work and are increasing steadily in numbers and popularity. Mr. McBurney had the pleasure of announcing the receipt of a handsome gift to the Association from a donor whose name was not disclosed. He had given the Association in fee simple a fine office building on Broadway, the value of which is $200,000. The building will make an important addition to the income of the Association from the rents of its offices. It is understood that the donor's object was to encourage the Association to open new branches and especially to proceed with the erection of the west-side branch, the site of which was a gift from the late Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt.

Gen. Sec R. R. McBurney.

THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, EAST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

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A CHINESE C. E. MEETING.

From the pen of Dr. Mary Gale comes the following description of a Christian Endeavor meeting in China, which is published in "The Missionary Link:" Last spring there was a very wonderful meeting in Shanghai. Probably five hundred people were gathered in the Methodist Church, the largest building we have for native meetings. This was the first annual meeting of the Christian Endeavor societies of Shanghai, native and foreign which have a membership of one thousand. I hoped we should find a little gathering of young people, but when I entered the church and saw the numbers already seated, I was amazed. The speeches and all the exercises in fact were in Chinese, except a word of greeting from the foreign societies to the native, and that was translated, and one hymn sung by the foreign juniors. There were two set speeches by young preachers, explaining the aims and methods of Christian Endeavor societies; a dialogue between two teachers, I think, assisted by a small boy of ten or eleven. This little fellow was the most unembarrassed of public speakers, and his voice was clearly heard above the din of the crowd. There were songs by schoolboys, and two short addresses by young men of sixteen or seventeen years of age. No one failed, though these last were never so frightened in their lives, I fancy. The gem for us foreigners was the song by the foreign children, "Jesus Bids Us Shine," when the girls' voices harmonized with the boys' so sweetly that the Chinese themselves were moved. I have never seen our Hospital helpers so pleased over any religious service. It was a novel thing for them to see young people take part in a meeting, and I think the enthusiasm of the Y. P. S. C. E. communicated itself to them. We hope some day to have a society in our own mission, but as yet there are obstacles which cannot be overcome. Our members are young girls, who cannot, as a rule, go out to meetings. They must be guarded from the speech of people, and bide their time in patience, for their emancipation from the fetters which ignorance and heathen customs have imposed upon them. You who are Christian Endeavorers should remember these young societies of Chinese boys and girls in love and prayer. They are waking to new life and opportunities, and they will have new temptations and trials.

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KING'S DAGHTERS IN VIRGINIA.

From the semi-annual report of the King's Daughters of Virginia forwarded to headquarters, and published in the journal of the order, we extract the following items, which show the character of the work being done by the Christlike organization:

At Onancook there is a circle, of which the secretary, Elizabeth W. Quinby, writes: "We are striving to keep our own hearts pure and to live as becomes true daughters of our King. We have given away clothing and provisions to needy ones here at home, sent clothes to a mission school in Africa, and bed linen to a retreat for the sick. We have also bought shoes, clothing, and a trunk to help a young girl remain at school, besides doing sewing for her."—— Another circle in Richmond, which has taken the appropriate name of "The Sunshine Band," has paid rent, furnished fuel, and helped to clothe several poor families; contributed to the Day Nursery, and Kindergarten, the Ice Mission, the Old Market Mission, and the Virginia Medical Hospital, and sent a donation to a poor minister who needed temporary help.——"The Faithful Circle," also in Richmond, of which Miss Lillian Yarborough is leader, paid regular visits to the "Retreat for the Sick," the patients read to, and flowers, useful articles, and delicacies carried to them. A poor girl at St. Luke's was visited, clothed, and sent back to her home when she recovered. Visits were made among the poor, and food and clothing distributed. The Kindergarten and the Old Ladies' Home have also been visited, and a regular contribution given for the support of a girl at the Sheltering Arms.——At Bessemer is a Patience Circle, the secretary of which, Mary Carter, writes: "Most of our members are school girls. Having no house of worship in our small but beautiful mountain village, we are trying to build a chapel and library, to be used for a school-room, and by all denominations. We have had contributions of books, money, etc., and all such aid will be very acceptable. In working for this great need, we try not to forget to "lend a hand," and we have ministers to the sick, needy and troubled. This summer we have cared for one of our members in illness and helped a poor family whose home was burned."—— "The Whatsoever Circle," in Marion, works exclusively among the inmates of the S. W. Hospital for the Insane, and has been blessed in its efforts to shed brightness into the lives of the afflicted patients. This Circle is composed of members of the officers' families and attendants at the institution. The patients are given treats, the sick visited and furnished such extras as the physicians allow. Literature, papers and pictures have been distributed.

These are but a few of many similar records of work done for the poor and the afflicted by the devoted Daughters of the King in the name of Christ.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

There are four Epworth Leagues, with about one hundred members, in the Hyderabad district, India. One of these is composed of Canarese.

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The Epworth League at Sioux City, Ia has been greatly blessed during the wonderful revival. It has a membership now of one hundred and forty.

✠

A Baptist Young People's Union in Iowa had the happiness of seeing five of its associate members pass by baptism into the active list during the month of January.

✠

The Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association in the ancient city of Damascus, has decided to erect a small building of its own for the work. The present quarters are now too small for the membership.

✠

The Illinois Christian Endeavor Union has organized a Correspondence Committee, through the medium of which young people removing to any town in Illinois will receive a cordial welcome to their new home.

✠

At a Conference of Christians of all denominations held recently in Rome, it was decided to organize a Young Men's Christian Association as the best method of united effort for the benefit of the young men of the city.

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The German Epworth League has sustained a heavy loss in the death of Henry Liebhart, of Cincinnati, the editor of "Haus und Herd," who was accidentally killed while on a railroad journey at New Haven, Mich. He was an enthusiastic and untiring League leader.

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The B. Y. P. U. of the Bloomfield ( ) Association will hold a two day's Convention at Tuscola, Feb. 21 and 22. Among the speakers are to be Rev. J. B. Topel Mansfield; Rev. G. E. Nicholson of Fairmount; Rev. W. R. Andereck of Danville; Dr. N. H. Steadman, of Champaign, and the General Secretary of the B. Y. P. U.

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The Christian Endeavor Societies of Portland arranged to have two of their members at each door of the hall in which Col. Ingersoll lectured recently. As the audience filed out after the lecture, each person received from the Christian Endeavorers a copy of a tract, setting forth the reasons for holding the Bible to be true.

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The arrangements for the great Christian Endeavor Convention in Boston are being rapidly pushed forward. Mechanics' Hall has been secured for the meetings. The main portion will be used for an auditorium and the other two parts respectively for Massachusetts Headquarters and a restaurant. Two huge tents capable of covering ten thousand persons each have also been leased. Several large churches have also been placed at the disposal of the committee. In all, there will be no embarrassment as 36,000 delegates were to attend the Convention. Any inquiries should be addressed to Mr. R. H. Magwood, 646 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Winter Days in Japan.

ow the Merry People of the Mikado's Realm Pass the Winter Season—Social Life in the Gay City of Tokio.

TOKIO, the capital of Japan, and the very heart and life of the "Empire of the Rising Sun," presents a gay scene in winter. It is a city covering twenty-eight square miles, and is full of animation, bustle id trade. Its many fine buildings, schools id colleges, give it, in some quarters, an most European aspect, and its population as busy, energetic and pleasure-loving s that of any capital on the face of the obe.

January and February are cold but clear onths in Tokio. There is usually only a ight snowfall, and it does not remain ng, being melted by the winds which are ternately as balmy as those of May and s bleak as our own proverbial March ales. A few days of lovely weather are ot to be followed by a keen northerly ind that freezes the ponds, canals, rivers id lakes, and captures the city suddenly its icy grasp. Aged and sickly people id the very young are glad to stay inoors in such trying weather, but the snow rnishes an opportunity for fine sport to ultitudes. How the Japanese, in their ail and unsubstantial native houses, conive to keep warm in such weather is a ystery to most travelers who happen to isit Tokio in the cold season. With the ch, however, it is altogether different. Vrapped in heavy woolen coatings and rs, they brave the wind and snow and pin merrily across the ponds and lakes to ie music of sleigh-bells. Even in winter ostume, the graceful bamboo parasol is an separable portion of a lady's outdoor quipment, as our photograph shows. Japnese women have a taste in dress that is lecidedly picturesque and becoming, and he native graces, even of the school-girls f Tokio, would inspire the pencil of an rtist.

March is a changeable month in Japan nd people do not leave off their thick vraps and overcoats or reduce their fires ntil the flowers begin to peep through the ground about the middle of April, when the beautiful groves of cherry trees in Uyeno and Asakusa, near Tokio, put on their dress of pink-and-white blossoms. May is a delightful month; a trifle cool, evenings, but full of hints of the rapidly coming summer. June is misty and rainy, but in July and August the weather is usually clear and fiercely hot at times, and this heat lasts until the sea winds of September come to moderate it. The three last months of the year are ordinarily pleasant, and fires begin to be appreciated before the end of October. On the whole, the climate is temperate and healthful. Grass remains green the year round and even in winter the camelias, are abloom.

Tokio is, for an Asiatic capital, quite cosmopolitan. All nationalities are to be found there, the European and American portion of society being composed of officials, merchants and their employees, missionaries, professors and tourists. The fragile and almost toy-like native houses are the despair of foreigners who attempt to live in them. Yet there are many compensations for the discomforts that must be borne. The Japanese are an exceedingly social people and their hospitality is boundless, so that, no matter what the season of the year, the well-behaved stranger within their gates is sure of welcome and entertainment.

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A Little Queen Rebuffed.

A pretty little story about young Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, appears in the journals of the Hague. The Queen is at present only fourteen years of age, and she is credited with even a larger measure of caprice and precocity than is usually granted to less exalted young ladies at that interesting period of life. Her mother, the Queen Regent, therefore thinks it well at times to deal somewhat severely with Wilhelmina's little ways. Lately the young Queen, desiring to speak to her mother,

A YOUNG LADY OF TOKIO, JAPAN, IN WINTER COSTUME.
(From a photograph secured for "The Christian Herald".

knocked—not perhaps, in the most dignified fashion—at the door of the room in which the Queen Regent was engaged. "Who is there?" "It is the Queen of Holland!" (imperiously.) "Then she must not enter!" (peremptorily.) At this rebuff the little Queen suddenly changed her tactics, and softening her tones, said winningly, "Mamma, it is your own little daughter that loves you, and would like to kiss you." "You may come in." And the young sovereign who could not enter as Queen, won her way, as a loving and dutiful daughter, to her mother's heart.

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Girls on the Farm.

Books alone are not enough to fill the lives of girls on the farm with interest and pleasure. They should have a variety of simple amusements, chief of which should be their association with those of their own and of the opposite sex. The girls ought to have evenings when they can entertain their friends with games, with pleasant conversation, and a little feast of fruit or nuts and home-made dainties. Young people need young society. Young girls are all the brighter and better and happier for sensible friendships with young folks. The summer should bring the farmer's daughter a multitude of innocent out-of-door amusements, and the winter, indoor recreations. These and other simple pleasures would make her life much nearer an ideal one.

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Keep your Temper.

The Rev. John B. DeMotte relates this incident, which may help to illustrate a point for the young readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

My boyhood home was not far south of the great chain of North American lakes. Our fuel was poles cut from a neighboring tamarack swamp. It was my business, after they had been brought to our yard, to saw them for proper length for the stoves. They were long and slick and hard to hold. One morning, when I was in a hurry to be off fishing, they semed to be especially aggravating. Getting the saw fast, I jerked about until finally I plunged the teeth some distance into one of my feet, making an ugly gash. My father saw the exhibition of my temper, but said nothing until I had finished my work and my passion had subsided. Then he called me to him.

"John," said he, very kindly, "I wish you would get the hammer." "Yes, sir." "Now a nail and a piece of pine board." "Here they are." "Will you drive the nail into the board?" It was done. "Please pull it out again." "That's easy." "Now, John," and father's voice dropped to a lower, sadder key, "pull out the nail-hole."

Every wrong act leaves a scar. Even if the board were a living tree, yea, a living soul, the scar remains.

WHOM WE SERVE.

LIKE birds at eve, on tired wing,
Too weary oft one note to sing,
Longing some resting place to see,
Dear Lord, we come, with hope, to Thee.

Like watcher through the dreary night,
Waiting the dawn of morning light
Hoping that better things may be,
Dear Lord, we come with faith to Thee.

The traveler worn, all dust and heat,
Hoping at length some friend to meet;
Thinking of those he longed to see,
Dear Lord, we come to rest in Thee.

Like homeless child away from friends,
Too troubled now to make amends,
To open arms he longs to flee,
Dear Lord, we find our help in Thee.

Like toilers, just at set of sun,
Much work that's hardly yet begun,
Asking for help with earnest plea,
Dear Lord, we come and trust in Thee.

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COURTESY TO CHILDREN.

IF we desire our little ones to possess the grace and dignity that lend to manhood and womanhood their peculiar charm, we must begin their training in early youth. The father who touches his hat to his little daughter, who steps back and allows her to enter the room first, because she is a lady, says a thoughtful writer, does much to cultivate this manner; for a girl cannot be in the habit of receiving and acknowledging such attention without acquiring the grace which we desire for her, and the influence of it does not stop there. The little girl who is treated with such consideration, invariably responds with a loving service which must endear her to her father's heart. What another child must be bidden to do, she does spontaneously. Her feet are ready to run, and her hands ready to work for him, so that courtesy becomes what it should be, not merely a form, but the expression of love itself, and it is the habit of her life. Perhaps the truest gentleman I ever knew brought up his little daughter by the same standard of manly honor and courage that he did his son. Did he hear her retailing some bit of foolish gossip, "A lady never tells tales," would be his grave rebuke. Did she bump her head or pinch her chubby finger, her refuge was his arms, but his word was, "Courage, my soldier!" And sometimes when she had resisted a sharp temptation, or acted with spirit and decision in a sudden crisis, he would say, proudly, "that was done like a lady. Allow me to shake hands." Kisses were for every day. She was sure of his affection, and such a training naturally developed many beautiful traits of character which, added to true piety, made of her a charming Christian woman.

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How to Avoid Quarrels.

My wife, writes a thoughtful husband, is one of the sweetest little women in the whole world, and I am not considered cranky, but sometimes differences arise, beginning with the most trivial things, which after being thought over and nursed, become of monumental proportions, and very often threaten the peace of the family. Of course, I have been commonly the one to blame. Sometimes I went to business without my good-by kiss, and two people were miserable all day. But my little wife had an inspiration lately, and the next time our argument was drifting near the danger line, she turned it aside by this womanly suggestion, "Dear, let's quarrel to-morrow!" This was an odd proposal, and I did not know what to make of it. "All right," I said, "we will put it off till to-morrow," and we laughed and talked of other things.

But to-morrow did not come, and our quarrel was never begun. Indeed, to-morrow never comes; it's always a day ahead; and if we can only keep our differences till then, and have Christian love in our hearts, there will be fewer heart-broken little wives at home and surly husbands at office or store, than if we nurse our differences until they explode in anger.

A NEW FASHIONED WOMAN

Written Specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

BY MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

CHAPTER XL.

In the Sunday School.

WORK in and for the church was a delight to Annie. No trivial excuse, no ordinary rain kept her away from the house of God, but it was a great cross to her that she was not able to be a regular attendant at Sunday School. There were times when she might easily go and take a class, yet there were other times, when this would be an utter impossibility, and to be a successful teacher she knew she must be regular and punctual, so she was compelled to give up this pleasure.

Mabel and Wallace were both members of the Infant Class of the Sunday School of her church, and this class had been assigned to the ablest teacher of the school, a woman of tact, originality and deep piety. Sunday was a happy time for the children, and their cross was, not to go, but to be compelled to remain away, when it was impossible, on account of storm or sickness, for them to attend. This teacher had a sunny face and manner, and every little child felt the influence and contagion of her beaming smile, and gentle, sympathetic words. Though she was gentle, yet her discipline was firm, and no disorder ever allowed, still the little ones were not required to shut their lips tight lest a word might slip through; on the contrary, a little talking, within the bounds of moderation, was always encouraged, and opinions and remarks received her kindest consideration. Annie asked, one Sunday, the privilege of remaining in the Infant Class-room, and was delighted at the order observed, yet the freedom of the little ones. After the opening exercises were over, and the teacher was enquiring who had remembered the morning thank-prayer, who had remembered to thank God for their food, their clothes and their beds, Annie could not repress a smile when a solemn-eyed little boy broke in with, "My bed is not very good now, my mamma is going to make it over this week," and another, "Mrs. Jones, them's my coat and pants brother Willie's got on. Mamma give 'um to him 'cause I'd outgrowd um."

Then came a little plaintive voice of a wee girl: "Oh, Mrs. Jones, we is so scrowded up here."

Mrs. Jones noticed every speaker, sympathized with the first, admired the second, order was restored, and the lesson proceeded with an occasional interruption. What a refreshing class, Annie thought! At the close the teacher tried to impress upon the children the importance of "total abstinence." A beautiful, bright-eyed little boy on the front bench interrupted her with; "I've seen my papa drunk many a time."

It was a sad close to the appeal. Some of the children tried to smile, but most of them looked solemn, and Annie's eyes overflowed.

She thought this was the very sweetest, most satisfying class in the school, Who would ever weary or grow impatient teaching these precious children. When school was dismissed, she took the teacher's hand and said:

"Mrs. Jones, I thank you for the pleasure you have given me. I have indeed spent a most delightful hour in your room. You certainly have a sweet charge. I envy you your talent, and your opportunity."

"I am glad to have given you any pleasure, Mrs. Gordon. Mine is, as you say, a sweet charge. I love my work, I love the little darlings, yet mine is the most trying position in the whole school, I do not murmur that the labor in this room is hardest, and that I have to make better preparation for it than for any other class. I do not murmur that I am never allowed to see the good I may be permitted to do — these things do not trouble me. My business is to sow, it is given to others to do the reaping. I have to prepare the ground, keep it fallow, drop in good seed, but the harvest is another's. What proportion of the reward at the end will be mine, I do not stop to inquire. Always my arm must go round in a broad sweep, sowing, sowing, sowing—and there I must stop. I do not murmur at this, but my great trial is, that just as I begin to get an influence over the little ones, just as I see a little improvement, just as they twine themselves around my heart and I learn to love them tenderly, they are taken from me and passed up to a higher class, they are mine no longer. New ones come in, and at the time when I love them most they, too, are passed up and out of my reach,—yes, out of the reach of my arm perhaps, but not out of the reach of my prayers. Every day I not only pray that some seed I drop may bring forth fruit for my Master's glory, but I have to beg for strength to sustain me, in this, the most trying part of my work as teacher."

Annie thanked God that her children had such a teacher, one whose love encircled her class, whose sole motive was God's glory, and one who lived in an atmosphere of prayer. After this visit and conversation, her interest in the infant class deepened, and she never ceased to remember the loving teacher at the throne of grace.

Not only was she careful that her children always knew and understood their lessons, but she was very particular about the contributions. She and her husband had consulted together upon this subject, and had come to the wise conclusion, that money given had double power when earned, not only was it a power for good from its own value, but when earned it was a benefit to the giver as well. Each Sunday these two children carried a few cents that they themselves had earned for the contribution box, and, if by chance, through indifference or neglect, they did not feel disposed to work for the money, they were not reproved, but they were not given the usual amount to make up for the deficiency. Wallace, through interest in something else, found himself one Saturday night without a cent for Sunday School, and this time he borrowed from his sister, promising to pay her the next week, which he did. The parents knew this and did not object upon this occasion, though it was understood then that borrowing could never be allowed again. The result of this system was, that these children, though small, always went through the routine of some daily work and always received for it regular, stipulated pay. From the money they were encouraged to make an offering of their own.

While Annie trained her children in the right way, she did not neglect to discipline her own heart. Connected with her church were two Societies, the Missionary Society of which Mrs. Travilla was President, the other a Dorcas Society, of which Mrs. Mashona was President. To both of these Annie belonged, and in both she labored faithfully. Although in her days of opulence she had never known anything of sewing, ordering all of her dresses from abroad and keeping a seamstress for plainer sewing, yet now, since her marriage, she had applied herself assiduously to her work, and now most of the sewing for the family was done by her own hands. Perhaps those hands might not now be so fair, so delicate, so free from blemishes as in the days of idle leisure, but they were even more beautiful, because they dispensed blessings freely.

CHAPTER XLI.

"Ask and it shall be given you."

"Roy has just been here to invite us to spend to-morrow at his house," said Annie one morning as her husband entered her room. "You can go, can you not?"

"I wish I could say yes at once, Annie, but I have a very pressing case out of town, and I just stepped in to beg for an earlier breakfast than usual to-morrow morning. I am very sorry, for I would be glad to go with you and the children, but I will be debarred this pleasure."

"I hoped you might visit your patients in the morning, and meet us at dinner and give us the remaining hours of the day."

"I fear even this will be impossible to-morrow, 'Business before pleasure,' little woman."

"I see I will have to yield, but I fear it is not done with a very good grace. I am so sorry for you to be shut out of all these family gatherings, especially to-morrow, for it's mamma's birth-day."

"Is it? Then I am especially sorry."

"Mamma will be fifty to-morrow. She spoke sadly of this coming birth-day to me the other day; said 'now the journey is all down hill.' Poor mamma, these last few years of her life have been sad indeed. If I were only sure of her being a Christian, I should feel so different about the remainder of her journey through life."

"Do not fear, dear, your prayers will yet be answered, and I have faith to believe that your entire family will at no distant day be a God-fearing, God-loving people."

"God grant it!" exclaimed Annie from a full heart."

The next morning Dr. Gordon bade his family "good-by" at an early hour, and soon his buggy was rattling over the stony streets, through the bridge that spanned the river, and soon he had left the city far out of sight. As early as possible after breakfast, Annie, her three children and nurse were in the street car which passed her brother's house. She and her children each carried a souvenir to her mother in remembrance of the day, nor did her husband forget to add his gift to theirs. Both families were in holiday attire, and an elegant dinner had been ordered for the occasion. After greetings had been interchanged, and conversation been general for some time, Annie took occasion to draw Roy into the parlor, and when there she said: "Roy, my darling brother, I want you to grant me a favor."

"Well, my dear Annie, it is granted before you ask it."

"Take care, Roy, it may be very different from what you suppose, and when you learn its nature you may not feel so willing to consent."

"I am willing to risk it. You are the most reasonable woman I know, and I know your request is reasonable, so I agree."

"I will not accept your consent until you hear what I want at your hands. Listen! I want you to educate four poor children."

"Whew! Next thing you'll want me to do the teaching. Goodness! Annie, what do you mean! I don't love to prowl about in hovels, and kiss little dirty faces, as you do—but go on, explain yourself. You startled me so I had to say something."

"I am willing for you to say as much as you please, Roy, just so your words are followed by acts. I will put all the cases before your eyes, tell you what I want you to do by way of relief, and then leave it to your own good, generous heart to decide.

"Case first is this: Jessie Withers lives with her old blind grandfather, who aids her mother in the support of the family by making baskets and mats. The mother goes out to work. Jessie has uncommon mental powers, reads a great deal and remembers all she reads. Now if she were educated, she could aid very materially in the support of the family. Mrs. Somers induced a lady to undertake this great work, but the lady died about two months ago.

"Case second is different. Mr. Flint had his leg crushed by some falling timber years ago, and he has had a long struggle to get strong. He had just recovered from a spell of typhoid fever when the accident occurred, which made it harder for him to recover. His oldest boy, George, has occupied the position of errand boy in a store, but if he had an education he could fill a better, more lucrative place.

"Case third: Jim Howard's father drinks, but he is making earnest efforts to burst the fetters that have bound him so many years. I carried him an antidote for whisky a month ago, and it is really acting like a charm, and I have great hope that he will yet become a sober man. They have a large family of children and his wife is an invalid. If I can get Jim educated, you can see yourself what good he can accomplish.

"Case fourth: Nannie Goode is the child of a widow, who has a spinal affliction and soon she will be perfectly helpless. I must get Nannie educated, so that when her mother fails in health, she can support them both comfortly.

"I said there were four cases, but here is case fifth:

"Mrs. Hunter is a poor woman who has seen better days. Her husband was once a prosperous merchant, but his partner absconded with a large amount. Her husband died soon after leaving her penniless. She is finely educated, but she has no relatives, no child to aid her in her distressed condition. After her husband's death she tried to take in washing, and now her hands are drawn into terrible knots by rheumatism, so that she can hardly dress herself. Now I wish to make her the teacher of these four children, pay her liberally, say four dollars for each, pay the same amount to each child's family, for since while they will be going to school they will not be able to aid their families. You see by this arrangement I am giving relief to four families and educating four worthy children.—Now, Roy, you have heard me through patiently, what do you say, my brother, to the favor I ask at your hands?"

"Annie," and Roy's voice was very gentle, "have you, with your children and your household cares—have you found time to assist all these people?"

"Yes, Roy, I try to work for others. Charity may begin at home, but I am very sure it should not end there. My dear brother, if you would only go with me and witness some of the scenes of wretchness and squalor that my own eyes have seen, it would do your own heart good. You do not dream how much suffering there is in this beautiful city. If you would go and view the depths far below you, your heart would swell with gratitude and praise to God for his manifold gifts to you. You have had blessings beyond all computation. The world would say that your large wealth was due to prudence on your part and uncommon business qualifications, but, dear Roy, who endowed you with this mind, gave you this foresight, this caution in your business transactions, this knowledge of human nature that you may judge the men with whom you deal? Who has blessed you with a loving wife, with sweet, darling children? Who has given you health, and kept death far from the door? I asked this favor a moment since for my sake. I change the request; I ask it now for my Saviour's sake, that you will give this as a thank-offering to him for his great goodness to you."

Roy's eyes were dewy when he raised them to Annie's face. There was a moment's pause, and then he said:

"Your request is granted. I grant it for your sake, Annie, and for the sake of your Saviour. Once, my dear sister, I gloried in being a sceptic, in declaring that I did not believe in God, in Christ, and in the Bible. I tried hard to be an infidel, and persuaded myself that I was one, but your beautiful life, the wonderful change in you, your firmness in adhering to your Saviour, notwithstanding the godlessness of this family, your gentleness when I jeered, your decided refusal to attend places of amusement which you thought improper, your spotless record as a Christian, have done more to convince me of the reality of the religion of Christ than all the arguments of the ablest divines I ever listened to."

"Thank God," said Annie devoutly. "O, Roy, I have hoped and prayed for your conversion. God is answering my prayers."

"Do not mistake me, Annie; I am not a Christian. All I say now, is that my attitude toward religion is changed. You have caused me to respect Christianity by your conduct. I see how it has changed you, I confess that at first I did not like the change, but I soon saw that you were happier for it and I was not long in finding out that you made other people happier. You have made us happier and you have done a lot of good outside the family. So I came to the conclusion that the world would be a much better world if there were more Christians—in fact that Christianity was a good thing. That was what I meant just now in saying I would do what you ask about educating these children and do it for your Saviour's sake. I have looked into these matters somewhat since I began to change my ideas of Christianity under the influence of your life. It seems to me as far as I can see, that the best kind of life is one that follows Christ's example—good and doing good. I am sick of this idle, frivolous, pleasure-loving, money-grubbing mode of existence. It leads to nothing. I am strongly inclined to cast in my lot with you and ask you to make a Christian of me if you can. That is as far as I have come yet."

"O, my brother, I am thankful; heartily thankful; you are not far from the kingdom of God."

(To be continued.)

"I SHALL SEE HIM."

By the late Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D.

I SHALL see the King in his beauty.
In the land that is far away.
When the shadows at length have lifted,
And the darkness has turned to day.

Behold the Chief of ten thousand,
Ah! my soul, this is joy enough:
'Till suffice for the bliss of heaven,
That the Lamb is the light thereof.

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When the Lord shall bring home his own,
When one sight all his saints are ravished,
The Lamb in the midst of the throne.

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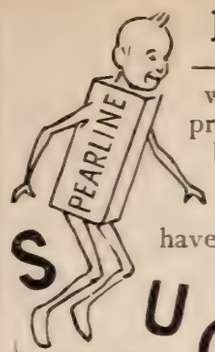

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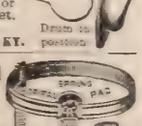

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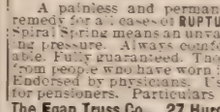

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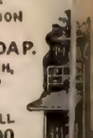

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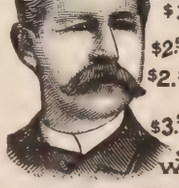

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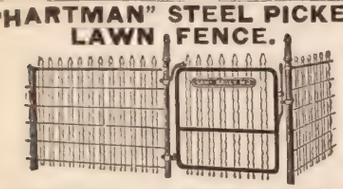

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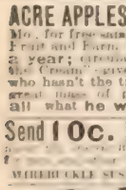

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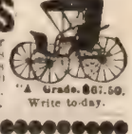

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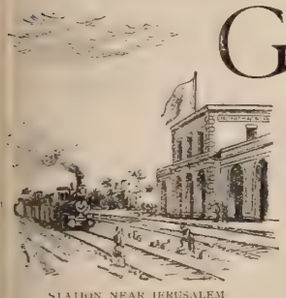
Railroad-Building in Palestine.

A Great Transformation in Progress in the Holy Land—Ancient modes of Travel Discarded and a Network of Lines Gradually Extending from Egypt to Damascus.



STATION NEAR JERUSALEM

GREAT changes have taken place in Palestine within a few years, and still others are now in progress, which are destined to have a most important influence upon the future of that most interesting portion of the globe. Less than ten years ago, the Holy Land was still undisturbed in its venerable antiquity; its historic plains silent and untrodden, save by the wandering Bedouin, the peasant, or an occasional party of pilgrims. Even as recently as 1889, when Dr. Klopsch and Rev Dr Talmage together visited the Holy Land, the undertaking was a laborious one in consequence of the poor facilities for land travel in Palestine proper.

To-day, however, all is changed. That wondrous transformation has taken place which Dr. Talmage partly foreshadowed when, in the course of his series of Palestine sermons, he declared that the inhabitants of that ancient land would yet be stirred up to new life by the introduction of railways, and that the slow Oriental ears at Joppa would become habituated to the cry, "All aboard for Jerusalem!" or "Change cars for Damascus!" Railroad building has been progressing continuously during the last three years, and the line between Joppa and Jerusalem, the opening of which was duly chronicled in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in 1892, has been followed by surveys for other roads, several of which are now in course of construction The scene shown in our illustration, where sturdy Arabs and Syrian laborers from Bethlehem and Beit jala are engaged under European engineers, in building a section of one of the new roads—is not now an unfamiliar one in many parts of Palestine One of these roads—a narrow-guage line between Beyrout and Damascus—is being constructed by a French syndicate. An English syndicate has surveyed, and is now building, a seventy-five mile line from Haifa to Damascus, which will be one of the most important branches of a great railway system that will girdle the Holy Land from North to South. It begins at Haifa with a short eight-mile branch around the famous Bay of Acre to Akka; thence it will run along the northern base of the range of Carmel, and on to the battle storied plain of Esdraelon, passing the villages of Nain, Jezreel and Beisan, with the possibility of touching near Nazareth. On leaving Mount Tabor, as indicated by the surveys, it will skirt the plain of Butt hauf, crossing the Jordan on a trestle near Majameh ("the Bridge of Meeting"), where the Little Jordan joins the main stream.

Then, for a brief distance, it will run along the southern shore of the Lake of Tiberias and diverge into the great wheat-growing region of Syria, known as "the Hauran" (referred to in the Bible as "the Plains of Bashan"), and continue till the terminus is reached at the southern gate of Damascus, the whole length being about 120 miles from the point of starting. This road, which has been estimated to cost $10,000,000, will, when completed, open up to the East large agricultural and manufacturing interests, and will greatly aid in bringing about renewed prosperity to a country whose commerce has long been stagnant. Meanwhile, Belgian capitalists, it is reported, have undertaken to build a seventy-five mile road from Damascus into the Hauran, for the purpose of aiding the development of the grain trade, and the Joppa road, now in operation, is to have a branch running along the coast to Gaza, in ancient Philistia, which may be continued to Port Said in Egypt.

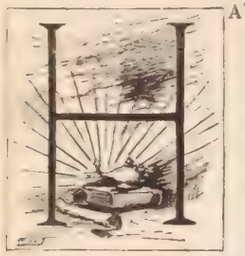
Under the influence of this new element, Palestine, and indeed all Syria, is beginning to feel the throbbings of a new life more in touch with the activity and progress of the Western world. Travelers who have recently visited Jerusalem and Joppa tell of the impetus that has been given to those communities by the advent of the railroad there, and it is significant that building is more active than before, and that the railroad centres are growing in population Thus the Land of the Book, of Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, and Martyrs, the land of the Saviour and the birth-place of Christianity, is being opened up to the world at a time when the sons of Israel themselves are returning to their native soil in numbers that would seem to many observers to indicate an early fulfilment of prophecy.

PALESTINE'S RAILWAYS—ARAB AND SYRIAN WORKMEN EXCAVATING NEAR BETHLEHEM

(From a photograph recently secured in the Holy Land for "The Christian Herald")

A SNOWY DAY.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage, preached last Sunday in the Academy of Music, N. Y. Text: I.Chron. 11: 22: *"He went down and slew a lion in a pit in a snowy day."*



HAVE you ever heard of him? His name was Benaiah. He was a man of stout muscle and of great avoirdupois. His father was a hero, and he inherited prowess. He was athletic and there was iron in his blood, and the strongest bone in his body was back-bone. He is known for other wonders beside that of the text. An Egyptian five cubits in stature, or about seven feet nine inches high, was moving around in braggadocia and flourishing a great spear, careless as to whom he killed, and Benaiah of my text, with nothing but a walking-stick came upon him, snatched the spear from the Egyptian, and with one thrust of its sharp edge, put an end to the blatant bully, which makes us think of the story in our Greek lesson too hard for us if the smarter boy on the same bench had not helped us out with it, in which Horatius the Macedonian, and Dioxippus the Athenian, fought in the presence of Alexander: the Macedonian armed with shield and sword and javelin, and the Athenian with nothing but a club. The Macedonian hurled the javelin, but the Athenian successfully dodged it, and the Macedonian lifted the spear, but the Athenian with the club broke it, and the Macedonian drew the sword, but the Athenian tripped him up before he could strike with it, and then the Athenian with his club would have beaten the life out of the Macedonian, fallen among his useless weapons, if Alexander had not commanded, "Stop! Stop!" But Benaiah of the text is about to do something that will eclipse even that. There is trouble in all the neighborhood. Lambs are carried off in the night, and children venturing only a little way from their father's house are found mangled and dead. The fact is, the land was infested with lions, and few people dared meet one of these grizzly beasts, much less corner or attack it. As a good Providence would have it, one morning a footstep of a lion was tracked in the snow. It had been out on its devouring errand through the darkness, but at last it is found by the impression of the four paws on the white surface of the ground, which way the wild beast came, and which way it had gone. Perilous undertaking: but Benaiah, the hero of the text, arms himself with such weapons as those early days afforded, gunpowder having been invented in a far subsequent century by the German monk, Bertholdus Schwartz. Therefore, without gun or any kind of firearms, Benaiah of the text no doubt depended on the sharp steel edge for his own defense and the slaughter of the lion as he followed the track through the snow. It may have been a javelin, it may have been only a knife; but what Benaiah lacks in weapon he will make up in strength of arm and skill of stroke. But where is the lion? We must not get off his track in the snow. The land has many cisterns, or pits, for catching rain, the rainfall being very scarce at certain seasons, and hence these cisterns, or reservoirs are digged here, and there, and yonder. Lions have an instinct which seems to tell them when they are pursued, and this dread monster of which I speak, retreats into one of these cisterns which happened to be free of water, and is there panting from the long run, and licking its jaws after a repast of human flesh, and after quaffing the red vintage of human blood.

Benaiah is all alert, and comes cautiously on toward the hiding-place of this terror of the fields. Coming to the verge of the pit, he looks down at the lion, and the lion looks up at him. What a moment it was when their eyes clashed! But while a modern Du Chaillu, Gordon Cumming or Sir Samuel Baker, or David Livingstone would have just brought the gun to the shoulder, and held the eye against the barrel, and blazed away into the depths, and finished the beast, Benaiah, with only the old-time weapon, can do nothing until he gets on a level with the beast, and so he jumps into the pit, and the lion with shining teeth of rage, and claws lifted to tear to shreds the last vestige of human life, springs for the man, while Benaiah springs for the beast. But the quick stroke of the steel edge flashed again, and again, and again, until the snow was no longer white, and the right foot of triumphant Benaiah is half covered with the tawny mane of the slain horror of Palestine.

Now you see how emphatic, and tragic, and tremendous are the words of my text: "He went down and slew a lion in a pit in a snowy day." Why put that in the Bible? Why put it twice in the Bible, once in the book of Samuel, and here in the book of Chronicles? Oh the practical lessons are so many for you and for me. What a cheer in this subject for all those of you who are in conjunction of hostile circumstances. Three things were against Benaiah of my text in the moment of combat, the snow that impeded his movement, the pit that environed him in a small space, and the lion, with open jaws and uplifted paw. And yet I hear the shout of Benaiah's victory. Oh, men and women of three troubles. You say, "I could stand one, and I think I could stand two; but three are at least one too many."

There is a man in business perplexity, and who has sickness in his family, and old age is coming on. Three troubles: a lion, a pit and snowy day. There is a good woman with failing health, and a dissipated husband, and a wayward boy—three troubles! There is a young man, salary cut down, bad cough, frowning future—three troubles! There is a maiden with difficult school lessons she cannot get, a face that is not as attractive as some of her schoolmates, a prospect that through hard times she must quit school before she graduates — three troubles! There is an author, his manuscript rejected, his power of origination in decadence, a numbness in fore-finger and thumb, which threatens paralysis—three troubles! There is a reporter of fine taste sent to report a pugilism instead of an oratorio, the copy he hands in rejected because the paper is full, a mother to support on small income —three troubles! I could march right off these seats, and across this platform, if they would come at my call, five hundred people with three troubles. This is the opportunity to play the hero or the heroine, not on a small stage with a few hundred people to clap their approval, but with all the galleries of heaven filled with sympathetic and applauding spectators, for we are "surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses." My brother, my sister, my father, my mother, what a chance you have! While you are in the struggle, if you only have the grace of Christ to listen, a voice parts the heavens, saying, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth;" "You shall be more than conquerors." And that reminds me of a letter on my table written by some one whom I suppose to be at this moment present, saying: "My dear, dear Doctor: You will please pardon the writer for asking that at some time when you feel like it, you kindly preach from the 30th Psalm, 5th verse: 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning,' and much oblige a downtown business man." So to all downtown business men, and to all uptown business men, I say: if you have on hand goods that you cannot sell, and debtors who will not, or cannot, pay, and you are also suffering from uncertainty as to what the imbecile American Congress will do about the tariff, you have three troubles, and enough to bring you within the range of the consolation of my text, where you find the triumph of Benaiah over a lion, and a pit, and a snowy day. If you have only one trouble, I cannot spend any time with you to-day. You must have at least three, and then remember how many have triumphed over such a triad of misfortune. Paul had three troubles: Sanhedrin denouncing him — that was one great trouble; physical infirmity, which he called "a thorn in the flesh," and although we know not what the thorn was, we do know from the figure he used that it must have been something that stuck him —that was the second trouble; approaching martyrdom—that made the three troubles. Yet, hear what he says: "If I had only one misfortune, I could stand that; but three are two too many?" No: I misinterpret. He says, "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things." "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

David had three troubles: a bad boy, a temptation to dissoluteness, and dethronement. What does he say? "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore, will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea."

John Wesley had three troubles: Defamation by mobs; domestic infelicity; fatigue from more sermons preached and more miles traveled than almost any man of his time. What does he say? "The best of all is, God is with us." And when his poet brother, Charles Wesley, said to him, "Brother John, if the Lord were to give me wings, I'd fly," John's reply was, "Brother Charles, if the Lord told me to fly, I'd do it, and leave him to find the wings."

George Whitefield had three troubles: Rejection from the pulpits of England because he was too dramatic — that was one trouble; strabismus, or the crossing of his eyes that subjected him to the caricature of all the small wits of the day; vermin and dead animals thrown at him while he preached on the commons—that made three troubles. Nevertheless, his sermons were so buoyant that a little child dying soon after hearing him preach said in the intervals of pain, "Let me go to Mr. Whitefield's God." Oh, I am so glad that Benaiah of my text was not the only one who triumphed over a lion in a pit on a snowy day.

Notice in my text a victory over bad weather. It was a snowy day, when one's vitality is at a low ebb, and the spirits are naturally depressed, and one does not feel like undertaking a great enterprise, when Benaiah rubs his hands together to warm them by extra friction, or threshes his arms around him to revive circulation of the blood, and then goes at the lion, which was all the more fierce and ravenous because of the sharp weather. Inspiration here admits atmospheric hindrance. The snowy day at Valley Forge well nigh put an end to the struggle for American independence. The snowy day demolished Napoleon's army on the way from Moscow. The inclemency of January and February weather has some years bankrupted thousands of merchants. Long succession of stormy Sabbaths has crippled innumerable churches. Lighthouses veiled by the snow on many a coast have failed to warn off from the rocks the doomed frigate. Tens of thousands of Christians of nervous temperament by the depression of a snowy day almost despair of reaching heaven. Yet, in that style of weather Benaiah of the text achieved his most celebrated victory; and let us by the grace of God become victors over influences atmospheric. If we are happy only when the wind blows from the clear northwest, and the thermometer is above freezing point and the sky is an inverted blue cup of sunshine poured all over us, it is a religion ninety-five per cent. off. Thank God there are Christians, who, though their whole life through sickness has been a snowy day, have killed every lion of despondency that dared to put its cruel paw against their suffering pillow. It was a snowy day when the pilgrim fathers set foot, not on a bank of flowers, but on the cold New England rock, and from a ship that might have been more appropriately called after a December hurricane than after a "Mayflower," they took possession of this great continent. And amid more chilly worldly circumstances many a good man or a good woman has taken possession of a whole continent of spiritual satisfaction, valleys of peace, and rivers of gladness, and mountains of joy. Christ landed in our world not in the month of May, but in the stormy month of December, to show us that we might have Christ in winter weather, and on a snowy day.

Notice everything down in the pit that snowy day depended upon Benaiah's weapon. There was as much strength in one muscle of that lion as in all the muscles of both arms of Benaiah. It is the strongest of beasts, and has been known to carry off an ox. Its tongue is so rough that it acts as a rasp tearing off the flesh it licks. The two great canines at each side of the mouth make escape impossible for anything it has once seized. Yet Benaiah puts his heel on the neck of this "king of beasts." Was it a dagger? Was it a javelin? Was it a knife? I cannot tell, but everything depended on it. But for that, Benaiah's body under one craunch of the monster would have been left limp and tumbled in the snow. And when you and I go into the fight with temptation, if we have not the right kind of weapon, instead of our slaying the lion, the lion will slay us. The sword of the Spirit! Nothing in earth or hell can stand before that. Victory with that, or no victory at all. By that I mean prayer to God, confidence in his rescuing power, saving grace, Almighty deliverance. I do not care what you call it; I call it "Sword of the Spirit." And if the lions of all the jungles of perdition should at once spring upon your soul, by that weapon of heavenly metal you can thrust them back and cut them down, and stab them through and leave them powerless at your feet. Your good resolution wielded against the powers which assault you is a toy pistol against an Armstrong gun; is a pen-knife held out against the brandished sabres of Heintzelman's cavalry charge. Go into the fight against sin on your own strength, and the result will be the hot breath of the lion in your blanched face, and his front paws one on each lung. Alas! for the man not fully armed, down in the pit, on a snowy day, and before him a lion.

All my hearers and readers have a big fight of some sort on hand, but the biggest and the wrathiest lion which you have to fight is what the Bible calls "The roaring lion, who walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." Now, you have never see

real lion unless you have seen him in India or Africa, just after capture. Long caging breaks his spirit, and the constant presence of human beings tames him. But you ought to see him spring against the iron bars in the Zoological Gardens of Calcutta, and hear him roar for the prey. It makes one's blood curdle, and you shrink back, although you know there is no peril. Plenty of lions in olden time. Six hundred of them were slaughtered on one occasion in the presence of Pompey in the Roman Amphitheatre. Lions came out and destroyed the camels which carried the baggage of Xerxes' army. In Bible times there were so many lions that they are frequentiy alluded to in the Scriptures. Joel, the prophet, describes the "cheek teeth" of a great lion; and Isaiah mentions among the attractions of heaven that "No lion shall be there;" Solomon describes the righteous as "bold as a lion;" and Daniel was a great lion-tamer; and David, and Jeremiah, and St. John often speak of this creature.

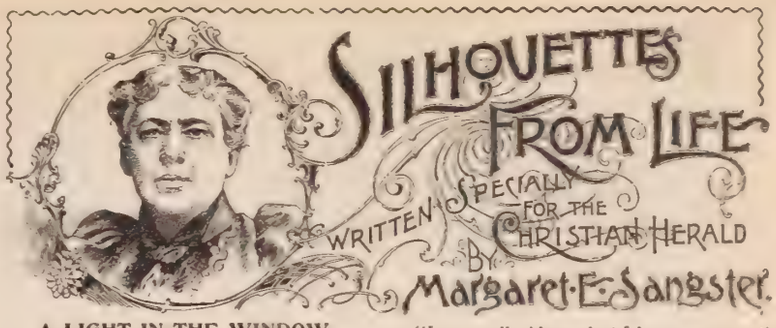
But most am I impressed by what I have quoted from the Apostle Peter when he calls the devil a lion. That means strength. That means bloodthirstiness. That means cruelty. Yes, he is a savage devil. He roared at everything good when Lord Claverhouse assailed the Covenanters, and at Bartholomew against the Huguenots, one August night when the bell tolled for the butchery to begin, and the ghastly joke in the street was, "Blood letting is good in August," and 50,000 assassin knives were plunged into the victims, and this monster has had under his jaw many of the grandest souls of all time, and fattened with the spoils of centuries, he comes for you. But I am glad to say to all of you who have got the worst in such a struggle, that there is a Lion on our side, if you want him: Revelation 5: 5, "The Lion of Judah's tribe." A Lamb to us, but a Lion to meet that other lion, and you can easily guess who will beat in that fight, and who will be beaten. When two opposing lions meet in a jungle in India, you cannot tell which will overcome and which will be overcome. But if you and I feel enough our weakness in this battle of temptation, and ask for the Divine help, against that old lion of hell, described in St. Peter, will go the stronger Lion described in Revelation, and it will be no uncertain grapple, but under one Omnipotent stroke the devouring monster that would slay our soul, shall go reeling back into a pit ten thousand times deeper than that in which Benaiah slew the lion on a snowy day.

A word to all who are in a snowy day. Oh, fathers and mothers who have lost children, that is the weather that cuts through body and soul. But drive back the lion of bereavement with the thought which David Rae, of Edinburgh, got from the Scotch grave-digger, who was always planting white clover and the sweetest flowers on the children's graves in the cemetery, and when asked why he did so, replied: "Surely, sir, I canna make ower fine the bed coverin' o' a little innocent sleeper that's waitin' there till it's God's time to waken it, and cover it with the white robe, and waft it away to glory. When sic grandeur is waitin' it yonder, it's fit it should be decked oot here. I think the Saviour that counts its dust sae precious will like to see the white clover sheet spread ower it. Do ye no' think so too, sir?" Cheer up all disconsolates. The best work for God and humanity has been done on the snowy day. At gloomy "Marine Terrace," Island of Jersey, the exile Victor Hugo wrought the mightiest achievement of his pen. Ezekiel, banished and bereft and an invalid at Cornhill, on the banks of the Chebar, had his momentous vision of the Cherubim, and wheels within wheels. By the dim light of a dungeon window at Bedford, John Bunyan sketches the "Delectable Mountains." Milton writes the greatest poem of all time without eyes. Michael Angelo carved a statue out of snow and all Florence gazed in raptures at its exquisiteness, and many of God's servants have out of the cold cut their immortality. Persecutions were the dark back-ground that made more impressive the courage and consecration of Savonarola who, when threatened with denial of burial, said: "Throw me into the Arno if you choose, the Resurrection Day will find me and that is enough." Benaiah, on a cold, damp, cutting, snowy day gained leonine triumph. Hardship and trouble have again and again exalted, and inspired, and glorified their subjects.

The bush itself has mounted higher
And flourished, unconsumed, in fire.

Well, we have had many snowy days within the past month, and added to the chill of the weather was the chilling dismay at the non-arrival of the ocean steamer "Gascogne." Overdue for eight days, many had given her up as lost, and the most hopeful were very anxious. The cyclones, whose play is shipwrecks, had been reported being in wildest romp all up and down the Atlantic. The ocean a few days before had swallowed the "Elbe," and with unappeased appetite seemed saying, "Give us more of the best shipping." The "Normandie" came in on the same track the "Gascogne" was to travel, and it had not seen her. The "Teutonic," saved almost by the superhuman efforts of captain and crew, came in and had heard no gun of distress from that missing steamer. There were pale faces and wringing hands on both continents, and tears rolled down cold cheeks on those snowy days. We all feared that the worst had happened, and talked of the "City of Boston" as never heard of after sailing. But at last, under most powerful glass at Fire Island, a ship was seen limping this way over the waters. Then we all began to hope that it might be the missing French liner. Three hours of tedious and agonizing waiting, and two continents in suspense! When will the eyeglasses at Fire Island make revelation of this awful mystery of the sea? There it is! Ha! Ha! The "Gascogne"! Quick! Wire the news to the city. Swing the flags out on the towers. Ring the bells. Sound the whistles of the shipping all the way up from Sandy Hook to New York Battery. "She's safe! She's safe!" are the words caught up, and passed on from street to street. "It is the 'Gascogne'!" is the cry sounding through all our delighted homes, and thrilling all the telegraphic wires of the continent and all the cables under the sea, and the huzza on the wharf as the gang-planks were swung out for the disembarkation, was a small part of the huzza that lifted both hemispheres into exultation. The flakes of snow fell on the "Extra" as we opened it on the street to get the latest particulars.

Well, it will be better than that when some of you are seen entering the harbor of Heaven. You have had a rough voyage—no mistake about that. Snowy day after snowy day. Again and again the machinery of health and courage broke down, and the waves of temptation have swept clear over the hurricane deck, so that you were often compelled to say, "All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me," and you were down in the trough of that sea, and down in the trough of the other sea, and many despaired of your safe arrival. But the great Pilot, not one who must come off from some other craft, but the One who walked storm-swept Galilee, and now walks the wintry Atlantic, comes on board, and heads you for the haven, when no sooner have you passed the Narrows of death than you find all the banks lined with immortals celebrating your arrival; and while some break off palm branches from the banks and wave them, those standing on one side will chant, "There shall be no more sea;" and those standing on the other side will chant, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Off of the stormy sea into the smooth harbor. Out of leonine struggle in the pit, to guidance by the Lamb, who shall lead you to living fountains of water. Out of the snowy day of earthly severities into the gardens of everlasting flora, and into orchards of eternal fruitage, the fall of their white blossoms the only snow in heaven.



A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

A light in the window for thee, brother,
A light in the window for thee!

TWO old people, a brother and a sister, lived together in a small apartment at the top of a tall house in a crowded street. Many years ago they had been blithe-hearted children, running wild and free over a rocky hillside farm in New England, children of godly parents, trained in everything that belonged to an orderly Christian life. Morning and evening there were prayers in their father's house, and Abner and Jenny were never absent. Sabbath by Sabbath the family went to church always twice, and Abner and Jenny were as regularly in their places in the pew as the minister was in his place in the pulpit.

Time, which changes so many things, brought great changes to the house in which these little ones lived. First, the father died, then the mother. Relations came in, who sold the little property according to the Deacon's will, for the benefit of the children, and the children themselves were taken to the city, sent to school, and, in time, taught bread-winning trades. Abner became an architect. Jenny learned the art of millinery. Both were proficient in their work, honest and industrious, and they prospered and laid aside their savings, and in thrift and independence the years went over their heads, till gradually the heads grew gray, and the alert young steps slackened and sobered as age crept on.

In early life Jenny had given her heart to Jesus. She did this without struggle, without conflict, as happy and as naturally as a bud unfolds into a flower, or a child develops into maturity. From the moment of her conscience awakening to the conviction of sin and of the need of a Saviour to the moment of her dropping the load at the foot of the Cross, and saying, "Take my life, and let it be consecrated, Lord, to thee!" the interval was too slight to be appreciated or measured. Joining the Lord Jesus, Jenny joined the church, as a matter of course, and took her share in whatever work the church had for her to do.

With Abner, it was different. As a young man he came under the influence of sceptical literature, then he fell in with a set of clever but superficial people, who fancied themselves able to sound the depths of philosophy, when a pebble would have splashed hard against the shallows of their ignorance. Abner was out in the cold and the storm of unbelief, while Jenny knew the warm glow and the sweet shelter of a Christian's anchorage, a Christian's hope.

Devoted to one another with only this little rift within the lute, the two, as I have said, grew old. Jenny was fond of music. She had a little, old-fashioned parlor organ, and as she would sit in the twilight coaxing familiar tunes note by note, with her thin, white fingers, and singing in a thin, high voice, cracked and quavering, but still sweet, her brother liked to listen to her, and often swelled the strain with his deeper tones. "Jerusalem, the Golden," "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" "While Shepherds watched their flocks by night," "There is a Fountain filled with blood," were among their favorites. And none were more entirely beloved by both than some of the Gospel hymns; even some of the older ones which you do not so often hear now, were dear to Abner and Jenny.

"There's a light in the window for thee, brother!" Jenny sang one night, closing the organ afterward, and going to her brother to give him the kiss which had ended every day for fifty years or more. She passed her hand over his thick white hair, and said softly:

"Dear, dear Abner! We won't be much longer together!"

"Sister!" he exclaimed, startled and paling, "why do you speak so? It is not like you to be a prophet of evil. Are you not well?"

"I am well, Abner, but I have a presentiment that we are soon to be separated. Brother, if the Lord calls me first, remember there'll be a light in the window for thee! Heaven would not be heaven for me without my brother Abner!"

Months passed, and the conversation, which had much impressed the brother at first, faded from his memory; faded that is, as much as most things do, for I question if we ever really forget anything. The brain is like the old Greek palimpsests, with records written one upon another, all imperishable, all easily revived, when the right moment comes.

One morning, Jenny was not able to sit up for breakfast. She had been slightly ailing for a day or two, but a great accession of weakness suddenly rushed over her like a flood. The Doctor came, looked grave, and prescribed; Jenny grew worse hourly. Between midnight and dawning of the second day, she died. Just before she passed away, holding Abner's hand in her light feather-soft clasp, she whispered word by word, with gasps between: "A—light—in—the—window—for—thee, brother."

Left solitary, the old man pined. A cousin offered to come and stay with him, but he declined, preferring to be alone. The silence was like that of desolation. No Jenny to welcome him when he entered, to see that coat and hat were brushed and everything spick and span when he went out. No little figure going soberly to church and prayer-meeting with a wistful glance at him, as he remained at home.

"Fool that I was, and brute!" he said to himself.

"I might at least have gone with her now and then; given her that pleasure. But I was too selfish, too conceited, too blind. And now, I can never make it up to Jenny. Never, to all eternity! I am a wretch undone!" Abner's heart ached, he groaned and sighed, and walked up and down the floor, lamenting. It did not yet occur to him to pray. But he had begun to repent, and that is the first step. God has a great love waiting for sinners who repent.

The angel who sets down our lives in his book, watched over Abner just then, with such eyes of compassion as only angels have. And one day, I think, the angel smiled, for Abner took up Jenny's Bible, her worn old Bible, and sat down and read it; read it as if it had been a message from the sister who had been his comrade so long, and who had left him to finish the journey by himself.

Abner did not take the Bible with the intention of seeking truth or treasure, but the words on which his eyes first fell, were these:

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God. Cry unto Jerusalem that her warfare is accomplished."

Comfort! That was his want! God knew that he was desolate enough! He could not read for tears, but he went to the window and looked out.

Clear in the evening sky, a star shone, bright, golden, glistening! A star that might have been a loophole of the heaven above, where so many of Abner's kindred had gone. Gazing at the star, strangely and suddenly, he never could explain it, a miracle happened to the old and stubborn man. He believed! He did not know how, or why, but light, God's light, flooded his soul. It was a revelation of the Divine, and he felt himself sinful but pardoned, lost but saved, Christ's freedman, as he had been Satan's bondsman.

"Jesus, I yield!" he said, dropping upon his knees, while a great peace like a tidal wave swept over soul and body. Wonderful! Glorious! Unutterable gloriousness! As he rose from that prayer and pledge, he fancied again that he heard the old sister singing softly:

A light in the window for thee, brother,
A light in the window for thee!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE RICH YOUNG RULER.

S. S. Lesson for March 10. Mark 10: 17-27. Golden Text Matt.6: 33. By Mrs. Baxter.

THE Lord was in the coasts of Judea, by the farther side of Jordan. There he taught such as resorted unto him. He had corrected the loose and selfish ideas prevalent at that time regarding marriage and divorce, and had given his precious teachings of welcome to the little children. (Mark 10: 12–16.) "As he was going forth on his way there ran one to him, and kneeled to him, and asked him, Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" Matthew tells us he was a young man. (Matt. 19: 20.) Luke tells us he was a ruler. (Luke 18: 18.) It is quite clear that he was a man of position, and that he was in thorough earnest about his soul. He was too much in earnest to think what impression it might give of him to others that he should be seen running after the teacher of Nazareth whom all the people of his position so despised; and should even, when he could excite remark, kneel to him.

When Nicodemus came as an inquirer, he took the precaution to come by night, when he could not be observed; and he approached the Master with a courteous recognition of his divine commission. But when a man stands face to face with the tremendous facts of eternal life and eternal death, awakened by the Holy Ghost, he loses mastery of himself; the issues are too great to admit of unnecessary words or deeds; he is perishing, he is lost, and must have salvation at any cost. But there is more involved in eternal life than simply salvation in the sense of pardon. Eternal life is

The Very Life of God

himself, the Life manifested in the person of Christ. Eternal life, in its very fulness, is nothing less than that partnership with the divine nature which is pledged to us if we escape the corruption which is in the world through lust; it is the life which God gave his Son authority to give to all those whom he had given to him. Men may preach a mutilated Gospel, and offer a half salvation to man which may bring them to know the pardon of sin without becoming holy and Christlike in their lives, and ready for the coming of their Lord, but Christ himself could not do so. The inquirer came to him as a Jew who knew the law, and Christ met him on his own ground as a Jew. "Good Master," or Teacher, he had said, "what shall I do." or (Matt. 19: 16.) "What good thing shall I do, that I may inherit eternal life?" In the first place, the Master deals with his ideas of goodness. The young man wanted to be good and wanted to be great, his idea of eternal life was human nature developed on an ascending scale; his theology left no room for the Cross, for humiliation or nothingness. "Why callest thou me good? None is good save God." It was the first check to his own idea. What! did not even this holy prophet of Nazareth claim to be good? This Man, "who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil," did not even he claim any merit, but attribute all to God? This was something quite new and unknown to the earnest inquirer.

Still dealing with him as a Jew, the Lord continued, "Thou knowest the commandments, or (Matt.19: 17,18) "if thou wouldest enter into life, keep the commandments." To this the young ruler replied by the question, "Which?" And the Master answered by the six commandments in the decalogue which contain the law of love to man. With a clear, but unenlightened conscience, the rich young man answered: "Master, all these have I observed from my youth." But having, as he thought, passed successfully through this examination, he must now pass a higher. From the standard of an outward and ceremonial religiousness, he must come to be tried by him who searcheth the heart, and learn the summing up of all the commandments in the love which is the fulfilling of the law.

"And Jesus, looking upon him, loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest: go and sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me." (R.V.) It was

Like a Thunderbolt.

What! give all? But this would put it forever out of his power to do good according to his ideas of doing it. He was rich, he could give much, he was willing to give liberally, but to give all; this would make him to be nothing and nobody. It would be like asking a merchant to give up all his capital, it would mean certain ruin. Yes, certain ruin; yes, the utter break up of all we are and have; yes, to deny ourselves, to hate our own life; yes, to take the place

"ONE THING THOU LACKEST . . SELL WHAT THOU HAST, AND GIVE TO THE POOR"

given us by the death of Christ. "Ye died and your life is hid with Christ in God." This is the only, but certain condition that we may have eternal life. Poor young man, this was too great a cost When he was put to a test, the love for his own position, and the love for his own possessions proved stronger than the love for his neighbor in which he thought he had passed so successfully. His desire for eternal life, which had seemed so deep and real, did not prove under the strong test strong enough to overpower his self-love. He went away sorrowful; all his goodness, all his morality, all his generosity, all his hitherto unblemished past, could not procure eternal life. The Lord wanted more than all that he could give while he retained himself in his own hands. It is not our works, our gifts, our efforts,

But Ourselves

which the Master seeks that he may communicate his own life to those who have laid down their own lives and all they are and have at his feet. But Oh, how many, even of God's children, have failed to learn this lesson! How many there are who yet value themselves on their earnestness, their work for God, their knowledge of his Word, their gifts for service, their anointing for service or other religious experience, and in their own eyes they are something or sombody for him. They can, as they think, confer something on the Lord, can be, in some measure, God's benefactors. They will relate with satisfaction what they have renounced for his sake, what they have suffered for him, what they have done for him. They have not left all they have and are to follow him. And the Master who watched the retreating form of the disappointed young ruler, said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" And again, "Children, how hard it is for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!" "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God!"

After all the holy teachings of the Lord which the disciples had received, illustrated by his own unearthly life, the disciples were still almost as much at a loss as the rich young ruler to understand their Lord. "They were astonished exceedingly, saying unto him, Who then can be saved? Jesus looking upon them saith, "With men it is impossible, but not with God, for with God all things are possible" Eternal life is a product, not of human nature: it is impossible that it can proceed from man; it cannot be inherited, as the young man thought; it must be given by him who gave to all men, "Life and breath and all things."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

AMONG the most pathetic incidents of the Gospel is that of the lesson. A wealthy young man approaches Christ with a question. It is not one of those intellectual pitfalls that the scribes were accustomed to lay before the Master. The young man wanted help and was evidently sincere. We are told that Christ looking at him, that is reading his heart, loved him. He wants to attain eternal life and he asks Christ what he must do to secure it. He addresses Christ as "Good Master," as he would have addressed any other religious teacher. Christ prefaces his answer with the remark, about which theologians have disputed for centuries: "There is none good but one that is God." No entirely satisfactory explanation has been given of the words, but it would appear that Christ was not so much disclaiming goodness, or implying that all men were bad, as to be directing the young man's thoughts away from human resources to the fountain and source of goodness. A short colloquy, shows that the inquirer has already, in his own opinion at any rate, attained negative goodness He has been reared in a godly home and has not, from his youth upward, broken any of the commandments. But he wants more He is not satisfied with himself and he carries his problem to Jesus in the words "What lack I yet?" With unerring finger, Christ points to one weak place in his character. If he really wants to be perfect, let him sell his property and give the proceeds to the poor and become Christ's disciple The faulty place is at once revealed to the aspirant. That is the one thing he has not the strength to do No longer must he regard himself as on the way to perfection. He knows now that there is a defect in his character, and what that defect is. The demand showed Christ's knowledge of men. He did not make it of Martha, who was surely in comfortable circumstances; nor did he ask Peter to give away his house at Capernaum. Either of the two would have made the sacrifice a word and therefore it was not required of them. It was not the sacrifice that was wanted but the spirit to make the sacrifice. As with Abraham, it was enough when he took the knife to slay his son. Thus all character may be tested. With some, the test may be property, as in this case; with others may be an office; with others a companion with others a habit. If there is one thing of any kind that could not be given up for Christ's sake then we may know where there is a faulty place in Christian character. However much Christ is loved, there is something that is loved better.

Sell whatever thou hast. The young man could not bring himself to let go his possessions even to save his soul. An African traveler says that in Algeria the peasant has a very simple method of catching a monkey. He attaches a gourd firmly to a tree, and in the gourd makes an opening just large enough for the monkey to put his hand through. Inside the gourd are some nuts, rice, or something else that the monkey likes. He goes to the gourd in the night thrusts in his hand and grabs the delicacy But when he attempts to withdraw his hand he cannot do it, for the hand is clenched and he has not the sense to unclench it. He will not let go his booty, and as he cannot move the gourd, he stands there till morning, when he is captured with his prize in his grasp.

Take up the cross. Mr. Simeon, of the English University of Cambridge, was very unpopular in the University in his earlier years because of his conscientious refusal to spend his time in riotous pleasures, and because of his evangelical doctrines. He had no friends, and was ridiculed and reproached on all hands. One day, feeling greatly discouraged, and conscious that his spiritual strength was failing in the storm of opposition, scorn and contumely, he opened his New Testament with an earnest prayer that God would direct his reading to some passage that would help him. His eye lighted on his own name "A man of Cyrene, Simon by name; him they compelled to bear his cross." He accepted this as a message, and exclaimed "His cross! Ah, rightly glad will I bear I forgot that it was his cross they were compelling me to bear. I need no compulsion From that day he was no more dispirited but bore all reproaches cheerfully.

He had great possessions. He was a ruler too, and his lot was an enviable one. But it would give him no help after death. The Talmud contains an expressive legend which illustrates this. It is to the effect that the guardian angel at the gates of paradise was aroused by a summons. "Who knocks?" demanded the angel. "Alexander," was the reply. "And who is Alexander?" The reply was given in imperial accents, "Alexander—the Alexander—Alexander the Great—the Conqueror of the World." The angel said, "We know him not; this is the Lord's gate; only the righteous enter here."

How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom. Riches have held many a man back from the kingdom to his own destruction. A plant called by botanists "Apocynum Androsæmifolium," is a fatal plant for insects. The fly alights on the nectary of the expanded blossom and finds honey there. He applies his trunk, but the moment the fly touches it and begins to feed the filaments close on the protruded proboscis, and the fly is a prisoner. It struggles desperately, but cannot get away, and dies a lingering death from exhaustion.

For a camel to go through the eye of a needle. A common expression among the Jews to imply something difficult if not impossible. In walled cities there were two gates one a large one for camels and vehicles and the other a small one for foot passengers. The small one was called the Needle's Eye. Lady Duff Gordon writes: "Yesterday while traveling back to Cairo, I saw a camel go through the needle's eye, as the small low archway of the enclosure was called. They made him kneel down, and then they took off his load and all the gaily festooned cloths that decorated the seat on his back. When he was quite stripped he seemed to know what he had to do. He lowered his head and shuffled through on his knees. I thought so must the grand humble themselves to enter the kingdom

Untold Suffering Averted.

he Relief Fund a Blessing to the Afflicted West—Distributors Still at Work—Mr. Ludden on the Nebraska Situation—Help still needed in Kansas, Oklahoma and Dakota.

NEARLY two months have passed since the readers of this journal, responsive to the call of suffering humanity and with hearts full of Christian love and sympathy, began to extend aid to the Western ifferers. During those eight weeks a wonerful and blessed work has been accomished. Many thousands of families to-day we it to these kind friends that they have ot perished of cold and starvation, and the alue of Christianity has receive a new ilustration of such splendid magnitude and roductive of such magnificent results that will long be remembered. East and West re united in a stronger bond of love and ratitude than ever before. What a multiplication of blessing has resulted! The origal givers have the blessing promised to hose who give, the distributors have the leasure of relieving suffering, and the poor hemselves are blessed in the gifts. THE HRISTIAN HERALD is thankful to have een the medium in this gracious work.

Meanwhile, the Relief Fund still grows ith every passing day, and is being romptly applied through our Volunteer Distributors as well as through the local elief Committees and other channels in he suffering States. Much yet remains to e done, especially in Kansas, Oklahoma, nd South Dakota. In Nebraska, the Relief Commission states, the situation is more opeful, and in Colorado the distress is being systematically relieved through the fund pened in Denver by the "Republican" ewspaper, the first impetus to which was afrded through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund three weeks ago. As many complaints have been received from Nebraska, tating that the destitution in numerous istricts was still unrelieved, we communiated with Manager Ludden, at Lincoln, on he subject. Mr. Ludden, in reply, telegraphs substantially as follows:

1. The State Relief Commission's scheme of distribution includes all the districts from which such complaints have come.
2. The reports alleging great and unrelieved destitution in those districts are unfounded.
3. If contributions continue as at present, the Commission will be able to afford all the necessary relief until the crisis is past.
4. The Commission will always investigate and, if found worthy, relieve any new applicatis.

Manager Ludden is apparently doing the best that could be done under all the circumstances and, like a wise general, is husbanding a portion of his resources for the emergency that is certain to arrive before the winter is over.

Among the Distributors.

Some of the work done by the distributors, in the course of their labors, has been almost heroic. Clothing, flour and other supplies, consigned to them by the Fund have been hauled many miles from the nearest railroad depot, through blinding storms of snow and hail, and distributed to the needy at points far apart and almost at the risk of death from exposure.

Chairman Geo. H. Hornby, of the Relief Committee of Valentine, writes that 350 families in Cherry County will have to be aided with seed grain. Two hundred destitute applicants have been relieved from supplies received there by the Woman's Relief Corps. H. A. Edgehill, Maywood, writes that the needy at that place are well supplied. Rev. A.W. Graves, Baptist Church, North Platte, who has done good work among the destitute, writes that there are still many needy ones who have not yet been reached.

Among the Volunteer Distributors in Nebraska who have reported progress in relief work for the Fund are these.

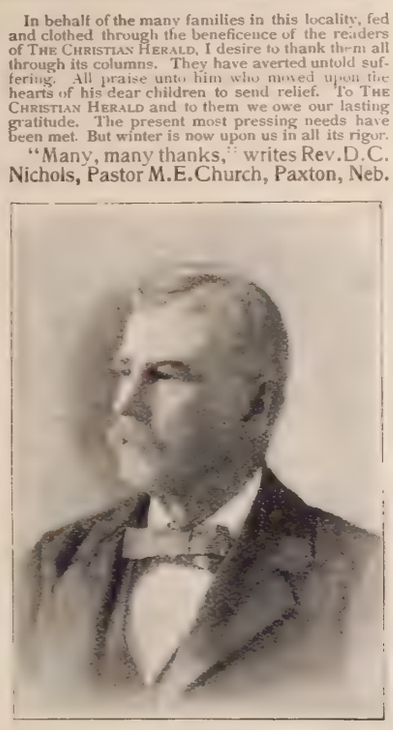
S. A. Hutchinson, Mascot (42 families and 191 individuals relieved); Mrs. Ira McCollister, Berwyn (clothed and otherwise assisted 85 families); J. S. McPherson, Hiawatha (many destitute families aided: liberal supplies received); Mrs. Peter Burmood, Wood River; Mrs. Elmer Adams, Eustis: J. C. Manlick, Broken Bow (all now supplied); W. E. Spottswood, Anselmo; Fred. Urmiller, St. Michael; Mrs. R. D. Carlton, Grand Island; Margaret J. Morrison, Loomis; Mrs. D. E. Dodd, Green; T. J. Hazleton, Bassett (50 families, or about 225 persons helped); A. M. Johnson, Curtis; Bissell Pittsford, Olive; Mrs. John Downer, Elgin; J. S. Wayman, Cambridge; John S. Newberry, Benkleman (5 families relieved).

Many destitute families have been aided with the money ($358.71) and clothing sent to Mrs. O. H. Gordon and Mrs. D. W. Wilson, of Merna, Neb., which these ladies transferred to Mr. A. C. Towle, supervisor of the precinct.

A cheering report is that of Rev. S. H. Day, pastor of the Friend's Church, Pearl, Neb., who writes:

In behalf of the many families in this locality, fed and clothed through the beneficence of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I desire to thank them all through its columns. They have averted untold suffering. All praise unto him who moved upon the hearts of his dear children to send relief. To THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and to them we owe our lasting gratitude. The present most pressing needs have been met. But winter is now upon us in all its rigor.

"Many, many thanks," writes Rev. D. C. Nichols, Pastor M.E. Church, Paxton, Neb.



WM. M. NASON OF OMAHA.
President Nebraska State Relief Commission.

"May God bless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers. I have distributed clothing among thirty-one families. These contributions have brought comfort to many."

C. L. Karnes, Ancelmo, Neb., acknowledges the receipt of clothing from Mrs. E. D. Gross, which has been duly distributed.

The Relief Work in Kansas.

Our Fund distribution in Kansas is progressing with order and rapidity. Rev. G. W. Sharp, who is in charge of the work, writes that the five carloads of clothing and supplies have now been distributed at Almena, Colby, Hill City, Quinter and Beloit. These supplies were in every instance distributed with the aid of local relief committees and gave great satisfaction, being the means of affording warmth and nourishment to many hundreds of needy families. The churches and citizens of Colby, Kan., have forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a letter of grateful acknowledgment of the gift from it readers.

Miss Tressie Addams, a Public School teacher of Portis, Kan., writes in behalf of the people of Twelve-mile Creek, who are destitute of fuel and clothing, and are now going barefooted and clad in grain sacks.

The Woman's Relief Corps of Oberlin, Kan. (Rosella V. Briggs, President), writes:

We have a great many destitute people, who would rather starve than ask for aid; for when they receive it from the Commissioners they have to be classed as paupers. Money for flour will be very acceptable here.

Reports from Western Kansas show that a terrible condition of suffering prevails in many counties; and numbers of families are in danger of death by freezing or starving. Contributions in the form of clothing and supplies are greatly needed.

Praying Over the Gifts.

The Relief Committee of Graham co., Kan., adopted resolutions thanking through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the donors, of the car-load of clothing and provisions delivered at Hill City. Writing of the distribution at Colby, Rev. G. W. Sharp, says:

I met the Relief Committee, had the car unloaded, its contents drayed to a large empty room, organized a force of about fourteen helpers, consisting of the Committee and persons selected by them—clerks, inspectors, box-openers, &c., and we never slept till a general inventory of the whole was taken; every box, barrel, and package being opened, examined, and turned over to the Relief Committee, and receipted for. Like the other cars I have distributed, if contained a splendid supply of clothing for men, women and children, and no small amount of shoes, and bedding, and some provisions. When we closed the door to begin invoicing we united in a short prayer for the guidance and blessing of God in the dispatch of the business, and when the invoicing was finished in the night, and our eyes beheld the immense amount of goods for the many destitute people of Thomas county, who were needing them that cold night, we closed our labor with thanks to our Father in heaven, and having sung "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," we were dismissed with a benediction.

During the week, Rev. A. G. Zigeler, Pastor of the Reformed Church, of Harrison, Douglas county, S. Dak., visited THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office in New York, and related a most pitiful story of the suffering in his section. Douglas county has a population of forty-five hundred and has had practically no good crops since 1890. Last years was a complete failure. Some aid in the shape of flour and coal has been received; but at least three hundred farmers' families aggregating fifteen hundred persons will require help from now till spring. What is most urgently needed is corn to feed the horses. Fifty bushels per family would meet all requirements. Mr. A. Hazen is Treasurer of the Relief Committee at Harrison.

Among recent notable contributions, is that of many citizens of Stamford, Conn., who have forwarded to the West through Rev. Samuel Scoville of Stamford, many barrels and boxes of clothing and provisions and over $130 in money.

The Fund Still Growing.

Contributions to the Relief Fund during the week were as follows:

Previously acknowledged $21,638.90

Adams Mr & Mrs	1 00
Anderson, Renwick	50
Asn. Byron	10 00
Atwater, A E	1 00
Atwater, Mrs I P	2 00
Ayers, Henry D	50
Alvord, C F	2 00
Ambler, A T	3 00
Alery, John	1 00
Arnold, Eliza S	5 00
Ahrens, M	1 00
Ashcraft, Mrs	50
Anderson, Miss J	50
Avery, Miss F B	1 00
Ball, William	5 00
Blakeney, Mrs M	1 00
Bliss, J J	1 25
Bonney, F L	1 00
Boyle, Mrs Maggie	1 00
Boynton, Mrs J	5 00
Briggs, Frank H	1 00
Brightbill, L O	3 60
Brookman, Miss J	50
Barge, E B	50
Beck, Mrs H S, collected by	10 00
Beckwith, Jas	1 00
Boatwright, Elie	10
Barber, C M	1 00
Barber, Cad	25
Barber, S M	1 00
Bee, Prentiss T	50
Bee, Mr & Mrs T C, Jr	5 00
Bee, Warren T	50
Boyd, Mrs Mary	2 00
Brown, W T	1 00
Burton, Miss	1 00
Bingham, Gertie	50
Bingham, Henrietta	50
Bird, Mr & Mrs L	2 00
Boyle, Anna M	2 60
Boyse, Mrs C H	1 00
Barnes, Cora	1 00
Bates, Mrs F A	25
Beard, Geo W	1 00
Birge, H G	2 00
Bodwell, Oscar R	7 00
Brown, Martha L	50
Bennet, Stephen	2 00
Bodmer, G	5 00
Brooks, H & D	25
Clark, Giles L	2 00
Clure, Mrs S B	2 00
Cole, John	1 00
Crandall, Earl	10
Crandall, Miss E	25
Crayton, A B	25
Case, Mrs S	2 00
Chapman, Mrs J H	2 00
Clark, Hiram F	5 00
Conklin, P H	2 00
Crain, P M	3 00
Crosman, Mrs G H	25 00
Curry, Jas	2 50
Curry, Mrs Jas	2 50
Champion, Mrs E A	5 60
Conover, Mrs B F	1 00
Camp, C W & wife	5 00
Clarke, Geo N and children	5 00
Cox, O E	2 00
Crudgington, Mrs W	1 00
Davidson, Allen	25
Dopp, J L	75
Dopps, W D family	1 00
Douglas, Mrs A J	5 00
Dexter, E N	5 00
Dewing, C A	5 00
Duvall, Miss L	1 00
Duvall, Louis H	1 00
Duvall, Mrs M J	1 00
Duvall, Miss M	1 00
Donaldson, Miss E	25
Day, S P	1 00
Downs, Mrs E M	1 00
Doak, Miss Jessie	1 00
Doak, Mrs M A	2 00
Estes, B B	2 00
Eagon, Mrs Dr C W	1 00
Edenborn, Mrs S	5 00
Ellis, W H	2 00
Ewell, Mrs A C	5 00
Ewing, W H	1 00
Evrest, Mrs S A	1 00
Estes, Mrs G A	1 00
Forsyth, Jas	5 00
Friend, Augustus F	5 00
Fairbanks, B C	25
Fairbanks, S	50
Fanning, C	50
Fenton, A W	25
Farny, D N	50
Faulkender, Lizzie	1 00
Fero, Mrs S	2 00
Flavel, E	1 00
Freeman, Miss S	1 00
Fuller, Mrs W W	1 00
Friend, Chicago, Ill	2 00
" N E Harbor, Me	1 00
" Miss	1 00
" Fairfield, Conn	3 00
" Dunstable	1 00
" Green Park	2 00
"	2 00
" N Y City	1 00
" Chelmsford	1 00
" Oregon, Ill	43
" California	5 00
Friend, Boardman, O	1 00
" Bedford, O	25
" Shelbyville, Ky	1 00
" W Hampden	25
" Marshall, Wis	1 00
" Norwalk, Conn	2 00
" Birmingham	1 00
" Lawrenceville	1 00
" Moriah, N Y	2 00
" Polo, Ill	20 00
Friends, Roxborough	2 00
" Mt Clemens	10 25
" Mitchellsville	5 00
" Holbrook, Mich	6 25
" Santa Barbara	3 00
" in Nova Scotia	2 00
Grist, T	25
Grier, Mrs E	1 00
Gilbert, Geo M	1 00
Garden, Mrs T J	1 00
Garrette, D	50
George, M E	50
Gates, Mrs Mary E	2 00
Griggs, Mrs Wm	1 00
Grable, Low C	1 00
Hill, Mrs Ruth	1 00
Harniques, A I	1 00
Hall, Edwin F	2 00
Hanson, Geo	40
Halford, Mrs A	25
Hanlin, Freddy	1 00
Herbage, John	1 00
Hazard, Mrs J	10 00
Hogan, Mrs C	1 50
Hubbard, Murry	25
Hucker, Mrs J B	5 00
Hunter, Mr & Mrs	1 00
Henderson, Mrs M A	4 00
Henricks, Mr & Mrs	2 50
Hufft, Mrs N D	1 00
Hunter, E & W	5 00
Hein, Miss Emma C	1 00
Helmer, Mrs A K	1 00
Hines, W A	3 00
Harding, Mrs H A	6 00
Hauert, W H	5 00
Howard, Millie	50
Howard, Robin	50
I H N	1 00
" Bervie, Ont	2 00
" Morgantown	1 00
" Closter, N J	3 00
" Peotone, Kan	10
"	2 50
Jackson, Baby Adri	3 00
Johnson, G	1 00
Jones, Walter	3 00
Johnson, M L	5 00
Keep, J W	5 00
Krause, Mrs Cris	5 00
Keith, F H	1 00
Kensinger, Geo	25
Khol, Mrs	1 00
Kite, Miss Maggie	2 00
Kirkman, F D	2 00
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

THE publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has decided that none of the valuable books offered to our subscribers as Premiums during the past season will be selected for that purpose next season. Our contracts with the various publishers debar us from thus using them after the close of 1895. In view of this decision, and as we have on hand a limited number of volumes of

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All who have not yet been so fortunate as to secure at least one of these valuable books, should take this opportunity, which will hold good only as long as our supply will hold out.

SLIPPERY PLACES.

ON a recent Sabbath, we had an opportunity of finding out just what the old Bible writers meant by slippery places. In those warmer climates they may never have seen a sheet of frozen rain covering the earth, as we on the occasion aforesaid saw; but they might have had a general idea of it. As the audiences that day adjourned, some went flat down, some fell head foremost, some sat gracefully down; but the more part struck out indefinitely, and swung round, and slipped about, and caught after things. Neither sliding nor skating seems appropriate on your way from church, but there was nothing else to do. Walking was abolished. Elders, deacons, and clergymen, after singing the doxology, took to field sports, one good man, of undoubted sobriety, getting down into the gutter as though he intended to stay there. A modest woman, without introduction, threw her arms around a lamp-post as though it were a friend from whom she had been parted for fifteen years. A sedate and inoffensive man went round like an unmanageable ship at sea, and ran the boom of his umbrella into a lady's head-rigging. Tides of travel from different churches met each other, unable to stop: Presbyterians and Methodists, Baptists and Pedo-baptists, who had been quarreling for some time, suddenly and convulsively embracing each other. It seemed to us incongruous that so many people should have taken their prayer-books along with them when they went a-sliding.

We thought how easy it is to sit in church and sing "Rock of Ages," and preach about duty and heaven, not realizing that there is a cold, slippery world waiting for us outside. The tug and strain and self-poising comes after the doxology. First the benediction, then the ice. That is the reason so many who pray and sing and preach splendidly go down as soon as they get out of doors. They imagine it is going to be Antioch, and Mount Pisgah, and Coronation all the way. The reason that so many good men fall, is because they do not take heed to their steps. David seems to feel his feet going from under him on an uneven cake of ice when he cries out, "My steps had well nigh slipt."

But alas for those who have nothing to hold on to as they pass on their way! Their feet will slide in due time. The pond of sin is smoothly frozen over, and they venture on it only to fall through; and the litany to be chanted over their demise, as the most appropriate, is Psalm 73: 18: "Surely thou didst set them in slippery places; thou causedst them down into destruction."

We noticed, however, on the icy day spoken of, that many who slipped did not fall. There was some one's arm to take hold of just in time to prevent a serious casualty. Because a Christian makes a bad slip do not conclude that he has fallen. Laying hold of an arm omnipotent, he may recover himself and get safely through. But it is a fortunate thing, if Christians must fall at all, that they fall on their way toward home, as was the case with hundreds of people on the glazed pavements of that Sabbath.

HELPING PEOPLE OUT.

THE story of how Jeremiah got out of the dungeon you may not fully understand. He had sunk in the mire well up toward his neck. There was a black man by the name of Ebed-melech, who went to the king and pleaded for the deliverance of Jeremiah. Having obtained the king's permission, Ebed-melech with others went to lift the prophet out. No door was to be opened, but the prophet is to be raised bodily out of the pit. Ebed-melech knows that a rope around the prophet's body will hurt him without some padding placed under the rope. Ebed-melech finds, under the "safe," in the palace, a few rags that he takes with him to the pit, and throws them in. Jeremiah puts these rags under his arms, then fastens the rope around his own body, and Ebed-melech begins the work of rescue.

Now we may not literally have ever been incarcerated, but who has never by reason of spiritual depression been cast into a dungeon. Depressed physical health sometimes does this work. Overwork or indigestion has left some of you in the mire. You think God has forsaken you, and your title to heaven has been forfeited, and everything looks dark. My friend, you want a dose of medicine, or a few days' rest. We think as soon as your body gets right your soul will be right. But we cannot tell what put you in the dungeon. We simply know that some of you are there. We would rather take the place of Ebed-melech, and try to pull you out.

Notice how kindly and gently that man helped Jeremiah. He did not jerk him out, or lift him by the hair of the head, but, having provided rags for the arm-pits, he gently and carefully hoisted him. In like manner let us lift up the depressed brother that may be in the mire. Let us all lay hold and give him a lift.

One of the chief works of the Church is to imitate Ebed-melech in hoisting good people out of the dungeon. Do not be rough with them. Do not scold them. All sarcasm in such cases is out of place. Do not bruise the man with a harsh rope. You will be in the dungeon yourself some time, and will know the worth of gentleness. O, for more sympathy among Christians, for a multiplication of Ebed-melechs! Let us bear each other's burdens, soothe each other's sorrows, open each other's dungeons. The Church needs not so much "sons of thunder" as "sons of consolation."

STALWART WORKERS.

THE Bible clergy had muscle as well as grace. David was little, but too mighty for Goliath, and grand on a bear hunt. People talk of Paul as though he were a skeleton, because he had a thorn in the flesh, but he was no skeleton. He rode horseback and graduated from the saddle into the ministry. He did not fall from his horse because he was not a good rider. From the joyful view he took of almost everything I know nothing ailed his liver. From the courageous way he stood before Felix, I know nothing was the matter with his backbone. At sixty-eight years of age he made a journey of more than fifteen hundred miles, before palace cars were invented, and still had enough strength left to write in a dungeon the Second Epistle to Timothy. Not much skeleton about that! Christian workers need to be strong, robust, agile and stalwart. Before the lamb and lion lie down together there will be more fighting done, and I want our side to win.

Nothing pleases us more than to see each denomination do its own work in its own way. That is an absurd proposition often made that all denominations should be combined in one. Some people are born Episcopalians, and some are born Methodists, and some are born Presbyterians, and we all have natural affinity toward certain forms of Church government or some style of religious theory. Each denomination has a truth, or a part of a truth, but no denomination has all the truth. You go into a watch factory and you see a great many men busy. They are all making watches, and yet they are all busy with different parts of the watch. These men are stirring the blaze, these men are fastening the rivets, these are fashioning the wheels or the springs or the case. But when these twenty or thirty or forty hands have each completed what they had to do and the watch is wound up, it is the timepiece that forgets not to mark the hours while we work and sleep. Now, the reconstruction of this world for Christ is to be at the command of all denominations of Christians—each one doing its particular work.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

J. T. Pruett, Philadelphia, and other readers. Read our Publisher's announcement, on first column of this page, which explains how you may secure any one of our three magnificent Premium books entirely free of cost.

Several Inquirers. Kansas, Oklahoma, and South Dakota are still in great need of aid, the principal wants being food and fuel. Any money contributions for those sufferers can be sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund.

The following additional names have been received for the Correspondence Society for mutual spiritual benefit, proposed by "Reader," Canada:

Cora J. Wilson, Fort Hunter, Pa.; Jennie L. Locker, Orange, Va.; Myron R. French, Colebrook River, Conn.; H. M. Bell, Grand Junction, Colo.; Jennie Renner, 413 Richard St., Dayton, O.; Robt. A. Amster, Royersford, Pa.; Horace B. Lincoln, Ray Brook, N. Y.; John Wilkinson, Calumet Club, N. Y.; W. H. Johnson, Red Bank, N. J.; I. R. Stevens, Laceyville, Pa.

Ethel Sinsapaugh, Sangerties, N. Y., writes:

Have I, in simple faith
Before thy gracious throne,
Lived only in thy strength,
Nor trusted in my own?

Dear Saviour, guide my feet
In all the toilsome way,
And bring me nearer thee
With each declining day.

R. T. Priddy, Decatur, Ill. In what part of the Bible is it stated that we are to be judged by the deeds done in the body?

See Luke 23: 41; Rom. 2: 6; Rev. 20: 13.

S. J. Muller, Waterbury, Conn. Who was St. Valentine, after whom the 14th of February is named St. Valentine's Day?

A priest or monk of the early Church who is said to have suffered martyrdom in the third century, having been beheaded in Rome on the day which has been set apart to his memory. The custom of sending valentines on that day had no connection with the martyr, being a survival of a peculiar usage connected with the heathen feasts of ancient Rome, known as the "Lupercalia."

E. Starrett, Newark, N. J. A friend quoted to me a few days ago, a verse from an old poem, entitle: "The sermon to the Fishes." Can you supply the verse?

You probably refer to these lines:

The sermon now ended,
Each turned and descended;
The pikes went on stealing,
The eels went on eeling;
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

The moral is aimed at those people who have the form of religion without the spirit and who, after hearing the Word, forget all about it and return to their evil ways.

"Anxious Soul," Bickle, Mo. 1. Is it possible for an unrepentant soul to come to Christ and be saved? 2. Are the Christian friends of such a person justified in praying for his salvation?

1. The very fact of going to Christ for salvation implies repentance. It argues sorrow for past sin and a desire for holiness. Christ nowhere demands the agony and distress that some experience before conversion. Many truly converted persons never suffer in that way and there is no merit in such experiences. But there should be a desire to quit sin and a sincere hatred of it, and that often comes after conversion instead of before. The man who has been saved without previously suffering the pangs which often accompany conviction generally feels afterward a horror of doing anything that would grieve his Lord and sincere sorrow for ever having done so. The essential thing is to quit sinning, and the strength for that comes from Christ after conversion. 2. Certainly they are justified, and it is their duty to do so.

Rev. L. C. B., Wilmot, S. D. The address of the Fulton St. Prayer Meeting is 113 Fulton Street, New York City.——Mrs. Martha Conner, Ballston, Oreg. Dr. Talmage is a Presbyterian.——Mrs. J. S. Cook, Parkersburg, W. Va. Mrs. Whittemore's address is 101 E. 61st Street, New York.——Subscriber. The address of the "Christian Observer" is Louisville, Ky. We do not know the other.——Mary Scott, Big Bend, Pa. Write to the "Times," Philadelphia, Pa., for the information you require.——E. T., Union City, Ind., writes to ask where a Christian home could be found for a bright little girl of two years.——H. C. H. Any recreations that have the elements of gambling for money or other stakes should be avoided. Games of skill or innocent amusement are to be commended.——E. E. Buck, Worcester, Mass., and Miss I. M. Berry, Asheville, N. C. We have every reason to believe that Mr. Ludden is doing the best that can be done under the circumstances.——Reader, Jewell, Kan. Write Biglow and Main Publishers, Ninth St., New York.——Subscriber, Brunswick, Me. 1. We cannot inform you. 2. Write to the editor of the Star, Honolulu, S. I.——Miss S. E. J. Vance, Dunklin, Ala. They are not to be had.——W. V. Leach, Mt. Sterling, Ky. Write to Potter Publisher, Philadelphia. 2. He is the strongest man known at the present time, but there have been men whose feats of strength eclipsed his.——Mrs. Lydia M. Raymond, Warrensburg, Ill. You will find it in almost any collection of Watt's Hymns. He was the writer. —— Subscriber, T. C. T. No.—— Mrs. C. F. Manchester, Pomona, Colo., and other inquirers. Back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD or other religious literature can be sent to J. P. Thompson, Indian School, McAlester, I.T.——J. S. V., White March, Md. The word "Selah" simply means a pause in music.——E. H. McCarley, Seneca, S. C. Write to Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C., for full information.——A. M. Moore, Columbus Grove, O. We cannot supply them.——Hannah, Litchfield, Conn. Without the consent of the writers themselves, we cannot grant the permission you ask.——Arthur Davis, Parma, Out. It is most probably a humbug. Better avoid it.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

IN A JAPANESE TEA-HOUSE.

THE picture on this page is from a photograph secured by Rev. Satori Kato of a familiar scene in Japan. It represents a Japanese house of entertainment corresponding with our hotels, which is called "tea-house." An American traveller in Japan who, during his wanderings in the country spent most of the nights in these tea-houses, gives an interesting account of his entertainment. He says that at first sight the fine roomy house surrounded with its extensive tea-garden gives the impression of quiet, reposeful seclusion, which is not realized on further acquaintance. It is quiet before five o'clock in the evening, but about that time there is an influx of guests. Each is provided with the inevitable tea, and then discards his travelling or working dress and proceeds to bathe in water as hot as he can bear it, talking to his companions meanwhile in the high tones required to reach them over the partitions of their respective rooms. The bathing occupies a long time, and when it is over, each guest puts on the clean white garment resembling a dressing-gown, provided by the keeper of the tea-house, and adjourns to the common room where he has dinner or supper, as he may choose to call the substantial meal that is served there. They talk loudly over the meal, and there is more talking and laughing afterward, as they sit and smoke till midnight. Then they retire, and there is snoring till five o'clock which is the usual hour for rising. There is more loud talking during dressing and breakfast, until by seven o'clock the last guest has departed. Then an army of bright little servant girls has possession of the place, and there is a noise of thorough and most conscientious cleaning going on with the clatter of their apparatus and the playful badinage of the sweepers and dusters. All this keeps a light sleeper awake, as the thin sliding partitions which separate the rooms at night would be little bar to sound, even if they reached to the top of the room and above them is generally a foot or so of open wood-word intended to secure ventilation and afford convenience for conversation between the occupants of adjoining rooms. The cleaning goes on until everything is spick and span throughout the house and then comes the only real quiet until five o'clock, when the guests begin to arrive again and the same series of noises must be endured. There is probably some touch of exaggeration in the picture and it is likely that in any case the description does not apply to all the tea-houses; and as an offset to the inconveniences, the traveller mentions the uniform politeness, civility, moderation in charges and extreme cleanliness everywhere found. These are no slight advantages and, as it is in other lands beside Japan, and in every lot, the agreeable has to be taken into account as well as the disagreeable. Everyone would be the happier for doing so, but too often the good in life is overlooked and only the misery is realized. He is the happy man who like the Apostle has been in the school of Christ and can say as he did, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." (Phil. 4: 11.)

INTERIOR OF KIKUYA TEA-HOUSE AT UJI, JAPAN.

The Castaway's Brother.

Among the passengers who landed in New York on Feb. 10 from the "Umbria" were fourteen shipwrecked French sailors whom the captain of the English steamer had rescued from the rigging of a water-logged vessel in mid-ocean. It was a French ship on the return voyage from Halifax, N. S. She was loaded with lumber, which kept her afloat, but her deck was level with the water, and the crew had been many hours in the rigging. The "Umbria" passed her in the night without seeing her, but the men could see the "Umbria," as being a passenger ship, there were many lights illuminating her. They gave the usual signal of distress, which is three torches held one above the other, by men in the rigging of the ship in distress. The "Umbria" at once sent a boat to their relief and brought them all safely to New York. One of the men said he had a brother in New York whom he had not seen or heard from since they parted in Bordeaux more than fourteen years ago. He did not know his brother's address, but had heard that he was somewhere in the city. By the aid of a directory and some searching, a man of the right name was found and brought to the boarding-house where the castaway was staying. The two men bore a close resemblance to each other, and each recognized the other at once. The castaway was warmly greeted and carried off to his brother's home to make the acquaintance of his sister-in-law and the nephews and nieces he had never seen. A man who had allowed fourteen years to pass without communicating with his brother might have naturally had some doubts about being welcomed in his destitute condition; but if he had, they were speedily removed. It is so with people who having neglected Christ, are driven by some affliction to seek him. They are welcomed without any reproaches from him; although there are often many they make against themselves. (1 Timothy 1: 13.)

Reading a Palimpsest.

An ingenious application of photography to the solution of a literary problem is described in a scientific journal. The problem consists in reading the earlier writing on a parchment after it has been partially obliterated and other writing put upon it. There are many such manuscripts, which are called palimpsests, among ancient documents. The price of parchment in early times being heavy, a poor scholar would wash off all he could of the writing on a parchment and would then inscribe what he wished to write between the lines of the earlier writing. It generally happens that the later writing is worthless compared with the earlier one, but modern scholars who want to read the earlier work find it very difficult to do so. The method adopted is to take a photograph of the manuscript through a yellow screen. The result is a negative in which the early yellowish writing is barely distinguishable and the later and blacker writing appears in white letters. Next an ordinary photograph is taken in which both writings show in their natural colors, but mixed together. By putting the first photograph on the top of the other, the later writing disappears as the white letters exactly cover its black letters. It is then easy to read the early writing without being confused by the later. Our modern sceptics and cavillers at the Bible might advantageously use an analogous mental process in studying its sacred pages. Their objections are always based on parts of the Book which were local, temporary and personal, like the Levitical law and figurative Oriental imagery. These confuse them and prevent their reading the message of God which the Book contains. (Titus 3: 9.)

A Shocking Bargain.

A physician of Buffalo, N. Y., in giving some reminiscences of his practice recently, told of an extraordinary offer that was made to him some time ago. He says that a German came to his office and without speaking placed in his hand a paper on which was written: "This man wants to know if he can sell his body. Would like to know how much his children would receive after his death. He is a poor man and would be glad to have fifty dollars in advance. He does not speak English well so please write answer which will be translated to him." The physician was shocked at such a proposal and addressing the man in his own language asked what it meant. In reply he heard a story of terrible destitution, of futile efforts to obtain work and of the unendurable agony of hearing his three little children cry for food which he could not give them. He wanted to kill himself, he said, to end his misery, but he wanted his children to benefit by his death, so he had conceived the scheme of selling his body, if he could get some surgeon or college to buy it. The doctor expostulated with him, and finding that the man was willing and anxious to work, took care that he had no need to repeat his horrible offer to anyone else. The good doctor said it gave him a shock to think that a man in his own city could be in extremities so dire as to coolly propose such a dreadful bargain. Unhappily, people are not so much shocked when they hear of anyone selling their soul for gain. That bargain is often made, and the saddest feature of it is that the soul is sold, as tradesman say about their goods, "regardless of cost," for the redemption of the soul cost the Son of God suffering and death. (1 Peter 1: 18.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Our Publisher's Announcement on the opposite page will meet the wishes of a very large number of readers who have longed for an opportunity to secure one of our splendid book premiums. All should take advantage of the offer while the supply lasts.

Mr. Geo. M. Pullman, of Palace Car Fame, has erected a handsome church as a memorial to his father at Albion, N. Y. It will be used by the Universalist denomination.

A Hungarian Editor who Died recently in New York was denied burial in the Roman Catholic cemetery, although a devout member of the church. The reason assigned was that he did not receive extreme unction before his death. His widow protested that her husband had no apprehension that his illness would have a fatal termination, but the explanation was not considered sufficient.

Rev. John McNeill, whose Evangelistic Services in South Africa and Australia have started revivals in both lands, has received an invitation from churches of several denominations in India urging him to labor there for as long a period as he can spare. It is understood that Mr. McNeill will accept, and already preparatory prayer meetings have been commenced in Calcutta. The success attending Mr. McNeill's labors wherever he has gone is truly marvellous.

A Roman Catholic Priest Officiating Recently at the funeral of a young member of his flock who had been murdered, notified all present that he should require from every one in his congregation a promise not to carry concealed weapons. Any one refusing to give such a promise would be denied the sacraments of the church. If other priests will take the same stand there will be not near so many murders in our large cities. The Italian habit of carrying a stiletto has led to many violent deaths.

Count Ignatieff, the Most inveterate Persecutor of the Russian Stundists, is to be removed from the governorship of the three provinces in which his cruel work has been done. The young Czar has caused it to be known that he will not sanction hostile measures against either the Stundists or the Jews.

Rev. Dr. Talmage will preach a sermon on Thursday evening, March 21st, to the Christian Workers' Convention, which will assemble in Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell's church, "The Temple," in Philadelphia. Rev. Dr. Talmage has also consented to preach at the Ocean Grove Auditorium on "Camp-Meeting Sunday," Aug. 25 next.

The Congregational Church of Westfield, N. J., recently started a subscription to present a testimonial to Rev. C. H. Patton, its pastor, who was removing to another charge. Mr. Patton asked that the testimonial take the form of a contribution to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The result was an addition of $500 to the Board's treasury.

A Great Religious Revival is in progress at Portland, Ind. Meetings had been held in the M. E. Church for four weeks without a single conversion. On Monday of the fifth week six souls were brought in and during the following week over two hundred accepted Christ. Rev. T. C. Reade, D.D., Principal of Taylor University, has been actively aiding in the work at Portland.

The Death of Mr. J. Ward Childs, Superintendent of the Bowery Mission, New York, which occurred on Feb. 14, removes one of the most earnest and successful mission workers of the city. Mr. Childs was devoted to his work, and had been the means of rescuing many dissipated and hopeless men. His portrait and a sketch of his life appear on another page.

Evangelist Elliott Has Been Conducting Successful revival meetings at Canastola, N. Y. The Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian Churches united. Although the weather was unusually stormy, the attendance was so large that the school-rooms as well as the churches were filled. The Canastola *Journal* says that the results are extraordinary. Not only have a large number of cards been signed by inquirers, but Christian people have been stirred up and united in Christian work.

A Delightful Entertainment will be Given at Hardman Hall on Fifth Avenue and 19th Street, New York, on March 2nd at 8-15 P. M., for the benefit of Martha's Rest, the home for self-supporting women which is shortly to be opened at Saratoga Springs. The object is to secure a fund by which women who through illness or lack of employment are unable to pay for a vacation may be admitted free. Among the singers who have promised their services are: Miss Elizabeth Paterson, soprano; Miss Antonia H. Sawyer, contralto; and Mr. J. H. McKinley, tenor. Tickets may be obtained at 21 Bible House, New York.

The Chautauqua Assembly Management Announces among its lecturers for the season of 1895, Principal A. M. Fairbairn of Mansfield College, Oxford, England; President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University, Mo.; Mr. John Fish, Cambridge, Mass.; Dr. John Barrows of Chicago; Senator J. B. Gordon of Georgia; President Wm. R. Harper of the University of Chicago; Prof. Borden P. Bowne; Chancellor Henry M. MacCracken and Dr. Wayland Hoyt. The chief topic for the year will be American history and institutions, including all phases of national life. As usual attention will be given to current social questions. The American School of Christian Philosophy will again hold its annual session at Chautauqua, July 2-9 inclusive.

A VOICE IN THE SLUMS.

John Jaeger, Rescued from Drunkenness and Misery, now Working in his Own Way, at the "Mission of Living Waters," to Rescue Others.

ONE of the rival schools of medicine is based on the cardinal principle that "like cures like." The principle has another application in the character of a work being done in a queer old building on the east side of New York City. It is the effort of an uneducated, untrained man to reach with Gospel influences men like himself. The building is in rather an unsavory neighborhood. It is down in Chrystie street, where dirt of all kinds seems to attach to everything. Dirt is in the roadway, on the walls, doors and windows of the houses, and on the faces, hands and clothof an unusual proportion of the people who throng the sidewalks. Truly a dreary, disheartening kind of spectacle does the street present through the greater part of its length, and its worst features seem to intensify and culminate in the block on which the building referred to is located. Saloons abound, thriving on the misery they help to produce. This building is of the regular saloon type, and indeed that was the business carried on in it for many years, but it has cleaned and brightened up, and is now a little oasis of decency in the midst of the desert of filth. Inside, conspicuous on the little raised dais at the farther end, is the familiar stand, the like of which may be seen in any of the saloons around, supporting the beer keg; but in this place it supports a big Bible. In the daytime the place is quiet unlike its neighbors which still stick to the old business, but at night, like them, it takes on life. Old habitues drop in and they bring their associates and have a good time. Anything of a religious character that could be less like a decorous church of the Fifth avenue type, could not be imagined. There is no order of service, and the audience is encouraged to make remarks, or ask questions, or state facts of a private and personal nature. How a staid Presbyterian, accustomed to the solemn, orderly conduct of public worship, would feel there, we cannot imagine, for even an ardent Methodist would probably be astonished, not to say shocked by the things he would see and hear. But he would rejoice at the results. John Jaeger, the leader, has named the place, "The Mission of the Living Waters," and many a thirsty soul has learned the meaning of the name there. The shouts and songs that make the old walls ring, and cause the passers-by to stop and wonder, are evoked by Jaeger's announcing that some miserable, rum-soaked, ragged member of the audience has been persuaded to drink deep of those "living waters." He may not realize yet what the result will be, but Jaeger knows, and so do the people around him, who have drunk there themselves and they know there is reason for rejoicing. They sing and give praises, and pray and sing again, until the cause of it all wonders that they take so much interest in one so worthless as he knows himself to be, and is not a little doubtful as to the permanence of the change they are so glad about. But Jaeger is enthusiastic and sanguine, and he does not estimate the value of a soul by the dilapidated body it lives in, or by the value of the rags that cover the body. He has unbounded faith in the living waters, and with strong, voluble emphasis he assures the trembling convert that Christ will make a man of him, and keep him safe from his enemies.

How the Mission of the Living Waters came to be established Jaeger tells in forcible language; and his wife, a woman of strong common sense and a native shrewdness all her own, gives point to the story. Jaeger's enthusiasm often carries him away and as he is a strong believer in the miraculous and the immanence of God in the affairs of men, he is apt to draw on his imagination, but is brought up by his wife with a round turn and a conscientious statement of bare fact, which ruthlessly prunes away the supernatural adornments with which Jaeger loves to embellish his story. Briefly, it appears that Jaeger is fifty-two years old, a native of Frankfort, in Germany, but has been in this country twenty-seven years. He was a Roman Catholic, but with an extensive [illegible] Jaeger intimates that his profession of any religion at all was the thinnest kind of pretence. He was just a rough, careless, drinking man, a butcher and afterward a truckman by trade, and a worthless kind of ne'er-do-well, who was always in some kind of scrape, needing to be forgiven and set on his feet again.

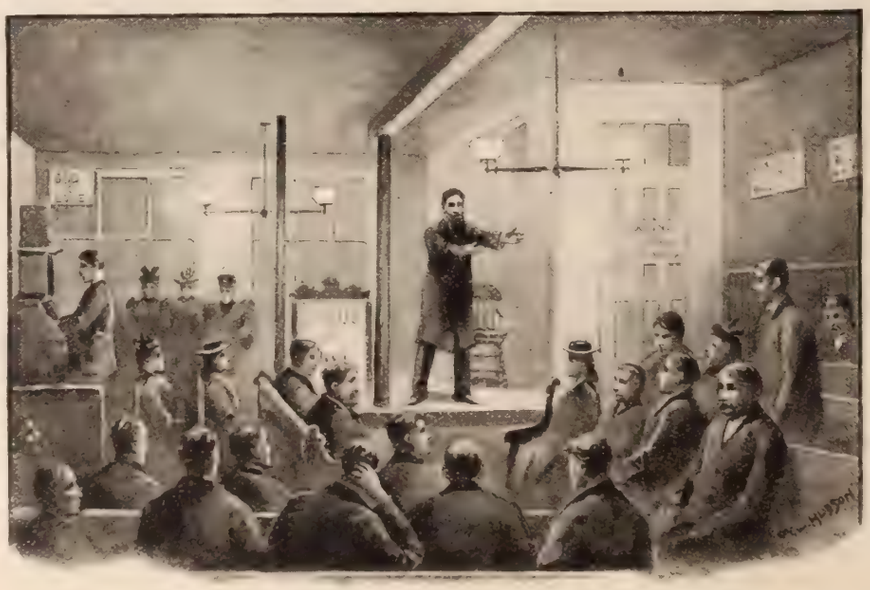
One day in 1881 Jaeger was just in the stale, miserable condition of a man emerging from a prolonged debauch, with his arm bandaged up, having been cut in some way that Jaeger could not clearly understand. He was not in a condition to receive visitors, and his wife was ashamed to have any one see him. But a visitor came. He was the Sunday School teacher in whose class, at the Camp Memorial Church, Jaeger's children were. He came to look after his pupils, who had been absent while their father had, in the colloquial of the neighborhood, "been cutting up." The family apartments were not extensive and the visitor could not be kept from seeing the head of the family. He condoled with him on his wounded arm and Mrs. Jaeger, with the natural disgust of a woman at consolation being wasted on a man who had only himself to thank for his misfortune, bluntly told the teacher that drink was the cause of the wound. Jaeger did not deny it and with all the sincerity of a man in the trying path from drunk to sober, said he wished he could get quit of the liquor. "All right," said the teacher, "you come with me to-night and I'll take you to a man who will show you how you can do it." Jaeger was incredulous, for he had often tried and failed, but he agreed to go. The teacher took him to Jerry McAuley's Mission in Water street and introduced him. Jerry knew all the symptoms; it was a case just in his line and he proceeded to deal with it in the way that had proved efficacious in so many similar cases. "German man," said Jerry, "kneel down and pray." "I don't know how," said Jaeger. "Well say, 'Jesus save me,' and say it over and over." Jaeger did as he was told and Jerry prayed with him and the teacher joined. It was no use explaining "the plan of salvation," or the doctrines of theology to such a man. Jerry knew that, so he took him straight to Jesus. Jaeger was down in the Water Street Mission till a late hour, but when he came away he felt himself to be a new man.

The next day Jaeger went to work. His wife had listened to his story, and his assurance that he was a changed man, and did not believe it. She had had a disappointing experience of her husband's promises of amendment. His mother, who lived in the city, heard the story, too, and she did not believe. The men who worked with him were incredulous and told him to have a drink and forget all about it. But Jaeger felt a strong conviction that this was a different thing from anything that had come into his life before and he held firm. As time passed, all who knew him began to wonder. Jaeger would not touch the drink, his hands trembled, he was "broken up," but he would not mend himself with the old remedy. At night he would go down to Water street and get fresh strength, and in the daytime he would speak about the change in him to anyone who would listen to him. He insisted on his wife going with him to the meetings and did not rest until she, too, had testified to Christ's saving power.

Chrystie street and its vicinity had known Jaeger for years. He had lived there, worked there, gambled and got drunk there and every one around knew him. He did not want to leave it now, although he had bought his own truck and could afford a better location. He wanted to talk with his old associates and get them to follow his example. He succeeded with so many, that his Christian friends encouraged him

JOHN JAEGER.

to give more time to the work. A position as janitor of a mission was secured for him and he had more time to spend in looking after the lost souls around him. After a time some friends in the Old John Street Noon Meetings helped him to do missionary work and eventually a few of them had him out to Montclair N. J. where they lived, and heard him talk for themselves. They gave him the desire of his heart. This was to hire the old saloon in Chrystie street in which he was wont to carouse, and turn it into a mission. The first month's rent was paid and about a year ago the place was opened. In some way or other, Jaeger insists through the direct interposition of the Lord, the rent has been paid ever since and the meetings held every night. Jaeger lives on the upper story with his wife and family and he has not starved. Sometimes they have had but a loaf of bread and a little tea in the house, and very often they have not had a cent of money, but the food has never quite given out. Some of the friends who knew what kind of work was being done there, would be sure to recollect that the worker needed to be fed and would send the means, and so in faith the mission has stood and is still giving its light like a beacon over the waste of waters of the sinful neighborhood.



A MEETING IN THE "MISSION OF THE LIVING WATERS," CHRYSTIE STREET, NEW YORK.

DRAWN TO CHRIST BY A HYMN.

REV. DUNCAN MATHESON, the well-known Scotch Evangelist, did much both for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the soldiers during the time of the Crimean war. One night, as he was returning from before Sebastopol to his comfortless hut at Balaklava and wading almost ankle deep in the mud, he lifted his eyes to the bright calm stars overhead, and, his soul soaring beyond them, he cheered his toilsome way by singing:

> How bright those glorious spirits shine!
> Whence all their bright array?
> How came they to the blissful seats
> Of everlasting day?
> Lo! these are they from suffering great
> Who came to realms of light,
> And in the blood of Christ have washed
> Their robes which shine so bright.

Next day he fell in with a soldier whose clothing was meagre, tattered, and muddy and whose toes stuck out at the sides of his worn-out shoes. Mr. Matheson asked how he was getting on. The soldier replied that he was much better than he was yesterday. This excited Mr. Matheson's curiosity and he pressed him to tell why he was excessively wretched yesterday, which he did with some reluctance. "As I thought," said the soldier, "of all we have passed through since we came out here to the Crimea, I was miserable. Death seemed preferable to life, and I resolved I would kill myself. I took up my musket, and went down there about seven o'clock last night and was making ready to dispatch myself, when a person I could not distinguish in the darkness passed near me, apparently in a happy mood of mind for he was singing:

> How bright these glorious spirits shine!

to a tune with which I was familiar: and said to myself, 'Well now, that man's circumstances are, no doubt, as bad as mine and yet he seems to be happy,' but on listening to the words he was singing, thought he must be in possession of a source of happiness and have a something to support him, to which I was a stranger. I wished I only knew how to be as happy as he was, and with that I put my musket under my arm and returned. And I feel better to-day and more resolved to bear the worst."

Great was his surpise to be told that the singer who had charmed away the evil spirit of yesterday was now before him. Mr. Matheson told him that it was Christ who was the source of his happiness, and related to him the story of the Cross, and had every reason to believe that this soldier gave himself to the Saviour.

TWENTY YEARS HENCE.

A temperance lecturer was preaching on his favorite theme. "Now, boys, when I ask you a question, you must not be afraid to speak up and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms, and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?" "Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices. "Where will your fathers be in twenty years?" "Dead," shouted the urchins. "Right. Now tell me, did you ever in going along the street, notice the drunkard lounging around the public house door, waiting for someone to treat them?" "Yes, sir; lots of them?" "Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?" "Dead," exclaimed the boys. "And who will be drunkard then?" "Us boys."

Everybody was thunderstruck. It was an awful object lesson for those present.

THE BLISS OF LITTLE THINGS.

> If any little word of mine
> May make a life the brighter,
> If any little song of mine
> May make a heart the lighter,
> God help me speak the little word,
> And take my bit of singing
> And drop it in some lonely vale,
> To set the echoes ringing!
>
> If any little love of mine
> May make a life the sweeter,
> If any little care of mine
> May make a friend's the fleeter,
> If any lift of mine may ease
> The burden of another,
> God give me love, and care, and strength
> To help my toiling brother!

Clothing for the Needy West.

The following contributions of clothing, &c., for the sufferers in Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado have been received:

onor, N Y City, bbl.
" Greenport, L I, pkg.
P C, Alliance, Wayland box.
rs Gabay, pkg.
ouis P Worster, pkg.
ss Hart, pkg.
Saunders, pkg.
rs H Beach, pkg.
rs Bartlett, pkg.
ng Ch Society, Shrewsburg, 4 bbls.
V Colidge & S S class, 2 bbls.
n T U, Veteran, NY, bbl
L Greene, 2 bbls.
m J Meyer & Co, pkg.
S Frankfeter, box.
rs Edgar G Ward, bbl.
Pres Ch, Rahway, bbl.
tizens, Dublin, Pa, box.
C T U, Romulus, 4 bbl.
rs A M McNally, pkg.
ies, Presby Church, Wessonoming, case.
M Hartford, pkg.
T Draper, bbl.
W Mins, 2 bbl.
res Missionary Society, Ontario Centre, bbl.
Home Missionary Society, Pepperell, Mass, bbl.
A Parker & neighbors, bbl.
rs W S Taylor, bbl.
rs N A Jonnson, pkg.
send Wednesday, bbl.
" Plymouth, bbl.
" N H, box.
" E Hampton, bbl.
" Monmouth, 2 bbl
" Sumner Hill, bbl.
" Little York, pkg.
" Cranes, N Y, box
" Chelsea, Mass, pkg.
" S New Berlin, bbl.
" Meshoppen, Pa, bbl.
" Chester, N Y, box
" St Clair, Pa, bbl.
" Danbury, bbl.
" Cornwall, Vt, box
" Newark, pkg.
" Rockland Lake, box.
" Asheville, N C, pkg.
" N Y City, pkg.
" Elmore, N Y, pkg.
" Carbondale, trunk.
" Bridgehampton bbl
" Shushan, N Y, pkg.
" Annapolis, Md, pkg.
" Rockville, bbl.
" Highland, Ct, pkg
" clothing.
" Basking Ridge, bbl.
" Portland, Me, box.
" West Summit, pkg
" Ansonia, Ct, bbl.
" N Y City, pkg.
" No Haven, Ct, pkg.
" Staten Island, bbl.
" Buffalo, N Y, bbl.
" Phila, Pa, box.
" Spuyten Duyvil, pkg.
" S Woodstock, bbl.
" Lowell, Mass, bbl.
" Boston, Mass, box.
" Lowell, Mass, bbl.
" Maine, N Y, pkg.
" Dover, N H, pkg.
" Cambridge, Vt, bbl.
" Tower City, Pa, box.
" Hancock, Mich, pkg.
Friends, Foxburgh, 5 bbls
" Bklyn, N Y, bbl.
" of Newark, bale.
" Bedford, N Y, bale.
" Monroe, NH, 2 bbls.
" Lawrence, Mass, bale
" New Haven, 2 bbls.
" McIndoes Falls, 3 bbl
" Monmouth, Me, bbl.
" Glendale, Mass, bbl.
" Chester, Pa, bbl.
" of Wainscott, LI, per Mrs Topping, 3 bbls.
" Kingston, N J, 2 bbl.
" Newport, R I, pkg.
" in Mt Vernon, 2 bbl.
" Breinigsville, 2 bbls.
" Mechanicsburg, Pa, box & bbl.
3 " Red Bank, N J, bag.
" Putnam, Ct, 2 bbls.
" S Portsmouth, 14 bbl
" in Guilford, bbl.
" Hartford, Ct, box.
" Northstratford, pkg.
" Kingston, NY, 2 bbl.
" Suffern, NY, box.
" Summer Hill, bbl.
" Breinigsville, bbl.
Unknown Friends, 18 bbl, boxes and pkgs.
H G Robertson, box.
2 Schagnticoke Friends, Troy, box.
People of Shushan, bbl.
Miss N S Brown, bbl.
Lake Ridge Bapt Ch, bbl.
Bapt Sewing Socy, Deepwater, Ct, 6 bbls.
2d Presby Church, Elizabeth, bbl.
Mrs Swan, pkg.
B F Lewis, bbl.
Mary F Higgins, 2 boxes.
G W Haughwout, box
H P E, Holyoke, bbl.
P A Whitney, case.
Mrs Meade, pkg.
Epworth League and C E Socy, Greenport, bbl.
Mrs J H M & friends, Lansingburg, bbl.
T P Fordham keg.
Eliza S Lang, box.
"I O G T," Frederick, Md, case & box.
Mrs Jane Robertson, pkg.
Miss Pauline Eldridge, 2 bbls.
S S Gordon, bbl.
W C T U, Highlandville, bbl
Citizens of Chaumont, 2 bbls.
W K B, Sherburne, bbl.
F B Hicks, bbl
Mrs Massey & others, bbl
Garretson's Homestead, Somerville, box.
Miss Jackson, bbl.
W C T U, Vineland, bbl.
Rev W W Case, bbl
L I Cong Church, per L B Young, 2 bbl.
Ladies Society, Wainscott L I, 2 bbl.
Mrs Henry Newfang, case
Mrs I N Shipman, 2 bbl.
People of Gravity & Ariel, Pa, per Mrs A Masters, bbl.
H Allen, case.
Woodward Gregg, bbl.
Mrs E R Barnes, bbl.
Mrs I W Faulks, bbl.
Chas E Martin & Mrs E C Gilchrist, bbl.
Ladies of Harrison St M E Ch, Wilmington, 2 bbl.
Rev W Holmes & friends, bbl.
Cong Society, Albany, Vt, clothing
M E Church, Albany, Vt, 2 bbl.
Bapt C E Soc'y, Midway, bbl
Mrs Lozier, pkg.
Mrs S H Wallace, pkg.
YPSCE, per Rev A Locke Bradford, N H, case.
Mrs I L King, bbl.
Frank E Morse, pkg.
Mrs D P Horton, pkg.
Mrs E O Manley, box.
Mrs E F Lufburrow, pkg.
Chas H Lent, pkg.
D G T, York, Pa, pkg.
Cong Soc'y, Norwich, 2 bbl.
Ladies Aid Soc'y, Dale, bbl
Mrs Ezra Smith, bbl.
Mrs Ida Coates, bbl.
Union Cg, Heath, 2 boxes.
Aquetuck Union S S, 2 bbl
Mrs W Whitney, bbl.
Chas Schwarting, box.
Miss M Bklyn, N Y, pkg.
Mrs A B Waldron, pkg.
WHM Soc'y, Barre, Vt, bbl
R A Thompson, pkg.
Miss L Elmandorf, pkg.
Rev O Hauser, 3 bbl.
Relief Committee, Smyrna, 13 bbl.
Ref Church, Peapack, bbl.
Annie F Storrs, bale
Christian Crusaders, trunk
Relief Com, per F J Saxton, Galway, N Y, bbl.
Mrs Howard Terry, pkg.
G E Van Dusen, 2 pkgs.
Harry Kennedy pkg
Rev J L Cooke & wife, pkg
W H Marsh, bbl
H S C, Stratford, 2 cases.
P Sutthen, box.
Middletown Circle of K D, N J, 2 bbl.
Mrs J D Biggs, box.
W H Patterson, 3 bbl, pkg
Mrs A Zabriskie, bbl.
Mrs M F Moore, clothing.
C E Brayton & family, bbl
Cong and Bapt Churches, Preston City, Ct, 4 bbl.
M C Stanstead, bbl.
Paxton Cong Church, Paxton, Mass, bbl
Leonard V Palmer, bbl.
Mrs Theo Price, pkg.
King's Daughters, Marathon, NY, 3 bbls.
H B Hicks, case.
Mary Skillman, box.
M E Soc'y, Bernard, 2 bbl
Mrs Rose & friends, bbl.
Christian Endeavor, pkg
A Twining, clothing
L B S, So Amherst, 8 bbl
Mrs O Norcross, bbl.
L I R, Springfield, box.
Mrs Standish, pkg
E Rowland, case.
Woman's Miss Soc'y, Glen Cove, 2 bbls.
Greenport Epworth League, L I, 2 bbls
YPSCE, Manuet, 2 cases.
Stafford Grange, per Mrs J L Lathrop, Morganville N Y, 6 bbl.
N N Congdon, box.
Friends in time of need, Prattsville, bbl.
R M A, Bedford, Va, box.
Pres Church, D Ihs, 5 bbl
L F Olmstead, box.
H H Colburn, bag.
E M P, bag
People of Germantown, Pa, 3 bbl.
Flanders Pearce, 2 bbl.
C C Grubb, bbl.
Mrs W K Desh, 2 boxes.
Mrs T E M, Washington, D C, pkg.
Mrs Godfrey, bbl.
Mrs E K Barnes, box.
Rev J A Clark, 14 bbls, box and case.
E Freeman, bbl.
P O Smith, bbl.
Mrs Shipman, pkg
Ladies Sewing Circle, Centre M E Church, Provincetown, Mass, 2 bbl.
WMS, Pres Church, Glencoe, NY, 2 bbls
Epworth League, Greenport, LI, 2 bbl.
Cong Soc'y, W Hartland, Ct, box & bale.
S R Briggs, box.
Mrs E O Manly, box.
Emily C Hull, box & 2 bbl.
Mrs D E & J E Stem, box.
Mrs J Andrew, bbl.
Rollin Sykes, bbl.
Olivet Pres Church, Lansingburgh, box.
Goldsmith Bros, box.
Miss Marcia Stewart, E Fuller & others, bbl.
WCTU, W Phila, 4 bbl.
Cong Soc'y, Deansville, N Y, 2 bbls.
Little Helpers, Flemmington, NJ, 2 bbls.
Miss Mary C Wink and friends, pkg.
A D, Williamsport, box.
C S V, bbl.
Mrs H L Coon, bbl.
A D Ferry, pkg.
M A Golding & friends, bbl

Shut in with Thee.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

Prayerfully.

1. O Sav-iour, teach us how to pray And choose the words that we should speak;
2. Thou knowest, Lord, how frail we are, How prone to wan-der from Thy side;
3. E - ter - nal Spir-it, Ho - ly Dove, To seal our hearts the pow'r is Thine;
While gath-er'd here at close of day, Thy throne of grace to hum-bly seek.
O keep us safe with-in Thy care, Be Thou our Shield, our Friend and Guide.
U - nite us in the bonds of love, And keep us one, thro' grace di - vine.
Chorus.
rit.
Shut out the world, and let us be For one sweet hour shut in with Thee.

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THOUGHTS FOR DAILY LIFE.

BEGIN the day with God,
Kneel down to him in prayer,
Lift up thy heart to his abode
And seek his grace to share.

Open the book of God
And read a portion there,
That it may hallow all thy thoughts
And sweeten all thy care.

Converse in mind with God,
Thy spirit heavenward raise;
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God,
Thy sins to him confess,
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
And plead his righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,
Who gives his servant sleep,
And when thou'rt in the vale of death
He will thee guide and keep.

—MARY A. PORTER.

THE CROSS.

THE Cross to those who are ashamed
A Cross of shame shall be;
To those who love the Cross, it is
As a life-giving tree.

To those who shun the Cross, it is
A heavy load to bear;
While those shall find, who take the Cross,
It takes from them their care.

To those who love the Cross, it is
As Jacob's ladder fair;
They mount to heaven upon the Cross,
And find their Saviour there.

—MRS. J. P. LEETE.

IN QUEST OF A BIBLE.

A LADY who was recently stricken down with a critical illness in a town in France describes in a letter to an English journal her search for a Bible. She wanted to read for herself in God's own word the way of salvation and as she was among Catholics she asked for a Catholic Bible. The nun who nursed her did not possess one, but undertook to borrow one. Inquiry was made of the mistress of the house, who sent up word that she had a Bible and would lend it to the sick lady. "So," says the invalid, "the book was brought to my bedside. I opened it eagerly and the first words that met my eyes on the title-page were, 'History of the Bible.' It was no Bible at all, but an account of some of the contents of the Bible.

"But there was a young abbe in the house just about to take priest's orders, qualifying to be a missionary priest in America. He, too, had heard of my wish for a Catholic Bible, and sent a message to say that if I wished to see one he could get it for me from the house of the parish priest. Of course his offer was gladly accepted. Then followed a further delay of some days, and then the request what part of the Bible I would like to read, as the Bible at the parish priest's house was in thirty-two volumes.

"At last two bulky volumes were brought me, containing the Epistles of St. Paul—and what besides? The margin of each page contained the Vulgate of St. Jerome, a fair translation in Latin from the original languages. But the text itself was a garbled rendering into French, introducing Catholic doctrines and expressions which existed neither in St. Jerome's Vulgate nor in the original. And these doctrines were further enforced by a commentary, which was interspersed with the (so-called) translation. This, then, was the only Bible to be obtained in a highly religious Catholic place.

"On writing to to the British and Foreign Bible Society, which has a depot at Paris, it supplied us with a French translation, which had once been allowed as a Catholic Bible. But the Pope finally vetoed it.

The Catholics themselves prefer to leave all questions about their souls to the priests. It saves trouble. Even in America where many priests encourage their people to read the Bible they will not do it. They regard the priests as responsible for these matters.

THE TRANSLATION.

The Sudden Removal of Watchful Christians to Meet the Lord at His Coming.

BY REV. G. H. PEMBER, M.A.*

THE world will one day be surprised by the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of many persons in the midst of their ordinary occupations. Two men will be working in the field in the middle of the day: one will instantaneously vanish; his bewildered comrade may still see upon the ground the garment which had been put off for labor, but the man will be gone. Two women will be grinding the daily supply of corn in early morning; the hand of one will fail: her companion will look up and see that she is no longer in her place. Two persons will be in the same bed at night: one will be taken away, and the other will awake to solitude and bereavement. (Matt. 24: 40, 41; Luke 17: 34.) As soon as this sign is given, then woe for the earth and the sea! Those who shall be accounted worthy to escape will have been removed from the world: the holy spirit will no longer restrain the mystery of lawlessness; nor will the final judgment of God be delayed.

With regard to the meaning of the words, "one shall be taken," an error has sometimes been made through ignorance of the original. Comparing the clause with that of the thirty-ninth verse, "the flood came and took them all away," some have interpreted, "the one shall be taken away in judgment, the other shall be spared in mercy." But an examination of the Greek immediately dissipates this idea. In the thirty-ninth verse the verb means to "take away by destruction." But in the fortieth and forty-first verses, we find a very different word, which properly signifies "to receive," or, "take alongside," and then, sometimes, "to take with one as a companion."

Thus the word is most appropriately used of those who shall be caught up to Christ, that they may walk with him in white, that they may follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. The same word is used in Matthew 17:1, where we are told that the Lord "taketh," Peter, James, and John, as his companions to the Mount of Transfiguration. He selects three out of the twelve disciples to behold his glory; while the nine are, in the meantime, left at the bottom of the hill to struggle hopelessly with satan, in the person of the demoniac youth; and, consequently to be subjected to the scorn of the world, until at length the Master is seen descending the hill in company with those whom he has taken with him.

Surely this scene is typical, and confirms the interpretation of the passage we are considering, that the one is taken to be a companion of the Lord and to see his glory, while the other is left to agonize with the world and Satan as a further discipline: for the admonition to watch in the next verse seems to imply that both of the two parties are disciples.

Having thus described the sign of his presence, the Lord proceeds to urge upon his followers the necessity of watching, and intimates, by the parable of the householder and the thief, that grievous loss will be sustained by those who neglect his directions. Many other such warnings may be found in the Scriptures, and the special object of watching is plainly set forth in the Lord's own exhortation, uttered just after he had been portraying the terrors of the last week of seven years that closes this dispensation: "Watch ye, therefore, and pray always that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man."

These words certainly intimate that a Christian, though sure of eternal life, is not sure of being removed before the commencement of the final Great Tribulation. This favor will be granted only to those who have progressed in holiness, only to those who have been so strengthened with might in the inner man that they have been able to endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Such a growth in grace may, indeed, be attained by all believers: the power of prayer and watching is given to every man at his conversion; but he must be willing to deny himself, to take up his cross, and to follow his Master. Then there will be no doubt as to the issue; for "faithful is he that calleth you, who will also do it."

*This extract from Mr. Pember's work on "The Great Prophecies" is inserted here as an answer to many inquiries for it. We have not space to answer fully in The Mail-Bag department.

THE TEST OF DISCIPLESHIP.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for Week Commencing Mar. 10. Luke 14:25-33.

ONE of the hardest of Christ's "hard savings" is this which is selected as the basis of the week's topic. On the surface, there seems something unnatural in it. Who would be a disciple, who would even be willing to be a candidate for discipleship if he can become eligible only by hating his father, mother, wife, and child? We ask in amazement, is it possible that a being so gentle, loving, and good, wished to surround himself with men who hated their nearest relations? We would despise men who did that, and would not have them for our friends. But Christ's meaning becomes clearer as we study the conditions of the people to whom he was speaking. With regard to them, the words were a statement of fact rather than an arbitrary law. They could not be Christ's disciples if they paid any regard to family obligations. Their fathers, mothers, and wives would naturally use whatever influence they had to prevent the sons and husbands becoming disciples. A man who had children would have to consider that if he became a disciple his children would suffer socially and materially. To become a disciple was to lose the respect of the community, to run the risk of being cast out of the synagogue, which was equivalent to excommunication. We can imagine how a mother would plead with her son, how the wife would plead with her husband, and beg him not to throw away his chances in life by joining the followers of the young Teacher. "If you do it," they would say as a final appeal, "you will show that you do not love me." The time must come inevitably when the disciple would regard the pleader as an enemy to his soul when he would have to choose between Christ and those dearest to him on earth. It was well that they should know this because many of them were looking forward to riches and honors as a result of following him. The time was near at hand when none would be bold enough to avow themselves his followers but those who cared for nothing in this world as they cared for him, who loved him as they loved nothing else. Many of those who heard him speak would have to face the alternative of denying him or losing their lives. They would have to balance their obligations and affections. On the one hand there would be their love of life and the interests of their loved ones, and on the other, death for Christ's sake. In choosing death they would treat all other claims than those of Christ with a disregard that was no exaggeration to speak of as, hate. It would require not only a martyr's courage but an obduracy to the appeals of affection that seemed like cruelty. This has cost many a pang. There is a famous picture which sets the conflict vividly before the eye. It is of an incident on the eve of the St. Bartholomew massacre. A beautiful girl, who knows what is impending, is trying to bind around her lover's arm the scarf, which will secure his immunity from the attack of the brutal soldiery, but which will imply that he is not a Huguenot. Her face is full of love and one can imagine how she is pleading with him; but while his arm encircles her in loving embrace, his hand holds the scarf firmly so that she cannot tie it. He will not wear the emblem which will save his life at the cost of his fidelity to Christ. The love in his face shows that it costs him more to deny her pleading than it will cost him to die under the blows of the executioners. But his love for Christ requires him to reject her appeal. Times have changed now, but the obligation is not relaxed. Love for Christ and obedience to him must still be the paramount motive in life. Many a young man has realized it as he has gone home to tell his father and mother that the hopes they have cherished of his being their support and comfort in their old age must be disappointed, for he loves Christ so much that he is going to leave them that he may preach him to the heathen. Many a business man has realized it when in some crisis, he could deliver himself from bankruptcy, with all that it implies to wife and children, by some false statement or some act that he knows to be wrong. The heroic has not lost its place in Christianity, and he who is not prepared to prove himself a hero cannot now, any more than in past time, be Christ's disciple.

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THE JUNIORS AT WORK.

We learn from Miss M. Kay one of the officers of the Junior Societies of Christian Endeavor of New York City that the young folks are accomplishing an untold amount of good through the well-named "Sunshine Committee" to the poor. Literature and toys have been sent to orphan asylums. Hospitals are visited regularly, and articles taken to the sick children. Many Juniors have become interested in the work for sailors, and up to the present time a case of literature and seventy-one comfort-bags have been donated to this cause. In the Five Points House of Industry a Junior Society has been organized. This now numbers more than two hundred members, and is the largest Junior society in the metropolis. These unfortunate children take part in the society work with great eagerness, sometimes five or six, with open Bibles in their hands, spring to their feet at the same moment. Many of them add words of their own to the verses they read. Of course the children are poor, but from the gifts they receive from visitors many of them set aside liberal portions to use for missions. Already, though the Society is only a few months old, the members have sent five dollars to a home missionary in the West, and five dollars to Africa. Two of the girls of the society have promised that, after they have grown up and completed their education, they will go as missionaries to the heathen.

THREE PROMINENT B. Y. P. U. LEADERS.

REV. G. M. SHOTT. DR. L. A. CRANDALL. REV. HOWARD W. SMITH.

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THREE B. Y. P. U LEADERS.

Much of the success that has attended the Young People's movement in the Baptist Church is due to the heartiness with which the pastors of the churches have introduced and encouraged it. In some instances they have given it their personal supervision and have given a great deal of time and trouble to making the meetings interesting and instructive. Three pastors who have done good service in the cause are those whose portraits are given on this page.

Rev. G. M. Shott of Fairmont, W. Va., is President of the State Union. He has been since his entrance on the ministry an earnest worker among the young people wherever his lot has been cast. Before the organization of the Christian Endeavor Society, he formed a young people's society at Louisville, Ky., and since he has been at Fairmont, W. Va., he has made the same kind of work one of his chief duties. He has cordially adopted the Christian Culture Courses, and has made his Union one of the most efficient in the State. The State Union is likely to make rapid progress under his presidency.

Rev. L. A. Crandall, D.D., pastor of the Memorial Baptist Church of Chicago, is also a veteran in the young people's work. He was active in the Christian Endeavor Society before the organization of the Baptist Union, and organized societies in the churches of which he was successively pastor in New York and Cleveland. Since his removal to Chicago he has become permanently identified with the B. Y. P. U., and has become a member of the executive committee of the National Union. Dr. Crandall is a native of New York State, and has been twenty-two years in the ministry. He has taken a prominent part in the international conventions of both the Christian Endeavor Society and the Baptist Young People's Union.

Rev. Howard Wayne Smith, the youngest memper of the trio, is only twenty-five years of age. He is a native of Philadelphia, and was first identified with Christian work in that city as Secretary of the Young People's Association of the Mantua Baptist Church there. He was also active in the Young Men's Christian Association. He attended the Chicago Convention at which the Baptist Young People's Union was organized, and took a prominenf part in the proceedings. Since that time he has entered the ministry, and is now pastor of the Baptist Church at Blackwood, N. J. He is president of the Associational Union of Camden, N. J,, and is exerting himself to raise a substantial contribution to the Founding Fund of the Union. Mr. Smith frequently testifies to the benefit he personally derived from his connection with young people's societies and is therefore enthusiastic in recommending them to the churches.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The local Christian Endeavor good-citizenship forces in Philadelphia, have became united with the reform political movement by the chairman, Rev. A. B. Philputt, accepting a proffered membership on the "Committee of 95," a body composed of many of the most prominent independent citizens. It is believed that the success of the Reform movement was largely due to their efforts.

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The annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of New York State was held last week at Syracuse, N. Y. The number of Associations to be represented was one hundred and fifty-two, with an aggregate membership of over forty thousand. Mr. John R. Mott attended for the International Committee. Among the speakers were Rev. R. A. Torrey, Dr. H. T. McEwen, Chancellor James R. Day and President J. G. Schurman.

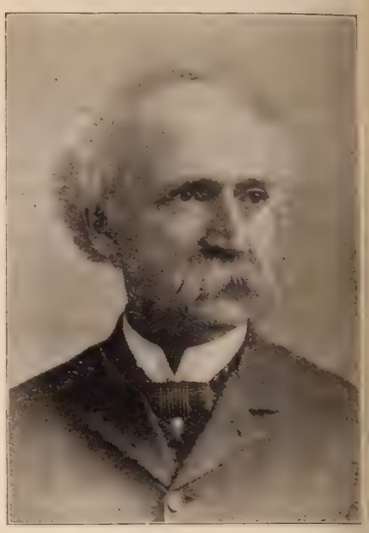
A Late Breakfast

is often caused by a late milkman. No cream for the coffee or oatmeal has delayed many a morning meal. Keep a supply of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream in the house, and avoid such annoyances.

A VALIANT WORKER DEAD.

Mr. J. Ward Childs, Superintendent of the Bowery Mission, New York, called from Labor to Reward.

FEW residents of New York realized the full significance of the announcement in the daily papers of February 16th, that Mr. J. Ward Childs had died the day before of pneumonia. Mr. Childs had never been the kind of a man to court publicity or to seek for notoriety, either for himself or his work. Quiet, modest, unassuming, he went about his duties conscientiously and methodically as one careful to serve his Master faithfully, and careless about his own name and fame. Thus, it was only people interested in the rescue of the fallen who knew much of this persevering, strenuous man who with tireless patience was laboring so successfully in that cause. But those who did know him admired and revered him. To him, the words of the King commanding that the poor and the maimed, the halt and the blind should be brought in from the streets and lanes of the city, had come as a personal call and he made it his life's work to obey it.



THE LATE MR. J. WARD CHILDS.

Probably in no street in the world are there so many of the class typified by the command to be found as in that famous thoroughfare of New York, called the Bowery. It is the Broadway of the slums, There Mr. Childs pitched his tent, and to these he addressed himself. The Bowery Mission was opened twelve years ago at No. 36 and when that house was sold, it was re-opened at 105. Mr. Childs admitted that the neighborhood was Satan's stronghold, but he believed with Paul that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation and he proclaimed it with all the intensity of his character. From the beginning, the services of the Bowery Mission have been marvels of triumph. It was not so much in the preaching, as in the personal conversation with the men who had been moved by the preaching, that the victories were won. The poor, miserable drunkard straying in with empty pockets seeking only a place to rest, with no hope in this world or the next, would hear Christ proclaimed would listen vacantly to the declaration that he could redeem men from sin and would put it aside as being something unattainable for him. But he would hear one and another testify that Christ had saved them, and he would be interested. That was the opportunity Mr. Childs waited for. The man would be treated kindly, encouraged, helped in many ways and always pointed to Christ, as the sinners' Friend and Saviour. It was not drunkenness, nor vice that was denounced, but sin. Christ could save from sin in all its many forms, and Mr. Childs would not be satisfied with the Temperance or any other pledge. He had no hope until the sinner was trusting in Christ. After that, the man found a friend in Mr. Childs, who would get him a position, beg clothing for him, or restore him to his family. In this glorious occupation he spent his days and nights, a busy, happy, faithful man. The poor will miss him sadly, and many a struggling man will feel that he has lost a friend.

Bosnia's Simple People.

The Quiet, Uneventful Lives of a Race of Tax-burdened Mountaineers — Quaint Costumes and Customs.

WHAT the Swiss mountaineer is to Eastern Europe, the native of Bosnia may be said to be to the west; with this difference, however, that while both have similarly picturesque and rugged surroundings, and both lead exceedingly simple lives, the Switzer is far in advance of the Bosnian in all that relates to civilization and modern progress. Something less than a full day's journey by rail from Vienna brings a traveler to the Bosnian hills, and to what has been till a comparatively recent date, a country little known to Europeans. It is a land where the Moslem power once ruled, but which has now the form at least of obedience to Austrian authority, although its costumes and customs have changed but little. Forest and mountain, valley and height, with here and there a turbulent stream dashing in white foam through a gorge, or a river tearing its way along the precipitous hillsides, give an aspect of wild grandeur to the scenery. It is a country that would delight the artistic eye and sense almost as much as the Tyrol.

Turbaned men labor in the fields, and women with garments that recall the figures one sees in Turkish villages are met at intervals. In the villages the "muezzin," or Mohammedan call to prayer, is regularly intoned, and in the few more pretentious towns, like Serajevo and Jajace, white mosques and minarets glisten in the sunlight. It is as though the Alps had been transferred to the Orient. Gigantic among its fellows, Mount Trebevic towers nearly 5000 feet high, and overlooks Serajevo, the capital, while a score of other peaks of from 3000 to 4000 feet, form a mountain wall almost encircling the city.

Of the 30,000 population in the capital, fully one-half are Moslems, the remainder being orthodox Greeks and Christians. In the streets of Serajevo one sees the same characteristic groups of sidewalk merchants and artisans, with their wares spread out in front of their shops, that are found in Cairo and other Eastern cities. Donkeys loaded with merchandise, veiled women bargaining with the venders of jewelry and silks, obstruct the thoroughfares, but amid all the activity there is that entire absence of haste which one never fails to notice in old-world communities. But it is in the country, amid the mountain passes and winding roads that one finds the true types of the Bosnian people. Their houses are, for the most part, rude dilapidated structures, that may have stood for generations and have never been repaired. Furniture is of the roughest sort, made for endurance rather than for comfort or elegance. Education is a thing unknown save to the very few. Railways, the wonders of great cities, and the modern improvements of civilization are strange to the rural population of the country. The people are hard but willing toilers, and the burden of Moslem taxation has kept them poor and ignorant. Until 1878, Bosnia was a Turkish "vilayet," or dependency, but it is now a province of the Ottoman Empire, occupied and administered by Austria. It is only on the plains that agriculture can be carried on to any considerable extent, but the taxes have made it an unprofitable industry. The gypsies and a semi-nomad people, called the Morlachs, dig for lead, quicksilver, coal, and iron, but owing to the general oppression of all classes, even these industries cannot be developed.

Brave and hardy, yet crafty and cruel, the native Bosnians are not as hospitable to strangers as could be wished. They are simple in their home habits, and peaceful among themselves. Their women are less restricted than is usual in Moslem countries, and appear unveiled in public, in the country districts at least. Both sexes have the strongly-marked features and bronzed complexion of mountaineers, and their country is a healthful one and conducive to longevity. Our illustration shows a typical Bosnian husband and wife, such as are to be found almost anywhere among the small villages and hamlets along the banks of the Verbas, the Bosna, and the Drin.

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Brightening a Dull Home.

How a group of loving children brightened and sublimated a dull and worldly home, and brought therein the spirit of Christian love and cheerfulness, is told in this anecdote: A husband and wife had for years been bent on making money. If they bought, it was to add something to their wealth; if they sold, it was that they could have so much more to invest. Under such a plan it was impossible for the house to have any other air than that of a place of business, or work, its character as a place of culture, where the mind and higher nature should have higher enjoyment and expansion, being left entirely out of sight; and the parents and even the children seemed to grow up in sympathy with the rougher aspects of life, caring nothing for that which is beautiful and improving. But the girls grew up toward young womanhood and found themselves longing for something better than their home afforded them. Their hearts were craving for intelligence, feeling, and congeniality with a better life. They grew tired of the moil and toil of money-making. Gradually, but surely, they began their work of reformation, and by skilful management changed the whole life of the household. Its rigors began to relax. Books, newspapers, music, and other attractions had a gradual introduction, and flowers bloomed, and spread their fragrance about the door-yard. Nor was the culture of the heart forgotten. The father and mother entered into a new life that thrust itself upon them, and though never, perhaps, blaming themselves for their earlier behavior and experience, they were glad to acknowledge themselves happy amid the pleasures that had been brought them by their children. It was a noble mission nobly fulfilled.

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Idle Words.

It has been wisely said that in the conservation of forces, there is never a word lost in the universe. Even idle words have their results. They may be spoken thoughtlessly, and forgotten quickly, by the speaker, but they have entered the forces of the universe, and they shall be doing a work that we and others shall find the consequences of eternally.

Never a word is spoken,
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped,
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

In view of this truth, what added force there is in the saying of Jesus, "I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

A BOSNIAN PEASANT AND HIS WIFE.

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A Novel "Birthday Party."

One of the latest and pleasantest ways of conducting a "sociable" among church members, and at the same time serving a practical purpose, is explained in the following poetic missive, which has been sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Mrs. Fannie Justus, of the Ladies' Aid Society, of Wright City, Mo.:

This "Birthday Party" is given to you;
'Tis something novel, 'tis something new.
We send you each a little sack—
Please either send or bring it back,
With as many cents as years are old;
We promise the number shall never be told.
Kind friends will give you something to eat,
And others will furnish a musical treat.
The Ladies' Aid, with greetings most hearty,
Feel sure you'll attend "Your own Birthday Party."

Each letter is accompanied by a tiny sack of muslin, tied by a bit of bright ribbon. Every one who attends the "Party," is expected to put into his or her sack a penny for every year of life. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has sent its sack to the ladies of Wright City, as requested.

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MUSIC AT HOME.

WHEN the winter evenings are long and blustery, every one who has a home feels like poking the fire and making a social circle around the family hearthstone. The pleasures that go to brighten and shorten these hours must largely come from the individual members of the home group, writes Estelle Mendell in "The Musical Messenger." This is especially true in isolated country localities, where the neighbors are few and far between, and where a friendly "run in of an evening" involves the hitching up of a team, etc. Many such a family I know dreads the weary monotony of such evenings. Even the savory popcorn and luscious apples, with an occasional game, hardly serve to give sufficient variety to the standard employment of "reading," "mending," "darning," and "piecing quilts." Still I dare say that in the majority of these homes there is some kind of a musical instrument and a musician or musicians of varied ability, whose powers to entertain and cheer have been slightly developed.

Now, just open and dust that organ or piano, have it tuned and fixed if it need be, and invite your daughter or son or wife to "give you a tune." Or, possibly, you "took a few lessons" in your younger days. Then recall "Money-Musk" or "Home, Sweet Home," and rally the singers around the chords of some good, old-fashioned, familiar song.

You will have no idea how it will sweeten and brighten the atmosphere. Father will forget his crankiness, the tired, weary look on mother's face will give way to a smile, and all "bickerings" and "spells" will vanish as mist before the sun.

With very little effort and planning, there can be an entertaining and also a profitable home concert of an hour or more every evening; and can you realize the feeling of importance it would give the young folks to be made the "programme committee?" It would bring out new talents, and the worthy ambition it would incite might keep them from low and questionable pleasures.

***

Opportunity.

A sculptor, said Rev. Dr. Hudson, of Minneapolis, in a recent sermon, once showed a visitor his studio. It was full of gods. One was very curious. The face was concealed by being covered with hair and there were wings on each foot. "What is its name?" said the spectator. "Opportunity," was the reply. "Why is his face hidden?" "Because men seldom know him when he comes to them." "Why has he wings on his feet?" "Because he is soon gone and once gone can never be overtaken."

***

Sod Homes in the West.

Rev. G. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD missionary who is now distributing aid among the destitute in Kansas, sends this description of a typical Kansas sod house:

"What is the difference between a dug-out and a sod house? Simply this—the former is built in the ground, the latter on top of the ground. We stopped at a dug-out. The material of the house is nearly all sod; it has some wooden supports, also the door and the floor are wood. The location is 'dug-out' of a little hill-side. The sod had been cut in squares, about five or six inches thick, and about 15x15 inches square, and coated inside with a white plaster which is obtained from quarries in many parts of this country. There was an air of neatness in the house, and being partly under the hill, and having thick walls, it was quite warm. The 'dug-out' answers its purpose in cold and dry weather, but is a poor protection in a rainy season, especially after the sod becomes rotten, when it washes and crumbles.

"As I sat in the dugout I asked, 'What did you raise last year?' 'Nothing,' was the answer. I suppose my looks betrayed my amazement. I asked, 'What did you try to raise?' 'Corn and vegetables.' He said he had a fine prospect till the drought and hot winds set in, and everything was blasted. His wife added, 'We did get two little messes of peas.' Our fleet-footed bronchos brought us rapidly back to the village, and none too soon; for a storm of snow and piercing wind had begun."

A NEW-FASHIONED WOMAN

Written Specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

BY MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

CHAPTER XLII.

Ye are the light of the world.

TO bear fruit, to bring other souls to the Saviour, what Christian has not felt that longing! Annie's heart was full of it. She pined for this, prayed for it, planned for it, worked for it. More than all, she had longed for the salvation of her beloved brother. What joy it was to her then, to listen to his avowal. There was so much in him that was lovable and noble, this one thing lacking was peculiarly sad. She knew that he misunderstood Christ and his religion; for had he rightly understood, his own nature would have quickly responded. But then she, too, had misunderstood at one time. Her eyes had been opened and she longed that he, too, might see. But his scepticism had been an impenetrable cloud around him. Again and again she had tried to get him to look at Christ in his true light and had failed. There was this discrepancy in the Bible; there was that apparent contradiction; there were difficulties here and there which he wanted solved before he would look at religion at all. So he had remained aloof, for Annie being no theologian could not solve the difficulties for him. But she lived in the light herself and it now seemed according to Roy's own account that light had radiated from her. Truly, it seemed that in her case, the spirit of man had been the candle of the Lord, as the wise king said. It had given light to Roy. It had been feeble, as Annie sorrowfully acknowledged to herself; but it must have been divine in essence, however small in quantity, otherwise, it could not have guided her brother. Oh, that now he might be led into the full light of the Sun of Righteousness!

Left to herself, for Roy, with many apologies for breaking off the interview, had gone to keep an appointment, Annie's eyes wandered around the dear old room familiar to her from childhood. It was full of associations with father, mother and old times. How many changes had come since the days when as a girl she had passed hours there reading and building castles in the air. The castles had all dissolved into the air out of which they were made, but Annie saw in their stead "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." How much better that was! Would that her brother and her mother, too, might have title to enter there! Poor mother! So much trouble, so much sorrow and disappointment and without the rich consolation that she might have in Christ! Annie's head sank on her hands and her heart poured itself out in prayer for the two loved ones. It gave her repose of mind for she was committing to One who hears and answers, the desire she had no power to accomplish. Both brother and mother she commended to the love of God and somehow, in an indefinable way, assurance came to her that her prayer was heard.

She raised her head and found that her cheeks were wet with tears, but they were not tears of sorrow. They were merely the womanly expression of the intensity of her emotions. But others might think that she was sad and that must not be on this festival day, especially now that she had learned how much depended on her demeanor. So she washed away the dewy stains and rearranged her hair. Roy's words were a reminder to her and she felt that they would be so all her life, calling her to let her light shine that others might see in her how blissful a thing religion was.

And was she not happy and with good cause? All day her heart was full of thanksgiving. She had almost lost sight of her benevolent plans, of the fact that her brother had so readily promised the money so that she might carry out her scheme, this was secondary to the one thing, that Roy wanted to be a Christian. The fact that it was brought about by her beautiful life and consistent deportment did not fill her with spiritual pride, she lived too near her Saviour for that. She had requested help from her brother before, and while he had granted it, it was not done in the whole-hearted way in which he had acceded to her present proposition. All day her thoughts were full of Roy. Late in the afternoon she stole into the library and opening the organ began singing from her full heart. At first hymns of thanksgiving fell from her lips and she sang and sang regardless of the lapse of time. It was nothing strange for her to sing thus and she was not disturbed. Later, as she thought how many souls had been lost who had been "almost persuaded," a sigh escaped her, and almost unconsciously she began the song of the "closed door." Plaintively she wailed out the bitter refusal—

No light had we: for that we do repent:
And, learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."
No light, so late! and dark and chill the night!
Oh, let us in, that we may find the light!
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

As she finished the last of the sad words, a sob behind her caused her to turn, and there upon the sofa sat her mother weeping.

"Mamma, dear mamma, what is the matter?" and Annie knelt and put her arms around her.

"Oh, my child, we are parted forever. You are gone, and somehow I feel that Roy is leaving me, too. Down the hill, all by myself I am going into eternal night. 'Lost, lost,' you sang it, the requiem of my lost soul."

"Dear mamma, Jesus came to seek and save the lost. He came to save you, won't you let him do it?"

"No, not me. He did not come to save me, everybody else but not me. I am too old he will not save me. Fifty long years have I lived for myself, how could I offer him these last few, feeble years, as I go totteringly down the hill. My best days I kept for myself, could I offer the ravelled ends of a misspent life to him? What an insult it would be to him, the great God of Heaven! Oh, I see now what a mistaken life I have lived for fifty years. 'Too late,' you said it, and it is 'too late' for me."

Amid sobs and tears the words were uttered, and Annie knew her mother was fully stirred. She was happy but she tried to smother her delight, knowing that it would be cruel to rejoice over such sorrow, yet in her heart she was happy to hear her mother declare herself "lost forever," to hear her talk of the "ravelled ends of a misspent life." The Holy Spirit was at work, his arrows of conviction were ahead. Now she could hope for the first time. Tenderly she pointed her mother to a crucified Saviour, so willing to receive her as she was, so able to take the poor "ravelled ends" of her life and weave them into a web of glory for himself, so loving that he would encircle her in his arms as she "tottered down the hill" where at the foot she would not plunge into "eternal night," but find a heaven of rest and joy and love. Then that child, the once leader of fashion and pet of society, trained in God's own school of discipline, knelt and prayed for that mother who had never taught her to lisp a prayer. Annie was grieved to leave her mother in darkness, but night was creeping on and she was compelled to return home. She left her in God's hands, sure that all would soon be well.

When she reached her gate Dr. Gordon met her, and from her full heart she exclaimed before he could say a word:

"Oh, I am glad to see you, dear. I have never spent a happier day in my life. Only think how good God is to me: my cup truly runs over, and I am so undeserving of it all. In the first place, Roy seemed so glad to grant me the favor I asked him; he even did better than I asked. His heart was mellow; I saw it as soon as I spoke of God's goodness to him; his eyes were even humid, and when I asked him if he would grant me this favor as a little thankoffering to my Saviour, he consented without a moment's hesitation. Then he confessed to me that he was no longer sceptical, and, only think of it, said it was the change in me that had convinced him of the truth of the Christian religion, and said he would be glad to be a Christian, for my Saviour to be his Saviour. Oh, Roy is not far from the kingdom of heaven. What happiness to feel this! But this is not all. I left dear mamma in deep repentance over her past life. She said she had lived fifty years in sin, and when I pointed her to a loving, willing Saviour, she talked of her remaining days as 'the ravelled ends of a misspent life,' and felt it would be insulting to God to offer it to him, when she had spent all the best part for herself. It was piteous to behold her, to see her grey head bowed in sorrow, to hear her weep and wail over a sinful life—but Oh, I was so happy,—don't you know it has been one of the very happiest days of my life?"

"Yes, my darling, I know it must have been so and my full heart rejoices with you. The Holy Spirit is at work in that house, and thank God for it! Poor beggars that we are, we will keep begging. Who can doubt that prayer will avail? Who can doubt the power of Christian example? Who can doubt God's gracious promises? I knew that your prayers would be answered. I tried to pray, too, but my dear Annie, I had more faith in your prayers than in my own. I am not surprised that your life, your godly walk, has convinced Roy of the false platform upon which he stood, and that he has seen a reality in the religion you profess. What a power for good Roy will be! Oh, that the good day will speedily come when your mother, Roy and his wife will all be sitting at Jesus' feet!"

"I feel too happy to sleep to-night. I wish I could go right down now to Mrs. Somers and tell her the glorious news."

"The 'glorious news' will keep till morning, dear. Such news is always new, it can never grow stale. It is the old story, but it is ever new. You will not rejoice any the less after a night of refreshing sleep."

CHAPTER XLIII.

Growth not change.

The next morning as soon as breakfast was over and the house in order, Annie put on her hat and her feet fairly took wings. As soon as she could take breath, she began a detailed account of her plan for the children to be taught by poor, afflicted Mrs. Hunter, and of her hope that her brother might be induced to assume the responsibility and expense of her plan. Then she told of the invitation to celebrate her mother's fiftieth birthday at his house the day before, of taking Roy aside and unfolding her plan, of his glad acquiescence, giving her even more than she asked, of his contrition and desire to be a Christian, of her mother's distress over her former life, of her present despair because she felt too unworthy for God to notice—all this she told rapidly and then with a burst of feeling, exclaimed: "Oh magnify the Lord with me and let us exalt his name together," and Mrs. Somers continued: "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name."

"Do you remember, Mrs. Somers, a conversation which we once held upon 'growth in grace?'"

"Yes, dear, it was years ago, but I remember it well. You were a babe in Christ then, and I well remember how anxious you were to know whether you were growing or not, and how your mind was exercised upon the word 'progress.'"

"Indeed, I remember it well. It has all come back to me lately, my old fears and anxieties. I have been reading lately on the 'higher life' and 'rest of faith,' and I am intensely interested in these things. Have you read upon the subject, Mrs. Somers?"

"Yes, Annie, I have read many books, papers, and tracts, pertaining to this subject and my conclusion is, after several years of study, that the advocates of this belief have fallen into some errors."

"Do tell me what these errors are, Mrs. Somers, for I do not want to fall into any more errors than I do now. Sanctification seems to me a most desirable condition, and this they profess to enjoy, and to teach how to obtain."

"If I understand correctly their position, Annie, they preach self-perfection, claim to be free from the power of sin. They declare that they lie passive in God's hands, knowing no will but his, and that this state can be entered into instantaneously. Conversion they say is a sudden change, so also is sanctification. They tell you you must believe, you try hard, you cannot and are overwhelmed in distress. They virtually tell you to stretch out your withered hand, you say, I cannot unless God gives me the power. You try, the power is wanting, and you are in despair."

"I wish I understood it perfectly, for if their wills are really submerged in the divine will, I only long to join them."

"Once, Annie, this subject interested me more than any other. I read everything that came in my way appertaining to it. I made it a rule to read an article each night on this subject before retiring, and I was constantly exclaiming all through the day while at my work, 'Oh, for this rest of faith!' It seemed a very sweet rest to me, and so desirable for the Christian. A friend said to me one day:

"'Have you conversed with your pastor upon this 'higher life,' which occupied so much of your thoughts?'

"'No,' I replied. 'My heart argues for this, my heart's arguments far outweigh in my opinion, my pastor's philosophy theology and experience.'

"So I wept on, and prayed on. I have thrown myself upon my bed in earnest unrestings and cries for faith. I prayed earnestly, but I was not transformed, I felt no sanctifying change. My father was a minister of decided ability and devotedly pious so, in my distress, I wrote to him for his opinion, sending him works and papers upon this subject. Fearing that I was falling into error, he wrote to me at length.

"I remember his letter well. It set the matter so clearly before me that I have not been distressed about it since. My father showed me that I had been seeking the joy of faith, rather than faith itself and that the rest of faith was better than its joy. As to the description Paul gives in the seventh chapter of Romans of the struggle within him, which had been variously explained to me, my father said that he was convinced by his study, as well as by his own experience, that the conflict was not all a past experience, but was present with Paul when he wrote. Nevertheless, Paul's freedom from condemnation dated from the beginning, not the end, of the conflict. Finally my father assured me from his personal experience and from his knowledge of other people, acquired in his ministry, that the blessing we call sanctification is a process commencing at conversion and continuing until death and that in praying for, and looking for, some instantaneous change such as occurs at conversion I was only preparing myself for disappointment or self-delusion. 'It is growth not change,' he said 'that you must expect and I should be sorry if you ever fancied that you had reached a stage beyond which no further attainment was possible.' I give this so fully, Annie, because I am convinced my father was right and I hope it may save you, as it saved me from the distressing thought that a blessing was being withheld from me."

"That is a very different view from the one taken by the authors whose books I have been reading. They seem to me to imply if they do not explicitly claim that Christ keeps them absolutely free from sin and they seem to have Scriptural ground for the belief that such a thing is possible. In one of the Epistles of John it is stated clearly that whoso is born of God doth not commit sin. O, Mrs. Somers, that is a dreadful passage to me. I know I commit sin and it makes me feel that I am not born of God."

"Yes," said Mrs. Somers, "I remember the passage and it has puzzled me often. But is it not a curious thing that in the very same epistle there is another passage that seems to contradict it directly? The Apostle says, 'If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us.' I think he must have had Paul's idea of the two natures in his mind. The natural one that sins and the divine one, given by conversion, which cannot sin. I see no other way of reconciling the two statements."

"You have had a long experience, Mrs. Somers; have you known a person who lived a perfectly sinless life?"

"No, I cannot say that I have. And here there is a significant thing. The best people I have known, the people that seem to me nearest to perfection always confessed themselves to be imperfect and deplored their sins of commission and omission, while people who seemed to me very imperfect claimed perfection. I don't want to be uncharitable, but it does seem to me that Christians must be very blind to their themselves sinless."

To be Concluded.

IN THE "LAND OF GOSHEN."

A traveler thus describes a recent journey rough the ancient "Land of Goshen:" As our train went through the country. e could now understand better than ever fore why the children of Israel in the wilrness remembered and longed for the elons of Egypt. We noted fifteen stations ong the line, Ryagazig and one or two hers being towns of considerable importce. It is now generally understood that e Scripture Goshen comprises a narrow lley of cultivated soil, with desert on both les. This valley is now one of the most autiful districts in Egypt, the fertile land ing covered with luxuriant crops, numers sheep and cattle, large groves of datelms and populous villages. We saw one rd containing probably four hundred mels, grazing; and on the back of one, ing eastward, we counted five women d a number of small children. On the ck of donkeys we saw men riding who ere larger than the donkeys. When our ain stopped at a station Egyptian girls me alongside the windows with earthen gs on their heads, saying "moyeh," the rabic word for water, which they hoped sell to the passengers, as this train did t carry drinking water."

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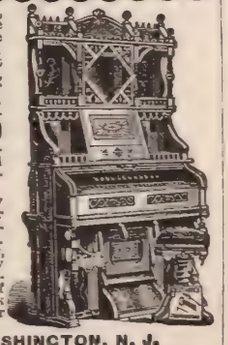

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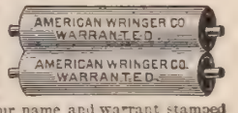

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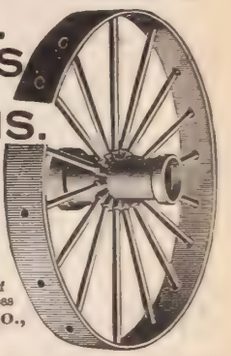

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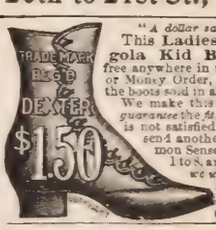

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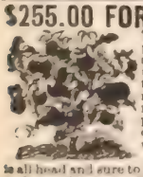

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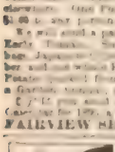

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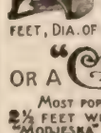

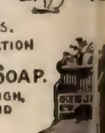

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 6, 1895.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, $1.50.

An Apostle to China's Millions.

The Late Dr. John Van Nest Talmage's Life of Service and Sacrifice for the Evangelization of Southern China—The Fruits of Forty Years' Labor in Amoy.

FEW biographers have had a more difficult task in producing a complete and satisfactory memoir of a distinguished man, than had Rev. John G. Fagg in writing the book now issued,* describing the life and work of Dr. John Van Nest Talmage, the veteran missionary of Amoy, China. When Dr. Talmage died in the summer of 1892, a sketch of his life, compiled from accounts furntshed by members of his family, was published in this journal, but, as was then stated, the materials for an exhaustive biography were not accessible. The Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church in America had, however, by formal resolution, called for a memoir of its eminent missionary and its publication was awaited with deep interest. Dr. Talmage had labored for over forty years in Southern China, and during that time the number of native Christians had increased from three persons to a great body of over two thousand communicants and six thousand adherents, with twenty organized, self-supporting churches, nineteen native pastors, a school for the training of Bible women, a Theological Seminary, schools for boys and girls, an Orphan Asylum and a hospital under the charge of a native Christian lady, who had received her medical diploma in this country. In a general way it was believed that this success was largely due, under the blessing of God, to the devotion, wisdom and untiring labors of Dr. Talmage, but of the actual facts no one in this country could speak. He was so modest a man, that even to his own family he would not talk of his labors and triumphs and when, toward the close of his life, he complied with a request to write the history of the Amoy Mission, it was found that throughout the volume he had not even mentioned his own name. Only from the testimonies of his surviving colleagues in China and from his letters to friends and relatives, could the story be compiled. Even his diary, which might have been of inestimable service, was written in shorthand, evidently for his own use and not for that of a biographer.

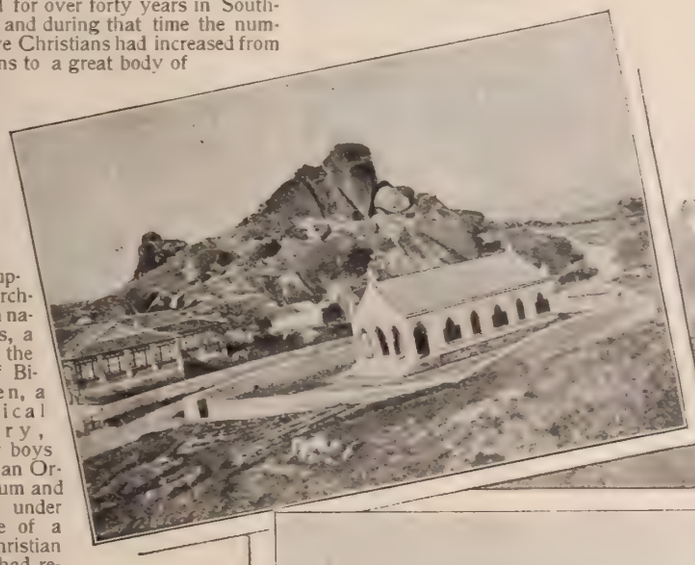
It was on August 19, 1847, the day after his twenty-eighth birthday, that John Van Nest Talmage first set foot in the city that was to be the scene of his forty years' labor. That he was full of joyous enthusiasm is evident from the letters he sent home. Two years he had been waiting for this opportunity to work in China, Leaving Brunswick Theological Seminary in 1845, after graduating with honor, he solemnly consecrated his life to missionary work with the hope that he might be assigned to China. Returning to his home in Somerville, N. J., where the news of his college triumph had preceded him, gladdening the hearts of his beloved parents, he realized how painful to them would be the separation involved by the step he was about to take. Calling his sister Catharine aside, he told her of his decision and be sought her help in breaking to his mother the news which could not but cost her a pang. She was a devoted mother and loved him dearly. But she was also a woman of eminent Christian character. There could be no better testimony of the fact than that three of her sons besides John, entered the service of God and the Christian ministry. These were James R. Goyn, and Thomas DeWitt, the editor of this journal. After the first shock, the devoted mother acquiesced in her son's decision, telling him then, what he had not heard before, that in his boyhood she had praved that he might become a missionary. Her consent and that of his father obtained, the young man waited only until his church could arrange for his departure. One other ordeal, however, had to be passed. The lady who had promised to be his wife and accompany him to China was unable to leave her invalid mother and he had either to postpone his going, or go out alone. He chose the latter course, and on April 15, he began his long voyage from Boston, Mass.

There were four missionaries laboring at Amoy when the young man arrived there; Mr. Pohlman of the American Board, Mr. Stronach of the London Missionary Society, and Messsrs Lloyd and Brown, of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Talmage had come under the auspices of the Reformed Dutch Church, then operating in the foreign mission field in connection with the American Board. He received a cordial welcome from all, and harmonious relations were established which were never disturbed. The field was not an encouraging one. With a population of a quarter of a million, there were but three persons besides the missionaries and their families who could be regarded as Christians. There was of course no church but an abundance of temples. The city was abominably dirty, and the streets so narrow that three persons could not walk abreast. They were also so steep that steps had been cut for the convenience of ascent. No wheeled vehicle could be used, a sedan chair, borne by carriers, being the only alternative to walking. The people, too, were heartless and degraded. Mr. Talmage was inexpressibly shocked during the first few days of his residence, by seeing a man lying in the agonies of death on the roadway, without attracting the slightest sign of pity or sympathy from the crowds hurrying past him. Infanticide, too, was awfully prevalent. From inquiries he made, he was convinced that more than one third of all the girls born were put to death at their birth, and this, too, without the slightest compunction. There was no motive that he could ascertain, except that of avoiding the expense of keeping children who, not being boys, could not be expected to contribute to the support of their parents. But on the whole, the people at that time were not hostile to the foreign missionaries.

Continued on page 147.

*Published at $1.25 by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.

DR. JOHN VAN NEST TALMAGE.



Douglass Memorial Chapel.

Mission House and Girls' School.

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SCENES AT AMOY, CHINA, CONNECTED WITH THE LATE DR. J. V. N. TALMAGE'S WORK

From Photographs in the Possession of the Late Dr. Talmage's Son, Rev. G. E. Talmage of Mott Haven, N. Y.

NEW GROUND.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage, preached last Sunday in the Academy of Music, N. Y. Text: Romans 15: 20: *"Lest I should build upon another man's foundation."*

AFTER, with the help of others, I had built three churches in the same city, and not feeling called upon to undertake the superhuman toil of building a fourth church, Providence seemed to point to this place as the field in which I could enlarge my work, and I feel a sense of relief amounting to exultation. Whereunto this work will grow I cannot prophesy. It is inviting and promising beyond anything I have ever touched. The churches are the grandest institutions this world ever saw, and their pastors have no superiors this side of heaven: but there is a work which must be done outside the churches, and to that work I join myself, for awhile, "Lest I build on another man's foundation."

The church is a fortress, divinely built. Now a fortress is for defence and for drill, and for storing ammunition, but an army must sometimes be on the march far outside the fortress. In the campaign of conquering this world for Christ the time has come for an advance movement, for a "general engagement," for massing the troops, for an invasion of the enemies' country. Confident that the forts are well-manned by the ablest ministry that ever blest the church, I propose, with others, for awhile, to join the cavalry, and move out and on for service in the open field.

In laying out the plan for his missionary tour, Paul, with more brain than any of his contemporaries, or predecessors, or successors, sought out towns and cities which had not yet been preached to. He goes to Corinth, a city mentioned for splendor and vice, and Jerusalem, where the priesthood and Sanhedrim were ready to leap with both feet upon the Christian religion. He feels he has a special work to do, and he means to do it. What was the result? The grandest life of usefulness that man ever lived. We modern Christian workers are not apt to imitate Paul. We build on other people's foundations. If we erect a church we prefer to have it filled with families all of whom have been pious. Do we gather a Sunday School class, we want good boys and girls, hair combed, faces washed, manners attractive. So a church in this day is apt to be built out of other churches. Some ministers spend all their time in fishing in other people's ponds, and they throw the line into that church pond and jerk out a Methodist, and throw the line into another church pond and bring out a Presbyterian, or there is a religious row in some neighboring church, and the whole school of fish swim off from that pond, and we take them all in with one sweep of the net. What is gained? Absolutely nothing for the general cause of Christ. It is only as in an army, when a regiment is transferred from one division to another, or from the 14th regiment to the 69th regiment. What strengthens the army is new recruits.

The fact is, this is a big world. When in our schoolboy days we learned the diameter and circumference of this planet, we did not learn half. It is the latitude and longitude and diameter and circumference of want and woe and sin that no figures can calculate. This one spiritual continent of wretchedness reaches across all zones, and if I were called to give its geographical boundary, I would say it is bounded on the north and south and east and west by the great heart of God's sympathy and love. Oh, it is a great world. Since six o'clock this morning at least 80,000 have been born, and all these multiplied populations are to be reached of the Gospel. In England, or in Eastern American cities, we are being much crowded, and an acre of ground is of great value, but out West five hundred acres is a small farm, and twenty thousand acres is no unusual possession. There is a vast field here and everywhere unoccupied, plenty of room more, not building on another man's foundation. We need as churches to stop bombarding the old ironclad sinners that have been proof against thirty years of Christian assault, and aim for the salvation of those who have never yet had one warm-hearted and point-blank invitation. There are churches whose buildings might be worth $200,000, who are not averaging five new converts a year, and doing less good than many a log-cabin meeting-house with tallow candle stuck in wooden socket, and a minister who has never seen a college, or known the difference between Greek and Choctaw. We need churches to get into sympathy with the great outside world, and let them know that none are so broken-hearted or hardly bestead that they will not be welcomed. "No!" says some fastidious Christian, "I don't like to be crowded in church. Don't put any one in my pew." My brother, what will you do in heaven? When a great multitude that no man can number assembles they will put fifty in your pew. What are the select few to-day assembled in the Christian churches compared with the mightier millions outside of them? At least three million people in this cluster of sea-board cities, and not more than two hundred thousand in the churches. Many of the churches are like a hospital that should advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache or "run-arounds," but no broken heads, no crushed ankles, no fractured thighs. Give us for treatment moderate sinners, velvet-coated sinners, and sinners with a gloss on. It is as though a man had a farm of 3,000 acres and put all his work on one acre. He may raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat, he would remain poor. The Church of God has bestowed its chief care on one acre, and has raised splendid men and women in that small enclosure, but the field is the world. That means North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa, and all the islands of the sea. It is as though after a great battle there were left 50,000 wounded and dying on the field, and three surgeons gave all their time to three patients under their charge. The Major General comes in and says to the doctors: "Come out here and look at the nearly 50,000 dying for lack of surgical attendance." "No," say the three doctors, standing there and fanning their patients, "we have three important cases here and we are attending them, and when we are not positively busy with their wounds, it takes all our time to keep the flies off." In this awful battle of sin and sorrow, where millions have fallen on millions, do not let us spend all our time in taking care of a few people, and when the command comes: "Go into the world," say practically: "No, I cannot go; I have here a few choice cases, and I am busy keeping off the flies." There are multitudes to-day who have never had any Christian worker look them in the eye, and with earnestness in the accentuation, say: "Come!" or they would long ago have been in the kingdom. My friends, religion is either a sham or a tremendous reality. If it be a sham, let us cease to have anything to do with Christian association. If it be a reality, then great populations are on their way to the bar of God unfitted for the ordeal, and what are we doing?

In order to reach the multitude of outsiders we must drop all technicalities out of our religion. When we talk to people about the hypostatic union and French Encyclopedianism, and Erastianism, and Complutensianism, we are as impolitic and little understood as if a physician should talk to an ordinary patient about the pericardium, and intercostal muscle and scorbutic symptoms. Many of us come out of the theological seminaries so loaded up that we take the first ten years to show our people how much we know, and the next ten years get our people to know as much as we know, and at the end find that neither of us know anything as we ought to know. Here are hundreds of thousands of sinning, struggling, and dying people who need to realize just one thing—that Jesus Christ came to save them, and will save them now. But we go into a profound and elaborate definition of what justification is, and after all the work there are not, outside of the learned professions, five thousand people in the United States who can tell what justification is. I will read you the definition:

"Justification is purely a forensic act, the act of a judge sitting in the forum, in which the Supreme Ruler and Judge, who is accountable to none, and who alone knows the manner in which the ends of his universal government can best be attained, reckons that which was done by the substitute, and not on account of anything done by them, but purely upon account of this gracious method of reckoning, grants them the full remission of their sins."

Now, what is justification? I will tell you what justification is—when a sinner believes, God lets him off. One summer in Connecticut I went to a large factory, and I saw over the door written the words: "No Admittance." I entered and saw over the next door: "No Admittance." Of course I entered. I got inside and found it a pin-factory, and they were making pins, very serviceable, fine and useful pins. So the spirit of exclusiveness has practically written over the outside door of many a church: "No Admittance." And if the stranger enter he finds practically written over the second door: "No Admittance," and if he goes in over all the pew doors seems written: "No Admittance," while the minister stands in the pulpit, hammering out his little niceties of belief, pounding out the technicalities of religion, making pins. In the most practical, common-sense way, and laying aside the non-essentials and the hard definitions of religion, go out on the God-given mission, telling the people what they need and when and how they can get it.

Comparatively little effort as yet has been made to save that large class of persons in our midst called sceptics, and he who goes to work here will not be building upon another man's foundation. There is a great multitude of them. They are afraid of us and our churches, for the reason we do not know how to treat them. One of this class met Christ, and hear with what tenderness, and pathos, and beauty, and success Christ dealt with him: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment, and the second is like to this: namely, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is no other commandment greater than this." And the scribe said to him: "Well, Master, thou has said the truth, for there is one God, and to love him with all the heart, and all the understanding, and all the soul, and all the strength is more than whole burnt offerings and sacrifices." And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him: "Thou are not far from the kingdom of God." So a sceptic was saved in one interview. But few Christian people treat the sceptic in that way. Instead of taking hold of him with the gentle hand of love, we are apt to take him with the iron pincers of ecclesiasticism.

You would not be so rough on that man if you knew by what process he had lost his faith in Christianity. I have known men sceptical from the fact that they grew up in houses where religion was overdone. Sunday was the most awful day of the week. They had religion driven into them with a trip-hammer. They were surfeited with prayer meetings. They were stuffed and choked with catechisms. They were often told they were the worst boys the parents ever knew, because they liked to ride down hill better than to read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Whenever father and mother talked of religion they drew down the corners of their mouth and rolled up their eyes. If any one thing will send a boy or girl to ruin sooner than another, that is it. If I had had such a father and mother I fear I should have been an infidel. When I was a boy in Sunday School, at one time we had a teacher who when we were not attentive, struck us over the head with a New Testament, and there is a way of using even the Bible so as to make it offensive.

Others were tripped up of scepticism from being grievously wronged by some man who professed to be a Christian. They had a partner in business who turned out to be a first-class scoundrel though a professed Christian. Many years ago they lost all faith by what happened in an oil company which was formed amid the petroleum excitement. The company owned no land, or if they did, there was no sign of oil produced; but the President of the company was a Presbyterian elder and the Treasurer was an Episcopal vestryman, and one director was a Methodist class leader, and the other directors prominent members of Baptist and Congregational churches. Circulars were gotten out telling what fabulous prospects opened before this company. Innocent men and women who had a little money to invest, and that little their all, said: "I don't know anything about this company, but so many good men are at the head of it that it must be excellent, and taking stock in it must be almost as good as joining the church." So they bought the stock and perhaps received one dividend so as to keep them still, but after a while they found that the company had re-organized, and had a different president, and different treasurer, and different directors. Other engagements, or ill-health had caused the former officers of the company, with many regrets, to resign. And all that the subscribers of that stock had to show for their investment was a beautifully ornamented certificate. Sometimes the man looking over his old papers, comes across that certificate, and it is so suggestive that he vows he wants none of the religion that the presidents, and trustees, and directors of that oil company professed. Of course their rejection of religion on such grounds was unphilosophical and unwise. I am told that many of the United States army desert every year, and there are thousands of court-martials every year. Is that anything against the United States Government that swore them in? And if a soldier of Jesus Christ desert, is that anything against the Christianity which he swore to support and defend? How do you judge of the currency of a country? By a counterfeit bill? Oh, you must have patience with those who have been swindled by religious pretenders. Live in the presence of others a frank, honest, earnest Christian life, that they may be attracted to the same Saviour upon whom your hopes depend.

Remember scepticism always has some reason, good or bad, for existing. Goethe's irreligion started when the news came

Cmany of the earthquake at Lisbon, N. 1, 1775. That sixty thousand people sluld have perished in that earthquake in the after rising of the Tagus so sred his sympathies that he threw up h belief in the goodness of God.

Others have gone into scepticism from a nural persistence in asking the reason wy. They have been fearfully stabbed o the interrogation point. There are so my things they cannot get explained. Tey cannot understand the Trinity or hv God can be sovereign and yet man a fr agent. Neither can I. They say: "I d't understand why a good God should hre let sin come into the world." Neither d I. You say: "Why was that child sted in life with such disadvantages, vile other have all physical and mental e ipment?" I cannot tell. They go out o church on Easter morning and say: "hat doctrine of the resurrection confound-eme." So it is to me a mystery beyond vavelment. I understand all the proces-s by which men get into the dark. I low them all. I have traveled with burn-k feet that blistered way. The first word vich most children learn to utter is, "apa," or, "Mamma," but I think the ft word I ever uttered was, "Why?" I low what it is to have a hundred mid-ghts pour their darkness into one hour. Sch men are not to be scoffed, but helped. 'rn your back upon a drowning man sen you have the rope with which to pull in ashore, and let that woman in the ird story of a house perish in the flames hen you have a ladder with which to help out and help her down, rather than n your back scoffingly on a sceptic hose soul is in more peril that the bodies those other endangered ones possibly n be. Oh, scepticism is a dark land. ere are men in this house who would e a thousand worlds, if they possessed m, to get back to the placid faith of their hers and mothers, and it is our place to p them, and we may help them, never ough their heads, but always through ir hearts. These sceptics, when brought Jesus, will be mightily effective, far more than those who never examined the evi-nces of Christianity. Thomas Chalmers as once a sceptic, Robert Hall a sceptic, obert Newton a sceptic, Christmas Evans sceptic. But when once with strong nd they took hold of the chariot of the ospel, they rolled it on with what mo-entum! If I address such men and wo-en to-day, I throw out no scoff. I implead em by the memory of the good old days, hen at their mother's knee they said: Now I lay me down to sleep," and by ose days and nights of scarlet fever in hich she watched you, and with voice iat you will never hear again, unless you in her in the better country, told you to ever mind, for you would feel better by-nd-by, and by that dying couch where he looked so pale and talked so slowly, atching her breath between the words, and ou felt an awful loneliness coming over our soul; by all that I beg you to come ack and take the same religion. It was ood enough for her. It is good enough or you. Nay, I have a better plea than iat. I plead by all the wounds, and tears, nd blood, and groans, and agonies, and eath-throes of the Son of God, who ap-roaches you this moment with torn brow nd lacerated hand, and whipped back, and aying: "Come unto me, all ye who are veary and heavy laden, and I will give ou rest."

Again, there is a field of usefulness but ttle touched occupied by those who are stray in their habits. All northern nations, ike those of North America, and England, nd Scotland, that is, in the colder climates, re devastated by alchoholism. They take he fire to keep up the warmth. In southern countries, like Arabia and Spain, the blood s so warm they are not tempted to fiery iquids. The great Roman armies never drank anything stronger than water tinged vith vinegar, but under our northern cli-mate the temptation to heating stimulants is most mighty, and millions succumb. When a man's habits go wrong the church drops him, the social circle drops him, good influence drops him, we all drop him. Of all the men who get off track, but few ever get on again. Near my summer residence there is a life-saving station on the beach. There are all the ropes and rockets, the boats, the machinery for getting people off shipwrecks. One summer I saw there fifteen or twenty men who were breakfasting, after having just escaped with their lives and nothing more. Up and down our coasts are built these useful structures, and the mariners know it, and they feel that if they are driven into the breakers, there will be apt from shore to come a rescue. The churches of God ought to be so many life-saving stations, not so much to help those who are in smooth waters, but those who have been shipwrecked. Come, let us run out the life-boats! And who will man them?

Furthermore, the destitute children of the streets offer a field of work comparatively unoccupied. The uncared-for children are in the majority in most of our cities. Their condition was well illustrated by what a boy in this city said when he was found under a cart gnawing a bone, and some one said to him, "Where do you live?" and he answered, "Don't live nowhere, sir!" Seventy thousand of the children of New York City can neither read nor write. When they grow up, if unreformed, they will outvote your children and they will govern your children. The whisky ring will hatch out other whisky rings, and grog shops will kill with their horrid stench public sobriety, unless the Church of God rises up with outstretched arms and enfolds this dying population in her bosom. Public schools cannot do it. Art galleries cannot do it. Blackwell's Island cannot do it. Almshouses cannot do it. New York Tombs cannot do it. Sing Sing cannot do it. People of God, wake up to your magnificent mission! You can do it. Get somewhere, somehow, to work.

I have heard of what was called the "thundering legion." It was in 179, a part of the Roman army to which some Christians belonged, and their prayers, it was said, were answered by thunder and lightning and hail and tempest, which overthrew an invading army and saved the empire. And I would to God that you could be so mighty in prayer and work that you would become a thundering legion, before which the forces of sin might be routed, and the gates of hell made to tremble. All aboard now on the Gospel ship! If you cannot be a captain or a first mate, be a stoker, or a deck-hand, or ready at command to climb the ratlines. Heave away now, lads! Shake out the reefs in the foretopsail! Come, O heavenly wind, and fill the canvas! Jesus aboard will assure our safety. Jesus on the sea will beckon us forward. Jesus on the shining shore will welcome us into harbor. "And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."

An Apostle to China's Millions

Continued from first page.

They would listen to their teaching, and apparently had little confidence in their idols, although they were very sincere and very much in earnest in worshipping the spirits of their ancestors. The fact that they would listen to the missionaries was, however, encouraging and as Mr. Talmage said in one of his first letters, there was the far better encouragement of God's promise to bless the preaching of his Word.

Mr. Talmage was eager to begin preaching, but he had to gain a masterv of the language, which he declared, was the most difficult language on earth for a foreigner to learn. The study was complicated by the fact that very few of the natives could read the Chinese characters. Later on, that disadvantage was turned to good account by teaching them the Roman letters, instead of their own grotesque signs. Mr. Talmage found that seventeen letters with a few arbitrary signs would represent every sound in the language, and after consultation with other missionaries a system was devised of using Roman letters, which simplified educational efforts for both missionaries and natives. This system Mr. Talmage labored to perfect and in the later years of his life amplified and elaborated in the great literary work which will ever remain a monument to his name. He brought the manuscript of this dictionary with him to America, after his work in China had closed forever and in the preparation of it for the press, he derived the greatest consolation he had for his enforced absence from the scene of his labors. About six months before his death, when he was nearly seventy-three years old, he had the gratification of revising the proof of the last page and of knowing that by this work he would remove the worst of the many difficulties of the missionaries who would come after him.

FARMING OPERATIONS IN SOUTHERN CHINA—PLOWING WITH AN OX.

(From a Photograph in the Possession of Rev. G. E. Talmage.)

A sad event necessitated Mr. Talmage's return to America early in the year 1849. His most intimate friend and colleague, Mr. Pohlman, who had been six years in Amoy was accidentally drowned just as he was beginning to see the fruit of his arduous labors. His sister who had been his constant companion and devoted helper was so prostrated by the shock of his sudden death, that it was necessary to send her home immediately, and as she was too ill to travel alone, it was decided that Mr. Talmage should accompany her. While he was here he made an extensive tour among the churches, pleading the cause of missions. In three months he was ready to return. and he had the pleasure of taking back with him the wife who was to be his faithful and indefatigable helpmeet for many years. Her mother, whose sickness had demanded her first consideration when Mr. Talmage first set out, was now dead, and she was thus set free to fulfil her promise to him and share his hardships and labors. They sailed in March, 1850, arriving in Amoy in the following July. By this time he had acquired a sufficient familiarity with the language to assume sole charge of a station, and an old house wtth a store on the first floor was secured on an elevated site overlooking the harbor. It was remodelled to adapt it for a preaching place, and here he taught, and worked, and preached for nearly twenty years.

During the following year Mr. Talmage announced that a church had been organized with thirteen converts. The London Missionary Society had also eight converts, and he was very much encouraged. His new place had been fitted up by no little labor. One incident, to which he humorously alluded, sheds light on the privations of a missionary life. He could not open his preaching room at nights because he had no lamps. His ingenuity supplied a remedy. He procured some wire, from which he hung some ordinary tumblers from the ceiling. These were filled with oil, and by means of another wire, a wick was suspended in each. The arrangement was not ornamental and the light was not very good, but there was enough for the purpose, and after that there was a meeting every night. The number of inquirers grew. Mr. Talmage was accessible at all hours, and people came to ask questions and learn more about the new doctrines. He dwells pathetically in his letters on the obstacles some of these inquirers had to face in accepting Christianity. One of them gained his livelihood by carving idols, and was able to support his aged mother. If he became a Christian he did not know how he could live. A second would lose his employment if he refused to work on Sunday. A third held a situation under government, which he would have to resign if he became a Christian. A fourth had been severely punished by his father for attending the preaching, and had been threatened with further penalties. But in spite of difficulties and opposition, the numbers grew, and the converts were consistent.

One of the most serious interruptions to the progress of the work, involving no little personal danger, proceeded from the outbreak of a rebellion against the government in 1853. The people of Amoy and its neighborhood sympathized with the insurgents, and the whole district was in the control of the revolutionary party. The imperial troops made several attempts to subdue the city, but were driven back after severe fighting. Mr. Talmage mentions in his letters that several times their six pound cannon balls had penetrated the mission house, and that the inmates had narrowly escaped being killed. On one Sunday there was a fierce conflict waged in the streets around the mission. He held his service as usual, but behind doors locked and barred. The tumult outside, the cries of the wounded, and the hoarse shouts of command were finally too much for his nerves, and he ceased preaching and turned the service into a prayer-meeting. During the progress of the rebellion more than one of his converts was lost to him. The imperial troops seized them in the streets as they were going to or from services and summarily beheaded them, without a trial, or an opportunity for an explanation. Little progress could be made during this time of trouble, but at the close of the struggle there was a great outpouring of blessing. In six months twenty-eight new converts were added to the church, and there was a large number of inquirers. The work spread, too, outside of Amoy, some of the converts being good speakers, who went to outlying places, and preached the Gospel.

From that time forward the history of the Amoy mission is a record of uninterrupted growth and development. Dr. Talmage labored with ever increasing grounds for encouragement. The native pastors increased in number and efficiency, and one of them adds to this memorial volume, in quaint language, his testimony to the value of the training they received from the beloved teacher. It was not until 1880 that Dr. Talmage's vigorous constitution collapsed under the arduous labors of his long service. He was seventy years of age, and forty of those years had been spent in an uncongenial climate under trying circumstances. He was utterly incapacitated for further effort, but he believed that a brief respite at home would enable him to resume his work. He came back to his native land, and the tender care of his sons did all that was possible to reinvigorate his exhausted frame. To within a few weeks of his death he talked of things he would do when he went back to China; but all about him knew that there was no hope of his return. Two years after his arrival in America he peacefully breathed his last. He left three sons, two of whom are ministers in this country. His widow and his two daughters are still engaged in missionary work at the scene of his labors in Amoy.

ZACCHEUS THE PUBLICAN.

S. S. Lesson for March 17. Luke 19: 1-10. Golden Text Luke 19:10. By Mrs. Baxter.

THE Lord Jesus was on his last journey up to Jerusalem. He had sought in vain to prepare his disciples for that which he knew from the Scriptures was coming upon him. "Behold we go up to Jerusalem," he had said to them, "and all the things that are written by the prophets shall be accomplished unto the Son of man. For he shall be delivered up unto the Gentiles, and shall be mocked, and shamefully entreated, and spit upon: and they shall scourge and kill him; and the third day he shall rise again." (Luke 18: 31-33, R.V.) But this supreme work of his mission, which filled his heart, conveyed no meaning to his disciples. Filled with their own preceptions, founded also upon Scripture, they were blind to all which concerned a suffering Messiah, and they were impatient for the promised King who should rule over the house of his father David. "They understood none of these things; and this saying was hid from them, and they perceived not the things that were said."

It was just shortly after this that he met with and healed, blind Bartimeus: the want of understanding in his own disciples did not so occupy Jesus that he ceased to be free for anything to which his Father called him. Whenever a trial, however severe, paralyses us so that we are occupied with it, and have no words or thoughts for anything else, we are not overcomers of, but we are overcome by the trial; we are not yet "more than conquerers through him that loved us." (Rom. 8: 37). Jesus, taking everything from his Father's hand was

Free for His Father's Will

and purposes, from all which affected him. Having healed Bartimeus, "He entered and passed through Jericho. Now another distraction met him: Zaccheus the publican, a well-known citizen of Jericho, "sought to see Jesus who he was, and could not for the crowd, because he was little of stature." (R. V.) It was apparently such an ordinary thing: the curiosity of a man to see with his own eyes the Prophet who was reputed to be such a worker of miracles. How many more there may have been in the crowd which so often hung around him, drawn thus by curiosity, perhaps by nothing else. And yet so much came out of this incident. Zaccheus, being so short in stature, ran on before, when Jesus approached, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see him: for he was to pass that way. What was there in the antecedents of this man, which should attract the attention of the Lord Jesus? "He was a chief publican and he was rich:" neither such a position nor such riches had in themselves any attraction for Jesus. But his Father was drawing this man to him, and Jesus himself said: "No man can come unto me except the Father which sent me draw him, and I will raise him up at the last day." (John 6: 22.) Belonging to a class hated and despised by the Jews, the tax gatherers for the hated Roman rule: a class noted for their corruption, a man who was rich, perhaps because of his extortion — this man would seem to have been one of the last to become a disciple. The rich young man had seemed such a hopeful inquirer, yet he went away undecided. Zaccheus seemed so unpromising, yet he went away saved. Let us not judge as to whether this one or that is a likely subject for the grace of God, but let us be ready to his hand whenever he has a message through us to whomsoever it may be.

Zaccheus understood at heart the will of Jesus that he should come down from his post of observation, and make room in his own house for him whom his eyes had sought to see: "And he made haste and came down, and received him joyfully." Do not let us hide from unsaved sinners that conversion is a coming down, and that is also a making room in our lives and homes, our business, our inner and our outer life for Jesus. It is not simply a permission to the Lord Jesus that he may serve our purpose in pardoning our sins, and then minister to us in making us and keeping us happy, as so many seem to think it. It is a coming down from all our own plans of life to surrender them to him; it is a surrender of all our past reputation for goodness, for religiousness, for usefulness, &c., and letting death pass over all we are and have been; it is a coming down from all our own integrity as Job found by his deep humiliation, and as the formerly spotless Saul of Tarsus found when, in his suffering the loss of all things, he placed among them his cherished character as a Jewish saint "as touching the righteousness which is in the law found blameless (Phil. 3: 6, R.V.) Until he saw Jesus, John the Baptist could be the stern, powerful, holy rebuker of kings and teachers and people (Matt. 3: 5-7; 14: 2-4), but having seen him, he must needs say to him, "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me" (Matt. 3: 14); and again he spoke of him: "He must increase, but I must decrease. John had learned to come down.

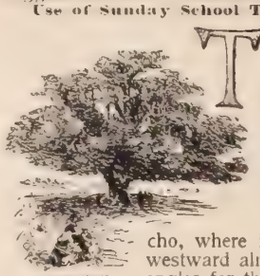
O how quickly does the Holy Spirit teach a willing disciple! Zaccheus lost no time in preparing his house for the incoming of the Master. But the enemy of souls does not let his property be so easily snatched from him. He had his devotees, who little dreamed that they were serving his purpose, when "they all murmured, saying: He is gone in to lodge with a man that is a sinner." But this only drew out from Zaccheus that which the Spirit had taught him. Unlike Martha, whose preparation for Jesus was in the multiplication of her housekeeping cares, this publican welcomed him by the announcement of an entire overflowing of the principles which had governed his life. Formerly all had been for Zaccheus; now all should be for the Lord; formerly his will was law; now he determined to live according to the Scriptures. "Behold Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor." This was a good beginning. The man who had calculated in his life hundreds of times more than the rich young man, who had inquired: "What good things shall I do? How much is required of me?" now gives, at one sweep, half his possessions. And, in addition, not as part of this munificent gift, he says: "And if I have done any wrong to any man," I begin now to act according to the Scripture, "I return him four fold" (Ex. 22: 1). Zaccheus threw open not his doors only, but his heart, his life, his purse, his past, and his future to the immediate entrance and lasting rule of Jesus.

This is True Conversion.

Such conversions as these do not need consecration meetings to finish what is begun in a superficial or faulty conversion. In such a conversion a man becomes at once "a new creature, old things have passed away; behold all thing have become new, and all things are of God. (II. Cor. 5: 17, 18.) And Jesus said unto him: "To-day is salvation come to this house, for as much as he also is a son of Abraham." When the pride of the Jews who believed on Jesus was wounded because he had said to them: "If ye abide in my work, then are ye truly my disciples and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," they answered him. "We be Abraham's seed, and have never yet been in bondage to any man;" and when Jesus explained to them that everyone who sins is a bondservant of sin, and their desire to kill him because he had told them the truth was not consistent with their profession as children of Abraham; He also said: "If ye are Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham." Zaccheus did the works of Abraham. God and his Christ had broken in upon his life, and at any cost to him, he would do the will of God. This was the spirit of Abraham. By faith Abraham, when he was called, obeyed to go out into a place which he was to receive for an inheritance, and he went out, "not knowing whither he went." (Heb. 11: 8, R.V.) It was the same spirit which actuated Zaccheus: his spirit, not his pedigree, stamped him as a true son of Abraham. "They which be of faith, the same are sons of Abraham." (Gal. 3: 7.) The clue to Abraham's life was the estimation in which he held his God: this is equally the case with every true son and daughter of Abraham. Will it cost me too much? Shall I not be a gainer by this? What will so and so think of this? How will it affect my business or my standing with my family or in the world? These are wrong questions.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.


A SYCAMORE.

THE journey to Jerusalem was nearly done. The caravan had come down the valley beside the Jordan as far as Jericho, where it turned off westward almost at right angles for the metropolis. One short stage of seventeen miles remained to complete the journey. It was probably on April first or second, and Jericho would be in all its glory of spring verdure. The city has vanished, and the miserable village which is now called by its name does not even occupy its site, but one two miles south-east of it. Then it was rich in palm trees, the aroma of which could be detected more than a mile away, and caused it to be known as the perfumed city. The streets were thronged when the caravan arrived with which Jesus traveled. The people wanted to see the brave man who was going to Jerusalem to meet the powerful enemies who had determined to kill him. One man was particularly eager to see the great Teacher and Miracle-worker. This was the wealthy tax-farmer of the district. He was evidently in bad odor in the town. All the men of his profession were, and generally with good reason. The system of collecting the taxes was a vicious one. It was an open speculation. A capitalist or syndicate offered the state a lump sum for the taxes of a district, and undertook the cost of the collection. All that could be got from the people over and above the sum paid was clear profit. They had, therefore, every motive to practise extortion. Duties were levied on native products and on goods carried through the province from outlying districts. The collector appraised the value, and there was no redress when he overestimated it. Besides this, there was corruption and blackmail. An obnoxious person in business might be accused of smuggling, and find it to his interest to settle quietly with his accuser to have the charge withdrawn. So odious were these tax collectors that it was a common saying that where the publican was, there was neither liberty nor justice. Their evidence was not taken in the ecclesiastical courts, and they were notified that even their gifts of alms would not be received at the Temple. They were thus universally detested and despised. Zaccheus appears to have been the superintendent of the district, with men like Matthew, or Levi, the apostle, as his subordinates. He wanted to see Jesus. He knew enough of the temper of the people to be aware that no crowd would make way for him, and being a short man, there would be little chance of his getting a glimpse of him. He therefore climbed into one of the shade trees whose wide-spreading branches extended over the roadway, and from this point of vantage awaited the coming of Jesus and his disciples. The whole town, and Zaccheus as much as any, must have been amazed when Jesus stopped before the tree and singled him out as the man at whose house he wanted to stay. It was a most unpopular thing to do. It is likely, however, that there was not a home in the city where he would have been so joyfully welcomed. The points of the lesson are that the man being really anxious to see Jesus, did not allow ordinary obstacle to prevent him, and that Christ definitely stated the object and purpose of his mission.

Sought to see Jesus. Mr. Moody says tha a man came to him after one of his meet ings and said: "I wish you would tell m why I can't find the Lord." Mr. Mood answered, "Yes, I can tell you. You hav not sought him with all your heart." Th man was too polite to give a direct contra diction, but he said he thought he had. Mr Moody said: "I think you have not; in deed I know you have not, otherwise yo would have found him. Now my friend can tell you the day and hour when yo will be converted." The man looked puz zled as if he thought the Evangelist wa trifling with him. Mr. Moody went on, "Th Scripture says distinctly, ye shall find m when ye seek for me with all your heart.

Because he was little of stature. Some me would under the circumstances have abar doned the effort. Zaccheus, was, however not that kind of man. The difficulty in hi way must be overcome and he climbed int the tree where he would have as good view as the tallest man in the crowd. It i remarkable how often men of great achieve ments have been men of natural disadvant ages. Demosthenes, the greatest orator o antiquity, was a stammerer in his youth so was the modern orator, Curran, whos failure as a speaker earned him the nick name of "Orator Mum," but he becam one of the most eloquent men of his day Milton's blindness did not prevent his be coming a classic author, nor Kitto's dea ness keep him from becoming a great trav eller and writer. In our own time, we hav seen Fawcett, who was totally blind, ris to the first rank as a statesman and phi osopher, and Alexander H. Stephens, th insignificant invalid rise to be the best be loved and most honored citizen of his Stat

I restore him fourfold. A pastry-cook i London was one day surprised by the en trance into his store of a fashionably-dres ed lady who was in a state of distressin agitation. She asked if he was the san man who kept the store fifteen years befor He told her that he was. The lady the asked for a private interview. He took h into a back room, and she sat down an gave way to a flood of tears. When sh recovered her composure, she asked him he remembered supplying delicacies to certain school. He said he remembere perfectly. "I was a boarder at the school fi teen years ago," said the lady. "You man used to come with a quantity of tar and cakes every day to sell to the your ladies. When his attention was occupie I often took several things without his se ing me, and I did not pay for them. I a married now with children of my own, b all these fifteen years that sin has been o my conscience. Not long ago I went Christ and asked his forgiveness for all m sins and I believe he has forgiven me. B I want to make restitution to you. I wis I could set right all my wrong doing, b there are some things which can never l undone. Now I want you to accept this And she placed a large sum of money in h hands. The man looked at it and sai "But you could not have taken things this amount?" "Oh, no," said the lad "but I could not be satisfied with bare paying for the things. Take all this, and you do not wish to accept it as paymer use as much as you please in gifts to th poor or in the Lord's service in some way

The Son of man is come to seek and to sa that which was lost. Sir James Simpson r lates the story of a Welsh miner who w in a part of the mine with which he was n familiar. As he was cautiously making l way through the cuttings, a sudden gu of water from a crevice above him exti guished his lamp. He tried to find his wa back but wandered on for hours, as it see ed to him, in the labyrinth of passages. I had no idea of the time and the darkne was like that of Egypt, "a darkness th could be felt." At last utterly exhaust and utterly hopeless, he lay down to d He looked upon himself already as a de man. It was only a question of minut more or less when he would be so in fa His mind was busy with the soler thoughts forced upon him by his conditio when he thought he saw a light glimmeri in the distance. Was it reality or the effe of his disordered imagination? It seem to come nearer and nearer and then as approached close to where the man lay, saw that it was a lamp in the hand of l own brother who had missed him and h spent hours in anxious search for him.

HOPE DAWNING IN THE WEST.

Many Hundreds now Actively Engaged in the Great Work of Relief, and Immediate Danger Past—Nebraska, Colorado, and Kansas in More Hopeful Mood—Relief Work Still Needed In Oklahoma and South Dakota.

AFTER many weeks of united effort, strengthened and consecrated by prayer, the aid rendered by generous Christian people throughout the Union to the stricken West, has begun to produce the desired sults. In at least three of the suffering ates, the relief afforded has not only red thousands from starvation, but has aced the recipients, for the time being, out immediate danger from the twin evils of ld and hunger. In Nebraska, Colorado d Kansas, so liberal has been the aid orded, that the destitution has been narved down to a few isolated localities, and en these will soon be included by the ry thoroughly organized systems of relief that are now in operation in all three ates. In Oklahoma and South Dakota, uch still remains to be done towards helpg the destitute farmers and settlers, to enble them to withstand the rigors of winter d to provide the simple necessaries of life r their families until the next sowing ason; but the same open-handed, practil sympathy that has fed and clothed their others and sisters in misfortune in the eighboring states will doubtless be stirred like efforts in their behalf. Aid is now ing extended to them by THE CHRISAN HERALD Relief Fund, which has me to them in their extremity as a timely d special providence, just as it came to ose in Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado, hom the Fund has been instrumental in ding during the last two months.

A Wide-spread Christian Work.

Since opening our Central Relief Depot, ecember 29, 1894, we have received and rwarded to the West nearly fourteen carads of clothing and provisions, or 1432 arrels, 463 packages, 324 large boxes, 111 rge cases, sixty-one bags or bales, and even trunks clothing. The number of garents of every description for men, women nd children reached nearly 100,000. Among ese were contributions from thirty-nine Christian Endeavor Societies, twenty-two ircles of King's Daughters, twenty-five pworth Leagues, besides the donations of ghty-seven churches and sixty-four Sewng Circles and Missionary Societies. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers in twenty-one tates responded to the call of mercy. To cknowledge all gifts and contributions in etail was an impossibity, yet we are satisfied that no donation, however small, has missed the mark, but all have accomplished omething toward mitigating human suffering.

Any recapitulation of the Relief Fund's work would be incomplete, were the generous service of the American Express Company to pass unrecorded. During the earlier weeks of the Fund, this Company gave its services freely, without charge, for the transportation of clothing and supplies to Nebraska and Kansas, and facilitated the work by every possible means. This splendid co-operation will not soon be forgotten by our readers, nor by those who were aided by the gifts this Company carried to them free. Its generosity has saved a large outlay to the Relief Fund.

Progress in Nebraska.

Under Manager Ludden's thorough system, the work of relief in Nebraska is still progressing rapidly. Under the resolution adopted by the Nebraska Senate, the State Relief Commission reports to the legislature weekly, and Manager Ludden's latest reports shows the shipments of large quantities of groceries, flour, fuel and clothing in a single week to the counties named:

Adams, Antelope, Brown, Boone, Buffalo, Custer, Chase, Dawson, Deuel, Dawes, Dundy, Fillmore, Franklin, Frontier, Furnas, Garfield, Gosper, Greeley, Hall, Harlan, Hayes, Hitchcock, Holt, Howard, Knox, Lincoln, Logan, McPherson, Nance, Phelps, Perkins, Red Willow, Valley, Wheeler and York.

During the same week $3472.07 had been distributed by the Relief Commission in aid of the distressed farmers. It is the aim of the Commission to retain in the hands of the County Central Relief Committee from ten to fourteen days' supplies at all times, and thus to be able to meet any emergency that may arise, and also to continue the relief as long as the necessity for aid exists in any of the afflicted sections. An effort is now being made to raise a special fund of $100,000 to purchase seed grain to be distributed among the impoverished farmers.

In a letter last week to Dr. Klopsch, Manager Ludden makes this statement regarding the Nebraska Relief Commission's resources:

We were receiving abundant supplies, as you know when you were here, but it was just in the closing hours of free billing. The railroads told us that all the supplies we could get on track up to four o'clock on a certain day they would move free for us. We went through all the letters and picked out all the supplies it was possible for us to move, and placed them on track by telegraph. The result was in a few days we had nearly four hundred cars standing on track at Lincoln. These cars—most of them—were loaded promiscuously, I think. Three hundred and six, including coal cars, were of such a nature that we sent them immediately to the drouth stricken district. Many of them were specially assigned that that we had not yet received the disposition of then from the donors, the cars getting here ahead of their letters. Others were of such a nature that it was not good policy to send them forward into any community. To illustrate: one car of sauer kraut, one of salt one of sugar, one of rice, four or five carloads of clothing, thirteen cars of molasses, and a goodly number of cars of flour. We simply broke them up into promiscuous lots, and loaded them with such supplies as would be demanded of us. Now, you will note that we did not have, as the newspapers have published all over the United States, carloads of perishable supplies here. Of course such wild statements of an abundance of perishable supplies simply cut off many splendid donations.

Last week, the Commission began sending out tea and coffee to aged and invalid sufferers, from the Special Fund contributed for that purpose through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. A small card accompanies each package.

Brighter Skies in Kansas.

In Kansas the relief movement is producing admirable results, and many thousands of stricken homes have been helped and comforted. The Topeka "Capital," in behalf of its Relief Fund, is meeting hearty responses. This Fund to which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gave the initial contribution of $1000 has now reached the sum of $5000, and is growing daily. Its prompt and systematic distribution is effecting much good in the distressed counties. Rev. G. W. Sharpe, our Sunday School missionary, has completed his work of distribution in Kansas.

Among the letters received from that State during the week, we give these extracts, which show the actual condition of the people in some of the needy districts, and the fervent gratitude they feel for the help already extended by the generous readers of this journal. Mrs. E. F. Brown, Liberal, Kan., Superintendent of Public Instruction of Seward county, writes:

I thank God that by some means our needy people are being reached, and that you have discovered that "State pride" has been a hindrance to many receiving help, where it is so much needed. I have been Superintendent of Public Instruction of this county for the past eight years, and know of many in great need, and have made repeated efforts to get help to some of the poor, but the merchants, politicians and "town-boomers," immediately denounce it and any attempt we have made has proved futile. Many are sick and unless they are helped soon I know they must suffer.

Mr. S. S. King, Commander I.O.O.F., and J. M. Mahin, Commander Knights of Pythias, write from Cedarville, Kan.:

There are many families here that have no means of support and absolutely nothing to live on. We have done all we can to avoid having to ask other parts of the world for assistance, but our resources have been well nigh exhausted so that we have to ask for aid for our people. We have organized The Cedarville Fraternal Society which is composed of the members of the different societies of this place consisting of the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Encampment, Rebekahs, and Maccabees. *** It is no uncommon sight to see women and children half clothed and half fed wading the snow with rags tied on their feet to protect them from the snow and frosts. Our pride forbids us asking for assistance, but duty says to do so.

A committee of citizens of Macksville, Kan., writes that there is no destitution in that section of the State and that Stafford county can take care of its own poor.

Colorado Hopeful.

In Colorado, the good work is being pushed energetically by the Denver "Republican," whose Relief Fund (to which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gave the first contribution), is now in full and successful operation. The "Republican" writes:

The first car from New York arrived this morning—very opportunely, too, as our supplies were exhausted. During the past week we have been making shipments of food and clothing to about a dozen points in the drouth-stricken region of Colorado. To do that we have had to use only a small portion of our car-load of supplies, having been able to meet nearly all the latest pressing demands. By using your three New York cars judiciously we hope to be able to still longer retain the money we have, for we believe there will be need of every cent of it before the people can reap a harvest. The gathering of these supplies from various sources has occupied almost our entire attention thus far, so that a systematic canvass of the city for money contributions has not yet been made.

Dakota and "The Strip."

The "Republican's" Fund is now nearly $3,000. Before this edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches the hands of our readers the two additional car loads of clothing and supplies forwarded some time ago from our Central Relief Depot in New York, will have reached Denver and been distributed among the destitute by the "Republican's" own corps of distributors.

Appeals for aid still come from Oklahoma and South Dakota. Frederick W. Fay, Lamont, O. T., writes:

We are seeing terrible times this winter. I could name a dozen of our neighbors who are about as destitute as ourselves. I do not know how we are to get seed as we are too poor to buy anything.

Mrs. Jeanette Judd, Little Vale, Okla., the wife of one of the settlers in the Cherokee Strip, sends this earnest appeal:

Our Ladies' Aid Society is trying all within its power to aid some of the sufferers in the Strip. You know when this was opened for settlement, it was all a vast, barren prairie. We passed through the first winds, then almost starved. Last spring we commenced to break out our new homes. We planted but we did not reap, for we lost all our crops, it was so dry and hot. Fever commenced in our land and hardly a family escaped. Another winter is passing and we are all starving. What we live on is not as good as the hogs have in some lands. We have no seed, corn or potatoes to plant or garden seeds, nor seed for our teams. They are living on just the wheat straw they can pick on the bare prairie. If a woman has one dress here, she is doing well. Now many are sick and not clothed enough to keep them warm or food to live on.

These letters are fair specimens of many others from Oklahoma. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has already sent some money and clothing to "The Strip," and during the past week it appropriated $500 from the Fund for the purpose of relieving the most urgent cases.

In South Dakota, where a number of our Volunteer Distributors have been at work, the distress is much more general and severe than it is even in the "Cherokee Strip," and the appeals are consequently more numerous. $500 have been sent from the Relief Fund to South Dakota during the week. These and all other sums distributed through the Fund, will be properly accounted for by the Distributors, at the close of their work.

Money Contributions.

Money contributions to the Fund during the week are acknowledged below:

Prev. ack'd **$23,020.90**
Akers, S F ... 2 00
Anderson, Mary D ... 1 00
Blahck, Mrs J L ... 1 00
Blandford, Lillian M ... 18
Brown, Mrs E J ... 2 00
Burns, Jas J ... 2 00
Bynum, Mrs A J ... 5
Barrik, G W ... 10 00
Bell, Abram ... 1
Bell, Wm ... 1 00
Briggs, C ... 5 00
Brooks, Mrs Carrie ... 1 00
Bowles Lambert ... 5 00
Blair, Gilbert ... 1 00
Brandt, Annie B ... 2 00
Burns, Ray ... 25
Buser, Mrs W D ... 1 00
Baker, Andy ... 50
Baker, Hannah ... 50
Breaden, Thos ... 50
Brooks, Mrs H A ... 20 00
Buchannan, Mrs ... 1 00
Burns, Jas ... 1 00
Coates, Mrs G ... 3 00
Culy, H ... 5 00
Campbell, Rev J L ... 1 00
Care, Baby ... 10
Care, Ezra ... 10
Care, Roger ... 10
Carpenter, A D ... 2 00
Carpenter, J R ... 2 00
Catlett, Lizzie ... 50
Catton, Robt ... 1 00
Colburn, Mr & Mrs ... 8 00
Crawford family ... 5 00
Cashaw, Eva ... 1 00
Carlisle, Mrs E A ... 5 00
Conner, Jos G ... 1 00
Cleveland, Cora ... 10
Clarkson, J H ... 2 00
Carter, Thos S ... 5 00
Calhoun, J B ... 1 00
Calhoun, Mary ... 1 00
Campbell, S F ... 1 00
Caul, C J ... 1 00
Cawthies, Jas W ... 1 00
Clutter, Sam'l ... 1 00
Cockrell, Wm J ... 3 00
Cross, Annie ... 1 00
Cross, Susana ... 1 00
Crouse, Mrs ... 1 00
Culver, Geo ... 1 00
Denton, Mrs Anna ... 1 00
DeWolf, Jane B ... 5 00
DeWolf, L H ... 5 00
Duty, M Y ... 4 00
De Ford, W H ... 1 00
Dodgson, Wm ... 5 00
Divitt, Mrs Eliz ... 50
Dixon, Wm ... 1 00
Eells, H ... 2 00
Elliott, John ... 2 00
Emerson, J W ... 2 00
Eckert, Thos ... 50
Elliott, Mrs A ... 2 00
Fawon, Ella ... 2 00
Ficken, Mrs J H ... 1 00
Field, J A ... 2 50
Forsberg, E ... 1 00
Freeman, Mr & Mrs ... 2 00
Fenner, Mrs Geo ... 50
Flemming, Miss ... 50
Fitrock, Mr & Mrs ... 3 00
Fressenden, Wm ... 50
Friends, Mrs Mary ... 10
Friends, Mr J ... 05
Friends Mrs Stella ... 1
Friends Mrs J K ... 15
Friends Jas ... 25
Freen Mrs J P ... 2 00
Friend, Geneva, Pa ... 2 00
" Mt Tirzah, NC ... 2 00
Friend, Springeld ... 2 00
" Hyde Park ... 1 00
" Hamburg, Ill ... 2 00
" Plattsville, N Y ... 5 00
" Montrose, Mass ... 1 00
" Fairven ... 25
" Milwaukee ... 1 00
" Falmouth ... 2 00
" ... 50
" Ontario, Can ... 1 00
Friends, Enfields ... 2 00
" Friendsville ... 1 25
" Plattsville N Y ... 2 00
" Stowe, Vt ... 5 00
" Roland, Can ... 2 00
2 " New Britain ... 5 00
" Saranac Lake ... 2 96
3 " Iowa ... 1 60
" Lakeland ... 1 85
Gould, Miss Carrie ... 2 00
Graw, Jesse ... 1 00
Graham, Jas ... 50
Gates, Mrs Almira ... 10 00
Griffith, A ... 15 00
Gaenner, Louis ... 1 00
Gilliland, J W ... 1 00
Gilliland, Wm ... 1 00
Goodwin, D M ... 1 00
Goodwin, Ellen L ... 40
Gullett, Dr A ... 2 00
Harrington Mrs ME ... 5 00
Holt, Henry ... 1 00
Hanlin, Freddy ... 1 00
Hassell, Mrs D V ... 2 00
Heath, M E ... 25
Hilliard, Mrs C ... 1 00
Hunter, John H ... 50
Hunter, Margaret ... 1 00
Hunter, Wm Jas ... 50
Hall, M A ... 50
Heck, Miss C ... 2 00
Hibbard, L M ... 1 00
Higgins, J & wife ... 1 50
Hitchen, Charley ... 1 00
Hoffman, Mrs J E ... 1 00
Hood, Jas ... 1 00
Horsie, Samuel ... 1 00
Hexie, Chas ... 50
Hurd, Bert ... 10
Hurd, Jane ... 10
Hurd, Roy ... 5
Hurd, Samuel ... 10
Haig, G ... 3 00
Irish, Wm A ... 1 00
Inasmuch ... 2 00
I H N Bristol, Conn ... 1 00
" Alston, Mass ... 1 00
" T A R, Mass ... 1 00
" Waupaca, Wis ... 1 00
" Hernando, Miss ... 1 00
" ... 5 00
Jones, Mrs D ... 50
Jacoby, J W ... 1 00
Jacoby, J L ... 1 00
Jackson, Miss ... 5 00
Jackson, Earle ... 1 00
Jamison, W R ... 1 00
Jonos, Hannah ... 25
Jones, Mrs M F ... 1 00
King, Miss Netta M ... 1 00
Kinder, Chas ... 50
Krolin, S M ... 1 00
Loeffler, Mr & Mrs C ... 1 00
Larkins, S Howard ... 1 00
Leeper, Agnes ... 1 00
Leeper, L H ... 1 00
Long, Mrs Hattie ... 50
Lyons, Wm ... 50
Macneal, A E ... 1 00
Manning, J J ... 2 00
Marsh, Lucy A ... 5 00
Messman, Mrs M L ... 5 00
Metcalf, J H ... 3 00
Moore, Mr & Mrs A ... 1 25
Morse, M H ... 1 00
McClure, Arthur ... 25
McClure, Mrs John ... 1 00
McClure, Mrs Wm ... 50
McCulloch, Robt ... 1 00
McMeekin, Mrs ... 1 00
McMeekin, Mrs T ... 25
McMeekin, Thos ... 1 00
Marsh, Chas ... 1 50
Miller, Mrs C T ... 1 00
McRae, S Percy ... 1 00
Mather, Mary ... 1 00
Morrill, Mrs Abigail ... 10 00
McNeley & wife, R B ... 3 00
McIntyre, Mrs I ... 25
Monson, Neils ... 1 00
McNulty, L D ... 1 00
McCausland, Alex ... 1 00
McCausland, J ... 1 00
McCausland, S J ... 1 00
McClung, Mrs M L ... 50
McCracken Bros ... 3 00
McCracken, Mrs A ... 1 00
McCracken, E A ... 1 00
McCracken, Mrs L E ... 1 00
McCullough, S L ... 1 00
McDonnell, David ... 1 00
McDonnell, W C ... 1 00
Mayfield, R R ... 1 00
Middletown, Hugh ... 5 00
Nicol, Thos ... 1 00
Naylor, Mrs A R ... 25
Nashburn, Cliva O ... 1 00
Newbury, B ... 5 00
Osborn, Laura ... 1 00
Ogden, Alfred K ... 5 00
Peck, Mrs E E ... 1 00
Putnam, Geo A ... 20 00
Phipps, J ... 1 00
Pratt, Albert ... 5 00
Preuitt, Mrs M H ... 1 00
Phipps, Joe ... 50
Pritchard, John W ... 1 50
Robinson, A W ... 2 00
Rosecrans, Laura ... 1 00
Rickhow, Geo F ... 5 00
Ramsey, Mamie ... 1 00
Richards, M H ... 1 00
Roth, J ... 1 00
Rankin, G G ... 50
Ramsey, Thos ... 1 00
Randall, John ... 50
Ross, Mrs Ann ... 1 00
Schaaf, O G F ... 1 00
Schoppe, A & Ray ... 1 00
Skelton, Maria ... 25
Sleeter, Anna M ... 1 00
Squires, John J ... 1 00
Smith, Stephen ... 1 00
Stewart, John ... 50
Stewart, H C ... 1 00
Sprague, Mary ... 1 00
Scratch, Arthur ... 4 70
Smith, E H ... 1 00
Shaver, Susan and husband ... 1 00
Sage, Mrs John L ... 2 00
Sage, Mrs C S ... 2 00
Sapre, Mrs Ella M ... 1 00
Scott, Cary J ... 1 00
Shirey, Annie ... 2 00
Southwick, N H ... 1 00
Spencer, I F ... 1 00
Stephens, Isaac ... 50
Strain, Mrs Mary ... 5 00
Subr, Wyaconda ... 1 00
" Mo ... 1 00
" Beaver, Pa ... 2 00
" Phila, Pa ... 1 00
Thomson, R D ... 1 00
Texter, Mrs H E ... 1 00
Texter, Mrs S K ... 1 00
Tawney, C A ... 1 00
Thompson, Amanda ... 5 00
Tarr, C J ... 1 00
Thomas, E B ... 5 00
Vivian, M E ... 50
VonBerg, R A ... 2 00
Walker, Ralph ... 1 00
White, R E ... 5 00
Wier, Robt ... 5 00
Wilson, Mrs W H ... 1 00
Woodruff, Ida ... 1 00
Wilcox, B E ... 2 00
Willard, C E ... 25
Willard, Mrs W ... 1 00
Winter, Emanuel ... 1 00
Westlake, Miss F ... 1 00
Wheeler, Mrs Esther ... 10
Wyant, Hugh ... 1 00
Wyant, Jas ... 5 00
Wyant, Jas Jr ... 1 00
Wyant, John ... 1 00
Wing, Paul ... 1 00
Yolten, W C ... 1 00
Yeomer, Rev P H ... 5 00
—, Newport, R I ... 5 00
—, Kent Co, Mich ... 3 00
—, Bancroft, Mich ... 5 00
—, St John, Wash ... 5 00
E W C, East Orange ... 2 00
B P W, Marshall ... 1 00
M E B, Portland ... 1 00
A A B, Suffield, Ct ... 1 00
Mrs E A K, North Pt ... 1 00
Mrs S E D, Balto ... 3 00
J O L, Fort Frances ... 1 00
Q L I R, Conway ... 2 00
J W M, St Louis ... 1 00
P H F, Ware, Mass ... 1 00
J, Mass ... 1 00
G T, Me ... 10
J A S, S New Lynn ... 3 00
D W H ... 1 00
L E W, Delano, Cal ... 1 00
Mrs R P, New York City ... 2 00
B B B, Lebanon, Pa ... 1 00
C M E, Middletown ... 2 00
A M, Cecilton ... 50
Mrs A A, W R I ... 1 00
Mrs T D M, Boston ... 50
R L C M, Lewisburg ... 25 00
L T & H T ... 1 00
A H, Delaware Co ... 1 00
Frances, Mich ... 2 00
Christian People of Hallock, Minn ... 31 25
Mother, Hartford, Ct ... 5 00
Blue Grass F S ... 1 00
Survivor of the famine in Kan in 1860-1 ... 2 25
Valentine, Balto Co ... 1 25
Relief Committee, St Angsgar, Ia ... 46 22
X X X, White House ... 25
Widow's mite, Selma, Pa ... 1 00
Hope S S, Dist No 2, Remington, Ind ... 12 00
S S 1st Pres Church, Atlantic City, N J ... 6 00
C E Societies, Belvidere, Tenn ... 4 00
Niagara, Ky, prayer-meeting ... 2 50
Presbyterian S S, Calistoga, Cal ... 9 00
Y P S C E & friends, Stanton, N J ... 3 00
Y P S C E, Johnsonburg, N Y ... 1 00
Y W C T U, N Jefferson, O ... 7 56
Cumberland C E Soc ... 5 00
In Jesus' Name Spokane, Wash ... 1 00
Two Chaut co. Farmers, Repot ... 2 00
Sympathizer, N J ... 1 00
For Jesus' Sake, Ill ... 1 00
Offering of love Mrs Blumes' School, Ill ... 12 00
Allen Township, Ia ... 45 50
Forest City Township, Ia ... 40 50
Cong Y P S C E, Groton, Mass ... 5 00
Hanover Ctr Cong & Lima Baptist Y P S C E Societies ... 10 70
Reformed Church, Carlisle, N Y ... 6 50
Presbyteri'n Church, Beemersville, N J ... 4 00
S S District 6, Perry Township, Ind ... 6 00
Other Parents, Frankfort Springs ... 2 00
A donation, Cincinnati, O ... 50
Grace S S, Springtown, Pa ... 18 00
Y P S C E, Bethany Memorial Church ... 6 30
Y P S C E, Sayles-ville, R I ... 2 56
Y P S C E, Jane Lew ... 5 00
Cayuga, N Y ... 5 65
King's Daughters, No Prov Bapt Ch ... 5 00
In the Lord's Name, Millerton, Pa ... 10
Little SS Scholar, Pa ... 1
Y P S C E, Central Pres Ch, Haverstraw, N Y ... 7 50

Total ack **$23,935.94**

Contributions of Clothing.

Mrs Geo Tibbins & friends, baie.
Donors, Windsor, Vt, bbl.
" Whitefield, NH, pkg
C A Eckerson, 2 boxes.
Pres Ladies Aid Society, Kingsland, NJ, 2 bbls.
W C T U, Groveland, bbl.
Rev O M Vorhees, box, bbl
Citizens of Dublin, case.
Perkins Bros, 2 bbl.
G A R, Isbell Post, 2 cases.
Mrs M E Boyle, pkg.
Union Chapel, Mineola, L I, 3 bbl.
Ladies of Jacksonville, per Rev F S Ritter, 4 bbl.
United Workers, P E Ch, Mahoopany, Pa, bbl.
F W Cutler, bbl & case.
F L H, Glenside, Pa, box.
Subscribing friends, Trappe, Pa, bale.
Mission Circle, Bapt Ch, Catawissa, Pa, bbl.
W C T U, Philmont, NY, bbl and case.
E M Barker, 2 bbl.
Rev G C Hash, bbl.
Citizens of Hasfield, bbl
B D K, Round Lake, bbl
Mrs E Hometage, bbl.
Citizens of Castile, bbl.
Y P S C E, and friends of Honeoye, 3 bbl.
D N Y, Wadsworth, bale.
YPSCE, Hickory Hill, bbl
Mrs S A Bartholomew, pkg
Mrs H H Fairchild, case and bbl.
Ensign Pike, bbl.
1st Bapt Church, Rahway, N J, case.
Mrs D C Ross & friends, box.
L I R, Springfield, box.
Jas R Miles, bbl.
Mrs W E Gillet, box.
Otto Hansen, 5 bbl.
A B Van Wyck, 2 bbl.
YPSCE, Short Falls, bbl.
1st M E Church, Rome, N Y, 3 bbl.
Mrs Catura Price, pkg
J W, Lower Gilmanton, box
Citizens of Wrightstown, N J, 2 bbl potatoes.
Emma Freeman, bbl.
People of Stewartstown, 2 bbl.
S P H, Springfield, Ll, bbl
Y P S C E, Washington Ct, 5 bbl.
Mrs C S Harmon, pkg.
L St John, bbl.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

The Christian Herald is published every Wednesday. The subscription price is $1.50 per year, payable in advance.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

I HEAR of trains tumbling into rivers, and of ocean liners sinking through collision, and find so many souls hurled into the next existence, I am reminded how near good people may be to glory without knowing it. The Elbe's passengers started for New York, but arrived in eternity. Some of us are near heaven, not a month away from it, perhaps not an hour. When we part from our friends, reunion is uncertain. When the voyagers left their friends for America they had no idea they were saying goodby forever. My counsel to you is that if you have any duty to perform toward your friends in regard to their eternal interests, you had better perform that duty before they take rail-car or steamer. If there were impenitent persons who perished on that vessel—I say, if there were, how do you suppose their unfaithful Christian friends feel about it now? They are saying: "Oh! if on the day before our friends sailed, we had just asked them to come to Christ and make preparations for eternity; but that was our last chance to win them, our very last chance." Oh, Christian people, wake up to your duty in this respect, and if you have anything for God and for the salvation of your friend, say it now. You remember that when the Ville de Havre was crossing the ocean, the Loch Earn crashed into her, and she sank. A husband and father had sent for his wife and daughter for a pleasure trip in the foreign climes. The daughter perished in the disaster; the life of the wife was saved. On her arrival at Queenstown, she telegraphed to her husband in Chicago, this significant and memorable message: "I am saved alone!" Oh, can it be that any of us in any family circle will be content to seek after God and reach heaven, allowing those who stand around about us to go away unblessed. "Saved alone?"

At such a time, the impenitent people on board had no opportunity for preparation. It is probable that some on board had no religious hope. Yes, probably to some of them that very night Christ had been offered and they rejected him. Not five minutes to think; not three minutes, not two, not one minute. A feeling of sinking and all was over.

Some of you will go out of this life without a moment's warning. You have had friends leave the world. Did they go at the time you expected or at the time they expected? Is it not always a surprise? It has been so with my friends; none of them went away at the time I thought they would. Though their sickness may have lasted for months, yet death was a surprise at the last. So it will be with you in all probability, and so it will be with me. I have not for the last thirty years had any idea of having any time to make preparation for eternity in the closing moments of my life. I am very certain if I do not get prepared for the eternal world in the days of my health, I will never get prepared at all. "In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." If to-night you should get a sudden call to the next world, what will be your landing-place? My friends, there is only one common sense thing for us to do, and that is to get our accounts with God fixed up. "This night thy soul may be required of thee."

UNAPPRECIATED AUTHORS.

NONE but those of us who occupy editorial chairs will ever know the ghastliness of the struggle on the part of many of those who are compelled to write for a living. Twenty or a hundred manuscripts rejected where one is accepted. The editor's waste basket, the vortex into which swirl down into oblivion essays supposed to be immortal. Ninety-nine out of every hundred books published not paying for the ink and paper that print them. Oh, the pathos of being compelled to reject unavailable manuscripts written for bread by intelligent wives with drunken husbands and trying to support their families with pen or pencil. Refuse $5 for that article, and the children go supperless to bed. Thousands of persons to-night starving to death with a steel pen in their right hand. The story of Grubb street, London, and poets living on crusts, is being repeated all over this land, although the modern cases are not so conspicuous. Poverty is no more agreeable because classical and set in hexameters. The hungry author cannot breakfast on odes to the moon. Martyrs have perished in the fire, but more persons have perished for lack of fire. On what funeral pyres of epics, sonnets, homilies, tractates, compilations and dissertations authors are all the time burning upon. It is not because this age is harder than its predecessors on literary men and women. In semi-starvation or complete beggary lived and died Tasso and Homer and Dryden and Goldsmith and Fielding and Cervantes and Milton. But it is time that this nineteenth century, which boasts of its intelligence, gave emancipation to the men and women who do its best thinking.

What work I have done has always been appreciated at more than it was worth. But I have for more than twenty years been in position where passed before me perpetually the injustices practiced upon the American literati. And while much has been said about employes' rights, and laborers' rights, and women's rights, not enough has been said about authors' rights. Engaged in a style of work which makes its chief draft upon brain and nerve, they certainly should have as kind consideration as those whose work makes its chief draft upon the muscles.

In olden time a bountiful man brought to a banqueting table all the authors of his day whom he could gather together, and they were arranged at the festal table according to the size of the volumes they had published, from quarto to duodecimo. And so they feasted. But if I had my way I would put at a great banquet of prosperity all the authors and authoresses of this and other lands, and arrange them at the table not according to the size of their books, but according to the injustices they have suffered. Their plate more golden, and with richer viands as their wrongs have been great. And I would make their banquet everlasting. For all who write and print and then depart this life, I would have an epitaph as appropriate as that which I often saw in the old Quaker burying ground of Philadelphia over the body of Benjamin Franklin, a quaint epitaph ordered by himself, and reading thus:

"The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer, like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stripped of its lettering and gilding, lies here food for worms, yet the work itself will not be lost, for it will, as he believed, appear once more in a new and beautiful edition corrected and amended by the Author.'

OUR MAIL-BAG.

The following additional names have been received as members of the Corresponding Circle for spiritual improvement, suggested by "Reader." Ont., Can.:

C. M. Lammel, Seneca Falls, N. Y.; John B. Ballentine, Somerville, N. J.; R. H. Bricher, Bellevue, Pa.; Jas. A. Sigafoose, Moundsville, W. Va.; Mrs. F. W. Smith, Spotswood, N. J.; B. S. Steadwell, Mazomanie, Wis.; Ellen Dalton, Chanler Cottage, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.; Lissie C. Robbins, Kirkville, N. Y.; Oliver F. Taylor, Cleveland, Okla.; Mrs. James Holiday, Morristown, N. Y.; L. J. Waldron, 1018 W. 3rd street, Grand Rapids, Neb.

The name of "Reader," Canada, is Mr. Edwin B. Lockhart, Maple Creek Ass'n, N.W.T., Canada. All the names of the proposed members of the "Correspondence Circle" have been forwarded to Mr. Lockhart, who will communicate with each personally. "The Circle" is still open for additional names.

James B. Thompson, Maitland, Ont. 1. Did God declare his will in the old dispensation by any other extraordinary means than dreams and visions? 2. What were the grievances that induced the ten tribes to revolt? 3. After the division of the kingdom, what special advantages did the ten tribes enjoy?

1. The Bible records actual visits of angels to Abraham, Jacob, Daniel, &c. The narrative in Genesis 19 appears to imply that there was a manifestation of the divine presence in that instance. 2 Only the question of taxation appears on the surface, but there had been jealousy on the part of Ephraim from the beginning of the monarchy. Ephraim was a more powerful tribe than any of the others, and wanted to lead. The Ephraimites were reluctant to accept David as king, because he belonged to the tribe of Judah, and yielded only after seven years of disastrous quarreling. David's removal to Jerusalem of the national capital from Shechem, and the religious capital from Shiloh was another grievance against the house of Jesse. Solomon's magnificence must have involved heavy taxation on the whole country, while the South alone derived benefit or gratification from it. The compulsory attendance at Jerusalem for the annual feasts would also increase the jealousy which culminated when Rehoboam gave his imprudent answer at his coronation. 3. The advantages of numbers and wealth and geographical position. Their lapse into idolatry deprived them of religious advantages.

A. E., New Jersey. Can you give me the address of any Training School for missionaries in N. Y.?

Write to Rev. A. B. Simpson's Training College, 692 Eighth Ave., N. Y. City.

A. C. Maulden, Memphis, Tenn., writes:

I wish to thank the friends and readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the quantity of good reading sent me for distribution. It is impossible to reply to them all except through your paper. I pray God's blessing upon them all and ask them to remember me in their prayers.

Herald Reader, Andover, Conn. 1. Is it wrong to ride a bicycle to Church on Sunday? 2. To ride a few miles for the purpose of visiting friends on Sunday? 3. To play cards, billiards and pool if no gambling is done?

1. We have already repeatedly answered similar inquiries. Sunday is dedicated to rest and worship, and to devote any part of it to other purposes is a contravention of the divine command. Works of necessity and mercy are, however, excepted. You must make it a matter of conscience whether bicycle riding to church belongs to this category. We do not believe it can be regarded as a necessity, where the ordinary facilities for attending church exist. 2 Speaking generally, yes; in extraordinary cases, demanding urgency, as sickness, no. Your question conveys the impression that such a ride would be for social recreation alone, which would be Sunday desecration. 3. If you are a Christian or a seeker after religion, you will do wisely to avoid all things that are a hindrance to spiritual progress. No one has ever been helped, spiritually or intellectually by these seductive pleasures and thousands upon thousands have found them stepping-stones to perdition.

Anna M. Streeter, Storm Lake, Ia. 1. The firm is there no longer. 2. Write to Biglow & Main, music dealers, Ninth St., New York.——May Campbell, Ellenville, N. Y. Send religious papers to J. P. Thompson, Indian School, McAlester, I. T.——Mrs. W. A. Bevin, Freehold, N. J. We are overwhelmed with similar applications.——Subscriber, Pottsville, Pa. Write to "Evening Star," Washington, D. C., for the information.——Y. L., Illinois. Address Hall's "Journal of Health," New York.——Mrs. C. E. Spalding, Washington, D. C. Address 692 Eighth avenue, New York.——Lula B. Moore, West Carlisle, Ohio. The first was by Charles MacKay, the last by Longfellow.——Mr. H. Myrick, Mass. No.——Reader, Ills. 1. There is no harm in either. 2. Yes.——J. D. Thompson, Antrim, O. Such a book written by Prof. Z. T. Sweeny, was published by the Cincinnati Standard Publishing Co.——Fred Porter, Renfrew, Pa. Address it simply "New York City," and it will find it.——Mrs. P. Gennett, Troy, N. Y. Write to American Bible Society, Bible House, New York.——Mrs. J. T. George, Jayton, Tex. Every letter is pronounced as written, the accent being on first syllable.——Viola, Grace and Annie, Monroe Centre. 1. Within proper limitations, yes. 2. Laurence Sterne wrote it. 3. There are good and bad books of fiction. Dickens, Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Kingsley, Ebers, Howells, Harte, and a host of others, have all produced works that improve and instruct while they entertain.——G. Y., Bridgeboro, N. J. Write to Union Theological Seminary, N. Y.——Anna Evans, Winterville, O. The best collection of hymns, and one which contains all the choicest gems is "Gospel Hymns, Nos. 1 to 6," which is given as a premium to new subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. You can secure this collection together with the paper for a year for $2.

A Great Opportunity.

THE publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has decided that none of the valuable books offered to our subscribers as Premiums during the past season will be selected for that purpose next season. Our contracts with the various publishers debar us from thus using them after the close of 1895. In view of this decision, and as we have on hand a limited number of volumes of

"The Pathway of Life,"
"From Manger to Throne," and
"Gospel Hymns, Nos. 1 to 6,"

we desire to distribute this surplus among our subscribers on the following condition:

For every new Premium subscription at $2 we will send any two premiums of your own selection, to the same or separate addresses, all charges prepaid. One book goes with the subscription as a Premium, and the other book goes to the person sending in the subscription. It should be distinctly understood that the subscription which is sent in under this exceptional proposition must be a NEW one, and it must be stated in the letter accompanying it that such subscription is not intended to take the place of some other subscription about to expire.

To many thousands of our readers, the beauty and value of these three magnificent volumes are already well known. They have, within a brief space of time, secured a world-wide celebrity, and it is because we believe that, next to the Bible itself, they are the books that will be most highly appreciated in every moral, well-conducted, Christian home that we are prompted to make this unusual offer in behalf of those subscribers who wish to secure, both for themselves and their friends, some of these beautiful volumes. "The Pathway of Life," Rev. Dr. Talmage's great work, is a large, finely bound and splendidly illustrated book of 544 pages, replete with the finest and ablest productions of his magic pen. "From Manger to Throne," is a handsome volume of 544 pages, copiously and expensively illustrated and in superior binding; it is, beyond all others, the one simple, eloquent and thrilling story that has ever appeared (outside of the Evangelists' pages), of the Master's earthly sojourn. The "Gospel Hymns Nos. 1 to 6, is a perfect treasury of 725 of the best and sweetest sacred songs for the Church, the Sunday School, and the home, with every hymn in large type set to music, and is adapted to every Christian denomination.

All who have not yet been so fortunate as to secure at least one of these valuable books, should take this opportunity, which will hold good only as long as our supply will hold out.

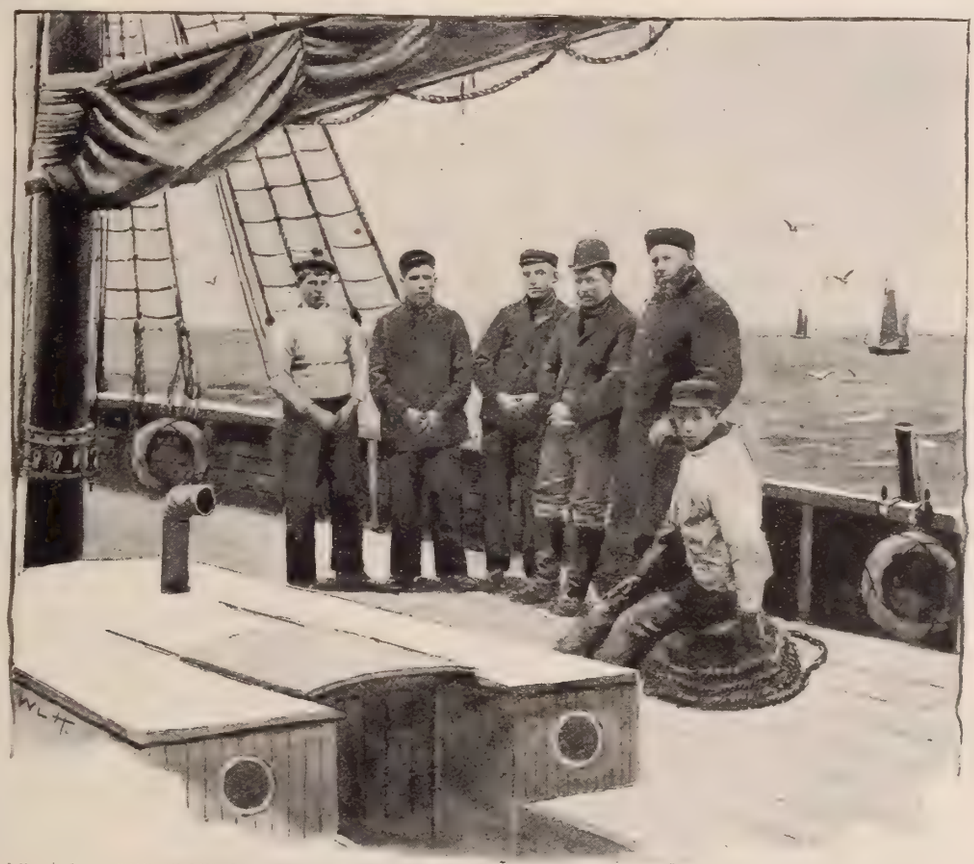
WORSHIPPING THE GANGES.

Bishop Galloway, writing from Benares gives a most interesting description of the idolatrous worship of the Ganges which still prevails there. He says: We were at Benares early, but not in advance of the poor superstitious believers in "Mother Ganges." Taking a rowboat and rowing up the river to the Mosque of Aurungzebe in some respects the most notable building in that city of shrines, we slowly floated down stream, and made observations upon the rarest sight in all the East. Stone steps called ghats, are built down to the water's edge from every house and the foot of every street. Down these steps the people came; men, women and children, old and young, grave and gay. They came in every strange Eastern dress and with all sorts of marks upon their forheads. Some sat under broad palm umbrellas while repeating their prayers, while others stood uncovered, and with uplifted hands, looked into the face of the sun, as they paid to him their adoration

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

RESCUED THE ELBE'S CASTAWAYS.

IMPENETRABLE mystery would probably have hung over the fate of the steamship "Elbe" had it not been for the efforts of the men whose portraits appear on this page. They are the skipper and crew of the fishing boat "Wildflower," on which the handful of survivors from the great steamship were brought to land. The skipper says that about eleven o'clock on the morning of January 30 his smack was trawling off Lowestoft, when he saw a boat drifting about in the distance. It carried no flag or sail, but something was fluttering from its stern. He at once got up his trawling gear to go to the rescue of the boat. As the people in it might think he was not coming to save them, he waved his hat to them to let them know they were seen. When he got close to the boat he saw that the waves were breaking over it, and the men were busily baling out the water. A rope was thrown to them, but they were so cold, wet and numb that it was some time before they could make it fast. The boat was pulled around to the lee side of the smack, and about half of the men jumped on board, but the strain and the heavy sea caused the rope to part, and the boat drifted astern. The skipper put the smack about and followed it. Another was thrown out and secured, and this time all were taken out of the boat, including the woman, who was lying in the water at the bottom of the boat. She was taken below, where she took off her saturated clothes and wrapped herself in hot blankets. There was some beef and cocoa on board, and these were served out, and all was done that could be to make them warm and comfortable till they got to land. When the "Wildflower" rescued them, the boat had been five hours drifting, and the people in it were almost dead with cold. They must have perished if the skipper had not gone promptly to their rescue and treated them so kindly. It was simply an act of common humanity, but how much it meant to the castaways! There are many castaways on life's sea who might be rescued if Christian people who see them would, like the skipper, leave their business for awhile and go to their relief. (James 5: 20.)



THE CREW OF THE "WILDFLOWER" WHICH RESCUED THE ELBE'S CASTAWAYS.

A Purchaser Duped.

A disconcerting discovery was made a few days ago by a Philadelphia firm. About three years ago they had some transactions with a man who professed to be a citizen of Georgia, who was then in the city. He was apparently a man of some standing and the business done with him was perfectly legitimate. He succeeded in gaining the confidence of the firm as his engagements were punctually kept and his accounts duly honored. Shortly before leaving the city he incidentally offered the firm a share of a land speculation. He showed the title deeds to an original grant of seventy thousand acres of unimproved land and offered to sell a thousand acres. After some bargaining the firm bought them at five dollars the acre. No inspection was made and nothing was done about the land, except to pay the taxes upon it every year. A gentleman connected with the firm had business in Georgia recently and he was deputed to look at the land and suggest the best way of utilizing it. On his arrival in Laurens County where it was represented as lying, he could find no such tract of land. He then applied at the Ordinary's office and at other public offices, but was unable to locate the land, although the deeds of purchase were duly recorded. It was clear that the firm had been duped and that the original grant and other deeds, which the vender had shown were forgeries. The firm hope to recover the taxes they have paid, but the purchase money is an absolute loss. Sceptics often try to persuade the Christian that his eternal possession is similarly non-existent; but he need not be alarmed. His title is assured being signed and sealed and confirmed with the oath of God. (Heb. 6: 17.)

The Rescuer Died.

A sad fatality occurred at Greenport, L. I., on February 17. A girl about fifteen years old, employed in the family of one of the citizens was returning from a visit to a farm in the neighborhood. She had with her two daughters of her employer, aged respectively eight and ten years. In crossing the ice on Peconic Bay, the three stepped on an air hole which was partially covered with snow and a thin coating of ice. They all fell in and for a minute it seemed as though all would be drowned. The girl, however, managed to get hold of the solid ice and could have drawn herself out. But she was concerned about the children. She bade them climb over her shoulder on the ice. They clung to her garments and so climbed out safely. They wanted to help her out, but she warned them away, telling them not to come near her, lest they fall in again. She tried to struggle out herself, but had become so benumbed and exhausted that she could not. After one last effort her hands slipped and she fell back and was drowned. It was a noble act of self-sacrifice, but the girl probably hoped to save herself, without risk to the children. It was not so when Christ saved his people. He new that there was no way of saving them but by his death. (John 3: 14.)

No Foreign Flags.

The agitation in New York against the decoration of public buildings with the flags of other nations has at length taken shape in legislative action. Unpleasantness has often been caused by invidious conduct on the part of Mayors, who allowed citizens of one nationality to have their flags on the municipal buildings on their parade days, while refusing the privilege to citizens of other nationalities. A bill has passed the Legislature at Albany and was signed by Governor Morton on February 22, enacting that, "it shall not be lawful to display the flag or emblem of any foreign country upon any State, County or Municipal building." The right is however reserved to the Governor, or Mayor, by special proclamation to permit such display whenever a foreigner becomes the guest of the United States, or of any State or city. The law does not imply that there has been, or is likely to be, any disloyalty, but is intended to check the tendency to perpetuate affiliations which have been renounced. It is much to be wished that the Christian would pass a similar enactment for the law of his life. Many, while bearing the name of Christ and living as his people, are to be found occasionally under the colors of the world, seeking pleasure or profit under its standards. (Gal. 5: 1.)

Failed of Nomination.

Among the reminiscences of a political leader published by a Boston journal, is one of a national convention of the party to which he belonged. He says that the first day's proceedings developed the fact that the balance of power in the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency, would rest with the delegation from a certain State. The responsibility was appreciated and as the delegates were not "instructed," they met in caucus at night with closed doors. In the discussion that ensued, the name of a prominent man was urged and was received with favor. He stood well with the country and there was a strong probability that if he could capture the delegation then in caucus, he would be nominated and elected. Only one of the delegates, a judge of some eminence in the State knew him personally and he not intimately. The judge was asked for his opinion. In reply, he said that he was at college with the prospective candidate and he would relate one incident of college life. He did so and it showed that the young man was in those days destitute of moral principle. The delegates were satisfied that although brilliant, he was a man they could not trust and they unanimously resolved to cast the votes of the State for his rival. The next day the vote was given, as decided, and the man to whom it was given was nominated and elected. Little did the young collegeman think when he committed that escapade, that, a score of years later, it would be the sole cause of his missing the greatest prize on earth—that of being the ruler of fifty millions of people. But sin is always loss and unless it is blotted out by the blood of Christ, it will cause the sinner to lose the greatest prize attainable to a human being in the world beyond the grave—eternal life. (Luke 13: 3.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Jubilee Meetings were Held on February 27 at the Second Presbyterian Church at Richmond, Va., to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement there of the pastor, Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D.D.

The Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church reports total receipts for ten months of $571,960, a gain of $118,987 over the receipts for the corresponding period of last year. Unhappily, the gain is chiefly in legacies, not in receipts from the churches.

Rev. E. P. Hammond Has Been Holding Services at St. Catherine, Ont. Among his most efficient helpers were some who were converted at his meeting held in the same church sixteen years before. The venerable preacher still retains much of his old vivacity and power.

Mrs. Mateer, a Medical Missionary in Wei Hien, China, was present at the meeting of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest, held in Chicago recently. She says that the work is increasing at that station, 17,000 patients having been treated there during the last year.

No Sale of Beer or Spirits is Now Permitted in Christiania, the capital of Norway, from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning, save to permanent guests staying at respectable cafes. This has led to such a diminished consumption that people dependent on the liquor trade are complaining of want of employment.

Mr. D. L. Moody has had very successful meetings at San Antonio and Austin. After visiting other cities in the State he expects to go to Mexico in April.

Evangelist J. H. Cannon with the Wesley Evangelists has been holding services in Bushwick Ave. M. E. Church, Passaic, N. J. There was a large attendance and many persons made profession of faith.

A Revival of a Quiet but Earnest character is reported from Cheshire, Mass. Miss Mary Hitchcock of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was staying in the town began a series of Bible readings in the First Baptist Church, of which Rev. E. N. Harding is pastor. The readings led to a deep interest which has developed into a revival affecting the whole town.

The Washington Government received a dispatch on Feb. 23, from Chefoo, China, stating that the United States steamer "Yorktown" had just arrived there with thirteen missionaries whom it had rescued at Wei-Hai-Wei. Probably it was not a rescue but simply an asylum that the "Yorktown" had afforded the missionaries during the Japanese bombardment.

A District Convention of The Christian Workers' Association will be held March 21-27 in Dr. Russell Conwell's Church in Philadelphia. Prominent Christian Workers in Philadelphia and other cities will take part. All particulars as to board, etc., may be obtained by addressing Rev. John C. Collins, New Haven, Conn.

Mr. D. L. Moody Requests us to announce an opportunity for ministers. It is to spend the month of April in Chicago with the Bible Institute as headquarters, for a special course in the English Bible and a study of the various methods of personal work as applied in the multiform missionary activities of that city. Prof. W. W. White will direct studies in Old Testament Prophecy and the Acts and Epistles each day. Supt. R. A. Torrey will also hold classes and Prof. D. B. Towner will conduct a musical course of instruction. The evenings will be devoted to studying the methods employed in the various missions of the city. The total expense, including room and board, will be five dollars a week. All particulars may be obtained by addressing the Bible Institute, 80 Institute Place, Chicago, Ill.

The Gospel Mission on 146th Street, New York, is making a special effort to reduce the indebtedness on its building. During the past twelve years it has done valuable work in the rescue of drunkards and gamblers. It is now threatened with extinction owing to the sudden foreclosure of the mortgage on its premises. The President of the Mission is Mr. A. M. Smith, 597 East 141st street, New York.

Prof. Sayce Writes Home from Asia Minor that, in searching for new cuneiform inscriptions, he has at last hit on a definite memorial of Nimrod. He identifies him with Nazi Muruda, and finds that he was the contemporary in Babylon of the Assyrian King whose son restored Nineveh about fifty years before the exodus. This curious discovery is regarded here as by far the most valuable confirmation of the Mosaic record yet afforded from this field of investigation.

A Correspondend of the "Interior," Reporting from Princeton, Ind., says: "A gracious revival is going on in the church of this place. This is the fourth week of Union services carried on by the pastors of the city in delightful accord. There is a mass meeting at 1 o'clock, a woman's meeting at 3, and the young people come together for half an hour before the evening service. All these services are held in the First Church, the Rev. A. J. Kerr, pastor, and the attendance has often crowded the spacious building.

At a General Conference of Foreign Missions held recently in New York, fourteen boards were represented, including the American Board, (Congregational), the different Presbyterian bodies—North, South, United, and Reformed; the Methodist boards of this country and Canada, the Baptists—North and South and Free, and the Disciples. Dr. Judson Smith said that he believed the most hopeful field for missions in the next decade would be China as it would be compelled by the present war to open the country to foreign intercourse as never before.

Taking an Island for Christ.

How a Little Band of Devoted Men and Women Began a Gospel Work on Dauphin Island, Ala.—Enduring Many Hardships and Privations, yet Trusting Always—A Work of Self-sacrifice that has Already Won Many Souls.

ALTHOUGH it is doubtless true that it would be difficult to find a place on this Continent where the glorious Gospel of Jesus has not been proclaimed, yet the story of missionary effort which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD publishes below, goes very far toward proving that there are still some localities where Gospel work of a pioneer character is very sorely needed.

For several years prior to 1893, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Stombaugh had lived in Sioux City, Ia., where Mrs. Stombaugh had been engaged in Gospel and Temperance work, being State Evangelist for the Christian Workers' Association. Mrs. Stombaugh's heath failed, and a change of climate being advised, the family (including a daughter), went south to Alabama. But the hearts of all three were continually yearning for labor in the Master's vineyard, and Mrs. Stombaugh especially, despite the fact that she was an invalid, was loath to leave it. They had not been long in the South when a new field of activity was providentially opened. They learned that Dauphin Island, a secluded locality in the State of their adoption, lying at the entrance to Mobile Bay, was a neglected section and a field ripe for missionary work. Its population subsists mainly on fishing, oystering and crab-catching, the men being absent daily on the bays and creeks in summer, while the women cut wood for fires and did other domestic tasks at home.

Mrs. Stombaugh, in a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, relates how the resolution was formed to occupy Dauphin Island for Christ, and how it was carried into execution. What follows is substantially her own narrative, and it is all the more remarkable when it is explained that, even at the time of undertaking such an enterprise, the lady was still an invalid and that most of the time since she has been confined to her room, having only sufficient strength to be moved on Sundays to attend two services.

As related by these evangelists themselves, their pioneer missionary experience on Dauphin Island is full of interest. Nearly eighteen months ago, Rev. James H. Wine, an evangelist who had been doing excellent work in the Gospel field in Florida, came to Portersville, to attend a camp-meeting, by invitation of the camp meeting committee. At the close of the meeting, which had been greatly blessed, a conference was held by the evangelists at which the expediency of making Dauphin Island a base of operations was discussed, and the result of this consultation was that Rev. Mr. Wine, Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Stombaugh, and Miss Stombaugh all decided to begin work there forthwith. A boat was obtained to convey the missionary party to the island, and J. W. Maxwell (a young convert) was both captain and pilot.

Connected with this short journey by water (uneventful in itself), Mrs. Stombaugh relates a touching incident as illustrating the uncertainty of human life. While young Maxwell (who has since gone to his reward) was steering the boat, and as it was nearing the shore, two persons were observed standing on the beach. They were Charles Steiner, a young convert, very active in temperance work, and the district school-teacher, Miss Susie Herring. Greeting the new arrivals warmly, they inquired if there would be a meeting that evening, and were answered in the affirmative. Both these young people were present at the meeting. Only a short time afterward the young lady was drowned in the vessel "Alice Graham," which was wrecked on the reef on Sunday, her entire crew perishing.

Once fairly at work in their new field, the evangelists found that it was a section in which the Gospel was, indeed, sorely needed. Many of the dwellers on Dauphin Island are wretchedly ignorant, and nearly all are poor in worldly possessions. Sunday with them is a day devoted to the occupation of oystering, in the season, and when this fails, the day is spent in raffles, and carousing. Until the evangelists came there was hardly a pretence of Sunday observance on the island. There was a good deal of real pioneering to be done. The home of the evangelists is a substantial log cabin (shown in our illustration), and although they have not many comforts, they still had abundant cause for rejoicing and thankfulness. For the services, they had a portable Tabernacle, which they had brought from Mobile, but after June they found it more agreeable to hold Gospel meetings and Sunday School under the trees in front of their own log cabin. On Sept. 15th last, the corner-stone was laid of the "Mission Church of the Christian Workers' Association of Dauphin Island," and since that time the meetings have been held in the new building.

THE HOME OF THE C. W. A. EVANGELISTS ON DAUPHIN ISLAND, MOBILE BAY, ALA.

From a photograph forwarded to "The Christian Herald" by Mrs. Stombaugh

Sickness and death have invaded the little colony during the past year. Malarial fever swept over the island, laying many low. On October 29, 1894, the aged mother of Mrs. Stombaugh was transferred to a heavenly home, both Mrs. Stombaugh and her daughter being very low at the time with the fever. Poverty, caused by the failure of the oyster season, was added to the other hardships of the community, and as if to put a climax to their troubles, a furious cyclone swept over the island, doing great damage, although no lives were lost. This visitation caused many of the people to turn to God for help and comfort.

Many notable instances of true Christian devotion have occurred in connection with the work. At Dauphin Island, as in many other localities with a rough population, the path of a young convert is often a stormy one. One woman who attended the meetings, did so in the face of threats to burn her house and cause bloodshed in her family. Her eldest son afterward signed the pledge and now three sons and two daughters attend the Sunday School. A man over sixty, who had spent a long life in intemperance and sin, became a convert and is now the Bible class teacher in the Sunday School, and several drunken and ungodly husbands have been prayed into the fold.

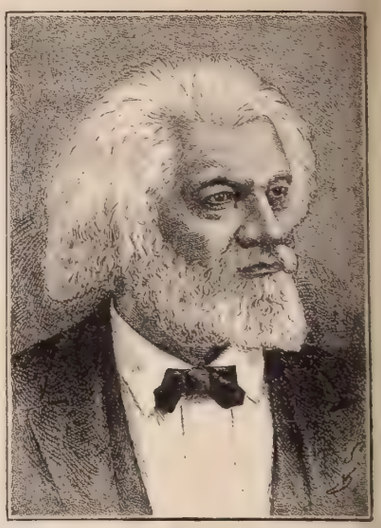
Church work is rapidly becoming well organized and already the energetic Gospel crusade carried on since the evangelists came to Dauphin Island is beginning to bear fruit. Their work, which is undenominational, is largely one of faith and they trust the bountiful Lord to provide for all their necessities in the future, as he has done hitherto. Already the classes of young men and women under Gospel instruction have become so large that additional teachers may soon be needed. One band of young women is the "Willing Workers," another is the "Bright Stars," and a company of small boys is the "Jewels," a band of the youngest girls is the "Merry-hearts," and the boys of like age are organized as the "Little Workers." Thus the sympathy and enthusiasm of nearly all are enlisted and aroused in the little community.

The people of Dauphin Island are not home-owners, being too poor to buy property, so they lease their holdings; yet though poor, they are kind-hearted. During the present winter they have had no district school and the mission is therefore maintaining instruction, secular and religious. Many are so poor that they are kept away from service through lack of clothing. Bible and Christian literature are at a premium among the population.

This little band of faithful workers has struggled along, discouraged at times, yet never despairing. They shared the burden of poverty that lay everywhere around them, and their own privations were not a few. At times some of them went barefoot for the lack of shoes, and even suffered for the necessaries of life; but their trust in the Lord never wavered for an instant. The few dresses belonging to the ladies of the mission were worn threadbare, and they were subjected to many hardships. Yet all kept at the work steadily and saw it spiritually prospering under their loving care. At intervals they are cheered by a helpful visit from associate workers in other parts of the country, and those are days of rejoicing. Among those who have come on these missions of encouragement and assisted at meetings and otherwise, are Rev. F. Alexander, of Portersville, Ala. and R. O. Coden, of Mobile, Ala. The prayers and good wishes of all who love the Lord and earnestly desire the spread of his Word will go out for the lone mission colony in its secluded island home in the Mexican Gulf.

A Noble Life Ended.

Frederick Douglass, Slave, Statesman, and Christian Advocate of His Race.



THE LATE FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

IN the fullness of years and while seemingly in the enjoyment of extraordinary health for a man of seventy-eight, Frederick Douglass, the colored orator and statesman died suddenly at his home in Washington on Feb. 20th.

For well-nigh a generation, Frederick Douglass had been regarded as the leader of the colored race in America. He represented it in political and legislative bodies and in press and on platform and his great ability no less than his courage and fidelity, won for him its love and gratitude.

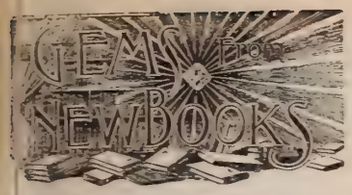
He was born about 1817. His early years were passed in the district of Tuckahoe, on the eastern shore of Maryland.

At the age of about ten years, Douglass was lent by his owner to some relatives in Baltimore, who treated the boy with great kindness, and under the care of his young mistress he learned the alphabet, and afterward taught himself to read and write. About six years later, however, his owner died, and Douglass passed into the ownership, by inheritance, of another master. Another change of a welcome character soon came in his lot when he was again sent to Baltimore to be the servant of his owner's brother. Here he was used badly and an opportunity occurring, Douglas succeeded in escaping to New Bedford, Mass. He spent some very unhappy years there. He was free, but he could not support himself. But he had a welcome chance of improving his mind which he did not neglect.

In 1846 a number of friends of Douglass, at the instance of Mrs. Henry Richards, of Baltimore, who took a deep interest in him, subscribed funds sufficient to purchase his freedom. His owner, Mr. Hugh Auld, executed a deed of manumission, and Douglass returned to America. He became intimate with John Brown, and a long correspondence passed between the two; but when it became evident that Brown was tending toward insurrection, Douglass left him. There were, however, letters found in Brown's carpet-bag from Douglass, which implicated him, and Douglass fled to Canada.

During the war Douglass was frequently at Washington, where he enjoyed the confidence of President Lincoln. After peace was concluded, he devoted himself to the work of elevating his race.

In recent years, Douglas was prominent in all movements having in view the social and political advancement of women, and the condition of the colored race.



COUNTING MERCIES.*

MISS THIRZA had a knack of giving her living apartments a pleasant look, and the few articles of furniture brought from Coldstream, being of antique pattern and thoroughly good in their w gave this one a quaint air of individual- nd rustic charm as indescribable as her peculiar attractions. It was as if the f verdure and freshness of a June day been suddenly dropped into the dust roar of a city street. It was alluring, ul and suggestive of good and holy gs; and to the young man came a swift n of his own early home and mother, y remembered nowadays. He drew er, and gently stirred the cat Tiger's n side with his foot, while an expres- approaching wistfulness gathered in es.

Yes, the broomstick brigade is out in fu force to-night, and no mistake, but h snug you are here, ladies! Bad weath- es not mean much to you, I imagine."

Well, that's true, Mr. Kennedy, and I d ope we are properly grateful! Draw up th big rocker, and sit down, won't you?"

e needed no urging.

don't believe you know what ingrat- e means, Miss Bascom," dragging for- d a chair and letting his tall lankness d n into it in a careless, side-long man ng "now do you?" and his twinkling eyes r d from her to Esther, as if wishing to in de the young girl also in the question.

Ah, but don't I, Mr. Kennedy? And fo ne matter of that, who of us is grate- fu then? The fact is, when things are ju to our minds, we hardly notice them at ll, taking everything as a matter-of- co se; but let them go wrong once, and th what a hue and cry! Now, for in- st ce, did you ever remember to be thank- fu that you weren't all knotted up and h less with rheumatism? I'll venture you d t, but wait till you've had it once, and th see!"

he had stopped her knitting to peer at h inquiringly over her glasses; now she g e an emphatic nod and bent again to h work.

e laughed amusedly, and stretching out h long legs, regarded them with compla- c e.

So you'd have me give thanks for the s of those things, would you? Gracious! if e rheumatics once did get a cinch on 'e it would be a long job, wouldn't it? I d are, Miss Bascom, I never thought of it b ore, but I believe that is something to c gratulate myself upon. Is that what y do when you sit here knitting all day; a you counting up your 'marcies?'"

he threw him a somewhat severe glance.

Sometimes," she replied with dignity, "m metimes I am thinking of other things my lodgers, for instance," and then that p ty dimple which still lingered in her a d cheek began to deepen slyly.

ennedy laughed appreciatively, while Ether's face broke into a smile of broad d ght.

Oh, come now, Miss Bascom, did I de- s ve that? I am a lodger, but ain't I a 'r cy,' too? Don't I pay up by the clock, k p my boots off the bed, and always t e my second cup of coffee when you p e me? "Only, to be sure"—dropping i to a wheedling tone—"I sometimes am u fortunate about the latch-keys, a trifle u fortunate. You haven't seen"—

Oh, Mr. Kennedy, another one?" cried Ether aghast, "and this makes"—

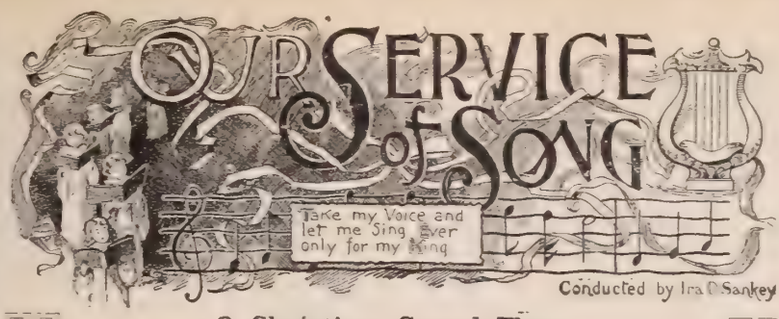
Three. Only three! And I can't be- l ve this one is really lost, either. It's got s pt up from the carpet, and you'll find it i the dustheap."

From Not for Profit: a stirring story of one wo- 's Christian life and experience, by Fannie E. wberry. Pp. 287; cloth; illustrated. A. I. Bradley & o., Boston, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

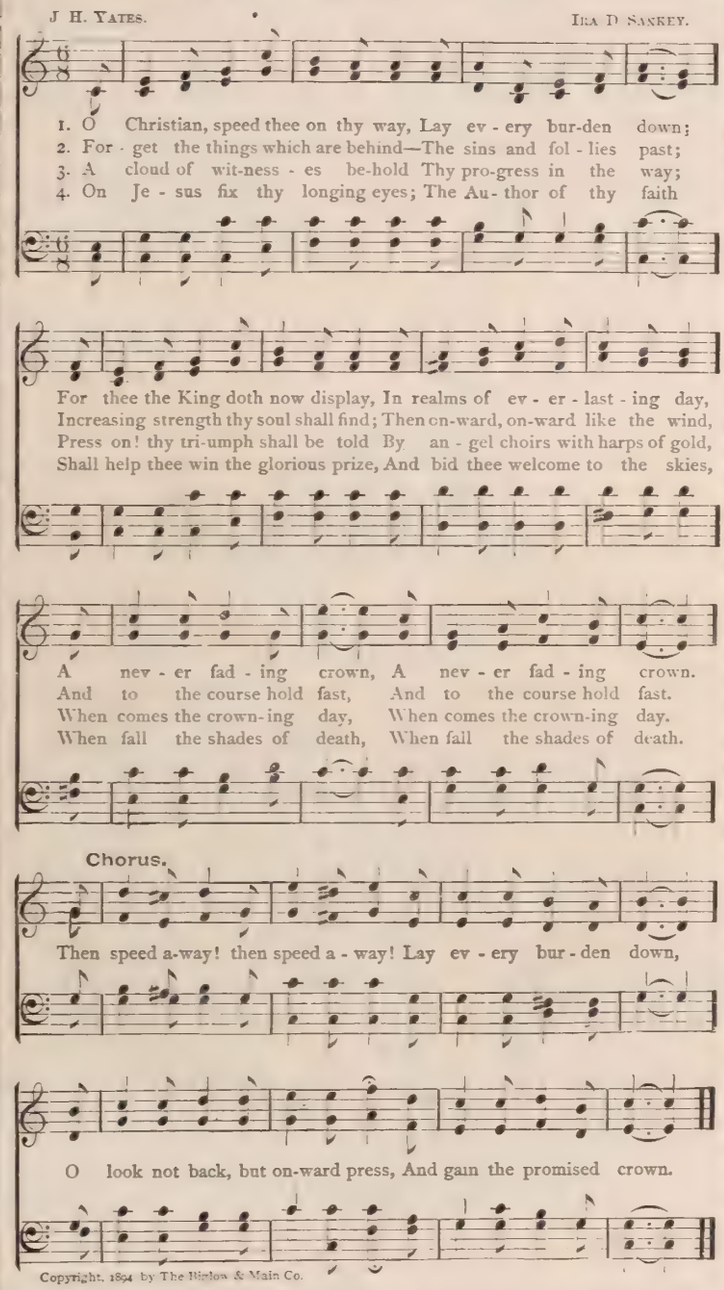
ent, Past and Present. A Study of the Primitive ason Lent, its purposes and usages, by Herman ustad. Pp. 164; price 75 cents. Thos Whittaker, w York, publisher.

ntecostal Hymns, a winnowed collection of 300 gs by the best authors, for evangelical services. 244 pages; board covers; price 35c. Hope Pub- ing Company, Chicago, publishers.



O Christian, Speed Thee.

J. H. YATES. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. O Christian, speed thee on thy way, Lay ev - ery bur-den down;
2. For - get the things which are behind—The sins and fol - lies past;
3. A cloud of wit-ness - es be-hold Thy pro-gress in the way;
4. On Je - sus fix thy longing eyes; The Au- thor of thy faith
For thee the King doth now display, In realms of ev - er - last - ing day,
Increasing strength thy soul shall find; Then on-ward, on-ward like the wind,
Press on! thy tri-umph shall be told By an - gel choirs with harps of gold,
Shall help thee win the glorious prize, And bid thee welcome to the skies,
A nev - er fad - ing crown, A nev - er fad - ing crown.
And to the course hold fast, And to the course hold fast.
When comes the crown-ing day, When comes the crown-ing day.
When fall the shades of death, When fall the shades of death.
Chorus.
Then speed a-way! then speed a - way! Lay ev - ery bur - den down,
O look not back, but on-ward press, And gain the promised crown.

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In God We Trust: the autobiography of Mary Still Andrews, written by herself. pp. 282, with frontispiece; paper covers. Buckingham Bros., Los Angeles, Cal., publishers.

Among the Maoris, or Daybreak in New Zealand: a record of the labors of Samuel Marsden, Bishop Selwyn, and others, by Jesse Page; pp. 160; illustrated; cloth covers; price 75c. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, and Toronto, publishers.

Talks to Children About Jesus, by Mrs. G. E Morton, the story of the Saviour told in delightfully simple language for the young; a book that will stimulate youthful minds to Scripture Study. pp. 320, cloth covers, copiously illustrated, R. H. Woodward and Co., Baltimore, Publishers.

Dictionary of United States History, 1492–1894. Four Centuries of History, written concisely and arranged alphabetically in dictionary form, by J. Franklin Jameson, Ph.D., of Brown University. Illustrated with nearly 300 portraits. A remarkably useful book of reference for students, authors and others. Full morocco binding, pp. 733. Puritan Publishing Co. Boston Mass., publishers.

Messire and other Stories, by Frances E. Compton. A delightful volume for leisure hours, full of entertainment and instruction for juveniles and the older folks also. Illustrated; cloth covers, pp. 112, price 75 cents. E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y., publishers.

A Treatise on the Principles which should Govern the use of Music in the Worship of God, &c., by J. L. Coppage; pp. 81; cloth. Published by the author.

Baron Kinatas, a Tale of the Anti-Christ, by Isaac Strange Dement; pp. 367; paper covers; price 50c. M. T. Need, Chicago, publisher.

Pentecostal Sermons in Outline, with thoughts, themes, and plans, by eminent pastors and evangelists; edited by Rev. C. Perrin, Ph.D.; pp. 384; cloth covers. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, and Toronto, publishers.

John Horden, Missionary Bishop; a Life on the Shores of Hudson's Bay; by Rev. A. R. Buckland, M. A. Intensely interesting and spiritually helpful to all lovers of missionary work. 141 pp.; illustrated; price 50 cents; cloth covers. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publisher.

Institutes of the Christian Religion, by Emanuel V. Gerhart, D.D., LL.D, with introduction by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., in two volumes. A new and highly important work on Systematic Theology. The central doctrine of the work is the divine human personality of Christ, and the vital union of God's sovereignty and man's freedom as realized in the life and work of the Saviour. It is a work of much research, and will be highly valued by theologians generally. 1244 pages, octavo, cloth binding, price $5 per volume. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers.

THE NIGHT FAR SPENT.

The Difference Between the Church and the Kingdom, and the Prophetic Day and Night.

BY W. M.

IF the Christian Church were in truth—as so many Christian people erroneously suppose—the great kingdom of prophecy—that "Kingdom of the Heavens" for the establishment of which on this earth we are taught continually to pray, St. Paul would not have written to the Romans: "Knowing the time, that now it is high time for you to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light" (Rom. 13:11,12). For clearly it is to his Christian brethren—i.e., to members of the Church, whose truest definition is "the congregation of all faithful people," that the apostle is here speaking. "It is high time for you to awake out of sleep"—you whose "salvation is nearer than when we first became Christian believers." Here, then, we have men who have been redeemed by the blood of Christ, cleansed by the washing of regeneration, and sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, spoken of as still covered by the shadows of the night; still needing to be awakened out of sleep; still uncrowned with the anticipated great salvation. In what sharp contrast with this is the language of the same apostle, in another epistle: "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that the day should overtake you as a thief. Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day; we are not of the night, nor of the darkness" (1 Thess. 5:4-8).

And yet there is no real contradiction between these two Scriptures. All that is needed in order to harmonize them, is that we understand what are the night and darkness spoken of. True believers are even now "children of the light and of the day," the day-star has already arisen in their hearts; but they are still walking in what St. Paul calls "this present darkness" (Eph. 6:12); waiting and watching for that long-promised and radiant "morning without clouds," which will only come when "the Sun of Righteousness shall arise, with healing in his wings."

Let us look at some of the most marked characteristics—first, of the "night" whose approaching termination the great apostle so confidently predicted; and, secondly, of the glorious day which he so exultantly anticipated.

The night, then, which St. Paul even in his day regarded as far spent, is the night of nature's darkness. Its shadows fell upon the groves of the lost Eden, when man's sin had dimmed its primal sunshine, and its wailing winds awoke when he was driven out and heard the clang of its closing gates behind him. Since then, from the fall of primal man and his kingdom, on to the glorious manifestation of the Lord from heaven, the whole period of earth's history is regarded in Scripture as the time of night and darkness. Since then the whole creation has been made subject to vanity; it has groaned and travailed in pain together even until now; its flowers have faded, its fruits have failed, its fields have withered. Above all, the moral night has been deep and abiding; "darkness has covered the earth, and gross darkness the people." Oh! long and weary night, shall it never end? Yes: even when St. Paul wrote, four thousand years of it had passed away, and therefore it was verily true that "the night was far spent." But, if true then, how emphatically true is it now, for how much nearer are we to that blessed day when "the creation itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the sons of God."

Again, the night to which the Apostle refers is the night of Satan's dominion. In Eph. 6: 12, we read: "For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places." As long then, as Satan rules, not only in the hearts of men and the government of the nations, as we are taught in the Book of Daniel, but in some sort over the powers of nature, the night must continue, and not till he is bound and imprisoned can the morning dawn. The night, though "far spent," will not be passed till the oppressive curse be removed—till Satan is bound—till the Lord has come.

(To be Continued.)

SAVING A SOUL.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Mar. 17. Acts 8: 26-39.

WE are apt to talk somewhat loosely about saving souls. The figures sometimes quoted at the close of a revival campaign, and the joy manifested at a certain number of souls being saved, may convey a very inadequate impression of the kind of work that is done. In a general way, the idea accepted of a soul being saved is that it is saved from everlasting punishment. Probably that is the predominant idea in the minds of a majority of the converts themselves at the outset. But they soon discover, if they are really converted, that it means much more than that. The unsaved soul would go to its own place voluntarily. It would find only there congenial environment. The soul that loves sin would of its own accord when it leaves the body, go to the place where sin abounds. It would not expect to be happy anywhere else. Ask a man now when he is happiest, what gives him the greatest gratification, what is his idea of the greatest bliss. If he answers truthfully and honestly, it is easy to see from his answer what is the condition of his soul, whether it is saved or not. The condition after death is merely the fruition of the present state. On nothing is the Scripture more emphatic than that he that is filthy now will be filthy then; and he that is righteous now will be righteous then. The state beyond the grave is fixed by the natural law of development, not by arbitrary decree. The sinner makes his own hell and if he persists in making it and preparing it here he has no ground of complaint against God for his condition there. We need have no difficulty in reconciling the idea of hell with the idea of God's inexhaustible love. The loving father who sees his son taking to drink and vice expostulates with him and points out to him that he will bring himself to ruin. He tells him that he is being deceived, that such ways, however pleasant they may be at the beginning, always end in misery. He takes him to the hospital and the poor house, and shows him the disease and poverty to which men have come who began as he is beginning. He pleads with him not to sin against himself, and assures him that he is laying up misery for his old age. Excluding for the moment any idea of God, sin is seen to be a wrong against the man himself. We know, because we see it often, that if the man persists in drinking, he will have delirium tremens. It is natural cause and effect. So it is beyond the grave. The proclivities of life are simply continued in new conditions. God, as a loving Father, pleads with men not to wrong themselves. He sees the consequences of their course, and entreats them to quit sin and seek after righteousness. When a man, by the power of the Holy Spirit through Christ, turns his back on sin, hates it, loathes it, and strives after purity and righteousness, and counts the attainment of goodness the highest and best thing in life, that man's soul is saved. It is saved from the control of the flesh, saved from the debasing and corrupting influence of the lower nature and begins to live. He turns from the downward path, which is easy because his lower nature is in harmony with it as the path of self-indulgence, and begins to toil upward, while his lower nature resists and drags him back, and the world lays snares for his feet so that he may fall and be discouraged. And here is the aim and motive and purpose of all preaching and Christian effort. It is to show the sinner that he is committing an irreparable blunder, that he is willfully contracting a disease that will entail hard suffering; to get him to seek better things, and when he gets discouraged and realizes his own inability to do what he is urged to do, to tell him of Christ's power and assure him that divine help is given to every one who wants it and will ask for it. Thus souls are saved.

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NEW Y. M. C. A. AT NEW ORLEANS.

The Young Men's Christian Association of New Orleans had a day of joyful celebration on January 26. With appropriate ceremonies, and in the presence of a large company of eminent men the corner stone of the building which is to be its home, was laid. A picture of the building as it will appear when completed appears on this page. One of the most delighted and enthusiastic of the company present was Mr. J. H. Keller, who had given the Association the land on which to erect its home. The venerable and venerated Rev. Dr. Palmer, whose name has so long been associated with the city's best work was also one of the welcome guests. Dr. Sessums, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Louisiana, gave the address of the day. Referring to the prejudice existing in some quarters against united unsectarian work, he said: "Any individual life that undertakes to follow this example of Christ's great love for humanity, and any organization of that sort can teach much to those established institutions that call themselves churches. The method of united action in this Association teaches unity. That does not mean belief in a platform of doctrines, but a unification of man in the practical welfare of men. The ideal of Christian unity is men united in belief in God with the liberty of speculative doctrinal thought, but without liberty or latitude as regards the duty of man to man. Christianity leaves no room for doubt as to that. So, then, I pray, I believe that this Association's future is to be an even nobler and grander continuation of the work of the past and of the present, to maintain as its glory the strength of religion and to show that the spirit is not weak because it is invisible, but that the still, small voice of God stills the storms in human life and enables men to go on with this work of perfecting and raising man to God."

The Association which has the gratification of building this beautiful home for itself, is entering on its twentieth year. It was founded in 1876 and in spite of many adverse circumstances has made continuous progress and has been growing in favor from the beginning. With its new building, its spacious gymnasium and its well-filled library and reading-room, it may hope for a large increase in its popularity and usefulness.

THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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THE DESTITUTION IN THE WEST.

As a special appeal was made in this department several weeks ago on behalf of the starving and destitute people in the West, it is fitting that a special acknowledgment of the generous response should also be made here. The young people of the various societies to whom we appealed proved that they were animated by the true spirit of the Master, who fed the hungry while he was upon earth and showed compassion for all who were in need. Beside the gifts of money that flowed in from the societies, barrels, boxes and packages of clothing and provisions were received from thirty-nine Societies of Christian Endeavor, twenty-five Epworth Leagues, and twenty-two Circles of King's Daughters. These were duly forwarded to the West and distributed among the most needy by our own missionary and acknowledgment has been made of them with other gifts in this journal. But here we wish to thank the societies directly for their prompt and liberal response to our appeal and assure them that the people to whom these gifts were sent, were deeply grateful for this relief in their extremity.

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KING'S DAUGHTERS AMONG THE LUMBERMEN.

A disaster, evidently the work of some malicioas person whose interests are served by the degradation of the lumbermen of Michigan, has fallen on the work ot the King's Daughters in that State. An attempt was made on Jan. 21 to blow up the house at Sault St. Marie, in which Mi Emma Nason has so long carried on h beneficent work for the lumbermen of t State. A stick of dynamite was placed u der the porch with a fuse attached. Mi Nason had just left the porch and had go to her writing-room when the explosion c curred. It is believed that the intention w to destroy the house and kill all the inmat especially Mr. Whittaker, who has succeed in closing many of the worst places of v that formerly thrived on the earnings of t lumbermen. Happily, the vindictive m were clumsy at their work, and did not p the dynamite far enough under the house accomplish their purpose, but succeec only in destroying the porch and breaki all the windows in the front of the house

Miss Nason, it was supposed, would terrified by the outrage and discontinue i work, but she has determined to go c She writes to her sisters in the Kin Daughters: "In the awful danger throu which we have just passed, surely our Ki has guarded us and has wonderfully p served life. Will not the same Almigl Hand send us the help so much needed carry on successfully this battle against t rible wrong. We are praying for Go overruling power amid the greatest trials

"Since the explosion we are told it doubtful if we can again re-rent the bu ing of our Rescue Home, because of danger to the property. If we cannot ag rent, we must then buy or build a home the rescue work here. The work must stop. We are willing to give life (and work without salary), surely our friends their quiet homes will do all they can. T other expenses are at this time of the y the heaviest. Eight men are just now e ployed as evangelists, in camps, among destitute miners, going through the fire c tricts, here and there doing a work ne so important as now. In the rescue w there are unusual expenses, long and sev sickness. Trials of faith of every kind h confronted us. We thought our faith h reached its limit before the midnight ex sion, but since that dreadful hour our fa has strengthened and we face the fut fearlessly and prayerfully. God will sh true hearts how to help, whether it be p nies from the children, nickels from the l ing hands of poverty, or large amou from purses of wealth. We plead In Name."

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Young Women's Christian Asso tion's motto text for 1895 is, "In the L have I righteousness and strength." 14: 24.

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A meeting open to all Christian Ende orers is to be held in London next week consider the report of the National Cou on its future organization.

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A new Y. M. C. A. is being organ at Flushing, N. Y. The necessary fu have been pledged and a suitable buil will shortly be erected. The Associa will start with about two hundred mem

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The New York State Y. M. C. A. C vention at Syracuse, N. Y., receive hearty welcome to that city. The M greeted the delegates in person, and the dies Auxiliary tendered them a banc The sessions were held in the First Ba Church, and were largely attended.

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The General Cabinet of the Epw League, at its recent meeting in New Y passed the new hymnal for the Jun which is to be issued immediately. Th ports showed that there are now over fi teen thousand chapters and over three t sand Juniour Leagues.

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Special services for young women re being held in the Young Women's C tian Association building in East Fifte street, New York. They are conducte city pastors in turn. Dr. John Hall, Dr A. Samson and Dr. E. B. Coe have en the preachers at the most recent meet

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The Young Men's Christian Associ on of India held a national convention re ly at Madras. Twenty-four Associa ns were represented. The foundation of a tional Union was effected. A native a nt was called, and, after six months' tra ng at Madras, will take up work in the Tamil country. An appeal was made to the tu dent Volunteer Movement to co-opera in carrying out University settlements in I a.

Young People of Angola.

Group of Bright Loanda Boys who Have had Christian Training.

ANGOLA, on the West Coast of South Africa, is one of the favored provinces of that country in which the Gospel has been preached for many years. It is a Portuguese colony, with an area of about 200,000 square miles, and the hot climate, for most Europeans and Americans, is an unhealthy one, especially along the coast. The soil is very fertile, and the vegetation luxuriant and beautiful, nature producing spontaneously almost everything that is needed to support human life. It has a mixed population of two million negroes, mulattoes and whites. While nearly all are above the standard of intelligence of most West African colonies, probably the highest in point of education are the people of Amboca, where reading and writing are general accomplishments. In the interior of Angola, the native paganism still prevails, except in certain localities where Christian mission work has made a bright oasis in the spiritual desert.

SULPICIO HOLENZOLLERN.

In the city of St. Paul de Loanda (the capital), there is a very marked difference between the population and that of the interior. European influences, the advantages of education and the opportunities for Christian training have done much for the young people of Loanda. A typical group of native young men is presented in the illustration on this page, almost all of whom have been fairly educated, and some of whom occupy positions in government employ, while others are in mercantile offices connected with the shipping interests of the seaport.

Sulpicio Holenzollern, a young Christian Angolan, and a protege of Mr. Heli Chatelain, missionary and explorer (formerly United States Consul at Loanda), came to the United States three years ago to complete his education at Howard University, Washington, D. C., with the ultimate purpose of returning to his native country as a surveyor and teacher. He was trained at one of Bishop Taylor's Mission schools by Mrs. Jeanette Rosemond, who labored in Africa for several years. He became proficient also in French, English, Portuguese and K'Mbundu, the latter being the language common to the whole province, while Portuguese is chiefly spoken in Loanda. All missionaries who go to the Angola field have to learn K'Mbundu before they can hope to succeed with the work. Sulpicio, during the intervals of his studies at Howard University, has been employed in various capacities, as the support of an aged relative at home devolved upon him. He is a bright, young fellow of considerable promise. In Loanda, where the Portuguese Government affords liberal opportunities of advancement to young men, the proportion of natives in its service is much larger than that of foreigners. This is an incentive to study and to honest ambition, which is found in few parts of Africa.

Experience has demonstrated that the native African, trained in childhood and continued under favorable conditions, is capable of a considerable degree of culture. This is particularly true of many localities along the West Coast. Not a few have become successful mission workers among their own people while others have shown abilities in various directions. The young men of Loanda are an encouraging illustration of the results of civilized training.

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An Italian Child's Prayer.

A young reader (Amelia Thropp, Oil City, Pa.), sends us the following verse of an old evening prayer, said by the Tuscan "contadini" at close of day:

I bend my head, and let my forehead lie,
Low on my pillow, thinking I must die!
I call on blessed Jesus in my fear:
He says, "Thou canst not perish, I am here."

The verse was translated by Francesca Alexander, of Florence, Italy, a well-known authoress, some of whose books were edited by John Ruskin. The simple petition has been a great comfort to many Italian children.

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The Pleasures of Coasting.

Within sight of my window, writes Dr. Talmage, the procession of sleds flying down hill and crawling up—for what genuine boy would not walk up to ride down?—the shout of demonstrative glee, the clear sweep of fun that imperilled neither life nor limb, have been something for all good men and women to smile over and rejoice in. That is the way our youth are to get nerve and muscle and exuberance for the work they will be called to do when they arrive amid the twenties and the thirties and the forties and the fifties of earnest life. The boys who skate no pond, strike no ball, fly no kite, trundle no hoop, coast no hill, will have no strength for the work of coming life.

The way to crowd out bad amusements is to increase innocent amusements. When your boy is dead, if that overwhelming grief should ever strike your soul, you will feel more satisfaction in thinking of what pleasures you gave him than what unnecessary self-denials you inflicted upon him. In all the questions that come up between men and boys, count me on the side of the boys.

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Armenian and Kurdish Women.

Col. Norton, an English traveler, in describing a journey from Trebizonde to Bitlis, gives this interesting episode: "At one place, a fairly well-to-do Armenian told me that his daughter was the greatest beauty in the land. She was recently married and forbidden to unveil herself or even speak to her brother-in-law; but in his paternal pride he wished I could see her to know how lovely she was. I consented, and the lady at last appeared, but only when the room had been cleared of all the males but the proud father, the husband and myself. She was dressed and adorned for the occasion, and being thus privileged to see a splendid specimen of femine beauty, I warmly complimented him on her good looks. She bent down and kissed my hand, but never raised her long, drooping lashes to my face. As a contrast to this fair creature, I stopped one night at the underground habitation of another hybernating Kurd brigand, whose charming unveiled daughter, Nazli (or "bold in her bashful innocence," for the Turks have this expressive word that would describe her), marched up uninvited, regarded me with a comical look of contempt, and after a prolonged stare exclaimed, "Ingliz!" and, bursting into a merry peal of laughter, led me by the hand up to a favorite cow, milked her into a little brass cup called a "tasse," and offered me the warm and frothing liquid, which I did not fancy, but drained off gallantly to her health. This illustration will best describe how the two races contrast with regard to women."

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Children and Riches.

Don't teach your children to set too great a valuation upon money, or to view the making of it as the chief purpose of their lives. At the close of his career, the celebrated John Wesley said to a group of his parishioners: "After having served you between sixty and seventy years, let me add one word more. I am pained for you who are rich in this world. Do you give all you can? 'Nay; may I not do what I will with my own?' you reply. Here lies your mistake. It is not your own. It cannot be, unless you are lord of heaven and earth. Who gave you this addition to your fortune? Do you know that God intrusted you with that money for his work? 'But I must provide for my children.' Certainly But how? By making them rich? Then you will probably ruin them. 'What shall I do then?' Lord, speak to their hearts else I speak in vain. Leave them enough to live, not in idleness, but honest industry. And if you have no children, upon what principle can you leave a dollar behind more than enough to bury you?"

YOUNG EDUCATED ANGOLANS OF ST. PAUL DE LOANDA, WEST COAST, AFRICA.

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PATERNAL CARE.

HOW shall we span with comfortable thought,
The worlds of life and death and make them one?
By calling both one household, large and fond,
Just as it is when comes the evening hour:
The most are weary—some have gone to rest,
The babes, the aged, and the feeble ones;
The strong and active stay awhile and talk
Of all that has been done and is to do,
Of the day's happenings and the ones asleep,
Of what will make them glad when morning comes;
And in the intervals of play or work
The eye of each is lifted now and then
To note the hour upon the old clock's face
Whose heart outbeats so long the human one.
Then comes the thought that it is growing late,
That very soon we, too, must go to sleep.
O, what a sweet comfort that from first to last,
Sleeping or waking—all are in God's home,
And one paternal roof doth cover all.

PREACHING TO CHILDREN.

THE mistake many preachers make, writes an esteemed pastor, is in preaching to adults only, as though no children were present. It is not strange that that kind of preaching fails to reach children, and to secure their regular attendance at the services of the church. A minister was once wondering how he could reach the large number of children in the homes of his people.

"How am I to get them all interested in the church?" he said. "To be sure they attend Sunday School, but that is not enough. I seldom see them at the preaching services, and never on Wednesday night at prayer-meeting." As a rule the children do not attend these services. Parents do not require it, because the minister so often takes no thought of the children in the preparation of his sermons, and only preaches to the older ones.

It is said that once upon a time it was announced from a certain pulpit, that on the following Sunday the pastor would like as many of the children of the Sunday School as would attend the morning service to take seats in the gallery, as they could all sit in a body. He especially asked the teachers of the Sunday Schools to urge the children to come. He would "preach a sermon for the children." Sunday came, and so did a goodly number of the children. When it came time for the sermon, the minister glanced up in the in the gallery and said: "Girls and boys, it gives me great pleasure to have so many bright faces before me this morning. I wish you would come every Sunday and fill up all of those vacant seats." Then he went into his sermon with a will.

But he soon forgot "the gallery." He just soared right over their little heads way up in the arches in the roof, and only came down long enough to speak to some of the boys that were whispering a little too loud. Then he went back to the roof.

***

Early Self-Denial.

A distinctive feature of the child-training of the ancient Spartans was the rigid discipline of constant self-denial, to which the child was subjected from infancy onward. And this feature of child-training among that people had much to do with giving to the Spartans their distinguishing characteristics of simplicity of manners, of powers of endurance, and of dauntless bravery. The best primitive peoples everywhere have recognized the pre-eminent importance of this feature of child-training. Its neglect has come only with the growth in luxury among peoples of the highest material civilization. The question is an important one, whether it is well to lose all the advantages of this method of training, simply because it is not found to be a necessity as a means of sustaining physical life, where wealth abounds so freely. It is not that a child is to be denied what he thinks he wants, merely for the sake of the denial itself; but it is that a child ought not to have what he wants merely because he wants it. It is not that there is a necessary gain in a denial to a child; but it is that when a denial to a child is necessary, there is an added gain to him through his finding that he must do without what he longs for. It is every parent's duty to deny a child many things which he wants; to teach him that he must get along without a great many things which seem very desirable; to train him to self-denial and endurance, at the table, in the play-room, with companions, and away from them; and the doing of this duty by the parent brings a sure advantage to the child. Whatever else he has, a child ought not to lack this element of a wise training.

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A NEW-FASHIONED WOMAN

Written Specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

BY MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

CHAPTER XLIV.

To Serve in Small Things.

VERY thoughfully Annie walked homeward after her conversation with her mentor. The view Mrs. Somers had pressed upon her was inspiring, although in some aspects discouraging. This deliverance from sin, this perfect holiness was, if Mrs. Somers was right, the result of a slow and painful process. Annie had hoped, from what she had heard and read, that in a moment, by an act of Almighty power, the chains would be cast off and she would be set free. It looked now as if she must not expect that, but must work out her own salvation with fear and trembling, God working in her. She might count on the power, and the weapons of conflict; but she must use them herself. She must not lie passive and wait for a change to be effected. Was this so? Annie thought of the books she had been reading, and wondered if Mrs. Somers could be right. She would go right home and take the books and her Bible into her own room and compare them and see what light she could get. Even if she spent the whole day in the study, it would pay. This matter she must be sure about.

But two pairs of bright eyes were watching for her from an upper window and "Mamma, mamma," greeted her ears as she entered her home. Wally and Roy had an appeal to present against Mabel, and there must be a hearing of their complaint and of Mabel's defence. The grievance was the product of a wrong of several days back and several matters had to be set right lest there should be any ill-feeling left to rankle in the children's minds. Then to cement the reconciliation, Mamma must take all three out for a little excursion. Callers were waiting for Annie on her return and so the hours slipped by and in the evening Annie thought regretfully how different the day had been from the one she sketched in the morning. It had often been so and she fretted at the frequency with which her plans were thwarted. Perhaps she was too weak and yielding to lead a saintly life. What would be the result if her time was frittered away thus? As usual she carried her trouble to Mrs. Somers.

That lady looked delightfully calm when Annie entered her pretty room. She greeted her visitor with a sweet smile and said, "You look worried, dear, what is the trouble?"

"It is so hard, Mrs. Somers, to be a faithful wife and mother and yet do your duty as a child of God."

"No, my child, it is not hard. There you mistake. Whatever you do, don't fall into this error. I came near slipping here myself, and I must save you. Paul says, "Whatsoever you do, do it heartily, as to the Lord and not to men." Habituate yourself to doing everything for God; look at your work in this way, as work for him, and every trivial duty will appear so different, and you will accomplish it easier and with more satisfaction to yourself. What is [illegible] service for God?"

"But there are so many little things mothers have to do which cannot be classed with these things. I would be so glad to go out with you oftener among your poor, and to teach in your Sabbath School. Sometimes my heart rebels a little, when I cannot attend divine service, but I read my Bible and try to be patient."

"My dear child, the duties of wife and mother and housewife are not trivial. Our Father knows what they are, and is ready to give strength for their performance. Did you ever think that Christ's first miracle was performed to help a housekeeper out of a difficulty?"

"No, I never thought of it, but it is true."

"He is not above aiding us in these things. He does not go to church with us and leave us at our doors when we come home. No, indeed, he accompanies us in, and follows us in the various little details of duties. I am glad the inspired penman says Jesus loved Martha as well as Mary. I sympathize with the Marthas of earth; and I have often wondered whether Martha would not have loved to have sat at Jesus' feet with Mary, but felt she could not. Were there no Marthas now, how many unhappy husbands and children there would be, for if there were only Marys, they might suffer. Let us go back to our former subject—service to God in home duties. Take an instance. You are reading your Bible, deeply intent upon its sacred truths, when your child comes crying, has fallen into water and wet his clothes, or his shoes hurt him, perhaps a rock has slipped under his foot; or, little impatient one, he is half-sick and irritable, and wants mamma to put her book away, rock him and tell him a pretty story. By which would you serve God better?"

"Ah! I do not like those interruptions, but I would be compelled to lay aside my book under the circumstances, yet I am afraid I should sigh a little."

"You should not, for these attentions to your child, even to the pretty story, is serving God fully as much as reading your Bible, or talking to a sinner about his soul. You pray for the Christian graces; is not patience one? Let patience have her perfect work. Let us take another instance. Your favorite minister is in town, and he is a true soul-feeder, and knowing that he will preach on the coming Sunday, you pray through the week to be in the spirit on that day, pray that your soul may be fed with heavenly manna, and that it may be indeed a Sabbath of rest to your soul. You rejoice in the treat in store for your hungry soul. The Sabbath dawns, bright and beautiful, and you are ready, but Roy is drooping; begs mamma to stay and hold him in her arms. He has fever; your husband's delicate touch distinguishes it; the quick bounding throbs of the transparent temples show it, and his hot breath is on your cheek! Disappointed and sick at heart you take off your hat, and a sigh escapes your lips, and a tear strays down your cheek, as your husband drives off without you. Would the house of God have been any more a temple of service than your home with your sick child? Verily, there are many mistakes made right here."

"I see it, Mrs. Somers, but I never saw it before," and Annie's eyes were full of tears. "From this time forth, I will take a different view of home duties, and will, hereafter, perform them more cheerfully."

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. If you make a dress for Mabel, make it as perfectly as possible; if you make a loaf of bread, make it just as light as you can, not to excel your neighbor, but to obey God. Glorify him with your whole body. I think of this as I go to our sewing society, and all of the members should be actuated by the same spirit. As I go, I pray, Oh! God, let me now glorify thee with my tongue and fingers!"

"There is one other thing, Mrs. Somers, which troubles me. After I began work in earnest, I worked systematically, for I knew little was accomplished in life without order and system. Now, I find myself forming plans as I open my eyes in the morning, and when, as generally happens, new duties present themselves and break up my plans, I feel dissatisfied with myself and with my work."

"This is apt to be the case with systematic people, but you must always lay your plans with a capital IF at the front, and let it be the Generalissimo of the battalion of duties. Disappointment will set easier then, for you will be in part prepared for it. 'Charity seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked.'"

"Must I not plan then, or just let duties come as they will?"

"By all means plan for your day's duties. Put if before you, and then go to work as energetically as though you were soon to reach the end. If, however, something else comes in, go out of the routine, do the new work, and then go back and take up the thread and go to weaving again, right where you left off."

"And do you think that all these little disappointments tend to growth—these little home duties that I thought too trifling for the great God to notice—do these tend to the sanctification of the soul?"

"Most certainly, most assuredly! There is one thing I would impress upon you, my dear child, upon myself and upon every Christian: that one reason we toil upward slowly, oh! how slowly, is because we carry a heavy burden with us, and this burden is an unsanctified will. We wish for sanctification, but it is only a passing desire. Our will must be lost in the Divine will."

"Oh, Mrs. Somers, if my will were only sanctified—if it were only submerged in God's will!"

"Don't be discouraged because it still struggles. Press on, fight on, it will come after awhile. Many sink in despair because they progress so slowly; remember this, and don't be cast down, only push on. Keep this before you, the way to the earthly Jerusalem is rough, and the city lies up, far above the traveller. He must now climb, but soon he must descend into deep valleys, and Jerusalem is lost to sight. Up again he mounts and the city again rises before him; then down again he goes into the vale, but whether on the hill top with Jerusalem in full view, or deep down in the dark valley and Jerusalem hidden, still he is drawing nearer, and at last will stand within its walls. So is the road to the heavenly Jerusalem. The way is rough and long; there are hill tops where views of transcendent beauty greet the eye and Jerusalem seems just over there; but down again in the dark valley the spirits flag, hope grows dim, for the way seems lost; no Jerusalem in sight. But the city is there still though we cannot see it and we are drawing near.

"It was in the wilderness that manna was sent; the valley of Baca was made a well, the rain came from heaven and filled the pools. Struggle out of the valley, my child, aim for the mountain tops; but remember whether in the one or on the other, each step carries you one nearer Jerusalem. Be not faint, be not weary, press on, step by step, mount upward."

CHAPTER XLV.

Farewell.

By many such conversations as that in the foregoing chapter, did the experienced Christian labor to help her younger sister in the faith. Spiritual difficulties although peculiar to the individual are often very similar, and the means by which one person's difficulties is removed will frequently be found effectual in the difficulty of another. Annie laid bare her soul before her friend and if she could not always get the light she sought, she could at least find a sympathetic listener and the two women would kneel together and pray to their common Lord for his guidance. The friendship was very sweet and helpful on both sides. Annie's knowledge of the world and more cultured mind gave vigor and breadth to the more restricted, somewhat narrow ideas of Mrs Somers and led her to look outside the little circle which she was apt to think of as the world. On the other hand, Annie was helped by her friend to deeper spirituality and to stronger faith. So, in mutual helpfulness the friendship became very precious on both sides.

One depressing feature of it was the state of Mrs. Somers' health. At first Annie noticing her debility thought she had overworked, as she was apt to do. But a period of rest, to which Mrs Somers reluctantly consented, did not bring the expected recuperation Annie grew more and more anxious as the weeks passed without marked improvement. The sufferer herself did not seem alarmed, though she grieved over the many services she would have liked to render to others, but could not on account of her weakness.

"I wish, dear," she said one day to her husband, "you would look in on Mrs. Somers. I cannot understand her continued weakness. I am afraid there must be some radical trouble otherwise she would have overcome it before this. She does not seem to consider it necessary to consult you professionally, but if you were to call in an incidental way she might be led to talk of herself and you might get a clue to her ailment."

"Certainly, Annie, I will see her to-day. I have plenty of excuses for calling. She has proteges all around who are inquiring for her and I can give her news of them and incidentally look into her own case."

Annie felt thankful and several times in the course of the day the thought of having brought her husband's tact and skill into service on her friend's behalf reassured her. In the evening hearing Dr. Gordon's voice she went into his room eager for his report.

"It is not good, dear," said Dr. Gordon seriously, "you must be brave and strong as your friend is, for there is sorrow before you. I had no difficulty in learning all the particulars. Mrs. Somers was glad to tell me though I think she had no hope. Her mother died in much the same way, it appears. Her symptoms are precisely the same and medical science is powerless in those cases."

"But you will try, will you not?"

"All I can do is to alleviate her suffering, if she should suffer but cure is impossible. She is near the end."

Annie burst into tears. "My dear friend, my sister, my guide!"

Annie would have gone to her that night, but her husband assured her that it would not be kind. "Her life," he said, "hangs by a hair and the slightest agitation would prove fatal. The last stage in her case is likely to be very rapid and she has certainly entered upon it."

The next day, however, under pledge to Dr. Gordon to be calm, Annie went. Mrs. Somers had not risen and Annie knelt by the bedside and kissed her hand. The tears would come, but she did not raise her head until she had controlled them.

"Do not weep, dear Annie," said the sufferer. "It is only for a little while. I will be there to welcome you when you come. You will look after my poor friends whom I leave behind and I shall be at rest about them. I am just waiting now for the summons and I have a presentiment that it is upon its way."

It was nearer than either of them thought. Annie stayed all day greedily drinking in the sweet words of the departing saint. Toward evening she was about to light the lamp when Mrs. Somers prevented her. "I like this solemn twilight," she said. "Sit by me and sing for me. 'Sing, 'Abide with me.' Annie took the low seat near the bed and holding the thin hand in her own sang softly. As she finished the precious hymn there was a convulsive movement in the hand and then it lay nerveless in her clasp. She was alone.

She went out of the chamber of death without a tear. She was awed, solemnized but not distressed. It was her Lord who had come and called her friend, and she could bear it at his hand. With a new consecration of herself, she took up her life. She searched out the people whom Mrs. Somers had befriended, and tried to fill her place in their lives. Her own spiritual life grew, for, bereft of her friend, she carried her troubles to Christ himself, and found Almighty help. It was really better so. She led a very busy life, and was the light of many homes. In her own family and in the family at the home of her girlhood, and in the abodes of the poor, she was a ministering angel, loved and revered, as one who lived very near to God. When I think of that beautiful life and contrast it with the life which as a girl she had planned for herself, and contrast the saintly matron with the frivolous girl, I feel that I was quite justified in calling her story "The New-Fashioned Woman."

[THE END.]

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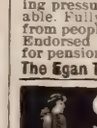

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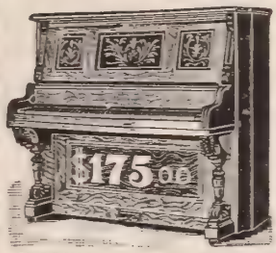

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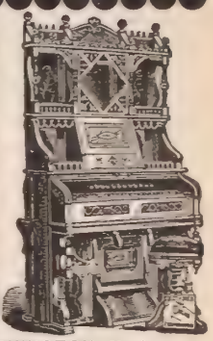

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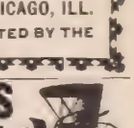

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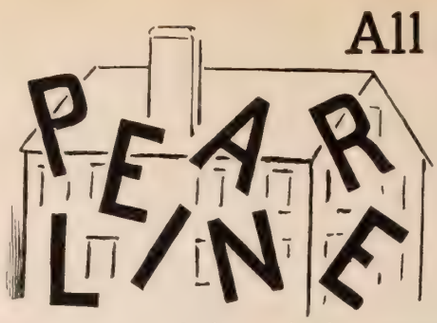

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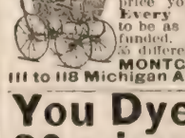

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The Roses we send are on their own roots, from 10 to 15 inches high, and will bloom freely this Summer, either in pots or planted in yard. They are hardy ever bloomers. Please examine the below list of 20 choice fragrant monthly Roses, and see if you can duplicate them anywhere for an amount so small as $1. They are nearly all new kinds. We guarantee them to reach you in good condition, and we also **GUARANTEE THEM TO BE THE BEST DOLLAR'S WORTH OF ROSES YOU HAVE EVER PURCHASED.** *The List:*—

Champion of the World, brightest pink, the best rose ever introduced. **Henry M. Stanley**, apricot yellow, very fragrant. **Pearl of the Gardens**, deep golden yellow. **Bridesmaid**, rich pink, none better. **The Queen**, pure white, always in bloom. **Christine de Noue**, rich maroon and deliciously sweet. **Princess of Wales**, amber yellow, deepening to orange. **Rheingold**, beautiful shades of saffron and tan. **Star of Gold**, the queen of all yellow roses. **Waban**, a great rose, in bloom all the time. **Golden Gate**, creamy white and old gold. **Francisca Kruger**, coppery yellow and peach. **The Bride**, the loveliest of all white roses. **Queen's Scarlet**, richest dark velvety rose. **Princess Beatrice**, canary yellow, edged bright rose. **Etoile de Lyon**, richest deep sulphur yellow. **Souvenir of Wootton**, richest crimson in clusters. **Catherine Mermet**, everybody's favorite. **Md. Camille**, beautiful salmon and rosy flesh. **Md. Caroline Testout**, large handsome flowers of glowing pink.

We will also send our Iron Clad Collection of 14 Hardy Roses, all different colors, $1. Try a set. 20 Chrysanthemums, all prize winners, $1. 16 Geraniums, double and single, flowered and scented, $1. 15 choice Begonias, different kinds, $1. 40 packets choice Flower Seeds, all different kinds, $1. Our handsome, illustrated Catalogue, describing above Roses, Plants and all Seeds, mailed for 10 cts. stamps. Don't place your order before seeing our prices. **WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY.** We have large two year old roses for immediate effect. Liberal premiums to club raisers, or how to get your seeds and plants free. We are the **LARGEST ROSE GROWERS IN THE WORLD. Our sales of Rose Plants alone last season exceeded a million and a half.** When you order Roses, Plants and Seeds, you want the very best. Try us.

GOOD & REESE CO., Box 41 Champion Greenhouses, Springfield, Ohio.

We will pay **$300** *for a name.*

SWEET PEAS, *25 varieties and colors mixed,* **Only 40c. A POUND!**

For full particulars of $300 offer and the handsomest and most complete catalogue of Flowers, Vegetables and Fruits, containing all old favorites and cream of new Novelties, printed in 17 different colors, elegant colored plates. Send 10 cts. (which may be deducted from first order) for

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.

SEEDS contain the germ of life.

JAMES VICK'S SONS, Rochester, N. Y.

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(Miss Parloa's recipe)

made with

Cleveland's Baking Powder

are just the thing for Lunch Parties.

Cleveland's, the best that money can buy

* Our cook book tells you how to make them. A copy mailed free on receipt of stamp and address.
Cleveland Baking Powder Co.,
81 Fulton St., New York.

HEALTH AND REST
THE ALMA
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If your health is impaired, yo can get well at the **Alma.** If yo are tired you can take rest at th **Alma.** If you want a chang of scene and climate, go to th **Alma.** Every feature of th great resort tends toward comfo and good health. Better than hospital for sick people. A boo of description, handsome, inte esting, instructive. sent fre

THE ALMA SANITARIUM CO.
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A BARGAIN COLLECTION OF

FLOWER SEED

10 Choice Annual (everybody's favorites, new fresh seeds, sure to grow and bloom this sea **Pansy,** 40 colors markings; **Phlox,** 20 co **Verbena,** 18 colors; **Pi** 10 colors; **Petunia,** 10 ors; **Asters,** 12 colors; **sam,** 8 colors; **Sw Peas,** 12 colors; **Mignonette** sweet **Sweet Alyssum.**

FOR 12 CENTS and the name and addre two of your friends who flowers, I will send, post paid, the complet lection, one pkt. each of the ten varieties for any ordinary garden. This is a **BONAF** offer, made to introduce my home grown fl seeds to new customers and which I guar to please you or the amount paid refunded the seeds given as a present.

Miss C. H. LIPPINCOTT
319 and 323 Sixth St. So., MINNEAPOLIS, M

Lovely Flowers Given Away

To introduce my and **BULBS,** Tw **New Excelsior Dwarf Pearl T Marguerite Carnatio** elegant flowers in 4 mos fr 1 pkt **Pansy—The Ali** mxd., every color imaginab **Poppy—Golden Gate** makes a grander show; 1 packet **Sweet Pea ford's Choice,** mixed, over 30 sorts, simply 1 pkt. **Phlox,** fancy mxd., includes many wonde 1 pkt. **Chinese Pinks,** all colors, and a flowe wants; 1 pkt. **Mixed Flower Seeds for Wi den** - over 100 kinds that will grow and bloom

The above are selling for $1.00, but as I have grown lections simply to introduce my Seeds and Bulbs, wi complete list for only 25 cents to pay postage, packing will bloom this season and make a great display once before all are taken. Catalogue of Vegetables Flowers FREE with each order. Full of Bargains

If you send silver or Money Order, a Floral P in ten colors and 50 cent certificate is sent free. Add

F. B. MILLS, Box 151, ROSE HIL

ACRE APPLES, $1,493. Write **Nurseri Orchards,** Mo., for free sample copy telling about it. A Fruit and Farm paper published by Stark Br a year; circulation, 460,000 copies. The "C the Cream"—gives the busy Fruit Grower or who hasn't the time or the money to buy as m great mass of papers what is best fro all what he wants to know.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18. COPYRIGHT 1895 BY LOUIS KLOPSCH NUMBER 11.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, MARCH 13, 1895. TWENTY PAGES.

New Sweet Peas

More than 20,000 Pounds of Seed!

Do You Know What a Wonderful Improvement Has Been Made in Sweet Peas?

The New Sweet Peas are large, gracefully-formed flowers of lasting substance, marvelously beautiful in their clear and lovely coloring, valuable because of their abundant productiveness, and full of old-time sweet simplicity. Sweet Peas have become the favorite and fashionable flower of the day, and are so popular that where one formerly grew them thousands now plant them.

We are Headquarters in America for Sweet Peas, and now call attention to

The Greatest Offer Ever Made in Sweet Peas

Known as FORDHOOK COLLECTION of NEW SWEET PEAS for 1895

For 25 cts. we will send, postpaid, to any address, one full-sized packet of each of the Five Finest Novelties, and a large packet of New Sweet Peas, mixed. This collection contains:

BLUSHING BEAUTY. One of the finest; three to four flowers facing one way on long stems. The color is lovely beyond expression; exquisitely soft fleshy-rose.

COUNTESS OF RADNOR. Three large, expanded flowers on a stem, with two colors clearly shown; the wings are delicate light mauve while the standards are rich lavender mauve. Unequalled for contrast with light and pink.

EMILY HENDERSON. Pure white seedling from *Blanche Ferry*, possessing all the *extra early* and free-flowering qualities of its parent. Good, lasting flowers on stiff stems; pure satiny white in color.

FIREFLY. For color this superb variety is unapproached. Splendid, large, expanded flowers, three on a stem; truly a fiery scarlet, vivid in the wings and deep brilliant in the standards.

GAIETY. Splendid, expanded flowers, three to four on long stems, standing out well from the foliage; beautifully marked with lively stripes of bright crimson on white.

NEW SWEET PEAS, MIXED. This is our own mixture—a beautiful bouquet of which, natural size, painted in fourteen colors, is shown on the *superb new painting* mentioned below. It contains *more than* 30 *Eckford Novelties.* The seed is now so cheap that lovers of Sweet Peas should plant it by the pound. Per packet 5 cents, 6 packets for 25 cents; ounce 10 cents, 3 one-ounce packages for 25 cents; quarter pound for 30 cents; per pound $1.00, postpaid.

With the above we send FREE a copy of the popular booklet, "ALL ABOUT SWEET PEAS," specially written for us by the Rev. Mr. Hutchins, and charmingly illustrated, a simple but trustworthy *guide to success* with Sweet Peas.

Instead of this little book—you may have it—you can select either a packet of the New Sweet Pea American Belle, or the *New* Lottie Eckford (not yet catalogued by us), making in all Seven Superb Sweet Peas for 25c.

For $1.00 we will send *Four Complete Collections* as above and also one original packet of Eckford's New Giant White Sweet Pea, "BLANCHE BURPEE."

Mr. Eckford himself pronounces this to be "*by far the finest Sweet Pea ever produced.*" "BLANCHE BURPEE" in Eckford's Original Packets) alone is 25 cents per packet or 5 packets for $1.00. This grand novelty, now first introduced has won the highest prizes at the Great Flower Shows of England and Scotland.

With every Dollar Order, if asked for, we will send Free a Superb New Painting of Sweet Peas, size 15x19 inches. This work of art is in fourteen colors, and shows six bouquets painted from nature.

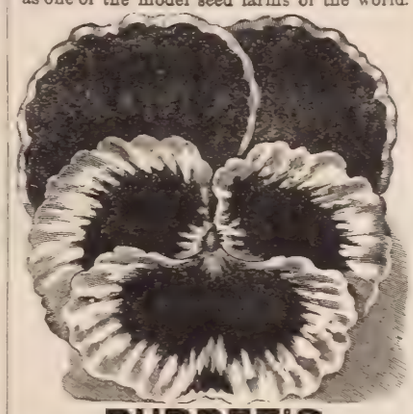
AGENTS WANTED to sell **"Fordhook Collection of Sweet Peas."** All those who are so situated that they can spare a little time to show this collection to their neighbors and friends can easily make money. *Write for special terms to Agents.*

MORE THAN $1.00 for 25 Cts.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

Rare Seeds at Less than quarter their Value.

A special and unequalled offer for trial to gain new customers by a well-known Philadelphia firm of Seed Growers. The varieties embrace the most beautiful novelties, and have been grown at FORDHOOK FARM, famous as one of the model seed farms of the world.



BURPEE'S Gem Collection for 1895

contains one packet each of the **new Aster White Branching,** with immense double Chrysanthemum-like flowers in great profusion, *alone* 15c. *per pkt.*; **New Petunia Burpee's Defiance Largest Flowering Mixed,** flowers measuring over five inches in diameter; **$145.00 in cash prizes** for the largest blooms—the finest Petunias in the world, *never sold for less than* 25c. *per pkt.* **Imperial German Pansies Splendid mixed,** more than fifty colors of the brightest and best Pansies. **New Royal Dwarf Purple Cockscomb** of immense size and great perfection. **Marigold Legion of Honor** a novelty of rare and unusual beauty. **New Calendula Giant Flowering Golden Yellow,** immense light yellow flowers, perfectly Double. **Calliopsis Coronata,** an annual variety, old but little known. **Choice Coleus,** with grand leaves of many brilliant hues. **New Yellow Dolichos,** a distinct novelty and the **new Brazilian Morning Glory,** large flowering, quite distinct both in foliage and flower.

☞ **The ten packets** named above, purchased from us or any other seedsmen would amount to **$1.20** at regular cash prices, we will, however, send all ten varieties, with full directions for culture printed on each packet—**The Complete COLLECTION for only 25 CENTS,** or five complete collections for $1.00.

Never before have such rare and valuable seeds of the most beautiful flowers been offered at such a nominal price. We hope to make thousands of new customers and we guarantee perfect satisfaction to every purchaser.

To each one who asks for it we will also send FREE **BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL for 1895,** a handsome book of 174 pages, well known as the **"leading American Seed Catalogue,"** or **A Bright Book about Seeds,** novel and unique.

If with the silver quarter you enclose two 2c stamps (or thirty cents in stamps altogether) besides the entire collection of seeds and either of the catalogues named, we will **also** send you a superb work of art entitled, **"A Year's Work at Fordhook Farm;"** this beautiful book gives many pictures from photographs of America's Model Seed Farm. ☞ **WRITE TO-DAY** as this advertisement **will not appear again** and such value was never before offered for so little money.

☞ Catalogues alone **FREE to any address.**

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., - PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AGENT'S COMPLETE OUTFIT. For 50 Cents we will mail to any address one complete **Burpee's Gem Collection** of ten packets, as described above, circulars of same, and **also** the famous **Fordhook Collection of New Sweet Peas**—containing six full size packets of the most beautiful **New Sweet Peas,** together with the booklet *All About Sweet Peas;* one **elegant lithographed hanger,** size thirty inches by nine inches, painted in fourteen colors, carefully rolled in a tube; **A Year's Work at Fordhook Farm;** one copy of **Burpee's Farm Annual** or **A Bright Book About Seeds** (whichever you have not now), several **Special Illustrated Circulars of Sweet Peas,** order sheets, etc., with **private terms to agents.** With the advertising matter and sample collections to show, it will be easy to sell these two new collections.

WRITE TO-DAY! This Advertisement will not appear again. ASK FOR

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL for 1895.

"The Leading American Seed Catalogue." A handsome book of 174 pages, 400 illustrations beautiful colored plates painted from nature, with many new features for 1895. It tells all about the Best Seeds that grow, including rare novelties that cannot be had elsewhere. **Mailed FREE to intending purchasers.**

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Seed Growers, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SEED TESTING EXTRAORDINARY.

The great development of the seed industry in America is nowhere better exemplified than on the large seed farm of W. ATLEE BURPEE & Co., at FORDHOOK,—located among the Bucks County hills in Pennsylvania,—a name now as familiar among seed growers and buyers as a household word.

"Tried and True" is the motto carried out at FORDHOOK, and for this purpose fourteen acres are set apart as trial grounds, in which this summer 6722 tests are being made in order to prove the genuineness of all seeds and the value of new introductions in their relative merits with existing varieties. Varieties under the same name, but from different firms and from different countries, are also brought side by side, thus enabling the grower to see at a glance the value and character of each. So, for this reason, a visit to FORDHOOK FARM is of the greatest benefit to the scientist, the seed grower, and the seedsman alike.

Too much credit cannot be given to MR. W. ATLEE BURPEE, the head of the great Philadelphia firm, for the energy he has displayed and the capital he has expended in order to make the experiments carried out at this perfect model farm of the utmost value, not only to himself, but to the whole nation, a fact proven by his throwing the farm open to the public on certain days in the week. To those interested in the trade it is always open.—*From a long illustrated article in* THE FLORISTS' EXCHANGE, *New York, September 29, 1894.*

To give an insight into our methods, we have published "A YEAR'S WORK AT FORDHOOK FARM," with many beautiful half-tone illustrations from photographs.

This new book has been prepared to lay before the reader, in an attractive manner, by the united efforts of pen and camera, an exact, comprehensive, and impartial picture of FORDHOOK, precisely as it appears to the eyes of the average man or woman visiting the Farm.

We regret that we cannot afford to send a copy of this little book with every catalogue for 1895, but to do so would cost more than ten thousand dollars *extra* for printing and postage. Although the regular price is **10 Cents** (or free as a premium with a dollar order), we will, upon receipt of *two 2-cent stamps,* mail a copy to the address of any planter who desires to consult it *before sending* this season's order for seeds. Shall we mail YOU a copy NOW? ☞ **Perhaps you would also like to have "A BRIGHT BOOK about SEEDS" mailed FREE to any address.**

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.,
SEED GROWERS,
Philadelphia, Pa.

ALFRED PEATS PRIZE WALL PAPERS

Our $1,000 Prize Designs are now Ready

SAMPLES FREE and our guide, "How to Paper and Economy in Home Decoration," to anyone who will send us a description of the different rooms they have to paper; what they are used for, their height and the colors desired.

Over 900 Amateur and Professional Designers competed for the $1,000 offered by us for the best eight designs for Wall Paper last Fall. *These Prize Designs* are the *Finest Productions of American Art.* Are artistically colored, and will give a tone to your rooms that cannot be obtained from other papers. They are our exclusive designs and can be purchased *ONLY FROM US OR OUR AGENTS.*

THE PRICE—These elegant Prize designs, which are the *Finest Wall Papers to be had,* will be sold by sample through the mail for *15 to 30 cts. per roll. GET THE BEST.*

In addition to these patterns we have *1,000,000 rolls of Wall Paper* for Kitchens, Bedrooms, Halls, Parlors, Offices, Churches and Public Buildings, some of them as *Low as 3 cents a Roll.*

AGENTS MAKE MONEY Selling our Wall Paper. If you have the time to spare and will take an interest in selling our Prize Designs and other papers, send $1.00 for Agents' Sample Books together with your references. In ordering, send to nearest address.

ALFRED PEATS, 41-43 W. 14th St., NEW YORK. 136-38 W. Madison St., CHICAGO

"Silver plate that wears."

Nut Bowl and Spoon made by the

Meriden Britannia Company.

Trade-Mark on nut bowls, tea sets, salad dishes, water pitchers, etc.

For nearly half a century our silver plated ware has been known as the highest quality made. If your dealer does not have it write to us and we will advise you where it can be obtained.

Meriden Britannia Co., Meriden, Conn.
New York, Chicago, San Francisco

Sole makers of the genuine "1847" Rogers Bros. *spoons, forks, etc.*

O'Neill's

6TH. AVENUE, 20th. TO 21st. STREET, NEW YORK.

IMPORTERS AND RETAILERS.

Fine Millinery, Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Cloaks, Costumes, House Furnishings, China, Glassware, Furniture, etc.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We are now booking names for our Spring and Summer Illustrated Catalogue, ready April 1st, and mailed FREE to out of town residents. Send for a Copy.

H. O'NEILL & CO., Sixth Ave., 20th to 21st St., NEW YORK

"A Word to the Wise is——"

A LITTLE HIGHER IN PRICE, BUT—!

We invite Housekeepers to insist upon being supplied with the

"FERRIS" BRAND

Sold by the Better Grocers.

Don't Buy Dry Goods

UNTIL YOU SEE OUR ILLUSTRATED FASHION CATALOGUE

(For Spring and Summer, 95).

Get all the others you please, but before purchasing get ours: it is yours for the asking.

FREE OF POSTAGE

WE OFFER:

Only reliable goods at bottom prices. Your money back for any goods not satisfactory. Goods delivered FREE OF CHARGE to all parts of the U. S. when orders amount to stated sums.

$500 IN PREMIUMS given semi-annually to purchasers through our catalogue.

Watch for the Bargain Sheet in our catalogue. Goods offered at 25 per cent below regular prices.

H. C. F. KOCH & CO.

West 125th St. bet. Lenox and 7th Avenues New York

Exclusively for the

Lady

The Sanita Napkin—the modern convenience of health, comfort, economy. Drop postal for particulars and sample package coupon.

DIXON'S No. 679

Cycle Lubricant

Sample, postage paid, 15 cts.

JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Box D-5, Jersey City, N. J.

EASTER MUSIC

EASTER SELECTIONS for 1895 containing Carols and Responsive Readings. Price 5 cents, postpaid.

RESURGAM

A service of Song and Readings, by *H. R. PALMER.* Price 5 cents, postpaid.

CANTATAS:

"Flower Praise" (20 cts) "Festival of the Flowers" (30 cts) "Under the Palms" (30 cts)

MUSICAL VISITOR for March will contain Easter Anthems. Price 15 cents.

Send for our complete list of Easter Music.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO., CINCINNATI, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.

MOTHER and BABE.

An important book by Mrs. Jenness Miller, for expectant mothers. A booklet of pages sent free.

Jenness Miller Monthly 144½ 5th

THE GOSPEL CHOIR No. 2.

By SANKEY, McGRANAHAN and STEBBINS. Containing the latest Anthems, Quartets, Duets, Sacred Songs and Choruses, by the authors. Will be issued February 25th.

Price: Paper Covers, 30c. per copy, postpaid; $3.60 per dozen. Board covers, $4 50 per dozen; Cloth, $6.00 per dozen, by express not prepaid.

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. 76 East 9th St. New York 215 Wabash Ave., Chicago

EASTER MUSIC

HE IS RISEN. EASTER MORN. AFTER THREE DAYS. 3 excellent Easter services for the S S complete with New Carols, etc. Price 5c ea. JERUSALEM! An Oratorio Cantata for the Choir and S. S. Very fine. Price 30c.

GEO. F. ROSCHE & CO., CHICAGO, 240 W. Madison st. NEW YORK, 46 E. 23d st.

MUSIC SALE To close out our stock we send by mail 60 pieces, full sheet music size, vocal and instrumental, all parts complete All for 12c or 4 lots 35c. C. H. Hathway, 339 Wash. St., Boston, Mass.

20th Edition—Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps.)

THE HUMAN HAIR, Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy. By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S. London. D. G. LONG & CO., 1683 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa. Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum*

MECHANICAL DRAWING *Mechanics, Steam Engineering, (Stationary, Marine) Machinery, Electricity, Architecture, Ridge Engineering, Plumbing, Surveying, English branches, Book-keeping.* Free circular, stating study, to Correspondence TAUGHT BY MAIL

Beautiful Women are Living Pictures when Properly Clothed

in garments interlined with

FIBRE CHAMOIS

As a support in Puffed Sleeves and Skirts, of the present style, FIBRE CHAMOIS is superior to hair cloth, crinoline, or elastic duck.

For interlining Bed Spreads, where warmth is required without weight, FIBRE CHAMOIS has no equal, being light, clean and warm, and within the reach of all, so far as cost goes.

Throw aside the heavy old-fashioned dirt and germ-breeding cotton comfortable, and enjoy the luxury of an Eider Down Coverlet at one-tenth the cost, by using FIBRE CHAMOIS.

Beware of inferior imitations. See that what you buy is stamped "FIBRE CHAMOIS," as it is patented and trade marked and will be protected.

To be had at the Linings Departments of all Dry Goods Stores.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18. COPYRIGHT 1895, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH. NUMBER 11.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 13, 1895.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, $1.50.

The International Lesson Committee,

Who by their Selections Guide Ten Million Sunday School Scholars throughout the World in Systematic and Simultaneous Biblical Study.

SOCIETIES, committees, and organizations of every kind abound in the religious world of our day and each has its special circle of God's people who are interested in it and the particular work it has undertaken in Christ's vineyard. It may safely be claimed, however, that no organization is in touch with so large a community as is the Committee whose portraits appear on this page. It is estimated that in the Sunday schools of the United States, Canada and Europe there are gathered every Sunday, scholars teachers and officers to the number of twenty-three millions. A large and ever increasing proportion of this vast number study the same part of God's Word on the same day. What that portion shall be, is decided by the fifteen eminent men whose portraits we give. The honor equally with the responsibility of the duty is fully realized on all hands, and we believe that there is no Sunday School throughout the world that will not be glad to see these portraits and that will not regard them as a treasure.

The Committee was appointed in 1890 by the International Sunday School Convention which that year met at Pittsburgh, Pa. Three times before that—in 1872, 1878 and 1884, the conventions had appointed committees for the same purpose. That those committees had performed their duty to the satisfaction of the Sunday School workers may be inferred from the fact that of the fifteen members appointed in 1890, thirteen had served on the previous committee and four—Dr. J. H. Vincent, Dr. Warren Randolph, Dr. John Hall and Mr. B. F. Jacobs had served on every one of the three committees.

Their duties were defined by the resolution which appointed the first committee in 1872. They were "to select a course of Bible Lessons for a series of years, not exceeding seven, which shall embrace as far as possible a general study of the whole Bible, alternating between the Old and New Testaments, semi-annually or quarterly as they may deem best." Later, additional instructions were given as to special lessons such as Temperance and Foreign Missions, and these were carried out. The concurrence of the English Sunday School Union in the arrangement led to the appointment of a Corresponding Committee there which has co-operated with the American Committee. The plan adopted has been to prepare in outline the plan of lessons for the year and then send it to England for criticism or suggestion. When the report of the English committee arrives another meeting is held, at which the various suggestions made are considered and, if approved, embodied in the plan.

Whatever criticism of their work there has been,—and it was inevitable that there would be criticism in a work that affected so large a number of intelligent persons—there is a general unanimity in the approval of the principle adopted. Never has there been a time when young people have had a better idea of the Bible as a whole, or have been so conversant with all its parts. Dr. Trumbull in his Yale lecture quotes an alumnus of one of the choicest Christian Colleges of New England, as saying of a young man then under eighteen years of age that, "he knows more of the Bible on entering college than I knew of it when I left the theological seminary, for he has had advantages in Bible study such as we knew nothing of in Sunday School or in the seminary in my day." The advantages to which he referred were those that the system of International Lessons has called into existence. When it was realized that the majority of the Sunday Schools in this country and a large number in Europe would on a certain day, study a certain passage of Scripture, all the resources of Christian scholarship and all the suggestions of experienced teachers were called forth and concentrated on that passage, with the object of helping the teacher to properly instruct his class. Beside this, there were all the advantages which come from systematic study. It would be impossible to learn history, science or philosophy by the discursive system, or no-system, that formerly prevailed in the Sunday School; and it was impossible to teach the Bible so. After ten years in regular attendance at the Sunday School a child might have but a very vague idea of the Bible as a whole, however familiar he might be with certain parts of it. But, by the system now adopted he is familiarized with the whole book from lid to lid. And in addition to these advantages there is the one which always comes from united effort and the mutual help derived from association in common study.

The system was not inaugurated without difficulty. Mr. B. F. Jacobs said in a recent speech that "no man had any right to special honor in this matter." Probably he would not find any one else with that opinion who knows anything of the matter in question. If Mr. Jacobs and Dr. J. H. Vincent had not labored with untiring energy, and infinite tact and good humor, the adoption of such a system as the International, might have been indefinitely postponed. The problem was in many minds but the difficulties seemed insurmountable. The way had been prepared before the convention of 1872 by the American Sunday School Union's annual series of question books and Dr. Vincent had shown in his "Sunday School Journal" that it was possible to teach the same lesson with profit in the primary, intermediate and adult departments; but there were denominational jealousies; and there were prejudices in favor of particular systems. All these had to be overcome and a committee nominated in which all had confidence. The victory must have been very gratifying to Mr. Jacobs, for the Committee, although composed of representatives of many denominations has worked harmoniously and the system has won its way into favor by its own merits.

It is due to the Committee to say that during the whole twenty-three years the members have served without any remuneration. Their traveling expenses have been defrayed by certain publishers of Lesson Helps but the members have given their time and labor without fee or reward.

Since the inauguration of the system at the beginning of 1873 the schools under the guidance of the successive committees have completed three courses of the entire Bible. Lessons have been based on passages from thirty-four of the thirty-nine Old Testament books and from twenty-three of the twenty-seven books of the New Testament. Thus by the wise Providence of God, the Bible itself has been studied thoroughly and systematically in an age of rampant scepticism.

THE MEN WHO SELECT OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

1. BISHOP J. H. VINCENT, Chairman.
2. DR. WARREN RANDOLPH, Rhode Island, Secretary.
3. HON. S. H. BLAKE, Canada.
4. DR. B. B. TYLER, New York.
5. DR. D. BERGER, Ohio.
6. DR. J. H. STAHR, Pennsylvania.
7. DR. JOHN POTTS, Canada.
8. DR. MOSES D. HOGE, Virginia.
9. DR. H. LOUIS BAUGHER, Pa.
10. DR. A. E. DUNNING, Mass.
11. DR. W. G. E. CUNNYNGHAM, Tenn.
12. DR. JOHN HALL, New York.
13. PROF. J. I. D. HINDS, Tenn.
14. DR. JOHN A. BROADUS, Ky.
15. MR. B. F. JACOBS, Ill.

A SERAPHIC DIET.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage, preached last Sunday in the Academy of Music, N. Y. Text: Psalms 78: 25: *"Man did eat angels' food."*

SOMEWHAT risky would be the undertaking to tell just what was the manna that fell to the Israelites in the wilderness; of what it was made how it was made and who made it. The manna was called angels' food, but why so called? Was it because it came from the place where angels live; or because angels compounded it; or because angels did eat it; or because it was good enough for angels? On what crystal platter was it carried to the door of heaven, and then thrown out? How did it taste. We are told there was in it something like honey. but if the saccharine taste in it had been too strong, many would not have liked it, and so it may have had a commingling of flavors—this delicacy of the skies. It must have been nutritious, for a nation lived on it for forty years. It must have been healthful, for it is so inspiringly applauded. It must have been abundant, because it dismissed the necessity of a sutler for a great army. Each person had a ration of three quarts a day allowed to him, and so fifteen million pounds were necessary every week. Those were the times of which my text speaks, when "man did eat angels' food." If the good Lord. who has helped me so often, will help me now, I will first tell you what is angels' food. and then how we may get some of it for ourselves. In our mortal state we must have for mastication, and digestion. and assimilation, the products of the earth. Corporeity, as well as mentality. and spirituality, characterizes us. The style of diet has much to do with our well-being. Light and frothy food taken exclusively results in weak muscle and semi-invalidism. The taking of too much animal food produces sensuality. Vegetarians are cranks. Reasonable selection of the farinaceous and the solid ordinarily produces physical stamina.

But we have all occasionally been in an ecstatic state where we forgot the necessity of earthly food. We were fed by joys. by anticipations, by discoveries, by companionships that dwindled the dining hour into insignificance, and made the pleasures of the table stupid and uninviting. There have been cases where from seemingly invisible sources the human body has been maintained, as in the remarkable case of our invalid and Christian neighbor, Mollie Fancher, known throughout the medical and Christian world for that she was seven weeks without earthly food, fed and sustained on heavenly visions. Our beloved Doctor Irenaeus Prime, editor and theologian, recorded the wonders concerning this girl. Professor West, the great scientist, marvelled over it, and Willard Parker, of world-wide fame in surgery, threw up his hands in amazement at it. There are times in all our lives when the soul asserts itself, and says to the body,

"Hush! Stand back! Stand down! I am at a banquet where no chalices gleam, and no viands smoke, and no culinary implements clatter. I am feeding on that which no human hand has mixed, and no earthly oven baked. I am eating angels' food." If you have never been in such an exalted state, I commiserate your leaden temperament, and I dismiss you from this service as incompetent to understand the thrilling and glorious suggestiveness of my text when it says: "Man did eat angels' food."

Now, what do the supernaturals live on? They experience none of the demands of corporeity, and have no hindrance or environment in the shape of bone, and muscle, and flesh, and hence that which may delectate our palate, or invigorate our poor, dying frames would be of no use to them. But they have a food of their own. My text says so. There may be other courses of food in the heavenly menu that I am not aware of, but I know of five or six styles of food always on celestial tables when cherubim, and seraphim, and archangel gather for heavenly repast: the mystery of redemption; celestialized music; the heavenly picturesque; sublime colloquy; eternal enterprises; saintly association; Divine companionship; celebrative jubilance.

There is one subject that excites the curiosity and inquisitiveness of all those angels. St. Peter says, "Which thing the angels desire to look into:" That is, why did Christ exchange a palace for a barn? Why did he drop a sceptre from his right hand to take a spear into his left side? Why quit the anthem of the worshipping heavens to hear the crooning of a weary mother's voice? Was a straw better than a garland? "Could it not have been done in some other way?" says angel the first. "Was the human race worth such a sacrifice?" says angel the second. "How could heaven get along without him for thirty-three years?" says angel the third. "Through that assassination may sinful man rise into our eternal companionship!" says angel the fourth. And then they all bend toward each other and talk about it, and guess about it, and try to fathom it, and prophesy concerning it. But the subject is too big, and they only nibble at it. They only break off a piece of it. They only taste it. They just dip into it. And then one angel cries: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" And another says, "Unsearchable!" And another says, "Past finding out!" And another says, "Alleluia!" And then they all fill their cups of gold with the "new wine of the kingdom.' Unlike the beakers of earth, which poison, these glow with immortal health, the wine pressed from the grapes of the heavenly Eshcol, and they all drink to the memory of manger and cross, shattered sepulchre and Olivetic ascension. Oh, that rapturous, inspiring, transporting theme of the world's ransom! That makes angels' food. The taking of that food gives stronger pulse to their gladness; adds several mornings of radiance to their foreheads; gives vaster circle to the sweep of their wings on mission inter-constellation. Some of the crumbs of that angels' food fall all around our wilderness camp to-day, and we feel like crying with Paul, "Oh, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" or with expiring Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" or with many an enraptured soul, "None but Christ! None but Christ!" Pass around this angels' food. Carry it through all these aisles. Climb with it through all these galleries. Take it among all the hovels, as well as among all the palaces of the great town. Give all nations a taste of this angels' food.

Now, in the emerald palace of heaven, let the cup-bearers and servants of the King remove this course from the banquet, and bring on another course of angel's food, which is Celestialized Music. You and I have seen at some concert or oratorio a whole assemblage to whom the music was a feast. Never anything that they took in at the lips of the mouth was so delightful to their taste as that which they took in at the lips of the ear. I have seen, and you have seen people actually intoxicated with sweet sounds. Oratorios which are always too protracted for those of us who have not had our faculties cultivated in that direction, were never long enough for them. As at eleven o'clock at night the leader of the orchestra gave the three taps of his baton to again start the music, they were as fresh and alert as when three hours before, and at eight o'clock, the curtain first lifted. Music to them is food for body, food for mind, and food for soul. From what I read in my Bible, I think celestialized music will make up a large part of angels' food. Why do I say "celestialized music?" Because though music may have been born in heaven, it had not all its charms until it came to earth and took a baptism of tears. Since then it has had a pathos and a tenderness that it could not otherwise have possessed. It had to pass under the shadows, and over stormy seas, and weep at sepulchres, and to be hummed as lullaby over the cradle of sick children, before it could mount to its present altitudes of heavenly power. No organ on earth would be complete without the stop, "Tremolo," and the stop, "Vox Humana." And no music of heaven would be complete without the "Tremolo" of earthly sorrow comforted, and the "Vox Humana" of earthly sympathies glorified. Just take up the New Testament and find it a note-book of celestialized music. It says Jesus sang a hymn before he went to the Mount of Olives, and if he could sing on earth with Bethlehem humiliation close behind him, and sworn enemies close on both sides of him, and the torments of Golgotha just before him, do you not suppose he sings in heaven? Paul and Silas sang in midnight dungeon, and do you not suppose that now they sing on the Delectable Summits? What do the harps, and trumpets, and choirs of Revelation suggest, if not music? What would the millions of good singers and players upon instruments who took part in earthly worship do in heaven without music? Why, the mansions ring with it. The great halls of eternity echo with it. The worship of unnumbered hosts is enwrapped with it. It will be the only art of earth that will have enough elasticity and strength to leap the grave and take possession of heaven. Sculpture will halt this side the grave, because it chiefly commemorates the forms of those who in heaven will be reconstructed, and what would we want of the sculptured imitation, when we stand in the presence of the resurrected original? Painting will halt this side the grave, because the colors of earth would be too tame for heaven, and what use to have pictured on canvas the scenes which shall be described to us by those who were the participants? One of the disciples will tell us about the "Last Supper" better than Titian, with mighty touch, set it up in art gallery. The plainest saint by tongue will describe the Last Judgment better than Michael Angelo. with his pencil, put it upon the ceiling of the Vatican. Architecture will halt this side the grave, for what use would there be for architect's compass and design in that city which is already built and garnished until nothing can be added; all the Tuilleries, and Windsor Castles, and St. Clouds of the earth piled up not equalling its humblest residences; all the St. Pauls, and St. Peters, and St. Izaaks, and St. Sophias of the earth built into one cathedral not equalling the Heavenly Temple. But Music will pass right on, right up, and right in, and millions in heaven will acknowledge that, under God, she was the chief cause of their salvation. Oh, I would like to be present when all the great Christian singers and the great Christian players of all the ages shall congregate in heaven. Of course, they must, like all the rest of us, be cleansed and ransomed by the blood of the slain Lamb. Alas! that some of the great artists of sweet sound have been as distinguished for profligacy as for the way they warbled the song, or fingered the key-board, or trod the organ pedal. Some who have been distinguished bassos, and sopranos. and prima donnas on earth, I fear will never sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, or put the lip to the trumpet with sounds of victory before the throne. But many of the masters who charmed us on earth will more mightily charm us in heaven. Great Music Hall of Eternity! May you and I be there some day to acclaim when the "Hallelujah Chorus" is wakened. As on earth there have been harmonies made up of other harmonies, a strain of music from this cantata, and a strain of music from that overture, and a bar from this, and a bar from that, but one great tune, or theme, into which all the others were poured as rivers into a sea, so it may be given to the mightiest soul in the heavenly world to gather something from all the sacred songs we have sung on earth, or which have been sung in all the ages, and roll them on in eternal symphony: but the one great theme, and the one overmastering tone that shall carry all before it, and uplift all heaven from central throne to furthest gate of pearl, and to highest capstone of amethyst, will be. "Unto him who loved us, and washed us from our sins, in his own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God, and the Lamb: to him be glory!" That will be manna enough for all heaven to feed on. That will be a banquet for immortals. That will be angels' food.

Now, in the emerald palace of heaven, let the cup-bearers and servants of the King remove this course from the banquet, and bring on another course of angels' food, which is. Laying Out of Mighty Enterprise. The Bible lets us know positively that the angels have our world's affairs on their heart. They afford the rapid transit from world to world. Ministering spirits, escorting spirits, defending spirits, guardian spirits. Yea, they have all worlds on their thought. We are told they sang together at the Creation, and that implied not only the creation of our world, but of other worlds. Shall they plan only for our little planet, and be unconcerned for a planet three hundred times larger? No. They have all the galaxies under their observation: mighty schemes of helpfulness to be laid out and executed: shipwrecked worlds to be towed in: planetary fires to be put out: demoniac hosts riding up to be hurled back and down. These angels of light unhorse an Apollyon with one stroke of battle-axe celestial. They talk these matters all over. They bend toward each other in sublimest colloquy. They have cabinet meetings of winged immortals. They assemble the mightiest of them in holy consultation. They plan out stellar, lunar solar, constellated achievement. They vie with each other as to who shall do the grandest thing for the eternities. They compose doxologies for the Temple of the Sun They preside over coronations. If in the great organ of the universe one key gets out of tune, they plan for its re-tuning No undertaking is so difficult; no post o duty is so distant; no mission is so stupendous, but at God's command they are gladly obedient. When they sit together in the heavenly places, Gabriel, and Michael, the archangel; and the angel that pointed Hagar to the fountain in the desert; and the angel that swung open the prison door o delivered Peter; and the angels who are t be the reapers at the end of the world; and the angel that stood by Paul to encourag him on the foundering corn-ship of Alexandria; and the two angels that sentinele the tomb of Christ; and the four angel that St. John saw in Apocalypse at the four corners of the earth; and the twelv angels that guard the twelve swingin pearls; and the twenty thousand chariote angels that the Psalmist described; and

more radiant than all of them put together, and mightier than all, and lovelier than all, "The Angel of the Covenant;" the cadences of his voice, the best music that ever entranced mortal or immortal ears; his smile another noon risen on mid-noon; his presence enough to make a heaven if there were no other attraction—I say, when they meet together in the council chambers close to the Throne—Ah! that will be realement infinite. That will be a repast supernal. That will be angels' food. And one of my exciting anticipations of heaven is the prospect of seeing and talking with some of them. Why not? What did they come out for on the balcony on that Christmas night and sing for our world, if they did not want to be put in communication with us? I know the serenade was in Greek, but they knew that their words would be translated in all languages. If they thought themselves too good to have anything to do with us, would they have dropped Christmas carols upon the shepherds some of them as bad as any of us have ever been? Aye! If they sang for mortals, will they not sing for us when we become immortals?

Now, in the emerald palace of heaven, let the cup-bearers and servants of the King remove this course from the banquet, and bring on another course of angel's food—the last course, and the best; the dessert; the culmination of the feast, which is, Celebrative Jubilance. You and I have known people who prided themselves on never getting excited. They have cultivated the phlegmatic. You never saw them cry; you never heard them in a burst of laughter. They are monotonous, and to me intolerable. I am afraid of a man or a woman that cannot cry; I am afraid of a man or a woman who cannot laugh. Christ says in the book of Revelation that such people are to him nauseating, and cause regurgitation. (Revelation 3: 16.) "Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." But the angels in heaven have no stolidity or unresponsiveness. There is one thing that agitates them into holy mirth. When that happens if their harp be hung up they take it down, and with deft fingers pull from among the strings a canticle. They run in to their neighbors on the same golden street and tell the good news. If Miriam has there cymbals anything like those with which she performed on the banks of the Red Sea, she claps them in triumph, and there is a festal table spread, and the best of the angels' food is set on it. When is it? It is when a man or woman down in the world who was all wrong, by the grace of God is made all right. (Luke 15: 10.) "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Why are they so happily agitated? Because they know what a tremendous thing it is to turn clear around from the wrong road, and take the right road. It is because they know the difference between swine's trough with nothing but husks, and a King's banquet with angels' food. It is because they know the infinite, the everlasting difference between down, and up. And then, their festivity is catching. If we hear the bells of a city ring, we say, "What is that for?" If we hear rolling out from an auditorium the sound of a full orchestra, we say, "What is happening here?" And when the angels of God take on jubilance over a case of earthly repentance, your friends in heaven will say, "What new thing has happened? Why full diapason? Why the chime from the oldest towers of eternity?" The fact is, my hearers, there are people in heaven who would like to hear from you. Your children there are wondering when father and mother will come into the Kingdom, and with more glee than they ever danced in the hallway at your coming home at eventide, they will dance the floor of the heavenly mansion at the tidings of father and mother saved. Beside that, the old folks want to hear from you. They are standing at the head of the celestial stairs waiting for the news that their prayers have been answered, and that you are coming on to take from their lips a kiss better than that which now they throw you. Calling you by your first name, as they always did, they are talking about you and saying: "There is our son," or, "There is our daughter down in that world of struggle, battling, suffering, sinning, weeping. Why can they not see that Christ is the only one who can help, and comfort, and save?"

That is what they are saying about you. And if you will this hour in one prayer of surrender that will not take more than a second to make, decide this, then, swifter than telegraphic dispatch the news would reach them, and angels of God who never fell would join your glorified kindred in celebration, and the caterers of heaven would do their best, and saints and seraphs side by side would take angels' food. Glory be to God for such a possibility! Oh, that this moment there might be a rush for heaven!

The Spirit and the bride say, Come,
Rejoicing saints re-echo. Come;
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come;
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

A NOBLE SHOEMAKER.

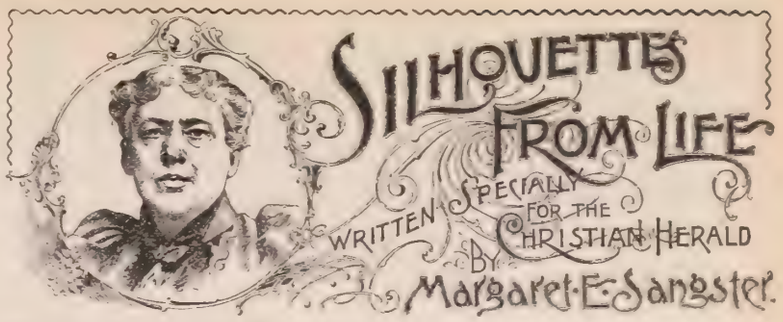
During the Russian famine, the Swedish people, like the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, contributed funds for the relief of the starving people. They were contributed by Herr J. Stadling, a Swedish gentleman who went to Russia for that purpose. During his stay he made the acquaintance of Count Tolstoi, and has published a description of him from which we learn the following facts: "Tolstoi," says Herr Stadling, "is a Russian nobleman, having a large estate at Yasnaja Poljana, in the province of Tula. I suppose this estate would be of the value of 300,000 roubles [$127,500]. It is his ancestral estate, but he has others at Samara. He belongs to one of the oldest families in Russia. He succeeded to the estate in his seventeenth year, when he was at the university of Kasan. He had by this time imbibed ideas which were regarded as highly eccentric. He adopted the Sermon on the Mount as the rule of his life. He carried his ideas into practice by handing over part of his estates to the peasants living upon them, and he would have followed the same course at Yasnaja Poljana, had not the Countess interfered and appealed to the authorities, who took charge of them in trust for his family. During the famine Count Tolstoi and his family and their helpers succeeded in establishing about 400 eating rooms, besides several depots at which 40,000 persons were fed daily. Tolstoi is simple and unaffected in his manners. He lives in the plainest style it is possible to imagine. A wooden chair, a small camp bed, and such-like simple furniture are the only things he uses. He is a stern and strict vegetarian and abstainer. He dresses habitually in the garb of a Russian peasant. In order to carry out his ideas as to the dignity of labor, he has learnt shoemaking, and devotes as much time daily to this pursuit as circumstances will allow. His influence has been felt even by the Nihilists who are violently opposed to his doctrine of non-resistance, but large numbers of them have been won over by his books. In fact, he is to-day the greatest moral force in Russia, and the secret of that force is his burning indignation against all that is immoral or unjust. His whole life is a protest against the immorality of the present day. He holds up the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount as forming a basis for an ideal life, and he holds that true religious life can only be lived by carrying out its teachings. He believes that the Kingdom of God will never come on earth until this is done by every man and woman." Herr Stadling adds that Tolstoi is one of the finest scholars in Russia.

THE SOUL'S INVOCATION.

COME, gentle Spirit! like a dove
Descend upon us from above;
In our hour of gloom and sadness,
Warm with love and bring us gladness
As thou didst with tongue of fire,
Come, oh, come, and lift us higher!

Gentle Spirit we do pray
Light upon us day by day.
In the moments, as they fly,
Gentle Spirit, pass not by.
Let us hear thy precious Voice,
Let us every day rejoice.

Come upon us now and rest,
That our souls may thus be blest.
Holy Spirit, be our friend;
Guard and guide us to the end.—W.A.K.



THE BARRELS FROM RENFIELD.

"THE last of the sugar, Father!"

"And the last of the oatmeal?"

"Only flour enough for one more baking! Hardly that."

"The potatoes are almost gone, and there's no more pork."

"Lottchen's shoes are completely worn out. She cannot go out of the house until she gets another pair! Neither to school, nor to play, nor anywhere else."

They sat around the breakfast table, a fine group, the brave home missionary and his family, and the usual blessing on the food had been pronounced, the sweet devout blessing without which John Fletcher never began a meal. "Father!" he had said reverently, "thou openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing; grant us," he had continued, "thy blessing on our many mercies, forgiveness of our sins, and grace for the day. Accept us for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen!"

"Amen!" repeated the rest.

Mrs. Fletcher, a thin, fragile and pale-faced woman with a sweet, yet anxious look, was pouring hot coffee from a steaming tin pot. It was she who had sparingly apportioned the last of the sugar to each cup, and called her husband's attention to the empty bowl.

Greta, the eldest daughter, had spoken of the oatmeal, as she helped to the porridge. Katrina had supplemented the statements of her mother and sister by her allusion to the flour, she being the family bread-maker, and it was John Jr., the only son, who had mentioned the potatoes and the pork. The family all took a hand in the work.

During this time, Mr. Fletcher did not speak. By so much as the quiver of a muscle he did not show that the situation alarmed him, or that it tried his faith. But, in his old leathern pocketbook there were at that moment precisely forty-seven cents.

It was a cold morning and a bitter blast at that moment went whirling round the house, rattling the shutters, and moaning down the chimney like the muttering of a wild beast.

"Put more wood in the stove, Jack," said the minister, tranquilly. "Thank God that we have plenty of wood."

"But, father, dear," urged the daughter, "where is our food to come from, and what shall we do for clothes? We can't eat fuel. And everything going at once."

"Darling," and the minister's tone was as solemn and sweet as when it pronounced the benediction, "I don't know. God knows. And we must not worry; we must be in perfect peace. Has he not said, 'Fear not little flock. It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' Relief will come, and rations, if we obey orders."

The family settled itself to its several occupations, as if it had been that of a millionaire. All in the one living room, which was study, parlor, kitchen, nursery, and Jack's bedroom in combination. The frontier parsonage was not very spacious.

Mr. Fletcher was busy over his Sunday's sermon. Greta was putting a seat into Jack's trousers, his best ones; Katrina was knitting a stocking. John was preparing a Latin lesson for his mother, who among her many duties, included that of fitting her boy for college. She herself had been an honor graduate of an Eastern college, and notwithstanding the bareness of her present lot, the traditions of refinement remained unimpaired in her home economy. Lottchen played with her doll, contented with old shoes, or none, so long as mother and father were there.

As a family they were in great straits, in common with the whole neighborhood. Men came miles to church without overcoats in freezing weather. Women had no flannels nor other comfortable underclothing, and were in want of gowns and jackets. As did our Pilgrim forefathers, they did, suffering penury, want, hardship of every kind, and in stoical fortitude. The drought had killed the last crops. There was no money in the place.

For Mr. Fletcher to feel no anxiety at the well-nigh desperate state of affairs, would have been impossible, but his motto was, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall direct thy steps," and on this motto he acted. He had written three weeks ago to friends in the East: the answer had come telling of help soon to be sent. He lived in constant and earnest communion with God, the state of heart in which every moment is an inaudible prayer.

The Renfield Church, in the hill country of Connecticut, was composed of well-to-do people, farmers and tradesmen, and professional men with comfortable incomes. Not a soul in Renfield had even a bowing acquaintance with poverty. Everybody had enough and to spare. It was to Renfield that John Fletcher's friend had sent John Fletcher's plain, manly letter, and it had been read one evening after the prayer meeting.

Result: The ladies of the church met and packed four big barrels for the distant frontier church, the church of Lonesome Valley, Rev. John Fletcher, pastor. They had taken the deeper interest in it, when the President of the Ladies' Society stated that her old schoolmate Annie Wagner, had married Mr. Fletcher, and had bravely borne the many trials of a home missionary's life for seventeen years.

What went into the barrels? Well, in the first place, a goodly supply of warm, well-mended clothing, not in the latest style, but thoroughly good. Judge Stuart's thick blue cape overcoat, that he had kept this five years for occasional use in sleighrides, his daughter's heavy brown ulster; Mrs. Merrifield's second-best fur-lined cloak and a great deal more; dresses, trowsers, capes, petticoats, stockings, shoes, shawls, arctics, leggings: just a lot of nice things, the superfluities of a well-clothed community. Blankets went into one barrel, and quilts, one old lady sent five patch-work ones, well wadded and really splendid, rising sun and evening star patterns. Then there was a goodly supply of groceries, and, tucked into the very middle of one barrel, a volume of sermons just published, done up in three wrappers and addressed in a bold hand to Mr. Fletcher with "Personal" in one corner."

In more than one aspect this was a gift to be prized, for here and there between the leaves, the thoughtful donor had inserted greenbacks to the amount of one hundred dollars, and said nothing about it, being not one to sound a trumpet before him.

A loud knock at the door interrupted the parsonage tasks, in the middle of the morning, just when Mrs. Fletcher was wondering how they could dine with neither pork nor potatoes.

"Hello!" cried a teamster. "Here's a consignment for you, Pastor! Four big barrels from Renfield, Conn."

Great was the excitement and joy in the Lonesome Valley Church. Something for everybody was in those blessed barrels. Shoes for Lottchen and for others like her.

Provisions for many an empty larder, and the minister's family sat down that noon to such coffee and such sugar as they had not tasted in months.

The little company of friends of the Lonesome Valley Church, when the gifts had been distributed, sang with exultant voices, from grateful hearts, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and when next Mr. Fletcher prayed in his family, he took up a sort of "Glory, hallelujah" strain, ending with a thrill in his low tones, and a throb in his soul, that sent tears to his wife's eyes, "Never will we disbelieve or doubt thee again, oh! God of our salvation. Thou art the strength of our life and our portion forever."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

PURITY OF LIFE.

S. S. Lesson for March 24. Rom. 13: 8-14. Golden Text I Thes. 5:21. By Mrs. Baxter.

ONLY once has an absolutely pure life been lived on earth by a Man amongst men, and that life is the Light of men. (John 1: 4). The standards of purity among men, inside and outside of the Church of God, are almost as many as the individuals who uphold them. There is but one company of God's children who have absolutely the same standard, for they have absolutely the same hope: that of the Lord's return. "Beloved," writes the apostle John—the chosen recipient of the last Revelation of his Lord to the Church—"now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be. We know that if he shall be manifested, we shall be like him, for we shall see him even as he is." And then he adds: "And every one that hath this hope on him, [A.V. in him],

Purifieth Himself

even as he is pure" (I John 3: 2 4 R V). Absolute purity of life is nothing less than to be pure even as he is pure. A lower standard is human; this is divine. But it is the hope of Christ's coming in him, penetrating his whole being, possessing him, making part and parcel of all his life, his plans, his projects, his thoughts, his conversation, which impels a man to purify himself even as he is pure. One who has this hope in him has a motive actuating him which tries all things in the balances of the sanctuary. He can no longer look upon purity as simply the abstinence from grosser forms of sin, from drunkenness, gluttony, impurity or other fleshly sins, nor even from temper, jealousy, envy, strife or other heart sins. Pure "even as he is pure" goes far deeper; it means that all the secret springs where the motives are formed, must be cleansed from self, and must proceed from constant and immediate contact with the living God. Jesus was in heaven while he was still on earth. All that he did on earth was the outcome of a life lived in closest oneness with his Father. He could say to the Jews: "Many good works have I shewed you from the Father:" and again, "the words which I say unto you, I speak not of myself but the Father which dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." (John 14: 10).

"God is love." The passage chosen for our lesson commences with the words: "Owe no man anything but to love one another." True purity is to be pure from self as Christ is; true sanctification is love even as he loved us. We are only holy, only sanctified, only pure, in the measure that we love, and "by love serve one another." (Gal. 5:13). Love is a debt we owe, every saved sinner owes this debt, it never has been, and never can be worked off. Infinite, inexplicable Love came down to us when we were at enmity with him. It is

A Debt we Owe to Him

that we should love others as he has loved us. All holiness which does not result in love is a holiness which cannot produce life. The first man was made a living soul and the last man was made a life-giving spirit. When the Son of man met the lost woman of Samaria at the well of Sychar, and, instead of being repelled by her rudeness, he patiently set himself to win her, he imparted his own life to her, as he led her to believe on him, after searching her heart in the faithfulness of love, by bringing before her the sin of her life, or as she expressed it, "he told me all things that ever I did." Thus the Son observed and prepared to know him as the Christ. Had he noticed for a moment her personal rudeness to himself, [illegible] instead of explaining to her when she took upon herself to speak of the theological opinions of the Jews and the Samaritans, he might indeed have wounded her and conquered her in argument, but he would have left her an unsaved soul. He came that we might have life, and life flowed forth from him into the souls and bodies of those who listened to him, as well as those who touched him. We owe it to him, and we owe it to the lost world for which he died, that we too should be sources of life, rivers of living water to those with whom we come in contact. But this can only be in the measure in which we love "with a pure heart fervently." (1 Pet. 1: 22). How many eloquent preachers there are who yet leave their congregation where they find them, and work "no deliverance in the earth," whereas some poor illiterate man or woman whom God has filled with love, one who has no reputation to watch over but who yields himself as a simple instrument to God, is being used to the salvation of many. It is love which does it. The great preacher may be absorbed with his own powers, the simple, unknown follower of Christ sees only his grace and the needs of the unsaved. While an Eli could do nothing, a little Samuel could bring a people near to God.

"Owe no man anything but to love one another." Paul was free from all men, but by love made himself servant to all, that he might win the more. (1. Cor. 9: 19.) Paul owed no debts; no unfulfilled obligations brought in an atmosphere between him and others which chilled his love; he had no unconfessed feelings of bitterness or wounded spirit which hindered the flow of divine love he owed no man anything but a little more love. In this he could never estimate his debt as fully paid, to him who had loved him and given himself for him. Paul exercised himself to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man. Thus he was free, untrammelled. Like his Master, he fulfilled the law, for "He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law." In the original, the definite article is used—

The Other—

not any other. Every man can love some other, but the other is the man or woman who tries him most, the one, the very tone of whose voice, the very expression of whose face, the very movements of whom are used by Satan to stir up in his heart enmity, dislike, contempt or irritability; the very one whom God is using more specially than any other to test and to educate him. If "the other" so repugnant to our nature is loved, not merely tolerated, but loved as Christ has loved us, then the law is fulfilled. Only divine love can love the instruments by whom we suffer, by whom all the flesh in us is brought to the surface. But divine love embraces just that other with an intensity of love which nothing can chill, for it is a love eternal as God's; it is part of his very own, and such love is purity of life even as he is pure—such love leaves the law powerless to make a claim; it is the love which "worketh no ill to his neighbor," even by thought, and therefore is "the fulfilling of the law."

And the solemnity of the time, more solemn now than ever, lays a stress upon our obligation to love. "And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." True it is eighteen hundred years and more since these words were written, and it would seem as though they had lost their force by reason of the lapse of time, but our God is not bound by time as we are. With him a thousand years is as one day and one day as a thousand years. The creation is waiting and God is waiting, "for the manifestation of the sons of God." Rom. 8: 19. The world will not, and cannot believe that God has sent his Son until those whom the Father has given to him are "perfected into one." (John 17: 23, R.V.) The perfecting of his elect is God's measure of time. The power is his, and no delay on his part has hindered these years. But now that the signs of our Lord's coming are multiplying, that the eyes of the world are upon the Jews and Palestine, we know that the times of the Gentiles draw to an end. Now that everywhere earnest Christians are becoming more and more alive to the nearness of the Lord's coming, these words of Paul to the Romans come back to us with a new power: "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. This is not salvation from our past sins, but that "hope of salvation" which Paul taught the Thessalonians, whose conversion had been such a thorough one.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

NOT IN RIOTING OR DRUNKENNESS.

HERE seems, on the surface, to be a lack of affinity between the remedy and the disease in pointing a victim of vice to love, as a means of deliverance from his impurity. Experience has proved, however, that there is efficacy in the method. A boy's love for his mother has often been a shield to him against temptation; and a dissipated, hardened, criminal who has been deaf to all appeals, has often broken down when some one has reminded him of his mother's love. There have been cases, too, where a young man has been turned away from a career of vice by the love of some pure woman. Love is a potent force in the heart and, if it can be enlisted on the side of righteousness, it can work wonders. Paul places his chief reliance upon it in the passage selected for the lesson. He says it is better than law, because if a man loves God he will serve him, and if he loves a man he will not injure him in any way. There is no need to tell a man who loves another that he must not kill him or rob him. He has no inclination to do either; so love is the fulfilling of the law. Now, how can love operate to keep anyone from becoming impure, or to rescue him after he has become impure? In explaining this, the teacher has an opportunity to plant in the child's mind a conception which may be an inestimable help to him all through his life. It is that of God near him, ready to work with him for the transformation of his life. He has two natures, and God wants him to rise out of the control of his lower nature and to lead a spiritual life. God will help him to do that. He urges him to stop seeking his pleasures in eating and drinking and other pleasures of the flesh. There must be a struggle in a man between the animal and the spiritual, which can end only in the man rising to the spiritual or falling back to the animal. If he will try to rise, God will help him. Thus he invites love and confidence. And he does so by giving his own love, so freely and lavishly. He is love, and we have no better idea of Christ than love incarnate. To realize that God loves him, and to love God and holiness, is the one sure way out of impurity.

High time to awake out of sleep. There are some creatures who sleep all the winter. In the hybernating condition all the vital functions are reduced to an extremely low activity. Life is practically suspended. Respiration is so slight that if the hybernating animal is placed in an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas, that would be certain death to it in its normal condition it will remain in it unhurt for hours. The functions it is endowed with are idle, and the creature is useless. But when the Spring comes it begins to stir itself and make use of its powers. The Apostle intimates that idle and useless people are in this state of hybernation, and calls upon them to arouse themselves from their half dead condition.

Cast off the works of darkness. It is often very difficult to do this, for when one who has indulged in evil would shake himself free and lead a good life he finds himself thwarted and entrapped, either by the power of his own habits or by the connections he has formed. Vice in any form, whether drinking, gambling, lust or any other form is a dangerous thing to meddle with. It is like the plant known as the glaucous birthwort. The fly or moth that enters the tubular flower finds its passage easy, and having feasted to the full, turns to fly away. But the inside of the flower is lined with sharp spines, whose points are turned inward. They offer no hindrance to the moth on entering but when he attempts to leave they are pointed toward him and he is pierced from above and below. Once inside, there is no escape.

Not in rioting or drunkenness. Dr. Newman Hall utters an earnest warning against the indulgence in strong drink. He says that the parents of a beautiful girl who was a member of his Bible Class, came to him in great distress. Their daughter was missing and they could not find her. The hospitals were searched, the asylums were visited, the rivers dragged, but there was no trace of the girl. They sadly concluded that she must have been murdered and her body concealed. Nearly a year afterward she was found. She was not dead, but she was dead to beauty and to virtue. Her story was a terrible one. On leaving the Bible class she had gone for a walk with a girl friend who had introduced her to a gentleman whom they met. On his invitation, after repeated refusals, she drank a glass of wine. She was unused to the stimulant, but finding that it raised her spirits, she drank more and had what her girl friend called a good time. She became dazed and finally lost consciousness. When she recovered her senses she was in a vicious resort and her character was ruined. She was ashamed to go home and stayed in the house of sin, becoming as vicious and degraded as the other inmates. She was found by a city missionary who restored her to her home. But sorrow and shame had done their work on her delicate frame, and in less than a year she was dead. The first glass of wine had borne its fatal fruit.

Not in strife. The religion of Christ is one of peace and love. Members of his church ought to be examples in both characteristics. Quarrelsome people are a nuisance in the church and anywhere else and it it is a significant fact that they are a nuisance and an injuty to themselves as well as others. A quarrelsome person is sure to be miserable. Sea-crabs are natural types of the quarrelsome people. When left free, they seize on each other's limbs and tear them off. If a crab is irritated and one of its own small claws be inserted in the grip of one of its large claws, it is unable to recognize its own limb, and exerting all its strength, will crush the claw thereby injuring itself.

Make not provision for the flesh. The reading of this verse was the turning-point in the career of the great Augustine. He tells us, in his confessions, that in 368, at the crisis of his life, when after an illness, he was torn with the conflict of emotions, his vicious past life beckoning him to resume his indulgences, and his better nature protesting, he flung himself on the ground under a fig tree in a retired part of his garden at Milan, to decide his future. He was thirty-two years old, handsome, brilliant, high-spirited. As he turned the matter over in his mind, he heard a voice saying, "Take and read." It seemed to come from a neighboring house, but Augustine accepted it as a voice from heaven. A roll of Paul's epistles which he had left with a friend was in his mind at the time, and he concluded that the words referred to it. He went to his friend's house and asked for the roll. Opening it at random his eyes fell on this passage: "Make not provison for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." It seemed a divine command; he obeyed. Going to his mother, the saintly Monica, whose heart had been well nigh broken by her beloved son's degradation, he told her of his resolve to live for God henceforth. From this resolve he never swerved, and like the Apostle Paul, whom in many ways he resembled, his whole subsequent life was one of service and sacrifice.

Thousands Bless the Fund.

has brought "Winter Sunshine" into the Stricken West—The Relief Work still Progressing—Splendid Donations of Seed and More to Follow.

ANOTHER striking illustration of the divine truth that God takes care of all of his children who place their trust in him, has been furnished during the past week, in connection with the Western Relief Fund. At a time when the seed question has become a burning one the afflicted States and when the Western farmers, though supplied with clothing and food sufficient for present needs, are most despairing of being able to do any sowing this year, their prayers are being answered in a most unexpected manner. The Chicago Board of Trade has appointed a committee to raise a Seed Fund. Wm. T. Baker, Esq., President of the Board, sends us this telegram, explaining the action of the Board:

CHICAGO, March 2, 1895.

LOUIS KLOPSCH, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York: The action of the Board is the appointment of a Committee to devise ways and means for the relief of needy and worthy farmers residing in the drought-stricken sections of the West. The relief will be given in the form of seed-grain and will be distributed upon a business basis. The extent of the relief will depend upon the amount subscribed. A Committee on Subscriptions is at work and will report in a few days. We cannot supply the tithe of what is said to be required for seed and feed. Subscriptions will come from individual members of the Board. As an organization, we have no authority under the laws to make appropriations for such purposes.

WM. T. BAKER, *President.*

The New York and St. Louis Boards will also probably give donations.

Several leading seedsmen have sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offers of vegetable seed in such generous quantities as will gladden the hearts of very many families. The following letter from a leading seed-house, shows the spirit of Christian sympathy which has prompted these timely gifts to the West:

Office of JAMES J. H. GREGORY & SONS, Seed Growers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Garden and Flower Seed.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

To the Editor of The Christian Herald:

MY DEAR SIR: There is no way in which the unfortunate farmers of the drouth-stricken region of Nebraska, Southern Dakota, and Kansas can be so effectually helped as through a supply of seed to enable them to plant their gardens, for the product from these will help them materially in the way of food until their standard crops mature. Any money value given this way they can increase many times over. Now there is no good reason why these suffering pioneers, with their wives and little ones, should not be able to sit down to tables loaded with good vegetables the coming summer. A drouth will not follow three seasons in succession; it would be contrary to all precedent. It is practically merely a question whether they shall have given them a supply of garden seed.

To set the ball a-rolling I will give vegetable seed to **one thousand families,** sufficient for each to plant about one-fifth of an acre. The lot will embrace a dozen varieties of the standard vegetables, including beans, peas and sweet corn, and, as a rule, each will be among the earliest of its kind. That this may be put on a business basis, I would have applicants meet, organize, elect executive officers, these to be endorsed by the clergymen of the locality, and further, the addresses of all who are aided be forwarded with the application, which will prevent the various organizations overlapping each other, or duplicates sent to the same applicant, for I am continually in receipt of individual applications from the stricken section. Free carriage is open to Nebraska, through the generous action of the express companies, and half rates given to Colorado and Kansas.

The expressage on such long routes is of course high, even at half-rates, and this makes it necessary to send to individuals by mail; now this, added to the value of the seed and the cost of putting up and packing, makes a heavy burden for one pair of shoulders to bear: cannot some blessed with the means, bless themselves by giving help here—such help to be acknowledged in the HERALD? Lists of those to whom the seed is sent will always be accessible at my seed house. However, whether the public decide to help me or not, one thousand families shall have a supply of good garden seed—I have done the thing alone before and will do it again if necessary; it is more than one man's share, but there is greater misery in the refusing than in the doing of it. I have already responded to two hundred applications.

Yours truly,

Marblehead, Mass. J. J. H. GREGORY.

The suggestion in the letter of Mr. Gregory as to the organization of Distributing Committees is an excellent one and should be followed in every county, in order that the seed may be sent where it will be most serviceable. It is hoped that other seedsmen in different parts of the country may speedily add their contributions, so that the benefit may be shared by as large a number of families as possible. All contributions of vegetable or other seed for this purpose will be acknowledged in these columns, the seed to be sent direct to the persons selected by the local committees as proper beneficiaries. No applications will be received unless endorsed by a regularly organized committee.

W. Atlee Burpee & Co., of Philadelphia, the well-known seedsmen, telegraph us that they will duplicate their previous donation of $100 worth of seed to the Western sufferers. Theodore Outerbridge of Sunnylands, Bermuda, has sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, per steamship "Trinidad," two boxes of vegetable seeds for the same purpose, "thinking they may be as acceptable as anything I could send," Mr. Outerbridge adds in his letter.

Relief work is still being pushed vigorously in all the afflicted sections of the West. Manager Ludden's latest weekly report to the Nebraska Senate shows that very few donations of supplies are now coming in apart from those that are secured through the solicitation of representatives who have sent out to other States by the various County Relief Committees. Mr. Ludden writes us:

We are sending into every county, I think, and concerning those reported in destitution, we have written to the county officers and asked them to report.

I thought it would be pleasing to your readers to know what we had done with the money you so generously turned over to us. Of the $5,000, $2,700 was put in fuel just before that severe blizzard swept over our State, and part of the balance was put in flour. We have a little of that fund left yet.

Of the Tea and Coffee Fund for aged and invalid sufferers, over one half as our reports show, has been expended for tea and coffee. We have not needed to buy sugar, having enough left of our Louisiana train to care for the needy. With every package of tea or coffee we had a card enclosed, showing that it was from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund. Now, if your readers will just look at it a moment, they will see a number of blessings that come to our needy people from these donations. About 3,600 families received coal from the money already expended. Over 2,500 families have received tea and coffee. Of course we have not had that number sick; but we have a great many that are aged and to whom a cup of tea proves a great blessing. We are still holding a small part of the Tea Fund, because, as Spring advances, I know the demand will be very great for this particular kind of supplies, and our State funds will hardly allow us to procure such necessities.

At the eighteenth annual encampment Department of the Grand Army of the Republic of Nebraska, held at Hastings recently, this resolution offered by Department Commander Gen. Church Howe, was unanimously adopted:

To Mr. Louis Klopsch, Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of New York City, and the benevolent readers and patrons of that excellent journal, we are greatly indebted for the munificent donation of One Thousand Dollars. This splendid contribution relieved much destitution and put a little "winter sunshine" into the homes of many of the survivors of the war living on their western homesteads. Such acts of Christian charity will never be forgotten by the comrades of this Department.

One of the brightest episodes of the Kansas relief work was the distribution of the last car-load of supplies and clothing sent to that State from our Central Supply Depot in New York. This gift, from our readers, like its predecessors, gladdened many desolate hearts and brought warmth and comfort to those who were shivering in the cold and storm. The needy in Quinter and for many miles around gathered at the distribution and the scene shortly after the arrival of the car (whose unloading our artist has depicted), was one that would alone have repaid the contributors for their efforts, could they have witnessed it and listened to the fervent gratitude of those whom they were instrumental in helping.

From South Dakota, which is still receiving help from the Relief Fund, appeals continue to come. These, however, will be relieved through our Distributors to whom they are promptly referred. Byron Herrick writes from Drakola:

We must have clothing and provisions here or many will freeze or starve. A number of families are destitute.

Oklahoma still sends its quota of appeals and the stories the letters tell of suffering and privation are pathetic enough to move any heart. Newkirk has many destitute, in need of almost everything. Rev. John Mordy, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Newkirk, writes:

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been the means of bringing relief to thousands of suffering people in many parts of the world, and therefore, I trust that you will allow me to make a brief statement of the Strip country in the O. T. To-day a convention of farmers of Kay County met in Newkirk to confer in regard to securing seed, oats, corn and potatoes. They agreed to make a public appeal to the older and more prosperous parts of our land, for a loan. Will not some of your readers enable us to save our independence as well as our lives? We could tell of old people reduced to one meal per day and so thinly clothed that one wonders how they ever lived through the cold weather, but our best people will suffer almost death before asking charity. Any persons who can aid us will please correspond with Rev. John Mordy, Newkirk, Okla.

Thanks are due to our Volunteer Distributors for their prompt reports of relief work performed. Money contributions to the Fund are acknowledged on this page, and clothing, &c., on page 169.

UNLOADING A CAR-LOAD OF CLOTHING AND SUPPLIES, AT QUINTER, KAN.

(From a Sketch by a "Christian Herald" Artist.)

Previously acknowledged	$23,935.94
Armstrong, Robt W	5 00
Alfred, Mrs J	1 00
Barrel, Mrs M	25
Bemis, J W	50
Boggess, Mrs T N	4 00
Boothby, Sam'l	2 00
Brady, Mrs	1 00
Brandt, M R	5 00
Bristol, Mrs I L	5 00
Brouhard, J M	5 00
Brown, Thos L	50
Browning, Rev W G	5 00
Beebe, Miss L V	2 00
Beidler, Miss D	1 00
Beidler, Mrs Eliza	25
Bell, Mrs Jackson	1 00
Bishop, S M	4 00
Bosworth, Rev Q M	1 00
Bradley, Mr & Mrs	2 00
Brewer, Mrs & family	1 50
Brown, Elmer	25
Brown, Geo W	1 00
Butler, Mrs L	5 00
Bailey, E H	1 00
Baldwin, Mrs P M	1 60
Beck, L M	50
Bevau, E J	1 00
Bodwell, Miss C	2 00
Bragg, Wm M	2 00
Bryson, H H & V G	5 00
Burkhalter, Mrs A	2 00
Carr, Mrs A A	35
Cooley, Mrs C L	2 00
Cowell, Mrs H S	50
Crafton, Mrs M F	50
Crosby, J T	25
Carpenter, Mrs D	10 00
Chamberlain, Mr	1 25
Cliver, Mrs Susan	2 00
Crane, Mrs A C	3 00
Croom, Miss J M	15 00
Cutting, L S Mrs	3 00
DeLaquerl, Louis	1 00
Day, Rufus K	4 00
Derby, Mrs G W	25
Doolan, R	25
Daily, Mrs S W	2 00
Demmler, Mrs M A	5 00
Dodge, Evelyn S	3 60
Ellis, Mrs A E	50
Ernest, Marion	1 00
Esselstyn, Mrs L M	1 00
Emsberger, Etta	5 00
Evans, Geo	1 00
Fairbank, Mrs C E	1 00
Farrow, Mrs A M	1 00
Fletcher, Dan	1 00
Fuller, J C	3 00
Fraser, Jno A	4 00
Friend, Whitby, Ont	1 00
" Naticld, Conn	5 00
" Little Genesee	14 30
2 " Pleasant Plains	2 00
" In His Name	3 50
2 " 1 Cong Church	2 25
" Morristown, NJ	1 50
" N thfield Farms	10 50
2 Lady Friends, Md	1 50
Gilbert, Mrs T M	1 00
Gilman, Mrs B R	1 00
Graham, Mrs M A	2 00
Greayes, M	10 00
Glover, Mrs Jean	50
Godbold, Mr & Mrs	1 00
Gordon, Mrs S P	1 00
Gray, Amanda M	5 00
Garner, Miss Emma	1 00
Graham, A D	3 00
Gray, Lewis B	1 00
Hart, S R M	1 00
Hastings, Ella	2 00
Hoar, J	50
Hodge, J A	50
Hooper, C L	2 00
Hope, J R & R H	2 00
Hughes, Hutton	1 00
Hagaman, C A	2 00
Hale, Mrs M A	2 00
Harris, W B	1 00
Hommes, S A	5 00
Hutton, J T	50
Hall, Miss E G	1 25
Hall, Miss L M	1 25
Hand, C A	1 00
Hand, Mrs E	1 00
I H N, Haverhill	1 00
" Whitefield, N H	1 00
" Orange, N J	10 00
" Clarksdale, Miss	1 00
" Barnegat Park	1 00
Jenkins, Tom	20
Johns, Mrs C	2 00
Johnston, Mrs A A	1 00
Jackson, Mrs J R	2 00
Johnson, Mrs A D	1 00
Johnson, Lucie	2 00
Johnson, G P B	50
Jester, P C & R C	2 00
Judson, Mrs Chas	1 00
Kellogg, G C	5 00
Klebes, M A	1 00
Lammie, Mrs Sarah	1 00
Litch, C E	25
Lyon, Miss M A	50
Lee, E J	10 00
Loranson, Jonas	1 00
McClumpha, Gilbert	1 00
Mason, P K	1 00
Mason, Mrs L W	1 00
May, J L	50
Maynard, L	50 00
Merritt, Mrs A E	25
Morgan, Mrs James & Mother	7 00
McCue, Mrs	1 00
McKay, Mrs T	3 70
McMahan, J H	1 00
May, Miss Sue	1 00
Myers, Titus M	2 00
Marsh, Aggie; Edna Shertz, Elsie Kramer, Mable Marsh, Letie Slaymaker, Lizzie Hoole, Annie Fox, Sadie Rife, Hattie Stanley, Eva Stanley, Eva Kepperly, Della Marsh, Mary Platt, Lake Elmer, Lena Portner, Celia Blair, Emma Lyle, and Alice Marsh	13 35
McCragie, Mrs	50
Martine, Mrs E H	1 25
Mattice, C	5 00
Moore, Mrs S B	1 25
Murray, Duncan	3 00
Neal, Smith	1 60
Neal, W K	50
Nickel, Miss Tillie	5 00
Niles, Mrs D C	2 00
Norton, Mary	2 00
Noel, Mrs	25
Noyes, Miss Ollie	25
Osgood, Mrs	1 00
Pickford, Mrs E L	5 00
Pratt, C H	25
Perry, Mary A	1 00
Powell, Mrs	50
Powell, Mrs	25
Pirkins, Mrs	1 50
Power, K A	2 00
Richardson, N	5 00
Robbins, Mrs L M	50
Rotan, J W & family	6 00
Redfield, D M	2 00
Reed, Mrs E	1 00
Roberts, Lillian	65
Reader, Updegraff	1 00
" New Brunswick	1 00
Seeley, Jas R	1 00
Shedden, Mrs E A	1 00
Shufflebarger, Mrs	50
Smith, Miss Harriet	25
Steventon, Mrs H W	10
Stine, Annie G	1 00
Stotrez, L H	5 00
Strong, Geo H	5 00
Susselberry, Mrs	50
Sweazey, A	1 00
Sally, Eliza O	50
Sharp, Mrs John A	1 00
Sub'r	2 00
" Delaware Co, O	1 00
" & wife, Mayew'll	2 50
" Alexander, Ill	1 00
" Waterford, Va	1 00
" Taylorstown	5 00
Terrell, N D	5 00
Talbert, Mrs	25
Taylor, Mrs S L	50
Tubb, H J	5 00
Van Cleef, Miss	5 00
Viergeres, Wm	1 00
Welday, Wm H	10 00
White, F H	25
Wilson, Mrs A	1 50
Wilson, Mrs J E	25
Wood, Mrs M P	1 15
Wood, W N	50
Watkins, Mrs	1 00
Watkins, R A	2 00
Wenb, Miss L A	1 00
Wilder, Miss Clara	35
Wrightson, Mrs M	2 00
Yarham, Bessie J	1 00
Yockey, Mrs	25
Young, Geo	25
Young, Mrs Jacob	1 00
—, Alzada, Mont	10
—, Pleasant Mt, Pa	5 50
—, Schenectady, N Y	50
—, No Woodberry, Ct	1 00
—, Leon, Iowa	9 00
N K M, Gilman	2 00
Mrs J S C, Gatesville	1 50
C P H, Troy, Vt	1 00
D R, Schoharie, N Y	1 00
F V H, Mass	1 00
B H, Phila, Pa	2 00
S H	2 00
L F W, N Y	2 00
L P, Mariposa, Cal	2 00
E H, Mariposa, Cal	2 00
Eliz, M A, & A E W	1 00
C C S, Parishville	5 00
E A W, Wakefield	20
A B C, Richmond	50
F & M, Cal	1 00
M R, Westerly, R I	1 50
L C B, Peacham, Vt	50
T P R, Harris, Mo	1 00
E J T, Lockbourne	1 00
Christian Endeavor Soc, Ashburnham	2 50
YPSCE, Williamston	5 00
Class No 4, Chatham	1 25
M E SS	
Mrs Marshall's class, Phelps Mission S S	1 00
Baptist Church, Bernardston, Mass	8 00
Residents of Burnt Hill, N Y	22 33
Hooker Church, Lone Oak, Tex	6 75
Widow's Mite, Essex Co	5 00
Young Lady, Kenansville	1 00
Reader, Parnell, Kan	2 00
Sympathizer, N J	1 00
Jesus sake, Va	1 00
In Jesus' Name Pa	2 00
Citizens, Park River & vicinity, N D	156 00
1 Pres Church, Deckertown, N J	12 68
2 Baptist Church SS, Sherman, Tex	5 05
Collection S S, M P Church, Latona, Ill	2 00
Methodist & Baptist S S, Waelder, Tex	10 00
Young People's Missionary So, W Va	2 00
Bellefield Primary S S Class	5 00
Horican Y P S C E, Stewarts Point	5 75
Y P S C E, Ellenville	5 00
YPSCE, S Caribon	15 50
YPSCE, Baptist Ch, N Granville, N Y	8 70
New Milford YPSCE	15 65
Y P S C E, Hopedale S S, Pa	6 00
Y P CU, United Pres Church, Etna, Pa	25 00
C P C Society, Norwich, Conn	2 00
C E Soc, 1 Christian Ch, Kittery Point	8 00
C E Soc, Bostes Ch, Carroll Co, Md	2 00
Bible Class, B U S S, Brodheadville, Pa	5 00
Young People, N Hebron, N Y	6 00
A King's Daughter, Orange Park, Fla	25
An Endeavorer	1 00
Mass Matron	5 00
Dorcas, Phila, Pa	2 00
Procrastinator, N J	2 00
Trio, Melrose, Mass	7 50
Widow, Henrietta	2 00
In the the name of my Lord & Master	43
One of the least of them, Canaedea	25
Two Sisters	4 00
Little Girl, Orangev	10
Union Centre C E S	4 00
Sympathizer, Lowell	1 00
Mother & daughter, Mineral Point, O	5 00
For the love of Jesus, Oak Hill, O	3 00
Bethany Sewing School, Westerly	5 00
C E Society, Church, Mich	5 00
Methodist SS, Langdon, N D	5 00
Antioch Bap Church	7 00
Young Peoples Prayer Meeting, St Barnet, Vt	19 16
Flag drill given by Miss Dunn	30 00
Total	**$24,975.74**

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

A SEASON OF MODERATION.

DO not allow the Winter and Spring to leave you at the mouth of the Summer furnace ready to be consumed by the first epidemic that confronts you. This is the season when all sensible people see the advantage that must come from a moderation of worldliness. It is a wonder to me that in these cities the people can physically endure the exorbitant demands of social life Winter after Winter. Blessed any church that shall declare a cessation. Good for the body, good for the mind, good for the soul is such an interregnum.

Without any divine authority we have dropped from nearly all our churches the divinely enjoined duty of fasting. I can remember but five or six days of fasting. One on account of locusts, one on account of a drought, one on account of the war, two on account of assassinated presidents. The fact is that fasting damages the good nature of most people, and we enjoy family prayers after breakfast more than before. But the probability is that we do not go at fasting in a right way. If with full appreciation of our need and the wants of the world we went into fasting and prayer, we would get unwonted blessing. Moses fasted, Abraham fasted, Jacob fasted, Joshua fasted, David fasted, Elijah fasted, Christ fasted. God honored fasting in ages gone by, and he will honor it now if we undertake it with the same earnestness and faith and prayer. The fact is that society will never be clarified and the world never redeemed until there be more strong crying and tears. We will never get our shoulders under the world's burdens until we get down on our knees. The church, according to Paul's potent figure of speech, must travail in birth, because of great anxiety in behalf of the world's salvation. Religion must cease being a plaything and become a matter of absorbing struggle—struggle of hard work, a struggle of importunity. We are here to help hasten the world's emancipation. May all our services, all our talents, all our estate, all our time, all our eternity, and all our self-denials be Christ's.

HOW TO MAKE WORK EASY.

THE same amount of Christian work is exhilarating to one man and exhausting to another. In the one case it is a tonic and the other leeches. Why the difference?

In order to work easy the undertaking must be congenial. But you say that much of what is expected of us is repulsive to the natural soul. Our reply is, "get your heart right and the work will be pleasant. No need of your trying to do Christian work unless you are a Christian."

Do not [illegible] reports. All Christendom is engaged in the redemption of one man would make a failure. God only is sufficient. Our work is to bring the soul under the proper influences. We are responsible for means and not for results. Fretfulness is not augmentation, but depletion. The successful Christian workers are without exception cheerful. They do the best they can and then leave the matter with God. We excuse an occasional fit of the "blues," but when the disease becomes chronic, the man has all he can do to take care of himself, and has no time for the improvement of others.

If you have the salt rheum, and a man offer you a box of salve that he says will certainly cure you, and you observe that he has on his hand the same disease unhealed, you say, "No, I thank you: if your medicine were worth anything you would cure your own hands." So there is no use in a morbid man of gloomy heart attempting to raise others out of spiritual misfortunes, because his shadowed soul is a slander on his medicine. A man must have both his own feet solidly planted on the Rock before he can pull sinking men out of the floods.

It seems that in the olden time, as well as now, there were naughty people abroad. In seventeen hundred and eighty-eight, Dominie Rubel, of Flatbush, was deposed from the ministry for various irregularities, and went to doctoring the body instead of the soul, and advertised, "It has pleased Almighty God to give me wisdom to find out the universal pill that will cure most diseases."

We are afraid of the descendants of Dominie Rubel, who are attempting with some universal pill to correct the world's disorders. Look out for the quacks in all departments, and the country grocery which has on its shelves patent medicines for the extirpation of all complaints from run-a-round to catalepsy. A potion that proposes at the same time to rejuvenate liver, spleen, brain, nerves, and cuticle, is a lie on the face of it. A gunner trying to shoot in ten directions at once will hit none of the targets. We believe in specialists. The anatomy of the human ear is enough to employ a man's genius for a lifetime, likewise the eye. He who professes to know everything knows nothing. When you get sick you had better call in a doctor who does not make extravagant pretensions. Beware of the universal pill.

Sometimes a good and talented man will go off on a tangent. He has found out something in the educational, mechanical, or scientific world that will renovate and reconstruct everything. It will make the earth over again. He is crazy to have everybody take it. "Down with this pill," he says, "it is a corrective for everything." But the prescriptions are apt to get mixed.

There are Christians who have for a long while had "the blues," "the dumps," "the high strikes," common names for depressed spirits, who would be amazingly helped by a mid-winter excursion. But do not think we have any fondness for icy churches or Christians. We have too much of that already: prayer-meetings on ice, sermons on ice, religion on ice, churches frozen over with formalities, ministers congealed in worldliness. But we have an idea that anything that is good for the health of the body is good for the health of the soul. We think that out-door exercise on brisk mid-winter days would have a tendency to decrease spiritual frigidity.

THE POWER OF CHEERFULNESS.

HAVE you never noticed the power of one cheerful Christian life? Have you never seen a girl in a household who, having given her heart to God, goes through the family a joyous epistle of religion, until the father comes to believe, and the mother comes to believe, and all the brothers and sisters come to believe? Have you never seen the power of one Christian man in a village, going from house to house, and from shop to shop, and from store to store, living out the brighter phases of the Christian life, by his manner recommending the gladdest religion that the world ever saw? I do not think that any of us have fully tested the power of a Christian sun-bath, of a beaming face, of exhilarant Christian behavior.

I received lately from London a picture of much power, and it came to me in this wise: Some years ago, when in London, I was in the study of Thomas Carlyle, and I saw a picture of that famous man that struck my eye, although I could readily believe, from the gloom on the countenance, what I was told, that it was taken one day when he had a toothache. When I came home, I wrote some things in regard to that picture, and those words in regard to it got across the water again, and the artist who had made the picture read what I said about it, and afterward wrote to me saying: "I shall send you a copy of that picture. There had been but two copies of it taken, and one I will send you." It came later. It is a suggestive picture to my eye—the rugged forehead, the deep set-eye, the powerful features; but all the time you cannot help but think: "This is Thomas Carlyle with a toothache." There are a great many men abroad in the world that are living a rugged, earnest, brilliant Christian life in some respects, and yet all the time it is religion with a pang, religion with a gloom, religion with a toothache.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

The following additional names have been received as members of the Corresponding Circle for spiritual improvement, suggested by "Reader." Ont., Can.:

Mrs. Macdonald, 2358 Annunciation street, New Orleans; Ettie A. Chandler, Harrisburg, Ia.; Charles Coleman, Ward, Colo.; E. Amanda Johnson, Greenfield, Ia.; Elam Tout, Camargo, Pa.; L. M. Bell, Grand Junction, Colo.; Jonas Loranson, Biwabik, Minn.; Alfred A. Davis, Republican City, Neb.; Myra R. French, Colebrook River, Conn.; Tennie and Canna Card, Maynard's Cove, Ala.

A. A. J. C., Ontario, Can. When and where did St. Patrick die and what was his religious belief?

According to tradition, he died at Downpatrick, Ireland, the scene of his earliest successes as a missionary teacher of the Gospel, on March 17, 493. He was a Christian of the early Roman Church, and did much to win the Irish people from idolatry and druidical superstition.

R. Loomis, Atlanta, Ga. What is Gladstone's religious belief?

He is a devout Christian and a believer in Christian progress and practice. In a recent conversation he declared that his faith in Christianity increases with the years, and that to him the only one question in the world was, "How to bring the divine revelation to the heart of the human race."

A. E. Lawrence, Little Prairie Ronde, Mich. 1. Would it be consistent for a military band composed of ladies and gentlemen, nearly all of whom are Christians, to play at a trotting-matinee or at a fair where the speeding of horses formed a part of the programme? 2. Would it be proper for the same organization to rehearse any but sacred, vocal, band or orchestral music on Sundays after taking their full part in religious services; it being understood that it was not convenient for all to meet during the week, and that the Sabbath rehearsal would be at a time and place that would disturb no one?

1. Such a proceeding would be inconsistent with the Christian profession, since it would be giving countenance to a sport which is allied with gambling and, therefore, condemned by moral people generally. 2. See answer to "Old Subscriber," in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Feb. 20.

Capt. O. R. Van Etten, Vernon Centre, Minn., writes:

I see a picture in your issue of Feb. 13 of a post-office in South Dakota, (Goudyville.) It is a very striking picture, not only of the office, but of the stage and its driver, Miss Estella Lytle. That route starts at Highmore in the main line of the N. W. R. R., making a trip of fifty-two miles each day; stopping at four post-offices and ending up at Seneca. Miss Lytle made that entire trip each day last summer, to my certain knowledge, for seven weeks and never lost a trip. A year ago this winter, at a time when it is impossible to proceed with sleigh or cart, she mounted a broncho and took the mail through on schedule time.

I live within a few miles of that post-office and this stage passes through my yard and across my land, and while that is a sod house and a sod post-office, it is a very comfortable one. I don't think there is any destitution in that section of the State.

C. B. G. What were the seasons in the olden times? What were the months, and in what way do they correspond with the months now?

The Hebrew year was composed of 12 (and occasionally of 13) lunar months of 30 and 29 days alternately. The months were: Abib or Nisan, Ijar, Sivan, Tammuz, Ab, Elul, Tisri, Marchesvan, Chislen, Tebeth, Shebat, and Adar, the intercalary or extra month being called Ve-Adar, or the second month of Adar. The Passover occurred during Nisan (parallel with March-April). The Assyrian and Babylonian year consisted of twelve lunar months. As to seasons, the same four general divisions were observed as have prevailed the world over since time began. In Abib came the barley harvest, Sivan (parallel with our May), brought the wheat harvest, Elul, the vintage, maize and pomegranates, and Tisri ushered in the Feast of Tabernacles. Wheat and barley were sown in Marchesvan (our October-November), and the year ended with the close of Adar or Ve-Adar.

H. S. W., Scranton, and "Subscriber." Is it right for a Christian church to open its doors for fairs, concerts, suppers, &c., when the building has been dedicated to God for pure worship?

While the social side of church life should be cultivated, it is desirable that fairs, suppers, and similar matters having in no direct sense a spiritual side, should be held elsewhere. There are, however, some social features that may with perfect propriety be held in the church building, such as concerts of a proper character, lectures and the like. If we apply the test of conscience in such matters and ask ourselves whether the holding of any special gathering within church walls is derogatory of the sacred purposes to which the building is dedicated, a decision will not be difficult to reach.

Constant Reader, Brooklyn. Can a person be a consistent Christian and still remain away from Church—not on account of invalidism, or for any other reason than mere lack of desire to go there? Can they do God's work by sitting in the parlor on Sundays reading the Bible by themselves?

Such a person as you describe who, while having at hand the opportunity to enjoy the ordinances of religion and the assembling of God's people, yet persistently and contemptuously neglects them, may be a Christian, but can hardly be expected to be of much service in the work of the Kingdom. Such an attitude is inconsistent with the true Christian spirit which yields a joyous compliance to the command to confess Christ before men (Matt. 10: 32: Luke 12: 8), which takes a special pleasure in the public assembling of his followers (Heb. 10: 25), and to whom the ordinances instituted by the Church from ancient times, are still sacred and worthy of remembrance. (I. Cor. 11: 2; Heb. 9: 1; Psalm 84: 10.)

J. P. Snyder, Hepburn, Pa. 1. What was the fate of the twelve apostles? 2. What is Dr. Talmage's latest work, finished or being prepared?

1. St. Peter was crucified in Rome, head downward, on a cross similar to that used in the execution of Jesus. St. Andrew was bound to a cross and left to die of exhaustion. St. James the Great, was beheaded by order of Herod at Jerusalem. St. James the Less, was thrown from a high pinnacle, then stoned and finally killed with a fuller's club. Jude was martyred in Phœnicia. St. Philip was bound and hanged against a pillar. St. Bartholomew was flayed to death by command of a barbarous king. St. Matthew was killed with a halbert. St. Thomas was shot by a shower of arrows while at prayer, and afterward run through the body with a lance. St. Simon was crucified after the manner of Jesus. St. John died a natural death. St. Paul was beheaded by command of Nero. Judas "fell and his bowels gushed out." 2. "From Manger to Throne" is his latest. It is presented as a premium to new annual $2 subscribers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Apropos of our Western Relief Fund, many interesting letters have been received from friends, recalling former instances of spontaneous Christian liberality. Mr. John R——, of Ashton, Neb., writes:

The contributions made weekly for the destitute of our famine-stricken communities makes THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a welcome messenger. We sent our contributions two years ago for the Russian sufferers, and twenty years ago, when our corn crop was destroyed by the grasshoppers, the good people east responded to our call liberally. With others, I solicited seed corn in Iowa for Sherman county, and thirty-six years ago we were living in St. Charles, Ill., when a call came from Kansas for the same purpose. I spent two weeks, myself and team, in collecting wheat and beans, some three hundred bushels of the former and forty of the latter, and got it made into flour and shipped to Gov. Pomeroy free of charge. This fact I had forgotten until a short time ago in writing my biography I was reminded of it by my better-half, who says it was four hundred bushels instead of three hundred. Our beloved Jesus will make a correct record of our deeds, both good and bad. The twenty-fifth of this month will be my eighty-third birthday anniversary.

Mrs. Mary M. Barnett, Roxborough, N. C. We are already overcrowdeded with similar propositions, and cannot undertake it at present.——T. N. Duncan, Lawrence, Kan. 1. It is published by G. W. Dillingham, New York. 2. At 12 P. M.——Miss Mary L. Hague, Paterson, N. J. 1. Address her, care American Consul, Jerusalem, Palestine, Turkey. 2. We do not know whether they are still in the East.——D. O. W., Waunego, Kan. Write to "The Clothier and Furnisher," New York.——Reader, Vandalia, Ill. We cannot recommend any at present.——M. J. W. D., Canastota, N. Y. Write to Rev. Jackson Sheldon, U. S. Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.——Subscriber, Arbroville, Neb. Write to Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers, New York, for it.——S. F. Ferguson, Ont., Can. The head of the Indian Bureau at Washington, D. C., is Hon. D. M. Browning.——Reader, Rochester, Minn. We regret that being overwhelmed with similar applications, we are unable to take up the case of "Old Joyce," as desired.——J. W. Healy, Shelby Basin, N. Y. Write to librarian, Astor Library, New York.——T. McBurnie, Brooklyn, N. Y. We can suggest nothing at present.——M. D. Morris, Alliance, O. Something over one hundred and forty.——Well-wisher, Conrad, Mont. 1. No; but it is advisable to do so. 2. No: It is gambling. 3. Yes; necromancy and the seeking after familiar spirits are expressly forbidden (Isa. 8: 19; 19: 3.) 4. It is the survival of an old pagan custom by which the heathen goddess Ostra was honored in Scandinavian lands before the introduction of Christianity.——Reader, Winfield, Kan. We are not familiar with the principles of the system you mention.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

APPROACHING CHINA'S EMPEROR.

TWO obstacles have heretofore prevented the cordial approach of foreign ministers to the Emperor of China. One was that the person coming into the presence of the Emperor must "kotow," that is, kneel three times and touch the floor with his forehead three times at each kneeling. The second was that no foreigner could be received in the Imperial palace. The Chinese hold that their Emperor is, by right, ruler over the whole world of which China is the Middle Kingdom. The place for receptions in accord with this theory was a building outside the palace enclosure where the Emperor might receive the homage of persons from distant lands who represent potentates holding office by the sufferance of the Emperor. China has now for some time past been learning by painful experience that these ridiculous pretensions are not justified by facts and the present Emperor, Kuang Hsu, has given practical evidence of the change. In the course of the recent fetes in celebration of the sixtieth birthday of his aunt, the Empress Dowager, who is the most powerful lady in China, the Emperor waived both the obstacles to the audience of the foreign ambassadors and held a reception for them. The picture on this page is taken from a drawing made by an eyewitness of the scene. The reception took place within the precincts of the Pink City which had never before been profaned by the feet of a foreigner. Into this sacred enclosure the ambassadors were conducted, in the order of their rank. On entering the throne-room, they saw the Emperor attired in a violet cloak and a fur cap, seated behind a table covered with a yellow cloth, yellow being the color reserved for the use of the Emperor and those to whom he delegates his authority. He is twenty-four years of age and has an extremely youthful appearance. The ambassadors say that he has a sympathetic face, of a light color, broad forehead and heavy eyebrows above a pair of beautiful, big, flashing eyes. The members of his foreign council were grouped around him and acquainted him with the name and nationality of each ambassador as he entered. The ceremonies were brief but full of significance to persons familiar with the past history of China. The Chinese themselves are amazed at the Emperor's condescension. It may be hoped that they will learn from the missionaries among them that an infinitely greater privilege is open to the most humble of the people—that of entering the presence of the King of kings and holding communion with him. (Isa. 57: 15.)

RECEPTION OF A FOREIGN AMBASSADOR BY THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

Electric Ground.

An astonishing series of equine troubles was witnessed in New Haven, Conn., a few days ago. A teamster who had left his team on the corner of York and Elm streets while he made a purchase, had scarcely entered the store, when his horses suddenly gave a leap and started off in a mad career down the street. A farmer driving slowly around the same corner in his buggy shortly afterward was startled by his old horse rearing and dashing away at a pace he had never attempted even in his young days. Every horse that came to the place was affected and one fell to the ground trembling in every limb and in evident pain and was with difficulty saved from dying. The cause was discovered by an electrician who happened to pass. Overhead are the wires of two trolley railroad companies, and below the surface are conduits containing telephone and telegraph wires. The air on that day contained an unusual quantity of humidity, and the electrician said he had no doubt that a connection had been established between the wires above and below the ground, by the moist atmosphere, and so the ground had become charged with electricity. The metal shoes on the horses' feet had caused them to feel it before others and accounted for their antics. As there was nothing in the appearance of the ground to indicate that it differed from any other part of the street, the drivers took no notice of people who warned them away, but drove on, and not until their horses were on the mysterious area did they realize that it was dangerous. There was consequently for several hours a succession of runaways and other difficulties that were more amusing to the crowd that collected than to the drivers and their horses. Similar unheeded warnings are often uttered about places of amusement, which appear incapable of doing harm. It is often difficult to explain wherein the danger consists, but experience proves that they are harmful. When there is evil all around a place, as there was electricity about this street-corner, the atmosphere of it is liable to lead to results that are fatal to spiritual life. Solomon's advice in such matters is worth following: "Enter not into the path of the wicked and go not in the way of evil: avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away." (Prov. 4: 15, 16.)

A Mansion Desecrated.

The police of the most northern precinct of New York City made a surprising discovery last week. There have been many burglaries in that district recently, and it was a mystery how the thieves could have carried their plunder away without being noticed. They could easily convey it along the roads of the neighborhood, there being little traffic there at night, but to bring it into the city, as it was thought they must do, would arouse suspicion. There are no houses there were thieves would be likely to live, yet they seemed to disappear as completely as if they had some convenient resort. The mystery was solved accidentally. The captain of a pleasure yacht lying in the Harlem River had occasion to go on board late one night, and as he approached the dock he saw five men leave his vessel. Suspecting that they had been robbing it, he concealed himself until they had passed and then followed them. He saw them enter the grounds of a fine, old mansion, and passing through, enter the house as if they were quite at home. He gave information to the police, who made a raid on the house and captured the whole gang. In the basement of the house was stored a large quantity of plunder, evidently the product of several burglaries. The thieves had supplied themselves with choice wines, spirits, and cigars, and were apparently living in luxury. The mansion belongs to one of New York's most aristocratic families, and has in its time been the scene of assemblages of historic fame. It is sad to think of its being used in its old age as a resort for thieves. But it is infinitely more deplorable to see a much more common spectacle—that of a human being who might be a temple in which God would dwell, being occupied by the demons of lust, anger and malice to its irreparable damage. (1. Cor. 3: 16, 17.)

Newly Discovered Element.

An interesting discovery was described on Feb. 15 by Prof. Ira Remsen at a meeting of the Johns Hopkins Scientific Association, at Baltimore. It is nothing less than a constituent of the atmosphere, the existence of which has never before been suspected. It appears from his statement that the discovery was made by two Englishmen, one of whom is a professor of Physics, and the other a Professor of Chemistry. They found that nitrogen obtained from the air was heavier than nitrogen obtained from chemical substances. The reason was not apparent and the professors set themselves to find it out. After various experiments they discovered it. They knew that chemical nitrogen was entirely absorbed when passed over highly heated magnesium. When the same test was applied to atmospheric nitrogen, something was left. This was the thing the professors had been searching for. It has been thoroughly examined and tested in various ways. The result satisfies the professors that it is an element. It differs from all other substances that have hitherto been studied, and will not combine with any substance or gas, beside nitrogen. There is only one per cent. of it in the air and it is extremely inactive. The professors have given it the name of Argon, which is composed of two Greek words signifying inactivity. It seems extraordinary to the ordinary mind that while scientists have been making wonderful discoveries in the distant parts of the universe and have for centuries been learning more about the stars millions of miles away, there has all along been a constituent of the very air we breathe, the presence of which they did not suspect. Too many of them show a similar lack of perception in spiritual things. While they are intensely interested in questions about nebulæ and the fixed stars, they are indifferent to the things in which they have a vital and eternal concern. (Luke 12: 56.)

Naturalization Refused.

An application for naturalization papers came before Judge Pryor on March 2. The applicant was a Spaniard who produced the requisite evidence of having been five years in the country and showed his first papers. A casual remark led to the Judge questioning the man as to his motive for wishing to become a citizen. He replied that he was about removing to Cuba and as a revolution was in progress there he thought he would be safer if he had the protection of the United States Government. The Judge reminded him that his application declared his intention of residing permanently in the United States and added that as the country did not desire citizens merely for the privilege of protecting them while in other lands he should refuse the application. The man evidently wanted to secure the privileges of a citizen without performing any of the duties of citizenship and the Judge showed his good sense in refusing him. There are many who would like to become citizens in Christ's kingdom on those terms. They want to live as worldlings in the world, but to go to heaven when they die. Christ will will have no such followers. He distinctly says, Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me cannot be my disciple. (Luke 14: 27.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Letters Recently Received from Mr. Henry Varley report a deep religious interest in Australia. Mr. Varley says the greatest object is "to make the story full, rich, delightful, and he is gaining in depth and strength."

English Newspapers Notice Incidentally the romantic devotion of the aged widow of Sir John Goss. She made it her last request before her death which occurred recently, that her husband's letters should be buried in the coffin with her. This package included letters bearing the date of 1816, written when Sir John was sixteen years of age.

Evangelist George C. Needham reports Excellent results from the Bible Conferences he has been holding in various districts. He says: 'Since January 6th we have visited about eight cities and towns, remaining about five days in each place. Nearly 250 addresses have been given and over thirty pastors have assisted as speakers. The next Conferences will be at Somerville, Mass. March 17-23 and Boston, March 24-30.

The Young Empress of Russia is an accomplished linguist. She is able to express herself freely and readily in Russian, German, English, French and Italian. She is said to be an extremely well-read and charming woman. Her mother, the Princess Alice of England, was an earnest Christian.

Miss De Broen has Opened a Soup Kitchen in connection with her institutions in Paris. There is terrible distress in Belleville and Miss De Broen is doing much good by selling the soup at cost price and by giving away in cases of extreme poverty all that her funds will permit her to give.

A Cable Message from Constantinople, reports that the missionaries of the American Board in Armenia are again being persecuted by the Turkish authorities. The Turkish officials charge them with importing arms and storing them for use against the Mohammedans. An excuse is evidently being sought for driving them out of the country.

At the Wedding on March 4th of Miss Anna Gould, the daughter of the late Jay Gould, a thousand orphan children on the East side of New York were feasted at the expense of the millionaire bride. The entertainment took place in the Allen Street Memorial Church and the Home Industrial School. It may be hoped that the day will come when all our millionaires will remember Christ's injunction to invite the poor when they make a feast.

Church Members Seeking Employment, or who wish to add to their incomes, may find it to their interest to send their address to Box J, Station D, New York.

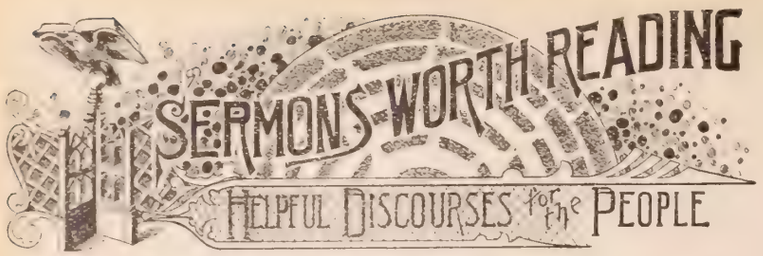
Dr. M. H. Pogson of New York, has been holding revival services at Malone, N. Y., and a widespread interest has been aroused. Many additions have been made to the churches and there are many still seeking Christ as a result of the services.

Rev. J. F. Carson, Pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, has been holding services at Allegheny City, Pa., in the United Presbyterian Church. The meetings were largely attended and about forty persons made profession of faith and united with the church.

Captain and Mrs. S. G. Neil, the Scotch Evangelists, began preaching in the Baptist Church of Erie, Pa., early in February. The Erie *Herald* says: 'Never in the memory of the present generation in this city have such crowds of people regularly attended night meetings held by a single church. The city is feeling the influence of the meeting to its utmost bounds.'

Dr. L. W. Munhall is Holding Evangelistic services at Saginaw, Mich. Mr. Firch goes with him to take charge of the musical services. Their meetings at Iowa City, Ia., just concluded, were very successful. The "Signal Light" of that city says that the audiences in the Armory numbered not less than eighteen hundred persons, and that at the meetings for young men only, fully twelve hundred were present. There were many conversions.

The American Institute of Christian Philosophy has decided to devote all the money in its treasury to perpetuating the memory of its founder, the late Dr. Charles F. Deems. The memorial is to be a lectureship at the University of the City of New York. Six lectures are to be delivered annually or bi-ennally by some eminent man, either European or American, to be chosen by a board of trustees, the subject to be scientific or philosophical. The cost will be defrayed by the proceeds of the fund donated by the Institute. We believe that Dr. Deems would have been more gratified by this kind of memorial than any other.



THE WAITING GOD.

One of the last Sermons preached by Dr. A. J. Gordon in the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, and Revised by him for "The Christian Herald." *

Text: II Peter 3 9. *"The Lord is not slack concerning his promise; as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to usward, not willing that any should perish."*

THIS is the answer of the Lord to the scoffers who say: "Where is the sign of his coming?" It is an answer in which mercy and warning are mingled. Those who deride the doctrine of the Lord's coming are not comforted with the assurance that he will not return; but warned that he will come like a thief in the night and overwhelm with astonishment those who had derided his promise. On the other hand the mercy and forbearance of God are magnified and delay translated to mean long-suffering. Consider then:

1. The Lord's slowness is not slackness. Justice is not lazy because it is slow. It often pursues the sinner with tardy steps only that it may give an opportunity for mercy to step in before it and capture its victim out of its hands. God is

Slow to Anger

in order that his forgiveness may outrun his judgment. There seems to be a designed slowness in God's intercourse with us so that there may be a place for our prayers and pleadings. "Ask and ye shall receive" is God's law in dealing with his children. And he must not make such haste in giving that our asking shall be precluded. You remember how in our Lord's journey to Emmaus with his disciples as they drew near to the village "he made as though he would go further:" and thus drew from them that beautiful prayer: "Abide with us for it is toward evening and the day is far spent." Christ will never consent to come into our hearts or our homes as an unbidden guest. Therefore he draws forth the prayer of invitation before he consents to enter in and tarry. Recall again his delay in answering the pleading of the Syro-Phœnician woman—a delay that seemed almost cruel in both its time and tone. For he not only holds off his blessing: but he seems to grudge his mercy. "It is not meet to take the children's bread and give it to the dogs." But the end vindicates the method. He held back in his giving that he might draw forth her importunity and enable her to win a crown for her faith, "Oh woman, be it unto thee as thou wilt." Read the same significant lesson in the parable of the unjust judge. The woman pleaded her cause, saying: "Avenge me of my adversary." But "he would not for a while." Yet this fact only made her

Double Her Opportunity.

His delay drew out her persistence. The more he held off the more she held on, until he gave in and said: "I will avenge her lest she wear me out by her continual coming." And then observe the question which our Lord asks as founded on the parable: "Nevertheless when the Son of man cometh will he find the faith on the earth?" The faith that holds on when rebuffed; that perseveres when pushed away; that will not take denial. This is the kind of faith that God aims to beget and nourish by all his discipline of delay. If, as many hold, this parable refers to our Lord's second coming and the widowed church importuning him to return and vindicate her against her persecutors, its force is very powerful. He taught us to pray daily, "Even so come, Lord Jesus." But how has the church been praying and how long has he tarried! The blood of the martyrs cries out from beneath the altar: "How long, O Lord, how long dost thou not judge and avenge our blood." And yet the heavens have been silent for ages and God has held his peace; silent while his saints have suffered; silent while his servants have been slain; silent while creation has groaned and travailed in pain waiting for the adoption. But says the sure word of prophecy: "But our God shall come and shall not keep silence and it shall be very tempestuous round about him." And they who persecuted God's widowed church and drew her into the wilderness shall be brought to desolation in a moment. God's delays therefore are

Our Discipline.

Pallissy the potter in his experiments in his art found that the great problem to be solved was this: To keep the vessels in the fire just long enough to bring out the full beauty of the colors—the gold and purple and crimson and green—and yet not render the vessels brittle and fragile, so that they should crack. And God who constantly calls his people clay in the hands of the potter, wants to bring out all the varied perfections of our faith, each color and tint bright and clear that so we may be "vessels unto honor, meet for the Master's use." Therefore the long delay while the fire burns hot about us. The Lord is not slack concerning his promises, but he is firm concerning his purposes.

Again there seems to be a necessary slowness in God's dealing out his rewards and punishments. A hot-tempered man is always wanting in dignity and grace of character. How much more unbecoming would be a hot-tempered God. I say it reverently: If the Almighty were to fly into a passion and take vengeance on such men as Col. Ingersoll every time they insulted and blasphemed him,

Our Reverence

for him would be vastly lowered. "The Lord is slow to anger." There is infinite dignity and grandeur in that expression. An infidel stood on the platform of the Music Hall many years ago and before a large audience took out his watch and said: "It is now five minutes to nine. If there be a personal God I ask him to prove his existence by striking me dead within the next five minutes." And some good Christians wondered why God did not do it. As well wonder why the Duke of Wellington would not turn aside from the battle of Waterloo to chastise some naughty boys who are making faces at him because they hated the cause for which he was fighting. Some ten times in different parts of Scripture we have these words repeated: "God is slow to anger." And they occur several times in connection with some outbreaking sin of his people. As though to admonish us that however exasperating man's disobedience, God is not easily provoked so that he should lose his self-control, and he who times his judgments by the clock of eternities should not get angry at the tick of an infidel's watch. But let us not take comfort in this fact as though delay meant indifference and his carelessness meant weak indulgence.

Delay is Patience.

2. The Lord's slowness is longsuffering. "The day of judgment is due according to the clock of the ages," says the watchman. "Why then is it delayed?" If you had told your son that unless he should repent and confess his sin before twelve o'clock you would punish him severely, would not your tender and reluctant heart lead you to permit the hands of the clock to slip past the hour in the hope that he might yet repent and own his sin? And would it not be adding perverseness to perversity for that son to taunt his father with slackness in keeping his promise? Yet this is what God accuses us of doing. "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil," says the Scripture. Alas is it so with any of you that God's forbearance has been made the occasion of renewed persistency in wrongdoing? I know that the fire which melts the wax, hardens the clay and renders it brittle and fragile: and I see that the goodness of God which should dissolve the heart in penitence and unseal all the fountains of tears, has made many of you all the more persistent in your worldliness and unbelief. But I warn you that "though hand join in hand the wicked shall not go unpunished." And yet how reluctant our Redeemer is to enter upon his work of judgment. To show

Mercy is His Dear Delight:

to blot out transgressions is his most coveted employment. So much so that he invokes blessing upon those who curse him most bitterly. We call David a good man: yet mark the difference between the death of David and the death of the Son of David. When David drew nigh to death he said to his son Solomon: "Thou knowest what Joab the son of Zeruiah did to me. . . . how he shed the blood of war in peace and put the blood of war upon his girdle that was about his loins and in his shoes that were on his feet. Do thou, therefore, according to thy wisdom and let not his hoary head go down to the grave in peace. And behold thou hast with thee Shimei, the son of Gera, a Benjamite of Bahurim, which cursed me with a grievous curse in the day when I went to Mahanaim . . . . Now, therefore, hold him not guiltless, but his hoary head bring thou down to the grave with blood. So David slept with his fathers and was buried in the city of David." (I. Kings 2: 5.) This was a man who lived under the law whose cold tables of stone spoke only death to the offender. But come with me to Calvary and see how the Son of David dies under grace. There were the Roman soldiers who drove

The Crucifiion Nails

through his hands and his feet. There were the Scribes and Pharisees taunting him and saying: "He saved others, himself he could not save." There were the white-haired priests and elders through whose hatred he had been put to death. And what does the Son of David say concerning them? Does he say: "O, God avenge me of my adversaries: let not their grey hairs go down to the grave in peace." No. O, wondrous culmination of a long-suffering life. He cries out concerning these his enemies: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

And he did not cease to pray when he died upon the cross. He rose from the dead: he ascended to heaven where he ever liveth to make intercession for sinners. He is lifting his nail-pierced hands to God on your behalf. He has said that if he went away he would come back again; and men are shaking the head and incredulously asking, "Where is the sign of his coming?" But he is not slack concerning his promise, as men count slackness; but he is long-suffering and not willing that any should perish. He is slow to exchange the office of intercessor for that of judge. He is slow to exchange the prayer, "Father, forgive them" for "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." Oh man, oh woman still impenitent and hard of heart, will you abuse his patience?

Death Held Back.

Remember that he has the power of life and death. He has the keys of the grave as well as the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And he keeps you in life that you may repent and receive the remission of sins.

Dr. Westmoreland, an eminent army surgeon, tells of a soldier who was shot in the neck, the ball just grazing and wounding the carotid artery. The doctor knew that his life hung on a hair; and one day as he was dressing the wound the walls of the artery gave way. Instantly the surgeon pressed his finger upon the vein, and held the blood in check; and the patient asked, "What does this mean?" "It means that you are a dead man," answered the doctor. "How long can I live?" "As long as I keep my hand on the artery." "Can I have time to dictate a letter to my wife and child?" "Yes." And so the letter was written for him, full of tender farewell messages, closing with an expression of trust in Christ and assurance of departing to be with him, and when all was finished he calmly closed his eyes and said, "I am ready, doctor." The purple tide ebbed quickly away and all was over. What a parable is here of a far more solemn fact. Oh, unsaved one, you are by nature "dead through tresspasses and sins." Because of your transgression the death sentence has been passed on you. But God keeps his hand upon your pulse, preserving your life and holding death back that you may have time for repentance. Every day his long-suffering hand slips from some artery and the red tide rushes out and the pale form tells that all is over. How long will he hold you in life? I know not; only that he is waiting for you to repent. His heart yearns for you as you remain indifferent. "How can I give thee up?" he asks again and again. You wake and pass the day still with no thought of God and then lie down to a prayerless sleep. But he slumbers not nor sleeps. His hand is on your life current, keeping it from breaking over its banks. He waits for you to stretch forth suppliant hands to him crying: "Father I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." But he waits in vain saying, "All day long have I stretched forth my hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people." How long will you make him wait? Now cry unto him: "Father, I give my heart to thee."

FROM THE BOWERY TO MOROCCO.

A strange experience lies behind a young man who is now on his way to preach the Gospel of Christ to Jews in Morocco. He is the son of Jewish parents. As a boy he was visiting in a Christian home, and was much struck by seeing a child in the family, when guilty of some offence, fold his hands in prayer and ask pardon in the name of Jesus. The next time he got into trouble at home he determined to resort to the same method of obtaining consolation. He had not long to wait; being crossed in his purpose he got angry, and, remembering his intention, he retired into an adjoining bed-room and asked God in the name of Jesus Christ to forgive him. Unfortunately for him, as it appeared, there were only folding doors between the bedroom and the sitting-room in which his Jewish father was reading. On hearing the despised name on the lips of his son, the father rushed in and in a furious rage shook his son, forbidding him at his peril to name that name again in his house. The incident passed, and although the boy was surprised at his father's vehemence, he thought nothing more of the affair as he knew nothing of Jesus, but had used the name much as one might use a charm or talisman.

When the boy grew up he came to the United States on an extended pleasure trip. While in New York he strolled about the city looking at the sights, and one evening went down the Bowery. Hearing singing in one of the resorts he turned in, thinking he was visiting a concert-hall. It proved to be a Mission. He would have quitted it at once, but some people at the door spoke kindly to him and induced him to wait and hear more of the singing. Presently his new acquaintance asked him: "Are you a Christian?" He said, "No." "Would you not like to be a Christian?" He replied "No; I don't know anything about it. I am a Jew." "But salvation is for the Jews as well as for the Gentiles." "That's strange," he replied, "for nobody has ever told me about it. As the result, he went in to a side-room, and learned from the lips of his friend that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah of Israel; and he believed the Gospel. That is nearly ten years ago. The young man is now going out at his own cost to Morocco a Missionary to his people.

UNTIL THE DAY BREAK.

(Song of Solomon 2: 17.)

'TIS daybreak over the mountains now,
See the shadows flee from each lofty brow
And the city below is astir with life;
For the day has begun with its toil and strife.

And the tramp of the early toilers' feet
Is heard as they hasten along the street,
And the windows are opened one by one
To welcome the rays of the rising sun.

In yonder home there is sorrow and care,
In the shades of night death entered there
And gathered the fairest flower, then left
The empty home, and the hearts bereft.

But we bury our dead from our sight and then
Take up the burdens of life again,
Nor long shall our night of sorrow be;
For the day will break and the shadows flee.

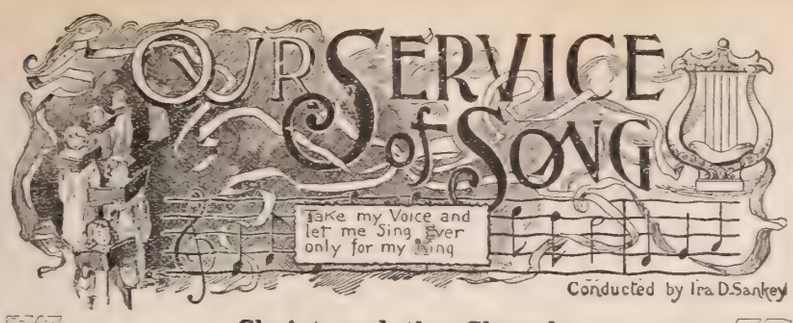
Helena, Mont. — MRS. HENRY FOWLER

Clothing for the Needy West.

The following contributions of clothing, &c., for the sufferers in Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado have been received:

... 2 cases.
...terbrook, Pa. case
...ingfield, Mass. bbl
... groceries.
... Camden box
... Cloister box
... Carrindale, NY. bbl
... Emendorf, pkg
... Hampton, NH. bbl
... Chaumont, bale.
... Tyrone, 2 bbl.
... Clinton, per Thos Eaton, 3 boxes
... Wileysville, bbl.
... Yaphank, 2 boxes.
... Glenora, bbl.
... Summer Hill, bbl
... Greendich, Vt, 2 bbls
... MahopacFalls, pkg
... Hermingdale 2 boxes
... bbl and case
... Sudbury Mass 2 bbl.
... Pennington, Ct. case.
... in Village 2 boxes
... Vernon, pkg
... Doylerville, bbl.
... ne Plains 2 bbl.
... Biddeford, bbl.
... Washington, Ct. bbl
... and keg
... Summit, NJ, bbl
... Forestville, NY. bbl.
... Queens, L I, bbl.
... Jennings ville, 2 bbl.
... Groundale, box.
... Boston, 2 bbl & box.
... Fareham, Mass. box
... Plymouth, NH. box.
... Fairview, Pa, 4 bbl
... Warwick, NY. bbl.
... New Haven, Ct. bbl.
... Worcester, Mass. bbl
... Smith Corners bbl.
... Milwaukee, bbl.
... Perrysburg, NY. bbl.
... Catskill, NY. bbl.
... Windham, NY, 2 bbl.
... Newark, NJ, box
... Bath, Me, pkg
... Tarpesa, Cal, pkg
... Orange, NJ, pkg.
... Attala, Pa, bbl.
... Cape Vincent, pkg
... West Lawden, box
... Pittsburg, Pa, pkg.
... Newark Valley, bbl
... Lakeport, NY, bag.
... Providence, R I, pkg.
... Wayne, NY, case.
... Wales, Mass, case.
... Melburne Falls, bbl
... Morriches, NY, 2 bbl
... Agrist, box.
... Glen Cove pkg.
... W Waterford bbl.
... Peekskill, NY, box.
... Owl's Head, NY, bbl
... Pineland, NJ, 2 bbl.
... Billerica, Mass, pkg
... Round Lake, NY, bbl
... Guilford, Ct, box.
... Pressonia, Pa 3 bbl
... Cairo, NY, bbl
... Dor..., case.
... Stamford, Ct, bbl.
... Hattituck, L I bbl
... Greenport, L I, bbl.
... Saranac Lake, 2 bbl.
... Unknown Friends 11 bbl, 6 cases.
... Doors, 5 bbl
... Hatcey, 2 bbl.
... Ch, Enosburg Falls, 1 bbl.
... Church, Heath, box
... Setting, box.
... Cynthia J Rice, pkg.
... Glenside, Pa. box
... ns of Mayfield, bbl.
... M E Society, Provincetown, Mass, 3 bbl.
... Prindle, 4 bbl.
... ns of Hayfield, Pa, 1 & 2 bbls.
... U and Citizens of ...ingburg & Waterford, N Y. 4 bbls
... S. So Manchester, Ct bbl.
... C. Philmont, bbl
... arles bbl.
... on Grange, bbl box
... Hollimshed, 2 bbl.
... Mfg Co. 2 bbl
... E. Cohocton, bbl
... EO, Newark, bbl.
... New York, bbl.
... Verona, NJ, 2 bbl
... Tozer & friends, bbl
... Q Mowks, bbl.
... ockfeller, case
... gsbury, case.
... B. Windham, Me, ... Ch, 3 bbl & bale.
... Soc'y, S Worcester, ... bbl
... E. Short Falls, bbl.
... Marys, Amhurst, bbl.
... Morrison, box.
... J. Elkton, Md, pkg.
... Permer, box.
... Ridge Baptchurch, ...ckton, NJ, case.
... crombie Bros, case.
... Ezra Smith, bbl.
... CE, Pine Bush, 2 bbl.
... assabrant, bbl.
... E Oliver, pkg.
... Brown and Mrs Gib... box.
... Allen & MissB Mount
... E S Lufburrow, box.
... Ch, Kingston, bbl.
... Central Bapt Ch, box.
... A E Bennett, bbl.
... s Circle, Milton, bbl.
... e Schuyler, bbl.
... e Warren & friends,
... s Miss Circle, Cobalt ... bbl.
... boro Dorcas Soc, bbl
... Bapt Church, E Province Centre, bbl.
... S. Dresden, box.
... Stevens, bbl.
... F & I Mentzer, box.
... Stroughton, 2 bbl.
... Bros. box
... M. Doylestown, pkg
... Aid Soc'y, 3 bbl.
... Mary Adams, bbl.

Mrs M L Godsel, box.
Benev Soc'y, 1st Cong Ch. Newbury box & bbl
Mrs Winants, bbl.
Mrs G A Wright, bbl.
Centre Pres Church, New Park, Pa. box.
Epworth League, "Stony Brook, box and 2 bbl.
E R M, Winthrop, pkg.
Y P S C E, Cong Church, Darien, Ct, bbl.
Cong S S, Williamsville, Ct, 3 bbl.
H C Rockwell, 4 bbls.
Berwyn Chapel, Carleton Heights, bbl.
Mrs Gressit, case.
Cong S S, Monroe, Conn, 3 bbl & pkg.
Mrs A Allen, bbl.
Wm E Blake, 3 box & bbl
Packerville Soc'y, bbl.
School Dist No 11, Ash Grove Road, bbl & bale.
WCTU, W Phila, 2 bbl.
T J W, Oxford, bbl.
Wm R Power, bbl.
Wm McNeeley, bbl.
Josephine Wade, bbl.
Mrs Thalia E Smith, bbl.
Cong S S, Monroe, Ct, bbl.
Bethel Ch, Pa, 2 bbl.
S Natick Cong Ch, box.
West St Sewing Circle, Mansfield, Mass, pkg.
A L Chase, bbl.
Mrs Clemmons, box.
L E Lyon & Co, box.
YPSCE, Pres Ch, Boonton, NJ, bbl.
WMS Kings Ferry, 6 bbl.
Lewis Keller, 2 bbl.
Epworth League, Dawson box.
WCTU, Monmouth, bbl
YPSCE, Flat Brook, bbl.
K D, Phillips, Me, box, bbl
W E Dunn, box.
Mrs S Jones, bbl.
L Sherwood, bbl.
Mrs R B Smith, box.
Mrs SSS, IHN, bag.
Chas Clark, 2 bbl
WCTU, Milldale, Ct, bbl.
Baptist H M S, Wyoming, N Y, bbl
MSS, Concord, NH, bbl.
King's Daughters, Carlowville, Ala, pkg.
M Beardslee, 2 bbl.
ACE Society, Glen Moore Pa, box & bbl.
People of No Java, 2 bbl.
Mr Cree, 2 pkgs.
Mrs Hoffman, bbl.
WCTU, No 2, New Haven, Ct, 3 bbl.
A D & Bros, Closter, case.
ME Soc'ys, Barnard, Vt, box & bbl.
WCTU, Weybridge, 3 bbl
Mrs C W Carleton, bbl.
Mr Wood, pkg.
Pres Aid Society, Casson Ave, Brooklyn, bbl.
Mrs Dana Burchard, box & 5 bags.
Epworth League, Burlington, Pa, case.
CES, Hanover, NJ, bbl.
Wheelock C E Society, bbl & box.
Rev S A Creveling, case.
C W Winns, bbl.
Mrs H A Lancaster, box.
Universalist Church, Provincetown, Mass, bbl.
Hillside School, Staunton Va, bbl.
Emanuel Baptist Church, Millerton, bbl.
Mrs Harvey Tanner and friends, bbl.
W C T U, Kingston, N Y, box & bbl.
S M Mayhew & Co, bbl.
J Vegte, bbl.
Ladies of Rockville Improvement As, bbl.
Mrs VanWagenen, bbl.
Unknown Donors, 17 bbl, 3 cases, box & pkg.
YPSCE, Goshen, box & bbl
" Peapack, 2 bbl & box
Geo M Ruby, box.
A F Barber, bbl.
Mrs J O Bush, bbl.
M J Halliday, 2 bbl & pkg.
J M T & Son, Northampton, Mass, bbl.
Mountainville ME Church 2 bbl.
A Z, Gilbertville, pkg.
Ladies of Littleton, bbl.
WCTU, Cuba, bbl.
Judge not Circle, K D, Bridgehampton, 2 bbl.
WCTU, Dobbs Ferry, bbl.
1st Free Will Bapt Soc'y, Mill Village, bbl.
LBS, Newark, NJ, box.
Matthew Kenney, bbl
Mrs Z M Rae, 2 bbl,
M E Tice, box.
Roseland M P Church, bbl
Epworth League, Broad St Church, case.
North Barton Sympathizers, bale and case.
Mrs A E Hart, bbl.
Broodside S S, Riverside, N J, bbl & case.
J W Opi, bbl.
Wm McNeely, bbl.
Miss So'y, Rearuille, box.
Home Miss Socy, Norwich Vt, case & bbl.
Rev Geo Hans, bbl.
C E Soc'y, Bethany Memorial Ch, pkg.
H T Jennings, pkg.
Mrs Gerow & Mrs Shoemaker, 2 bbl.
M Herrick, 3 bbl.
Mrs E H Maynard, bbl.
Mrs Valentine, pkg.
Rutherford ME Ch, bbl.
A M Allon, pkg.
Mrs J E Stephens, box.
Tabernacle Bapt Church, Albany, bbl.



Christ and the Church.

J. R. CLEMENTS. [FIRST TUNE.] GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. "For Christ and the Church" we stand (we stand), U - nit - ed heart and hand;
2. "For Christ and the Church" we pray (we pray), And la - bor day by day,
3. "For Christ and the Church" we sing (we sing), And glad ho - san - nas bring;
Our lips His praise to speak, Our hands to help the weak;..
With zeal and cour - age new We'll strive some work to do,.....
Since He hath made us free, And prom-ised vic - to - ry,.....
Our feet the lost to seek,... "For Christ (for Christ), and the Church."
And keep our covenant true,... "For Christ (for Christ), and the Church."
Our mot - to still shall be,..... "For Christ (for Christ), and the Church."
Chorus.
"For Christ.... and the Church" we stand, U - nit - ed heart and hand;
for Christ
U - nit - ed heart and
Our lives we give, hence-forth to live "For Christ (for Christ), and the Church."

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THE MORNING STAR.

Written for The Christian Herald.

HOW beauteous is the cloudless night,
When every star gives forth its light,
It brings to mind the One more bright,
Which is the Morning Star.

Dark was the path of sin I led,
Each coming day was only dread,
Till I beheld a gleam o'erhead,
Of Christ, the Morning Star.

I followed its inviting ray,
Made it my sole support and stay,
Till now there shines o'er all my way,
The radiant Morning Star.

I do not fear when storms arise,
And hopes lie crushed before my eyes—
There still is shining in the skies,
The blessed Morning Star.

It is of all the host the gem,
The one most precious diadem,
The star that shone on Bethlehem—
The glorious Morning Star.

Shine on, O Star, in splendor bright,
From shore to shore diffuse thy light,
Till every soul in sin's dark night,
Shall know the Morning Star.

—MRS. V. A. BELDEN.

CHRISTIAN COMFORT.

TRUSTING in a God above,
Holding out a hand of love,
Ever seeking while you live,
Christian sympathy to give.

Hearts of many that were sad,
Round the hearthstone now are glad,
In the fulness of their board,
Surely God will you reward.

Tell them now of richer lands,
In a world not made with hands;
All the year a harvest time,
Never want can reach that clime.

Round the throne where seraphs bow,
Angels bear the record now.
Lingering long to tell the story,
Deeds of earth to crown in glory.

Lincolnia, Pa. —SARAH R HORTON.

THE NIGHT FAR SPENT.

The Difference Between the Church and the Kingdom, and the Characteristics of the Prophetic Day and Night.

BY W. M

Concluded from page 153

GOOD news is it that the night is far spent. It has lasted long but it is nearly ended. We have endured it in the night of death's desolation. The history of this fallen world is most emphatically the history of death. Death has reigned, not only "from Adam to Moses," and from Moses to Christ, but even from Christ to the present hour, and still the veil of its dreadful night is spread over the world. By what a natural association of ideas do we speak of "the night of death." Oh! ye bereaved ones, believing, how may ye rejoice in the thought that the night of death is far spent! One by one we have laid the beloved ones—parents, friends, children—in the silent tomb. Year after year we have heard as John Foster says, "the thunder of death's wings," and upon many the darkness which those awful wings create will soon be falling. But glorious tidings! —"the night is far spent, the day is at hand." Yes, as the hymn has it,—

The night is wearing fast away,
The glorious light is dawning;
I see the streaks of coming day,
The bright Millennial morning.

"The day is at hand!" What day? We have seen some of the characteristics of the far-spent night. What kind of day is it that the Apostle so joyfully encourages us to look forward to?

It is the day of creation's deliverance. For this the winds are sighing, as they make their sweet but melancholy music amid the leafy groves of summer; for this the wild waves cry aloud, as they dash themselves upon the rocky shore; for this the starving beasts of the forest, and the birds perishing in the cruel frost, and all the innocent, suffering creatures God has made, send up to him their constant inarticulate prayer. "For the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now" (Rom. 8: 19-22). But in what exquisite contrast is the picture of the coming Millennial day which Isaiah presents, when the curse is removed, and the world is, as it were, new-born: "For ye shall go out with joy,— not with shame and sorrow, as Adam went forth from Eden,—and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

Oh, that is a blessed thought! "The day is at hand." The day when all Nature's wounds shall be healed; when her sorrowing heart shall be comforted; and when, as in a mirror from which all obscurations have been removed, she shall truly reflect the glory of her Creator.

Again, the day which the Apostle declares to be at hand is the day of resurrection-life. Oh, glorious day! when disease and death shall no more torture and destroy "this trembling house of clay;" when by the possession of nobler powers, we shall be fitted for a nobler though not more respectable service than we have been able to render here; when that which was "sown in corruption shall be raised in incorruption, and that which was sown in weakness shall be raised in power, and that which is now a natural body shall be raised a spiritual body."

Lastly, "the day" which not only inspired testimony, but many concurrent signs also assure us is even now "at hand," is the day of Christ's personal presence. As long as he is absent, the night continues, for is he not the Sun of the moral and spiritual world? Yea, even before he rises on the world as the Sun of Righteousness, he will be to his waiting and watching saints "the bright and morning star." In vain do we hope that the night shall end and the shadows flee away till the Day-star shines in the eastern sky; in vain we look for the dawn of Millennial day till "the Sun of Righteousness arise, with healing in his wings." No rest for creation till Christ comes; no binding of Satan till Christ comes; no Millennium till Christ comes; no glorious resurrection-life till Christ comes; no consummation of bliss in body and soul till Christ comes; for in his presence only is fulness of joy, and on the wings of his love and power he brings the everlasting day. And, oh, glorious assurance! that day is about to dawn. Yes, every year, every day brings it nearer; "the night is far spent, the day is at hand."

HEART PURITY.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Mar. 24. Matt. 23: 25-28; Ps. 51: 6-10.

HISTORY shows that the decline of true religion is always accompanied by a more careful observance of forms and ceremonies. The building of splendid temples, the payment of tithes, disputes about the sacraments, are not characteristic of a time when men are holding fast to their faith and are concerned about the purity of their lives. There seems to be a natural tendency in man to offer God something in the nature of a compromise when obedience is withheld. It was always easier to offer an animal in sacrifice, or to go through some religious rite than to yield up some gross appetite, or to abstain from some forbidden indulgence. We have seen conspicuous instances of the disposition even in our own time. Some of the men who have astonished the world by their defalcations and others who have secretly led immoral lives, have been remarkable for their regular attendance at church, for their insistance on a particular mode of baptism and for their rigid observance of the Lord's Day, which they generally call "the Sabbath." No pious man has a word to say against any of these things; he commends them, but of themselves they are insufficient for the fulfilment of God's law. They are externals, while religion is a matter of the heart. Even an orthodox creed, important as that is, is not sufficient for salvation. We are told that the devils believe, and it was not for herodoxy or neglect of religious observance that Christ denounced the Pharisees. Even to Nicodemus, a man whose outward conduct was doubtless irreproachable, Christ insisted that regeneration was essential. Again and again in the Old Testament, as in the New, the men whom God commissioned to declare his will have warned the people that it is the heart to which God looks and by which he judges. Evil thoughts and evil desires shut a man out of the Kingdom. The man who lives a clean life and is strictly moral, is not saved if he loves sin in his heart and would commit it, if all restraints were removed. That there are in the best of men inclinations to do evil is admitted, but they may exist in spite of the general determination of a man's life upward. The passions of the flesh may rebel, even after they are subdued and held in subjection, but the regenerated man hates and loathes them and refuses to yield to them. They are the relics of the old nature which survive while he dwells in the flesh; but the new nature rules and does not foster them. Weeds show themselves in the best cultivated garden, but they are rooted up. When Christ saves a man from his sins, he saves him from the love of them. Thus the axe is laid to the root of the tree and the very springs of life are purified. The saved man is he who hates sin with an unrelenting hatred and seeks after holiness as his ideal life.

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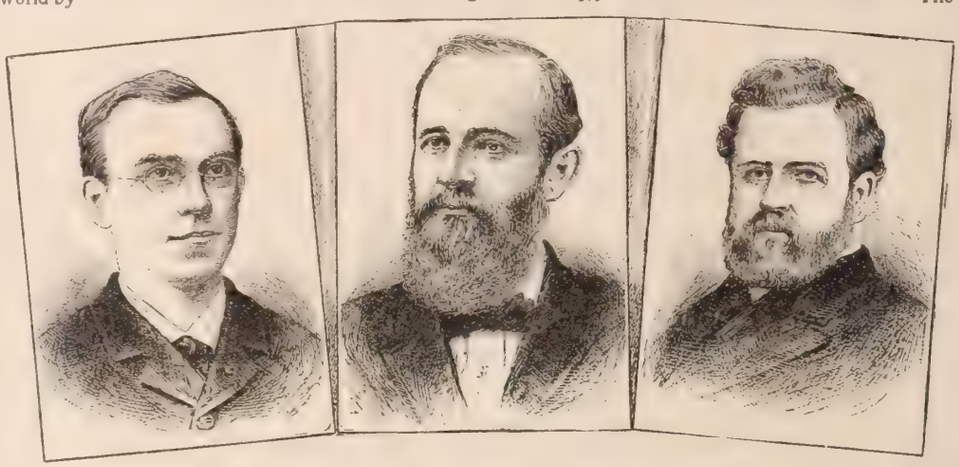
GERMAN AND ENGLISH C.E LEADERS.

Although Christian Endeavor is a plant of American origin, its popularity and usefuldess are not limited to American soil. From time to time we have had occasion to notice in these columns the organization and progress of societies in many lands and these not only in kindred civilizations like those in Europe, but in India, China and Japan. It is, however, among nationalities similar to our own that the chief triumphs of the movement are naturally looked for, and it is gratifying to learn how rapidly it is spreading in those directions. The three portraits on this page are those of leaders in the movement in England, in Germany and among our German speaking fellow citizens here.

Pastor Blecher is one of the most enthusiastic Christian Endeavorers in Germany. There is no man who has done so much to set the principles and advantages of the movement before the German Christian public as he. Possessing a clear, terse, sprightly style of writing, he has won the ear of the Christian community and has availed himself of his opportunity to convince his readers of the value of Christian Endeavor in promoting the interests of Christ's Kingdom. In the religious and secular press and by pamphlets and leaflets he has sounded its praises and has been the means of starting many societies in places beyond the reach of his personal visits. Pastor Blecher is the Assistant Pastor of an Evangelical Church at Bielefield.

Rev. Gottfried Berner is at the head of the Christian Endeavor movement among the Germans in this country. He is Pastor of the Friedenskirche of Buffalo, N. Y. He was born in Wurtemberg, Germany, forty-eight years ago. His early religious training was gained at Basel, Switzerland, where he was inspired with the missionary enthusiasm with which that place is associated. His earnest desire for aggressive work led him to this country, where he has labored unceasingly to bring his countrymen to Christ. It would be difficult to find a harder field for real Christian work than that of winning some classes of German immigrants who have settled here. Various causes have operated with large numbers of them, who are learned, cultured and with brilliant mental endowments, to make them more bitterly opposed to Christianity than are many natives of heathen lands. It was missionary work that Mr. Berner undertook and he entered upon it in true missionary spirit. He was soon convinced that the most hopeful part of the field was that of the young people and he set himself to gain them with earnestness. He organized a young people's society which developed into a Christian Endeavor Society and has since become the nucleus of the great German Christian Endeavor Union of North America, which is now divided into five districts with two conferences. Mr. Berner is President of this Union and is the publisher and editor of "Der Mitarbeiter," the organ of the Union. He is the author of several evangelical works one of which, entitled, "Our Young People," has done much to promote the organization of German Christian Endeavor Societies.

The third member of the group is Alderman Belsey, an Englishman, and a member of the Christian Endeavor Council of Great Britain. Mr. Belsey is a well-known worker in many circles in his own country. With an ample fortune and inexhaustible energy he is the kind of man to make an impression in any enterprise he takes up. In politics and municipal affairs, his leadership has long been acknowledged in his native town of Rochester, and he is just as prominent in religious and philanthropic movements. He is chairman of the Sunday School Union Council, and one of the most enthusiastic friends of Young Men's Christian Associations. Genial in manner, shrewd in perception, and liberal in his gifts, he has won friends everywhere, and his genius for organization has rendered him a most useful member for committees of all kinds. During a tour of this country a few years ago, he saw much of Christian Endeavor work, and on his return to England he at once took a prominent part in extending the movement there. He is now busily engaged in preparing for the great National Endeavor Convention which is shortly to be held in Birmingham.



PROMINENT FOREIGN CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR LEADERS.

PASTOR BLECHER. REV. GOTTFRIED BERNER. ALDERMAN BELSEY.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE AFFAIRS.

Preparations for the Chattanooga Conference in June next are being rapidly pushed forward. Already there are indications of such numbers being present as will surprise the whole Methodist Church, especially those members who have been speaking of the League movement as a passing enthusiasm which would soon burn itself out. How rapid is the progress being made was shown in the report Dr. Schell, the General Secretary, presented to the General Cabinet at its recent meeting in New York. He reports 14,137 regular chapters and 3,382 Juniors. This is an increase in five months of 1486 chapters of both kinds. The Junior Hymnal is now ready for publication, and the Epworth Hymnal for the regular chapters is now in an advanced stage of preparation. It is stated by those who know the character of the work that this latter book will be a surprise, as much for what it omits as for what it includes. It is an effort to make a classic hymnal free from the showy and pretentious and ephemeral both in words and music. The Cabinet spent considerable time in deciding the reading course for the ensuing year. The importance of this branch of the work is being more and more realized, and the members of the Cabinet are well aware of the fact. The West Side Chapters in New York took advantage of the presence of the Cabinent in that city to hold a demonstration. The cabinet members were corralled in the Chelsea M. E. Church, and eloquent and instructive addresses were extracted from them.

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INTERNATIONAL C. E. CONVENTION.

The following interesting information received from headquarters will be useful to our readers: The coming Christian Endeavor Convention to be held in Boston, Mass., July 10-15, is arousing great enthusiasm not only in Boston and the United States, but throughout the civilized world. Already delegates are arranging to come to Boston from Australia, and prominent clergymen of Europe, who have been invited to address the convention, have accepted, so that the convention this year will be more international than any preceding convention. There is talk of our English and Irish cousins chartering a steamer to come to Boston.

An important change in the programme has been effected in that, for the first time in the history of Christian Endeavor conventions, there will be no Sunday services. This will necessitate a change from July 10-14, to July 10-15. This feature of the convention will emphasize the stand the Society has taken in regard to Sunday observance, and will avoid the necessity for Sunday travel of delegates, as many of the delegates will be quartered in Boston suburbs and would otherwise be compelled to utilize the steam and electric railways.

The programme, so far as it has yet been arranged, is to commence on Wednesday morning, July 10, with a conference of trustees and members of the United Society at Hotel Brunswick, and in the evening a number of simultaneous meetings in the churches of the city. On the following morning a general meeting to listen to the annual report will be held in Mechanics Building. Two tents have been provided to hold the overflow. Sessions in the same building and the tents will be held each morning and evening. On Friday there will be a number of conferences for the offices of the Territorial, and Provinccial Unions. On Saturday the Convention will assemble on the Common where Governor Greenhalge has promised to give an address on Good Citizenship. The Consecration meeting is to be held on Monday. Application for accommodations thus far received indicate an attendance of nearly sixty thousand delegates. The Central and Western Traffic Associations have offered the concession of one fare for the round trip.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Sunday Breakfast Association reported by C. E. Societies Wilmington, Del., reports for its first year an expenditure of $737.79, an attendance of 6928, 311 signatures to the total abstinance pledge, 31 requests for prayers and 23 confessed conversions.

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The third annual International Conference of Young Women's Christian Associations held at Neuchatel, was attended by one hundred representatives from seven different countries. Work at railway stations, homes in foreign countries, employment bureaus, work in prisons and asylums were among the subjects discussed.

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The Baptist Young People's Societies of California are helping in the support of Rev. W. Wynn an excellent young Scotch missionary, at Osaka, Japan. They have, last year, twenty-four societies giving for this purpose, a total of $160.36. The banner district being the Sacramento, led by Mr. D. J. Davis, President, six societies gave a total of $60.75.

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A small Swiss "Societe d'Activite Chretienne" has been formed in the Chalet du Valentin, Lausanne, by the pastor M. Cornforth. It is believed this is the beginning of great things, for the steps which have led to its formation have been evidently guided by God. M. Jaccard, a minister of the Eglise Libre, has been appointed superintendent for Switzerland, and has taken up the work with much warmth.

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The Examiner announces that a conference of the friends of the Baptist Young People's Union will be held at Washington next May, the day before the meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention, to consider this work in the South. It is possible that the outcome will be the formation of some kind of a Southern union, though it is hoped a way will be found to do this without impairing the larger fellowship of the International Union.

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There is a flourishing Young Women's Christian Association in Calcutta. The Secretary writes: "Our evenings are full of various improvement classes. Bible study, singing, shorthand, book-keeping, dressmaking, musical drill, etc.; and from time to time there are bright Gospel and missionary meetings. We have a good tennis ground, and a very pleasant sitting-room where those who wish to rest and to meet with their friends can do so." A bookstall and registry office are in connection, also a "Travellers' Aid," so that "any girl coming to Calcutta can be met and cared for until such time as she continues her journey."

Cradles and Childhood.

ne Royal Cradles of Gold and Silver, nd others of honest Wood—The Cra- le of Jesus at Bethlehem.

"THE first cradle," says a beautiful Eastern legend, "was the arms of our mother Eve, which, with fingers interlaced and supporting her children, rocked them softly to slumber and rest." Since then, umbered mothers in all lands have cra- d their offspring in the maternal arms, in y and sorrow, in sickness and health. t even the arms of the most loving of thers grow tired at times, and she is d to be able to dispose temporarily of the le mite of humanity in some comfortable ce. To meet this want of the mother d the child, the cradle was first devised d from the earliest ages, it has been a distant and indispensable adjunct of the me in every country under the sun.

Who shall say how the first cradle look- d? It may have been simply the skin of ne animal, formed into a bag and swung m a low tree-branch; or a cradle of flex- le bark, held rudely together with thongs, d like the queer-looking affairs in which ne Indian mothers put their pappooses. any event, whatever it resembled, the decessor of our modern elegant patent ker must have been a crude construction, ough even from the earliest times, the a of securing a gentle, swaying, sooth- motion was probably kept in view. sket-cradles, round, oval-shaped, or ob- g, came into use as skill in the mechan- arts advanced. It was presumably in asket-cradle, bitumen-coated so as to ren- it impervious to water, that little Moses s placed, when he was entrusted to the der mercies of the Nile. From the bas- or bark cradle to the wooden rocker is ng reach in the history of cradles. In stern lands, the cradle used to-day by the mmon people is probably little changed m that of one or even two thousand rs ago. A Syrian baby is tightly bound vn in a cradle of roughly-cut, unpainted od, whose two ends seem not unlike bar- heads, while a pole runs across at top; little one is strapped down in a position t certainly looks uncomfortable.

n Scandinavian countries, the old-time dles were for the most part heavy, un- ldy affairs, made to do service for sev- l generations of babies. With huge rock- , deep sides and semi-circular canopies of t wood, they made very warm and snug ths for their little occupants. These ve long since been replaced by lighter and re graceful structures, and the modern dle is, in many respects a work of art. pecially is this the fact when it is select- as a gift for presentation to the parents some young princeling, as in the case of very beautiful cradle in our illustration, ich was presented recently to the infant n of the Duke and Duchess of York, the uthful heir to the throne of England. is cradle is of silver and gilt, and is ex- ite in workmanship and general finish, ng probably the finest ever seen in the ited Kingdom. There are, however, in- nces on record where cradles of pure ld have been provided for the heirs of narchs, either at their own expense or their enthusiastic subjects.

How different these costly cradles of roy- y from that humble manger-cradle in ich "The Lord of Glory" lay in a little rian town:

old on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall.

One of the monkish legends concerning rist's early infancy states that Mary adled the infant Saviour in a little man- r or crib-shaped box of sycamore wood, the same shape that is still used in stables and khans in some parts of the East. But whether the manger of Bethlehem was of wood or stone, it was none the less the grandest and yet the meanest cradle ever fashioned by human hands.

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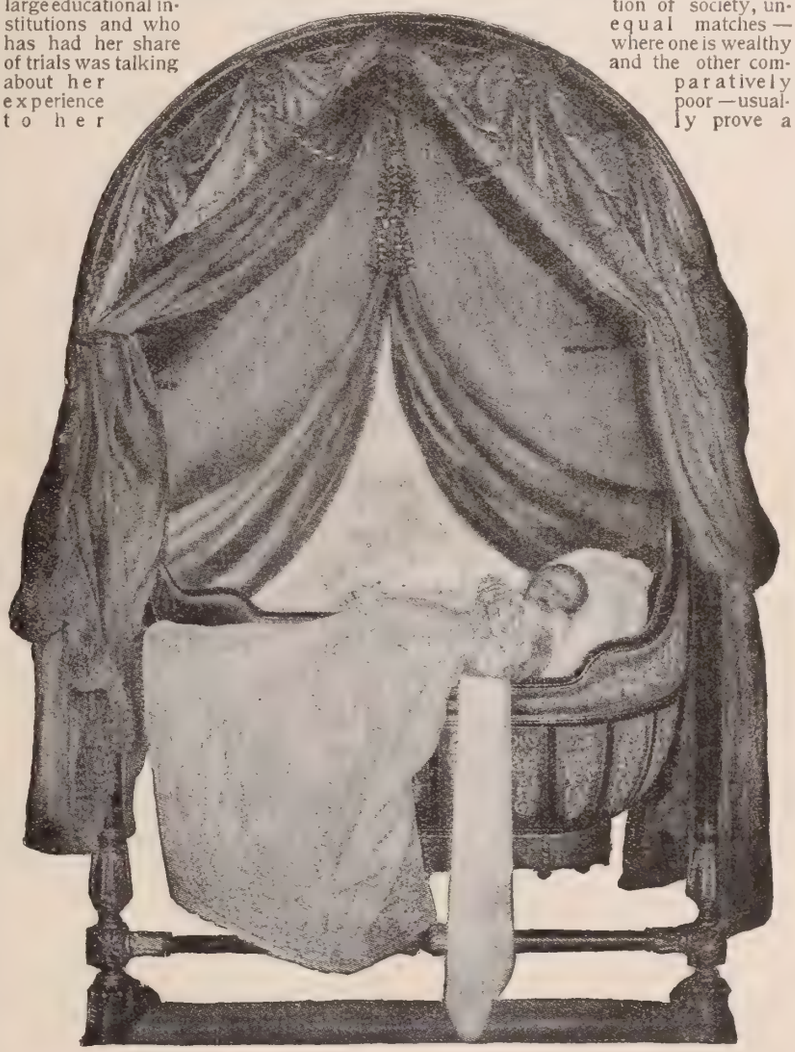
Remember Only the Pleasant Things.

We have already written at different times of the "art of forgetting" the unpleasantnesses of daily life, and what an excellent faculty it is to cultivate in the young. A lady, whose life is passed in one of our large educational institutions and who has had her share of trials was talking about her experience to her friends at home. "Are all the people at the institute so perfectly lovely?" she was asked. With a bright smile she answered: "Somehow I remember the pleasant things and forget the others." No doubt this was, in part, an acquired grace. Is it not one well worth cultivating, if only for peace of mind. A child begged for the story of Daniel one night at bed-time. "I am afraid," said the mother, "you will dream about lions." "Oh, no," returned the little one, "I will dream about Daniel, and leave out all about the lions." This little one had already learned a lesson in the art of forgetting.



THE CRADLE OF ENGLAND'S ROYAL HEIR, THE SON OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

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Spiritual Singing.

Indifference is a foe to spiritual singing. It is not the voice that counts in spiritual singing, but the heart, and "melody unto the Lord" is not inconsistent with quavering voices and uncertain tones. Some people trying because they fear to create discord. But better discord to the ear than silence in think they cannot sing, and refrain from the soul; songs of praise may have false tones in them when they rise, but if they are from true and loyal hearts they will have harmony enough when they reach heaven's choir, and the angels of God take up the strain. Bad manners will kill spiritual singing. There are people who would not dream of talking while the preacher prays, but they have no scruple if the prayer be set to music. In an average congregation the discords will be utterly drowned out—if everybody sings. Four people out of five can sing correctly, if they will, the grand yet simple melodies. And in any event, hearty uncultured congregational singing is better than concordant operatic quartettes in the house of God.

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Marrying Rich.

The time is coming when, with the spread of Christian principles, riches will no longer be regarded as worthy of honor and respect in themselves, but rather as a possible incubus, unless the possessor is one whose life and actions are governed by the noblest deeds and purposes. In the present condition of society, unequal matches—where one is wealthy and the other comparatively poor—usually prove a vexation. Apropos of such experiences, a writer in "Scribner's Magazine" has this amusing paragraph, which shows "the other side" of the usual unequal match: "My cousin Anthony has been in to tell me of the betrothal of his son to a young woman of exceptionally voluminous financial prospects. My cousin is not himself a man of large means, and his children's fortunes are still to be made; nevertheless it was not without an air of deprecation and symptoms of uneasiness that he told me what his son had done, But, I said, seeing Anthony growing solemn, somebody must marry the rich girls. There might be enough rich young men to pair off with them if all the rich bachelors were available; but as long as a large percentage of the rich bachelors insist on marrying poor girls there is no choice but for some rich girls to marry poor men or none. And, after all, if a girl is truly a nice girl, it would be a shame to avoid her because of her fortune. I think I was a comfort to cousin Anthony. He went away looking a good deal less dejected than when he came in."

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ANOTHER DAY.

ANOTHER closing day,
Another setting sun,—
What progress have I made?
What duty have I done?

Amid perplexing cares
That marked this checkered life,
O have I sought thy grace
To help me in the strife?

Have I, in simple faith
Before thy gracious throne,
Lived only in thy strength,
Nor trusted in my own?

Dear Saviour, guide my feet
In all the toilsome way,
And bring me nearer thee
With each declining day.

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SOCIAL DEGRADATION IN SIAM.

IN a recent article by the late Wm. M. Taylor, D.D., this striking picture is given of the degraded social and religious conditions of life in Japan at the present time: Like the Chinese, the Siamese have a passion for gambling. Gambling houses are established in different parts of Bangkok, and are open at all hours. Near mid-day, we visited one of these institutions and found it crowded with scores of men, and mingled with them were numbers of women and young people. Shells, cards and coins were used.

The gambling spirit is so rife that they resort to all sorts of schemes to indulge it. They will put two fishes of a certain kind in glass globes quite near each other; when they see the fighting propensities of the fishes are properly aroused, they will then put them together in the same globe and let them fight it out. The owner of the victorious fish gets the stake. Dr. McFarland, who taught the boys' school for the government, says he has known the boys to bring crickets to school in their pockets, that they might enjoy the prize fight between the chirpers during play time. Mrs. Eaken repeated to me the prayer of her little boy the night after I visited them: "Lord, bless father, mother, sister, and Mr. Taylor, and the bad men who fight roosters!"

The practice of chewing the betel nut is common with both men and women. The tobacco habit is bad enough, but this is far worse. A certain spicy leaf, a little quicklime, and often some tobacco are used with the betel nut. The effect of this mongrel mouthful is to blacken the teeth, add large concretions to them in the course of time, and to thicken and protrude the discolored lower lip in a most disgusting manner. Dr. George McFarland showed me in his dental rooms teeth as black as coal.

A Hundred Years Hence.

Every family has its heirlooms, priceless treasures that in themselves do not represent a very great money value, but what a world of reminiscence they unfold of early struggles. A descendent of the Pilgrim Fathers has an old rusty flint-lock, perhaps, or a faded cockade, that tells of heroism; that recalls the Declaration of Independence; heroism that gave to the whole world an asylum for the oppressed, a haven that has gathered to its shores people from every clime and speaking every tongue.

Every town and hamlet has its survivors of a gigantic struggle that shattered the manacles of slavery, and many a widow robbed of her life-partner by the cruel ravages of war, holds a wrinkled envelope that came from the field of battle, telling of the onward march to victory. Here a battered drum and there a flag shot to shreds. Sometimes an old clock ticks away to recall the old homestead of pioneer days, and there are none of us who do not possess an heirloom of some sort.

The crowning glory of the closing century, the World's Fair, afforded an opportunity to many families to secure souvenirs, little things that delight the eye, to be left behind when we have done with this life, and in time become heirlooms that money cannot purchase, for they are of historical value.

The daintiest souvenir of the Fair one can have is the Souvenir Spoon. They show the World's Fair Buildings, with the head of Columbus and dates 1492-1893, and a hundred years from now will tell the story of the marvelous peace offering to the world that closed the Nineteenth Century. For 99c. the Leonard Mfg. Co., 20 Adams Street, Chicago, will send you a set of six different spoons, with solid gold plated bowls, each one showing a different building of the Fair, the same that your neighbor paid nine dollars for on the Fair grounds. This is certainly a glorious opportunity, and you cannot afford to miss it. See their advertisement on the back cover of this issue.

An Ounce of Prevention

is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

ALICE MAPLETON'S ORDEAL

A STORY OF NOBLE FORTITUDE UNDER TRIAL.

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by E. CARSWELL.

THE AUTHOR OF OUR NEW SERIAL.

MR. EDWARD CARSWELL, the author of our new Serial Story, is a writer of brilliant ability, and with a wide reputation as an orator, poet, artist and author. He is known everywhere as a forcible and argumentative teacher, and no more eloquent speaker has occupied the temperance platform since the days of John B. Gough. He has lectured in nearly every state in the Union and Canada, and has delivered forty-seven addresses at Ocean Grove to great audiences. Among his best known books are, "Let it Alone," a moral story which instantly achieved a national success. He is now in middle-life, but in the prime of his intellectual powers, and capable of teaching the noblest lessons with his pen, as "Alice Mapleton's Ordeal" will demonstrate to our readers.

Mr. Carswell, whose portrait appears in the medallion in the above heading, has his home at Oshawa, Ont., Canada. He was born at Ware, England, in 1831, and came to Canada with his parents in 1835, settling in Toronto, Can. He spent several years in the far west, and returned to Toronto and afterwards went to Oshawa, where he soon became actively identified with the Sons of Temperance—an organization of which he is still an honored member, and in which he has held various high offices. Mr. Carwell's family consists of his wife, two sons and three daughters. Much of his long life-work in the temperance cause has been performed under the auspices of the National Temperance Society.

CHAPTER I.

Mother and Daughter.

NOW, mother, do not cry any more. You look better this morning and if you will try and forget the past, if only for a little while, it will do you so much good; things might be worse than they are."

"Yes, my child I know all the old sayings, how often have I quoted them to others, in my days of happiness and prosperity, now they sound like empty words without meaning. "Oh, yes! I remember them all: 'Every cloud has a silver lining.' 'It is always darkest before daybreak.' 'It is never so bad, but what it might be worse.' 'No lane but has a turning at last.' There is no truth in any of them as far as we are concerned, things could not possibly be any worse. I have lost all faith and hope, and can see no refuge beyond, save the grave. Who could have believed that so much pain and sorrow could be crowded into two short years? Only two years ago, wealth, a loving husband, a dear boy who was my idol, a beautiful home, hosts of friends, everything that heart could wish for, and all gone in two short years; friends, happiness, fortune, and the dear ones; all gone all gone!"

"Oh! do not say all, mother," and the fair young girl dropped upon her knees beside her mother's bed, and burying her face in the coverlet, burst into tears.

"No, no, God forgive me," said the startled mother, as she laid her thin, white hand on the golden-brown head of the girl, "I was thinking of the ones taken, and not the dear one left. What should I do without you? You have done everything that a brave, loving child could do for a poor helpless mother, who has lost pride, health and courage. Yes, I have something to be thankful for, in that you are spared to me; but you must forgive your poor sick mother, for my heart is broken."

"No; it was I who was to blame for showing my weakness," said Alice as she arranged the pillow and kissed her mother; "Now, you will take a little toast and tea and then you must let me help you into your chair, and after I have made up your bed, I will answer an advertisement I saw in the paper yesterday: A lady wants a person to teach drawing to three young ladies, and to give the lessons at their homes."

Mr. Mapleton had been a successful merchant, and was supposed to be very wealthy. He had worked his way up from being a poor clerk in a country store. His wife, on the other hand, had never known a want unsatisfied in her life, for her parents although not rich, had made her (their only child), their idol, and had lavished on her all their love and money. She was a kind-hearted woman, a loving wife and affectionate mother, but proud of her position in society, and very proud of her children; and the latter was not to be wondered at, for they were children to be proud of. Alice was not only gentle, affectionate and accomplished, but also a very beautiful girl; and Will, was a young man without any bad habits, industrious at college, leader, not only in most of the classes, but in all the manly sports; he was a dutiful and affectionate son, and was very proud of his sister.

Alice had many suitors, indeed their name was legion; she was kind and gentle to all, but firm and decided, when any of them went beyond the words of friendship, or ventured a proposal of marriage. The fact was Alice had a secret hidden away in her own heart, she loved and was beloved by one whom she knew would be objectionable to her family on account of his poverty.

Fred Morgan was a clerk in her father's store; he was the son of a hard-working but poor farmer; he was a great strapping fellow, full of life and sunshine, and had shown great energy and ambition in securing his education, and in working his way from the plough to his present position, which was a responsible one in the great firm: but altho' a handsome fellow in form and feature, and a gentleman in life and action, he could not be admitted to the same circle in society to which the Mapletons belonged. It was at a picnic that he first met Alice, and it was a case of love at first sight, it was astonishing how often they met accidentally after that; that summer he managed to spend his two weeks' holiday at or near (for he was camping), the same watering-place where the Mapletons had their cottage. How many strolls along the beach, or how many boat-rides they had together, can hardly be numbered. But one moonlight evening they happened to meet on the long board walk by the beach. Both feeling tired, they seated themselves on a rustic bench; they were alone; for a popular entertainment was taking place at the Auditorium, and they seemed to be the only two who had lost interest in the performance, and had slipped away and met, as we see, by accident. They sat for some time silently looking out over the moonlit water, then with almost a sob, Fred said:

"Oh, Miss Alice, what shall I do?"

"About what, Fred?" she asked in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"I have called myself all the hard names I could think of for my presumption; I feel how hopeless is my case; I have sworn that I would never mention it to you;" he took her hand which she did not withdraw, but still she looked out over the water—"I have determined over and over again to go away and keep my secret and suffering to myself, but I have never had the courage."

"I am glad of that," she whispered.

With a thrill of joy, Fred caught her other hand, "From the first moment I saw you," he exclaimed, "I have loved you as I never thought it possible for one being to love another, and I have struggled but hopelessly to break the chain until I find I must speak or go mad—tell me is there any hope, not now, but in the future?"

She turned her face to his, tears were on the long lashes of her great pansy-like eyes, and she said, "Fred, you know that I love you."

Fred caught her in his arms and her head lay trustingly on his breast as she went on: "I fear I am doing wrong, and saying what I should not say, but I cannot help it any more than you can; I love you better than anyone in this world, and shall until I die."

"You blessed darling!" said Fred as he kissed her again and again. Come what will in the future, sorrow, misfortune, suffering, this moment's happiness will more that compensate for all I can suffer in a lifetime. Now I can go out into the world and win my way to fortune with the strength of ten men, for the fight will be for you. And now, dear, what shall I do? Shall I ask your father's consent, or shall we keep it to ourselves for a time? I feel sure that your family will be shocked, and refuse their consent."

"I fear that mamma will be very much opposed to our love," said Alice, "because she does not know you, and has very ambitious notions as to my future, so perhaps we had better keep our own secret for a time."

"I fear," said Fred, "that one besides ourselves has a suspicion and is on the watch. I mean your father's partner, Mr. Jackson. He has changed very much in his conduct towards me of late; he has become more exacting and severe, and at times almost insulting. He has hinted several times in my presence that you and he were engaged."

"How dare he!" cried Alice. "I have twice refused him; and I know no other man for whom I feel so strong a dislike. I feel that he is deceitful and underhanded, and I wonder how father could ever have trusted, or taken such a person for a partner."

"I have wondered at your father's confidence in the man, myself; for if I am a judge of human nature, he is a selfish, unscrupulous man, who would not stand at anything, no matter how dishonorable, to gain his end. But we must not spend the few minutes we have together talking on such a disagreeable subject."

For an hour, hand in hand they sauntered up and down the beach, forming plans that never could be carried out, building impossible castles in the air, forgetting, for the time, that there was any other world outside that moon-lit stretch of sand, or other people save themselves to inhabit it. They were startled from their dream by the church bell striking ten.

When Alice returned to the cottage she was anxious to get to her room without meeting anyone, for she doubted her power to hide the great joy that filled her heart, and well she might, for her eyes sparkled like diamonds, her cheeks were aglow, and her heart seemed dancing within her."

But her mother met her at the door. "I have been waiting for you, Alice," she said in a constrained voice. "Was not that Fred Morgan who left you at the gate?"

"Yes, mamma, he met me on the beach, and it was such a lovely night, and the heat was so oppressive in the hall that I felt faint and came away, and was glad when I met Fred, for I have had a lovely walk."

"Alice, I am astonished at you, to be seen promenading with one of your father's clerks, and a nobody at that, and at this hour of the night too, and when I returned I found this note under the door without a signature. I will read it to you, then you will not wonder at my agitation:"

MRS. MAPLETON:—You had better keep a watch on your daughter Alice, as she is being deceived by a low-down, money-hunting villain; and the quicker Mr. Mapleton discharges a certain sneaking clerk now in his employ, the better for the happiness of your daughter. ONE WHO HAS EYES AND HAS SEEN.

Alice was struck dumb for a moment; she stood pale and speechless.

"What do you think of that?" asked Mrs. Mapleton, as she folded the note and sank into a chair; then the white face of Alice changed to a scarlet, and a whirlwind of indignation shook her from head to foot. "What do I think of it? Why, I think (and she faced her mother) that the mean creature who wrote it and was ashamed to sign his name, is beneath contempt. And if he refers to Fred Morgan in that letter, I should like to tell him to his face that there is more of the true gentleman in one of Fred's little fingers than could be found in a whole regiment of such cowards as the writer of that note. And mother, I am astonished that you should speak so slightingly of Fred. He may be poor, but he is a true gentleman, and any girl might be proud of his friendship, and be perfectly safe in his society."

Alice felt that she had allowed her indignation and her love to carry her too far, so she stopped short, while Mrs. Mapleton sat as if paralyzed. She had never heard anything like this from sweet tempered, gentle Alice before. She sat for a moment with her eyes fixed with astonishment on her daughter. She was very pale and her features were drawn and hard. Then she slowly arose and said in a decided tone of voice

"We will return to the city in the morning," and she marched out of the room without saying good night.

"Good-night, mamma," said Alice. "I shall be all ready to morrow." She did not add how much she wanted to return to the city on the morrow, because if she had, she would have had to confess that Fred, also had to return the next day.

CHAPTER II.

Employer and Clerk.

The next afternoon when Fred entered the office he could perceive that something was wrong; the clerks only gave him a sid glance; Mr. Mapleton instead of meeting him in his former hearty way with a sla on the back and a shake of the hand, sat a his desk with his head bowed and merel nodded as Fred entered. Mr. Jackson la back in his chair with a half grin and ha sneer upon his face. "You need not go t your books," said Mr. Jackson, "as w have no more need of your services."

"What do you mean?" asked Fred i astonishment.

"That you are discharged," said Jackso

"Will you please give me some explana tion?" asked Fred turning to Mr. Mapleto

"You have been found out, that's all, said Jackson, "and you will please lea the office."

"I was not speaking to you, sir; I wa addressing the gentleman who engage me," said Fred.

"Yes, Fred, you are right; you shou have some explanation. They tell me thing are not right, your books and other thing you know," said Mr. Mapleton.

"If you doubt my honesty, sir, I certai ly shall remain until I clear myself or a proved dishonest."

"Well, Fred, to tell the truth, I nev doubted your honesty; I do not now; the may be some mistake, but you have act badly by me and mine; I refer to my daug ter. You have taken advantage of our kin ness and confidence, and, and, my wife so angry with you that she is now sick her bed."

"I am very sorry to hear it, sir; but what way have I been dishonorable?"

"Well—well, I don't know. I ha thought almost as much of you as if y were my son, and you have deceived me

"No, sir," said Fred, "there is deceptio you are being deceived, but you are loo ing in the wrong direction to discover it."

Here Jackson broke in (there were on the three in the office), "Mapleton, how c you listen to such a contemptible pupp Have I not shown you enough to prove I dishonesty?"

"Yes, by the bye, Fred, Mr. Jacks pointed out one dishonest record or mista in your books. Perry & Co. paid you $2 the day before you left, and you have on given credit for $50."

"You must ask Mr. Jackson about th item," said Fred, "as he took the mon and gave the receipt. It happened while was at lunch, and when I saw the credit my book, I became a little suspicious, s took the trouble to call on Perry & Co., a have the written statement that the mon was paid to Mr. Jackson."

Mr. Jackson's face had turned first ve white, and then a fiery red; he was glari at Fred like an enraged animal. He spra to his feet. "Do you mean to say, sir, t I have falsified your books?" he asked.

"That is what it looks like to me," plied Fred, with the most provoking co ness.

"Do you know that you are talking t gentleman, sir?"

"No, I do not," said Fred in the sa tone.

"I have a great mind to call a policema and have you arrested on the spot," sa Jackson.

"I don't think you would dare risk su a thing, although I have no objectio however, and I think it would be a go thing for Mr. Mapleton, but I should engage your brother as my lawyer, as y have persuaded this firm to do," said Fr

"Leave this office, sir! You are a sne and a villain," and fairly boiling with p sion he strode over to where Fred w standing and glared at the young man w clenched fist and flaming eyes.

(To be continued.)

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Writing of the native religions of Japan, W. Elliott Griffis, D.D., says: "If a multitud of gods could have obviated the tendency on the part of each individual to have something for his own particular worship, one would suppose that Shinto fulfilled all requirements. One of its prayers attests the existence of eight hundred myriads of celestial gods, fifteen hundred myriads of terrile gods, and alludes to others whom it does not enumerate. The reader who has the curiosity to add these vague numbers together will find that Shinto accommodates its votaries with more than a god apiece. But their influence is all so uniform that it is supposed to be concentrated by any worshiper with fervent prayer to the aid of those images and divine symbols which he keeps upon a shelf in his own house. The natural disposition was to practise what one Shinto commentator directly enjoined—to worship by name only the most important as to include the rest in a general petition. From the moment it was imagined that this could be done, a classification began among the supernatural powers exactly similar to that which accompanied the growth of feudalism among men. If there were gods who served, there must be others who ruled all the way up to some one deity over all."

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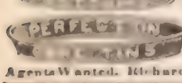

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T meth unnoticed and silent,
ke the swell of the ocean wide.
We wake and sleep—deep calleth to deep,
nd the land is whelmed in the tide.

t es not "with observation,'
s the nations wheel to line;
The crimson light on the hills of night
f its dawning gives the sign

But cometh first and swiftly
o each soul whose entrance gate
Sta s wide, O King, that thou may'st come in
ith thy train in royal state!

And e, while we send good tidings
o the souls that wait thy Word,
We labor and pray that thy Kingdom may
ome daily in us, O Lord!

—REBECCA P. REED.

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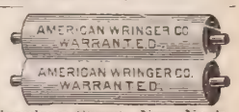

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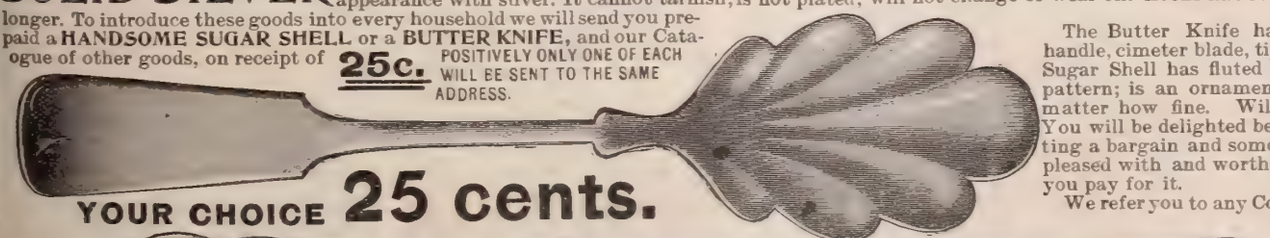

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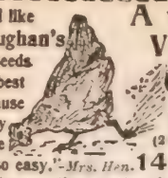

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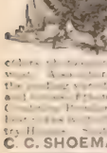

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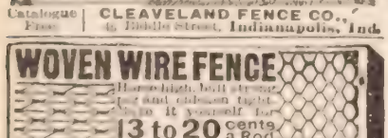

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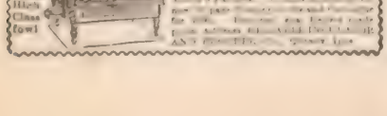

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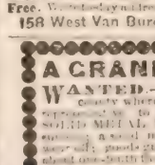

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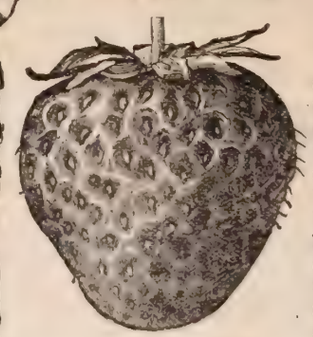

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THE GREAT WESTERN PLANT CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

50c Trial Sets Of Choice Seeds Plants and Fruits

By mail postpaid, safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. Order by the letters and the numbers from this advertisement NOW, as these are introductory sets, not in catalogue, an Elegant Annual of 168 pages, which will be sent free with first order. If none of these sets suit you and you want anything in our line send for CATALOGUE FREE. About 60 pages devoted to VEGETABLE and FLOWER SEEDS, 70 to PLANTS and the balance to the CREAM OF THE FRUITS.

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THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Box 134 Painesville,

We Want You to Know

That 50 CENTS will Buy

12 Very Choice Everblooming Roses

as follows: The Bride, white; Bon Silene, carmine; Bridesmaid, pink; H. M. Stanley, amber rose, Souv. de P. Gaulaine, dark crimson; Mad. Nabonnand, rosy flesh; Queen's Scarlet, scarlet; Mlle. Francesca Kruger, rich yellow; Arch Duchess Immaculata, citron red; Comte Eva Stahremberg, cream yellow; Ball of Snow, pure white (hard); Geu'l de Tartas brilliant carmine.

10 Fine Begonias, 10 Splendid New Carnations, 12 Selected New Chrysanthemums, 12 Flowering Geraniums, 25 pkts Choice Selected Flower Seed

Any one of the above liberal collections sent postpaid for only 50 cents. Our 32 large greenhouses are stocked with the best and newest varieties of plants, bulbs, flower and vegetable seeds. Send for our large handsomely illustrated Catalogue, mailed Free to any address.

Over half a million one and two year old roses now in stock. SAFE ARRIVAL OF ALL GOODS GUARANTEED.

The Geo. H. Mellen Co., Box I, Proprietors the old established INNISFALLEN GREENHOUSES Springfield,

SCOTT'S ROSES with a record of six years, will give better satisfaction than choice forced plants from unknown houses. Our Catalogue this year, though handsomer than ever, is an exponent of the time. Gardens fairer than ever, at less cost, are made possible by its Special Features of Premiums, Discount Club offers, and Low Prices on the BEST PLANTS, SEEDS, and BULBS. Write for it to-day—it is free.

ROBERT SCOTT & SON, 19th and Catharine Sts., PHILADELPHIA, P.

"Cleanliness is nae pride, dirt's nae honesty." Common sense dictates the use of SAPOLIO

Our Bodies are Really Self-Feeding Stoves

with the oxygen of the air as fuel. Rightly used, the fuel never fails. But our present day fever-heat style of living is not right use. It's ABUSE. Of course, our feeders (the lungs) can't keep pace, and — we burn out.

For this abnormal demand Electropoise creates an extra supply. It opens every pore in our bodies and lets us appropriate the oxygen we so much need.

When vitality is low more fuel is needed to stimulate the burning of the fire of health. When there's a fever the extra oxygen is just as much needed for fuel so that the fever may not consume the tissues. It is on this general principle that the Electropoise is such a universal help in all sorts of disorders.

Please note what a contrast there is between these two letters, one written in '93, and the other in '94. Also note the different diseases treated. There are many more such that could be cited and we should be glad to give any one information in plenty.

Willis Bros., Bankers.

(First Letter).

ENFIELD, Ill., Dec. 11, 1893.

Gentlemen: I inclose New York draft to pay for your pocket Electropoise. I do not often bite so quick at new things, but your theory seems sensible, and your list of testimonials makes a very strong showing as to results.

I presume your book of directions will be minute and easily understood, and cover a variety of cases.

My wife is so low I hardly expect a cure for her, but my daughter has had a nervous breakdown and is troubled with insomnia and constipation

I suppose everything that is needed will accompany the instrument. If you send by express we have Adams Express here.

Respectfully,

J. E. WILLIS.

Electropoise

TRADE MARK.

Willis Bros., Bankers.

(Second Letter).

ENFIELD, Ill., May 14, 1894.

I am glad of an opportunity to speak a word for the Electropoise. We began using it in December, 1893. At that time my daughter was suffering from a second nervous breakdown, for which she had been under treatment for about eighteen months. When we began to use the Electropoise she was in a very distressed condition of mind and suffered much from insomnia. After a few day's treatment she brightened up and natural sleep returned. She is now doing light housework, reading, playing the piano and goes about the place with her old-time vigor and cheerfulness. We feared that she might never fully recover, but now are confident that she will.

We have also used the Electropoise in the case of my wife, who has been down with nervous prostration for the past thirteen months. When we began to use the Electropoise she had been pronounced incurable by two good physicians. Her condition is now very much improved, and while the treatment is necessarily mild and the results slow, I believe the use of the Electropoise will result in her full recovery.

J. E. WILLIS.

ELECTROLIBRATION CO., 1122 Broadway, New York.

A Nineteenth Century SOUVENIR.

Do you realize that the Nineteenth Century will soon pass into history? **THE GREATEST WORLD'S FAIR** ever held or likely to be held graced the closing years of the present century, and every man, woman and child should have a souvenir; an heirloom to hand down to posterity, of the great White City.

One of the largest Manufacturers of Silverware in the World made up an immense stock of magnificent and costly souvenir spoons, to be sold on the Fair grounds at $1.50 each, but the exclusive privilege of selling souvenir spoons was awarded a syndicate of private dealers. **This Immense Stock Was Left on Their Hands** and must be sold at once. **The Full Set** of six spoons formerly sold for $9.00 can now be had **FOR ONLY**

99c. For All Six SENT PREPAID, In a plush lined case.

The spoons are after dinner coffee size, **Heavy Coin Silver Plated**, with **Gold Plated Bowls**, each of the six spoons representing a different building of the World's Fair. The handles are finely chased, showing head of Columbus and dates 1492–1893.

THEY ARE GENUINE WORKS OF ART

and the finest souvenir collection ever presented. This same advertisement has appeared in the following papers for several months past: the *Christian Herald*, *Christian at Work*, and *Evangelist*, of New York; *Union Gospel News*, of Cleveland, O.; *Herald and Presbyter*, of Cincinnati, O.; *Presbyterian*, of Philadelphia, Pa.; *Congregationalist*, of Boston; *Enterior*, *Union Signal*, *Baptist Union*, *RamsHorn*, and *Epworth Herald*, of Chicago; and many other leading publications. You certainly know that the editors of these papers would not accept this advertisement if the goods were not as represented. You will never again have an opportunity to purchase genuine souvenirs at such a low price. Money cheerfully refunded if not as represented.

Send Chicago or New York Exchange, Postal Note or Currency.
Individual Checks not Accepted.

LEONARD MFG. CO., 20 Adams St., A. S., Chicago, Ill.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18. NUMBER 12.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 20, 1895.

PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

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The Healing of the Waters.

Elisha's Fountain Near Jericho and the Wondrous Miracle that was wrought There —The Living Stream Still a Blessing to the Plain.

NEARLY twenty-eight hundred years ago, a strange scene was enacted beside the picturesque little stream shown in the photograph below. Flowing in the midst of a barren plain, with no other water nearer than the river Jordan, the stream might reasonably have been regarded as a source of fruitfulness and blessing; but, through a strange and unnatural perversion, it had become a baleful and blasting influence instead. It flowed near the ancient city of Jericho, whose inhabitants had come to regard its presence as a blight on the plain and a menace to their own welfare. Its noxious waters, foul-smelling and evil-tasting, poisoned the ground along its course and killed all vegetation, besides causing the death of any children or cattle who might come to it, and spreading a sickly influence over all that part of the country through which it flowed.

To the banks of this maleficent stream came one day the prophet of the Lord, Elisha. Only a short time before, he had seen his great prophet-teacher, Elijah, ascend to heaven and had been invested with the mantle of his predecessor in token that he was to possess the spirit of Elijah and to continue his work. The Jordan had miraculously parted to permit his passage to the western side, and he had then proceeded to Jericho, where he tarried while the sons of the prophets made vain search for the departed Elijah. It was while Elisha rested at Jericho that the men of the city, discerning in him a true prophet, laid before him their complaint concerning the barren, death-dealing fountain or stream, and he listened attentively. He asked that they should bring him a new cruse or earthen vessel and that it be filled with salt. When this was done, the prophet, accompanied by the men of the place, "went forth unto the spring of the waters" (II. Kings 2:21), or the place where the stream issues from the rocky soil, and there he cast in the salt, and in the name of the Lord, declared the waters healed, and that there should not "be from thence any more death or barren land." Josephus relates that Elisha, after throwing the salt into the current, "poured out a mild drink-offering, and this supplication that the current might be mollified and that the veins of fresh water might be opened; that God also would bring into the place a more temperate and fertile air for the current, and would bestow upon the people of that country plenty of the fruits of the earth and a succession of children, and that this prolific water might never fail them while they continued to be righteous' . . . And the water, which had been the occasion of barrenness and famine before, from that time did supply a numerous posterity, and afford great abundance to the country. Accordingly," adds the Jewish historian, "the power of it is so great in watering the ground that if it does but once touch a country, it affords a sweeter nourishment than other waters do." And thus, under Divine permission, the miracle was accomplished, and the waters were healed even "unto this day," as the Scripture affirmed, for recent travelers all unite in the statement that no sweeter, cleaner, or more refreshing draught is to be found in the streams of Palestine than can be dipped up from "Elisha's Fountain." It has a perennial and abundant flow, and it waters more ground than do many greater streams, affording nourishment to countless fields, many beautiful gardens and groves of palm-trees. From being barren waste the ground has become exceedingly fertile, and the numerous irrigating rills water the soil and assist in producing good crops of beans, barley, wheat, and other cereals. The springs of the fountain empty into a large reservoir or basin, which expands into a lakelet upon whose palm-shaded banks the traveler may rest. In other years the neighborhood was a favorite haunt of the Bedouins, whose wearied horses would plunge into the pool until its cooling waters reached over their knees, while their masters sat by the shaded margin enjoying a frugal repast, and drinking from the clear and sparkling waters that rippled past them to the Jordan. Nearby are the pillars of ruined aqueducts, the fragments of masonry and hewn stones cropping up through the soil, with here and there a perfect pyramid of debris—all marking the ruins of the once populous and powerful city of Jericho, which was described as "huge and high-towered" in the time of Joshua.

"ELISHA'S FOUNTAIN," NEAR JERICHO, PALESTINE.

From a photograph recently secured in the Holy Land by the Proprietor of "The Christian Herald."

Palestine abounds in fountains. Its landscapes are dotted with springs, brooks and rivulets, many of whose names have been historic; yet, as a rule they are short-lived, though remarkable for their beauty. Their importance and the high appreciation with which they are regarded, are both due to the fact that "living water" in the Orient has been held to be one of the best gifts bestowed upon man. Many of the fountains are prominently associated with important events in Bible history. Philip's Fountain on the road to Gaza, where the evangelist baptized the trusted servant of Queen Candace; the Apostles Fountain, on the Jericho road, whose crystalline invitation still attracts the thirsty traveler along that highway; the "Fountain of the Virgin" at Nazareth, to which Mary may often have come with the other women of the village to draw water; the fountain or springs of the Brook Cherith, by the margin of which Elijah was fed by the ravens; the Fountain and Pool of Siloam of healing memory, and the fountains of the Jordan at Dan and Banias, and of the Abana at Fijeh and Zebedany. In that land of mountains and valleys and rocky gorges, the low murmur of fountains is a frequent and welcome sound, and their water-courses are marked by luxuriant vegetation and beautiful foliage. The presence of a fountain is a perpetual delight to all who dwell near it, and the appreciation of the "living waters" is all the more marked when, in the midst of some unusually dry season, the stream that has made a garden of its surroundings becomes parched and dried up and even its springs fail at the fountain-head.

"Elisha's Fountain," and its shaded banks and verdurous fields adjacent, are a pleasant and striking contrast to the arid and stony character of the country round about. The road between Jerusalem and Jericho leads for fifteen miles through a dreary wilderness with only a single refreshing spot after leaving the course of the fountain, and travelers are exposed to the parching rays of the Syrian sun, which beat down upon them with almost tropical fierceness. In the Bible the fountain is a symbol of physical refreshment and spiritual blessing, being a type of the abundant comforts which the Lord bestows upon his people.

WHOLESALE DIVORCE.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached last Sunday in the Academy of Music, N.Y.

Text: Matt. 19: 6, "*What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder.*"

THAT there are hundreds and thousands of infelicitous homes in America no one will doubt. If there were only one skeleton in the closet, that might be locked up and abandoned; but in many a home there is a skeleton in the hallway and a skeleton in all the apartments.

"Unhappily married" are two words descriptive of many a homestead. It needs no orthodox minister to prove to a badly-mated pair that there is a hell; they are there now. Sometimes a grand and gracious woman will be thus incarcerated, and her life will be a crucifixion, as was the case with Mrs. Sigourney, the great poetess and the great soul. Sometimes a consecrated man will be united to a fury, as was John Wesley, or united to a vixen, as was John Milton. Sometimes, and generally, both parties are to blame, and Thomas Carlyle was an intolerable scold, and his wife smoked and swore; and Froude, the historian, pulled aside the curtain from the lifelong squabble at Craigenputtock and Five, Cheyne Row.

Some say that for the alleviation of all these domestic disorders of which we hear, easy divorce is a good prescription. God sometimes authorizes divorce as certainly as he authorizes marriage. I have just as much regard for one lawfully divorced as I have for one lawfully married. But you know and I know that wholesale divorce is one of our national scourges. I am not surprised at this when I think of the influences which have been abroad militating against the marriage relation.

For many years the platforms of the country rang with talk about a free-love millennium. There were meetings of this kind held in the Cooper Institute, New York; Tremont Temple, Boston, and all over the land. Some of the women who were most prominent in that movement have since been distinguished for great promiscuosity of affection. Popular themes for such occasions were the tyranny of man, the oppression of the marriage relation, women's rights, and the affinities. Prominent speakers were women with short curls and short dress and very long tongue, everlastingly at war with God because they were created women; while on the platform sat meek men with soft accent and cowed demeanor, apologetic for masculinity, and holding the parasols while the termagant orators went on preaching the doctrine of free love.

That campaign of about twenty years set more devils into the marriage relation than will be exorcised in the next fifty. Men and women went home from such meetings so permanently confused as to who were their wives and husbands that they never got out of their perplexity, and the criminal and the civil courts tried to disentangle the Iliad of woes, and this one got alimony, and that one got a limited divorce, and this mother kept the children on condition that the father could sometimes come and look at them, and these went into poorhouses, and those went into an insane asylum, and those went into dissolute public life, and all went to destruction. The mightiest war ever made against the marriage institution was that free-love campaign, sometimes under one name and sometimes under another.

Another influence that has warred upon the marriage relation has been polygamy in Utah. That was a stereotyped caricature of the marriage relation, and has poisoned the whole land. You might as well think that you can have an arm in a state of mortification and yet the whole body not be sickened, as to have those territories polygamized, and yet the body of the nation not feel the putrefaction. Hear it, good men and women of America, that so long ago as 1862 a law was passed by Congress forbidding polygamy in the territories and in all the places where they had jurisdiction. Twenty-four years passed along and five administrations before the first brick was knocked from that fortress of libertinism.

Every new President in his inaugural tickled that monster with the straw of condemnation, and every Congress stultified itself in proposing some plan that would not work. Polygamy stood more entrenched, and more brazen, and more puissant, and more braggart, and more infernal. James Buchanan, a much abused man of his day, did more for the extirpation of this villainy than most of the subsequent administrations. Mr. Buchanan sent out an army, and although it was halted in its work, still he accomplished more than some of the administrations which did nothing but talk, talk, talk! At last, but not until it had poisoned generations, polygamy has received its death-blow.

Polygamy in Utah warred against the marriage relation throughout the land. It was impossible to have such an awful sewer of iniquity sending up its miasma, which was wafted by the winds north, south, east, and west, without the whole land being affected by it.

Another influence that has warred against the marriage relation in this country has been a pustulous literature, with its millions of sheets every week choked with stories of domestic wrongs, and infidelities, and massacres, and outrages, until it is a wonder to me that there are any decencies, or any common-sense left on the subject of marriage. One-half of the news-stands of all our cities reeking with the filth.

"Now," say some, "we admit all these evils, and the only way to clear them out or correct them is by easy divorce." Well, before we yield to that cry, let us find out how easy it is now.

I have looked over the laws of all the States, and I find that while in some States it is easier than in others, in every State it is easy. The State of Illinois, through its legislature, recites a long list of proper causes for divorce, and then closes up by giving to the courts the right to make a decree of divorce in any case where they deem it expedient. After that you are not surprised at the announcement that in one county of the State of Illinois, in one year, there were eight hundred and thirty-three divorces. If you want to know how easy it is, you have only to look over the records of the States. In the city of San Francisco three hundred and thirty-three divorces in one year; and in twenty years in New England twenty thousand. Is that not easy enough?

If the same ratio continue—the ratio of multiplied divorce and multiplied causes of divorce—we are not far from the time when our courts will have to set apart whole days for application, and all you will have to prove against a man will be that he left his newspaper in the middle of the floor, and all you will have to prove against a woman will be that her husband's overcoat is buttonless. Causes of divorce doubled in a few years—doubled in France, doubled in England, and doubled in the United States. To show how very easy it is, I have to tell you that in Western Reserve, Ohio, the proportion of divorces to marriages celebrated is one to eleven; in Rhode Island is one to thirteen; in Vermont one to fourteen. Is not that easy enough?

I want you to notice that frequency of divorce always goes along with the dissoluteness of society. Rome for five hundred years had not one case of divorce. Those were her days of glory and virtue. Then the reign of vice began, and divorce became epidemic. If you want to know how rapidly the Empire went down, ask Gibbon.

What we want in this country and in all lands is that divorce be made more and more and more difficult. Then people before they enter that relation will be persuaded that there will probably be no escape from it except through the door of the sepulchre. Then they will pause on the verge of that relation until they are fully satisfied that it is best, and that it is right, and that it is happiest. Then we shall have no more marriage in fun. Then men and women will not enter the relation with the idea it is only a trial trip, and if they do not like it they can get out at the first landing Then this whole question will be taken out of the frivolous into the tremendous, and there will be no more joking about the blossoms in a bride's hair than about the cypress on a coffin.

What we want is that the Congress of the United States change the national Constitution so that a law can be passed which shall be uniform all over the country, and what shall be right in one State shall be right in all the States, and what is wrong in one State will be wrong in all the States.

How is it now? If a party in the marriage relation gets dissatisfied, it is only necessary to move to another State to achieve liberation from the domestic tie, and divorce is effected so easy that the first one party knows of it is by seeing in the newspaper that Rev. Dr. Somebody on March 17, 1895, introduced in a new marriage relation a member of the household who went off on a pleasure excursion to Newport or a business excursion to Chicago. Married at the bride's house. No cards. There are States of the Union which practically put a premium upon the disintegration of the marriage relation, while there are other States, like our own New York State, that had for a long time the pre-eminent idiocy of making marriage lawful at twelve and fourteen years of age.

The Congress of the United States needs to move for a change of the national Constitution, and then to appoint a committee—not made up of single gentlemen, but of men of families, and their families in Washington—who shall prepare a good, honest, righteous, comprehensive, uniform law that will control everything from Sandy Hook to the Golden Horn. That will put an end to brokerages in marriages. That will send divorce lawyers into a decent business. That will set people agitated for many years on the question of how shall they get away from each other to planning how they can adjust themselves to the more or less unfavorable circumstances.

More difficult divorce will put an estoppel to a great extent upon marriage as a financial speculation. There are men who go into the relation just as they go into Wall Street to purchase shares. The female to be invited into the partnership of wedlock is utterly unattractive, and in disposition a suppressed Vesuvius. Everybody knows it, but this masculine candidate for matrimonial orders, through the commercial agency or through the county records, finds out how much estate is to be inherited, and he calculates it. He thinks out how long it will be before the old man will die, and whether he can stand the refractory tempe until he does die, and then he enters the re lation; for he says: "If I cannot stand it then through the divorce law I'll back out. That process is going on all the time, an men enter the relation without any mor principle, without any affection, and it is a much a matter of stock speculation as any thing that transpired yesterday in Unio Pacific, Illinois Central or Delaware an Lackawanna.

Now, suppose a man understood, as I ought to understand, that if he goes in that relation there is no possibility of h getting out, or no probability, he would l more slow to put his neck in the yoke. H would say to himself: "Rather than a Ca ibbean whirlwind with a whole fleet shipping in its arms, give me a zephyr fields of sunshine and gardens of peace."

Rigorous divorce law will also hind women from the fatal mistake of marr ing men to reform them. If a young m by twenty-five years of age or thirty yea of age have the habit of strong drink fix on him, he is as certainly bound for drunkard's grave as that a train starti out from Grand Central Depot at eig o'clock to-morrow morning is bound Albany. The train may not reach Alba for it may be thrown from the track. T young man may not reach a drunkar grave, for something may throw him the iron track of evil habit; but the prob bility is that the train that starts to-morr morning at eight o'clock for Albany w get there, and the probability is that young man who has the habit of stro drink fixed on him before twenty-five thirty years of age will arrive at a drur ard's grave. She knows he drinks, though he tries to hide it by chewi cloves. Everybody knows he drink Parents warn, neighbors and friends wa She will marry him, she will reform him

If she is unsuccessful in the experime why then the divorce law will emancip her, because habitual drunkenness is a ca for divorce in Indiana, Kentucky, Flori Connecticut, and nearly all the States. the poor thing goes to the altar of sacrif If you will show me the poverty-stri streets in any city, I will show you homes of the women who married me reform them. In one case out of ten th sand it may be a successful experime I never saw the successful experiment. have a rigorous divorce law, and that w an will say: "If I am affianced to that m it is for life."

A rigorous divorce law will also do m to hinder hasty and inconsiderate marria Under the impression that one can be ea released, people enter the relation wit inquiry and without reflection. Roma e and impulse rule the day. Perhaps only ground for the marriage compac that she likes his looks and he admires graceful way she passes around the cream at the picnic! It is all they kn about each other. It is all the prepara for life. A woman that could not mak a loaf of bread to save her life will swea cherish and obey. A Christian will m an atheist, and that always makes conj ed wretchedness; for if a man does no lieve there is a God, he is neither to be t ed with a dollar nor with your lifelong h piness. Having read much about love a cottage, people brought up in ease wil and starve in a hovel.

By the wreck of ten thousand hom by the holocaust of ten thousand sacri men and women, by the hearth-ston the family which is the corner-stone of State, and in the name of that God hath set up the family institution and hath made the breaking of the marital th the most appalling of all perjuries, I impre the Congress of the United States to m some righteous, uniform law for all States and from ocean to ocean, on subject of marriage and divorce.

Let me say to the hundreds of yo people in this house this afternoon, be you give your heart and hand in hol alliance, use all caution; inquire outside habits, explore the disposition, scrut

ste, question the ancestry, and find
e ambitions. Do not take the heroes
he heroines of cheap novels for a
od. Do not put your lifetime happiness
keeping of a man who has a reputa-
or being a little loose in morals, or in
eping of a woman who dresses fast.
nber that while good looks are a
gift of God, wrinkles or accident
lespoil them. Remember that Byron
s more celebrated for his beauty than
s depravity. Remember that Absa-
hair was not more splendid that his
were despicable. Hear it, hear it!
only foundation for happy marriage
has ever been or ever will be is good
ter.

God whom you shall marry; if you
at all. A union formed in prayer
e a happy union, though sickness
e cheek, and poverty empty the
tray, and death open the small
, and all the path of life be strewn
horns, from the marriage altar with
edding march and orange blossoms
on down to the last farewell at that
where Isaac and Rebecca, Abraham
ah, Adam and Eve, parted.

let me say to you who are in this
, if you make one man or woman
you have not lived in vain. Christ
that what he is to the Church you
to be to each other; and if sometimes
difference of opinion or difference
osition, you make up your mind that
marriage was a mistake, patiently
and forbear, remembering that life at
gest is short, and that for those who
been badly mated in this world, death
ive quick and immediate bill of di-
nent written in letters of green grass
et graves. And perhaps, my brother,
ister—perhaps you may appreciate
her better in heaven than you have
iated each other on earth.

the "Farm Ballads" our American
uts into the lips of a repentant hus-
after a life of married perturbation,
suggestive words:

hen she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
ding together in silence, perhaps we will agree.
d ever we meet in heaven, I would not think it queer
ve each other better because we quarrelled here.

let me say to those of you who are
ppy married union, avoid first quar-
ls have no unexplained correspondence
former admirers; cultivate no sus-
ns; in a moment of bad temper do not
out and tell the neighbors; do not let
of those gadabouts of society unload
ur house their baggage of gab and
ttle; do not stand on your rights;
how to apologize; do not be so proud,
stubborn, or so devilish that you will
make up. Remember that the worst
stic misfortunes and most scandalous
ce cases started from little infelicities.
whole piled-up train of ten rail-cars
loped and smashed at the foot of an
nkment one hundred feet down came
at catastrophe, by getting two or three
s off the track. Some of the greatest
stic misfortunes and the wide-resound-
ivorce cases have started from little
nderstandings that were allowed to go
d go on until home, and respectabil-
nd religion, and immortal soul went
in the crash, crash!

d, fellow-citizens as well as fellow-
stians, let us have a Divine rage
st anything that wars on the marri-
state. Blessed institution! Instead of
arms to fight the battle of life, four.
ad of two eyes to scrutinize the path
e, four. Instead of two shoulders to
he burden of life, four. Twice the en-
, twice the courage, twice the holy am-
n, twice the probability of wordly suc-
, twice the prospects of heaven. Into
matrimonial bower God fetches two
s. Outside that bower room for all
entions, and all bickerings, and all
roversies, but inside the bower there is
n for only one guest—the angel of love.
that angel stand at the floral doorway
his Edenic bower with drawn sword to
hew down the worst foe of that bower—easy divorce. And for every Paradise lost may there be a Paradise regained. And after we quit our home here may we have a brighter home in heaven, at the windows of which this moment are familiar faces watching for our arrival and wondering why so long we tarry.

OUT OF THE MIRE.

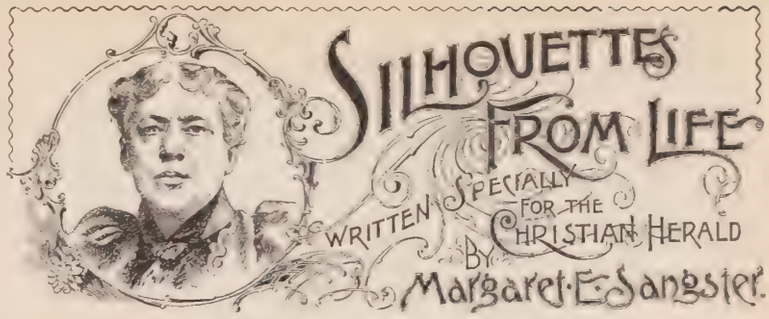
A Letter From One of the Friendless and Fallen Girls Saved at the Bethesda Home, Telling of Her New Life of Faith

A SINGULARLY beautiful letter, one of many received recently at the Bethesda Home for the reclamation of fallen and friendless women in Brooklyn, gives an idea of the way God is blessing the efforts made there to rescue the victims of sin. It is a letter of gratitude from a girl to her friends at the Home showing thankfulness to God for the change in her heart and life. She is now in domestic service with a kindly lady who knows her history, and who takes a warm interest in her. The girl writes:

I am very happy here and am getting on better than I expected. You know I was quite ignorant of this kind of work, except what I learned at the home. You said Jesus would help me and he has. Soon after I came, Mrs. —— told me to do something I had never done in my life before, and I did not know how to go about it. I was so sorry, for I thought she would think me stupid and would lose patience with me. Well, I remembered what you told me, and as I went down to the kitchen I just prayed to Jesus to give me wisdom. It was all in a moment, but at once I saw how the thing might be done, I did not know if it was the right way, but I did it so, and when Mrs. —— saw it she said it was beautiful. Don't you think it was Jesus helping me? I thought so, and it has been the same several times since. He seems so real to me, and like that woman he helped when he was here. I have much he arse I have been forgiven much. What a change it all is from the old life that en led a year ago. Oh, you need have no fear of my falling away. It would be impossible now. How kind you were to me! It was that that won me. I was so low down that escape seemed foolish to think of, and besides, I did not want to escape till you showed me how terrible it all was, and encouraged me to try. I thank Jesus every day, and ask him to bless you for all your kindness. Do try to save more of us, there are so many who might be saved.

TEACHING SEWING IN THE BETHESDA HOME.

The girl's appeal is pathetic, and it is a notable fact that nearly all the letters that come from these rescued girls contain such appeals. They want others rescued as they have been. Unhappily, it is impossible to do much in the present condition of the funds. With the best wishes to the work, and with the utmost economy in the management of the home, and although the ladies in charge of it work without a salary, and every cent that is received is spent in the actual unavoidable expenses, the efforts of all are crippled by the lack of money. It is sad to think how many precious souls might be won for Christ, how many of these women might be saved and made useful members of society, as the writer of the above letter has been, if there were only a few more dollars at command to provide board and lodging for them for a few weeks while they are being helped and taught. We will gladly receive and acknowledge in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD any gifts our readers are moved to send us to aid in this most Christ-like work.



GRANNY'S BIBLE.

"SPEAKING of Bibles," said Martha, "the handsomest one I ever saw in my life, belonged to Granny Pease out at Cresskill, a splendid Bible it was, went ahead of any of the new-fangled things you all prize so highly in these days!

"Big! Well I should say so. Granny couldn't have held it in her hand to save her life, not when she was a strong young woman, and she read that Bible of hers, day in and day out, every night and every morning for seventy-five years. It was given her as a wedding-present, and Granny lived to be ninety-five years old. A good old age, especially when one keeps her faculties as she did—sight clear, hearing good, intellect bright, up to the last.

"Queer! Well, she wasn't to say exactly queer, though she did grow a little difficult the last few years. Most old persons do. No wonder. They are lonesome, their old friends, who were young with them, all gone to heaven, the generations that are doing the world's work now, mostly too busy to think much about them. Granny was always sweet, if she was queer, and the family at her nephew John's, and her granddaughter Margaret's, both families were always good to her. Fact was, the whole town was awfully proud of Granny Pease; those colonial dames and daughters of the Revolution, you know, they boasted of her, and her folks set the greatest store by the little straight old lady, upright as a dart, with eyes like a hawk's and lint-white hair, always under a gay cap."

"Gay?"

"Yes, gay! Granny just scorned sober colors, and never would be seen in blacks and grays, with plain white caps, which are considered in a general way the becoming thing for a woman getting on in years. She couldn't abide them, and she always wore flowered delaines and calico of a chintz pattern. One gown she had when she was a frisky personage of eighty-six or thereabout, had yellow and red birds of paradise and blooming poppies and peonies mixed up on a pale blue ground. Her caps matched her dresses, floating ends of bright ribbon, wreaths and bunches of flowers, sometimes an ostrich feather. I say, Granny had a right to dress as she had a mind to; anyway, she asked nobody's leave, but did as she liked.

"I've taken notice," said Martha, putting down her stocking, and looking at me, "That the way to get your way in this troublesome world, is to take it, and have no fuss. Then you get it. Talk hinders some of us from having the standing-ground we've a right to have."

Martha was thinking about her own daughter, Rosalind, who never seems to know that mothers and aunts are grown up, but who is a master-hand at dictating and laying down the law. Once you argufy with Rosalind, you are lost, and poor Martha does naturally incline to stop and argufy.

"Her Bible! Yes, I'm coming to that. It was a big old family Bible, with pictures of Samson and Delilah, and Daniel in the den of lions, and little Samuel, and Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace, and a lot more.

"Its print was big and black, and Granny had marked it all through in a fashion of her own. There were silhouettes of all the children and grandchildren, black, cut out of paper in profile; they marked the texts she loved, the promises. The day her husband died, she read, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee,' and she put a lock of his hair, and a piece of his wedding neck-tie, and of her wedding gown, old as Egypt both of them, but she'd kept them somewhere, and they stayed the rest of her life as book-marks in the chapter which was her comfort in the darkness of her woe.

"She had lots of old letters folded in everywhere, and a new dollar-bill that was never to be spent unless a day dawned when she hadn't anything for the Lord's treasury, and pieces of everybody's bridal dress, and of her own gowns, and the children's. Certificates of good conduct at school, and I can't tell you what she didn't have tucked away in that big Bible, with the great brass clasps that by and by couldn't be clasped, the book had grown so thick.

"The Psalms and the Proverbs and the Gospel of John and the Revelations were Granny's favorites, and so the most of her funny book-marks were to be found there, but she knew Isaiah all but by heart, and she had very choice pressed flowers and leaves along his golden texts. And Zechariah she liked to drop in on for a call now and again, and sometimes Kings and Chronicles, and one day I found her with her face lit up like the sunrise, and what was she reading but Leviticus, where it tells you not to glean your corners too closely, and not to curse the deaf, as if anybody would be so cowardly and so cruel as to do that, not to put a stumbling block in the path of the blind, not to bear a grudge, and to love your neighbor as yourself. 'Good for Moses,' said Granny. 'He's the most up-to-date Christian of the ages.'

"I've talked and expatiated," Martha went on, "over that droll old Bible with worn sheep-skin cover and the yellow pages, but I've not told you half. It lies on a shelf in the attic now, but when I climb the stairs to look at it, I see dear old Granny with her spectacles on, sitting at her round mahogany stand, reading God's own word, with a glow on her beautiful old face, as if the windows of the New Jerusalem were open, and the glory was pouring down.

"She was ninety-five when she was called home. What must it have been to her to drop the burden of the flesh, to wake up young and fair in her Father's house. She doesn't need the Bible there, but I'll be bound she remembers it, and often says bits of it over to herself, when there come lulls in the music, and a body gets a chance to think. I don't know what sort of robes she wears, but I'm sure she has managed to liven them up with flowers, and wherever Granny is, there are good times for the saints who dwell next door to her."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER.

S. S. Lesson for March 31. Golden Text Matthew 11: 29. "Take My Yoke Upon You and Learn of Me."

BEARING THE YOKE.

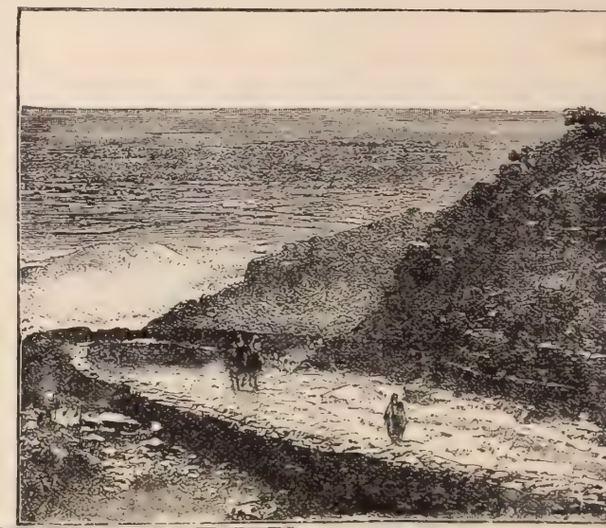
ABOUT a year of Christ's life is described in the chapters from which the eleven lessons of the past quarter have been taken. It extends from the death of John the Baptist, which occurred, it is believed, late in March of the year A.D. 29, to Christ's departure from Jericho to Jerusalem to keep the Passover in the year 30. It was a year of waning popularity, of opposition and change of scene. It is difficult to construct a chronological story of the period, but there are certain landmarks from which an outline of Christ's movements may be gained. In April he was at Bethsaida and its neighborhood, east of the Jordan, on the northeast shore of the sea of Galilee. After a brief rest at Capernaum, he made a journey northward, reaching Mount Hermon, at the northern boundary of Palestine, about June. There it is believed the Transfiguration took place. A few weeks later we find him again at Capernaum, blessing the children. In October he was in Jerusalem at the Feast of Tabernacles. About a month afterward he was again in Galilee, on his last visit to that region. At the feast of the Dedication, which was held in December, he was in Jerusalem again. Thence he went to Perea, on the east of the Jordan, remaining there, with the one exception of his visit to Bethany to raise Lazarus from the dead, until March, when it was time to set out for Jerusalem, to keep the Passover. He appears to have crossed the Jordan and traveled eastward along the frontier of Samaria, until he met the caravan with which his Galilean friends were going to Jerusalem, and then, with them, proceeded down the Jordan valley to Jericho. There, after being entertained by Zaccheus and curing the man born blind, he resumed his journey, arriving at Bethany on April 1. John says he reached there six days before the Passover, and we know that in that year the Passover was on April 7.

At the beginning of the year Jesus was at the summit of his popularity. The people wanted to take him by force and make him a king. They had been miraculously fed, and what better king did they desire [illegible] limited food? They were impatient with him, and when they learned that the kingdom to which he aspired was a spiritual kindom, they were disappointed. He told them of the conditions of membership in the kingdom, and claimed a position superior to Abraham and Solomon, and promised to give them life if they would follow him. But they had no spiritual perception, many of them doubtless thought him demented, and they ceased to listen to him. Only the twelve were faithful, and we may infer that Christ saw signs of wavering in them, otherwise he would not have asked them, "Will ye also go away?"

The ruling class in Jerusalem were not slow to take advantage of the defection. They had long been jealous of his popularity, and dreaded the effects of his teaching. Both the great parties had suffered at his hands. The Pharisees, equally with the Sadducees, had been condemned and denounced. The Scribes and the lawyers had been discomfited, and were sore after the defeats which had followed every conflict with him. They all perceived that if he were allowed to go on, the result of the work would not be mere reformation, but a totally new order of things, in which they would have no place. They wanted him silenced or removed, but they dare take no action while he had so many followers. They dreaded a popular tumult. But when the crowds around him melted away, they felt that their opportunity had come. They believed that all the venerable fabric of the law and the priesthood was menaced by his teaching, and they agreed with Caiaphas that it was better one life be sacrificed than that the whole nation should perish. Thus it was that when Jesus left Galilee his doom was sealed.

That Jesus was aware of the fact there can be no doubt. Apart from his prophetic knowledge, he would have abundant reason for seeing that a violent death awaited him in the near future. His withdrawal to Perea was probably a result of that apprehension. It was a quiet district, where he could have much time alone with his disciples. They must take up his work when he was gone from them, and carry it forward. But they were not fit for such an undertaking. They were ordinary working men, unused to public speaking, and, more than all, they did not themselves understand the principles of his life. When they went to Perea, they still clung to the idea of a temporal kiugdom, and apparently had not the faintest idea of the character of the work with which they were to be entrusted. In the three months that remained, they learned more than they had any idea of at the time. After the ascension, when everything was made clear, their thoughts went back to those few weeks and they understood what was then mysterious to them. From Luke we learn what was the character of the teaching. He, better than any of the other three evangelists, reports those wonderful discourses. The parables of the lost coin, the lost sheep, the Prodigal Son, the unjust steward, the great supper, the rich man and Lazarus, probably all belong to this period of teaching. So in prayer and teaching the precious weeks passed, until the momentous time came when only two or three troubled weeks of their Master's life remained, and they could realize that the way to the crowns, for which they had been so eager, was the way of burden-bearing and of the cross, and understand the significance of the words, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me."

RUINS OF TRADITIONAL HOUSE OF ZACCHEUS.



BETWEEN JERUSALEM AND JERICHO.

THE POOL OF SILOAM, WHERE THE BLIND MAN RECEIVED SIGHT.

Summing up the results of the year's association with Jesus, the twelve men had gained much knowledge of their Master and his mission. They had seen him take no step, when John the Baptist was imprisoned and murdered, to deliver him by a miracle, and they learned, as many have had to learn since then in sorrow and distress, that God does not always interfere to save the most distinguished and useful of his servants from injustice and death. He may let them die even at a time when they seem to be most needed. They had seen by three stupendous miracles that Christ could give food in inexhaustible profusion if occasion demanded; that he could give sight to a man who had never seen; and that he could raise the dead. They had learned his gentleness in his dealing with the children; his compassion and his idea of universal brotherhood from his parable of the good Samaritan and his treatment of Zaccheus and his claims for absolute supremacy in affections and the life from his treatment of the rich young ruler, and, more t three of them had been privileged to the Transfiguration inherent glory won

Take my yoke upon you and lear (Matt. 11: 29). The golden text of refers to a practice common throughout East. On the Egyptian monume clearly indicated. Men are seen with en bars on their shoulders, the ba hollowed out with an aperture for t so as to fit easily were about thre half feet long, a each end a leath or metal chain v pended, with a the lower end, o a pail, or bucket ket could be hun such a weight de from each en yoke the burden be balanced, a man walked eas his hands at Yokes were usec oxen in plow processions. Tl fixed to the pol plough or char fitted around t of the animal. T thus became an of service, and Christ emp "Here is one," white-haired m his old age, as leaning on his fore an audien has been in

service for three score years, and I to bear witness to the truth of his assurance. I have been happier i vice than I should have been out o yoke has been an easy one to my s It has been heavy at times, but it galled them as I have seen the sh others galled by the yoke of their petites and passions. And as he when I put the yoke on my sh have learned of him things that h me happy. I am near the end life now, and know what the serv long experience, and I recommend

Thou shalt love thy neighbor a The Buddhists in Japan have a the wicked robber Kandata, wh died unrepentant, was consigned ment in the abode of torment. A of agony he prayed for deliveran ing that he had learned from his how wrong his life had been and Buddha that now he loved his fel Buddha asked him if he loved himself and Kandata protested th Thereupon Buddha sent down a a messenger, who told him that from Buddha in answer to his p he was to climb out of his torme web by which the spider had co Kandata took hold of the web a to climb. It was very thin, but strong enough to bear his weight. ever upward, he climbed higher a er, thanking Buddha from his taking pity on him. But sudden the web tremble and sway. Looki he saw that a crowd of his fellow were taking advantage of his es cape and were climbing up behind web seemed to grow thinner und creased weight. Kandata grew "Let go the cobweb," he cried, "it Instantly as he gave this involun that he did not love his fellow-cre much as himself, the cobweb part fell back into torment.

Notes on this lesson will be found on page 185.

Chinese Brought to Christ.

Ten Years' Mission Work in Portland and its Glorious Results—A Great Rescue Work Begun among Chinese Women and Girls.

The opening of mission work among the Chinese in Oregon and Washington, is largely due to the interest of the late Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Portland, Ore. He introduced a Resolution before the Synod of Columbia in 1884 requesting the Board of Foreign Missions to send a missionary to the Synod. Early in 1885 Rev. W. S. Holt returned to the United States from Shanghai, China, in which country he and Mrs. Holt had been missionaries since 1873. They were appointed to remove to Portland [illegible] as health would permit, and open the mission. The middle of June, 1885, found them in Portland, where they were met by Rev. M. Condit, of the Board's Mission in California. After a careful survey of the field, and a visit to Tacoma and Seattle, in Washington, it was very evident that Portland was a centre of Chinese population. Accordingly that city was made the headquarters of the mission. A night mission school was opened July 6. The first night there were but six or eight scholars, but within a month the number had increased to fifty and soon after there were sixty scholars. The branches taught are reading, writing and spelling, with the occasional student who studies arithmetic, geography, grammar or history. The scholars come from near-by laundry classes except laundrymen. On Thursday evening a prayer meeting is held. Sabbath evenings there is Sabbath school from 6.30 to 7.15, followed by a preaching service in the Chinese language, and a Bible class succeeds the evening service. Aside from these [illegible] attention is given to visitations, distribution of religious literature, correspondence, missionary addresses in parts of the Synod, and in the summer vacation [illegible] tours are made to the cities in the two States, where Chinese are to be found.

REV. W. S. HOLT.

A recent enterprise undertaken in Portland is a free dispensary. The Homœopathic Medical Association appoints the physicians, who gladly give their services. The first medicines were purchased by the mission, but for more than six months, all medicines have been paid for by the contributions of Chinese friends.

Another prominent feature of the work is the Chinese Women's Home. Mrs. Holt's visits among the Chinese soon she learned that a system of slavery of the most debasing form exists among them here. Women and girls are bought and held for immoral purposes. It sometimes happens that these poor creatures [illegible] to escape from their servitude. But [illegible] is impossible without outside aid. The home was started through the rescue of a poor woman who was taken into Mrs. [illegible]'s house. An effort was made to get possession of her on a writ of habeas corpus but the Court informed her she could [illegible] her own choice, and she chose to remain where she was. Not long after, another refugee came to the house and she cared for. Then another woman sent word that she wanted help. Mrs. Holt and a lady friend, accompanied by a deputy sheriff and a writ, went to the place, the sheriff burst open the door and found the woman in the grasp of a man who held one hand over her mouth. Of course, she was set at liberty. It was now evident that there was pressing need for permanent work of this sort. The ladies of Mr. Holt's church took up the matter, a house was rented and a matron secured, and the "Home" was open. The next step was to rescue the little girls under fifteen years of age who were kept in disreputable houses. This rescue work is allowed by the laws of our State to any society incorporated for the purpose. The church ladies formed a legal society. Mrs. Holt and the matron, with the aid of the officers, descended on some of the suspected houses, and took away three children. One of them was returned upon the marriage of the couple who held her, and on their removal from their disreputable dwelling to a decent place.

Over the other two children, there was a stubborn fight. The case went through the circuit court and the girls were ordered sent to China to a reputed grandmother. The supreme court issued a mandamus on the circuit judge. But the children were already on a ship bound for China. However, the ship must pass Astoria, so the circuit judge issued his orders to the sheriff at Astoria. Mrs. Holt and Mrs. Holbrook carried the orders by steamer. They reached Astoria at 4 A.M., found the sheriff, chartered a small steamer and went out and met the ship and took the girls ashore. The case went to the supreme court on a final hearing and the girls were awarded to the custody of the Home, where they are to-day, bright, intelligent and happy, and well on the way to useful, womanly lives.

The ladies of Portland have built a comfortable house for the use of the Home, and the work is now well established. Thirty-seven women and girls have shared its protection and help. It stands for much hard, disagreeable, trying work. For example, Mrs. Dong Faiy, a Christian Chinese woman, who is an invaluable helper, and Mrs. Holt, both have been arrested and compelled to go to another part of the State for trial on a false charge, because a Chinese woman ran away from a man who had bought her from her husband, and she received help and protection at the Home. But the work has been done in the Master's name, and he has owned and blessed it.

Outside of Portland, schools have been open in various parts of the two States, and there has been much good work done. At present there are flourishing schools in Astoria, under the charge of Rev. V. F. Partch, who is on his way to Tsinanfoo, but is detained by the Chinese-Japanese war; and in Pendleton under the care of Mrs. Moole, a godly woman who is glad to help. The pastors in both these places and the churches give their assistance in every way possible.

Mr. Holt has baptized thirty-five converts since beginning the work. Some of them are now in their own country, witnessing a good profession. Others are scattered throughout the United States, but they make themselves known as Christians, and help their own people whenever opportunity offers.

THE CHINESE WOMEN'S HOME, PORTLAND, OREGON.

The whole work, thus far, is one that has given the greatest encouragment to its founders and conductors, who are grateful to have been the means of spiritual aid and enlightenment to so many of the Chinese in America. Our illustrations on this page are from originals furnished by Missionary Holt, the photograph of the group of Chinese scholars having been taken by one of the pupils by flash-light. The exterior of the Women's Home where the refuge work is conducted, is also shown above.

GROUP OF PASTOR HOLT'S CHINESE PUPILS IN MISSION CHAPEL, PORTLAND, OREGON.
(From a flash-light photograph. Mr. and Mrs. Holt and children seated in front.)

VICTOR HUGO ON IMMORTALITY.

Europe or the world has held few nobler spirits than Victor Hugo, the famous author, whose genius had shed a light over the literature of the present century. This is what Hugo, in his closing years, wrote down, as the very inmost expression of his heart and brain and soul, on the great subject of the hereafter: "I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing, but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me."

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

We are told that "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Belief in this assurance has prompted many persons to ask the prayers of the readers of this journal for special blessings. We give publication to their requests and shall be pleased also to receive and publish for them requests for thanksgiving which should always be given when the blessing is received. Following is a brief summary of the letters:

From ——, Lakewood, Colo., for her recovery from deafness.

From *A. C. M.*, Lee, O., for a son and his wife that they may be led into the light, reconciled to each other and to God.

From *Friend*, for his own conversion.

From *D. P.*, Macon, Ga., for the restoration of a mother to health.

From ——, for the conversion of three brothers who, in spite of Christian training, are going the downward road; for a brother who professes conversion that he may have courage to take his stand boldly for Christ; for an uneducated colored man for whose soul no one seems to care.

From *L. J. W.*, Nebraska, for wisdom and guidance in the position of secretary of a Y. M. C. A.

From a *Mother*, Ann Arbor, Mich., for the reclamation of an intemperate son.

From an *Afflicted Husband*, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the conversion of his wife, who neglects her home and family and is being led into grievous sin by dissipated associates.

From a *Sister in Christ*, for the salvation of her husband who has become an infidel and a scoffer at religion.

From *J. G.*, Charleston, for the recovery of the father of a needy young family who is sick and not prepared to die; for the recovery of a young woman afflicted with cancer; for the conversion of three infidels and an aged sceptic, and for the deliverance of a Christian family from grievous affliction.

From a *Christian Reader*, New York, for the restoration of health and the power to walk which has not been enjoyed for a year past.

From "*Mary*," Markesan, Wis. For relief from the dread of a painful disease and for restoration to health.

From *B. D. C.*, Pawnee City, Okla. For help in Christian work among the Indians and God's blessing upon it.

From a *Mother* for the recovery of an afflicted daughter if it be God's will and if not, for patience and resignation.

From *H. M. S.* For the conversion of a young man. Also for the conversion of a cousin and brother-in-law.

From *T. M. M.*, Bedminsterville, Pa., for help to resist temptation and for the forgiveness of sins.

From a *Wife*, New Albany, for her husband who has been a gambler, but has recently made profession of religion, that he may be kept from evil.

From a *Daughter*, for her aged parents who do not know Christ.

From "*In His Name*," for a poor boy, a foreigner who has no home or relatives in this country.

From *K. S. C.*, for the conversion of two sons and two daughters who are in hard straits in a Western State. Also that a dear brother may recover the sense of hearing.

From ——, for a brother who is still out of the ark of safety.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

REVERENTIAL DAYS.

WHEN this year the season of fasting opened the good people of every denomination of Christians became reverential. We can all see that, physically, mentally and spiritually, a pause in merrymaking and festivity is advantageous. There is in the world a large population who are underfed and need no charge against gluttony and surfeit, for they have a hard struggle to get even the necessities of life; among the prosperous classes there are many who eat too much and drink too much and sacrifice solemnity to carousal, and go to bed only a little while before they ought to be ready to rise. So many of us in February said: "Hail, season of moderation!" In our time many of the non-Episcopal churches observe two of the holidays, the one charged with memories of crucifixion, the other rapturous with the memories of resurrection. Good Friday and Easter morning. Pathos of tenderest music for the one. Open diapason of doxology for the other. Tears for the one. Flowers in garlands and crowns for the other. Say you that all days ought to be sacred? So they ought. But as what is everybody's business is nobody's business, so what ought to belong to all the days belongs to none of them. As I am glad for the multiplication of secular holidays which allow the lifting of burdens from the body so I am glad of the multiplication of religious days for the recuperation of the soul. The danger is not in too many holy days. The danger is in the direction of scarcity. And so we find in all denominations something to admire, something to inspire, something to practice. Under different names, but following the great Commander who is leading to certain and universal victory, enough honor for us to be in the army and the soldiers of such a captain. Quit you like men. Wherever the battle is thickest let us be in the fight, for I see flaming against the night sky the words which are to this day inscribed in Damascus over the door of the Mohammedan mosque, which was once a Christian church, and though now the building is against Christ, no Mohammedan has thought to tear down the inscription, and it seems to have been miraculously preserved: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is a kingdom of all ages, and thy dominion lasts through all generations."

GOOD BLOOD AND BAD BLOOD.

THERE is such a thing as good blood and there is such a thing as bad blood. There are families that have had a moral twist in them for a hundred years back. They have not been careful to keep the family record in that regard. There have been escapades and maraudings and scoundrelisms and moral deficits all the way back, whether you call it kleptomania or pyromania or dipsomania, or whether it be in a milder form, and amount to no mania at all. The strong probability is that the present wrong-doer started life with nerve, muscle and bone contaminated. As some start life with a natural tendency to nobility and generosity and kindness and truthfulness, there are others who start life with just the opposite tendency, and they are born liars, or born malcontents, or born outlaws, or born swindlers. There is in England a school that is called the Princess Mary school. All the children in that school are the children of convicts. I once had the pleasure of speaking at its anniversary, the Earl of Kintore presiding. By a wise law in England, after parents have committed a certain number of crimes and thereby show themselves incompetent rightly to bring up their children, the little ones are taken from under pernicious influences and put in reformatory schools, where all gracious and kindly influences shall be brought upon them. Of course the experiment is young and it is yet to be demonstrated how large a percentage of the children of convicts may be brought up to respectability and usefulness, but we all know that it is more difficult for children of bad parentage to do right than for children of good parentage. In this country we are taught by the Declaration of American Independence that all people are born equal, and there never was a greater misrepresentation put in one sentence than in that sentence which implies that we are all born equal. You may as well say that flowers are born equal, or animals are born equal. Why does one horse cost $100 and another cost $10,000? Why does one sheep cost $5 and another cost $1,000? Difference in blood. We are all wise enough to recognize the difference in blood in horses, in cattle, in sheep, but we are not wise enough to make allowance for the difference in human blood. Now, I demand by the law of eternal fairness, that you be more lenient in your criticism of those who were born wrong, in whose ancestral line there was a hangman's knot, or who came from an ancestral tree, the fruit of which for centuries has been gnarl-and worm-eaten. It is a very different thing to swim with the current to what it is to swim against the current. All these considerations ought to make us merciful in our dealings with others.

THE GLORIOUS CHURCH.

MEN may desecrate the church as Cromwell when he stabled his cavalry horses in St. Paul's Cathedral; or break off the image of Christ, as did the iconoclasts in York Minster; or hurl against it august literary antipathies, as did Gibbon; or plot its overthrow, as do some in every community whose pride and hate and debauchery are reproved by the Ten Commandments which it thunders, and the Sermon on the Mount which it breathes. But it will stand as long as the earth stands, the same unique, and wonder-working, and beatific, and miraculous thing for which God decreed it. Small wits tax their brain to say things that will put her at disadvantage, but many of them will send for its condolence when dying, and their children will be gathered up under its benedictions after the parental curse has been removed. Through her gates will march all the influences for good that shall ever reach our world. Take her membership as a mass, not speaking of the acknowledged exceptions, they are the noblest, grandest, kindest, best men and women of the ages. But for them the earth would long ago have been a burned-out volcano. They have been the salt that has kept the human race from putrefaction insufferable either to human or angelic olfactories. You lying and hypocritical world, shut up those slanders about the Church of Christ, an institution, which, far from being what it ought to be and never pretending to be perfect, is five hundred times better than any other institution that the world ever saw or ever dreamt of. The highest honor I ever had, and the highest honor I shall ever receive, and the highest honor I ever want is to have my name on her records as a member. At her altars I repented. At her sacraments I believed. In her service let me die. From her doors let me be buried.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

If any of our readers who know of active, zealous Christian workers in their neighborhood who, without fee or reward, are devoting time and means to the service of Christ in rescuing the lost, uplifting the fallen or befriending the sick and poor, would send us biographical sketches of such persons—men or women—we should be glad. The story of their work, showing their methods and the success which has attended them, might encourage other Christian people to undertake similar work in their cities. The sketch should be accompanied in every instance by a photograph of the person. Address all letters to Editor of Christian Workers' Department, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

P. Clark, Scranton, Pa. 1. We do not know. 2. For the number of religious journals and their circulation during 1894, we would refer you to some reliable newspaper directory. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD printed last year 8,650,250 copies. Hence its average circulation was 166,351 copies per week. 3. We think on the whole that the readers benefit by a paper printing advertisements, as the majority of religious papers, including THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, could not afford to make so good a paper if they did not have the income derived from this source.

The following additional names have been received as members of the Corresponding Circle for spiritual improvement, suggested by "Reader." Ont., Can.:

R. A. Watkins, Box 153, Bluefields, W. Va.; Mrs. James Holliday, Morristown, N. Y.; Lillian H. Williams, Burlington, Wis.; Mrs. Rowan Thayer, Greenwood, Miss.; Mrs. H. M. Seiler, Box 43, Chanhassen, Minn.

Sallie A. Davis, Milford Mills, Pa. Whose son was Judas Iscariot? The Bible says "Simon's son;" does that mean Simon Peter?

He was the son of Simon (John 6: 71 and 13 2, 26), unquestionably a different individual from Simon Peter. The name "Simon," was a common one in Syria, in post-Babylonian times.

Old Subscriber, Cedar Rapids Ia. Was the Bible premium, B-3, offered to old as well as new subscribers?

On sending $3, you will receive the emerald type International Teachers' Bible, Premium B-3, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year. This offer is open to all subscribers, old or new.

Subscriber. Would it be wrong for a preacher, in preparing or delivering a sermon, to use as his own the thoughts and suggestions of others, without mentioning where he got them? Would he be acting a lie, deceiving the people, or doing an injustice to the one from whom he takes the thoughts by doing so?

It would be plagiarism and a sin, and the preacher doing so would be deceiving his hearers and taking the credit that rightfully belonged to another. If a pastor is unable to preach original sermons, he is quite at liberty to select from other sources, giving proper and honorable credit where he quotes literally.

Reader, Edwin, Pa. Would we profane our church by holding in it concerts and lectures? Are we not limiting its usefulness by closing its doors to such entertainments? We are in the country and have no other suitable building.

There are concerts and lectures of a character that make them entirely suitable for a church building, and there are others that would be a distinct profanation of the Lord's Temple, which is consecrated to his service. A conscientious discrimination by the pastor or trustees, or other officials in charge, will not fail to distinguish between the two classes of entertainments. The social side of church life, especially in rural parishes, should not be neglected, and it frequently happens that a fair or concert or sociable, the holding of which in the church many might regard as an offence, can with perfect propriety be held somewhere else outside of church walls.

Constant Reader, Westchester, N. Y. Did the witch of Endor raise Samuel, or did the Lord permit Samuel to appear? If neither thing happened, who or what was it that talked with Saul?

Volumes have been written on the question whether, in the scene at Endor, an imposture or a real apparition appeared. Eustathius and a majority of the early Christian fathers held the former opinion, and represent it as a deception of the evil one; Origen held the latter view. It should be remembered that Saul, at the time was forsaken of God and that, rendered desperate by his sins, he had recourse to this woman, who in the Hebrew writings is described as "a mistress of Ob" or a necromancist, (not a "witch") who obtained a living by pretending to have intercourse with spirits, while the Greek writers describe her as a ventriloquist. Josephus, the Jewish historian, describes her as one of a class of fortune-tellers who had been banished by the king. Saul's highly wrought nervous condition at the time, combined with the fact that he himself saw no vision or spirit, but simply listened to and accepted the necromancer's description of an aged man of godlike appearance, should be taken into consideration, and these facts d... less influenced the early fathers in rea... the conclusion that the wretched king ... been the victim of an imposition.

F. V., Folly Village, N. S. 1. Why did Christ ... mand some of the persons whom he cu... disease to keep their cure secret? 2. Wh... published it did they not do right, seei... the Word of God requires us to testify at ... opportunity? 3. Is there not a contra... between 1 John 1: 8 and 1 John 5: 18?

1. Generally because the excitement ... would have been raised would have inte... with his work; Christ did not wish to l... garded as a mere miracle worker. He use... miracle as a sign to convince the people ... Divine Commission. In other cases, ... apparently did not wish the publicatio... cause it might arouse the opposition ... authorities. 2. It could never have been ... to disobey Christ's commands. Their inte... tation of the Word of God should have y... in faith to him that what he ordered was ... 3. It is only apparent. The latter passage ... ly teaches that the new nature received ... God does not sin. When the Christian ... mits sin, he is to understand that it doe... proceed from the divine nature impart... him, but from his old corrupt nature of ... Paul speaks in Romans 7.

Chas. H. Pickens, Florence, Ark. Did divi... when Jesus died on the Cross?

No more than a man's soul dies whe... body dies. We cannot understand the my... of our own composite nature and it is ... more difficult to understand the combi... of the divine with the human. We pr... that to whatever extent the physical nat... Christ partook of the divine, to that exte... vinity suffered in his death.

Reader, Chester, N. J. A pastor invites and ... children, whom he knows to be members ... tendants at other Sunday Schools, to atten... unite with his own, meeting at same hour. ... is such conduct regarded in the light of ... ethics?

An attempt to induce children to leav... Sunday School for another, would, under ... ary circumstances, be indefensible. A pa... primary duty is to attract to his Sunday S... children who have not been enjoying s... privilege anywhere, and, unfortunately, ... are few localities where such cases do n... ist in abundance. It may happen, how... that the superior methods employed in ... Sunday Schools and the spiritual enthu... infused into the exercises prove so attr... and helpful to the young people generally ... less vigorous Sunday Schools find their ... tory invaded, and the attendance reduce... without any effort on the part of the ... schools to entice the scholars. Childre... grown-up people, will always go where ... can get the most good and in such a cas... fault lies in the spiritual weakness o... school rather than in the stronger attra... of the other. Again, there may be inst... where it is quite obvious that a child is ... ing little or no benefit from a Sunday S... and in such a case, advice that would lea... ed, from whatever quarter it may come.

Mizpah Vancouver, B. C. We can understar... terrible a blow the revelation must have been. ... It is a horrible thing and we do not wonder t... nature revolts under it. The offence against ... solves itself into one of grievous deception. W... from your letter that it is not more heinous tha... Taking this into account and also that the co... was voluntary, we believe, after careful con... tion, that your duty as a Christian man is fa... Christ's words about forgiveness admit of n... meaning. He said (Matt. 18: 35): "So likewis... my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye fr... hearts forgive not every one their trespasses." ... ilar emphatic words are given in Luke 17: 3, ... 4. We are apt to think that there are some ... too great to be covered by the command, but ... did not limit the injunction in any way. Besi... forgiveness seems to be your wisest course ... circumstances. You will have more joy fron... magnanimous than from inflicting punishme... there might be consequences to others from ... ment which would grieve you and for wh... would not like to be responsible. As to your ... question, there appears to be no need of a re... of the confession to others. It would involve ... both sides and serve no useful purpose.

F. C. K., Hartford, Conn. Nobody want... now, we believe.——"A," Dayton, O. It ... wiser to stay where you are and try to ... Christian life. You are in a prosperous sta... might find life harder, were you to leave.—— ... Elk Grove, Wis. 1. Write for it to Fleming H... Co., publishers, New York and Chicago. ... tradition. The "Tomb of the Virgin," so... shown to travelers in Palestine, but it is ... doubtful whether her ashes really rest the... J. Wood, Crete, Neb. You might possibly f... by advertising.——"Dorothy." It is unquest... wrong; just as anything is wrong that pla... selves or others in the way of temptation to ... body has ever been benefited, but the ... been ruined by cards.——Old Subscriber, ... Pa. Write to Lick Observatory, California ... Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.—— ... Haskins, W. Phila., Pa. We do not know it ... to some publisher, naming the author if ... ——W. A. Leonard, Milwaukee. We believe ... abroad at present.——T. G. E., Evanston, Ill. ... them to Chaplain U. S. Army Post, Fort N... Man.——Mrs. John W. Richardson, Greens... C. We cannot undertake it at present.—— ... French, Little Marsh, Pa. Write to Funk & ... nalls, publishers, New York.——Will E. T... City, Ind., send full address to Mrs. James H... Morristown, N. Y., and also to P. F. Randol... lem, W. Va.——Subscriber, Mt. Vernon, N. ... would do wrong to cast off your share of the ... of home support. Do the best you can ... present position until the Lord opens the w...

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

IN AN EGYPTIAN TOMB.

PROTESTS are coming from recent explorers in Egypt against the carelessness of the men who have charge of the tombs in that country. They report that the paintings on the walls are smeared with grease and smoke from the candles of the guides, that the frescoes are being chipped by tourists, and that even the statues are being broken. An indignant Egyptologist has now taken photographs by flashlight of the wall of the tomb of Rameses I. and of another tomb at Dayr-el-Bahari to show how the carvings have been defaced. A picture taken from these photographs appears on this page. It is specially interesting to Bible students from the fact that Rameses I was the grandfather of the Pharaoh who, it is now generally believed, was the oppressor of the Hebrews. His Pharaoh was Rameses II, the son of Seti, who was the son of Rameses I. The interior of his tomb is covered, like those of other Pharaohs, with frescoes all richly painted in colors which are still fresh after more than thirty-six centuries. There were also a number of statues of the king found in his tomb, all singularly life-like. It was for a long time a subject of wonder that the Egyptians should have devoted so much skill and labor to the production of works of art which they took special pains to conceal from the sight of men. They knew, or rather hoped, that no one would ever gaze upon them, yet they lavished upon them all their best efforts. It is now suggested as a result of study of their ancient records, that they had philosophical reasons for the apparent inconsistency. They believed that every man had a principle of life, differing from his mind and soul, perpetuating his being, and this they called his Ka. They thought that at death it was not extinguished, but merely left the body and could reanimate it after the lapse of a long period. The Ka, they supposed, went to the tomb with the body and waited there with it until the soul returned from long pilgrimages, when the man would be reconstructed and live eternally. If the body were accidently destroyed the Ka would be homeless. The embalmers did their utmost to prevent the catastrophe, but if all failed, then the statue of the deceased might serve as an abode for the Ka, or it might even occupy it while waiting for the soul to return. In the absence of any more reasonable explanation, this may be accepted as certainly plausible, if not absolutely true. It shows how in that remote time men were groping and seaching for the truth, which the Apostle Paul records: "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." (II.Cor. 5: 1.)

PAINTED FRESCOES ON THE WALLS OF PHARAOH'S TOMB.

Fever Cure for Insanity.

Several specialists in brain disease in New York were interviewed last week in reference to the reported cure of an insane patient in Vienna, by the injection of Dr. Koch's tuberculine. The report had stated that the injection had produced fever, as it was intended to do, and the patient had recovered the use of his reason. One of the specialists expressed doubts as to the possibility of it being possible to cure insanity by the production of fever, if the insanity was due to structural disease of the brain, or to organic disorder. He said that in cases of functional disorder, of melancholia, or of insanity resulting from meningitis or from nervous shock, he could understand a cure being effected by a high fever which could be induced by Dr. Koch's inoculation. He had himself experimented in some cases with diluted snake poison and the results had been satisfactory. The general disturbance of the system produced by the injection appeared to induce a new habit of mind, which led to the patient's complete restoration to mental health. He mentioned also as a curious fact that an insane patient contracting smallpox or some other virulent disease was liable to recover his reason, and he had himself known such cases. It seems strange that a fever which is so distressing and enfeebling in an ordinary case, should be employed and should succeed as a curative agent in mental ailments. Ministers and Christian workers, however, have often seen cases of depravity so persistent as to be akin to insanity cured by some physical illness, which alarmed the wrongdoer and made him think of his latter end. (Ps. 119: 67.)

Making Natural Pearls.

A device for securing genuine pearls is described in a journal devoted to the jewelry trade. It is well known that a pearl is the result of an oyster's effort to protect itself from discomfort. If a grain of sand or some other hard substance finds its way into the shell, the oyster proceeds to cover the intruding substance with nacre to give it a smooth exterior. Nacre is the beautiful irredescent material which gives to the lining of sea-shells and mother-of-pearl their chief beauty. The result of the oyster's proceeding is to turn the sand into a pearl. A French jeweler who has visited the pearl-oyster beds, says that the Chinese open the oyster shells slightly, insert a minute atom of dirt and then remove the oysters to a separate canal, where they remain for five or six months. In the majority of cases the oyster dies, but in some there is a pearl. The improved system is to drill a small hole in the shell and put in a small globule of glass and plug up the hole and seal it. This is to avoid the risk of killing the oyster by opening the shell. The result attained is a more beautiful jewel, where one is made at all, the glass being a sharper irritant as well as a purer basis for the pearl. It will be found that some of the brightest jewels that will adorn Christ's crown in eternity have come from an analogous process. The trials which the enemy of souls was permitted to send with the object of destroying him or irritating him led to the exercise of more grace and patience and the production of a shining example to the world. (II. Cor. 4: 17.)

Removing the Sacred Codfish.

At twilight on March 7, a quaint and curious ceremony was performed in Boston, Mass. A committee of fifteen legislators preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House marched in solemn procession from the old building, in which the lower branch of the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts formerly held its sessions, to the palatial chamber now in use. The procession was an escort to the painted wooden model of a codfish, which is to be placed on brackets over the Speaker's chair. It was a conspicuous object in the old chamber and no one knows how long it had been there. The journals of the house record that in 1784, more than a century ago, Mr. John Rowe moved that "leave might be given to hang up the representation of a codfish . . . as had been usual formerly," and leave was unanimously given to keep up the custom apparently old even then. Accordingly the emblem was suspended, a wooden image four feet and eleven inches long, carved out of a single block of wood and embellished with a coat of paint. It has remained there ever since and has now been removed with due state to the new house. Lest any irreverent person should ridicule the proceedings, the Committee presented a report setting forth the grandeur of the principles of which the codfish might be considered as emblematical. The emblem was to remind the legislators, among other things, of the struggles and privations of the Puritans and the Pilgrim Fathers whom many times it relieved in want and famine. It was also to remind them of the basis of the commerce of the Commonwealth, its first export having been a cargo of fish. And it was to remind them too of the possibility of the descendants of fishermen becoming the rivals of the statesmen, generals and admirals of foreign lands. If, said the Committee, quoting a revered historian, Massachusetts had a tutelary genius in the brute creation, it was the creature whose image was then before them. One may hope that all the good lessons the codfish is capable of teaching will be learned by the legislators. They are proverbially a forgetting kind of people to whom an object lesson may be useful. In the nineteenth century and in the city of culture there is no danger of it becoming like the totems of the Indians, the fetiches of the Africans and the idols of the Chinese, an object of worship. Perhaps it is more likely to be treated as a mere ornament, without significance just as the cross in gold and jewels is often worn by people who are oblivious of Christ's injunction, which it symbolizes, to take up the cross and follow him. (Matt. 16: 24,)

Compelled to Run.

One of the most singular driving accidents on record is reported from a New Jersey farming district. A painter who had undertaken some work at a distant farm hired a business wagon and drove out to the scene of his operations. The horse was jogging along steadily, and the man was paying little attention to him when a deep gully in the road was crossed. There was a sharp jolt and the man was pitched from his seat to the ground. He fell on his feet, between the whiffletree and the heels of the horse. He grasped the shafts on each side of him and tried to raise himself, but they were too far apart to give him the necessary purchase. He tried to stop the horse by calling to him, but failed, and his shouts only incited the animal to an increase of speed. He was obliged to run, keeping pace with the horse, for if he fell, he was sure to be kicked on the head by the horse's heels and possibly dragged along the rough road. Happily for him, his predicament was seen by a man at work on the road who ran out and stopped the horse, after it had run nearly a mile with the man at its heels. Heedlessness in the conduct of life often brings consequences on those involved as disagreeable as those incurred by this man by heedlessness in driving, and sometimes there is no one at hand able to rescue. Many a man by an indiscretion has been brought into a situation in which he must endanger his life and reputation, or follow another in a career of crime. (Prov. 29: 24.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Church Members Seeking Employment or wishing to add to their income may hear of something to their advantage, by sending their names and addresses to Box J, Station D, New York.

Bishop Tucker states that a Uganda Man will willingly work three months to obtain a copy of the New Testament.

The Ministers of the Various Denominations in Fall River, Mass., have voted to send an invitation to Mr. D. L. Moody to hold a series of meetings in the city next fall.

Leonard Weaver's Services at Shamokin, Pa., have resulted in a large number of conversions. Mr. W. S. Weeden, of the Washington Square M. E. Church, New York, has had charge of the musical part of the services. The meetings have been crowded from the beginning.

Mr. E. P. Telford's Mission in the Baptist Church at Falmouth, England, has been attended with most marked success. Crowds have attended nightly—sometimes scarcely a seat was left untaken—even the doors of a place of worship have been coming night after night. Many conversions have taken place.

The American Sunday School Union has decided to remove the Depository it has occupied in New York from the Bible House to the Constable Building at Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth Street. The Society will in future confine its stock there to its own publications or those of special interest to Sunday Schools.

The Cremation of a Church Mortgage at the North Main Avenue Baptist Church, Scranton, Pa., was witnessed recently by a crowded assemblage of the members and congregation. The Pastor, Rev. W. G. Watkins, presided at the ceremony and expressed the pleasure with which all connected with the church viewed the extinction of the debt of ten thousand dollars which had so long crippled the society. The debt had been honestly paid and the papers representing it were burned.

The Three Bible Societies of England, Scotland and this country have issued a miniature Gospel of St. John in Japanese for the use of the troops. The book is only two and three-quarters by one and seven-eighths inches, has a guarding-flap, and is on extremely thin paper, but very clear and readable.

The Mayor of Brockton, Mass., has prohibited Sunday concerts in the town during his term of office. The joint judiciary committee of the Massachusetts Legislature has favorably reported a bill to the Senate observance of the Lord's Day. The Sunday Protective League of the State has been conducting a vigorous campaign for some time past.

Rev. John C. Collins, Secretary of the Christian Workers' Association, writes: Preparations are already being made for the great Bible and Missionary Conference to be held in 1895. A number of leading ministers in New York and Brooklyn such as Dr. David Burrell, Dr. Greer, Dr. Atterbury, Dr. Edward Judson, Dr. A. C. Dixon, Dr. A. B. Kendig, and Dr. Gregg, and several prominent business men have expressed a deep interest in it and have promised to co-operate heartily if it is held in New York, which now seems probable.

A Movement is on Foot Among the Baptist Churches of Newark, N. J., to work for the Italians of that city of whom there are many thousands. The Mt. Pleasant church has for several years had a mission in close proximity to the Italian section in Seventh Avenue, which now becomes a permanent church.

The Second Annual Sea Side Bible Conference Conducted by Dr. J. W. Munhall will be held at Educational Hall, Asbury Park, N. J., July 19–29. Among the speakers will be Dr. James H. Brookes; A. T. Pierson; W. J. Erdman; Albert Erdman; A. C. Dixon and Major Whittle.

The Statement is made by a French Astronomer that the situation of the stars in the heavens on Good Friday, April 12, this year will be the same as in the year 1 of the Christian Era when Christ was crucified, and that this is the first year since that time that the heavenly bodies have all occupied those relative positions.

Miss Jennie Smith, the Famous Railroad Evangelist of Mountain Lake Park, Md., has been having great success at Kent, O. She has organized a Railroad Temperance Association there and has done a great deal of evangelistic work. She was told that there was no hope in the town for either a religious or temperance movement; but Miss Smith knew that some of the many railroad men to whom she had been a blessing lived there and would form a nucleus. The result has exceeded her hopes.

Dr. L. W. Munhall is holding Evangelistic services at Saginaw, Mich. The "Evening News" of that city says that the Teutonia Hall, in which the meetings are held, is not large enough to hold the crowds that come. The interest is spreading through the town and the surrounding neighborhood. Daily meetings are being held in the First Presbyterian and the Michigan Avenue Methodist Churches. The "News" publishes a list of nineteen ladies at whose houses prayer meetings are held, and states that at any of them strangers and inquirers will be welcomed.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Meetings at Troy, N.Y., have brought the churches into association. A correspondent of "The Examiner" writes: "It has been estimated that ten thousand different persons have been present, an aggregate of at least fifty thousand people at the evening meetings alone. For the first ten days the afternoon meetings were held in the Fifth Avenue Baptist and State Street Methodist Churches; and during the last two weeks, in the Second Presbyterian. Twenty-two churches, with their pastors, have been officially connected, including the five Baptist churches in the city proper; and every service has seen the pastors of many of the outlying churches present."

Relief Work Nearly Ended.

What has been Accomplished by Our Volunteer Distributors and through other Channels—The Worst Probably over, except in South Dakota and Oklahoma.

COMPARATIVELY few new applications calling for immediate relief have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the week and everything indicates that the very vigorous and extensive measures adopted have resulted in relieving the most urgent cases of suffering. Our distributors in the Western states are laboring with the same zeal and thoroughness as their work approaches a close as at the beginning of their voluntary task. Many of the reports received from those who have already completed their labors are such as may well gladden the hearts of the generous contributors, who supplied them with the means of accomplishing so much good. Mrs. O. S. Wilson, Relief Distributor at Inman, Neb., writes:

Very many hearts it thanks from myself and the many whose hearts have been made to greatly rejoice over the boxes and whose homes have been cheered and made by the generosity of noble Christian hearts, and your very kind appeals in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Thanks for the loving sympathetic response of its many readers in supplying in our town and vicinity three hundred very needy and suffering ones with clothing, bed, fuel and money. Yes, many heartfelt prayers ascend that our loving Heavenly Father will reward you all an hundredfold in this life and in the world to come—life eternal. Your reward is certain, your reaping-time is coming: God's sure word of promise never has, nor never will fail: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my little ones, ye did it unto me." "A cup of cold water given in a disciple's name shall not lose its reward."

The seed-grain question is becoming one of the greatest moment, as spring approaches. The State Board of Railroad Commissioners has received requisitions for the seed-grain appropriation from twenty-seven counties. Ten counties have declined the amount apportioned to them and twelve counties have got to be heard from. Large contributions of seed-grain or money to purchase the same are expected from Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis and several other cities, where assistance has been promised.

A Relief Conference in Nebraska.

At a conference held at Lincoln, Neb., lately, to consult with reference to relief measures from the drouth-stricken district there were clerical representatives for the Episcopal, Congregational, Methodist, Christian, Presbyterian and Lutheran churches. A majority of those present are engaged in travelling over the state and are familiar with the prevailing conditions in the forty-nine counties receiving aid. A committee was appointed to publish a statement of the facts. It appeared from the reports of county officials and other sources of information that while immediate needs are supplied, there are at least 100,000 people to be supported until another crop is raised. For the support of these the State Relief Commission has left from donations and the state appropriation, $43,000. This makes no provision for feed for working teams and other live stock, or for seed grain. That these people may become self-sustaining, at least $1,500,000 worth of feed and seed will be needed.

This statement is corroborative of the estimate published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD several weeks ago, that even after immediate needs were supplied, there would still remain the great problem of supporting 100,000 persons until the next harvest. This is the great task to which Manager Ludden's Relief Commission is now addressing itself. Unfortunately, donations to the Commission have greatly decreased, and the storehouses are nearly empty, but a substantial fund has been preserved for the worst emergency, and the Commission hopes this fund will increase. Many donations are being secured by the delegates from the different states who are now soliciting aid in the other States. As an illustration of a condition which prevails in many counties into which considerable relief has been sent, we quote the following from a letter received from Rev. F. Harrison Dry, pastor M.E. Church, Oxford, Neb.:

One Pastor's Needy District.

[illegible] conversation about his own neighborhood, which shows a condition worse than I anticipated, and he [illegible] for even worse conditions in the near future. We have been blessed with a splendid rain and continuous warm weather. This is our day of fasting and prayer.

Rev. J. Q. Helms, Missionary of Burwell, Neb., writes:

Much depends on the crops of this season, and if we are not helped now, we may be in a more helpless condition another year. We need 2000 bushels of wheat and corn or the money to buy with.

A Committee of Citizens of District No. 43, Dawson Co., has made a public appeal for feed and seed.

Seedsmen Extending Aid.

During the week, a number of leading seedsmen have communicated with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with reference to the supplying of vegetable seed to the destitute farmers and others in the West who can use it to advantage. L. L. May & Co., of St. Paul, Minn., have already sent $400 worth of free seed into Nebraska; James Vicks' Sons of Rochester, have forwarded free hundreds of collections and are still shipping; D. M. Terry & Co., Detroit, Mich., have already furnished, free, through the regularly constituted Relief Committees, seeds for a large number of families; Johnson & Stokes, Philadelphia, last week sent a large consignment of seeds to one Relief Association and are sending others; W. Atlee Burpee & Co., whose first donation of seeds was shipped direct to Manager Ludden at Lincoln, have another donation ready for shipment; Wm. Henry Maule of Philadelphia, another well-known seedsman, has sent many packages of garden seeds to the drought-stricken sections; J. Vaughan of Chicago, Ill., has offered to donate two hundred packages of garden seeds, which will be forwarded to Manager Ludden; H. W. Buckbee, Rockford, Ill., has already helped a large number of sufferers with free seeds and is still continuing the good work.

Reports from Distributors.

Some of our reports show an amount of self-sacrifice on the part of the Distributors that deserves more than mere passing recognition. Mr. H. F. Merwin, of Beaver City, Neb., writes as follows:

Mr. Crutcher has handed me a postal card from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund with the request that I fill out blank on return card and remail to you Mr. Crutcher is one of the elders in the Presbyterian Church and as we are without a pastor all aid for our church has been sent to him. My wife was one of the committee for the distribution of the aid given by our own people and he was so well pleased with her methods that he requested her to distribute all aid sent from abroad. Up to date we have received from all sources, eleven barrels and eight boxes, some of it from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and it is impossible to tell how much of the rest was sent through reading the appeals in your paper. It was a big undertaking for one woman feeble in health hardly able to do her own work for a family of three, but her heart is in the work and it seemed as if she had been given special strength for the occasion.

Mrs. M., has tried hard to make the very best disposition of every article. The things have not been on exhibition and those who are helped only see what they get or what is necessary to secure a fit, and so all go away satisfied. Many of the garments are of no use while only a very few have been poor, but there has been nothing so very poor but somebody was only too glad to get it. At the end of the second week she had helped over forty families and as she only supplied their most pressing wants, many times needing to do that over, they have been back two, three and four times. At the end of the second week she broke down. To date she has helped over sixty families averaging not less than four persons each, and I don't know that five would be placing it too high.

President Lowrie's Hearty Letter.

Another letter that affords a very clear and most interesting illustration of how faithfully and thoroughly the relief work has been conducted, is from Mr. N.S. Lowrie, President of the Holt County Relief Committee, O'Neill, Neb., who writes:

Anna M. Saunders, Commander of the Order of Good Templars of the State of Nebraska, through whose organization a portion of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund was distributed, writes from Nelson, Neb., as follows:

All the parties to whom I have sent the money are men and women true and tried in the matter of making sacrifices for others, earnest Christian men and women, who will pray to our Heavenly Father to give them wisdom in the distribution of the trust we have imposed upon them. It is a wonderful work you have been able to do. May our Father in heaven bless you, and may THE CHRISTIAN HERALD continue to bring hope and courage into these homes.

The Work in Kansas.

Relief work in Kansas is in excellent shape and the Topeka "Capital's" Relief Fund is accomplishing much good in the distressed districts. We are still in receipt of many letters from these districts appealing for aid, but all urgent and worthy cases are being promptly relieved through the established channels.

Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, our Sunday School Missionary, in a letter reviewing his recently finished work of distribution in Kansas, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"I found the destitution in Western Kansas far greater than I expected and sought to supply it as far as I could, pro-rating the Fund after the most reliable information I could obtain from a canvass of the counties and townships by well-organized Relief Committees and other trustworthy sources.

"The counties of Norton, Thomas, Graham, Grove, and adjoining territory, have received most largely, and adequately of clothing, but the supply of provisions will need to be refurnished in a month or six weeks from the time they were helped. At Quinter, the crowds were the most pitiful I saw while in the relief work, their needs being greater than elsewhere in Kansas or Nebraska. The distribution there alone included Quinter, Buffalo Park, Granfield, Grinell, Oakley, Hoxie, Beaver, Phelps, Skelton, Collyer, McKenny, Ogallala, Banner, Calalpa, Goodwater, Shields, Utica, Gove, and Jerome. In all cases the most needy were given the preference.

"Unforeseen storms so delayed and upset all reasonable calculations, that it was nearly impossible for some committees, to whom I had sent circulars at stations, to meet me on the trains. I think with the funds you gave me, the New York cars and the car from Armstrong, Mo., I have been able to relieve in food, fuel, or clothing about $000 people."

Faithful Distributors.

The wife of a Kansas pastor, Mrs. Frank Fleischer, of Minneapolis, sends us, giving a very touching description of the devotion of one of our Volunteer Distributors in that State. It is one of many such experiences, for we have found the Distributors' work, as a whole, to be worthy of the highest praise. She writes:

Miss Kelly was at my house when her boy brought your letter saying that she had been made distributor. She thought at first that she could not accept, as her time was so occupied. I told her she had better not accept. There was no more said about it then, but before she went home she said: "I have got to accept; it is placed upon me," and then I knew she had been praying to know her duty. She had not asked for help, but another sent her name to you. A more worthy woman never lived. She took up the work you assigned her and it seemed as though she never took a moment's rest until she was taken down sick. She has found out so many needy ones, that she has even taken some of her own slender means to give to them. She is a member of the Women's Relief Corps, W. C. T. U., County Superintendent of Jail Work and a wonderful Christian character.

Rhoda A. Greenslit, of Baraboo, Wis., writes that she has received letters telling of great suffering among families living near Poplar Bluff, S.D., and a lady resident at Yankton, writes;

We have consumed everything, and have no money, and no feed for our horses, and no seed. I do not know what we will do. We can sell nothing we have, because everyone is in the same condition. This country is full of horses, and no feed, only what can be bought. The State is doing nothing for the people. The loan offices are besieged with people getting loans, nearly all adding to the incumbrance which was already fastened upon their land. Heretofore we have always been able to borrow money upon our chattels, but now there is no one who will loan on our chattels or accounts. We have not been able to buy any clothing or shoes, but have worn out every old thing we had. I do not know what we will do for clothing, as the cold will set so they will not hang on the best. When I state my case I am trying to have you understand, that a large per cent. of this county are in the same fix.

This letter has been forwarded to one of our distributors with a special request to make an effort to relieve the most urgent cases in the writer's neighborhood.

Appeals from Oklahoma and South Dakota are still numerous. H. J. Lamb, of Stillwater, S. D. (one of our Volunteer Distributors), after detailing his relief work in the distribution of clothing and money from the Fund, adds that when spring comes the worst time will then be experienced in his section. Owing to the very general distress, many have been driven to acts of lawlessness, stealing provisions to supply the cravings of hunger. S. Elwell, Ramsey, S. D., writes that not one quarter of the people in his neighborhood have seed-grain or feed; and similar urgent appeals come from Mrs. L. C. G. Drakola, and J. S. Smith, Bonesteel, S. D. The latter makes application in behalf of the Gregory County Aid Society and declares that unless substantial relief comes soon great suffering will result. Fifteen hundred persons are destitute in Gregory County alone.

Contributions to the Relief Fund during the week were as follows:

Prev. ackl'd	$24,975.74
Abernathy, Mrs C F	5 00
Averill, W A	2 00
Acton, Mary E	1 00
Almahann, J	10
Addison, E B	5 00
Allen, Mrs W B	1 00
Bennett, M M	3 00
Boberg, Eric	1 00
Barber, Mrs E A	1 00
Beaver, Ellen	25
Bostian, J L	25
Bort, F W	25
Bolen, J W	25
Bjerregaard, A P	3 00
Blakely, C R	2 00
Carter, R A	2 00
Cahoon, Miss A B	1 00
Cole, N E	5 00
Cogbill, B E	3 00
Cooley, Julia D	2 00
Carpenter, W P	25
Corriher, John C	1 00
Corriher, Fannie E	50
Comper, J P	50
Crowell, A J	1 00
Clark, Bertha	10
Clark, Alice	10
Clark, Willard	20
Clark, Amee	50
Covell, Sarah B	2 00
Cramer, Mrs J	1 00
Clemens, Robt	5 00
Cash, China Grove	50
" " "	25
" " "	15
" " "	10
" " "	10
" " "	50
Davis, Sallie A	1 00
Deal, F A	25
Dusling, Sadie	10
Duesler, Mrs J L	1 00
Doan, Mrs H J	2 50
Eddys, W R & Wife	2 50
Edinger, Mary	50
Freeze, G	20
Fitch, Mrs E	2 00
Flesher, Mrs J W & friends	4 00
Friend, —	1 00
" Mazo Manie	5
" Acushnet, Mass	1 00
" of Missions, Can	25
" Greenwich, NY	5 00
" N Y City	50
" Sandusky, O	1 00
" IH, Milwaukee	1 00
Friends, Middleboro	2 00
" of 1st Cong Ch, Guilford, Conn	7 00
Gordon, H	1 00
Goddard, Alice E	1 00
Goddard, H W	4 00
Gaither, Mrs Dr J B	25
Goodwin, M D	2 00
Gipe, Mary	25
Harper, Robt	2 00
Holdts, G	2 00
Hall, S R	2 00
Holliday, Mrs Jas	1 00
Haskins, Mrs Sarah	1 00
Hope, Belle	50 00
Hope, Jane	50 00
Hammond, Mrs C M	50
Hanawsan	1 00
Hunter, Mrs J R	3 00
I H N, Webster City	5 00
" Littleville, Mass	5 00
Jordan, Chas L	5 00
Johnson, Moses E	5 00
Johnson, Matthew T	5 00
Johnson, J W	2 00
Johnson, J W	5 00
Kendall O A	1 00
Kaufman, Jno J	1 00
Lutz, Eli	50
Lewis, Mrs R G	1 00
Miller, Mrs S G	1 00
May, Lois A	1 00
Meeds, H E	1 00
Morrison, Mrs M F	1 00
McGillivray, C	3 00
Moore, John R	1 50
Methung, Mrs M J	1 00
Marks, Ivy	30
Moody, Rev B F	5 00
March, Mrs L L	50
Moulten, Alden	1 00
Moncton, Mrs Jas	1 00
Magart, Mrs A A	50
Nesbitt, Mrs Madge	5 00
Nichols, Mrs Dan'l	2 00
Patterson, I C	25
Patterson, Bettie	50
Patterson, J F	50
Pennett, Hugh	50
Purdy, E R	5 00
Patterson, Mrs W M	1 50
Paisley, Mrs J	1 00
Royer, Isaac W	2 00
Ramseur, G A	2
Ross, T L	1
Staffanson, E	1
Simson, Anna	1
Scatcher, Mrs Lois	5 00
Sayre, Luther	5 00
Stewart, A S	3 00
Sechler, Mrs	1
Sechler, Mrs Flora	1 00
Smith, Linonia	3 00
Smith, Mrs M L G	1 00
Stansell, Harriet	5
Subscriber, Dominion	
No 1, Bridgeport Mines, C B N S	5 00
Taylor, J H & J E	2 00
Thompson, J K	5
Tomlinson, Mrs A F	3 00
Turner, M E	5
Vanpelt, Mrs	1
Woodside, Mrs D H	1 00
Weeks, Hettie T	3 00
Williams, Mrs A W C	5 00
Workman, A A	1 00
Walker, Mrs C B & daughter	12 00
Water, R P	1 00
Woodworth, Mrs B F	2 00
Yutema, S	5 00
Y P S C E, Lansing	1 00
YPSC E, Springfield	2 50
YPSC E, of Leeland Pres Church	4 00
—, Greenville, N Y	2
—, Neuchatel, Kans.	1 00
—, Liberty, Ky	1 50
—, Overton, O	1 00
—, Armstrong	1 00
—, Paris, Can	5 00
O S, Ogontz School	5 00
C P, Baltimore Co	5 00
C C C, Holyoke, Mass	1 00
S A B, Evanston, Ill	3 00
R R P, Chelsea, Mass	3 00
Mrs J, Hadley, Mass	1 00
N, Sturbridge, Mass	1
Mrs R G, Fairfield Center, Me	2 00
I B W, Slippery Rock	2 00
Mrs I L I, Lodge, Va	1 00
Mrs F F R, Brooklyn	1 00
C E of Christian Ch, Mankato, Minn	3 1
Good Templars, Lynnfield, Mass	3 00
Junior League, East Tawas, Mich	1
Willing Helpers, Pres Ch, Johnston, N Y	2 00
A daughter of the King, St Thomas	1 00
From one who loves God, Mt Chestnut	5 00
In Jesus Name, Lottsburg, Va	1 00
"Marion," Va	3 00
Glen Wild Chapter, Epworth League	1
From one who wishes she could do more, London, Ontario	4 00
From an old woman and little girl	
Wayside Workers, Westboro, Mass	3
Brighton Union S S	9 00
Sympathizer, Milton	2 00
Sympathizer, Cooksville, Md	2 00
Mother & daughter, Minneapolis, Minn	5 00
The people of Canton, Iowa	15 00
Pres S S, Carson, Nev	10 00
M P Church, Brooks Grove, N Y	1
Presbyterian Church	6
Reformed Church, Clarence, N Y	1
Pres Church, Brooklyn, Mich	5
A little helper, N Y	
Two little girls, Tex	
One of God's children	3
Two little boys, Man	
Girls in S S class with Margaret Mitchell	1
A family being led by Jesus	1
Debrah, Kitheart, O	2
In the name of my Master Sandy Lake	2
In our Master's name	
Custer, Mich	3
Total	**$25,457.74**

Gifts of Clothing and Supplies.

Mrs G M Randall and friends, 2 bbl
Woms & Grover, pkg.
Bap Ch, Brookline, bbl.
Friend of 78 St, pkg.
Mrs & PM Shumacker, bbl
M F SS, Milroy, Pa, bbl
M M, Nanda, N Y, pkg
Friendship M E Church, Landisville, N J, bbl
C E S, Hearn, Pa, 2 boxes
E T McLaughlin, 2 bbl & box
Ladies of Milroy, Pa, bbl
People of Wilmouth, bbl
Mrs Wm Willey, bbl
Mrs M E Compton and friends, bbl
C E S, Coylesville, 2 boxes.
People of Evanscona, case
Mrs R A Chapman, bbl
Mrs J Darling, pkg.
1st Cong Church, Newark, N J, 2 bbl
Rev M Van Horne, pkg
Wm Cnes, pkg
Wm Robinson, bbl
Ladies Aid Soc'y, SDB Ch, Churchville, 2 bbl
Ira H Carpenter, pkg.
E W Cutterbridge, Summands, Bermuda, 2 boxes seed
Mrs F R Phillips, bbl.
East Soc'y, Greenville, H bbl
W C T U, Lansingburg, Y, bbl.
E Tilton, bbl & box
Pres Soc'y, Hillsdale, 2 bbl
Friends, Amherst, 2 bbl
" Chase Mills, bbl, bx
" Massapqua, 1 bbl
" Carbondale, Pa, bbl
" Mountainville, bbl
" Providence, RI, pk
" Emora NY, bbl
" Rutherford, N J, pk
" Kingston, NY, pkg
" Bangall, NY, 3 bbl
" N Y City, pkg.
" Colebrook, NH, 2 bx
" Shelter Island, bbl
" State Hill, NY, pkg
" Cayuga, NY, bbl
" Marlboro, bbl
" Coxsackie, bbl
" Syracuse, NY, box
" Fern Hill, bale
" W Auburn, Pa, bbl.

A MISSIONARY HEROINE.*

THE first earthquake occurred very near midnight on March 28th and woke us up with a vengeance, being the worst we ever had, the earth heaving so awfully that we expected every moment to be swallowed up, and were almost paralyzed with terror, but Minn and Frank slept through it all. After it a tremendous rush of the sea seemed to take place, from the noise it made, all which we found next morning was the case, carrying our boat from where it lay high and dry about one hundred yards inland, also canoes, two of which were smashed. I lay in awful terror after the earthquake till three o'clock, and was dropping off to sleep, when another terrible one set us flying out of the house in our nightgowns—John dragging the children out of their beds, and the girls rushing out of their house. There was not a breath of wind, and it was awful to see in the bright moonlight the green trunks of the trees swaying back and forward, and to feel the ground going to and fro with such force. We had three or two slight ones after that, and then got at daybreak an awful repetition—every one of us simultaneously rushing out of doors! This was number five; and we had no more violent shocks ere we got home, making seven in all before breakfast, after which we had a commotion of another kind.

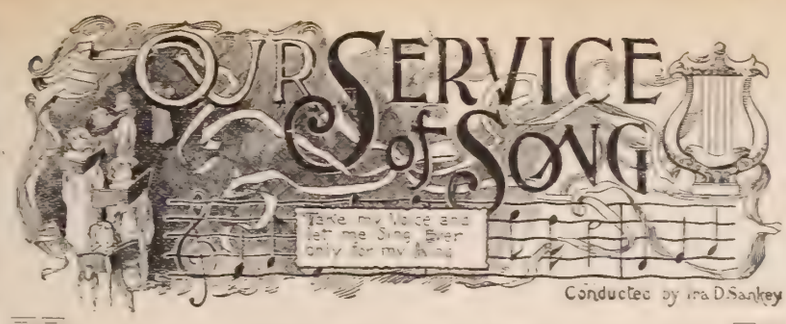
John felt so exhausted and had just got off asleep on the study sofa (a most unusual occurrence with him), when I heard high words between Taia, one of our church members, and Nalihi, an Erromangan. I knew not what to do, for natives never waste time on high words—they at once rush to arms; and I was unwilling to wake John to more excitement, as it was exactly just day two years since he had been seized with that awful fever, and I had been in fear of its return, as people predicted it would, about the same time of the year. I always had a foolish terror of a loaded musket anywhere, and infinitely more so in the hands of an enraged savage and I went between the combatants myself.

Nalihi was flourishing his musket in Taia's face, as an accompaniment to an eloquent harangue he was delivering in Erromangan, not being able to speak Aniwan; and Taia, who understood and could speak perfectly, seemed to be paying him back with interest. I took no notice of the Erromangan, knowing my only chance was with Taia; so I went over to him, and implored him not to utter another word, whatever provocation he might receive; and though reluctant at first, he behaved nobly and stood what I think few white men would have done in the same circumstances. I kept close beside him all the time; and though for three-quarters of an hour the other stood heaping insults upon him, and at last in his rage cut down his bananas and fences before his eyes, he never spoke, though his muscles twitched and he clutched at his great club sometimes. When I thought Taia was going to give way I put my cold white paw (it did feel so), on his black arm, and every time I did so he turned and looked down at me with a grim smile, saying, "Dont fear, Missi; I'll not speak."

Feeling my own strength could not hold out much longer, I sped off and brought John, who quietly went up to Nalihi and relieved him of his musket and axe (oh, I was glad to see that musket in dear old John's trusty paws, for Nalihi held it in a horizontal position, and it always would point it at me the whole time I stood there!) clapped him on the shoulder, and had him sobbing like a child in a minute and offering payment to Taia for the damage done—which, however, Taia was too seriously offended to receive, and I do not wonder at it.

We had three more earthquakes that day, but slight, making ten in all: and I took care at night to provide for emergencies by putting a supply of blankets on the verandah, as there is not a moment to snatch clothes when they come and we had felt chilly the night before. I got laughed at for what was termed my needless precaution; but we had hardly got into our first sleep, when another violent earthquake turned us out, and we were thankful for them. It was not so bad as some, however, and we got a sleep till morning without further disturbance, as the grand performance did not come off till next evening at nine o'clock.

*From Letters and Sketches from the New Hebrides. By Maggie Whitecross Paton, wife of Rev. John G. Paton, the famous missionary of America. A most interesting and unpretentious collection of letters written by a brave Christian woman. Pp. 282, cloth binding, illustrated; price $1.75. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, publishers.



Still, still with Thee.

HARRIET B. STOWE. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird
2. A-lone with Thee, a-mid the mys-tic shad-ows, The sol-emn
3. As in the dawn-ing, o'er the wave-less o-cean, The im-age
4. Still, still to Thee! as to each new-born morn-ing A fresh and
wak-eth, and the shad-ows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing,
hush of na-ture new-ly-born; A-lone with Thee in
of the morn-ing-star doth rest; So in this still-ness,
sol-emn splen-dor still is given, So does this bless-ed
lov-li-er than day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.
breathless ad-o-ra-tion, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
Thou be-hold-est on-ly Thine im-age in the wa-ters of my breast.
consciousness a-wak-ing. Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and heaven.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Hymn Songs and Tunes. Two new musical supplements to the Sunday School Times, the Young People's Monthly, the Children's Hour and the Home. Board Covers price 35 cents and 25 cents respectively. John D. Wattles, publisher.

The Ministry of the Spirit, by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., with an introduction by Rev. F. B. Meyer. [illegible] price $1. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, publishers.

History of the Islands of the Strait of Pitcairn Island, 1790–1894, by Rosalind Amelia Young a native. Pacific Press Publishing Co., Oakland, Cal.

At Last: by Mrs. Maria Elise Lander. A beautiful story [illegible] covers, price 50 cts. H. W. Hegeman, N. Y., pub'r.

Shadow: by Mary H. Perkins; a little volume of religious [illegible] and helpful. Pp. 206, price 50 cents; cloth covers. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

Stories of the Saints [illegible] covers, price 50 cts. H. W. Hegeman, N. Y., pub'r.

Frankie, or the Little Conqueror: by Mrs. E. M. Whitney [illegible] & Hagan, Pub'rs, New York.

Poems for Young Persons: selected by Louisa Jane Peesall [illegible] edges; cloth covers. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

The Living Christ: an Easter sermon by the late Rev. Phillips Brooks [illegible] lished by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Forty Years in South China: the life of John Van Nest Talmage, D.D., by Rev. John Gerardus Fagg, Missionary of Amoy, China. A delightful and inspiring biography and record of the life-work of a most devoted and successful missionary. 300 pp.; [illegible] Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., N. Y., publishers.

[illegible] er; B.A. A fascinating study of one of the grandest [illegible] covers; price $1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

LL.D., President of Doshisha University, Kioto, Japan, by Rev. J.D. Davis, D.D.; copiously illustrated. This is the life, character and work of a remarkable man, written by one who was intimately acquainted [illegible] price $1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

The Ministry of the Spirit, by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., with an introduction by Rev. F. B. Meyer. A [illegible] New York, publishers.

Our Fight with Tammany, by Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D. A resume of the recent famous [illegible] ing, price 1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

The Modern Temple and Templars. A sketch of the life and work of Rev. Russell H. Conwell, Pastor of the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, by Robert J. [illegible]

The Dictionary of Scientific Illustrations and Symbols. Moral Truths, mirrored in Scientific Facts; [illegible] the Orator and the Lover of Nature; by a Barrister of the Honorable Society of the Inner Temple. London [illegible] New York, publisher.

[illegible] Nicol, D.D., of Edinburgh. A most interesting and concise record of the result of recent investigations [illegible] Babylonia and Persia, with map; pp. 76; cloth flexible covers. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers.

People's Meeting, Church and House. A choice col- [illegible]

Forty Witnesses to Success: Talks to Young Men, [illegible] evidence obtained from many statesmen, lawyers, merchants and bankers; pp. 148; cloth covers; price 75c. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, pub'rs.

Life Staked at Cards: a sketch of the life of Henry [illegible] story of the experience of one who through stress and adversity, was brought from darkness to Gospel light. pp. 26, flexible covers, published by the author [illegible] Little House, New York.

THEY THAT WAIT FOR HIM.

Warnings and Encouragements to Christ's Waiting People in his Messages by John to the Seven Churches.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.

A GREAT and solemn perplexity meets those whom God has awakened by his Spirit through the Scriptures to look for, to wait for, to be ready for the coming of their Lord. Before our beloved Lord left his disciples, he said to them, "Let not your heart be troubled," and gave them as the special reason why: "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and will receive you unto myself." (John 14:3). No word about anything that must first take place before he comes. His one injunction to them was to be ready, for in such an hour as they thought not he would come; it might be at any hour, evening, midnight, cock-crowing, morning. (Matt. 24: 40-43; Mark 13: 32-37; Luke 12: 35-40; 21:34-36).

Consistently with his Lord, Paul in his epistles insists on, and commands an unceasing watchfulness, and expectation of the coming of the Lord. (I Cor. 1: 7, 8; Phil. 1: 6, 10; 2: 16; 3: 20, 21; Col. 3: 4; I Thes. 1: 9, 10; 2: 19; 3: 13; 4: 13-18; 5: 1-11, 23; II Thes. 1: 2; 3: 5; II Tim. 4: 3, etc.) And yet, more than eighteen hundred years have elapsed, and Christ is not yet come! Here is the difficulty, and scoffers taking advantage of this, say as the apostle Peter prophesied they would: "Where is the promise of his coming?"

When the apostle Paul fell asleep, he knew he was being "poured out as a drink offering" for the church. But he knew also that his love for the Lord's appearance which never flagged till the moment of his departure, (II Tim. 4: 6-8, R.V. margin) had not been in vain, and that his earnest, intense longing, if by any means he might attain to the out-resurrection from among the dead (Phil. 3: 11), was an already answered prayer. He knew that personally he should make one of those who should not be preceded by those which are alive, and remain, and shall be "caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air." He should be one of the dead in Christ which rise first. (I Thes. 4: 15-17). And this leads to the trenchant question upon which all hangs: Will all believers be caught up to meet the Lord in the air at one and the same time? According to I Cor. 15: 50-59 and this passage in I Thes. 4, no distinction whatever is made, and if the Word of God had closed with the epistles, such a question could not have been raised.

But the Church of Christ, born of the Spirit, and baptized by the Spirit into one body (I Cor. 12: 13) at Pentecost, has not, as a whole been making herself ready (Rev. 19: 7); the majority of her children have not really and practically in their life and spirit been sitting with Christ in heavenly places (Eph. 2: 6); their citizenship has not been in heaven (Phil. 3: 20 R.V.), but down on earth. And yet the Lord can wed no unprepared Bride! And Scripture clearly shows us that his coming is contingent on the preparedness of them that wait for him.

All is waiting until the church or the overcomers in the church are so far conformed to the image of God's Son (Rom. 8: 29) that the Lord shall be justified in taking them away to be united to him and reign with him as his Bride. Then, the great purpose of this age being accomplished, and "a people for his name" taken out from the Gentiles (Acts 15: 14), he can come with these gathered saints, and, by judgments, cleanse the earth, and establish his reign.

Our Lord, when he left this world, gave the promise of the Holy Spirit who should guide into all truth . . . and "declare unto you the things that are to come" (John 16: 13). But the church did not follow the Spirit. The Spirit was grieved, and ceased to declare things to come. The imminent coming of the Lord ceased to be a living expectation, the children of God declined from the zeal and disinterestedness of Pentecost and settled down in some measure upon the earth instead of maintaining a citizenship in heaven. How could Christ take away such a church and make her his Bride? All the apostles but one were already asleep in Jesus. There was one then left, John of whom the Lord Jesus had said to Peter: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" (John 21: 23). He was banished to the isle of Patmos, not by the will of man, however much man may have been instrumental in his banishment, but "for the Word of God and the testimony of Jesus."

CHRIST'S YOKE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Mar. 31. Matt. 11: 28-30; John 14: 14, 15.

WHILE the cross is the universally accepted emblem of Christianity, the idea of the Christian life which Christ labored to instil into the minds of his followers would be more accurately represented by the symbol of the yoke. The cross is precious, for it is by the cross that the Christian enters the new life. It means deliverance and safety. It means self-denial and death to the world's allurements. But the Christian has not learned his whole lesson until he has made the idea of the yoke the rule and principle of his life. It implies obedience and it implies service. We make our boast of liberty, but there are occasions when we glory in surrendering it. The workman who toils in the erection of some great building does not follow his own ideas of architecture, but obeys the architect who has drawn the plans. He may not see the relation of the part he is doing to the great edifice, but the architect knows and he trusts him. When he sees the completion, he glories in the part he did in mechanical obedience. So it is in war. No victory would be gained if the soldier did not yield himself almost as a slave to the direction of his general. He is not informed of the general's plans; he has not to follow his own impulses or notions of the campaign. He has simply to do his duty and to obey orders. The sailor's life is on the same pattern. The captain lays out the course and the sailor follows it blindly. Christ asks his followers to act on the same principle. And though in theory it is reasonable, the practice is very difficult. To give up the will and the direction of one's own life; to bear one's plans being thwarted; to see some cherished scheme which has cost thought and time come to naught; to see good fail and evil triumph—all this is distressing. But he who has taken on him the yoke of Christ is being guided and has learned to accept guidance. Then, too, the yoke means service. No man is saved for himself alone. The branch which is in the vine will bear fruit. If no fruit comes from it the branch is unprofitable, good only for burning. In the great battle between good and evil in the world there ought to be no skulkers in Christ's livery. Every generation ought to show an advance in the number of followers of Christ, and to do that involves effort on the part of the weakest of Christ's subjects. Each one has an influence on some others, an influence none can exert so effectively as he. If he bears the yoke, he will pull and strain and exert himself in Christ's interests, whatever may be his position in life. As a Christian—a Christ's man—he will strive to promote the kingdom of his Lord. And the reward is sure. There is rest in the soul. The harass and worry and fret goes out of life in that service. Sweet peace rules and reigns in heart and life, and the yoke is found to be easy and the burden light.

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THE EPWORTH LEAGUE IN INDIA.

The progress of the League in India is very satisfactory. The "Indian Witness" reports enthusiastic reunions both at Bombay and Hyderabad. At the former the chair was occupied by Rev. W. H. Stephens, the President of the League. He introduced Rev. J. O. Denning who spoke of "The League as a training school for workers." Rev. C. G. Elsam then told of his experience with "The League as an evangelizing and temperance agency." Miss Abrams was equally emphatic in her testimony as to the efficient way in which the League helped in educational work. Rev. H. A. Crane followed with another aspect of the League as an encouragement to the feeling of enthusiastic fidelity among the young people to the church. The conference committee's report showed fourteen chapters of the League and six Junior departments organized with 721 members. Seven of the chapters in this conference are in connection with the English work, four in Hindustani, two in Marathi, and one in Gujarati.

The reunion at Hyderabad took more of a social character, but its spirit was thoroughly permeated with League fellowship. Three hundred people filled the spacious M. E. Church, and at the close of the literary and musical exercises, adjourned to a large shamiana in the church compound to discuss cakes and coffee.

Besides selections of sacred music by the choir, and suitable recitations by juvenile members, and a crisp address of welcome by Vice-President Ross, short interesting papers were read on: "A Methodist Retrospect in India," by the President; "Some Plants of the Bible and their Symbolical Meaning," by Miss Xavier; "Gems from Bryant, Longfellow, Tennyson and Whittier, illustrating Christian Truth," by Miss Wood. Also a couple of lively readings, entitled: "The Origin and History of the League," by Mr. H. Martin and "Some very Ignorant People" (John Ploughman), by Dr. J. Martin.

The reunion was voted an all-around success by all. The brethren praise God for the work and influence of the League in Hyderabad.

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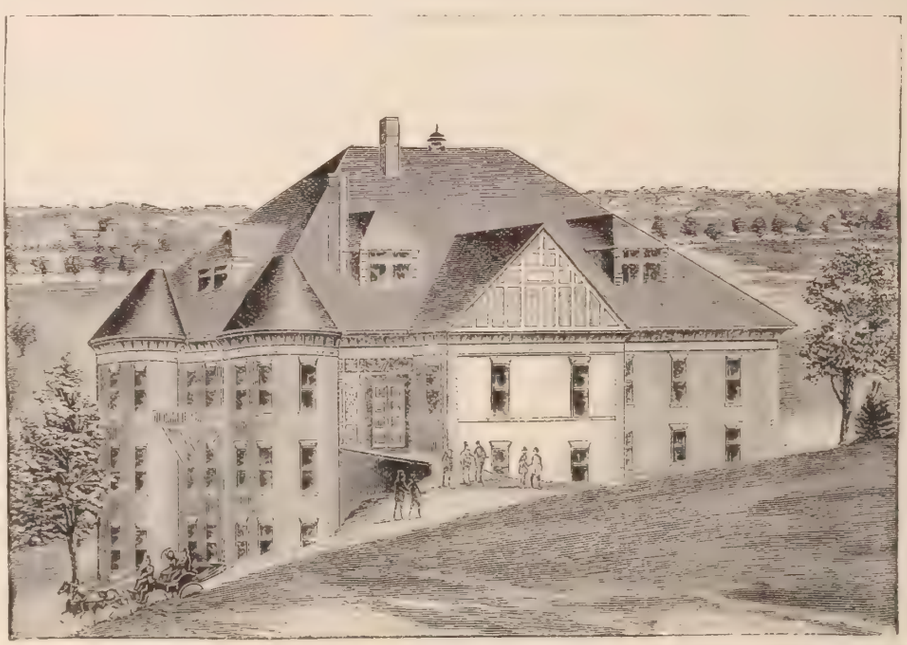
A UNIVERSITY Y. M. C. A.

In no department is the Young Men's Christian Association a more necessary institution than in the places where young men are receiving higher education. They will naturally be the leaders in the coming generation, for education is sure to tell, and increasingly so with the advance of the country in age and development. It is therefore of the greatest importance that every influence in the direction of spiritual growth that can be brought to bear upon them while they are gaining secular education, should be used. The Young Men's Christian Association has proved its value in this respect. The work, however, must of necessity be difficult owing to the constantly changing character of the constituency from which its members are drawn. The most earnest and enthusiastic members of the Y. M. C. A. in a university drop from membership at the end of their course and their places have to be filled with the newcomers. It is gratifying, therefore, to find that so much interest in Association work is being taken by one of our southern institutions of learning. The University of Tennessee at Knoxville, of which a picture appears on this page, has set apart a convenient room for the use of its Association, and the privilege appears to be thoroughly appreciated by the undergraduates. Of the 253 students in the University, 143 have connected themselves with the Association, and of these, eighty-five have qualified for active membership. The Association has a small and well selected library of its own and holds regular Bible Classes and missionary meetings.



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE, AT KNOXVILLE.

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B. Y. P. U. NOTES.

An enthusiastic district conference of the Illinois Baptist Young People's Unions has been held at Peoria. This was the second of the series planned by the Executive Committee State Union. Pastor Kirtley of the First Baptist Church in which the Conference was held proved a graceful and cordial host, welcoming the delegates with hearty words of good cheer. He greeted them as fellow-workers, fellow-learners and fellow-builders and took them to his heart in each capacity. The Christian Culture Courses are evidently taking an ever deepening hold on the members and they received a large share of the attention of the Conference. Pastor Clatworthy of Canton spoke on the Sacred Literature Course and his bright pointed utterances seemed to stir the enthusiasm of his hearers. He showed what a grand and noble field of study it opened up, stimulating and inspiring every earnest student. Pastor W.L.Riley of Fairbury dealt with the Missionary Conquest Course and found abundant material there for eloquent and stirring appeals. Pastor Wrightnour of Lincoln discussed the Bible study course and showed by several illustrations, which would have been amusing if they had not been so sad, how sorely the course is needed even by college-bred men who seem to neglect the one Book which best repays study. Mrs. H. S. Black of Kewanee gave an encouraging report of the Junior work and showed how strong a claim it had on the sympathy and support of the seniors. Dr. R. F. Y. Pierce of Rockford, one of the earliest and most devoted of B. Y. P. U. workers closed the Conference with an earnest and thrilling address on Denominational loyalty.——One of the benefits of Mr. Dickerson's installation at Headquarters is already being experienced in Dr. F. L. Wilkins, the General Secretary being set free to take an extensive Eastern tour. From the first it has been obvious to onlookers that Dr. Wilkins should not be kept tied to the editorial desk and so prevented visiting the Unions, and giving them good advice and stimulating talks which he does know how to do. Dr. Wilkins has been cordially welcomed in New York, Brooklyn, Boston and other cities and has made many friends. Dr. Wilkins is now on his way to South Dakota speaking at various cities on his way.——Rev. Frank S. Dobbins of 1420 Chestnut street, Philadelphia will be pleased to send to any applicant writing to him and enclosing a stamp, a list of the best books on the Missionary and other topics useful to members who are following the Christian Culture Courses.—Denver, Colo., is systematically organizing to secure the convention of 1897. It is sending a strong delegation to Baltimore. Brooklyn, N.Y., is also asking for the convention. It expects to contribute five hundred of the fifteen hundred delegates that New York State will send to Baltimore. At the recent rally in the Noble St. Church most encouraging reports were received from the Unions in the various churches.

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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Probably no one knew, until the Boston Convention of the Order, how much religious and philanthropic work was being done by the King's Daughters of the Old Bay State. Reports coming to headquarters from scattered Circles show that even the convention did not give anything like a full idea of the unostentatious ministrations of these kindly ladies who work "In His Name." Here is the report, for instance, of a Circle at Wrentham. The Secretary, Miss Helen G. Hood, writes: "We are a Circle of girls, organized August, 1892. Our first work was clothing some poor children that they might come to Sunday School. Since then we have helped the Church Building Society, a poor family in Boston, the Fresh Air Fund, and some needy ones in our own town. Last June we sent $25 from our treasury for the starting of a Sunday School in the West, and we are now working to get the necessary funds to provide an Indian girl an education. Nearly every week a committee of two girls has visited the sick and helped to brighten their lives. Every Thursday during the summer we send flowers to the Flower Mission in Boston. It is with joy and gratitude that we begin to realize what concentrated effort can do for Christ."

Another characteristic report comes from a Circle in Lynn, of which Miss Carrie E. Henderson is Secretary. She says: "Since our organization we have aided in various ways forty families, besides doing sewing for the district nurse, giving articles of clothing to the Home Missionary barrel, and sending old cotton to the hospital. One feature of our work is to provide suitable clothing for children who otherwise would be unable to attend our Sunday School. During the recent business depression our work has been especially helpful, as families who disliked the thought of receiving charity have received friendly and substantial aid from the Circle, the name of such families being unknown except to the member who discovered the case. We assisted in paying a young woman's board seven weeks. Our work been interesting and delightful."

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

Two Christian Endeavor societies were organized during January in Protestant Episcopal churches in Philadelphia. They were the first cases of the kind in that city.

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During 1894 the Christian Endeavor Societies contributed to the American Board $10,673, and to the Woman's Board $6,98 a large gain over the returns of the previous year.

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An authoritative statement is made that the entire cost of the administration of the Epworth League last year was $7,771.3 This includes the salary of the Secretary and the travelling expenses of him and the Cabinet and the Board of Control.

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The King's Daughters have now a free bed in the Grace Hospital, Toronto, the occupant of which receives attendance and the privileges free of charge. Any Canadian King's Daughter who needs hospital treatment is eligible for admission.

Homes of Swedish Lapland.

They are in lovely Valleys, beside rushing Fjords or steep Mountains, but are full of Life and Happiness.

THOUGH Lapland contains great reaches of desolate moor and dreary swamp, still there are many parts of the country that have a quiet and rugged beauty of their own, such as is found nowhere in Europe, except possibly in some sections of the Alps. In Swedish Lapland, the long, narrow mountain lakes and brawling streams add greatly to the picturesque charm, and tend to diversify the industries of the people, who call their country "Sabme" and themselves "Samelats"—Finnish terms, signifying "dark." Lapland, or "the land of the Lapps," is not a recognized geographical term, as it includes the northern part of Norway, Sweden and Finland, and a part of the government of Archangel. The most southerly and salubrious section is Swedish Lapland, but a large proportion of the people are exceedingly poor, especially those who dwell in the mountain districts, like the group shown in our illustration. The fisher Lapps who live on the coast, are active, energetic and prosperous; but the hunters, who, with the mountaineers, are the true representatives of the race, are of a nomadic disposition and wander from point to point, rarely owning more than a few reindeer and some hunting traps. These hunters make their headquarters in "njallas" or small wooden houses, raised above the ground on piles, and they only leave them when out on hunting expeditions in the mountains, or busy in the pastures among the herds in summer. At such times the women are left at home alone to tend cattle and keep house. In April or May, the reindeer, which have been herded all the winter are turned loose to wander at will, and immediately after midsummer they are again driven back to the herding-grounds.

A FARMER'S FAMILY IN SWEDISH LAPLAND

Among the Swedish Lapps, a fair proportion are farmers. Although the men are somewhat stolid-looking, owing to their hard, monotonous life, many of the women have bright, intelligent faces. Their dress is peculiar, being an odd jumble of Swedish and Arctic, with a suggesstion of the Dutch peasant. The cradle of a Lapp baby (as seen in the illustration), is one that would surprise and interest most American mothers who would be puzzled to know why anyone could have devised an affair so clumsy and uncomfortable-looking. This deer-skin bag, held together by thongs and stuffed with wool or warm woollen garments, makes the ideal Lapp crib for an infant, and is rocked and swung on the mother's knee to the croon of a lullaby that soon soothes the little occupant to slumber.

Dwarfish in stature, stoutly built, with straight, black hair, small eyes and swarthy, yellowish complexions, the Lapps are a quiet and inoffensive people. Probably nowhere can a more peaceable and law-abiding people be found, and it is a matter of record that crimes of violence are almost unknown among them. Nearly all have been Christianized and a majority belong to some Protestant denomination or are members of the Greek Church. In the parish churches divine services are held in the Lappish, Swedish and Finnish languages, and during the summer months clergymen from the south visit the mountain Lapps or Fjell-Lappar-Finner, and preach to them the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Although the Christianization of the nation began in 1275, when a part of the territory was annexed to Sweden, religious and educational progress was slow and it was not until the reign of Gustavus I. that the first school was established. The last remnants of Lappish paganism were extirpated in the early part of the seventeenth century. Now, despite some traces of old-time superstitions and beliefs, the Christian religion has a strong hold in the hearts of the people and the "Samelats," as they prefer to be called, have among them many who live simple yet spiritual lives and whose example and influence are a blessing to others.

WHAT'S THE USE!

WHAT is the use of sighing?
Just as cheap to laugh.
What is the use of crying?
Just as cheap to chaff
Song will sweeten sorrow,
Sun will rise to-morrow,
And relief you borrow
For a guiding staff.

What's the use of fretting
When the clouds hang low?
What's the use of getting
Left where'er you go?
Just step out and hustle.
Brains and brawny muscle
Always stand a show.

What's the use of moping?
Doesn't pay the rent.
What's the use of groping
In your tenement?
Though the skies are grieving
And the birds are leaving,
Standing up for achieving.
Never be content.

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Teach the Girls Method.

Our children should be impressed with the value of time and method, even in their earliest years. A girl cannot begin too soon after she is in her teens to learn household management. The happiness of a whole household in the future, and her honor and dignity, may depend largely upon a knowledge of these common every-day affairs, more than on a knowledge of the dead languages. But there is time for both if only the girls will think about it. It is a notable fact that the busiest people have always the most time to help others, simply because they know pretty well what they have to do and how long it will take them, and arrange their work accordingly. Methodical people will get through three times the amount of work that unmethodical people can. And a girl who has no method about anything will by and by find little time for even the most important duties of life, and none to devote to the things of eternity.

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Children's Laughter.

In all the world there is nothing sweeter to the ear or pleasanter to the heart than the free, joyous laughter of an innocent child. Some parents, whose children have "passed on" before them to the brighter land, may not be able to remember a single tone of the loved ones' voices, but oh! how clearly they recall their laughter—the sparkling eyes and the merry, ringing peals that set the echoes flying, woke up all the silences of the house, and was like a burst of vocal sunshine. How dull the home is wherein its music has once joyously echoed, but now is heard no more. How still is the house when the little ones are fast asleep and their pattering feet are silent. How easily the fun of a child bubbles forth. Let the little ones laugh; too soon, alas! they may find cause enough to weep. Don't try to silence them, but let their gleefulness ring out a gladsome peal, reminding us of the days when we, too, could laugh without a sigh.

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"Real Girls."

After all, there is no danger, even amid all our so-called "modern progress," that the best qualities of young manhood or womanhood will die out. There are just as many "real women" to-day as "real men," if not more—we mean the true unaffected, natural sort who have a way of winning all hearts by their simple straightforwardness and delightfully unpretentious yet captivating character. When we see one of these girls we usually find her bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, and with a healthy interest in those about her that keeps temptation far away. She is her mother's companion, her father's comfort; comrade to sisters and brothers, and frequently the admiration of her "fashionable friends," who cannot understand why she is so cheerful. They try in vain to fathom the mystery of her peculiar charm, for the young men admire her even if her hair hasn't been tortured into the very latest impossible kink to wave. She isn't always stylish, and her dressmaking is often done by an unpretending seamstress on a side street where fashionable woman never come.

CHILDHOOD'S ROMANCES.

OF late years, there has been a strong tendency among literary investigators, to invade the realm of childhood and break down some of its most cherished idols. These iconoclasts, for instance, have discovered that many of the wonderful romances that have charmed the childish imagination of the English-speaking races for centuries, are either absurd or unoriginal. Thus, the delightful tales that have transformed the nursery into an enchanted pleasure-ground and have held countless hosts of little auditors spellbound and fascinated, are attacked in the three vital points of their integrity, their originality and their authenticity. These investigators assure us that, long ages ago, when the Saxon race was utterly barbarian, the children of China, Egypt and other ancient countries of the globe, were entertained and amused by the same stories, although dealing with different characters and different surroundings. Thus the "Red Riding-Hood," "Puss-in-Boots," "Bo-peep," and other familiar characters fade from our own acquaintanceship and resolve themselves into hazy and indistinct heroines, sprites, gnomes and fairies, who peopled far-off plains and valleys long before Europe had a nursery literature of its own.

One cherished favorite, however, has escaped the general disaster. It is the venerable tale of "Mother Goose," and it is proved to have been of American origin. Rev. J. W. Manning, D.D., writes:

Mother Goose is no myth, as some have thought, but lived in Boston in veritable flesh and blood, as the records of Old South Church clearly show. The maiden name of this venerable lady was Elizabeth Foster. She lived in Charleston, where she was born, until her marriage. Then she came to Boston with her thrifty husband, Isaac Goose. She was his second mate, and began her maternal life as a stepmother to ten children. These all seem to have been lively little goslings, and to their number she rapidly added six more. Poor, happy Mother Goose! No wonder her feelings were too many for her, and that she poured them out in the celebrated lines:

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children, she didn't know what to do.

Yet her family cares, seem on the whole, to have rested lightly on her. She survived Father Goose many years, and she led and fed her numerous flock and tenderly brooded them in the little enclosure on Temple Place till they were able to swim and forage for themselves. One daughter, Elizabeth, became the wife of Thomas Fleet, a printer, of Pudding Lane, and when a son was born to Thomas Fleet, Mother Goose insisted on going to live with them, as nurse to his son and heir. To coddle her own grandchild was the ideal of blessedness to Mother Goose. She sang ditties from morning till night, till her son-in-law become sensibly alarmed at the fertility of her genius. Fleet wrote down what he could of the rhymes which fell from her lips. His notes rapidly accumulated, and in a little while he had enough to make a volume. These he printed and bound into a book, which he offered for sale. Her little book made her name a household word and dear to the children of the English-speaking world.

Sickness Among Children,
is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the N. Y Condensed Milk Co., N. Y. City.

ALICE MAPLETON'S ORDEAL

A STORY OF NOBLE FORTITUDE UNDER TRIAL.

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by E. CARSWELL.

CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

THE atmosphere in the office of Messrs. Mapleton & Jackson was becoming decidedly explosive. Mr. Jackson had calculated on Fred's ignominious dismissal without inquiry and his fury was ungovernable when he saw Fred not only vindicate himself from the accusation, but in doing so become his accuser. That he should be charged by a clerk with misappropriation of funds and falsification of the books of the firm was in his eyes an unpardonable outrage. As he stood glaring at Fred, he was fast losing self-control, which was never a strong element in his character.

Fred stood unmoved, and his calmness appeared to exasperate the angry man. He seized Fred roughly by the collar to turn him out of the office. It was an unwise thing to do, for Fred was young and strong and was now indignant. He threw up his arm to remove Mr. Jackson's clutch, and gave that gentleman a push that sent him in a heap into the corner. Mr. Mapleton, who had been staring first at one and then at the other in a bewildered way, now sprang to his feet.

"Why, bless my soul! Fred, leave this office." Fred bowed to Mr. Mapleton and left. "Why, what does it all mean? But really I can't blame the boy after all. Are you much hurt, Jackson? You brought it all on yourself. What have you against the boy, anyway? Why, whoever saw such work! Your nose is bleeding. The young villain! But you had no business to talk in that way. I swear, I'd have done it myself when I was his age if anyone had called me a liar."

Mr. Jackson gathered himself together and slowly arose to his feet; his face was something fearful to look at. Save the dark rings already showing around his eyes, his face was a ghastly white, and his bloodshot eyes told the malignant thoughts behind them. He hissed through his blood-stained lips: "My turn will come; I will crush him as I would a snake beneath my feet."

"No, Jackson, you won't do anything of the kind," said Mr. Mapleton. "I have dismissed Fred, though I don't think I have treated him fair myself, for I'd have done just as he has when I was young, but I don't see what you have against him, and you are not going to harm him unless you want to quarrel with me too."

That afternoon Mr. Mapleton was taken ill, and had to be taken home in a cab from his office to his home, as he was too ill to wait for his own carriage.

CHAPTER III.

A Parting Warning.

There was great commotion in the Mapleton mansion that night. Mrs. Mapleton had been in bed all the afternoon with a sick headache; Alice moped about the house with red eyes, and now Mr. Mapleton was brought home very ill indeed. The doctor told them that the case was serious, so other things were forgotten in their anxiety for the husband and father. That night Mr. Mapleton seemed very anxious to see Fred, and at last, at his urgent request, Will was dispatched to find him if possible.

When Fred was ushered into the sick room the old gentleman's eyes brightened, and he held out his hand, which Fred took in both of his, as he said: "My dearest and best friend, I hope my actions have had nothing to do with this illness."

"No, my boy, I have felt it coming on for some time; but I was anxious to see you and tell you, that I don't believe a word about anything they have hinted as to your dishonesty."

"Thank you, sir," said Fred. "You may rest assured that you are the last man I [illegible]"

"And, Fred, I want to say, altho' perhaps it is wrong for an old man to say it, but I think you acted right this afternoon and convinced Jackson that it is not simply money that makes the man, or the gentleman. And Fred, I fear that all is not right with Jackson, or why was he so anxious for you to leave? But you must not go, you are the only one I have to depend on, and I think, perhaps, my wife was too hasty, and I, too; she is a proud woman, but you may be a great man yet."

Fred shook his head. He said: "I am sorry to say that I cannot remain; I could not afford to be idle so I have already accepted an engagement as super-cargo and the ship sails for Mexico to-morrow; but I hope you may soon be better, and, Mr. Mapleton, do not think that I speak in a spirit of revenge, or to repay Mr. Jackson for having insulted me, when I say that there is cause why you should be more watchful in the details of your business—but you are too ill, I will talk with your son."

Mr. Mapleton was too exhausted to say more; Fred kissed the white hand of the sick man and withdrew to the hall.

There he met Mrs. Mapleton, and as she was about to pass without speaking, Fred stopped her and said: "Madam, I am going away in the morning to Mexico, and know not when I may return, and I should like to ask your forgiveness, if I have offended you before I go."

"It is indignation, burning indignation, that I feel, sir, toward you, and you speak lightly when you speak of offending me, but perhaps you think it is a light affair when you come between a mother and her only daughter, and are the cause of the first estrangement they have ever had. Your unprecedented presumption has nearly broken poor Alice's heart, and destroyed the peace of our happy home; for, of course, she knows that such an outrageous alliance would never be permitted, or thought of, for one moment, by any member of the family beside herself."

"Say, mother," said Will Mapleton, who entered the hall at this moment, "you are not acting like yourself in being so harsh to Fred. Father has made up with him, and I think he would like Fred to see Alice to bid her good-bye; and let us all part friends. I think this is but fair to Alice."

"Well, your sister's welfare, honor, and happiness are, I suppose, as dear to you as to me; you can do as you think best."

"That's like yourself, mother," said Will as he kissed her.

They passed. Mrs. Mapleton pretended not to see Fred's outstretched hand, but with a bow, her head turged over her shoulder and her eyes fixed on the cornice, she passed up the stairs.

Will opened the sitting-room door and looked in—"Here, Sis, is Fred come to say good-bye." Then to Fred, "You will find me in the library; I want to see you before you go," and with that left him at the door.

Fred passed in, and in a moment Alice was in his arms, and sobbing on his breast.

"Oh! you are are not going away," she cried. "You must not go."

Poor Fred held her to his breast, and stroked her golden brown hair. "I know, love, it is cruel, but we must be brave. I would not go just now when I fear my presence may be needful, if I could help it, but I have a great battle to fight, and it seemed providential to me to me when I received the offer from Sage & Co. to go. The super-cargo was taken suddenly ill, and they offered me the place. I might have sought for months before I could have found such an opening, and I must go to-morrow. Now, my pet, I have promised your mother not to renew my suit until I can meet you as an equal, so we cannot correspond; but I will try to let you know how I am getting on. Can you trust in me, come what may?"

"I will never doubt you, but will believe you true, and will love you, and only you, while I live," sobbed Alice.

I need not recount all that was said nor how many times they said good-bye, but I know that Will was out of patience and beginning to get angry when Fred appeared at the library door. As they left the house some one was seen to creep away from the sitting-room window and dodge down a side street. Fred watched until the figure passed a lamp and turning to Will, asked: "Do you know who that was?"

"No!" said Will.

"It was Jackson," said Fred.

"What in the world is he sneaking about the place for? It might have been well for us if you had broken his neck when you flung him into the corner to-day," said Will, "though it is well for you that you did not."

"Will, I tell you candidly, I believe that man to be a scoundrel, and you must keep a watch on him or he will ruin you and yours. Your father has had such confidence in the man that he now has nearly everything in his own hands; he has by one pretext and another, got rid of the old clerks and has employed creatures of his own. He has persuaded your father to transfer the law business of the firm from the old law firm to one of which his brother is head, and a firm without any reputation except for shady transactions."

"Why, Fred, you astonish me," said Will; "have you given father a hint?"

"I have only had my own eyes opened within a few days," said Fred, "and I had no opportunity of speaking to your father until to-night. You must look into the business as soon as your father gets well; and, Will, do not think me impertinent, but if your father is not soon better, persuade him to authorize you to take your mother's and sister's diamonds and other personal valuables from the safe and take them to the house or to some safe deposit."

"Certainly I will! You make cold chills run down my back, I wish I knew more about the business," said Will.

"And one thing more I want to mention, Will,if anything,(which God forbid) should happen to your father, and things should look suspicious, go to the man whose address is on this card, and put the case in his hands; he is a friend of mine, and one of the best detectives on the continent. I do not know how long I shall be gone, but I hope I shall find everything all right on my return."

They had now reached the wharf and stood shaking hands, "I am sorry to see you go," said Will,"and remember old boy, that I am your friend and you must write to me often, but do not put anything in your letters that you would not like Sis to see, for I sometimes let her read my letters."

Fred had hard work to keep back the tears as he said, "God bless you, Will," and ran up the gang-plank.

CHAPTER IV.

A Menace.

This is a world of change; nothing remains long as it was. No one knows what a day may bring forth; the bright, blue sky of the morning may be black with thunder clouds in the afternoon; the gentle zephyr that rocks the flower may change in an hour into the cyclone, leaving wreck and desolation in its track. The sound of merry laughter and sweet music may be changed into cries of pain in a minute.

Such a change took place in the Mapleton mansion. Where a week ago all was bright, beautiful and gay, and only the sound of sweet music or rippling laughter was heard, now all was gloom, darkness and despair, and only the sounds of weeping and lamentations were heard.

Mr. Mapleton was dead and buried; Mrs. Mapleton was completely prostrated, unable to leave her bed and unconscious most of the time; poor Alice showed more courage than any of them; she buried her own sorrows in her heart and bravely tried to stem the wave of destruction that was sweeping down upon them, and to comfort and care for her helpless mother.

Will was nearly crazy; he found himself at the head of the house, and it was tumbling about his ears; he had remembered Fred's advice and before his father died, had gone to the office with an order from his father, and the combination of the safe, and was told by the book-keeper that the combination had been changed to guard against a certain suspicious character who knew it, and that only Mr. Jackson knew the new one.

The business was in such a state that the only thing that seemed to be known to a certainty was that Mr. Mapleton died a bankrupt.

Will went to the old lawyers, but they could do nothing; even the life insurance in favor of Mrs. Mapleton appeared to have been transferred to Mr. Jackson.

Mrs. Mapleton had no knowledge of having signed the transfer, but had signed many papers which Mr. Jackson had brought to her during her husband's illness and, as she had full confidence in him, she had signed every paper he presented; in some instances without reading them.

The valuables from the safe were demanded and Will was thunder struck when told that they had been removed by Mr. Mapleton before his last illness.

Mr. Jackson continued to persecute poor Alice with his suit even in these days of her deep sorrow and perplexity. He called one afternoon saying that he had business of importance to transact with Miss Alice, who met him in the parlor. She received him very coolly, for she felt in her heart that he was the cause of all their troubles; so she simply bowed, motioned him to a seat and asked his business.

He said he had called to tell her how deeply he sympathized with her in her great loss; how sorry he was that Mr. Mapleton had not taken his advice; that all that he had saved himself from utter ruin in the crash were certain outside investments he had made; how he had tried to get Mr. Mapleton to go into these speculations with him, but he refused.

"And now, Miss Alice, I have come again to make a last proposition; if you will become my wife, I think I can at least save your home, for you and your mother." He approached her and tried to take her hand, Alice sprang to her feet, she was very pale and her eyes fairly flashed.

"How dare you come to me with such a proposition, and at such a time? If the place is honestly ours, it is so whether I accept the proposition or not, if it is not ours by right, I do not see how my becoming your wife can make it so, unless I am to understand you to mean that you have the power to cheat somebody out of the property.—Us, if it is ours, and I do not assent to your proposition; the rightful owner, if I do assent. Your proposition is dishonest and contemptible, and let me tell you to your face, and I hope for the last time, that I would rather beg my bread and live in a garret than become your wife."

Mr. Jackson's face became purple with rage; the veins stood out like cords on his forehead, his eyes fairly gleamed with exasperation as he said:

"This is my last attempt to save you, madam; if you prefer the poor-house for your poor, weak mother and yourself, why go there by all means, but remember that it was your own choice, and whatever your mother may suffer, that you and you alone are to blame. We shall meet again when your pride is humbled and you shall yet beg for what you now disdain."

"No, sir; I shall never beg for anything of the kind. You may humble me as you threaten. There is enough in our position to humble me as it stands, and I have a suspicion that you are responsible for a great deal of that. You may be able to do more and worse, but you could never bring me into any situation so humiliating as to make marriage with you a relief. Not even for my mother's sake could I marry you, and I can conceive of no stronger motive that would influence me. I do not want to give you unnecessary pain, so I must ask you not to speak to me on this subject again, for my answer would have to be the same."

"Wait, young lady, till you feel the turn of the screw. Poverty will teach you reason. You have to deal with a determined man. I have set my mind on marrying you, and I shall succeed yet. If fair means will not do, I will use foul."

"Oh, do cease threatening me. It is cruel, it is cowardly to come to me. You know I have no protector now, or you dare not do it." Alice had opened the door for Mr. Jackson to go out of the room before she said these words, and her tearful voice reached her brother Will as he passed through the hall.

"What is that, Alice?" he said. "No protector? Who is annoying you? What are you saying to my sister, Mr. Jackson? Leave the house immediately. I am her protector. Please understand that I shall not allow her to be worried. Now go, and I hope you will not darken our doors again."

"You shall not darken them yourself much longer," said the vindictive man as passed out.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO AVOID QUARRELS.

A sailor's advice to a quarrelsome family is reported by a Boston journal. It says that a fisherman from Gloucester, Mass., recently went on a voyage to Valparaiso as mate of a merchant vessel. He left behind him in his home with his wife and children, his mother and his uncle. When he returned he found that during his absence the family had bickered and quarrelled continually. They had so many complaints of each other to make to him that they could scarcely welcome him. He listened in silence, and at the first opportunity invited them all to come on board the ship on which he had made his voyage. They went and examined the vessel throughout. The women were most astonished at the size of the cabin. "How ever," they asked, "do you manage to get eight men into such a box without crowding? How do you get any peace living as close as this?" The sailor replied: "I'll tell you. Each man is willing that his neighbor shall have his own share of room and keep it. Suppose you take that rule home with you and try it there." It may be hoped they did, for it is a good rule that many Christian homes and churches might adopt with advantage. Christ's law goes still further. It requires Christians not only to refrain from encroaching on his neighbor's rights, but to submit cheerfully when his own rights are withheld. (Matt. 5: 39, 40.)

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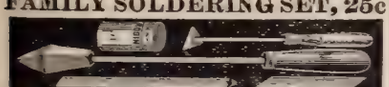

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Income

Received for Premiums -	$36,123,163 82
From all other sources - -	11,897,706 12
	$48,020,869 94

Disbursements

To Policy-holders:	
For Claims by Death -	$11,929,794 94
" Endowments, Dividends &c.	9,159,462 14
For all other accounts - -	9,789,634 18
	$30,878,891 26

Assets

United States Bonds and other Securities - - - -	$83,970,690 67
First lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage - - - - -	71,339,415 92
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	11,366,100 00
Real Estate - - - - -	21,691,733 39
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies - - - -	9,655,198 91
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums &c. - - - -	6,615,645 07
	$204,638,783 96
Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities, Company's Standard, American 4 per cent.	182,109,456 14
Surplus - - - -	$22,529,327 82
Insurance and Annuities assumed and renewed	$750,290,677 97
Insurance and Annuities in force December 31 1894	855,207,778 42
Increase in Total Income -	$6,067,724 26
Increase in Premium Income	2,528,825 84
Increase in Assets - - -	17,931,103 82
Increase in Surplus - - -	4,576,718 91
Increase of Insurance and Annuities in Force - -	51,923,039 90

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct
CHARLES A. PRELLER Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

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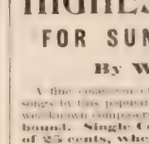

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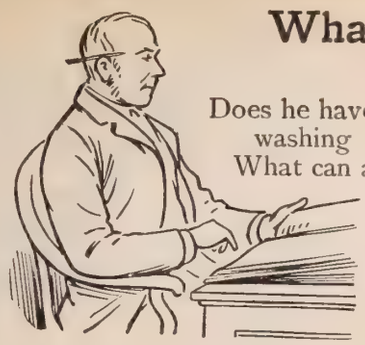

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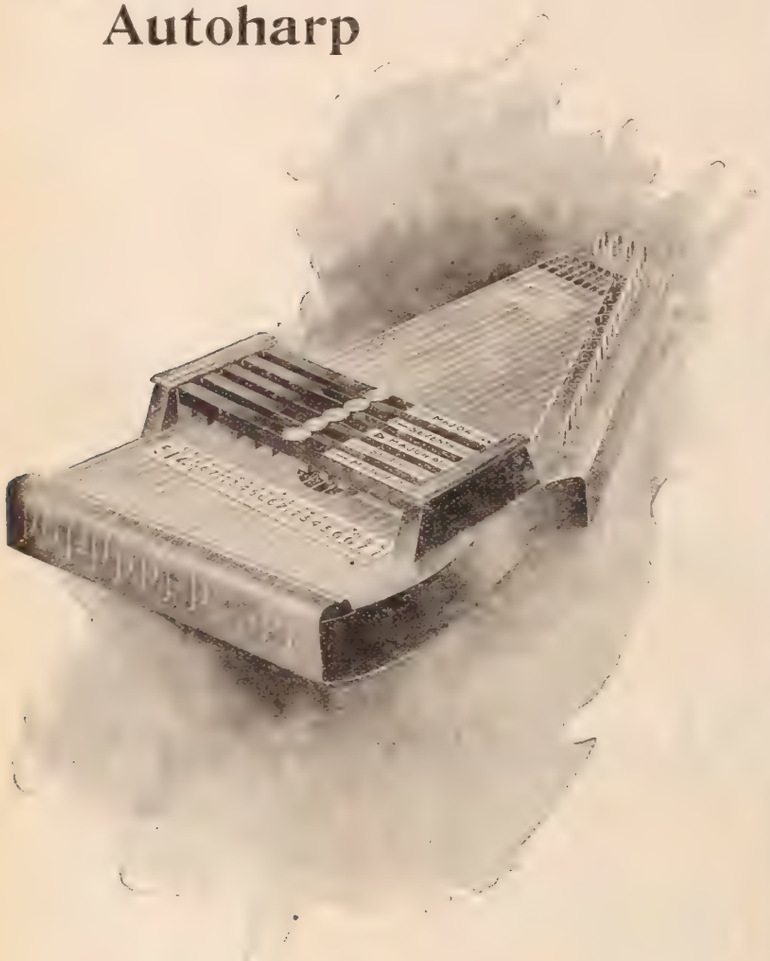

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xcept the looking in Cr[illegible] Concord- nce for a text, and feeli[illegible] almost too veary to stand up, I began the service, aying audibly while the opening song was eing sung, although because of the sing- ng no one but God heard it: "Oh, Lord, hou knowest my insufficiency for this serv- ce. Come down in gracious power upon his people." The place was shaken with he Divine presence. As far as we could nd out, over four hundred persons were onverted that night. Hear it, all young nen entering the ministry, hear it, all Christian workers: it was the Holy Ghost.

In the Second Reformed Church of Som- rville, New Jersey, in my boyhood days, Ir. Osborne, the evangelist, came to hold special service. I see now as he stood n the pulpit. Before he announced his text, nd before he had uttered a word of his ermon, strong men wept aloud, and it was ke the Day of Judgment. It was the Holy Ghost.

In 1857 the electric telegraph bore strange nessages. One of them read, "My dear par- nts will rejoice to hear that I have found eace with God." Another read: "Dear nother: The work continues, and I, too, have been converted." Another read: "At ast, faith and peace." What was it? The Holy Ghost. In that 1857, Jaynes' Hall, Philadelphia, and Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, New York, telegraphed each oth- r the number of souls saved, and the ris- ng of the devotional tides. Noon-day prayer-meetings were held in all the cities. Ships came into harbor, captain and all the sailors saved on that voyage. Police and ire departments met in their rooms for Di- vine worship. At Albany, the Legislature of the State of New York assembled in the ooms of the Court of Appeals for religious ervices. Congressional union prayer-meet- ng was opened at Washington. From whence came the power? From the Holy Ghost. That power shook New York. That power shook America. That power shook the earth. That power could take this en- tire audience into the peace of the Gospel quicker than you could lift your eyes heav- inward. Come, Holy Ghost! Come, Holy Ghost! He has come! He is here! I feel him in my heart. There are thousands who feel him in their hearts, convicting some, saving some, sanctifying some.

The difference in evangelical usefulness is not so much a difference in brain, in scholar- ship, or elocutionary gifts, as in Holy Ghost power. You will not have much surprise at the extraordinary career of Charles G. Fin- ney as a soul-winner, if you know that soon after his conversion he had this experi- ence of the Paraclete. He says:

"As I turned, and was about to take a seat by the fire, I received a baptism of the Holy Ghost. Without any expectation of it; without ever having the thought in my mind that there was any such thing for me; without any recollection that I had ever heard the thing mentioned by any person in the world, the Holy Ghost descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. Indeed, it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love, for I could not express it in any other way. It seemed like the very breath of God. These waves came over me, and over me, and over me, one after the other, until I recall I cried out, 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me.' I said, 'Lord, I cannot bear any more.'"

Now, my hearers, let five hundred of us, whether clerical or lay workers, get such a divine visitation as that, and we could take this world for God before the clock of the next century strikes one.

How many marked instances of Holy Ghost power! When a black trumpeter took his place in Whitefield's audience pro- posing to blow the trumpet at a certain point in the service, and put everything into de- rision, somehow he could not get the trum- pet to his lips and at the close of the meet- ing he sought out the preacher and asked for his prayers. It was the Holy Ghost. What was the matter with Hedley Vicars the memorable soldier, when he sat with his Bible before him in a tent, and his de- riding comrades came in and jeered, saying: "Turned Methodist, eh?" And another said, "You hypocrite! Bad as you were I never thought you would come to this, old fellow." And then he became the soldier evangelist, and when a soldier in another regiment hundreds of miles away telegraph- ed his spiritual anxieties to Hedley Vicars, saying: "What shall I do?" Vicars tele- graphed as thrilling a message as ever went over the wires, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." What power was being felt? It was the Holy Ghost. And what more appropriate? for the Holy Ghost is a "tongue of fire," and the electricity that flies along the wires is a tongue of fire. And that reminds me of what I might do now. From the place where I stand on this platform there are in- visible wires or lines of influence stretch- ing to every heart in all the seats on the main floor, and up into the boxes and gal- leries, and there are other innumerable wires or lines of influence reaching out from this place into the vast beyond, and across continents, and under the seas, for in my recent journey around the world I did not find a country where I had not been preaching this Gospel for many years through the printing press. So as a tele- graph operator sits or stands at a given point, and sends messages in all directions,

A JAPANESE FESTIVAL CAR.

and you only hear the click, click, click of the electric apparatus, but the telegrams, go on thetr errand, God help me now to touch the right key, and send the right message along the right wires to the right places! Who shall I first call up? To whom shall I send the message? I guess I will send the first to all the tired, wherever they are, for there are so many tired souls. Here goes the Christly message, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and I will give you rest." Who next shall I call up. I guess the next message will be to the fa- therless and widows, and here goes God's message, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy wid- ows trust in me." Who next shall I call up? I guess my next message will be to those who have buried members of their own families, and here it goes, "The trum- pet shall sound and the dead shall rise." Who next shall I call up? I guess the next message will go to those who think them- selves too bad to be saved. Here it goes, "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts and let him return unto the Lord who will have mercy and unto our God who will abundantly pardon." Who next shall I call up? I guess it will be those who may think I have not yet touched their case. Here it goes, "Whosoever, whosoever, whosoever will, let him come." And now may God turn on all the electric power into this Gos- pel battery for the last tremendous mes- sage, so that it may thrill through this as- semblage, and through all the earth. Just six words will compose the message, and I touch the key of this Gospel battery just six times and the message has gone! Away! Away it flies! And the message is, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?" That is, do you feel his power? Has he enabled you to sorrow over a wasted life, and take full pardon from the crucified Christ, and turned your face toward the wide open gates of a welcoming heaven? We appeal to thee, oh Holy Ghost, who didst turn the Philippian jailer, and Saul of Tarsus, and Lydia of Thyatira, and helped John Bunyan out of darkness when, as he describes it, "Down fell I as a bird shot from the top of the tree, into fearful despair, but was relieved by the comfort- able word, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,'" and helped John Newton when standing at the helm of the ship in a midnight hurricane, and mightier than the waves that swept the decks came over him the memory of his blasphem- ous and licen- tious life, and he cried out, "My mother's God have mer- cy on me!" and helped one nearer home, even me, De Witt Talmage, at about eigh- teen years of age, that Sun- day night in the lovely village of Bl awenburgh, New Jersey, when I could not sleep be- cause the ques- tions of eternal destiny seized hold of me; and has helped me ever since to use as most ex- pressive of my own feeling:

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

LIGHT DAWNING IN JAPAN.

Our illustration on this page is from a photograph of an ornamented car, such as is occasionally seen at Japanese festivals. The grotesque carvings and decorations of the car, no less than the presence on it of fancifully dressed and masked figures, all indicate that what has now become a mere holiday show or spectacle, is in reality the survival of an old heathen rite or observ- ance probably relating to ancient custom of parading some heathen divinity for public worship. But Japan is gradually but sure- ly coming into the light and her idols are losing their influence. Contact with West- ern civilization and Christianity are doing wonders for the empire of the Rising Sun.

A Distinguished Preacher.

Death of Dr. R. W. Dale of Birmingham, England, a Lecturer of Yale College and an Eminent Preacher and Author.

A CABLE dispatch to New York on March 13th announced the death of a distinguished preacher, teacher and

THE LATE DR. R. W. DALE.

author who had many friends and admirers in this country. In 1878 the whole religious public was surprised to learn that the trus- tees of the Lyman Beecher lectureship at Yale had departed for the first time from their traditional policy in calling an Eng- lishman to fill the chair for the year. At the conclusion of the course there was not a voice of criticism of the innovation raised, but every one who had heard or read the series of lectures was heartily and profound- ly grateful for the benefits derived from the teaching that the Englishman had given. The lecturer was R. W. Dale, a name held in high honor throughout the country from that time forward.

Mr. Dale was one of the most prominent of English Congregationalists. He was a Londoner by birth, but all his life was giv- en to work in the Midland section of the country. At the age of twenty-three he was principal of a small country school. While occupying that position, he made the ac- quaintance of Rev. John Angell James, a famous Congregational minister and the author of the "Anxious Inquirer," a book which thirty or forty years ago had an enormous circulation in all English speak- ing lands and was translated into many for- eign languages. Mr. James took an inter- est in the young teacher and finding that he desired to enter the ministry, introduced him to Spring Hill College of which he was one of the managers. Mr. Dale speedily justified Mr. James' opinion of him. He became a fine scholar and his eloquence in the college debating room and on the plat- form raised the highest expectations of fu- ture power. The college was not empower- ed to grant degrees, but could send its stu- dents to the London University for exam- ination. Mr. Dale went there to compete for honors and won the degree of Master of Arts. Returning to Birmingham he be- came Mr. James' co-pastor at Carr's Lane Chapel, and when Mr. James died he suc- ceeded him. Many efforts have been made to attract him to larger pastorates in Lon- don but Mr. Dale remained faithful to his first charge and continued its pastor for a period of forty years.

Mr. Dale was as notable in the character of a Christian citizen as a minister. He took a deep interest in politics and in the affairs of social and business life. He had a firm belief in religion as the one means of purifying the city and keeping it pure. His sermons and the numerous books he pub- lished were all imbued with the one cardi- nal principle of adapting the religion of the New Testament to everyday life, and he probably did more than any other minister of his time to show how Christianity ought to influence the professional and business man. Of doctrine he had little to say; early in his career he cut loose from Cal- vinism and directed his chief efforts to the practical application of Christianity. He preached Christ as the end of controversy, the Saviour of men from the power of sin and all kinds of evil, and made that one subject the aim and end of all his preach- ing and writing. When he was chairman of the Congregational Union he exhorted his brethren in the ministry above all things to preach the living Christ.

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

S. S. Lesson for April 7. Mark 11:1-11. Golden Text Mark 11:9. By Mrs. Baxter.

THE ministry of the Lord Jesus was drawing to a close. But the supreme and closing act, his sacrificial death, which the disciples had not understood, and which only the already beheaded John the Baptist and the Mary who had sat at his feet had received, was fast approaching. Once again a multitude was thronging the Saviour; the healing of the man born blind, and the raising of Lazarus, while ripening the animosity of the political and ecclesiastical powers, had also tended to create anew the enthusiasm of the populace. The chief priests and Pharisees

Trembled for their Influence,

and, after the raising of Lazarus, they "gathered a council, and said: 'What do we? for this Man doeth many miracles. If we let him alone, all men will believe on him, and the Romans shall come and take away both our place and nation.'" (John 11: 47, 48.) The people were quite ready to accept such a ruler as Jesus. The miracles he wrought were on their behalf, many amongst them had been healed by him, and they had heard of his feeding the multitute and stilling the sea of Galilee, miracles wrought on behalf of such as they were. On the other hand, the multitude, which would gladly have made Jesus King, wanted a king after their own order and not after God, and a kingdom of this world, while the kingdom of Christ was not of this world. In his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, the Lord Jesus showed to eyes that could see "the manner of the kingdom" as he would have it. Accompanied by the multitude which had witnessed the healing of Bartimeus, Jesus and his disciples approaching Jerusalem, drew near to the villages of Bethphage and Bethany, at the Mount of Olives. From thence "he sent forth two of his disciples and saith unto them, go your way into the village against you: and as soon as ye be entered into it, ye shall find a colt tied whereon never man sat; loose him and bring him. And if any man say unto you, why do ye this? say ye that the Lord hath need of him; and straight way he will send him hither." Was this all the preparation for the reception into his royal city of him who was by birth, and was shown to be by prophecy the King of the Jews? Was this the manner of the kingdom? To human eyes it looked as though such a preparation proved, beyond a doubt, that his claim to kingship must be false. Such a claim he himself had never made, and yet, when he was called the Son of David, and the King of Israel, he never, in a single instance denied his identity.

Were these two disciples, sent out to seek a colt of an ass, sufficient heralds of the last advent of Jesus to Jerusalem in the days of his flesh? Yes; it was in just accord with the little, unknown company who at the time of his birth "looked for redemption in Jerusalem." (Luke 2: 33.) Before he could come in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory, he must come as "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." (John 1: 29), and fulfil the Jewish sacrifices, and the prophecies of a suffering Messiah. As at his birth the chief witness borne to him was from heaven when with the angel herald of his birth there was a multitude of the heavenly host praising God: so at his death in the earthquake and thick darkness, but far more in that "God raised him from the dead, the witness to our Lord was chiefly from heaven. And now the Saviour knew that a company of those who had come up to the feast of the Passover, would come out of the city to meet him (John 12: 12, 13), for the first time in his earthly career, he permitted external honor to be done to him. He did not seek it, but allowed it.

There was a quiet dignity, a true kingliness in his directions to his two disciples, and he provided for all emergencies, in case the owner of the colt should demand an explanation: "The Lord hath need of him," was to be their only answer, and it should be enough. No force was to be used; no expense was to be incurred, externals were not needed to impose an appreciative awe upon the multitude. Jesus himself, who had healed them of their sicknesses, who had taught, and comforted, and helped, and above all had forgiven sins, needed no accessories to inspire his followers with a sense of his importance. He had no band of soldiers, no martial or other music, no carefully woven garlands of flowers to grace his entry into the royal city.

His Presence was Enough.

The multitude which accompanied him, and the multitude which came out to meet him, met, but neither had made any previous preparations. All the honor done to him was the spontaneous outflow of grateful hearts. Some had cast their loose garment on the little ass's colt which was honored to bear Jesus. Some cast their outer garment in the way to be a carpet on which he should ride. Others hastily cut down branches from the trees, or perhaps more correctly, leaves, and strewed them in the way; and the strange, unorganized procession which preceded and followed him cried, "Hosanna, (1.2. Save now) Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: blessed be the kingdom of our Father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord." It was a song of praise drawn from several Scriptures, and undoubtedly the multitudes imagined that here and now the Christ was about to fulfil these prophecies and enter upon his temporal reign. How little they understood what must take place first! How little prepared were they for events, which in a few days, would draw from perhaps some of the very lips which cried "Hosanna!" the echo of the chief priest's cry, "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

In this short hour of triumph, priests and rules were conspicuously absent, and he who, when he comes again in glory shall appear as "the King of kings, and the Lord of lords," was satisfied with the homage of the poor in his one short, and apparently mean, triumph on earth! Jerusalem must know, however, that the Son of David was in her midst. "When he was come into Jerusalem all the city was moved, saying, Who is this?" (Matt. 21: 10.) Is it possible that he who had raised Lazarus from the dead, and healed the man born blind, who had taught so frequently in the temple, and who had done so many miracles, was an unknown person in Jerusalem? Was the indifference of the chosen city come to such a degree as this? Was it to such an extent that she knew not "the day of her visitation?" (Luke 19: 44.) The multitude knew, and answered those who inquired: "This is Jesus the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee." They withheld testimony which they had borne to him outside the city. But Jesus had truer witnesses in the children which had caught up the cry of the throng, when first they met Jesus, and who continued to repeat: "Hosanna to the Son of David!

What was about to happen? Now that Jesus had begun to permit them to know him, would he not at last assert himself? Such may have been the thought of many in that multitude. But nothing happened as they expected. His triumph was short. A few more teachings in the temple, a few more lessons to his disciples, some nights spent in prayer, and then the Cross, with the title over it: "This is the King of Jews."

To follow Christ fully, to follow all along the way, means to be "despised and rejected as he was, to be, before the eyes of men, and in our own eyes, a failure as he was; to experience "the world knoweth us not because it knew him not." (1. John 3: 1.) Our portion here is not greater than his portion. The world may ride on its horses; we may have to be content with an ass's colt. The world has the great and the noble to grace its triumphs, we have to be content to be followed as he was by poor disciples and children. The great are too great to understand and to appreciate him, and they will think nothing of us unless we do well unto ourselves. (Ps. 49 18.) Can we afford to follow him at this cost? To a heart really won over to his side it is no cost at all, but truest glory. So let us, like Paul, suffer the loss of all things and count them but dung that we may know him, and the power of his resurrection and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made comformable to his death, if that by any means we attain unto the resurrection of the dead.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE pathos of the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem becomes more apparent as his life is studied. He who had thwarted the people when they wanted to make him a king, let them do as they would on this one occasion, when his death was near. It was as if, for once before he died he would taste the sweets of worldly honor and applause. The journey appears to have been made on the last Sunday of his life. The narratives of the four Evangelists need putting together to obtain a definite idea of the actual events. John, as usual, supplements the other three, with facts omitted by them, or placed out of chronological order. From him alone, we learn that Jesus made a stay at Bethany on his way from Jericho to Jerusalem. The feast, too, at which Mary poured the costly ointment on Christ's head and feet, we learn from John, preceded his going to Jerusalem and probably took place on that Saturday night. We may infer that he passed the day, which was the Jewish Sabbath, in the comparative quiet of Bethany, the little village on the slope of the Mount of Olives, two miles away from the great city, which at that season would be crowded with the descendants of Abraham, come from all parts of the country and from foreign lands, to celebrate the Passover. His presence at Bethany was, however, known in Jerusalem, news of it being doubtless carried there by the caravan with which he had traveled from the Samaritan frontier, through Jericho, as far as Bethany. His friends went out to greet him and with them went a crowd eager to see him, who was reported to have brought a dead man to life and to see Lazarus too, who was also at Bethany. The feast was made by Simon the Leper, a man of whom we have heard nothing before this, but probably one whom Jesus had miraculously cured at some former time, and who was now giving practical expression to his gratitude. The scene is very vivid as the Evangelists describe it. Jesus the guest of honor, Lazarus with him at the table, the disciples grouped around, Martha as usual busy serving and Mary coming in with her treasured perfume the odor of which fills the house. All happy, rejoicing and approving, save Judas, who alone thinks the treasure wasted when it is given to Jesus. So the evening passes and the next day Jesus resumes his journey to Jerusalem, the consequences of which were clear to his mind. He will go as a king and yet not as a mighty conqueror, but as he wishes to be received, as the gentle Prince of Peace. The disciples are sent for a steed, that he may go as befits his illustrious state and as the prophet Zechariah had foretold. They are directed to bring the colt of an ass, on which no man had yet ridden, and mounted on this animal, on which some enthusiastic friend had flung his burnouse to serve as a saddle, he descends the hill into the valley and up the opposite hill to the royal city. The people in Jerusalem hear that he is coming and go out to meet him and join with the procession following him, chanting as they go the psalm, "Blessed is he that cometh—that cometh in the name of the Lord." So with songs and waving palms he enters the city of David.

"BLESSED BE THE KING THAT COMETH."

And they brought the colt to Jesus. The ass of the Holy Land was a different creature from the same animal among us. With us it is a symbol of stupidity and obstinacy while in the East it is remarkable for its intelligence, patience and gentleness. The color is usually a reddish-brown but there are white asses which are much prized. The most noble and honorable among the Jews were wont to ride on asses. It was a symbol of dignity and peace. Christ doubtless meant by the selection of this animal as his steed to indicate the peaceful character of his rule. His entry into the capital of his kingdom was thus in marked contrast to the triumphal entries which history records. One of the most conspicuous of these was the entry into Rome of Cæsar after his conquest of Gaul, which occurred seventy-six years before this entrance of Christ into Jerusalem. Four consecutive days the procession of the conqueror was passing through the gates. Behind Cæsar's triumphal car came his illustrious captives. Vercingetorix, prince of the Arverni was there; Arsinoe, the sister of Cleopatra of Egypt and the son of Juba, king of Mauretania. Troops of royal and princely prisoners from Gaul, Egypt, Pontus and Africa, with trophies and treasure swelled the mighty procession and represented to the people of Rome the achievements of Cæsar. Those were the fruits of bloody victories; but this King whose empire like the stone which the prophet saw cut without hands that filled the whole earth, was content to ride on an ass with no captives but his willing, loving followers, and no acclamations but of those of children crying Hosanna.

They that went before cried Hosanna. The word means, "Save now" and as the people used it on this occasion, meant, "Lord, save this son of David." There was evidently a great deal of enthusiasm, but not many days afterward, all this enthusiasm seems to have disappeared. The only cries on record on the Friday morning, following this Sunday were, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" Perhaps they were not raised by the same people who cried Hosanna, but these people seem to have been silent in his trouble. There is not much ground for confidence in popular enthusiasm. The people huzzahed and "vived" when Napoleon returned from his exile in Elba. Even the soldiers deserted their officers to follow him. His secretary said such touching evidence of affection must be very gratifying to Napoleon. "Pshaw," said the Emperor, "it is worth nothing. This same crowd would be just as excited and delighted if I were going to the scaffold."

Blessed is he that cometh. In the first quarter of the sixteenth century, Tunis, the seaport on the north coast of Africa, was a den of horrors. The powerful Barbarossa with a fleet of swift vessels prowled about the Mediterranean capturing vessels like a great pirate. The cargoes were sold in various markets, but the crews and passengers were taken to Tunis as slaves. A large proportion were white people of Christian nationality. Some were sold to traders and others were kept at Tunis in enforced labor and under appalling barbarities. They had no hope of deliverance for who had a fleet capable of coping with the powerful Barbarossa? But in 1535, news was whispered in Tunis that caused every slave's heart to beat quicker and his pulses to quicken. The great Emperor Charles V., Emperor of Germany, King of Spain and the Netherlands, and Archduke of Austria had declared war on Barbarossa. Not many months afterward Charles was master of the city. As he passed through the gates with his armed men ten, thousand men, women and children knelt in the street and hailed him as their deliverer. Within a month the were scattered all over Europe on their way to their homes, declaring everywhere the praises of the mighty Charles.

HIS FOURTH YEAR RICHLY BLESSED.

Our Sunday School Missionary's Marvelous Record of Work Accomplished During a Twelve-Month—A Large Number of New Sunday Schools and Churches Founded During 1894 and Many Souls Won for Christ—Another Year Begun.

OUR years have passed away since THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with the prayerful and practical cooperation of many of its readers, undertook the support of a Sunday School missionary in the outlying and neglected sections of the Southwest. Rev. George W. Sharp, who was chosen for this important work, has during that time labored most earnestly and successfully, and

REV. GEO. W. SHARP,
"The Christian Herald" S. S. Missionary.

RECORD OF WORK IN 1894

Places visited	940	Sermons and addresses delivered	186
Schools organized	32	Revivals	145
Schools visited and aided	84	Miles traveled	7,891

Relief Work in Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska.

th results of his efforts during the first three years are wellknown to most readers of his journal. The fourth and by far the most important and fruitful year of his missionary labor has just closed, and his report, printed below, is one that may well afford sincere pleasure to the hearts of all who have assisted in keeping this consecrated worker in the field. He writes:

ften among strangers, and more than usual from home, I have been blessed with health most of the time, and in all the exposure connected with laboring in needy districts I have been preserved through storm and drought.

Nearly a Thousand Visitations.

he whole number of visits made to families was 940. In these visits I often explained the Way of Life, distributed a great amount of Gospel literature of an unsectarian character, prayed with the people, and furnished copies of the Scriptures to persons in homes that had none. In my addresses I sought to enlist the aged and the young in the study of the Bible in Sunday Schools and in their homes. In sermons and addresses parental obligation and blessing in training children for God was preached, the young warned against the perils and immoralities of youth, and old and young were especially taught the necessity of being born of God through faith in Christ.

o pen can adequately portray the opportunities occurring in a year's work for the spread of the Gospel, nor the great need one finds in missionary tours among the neglected districts for Sunday Schools and preaching of the Word. I would be glad if I had found it convenient to keep a record of the many who, in private, and in school houses, and church in the years of my missionary labors, have promised to meet me in heaven.

Many New Schools and Churches.

Last year I aided ten protracted meetings and saw much of God's goodness in comforting saints and saving sinners; organized thirty-two new schools, having 135 teachers and 1245 scholars; addressed and otherwise aided twenty-seven others, having 163 teachers, and 1757 scholars; visits and aids to schools previously reported, twenty-five, having 140 teachers and 1573 scholars. Total number of schools labored with during the year, eighty-four, having 438 teachers, and 4, 575 scholars; sermons and addresses, 186; miles traveled, 7,891.

The following is a summary of the visible results of missionary labor for the sixteen years and one month in which I have been engaged in the work up to March 1, 1895. It is scarcely possible to give an exact statement of all the points, but the following is a carefully prepared estimate, mainly from my records:

A Marvelous Record of Christian Work.

Whole number of schools organized, addressed or otherwise aided, 651; having 35,512 teachers and scholars; visits to families, 6,240; sermons and addresses, 3,325; conducted or aided 75 revival meetings, usually continuing from one to five weeks, in which I have witnessed hundreds of conversions; number of S. S. Institutes, Conventions, &c. (township, county, district, State, and national), about 70; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 2,810; and, I suppose, cart-loads of Gospel books, tracts, papers, &c., in addition to numberless copies of periodical Sunday School literature, probably amounting to several hundred thousand; miles traveled 74,998, nearly three times the distance around the globe; in spring, summer, and early autumn, mostly by private conveyance: in cold weather mostly by rail.

Many churches have been organized by Protesant denominations where I have organized Sunday Schools, and many church houses have been erected where the schools were started in school houses, a store room, and cheap halls. Some of the converts where I have labored have become useful ministers of the Gospel and soul-winners. Some of these ministers are now occupying pulpits in very important positions; two young lady Superintendents have become foreign missionaries.

Relief Work in Minnesota and Kansas.

My relief work among the forest fire sufferers of Minnesota in September, has already been published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which furnished the funds. I embraced the opportunity at the memorial service while there, of preaching the Gospel to the largest number of bereaved people I ever saw in one congregation. That fire was the most appalling calamity of its kind in the history of America.

I have but recently returned from Nebraska and Kansas, where I distributed five immense car-loads of clothing, bedding, provisions, &c., and more than a thousand dollars in money, all raised by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for Western drought sufferers. I also located and gave directions for its distribution in a drought-stricken portion of Kansas, a splendid car-load of provisions, etc., donated by the people of Armstrong, Mo., and vicinity. The contents of these six cars having been turned over to reliable relief committees, each car furnishes a depot of supplies for a large district of distribution. I have not yet received reports from all the six cars, as they have not been entirely distributed by the committees, the food particularly being given out from time to time as needed. We may reasonably hope the six cars, and the aid procured by the money expended, will bring a measure of relief to between twenty thousand and twenty-five thousand persons.

What has God wrought? All the success that has attended the work has been in answer to believing, persevering prayer. Not only do I pray daily, and usually often each day, for God's blessing on this work, but many Christians do likewise. I appreciate the help of praying friends, and earnestly ask its continuance for myself, my family and my work.

GEORGE W. SHARP.
Christian Herald Missionary of Am. S. S. Union.

Contributions for the support of this deserving missionary worker for Christ during another year of service on which he is now entering will be duly acknowledged in these columns.

THE BOWERY MISSION.

Continued from: first page.

salvation, and the multitude of converts that go out to scatter the Gospel abroad is being constantly augmented. These converts are of almost every faith and nationality: Jew, Gentile, Mohammedan, Catholic, and Protestant. Many are now, in distant parts of the world, testifying to the reality of their conversion by their changed lives and their loving and efficient work for the Master. Drunkards, wanderers, criminals and helpless men who had lost their moorings and were being swept onward to perdition, found in the Bowery Mission a blessed haven of peace and the entrance to a new and better life.

Among a multitude of notable cases were these typical ones:

An educated pharmacist, an infidel, on the eve of committing suicide, entered the Mission, heard the Word from the text, "What shall I do to be saved?" became converted, accepted the Saviour and is now a redeemed man.

A young man, reared under Christian influences in the West, went to Chicago, secured employment with a leading dry-goods firm, soon entered a life of dissipation, became a defaulter, and for some years followed a sinful and dissipated life, indulging in gambling, drinking and kindred vices. Finally, homeless and friendless, he entered the Mission, was converted and redeemed, is now steadily employed, and living an upright Christian life.

A poor homeless drunkard, while wandering upon the Bowery, heard the singing within the Mission, entered, was redeemed, and is now restored to his family. He has found steady employment. He induced his wife to come to the Mission, and she, too, now rejoices in the salvation which is in Christ Jesus. The result is a happy Christian home.

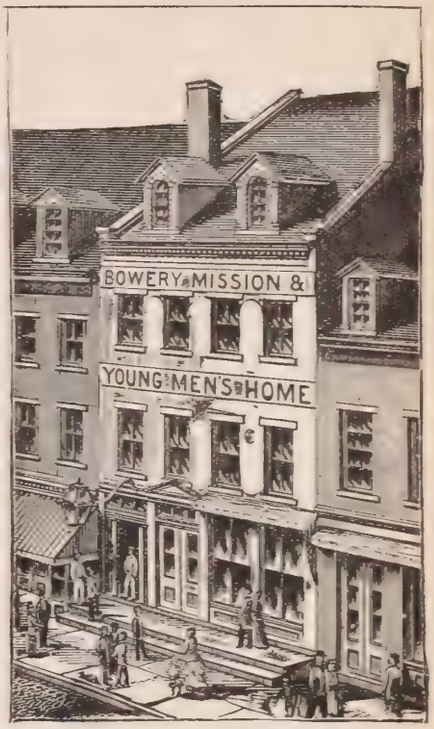
A man from Philadelphia, formerly a postal clerk, but who, through participation in some electi n frauds, had been sent to prison and gradually drifted from bad to worse, found himself in New York City a fugitive from justice. He entered the Mission, heard of the power of God to save, through Christ Jesus, accepted, and has since been restored to family, home and friends.

Two men, one having spent eighteen years of his life behind prison bars, and the other having been in prison six times, found their way to the Bowery Mission, heard of the Saviour and are now redeemed men. Both are now employed and testify nightly to the glory of God, declaring what has been done for them. These are only a few among many hundreds that might be mentioned did space permit.

Some three years ago, the Mission was transferred to the large and commodious building, No. 105 Bowery, which it now occupies. It has a spacious and very attractive chapel, with an extension for Bible Class and Inquiry Room; also a Reading Room, baths and four dormitory flours. The latter are clean and comfortable, and the sanitary condition of the entire mission is admirable. For the sleeping rooms a nominal charge is made and the revenue from this source, added to the liberal donations of friends, have furnished the support of the work. The religious exercises include a preaching service every Sabbath afternoon and a popular Gospel service every evening, usually closing with an inquiry meeting. Large numbers attend, the usual daily average being three hundred, and many of these become inquirers after the way of life. As the attendance is constantly changing, the number who are spiritually impressed after a few days' stay at the Mission is large and steadily increasing.

Most of the men who come to the Bowery Mission have truly been "feeding on the husks," and have come to the turning-point in their lives. They have reached the very bottom and can go no further into the depths of human misery. Then what follows is in the nature of progress upward. Hardly an evening passes in which from fifteen to twenty-five persons do not profess conversion. During the last five months, over one hundred of these converts could be named who have given such evidence of the new life as are unmistakable. Every profession and almost every known business is represented among those who attend. There is a large proportion among them who, having come thither from other towns, have been ensnared by the pitfalls of the Bowery and have at last reached the Mission in a pitiful plight—sometimes absolutely penniless and even almost naked. Many of them are assisted by the Mission which acts the part of the good Samaritan; and after a time they go home full of gratitude and firm in their determination to hold fast to the new life that has been opened to them since entering its hospitable doors. So many remarkable transformations of sinful natures have occurred there, that one cannot help being convinced that the thing which even Solomon declared was impossible, has been accomplished by the power from above, for the Bowery Mission has never encountered a case that was absolutely hopeless.

A Special Service of Prayer is now held every Sunday afternoon at the Mission Hall, at which requests for prayer from earnest seekers in many different parts of the Union are read and laid before the Lord in supplication. This service is unique in the fact that it is attended by converts exclusively. Last Sunday afternoon over forty men—all sincere Christians—were present



FORMER HOME OF THE MISSION, 36 BOWERY.

and a large proportion shared in the petitions. Among the special communications presented, asking for prayer, were these:

From *Mrs. P. G.*, Troy, N. Y., for the conversion of two sons and a daughter.

From *An Anxious Wife and Mother* for the conversion of her husband and son, the latter of whom is surrounded with fierce temptations in the West.

From *S. Jordan, Ky.*, for the restoration of sight.

From *A Kansas Mother* for the conversion of an erring daughter and an unbelieving son.

From ——, Spring Garden, Pa., for the conversion of the son of a deceased Presbyterian minister who has imbibed infidel notions.

From *A Lonely Girl*, Hoboken, N. J., whose parents are dead, and who is being continually entreated by the only person who is interested in her to do wrong, and who is in fear of falling, that God will give her strength to keep to the right.

From *An Anxious Husband*, Saratoga, N. Y., that grace may be given him to forgive a wife who confesses that she has given him cause for divorce, but is pleading with him for forgiveness.

From *A Believer in Prayer*, for the recovery from sickness of a beloved one who is critically ill.

From *A Subscriber*, that God would preserve an only son who has formed friendship with men who frequent saloons.

From *E. F. A.* for the conversion of her father, son and daughter, and that she may have grace to live as a Christian ought to live.

From *A Mother* for the conversion of her only son who has been an infidel.

From *A Widow*, New York, that she may be forgiven for a grievous sin into which she was betrayed by misplaced confidence.

From *Mrs. George T——*, for the restoration of a husband who is a backslider from God.

From *E. T. L.*, N. Y., for a work of grace in a church, the members of which have imbibed loose doctrines and are not pure in their associations with each other.

From *A Mother in Ohio.* That her boy who came to New York seven months ago, and has never written home may be mercifully preserved and led to Jesus.

All letters received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD containing requests for prayers will be laid before the Converts' Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon hereafter.

Those among the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who desire to be enrolled on the list of Patrons of the Bowery Mission, and who feel disposed to aid the work once a year with a contribution towards defraying the incidental expenses, are requested to send their names and addresses. All such letters will be answered by Dr. Klopsch personally, who desires to be put in direct communication with every one who wishes to share with himself the burden and the blessing of this far-reaching Christian work. It is a labor of love, undertaken with no other purpose than that this Mission's glorious work during the last fourteen years may be perpetuated and that the Gospel of Jesus may still have a powerful and popular exponent in the centre of the great East side, and on the darkest and most sinful thoroughfare in our native land.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

The Christian Herald is published every Wednesday. The subscription price is $1.50 per year, payable in advance.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

A CALL TO SERVICE.

AN opportunity for doing a work of far-reaching and permanent good has occurred, which appears to the proprietor of this journal a distinct and clear call to service. During the past five years the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have made him their almoner in several emergencies. All these repeated noble philanthropies speak the same language. They tell the world that He who had compassion on the multitude because they had nothing to eat, still lives, and that through his people he still feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, and breaks the bread of life to those who long for salvation.

The confidence reposed in him by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is very gratifying to the proprietor, and he has taken pains to faithfully discharge the trust in every instance. But it also entails responsibility. He has asked himself how those who have trusted him would wish him to act in a new emergency. What this emergency is, is fully described on the first page of this number. After careful and prayerful consideration he has been led to the conclusion that the call to service is imperative. He is sure that the readers of the paper would, if they knew all the facts, commission him to proceed. In that confidence he has undertaken the work as their representative, and proposes to give to it his best thought and energy. What the Bowery Mission may become in the hands of such people as the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is known only to God. It is for Him to lead, to guide, and direct, and it is for Him to bless. That it will be a great work there can be no doubt. God always blesses what is undertaken with a pure heart in his service.

The difficulties of the work, its cost, the hindrances to be encountered and overcome have all been considered, and there is no disposition to under-estimate them. But there need be no doubt or uncertainty as to the ultimate issue, if two conditions are fulfilled. The first necessity is that every reader shall pray at least once a day that God will bless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bowery Mission. The second is, that every reader who wishes to be identified with the effort will send his name and address to be enrolled in the list of those who have part and lot in this attempt to rescue the lost and bring souls into the Kingdom.

PROBABLY.

WE were set to rapid thinking when we read in a paper concerning the work of a distinguished Evangelist, the paragraph saying: "Probably the Lord is blessing his work." We [illegible] a more pitiable predicament than that word "Probably." Oh, how hard it is to acknowledge that men are doing good if they do not work in our way and by our methods! One's heart must have got awfully twisted who can look on a great outpouring of the Holy Ghost and have any use for probabilities. The tendency is even among Christians to depreciate that which goes on independent of themselves, and in a way oppugnant to their personal taste. People do not like those who do a thing which they themselves have not been able to accomplish. The first cry is, "The people converted are the lower population and not the educated." We wonder if five hundred souls brought to Christ from the "Cowgate" and "Coalhole," and made kings and priests unto God, and at last seated on thrones so high they will not be able to reach down with their foot to the crown of an earthly monarch, is not worth some consideration. Then the cry is, "They will not hold out." Time only will show that. They are doing all they can. You cannot expect them to hold out ten years in six weeks. The most faithful Christians we have ever known were brought in through revivals, and the meanest, stingiest, dullest, hardest-to-get-on-with Christians have joined when the church was dead. When a candidate for admission comes before Session in revival times, we ask him only seven or eight questions, but when he comes during a cold state of religion we ask him twenty questions and get the elders to ask him as many more. In other words, we have more faith in conversions under special religious influence than under ordinary. The best luck we ever had in fishing was when we dropped the net in the bay and brought up at one haul twenty blue fish with only three or four moss-bunkers, and the poorest luck we ever had was when after standing two hours in the soggy meadow, with one hook on the line, we felt we had a bite, and began to pull, more and more persuaded of the great size of our captive, until we flung to the shore a snapping-turtle. As a Gospel fisherman we would rather run the risk of a large haul than of a solitary angling. We can soon sort out and throw overboard the few moss-bunkers. Oh, for great awakenings all over Christendom! We have had a drought so long, we can stand a freshet. Let the Hudson and the Thames and the Susquehanna rise and overflow the low lands, and the earth be full of the knowledge of God as the waters fill the seas. That time is hastening probably!

A CONTINENTAL REPUBLIC.

GEOGRAPHERS say there are five continents and two of them make up this Western hemisphere. Now it is one continent from Arctic to Antarctic. It is a little narrower around the waist, but no one has the idea that because we are narrow around the waist that therefore we have two bodies. North America and South America are one continent just as much as your shoulder and your foot are part of the same body. You may depend upon it, this continent, and from pole to pole, is to be reserved for the experiment of free goverment to be wrought out successfully. Everything in the eastern hemisphere tends toward monarchy; everything in the western hemisphere to free government. Witness Brazil, not long ago, gently but determinedly putting down its throne. Witness all the South American republics. From Baffin's Bay to Terra del Fuego it will all yet be given up to republican form of government, and I think that before the next century is as far gone by as is the present century, from the top of what is now called North America to the foot of what is now called South America, will be under one government. By that time the telegraph and the telephone and the limited express and aerial navigation will have been so far developed that the distances will be abolished. But, whether it be one republic or many republics, this continent is separated by so many thousands of miles on one side from the monarchies of Europe and by so many thousands of miles on the other side from the superstitions of Asia that it will be able unhindered to demonstrate what free government can do for the human race.

But remember that the worst form of government on earth is a republican form of government unless the people are intelligent and moral. Better an unlimited monarchy, and no chance for the people to rule if they are ignorant and vicious. Without the schoolhouse and the church, free government is a dead failure. Therefore urge on all educational and evangelizing influences if you would have the form of government under which we live benign and perpetual. This whole American continent will yet be gospelized, and a new crusade of righteousness be organized for a redeemed hemisphere. Under the baton of these orchestras, made up from all nations may there start a doxology that shall roll round the world.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

If any of our readers who know of active, zealous Christian workers in their neighborhood who, without fee or reward, are devoting time and means to the service of Christ in rescuing the lost, uplifting the fallen or befriending the sick and poor, would send us biographical sketches of such persons—men or women—we should be glad. The story of their work, showing their methods and the success which has attended them, might encourage other Christian people to undertake similar work in their cities. The sketch should be accompanied in every instance by a photograph of the person. Address all letters to Editor of Christian Workers' Department, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

Mrs. D. S. Farnsworth, Emporia, Neb. What and where is Utopia?

Utopia is a poetic fiction—an imaginary country, having a perfect social and political system; any ideal, perfect place is so designated. It was the leading idea in a famous romance by Sir Thomas More, published in 1516, and which has formed the basis of many stories and romances written in later years, dealing with ideal conditions of society.

Ida Williams, Adel, Iowa. Is it possible to ascertain the age of Isaac when his father was commanded to offer him as a sacrifice?

Not from the Bible. He is spoken of there as a lad, but as such an epithet probably bore a relation to the length of life at that period there is nothing inconsistent with it in accepting the statement of Josephus that he was twenty-five years old.

Student, East Marion, L. I. What is the true ideal of forgiveness? Must an offender be treated as if he had never committed the offence?

Christ gives the rule and he reiterated it in various forms. We were to forgive as, or in the same way as, we wish God to forgive us. The parable of the unmerciful servant (Matt. 18 23-35) puts the rule in a vivid form and it closes with a most emphatic warning.

Miserable Sinner, Pekasie, Pa. There is nothing in the circumstances you describe to prevent you from claiming forgiveness through Christ. If you truly repent and go to him pleading his promises and asking his help to forsake your sin you will assuredly be forgiven and restored to his love. But remember, he will know if you are sincere and will not be satisfied with anything short of real repentance.

A. L. P. Knightville, Me. 1. Will a person who regards the Bible and aims to do right, although not a Christian, enter the Kingdom of Heaven? 2. Is it any worse to play cards than to play checkers or chess? 3. Where in the Bible is there any command to keep the first day of the week holy instead of the seventh day?

1. Christ himself answers the question in his talk with Nicodemus. (See John 3:5). We cannot conceive of any person who rejects God's own Son, after hearing that he came to save him, being admitted to the kingdom of heaven. He deliberately affronts God. 2. Intrinsically there may be no more harm in the one game than in the other, but the associations are different. Cards are associated with gambling and those who wish to obey the apostolic injunction to avoid the appearance of evil will not use them. 3. There is no explicit command to observe the one day instead of the other. Nor are there explicit commands for many other changes in Christian observance. The old dispensation with its worn out ceremonies and observances has passed away and we celebrate the day on which the new one was triumphantly inaugurated by the resurrection of our Lord.

J. M. L., Porter, Ogden, Mich. Was the omission of Matt. 18: 11 from the Revised Version accidental or intentional, and if the latter, for what reason?

The marginal note at that place shows that the omission was intentional. The revisers had before them copies of the Gospel of more ancient date than those that were available in 1611 when the Authorized Version was issue and it must be concluded that those copies not contain the verse. The verse is, howev found in Luke 19: 10, and there the revis retain it.

Subscriber, Grand Rapids, Mich. Is a preac right in concluding a prayer with the wo "Save us for Jesus' sake?" If he is a conver man is he not saved already?

The preacher in offering public prayer rep sents his congregation whose needs he voic In that sense he may use petitions not spec ly applicable to himself. Or it may be that preacher used the word "save" in relation sin, as Christ prayed, (John 17: 15), that G would keep, or save, his people from the e The converted man is saved already from p ishment, but has need to watch and pray he fall under the power of sin. Your ot question cannot be answered as we do know in what connection the words w used.

The following additional names have b received as members of the Corresponding cle for spiritual improvement, suggested "Reader." Ont., Can.:

E., C. Jones, 2521 Venable street, Richmond, Ettie A. Chandler, Box 520, Hamburg, O.; Ella Lean, Monticello, Ill.; Rose Haworth, Varck, k C. R. Meredith, New Windsor College, New W sor, Md.; Kittie Place, Schuylersville, N. Y.; Ma ta Golder, Holton, Kan.; Mrs. Geo. B. Smith, H way Park, Lebanon, Pa.; Mrs. E. W. Cole, Mc mack, Mo.; Mrs. Mary D. Carter, Brighton, Timothy Elliott, Lower Anslow, Nova Scotia; T A. Dawkins, Tomato, Tex.; A. R. Mandigo, Selby Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.; George He Evans, Napanee, Ont. Can.; John A. Warner, land, S. Dak.; Ella McCollum, Amity, Pa.; Q A. Hassett, Edisto, Mich.

L. J. Stephens, Jacksonville, Fla., writes

E. Starrett, Newark, N. J., will find the verse wants in a poem entitled, "St. Anthony's Serm the Fishes," nine stanzas, written by a Swabian of the seventeenth century.

Mrs. Maggie E. Milton, New Market, Ky. deeply interested in the study of Arabia more especially am I anxious to become acquainted with the country in the imme vicinity of Mount Sinai, and the old conv St. Catharine. Can you tell me what histo book of travel will give me the desired i gence?

Palgrave, Burckhardt, Robertson and Stanley have all written ably on this sub Scribners, publishers, New York, can doubt procure any one of these books for you.

C. R. Meredith and Wm. M. Grant, Windsor College, Md., write:

In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of March 6, we that Prof. Sayce says he has discovered who rod was, and when he reigned; placing his re 1441 B. C., and making him who persecuted contemporary with Moses, a remote descend Tuak. Now the chronology of the Bible pla beginning of Nimrod's reign at about 234 Rawlinson places his disappearance from hist 2288, allowing him a reign of sixty-one years. can we reconcile the difference of 906 years two accounts?

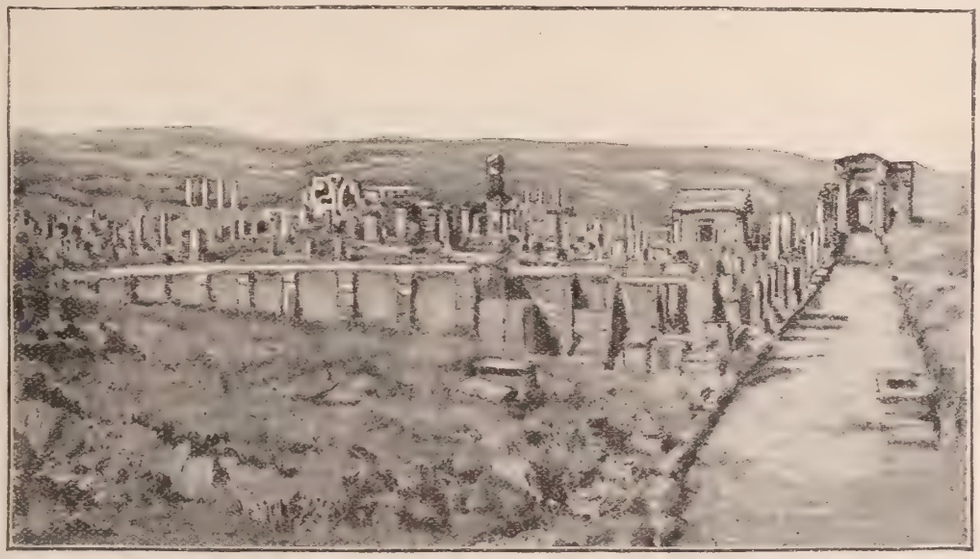
The discrepancy is doubtless due to the rangements of chronology on which em scholars have for years been engaged which have not yet reached their conclus

O. A. R., Bridport, Vt. Dr. Klopsch's name a word of one syllable, and is pronounced as ten, the letter "c" being silent.—L. E., lyn, N. Y. He has resigned.—Miss Lizzie borough, Big Rock, Tenn. 1. and 2. Yes, pre ly; it is not essential but has become quite co of late years. 3. No. 4. Married ladies show ways prefix "Mrs." before their names, sign course the names of their husbands. 5. We 6. Rev. Alex. Maclaren, D.D., Manchester, En —N. A. Simons, Ridgway, S. C. 1. The pr of Mormon emissaries in a community is an ev guarded against. 2. Better avoid all co —H. M. S., Clauhassen, Minn. We reply t questions only that seem to come within the scope of a religious journal.—Mrs. A R Vineland, N. J. It is generally believed that on horseback, as the journey was too long to take on foot. 2. For the two hymns me write to Hubert P. Main, with Biglow and Music Publishers, N. Y. Mrs. L. B. Besha wood, Kan. You can procure a "Josephus" t Potter & Co., publishers, Philadelphia.— Hughes, Warrensville, O. 1. Character greater influence. 2. Character is the innate of one's nature, influence the result or produc active character. Influence might be termed mosphere with which character surrounds its Mrs. J. Sawyer, Tunnel City, Wis. Write agricultural paper for the information — Reynolds, Tobax, Va. It is published in C Ill.—H. A. Dougall, Man., Can. You can the Hymn Collection by sending $1 to this off A. L. Write to Wilbur B. Ketcham, publish York.—E. T., Union City, Ind., is requested his name and address to Mr. Charles Abel Dickinson Co., Kan.—Mary J. Phillips. to Brentano's publishing house, New York Dr. Gordon's sermons can be procured of Publication Society, Boston.—Non-Dance land. We have already expressed views MAIL-BAG relative to dancing. It is an am ment innocent in itself, but pernicious becau promiscuous association.—Inquirer, Lisbo Me. Pay no attention to it. The statemen true.—Parker McFadden, Bath, Me. Try Hartranft, publisher, Philadelphia.—Mrs. Burtonsville, N. Y. Yes.—Mrs. M. Curr gatuck, Ct. The verses are by Byron. You them in any collection of his works.—Read little girl mentioned in your note as being un sitive and unhappy probably needs change and diet and medical treatment.—Andre Eden College, St. Louis. Write to Fleming publisher, New York.—J. R. Balch, Was D. C. Write to Randolph and Co. Publish York, for life of Rev. J. V. N. Talmage— Orfila, Sanford, Fla. Write to Librarian, A brary, New York for full information.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

DISCOVERY OF A ROMAN CITY.

NEWS of a discovery of intense interest to antiquaries comes from Northern Africa. Far away among the spurs of the Atlas mountains, apart from the tracks of the tourist, and fifty miles from the nearest rab settlement, the ruins of the ancient Roman city of Thamutuda have been found and identified. It was a place of considerable importance in the time of the Cæsars, being in the centre of the African provinces, a depot for the collection and storage of grain, and a military station where a strong force was maintained to keep the mountain tribes in order. The ruins show how imposing a city it must have been in its day. They cover an area of about two miles in length and three-quarters of a mile wide. The principal street was a fine, broad thoroughfare lined on each side by a row of magnificent columns and terminated in a triumphal arch, which even in its ruin is singularly beautiful. The Forum was an imposing pile. Its pavement is still intact and there is a long colonnade looking over the fertile plains and giving a view of the hills. The tribune still stands supported by columns bearing inscriptions which are even now legible. On the slope of the hill stood the theatre and northward was an imposing temple, supposed to have been dedicated to Jupiter. Many houses still bear the inscriptions cut upon them near two thousand years ago and there are statues and earthenware vessels scattered among the ruins from which it is possible to learn how the inhabitants of the city lived in those times. It should the fate of the Roman Empire and in the devastation of A. D. 429 it was deserted. Some efforts were made to rebuild it in the sixth century, but the Arab invasion scattered the people and Rome being no longer able to defend it, the city fell into ruins and was forgotten by all except the historians and antiquaries. The ruins now simply tell the story of a magnificence and splendor which has passed away never to return. The sight of the grand ruins suggests the question whether our modern cities will decay and fall as these ancient cities have done. The answer depends on the conduct of the people. The God still rules who has said, "I will cause the arrogance of the proud to cease and will lay low the haughtiness of the terrible." (Isa. 13: 11.)



THE NEWLY DISCOVERED RUINS OF A ROMAN CITY IN ALGERIA.

An Escape from Church.

A press dispatch from Fort Deposit, Md., reports the dispersion of a congregation in an unusual and somewhat undignified manner that that place on March 3. There had been an ice-gorge in the Susquehanna River just above the town which had held back some time. It broke about noon and a new gorge formed below the town. The result was a sudden and dangerous flood. One account says that in less than half an hour the waters rose more than four feet. The news was carried to the various churches and the services were shortened to allow the congregations to get to their homes before the streets were flooded. The buildings along the water-front were already surrounded by water to the depth of two or three feet and the people were removing their valuables through the upper floor windows to take them to higher ground. The congregation at the Presbyterian church found their escape cut off by the doors in front of the building as the water was flowing deep and strong through the street. They might have been imprisoned for some hours in the church had it not been found that the road at the back was still dry. A convenient window gave access to this road and the people clambered through it in safety. Their conduct illustrates the difference between the church-building and the church. In the storms of life and in the flood of death he alone is safe who is in the church of Christ. As the Psalmist said, In the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh him. (Psalm 32: 6).

Died by Agreement.

A strange document was handed to the police in New York last week in connection with a suicide. A man shot himself in a hotel, and when he was found there was an envelope beside his body stating that the family with whom he boarded would attend to the obsequies. The address was given and the police sent to the place. They were shown a type-written agreement whereby the deceased had contracted to leave the family all his belongings, including the proceeds of a life insurance policy, if they would keep him for four months, paying for medical attendance and giving him five dollars a week for spending money. The document also stipulated that if he died before the end of the four months, they should also pay the cost of having his body cremated. They said that the man told them he had worked hard all his life, and he wanted to see some pleasure before he died. He believed he had an incurable disease which would end his life in four months, and, in any case, he knew he would die within that time, and he had set his heart on having his body cremated. The time had not quite expired when he shot himself. He seems to have been concerned more about the disposition of his body than about the destination of his soul. To the ordinary mind, with a true conception of the relative importance of the two, his conduct seems the height of foolishness. Yet how many there are who act on the same principle! In the effort to secure ease and comfort for their last years they shorten their lives and lose their souls. (Isa. 22: 13.)

Out of the Sea.

A package of letters and postal cards came by the Cunard steamer "Aurania" to New York on March 9, which had been at the bottom of the sea. The letters were all from Christiania, Norway, and bore the postal mark of that city, with the date January 26. They were addressed to various persons in the United States, and each bore the statement that it had been found floating in the sea. The date of mailing indicates that they had been part of the mails which were being brought to America by the "Elbe" when she was sunk by the collision. The contents were legible, though the paper showed that it had been water-soaked. Probably many of them contained messages of affection from friends across the sea to loved ones who have come to live on this side. There may have been persons on the ill-fated steamer bringing similar messages, which will never be delivered. The voices of those who bore them are hushed by the catastrophe in the silence of death. But the letters survived the wreck and reached the persons for whom they were intended. We are not always right in our ideas of what is permanent and what is perishable. In the final catastrophe of universal wreck, the world will be surprised at the things that will survive. Christ said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall never pass away." (Matt. 24: 35.)

The Cost of a Cipher.

The judges of the Court of Common Pleas in New York had a case before them on March 7 which has been held over for consideration and a new attempt at a friendly settlement. The plaintiff is a maker of lampions for decorative illumination. In 1892 he was invited to send samples of his manufacture to the Committee on Art Decorations in connection with the Columbian celebration. The samples were satisfactory, and one was selected and the price arranged. The manufacturer received a written order, which, as he read it, called for four hundred thousand lampions. He was surprised at the number, but as the larger it was the more profit he would make, he was gratified, too. He increased his facilities and his staff of employees and had the order filled by the time appointed. But to his dismay he learned that the committee required only forty thousand of the lampions, and believed that the order called for only that number. After fruitless attempts to effect a settlement, the court is asked to decide whether a character in the order is a cipher, as the plaintiff contends, or a period, as the committee contends. If the character is a cipher, the order was 400,000; if it is a period, it is for 40,000. The difference in money is twelve thousand dollars. So much is involved in the ambiguity about a character which is the symbol for nothing. If we could only read now the consequences of our light words, as we shall read them in the light of eternity, we should find that still more serious issues are involved in expressions by which we mean nothing. Christ said that for every idle word that men speak they will have to give account in the day of judgment. (Matt. 12: 36.)

A Warning Mistaken.

A family had a narrow escape from being burned to death in Williamsburgh, N. Y., last week through an unjust suspicion. A man and his wife with their two children occupied the fourth floor of a flat-house which caught fire in the early morning hours. The third floor was untenanted at the time, and the people on the fourth, which was the top floor, seem to have been forgotten when the fire was discovered. It was in the basement, and the tenants of the first and second floors were too busy getting out their belongings to think of them. But some one remembered, and then the question arose how they could be aroused. The staircase was on fire, and there were no ladders long enough to reach the windows from the outside. The warning was given at last by a man who lived in an adjoining house. It was not so high as the one that was burning, but he could reach a window in the floor below that occupied by the imperiled family. He thrust a pole through the plate-glass, and the crash awoke them. The man jumped out of bed, and, bidding his wife keep quiet, he armed himself, barricaded the doors and prepared to do battle with the robbers that he thought must have broken into the house. The shouts of "fire" that he heard he mistook for a ruse of the thieves to induce him to open the door. It was not until much precious time was lost that he realized his danger. A rope was flung to him, with which he lowered his children to the roof of the adjoining house, and then he and his wife also descended, but as the man crept through the window the room was already in flames, and in another minute the floor fell in. It was a narrow escape, and the man must be very thankful that he found out his mistake before it was too late. How many there are whom clergymen and Christian workers are trying to convince of their danger, who are under a similar delusion! People treat the warning now as the men of ancient Sodom treated the warning of Lot, who "seemed as one that mocked unto his sons-in-law." (Gen. 19: 14.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Evangelist Arthur Crane, of Plainfield, N. J., has just closed a successful series of meetings at Washington, Ohio. He has accepted invitations to labor in several towns in central New York.

Rev. A. B. Simpson Announces That a Party of missionaries will be ready to start to China in a few days, and a party for the Congo will leave early next month. The latter have been studying the language in his college during the winter, and will be ready for work at a much shorter interval after landing than is usually the case.

A Jewish Paper Complains that owing to the activity of Christian missionaries, many of the Jews are becoming so "demoralized" that they know the New Testament better than they do their own Talmud.

An Interesting Celebration was held in the Forsyth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, on March 10. It was the hundred and fifth anniversary of its existence. It was founded by Rev. Thomas Morrell, who was on Washington's staff.

A Press Dispatch to the New York *Herald* from Talbotton, Ga., says that C. S. Crawford, a citizen of Buena Vista, who has long been in the habit of scandalizing his neighbors by blasphemous utterances about God and the Bible, was talking in his usual strain on March 13 about there being no God, and defying him if he did exist, when a flash of lightning startled the company. It struck the atheist's house and set it on fire.

Texan Newspapers are Full of reports of the wonderful services held by Moody and Sankey in that State. At the meetings at Paris, in spite of a perfect deluge of rain, over three thousand persons were present. The only difference made by the storm was that there were more men than women in the audience, but there was not an inch of standing room unoccupied. The night meetings were quite as large, although the storm continued. Mr. Sankey's singing thrills the people, and they will stay to any hour, however late, on the chance of hearing one more song from him.

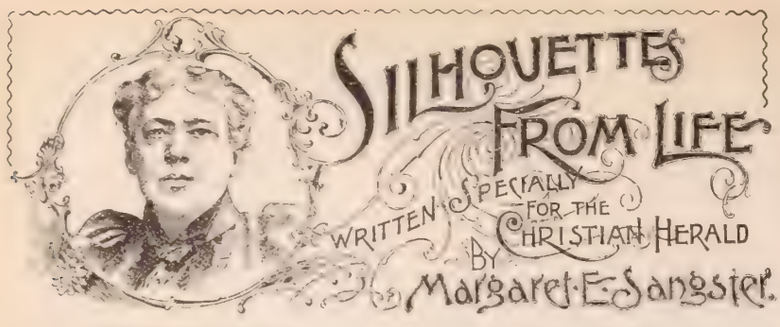
Church Members Seeking Employment or wishing to add to their income may hear of something to their advantage, by sending their names and addresses to Box J, Station D, New York.

Evangelist William E. Gell of Doylestown, Pa., has been holding successful meetings at Gloversville, N. Y. Large numbers of people from neighboring towns came to the meetings and prominent business men helped the Evangelist by closing their stores at an early hour to give their employes an opportunity of attending the meetings. A press dispatch says that over one thousand persons have made a profession of faith.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has received from Hiroshima, the military headquarters of Japan, permission to send a number of able Japanese evangelists to the front as Christian workers for the army. This service may be sustained so long as the war continues. It is a part of the plan that permission be secured for a missionary to accompany or follow these Japanese. It is the first concession of the kind obtained by the Japanese Christians and marks an epoch in the progress of Christianity in Japan which may lead to important results after the war.

The Death of Dr. W. W. Scudder of Glastonbury, Conn., is announced. Dr. Scudder was a member of the celebrated missionary family of that name. He was born in Ceylon, and was graduated from Princeton in 1841. He was engaged in missionary work in India from 1840 to 1872. He had charge of the Congregational Church at Glastonbury from 1873 to 1884. He then returned to India, where he was in charge of the theological seminary at Arcot. Failing health compelled him to return to this country about eleven years ago.

Rev. Dr. M. D. C. Crawford, President of the New York Deaconess Home, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has received the gift of a United States bond worth $11,250, and check for $9,000, making $20,250, to be used toward securing a site or building in fee for the use of the society. It is sent by Mr. Leonard Wandell of New York, as executor of the estate of Mrs. Jane E. Kelemen. Mr. Wandell says: "Mrs. Kelemen was not a Methodist, though her mother was. By her will she left a large part of her estate to me without restriction of any kind. I believe, however, that by devoting the property to charitable and benevolent uses I carry out her wishes."



DOROTHY'S TEST.

DOROTHY MILLER held very strong opinions on the subject of temperance; indeed some of her acquaintances thought her a fanatic, and criticised her severely for the stand she took upon the safe ground of total abstinence. A beautiful girl was Dorothy, dark-eyed and oval-tinted with a firm, sweet mouth, and the graceful shape and lovely curves of a youthful Hebe. A girl one's eyes loved to rest upon, and one's ears to listen to.

She came from her country home when she was just twenty, to spend a year at her Aunt Carolyn's in town, and study art at the Student's Union. No idler was our village maiden. Accustomed to hard work and early rising, she was up in good season every day, and the moment breakfast and prayers were over, Dorothy was off, blithe as the morning, for a long session in the hall, where a class of earnest workers were studying the antique, under the care of one of the best masters of the period.

Before long, Dorothy's rare charm and quick wit made her very popular among her fellow students, and many weeks had not gone by, when she discovered that her own thoughts turned as naturally as flowers to the sun, towards one of her new friends, Hamilton Warwick, a tall, slender youth, with the carriage of an athlete, the head of an Apollo, and the golden hair and blue eyes that are the heritage of the Norseman.

Hamilton Warwick was a Nova Scotian, of Danish lineage on his mother's side. The days of the years of a man's life are swift and beautiful when as the poet says "his fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love," and Dorothy Miller was a prize worth seeking. She held herself aloof as maidens should, and for a long time her cool stateliness held Hamilton back, the while it made him more than ever resolved to win her. He was well known to Aunt Carolyn, whose friend his father had been, and she favored his suit. The weeks as they passed, revealed to him constantly some new enchantment in Dorothy's character and disposition. For her part, she experienced a pride and joy in the character of him who had taken possession of her soul, and when, one evening, the young man called, and, after an interview with her Aunt, formally proposed for her hand, Dorothy gave him no shy reluctant yes, but a gracious and womanly consent, which sent him home to his boarding-house, walking on air.

Yet there was one point in which these two did not agree, and where they could not mate.

In the delightful intimacy of an engaged couple, there was for some time no "little rift within the lute, that by and by should make the music mute." But one summer evening, Hamilton said lightly:

"Our class is to have its annual dinner next Thursday. There'll be great good luck if a man of us goes home sober."

Dorothy's shocked face looking into his, should have warned him; but quite oblivious of any danger signal in her flushed cheek, or steadfast eyes, the young man proceeded recklessly to his fate:

"Its the only time in the year that I ever indulge, pardon me, my darling, in such conviviality, and as when I am a grave married man, I'll have to give all such doings up, I'm going in for a good time with the fellows next week. Don't expect to see me next day at the Union, dearest, nor the day after, either! I'll turn up later all right, though."

"Are you in earnest, Hamilton? Because, if you are joking, the jest is in very poor taste. You surely never drink a social glass——"

"Why should I not be in earnest, Dora? I am in dead earnest. Do you suppose me such a muff that I am afraid to drink a glass of wine? A man with no will of his own? I know when to indulge, and I hope I know when to leave off, Dorothy. Of course I don't expect to drink to excess; that part was fun, but I shall certainly drink wine at the class dinner; I always have done so, and I won't be singular."

The glow faded from Dorothy's cheek, and her face grew sombre; so have I seen the light fade in the radiant sky, when over the sun floated an ominous thunder-cloud, with silvery lightnings hidden in its stormy breast.

"My friend," she said in a low voice, but with clear incisive accents, "I am glad this conversation has taken place here and now. Whatever you may think of me, Hamilton, I must tell you the truth: I will never marry a man who even moderately or occasionally drinks any sort of liquor. My convictions are unalterable, and I have been mistaken in you. The choice will have to be between social drinking and your bride, for, even at the altar, and before the minister, I would repudiate a man in whose temperance principles I had not full faith. You must choose, Hamilton!"

"The choice is apparently forced on me," said Hamilton, coldly, a demon of obstinacy awakened in him by her tone and manner. He went on icily hard: "Dearly and tenderly as I love you, Dorothy, I cannot submit to dictation of this sort. You have never shown this kind of temper before; it seems unlike you; may I be forgiven, if I say, it is unworthy of you, to be so narrow, and to make so much of a trifle. I cannot yield to the caprice of a moment when you are excited and stirred up. Think it over calmly, dearest. You have told me that you wanted a husband who could rule you, but you are setting out to rule me with a vengeance."

"Fortunately," said Dorothy, rising with a still, grave dignity, which well became her, "we are not yet irrevocably bound. You are not my husband, Mr. Warwick, nor am I your wife, and this discussion may as well end now. I return your ring, and I beg you to forget that we have ever been friends. Goodby."

Dorothy swept from the room, leaving Hamilton planted in the middle of the floor, the ring which she had given him held stupidly in his hand.

He was raging with anger and wounded vanity. In a moment he had seized his hat, the hall door banged as he passed through it, and he tore down the street at a pace which made passers-by turn and look at him.

"So!" he exclaimed, "This is the girl I have set my hopes on; one who will throw me over for a quibble. One who cares more for herself and her own silly prejudices than for a man's love and life. It is not as if I were a drunkard or likely to be one!"

The whole thing had happened in such a flurry of haste, that neither Dorothy nor Hamilton quite comprehended it. Both were "set," and one was wrong. One was absolutely and entirely right, as right as God's truth, and her house was builded on the everlasting rock of justice. But it almost broke her heart to abide there.

Away back in Dorothy's memory lived a picture, branded there forever, as by a red-hot iron.

It was of her father, idolized by his wife, her own devoted mother, who had mourned for him through Dorothy's childhood; this father brought home dead from the ford in which he had fallen from his horse, after a convivial supper one dark night. Drowned because of a social glass! Dorothy could never forget that, nor ever tolerate the possibility of her life's touching anywhere with one who was open to the temptations which had wrecked her mother's peace and happiness.

A girl who loves does not at once put love aside and the broken engagement wore upon Dorothy Miller, the more so that her Aunt Carolyn disapproved of her haste in the affair, and found great fault with her for lack of tact.

"A man should be managed, my love," she said, "won over, not knocked down with a club. One cannot order a man," she went on. But Dorothy held high her queenly little head.

"Aunty," she exclaimed, "The case is like the writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast, 'Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.' Hamilton has not stood my test. He has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. It is safe not to marry a man who tampers with drink. I cannot love any one who jests about a subject, which makes more misery than any other thing on the globe, which makes widows and orphans, and builds great fortunes with ruined souls as their foundation."

"Dorothy," said her aunt, testily, "You should join the Salvation Army. There is your place."

"Perhaps it is," answered Dorothy gravely. "Just now, painting pictures appears to be the Lord's appointment for me, however."

Let a friend of both parties finish the story.

"Last week," she said, "I saw Hamilton Warwick walking with his young wife, a gentle little creature who clung to his arm and looked proudly up into his face. He soon forgot Dorthy Miller you see. As they passed me, Judge V., who joined me on the promenade, shook his head and remarked:

"'I tremble for those young people. Warwick's a fine fellow in some ways, but the drink habit is gaining on him fast; it is so insidious, a man's will is enfeebled before he dreams of peril. And he comes, poor boy, of a hard-drinking, roistering line.'

"A little later," said the friend, "I met Dorothy. "She had on the garb of the Salvation lasses; in her hand she led a little child; her eyes shone, her step was free, her look was of strength and independence. She has given up her painting, but her pictures are sold at a good price, and it is only that she feels that she must in a more exclusive way, be about her Father's business. God bless Dorothy!"

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

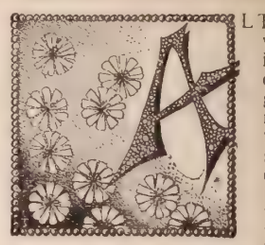
FOR THE WESTERN SUFFERERS.

The Contributions to the Western Relief Fund during the week were:

Prev. ackl'd	$25,457.29	Turner, Mrs A L	1 00
Bjerregaard, A P	3 00	Twiss, Mrs John	1 00
Bunney, Alexander	1 00	Tintle, Mrs Jacob	1 00
Burgess, C	1 00	Welch, Mrs T D	2 00
Burns, Michael	2 00	Wemple, Mrs	1 00
Burwell, Mary E	2 00	White, Helen	2 00
Butts, Marion S	1 00	Wiles, Jor H	1 00
Bell, Mrs S L	1 00	Wilson, Mrs A S	3 00
Benjamin, Ira	2 00	Wood, Mrs C	50
Carter, Mrs Louisa	1 00	Woodard, D H	2 50
Corey, Mrs L M	1 00	Yarian, Mary M	1 00
Costin, R E	2 00	—, Smithfield, Va	1 00
Crane, Wm	5 00	—, New Boston, N H	5 00
Curtiss, Edith R	1 50	—, Durand, Mich	1 00
Citizens, Ardmore, I T	86 85	—, Jacksville, Pa	3 00
Conrad, Rev I E	5 00	E B, Providence, R I	1 00
Dorrill, Bennie	25	H F G, Falmouth	1 00
Dorrill, Clifton	25	Mrs M C R, Randolph	2 00
Dorrill, Ethel	25	Mrs J. Ann Arbor	1 00
Dorrill, John	50	G E M, Moorfield	50
Dorrill, Love	50	D M K, Brooklyn	5 00
Dorrill, Preston	25	M M E, —.	2 00
Ellington, Mrs A	50	L H B, Point Arena	1 00
Ellington, J T	50	W B B, Glenwood Springs, Colo	5 00
Ellington, Mrs J T	1 00	Wood, Mrs C	50
Ellis, Mrs J	1 00	I H N, Brighton, N Y	2 00
Feva, B C	7 00	"High River	1 00
Friend, Pittsburg	1 00	In Jesus Name, Fleetville, Pa	2 00
" Charlotte, Mich	5 00	In the name of Jesus, Modeston, Cal	5 00
" Old Mystic, Ct	2 00	Harold & Pearl, Pen Argyl, Pa	50
" Columbus, O	1 00	Self-denial, Slate Lick, Pa	1 00
" Liberty Falls	1 00	Pocket-piece, Heisterville, NJ	50
" Napoleon, Mich	1 26	Little Jennie, Fillmore	30
" Basom, N Y	1 00	Subr & wife, San Jacinto, Cal	3 00
" Mannington	3 50	Pres Church & S S, Conewango, N Y	10 00
" Madison, Cal	1 10	Free Bapt Church, New Hampton, N H	7 50
" Grand Ledge	1 00	Presby Church, Emerson, Mich	8 00
" by Rev Mower	10 00	Fulton Union Ch, Fulton Co, O	5 00
" Greenville, Ill	2 00	M E Church, Dryden	3 00
" Valatie, N Y	2 00	Y P S C E, Fitch Bay	2 00
Friends, E Orange	3 00	" 2d Cong Church New Castle, Me	3 29
Gaines, Mrs J E	5 00	Y P S C E, Cross Roads Pres Ch, Pa	15 00
Harris, James D	1 00	C E Socy, Jonesburg	2 15
Harris, Mrs M	1 00	Y Grand Circle, K D, Phila, Pa	1 00
Helm, Jonathan	1 00	C E Socy, Bath, Pa	2 25
Howell, Robt W	7 05	W C T U, Lansingburg	2 00
Kempton, Sarah	2 50	Wayside Workers, Westboro, Mass	1 00
Kings, Joseph	1 00	Glenwood Epworth League, N D	14 00
Lamphear, Mrs	1 50	School Dist No 20, Hay Creek, Minn	3 05
Lasher, Lucinda	2 00	Boydton Inst, Va	25 00
Lee, J B	1 00	People of New Vineyard, Me	4 05
Lothian, Alex	1 00	Ladies' S S E Assoc Millersburg, Pa	13 00
McAllister, Mrs N G	1 00	Opportunity Circle, K D, N H	5 00
McLaughlin, Frank	25	First F B Church, Brunswick, Me	7 00
Macauley, Mrs J P	1 00	**Total**	**$25,895.94**
Mathews, Mrs L M	1 00		
Munson, Mrs M C	1 50		
Mohn, S E	1 00		
Nelson, A J & family	3 00		
Parrish, Mr & Mrs	5 00		
Peckham, Mrs Dr	1 25		
Pelking, John	3 30		
Peed, Mrs S	5 00		
Parsons, Mrs Mary	1 00		
Rankin, J F	10 00		
Reece, Mrs J	2 00		
Rowe, John H	1 00		
Shipe, Mrs W S	2 00		
Ribble, J K & M E	3 00		
Sprague, I & I	1 00		
Stebbins, J A	3 00		
Stevenson, Mrs C R	1 00		
Swetzer, Mrs Almira	3 00		
Shadbaer, J	1 00		
Taylor, Wm M	5 00		
Tinkham, Mrs J F	2 00		
Toland, Sarah	1 00		

Closing the Fund's Work

Messages of Love and Gratitude to those who have Aided in the Relief Work



ALTHOUGH the work of relieving the sufferers is still progressing in many parts of the drought stricken States of the West, it is now in the hands of the local boards, acting under the direction of State or County Relief Committees. Comparatively few appeals are now received, and, for the present at least, the acute distress is abated. In Nebraska and Kansas, contributions are still coming in to the Relief Committees, and the present prospects, as we are advised, are that the seed contributions secured in other States will be the means of affording substantial aid to many thousands of farmers and their families. Manager Ludden, of the Nebraska Relief Commission, is investigating all new applications sent to him and affording prompt relief where the applicants are found to be deserving. A similar course is followed by the missionaries in South Dakota and Oklahoma, who have been supplied by means by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to relieve the most urgent and worthy cases.

Rev. J. H. Parker, of Kingfisher, Okla., Superintendent of Missions of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, writes:

I have just returned from a 150-mile ride into counties. I have secured helpers for the distribution of the monies sent me in these and several counties. I find a great deal of need and case all that can be put to this purpose. I think very will suffer for the want of clothing this spring some will want food and medicine.

Rev. C. M. Daley, Superintendent of Missions at Huron, S. Dak., writes:

I shall use my best judgment in the distribution of funds and will render an accounting if desired when all has been disposed of. . . . We find many who would have suffered, but for the efforts put forth. Nearly all our people are poor after the hard year, but many can get through the winter by depriving themselves of the usual comforts, while some will be helped to the necessaries of life. This latter class we have been trying to relieve, though not all cases are met. The need now is grain for feed and fuel, and money for groceries. Therefore your gifts are much appreciated. All excepting one county report that there is need, has provided a liberal amount of fuel and coal through the County Commissioners, has provided seed-grain which it will sell to those desiring, in limited quantities upon the individual's note, and beside this the churches have been very active in the work of supplying the needy, as well as the orders and societies, while individuals have helped their neighbors.

Rev. W. H. Thrall, also in South Dakota, writes:

I shall plan to assist more especially to secure garments essential to comfort, and to a suitable quantity of groceries to families. Thanking you in the name of the Master (Matt. 25: 35, 36).

From Kingfisher, Okla., Rev. John Palmer, Secretary of the Oklahoma Conference, writes:

I have reason to feel that many hearts will be truly grateful for this timely assistance. I will be glad to report the distribution of the Fund in proper time.

The Denver "Republican" has practically closed its relief work in Colorado. The Fund (which was originally started by a contribution from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Fund) has reached nearly $5,000, of which $130 still remains to be expended in supplying seed grain to the farmers of the drought belt. In less than six weeks the "Republican" collected and sent into thirty-eight different districts in ten counties vast quantities of relief stores, which were the means of aiding several thousand families and preventing great suffering.

The Topeka "Capital's" Relief Fund in Kansas has now nearly reached $5000. Excellent work is being done. Editor Hudson of the "Capital," writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

The car load of clothing, containing packages for various destinations, has been received and the name of many needy and deserving people have thank you very much for your generous gift in their behalf. I think this consignment, together what we have been able to gather in Kansas, sufficient clothing to supply the urgent necessities the people. There is no doubt but what the many urgent cases of individual necessity cannot be reached by us through the county but this method that we have pursued has generally satisfactory, and many warm letters thanks have been received from the western the State, from the recipients of aid. I have chased only the staple articles of food such as meal, beans, etc. I can buy these articles cheaper in this market than anywhere else in this and as they are transported free by the railroads secures for the people the largest amount of the of the money generously contributed.

Late contributions to the Fund are acknowledged in the adjoining column.

NEW BOOKS.

A DICTIONARY OF HISTORY.*

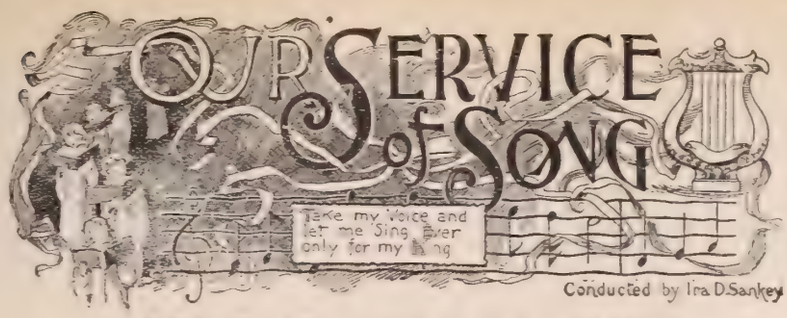
FEW books will be more warmly welcomed by all who are in the habit of using volumes of reference, than this new and comprehensive Dictionary of United States History, by Prof. Jameson of Brown University. An acknowledged authority on all matters historical, Prof. Jameson has brought to his task a special familiarity with his subject and a ripe scholarship as well. In his preface he explains that usefulness has been the foremost consideration during the progress of the work. In order that such a book of reference should be useful, it is necessary that it should be, first, comprehensive, and secondly, accurate. Great pains have been taken to make it accurate, and it is hoped that the efforts thus made have not been without effect. The histories of other parts of America, or of the world, are included only in so far as they have some relation to United States history. Within the field thus defined, articles will, it is believed, be found upon nearly all important subjects. The following classes of subjects included may be specified: political occurrences of various sorts; wars and insurrections; battles, and even important skirmishes, in all our wars, including sieges and sieges: colonies and settlements upon any part of our present territory; colonizing companies; the several States and Territories; those cities and towns which may fairly be called historic, or whose importance on other grounds makes their history interesting; famous old manors, houses and communities; political parties and factions; political terms which have played a prominent part in American history; departments of government, offices, courts and institutions, Federal, State, colonial or local; Indian tribes that have had a history; famous trips; noted legal cases of historic importance, such as constitutional cases decided by the Supreme Court or fugitive slave cases; historic laws, British and American; treaties with foreign countries and, under the name of each such country, the history of our diplomatic relations with that government; colleges, universities, libraries and other educational institutions; learned societies, especially those devoted to historical studies; famous historical publications; newspapers, especially those which were earliest published in the country, or in their respective States; coins; historic songs, etc. One class, larger than any of those yet mentioned, deserves a more explicit reference; namely, biographical subjects. Effort has been made to include a brief article on the life of every man and woman who has played a considerable part in the public life of the colonies or United States, either in the civil or the military and naval departments. Names eminent solely in literature and science, names of artists, divines and merchants, have naturally been less fully represented and more briefly stated. Historical writers have been more frequently represented than others. Finally, besides Americans, many Britons and other foreigners—monarchs, ministers, generals and others—are included because they had much to do with United States history.

The Dictionary is well printed, copiously illustrated and substantially bound and makes altogether a very desirable addition to any reference library or for all who desire special and accurate information in topics relating to American history.

*Four centuries of history, written concisely and arranged alphabetically in dictionary form by Joseph Franklin Jameson, Ph.D. Illustrated with nearly 300 portraits. Puritan Pub. Co., Boston, publishers.

"THE GOSPEL CHOIR."

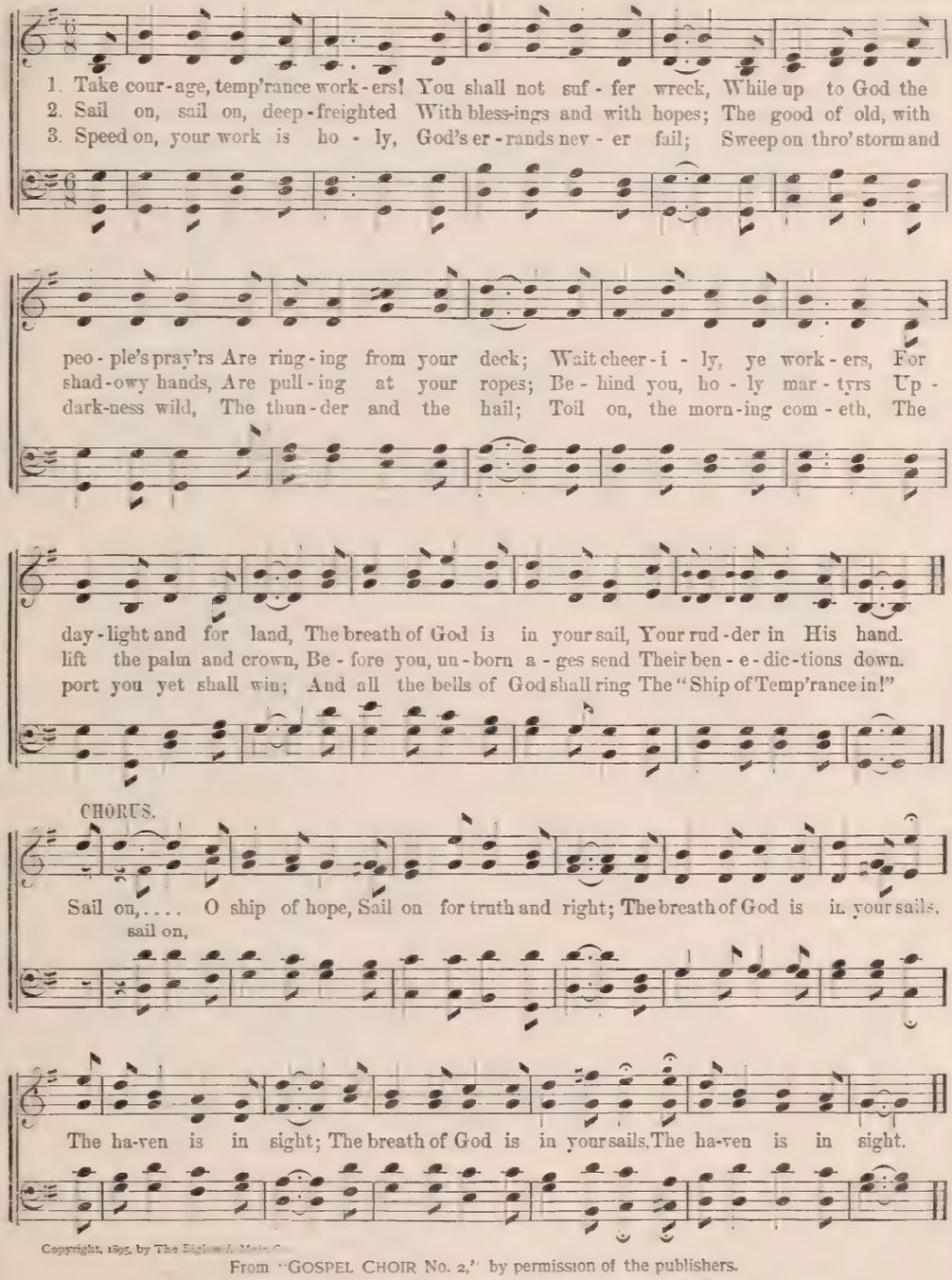
We take pleasure in calling especial attention to "The Gospel Choir," No. 2, by Ira D. Sankey, James McGranahan and Geo. C. Stebbins—published by The Biglow & Main Co. A book of 160 pages of choice new songs, choruses, anthems, etc., by these authors and other composers, for use by Choirs and others in religious and social meetings. One of the single page pieces has been placed in the present issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and others will follow.



THE SHIP OF TEMPERANCE.

"HE BRINGETH THEM TO THEIR DESIRED HAVEN."—*Psa. 107: 30.*

JOHN G. WHITTIER. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Take cour-age, temp'rance work-ers! You shall not suf-fer wreck, While up to God the
2. Sail on, sail on, deep-freighted With bless-ings and with hopes; The good of old, with
3. Speed on, your work is ho-ly, God's er-rands nev-er fail; Sweep on thro' storm and
peo-ple's pray'rs Are ring-ing from your deck; Wait cheer-i-ly, ye work-ers, For
shad-owy hands, Are pull-ing at your ropes; Be-hind you, ho-ly mar-tyrs Up-
dark-ness wild, The thun-der and the hail; Toil on, the morn-ing com-eth, The
day-light and for land, The breath of God is in your sail, Your rud-der in His hand.
lift the palm and crown, Be-fore you, un-born a-ges send Their ben-e-dic-tions down.
port you yet shall win; And all the bells of God shall ring The "Ship of Temp'rance in!"
CHORUS.
Sail on,.... O ship of hope, Sail on for truth and right; The breath of God is in your sails,
sail on,
The ha-ven is in sight; The breath of God is in your sails, The ha-ven is in sight.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Three-and-Twenty: by Jennie M. Drinkwater. A helpful story of Christian life and experience. 354 pp. cloth covers; price $1.25. A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston, publishers.

Searchings in the Silence: a series of Devotional Meditations, by Rev. George Matheson, M.A., D.D., pp. 240; price $1. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

Life-Power or Character, Culture and Conduct: by Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D., pp. 214; cloth covers, price $1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

The State and Local Government of New York (with the Text of its Constitution: by Orlando Leach, revised edition): pp. 138; cloth; price 35c. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, Boston, New York and Chicago, publishers.

Sermon Stuff, (second series): by Rev. S. D. McConnell, D.D., Philadelphia. A suggestive and serviceable volume for students and preachers, covering a large variety of scriptural topics. 228 pp.; cloth covers; price $1. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publisher.

Gospel Hymns Nos. 5 and 6 Combined for use in Gospel meetings and other religious services, pp. 340; cloth covers. This volume contains 227 hymns valuable for church, meeting or home. The Biglow & Main Co. and The John Church Co., N. Y., publishers.

Military Career of Napoleon the Great: an account of the remarkable campaigns of the man of Destiny, with authentic anecdotes of the battlefield as told by the famous marshals and generals of the First Empire: by Montgomery B. Gibbs, finely illustrated, pp. 514, half morocco, top gilt, price $1.25. The Werner Co., Chicago, publishers.

THEY THAT WAIT FOR HIM.

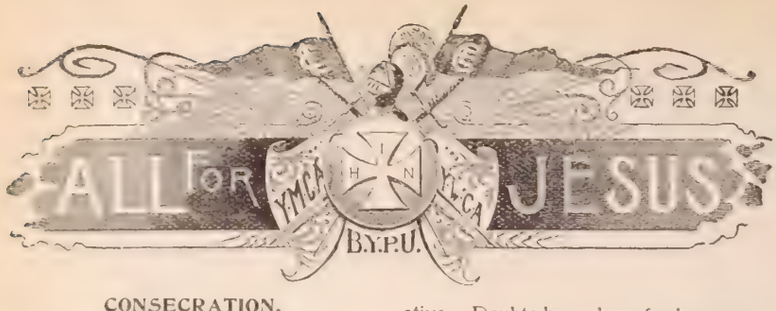
Warnings and Encouragements to Christ's Waiting People in his Messages by John to the Seven Churches.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.

Concluded from page 185.

JOHN saw that the church in all her declension was not abandoned. The seven churches were still in the hand of Christ in glory (Rev. 1: 20.) But there was much besides which he had to see. Just as Israel had failed to be to him "for a people and for a name and for a praise and for a glory" (Jer. 13: 2), and the Lord dealt with the faithful remnant (Rom. 11: 5-7), so the church had failed to become a people for his name, but he should lead on, in the midst of an unfaithful church another remnant, the overcomers of Rev. 2:3. When the Word of God speaks of a church we can only conceive of a company of such as know the Lord, believers, and the aged apostle had to know fellowship with Christ's sufferings when he became his messenger to an Ephesus which had left her first love, a Pergamos which contained the terrible uncleanness of the teaching of Balaam, a Thyatira which cherished the very spirit of Jezebel in her bosom, a Sardis which had a name to live and was dead, a Laodicea whose lukewarmness was such that the Lord, who held her in his hand, was ready to spue her out of his mouth, and yet she was full of pride and self-complacency! How could it be possible for the Son of God to unite himself in closest oneness to a church with such characteristics? It could not be. How can a self pleasing, self-exalting church be one with him whom she resembles so little? But John saw and was charged with messages to those who were the exceptions in the churches, those who in Ephesus had also retained and were deepened in their first love, those who in a church like Thyatira had maintained a life and works of quite a different order from those around them, unhindered by the unpropitious atmosphere in which God had permitted them to be. These had no works of their own of which to boast, but they had overcome and kept his works to the end, they being his simple instruments; and to those which have stood with him he promises no less a portion than his own. "To him that overcometh will I give authority over the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron [that is to share his own rule, Ps. 2: 9] as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers, as I also received of my Father." (Rev. 2: 26, 27.) No less a portion that's his very own, is not this a promise to his bride?

And the overcomer in the church of Laodicea, perhaps the most difficult of all. A church knowing all, having all, doing all outwardly, and yet neither cold nor hot, and ignorant of her true condition! In just such a state of things and while there are loved ones whom the Lord rebukes and chastens, his coming is at the door: "Behold I stand at the door, and knock." And "he that overcometh, to him will I give to sit with me on my throne." The same promise intrinsically as to Thyatira, oneness in the throne in rule, in judgment with himself, the place only possible for the Bride. The scoffers may mock on, but the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. An unprepared church will hinder him no more. There are, in all lands, and in all churches, some overcomers whom he will join with the overcomers already in glory when he comes, and then the five wise virgins will awake from their slumber, the sleeping church will awake, and the coming of the Lord for his church will be no longer an opinion but a tremendous fact for those who are left behind. He is coming, and they shall not be ashamed that wait for him.



CONSECRATION.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing April 7. Ezra 3: 1-17.

WHAT are Christ's claims on his followers? To answer the question it is necessary to consider what he does for them. The story is often told of an English traveler making a voyage on board a Moorish vessel on which were some slaves who were being carried to a port where they were to be sold. They were naturally deeply concerned about the character of the men who would buy them. The Englishman became deeply interested in one of them who showed more intelligence than the others and he bargained with the Captain for his purchase. Not until the transaction was completed and the money paid over was the slave informed that he had a new owner. "I thought," he said, "that Englishmen did not own slaves." When told that his owner had bought him to set him free, he fell on his knees and vowed that he would serve him faithfully till the day of his death. If this gratitude proved pemanent what would there be of his time, or service, or any property that he was able to accumulate, that would be withheld from the use of the man who had emancipated him, if it was required? Another incident is told that illustrates the idea of complete consecration. An open boat on the wide sea was crowded with all that were saved from a burned ship. There were more persons in the boat than was safe, and besides there was not a sufficient food supply for many days. After consultation the more hard-hearted men had their way and it was agreed that a man should be thrown overboard each day until the number was reduced to a safe basis, or a ship was sighted. The sacrifice was to be chosen by lot, and the first lot was cast. Before the victim was thrown out, his brother, who was in the boat, offered himself to die in his place. After some objection on the part of the man on whom the lot had fallen, the offer was accepted and the brother was thrown into the sea. But the love of life was strong and he swam after the boat. Becoming exhausted he rested his hands on the side of the boat. An inhuman sailor raised an axe and cut them off. Then humanity made itself heard. The people in the boat declared they would live or die together, and they took the swimmer into the boat and bound up his wounds. The next day a vessel was sighted and they were saved. What claim had the maimed man on the brother whose place he took? He could never work for himself, but might he not depend on his brother who owed his life to him? Neither incident fully represents our obligation to Christ, but they help us to form an idea of its extent. It is not to be measured by anything that can be given or done for him. Time, talents, property—all are mortgaged. We owe him all that we are and have. Nothing is too precious to relinquish in his interest, or to devote to his service.

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THE COMING CONFERENCE.

As the time for holding the great National Epworth League conference at Chattanooga approaches, the ideas of what it will be, have to be continually readjusted. There has been a long breathing spell since the last conference, and during the time the League has made prodigious strides. The Southern League has sprung into being with its band of enthusiastic, devoted officers, and in the north the numbers of new Leagues and the numbers of members of old Leagues have multiplied beyond the most sanguine expectation. The delegations to Chattanooga, if at all representative, will be an imposing gathering, and the evidences are all in favor of them being fully representative. Doubts have been freely expressed as to the possibility of the city accommodating all who attend; but the Chattanooga brethren have set to work with a systematic energy that sets all such doubts at rest. They have organized an excellent executive committee to make all arrangements, and their plans, so far as they have been disclosed, show that they are fully prepared for the work. On this page we give portraits of four of the officers of the Committee: the Chairman, Secretary, Treasurer and the lady member whose arduous duty it is to provide homes for the delegates. The originality of the plans adopted by the committee may be inferred from the fact that one of them is for a grand camp on Lookout Mountain. We do not know if there is to be any competitive examination for participation in that hospitality, but we can imagine that in Tennessee in June the candidates for it will exceed the number of places. It will be a great and memorable Conference.

EPWORTH LEAGUE HOSTS.

1. T. A. SNOW, Chairman. 2. L. M. THOMAS, Treasurer.
3. FLORENCE BRUSHWOOD Homes. 4. J. A. PATTEN, Secretary.

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THE B. Y. P. U. APPEAL.

The Executive Committee of the Baptist Young People's Union has issued an appeal to the churches, which will, or ought to, find a response in every church that has the interest of the denomination at heart. The Committee asks that a Sunday be devoted to the subject of the Young People's Union, the pastor preaching on the duty of the Church to the young people to train them for usefulness, and outlining the principles of the Union as a means to that end. It is also suggested that prayer-meetings be held for a blessing on the Union and that in the evening there should be meetings of the young people themselves for consultation and consecration. Beside this, and to round out the day in practical shape that collections be taken up for the benefit of the national work. The Executive Committee has not yet obtained the whole of the fund of fifty thousand dollars, which it requires for the proper equipment in journalism and other departments of its work, and it asks the churches to make a liberal contribution to the fund, which is called the Founding Fund. The day suggested for the duty is April 21, and the Committee hopes that it will become an annual red-letter day under the title of Founders' Day. It undertakes to supply suggestive programmes, including music for the use of any church, which will adopt the idea and take up a collection. It will also provide copies of a synopsis, outlining the Christian Culture Courses for pastors, who have not kept up with the march of events sufficiently to be already familiar with those courses of study. Both kinds of literature may be obtained free on application to the headquarters of the Committee, 122 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

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THE Y. W. C. A. AND THE CHILDREN.

The Women's Christian Association of Kingston, Ontario, has for some time past been doing a work among the children of the city which may furnish a suggestion to Associations in other cities. Miss A. M. Machar, who describes it in "The International Messenger," reports that it is having a very beneficial influence in the homes of the poor. She says: We had been thinking of the needs of a number of younger girls than our members—girls of from eight to twelve, who were fast growing up to be young women without some of the most necessary training for their future lives. Owing to the absence of any provision for teaching sewing in the public schools, they were growing up in ignorance of this most necessary art, while in household work they were quite as untaught. The sewing class was first opened, and the elementary class soon made good progress under the superintendence of Miss Chestnut, our missionary agent. She was aided by a number of young ladies; for the superintendence of so many beginners required the aid of several assistants. After the elementary class had made good progress, an advanced class was formed of the older girls, who wished to learn how to cut out and make some of their own clothing. We encouraged the children by occasional little rewards, a tea-party now and then, and an annual excursion and picnic, all of which are greatly enjoyed. The classes begin with the singing of a hymn, and sometimes, a little story is read to them.

Our attempt at a kitchen-garden began in a very simple way. Mrs. Ross, one of our Vice-Presidents, seeing how often the girls were allowed to live in ignorance of the simplest elements of good cooking, undertook to teach eight little girls to cook a certain number of simple dishes, such as porridge, gruel, nourishing soup, stew, hot cakes, etc. Each pupil was expected to take part in the actual work and was always allowed to take home a portion of the article which she helped to prepare. It was gratifying to know that some, if not all the girls thus taught, were pleased to carry out the results of this instruction at home and in one case, the knowledge thus gained proved of real use to a sick mother.

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THE Y. P. S. C. E. AMONG INDIANS.

The problem which has perplexed one Administration after another, and has distressed the Christian people throughout the land by its grievous anomalies, appears to be brought nearer to solution by the operation of the Christian Endeavor movement. The "Golden Rule" has received from S. C. Gilman a report of the beneficial results already achieved among the Indians through the agency of the society. It says: "Christian Endeavor is helpful to dispel the bitter race prejudice that always exists on the frontier between the white settlers and the Indians. Members of the Indian Christian Endeavor Society, white teachers, and native missionaries have organized a Sunday School among the settlers living just south of the Indian country. Here, in a little schoolhouse, on Sunday afternoons may be found a meeting where the "race problem" has been solved. Indians and white people have met as Christian brethren, all eager to learn the words of the one Master.

"One of the most discouraging phases of the Indian work is that, when the Indian young men and women leave the schools and return to dwell upon the reservation sometimes they fall back into the old, wild condition. But Miss Burr, of Pine Ridge tells of two young returned students, as they are called, who did not go back "unto their gods" and the ways of their people but immediately set about organizing, in the heart of a reservation where the Indians (the Ogallallahs) are the wildest), a society that had helped them to attain to much better things. She says, 'The Christian Endeavor Society at Pine Ridge was formed about a year and a half ago, by two young Teton Indians, upon their return from the school in Wabash, Ind., where there is a Society, with which they had been indentified.'

"From Mrs. F. B. Riggs, of the Santee Agency, it was learned that while the schools are closed during the summer, the children frequently write letters from the homes to the teachers, in which the Christian Endeavor meetings and other good influences thrown about them are mentioned and a desire is expressed to return to school.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Epworth League Conference, of the Tennessee Conference, will be held at Winchester, Tenn., April 24-26. It promises to be one of unusual interest. A number of prominent League workers have already been secured.

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At the chapel on Cob Dock, Brooklyn Navy Yard, on March 17, one hundred and fifty sailors attended the religious service conducted by the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor from the Greene Avenue Presbyterian Church.

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Four hundred delegates attended the recent State Convention of the Epworth League, Appleton, Wis. President Chapman strongly advocated the holding of a Summer School for League workers. It is believed that on the borders of one of the lakes a school might be held each year.

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A prominent Brooklyn preacher recently said he did not wish the denominational fences removed, but wanted them lowered so that he could reach over and shake hands with brothers on the other side. The Secretary of the English Christian Endeavor Union puts the same idea in another form, making the change in the people instead of the fences. He says: "Not that denominational fences are being broken down, but the Christian Endeavorers are growing so tall that they can look over the fences and recognize the oneness in Christ of Christians of every name."

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The Young Men's Christian Association at Crawfordsville, Ind., has been passing through a crisis. The building was the property of a banker, who became insolvent, and it was turned over to the administrators to satisfy creditors. The banker had intended to donate the building to the Association before his bankruptcy, but the purpose was not carried out. The official went around among the friends of the Association in the city and secured sufficient funds to purchase the building for $13,2[illegible] when it was put up at auction. It cost $45,000 when it was built five years ago.

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The King's Daughters and Sons of Pennsylvania are doing a quiet but great work. They report now about a thousand Circles, not including the great number not registered. On May 8th and 9th they are to hold their first State Convention in Philadelphia, which promises to be a great success. The programme announces several well known speakers, and not a little of King's Daughters' work but has a place in some unique form. This Convention is a necessary result of the increasing growth of the Order in Pennsylvania. Mrs. Frank M. Goodchild of Philadelphia, is the leader of the work in the State.

A Royal Eastern Wedding.

The Nuptials of Princess Hadidja Hanem and Prince Abbas Pasha Halim.

ALTHOUGH social life in the Orient is doubtless tame and uneventful, by contrast with the conditions that prevail in our own country or in Europe, yet it has its "red-letter" days. For the women of the East, these have a special interest, since they usually relate to some one of the very few functions in which the sex publicly participates. A birth, a betrothal, a wedding or a funeral each furnishes an opportunity for the exercise of womanly tenderness, hospitality or sympathy, and some of them for the display of toilettes and adornments of a character that would excite amazement as well as admiration in all not familiar with the usages and customs of Eastern lands.

One of the most notable social events of recent years in Egypt was the wedding of the beautiful and accomplished Princess Hadija Hanem, the sister of the Khedive, to Prince Abbas Pasha Halim, which was celebrated in the ancient city of Cairo. Our illustration (taken from a sketch made from life by Madame Philippoteaux for the London "Graphic"), shows the bride's procession forming in the interior of her royal home, where she has passed a portion of her life in the company of young Egyptian girls of her own age and in the care of tutors and instructors; for it must not be imagined that even the princesses of Egypt, in these days of progress, are permitted to remain in ignorant of modern feminine accomplishments. On this felicitous occasion, the Princess Hadidja was dressed with royal magnificence, in a robe of rose-colored silk, trimmed with gold lace. On her head was a crown of diamonds, from which hung a gauze veil bordered with threads of gold, and a gold ribbon bound her hair. Her train was carried by two pages, and two exceedingly pretty girls — the Princesses Ulie and Bedia, daughters of Prince Osman and cousins of the bride—were the bridesmaids. They wore white dresses ornamented with pearls. At the head of the procession walked a band of musicians belonging to the Khedive's court and these were followed by a company of Circassian girls, who sang in Turkish, accompanying themselves on tambourines. The bride, her maids, pages, and relatives followed, and at the proper place met the bridegroom's procession, according to custom, after which the formal ceremony took place.

During the week of festivities, Cairo was the scene of much gayety. Its entire population seemed to share in the general rejoicing. At Koobeh, the residential palace of the Khedive's family, all the representatives of foreign governments were invited with their wives and families, and the Khedive's brother, Prince Mohammed Ali Pasha, acted as host, as the peculiar etiquette of the country forbade the Khedive to officially act in that capacity. All the palace grounds were brilliantly illuminated, evenings, and games and amusements were held in marquees erected specially for the occasion.

While these rejoicings were going on, the ladies of Cairo were enjoying special privileges at the Palace, where the Khediviah Mother received them and presented them to the bride. A multitude of costly presents had arrived and these, consisting chiefly of very valuable jewely, were displayed to the delighted female guests. Small gold coins were occasionally flung among the visitors by the Khediviah herself, and for those there was a merry scramble at times. Every lady who secured one of the souvenirs doubtless regarded herself as a very fortunate person indeed, and the coins will probably be handed down to coming generations as memorials of the pleasant time they spent in the palace at Koobeh at the wedding of pretty Princess Hadidja.

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Busybodies.

There are two species of busybodies; one heedlessly liable to pass on a piece of news, letting the tongue wag simply from unrestrained habit, and others with a purpose to injure. The latter, as a matter of course, fall under the condemnation of all decent people. How easily an innocent reputation may be blasted, and without opportunity of defense or reparation, by ugly gossip, based on unfounded rumor. Pondering on these things, as well as upon the expectation of having to account for every idle word, a Christian will surely be "slow to speak."

"THE BRIDE'S PROCESSION," AT THE ROYAL WEDDING IN CAIRO.

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Care of the Young Eyes.

Never let your children read in a room where there is not plenty of light. Light is the best food of the eye. Visit the schoolroom, and see to it that your child's desk is in a position where he will not have to strain his eyes and use them up before adult age comes on. Plenty of physical exercise between hours of study is a good thing for the eyes as well as for the rest of the body. In the French public schools 24.2 per cent. of the scholars are short-sighted; in the German 35 per cent., and in the English only 20 per cent. According to M. Martin, in the "Journal de Medicine de Bordeaux," the percentage is highest in the rhetoric and philosophy classes. The hygienic condition of the school does not seem to affect the percentage, and he thinks the want of physical exercise is the cause of the trouble. By modifying the work of the classes the proportion of short-sighted scholars at the College of Giessen has fallen from 26.6 to 17 percent in five years.

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A Bible-reading Court.

In a recent issue THE CHRISTIAN HERALD recorded the presentation of a Bible by the Christians of China to the Empress-dowager on the occasion of her sixtieth birthday. That gift has already, it appears, produced a most remarkable result. A correspondent, writing to friends abroad, says: "The Empress-widow at once began reading in the Bible. The Emperor, thereupon, also asked to be given a copy of the Book, but as the Empress-dowager did not care to part with her Bible, she sent a messenger to the depot of the American Bible Society to purchase for him another copy of the Old and New Testament. The messenger was given the books, but came to exchange them some time after for larger type. The messenger received the Catechism and a copy of the Book of Proverbs as a present, and promised to let the other officials of the palace read in them." Since the Emperor received his Bible he also has begun to read and the officials at the royal court have also taken up the study of "the book of the cult of Jesus," as it is called by Chinese scholars. What results may flow from this newly-awakened interest in the Bible and its teaching cannot now be foreseen, but the circumstances afford cause for the highest hopes. If "a nation may be born in a day," it would be a glorious illustration of the convincing power of Christianity were China, through the gift of a few believers, to be ultimately won for Christ in our day.

THE DEEDS OF THE DAY.

IF we sit down at set of sun
And count the things that we have done
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

But if through all the livelong day
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act, most small,
That helped a soul and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

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KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

SOME time ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published a short article from Dr. Talmage's pen, directed against the ruthless and unnecessary slaughter of birds. The facts it set forth regarding the extent of the wholesale massacre of feathered innocents—whether for the purpose of subserving the prevailing cruel fashion of utilizing them as ornaments for feminine headgear or otherwise—seem to have received the warm approbation of many readers. A lady writes from Connecticut as follows:

"Right across the street live five young men, or big boys, brought up to go to church, but as the fashion of the times is getting with them, they seldom go to any meeting, and just go around here with noiseless rifles, further off with double-barrelled rifles, dogs and ferrets, and every pretty, useful, innocent, wild thing falls before them. They are not hungry, but just kill for the fun of the thing, and to show their skill. There is not as much mercy in their hearts as in the gneiss or trap rock around us.

"I am a woman of seventy, and brought up those under my charge to scorn hunting, but my father and mother belonged here, and would tell of twenty species of birds they knew well, now entirely gone.

"The snow continuing has shown rabbit tracks plainly, and so active have been the sportsmen that I hardly think a wild rabbit or a blue jay is left in the country. A young lady once told me that the legs of eighteen yellow hammers made a very good meal. She was not a welcome visitor after it. Lack of fruit and vegetables is laid mostly to the destruction of the insect pests, which sting my dahlia buds, make slugs on my roses, and even the asters were covered on their flowers last summer with slender bugs half an inch or more long, which nothing but arsenic would kill. (These pests were formerly kept down by the birds.)

"Voices are raised in plenty against all other forms of vice, but seldom a word against this, which bids fair to leave our land like a desolate wilderness, and all the squirrels gone."

Our correspondent's humane letter will find an echo in many a heart, among those who love the birds and would avert their destruction if possible.

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Early Habits of Industry.

The value of time and the need of habits of industry should be early enforced. In simple communities this is perhaps more generally understood than in large cities. Little maids of Germany and Switzerland are taught to do many useful things while still mere children. The sphere of women in the Shetland Islands is well defined. The "wee lassie" is early taught to "hae somethin' in her hand." Her hands must be kept busy, and this is done by teaching her the art of knitting, which will more than likely serve as her occupation from the cradle to the grave. The most important work done by these women consists in the knitting of fine shawls which take their name from the islands. These shawls are the principal articles knitted, but veils, different kinds of underwear, as well as fancy articles, are all made, and when "dressed," as the cleaning process is called, are marketed. The main point with us should be not so much to exact labor from the young folks or to deprive them of any legitimate recreations, as to bring them gradually and pleasantly into the practice of doing such work as will be serviceable, instead of spending leisure time in mere idleness.

Young Mothers

should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for 30 years, and its value is recognized.

ALICE MAPLETON'S ORDEAL

A STORY OF NOBLE FORTITUDE UNDER TRIAL.

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by E. CARSWELL.

CHAPTER V.

A Hard Struggle.

VERY present to the minds of both Alice and her mother, on the morning when we first made their acquaintance, were the events narrated in the foregoing chapters. Everything around them in the two dingy rooms on the third floor of the tenement-house reminded them of the calamities that had fallen upon them with lightning-like rapidity.

And they were alone. It would not have been near so dreary if Will had been with them. That is the worst curse of poverty that it involves so often the break-up of families, the separation of those who love each other. Will was reluctant to go and his mother and sister were sorry to have him go; but in the little family council there was no disentient voice when the situation was considered. Reason said he should go as plainly as love bade him stay, and like the strong, sensible young man he was, he obeyed reason.

The situation was very plain. Nothing could be saved from the financial wreck. No one knew anything of Mr. Mapleton's business affairs besides Mr. Jackson, and he said all was lost. Perhaps the time would come when Mr. Jackson's conduct would be investigated, but that time was not come. The only thing that did seem to be of any value was a certificate of shares in a New Mexican mine. Mr. Mapleton had given the paper to his wife two years before, on her birthday. She took it laughingly with some light words and he had said almost in joke, "Perhaps it is worth more than you think." But at that time there was no lack of money, and Mrs. Mapleton put it away and thought no more about it. She had forgotten its existence until she found it in the desk when she was packing up some old letters and a few relics of her young life, to leave her palatial home for the humble tenement to which she must go, She showed it to Will and he, after some inquiries, found that with these shares as leverage, he could get an appointment then open at the mines and could aid in their development. No other opening for him could be found and as he felt he must do something, he started for New Mexico immediately.

Thus mother and daughter were left to struggle alone. Really its brunt fell on Alice's young shoulders, for Mrs. Mapleton's nervous system collapsed under the stress and storm. At her age, the blows fell with killing force, for she had lost the elasticity of temperament which came to her daughter's support in the trial. And she did not know the worst difficulty in their way. Alice kept from her knowledge the fact of the persecution she had to suffer from Mr. Jackson. That man was determined to have her for his wife and he believed that the surest way to win her was to make her life so hard and bitter that she would be glad to give up the struggle and have him provide for her and her mother.

Alice had a shrewd idea of his plan. With a woman's intuition, she divined the origin of her disappointments and trials. She knew why she lost one situation after another; why they were politely requested to vacate rooms just when they had become used to them, for he would always appear at the darkest moment and renew his offer, only to be spurned by the brave girl; and on each of these occasions he would leave her with more chagrin and with the sinister prediction that worse trials would come upon her, and would not cease to come till she yielded. Alice hid all these things from her mother, but what nearly drove the poor girl frantic was that when they were in the deepest distress her mother would moan, "Oh, my child! if you had only been kinder to Mr. Jackson, if you had married that good man, things would not be as they are."

Sometimes Alice would lose patience and answer: "No, I should be in my grave," but generally she would only say: "Oh, you poor blind mother!"

Alice was in hopes that in her last move she had hidden herself from her ruthless pursuer, but she was in the last extremity; there was no money in the house, she had even visited the pawn shop and had pawned every little trinket and article of clothing that would bring a dollar.

She had found Mr. Jacobs the pawnbroker, such a kind, old man, so different from what she had expected a pawnbroker to be from what she had read about them that she had lost that feeling of dread and sense of humiliation and horror that she had felt on her first visit. He was a German Jew, with white hair and long, white beard, and a benevolent-looking countenance. This morning, before her mother was awake, she had taken the family Bible, the only thing she could find that could bring money enough to get food for the day.

"How much vas you expect to get? I mean, how much do you vant pretty bad?"

"Just what you can give me; you always treat me kindly."

"Vell, you vas deefrent from dem oder peoples, vat I do beesness mit, you vas a lady, a real lady, vat has some troubles. You vas brave and fight for your sick moder, you vas honest and mean to redeem everytings ven you get some money, and I keep everyting till you are able. I take dem ting 'cause it is beesness and make you feel independent; but ven you has nothing vat you can bring, you come to old Jacobs all de same, he let you have a leetle."

"You have been very kind to me, and I will never forget it."

"Vell, dat is vere you vas deefrent from some oder peoples; dey forget pretty quick, and the more you do for dem, de more dey don't like you. No, I vas not kind to you, but dere vas two ways to do beesness. Von vay is to look out for number von; noder vay is to look out for number von and your customer too; dat is de vay I do beesness mit you, and if all customers vas honest, dere be not so many rogues in our beesness. Dere is tree dollars on dat book; I would not give von dollar to anybody else, 'cos I could not get anyting for it if I sell it, but it is worth everyting to you and I keep it."

"I may be able to pay you back all the money I have received, but I shall never be able to pay you all I owe."

"Vell, now we got so we know von anoder pretty well, would you mind if I ask you von or two tings, so perhaps I could help you and get some trouble off my mind?"

"I will answer any questions and not take offence, as I know you are seeking my welfare."

"Dot vas right. Vell, ven vas your rent due?"

"On next Saturday; but I fear I shall not have it, but I think I have a situation to give drawing lessons, and I am going to ask the agent to let me have a day or two. Do you think he will?"

"Yes, I know he will, 'cos I own de building, so you can feel easy about dot. Now do you know anybody vat vas your enemy, any man who would try to do you some harm?"

"Oh, Mr. Jacobs, has he found me again? He ruined my father, he drove my brother away from the city, and he followed me with the malignity of a fiend. It is through him that I am driven to the straits in which I find myself. He is determined to ruin me, because I would not become his wife."

Alice was very pale and trembled from head to foot.

"Dot vas make it all plain; don't you marry him he is a villain; and if he bodder you some more you come to old Jacobs and he will stand by you. Now, I tells you why I ask you dem questions. My agent tell me that a grand chentleman come to him, he wear a silk hat and kid gloves, and he ask about dem rooms and say he will give big rent if he shall have ze rooms next week. Don't be frightened, my dear, I tell him not to have dose, or any oder rooms if he will offer one tousand dollars."

Oh, Mr. Jacobs, how can I thank you? I have never known a want in my life before; I had hundreds of friends, but when adversity came they left, and I have received more acts of kindness from the poor and those we used to think beneath us, than all the fine friends I used to think so good and was so proud of."

"Yes, my tear, goodness in dis world is like de leetle salt vat you put in de porridge, it go all troo and sometimes as much if not a leetle more get down to de bottom, than is on de top."

"Now, Mr. Jacobs, you have been so candid with me I must tell you that I did not give you my real name; my name is not Brown."

"I vas not suppose dot it vas, my tear, dot vas noting."

"But I must tell you—"

Just then some customers entered the place, and Alice left by the side door.

"Ve vill talk dot all over some oder time," said Mr. Jacobs as he bowed her out.

CHAPTER VI.

A Shower Bath.

The next morning after Alice had had her confidential chat with Mr. Jacobs, she left her room feeling more hopeful than usual. Her mother was better; she had found a friend in the good old Jew, and she had secured the position at Mrs. Wilson's to teach the three young ladies. She left her mother in the front room, and carefully closed the doors so that her mother would not be troubled with draughts or noise; she had taken two or three steps down the stairs, when she stopped as if paralyzedf and felt as if she had been turned into stone, for at the foot of the stairs was Mr. Jackson coming up. As soon as she could move she retreated to the landing, and facing him, barred his way.

"So I have found you again, Alice? Your other lovers are not as faithful in their search, or they care less for the object they pretend to be hunting for."

"Some people have more of the nature of the bloodhound, I admit," said Alice. "Will you please state your business as I am in a hurry."

"Well, I have called to see if you have had enough of the slums, and were ready to surrender."

"As I have told you before, I shall never surrender; and I would rather live among these honest but poor people, in the most abject poverty than in a palace with you; and after your persecution I would rather be torn limb from limb than be your wife."

Alice was so indignant that she looked like a beautiful young tigress.

"Well, this will be my last call here," he said with a sneer. "I will call on you next in the poor-house, or the jail,—but I will step inside and see your mother and your luxurious apartments, as I understand you will leave them this week."

"For once you will find yourself foiled, for we shall not leave them."

"Well, my dear, step out of the way for I intend going in."

"Do not dare to take another step," cried Alice. Mr. Jackson was three steps below her, and how she intended preventing him from entering the room she hardly knew, but just as he came up another step, and was about to thrust her aside, a door opened on the opposite side of the hall, and a stalwart Irish woman with a bucket in her hand, stepped out.

"Ye dirty thafe o' the wurild, phat are ye insulting the beautiful young lady fur? If ye take another shtep up, faith, ye'll go down the hull of them shtairs quicker nor lightning."

"Who are you?" asked Jackson.

"Who am I is none of your business, but I'm a dacent woman, and that's more than can be said of you for a man."

"Well," said Jackson with a sneer, "I called on this young friend and pal of yours ——"

"Now shtop yer dirty mouth, ye blathering spalpeen. I never shpoke to the young lady in my life; I wouldn't presume, for I knew that she was a born lady as soon as I set eyes on her, just as quick as I knew that you were a villain, and I never push myself into the company of my betters, like you, ye snake."

"Well, go and mind your own busines I didn't call on all the paupers in the hous if I did condescend to call on one."

"Did ye ever hear the loikes o' tha Paupers, is it? Ugh! ye black heart ould haythen, to come here calling dace people paupers, and that pure young cre ture, too, that's as much above ye as saint is above the devil. Attend to my ov business, is it? Faith, that's what I'm g ing to do; I was going to empty this buck of dish water, and shure I couldn't find dirtier place than that to put it;" and li lightning the whole was emptied on top Mr. Jackson's head. "Take that, ye dir dog, it was a washin' ye needed, and bed ye've got it, and if ye come back, fait I'll wring ye out."

The force of the deluge sent Mr. Jacks staggering down two or three steps, the water striking him in a compact bo on the top of his silk hat, drove it do over his eyes and flowed over the rim li a circular cascade. Never, perhaps, wa fastidiously dressed gentleman changed t dilapidated-looking tramp so quickly befo He stood a most forlorn-looking creatu with his arms hanging down, the dirty w ter dripping from the tips of his light k gloves, and a long paring of a potato cau on his gold watch-chain. He was spee less because he had no breath left, not ev enough to energize an expletive. As so as he had recovered sufficiently from astonishment he poured out a volley abuse.

"If I hear another bad word out of dirty mouth in the presence of this you lady, I'll send the bucket after the wate and the enraged woman swung the buc over her head.

Mr. Jackson had sufficient sense left know that this woman would be as g as her word, and was not to be trifled wi so he hobbled down the stairs, as well he could, and when out of range, shou back: "I'll have you in jail in less than hour, you vixen."

Alice had stood all this time with hands raised, and a look of horror on face. At last she drew a long breath said: "My good woman, you must not yourself into trouble on my account; is a bad man—he will get you arrest then what should I do?"

"Now don't be angry wid me, miss didn't give him half what he deserved, if my man had only been home he woul broke his ugly jaw for him."

"Oh, I am not angry with you; I deeply grateful," said Alice. "What sh I have done if you had not come to my cue? He has done everything a mean unscrupulous man could do to injure and mine, and now I fear he will in you?"

"Och, didn't I know that he was a lain the moment I sot eyes on his wick looking face? But don't trouble your about me, and don't worry your gentle tle heart, shure, what can he do? He have me took up, and if he does, I'll him such a tongue-lashing before the ju as will make him wish that he had let alone. But I'll not have you called or account, so don't fear that you would h to go to court."

"Oh, but I must go, if they take you show that what you did was in my defe Nothing could keep me away," said A

"God bless the child! Shure, I k that you was a born lady the mome clapped eyes on ye, and I knew it wa sick mother that ye were caring for, a knew that ye had had throuble by the b dress ye wore, and by your living in house along with the loikes of us, a didn't presume to spake to ye, but I say my man, says I, 'that gentle young crea has more to carry than her delicate sho ers can bear,' and says he, 'I believe Mary, but what can the loikes of us d help the loikes o' them,' says he. 'Th true for ye,' says I, 'we have the shoul and our own kind o' throubles to carr them, and they make 'em ache someti but throubles are as different as people, what wouldn't be a featherweight to or me, might kill a delicate young creat and, may be, if her throubles were lai our backs, we'd never be able to straig up again.' But I'm kaping ye, Miss; name is Mary Callaghan, I'm poor rough, but I'm a dacent woman, ar there's ever anything that the loikes o' can do for the loikes o' you, all you've to do is to call and its proud I'll be to anything I can. You can trust us, fo are all honest people, if we are poor."

(To be continued.)

PSALMIST HISTORY.

THE Huguenots, before the battle of Coutras, knelt and chanted the one hundred and eighteenth Psalm, "Oh give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; because his mercy endureth forever." Seeing their attitude of supplication, some courtiers said, "Behold, the cowards are already begging mercy!" "No," answered an old officer, who knew their way, "you may expect a stern fight from the men who sing psalms and pray."

The anecdote illustrates the part the Psalms have played in history, especially in the throes that accompanied the Reformation. The forty-sixth Psalm, "God is our refuge and strength," is the basis of Luther's battle-hymn of that great Revolution, "A strong tower is our God." The sixty-eighth, "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered," was known among the Huguenots as the "Song of Battles." Savonarola chanted it as he marched to the most precious pyre ever lighted in Florence. After the victory of Dunbar, Cromwell and his army sang the one hundred and seventeenth Psalm, "O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise him all ye people." No one knows what a great part the Psalms have played in the lives of men. These poems, which reflect every praiseworthy human emotion, have associated themselves, like the rain and the sunlight, with all sorts and conditions of men, women and children. The penitential groanings of the sixth Psalm, "O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger," have been sobbed out by Catherine de Medici, John Calvin, and Mrs. Carlyle. It might be properly called the "Universal Psalm of the Penitent."

When the eloquent, erratic Edward Irving was dying, he gathered up his strength and chanted, in Hebrew, the twenty-third Psalm, the Shepherd's Song. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," whispered Scotland's greatest metaphysician, Sir William Hamilton, and then breathed out his spirit. The parting word of Luther, of Knox, of John Huss, of Jerome of Prague, and of countless martyrs and saints, was the fifth verse of the thirty-first Psalm: "Into Thine hand I commit my spirit." The northernmost grave on the face of the earth is Cape Beechey, on the brow of a hill covered with snow. In it is buried the body of a member of the Nares expedition. A large stone covers the dead, and on a copper tablet at the head is engraved a part of the seventh verse of the fifty-first Psalm: "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

Never was "A Prayer of Moses, the man of God," the ninetieth Psalm, read amid more solemn circumstances than on the occasion of the burial of one of the victims of the accident upon the Matterhorn in 1865. Three English gentlemen and their Swiss guide lost their lives. The almost formless bodies of three of them were found on the glacier below the mountain, and on one, that of the Rev. Charles Hudson, was found his prayer-book. Taking it reverently in his hands, a clergyman, present with the searching party, read from it the ninetieth Psalm. Above them was the frowning mountain and the cloudless sky. Bronzed-faced guides and sorrowful friends leaned on their alpenstocks, while the minister read: "Lord, thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, thou art God from everlasting, and world without end. Thou turnest man to destruction; again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men."

Weak Nerves

ndicate as surely as any physical symptom hows anything, that the organs and tissues f the body are not satisfied with their nourishment. They draw their sustenance from he blood, and if the blood is thin, impure or nsufficient, they are in a state of revolt. They lemand

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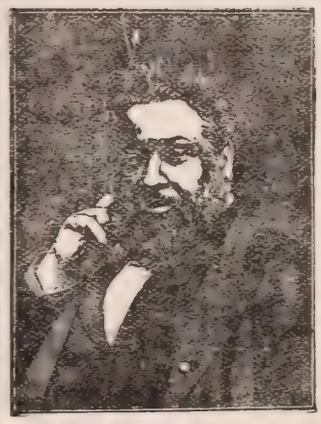

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Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

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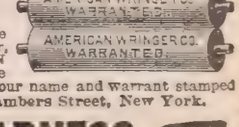

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PHOTOGRAPHY IN WAR.

Prominent among the causes that have contributed to the success of Japan, in the present war with China, is the readiness with which the younger nation has adopted modern ideas and appliances in the field, as well as in the navy. One of these is the balloon photographer, whose services the Japanese generals have utilized to reconnoitre the position and strength of the enemy. Our illustration shows the aerial photographer at work, suspended from his captive balloon. His camera is so contrived that he can take a number of instantaneous views of the surrounding country, while he himself is practically out of danger. Up to the present time, Japan's record in the war has been an unbroken series of victories.

A JAPANESE WAR PHOTOGRAPHER.

RICHES UNSATISFACTORY.

The following incident is related of Jacob Ridgway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago, leaving a fortune of $6,000,000. "Mr. Ridgway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, "You are more to be envied than any gentleman I know." "Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgeway. "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied." "What sir!" exclaimed the young man in astonishment. "Why, are you not a millionaire? Think of the thousands your income brings you every month!" "Well, what of that," replied Mr. Ridgway. "All I get out of it is my victuals and clothes, and I can't eat more than one man's allowance, or wear more than one suit at a time. Pray, can't you do as much?" "Ah! but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own and the rental they bring you?" "What better off am I for that?" replied the rich man. "I can only live in one house at a time; as for the money I receive for rents, why, I can't eat it, or wear it; I can only use it to buy more houses for other people to live in. They are beneficiaries, not I. I can only look at the furniture and pictures, and the poorest man who is not blind can do the same. I can tell you, young man, that the less we desire in this world the happier we shall be. All my wealth cannot buy back youth, cannot purchase exemtion from sickness and pain, cannot procure power to keep afar off the hour of death; and then, what will all avail when, in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it all forever? You have no cause to envy me."

LIQUOR MADE THEM SAVAGES AGAIN

An uprising of the Kanakes on all the islands near New Guinea took place recently. The steamer, "Three Cheers" of Sydney, called at Admiralty Island and New Ireland and found the trading posts in ashes, and the trading schooner burned to the water's edge. On the steamer's approach the natives fled to the hills. The worst fears of the captain were realized. Traces of cannibalism of recent date were found without doubt; all the inhabitants had met with a terrible death, as victims are always tortured before being killed and eaten. Reports say that there were massacres on other islands. It is thought that the natives stole liquor at one of the trading posts and the effect upon them was to convert them into the wild state from which they had recently emerged.

Good Causes Helped.

The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

For the Bethesda Home for Friendless Women.

Prev ack'd	98 50
One whom the Lord has helped	50
Mrs Wm Blakeman	1 00
S Cota	2 00
An old Lady	1 00
H Kern	1 00
Mrs Sam'l Barker	1 00
Mrs H L Benton	1 00
Marietta Roberts	1 00
Jennie Roberts	50
Mrs E G Davis	50
Mrs D L Benton	50
Mrs Lottie Benton	50
Mattie Benton	25
For the love of Christ Pleasantville, Pa	
Total	**$110**

For The Christian He Children's Home.

Prev ack'd	53 50
For the love of Christ Pleasantville, Pa	1 00
Total	**$54.50**

For the Door of Hope.

Prev ack'd	4 00
A friend, Phila	2 00
Mrs E Olsen	5 00
Geo W Lemon	1 00
Total	**$12.00**

For Dr. Faust's Hebrew-Christian Mission.

—, Mignonette, Vt	1 00

For Any Good Cause.

Prev ack'd	4 00
Mrs L Poffenberger	50
Mrs N G Sexton	50
Total	**$5.00**

For Mrs. Jamal's Training School, Jerusalem.

Prev ack'd	15 00
One whom the Lord has helped	50
Mrs Hiram Cobb	50
Mr & Mrs W B Ingalton	1 00
An old Lady	1 00
Mr & Mrs E E Oxley	2 00
—, Kent Co, Mich	2 00
B Newbury	2 00
For the love of Christ Pleasantville, Pa	1 00
Mrs R A Parker	2 00
Mrs T N Borgess	1 00
Geo W Lemon	2 00
Wm H Smith	10 00
F V H, N Leominster	1 00
Mrs A Messer	5 00
G C Kellogg	5 00
Reader, Westerly	5 00
D Thomas	1 00
H Star	3 00
In His Name	50
Friend, Wakefield	1 00
Mr & Mrs J W Godbold	2 00
Friend, Lowell	5 00
Mr and Mrs Geo K Johnson	2 00
Total	**$70.50**

For Foreign Missions.

Prev ack'd	17 00
Dorcas, Phila, Pa, for Africa	5 00
Total	**$22.00**

For The Christian Herald S. S. Missionary.

Prev ack'd	12 75
Old Subr, Ga	10 00
B H, Phila	2 00
J A M P	1 00
Total	**$25.75**

For St. Mark's Place Hebrew-Christian Mission.

—, Mignonette, Vt	1 00

For Rev. Merritt's Mission

Prev ack'd	17 50
S & M F, Providence	1 00
Lila E Usborne	50
Mrs R P, N Y City	1 00
Total	**$20.00**

For Moody Gospel Fund.

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BURNING THEIR IDOLS.

An Encouraging Incident in Missionary Work in China.

WRITING from Nangua, China, Miss Lizzie Fleming, a worker of the Church Missionary Society, relates this remarkable incident:

"Just very lately He has given me the great joy of seeing three families burn their idols. It was at a village called Gong-cueng, about seven miles from Nangua. We first got to know them by one of the wives coming down to our Women's Hospital. She asked us up to see them and stay a little while. Their story is very interesting. They were three brothers from another district, who came looking for work; strong, determined men who seemed to fear nothing. At first they stopped in the idol temple, but as they got richer they built two houses on the temple land, married wives, and took possession of the temple lands and mountains. The Gong-cueng villagers took them to law, but there is so very little justice in this land, it did not do much good. The magistrates said if the villagers would give them $200 for their houses they would have to go; but the villagers were very poor, good-for-nothing people, so could not do it, and they are still there, and as they have now seven sons, strong men like their fathers, the villagers are very much afraid of interfering with them. In China, when the sons marry, they bring home their wives to their father's house, and as they increase, they keep building. In this way large villages are formed. We often meet with large villages, and only one or two surnames in each.

"Some time ago, another sister missionary, a native Bible-woman and I went to the eldest brother's house, and God gave us a great victory; all in the eldest brother's house were converted.

"The other sister had to go back to Nangua, and at the end of the week, I said to the Bible-woman, we would have to go too; if they were not willing to believe in Christ, we must go elsewhere; but, in despair, I threw the whole over on the Lord, and he worked. That night, at prayers (we always had prayer at night, and they listened to us well), we told them we must go, if they would not have the true God, others would, and we must go and tell them. They said nothing, but early next morning the Bible-woman came to tell me in my room that the father was pulling down and putting the idols in a large pot and burning them. The poor wife was almost frightened to death; she kept running to me and asking, would God protect them—would Jesus keep them from evil spirits? I kept by her, and told her Jesus would protect them; he was greater than they, and idols could do her no good. The Bible-woman kept by the father and helped him to burn them all. After that we all knelt down and prayed, and after a little, when the poor old mother saw that nothing dreadful had happened, she was quite happy.

"Now, in place of those idols, they have the Ten Commandments and some texts, and the old father came down to the hospital and was cured of opium. They have prayer three times every day in their home, and they have promised after next year they will build a house on some land they have of their own, and buy more fields. I am praying God to make them give up the temple lands sooner. They say they cannot; but God could provide if they would only trust him.

"The other two families would not put away their idols at that time, they were so much afraid; but a little time ago one of the second brother's sons quarreled with her husband, and poisoned herself.

"They sent for us, saying were willing to worship the true God. The Bible-woman and I went up, but that night not one came to prayers, although I went over for them. I thought it strange; but I just left it with God. I knew they were dreadfully afraid of evil spirits, and afraid to put away their idols. Next day we got hold of the second brother, brought him in, and talked earnestly to him; and he said we must first worship in his house, and in the morning he would burn them. I cast the net and I reckoned on Jesus. Praise God, he won.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT OF PERIL.

Mr. J. H. Stafff a clerk on a touring trip through Ireland, had a remarkable escape from death at Howth. He descended by the grassy slopes which lie some distance downwards from the top of the cliffs, for the purpose of gathering wild flowers. He was thus engaged at a point between the nose of Howth and the Bailey lighthouse, when he accidentally missed his footing and went toppling downwards. When he awoke to consciousness, three hours afterwards (9 p. m.), Mr. Staff found himself resting on a platform about a foot wide lying between two ledges of rock, and on which some stones and herbage had accumulated. The intervening three hours were passed in merciful oblivion. His position was one calculated to make the stoutest heart quail. Above him the cliffs towered to a height of 200 feet, while the waves played 100 feet beneath him. Here he was, suspended between heaven and earth, with only an insecure resting-place intervening between him and almost certain death. He called for assistance, but in vain. As the night wore on he still continued to call at intervals, but still no answer came. Morning at length broke, and with it came rescue. About 7 o'clock two fishermen were engaged in hauling lobster-pots, when the cries from the cliff reached them. They saw the awful position of the man on his perilous perch. They rowed the boat to a point beneath him, and one of them attempted to climb to his assistance, but in vain. They then rowed to Howth for assistance, and ultimately a rescue party of coastguardsmen succeeded in removing the unfortunate man from his perilous position. No sooner had they done so than the platform of rocks came crashing to the foot of the cliff. Many a man, on becoming conscious of his sinful state, has seen the awful gulf of eternal death yawning before him, but God's Lifeboat has come to the rescue, and he has been saved through faith in Christ.

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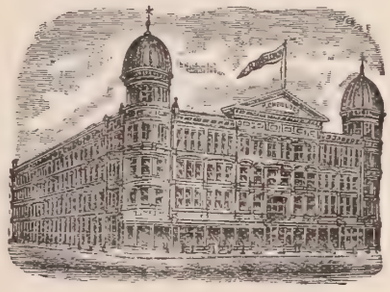

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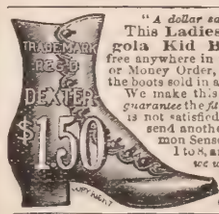

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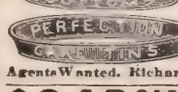

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400 Recitations and Readings. Send us 35 cts. and we will send you a handsome paper covered book containing 400 new recitations. Address J. S. OGILVIE, 357 Pearl St., New York.

Perils in Far Thibet.

Mr. Grenard's Adventures during his Attempt to Explore the "Sealed Country" near Chinese Turkestan.

UP to the present time, despite the efforts of missionaries and explorers, Thibet remains almost a "sealed country" to the civilized world. The "China Mail" lately published an interesting account of the attempt of M. Grenard, a noted French explorer, to penetrate Thibet. His expedition was made under the auspices of the French Government for the purpose of securing geographical, astronomical and other information concerning Thibet. M. de Rhins, a naval officer and scientist, was the leader of the expedition, which began its journey between the Caucasus and Russian Turkestan in the early part of 1891.

In 1893, M. de Rhins and M. Grenard essayed to reach Thibet by the mountains, but they were unsuccessful as the road was too bad to permit of their crossing. The country is quite unknown, without tracks of any kind, barren, and affording not the least food for animals. They went back to Turkestan. When winter had ended in the third year, the explorers went out and succeeded in crossing the mountains by another route. Three months were spent in these mountains, and the party managed to penetrate within three or four days' journey of Lhassa. At this point a Chinese Imperial Commissioner, whose residence was at Lhassa, was encountered, accompanied by two high Thibetan officials and some high Llamas. For about fifty days the travelers remained there, receiving everything necessary for the continuation of the journey to Shening from the Chinese Commissioner and the Llamas.

"As long as we were on Thibetan territory," said M. Grenard, "we were very well received and travelled without difficulty, but when we came among the wild Thibetan tribes between Thibet proper and Shenning we had a very bad reception, generally speaking, especially from the Llamas. When we reached the Upper Yangtze we were attacked by robbers and M. de Rhins was killed on June 5th. We resisted, but our ammunition became exhausted, and as the men with us did not know how to properly use their firearms our efforts were vain. The Thibetans came upon me and the Russian soldier who was with me, and took away my arms and such things as my watch. About fifteen miles distant I found assistance from a llamassarie and by the influence of the chief of the monastery it was arranged that all the stolen baggage should be collected and sealed up, but I learned it could not be restored on the spot. After twenty-five days of vain expostulation, I proceeded to Shening by a road which has never been seen by any European before. It is in the territory of the famous Golos brigands. We succeeded in crossing without meeting any brigands and reached Shening safe and sound in July of last year. In Shening I had a very kind reception from the Chinese authorities, and from the High Commissioner. Subsequently I went down to Lanchow, where I was again very well received by another officer who despatched a body of troops to the scene of M. de Rhins' murder, to arrest the culprits and take them to Peking.

"We travelled through countries quite unknown to even the surrounding natives. We have seen places neither Europeans nor Asiatics have ever been to, and for months have been in regions where not even a track exists. Our escort was twelve men. On the first trip we had two Russians, and on the second trip but one Russian; the other men were Turks. We had horses and camels to carry our baggage. The highest altitude attained by us in the mountains was 20,000 feet above the sea. There is no doubt that the Llamas do all they can to keep the country a sealed book. They themselves remain shut up in their monasteries, and will have nothing to do with strangers."

THE GOSPEL IN JAPAN.

Rev. J. W. Wadman, Missionary at Tokyo, Japan, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as follows:—"Your kind letter of Jan. 11th reached here this morning with a check for $20, in aid of the work among the Japanese under my care. I long to thank you with all my heart and to assure you that it will be assiduously applied for the furtherance of the blessed Gospel among these multitudes who do not know God. The war has created opportunities for the distribution of God's Word among the soldiers. Permission has been given us by headquarters to visit all barracks and garrisons and, with the assistance of the officers in charge, to distribute the Scriptures among the inmates and also to preach to the soldiers. This is a glorious opportunity and much good is being done. Not content with this, we have applied for and obtained permission to send Chaplains to the armies now in China and already two efficients workers have gone. God is in in this good work, and the masses of the people are being stirred. Yesterday nine bright young students of the Higher School came to me and entreated to be taught the Holy Bible twice a week. They belong to the best families and are promising candidates for our work. While I now write a postal card comes to hand from Brother Loomis, Secretary of the Bible Society, which intimates that he distributed 20,000 copies of the Gospel and testaments last week, and sent 5,000 more to be freely distributed in Nagoya and Hiroshima among the soldiers. 'I am now,' so he says, 'on my way to to Sendai and Yokosuka, naval and military stations, to preach in the barracks, visit the sick in the hospitals, and distribute the word of God. Glory be to God!' Oh, pray for us! What responsibilities await us! How urgent the need for Holy Ghost equipment and power!"

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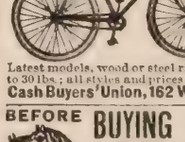

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For Church Ceilings of any shape, old or new. Send for Catalogue B.

H. S. NORTHROP, 40 Rose St., New York.

MAGIC LANTERNS

And STEREOPTICONS, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc. A profitable business for a man with a small capital. Also, Lanterns for Home Amusement. 265 page Catalogue free.

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Samples free from largest Wall Paper concern in U.S.

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BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL for 1895

"The Leading American Seed Catalogue."

A handsome book of 174 pages with many new features for 1895—hundreds of illustrations, pictures painted from nature—it tells all about the BEST SEEDS that grow, including rare novelties that cannot be had elsewhere. Any good planter is welcome to a copy FREE. *Send your address to-day on a postal.*

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Seed Growers, PHILADELPHIA

THE DROUGHT.

Up and down, throughout our land,
We heard the piteous cry
From out the stricken drought-belt sent:
"Oh, help! or we must die."

Two years our crops have failed entire,
Corn or wheat was grown;
The hot wind's scorching breath was felt,
Before our grass was mown.

Day after day we watched for rain
With eager, earnest eyes;
But still the hot winds scorched our land,
And cloudless were the skies.

The weary days passed, one by one
In slow and full of pain;
Not a ray of hope was left,
So late would come the rain.

Our crops were ruined; what have we
To feed our little ones?
The winter's wind is hard to bear
With no fire in our homes.

O brothers, sisters, In His Name
Who hears the raven's cry,
We send you this appeal for aid,
And will you him deny?

For in his Word he says, that e'en
A cup of water given,
In his dear name, to one in need,
Remembered is in heaven.

The story went forth, and soon was heard
From north, south, east and west;
Each wish to organize for work,
And do the very best.

And many homes have been relieved
From hunger and of cold;
And many fainting hearts have found
The loving Saviour's fold.

God bless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and
Its readers far and near;
And in his work may they be found
More earnest every year.

ANNE DOWE

THE CELESTIAL RAILWAY."

Soon after taking my seat in a railway car writes a well-known English pastor, the conductor came in and punched my ticket, marked me with his eye, and passed on. As he was again passing I said: "Conductor, I'm a conductor." "You a conductor?" he interrogated. "Yes, on the Celestial Railway. Have you a through ticket?" "I fear not," he replied. "You better get one, or you will get put off the train before you get into the city." "May I ask you a question?" he continued. "Yes." "Do you ever pray?" "Yes." "Does your wife hear you?" "Yes." "I'll tell you," he said. "I've started recently, but am quiet way. I have'nt joined the church yet, even baptized, and don't think I will be." "Sir," I replied, "that is the order of the General Superintendent of the Celestial Railway, and you can't expect favors on this line unless you obey orders. Have to obey orders or quit the road." "I guess that's so," he said thoughtfully, and added, "but it's a long, hard struggle." "So it seemed to me once," I replied, "but I have learned better. It is a matter of perfect confidence; at that point the struggle ends. It's all up-grade till we get there."

And I was so glad to be able to tell him that I struck down-grade, the struggle was over, and the way bright and beautiful. There was a call for a station, and as he turned to leave, as though new light had come to him, with a smile he said, "I think you're right."

YOUTH'S OPPORTUNITES.

"Let no man despise thy youth," wrote Paul to Timothy. Perhaps some cynic will add were Paul living to-day he had better write, "Let no man despise thy gray hairs." Certain it is that in all departments of thought and activity young men are being brought to the front. This is a glorious era for young men. However, this is not the only age in which young men have achieved great things.

History is not without precedent in this respect. Alexander the Great had conquered the world as known in his day, by the time that he was thirty years of age. Calvin wrote his "Institutes" before he was twenty-seven. Chatterton, the English poet wrote "Elinoure and Iuga" in his fourth year. Bryant composed "Thanatopsis" when only nineteen years of age. Somerfield at twenty-three was one of the first pulpit orators of America. Napoleon at thirty-seven was crowned as emperor of France. Lafayette was intrusted by the Continental Congress with the defense of Virginia when twenty-three. David and Solomon were both called to occupy the throne of Israel while as yet they were young men. Joseph was prime minister of Egypt while still a young man. The Son of God only lived among men for the short space of thirty-three years. The young man of to-day has much to encourage him in the history of the past and the thrilling possibilities for the future. New avenues of usefulness and success are daily opening before him. How terrible to see young men selling their birthright, debasing their powers, and wasting their energies. How fearful to have among us that which enslaves and destroys them.

A NEW TESTAMENT'S TRAVELS.

Many years ago a little girl asked her parents to give her two New Testament as a New Year's gift. "One," she said, is for myself and the other is for the heathen. She was given the two volumes and in one of them she wrote: "A little girl who loves the Lord Jesus wishes with all her heart that whoever reads this should also love and believe on him." This New Testament went to India, and found its way to a station in the interior.

A Hindoo lady obtained it. She could read, but was unable to write; and as she longed to be able to write, her attention was immediately drawn to the inscription on the fly leaf.

The large and distinct characters of the child's handwriting attracted her so much that she tried to imitate them again and again. Gradually the sense of the words made an impression upon her, and the question arose, "May not these words have been written just for me?" She began then earnesely to read the New Testament; her eyes were osened, and she learned to know and love her Saviour.

Years passed. The little girl had meanwhile grown up, and thought no more of the New Testament which she had sent once upon a time to the heathen. But her love for missions had grown up with her, and it was her deepest desire to serve the Lord among the heathen. She was accepted as a missionary, and sent to a rather out of the way station in India. There she entered one day the house of a Hindoo Christian lady. In the course of conversation the Hindoo lady showed her visitor a book, a New Testament, and told how she, a Hindoo heathen, had been by its means brought to Jesus her Saviour.

Imagine the joyful astonishment of the lady missionary when she recognized in the book the same New Testament on whose fly leaf she had many years ago, as a little girl, written those words which had served to show the poor Hindoo lady the way to Jesus.

Together they knelt down, praised God's wonderful ways, and thanked him who had drawn them both to himself.

Last year we commenced an elaborate plan of advertising, but before we were half through, **OUR ADVERTISEMENTS DISAPPEARED.** Why? **Because WE WERE OVERWHELMED WITH BUSINESS.** There was but one thing to do: withdraw the advertising and devote every energy to filling the orders with which we were flooded. This we did, and handled with reasonable promptness a constantly increasing year's business.

WITH ENLARGED FACTORIES, INCREASED FACILITIES, AND TWENTY BRANCH HOUSES FROM WHICH TO DISTRIBUTE OUR GOODS, WE CAN NOW CARE FOR ALL WHO COME. Last year we could not reduce prices because we were compelled in some way to limit the demand for Aermotor goods. We would have been satisfied with lower prices, but why create a demand which we could not supply? We have made the heaviest purchases of steel and material bought in America this year, and at unprecedented prices, and have made terms to dealers which enable them to make unprecedented prices.

In quality, character, variety, finish, and accessibility to full stock of goods and repairs, we are without competitors. In our plan of advertising last year, we proposed to furnish a feed cutter under certain conditions for $15. For reasons stated above we did not complete the advertising, and the feed cutter was not put out. We now propose to make amends in the following manner: We will commence in this paper our **NEW ALL-STEEL VERY SUPERIOR FEED CUTTER, WORTH**

$40 at $10

cash with order, f. o. b. Chicago. Only one to one person, he to furnish addresses of ten neighbors who ought to have something in our line. Cut, description and full information regarding it will appear soon.

We especially desire to caution you against paying excessive prices for windmill outfits. The temptation on the part of the dealer to overcharge is great. $10 added to the legitimate price is $30 clear profit to the dealer. To be sure that you get the proper price and save yourself from being overcharged, write us of your needs and you will be protected. We are, and always have been believers in low prices. Because of the prodigious output of our factories we are enabled to have special tools for each piece, and thus reduce the hand labor on it to merely picking up the material and laying it down again. So small has become the cost of labor put on the material which we sell that it is not worth mentioning. We have become the largest dealers in the material, of course, be- ing made up in the form of steel galvanized-after-com- pletion windmills, towers (tilting and fixed), tanks, pumps, etc. To such an extent has this become true, and to such an extent has the price of our goods (and volume of our business rendered competition impossible), that FOUR LARGE WINDMILL CONCERNS ARE BUYING THEIR TOWERS OF US THIS YEAR. THEY DO IT BECAUSE WE MAKE THE ONLY ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE AND SAFE TOWER; BECAUSE THEY CAN BUY OF US CHEAPER THAN THEY CAN BUILD; AND BECAUSE WE ALONE ARE PREPARED TO GALVANIZE EVERYTHING AFTER IT IS COMPLETED, AND COMPLETE EVERYTHING EXACTLY RIGHT.

These concerns are wise, for, even though they may not furnish the best of wheels, the wheel will have the best of supports. Send to us your name and address, and those of your neighbors who may need something in our line, and thereby do them a good turn. The Aermotor Co. is one of the most successful business enterprises which has been launched in recent times. In succeeding advertisements will be discussed and made clear the lines on which that success has been worked out. It was done by a farmer's boy. A careful following of these advertisements may suggest to some other farmer's boy a career.

Aermotor Co., 12th, Rockwell & Fillmore Sts., Chicago.

$3 A DAY STEADY WORK. Your own town. Outfit free. Lady or Gentlemen. Enclose stamp. E. H. BALDWIN & CO., 37 Park Pl., Detroit, Mich.

YOU WOULD BUY A SET

Of these SOUVENIR SPOONS, but you think there must be some catch on account of the small sum asked for them. It is a genuine offer and we do this to dispose of them quickly.

Remember we Refund your Money
IF YOU FIND THEY ARE NOT AS REPRESENTED.

ORDER TO-DAY. SEND IN YOUR ORDER FOR A SET OR MORE AT ONCE AS THOUSANDS WILL AVAIL THEMSELVES OF THIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

'FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.'

GENUINE BARGAIN

ONLY 99c FORMERLY SOLD FOR $9

FOR ALL SIX

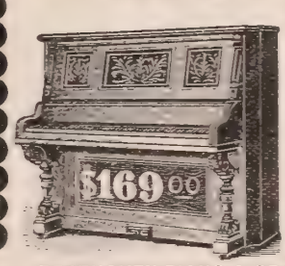
HOW ARE WE ABLE TO DO IT?

These Spoons were made up especially for the World's Fair trade, by ONE OF THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD, and were left on their hands. In order to dispose of them Quickly, we make this unheard of offer. **SIX SOUVENIR SPOONS**, after dinner coffee size, **HEAVY COIN SILVER PLATED**, with **GOLD PLATED BOWLS**, each spoon representing a different building of the **World's Fair**. The handles are finely chased, showing head of **Columbus**, and dates **1492-1893** and wording **"World's Fair City."** They are genuine **works of art**, making one of the finest souvenir collections ever produced. **Sold during the Fair for $9.00**; we now offer the balance of the stock at **ONLY 99 CENTS.** Sent in elegant plush lined case, properly packed, prepaid to any address. Send Chicago or New York Exchange. Individual checks not accepted, Postal Note or currency. Money cheerfully refended if goods are not as represented.

LEONARD MFG. CO., DEPT. A 5, 20 ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

P. S.—YOU KNOW THIS ADVERTISEMENT WOULD NOT BE ACCEPTED BY THE EDITOR OF THIS PAPER IF IT WAS NOT GENUINE.

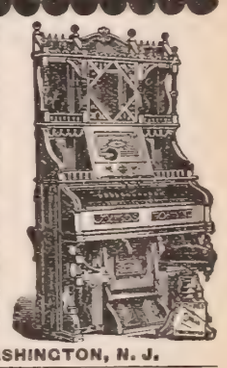
FREE!



Our 24-page catalogue of Organs, also our new and elegant catalogue of Pianos, containing 16 pp. We have the largest manufactory in the world, from which we sell direct to the consumer at wholesale prices thus saving the profits of the dealer and the commissions of the agents. We furnish a first-class Organ, warranted 25 years, with stool and book, for only **$25.00**

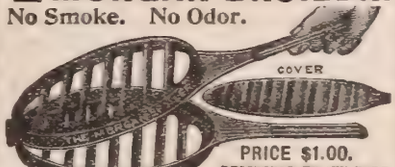
No money required until instrument has been thoroughly tested in your own house. Sold on instalments. Easy payment.

We positively *guarantee* every Organ and Piano *25 years*. Send for catalogue at once if you want to obtain the greatest bargain on earth. Write *name and address plainly*, and we will send by mail same day letter is received. As an advertisement, we will sell the first Piano of our make in a Stool, book place for only **$169** and cover free. Regular price, $350.



BEETHOVEN PIANO & ORGAN CO., P. O. Box 741 WASHINGTON, N. J.

THE MORGAN BROILER.
No Smoke. No Odor.



PRICE $1.00.
DELIVERED TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES.

Broils Steaks, Chops, Oysters, Fish, etc. and toasts to perfection. Adapted to any kind of Stove. Lasts a lifetime. You will enjoy your meals better. *Endorsed by leading cooks.* To introduce we will ship subject to approval on receipt of 25c. If you like it pay the express company balance, 75c., which includes the express charges, and keep the broiler. We are a perfectly responsible concern and well known to the editor of this paper.

MORGAN MAN'F'G CO.,
1614 Bovee Bldg. 112 Dearborn St., CHICAGO

$1.00 One Dollar

CUT THIS AD OUT and send us with $1.00 and we will send you this regular $100 Bicycle by express C.O.D. subject to examination; examine it at the express office and if found perfectly satisfactory and as represented A REGULAR $100.00 WHEEL pay the expressagent $4.50 and express charges, lamps and sent with order 3 PER CENT DISCOUNT if cash in full accompanies your order when $47.50 pays for wheel. DESCRIPTION: HIGH GRADE, LATEST 1895 MODEL 28-inch wheels, MORGAN & WRIGHT pneumatic tire, full ball bearing, very latest and best of everything, weight 28 pounds, gear 64 inches. ONE YEAR BINDING GUARANTEE WITH EVERY WHEEL. We have a lifetime 10 YEAR 5000 MILES PROTECTIVE AGENCY SENT $5.00 WITH ORDER. WE SELL BICYCLES from $18.95 to $50.00. Send for our big 454 page Catalogue of everything the consumer uses. Address SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHEAPEST SUPPLY HOUSE ON EARTH. 172-176 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ills

NOT ONLY RELIEF comes from **The Egan BUT CURE** wearing **Truss.**

A painless and permanent remedy for all cases of **RUPTURE.** Spiral Spring means an unvarying pressure. Always comfortable. Fully guaranteed. Thousands of testimonials from people who have worn it in the last ten years. Endorsed by physicians. Used by the government for pensioners. Partic'lars free. Address

The Egan Truss Co., 27 Huron St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

MADE TO FIT YOU.

$10 SUIT OR OVERCOAT

Imported cloths—Suits and Overcoats from $10 to $20—the style and material you select. We are direct importers—guarantee perfect fit, superior workmanship and finest trimmings. We pay express charges to any part of the United States. Goods sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination. Write for free catalogue, samples and measuring instructions.

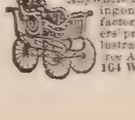
THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO.,
262 and 264 State St., Dept. 38 Chicago, Ill.

CARD PRINTER FREE

Sets any name in one minute; prints 500 cards an hour. YOU can make money with it. A fascinating pretty type, also Indelible Ink Type Holder, Pads and Tweezers. Best Linen Marker worth $1.00. Sample mailed FREE for 10c. stamps for postage on outfit and large catalogue of 1000 Bargains.

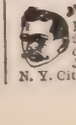
E. H. Ingersoll & Bro. 65 Cortlandt St. N.Y. City

BABY CARRIAGES Shipped C.O.D



Any where to anyone at Wholesale Prices without asking one cent in advance. We pay freight. Buy from factory. Save dealer's profits. Large cat. $12.00 Carriage for $9.25. " " $5.95. Illustrated catalogue $5.00 " " $2.85. Address CASH BUYERS' UNION, 164 West Van Buren Street, B 185, Chicago, Ill.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP



For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion, the result of 20 years experience treating the skin. A book on dermatology with every cake. Druggists sell it. John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 127 W. 42d St., N. Y. City. Send 10c. for sample soap and 150 page book.

Japan Seeking the Light.

She Consents that the Gospel of Christ be Preached to her Soldiers and Sailors—A Glorious Concession by a once Heathen Nation.

FROM Rev. H. Loomis, a missionary of Yokohama, and an occasional correspondent of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we have received the following most interesting letter, explanatory of the recent concession by Japan to the Christian missionaries and teachers, permitting them to labor among the soldiers and sailors of the island empire.

"On arriving at Hiroshima it was evident that an attempt ought to be made at once to supply with the Scriptures, the thousands of soldiers who were quartered in the garrison and other parts of the city, many of whom must be reached soon, if ever, with the Gospel. And so, on Sunday, finding great numbers walking about the streets I took a basket filled with copies of one of the Gospels and rode about giving them to all the soldiers whom I met. With but few exceptions they were received with evident pleasure and interest. Many expressed sincere thanks and some of them

Told me they were Christians.

In this way more than a thousand portions were distributed. The work was continued in the same way for three days, and the result was, that with some help from others more than four thousand portions of the Bible were thus placed in the hands of the soldiers at a most opportune time to secure their interest and do them good. It was especially fortunate that the work was begun on the Sabbath as on Monday night several thousand left for the seat of war. The most remarkable event of the trip was the result of a visit to a man who is one of the Assistant Secretaries to the Cabinet and an earnest Christian. On hearing of the work already done he expressed his hearty approval and volunteered to send to the men and officers in the navy whatever donations of the Scriptures might be made. He promised to forward them by one of the supply vessels to a Christian officer

On Board the Flag Ship

and this officer would distribute them to all the ships in the fleet. We have sent two thousand Gospels and fifty New Testaments to be distributed in this way.

"Upon application, permission was given me to visit the hospitals at Nagoya, Osaka, and Hiroshima, where the sick and wounded Chinese are kept. Copies of the Chinese Scriptures were supplied to such as could read, and they were received with evident pleasure. I have since been to the Red Cross Hospital at Tokyo where there were about thirty Chinese. At my request Dr. McCartee accompanied me; and as he had spent some thirty years in China, he was able to converse with many of them in their own language. Opportunity was given to explain the object of our visit, and also tell them something about Christianity. The men listened with the deepest interest, and received with expressions of gratitude the books that were given. Three of the number were Mohammedans, but they were apparently quite as

Glad to Get a Copy

of one of the Gospels as any of the rest. In all cases the same care and attention is given to these prisoners as is bestowed upon their own people. I was told by the chief surgeon at the military hospital that artificial limbs are to be supplied by the Empress to both the Chinese and Japanese soldiers alike.

"I have since visited the Buddhist Temple in Tokyo in which there are 179 Chinese prisoners who are not sick or wounded. We were permitted to give them copies of the Scriptures, and Dr. McCartee talked to them in the same way as at the hospital. At first the men were somewhat indifferent, but as they came to understand just what we were doing they were most eager to receive the books.

"Having found the Vice Commander of the Tokyo Division very friendly to my work among the prisoners I ventured to ask if permission could be obtained to distribute Scriptures among the Japanese soldiers also. He answered very promptly, 'I have the authority, and willingly grant such permission among these who belong to this Division.' Then he proposed as there were 1,000 wounded and sick men in the hospitals, who had nothing to occupy their minds that they should be supplied first. Some two or three days later I called upon the same man again and obtained information as to the location of the soldiers in this department and the number of men in each place. On visiting the different quarters I found that I was expected and there was everywhere

A Pleasant and Cordial Reception.

At one of the barracks the men were arranged in a semicircle and I was invited to address them before the distribution took place.

"When I asked for the same privileges among the soldiers of the Imperial Guard I was informed that it would not only be given but that Commander-in-chief, Prince Komatsu (who is a cousin of the Emperor and head of the army), had designated an hour when he would receive me at the palace. I was met by Col. Sameshima, Chief of Staff, and presented to the Prince. He received me kindly and expressed approval and thanks for the work the Bible Societies are doing. Finding so much favor I then went to the War Department and requested from Gen. Kodama, the Vice Minister of War, a permit to

Visit All the Garrisons in Japan

and supply the men with copies of the Gospels. This was at once granted. Letters have been furnished to the commanding officers of each division instructing them to give me such assistance as I should require. I have also been provided with such a list of the location of the soldiers, and the numbers in each place, as will enable me to do the work readily and efficiently,

"Four chaplains have been selected and (under official sanction), will be sent to China to teach Christianity to the soldiers. Some of the officers have been making investigations into the character and conduct of the Christians, and the result has been so favorable that it is decided that the teaching of Christianity should be encouraged. On the 23d inst. a regiment of 1,200 men at Nagoya was drawn up in line, and after an address about the Bible and Christianity, each of the men was supplied with a copy of one of the Gospels. Arrangements have been made to supply a second regiment of 1,400 men on the coming Sabbath in the same way.

"The War Department has intimated that there is no objection on the part of the Government to Christian teaching; and it is simply left to the local commanders to decide whether it may be done or not. Thus far

About 30,000 Gospels and Testaments

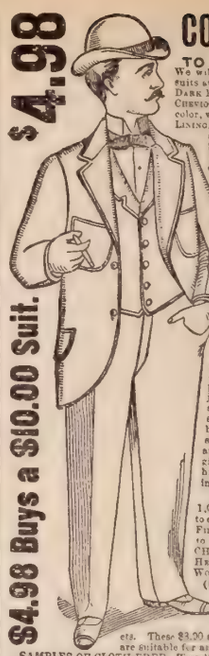
have been distributed. On the 1st of February 20,000 more are to be completed for the supply of the Imperial Guard. 40,000 more are to be ready by the 10th of February; and in the course of about a month more we hope to be able to place a copy of some portion of the Scriptures in the hands of every sailor and soldier in Japan, and a considerable portion of those now in China. From this time on hundreds and thousands of the young men of Japan will no longer be restrained from the study of God's Word by military or other restrictions, and permission will be to them the evidence that the religion of Jesus Christ is approved by the highest authorities in the land."

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

IN a far away land on a stone it is written,
Chiseled in characters fair to the sight,
In the place where he labored, loved and was smitten,
"The way of the Cross is the way of light."

Beautiful words! forever out-sending
The story of Christ and his wonderful might,
Telling of love to the lowest and bending,
"The way of the Cross is the way of light."

Beautiful truth, on my life be thy shining!
Sun of my day and star of my night;
So shall I walk unmoved, unrepining,
"The way of the Cross is the way of light."

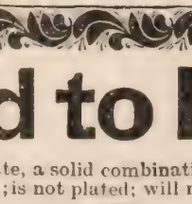

$4.98 Buys a $10.00 Suit.
COSTS NOTHI
TO SEE AND EXAMI
OUR OFFER
ANOTHER OFFE
SAMPLES OF CLOTH FREE.
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Cheapest Supply on Earth. 178 & 175 W. ADAMS ST., CHICAGO, IL

$100 CYCLE FOR $5
Sent Anywhere for Examinatio
ON RECEIPT OF $1.

1 Wheel $50, 10 Wheels $500
100 for $5,000, etc.
F. S. WATERS & CO., 155 W. WASHINGTON ST., CHIC
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH-GRADE WHEE

METAL WHEELS for your WAGONS.

Any size you want, 20 to 66 in high. Tires 1 to 8 in. wide—hubs to fit any axle. Saves Cost many times in a season to have set of low wheels to fit your wagon for hauling grain, fodder, manure, hogs, &c. No resetting of tires. Cat'g free. Address
EMPIRE MFG. CO., Quincy, Ill.

NO MORE DULL SHEARS!
WRITE US.

The DIAMOND SHEARS and SCISSORS SHARPENER. For Barbers, Tailors, Dressmakers and every woman in the land. Warranted to sharpen any size Shears or Scissors in 10 seconds. Leaves a keen and lasting edge. Beautifully nickeled. Sample by mail, 25 cents.
Agents Wanted.
DIAMOND CUTLERY CO., Department 6, 60 B'way, N. Y. City.

FREE
As a sample of our 1000 BARGAINS we will send FREE this elegant Fountain Pen, warranted a perfect writer, and Immense Illus. Bargain Catalogue, for 10c. to cover postage, etc.
R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 65 CORTLANDT ST., N. Y. CITY.

Stem Wind, Stem Set, LADIES OR GENTS SIZE
FREE A fine 14k gold filled watch to reader of this paper.
Cut this out and send it to us and we will take steps at once to have you will send you one of these richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination. If you think it is equal in appearance to any $25.00 gold watch you can pay our price, $2.75, and if it does not prove with the watch our guarantee for one year if not satisfactory in every way you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory you sell or cause the sale of 4 watches we will give you One Free. Write us at once, as we shall send out the watches for 60 days only. Address
THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago

RUPTURE CURE
WITH our Improved Elastic Truss. Worn night and day. Retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain. Examination Free. Lady in attendance for ladies. Send for pamphlet.
IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 822 & 824 Broadway, Cor. 12th St., New York

Can You Afford to Miss This?
SOLID SILVER Equaled at one-sixth the cost by Silverette, a solid combination of metals, so named because it is nearly identical in appearance with silver. It cannot tarnish; is not plated; will not change or wear off. Looks like solid silver and wears longer. To introduce these goods into every household we will send you prepaid a HANDSOME SUGAR SHELL or a BUTTER KNIFE, and our Catalogue of other goods, on receipt of 25c. POSITIVELY ONLY ONE OF EACH WILL BE SENT TO THE SAME ADDRESS.

YOUR CHOICE 25 cents.
The Butter Knife has the latest twist handle, cimeter blade, tipped pattern. The Sugar Shell has fluted bowl of the latest pattern; is an ornament to any table no matter how fine. Will last a life-time. You will be delighted because you are getting a bargain and something you will be pleased with and worth six times the price you pay for it.
We refer you to any Commercial Agency, Express Company or to the First National Bank of Chicago. Do not neglect this offer.
WRITE TO-DAY.
20 ADAMS STREET. A. C. LEONARD MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

FINISHING THY WORK.

FINISH thy work; the time is short;
The sun is in the West:
The night is coming down—till then
Think not of rest.

Finish thy work; then wipe thy brow;
Ungird thee from thy toil;
Take breath, and from each weary limb
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work; then go in peace;
Life's battle fought and won,
Hear from the throne the Master's voice:
"Well done! Well done!"

Finish thy work; then take thy harp,
Give praise to God above;
Sing a new song of mighty joy
And endless love

Give thanks to him who holds thee up
In all thy paths below;
Who made thee faithful unto death,
And crowns thee now.

—W. H. ROBERT.

HUDSON TAYLOR IN CHINA.

spite of the disturbed condition of the Chinese Empire, Rev J Hudson Taylor is continuing his work there and is personally superintending the operations of the China Inland Mission To an English publication he has sent the following letter:

fter the war commenced I took a second journey in Northern China. It was quite uncertain when I left Tien-tsin to go inland, whether it would be possible to return to that port. The journey, however, was safely accomplished, and I reached Shanghai early in December, after an absence of ten weeks.

was thankful to find in all the stations visited that the war had given rise to no unfriendly feelings, and that there was good evidence that the government was taking steps to protect and promote the kindly feelings towards the missionaries. I was greatly cheered by the progress of the Gospel in several stations which I had not visited before, especially in those opened by Mr Studd and Mr Stanley Smith.

Your readers will have heard of the presentation of a beautiful copy of the New Testament to the Empress Dowager on her sixtieth birthday. This so interested the Emperor that he sent to the depot to purchase a copy, and also the Old Testament. The copy sent proved to be defective, and was returned for a more perfect one, showing that the Emperor had at least taken the interest in it of turning over the leaves and examining the book. That the Word of God should come into the hands of these royal personages at this time is a very significant fact, and should lead to much prayer at in their trouble they may be led to look to the living God for help.

eel there should also be much prayer that the dynasty may be upheld. It is undoubtedly that our missionaries have been protected, and able to live in peace in nearly every province of the empire. The overthrow of the dynasty would, moreover, lead to deplorable results, and it is a question whether any new dynasty could govern China better; for if many of the present officials are corrupt, their removal might make room for worse, and a revolution could not be effected without results fearful to contemplate. Some of us have been led up to pray more than ever that God would bless the reigning family, and guide the councils of the nation so that peace may soon be restored.

Within the last few days intelligence has reached us of the landing of a number of Japanese troops at Ninghai, one of our stations, about fifteen miles from Chegro. Mr Omalin, who in Mr. Judd's absences has been superintending the work of this station, is at present in Shanghai, having come here at my request for conference on some matters of business. So far we have only telegraphic tidings, as being winter, communication with the North is largely suspended. We are praying for the native Christians, as also for those in Manchuria, who are known to have suffered much through the war. They are more exposed at this time than the foreign missionaries, whom it is the interest of all to safeguard.

Whatever may come, the Lord reigns, and all power is given unto Him. Engaged in His work, remaining in posts of duty at His command, we have his sure promise, "I will never leave you." So that we may boldly say, "The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

am thankful that reinforcements have been coming out as usual, and that both the training-homes, for men and women, remain an undisturbed part of the country, far from the seat of war. The need of additional workers is still very great.

CHRISTIAN PROGRESS IN INDIA.

Fifty years ago the number of native Christians did not exceed eighty thousand; there are now about six hundred and twenty thousand—an increase of nearly eightfold. But the work done is not to be measured merely by the number of converts. Hindu public opinion is being Christianized. The Eastern Aryans are beginning to claim the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man as doctrines of their own. Dewan Ragunatha Rau has shown to his own satisfaction that a good part of the shorter Catechism, so highly valued in Scotland, is contained in the sacred books of the Hindus written many centuries in advance of its compilation. Public worship was unknown among the Hindus until introduced by Ram Mohun Roy, who borrowed it from Christian missionaries. The latest movement of this kind has been the establishment of a Hindu Young Men's Association.

ONE LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER.

Child-faith in the prevailing power of Christian prayer was never more beautifully illustrated than in an incident which occurred at a religious meeting in London not long ago. A timid little girl in the audience wanted to be prayed for; she wished to come to Jesus, but was exceedingly diffident, and so she said to the gentleman conducting the meeting: "Will you pray for me in the meeting, please—but do not mention my name." In the meeting which followed, when every head was bowed, and there was silence, the gentleman prayed for the little girl who wanted to come to Jesus, and he said: "O Lord, there is a little girl who does not want her name to be known, but thou dost know her; save her precious soul!" There was a perfect silence, and away in the back of the meeting a little girl arose, and in a little voice said: "Please, it's me, Jesus; it's me!" She did not want to have a doubt. She meant it. She wanted to be saved, and she was not ashamed to rise in that meeting, little girl that she was, and say, "Jesus, it's me!" When the audience heard her simple, yet sufficient, acknowledgment, there was hardly a dry eye in the hall. It was an incident that touched the heart.

THE RUSSIAN STUNDISTS.

At a recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, Dr. Baedeker described his missionary tour in Russia, from which he has just returned. Speaking of the Stundists generally, Dr. Baedeker said they were not one sect but were of various sects. Some are Baptists; others hold the same views as the Friends; all are loyal subjects of the Emperor, and only desire to be allowed to obey the Word of God. Formerly many of them were formally tried and judged before being banished; now they are often sent away without any preliminary examination. If the Emperor could only be moved to examine personally the state of affairs, a change for the better would be hoped for, but with the numberless claims on his time and attention it may be a long time before he gives the matter any consideration. Dr. Baedeker asked that very earnest and continuous prayer should be made on behalf of these persecuted and worthy people. If anything can be done by way of interposing on their behalf it ought to be done quickly.

A SWEET DISPOSITION.

"If you wish to do honor to your piety," says Fenelon, "you should render it sweet and simple, affable and social." It is certain that a sociable, open-hearted, unpretentious, and sweet-spirited religion is most to be desired in these days of show and glitter, pretense, and pride emptiness and formality, hatred and bitterness. This cold, wicked world needs melting down.

THE RICHEST OFFERING.

IT is not the deed we do
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love, that the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with lowly care
In the heart of the deed so fair.

The love is the priceless thing,
The treasure our coffers must hold,
Or ever the Lord will take the gift,
Or tell the worth of the gold
By the love that cannot be told.

Behold us, the rich and the poor,
Dear Lord, in Thy service draw near.
One consecrateth a precious coin,
One droppeth only a tear:
Look, Master, the love is here!

—CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI.

"THE RIVER OF JOSEPH."

There are bits of Egyptian scenery not far from Cairo which are unknown to the tourist. He crosses, on his way up the Nile, the intake of a large canal, the Bahr Jesuf. He seldom realizes that the water course, partly artificial and partly natural, bears the name of the Patriarch Joseph, and is ascribed, by tradition at least as old as the tenth century, to the son of Jacob. It is an interesting attempt to trace, even in imagination, the direction of this stream. Passing between the fertility which produces and the desert of unconquerable sterility, it traverses the Libyan Hills, and yields up its waters to innumerable canals in the semi-oasis of the Fayoum.

Some miles distant, in the desert, stands a lonely temple whose antiquity is unknown, but which some archæologists believe to be as old as the Sphinx, and older, therefore, than the Premiership of Joseph. It is 300 feet above the lake. It was first mentioned by Mr. Cope Whitehouse in 1882, and is of special interest, because it seems to prove that the Birket el-Qerun, now covering about eighty square miles, filled, at the time of Herddotus, the whole of this vast depression; so that the temple stood at the water's edge.

This was the theory of Mr. Cope Whitehouse, which led him also to examine the desert to the south, where he discovered the Raiyan depression, which, may be converted into a vast reservoir, covering two hundred and fifty miles, to replenish the canals of Egypt at the season of low Nile.

COME, LORD JESUS.

LORD, our longing hearts grow weary,
Waiting for our soul's loved choice;
Every hour seems sad and dreary,
Till we hear Thy welcome voice:
Come, Lord Jesus!
Come and bid our hearts rejoice.

Thou hast promised Thou wouldst take us
To Thy everlasting home:
Greater still, that Thou wouldst make us
Sit with Thee upon Thy throne.
Come, Lord Jesus!
Come and claim us as Thine own.

Blessed Lord, behold Thy promise,
See, we hang upon Thy word;
Thou has spoken, 'I come quickly;'
Thou has spoken, we have heard.
Come, Lord Jesus!
Come, our own, our faithful Lord."

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Springs 1 and 2.—For Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout, Rheumatism, Nervous Prostration, &c.

Dr. William A. Hammond, *of Washington, D. C., Surgeon-General U. S. Army (retired), Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the University of New York, etc., referring to Spring No. 2:*

"I have for some time made use of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER in cases of affections of the Nervous System, complicated with **Bright's Disease of the Kidneys** or with a **Gouty Diathesis.** The results have been eminently satisfactory. Lithia has for many years been a favorite with me in like cases, but the **Buffalo Water certainly acts better than any extemporaneous solution of the Lithia Salts,** and is, moreover, better borne by the stomach."

Dr. John H. Tucker, *of Henderson, N. C., President of the Medical Society of North Carolina, Member of the American Medical Association, referring to Spring No. 1, says:*

"I have obtained BUFFALO LITHIA WATER in **Gout, Rheumatism,** excellent results from **Uric Acid Diathesis,** especially for pale, feeble, and anæmic subjects—indeed for patients of this class, my experience teaches, that the **Water of Spring No. 1** is more efficient than that of No. 2, and for such conditions I have no hesitancy in saying that it is a remedy of great potency."

Wm. O. Baskerville, M. D., *Oxford, N. C., referring to Spring No. 1, writes:*

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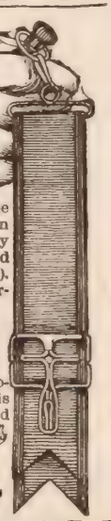

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1895. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

The Gospel to the "Outsiders."

The Object of Dr. Talmage's New Metropolitan Pulpit—He breaks the Bread of Life to over 50,000 Hungry Souls since the Beginning of the Present Year—A Free Pastorate, Free Seats, and a Free and Full Salvation offered to All.

N every large city in the United States, there is a non-church-going element of considerable proportions. Especially is this true of New York, in whose cosmopolitan sea the tides of many races and nationalities mingle, and which, in addition to its own proper population of nearly two millions, has at all seasons of the year a large floating population, brought hither by pleasure or business or from other causes, who make the metropolis a place of temporary sojourn. This great body of transients may be naturally classed as an addition to the rank of the non-church-goers.

To estimate with any degree of accuracy the numerical strength of that part of New York's population, resident and transient, who acknowledge allegiance to no recognized religious organization, would be a difficult matter; but a careful census would show it to number far up into the hundreds of thousands, if indeed it does not represent an absolute majority of the whole. It is this element, also, which comprises all sorts and conditions of "men" and women, although in the sense that it represents every shade of religious belief, as well as every grade in social life and intellectual culture, from the ignorant to the æsthetic, and from the tenement dweller to the millionaire. Just what has kept very many of them from uniting in church fellowship and sharing the privileges of Gospel teachings with others, need not here be discussed; it is sufficient to know, beyond all peradventure, that such a condition really exists, and that in the metropolis of our nation—with all its Christian philanthropies and the zeal of its churchmen—there is an unnumbered host of souls who, by their own choice or by force of circumstances, are practically inaccessible to the Gospel teachings of the regular churches.

It is now many months since the importance of reaching this element with the Gospel invitation became deeply impressed upon the mind of Dr. Talmage. Friends with whom he discussed the matter strongly urged him to follow his convictions and undertake the task of carrying to this great body of outsiders the message of free salvation. Yielding to repeated solicitations, he set aside all other engagements and resolved to devote his efforts thenceforward to this singular ministry. Through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Academy of Music, in Fourteenth Street, New York, was secured, and on the first Sabbath afternoon of the present year, was held the first of a most remarkable series of Divine Services, which have gone on uninterruptedly ever since. Vast multitudes, far beyond the capacity of any public hall in New York to accommodate, assembled every Sunday, blocking the sidewalk of Fourteenth Street and Irving Place, although it was patent to everybody that not half the number could hope to gain admission. Every seat in the great triple-galleried building, the auditorium, the boxes, and even the aisles and corridors, were packed with eager and attentive audiences. Five thousand within and thousands more without, every Sunday, demonstrated the intense interest of the non-church-goers and their warm approval of the spiritual effort in their behalf. No sooner are the doors of the Academy opened at 3:30 P.M., than the great building is filled to overflowing. Although all doors are then closed, the outside crowds continue to increase, and this goes on week after week. On no single Sunday has it been possible to keep the doors open till 4 o'clock, the hour at which the services are announced to begin.

And so, Sunday after Sunday, they have flocked thither, and listened attentively to the Word, drinking in eagerly the truths that fall from the lips of a preacher whose ministry finds its chief strength and potency in the fact that he believes, above all else, in the presentation of those grand old Gospel truths that come with healing and with blessing to the hearts of sinful men. Indeed, the sole attraction in these services is the plain, old-fashioned, simple Gospel; for there is neither band nor choir, nor organ, nor any other theatric or meretricious accessory employed. The congregational singing of the sweet, old-fashioned Gospel Hymns is led by Prof. H. EvreBrowne (formerly organist of Dr. Talmage's church in Brooklyn) upon the piano, and Prof. Alion the cornet, and these are drowned in the swelling volume of sound that comes from thousands of throats—a volume of praise that can be heard far beyond the Academy walls, and which is frequently taken up and prolonged by the crowds outside.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK CITY,
In which Rev. Dr. Talmage is Conducting regular Sunday Services.

Up to the present time, Rev. Dr. Talmage

Continued on page 215.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached last Sunday in the Academy of Music, N.Y.

Text: Gen. 6: 8: *"Thou shalt come into the ark, thou and thy sons and thy wife and thy sons' wives with thee."*

IN this day of the steamships "Lucania, and "Majestic," and the "Paris," I will show you a ship that in some respects eclipsed them all, and which sailed out, an ocean underneath, and another ocean falling upon it. Infidel scientists ask us to believe that in the formation of the earth there have been a half-dozen deluges, and yet they are not willing to believe the Bible story of one deluge.

In what way the catastrophe came, we know not: whether by the stroke of a comet, or by flashes of lightning, changing the air into water, or by a stroke of the hand of God, like the stroke of the axe between the horns of the ox, the earth staggered. To meet the catastrophe, God ordered a great ship built. It was to be without prow, for it was to sail to no shore. It was to be without helm, for no human hand should guide it. It was a vast structure, probably as large as two or three modern steamers. It was the "Great Eastern" of olden time.

The ship is done. The door is open. The lizards crawl in. The cattle walk in. The grasshoppers hop in. The birds fly in. The invitation goes forth to Noah: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Just one human family embark on the strange voyage, and I hear the door slam shut. A great storm sweeps along the hills, and bends the cedars until all the branches snap in the gale. There is a moan in the wind like unto the moan of a dying world. The blackness of the heavens is shattered by the flare of the lightnings, that look down into the waters, and throw a ghastliness on the face of the mountains. How strange it looks! How suffocating the air seems! The big drops of rain begin to plash upon the upturned faces of those who are watching the tempest. Crash! go the rocks in convulsion. Boom! go the bursting heavens. The inhabitants of the earth, instead of flying to house-top and mountain-top, as men have fancied, sit down in dumb, white horror to die. For when God grinds mountains to pieces, and lets the ocean slip its cable, there is no place for men to fly to. See the ark pitch and tumble in the surf; while from its windows the passengers look out upon the shipwreck of a race, and the carcasses of a dead world. Woe to the mountains! Woe to the sea!

I am no alarmist. When, on the twentieth of September, after the wind has for three days been blowing from the northeast, you prophesy that the equinoctial storm is coming, you simply state a fact not to be disputed. Neither am I an alarmist when I say that a storm is coming, compared with which Noah's deluge was but an April shower; and that it is wisest and safest for you and for me to get safely housed for eternity. The invitation that went forth to Noah sounds in our ears: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

Well, how did Noah and his family come into the ark? Did they climb in at the window, or come down the roof? No; they went through the door. And just so, if you get into the ark of God's mercy, it will be through Christ the door. The entrance to the ark of old must have been a very large entrance. We know that it was, from the fact that there were monster animals in the earlier ages; and, in order to get them into the ark, two and two, according to the Bible statement, the door must have been very wide and very high. So the door into the mercy of God is a large door. We go in, not two and two, but by hundreds, by thousands, by millions. Yea, all the nations of the earth may go in, ten millions abreast.

The door of the ancient ark was in the side. So now it is through the side of Christ—the pierced side, the wide-open side, the heart side—that we enter. Aha! the Roman soldier, thrusting his spear into the Saviour's side, expected only to let the blood out, but he opened the way to let all the world in. Oh what a broad Gospel to preach! If a man is about to give an entertainment, he issues two or three hundred invitations, carefully put up and directed to the particular persons whom he wishes to entertain. But God our Father makes a banquet, and goes out to the front door of heaven, and stretches out his hands over land and sea, and, with a voice that penetrates the Hindoo jungle, and the Greenland ice-castle, and Brazilian grove, and English factory, and American home, cries out, "Come! for all things are now ready!" It is a wide door! The old Cross has been taken apart, and its two pieces are stood up for the door-posts, so far apart that all the world can come in. Kings scatter treasures on days of great rejoicing. So Christ, our King, comes and scatters the jewels of heaven. Rowland Hill said that he hoped to get into heaven through the crevices of the door. But he was not obliged thus to go in. After having preached the Gospel in Surrey Chapel, going up toward heaven, the gate-keeper cried, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let this man come in!" The dying thief went in. Richard Baxter and Robert Newton went it. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America may yet go through this wide door without crowding. Ho! every one—all conditions, all ranks, all people! Luther said that this truth was worth carrying on one's knees from Rome to Jerusalem; but I think it worth carrying all around the globe, and all around the heavens, that "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Whosoever will, let him come through the large door. Archimedes wanted a fulcrum on which to place his lever, and then he said that he could move the world. Calvary is the fulcrum, and the Cross of Christ is the lever; and by that power all nations shall yet be lifted.

Further: It is a door that swings both ways. I do not know whether the door of the ancient ark was lifted, or rolled on hinges; but this door of Christ opens both ways. It swings out toward all our woes; it swings in toward the raptures of heaven. It swings in to let us in; it swings out to let our ministering ones come out. All are one in Christ—Christians on earth and saints in heaven.

> One army of the Living God
> At his command we bow:
> Part of the host have crossed the flood,
> And part are crossing now.

Swing in, O blessed door! until all the earth shall go in and live. Swing out until all the heavens come forth to celebrate the victory.

But, further, it is a door with fastenings. The Bible says of Noah, "The Lord shut him in." A vessel without bulwarks or doors would not be a safe vessel to go in. When Noah and his family heard the fastening of the door of the ark, they were very glad. Unless those doors were fastened, the first heavy surge of the sea would have whelmed them; and they might as well have perished outside the ark as inside the ark. "The Lord shut him in." Oh, the perfect safety of the ark! The surf of the sea and the lightnings of the sky may be twisted into a garland of snow and fire—deep to deep, storm to storm, darkness to darkness; but once in the ark, all is well. "God shut him in."

There comes upon the good man a deluge of financial trouble. He had his thousands to lend; now he cannot borrow a dollar. He once owned a store in New York, and had branch houses in Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans. He owned four horses, and employed a man to keep the dust off his coach, phaeton, carriage and curricle: now he has hard work to get shoes in which to walk. The great deep of commercial disaster was broken up, and fore-and-aft, and across the hurricane-deck, the waves struck him. But he was safely sheltered from the storm. "The Lord shut him in!" A flood of domestic troubles fell on him." Sickness and bereavement came. The rain pelted, the winds blew. The heavens are aflame. All the gardens of earthly delight are washed away. The mountains of joy are buried fifteen cubits deep. But standing by the empty crib, and in the desolated nursery, and in the doleful hall, once a-ring with merry voices, now silent forever, he cried: "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "The Lord shut him in." All the sins of a lifetime clamored for his overthrow. The broken vows, the dishonored Sabbaths, the outrageous profanities, the misdemeanors of twenty years, reached up their hands to the door of the ark to pull him out. The boundless ocean of his sin surrounded his soul, howling like a simoom, raving like an euroclydon. But, looking out of the window, he saw his sins sink like lead into the depths of the sea. The dove of heaven brought an olive-branch to the ark. The wrath of the billow only pushed him toward heaven. "The Lord shut him in!"

The same door-fastenings that kept Noah in keep the troubles out. I am glad to know that when a man reaches heaven all earthly troubles are done with him. Here he may have had it hard to get bread for his family; there he will never hunger any more. Here he may have wept bitterly: there "the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne will lead him to living fountains of water, and God will wipe away all tears from his eyes." Here he may have hard work to get a house; but in my Father's house are many mansions, and rent-day never comes. Here there are death-beds, and coffins, and graves; there no sickness, no weary watching, no choking cough, no consuming fever, no chattering chill, no tolling bell, no grave. The sorrows of life shall come up and knock at the door, but no admittance. The perplexities of life shall come up and knock on the door, but no admittance. Safe forever! All the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulwarks of the ship of celestial light shall not break them down. Howl on, ye winds, and rage, ye seas! The Lord—"the Lord shut him in!"

Oh, what a grand old door! so wide, so easily swung both ways, and with such sure fastenings. No burglar's key can pick that lock. No swarthy arm of hell can shove back that bolt. I rejoice that I do not ask you to come aboard a crazy craft with leaking hulk, and broken helm, and unfastened door; but an ark fifty cubits wide, and three hundred cubits long, and a door so large that the round earth, without grazing the post, might be bow in!

Now, if the ark of Christ is so gran place in which to live, and die, and trium come into the ark. Know well that the d that shut Noah in shut others out; though, when the pitiless storm came ing on their heads, they beat upon the d saying, "Let me in! let me in!" the d did not open. For one hundred and tw ty years they were invited. They expe to come in; but the antediluvians said, must cultivate these fields; we must worth more flocks of sheep and herds cattle; we will wait until we get a little er; we will enjoy our old farm a little lo er." But meanwhile the storm was br ing. The fountains of heaven were fill up. The pry was being placed beneath foundations of the great deep. The year had come, the last month, the week, the last day, the last hour, the moment. In an awful dash, an ocean d ped from the sky, and another rolled from beneath; and God rolled the e and sky into one wave of universal struction.

So men now put off going into the They say they will wait twenty years They will have a little longer time with worldly associates. They will wait they get older. They say, "You ca expect a man of my attainments and of position to surrender myself just now. before the storm comes, I will go in. I will. I know what I am about. T me!" After a while, one night about tw o'clock, going home, he passes a scaf ing just as a gust of wind strikes it, a plank falls. Dead! and outside the Or, riding in the Park, a reckless cle crashes into him, and his horse comes unmanageable, and he sh "Whoa! Whoa!" and takes another in the reins, and plants his feet agains dash-board, and pulls back. But no It is not so much down the avenue th flies as on the way to eternity. Out wreck of the crash his body is drawn his soul is not picked up. It fled beh swifter courser into the great future. and outside the ark! Or, some nigh wakes up with a distress that moment increases, until he shrieks out with The doctors come in, and they give twenty drops, but no relief; forty d fifty drops, sixty drops, but no relief. time for prayer. No time to read o the promises. No time to get a sing pardoned. The whole house is arous alarm. The children scream. The faints. The pulses fail. The heart The soul flies. Dead! and outside the

I have no doubt that derision kept people out of the ark. The world la to see a man go in, and said, "Her a man starting for the ark. Why, ther be no deluge. If there is one, that ble ship will not weather it. Aha! into the ark! Well, that is too go keep. Here, fellows, have you hear the news? This man is going into the Under this artillery of scorn the man's resolution perished.

And so there are hundreds kept o by the fear of derision. The young ma himself, 'What would they say store to-morrow morning if I should b a Christian? When I go down to the house they will shout, 'Here come new Christian. Suppose you will no anything to do with us now. Suppo are praying now. Get down on your and let us hear you pray. Come, give us a touch. Will not do it, eh? Christian you are!'" Is it not the being laughed at that keeps you out kingdom of God? Which of these ers will help you at the last? Wh lie down on a dying pillow, which of them will be there? In the day of eternit they bail you out?

My friends and neighbors, come i away. Come in through Christ, th door—the door that swings out towar Come in, and be saved. Come and h py. "The Spirit and the Bride say, C Room in the ark! Room in the ark

But do not come alone. The text invites you to bring your family. It says, "Thou and thy sons and thy wife." You cannot drive them in. If Noah had tried to drive the pigeons and the doves into the ark, he would only have scattered them. Some parents are not wise about these things. They make iron rules about Sabbaths, and try force the catechism down the throat, as they would hold the child's nose and force down a dose of rhubarb and calomel. You cannot drive your children into the ark. You can draw your children to Christ, but you cannot coerce them. The Cross was lifted, not to drive, but to draw. "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." As the sun draws up the drops of morning dew, so the Sun of Righteousness exhales the tears of repentance.

Be sure that you bring your husband and wife with you. How would Noah have felt when he heard the rain pattering on the roof of the ark, he knew that his wife was beside in the storm? No; she went with him. And yet some of you are on the ship "outward-bound" for heaven; but your companion is unsheltered. You remember the day when the marriage-ring was set. Nothing has yet been able to break it. Sickness came, and the finger shrank, but the ring staid on. The twain stood alone above the child's grave, and the dark mouth of the tomb swallowed up a thousand hopes; but the ring dropped not into the open grave. Days of poverty came, and the hand did many a hard day's work; but the rubbing of the work against the ring only made it shine brighter. Shall that ring ever be lost? Will the iron clang of the sepulchre-gate unlock it forever? I pray God that you who have been married on earth may be together in heaven. Oh! by the quiet bliss of your earthly home; by the babe's cradle; by all the vows of that day when you started life together, I beg you to see to it that you both get into the ark.

Come in, and bring your wife or your husband with you—not by fretting about religion, or ding-donging them about religion, but by a consistent life, and by a compelling prayer that shall bring the throne of God down into your room. Go home and take up the Bible and read it together, and then kneel down and commend your souls to him who has watched you all these years; and, before you rise, there will be a flutering of wings over your head, angels sing to angel, "Behold! they pray!"

But this does not include all your family. Bring the children too. God bless the dear children! What would our homes be without them? We may have done much for them. They have done more for us. What salve for a wounded heart there is in the soft palm of a child's hand! Did harp or flute ever have such music as there is in a child's "good-night?" From our coarse, rough life, the angels of God are often driven back; but who comes into the nursery without feeling that angels are hovering around? They who die in infancy go straight into glory, but you are expecting your children to grow up in this world. Is not a question, then, that rings through all the corridors, and windings, and heights, and depths of your soul, what is to become of your sons and daughters for time and for eternity? "Oh!" you say, "I mean to see that they have good manners." Very well. "I mean to dress them well, if I have myself to go shabby." Very good. "I shall give them an education, I shall leave them a fortune." Very well. But is that all? Don't you mean to take them into the ark? Don't you know that the storm is coming, and that out of Christ there is no safety? no pardon? no hope? no heaven?

How to get them in? Go in yourself! If Noah had staid out, do you not suppose that his sons—Shem, Ham and Japheth—would have staid out? Your sons and daughters will be apt to do just as you do. Reject Christ yourself, and the probability is that your children will reject him.

An account was taken of the religious condition of families in a certain district. In the families of pious parents, two-thirds of the children were Christians. In the families where the parents were ungodly, only one-twelfth of the children were Christians. Which way will you take your children? Out into the deluge, or into the ark? Have you ever made one earnest prayer for their immortal souls? What will you say in the judgment, when God asks, "Where is George, or Henry, or Frank, or Mary, or Anna? Where are those precious souls whose interests I committed into your hands?"

Oh, ye who have taught your children how to live, have you also taught them how to die? Life here is not so important as the great hereafter. It is not so much the few furlongs this side of the grave as it is the unending leagues beyond. O, eternity! eternity! Thy locks white with the ages! Thy voice announcing stupendous destiny! Thy arms reaching across all the past and all the future! O, eternity! eternity!

In St. Paul's, London, there is a whispering-gallery. A voice uttered most feebly at one side of the gallery is heard distinctly at the opposite side, a great distance off. So, every word of earnest prayer goes all around the earth, and makes heaven a whispering-gallery. Go into the ark—not to sit down, but to stand in the door, and call until all the family come in. Aged Noah, where is Japheth? David, where is Absalom? Hannah, where is Samuel?

On one of the lake steamers there was a father and two daughters journeying. They seemed extremely poor. A benevolent gentleman stepped up to the poor man to proffer some form of relief, and said, "You seem to be very poor, sir." "Poor, sir," replied the man, "if there's a poorer man than me a-troublin' the world, God pity both of us!" "I will take one of your children, and adopt it, if you say so. I think it would be a great relief to you." "A what?" said the poor man. "A relief! Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped off from the body? or the heart torn from the breast? A relief, indeed! God be good to us! What do you mean, sir?" However many children we have, we have none to give up. Which of our families can we afford to spare out of heaven? Will it be the oldest? Will it be the youngest? Will it be that one that was sick some time ago? Will it be the husband? Will it be the wife? No! No! We must have them all in. Let us take the children's hands, and start now. Leave not one behind! Come, father! Come, mother! Come, son! Come daughter! Come, brother! Come, sister! Only one step, and we are in. Christ, the door, swings out to admit us; and it is not the hoarseness of a stormy blast that you hear, but the voice of a loving and patient God that addresses you, saying, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." And there may the Lord shut us in!

A SCENE IN MOZAMBIQUE, SOUTH-EASTERN AFRICA—A NATIVE TYPE.

The Gospel to the "Outsiders."

Continued from first page.

has preached eleven sermons in the Academy, all of which have appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the week subsequent to delivery. Fifty thousand people have heard these sermons or quite as many have been turned away; but millions more have read the sermons afterward, for his audience is world-wide. It is due to him to state that he has absolutely declined to accept any compensation for these services, regarding the great work upon which he has entered as one calling for special consecration and sacrifice. With the exception of a few reserved chairs, every seat in the Academy is absolutely free, and the expenses of conducting the services are defrayed by voluntary contributions.

Strangers from all parts of the world form a considerable part of the audiences; indeed, it seems as if every nation on the face of the earth were represented there every Sunday. At the conclusion of the services and after the benediction has been pronounced, there is usually a good, old-fashioned handshaking between the preacher and the strangers among his flock. Frequently so many have remained to enjoy this familiar and kindly greeting, that Dr. Talmage has been kept busy shaking hands for over an hour. But he accepts this display of hearty cordiality as a privilege, rather than an infliction. His heart and soul are in the work. Already abundant evidences of spiritual results have become manifest and, under Divine blessing, these Sunday services at the Academy of Music are constantly growing more and more precious to very many who, till now, have been "outsiders" and aliens from the Gospel fold.

BIBLE FIELDS IN ABYSSINIA.

It is claimed by a German writer that the Abyssinians are among the oldest Christian peoples in existence, who have retained their national independence. To them Christian scholarship has been indebted not only for a valuable and ancient version of the Bible, but also for such works as the Book of Enoch, the Book of Jubilees, the Ascension of Isaiah and similar specimens of earliest Christian or Judæo-Christian literature, which had been lost to the rest of Christianity. Now new treasures are to be brought from this hermit nation of Eastern Africa. The present king, Menelik II., has recently undertaken an expedition south of Shoa to the islands of the Znai Sea, which are some of the oldest civilized spots in Abyssinia, and has brought from them a large collection of old manuscripts, which he proposes to put into the library of his new capital, Addis Abeba. Tradition says that during the Mohammedan inroads into Abyssinia in the sixteenth century, the libraries of the Abyssinian kings were transferred to these islands, especially on the island Debra Simon, or Mount Sinai.

Africa's Slave Mart.

Mozambique's Early History — Present Development Under Portuguese Rule.

SINCE a determined effort to suppress the slave trade in Africa was inaugurated some fifteen years ago, Mozambique has been a centre of interest to the whole civilized world. It lies on the eastern coast of the Dark Continent and includes the adjacent island bearing the same name. It extends from Lake Nyassa on the west to the coast and has the River Zambesi for its southern, and the River Rovuma for its northern boundaries. It is now four hundred years since it fell into the hands of the Portuguese. At that time the island was occupied by the Arabs who made it a place of call for traders from India who exchanged the products of that land for gold, ivory and amber which the Arabs collected from the interior of Africa. The adjacent mainland was in the possession of the Bantus, the big burly negroes who had, a few years before, driven out the yellow Bushmen and Hottentots who originally occupied it. The Arabs, too, had retreated before them and confined themselves to the island, where they were protected from the Bantus by the stormy strait which it was not safe for the Bantus to cross in their canoes. Vasco da Gama established Portuguese rule on the island and built a fortress there. The Portuguese, however, were in continual difficulties in the region, being assailed by the Bantus, the Arabs, and by the Turks who made attacks on them from Egypt. They were disappointed, too, in their hopes of finding gold mines near the coast, but in 1645 a new trade began, the profit of which was as large as the trade was horrible. It was the trade in slaves.

The Portuguese made the island of Mozambique a penal settlement and sent the worst type of its convicts there. Interest in the island waned and things were allowed to take their own course until Livingstone's explorations awakened all Europe to the value of Africa. Then began the struggle for "spheres of influence," which has continued to the present time. Portugal realized the advantage of her ancient possession of Mozambique, reasserted her claim, and set to work to civilize the island after her own fashion and demanded possession of the territory opposite the island on the mainland. In the recent rearrangement of spheres, the Portuguese western boundary has been fixed on the eastern shore of Lake Nyassa and a line running from the shore to the Zambesi. West of that line is British territory, and it is there that the fiercest part of the struggle to put an end to the slave trade has taken place. The way to Mozambique from the interior was through the territory now in British hands, and in passing through it with their convoys of slaves the Arabs have been liable to attack by British forces. The Portuguese hoped to have avoided this interference, by securing possession of a belt of land clear across the continent to Angola, but British missionaries had established themselves in the Shire country and the Makololo chiefs being driven to choose between Great Britain and Portugal, so decidedly preferred the former, that Portugal realized that it would be prudent to abandon its claim and content itself with Nyassa as the western boundary of its possessions. It has of late made considerable progress in the development both of the island and the territory on the mainland, as the buildings shown in the accompanying illustration indicate.

The colony thus far has not been profitable to the Portuguese. Large sums have been spent in building, but the trade has drifted into the hands of citizens of other nations and the efforts made to develop the coffee and other industries have failed through the heavy taxes levied on products. The religious work is in the hands of the Roman Catholics and has made very little progress among the natives. Prior to the middle of the eighteenth century, Jesuit missionaries had made some efforts to educate and civilize the people, but at that time they were expelled from Portuguese East Africa, and as Protestant missionaries are not welcomed, dense ignorance prevails.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

S. S. Lesson for April 14. 1. Cor. 15: 3-14. Golden Text 1.Cor. 15:20. By Mrs. Baxter.

"IF in this life only we have hoped in Christ, we are of all men most pitiable." (1. Cor. 15: 19, R.V.) Such is Paul's conclusion in speaking of the resurrection. What would it avail us to receive the pardon of our sins, and to turn from sin, the world, and the flesh, if we had nothing better to look to than that which the world and the flesh which we had renounced, can give us? If the end of all our earthly life were the grave, and the dead were not raised, then "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." (1. Cor. 15: 32.) Let us seek our pleasures in time if we are to have no eternity; let us look for honors here, if the future is only death, decay and darkness. It is contrary to all human reason to suffer loss, dishonor, pain, if no result shall come of it. "But," he adds, "Now is Christ risen from the dead,"—the guarantee of resurrection for all the children of men—"the First-fruits of them that slept," since "he being risen from the dead dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over him." (Rom. 6: 9.)

Under the law, temporal blessings, in the city and in the field, in the family and in the farm stock, in the store, in traveling and in war, and moreover, "in all that thou puttest thine hand unto" (Deut. 28: 2, 8), were promised to them that should obey God's commandments. Under the Gospel we have

No Promises of Temporal Good

as a reward for obedience. On the contrary, our Lord leads us to expect tribulation (John 16: 33), persecution (Matt. 5: 10–12), hatred, (Matt. 10: 22), and teaches us to glory in these things so painful to the flesh, while he ever places before us the future "resurrection of the just" (Luke 14: 14; 22: 35, 36; 21: 36; Matt. 19: 28, 29), as the bright, sure goal in the future. Thus when Paul writes of the resurrection, he not only says, "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures," but also that "he was buried and raised on the third day according to the Scriptures." (R.V.) And he dwells upon the many times in which, and the many persons by whom Christ was seen alive after he was risen. Paul lived what he preached, his own great aim and desire was to know "the power of his resurrection." The first preachers of the Gospel set forth the resurrection of Jesus as their one greatest proof that he was the Messiah (Acts 2: 22–32; 3: 15–26; 4: 10–33; 5: 30), and Paul well knew that the power of Christ's resurrection upon the life of one of his disciples was as great as the power of his death.

Crucified with Christ, having died with Christ, having taken, by our own consent, and by faith in him, the place of the executed criminal, we "put off the old man with his deeds." But it is only as being also "risen with Christ through faith in the operation of God who raised him from the dead," that we have the power to "walk in newness of life," and to "seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." "If we have been planted together in the likeness of his death," buried with him as the plant is buried in the earth, it is that we may share his life, and have our existence in his. "Because I live, ye shall live also." This is

The Power of His Resurrection.

Not by efforts, plans determinations of our own, but by the oneness with him which is his own "operation," we are lifted into an- [illegible] . And as we walk in newness of life, this life of being raised with him becomes a deeper reality to us; we are, so to speak, more at home in it. The fact of Christ's resurrection is our strong and glorious basis for our new life. He was raised for our justification; being raised, he "ever liveth to make intercession for us." It is God's seal to the Gospel and to our faith. "If Christ hath not been raised, then is our preaching vain," says Paul, "and your faith also is vain, yea, and we are found false witnesses of God, because we witnessed of God that he raised up Christ; whom he raised not up if so be that the dead are not raised. For if the dead are not raised, neither hath Christ been raised; and if Christ hath not been raised, your faith is vain, and ye are yet in your sins. Then also they which have fallen asleep in Christ have perished." So tremendous are the issues at stake in the resurrection of our Lord.

But are we really and truly practical believers in the resurrection of Christ, and do we know the power of his resurrection in our lives? Is the world to which we are going so real to us that it influences all our inner and outer life in this present world? If not, is not the resurrection of Christ a mere doctrine or historical fact to us, and is it not a lie to say that we are risen with Christ? Christ's resurrection was so real to Paul that he reckoned the sufferings of this present time (which in his life transcended incalculably those of most men, "not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.") Paul saw before him in the future the manifestation or unveiling of the sons of God, which the creation is earnestly waiting for. He saw that it meant deliverance from the bondage of corruption—from all which speaks of sickness, decay, and death, "the redemption of the body," when the last enemy, death, shall be overcome. In close connection with this he saw and

Entered Into the Purpose of His God

in all things which are permitted to happen, working together to conform them that love God to the image of his Son. To Paul the resurrection of Christ and the resurrection of the just meant all this. Have we ever dwelt upon what Scripture tells us of the resurrection? By man came death, by man also resurrection; in Adam all die, in Christ shall all be made alive. And yet there is order and distinction and the first fruits. He is already risen. Next in order, "they that are Christ's at his coming," surely there are they that wait for him unto salvation. Then, and not till those are taken away, cometh the end. But other questions arise, Christians differ so much—one from another; some live so near the world that it is difficult to discover whether they are Christians at all; others carry Christ so about with them that it would be impossible to ask the question which their very presence answers. Will they all be

On One Dead Level

when they rise? The Word tells us that as the seed sown in the ground must die as a bare grain, and then in its resurrection "God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him," and not the body which was sown, and again, that each different seed rises into life in "a body of its own (R. V.), differing from that which results from other seed—so also is the resurrection of the dead." Again, "there are celestial bodies and bodies terrestial, but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestial is another." Yes, indeed, the celestial gives light to the terrestial. The sun, moon, and stars differ in their glory, and one star differs from another, "so also is the resurrection of the dead."

Are we treading on ground too holy for us when we look into that last given Scripture, the book of the unveiling of Jesus Christ, for farther light? There, in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, we see four living creatures, sharing the very throne of him who shares the very throne of the Father (Rev. 4: 6) giving the keynote of heaven's praises; standing closest to the Lamb, leading and regulating the worship of heaven, sharing judgment with the Lamb, yet never mentioned after the marriage of the Lamb—do not these signify the highest of these grades of risen and glorified ones, perhaps even the Bride of the Lamb? Are those not the most glorious of the "celestial bodies," which, with him, the Son of Righteousness, give light to the terrestial? "There is" another glory of the four and twenty elders, "around," but never in the midst of "the throne;" next to the living creatures, as the living creatures are next to the Lamb, ministering to the Apostle John, and always connected with the "living creatures." May not these, connected with and dwelling in the glory of the throne, be also the symbol of these "celestial bodies," yet not of equal glory?

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

"THEY FOUND THE STONE ROLLED AWAY."

WHEN Paul, preaching at Athens, spoke of the resurrection of the dead, his hearers mocked. There are people now who mock at that doctrine, and unhappily, their mockery does harm. It tends to produce in the minds of those who give heed to it, a disposition of the most deplorable kind. When anyone doubts the existence of a life beyond the grave, he is apt to use the words that the great Apostle quotes, with the scorn he must have often felt as he heard them: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." The idea that death ends all, that all we are is laid in the grave when we die, to decay and turn to dust, inevitably begets the idea that we are merely the highest kind of animals, whose happiness must be sought in animal pleasure. Scarcely a child in the Sunday School will grow to manhood or womanhood without being tempted to entertain that idea, and it will be fostered every time he looks upon the face of the dead and realizes that never more will those eyes gleam with intelligence, or those lips speak a word. The child may be saved from the benumbing, degrading notion, if on this Easter day, when we celebrate our Lord's resurrection, his teacher can implant in his mind the conviction which Paul labors to express in the verses of the lesson.

Analyzing Paul's argument, we conclude that he had found two kinds of opponents, and these two exist to this day. One kind held that man had no soul, and therefore no existence apart from the body. Therefore, when the body died, there was an end of the man. The other kind believed in the existence of a soul, but thought that at death it was absorbed into the source of life, as a raindrop falls into the sea. Paul denied both theories and propounded his own. He proclaimed Christ as the life-giver. He bases his argument on Christ's own resurrection. It all turns upon that. If Christ did not rise, Paul's argument, his preaching, his sufferings, his life were in vain. If Christ was merely a man, and died as other men, and did not rise from the dead, Paul is willing to abandon his position, and declare that he is of all men the most miserable. He is, therefore, careful to establish his fact at the outset. He mentions several persons by name who saw Jesus alive after he had died and been laid in the tomb. Besides these, there were five hundred, many of them still living, who had also seen him, and, still more to the purpose, Paul declared that he had seen him himself, referring, it may be presumed, to the vision he had at his conversion, outside the gate of Damascus. There was no question as to Christ's death; if he did not die when they thought he did, but merely swooned on the cross, the spear of the soldier would have killed him. He was surely dead; therefore, when afterwards he was seen alive, there was but one description of him that could be true, and that the only that Christ himself used, "I am he that liveth and was dead."

From this fact Paul deduces several conclusions. These are: First, that Christ was divine, which of course involves his teaching being true, his revelation being authentic, and his promises being trustworthy. Second, that he who rose from the dead, could and would raise his people from the dead. Third, that the resurrection would be one in which the identity and individuality would be continued. Fourth, that men so raised would not be in a vague, vaporous condition, but would be provided with suitable bodies resembling the bodies laid in the grave, as the wheat resembles the seed from which it springs, but superior to them, inasmuch as they would never decay; bodies like the glorious body in which Jesus ascended to heaven. And, incidentally, the comfort of those who expected to be alive at his return, that they, too, would have these bodies, by a miraculous change. He concludes his argument with a burst of triumph, declaring that these conclusions remove the sting from death, as they show that it need no longer be dreaded, Christ having overcome it and transformed it into the gateway of a fuller and better life.

No resurrection of the dead. Nothing in the world of plants looks more dead than the annual which botanists call, "Anastatica Hierochuntina." It is a desert plant which contracts itself into a ball and is blown about by the breeze, like a dead and withered mass of dry twigs. But plunge it into water, and it expands, gains the bloom of life and becomes a thing of beauty. On the desert sands it is dead, but under new conditions it becomes alive. No one knows what resources God has at his command, therefore a man is very rash who contends that there can be no resurrection.

Risen from the dead. "After a long absence in Australia," says Henry Varley, "I visited a town in the North of England where I labored some years before. I wished to see several persons who had worked with me and whom I respected highly. One meets many people who pass out of one's life though not out of one's memory. It is always so with people who travel around a great deal and have little time for correspondence. I went to one well-remembered house where lived a good man who was an enthusiastic worker. Many an hour of prayer I had spent with him in that house before we walked together to the place of meeting. I could point out the window of the very room in which we used to kneel and wrestle for the blessing. But what is this? The house is vacant and a big bill announces that it is "to let." Was my old friend dead? The thought gave me a shock. I went to the agent who had the renting of the house and asked sadly if Mr. W—— was dead. 'I see,' I added by way of explanation, 'that his house is to let.' The agent looked up smilingly and said, 'Oh, no, he is not dead, he has moved to a better house on the hill in a better situation.' So I found it was and I went to see him. Not long afterwards I stood by the coffin of an aged saint and looked down on that vacant face, the words came back to my mind and I said to myself, 'Oh, no, not dead, but moved to a better house on the hill in a better situation!'"

If Christ be not risen. The hope of everlasting life turns upon the Christian's unity with Christ. The close union—Christ in him—is the foundation of his life. There is one kind of caterpillar that undergoes the change of his being into a butterfly, in a leaf instead of a cocoon. In the Fall the caterpillar chooses a large leaf on a tree, carefully picking one without a hole in it. He draws the edges together and wraps them over, weaving a light web around the whole. It is coned-shaped and he can rest inside with comfort. But he knows that the winds will blow and the leaf may be blown off the tree, so he strengthens the natural stem by winding a cord of many fine strands around it and over and around the twig on which it grows. Then he goes into his chrysalis state in security. How firmly the leaf is attached can be seen on many a tree. After all the winter's storms which have stripped every leaf off, those leaves remain which the caterpillars secured. The Christian who dies trusting Christ may go down to the grave with the same confidence that the caterpillar trusts himself in his leaf. His faith unites him to Christ with a bond that can never be broken and in that union is life.

A BEACON LIGHT TO THE LOST.

How the Bowery Mission Reaches Down to the Lowest Depths and Rescues the Poor, Degraded Human Wrecks—The Outcasts Reclaimed.

THE HOT-AIR CRADLE AS USED IN MISSION WORK

THERE is no depth of human misery and degradation so low that it cannot be reached by the love of Christ. In the carrying out of his work, those of his servants who are faithful do not hesitate at personal sacrifice, peril or discomfort. In every city of large population there are many men who, having gone down step by step in the paths of sin, have at last reached a deep beyond which it would seem impossible to go. They are the moral shipwrecks who have been swallowed up in the maelstrom on whose edge they dallied, until hopelessly engulfed. At last, turned and forsaken, they are cast up like wreckage upon the outer coasts of society, to be turned from with loathing by their fellowmen, as something too utterly vile for recognition. They have reaped wellnigh the full harvest of their sins, and it would seem that nothing remained but a wretched close to a career so miserable and forlorn.

Many of these poor, stranded wrecks have, by God's mercy, been cast up at the doors of the Bowery Mission. Rejected elsewhere, they have there found a haven of welcome. Their poor clothing and filthy condition have been the cause of other doors being shut in their faces; but, even in mission work, it is customary to draw the line at those who have fallen so low as to make their very touch contamination. But the Bowery Mission, like a life-boat on its merciful errand, plunges down into the lowest depths, if by doing so it may bring up some poor, sinking fellow-mortal into the light of God's love. Are they sick and penniless? It cares for them as tenderly as though they were brothers. Ragged? It is never without a garment for those who need one to shut out the piercing winds of winter. Are they foul and verminous? It sends them to a place where they are thoroughly cleansed, and where their clothing is put in a wire "cradle" enclosed in a cylindrical hot air chamber and subjected to a temperature that effectually destroys the cause of discomfort, and prepares the wearers to enjoy the almost-forgotten luxury of clean, wholesome quarters at the Mission. Are they idle and despairing? It aids them in finding employment. Are they sin-sick and sore, weary of the hard battle of life? It leads them to the foot of the Cross where they can lay down their burden of guilt and begin the new and better life.

Such, in brief, has been the work of the Bowery Mission during the past fifteen years of its existence. Now that it has passed into new hands, this work will be prosecuted with redoubled vigor and on broader lines than before. The doors have not been closed a single night in fourteen years. Half a million men, mainly wrecks, drawn from all grades of life and representing many nationalities, have heard the Gospel there—very many of them to their eternal advantage, for 60,000 have been led to Christ within these walls. A record has been kept of the spiritual results of the mission work that would fill many pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Nearly twenty metropolitan churches have co-operated warmly, and many of the pastors have themselves spoken from the mission chapel platform, while others have been represented there by the active evangelistic element in their own churches. Among the churches that have thus aided are the Park Avenue Presbyterian, University Place Presbyterian, Twenty-ninth Street Collegiate Church (Dutch Reform), St. Bartholomew's (Protestant Episcopal), Scotch Presbyterian, Fourteenth Street Presbyterian, Grace Church (Protestant Episcopal), and others. The Y. M. C. A., New York Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, and Charity Organization Society have also co-operated. Christian business men, merchants and philanthropists, and a number of Christian ladies have demonstrated their love of the work by visiting the Mission, and sharing in its labors as well as contributing towards its resources. These good friends will continue to stand by the Mission in its broader field, and with its new conductors, as they have done in the past.

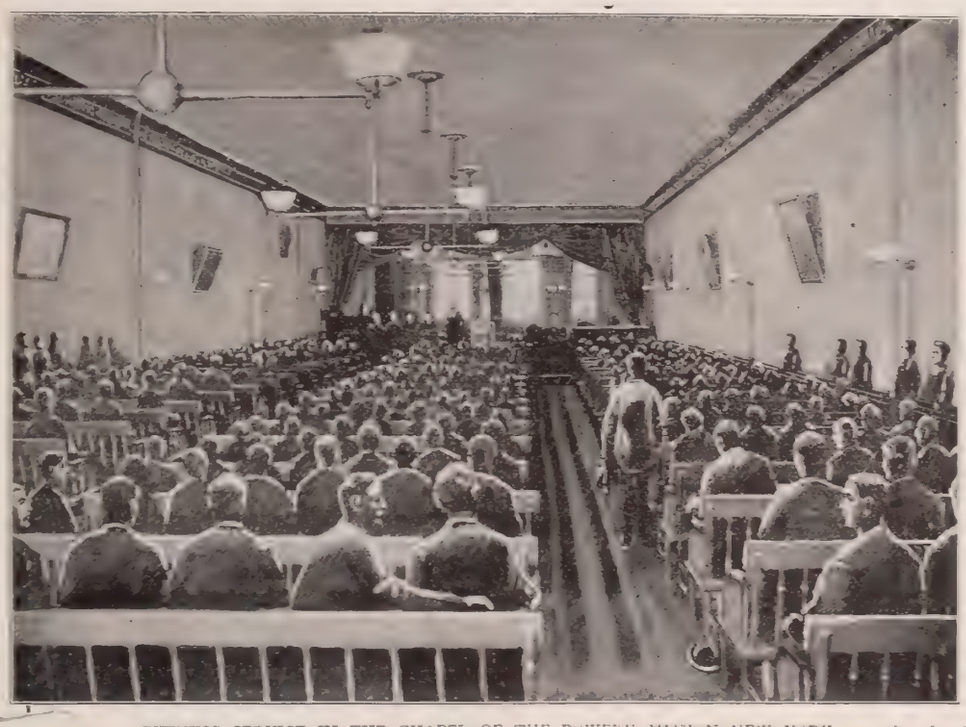
As was intimated in last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the care of the Bowery Mission was assumed by the proprietor of this journal on April 1. The work of renovating the Mission was at once begun and of increasing its facilities to accommodate the steadily growing attendance. As the people who come to the Gospel meetings are usually penniless, there is of course, no collection taken up; hence, with the exception of money received from those who can pay for their beds, there is no income. It was found desirable to add fifty more beds to the dormitories, thus affording a capacity of accommodating 200 persons.

Ever since the death of the late Superintendent the converts at the mission have labored zealously and successfully to maintain its spiritual efficiency, and for many weeks past the spiritual work has been steadily growing. At the evening meetings the general attendance averages 300, and although the audience is largely changed every night, there are usually from twenty-five to fifty converts present. Hardly a week passes in which there are not a number of notable conversions. Two of these will possess an interest for our readers:

A poor, broken, wretch with whom the world had gone all wrong, and whose hope had given way to despair, decided to kill himself. He secured a pistol and was on his way to the docks, intending to make a sure end of himself by shooting and then jumping into the river. As he tottered down the Bowery, deaf to almost everything, he passed the open doors of the Mission and a strain of music fell upon his ears. He stopped a moment, listened, and without thinking what he did, went in. Presently, the clouded brain comprehended what was going on; he became interested, and after listening still further and being conversed with kindly, put his suicidal purpose aside. He would think it over a bit, he concluded. Again and again he came to the Mission, and at last his heart melted and was filled with the love of the Saviour, and he found peace in believing. He is now filling a position of responsibity and trust, and is literally "a new man" in Christ Jesus.

One night there came to the Mission a man who had led a hard life. He had served in nine State prisons, for the greater part of thirty years. As he related his experience at the Mission it chained the attention of his audience, and excited their deepest sympathies. "The last time I was in prison," he said, "was in Sing Sing. When I came away the keeper said to me: 'We'll keep your cell here for you for two weeks. We expect to see you back in that time.' I came away and I went to a place in New York where they furnish crooks with clothes on credit, and they get paid back out of the first job of crooked work that is done. I happened to be going by the Bowery Mission soon after that and I just strolled in. The result has been that I have become a Christian, and, please God, I'm done with crime forever, and hope never to see Sing Sing again." His hope is being realized, for he is now engaged in mission work and helping to bring others to the same Saviour who brought him triumphantly "out of the depths."

Those of our readers who desire to be placed on the list of the patrons of the Bowery Mission, and to be identified with its spiritual work, are invited to send their names to Dr. Klopsch, who will communicate with all who write on this subject.



EVENING SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE BOWERY MISSION NEW YORK

A Phenomenal Pastorate.

Fifty-five Years' Unbroken Service for Christ in the same Congregation.

IN the death of Rev. James Brownlee, D.D., which occurred at Crawford, N. J., Feb. 21st, there passed away a man whose character and history call for special mention. It seldom happens that a minister is permitted to serve the same congregation for more than half a century, but such was the happy lot of Dr. Brownlee, who became pastor of the Reformed Church, at Port Richmond, Staten Island, August 23d, 1835, and continued in that office until his work on earth was finished.

THE LATE REV. JAMES BROWNLEE, D.D.

For fifty-five years he remained in active service and then owing to the infirmities of age he retired, leaving the church under the charge of Rev. A. H. Demarest, who had been for a few years associated with him in the ministry. It was his custom, however, to the last to preach the sermon at the Communion seasons, and only three weeks before his death his congregation were privileged to listen to him, although at the time he was feeble and scarcely able to complete the service.

Dr. Brownlee was born at Falkirk, Scotland, in the year 1808. His father, who was a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, was stricken with paralysis in his pulpit at Falkirk on the Sabbath Day and died shortly after, and the impression this event made upon the son led him to study for the ministry. He was educated at Glasgow University and was ordained as a minister of the Gospel after coming to this country and at the time of his installation as pastor of the church on Staten Island. Thus his entire ministerial life was spent with the people to whom he came nearly sixty years ago, in the vigor of early manhood. Those who were children when he came among them are now bowed down with the weight of years.

Dr. Brownlee was a faithful preacher of the Word and the church prospered under his care. Many have been brought to Christ under his ministry, many were strengthened in the faith and many have gone to their heavenly reward.

IN SERVICE.

MAKE use of me my God;
Let me not be forgot.
A broken vessel cast aside.
One whom thou needest not.

I am thy creature, Lord,
And made by hands divine;
And I am part, however mean,
Of this great world of thine.

Thou usest all thy works:
The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of its own
For all things wait on thee.

Thou usest the high stars,
The tiny drops of dew,
The giant peak and little hill—
My God, O use me, too.

—HORATIUS BONAR.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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MADE OVER AGAIN.

THE impression is abroad that you must fix up the Gospel to suit the age, instead of fixing up the age to suit the Gospel; and the young men coming out of our theological seminaries have the impression that they must palliate the prejudices of society, and must cover over the natural rottenness of the human heart, and that they must tell men what very clever people they are, and that they only need to be pressed in a little one way, and pulled out a little the other way, and then they will be all right. And they say: "All you want is development." Is it? Development! You might as well go to a man bent double with the cramps of Asiatic cholera, and tell him that all he wants is development. He needs to have his disease killed so that he may get well. Until our heart is changed by the grace of God, it is scabbed and ulcerous with a great leprosy; and it is not development we want, but it is the cure of an eating, loathsome, blasting, damning leprosy. Our whole nature, throughout and throughout, and throughout wrong, needs to be made over, and over, and over again. I wish that every word of that passage could come down with five tons' weight of emphasis: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God," though he had given $100,000 to religious institutions, though he never used a bad word in his life, though he paid all his debts, though he lived on the tip-top round of respectability—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." But so little do we hear about this doctrine of Regeneration in this day, that it is almost considered indelicate for a man to read in a public assemblage the words of Christ to Nicodemus about the new birth. And as to there being any hell, if we make any allusion to that, it must be with exquisite circumlocution, as the "place of high temperature," or "the world insalubrious," or, as a minister recently called it, "the great elsewhere!" I say to the young men who are studying for the ministry, there is a judgment seat in every man's heart, which tells him that the Bible is true, and that if it be true, the wicked and the righteous cannot go to the same place.

LAY WORKERS.

THERE is a fear expressed in some quarter that laymen are taking too active a part in the churches. We have a sly suspicion that the layman who has for seven years given most of his time to the study of the truth, is better prepared [illegible] given that length of time in theological seminaries to the study of what other people say about the Bible. In other words, we like water just dipped from the spring though handled in a gourd, rather than water that has been standing a week in a silver pitcher. After Calvin has twisted us one way, and Arminius has twisted us another, and we get our head full of the old Andover and New Haven Theological fights and the difference between Ante-Nicene Trinitarianism and Post-Nicene Trinitarianism, it is a luxury to meet some evangelist who can tell us in our common mother tongue of Him who came to seek and save that which was lost. We say let our learned institutions push theological education to its highest excellency, preparing men for spheres which none but the cultured and scholarly are fit for, but somehow let us beat the drum and get a battalion of lay workers. We have enough wise men to tell us about fishes, about birds, about rocks, about stars—enough Leyden jars, enough telescopes, enough electric batteries, but we have not more than one man where we ought to have a hundred to tell the story of Christ and the soul.

IS THIS SPRING?

WE just now read in one of our excellent contemporaries: "Winter is over: Spring is here." Putting the paper down we looked out of the window and saw it snowing. If this be Spring her hair is prematurely white, and she comes around sobbing and crying when we expected to hear from her a merry laugh. If, according to the poet, "Winter lingers in the lap of Spring" then Spring must have a very big lap to hold so much Winter. Merchants, farmers, mechanics and ministers complain bitterly. But no doubt we need just such weather. More sin is committed in complaint against the climate than in any other way. Man's agency is mixed up in almost everything else and we may have reason to blame somebody for other disorders, but man has nothing to do with the weather. He who indicts that, indicts God. As uncertain and undesirable as these storms may appear to us, we would rather continue to have the climate Divinely arranged than by any Congressional Committee we know of. There are few who would want to take the contract for furnishing a year's storms. We suppose that when the world's history is all made up and the accurate statistics are furnished, it will be found that there did not fall one snow flake too many and that we all had in our climate and in our life the right proportion of smiles and tears. Readers, you had better stop scolding the weather.

MODERN PERSECUTION.

A GREAT complaint comes from many quarters about the ladies' high hats because they obstruct the view of audiences, and a lady reporter asked me the other day what I thought about it, and I told her that if the indecent pictures of actresses in the show windows of our cities were accurate, as pictures of what goes on in many of the theatres night by night, then it would be well if the ladies' hats were a mile high so as to completely obstruct the vision. If professed Christians go to such places during the week, no one will ever persecute them for their religion, for they have none and they are the joke of hell. But let them live a consecrated and Christian life and they will soon run against sneering opposition. For a compromise Christian character an easy time now, but for consecrated behavior, grimace and caricature. For the body, thanks to the God of free America, there are now no swords or fiery stakes, but for the souls of thousands of the good, in a figurative sense, rack and gibbet and Torquemada.

What an exciting scene in India when during the Sepoy rebellion a regiment of Highlanders came up and found the dead body of one of General Wheeler's daughters, who had been insulted and mauled and slain by the Sepoys. So great was the wrath against these murderers that the Scotch regiment sat down, and cutting off the hair of this dead daughter of General Wheeler, they divided it among them, and each one counted the number of hairs given him, and each took an oath, which was executed, that for each hair of the murdered daughter they would dash out the life of a miserable Sepoy. But as we look over the story of those who in all ages have suffered for the truth, while we leave vengeance to the Lord, let us band together in one solemn vow, one tremendous oath, after having counted the host of the martyrs, that for each one of those men and women who die for the truth, an immortal soul shall live, live with God and live forever.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

If any of our readers who know of active, zealous Christian workers in their neighborhood who, without fee or reward, are devoting time and means to the service of Christ in rescuing the lost, uplifting the fallen, or befriending the sick and poor, would send us biographical sketches of such persons—men or women—we should be glad. The story of their work, showing their methods and the success which has attended them, might encourage other Christian people to undertake similar work in their cities. The sketch should be accompanied in every instance by a photograph of the person. Address Editor of Christian Workers' Department, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

Mrs. Frank Tucker, Belleville, Kans. Is there a passage of Scripture in the Bible that reads: "The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb?"

The passage you quote is from Rev. Laurence Sterne's writings. Its Scriptural parallel is 1. Cor. 10: 13.

Jennie L. Heckman, Plainville, Mass.; Contributor, Birchton, N. Y., and other readers who have inquired where back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can be used to advantage in school, mission, hospital or other work, should send them to any one of the following addresses:

Mrs. S. J. Anders, S. W. Hospital, Marion, Va.; Mrs. H. F. Cobb, Wardwell Home, Saco, Me.; E. C. Gillingham, Light-keeper, Musgrave Harbor, Newfoundland; Mrs. G. J. Ansbaugh, Fayette, Fulton Co., Ohio.

J. Cross. In our Sunday School lesson for March 3d, the subject of lesson was the "Raising of Lazarus." Commentators say Jesus wept on two other occasions. We can only find where he wept but twice: once over Lazarus' grave, and again over the city of Jerusalem. How many times is it recorded that Jesus wept?

The commentators to whom you refer may have had in mind a statement made by the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews (Heb. 5:7), that Christ shed tears on another occasion, presumably in the Garden of Gethsemane.

M. R. P., Franklinton, N. C. Does the expression of Luke 19: 5 mean that Zaccheus was in the habit of restoring four-fold, or that it was his intention to do so?

It was a resolution made as a result of the state of heart induced by Christ's condescension in visiting the man whom all the public hated and loathed, and by converse with Christ. To wrong a man, and restore to him four-fold would have been ridiculous as a habit. Zaccheus meant to clean up his life and make restitution for wrongs done in the past.

A. H. W., Shelby, Mich. In some of our International Lesson Leaves the Revised Version is given and I notice that it omits Matt. 18: 11. Is it right to use a Version that is imperfect and is not this omission in contravention of the warning in Revelation 22: 19 against taking away words of the Bible?

The verse to which you allude is not lost; it is given in Luke 19: 10. The Revisers doubtless found that the earliest copies of Matthew's Gospel did not contain the text. They would have no other reason for omitting it. They had but one object in their revision and that was to secure absolute accuracy, and every lover of God's Word must surely be in sympathy with that object. They would not be liable to the condemnation referred to. The previous verse (Rev. 22: 18), is equally severe on persons who add to the words of the book and as the passage in Matthew appears to have been interpolated, the threats apply to the interpolator rather than to the Revisers, if to any one.

M. S. How can a housekeeper arrange her duties so as to keep the Sabbath? This question is so perplexing to me that I submit it to your readers who are housekeepers, for an answer. The house-work may be lightened for the Sabbath by preparing the food and putting the house in order on Saturday, but some things still remain, such as cleaning up bedrooms, serving meals, washing dishes, etc. Are these things a violation of the fourth commandment?

We would be pleased to receive the opinions of our housekeeping readers in reply to the very interesting letter of "M. S.," as this is a subject that ought to be practically considered in every Christian home in our land. All letters should be brief and to the point, however.

Subscriber, Kewanee, Ill. Is it right for the Trustees of a Christian church to lease a room in their house of worship which has been dedicated to the service of God and in which the prayer meetings are usually held, and for Sunday School purposes, to the township to hold an election in?

If no other place is available for the purpose, there can be no serious objection to holding the election there. The securing of good government is one of the most serious responsibilities of citizenship, and it would be a vast improvement on present methods if political gatherings, instead of being held in barrooms and drinking-halls, were conducted in place whose character and associations would tend to impart a moral tone to politics. A step in this direction has been taken in England where such meetings are held in school houses and fire stations, where no other suitable places are available.

J. P. Lambert, Cincinnati. 1. What number of individuals hold the major portion of the wealth of the United States, and how many hold what may be termed colossal fortunes? 2. How does our country compare with England in this respect?

1. It is estimated that seventy individuals possess wealth aggregating $2,200,000,000, having an average of $35,000,000 each. One family alone is represented as holding $150,000,000. Besides the seventy mentioned, there are about fifty others who hold over $10,000,000 each. Individual holdings are larger here than in England, where the largest possessor is said to hold about $50,000,000, and the next largest $40,000,000. America has a much larger number of millionaires, or owners of great fortunes than any other country in the world.

The following additional names have been received as members of the Corresponding Circle for spiritual improvement, suggested by "Reader." Ont., Can.:

Margaret Potter, Linden Hall, Penn; R. A. Davison, 707 West 8th Street, Connersville, Ind.; H. White, Sussex, A. B., Can.; Miss P. T. Thomas, North Union Ave., Salem, O.; Ida Bugbee, 132 Idle Street., Milwaukee, Wis.; Anna Long, Evansville, Ind.; E. M. Phillips, Kenton, Tenn.; Miss Lloyd Beeken, 313 Spanishtown Street, Baton Rouge, La.; H. Bliss Swaisgood, West Salem, O.; A. Armstrong, Yellow Spring, O.; Pearly F. Corn, Hunnewell, Kan.; Mamie M. Moyer, Cressons, J. J. Walter, Hugo, Colo.; W. H. Brown, 321 Hoe Street, Chester, Pa.; Mrs. Helen Eddy, Belgrade, Neb.; John S. Latta, Batavia, Ia.; Addie Steele, Charlestown, Ind.; A. Jensen, 339 E. 58th St., New City; Charles S. C. Riday, 2049 Mervine St., Philadelphia.

Newman Sheldon, Lamont, Ia. How do you account for the miracle of the sun standing still? According to my understanding of science, the stopping of the earth would involve its utter lapse?

The miracle has never been explained in a way acceptable to scientific men. It is not conceivable that the earth stopped its rotation on its axis. That motion is at about the rate of a thousand miles an hour and it is improbable that God would interpose to slacken it. It is more probable that whatever the miracle was it was concerned with the laws of light rather than with the law of the earth's motion. The miracle of refraction prolonging daylight, or as some commentators suppose prolonging darkness, would involve far less disturbance of natural law and would be far more in accord with what we know of God's ways of work.

Mrs. R. C. Ross, Sumas, Wash. Is it any more wrong to ride on a bicycle to church on Sunday than to ride on a buggy or street car? Is there any command in the Bible to keep the Lord's Day as the Jews kept their Sabbath?

There can be little moral difference between the act of riding on a bicycle and riding in a buggy or street-car, and what difference there is, is in favor of the bicycle, because it does not involve work for others. The answer to what you refer did not condemn bicycle riding on Sunday except as recreation or pleasure. If the church is too far away to walk to it, there can be no harm in going on a bicycle. There is no command in the New Testament requiring the Sabbath observance practised by the Jews. The Christian is put on his honor. In observing the Lord's Day he will give to the Lord intelligent service and the consecration of his and thought and effort, which is better than the minute, machine-like observance that our Saviour condemned in the Pharisees.

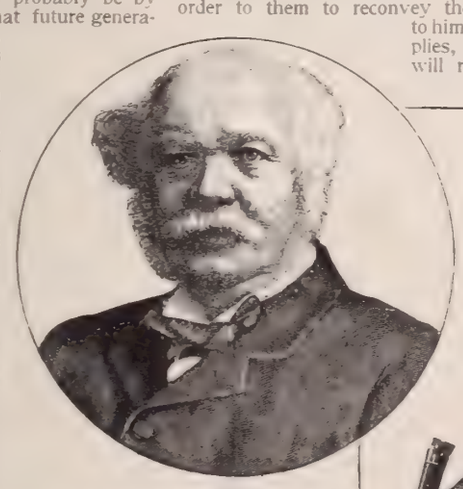
Old Subscriber, Cleveland, O. It is from Wordsworth's famous poem, "We are Seven."——Geo. Peace, Limestone, Tenn. Write to American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia.——Mrs. C. A. Palmer, Kerr, Mo.; Munro L. Snyder, Lourdsville, and others. The subject of dancing and the objections to it on moral grounds have been repeatedly discussed in THE MAIL BAG, and in recent issues.——L. A. R. The answer to all four questions is No.——John King, Salem, N. Y. The authority for secular, but based on the writings of the early fathers and early tradition.——A. W. Write to publishers, publishers, N. Y., for Rose Terry Cooke's writings.—— Inquirer. The address of the Danish Island missionaries recently described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is Mrs. O. F. Stoudaugh, Epiphin Island, care A. I. Mangold, Mobile, Ala.——G. L. Walls, Sandy Flat, S. C. The passage to which you refer will be found in Deut. 23: 2.——Alice Strong, Yellow Springs, O. Yes, the premium offer is still open. You can secure the International Teachers' Bible, No. B-Three and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year by sending $2. Marion Harland's letters will be published in book form shortly.—— J. Kenney, Bethany Harbor, Me. Gladstone was born in December 1809.——T. M. Mills, Buffalo. Inquiry already answered repeatedly in THE MAIL BAG. Any encyclopædia will give the information.——I. J. Measer. The Salvation Army is doing excellent Christian work among the masses who are not reached either by the churches or the missionary organizations. It is one of the greatest aggressive agencies of our time.—— W. N. Best, Superintendent, Redondo Beach, Los Angeles, Cal., appeals for Sunday School literature for his work.——Subscriber, Dale, Tex. Write to Librarian, Astor Library, N. Y.——Constant Reader, Greenville, Tenn. Mrs. Fancher is a young woman who for a number of years has been an invalid in Brooklyn. Her affliction has mystified many physicians. She is a thorough Christian and has frequently been so near the solution that she has such a foretaste of the glories, as is granted at rare intervals to pure spirits before leaving this world.——A. B. C., Norfolk, Va. We think a better and more profitable form of recreation might be devised than billiard playing in a barroom where drinks are sold, even considering the circumstances as stated in your letter.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

DEATH OF THREE NOTED MEN.

MARCH was a fatal month for the world's notabilities. Portraits are given on this page of three of the eminent men whose places death has made vacant. Each had filled an important position and each had special, though widely different claims on the world's respect. Sir Henry Rawlinson had distinguished himself as a soldier, a statesman, and an antiquary. He commenced his public career in India as an officer in the army of the East India Company. He did efficient service in the Afghan war, and won a brilliant reputation for bravery and sagacity. Subsequently he held high positions in the East India Company's service, serving in Persia and other lands. There he devoted himself to antiquarian studies. The clue to the cuneiform hieroglyphs had just been discovered, and Sir Henry Rawlinson pursued the study, translating some of the longest and most important inscriptions. It will probably be by his antiquarian works that future generations will remember him.

Professor Blackie was among the best known of Scottish scholars. In every land are men occupying responsible positions and doing valuable work who owe the development of their powers to the wise counsel and excellent training they received at the hands of Prof. Blackie in Edinburgh University. A man of profound learning, yet versatile, full of energy and good spirits, he won the enthusiastic admiration of the young men of the University, and he was loved and revered throughout Scotland for his manly courage and the vigorous patriotism manifested by tongue and pen. Few men pass out of life as honored and beloved for their personal qualities by many men of emi nence to whom they have rendered service. A very different man from the other two, was Ismail Pasha, ex-Khedive of Egypt, who also died during the month. He was a grandson of Mehemet Ali, the founder of the dynasty which has ruled Egypt for nearly a century. When he succeeded his uncle, Said Pasha, as Khedive, the rulers of Egypt were merely representatives of the Turkish Sultan; but the vigor of his government, his large enterprises and his masterly foreign policy compelled the Sultan to recognize the autonomy of Egypt, and make the throne hereditary in his family. Chiefly through his loyalty to Lesseps, and his fidelity to his promises, the Suez Canal became an accomplished fact. He did much in other ways for the development of the historic land. But the difficulties of his task, his lavish extravagance, and his impatience of control, finally involved his downfall. He was deposed, and died in exile. In a few days, death carried away all three of these distinguished men. Different as they were in station, in genius and in the spheres they occupied, they were alike in having to pay to the common lot of humanity. They were alike, too, in the claim they have on the remembrance of the world. Each will be estimated by the service he rendered to his fellow-men. (Matt. 26: 13.)



SIR HENRY RAWLINSON.

PROF. JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

THE EX-KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

Family Lawsuit.

One of the law courts in New York is being appealed to for the settlement of a family dispute. Seven years ago a widower was living in the Harlem district with his three daughters who kept house for him. He owned a row of small houses down town which produced a good income, but required considerable attention in looking after the repairs, in securing the right kind of tenants, collecting the rents, etc. The man's health became bad, and he was unable to look after the property himself. There was some talk of his employing an agent, but his daughters dissuaded him. They offered to take charge of the houses for him if he would convey them to them. Ultimately he consented, as he intended to leave the houses to the girls when he died. He therefore gave them a legal conveyance of the property on the express stipulation that so long as he lived they should pay him the entire rentals, after deducting the payments for taxes and repairs. During the seven years that have elapsed since the property was turned over, two of the daughters have married and the situation has naturally changed its aspect. The payments have become irregular, and the accounts for repairs have increased beyond all precedent. The father complains that he has been unable to obtain any statement, and the only benefit the property is to him is some small sums doled out to him grudgingly at long intervals. The girls treat the property as their own and do not recognize his claims at all. He therefore asks the court to issue an order to them to reconvey the property to him. If it complies, the girls will regret their undutiful conduct. Many a Christian has felt similar regret when financial ruin has come upon him. Looking back on the days of his prosperity, he realizes that he treated his property as his own and not as a trust which God committed to him to be used as his representative in the world. (1 Chron. 29: 14.)

Indestructible Infection.

The results of some remarkable experiments conducted by the German bacteriologist, Messner, were communicated recently to a medical publication in this country. Among them were a series of experiments conducted with the object of discovering the surest means of destroying the microscopic creatures which, it is now found, are the sources of the most dreaded diseases. One of the experiments consisted in infecting leaden rifle balls with severed species of bacteria. Tin boxes were filled with gelatine which had been carefully purified. Elaborate tests were applied, so that the professor could be absolutely certain that no living organisms existed in the gelatine. The infected rifle balls, each with its peculiar species of bacteria, were fired into the gelatine. In a short time afterward, a microscopic examination of the gelatine targets revealed the fact that in every case, the bacteria had survived the shock of the discharge from the rifle and were living and thriving in the gelatine. As a proof that they had not reached the gelatine in any other way than by the bullet, the professor mentions that each target had the peculiar species of bacteria that had been put on the bullet and no other species. It seems sometimes as if evil and sin were as indestructible as the bacteria. A bad saying or a bad book goes out working mischief in spite of all that can be done to counteract it and continues its action long after the man who has orignated it, or sent it forth, is dead. (Matt. 12: 35, 36.)

Wise Too Late.

A prominent New York merchant is lamenting his disregard of a warning. He has a very extensive business which he founded as a young man. It was very small at first, but he put into it all his energy, watched every detail and attended personally to all its ramifications. He devoted twelve hours of the day to it, taking no vacations. As the business grew, its demands on him increased. He could not be induced to intrust any part of the management to subordinates, but still retained the direction of it in his own hands. Day after day he might be found early and late in his office, with thirty type-writers around him, to whom he dictated his enormous correspondence. Some years ago he was warned that he would break down in some way. He said he felt no indications of it, but should take a rest by and by. A year ago he noticed that his sight was not as good as formerly, and he consulted an oculist, who ordered him to quit work at once and take a long rest. He said he could not do it then, but would arrange his affairs so as to quit in a few months. Recently he went again to the oculist and told him that he had made his arrangements and was now ready to rest for six months or a year. "Ah," said the oculist, "it is too late now. In four months you will be totally blind. Nothing can save you. A rest when you first came would have averted the calamity, but nothing can do so now." The merchant finds the opinion true. Slowly, but surely, the darkness is closing in on him. Distressing as his situation is, it is not so bad as will be that of some young people who say to their Christian friends, as Felix said to Paul, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." (Acts 24: 25.)

An Immigrant's Gratitude.

The peculiar form taken by the gratitude of an Irish immigrant is shown in a letter he wrote to a benefactor, which has found its way into a Boston journal. It appears that the Irishman was bravely struggling to make a living in his native land, but was continually thwarted by one misfortune or another. It seemed to him a hopeless struggle, and he longed most ardently to come to America, where he felt sure his industry and enterprise would be rewarded. But he had not the funds to pay his passage, nor had he anything that he could sell that would bring enough for the purpose. A benevolent man who heard of the poor fellow's vain desire, sent him his passage money. He lost no time in crossing the Atlantic, and on his arrival wrote to his benefactor a letter of thanks. After assuring him of his undying gratitude, and that if he succeeded, he would surely pay back the money advanced, he added a characteristic inquiry. He wrote: "Is there anyone here that ever done anything to injure or offend you that your honor would like anything to be done to? I'd like to do something for your honor to show how thankful I am." If Christians would show their gratitude to Christ in the same way, this would be a much happier world. Christ wants no such service done as the Irishman wanted to render, but there are many people here who have injured him and offended him, and he would like to have them enlightened as to his readiness to forgive, and as to his infinite love to them. Those who want to show Christ how thankful they are, need not lack opportunity. (Luke 24: 47.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Churches and Sunday Schools Financially distressed or in need of additional funds, will do well to send promply the name and full post office address of their Treasurer, also of the Chief Officer of their Ladies' Aid Society, together with the name and denomination of their church, to George H. Sandison, 55 Fourth avenue, New York.

Church Members Seeking Employment or wishing to add to their income may learn of something to their advantage by sending their names and addresses to Box J, Station D, New York.

Large Audiences Assembled in Rochester, England, on March 5, at an all-day conference on the Second advent. The speakers were Pastors W. Fuller Gooch and J. Urquhart, and Mr. J. Monro Gibson.

Two Leading Stundists have had a Satisfactory interview at St. Petersburg with the Emperor and Empress of Russia, at which they presented the memorial on behalf of religious liberty from the Stundists of Russia.

Christians of all Denominations will Regret to hear of the death of Dr. John A. Broadus, of Louisville, Ky. His chief work was done in connection with the Southern Baptist Seminary, but his eloquent sermons and his scholarly books have gained him a wider fame throughout this country and across the Atlantic. His portrait appeared in this journal on March 13 in the group of the International Lesson Committee.

A Society Has Been Organized in London, called the Police Court Mission, to help in reclaiming persons, especially young men, who are arrested on comparatively slight charges. During the past year it has taken hold of 15,855 cases, and its success is most encouraging. It specially aims to reach persons arrested for the first time, who feel the stigma of the arrest, and are liable to become reckless if they are not encouraged to reform

An Ohio Journal states that a Suit has been filed by a physician against a Baptist minister in Delaware County for damages. The physician claims that his sixteen-year-old daughter has been made seriously ill by being baptized in very cold water.

A Good Citizens' League has been organized in Indiana for the purification of State politics. It will make no nominations, but work for the election of moral men and for the advance of temperance and political integrity.

A Significant speech was made recently by Prince Bismarck at Leipsic, He said: "In my long life I have rarely been happy. If I were to figure out the total of the rare moments of happiness that I have had, I would find perhaps in all about twenty-four hours." Prince Bismarck is now eighty years old.

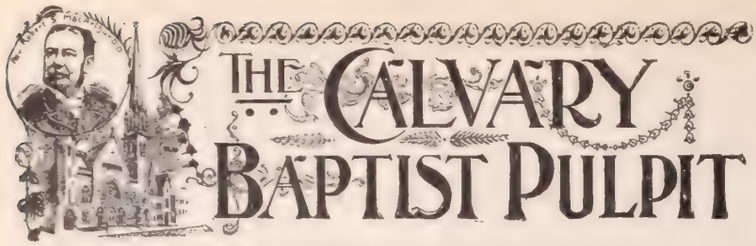
A Boy Fourteen Years of Age was brought as a witness into the General Sessions Court of New York one day last week. Being questioned as to the nature of an oath, he said that he "had never heard of God." He was an Italian by birth.

A Committee of Representatives of Evangelical churches in New York has been organized for united effort on philanthropic lines in the southern section of the city. The work contemplated, as described by a member of the committee, "is not the establishment of churches, but rather to better the condition of the poor, through discriminating charity; to lift up the depraved by bringing them into the social clubs which will be formed for men and boys, and to let a little sunshine into the outcast's life by giving her an opportunity to live in honor."

The American Board Reports Receipts for February $46,318 against $49,203 for February, 1894. The falling off is entirely in legacies, there being a gain in donations of $600; in special donations of $5,000, and in donations for their debt of $600. The total receipts for six months have been $315,912, against $328,587, for the corresponding period of last year.

Dr. Talmage Preached to an Enormous Audience on Thursday, March 22, in the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, of which Dr. Russell H. Conwell is pastor. The occasion was the Convention of the Christian Workers' Association. The vast building was crowded in every part to listen to Dr. Talmage, who preached a sermon appropriate to the object, which had brought Christian workers of all denominations to the city.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's Meetings, at Saginaw, Mich., are stirring the whole city. The "Courier-Herald" of March 12, says, that the services on the previous Sunday surpassed anything ever witnessed there. By actual count 280 persons publicly confessed their new-found faith in Christ, and 325 rose to ask the prayers of God's people. Dr. Munhall has devoted his attention to special classes, holding meetings for his G. A. R. comrades, for railroad men and their families, for men only, for women only, and for young people.



OUR LORD'S MYSTERIOUS SORROW.

Sermon preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, by Robert Stuart MacArthur. Text: Matt. 26: 38, "*My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.*"

OUR object this morning is to discuss some of the elements of our Lord's mysterious sorrow in the garden. The subject is one of deep solemnity and of equal tenderness. Not at all times, nor in all frames of mind and heart, is it fitting to discuss such a subject as this. As Moses removed his shoes when he approached the holy ground of the burning bush, so should we strive to banish all unholy thoughts as we walk beneath the olive trees of Gethsemane and gaze on the Cross of Calvary. The history of the race is one of sin and sorrow; it is also one of grace and glory. Three wonderful gardens are there in that history—Eden, Gethsemane, Paradise. Lost in Eden, we may be redeemed in Gethsemane, and those who are thus redeemed shall be glorified in Paradise. The first is a history of sin and sorrow on our part; the second is a history of sorrow without sin on Christ's part; the last will be a scene of neither sin nor sorrow. We look with shame to Eden, with sorrow to Gethsemane, and with humble, holy joy to Paradise. But Gethsemane we must visit before we can reach Paradise. To that scene of sorrow let us go this morning.

The Garden of Sorrow.

We go out of the eastern gate of the city of Jerusalem down a steep and abrupt hill, across the bed, over which, at certain seasons of the year, passes the dark-flowing Kedron, and now on our right lies the Garden of Gethsemane. It is a small plot of ground, nearly square, and now surrounded with a fence of rough stone surmounted with stucco. Within the enclosure are eight venerable olive trees. Beneath the shade of perhaps similar trees Christ bowed in his agony. It is night in Jerusalem. The lights are out. The streets are silent. The pilgrims are in their tents on the hillside asleep. The moon at this Passover season shines brightly. Christ and eleven of his disciples pass over the track we have described and enter the garden. Eight disciples are left near the entrance; three—the elect within the elect, the three who were admitted to witness the miracle of raising the ruler's daughter, the three who had been with him "in the holy mount," and having seen the glory of the transfiguration, were prepared for the humiliation of the garden—he takes with him to a little distance within the shade of the garden. And now the wave of his mysterious sorrow rolls over him. Even from these three disciples he withdraws himself a little space. He prays; he returns; he departs to pray; he returns; he departs; he kneels; he falls prostrate; he agonizes, and great drops, as it were, of blood fall upon the ground. He triumphs. The contest is over; the conquest is won. He returns in calmness to his sleeping disciples and awaits in perfect peace the approach of his betrayer. This great sorrow is something to us "who pass by." We shall "behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow."

Why Christ Grieved.

This is a mysterious sorrow. Some of its elements, however, we can understand. Let us reverently examine these, and see whether they will explain its intensity and bitterness. The ingratitude of those for whom he lived and died was an element in that sorrow. Christ was keenly alive to every expression of ingratitude. There are many hints given of this fact. He healed ten lepers. Nine went their way; one returned to express joy and gratitude. Christ asks sadly after the nine selfish and ungrateful ones. He said mournfully that he came unto his own, but they received him not. His heart revealed its deep loneliness when he compared himself with the foxes who had holes and the birds who had nests, while he had not where to lay his head. Earth, cursed by sin, had no resting-place for its Maker and Lord. When it would exalt him it did so by a cross; when it would crown him it did so with thorns. How a child's ingratitude breaks a parent's heart! How the ingratitude of the poor dries up the fountains of love in the hearts of the benevolent rich! Christ was subject to a similar law. His nation's ingratitude and hate were a heavy sorrow. His own family even did not believe in him. The people who shouted "Hosanna" one day, shouted "Crucify" the next. Is it not also true that the ingratitude of all rejecters, in every age, was present to his mind? If so, then, friends, our hardness of heart, our unbelief, our disobedience, was an element in Christ's sorrow. You unconverted children of godly parents, hearers but not doers of the Word, you rolled a wave of sorrow over Christ's soul. Oh, look to-day into that garden where Jesus groans and prays for you! See his tear-stained face! Hear his agonizing moan! Then let your heart break and your stubborn will relent. Oh, friends, unreconciled to God,

Your Ingratitude,

your procrastination and disobedience are wicked and cruel! Cease now, I pray you, this weak and wicked rebellion. I would win you to Christ now—now while we gaze on him in the garden.

The treachery, denial and desertion on the part of his friends made another element in that nameless sorrow. While this sorrow was, in some of its elements, far above human thought, in other elements it was intensely human. It was sad enough to Christ that of all that vast host that welcomed him on Sunday there should not be one on Friday to utter a word in his behalf. It was sad enough that all the thousands whom he had cured, fed, and blessed in so many ways, not one would stand by him in Pilate's hall. There was but one who spoke a word in his defence, and that one did not belong to the chosen people—the wife of the heathen Pilate. But saddest of all, in the chosen twelve one was a betrayer, one a denier, and all were deserters. "They all forsook him and fled." Oh, base ingratitude! Oh, shameful cowardice! But shall I speak harshly of them and not also justly of ourselves? Their minds were distracted with many doubts which now are cleared away. They groped in the dawn; we walk in the noon-day. Their sin was great; ours is greater. Many times since then has Christ been

Denied, Deserted, Betrayed,

by his professed friends. In social life, in the marts of trade, in the halls of sinful amusement, Jesus has been despised and rejected. And all this he foresaw. That wicked act of yours last week was a pang in Christ's heart. That absence from the house of God; that neglect of family or secret prayer—oh, these were parts of Christ's great sorrow on that terrible night! Shall we continue in sin? Can we, dare we, love and practice that which slew our Lord?

The sorrows to which his people would be exposed were an element in that grief. The joys and sorrows of his people Christ made his own. On this Thursday night he realized—perhaps even more than he did on the previous Sunday, when he wept over Jerusalem—what the Jewish nation incurred by his rejection. He saw that Jerusalem, the city of song and story, would soon be destroyed. He saw that God's chosen people would soon be scattered over the earth. Scattered over the world, despised and hated of all men, the Jews were to see their land trodden by the foot of the heathen Roman and the infidel Turk. Their prayer was answered. The blood of Christ was upon them, not to save, but to destroy. Now, to Jesus as a man, a patriot, and a Saviour, the blindness and madness of his people became a cause of intense and bitter grief. He saw, too, the sorrows which were to come on Christian believers. Those of his nation who accepted him—as well as those who rejected him, though in different ways—were to suffer sorrow. Of all the disciples with him in the garden, John probably was the only one who was to die a natural death. James first was to seal his testimony with his life. Peter, like his Lord, was to be crucified. The disciples who afterward believed on his name were to suffer persecution. Stephen, from the fast falling shower of stones, was to go up to Christ at the right hand of God. Paul was present to Christ's view—Paul "fighting with beasts at Ephesus," "shamefully entreated at Philippi," cruelly imprisoned and beheaded at Rome. Huss, Luther, Bunyan, thousands of whom the world was not worthy, suffered for their Lord—these in Christ's thoughts—these added to Christ's grief.

The Coming Pain.

There was also a shrinking from the painful and shameful death of the cross. Let us not hesitate to say so. Christ was truly a man. True manhood is not indifferent to danger and suffering. Coarse and brutal natures may assume a stoicism which refined and cultivated natures cannot manifest. Dr. Parker, in "Ecce Deaus," finely illustrates this thought. "Suffering," he says, "is a question of nature. The educated man suffers more than the uneducated; the poet probably suffers more than the mathematician; the commanding officer suffers more in a defeat than the common soldier. The more life, the more suffering, the billows of sorrow being in proportion to the volume of our manhood. Now, Jesus Christ was not merely a man; he was man; and by the very compass of his manhood he suffered more than any mortal can endure. The storm may pass as fiercely over the shallow lake as over the Atlantic, but by its very volume the latter is more terribly shaken." Christ's physical organization even, was, doubtless, exquisitely sensitive. Then there were the moral issues involved. Perhaps it is true, as has been claimed, that Christ died of a literally broken heart. He certainly keenly felt the pain and disgrace of

His Ignominious Death.

To assume even for a time the character of a felon is to a holy soul painful in the extreme. Actors of high reputation find it opposed to their taste to represent a character famous only for vileness. Christ's shrinking was natural and proper. It is a mark of honor and glory befitting the God-man. I give due weight to all these considerations. But I affirm that they do not of themselves account for his deep and awful sorrow. He must have known—he foretold it many times—that he was to rise from the dead on the third day. The grave could not hold him. His physical sufferings at the worst would be short. The victory was near. It was to be a brief darkness followed by a never-ending brightness. Who can believe this was more than an element—and compared with other elements, an unimportant one—in his sorrow? Martyrs in Christ's name and for his sake have gone joyfully to the stake. They have shouted amid fagots and flames. They have gone to the block singing songs of triumph. They have lain in prisons of dampness and darkness until the chains rusted into their flesh. Wives and mothers have torn themselves from husbands and children to die for Jesus. We have read of Leonidas and his brave three hundred who stopped the onward march of the Persians at Thermopyiæ, giving their lives joyfully for their country. We know of England's lovely queen who sucked the poison from the wound of the king, her consort, though she knew that death would be the result of her heroism. Again and again have brave soldiers rushed in to take the death-blows intended for their commanders. The pages of history contain the names of many such. Much more has

Willingness to suffer

for Christ been seen. What glorious names come to us as we speak! There are thousands who are suffering a daily martyrdom for his sake. There are women tied to drunken and godless husbands and sweetly living for Christ, dying a thousand deaths, while they live a single life. Upheld by the blessed hopes of the Gospel, they never utter a murmur. At this hour there are, believe it, friends, thousands who would gladly lay down their lives for the Master, rather than deny him. Think you, then, that simple fear of physical death could have so burdened and crushed the Son of God—the Lord of life and glor A thousand times no. There was tha there was far more than that.

Another consideration is that Satan w permitted at this time to tempt Christ w peculiar power. Satan tempted Jesus in t wilderness and was repulsed. He left h "for a season." He now returned. It w the last—the death-struggle. It was t world's crisis. The old conflict is to be s tled forever. It is the hour and the pow of darkness." In one garden truth w crushed and error triumphed. The fi Adam was overthrown, shall the seco Adam be overthrown? If so, the knell humanity must be rung, On the result this conflict in this garden depends the p sibility of entering Paradise. If Satan t umph now God is no more God. Hell preciates the struggle. Its artillery hurled against the bowed sufferer. Wh an hour! What a conflict! Here let o hearts break in sympathy with our broke hearted Lord. Oh, be not indifferent wh for you Christ is meeting the temptatio of Satan! Christ is warding off eter death and hell. Behold, behold, him in great agony! Never was there sorrow l that of Jesus.

But the true explanation of the myst ous sorrow in the garden and the aw agony on the Cross—as seen in the cr to God uttered in both places—is t Christ, the Godman,

The Divine Substitute

was bearing in some way the iniquities a lost world. This is a holy of holies. seems almost irreverent to judge with critic's coolness these awful experienc But such is the teaching of Scripture, al in the Old and New Testaments. "He w bruised for our iniquities." "The L hath laid on him the iniquity of us a "It pleased the Lord to bruise him." (no, the cup could not pass from him! drained it to the very dregs. "He hath m him to be sin for us who knew no si He was "made a curse for us." "W his own self bare our sins in his own b on the tree." He consented to have sins laid upon him. He is treated as transgressor. Oh, matchless love! (transcendent and sovereign grace! Bles doctrine of divine substitution! God found a way to save the lost. Heaven opened to the vilest. With Paul we say, "Oh, the depths of the riches bot the wisdom and knowledge of God

There is a practical application of t truths. First, we see the exceeding sin ness of sin. How lost was man w nothing short of such a sacrifice could s him! Christ cried out in tears and ag when he stood before God in the sinn place. How terrible must it be for a sin on his own behalf, to attempt to stand fore God! Christ sank for a time u the weight of sins not his own. How s we meet God with sins upon us which our own? Second, we see here, as where else,

The Love of God in Christ.

Marvelous love! No mind can conceive heart can feel, no tongue declare its g ness. The world is full of evidence God's love. It is whispered in the wi it flashes in the sunlight, but there i grandest display; "God so loved t world." Third, the duty of immediate mission to Christ is manifest. It is in the extreme to refuse the great salva and dare the wrath of a holy and God. Men and women, in God's na admonish you to-day, come and give y selves to this great Saviour.

Turn now from the cold ground beneath the olive's shade, where on that Thur night Jesus began to give the ransom your soul. Look to that cross on w on Friday he completed the purchase p See him bowing his head in death. his triumphant cry, "It is finished!" cross is at once the world's hope and world's condemnation. It is at once proof of God's great love and man's sin. I lift it before you. Stop, travele eternity, it is something to you that J dies! Is there any sorrow like Chris? But I ask no maudlin sympathy and s mental pity for Jesus. It is not for him for you that I plead. Look from the th den of agony and the cross of shame t throne of glory on which he now sits. yourselves as helpless sinners at his f exclaiming with adoring Thomas, "My Lord and my God," and then shall yo able joyously to say, "Therefore, being tified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

...d Really Needy Ones Missed.

...e Relief Committees in the West are Doing Thorough Work — $1000 More Sent to Nebraska and Kansas.

NOW that the real crisis of suffering in the West is over, it begins to be apparent to all that the relief work done by the State and local organizations in Nebraska as well as by the Volunteer Distributors that State and in Kansas, Oklahoma, ...uth Dakota, and Colorado, has been ...ost thorough and effective. ...o really needy applicant who ...s presented his claim in the ...oper quarter, has been turn... away unrelieved. At the ...me time the distributors have ...en compelled to exercise due ...scretion in order to avoid im...sition at the hands of un...orthy applicants, who were ...t in need, and those in al...ost every case were speedily ...tected and turned away. As ...attering appeals have con...ued to come from Nebraska ...d Kansas to THE CHRIS...AN HERALD, these are now ...ferred for inquiry to the State ...elief Commission in the ...rmer State, and to the Tope...a "Capital" Relief Fund in ...e latter. An additional re...ittance of $500 each was ...rwarded to Manager Ludden ...Lincoln, Neb., and Major ...udson at Topeka, Kan., last ...eek, to be expended in reliev...g such of the late appeals ...s are found to be deserving.

During the last two weeks a ...rge number of reports have ...en received from Volunteer ...istributors in Nebraska and ...ansas, and as it is impossible ...publish them in detail, all ...ports of distributors are now ...ing tabulated and will be ...blished when complete in a ...rm that will enable our read...s to comprehend the extent of ...e humane and Christian be...volence in which they have ...en engaged. These reports ...ver every class of relief work ...one in connection with the ...und. Many are full of en...usiastic gratitude, like this ...om Mrs. R. E. George, a Vol...nteer Distributor, at Cumso. ...eb.:

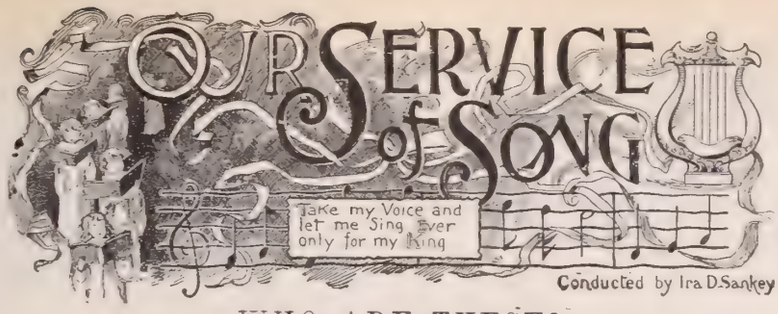
"As I sat in the Bible Class, in our ...ubath school yesterday, I thought ...w nice every one looks. The neat ...sses and jackets, tasty hats and ...mfortable shoes, are all due to the ...enerous and beneficent Christian ...ople of the East. None but Chris...ans would have given such nice ...ings. They have not given us just ...hat we barely needed, but they have ...pplied us so that we can attend ...urch and Sabbath School. The ...dgment day alone can reveal all the ...od that has been done. We are ...raising the Lord for his goodness.

In South Dakota and Okla...oma, as letters received by ...HE CHRISTIAN HERALD ...how, there are still many ...ases of suffering unrelieved, ...ut every appeal received is ...mmediately forwarded to the ...issionaries who are acting ...ese as distributing agents. ...f found worthy, after investi...gation, prompt relief is afford...d. Appeals from quarters ...here no relief is really needed ...re quickly detected, and are fruitless.

Rev. J. H. Parker, Superintendent of Mis...ions, Kingfisher, Okla., writes that he has ...ade arrangements to distribute his remit...ance from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund ...n five counties, to be used exclusively for ...eed, no farmer receiving more than $5.00. ...e adds that $10,000 could be used to ad...vantage in helping the farmers there.

Contributions to the Fund during the ...eek were:

...rev. ack'd	$25,893.94
...mundson, Matthies	1 00
...mundson, Charlotte	1 00
...mundson, Anton..	50
...arnard, O L	1 00
...rown, J L	10 00
...rown, Mrs J L	5 00
...aker, Mrs Rebecca	75
...inkhead, J H	4 00
...arbour, J F	5 00
...ertrown, Wm	1 00
...ettel, Robert	1 00
Brown, Chas G	1 00
Byrd, J A	5 00
Carson, Mrs John	2 00
Carse, Mrs E	1 00
Currier, Wm B	50
Chadderton, Robt..	50
Cassell, Amand R	1 00
Carman, Mrs Jno W	1 00
Cusac, Wm	3 50
Dunham, W J	50
Desh, W K	5 00
Durrell, Mrs D M	50
Dungan, I L	5 00
Dickey, Mrs Jas R	5 00
Fulmer, Mr & Mrs	2 00
Frazer, Joel	2 00
Friend, Newark, N J	1 00
" Trenton, N J	2 00
" Santa Monica	1 00
" Abrams, Wis	1 00
" Olyphant, Pa	5 00
" Holmesville	1 00
Friends, Batesville	5 00
Gibson, Thos	5 00
Hamilton, Mrs E	5 00
Hobart, Mrs L H	2 00
Hesseltine, R K	3 00
Humphrey, Mrs J D	3 00
1HN, King's Mt, N C	1 00
" Moore's Mills	20 00
" York, Pa	25
Jagnow, Albert	5 00
Johnson, Peter	1 05
Kinyon, Jas P	5 00
Klaser, Nickas	50
Knudson, Mrs E	5 00
Kemple, Mrs Eliza	1 00
Kilpatrick, R H	1 00
Kenney, Benj	1 00
Lapham, Mr & Mrs	5 00
Lapham, Isaac F	2 00
Lunkford, S T	1 00
Miller, Maggie	2 00
Myers, Titus M	5 00
Moyers, Sam'l	1 00
Milton, Alfred	1 00
McClintock, Geo	5 00
McCollum, Mrs C L	1 00
Oakes, Robt	50
Petterson, Rev A	1 00
Pullin, Catharine	1 00
Parker, Mrs M V	2 00
Richardson, Mrs A	1 00
Reader, Sprague	1 00
Seward, W F	1 00
Smith, Mrs J A	2 00
Smith, Clarence	1 00
Sprague, Will	2 00
Sheldon, Benj	1 00
Strayer, Mrs H L	1 00
Sub'r, Fortuna, Mo	1 00
Sub'r, Gloucester	1 00
Sub'r, Woodstock, Ill	2 00
Sub'r, Glendale, N Y	2 00
Tyson, Sarah	1 00
Titus, Mrs Z	50
Taylor, Anna M	50
Welch, B D	50
Woodruff, W B	1 00
Whitford, Mrs E W	1 00
Whitford, Myrtie A	50
Zabiner, John	25
Zager, Miss Sarah	1 50
W C T U, Smithtown Branch	3 00
Y P S C E, 2d Pres Ch, Pottsville, Pa.	11 70
SAJ, Poolesville, Md	1 00
I E, Litchfield, Ct	5 00
B P, Wren, Va	1 00
H S G, South Park	1 00
R F B, Woodstock	1 00
Mrs L A B, Casky, Ky	1 00
M D O, Unionville, O	30
M W L, Fairfield, Ct	14 72
W B H, Springfield	1 00
L, Orange Co, Vt	2 00
C & M, Concord, NH	2 00
E S S, Gunshill, Va	1 00
Mrs J H C, Mich	50
C E B, Rochester	2 00
N S T and T, Jasper	1 00
—, Anaheim, Cal	5 50
—, Cadiz, N Y	2 00
Less $14 contributed by 8 ladies of Campello, Mass, to Moody Fund, but credited by mistake to Western Fund in issue of January 16.	$14.00
—, Baldwin, Ill	10 00
By Edna Griffin	50
People of Fauquire Co, Va	63 29
Stepney Baptist Ch	9 00
White Rubboner, Ind	2 00
Trinity Reformed Ch, Thornville, O	29 00
Juniors, New Brighton, S I, N Y	1 00
Junior C E Society, Delano, Minn	2 20
2 who sympathize, Humboldt, Ill	2 00
"Jesus Wept," Ind	5 00
In Jesus' Name, Pa	1 00
Science Hill S S	3 00
Ladies C A S, Panola	22 58
Grandpa, Walter & others, W Salisbury	5 00
Cheerful Givers, Cal	1 70
Fruit Bearers' Circle, K D, Wrights, Cal	1 45
Total	**$26,302.18**
Less	$14.00
Corrected Total,	$26,288.18



WHO ARE THESE?

"WHAT ARE THESE WHICH ARE ARRAYED IN WHITE ROBES?"—*Rev. 7 : 13.*

ANNA SHIPTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Who are these whose songs are sound-ing O'er the gold - en harps a - bove?
2. Who are these that keep their sta - tion Round the great.... e - ter - nal throne?
3. See their robes of daz-zling white-ness, With-out blem - ish, spot or stain;
4. 'Tis the Lamb of God who leads them, And they serve.... Him night and day,
5. Sweet their theme: 'tis still "sal - va - tion Un - to Christ... the Ho - ly One,"

Hark! they tell of grace a - bound - ing, And Je - ho - vah's sov - 'reign love.
They from earth - ly trib - u - la - tion, To their heav'n-ly rest are gone.
See their crowns that grow in brightness, Purchased by the Lamb once slain.
By the heav'n-ly fount He leads them, He hath wiped their tears a - way.
And their sighs of trib - u - la - tion, Change to songs a - round the throne.

D.C.—CHORUS.

These are they..... who washed their robes..... and
who washed their robes, these are they who washed their robes

made them white..... in the blood of the Lamb.....
white, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

ritard. FINE.

in the blood of the Lamb (the blood of the Lamb).

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THE FIRST-FRUITS.

Watchful Believers to be Caught up to the Clouds to Meet the Lord at his Coming as the First-fruits of the Harvest.

BY REV. G. D. HOOPER.

WHEN we ask in what order or fashion, and when, the Lord's people will be fully and finally gathered to him in the clouds as Paul describes in I. Thess. 4: 17, we find that prophetic students are not agreed. Some hold that the Church must pass through the Tribulation ere it is taken to its Lord; while others think that such a view bedims the ardor of our hope, and hold that nothing of necessity intervenes before the Lord may come and call his people to himself. With deference to some who have been taught of God, and with love to those that differ, we submit that both views are only partially true. Just as in the natural world God sends the seasons in their order, and gives us first-fruits, harvest, and then the vintage, does Scripture teach that, as the ages close, these stages are foretold—that the first aspect of our Lord's coming will be the translation of his ripe and ready, watchful, consecrated ones, as living first-fruits from the great harvest-field; that from the Tribulation which ensues, the harvest of the earth is reaped, or, in other words, the resurrection of the righteous dead, and their translation, together with living believers takes place. When thus all his people are all gathered to himself before the Bema, or judgment seat and allocated their position in the coming Kingdom, he then comes forth to the earth with his people (Zech. 14: 5; Rev. 19: 14), just as before he had come to the clouds for his people. As this view appears to some to divide the Church, and to be otherwise objected to, let us first see what the view really is, and then what evidence it commands.

Observe first, our Lord's return is not a momentary act, but a prolonged process. His first coming appeared as a definite moment to the prophets; but when the time came we find that between his "coming forth," from Bethlehem (Micah 5: 2), and his coming unto Jerusalem as Israel's proffered King (Zech. 9: 9), there lay an interval of three and thirty years. May we not reasonably expect between the first and last stages of his second coming, an interval in which the judgment of the saints, the allotment of rewards, and the Marriage Supper of the Lamb take place? Thus, from the moment when he rises from the right hand of his Father's throne, to his glorious appearing to destroy the Antichrist and to deliver Israel, there will be time for the manifestation of the Man of Sin and the horrors of the Great Tribulation.

There are certain prophecies which speak of the removal of the Church as a whole, giving in the vivid pictures the general view; while others give separate and detailed aspects or stages. Among the former are, I. Thess. 4. 13-18, I Cor. 25: 20-54. But it is with the the latter series of passages we are now concerned. Our Lord distinctly promises to watchful, faithful believers immunity from the Tribulation. While some are overcharged with surfeiting, or marked by other traits of the days of Noah, the word to believers is, "Watch ye, therefore, and pray always that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man" (Luke 21: 36). Clearly such a promise brings living hope to watchful hearts that they shall be taken hence before the woes predicted come to pass. It is our belief that these are identical with the first-fruits of Rev. 14: 1-5, and the Manchild of Rev. 7: 5.

RESURRECTION LIFE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing April 14. Romans 6: 1-12; 20-23.

NEW life is the essential idea of conversion. Christ emphasized it in his talk with Nicodemus and reiterated in his discourses. and it is the chief thought in all Paul's practical teaching. This life is significantly characterized as "Resurrection Life," the old life being dead and cast off and the new life being a new creation. That there is no exaggeration in thus characterizing it, every one who has experienced the change can testify. Extreme cases reveal the principle involved. When a degraded drunkard, who has no pleasure in life apart from his cups, has been rescued from his bondage, all his being is changed. He takes an interest in matters to which he was indifferent before, and has new hopes and pleasures. The reformed gambler and the reformed libertine have a like experience. The old life is past and dead and the new life differs from it as do the lives of different persons from each other. It should be so in every converted man. The principle of death and resurrection applies, even when the former life has been outwardly moral. There is a death of motives, of aims, of ambitions, of aspirations and a resurrection in each case. The man having passed through the change is a different being. Before, he could be moved to a particular course of conduct by the prospect of gain and personal advantage; afterward he learns the meaning of the word duty, and is most concerned about pleasing his Lord. Temptations in various directions awoke a responsive chord in his nature, he was in harmony with sin and yielded himself to it without resistance. After the change has taken place, temptation may and does assail him, but it fails to find anything within him on which it can take hold. The traitor has been expelled from the garrison and no longer stands ready to open the gates. "It is I, August," said a fascinating woman to St. Augustine, meeting him on the street after his conversion. Formerly he would have greeted her warmly, and she was pained by his passing her as a stranger. "But I am not August," he said, as he told her of the new life that was in him. The same man, but transformed into a new man. The old life was dead and his veins were pulsating with resurrection life that had no affinity with the past. The Prodigal, after being welcomed by his father, would have as little liking for the sins that ruined him as for the husks which had been his food. We can imagine his future life being one of self-denial, of loving attendance on his father, of patience under his brother's taunts. As different a life from the one he had lived under that roof before his fall as might be that of another man. To the father it must have been no mere figure of speech that his son had died and was alive again. So, one who realizes in any degree the meaning of Calvary, perceives the meaning of Christ's words, "I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." He draws them out of sin to purity, out of selfishness to self-sacrifice, out of hate to love. He gives them his resurrection life.

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A HAWAIIAN C. E. SOCIETY.

From Rev. J. A. Cruzan of Honolulu, comes an interesting report of the beginning and progress of Christian Endeavor work in Hawaii, which Dr. Clark publishes in his "Golden Rule." In the course of his letter Dr. Cruzan says:

In November, 1883, steps were taken to organize a young people's society in my church on Christian Endeavor lines, and soon the first Christian Endeavor Society in Hawaii, and, I think, the first outside of America, was born. The number was small, the iron-clad pledge preventing many from joining. Nineteen names were enrolled, and Miss Ella Spooner, Vice-Principal of Oahu College, was the first and the very efficient President. Failing health compelled Miss Spooner to lay down the work, and it fell into other and less efficient hands. The iron-clad pledge was pared down somewhat. The usual result which follows the removal of a spinal column ensued—collapse. But there was life in the society and it would not die.

When the time was ripe, with a copy of that admirable little book, "The Children and the Church," in hand, a thorough organization on strict Endeavor lines was effected. Hon. W. O. Smith, the present attorney-general of the republic of Hawaii, was chosen President, and proved an admirable leader. From that time forward this society has been an efficient factor in the spiritual life of the church with which it is connected, and of this little nation.

What proved helpful among the white foreigners of course must needs find its way into the churches of other nationalities. The Hawaiian, Chinese and Japanese churches in Hawaii have all tried and proved the Christian Endeavor idea to be admirably adapted to the spiritual growth and efficiency of their young people.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN MISSOURI.

The progress of Christian Endeavor in Missouri is typical of its progress in other states. The churches that were alive and aggressive early perceived the benefit it might bring in retaining the young people, in enlisting them in active Christian work, and the movement spread from one to another with the rapidity with which the history of the movement everywhere has familiarized us. On this page we give portraits of four of the most prominent workers in the State organization, who were elected a year and a half ago to the chief offices of the Union. These are Mr. Thomas Jones, of Kansas City, who was chosen President; Mr. Edward Altemus of St. Louis, Secretary; Mrs. H. S Gilliam of Kansas City, who had charge of Missionary Work, and Miss Kate H. Haus of St Louis, who was elected Superintendent of Junior Work.

There are now, it appears from a statement in the "The Inland" of St. Louis, over seven hundred Societies in the State Union. Divided according to denominations, the following are the figures: Societies connected with the Christian or Disciples of Christ, 210; Presbyterian, 120; Union Congregations, 109; Cumberland Presbyterian, 86; Congregationalist, 59; Baptist, 19; Methodist Episcopal, South. 15; Methodist Episcopal 12; Methodist Protestant, 11, and the remainder scattered among twelve other denominations, besides five Societies in colleges.

In a historical sketch of the movement in the State, written by Mr. George B. Graff, when he was State Secretary, he says: "In 1885, at the Annual Conference of Endeavor Societies at Old Orchard, Me., I had the honor of being the delegate farthest away from home. At this time, however, there were three societies in Missouri, viz., Pilgrim Congregational, St. Louis, and Clyde and Olivette Congregational, Kansas City, In 1886, a city Union was formed in St. Louis and fourteen societies were reported for Missouri. In 1887, at the Sixth Annual International Convention, twenty-nine societies were reported for Missouri, and a year later, at the Chicago Convention, the report showed ninety societies in the State. In 1888 the Second Annual Conference was held at the First Baptist Church, Kansas City. In 1889 it was seen fit to dignify the annual Conference with the name of the 'State Convention,' which name has since been retained."

Of the beginning of the movement in the State, Mr. Graff says: "In November, 1882, Rev. C. L. Goodell, pastor of Pilgrim Congregational Church of St. Louis, spoke to some of his young people regarding the Society of Christian Endeavor, which was just then becoming known in the East. At that time and for some years previous there was a society in the church known as the Young People's Union. It was found that the constitution of the Union and that of the Y. P. S. C. E., were very much alike. At the suggestion of Dr. Goodell, the Union changed its name to a Christian Endeavor Society and became the first Society in Missouri." Dr. Goodell has since been called to his reward, but not until he had seen the value of the Society, the idea of which he had introduced into his State. This is his testimony, and it is an eloquent one: "The Society of Christian Endeavor, brought

FOUR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR LEADERS IN MISSOURI.

1. MRS. H. S. GILLIAM OF KANSAS CITY. 2. MISS KATE H. HAUS OF ST. LOUIS.
3. MR. THOMAS JONES OF KANSAS CITY. 4. MR. EDWARD ALTEMUS OF ST. LOUIS.

from Portland, Maine to St. Louis without injury, is one of the busiest bees in the Pilgrim hive. It brings in honey and comb and finds many wayside flowers that have been overlooked. It comes in every day rich with golden power. It is one of the special helps to the pastor. It is wings for him and flies all over the city."

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The programme for the Ottawa Baptist Convention, is now completed and the "Canadian Baptist" says that from beginning to end "it will be full of interest. The addresses will be on live topics connected with Young People's work, and all conferences will be so arranged as to be helpful to the individual as well as instructive in the manner of conducting societies."

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Delegates to the approaching National Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union, who wish to take advantage of any of the side trips should write to the Executive Committee for information. They have secured special rates to all points and have arrangements made for hotel accommodation at reduced rates. Not only time but money will be saved to the visitors to the Convention if they will correspond with the Executive Committee in Baltimore in regard to any and all arrangements which they may desire to make.

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Dr. F. L. Wilkins announces that the International Committee of the Baptist Young People's Unions contemplates issuing a badge for the Juniors and invites suggestions as to design.

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The Good Citizens' League of India, recently organized for the promotion of temperance and social and political purity in the State, is largely made up of members of Christian Endeavor Societies, Epworth Leagues and Baptist Young People's Unions.

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The Anglo-American Y. M. C. A., 14 Rue Montmarte, Paris, trusts that pastors and others visiting the city will not fail to note that "valuable information can be obtained, a good guide to all places of interest recommended, that tea room is 'entre libre,' and a list of lodgings is kept. Already excellent testimony as to the benefits about mentioned has been rendered by a party of Irish and American pastors and friends en route to the Holy Land.

✠

In Liberia Christian Endeavor has gained a strong footing and is spreading rapidly. A Society has been formed in connection with the Grange Mission, Johnsonville, and another among the students of Liberia College.

✠

At the Annual Convention of the Hoboken Leagues, of the Jersey City, N. J., District, held at Hoboken on March 14, the Corresponding Secretary reported 48 Epworth Chapters in the district, 2 Christian Endeavor Societies, 17 Junior Epworth League Chapters, and 1 Junior Endeavor Society, with a total membership of 4,

✠

The Baltimore Committee of the National B. Y. P. U. Convention has arranged that members of the Boys' Brigade to assist the reception committee in directing delegates to their homes. Those who are engaged in this work will wear white caps, with the word "Reception" printed in pale blue upon the front, that they may be easily recognized by those seeking information.

✠

The Baptist Young People of St. Paul, Minn., have organized a city Union for the Christian Culture courses with one member from each church for an Executive Committee. The membership is now over three hundred with the prospect of doubling before the end of the year. The meetings are held at the various churches in turn

People of Ancient Egypt.

Their Land was a Land of Wonder and Enchantments—Social and Domestic Customs—The Training of Children.

ALTHOUGH Egypt for many centuries has been reduced to the grade of a tributary power, the observant traveler in that country finds on every hand visible evidences supporting the claim of former greatness and magnificence. But while these traces of a once great and powerful people still remain, we must go to the earliest historians in order to form an intelligent impression of the people themselves. Glimpses of Egypt are afforded in the Mosaic narrative, that reveal it as a powerful and warlike nation, with rich and populous cities, and a long line of kings whose progenitors reach back to the beginnings of history. Josephus tells us of their fame for wisdom, borrowed from the Phœnicians; their science of mathematics, in which Abraham was their teacher, and their unbroken line of monarchs for fifteen hundred years before the reign of Solomon in Israel. Herodotus, who is supposed to have lived nearly five hundred years before Christ, and who is regarded as "the father of history," describes the people of Egypt, as he saw them while he traveled through their country and listened to their venerable legends and traditions. His record is the fullest and next to the Bible record the oldest. It contains much quaint and curious information touching the people, who were wont to boast that they were the oldest people in the world. This claim, however, one of their kings, Psammeticus, is said to have disproved by a very ingenious test. Two infants were carefully kept apart from human society, their attendants being forbidden to utter a word before them. Their nurses were two goats. One day, when the babes were about two years old, they stretched out their little hands and, according to the legend, lisped "bekkos! bekkos!" This word being Phrygian for "bread," the palm of antiquity was awarded to Phrygia, and the claim of Egypt was declared defeated.

ANCIENT COFFINS.

Among other matters observed during his travels, Herodotus noticed the prevalent love of pleasure and ease, especially among the rich, and a depraved condition of morals generally. Yet the Egyptians, he asserts, were the first nation who held the soul to be immortal, and this latter statement is fully sustained by inscriptions found in recent years. At the social banquets of the rich, as soon as the feast was ended, a painted wooden figure of a corpse in a coffin was shown to each guest, to remind him of the transitory character of the present life and the certainty of death. Cats were held as sacred animals and when one died, all the inmates of a house went into mourning by shaving their eyebrows. The dead canine pets were embalmed and their mummies stored in the sacred city of Bubastes. In the event of an Egyptian house taking fire, the first thing to be saved was the cat. Dogs and lizards were also among the household pets.

One of the greatest of Egypt's kings was Amasis, who was of humble origin. He established many peculiar laws, one being that every man should appear once a year before the governor of his province, and prove, on pain of death, that he was getting an honest livelihood. This law was afterwards in use among the Greeks in the time of Solon. In those long-past ages, social life in Egypt was very simple. Even the wealthy, made comparatively little display, although a rich household might have as many as twenty or thirty servants. Dress was unpretending and even graceful, (as our illustrations, which are prepared from the most reliable archæological data, show). Short linen tunics reaching to a little above the knees, an over-garment also of linen, hanging loose and knotted at the waist, sandals and a head-covering comprised the male attire, while the costume of women was hardly more elaborate. Dwellings were very plain, angular and flat-roofed, stools were used instead of chairs, the tables were usually round, with a single pillar in the centre, and couches had head-rests, not unlike those now in use. Women occupied a considerable place in society and in public affairs, and were by no means kept as secluded as in modern Oriental life, which has very largely come under Mohammedan influence. One wife was the rule, and all children shared the inheritance. Great deference was paid by children to parents, and respect for old age was universal.

A QUEEN AND HER WAITING LADIES. A PRIEST AND A PEASANT MAN AND WOMAN.

TYPES OF THE PEOPLE OF EGYPT IN ANCIENT TIMES.

These descriptions, according to Rawlinson and other eminent writers, apply to a time anterior to Joseph, and under the earliest kings in Egyptian history.

Hindu Girls' Education.

Home-life makes up almost the whole world for the Hindu girl, and the greatest care of the mother is to educate her daughter to be a good housewife. When she is seven, the mother teaches her to cook and to clean pots. Hindus have two kinds of washing: one is the daily washing of every-day apparel; for the clothes are changed every morning after bathing. Every Hindu must bathe before he takes his meals. Religion requires that no food be cooked before the person who cooks has bathed. Hence any woman must bathe before she cooks. A woman first gives a bath to her children than she takes a bath herself, and after that goes to cook. The clothes are changed and washed every day. The little girl washes the small clothes on a stone and hangs them for drying. She assists her mother in many small things. She sweeps the kitchen, she brings the utensils, she cuts and slices vegetables, she pounds and grinds the spices, she takes out the small pebbles from the rice and cleans it in water, and, in short, she does all the petty work, assisting her mother. If she has an infant brother or sister, she feeds it and lulls it to sleep in the cradle. She gathers flowers and weaves them into wreaths with which the Hindu women adorn their hair. Her mother teaches her to sew, to embroider, and to make her toilet, which is simple. By the time she is fifteen she learns all things pertaining to general housekeeping and cookery. Moral and religious teaching are not forgotten. It is pleasing to know that there are now in India, many thousands of homes where the little ones are taught the story of Jesus, and that the precious seed of the Gospel sown by the Zenana missionaries and other Christian workers, is bringing forth fruit an hundred and a thousandfold.

The Birds in Spring.

Signs of early spring are already visible in the return of the birds, but not until the end of April will the feathered songsters be back in their summer habitat in full force. It is astonishing how hardy even the most tiny and delicate birds are. Some years ago, when Dr. Merriman, Chief of the Ornithological Section of the Agricultural Department, was on a scientific expedition in the mountain regions of San Francisco, he encountered flocks of hundreds of beautiful little humming-birds, and he described their habits in a bulletin. They wake up very early in the morning, and go to water at daylight, no matter how cold the weather. When the mornings were often frosty, hundreds came to a spring to drink and bathe at break of day. They would drop down to the water, dip their feet and bellies, and rise and shoot away as if propelled by an unseen power. These tiny birds, however, are essentially creatures of flower and sunshine. Birds rarely die of cold and if kind-hearted people, in severe weather, take care to spare a little for the birds, the birds will take care of themselves—and be a delight and a blessing to all, paying back in those floods of melody which have been aptly called the "poor man's choir," the kindness of their friends.

Good Humor in the Family.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to a happy home life. An equally good and useful faculty is a sense of humor or the capacity to have a little fun along with the humdrum cares and work of life. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion who sees the ridiculous points of things and can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It does a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to cry or scold over them. Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with a sense of the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its bright and especially its mirthful side. Into such a household, good but dull, the advent of a good-humored friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day.

THE LESSON OF THE SUNSET.

SLOW fades the vision of the sky,
The golden water pales,
And over all the valley-land
A gray-winged vapor veils.
I go the common way of all;
The sunset fires will burn,
The flowers will blow, the river flow,
When I no more return.
No whisper from the mountain pine,
Nor lapsing stream shall tell
The stranger, treading where I tread,
Of him who loves them well.

But beauty seen is never lost,
God's colors are all fast;
The glory of this sunset heaven
Into my soul has passed—
A sense of gladness unconfined
To mortal date or clime;
As the soul liveth, it shall live
Beyond the years of time.
Besides the mystic asphodels
Shall bloom the home-born flowers,
And new horizons flush and glow
With sunset hues of ours.

—WHITTIER.

FRANCES WILLARD'S CHILDHOOD.

FRANCES WILLARD'S youth after the first few years of childhood was spent in Oberlin, Ohio. Blue-eyed and precocious, even in her fourth year she had very pronounced ideas of her own about many things. She was a great reader and an irrepressible questioner. In after years she recalled with amusement the fact that her mother used to put the children through a course of peculiar calisthenics.

The next move was to a forest home in Wisconsin, where the family passed a free, wholesome life among the fields and woods, and where the education, already well begun, was continued by studies in poetry, philosophy, botany, and manual work of many kinds, the whole tinctured with a strong leaven of religion. Under such tuition the children grew up self-reliant, truthful and intelligent. They rode and hunted together, worked together and studied in company, like the best of comrades. But even the joys of prairie life may have an end, and the day came when Frances Willard longed for something higher and broader than her backwoods environments. She took a deep interest in abolition, and found her earliest impulse to philanthropy in the Anti-Slavery publications of the day.

With the aid of her brother Oliver, at fourteen she established a little, three-column paper called "The Forest Home Tribune," which they set up and printed on the farm. Her first venture at self-support was as a school ma'am and she solaced herself for the monotony of the drudgery by reading Epictetus and Plato between sessions. Step by step, she rose in the intellectual ladder and every passing year showed a broadening and filling out of that remarkable character which has since become so famous and so widely loved by all in English speaking countries.

Child Questionings.

A child may ask a question on a point that cannot with propriety be made clear to him just yet. In such a case he ought not to be rebuked for seeking light, but an answer of some kind is to be given to him, in declaration of a general truth that includes the specific subject of his inquiry; and then he is to be kindly told that by and by he can know more about this than he can now. This will satisfy a well-disposed child for the time being, while it will encourage him to continue in the attitude of a truth-seeking questioner. A very simple answer to his every question is all that a child looks for; but that is his right, if he comes for it at a proper time and in a proper spirit. A child is harmed if he be unduly checked as a questioner; and he is helped, if he be encouraged and wisely trained by his parents in a child's high prerogative as a questioner.

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ALICE MAPLETON'S ORDEAL

A STORY OF NOBLE FORTITUDE UNDER TRIAL.

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by E. CARSWELL.

CHAPTER VII.

A Game of Bluff.

AGITATED by the disturbance of the morning, Alice hurried away to keep her engagement with the Wilson family. A girl brought up as she had been, could not but be distressed by the scene she had witnessed. The honest Irishwoman, who had championed her cause so unexpectedly, had dealt with her assailant after her own rough fashion, and her method had been effectual. Alice smiled as she remembered Mr. Jackson's woe-begone appearance as he wiped the greasy water from his face. But violence in any form shocked the girl's refined nature, and she wished her tormentor could have been driven away by more gentle means. She was concerned, too, on her champion's account. Mr. Jackson was, as she had too good reason for knowing, a vindictive man and she trembled to think what he might do to revenge himself on the honest woman. Well, she could do nothing at present to avert any mischief that might be impending and she must clear her mind of worry, otherwise she could not do her duty in her new position. So with an effort of will she put the matter aside and thought of her duties to the Wilson girls. She was not used to teaching, and although she was well-educated, she lacked the training which enables the practised teacher to impart knowledge. The work consequently was difficult and as she walked on, she strove to remember the methods of her own teachers.

Alice had not been gone an hour when a policeman appeared at Mrs. Callaghan's door.

"I think you must be mistaken, sir," said the policeman, who knew Mrs. Callaghan; "it is a very decent woman lives here."

"That is the door she came out of before she made the assault," replied Mr. Jackson. The policeman knocked and the door was opened. When Mrs. Callaghan saw the policeman she turned pale, but recovered in a moment when she saw Jackson behind him.

"Good-day, Mr. Murray," she said; "I will be ready to go wid ye in a minute, I was afraid the dirty spalpeen that I washed awhile ago, would be afraid to kape his word, and that I wouldn't be afther having the pleasure of telling the judge a few things that I know about him. You'll see, Mr. Murrav, who the judge will give the dressing down to, me or the dude, you'll see which one will wilt."

"What do you know about me,woman?"

"More nor ye think I do, ye have changed yer clothes since I saw yer last, but yer heart's as black as ever."

During this conversation, Mrs. Callaghan was putting on her bonnet and shawl.

"I just want to send word to a few friends," she went on; "as they wanted to see the fun, and I promised to let them know if the dirty scamp came back, and was fool enough to poke his ugly nose into the fire."

"Officer," said Jackson, "I have an engagement that I had forgotten, which will take me out of town, so I cannot lodge the complaint; you need not make the arrest at present," and he slipped a bill into the officer's hand.

"All right, sir," replied the policeman, winking the eye that was on the side of his country-woman; "it was a mistake, Mrs. Callaghan, we came to the wrong door."

"Where to now, Mrs. Callaghan?" asked the policeman when Jackson had gone.

"The villain had insulted a swate young lady, this morning, and I gives him a bucket of dish water."

"Did ye, now? Och! but you're the one that can't be bate; and what do you know about him, that he was afraid of?"

"Never a thing! Only I judged by his bad face, that if I did know anything about him, it wouldn't be to his credit."

"And its pretty clear you were right. He was afraid to face the music. It was the prettiest game o' bluff I ever saw. That man's done some dirty tricks in his time, I bet and he didn't know which of 'em you could tell about. That's a very good thing about these mean folks. They make a club which better folks can use to make 'em behave. Now you see, Mrs. Callaghan, how it worked in your case. If this man had a clean record he could have gone ahead and you would ha' been in a tight place, for I'm bound to tell you the law is clean ag'in throwing water on a man, let alone it being dirty water. I'd ha' been bound to arrest you if he'd wanted it, much as it would ha' been against my feelings to arrest a friend. It isn't a safe thing to do, Mrs. Callaghan, to throw dirty water on a man you don't know. It's turned out all right this time, 'cause the man couldn't afford to fight, but it might not and I wouldn't do it again. You might not be so lucky next time."

"That's all right, Mr. Murray," said the Irishwoman, laughing. "You needn't be afraid. Thank you for your advice though. I'm generally in luck. I made a bold shot at his record. I knew it was a bluff, but you officers have to do that sometimes and I tried your plan. I've seen it work."

"Och, Mrs. Callaghan, but you're one of 'em, you're one of 'em; and bedad, you did it beautifully, and its on the force you ought to be." He left with a grin all over his face, and stopped on every third and fourth step to repeat to himself with a chuckle; "She's one of 'em."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Caste."

Alice was late at the Wilson mansion, but all were satisfied with the excuse and apology she offered—all except Mrs. Wilson; her face wore a frown. It was very hard for anyone whom she employed in any way to satisfy her; she was very exacting; no one had a right to think of sick mothers or starving children, when such thoughts interfered with her rights or the time for which she was paying. She had been what she called "a sales-lady" herself, and it had been the struggle of years—yes, of her life—to get into society, so of course she was far more exacting and overbearing to those socially beneath her, than others, "to the manner born;" while to those above her she was affable, even cringing, and as a consequence was despised by both.

Alfreda, the elder daughter, was like her mother; Louie was the very opposite of both. She was a beautiful girl, graceful in form and movement; her dark blue eyes were perhaps the most noticeable feature of her face; they were large, with long lashes, and they always opened wide when she spoke to you, and looked you straight in the face, and you read honesty in their very depths. She was an affectionate, generous girl, but straightforward and outspoken in everything. Her mother would often remark with a deprecating sigh: "Poor Louie, she does not know the meaning of the word policy, and I don't know what will become of her."

Alice and Louie were friends from their first meeting, and this friendship grew stronger at every subsequent meeting, and many a battle did Louie fight for Alice, behind her back.

"I do wish, Louie, you would learn to treat servants as servants, and not as equals," said Mrs. Wilson on one occasion, after Alice had left the house. "I have noticed that you treat that girl as if she was a friend, and an equal."

"Then I have wronged her," replied Louie, "and she is the one to complain, for she is my superior in birth and breeding and in every accomplishment that we have touched on yet."

"A person may be educated, and yet not be a lady, especially if she has to use her education to gain a living," said Mrs. Wilson.

"And could she be a lady without the education," asked Louie.

Mrs. Wilson hesitated a moment and then replied: "Certainly, if she has wealth and position."

"A bricklayer might be able to show a gentleman how to build a wall; but that would not make the mechanic a gentleman," put in Alfreda.

"And if the gentleman should have to use that knowledge afterward as a necessity, would that destroy his gentility," asked Louie.

"Yes, certainly," replied her mother; "he would lose his caste. He would forfeit his position as a gentleman, and we could no longer associate with him."

"Well, there's where we differ," cried Louie. "I think Abraham Lincoln was as much a gentlemen when he was splitting rails as when he was President of the United States. Just as much and no more. The people of the United States could not make a gentleman. As I understand it, their votes were just an expression that they had found a man of worth. Why, Freda,

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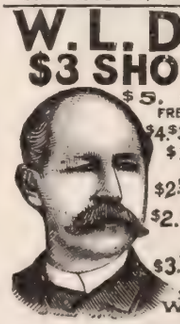

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lice is a lady, I am convinced, by birth, id you can see she has the education. I lieve she could teach us, not only music, awing, French, and such things, but also ow to be a lady in the true sense of the ord."

"I have never discovered any of these onderful characteristics of the lady in her, id I doubt whether anyone, other than ourself ever has, but then, you would be miliar with your dressmaker, and treat our governess as an equal," replied Al-eda.

"If they were ladies I would," said Louie.

"Louie, you make me angry," said her other, "how could they be ladies?"

"Well, I'll tell you, mamma. Now, to-ay, Alice translated a French quotation r Al. and told her who wrote "Pensees r la Religion."

"Well, a person could do all that and not a lady," said Alfreda.

"Oh, yes," said Louie, "I don't contend at a girl is a lady simply because she can anslate a French idiom, or knows what ooks Blaise Pascal wrote. But Alice ave another indication a few moments terwards that was good evidence of her ing a lady. When the talk turned on Middlemarch' and 'Romola' and you and amma spoke of the author as 'he and m,' Alice never smiled. I was near laugh-g at you both because I knew they were ritten by a woman, but Alice kept her ountenance and I thought then it was a ery delicate thing to do and that in doing she showed that she was more of a lady an I was."

"And pray, why should she not have ept her countenance," asked Mrs. Wilson, ho had referred to a book on the shelf ar her when her daughter spoke. "What as there for either you or she to laugh at? ere is the name of the author on the title-ge—'George Eliot.'"

"Oh, an ill-bred person would have ughed at your blunder, mamma. Every e who knows anything at all of ooks, knows that George Eliot was mere-a name assumed by a lady whose real me was Marian Evans. You and Alfreda owed your ignorance and I thought Alice ould have smiled, but she did not and en I thought how well-bred she was."

"Perhaps she did not know herself. I n't believe she did know and it was her siness to know all these things. I will eak to her about it, for I don't want ig-rant persons coming to teach my daugh-rs."

"Oh! mamma, you will do no such thing," ied Louie; "in the first place it would not honest, and in the next place, I'm sure lice is one of the best read girls I have er met; she helps me with my French nd German more than my real teacher, nd I want you to be kind to her and treat er like a lady; by-and-bye you will be ad that you have done so; I just love er, and want you to do the same, it will o you good and her, too, for I feel certain at she is suffering from some great sor-w, and needs sympathy and love."

Louie, you are too absurd! You cannot ix up people of different classes. We be-ng to one class and this Alice person be-ngs to quite another. While she receives ay for doing work she is practically a ser-ant," said Mrs. Wilson. "I may give harity, but never love, to servants! and I m grieved to think that I have a daughter hose tastes are so low that she considers necessary to lower herself to their level, in rder to find an object on which to lavish er affections."

Having unburdened her mind in this nanner, she swept out of the room, leaving ouie with her great eyes wide open, and a ook on her face as if she wanted to cry or augh, and was undecided which to do.

It was a singular coincidence that while he foregoing talk was going on in the Wil-on mansion the same question of caste nd class distinction was being solved in nother way in the poor tenement house where Alice lived. Mrs. Mapleton belonged o the same social set as Mrs. Wilson, and o some extent, and with somewhat better eason, had the same sense of superiority over others that Mrs. Wilson had been ex-pressing.

When Alice came home from her duty in he Wilson household, she found her moth-r looking more cheerful than was her wont, nd learned, to her surprise, that she had been working.

"Working, mother!" she exclaimed, "at what, pray?"

"Well, you know I told you that one day a drunken man came into our room, and the Irishwoman came in and turned him out, almost before I knew he was in?"

"Yes," answered Alice.

"Well, she came in after that to tell me not to be afraid, and that she knew that I was ill, and that you were away, and so, had kept a watch on our door, and the drunken man coming in before she had time to prevent him, she had taken the liberty of coming because she knew I was alone; she said that she knew by the sweet young lady whom she had often seen, that we were born ladies, and that man was no company of ours. Then she asked me if I would like to have her little girl wait on me sometimes, when you were away."

"How kind of the good woman; wasn't it, mother?"

"Yes, Alice, my child, but do you know, although she had saved me from a dreadful fright, I felt my pride rising, and was going to be offended, and say something about people knocking at the door before they entered, but I am so glad that I thought for a moment, for in that moment I saw what a silly, proud, ungrateful creature I had become, or had always been, without knowing it. So I held out my hand and thanked her, and said I should like the little girl to come, but was sorry that I was unable to pay for anything she was kind enough to offer.

"Then she said, 'Don't talk about pay, mum; my girl just worships you and your shwate daughter, shure, an' it's talk that'll do more for the child than all the sarvice she can be.'

"Well," continued Mrs. Mapleton, "I have taken a great fancy to the quiet, pretty, little girl, and in trying to interest and instruct her, have really benefited myself."

"Oh, I am so glad that you and the good woman are friends—but isn't it strange that although the little girl has been so much with you, I have only caught a glimpse of her once? But what about the work that has made you so happy?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Mapleton, "I saw that the little girl was really pretty, and if properly dressed would be a lovely child, so it occurred to me that there were some old dresses of yours in one of the trunks; one of them was an old blue silk, that you had when you were a little girl. I took it and went to work and made it over. I have been working a whole week at it, and have just finished it to-day, so I dressed her and curled her hair, and with the addition of some bits of lace I found, I made her look like another being; indeed she looked so sweet, I took her in my arms and kissed her.

"But you should have heard the mother when little Nora went home. I could hear her from here, crying: 'Och! did ye's iver see the loikes o' tha! och, the darlint, sure an' I'd take y in me arms, only that I might spoil the beauty, and it is yer own, oh, God bless the foine lady! What will yer father say whin he sees his little gurrl turned out to be such a purty lady? Och, but won't they be surprised whin ye go to church on Sunday!'

"Then the good woman came to thank me with tears streaming down her cheeks, and she seemed so happy, that I have felt happier myself; only that it brings to me the thought of how many such chances I have missed, how many I could have made happier when I had plenty of everything, but for want of thought, or lack of heart, I allowed the many opportunities to slip by, and out of my reach."

(To be Continued.)

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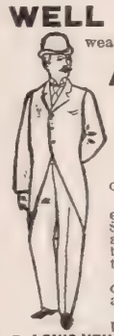

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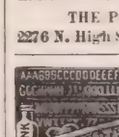

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A SLAVE GIRL'S LETTER.

An effort is being made by the London "Christian" to raise funds for the purchase of a Malagasy slave woman who has been educated in the London Missionary Society's schools in Madagascar. The amount required is, doubtless, by this time all subscribed. That the girl will appreciate her emancipation is evident from the following letter which she sent recently to a lady in England, who sent her a present of some clothing. It was translated and forwarded by Mrs. J. Peill, the wife of a missionary in Madagascar:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—I thank you very much for your very kind present, and it is just to express my gratitude that I send you this letter; and not mine alone, but also the grateful thanks of my mother, my brother, and my husband for your kindness; and as you have been such a friend to me, I think you may like to hear a little about me and mine.

"My father died on April 24, 1890, but my mother is still living. I was born in the year 1874, but I don't know in what month. I and my brother were both sent to school in 1882 (after attending the girls' school of the London Missionary Society) for about eight or nine years. I became a teacher there for a short time. In 1890 my little son was born, and in August, 1893, my little girl. My two little children give me great joy, but the joy is mixed with pain as I think of their probable future. The desire of my heart is for my children to get an education; but we are all poor slaves, and such a thought is far from the mind of our owner. She says that if her slaves go to school, and learn to read and write, it will make them lazy and unfit for work.

"My brother and I were allowed to learn by the masters we used to belong to; but since we grew up there has been a division of property in the family, and I and my children have changed owners, and our new mistress is very different from the former one. My hope and desire was to be employed in work for the kingdom of God, but that is now quite impossible. My time and strength are now nearly all taken up with working in the rice swamps and plantations for my owner; and as for my children, they will be like other little slave children. The boys are sent out to mind sheep and cattle all day long, and the girls are taken into the mistress's house to wait on her, and follow her about wherever she goes, and that is what I fear will be the lot of my little ones when they are two or three years older. My husband is also a slave, and has to work hard for his master."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Talmage March, by Mrs. F. M. Stewart; a brilliant and graceful musical composition, dedicated to Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, for many years the composer's pastor. Carl Fisher, 6 Fourth Ave., New York, pub'r.

Beckonings from Little Hands: eight studies in Child-Life by Patterson Du Bois, with designs and drawings by the author. A book that appeals to parents and to all students of child-nature. Pp. 182; cloth binding, top gilt; price $1.25. John D. Wattles & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

Prayers for Hearth and Home: Morning and Evening Devotions for a month, by F. B. Meyer, M. A. Pp. 127; cloth covers; price 75c. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

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nes to the missionary to reward him for
ars of toil and hardship is described in a
ently published letter from Mrs Paton
e wife of the veteran missionary of the
w Hebrides The following is an extract
"To spend such a day as we did a few
bbaths ago, when our little church of God
Aniwa was formerly constituted, we felt
be worth more than all the sacrifices con-
cted with our isolated life We had a very
od attendance, one hundred and eighty
ing present, and an unusual solemnity
d interest pervaded the church through
t the whole service. As they stood up to
swer the form of questions Mr. Paton put
them before receiving baptism, you could
arcely have conceived of a more intensely
eresting group. Vasi, our eldest mem-
r, must, we think, be near ninety; but
ed and infirm as he is, he came every
y to school with his spectacles on, and is
e of Mr. Paton's best writers as well as
aders. Our old chief Namakei was there,
th his daughter Litsi. She is his only
ild living, and is almost as great a com-
rt to me as to her father. She was the
st girl who came to live with us, and be
g the eldest on our premises, she sets a
od example to the others. Her devotion
Mr. Paton almost amounts to adolatry.
e seems as if she never could be grateful
ough to him for being the means of her
nversion. But the one I felt most interest
was Namakei's sister, a very gentle and
licate-looking woman. I knew what it
d cost her to profess her faith in Jesus,
d her husband and son were even then
ring and laughing at her.

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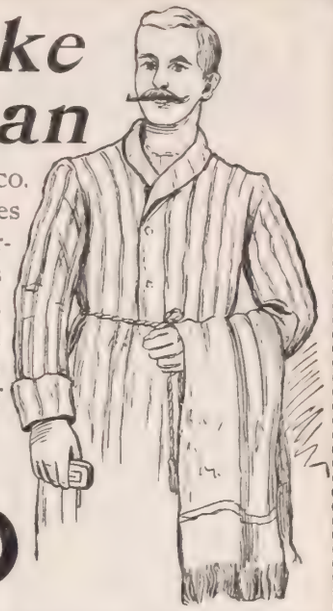

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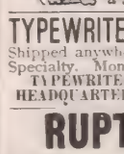

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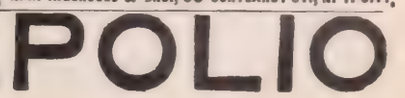

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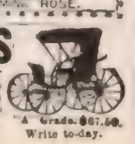

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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V. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 10, 1895. TWENTY PAGES.

The Autoharp and its Home Attractions.

E are firmly convinced that there is too great haste in everything these days. We rush from one thing to another in a fashion which atens the destruction of many of the finer feel- nobler ideals and quieter occupations. Our e life is being robbed of its charm by the ever- ng hurry to do something, see something, be body. There was a time when the evenings at he were quiet hours of reading and music, vocal instrumental. How rarely do we find households gathered around the piano or organ enjoying sh hours as these? And who can estimate the in- nce in character molding which these refining in- ces have had on the men and women of our day? somehow a spirit of feverish restlessness has ght in; our children have social or business en- gements away from the home circle almost every ning in the week, and even we, who have been ght up so differently, find ourselves running and there on one errand or another, often to neglect of the homes, which are the large an nt the safeguards of our land. But who shall of- remedy for the existing state of affairs? Can it prevented nay rather can it be stopped? Is not the t to do so somewhat like that of attempting to ar- the motion of a spinning, fly-wheel? Certainly ng arbitrary will be efficient. But can we offer a counter attraction in the home, music for ance? But it is at once objected, "it must me new thing to hold young people these ?" Very well, why not a new musical in- ment? 'But that means the mastering of and that's drudgery." Suppose it be one the tering of which is a pleasure instead of a , and suppose it be indeed easy to learn to ? Of course, it must be truly musical for young folks are too intelligent for us to offer anything which hasn't the artistic possi- ties in it.

t this juncture we do not hesitate to suggest Autoharp.

nd now to an introduction of this marvelous rument. To accurately describe it in a few ds we can do not better than to say that it a stringed instrument, like the Zither, in that contains the strings of the natural scale with rps and flats thrown in, increasing in num- in its better grades. Over these strings placed felted chord bars which are so con- cted as when pressed to mute certain notes. sweep of the strings with one of these chord rs depressed produces a musical chord. But s is a mechanical description. To say that Autoharp is a bewitching musical instrument to be well within bounds.

But let us see whether it fills the requirements a musical instrument which we have sug- sted would be necessary to be truly a home raction. In the first place it has the advan- ge of novelty: this goes without saying. Again will be found that the pressure of a chord bar d a sweep of the strings calls forth harmony. e drudgery of practice is reduced to a mini- m and no discord can be made. "No fool- g," as the children say, it is easy to play. is as nearly a royal road to music as can found, and there is a charm about the very ractice that will give the young people many a easant evening at home, while the fascination hich holds them will also lead them to do eir very best and become proficient perform- s, all, of course, because there is no drudgery out the practice. This alone would be of ad- ntage to one who has despaired of mastering her instruments because of the time it would ke.

It is indeed true that our young people cannot be oodwinked in reference to the question as to wheth- the instrument is indeed musical or not, and the ct is that the Autoharp charms them at once. here is ample testimony upon this point from the ighest musical authority. The World's Fair Com- issioners said that the musical possibilities of the utoharp were unlimited, and when Mr. Victor Herbert was looking around for a special attraction r the concert tour of Gilmore's famous band, of which he is now the leader, he chose as a chief feature, Mr. Aldis J. Gery, Autoharp Soloist. This in itself is certainly convincing.

To characterize the tones of the Autoharp is very difficult for they may be either soft, pure and sweet, or strong, resonant and noble, and indeed the Autoharp needs to be heard to be appreciated. It is not the young people only who easily become enthusiastic over the Autoharp, for *Auld Land Syne* comes as easily to grandpa as does *Daisy Bell* to the school-girl, and the instrument is equally sympathetic to the touch of both. Indeed, an Autoharp Club at home is the simplest of all projects, for in the first place it can be participated in by the entire family, no matter how slight their musical attainments nor how dull their musical ear, and again the cost of a full set of Autoharps can be made scarcely more than that of one of the other well known instruments.

The reason why a person who has no musical ear can become a proficient Autoharp player, is chiefly because of the new system of musical notation which the manufacturers call, figure music. All the popular airs and sacred songs are arranged in this notation, and it is so simple as to be quickly mastered. The one fact that at least a half million people have bought Autoharps and are playing them without one hour's instruction from a teacher, is proof enough that the instrument is easy to play. However, no one need conclude that when he, or she, has learned to play an accompaniment, a march or a waltz, he has reached the limit of his possibility on the Autoharp, for on the more extensive styles it is possible to play all the classical music, and no one has yet discovered the limit of the Autoharp, which does not also bound the possibilities of any other one instrument. If you have a piano or organ or other instrument, you will find that the Autoharp chimes in beautifully with it.

All that has been said in reference to the Autoharp for the home, is quite as applicable to this instrument for social gatherings. It is so comfortably portable as to render it especially attractive. Gatherings of young people for fun and frolic will soon be very incomplete without the Autoharp. For sleigh rides in winter and for straw rides at any time of the year, the Autoharp will soon be found to be an indespensable companion.

But this brings us to the question of music for the vacation and here we can use no word more expressive than "bewitching" to describe the Autoharp and its associations. Imagine her eyes as he sits with autoharp in hand, quietly singing some bit of quaintness, and then say if you dare that the strings of the instrument did not play an important part in the denoument.

Be the scene out in a boat on some placid lake, beside the camp fire on some wooded slope, or where the deep diapason of the sea forms the accompaniment for the instrument's winning treble,—anywhere and everywhere where young or old congregate for rest and recreation, the Autoharp proves to be an additional attraction.

And finally, the fervor of religious gatherings is heightened by the sympathetic tones of this wonderful instrument. We have seen a lady thrill an audience with her earnest words and then, turning to the desk on which lay her Autoharp, fasten the impression made with a song easily and appropriately accompanied upon the instrument which seems to fill all niches. So we have come to the conclusion that there can be no exaggeration in saying that the Autoharp is never out of place or out of season.

Answering in advance some of the questions which may be asked, we would say that you can tune it easily. The strings won't break, scarcely one in a year and are not costly when they do, and the Autoharp itself will last a lifetime; the Autoharp music is cheap, only $1 per dozen sheets, and enough comes with each instrument to start one fairly on the road to proficiency and desire for more. The Autoharp music Catalogue contains four hundred selections.

Certain it is that the Autoharp is calculated to give universal satisfaction. But where, for one reason or another it does not prove to be altogether what you had expected and you suffer disappointment, we will gladly refund the money paid for it if it be returned in good condition.

We know that there are at least one million readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD scattered almost in every state and territory of the Union, and our desire is to make it easy for every reader to become the possessor of an Autoharp. To that end we will prepay express charges to CHRISTIAN HERALD readers on any one of our Autoharps (except our style Harmonette, price $1.50, which is sent by mail for sixty cents extra), or if you prefer, we will send C. O. D.: but in sending C. O. D. all express charges must be paid by the buyer.

Autoharps range in price from $1.50 to $150. The following are descriptions of three of our cheaper grade instruments.

✠

Style Harmonette.
Price $1.50.

Three Chord Bars, 18 strings. Instruction book containing six pieces of music, tuning key, imitation tortoise-shell pick. Nicely packed. Send money-order, postal note or stamps. Send 60 cents extra if you wish it sent by mail.

✠

Style No. 1. Price $4.00.

Highly polished redwood spruce sound-ing-board, 21 strings, 3 bars, producing the following chords: C-Major, G-Seventh, F-Major. A celluloid thumb-pick, music rack, instruction book containing 11 pieces of music, brass spiral pick and tuning key furnished with this Autoharp.

✠

Style No. 2¼. Price $5.00.

Highly polished redwood spruce sounding-board, 23 strings, 5 bars, producing the following chords: C-Major, F-Major, B-Major, G-Seventh and C-Seventh. Celluloid thumb-pick, music rack, instruction book containing 22 pieces of music, tuning key, brass spiral pick furnished with this Autoharp.

If you want further information on this subject send for illustrated story, "How the Autoharp captured the family." Address all correspondence and orders to ALFRED DOLGE & SON, Dept. D., 110 East 13th Street, New York.

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EGYPT'S RUINED TEMPLES.

Some of the Impressive Sights to be Witnessed on a Journey Down the Nile —Karnak and Sakkara.

TRAVELERS in Egypt in these days find that the modern spirit of progress has invaded even the land of the Pharaohs, and that the journey down the Nile, formerly a serious undertaking, is now attended y few inconveniences and obstacles that ne does not encounter in an ordinary pleas- re trip. At the proper season, a "dahabi- eh," or Nile boat, may be engaged, and he journey made with a degree of omfort and satisfaction that ould have been impos- ible less than a score of ears ago. Long oyages are made n these boats, each lf which has a aptain, a crew, nd a cook, hose ombined fforts ake the xperience safe and elightful ne.

Sailing noothly etween alm- lin- l banks, lany of he his- oric pla- es can be iewed to dvant- ge from the eck, and stops an be made at ntervals, as de- ired, to permit a loser inspection of ome famous ruin or ome broken pyramid.

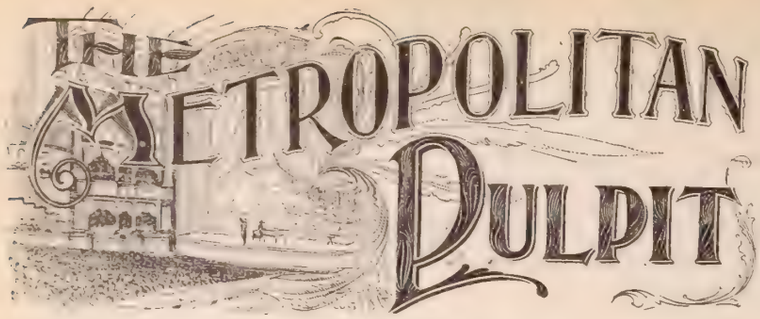
Among the many nota- le scenes to be visited, ew possess a greater in- erest than Sakkara, whose pyramids and ummy pits have a uni- ersal fascination for ex- lorers and Egyptolo- gists. Sakkara is near he ancient site of Memphis, and is quite eadily reached from Cai- o. It has been the scene f some of the greatest 'finds" of recent years. n the same vicinity s the Serapeum, or Temple of Apis (the sa- red bull), and the tombs onnected with it, in which a long line of these enerated animals are said o have been buried. This emple and the tombs were discovered by Mar- ette, a French savant, who spent two years in he locality conducting is researches. Upward f thirty immense stone offins, or sarcophagi, were unearthed in a re- markably good state of preservation. They are of elaborate workmanship, and fur- nish evidence of a prodigious expenditure of time and money; but while the result of the workman's labors are still almost per- fect, the god he worshipped has crumbled to dust and disappeared.

There is a group of pyramids, or "mas- tabas," near Sakkara, one of the most re- markable being the so-called "Stepped Pyr- amid," which is classed as belonging to the period of earliest Egyptian architecture, the larger and more perfect structures evidently being of later date, reared at a time when the nation had reached an advanced stage in pyramid-building. It is constructed of brick in six layers, each diminishing in height as it rises; the core of the whole being rubble, but covered and protected on all sides by a thick coating of roughly-hewn limestone. In the rock beneath is a granite-paved chamber, which originally contined a sarcophagus. A tradition asserts that the Children of Israel toiled in building this pyramid.

Besides this, there are in the same locality eleven lesser pyramids, one of which, at least, has been accepted as a royal sarcophagus. The Sakkara structures, which are believed to divide with the pyramids of Meydoun the distinction of being the oldest sepulchral edifices known, are claimed by some investigators to be "false pyramids," a term applied to a certain class of monumental ruins. On the eastern bank of the river, about a mile below Luxor (the ancient Thebes) are the famous ruins of Karnak, whose temples, pillars and pyramids greet the eye of the traveler long before his "dahabiyeh" reaches the place. The great temple of Karnak is one of the wonders of the world. Luxor's population lives largely on the gratuities given by sight-seeing strangers who visit the palaces of Karnak, and who buy liberally of the curios sold by the enterprising venders of such wares. On shore, Karnak is approached by an avenue six thousand feet long, and which must have once been magnificent. Of the hundreds of sphinxes that once lined it on either side, only a few broken figures remain. There are six propylæ or gateways, each consisting of two enormous towers, some carved with hieroglyphics, and spanned on top by a mass of stone that would almost defy modern engineering to uplift and set in place. Our illustration affords a glimpse of some of the formidable ruins of this wonderful city of a forgotten age. Within the walls, there are found everywhere the visible evidences of what was probably the most magnificent architecture the world ever saw. Towers 140 feet high, temples nearly 1200 feet long, walls twenty-five feet thick, and one great obelisk, ninety-two feet high and eight feet square at the base. No pen can adequately describe the artistic splendors of the great hall of the principal temple, whose two rows of gigantic but exquisitely graceful pillars still stand in testimony of the genius of the people that reared them. Those vast buildings, as their sculptures and inscriptions indicate, were the work of many kings and doubtless of several centuries. Tradition declares the temple to be 4000 years old, and that Noah visited it after the Flood. It was old when Moses led captive Israel out of Egypt, and was a ruin when Christ came to earth. It is older than any history now in human hands. From Egyptian temple and pyramid alike, later ages have learned much concerning the religious beliefs of those who built them. Sepulchral in character and design, the pyramids alone may be regarded as evidence of the belief, even in those early times, in the immortality of the soul and its ultimate reunion with the body. The dead were embalmed in order that the body might be preserved from decay, and to further secure it against the ravages of time, the wasting influence of the elements, or the hands of the despoiler, it was placed in a rock-cut tomb in a recess deep within the heart of the pyramid, and all access to it securely and forever closed, and even the passages blocked. The pyramid itself was the type of the highest form of durability known to the human mind, and was intended to last until the sealed bodies within should in the fullness of time be summoned by the divine powers to reunite with the disembodied spirit.

In Nubia, and all along the Nile Valley from Assouan to Khartoum, are found ancient mosques and temples, all more or less dilapidated, yet sufficiently preserved to be serviceable as a resting-place for travelers and a halt where the devout may worship. An "imam" at the entrance guards against any indignity being offered to the sacred place. In mosques such as that shown in the photograph on this page, a variety of races is sometimes to be found among the worshipers, including Arabs, blacks, tawny Egyptians and Syrian merchants who halt with their camel trains to pray and rest awhile. Like an oasis in the desert, it is a general halting-place; and there is usually a khan at hand with sufficient accommodations for travelers. In recent years a government surveying expedition from Cairo went over much of this remote Egyptian territory and it has now a line of telegraph connecting it with the military posts on the Lower Nile. The whole territory offers a rich and inviting field for Bible investigators and students of history.

SCENES IN THE VALLEY OF THE NILE.
An old Nubian Mosque—The Ruins of Ancient Karnak.



THE GATES OF HEAVEN.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., preached last Sunday on the

Text: Rev. 21: 13, *"On the East three gates; on the North three gates; on the South three gates; on the West three gates."*

THE Cashmere Gate of Delhi where converged a heroism that makes one's nerves tingle, the Lucknow Gate still dented and scarred with Sepoy bombardment, the Madeline Gate with its emblazonry in bronze, the hundred gates of Thebes the wonder of centuries, all go out of sight before the Gates of my text.

Our subject speaks of a great metropolis, the existence of which many have doubted. Standing on the wharf and looking off upon the harbor, and seeing the merchantmen coming up the bay, the flags of foreign nations streaming from the top-gallants, you immediately make up your mind that those vessels come from foreign ports, and you say: "That is from Hamburg, and that is from Marseilles, and that is from Southampton, and that is from Havana," and your supposition is accurate. But from the city of which I am now speaking no weather-beaten merchantmen or frigates with scarred bulkhead have ever come. There has been a vast emigration into that city, but no emigration from it—so far as our natural vision can descry. "There is no such city," says the undevout astronomer, "I have stood in high towers with a mighty telescope, and have swept the heavens, and I have seen spots on the sun and caverns in the moon; but no towers have ever risen on my vision, no palaces, no temples, no shining streets, no massive wall. There is no such city." Even very good people tell me that heaven is not a material organism, but a grand spiritual fact, and that the Bible descriptions of it are in all cases to be taken figuratively. I bring in reply to this what Christ said, and he ought to know: "I go to prepare"—not a theory, not a principle, not a sentiment; but "I go to prepare a place for you." The resurrected body implies this. If my foot is to be re-formed from the dust, it must have something to tread on. If my hand is to be reconstructed, it must have something to handle. If my eye, having gone out in death, is to be rekindled, I must have something to gaze on. Your adverse theory seems to imply that the resurrected body is to be hung on nothing, or to walk in air, or to float amid the intangibles. You may say if there be material organisms, then a soul in heaven will be cramped and hindered in its enjoyments; but I answer: Did not Adam and Eve have plenty of room in the garden of Eden? Although only a few miles would have described the circumference of that place, they had ample room. And do you not suppose that God, in the immensities, can build a place large enough to give the whole race room, even though there be material organisms?

Herschel looked into the heavens. As a Swiss guide puts his Alpine stock between the glaciers and crosses over from crag to crag, so Herschel planted his telescope between the worlds and glided from star to star, until he could announce to us that we live in a part of the universe but sparsely strewn with worlds; and he peers out into immensity until he finds a region no larger than our solar system in which there are fifty thousand worlds moving. And Professor Lang says that, by a philosophic reasoning, there must be somewhere a world where there is no darkness, but everlasting sunshine; so that I do not know but that it is simply because we have no telescope powerful enough that we cannot see into the land where there is no darkness at all, and catch a glimpse of the burnished pinnacles. As a conquering army marching on to take a city, comes at nightfall to the crest of a mountain from which, in the midst of the landscape, they see the castles they are to capture, and rein in their war chargers, and halt to take a good look before they pitch their tents for the night: so now, coming as we do on this mountain-top of prospect, I command this regiment of God to rein in their thoughts and halt, and before they pitch their tents for the night take one good, long look at the gates of the great city. "On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates.

In the first place I want you to examine the architecture of those gates. Proprietors of large estates are very apt to have an ornamented gateway. Sometimes they spring an arch of masonry, the posts of the gate flanked with lions in statuary; the bronze gate a representation of intertwining foliage, bird-haunted, until the hand of architectural genius drops exhausted, all its life frozen into the stone. Gates of wood, and iron, and stone guarded nearly all the old cities. Moslems have inscribed upon their gateways inscriptions from the Koran of the Mohammedan. There have been a great many fine gateways, but Christ sets his hand to the work, and for the upper city swung a gate such as no eye ever gazed on, untouched of inspiration. With the nail of his own Cross he cut into its wonderful traceries stories of past suffering and of gladness to come. There is no wood, or stone, or bronze in that gate, but from top to base, and from side to side, it is all of pearl. Not one piece picked up from Ceylon banks and another piece from the Persian Gulf, and another from the Island of Margarette; but one solid pearl picked up from the beach of everlasting light by heavenly hands, and hoisted and swung amid the shouting of angels. The glories of alabaster vase and porphyry pillar fade out before this gateway. It puts out the spark of feldspar and diamond. You know how one little precious stone on your finger will flash under the gaslight. But O! the brightness when the great gate of heaven swings, struck through and dripping with the light of eternal noonday.

Julius Cæsar paid a hundred and twenty-five thousand crowns for one pearl. The Government of Portugal boasted of having a pearl larger than a pear. Cleopatra and Philip II. dazzled the world's vision with precious stones. But gather all these together and lift them, and add to them all the wealth of the pearl fisheries and set them in the panel of one door, and it does not equal this magnificent gateway. An Almighty hand hewed this, swung this, polished this. Against this gateway, on the one side, dash all the splendors of earthly beauty. Against this gate on the other side beat the surges of eternal glory. O! the gate! the gate! It strikes an infinite charm through everyone that passes it. One step this side of the gate and we are paupers. One step the other side of the gate and we are kings. The pilgrim of earth going through sees in the one huge pearl all his earthly tears in crystal. O! gate of light! gate of pearl! gate of heaven! For our weary souls at last swing open.

> When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
> And pearly gates behold:
> Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
> And streets of shining gold?

O! heaven is not a dull place. Heaven is not a contracted place. Heaven is not a stupid place. "I saw the twelve gates, and they were twelve pearls."

In the second place I want you to count the number of those gates. Imperial parks and lordly manors are apt to have one expensive gateway, and the others are ordinary; but look around at these entrances to heaven, and count them. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hear it all the earth and all the heavens. Twelve gates!

I admit this is rather hard on sharp sectarianisms! If a Presbyterian is bigoted, he brings his Westminster Assembly Catechism, and he makes a gateway out of that, and he says to the world: "You go through there or stay out." If a member of the Reformed Church is bigoted, he makes a gate out of the Heidelberg Catechism, and he says: "You go through there or stay out." If a Methodist is bigoted, he plants two posts, and he says: "Now you crowd in between those two posts or stay out." Or perhaps an Episcopalian may say: "Here is is a liturgy out of which I mean to make a gate; go through it or stay out." Or a Baptist may say: "Here is a water-gate; you go through that or you must stay out." And so in all our churches and in all our denominations there are men who make one gate for themselves, and then demand that the whole world go through it. I abhor this contractedness in religious views. Oh! small-souled man, when did God give you the contract for making gates? I tell you plainly I will not go in that gate. I will go in at anyone of the twelve gates I choose. Here is a man who says, "I can more easily and more closely approach God through a prayer-book." I say, "My brother, then use the prayer-book." Here is a man who says, "I believe there is only one mode of baptism, and that is immersion." Then I say, "Let me plunge you." Anyhow, I say, away with the gate of rough panel and rotten posts and rusted latch, when there are twelve gates and they are twelve pearls.

The fact is, that a great many of the churches in this day are being doctrined to death. They have been trying to find out all about God's decrees, and they want to know who are elected to be saved and who are reprobated to be damned, and they are keeping on discussing that subject when there are millions of souls who need to have the truth put straight at them. They sit counting the number of teeth in the jawbone with which Samson slew the Philistines. They sit on the beach and see a vessel going to pieces in the offing, and instead of getting into a boat, and pulling away for the wreck, they sit discussing the different styles of oarlocks. God intended us to know some things, and intended us not to know others. I have heard scores of sermons explanatory of God's decrees, but came away more perplexed than when I went. The only result of such discussion is a great fog. Here are two truths which are to conquer the world: Man, a sinner—Christ, a Saviour. Any man who adopts those two theories in his religious belief shall have my right hand in warm grip of Christian brotherhood.

A man comes down to a river in time of freshet. He wants to get across. He has to swim. What does he do? The first thing is to put off his heavy apparel, and drop everything he has in his hands. He must go empty-handed if he is going to the other bank. And I tell you when we have come down to the river of death, and find it swift and raging, we will have to put off all our sectarianism and lay down all our cumbrous creed, and empty-handed put out for the other shore. "What," say you, "would you resolve all the Christian Church into one kind of church? Would you make all Christendom worship in the same way, by the same forms?" Oh, no You might as well decide that all people shall eat the same kind of food without reference to appetite, or wear the same kind of apparel without reference to the shape of their body. Your ancestry, your temperament, your surroundings, will decide whether you go to this or that church, and adopt this or that church polity. One church will best get one man to heaven, and another church another man. I do not care which one of the gates you go through, if you only go through one of the twelve gates that Jesus lifted.

Well now I see all the redeemed of earth coming up toward heaven. Do you think they will all get in? Yes. Gate the first the Moravians come up; they believed in the Lord Jesus; they pass through. Gate the second: the Quakers come up; they have received the inward light; they have trusted in the Lord; they pass through Gate the third: the Lutherans come up they had the same grace that made Luther what he was, and they pass through. Gate the fourth: the Baptists pass through Gate the fifth: the Free-will Baptists pass through. Gate the sixth: the Reformed Church passes through. Gate the seventh the Congregationalists pass through. Gate the eighth: the Episcopalian Church passes through. Gate the ninth: the Methodists pass through. Gate the tenth: the Sabbatarians pass through. Gate the eleventh: the Church of the Disciples pass through. Gate the twelfth: the Presbyterians pass through. But there are a great host of other denominations who must come in, and great multitudes who connect themselves with no visible church, but have the power of godliness in their heart and showed it in their life. Where is their gate? Will you shut all the remaining host out of the city? No. They may come in at one gate. Hosts of God, if you cannot get admission through any other entrance, come in at the twelfth gate. Now they min before the throne.

Looking up at the one hundred and forty and four thousand, you cannot tell which gate they came in. One Lord. One faith. One baptism. One glassy sea. One doxology. One triumph. One heaven. "Why, Luther, how did you get in? I came through the third gate." "Cranmer how did you get in?" "I came through the eighth gate." "Adoniram Judson, how did you get through?" "I came through the fourth gate." "Hugh McKail, martyr, how did you get through?" "I came through the twelfth gate." Glory to God! twelve gates, but one heaven.

In the third place, notice the points of the compass toward which these gates look. They are not on one side, or on two sides, or on three sides, but on four sides. There is no fancy of mine but a distinct announcement. On the north, three gates, on the south, three gates, on the east, three gates, on the west, three gates. What does that mean? Why it means that all nationalities are included, and it does not make any difference from what quarter of the earth a man comes up; if his heart is right, there is a gate open before him. On the north three gates. That means mercy for Scotland, and Siberia, and Norway and Sweden. On the south, three gates. That means pardon for Hindostan, and Algeria and Ethiopia. On the east, three gates. That means salvation for China, and Japan, and Borneo. On the west, three gates. That means redemption for America. It does not make any difference how dark-skinned or how pale-faced men may be.

the will find a gate right before them. Those plucked bananas under a tropical sun. These shot across Russian snows behind reindeer. From Mexican plateau, from Roman Campania, from Chinese tea-fields, from Holland dyke, from Scotch highlands, they come, they come. Heaven is not a monopoly for a few precious souls. It is not a Windsor Castle, built only for royal families. It is not a small town with small population, but John saw it, and he noticed that an angel was measuring it, and he measured it this way, and then he measured it that way, and whichever way he measured it, it was fifteen hundred miles; so that Babylon and Tyre and Nineveh and St. Petersburg, and Canton, and Pekin and Paris, and London and New York, and all the dead cities of the past and all the living cities of the present, added together would not equal the census of the great metropolis.

Walking along a street, you can, by the colour of the dress, or of the face, guess where a man comes from. You say: "That is a Frenchman; that is a Norwegian; that is an American." But the gates that gather in the righteous will bring them in irrespective of nationality. Foreigners sometimes get homesick. Some of the tenderest and most pathetic stories have been told of those who left their native clime, and longed for it until they died. But the Swiss, going to the high residence of heaven, will not long any more for the Alps, standing amid the eternal hills. The Russian will not long any more for the luxuriant harvest-field he left, now that he hears the harvest and the rattle of the harvests of everlasting light. The royal ones from earth will no long to go back again to the earthly court now that they stand in the palaces of the sun. Those who once lived among the groves of spice and oranges will not long to return now that they stand under the trees of life that bear twelve manner of fruit.

While I speak an ever-increasing throng is pouring through the gates. They are going up from Senegambia, from Patagonia, from Madras, from Hong Kong. "What?" you say, "Do you introduce all the heathen into glory?" I tell you that fact is that a majority of the people in those climes die in infancy, and the infants all go straight into eternal life, and so the vast majority of those who die in China and India, the vast majority of those who die in Africa, go straight into the skies—they die in infancy. One hundred and sixty generations have been born since the world was created, and so I estimate that there must be fifteen thousand million children in glory. If at a concert ten thousand children sing, your soul is tortured within you. O! the transport when fifteen thousand million little ones stand up in white before the throne of God, their chanting drowning out all the stupendous harmonies of Dusseldorf, and Leipsic. Pour in through the twelve gates, O ye redeemed! banner lifted, rank after rank, saved battalion after saved battalion, until all the city of God shall hear the tramp, tramp. Crowd all the twelve gates. Room yet. Room on the thrones. Room in the mansions. Room on the river bank. Let the trumpet of invitation be sounded until all earth's mountains hear the shrill blast and the glens echo it. Let missionaries tell it in pagoda and colporteurs sound across the Western prairies. Shout it to the Laplander on his swift sled; halloo it to the Bedouin careering across the desert. News! News! A glorious heaven and twelve gates to get into it! Hear it! O you thin-blooded nations of eternal winter—on the north, three gates. Hear it! O you bronzed inhabitants panting under equatorial heats—on the south, three gates.

But I notice when John saw these gates they were open—wide open. They will not always be so. After awhile heaven will have gathered up all its intended population, and the children of God will have come home. Every crown taken. Every harp struck. Every throne mounted. All the glories of the universe harvested in the great garner. And heaven being made up, of course the gates will be shut. Austria in, and the first gate shut. Russia in, and the second gate shut. Italy in, and the third gate shut. Egypt in, and the fourth gate shut. Spain in, and the fifth gate shut. France in, and the sixth gate shut. England in, and the seventh gate shut. Norway in, and the eighth gate shut. Switzerland in, and the ninth gate shut. Hindostan in, and the tenth gate shut. Siberia in, and the eleventh gate shut. All the gates are closed but one. Now, let America go in with all the islands of the sea and all the other nations that have called on God. The captives all freed. The harvests all gathered. The nations all saved. The flashing splendor of this last pearl begins to move on its hinges. Let two mighty angels put their shoulders to the gate and heave it to with silvery clang. It is done! It thunders. The twelfth gate shut!

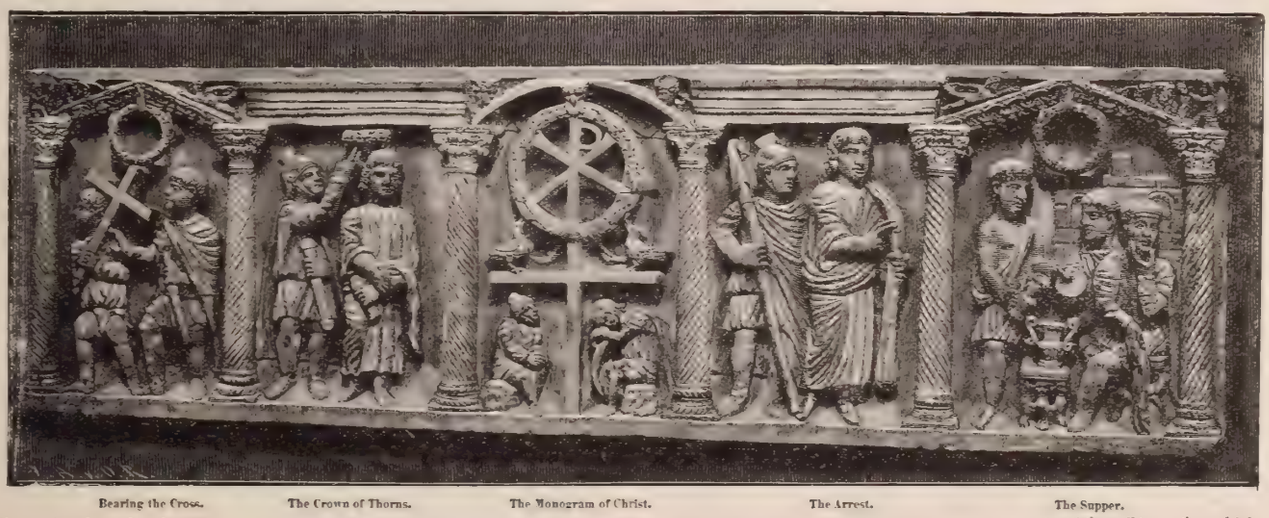
Once more I want to show you the gate-keepers. There is one angel at each one of those gates. You say that is right. Of course it is. You know that no earthly palace, or castle, or fortress would be safe without a sentry pacing up and down by night and by day; and if there were no defences before heaven, and the doors set wide open with no one to guard them, all the vicious of earth would go up after awhile, and all the abandoned of hell would go up after awhile, and heaven, instead of being a world of light, and joy, and peace, and blessedness, would be a world of darkness and horror. So I am glad to tell you that while these twelve gates stand open to let a great multitude in, there are twelve angels to keep some people out. Robespierre cannot go through there, nor Hildebrand, nor Nero, nor any of the debauched of earth who have not repented of their wickedness. If one of those nefarious men who despised God should come to the gate, one of the keepers would put his hand on his shoulder and push him into outer darkness. There is no place in that land for thieves, and liars, and whoremongers, and defrauders, and all those who disgraced their race and fought against their God. If a miser should get in there, he would pull up the golden pavement. If a house-burner should get in there, he would set fire to the mansion. If a libertine should get in there, he would whisper his abominations standing on the white coral of the sea-beach. Only those who are blood-washed and prayer-lipped will get through. O, my brother, if you should at last come up to one of the gates and try to get through, and you had not a pass written written by the crushed hand of the Son of God, the gate-keeper would with one glance wither you forever.

There will be a password at the gate of heaven. Do you know what that password is? Here comes a crowd of souls up to the gate, and they say: "Let me in, let me in. I was very useful on earth. I endowed colleges, I built churches, and was famous for my charities; and having done so many wonderful things for the world, now I come up to get my reward." A voice from within says: "I never knew you." Another great crowd comes up, and they try to get through. They say: "We were highly honorable on earth, and the world bowed very lowly before us. We were honored on earth, and now we come to get our honors in heaven:" and a voice from within says: "I never knew you." Another crowd advances, and says: "We were very moral people on earth, very moral indeed, and we come up to get appropriate recognition." A voice answers: "I never knew you."

After awhile I see another throng approach the gate, and one seems to be spokesman for all the rest, although their voices ever and anon cry, "Amen! amen!" This one stands at the gate and says: "Let me in. I was a wanderer from God. I deserved to die. I have come up to this place, not because I deserve it, but because I have heard that there is a saving power in the blood of Jesus." The gate-keeper says: "That is the password, 'Jesus! Jesus!'" and they go in, and surround the throne, and the cry is: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive blessing, and riches, and honor, and glory, and power, world without end!"

I stand here, this hour, to invite you into anyone of the twelve gates. I tell you now that unless your heart is changed by the grace of God, you cannot get in. I do not care where you come from, or who your father was, or who your mother was, or what your brilliant surroundings—unless you repent of your sin and take Christ for your divine Saviour, you cannot get in. Are you willing, then, this moment, just where you are, to kneel down and cry to the Lord Almighty for his deliverance?

You want to get in, do you not? O, you have some good friends there. This last year there was some one who went out from your home into that blessed place. They did not have any trouble getting through the gates, did they? No, they knew the password, and, coming up, they said "Jesus!" and the cry was: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let them come in." O, when heaven is all done, and the troops of God shout the castle taken, how grand it will be if you and I are among them. Blessed are all they who enter in through the gates into the city.



Bearing the Cross. The Crown of Thorns. The Monogram of Christ. The Arrest. The Supper.

A FOURTH CENTURY REPRESENTATION OF THE EVENTS OF PASSION WEEK.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

A LARGE number of letters have been received from persons requesting to be specially remembered in the prayers of our readers. A summary of these requests, given below, we commend to our readers. They were made the subject of petition at the Converts' Sabbath afternoon meeting at the Bowery Mission last Sunday.

From ——, for the conversion of a young man, a private in the U. S. army who has become dissipated and has determined to enjoy this life, believing that there is little probability of there being any other.

From *G. H. C.*, Philadelphia, Pa., for God's intervention on behalf of an afflicted family. The husband has given out of work, the wife sick, all savings exhausted and hunger staring them in the face. The wife pleads for prayer for her recovery and the conversion of her husband.

From *A Church* in Michigan, that God will hear the prayers being presented for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

From *E. C. F.*, a child who earnestly longs for more of the Holy Spirit and for more faith.

From *A Mother* for the conversion of three dear boys and that God would use them in his service.

From *J. T.*, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., that the reason of a colored brother may be restored and that he may be enabled to resume his former active service in Christ's cause.

From "*Shut in*," Dayton, O., for the recovery of an only brother, who is insane.

From *A Mother*, Laidlaw, N. Y., that her crippled daughter may be brought to Christ before she dies.

From *A Wife and Mother* in Massachusetts, that she and her husband may be helped in their adversity and that it may lead them to a more consistent Christian life.

From *E. E. Hanson*, who has been sick seven years, that she may be restored to health if it is God's will and for the recovery of her daughter, who has recently fallen sick.

From *E. W.*, Marlboro, Mass., for the conversion of a dear friend and brother, and that God would bless the means being used for her own recovery from deafness.

From *Reader*, N. Y., for guidance in circumstances of unusual perplexity, for his deliverance from the plots of unscrupulous persons, and that he may continue to have the power of aiding in God's work with his financial resources.

From *Mrs. L. W.*, Chicago, for the conversion of her husband, and for grace to lead such a life as will attract him to religion.

From *A Christian Reader* Brooklyn, for the restoration to health of an afflicted elderly woman. Also for the conversion of a young man.

From *A Wife*, that a husband may be converted and led to confess Christ before men. Also for the conversion of her sisters and other members of her family, and for the recovery from sickness of herself and a relative.

From *E. R. S.*, Hagerstown, Md., that God would avert the evil to another which appears to be impending as a result of inconsistent conduct on the part of herself and one whom she unconsciously involved in wrong doing. She earnestly begs that intercession be made for her that she may be restored to God's love and favor, as she is on the verge of despair.

From *Mrs. J. H. C.*, that she, a young mother, may have her heart filled with the Holy Spirit, and that she may once more have the light of God's countenance, which now seems hidden from her. Also for the conversion of her husband and family.

From *Two Patients* in the State Hospital at Binghamton, N. Y., that God would mercifully restore them to health of body and mind.

From *M. E. M.*, Worthington, Ky., that God would bless the effort now being made to do some service for the Master, even from the sick room.

"THE PASSION" IN SCULPTURE.

Explorations in the Catacombs at Rome have brought to light many interesting and important facts connected with the early history of the Christian Church. In those vast subterranean burial-places, whose winding galleries are hundreds of miles in total extent, are many remarkable sculptures, paintings and inscriptions, symbolical and historical. All are marked for their entire opposition to the pagan spirit which prevailed in Rome during the first few centuries after Christ, and also for their entire freedom from the later errors of the Romish Church. One of the most remarkable of these sculptures is shown in the illustration on this page, representing leading events in "the Passion." On the right is a rude portrayal of "the Supper," and on the adjoining panel, the "Arrest of the Saviour." The centre shows the Constantinian monogram of Christ, which is found on many of the older Christian tombs and monuments in the Catacombs and elsewhere. In the next panel a soldier is seen placing a crown of thorns on the brow of Jesus, and the last is the Saviour on the way to Calvary with Simon the Cyrenian before him, bearing the Cross.

WATCHFULNESS.

S. S. Lesson for April 21. Matt. 24: 42-51. Golden Text Mark 13:33. By Mrs. Baxter.

OUR Lord's exhortation to watch is grounded on his own statement, "ye know not on what day your Lord cometh" (Matt. 24: 42). Therefore we cannot conclude that he is speaking of the coming mentioned in verses 21-31, which speak of a coming of the Lord preceded by the "great tribulation, such as hath not been from the beginning of the world until now, no nor ever shall be." They speak of a general excitement about his coming; men saying: "Here is Cnrist," or "Here:" of the rise of false Christs and false prophets which "shall show great signs and wonders," concluding with the darkening of the sun and moon, the falling of the stars from heaven, and the shaking of the powers of the heavens.

The day is drawing nigh. While those who do not wait for him, but who are looking for the conversion of the world to take place before he comes, or while others are looking for the Gospel to be preached in all nations for a witness before he comes, instead of before "the end" (Matt. 24: 14), of which his coming for his waiting ones is only precursory—there are those in all lands who wait for him. We have heard of Chinese converts, old women converted at the age of seventy, who watch and wait for him. Many in heathen lands on whom the Sun of Righteousness has arisen, have begun, like Paul, to love his appearing; and in all parts of the world a few in all the churches, are really and practically waiting and watching for their Lord. "Thy people are free will offerings in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness: from the womb of the morning, thy youth are to thee as the dew." (Ps. 110: 3 R.V. margin.) Because the morning is there the dew falls; the dew does not make the morning, the morning brings the dew. Man cannot make the morning come, but the willing people freewill offerings in spirit, truly consecrated ones, are a sign of the morning, and proof that the dawn is at hand, that the day draweth nigh.

If the Lord did not come for those who wait for him until a time like this, it would have been more consistent had he bidden us look out for the things which must happen before he comes. But he preludes his exhortation to watch by likening the time to the days of Noah, when things were going on as usual, "until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and

They Knew Not Until

the flood came and took them all away; so shall the coming of the Son of Man be. Then shall two men be in the field at their ordinary labor, which has not been interrupted by the utter disorganization of everything in the time of the great tribulation—one is taken and one is left; two women shall be grinding at the mill; one is taken and one is left. "Watch therefore" (verses 37-43, R. V.). And again: "Take ye heed, watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is" (Mark 13: 33). Those who do not watch shall be taken unawares they have not loved the Lord's appearing" (II. Tim. 4: 3). While they say: "Peace and safety, sudden destruction shall come upon them unawares, and they shall not escape" (I. Thes. 5: 2).

What is it then to lead a life of watchfulness? Away in central India, near the hills, where wild animals range at large, there may be seen, here and there, in a tree, a kind of stage which looks like a large bird's nest. It is really a few planks of wood, or [illegible] often a few bamboo sticks, which form a seat or a small platform from which a man or woman, whose business it is to watch, can survey the country round for some miles. The watcher is expected to give alarm if the wild animals are likely to do damage at night among the young cattle, or to the little homesteads; they also scare away the birds from their fields of corn during the day. The watcher is awake when other men sleep; he sees what other men cannot see; it is his vocation to keep his eyes open. In his exalted position he cannot enter into conversation with those who pass along the roads; he must be still until the moment comes to give the alarm; his watch is his vocation; he must not leave his post.

If we are the Lord's watchmen, we, too, are on duty; we must let nothing distract us. Like the man at the wheel guiding one of our large steamships, whom no passenger may speak to; like the sentinel on duty, so is he who is really looking for his Lord. He is "on service;" he

Cannot Entangle Himself

with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who enrolled him as a soldier. (II.Tim. 2: 4). He does his daily work, perhaps more conscientiously than others, but he does it with his eve, not on his doing, or on its earthly result, but on his coming Lord. He knows "the time is shortened;" and so if he buys it is as though he possessed not, he is not entangled in his buying, or in his selling, he buys as he would buy if he knew that Christ would come in the midst of the transaction. He may marry, but he does not let his marriage entangle him: his home life is subservient to his watch for his Lord. If he weeps, he is not entangled in his sorrow; he weeps as though he wept not, for the Lord may come in the midst, and change all the circumstances. If he rejoices, whether over souls saved, or over success in any other undertaking; whether in his children or whatsoever, his joy, as well as his sorrow, is tempered by the watching for his Lord. He remains free and disentangled; neither carried away by joy nor depressed by sorrow, but using this world as not using it to the full. (1. Cor. 7: 29-31, R.V. margin) "for the fashion of this world passeth away."

A watcher looks beyond the things seen and temporal (II. Cor. 4: 17, 18); his eyes are open to see things from God's standpoint; he cannot despair about anything, for he has learned to will with God, and he can trust his God to bring about his own will. But he is truly a pilgrim and a stranger down here. Nothing earthly is indispensable to him, but he cannot live out of the presence of God, he lives looking unto Jesus. He can afford to be humbled, to be despised, to be neglected, but he cannot afford to be distracted from his watch; his occupation with his Lord and his Word in the present, that he may be ready for him when he comes in the future.

The Apostle Paul, mighty worker as he was, never let his work entangle him from his watch.

"One thing I do,"

meant with him pressing toward the mark for the prize, which his almost last words show to be connected with the Lord's appearing. He knew deep sorrow in the care of all the churches, but he never let the sorrow distract him from his watch. He was ready at any moment, and says of himself and his fellow watchers in Thessalonica: "Let us since we are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation. For God appointed us, not unto wrath, but to the obtaining of salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him." (1.Thess. 8: 9.) And, in the same spirit, he writes to the Corinthians, when speaking of the transfiguration which shall take place when Jesus comes, and mortality is swallowed up of life. "We are of good courage . . . and willing rather to be absent from the body and present or at home with the Lord. Wherefore we make it our aim, whether at home or absent to be well pleasing unto him." (IICor. 5: 5; R.V.)

In such a spirit a man is ready whenever "the Lord of the house cometh, whether at even or midnight, or at cock-crowing or in the morning." (Mark 13: 35.) And then he shows how the faithful wise, truly watchful servant will be set over his house to give food in due season. Such a servant will be blest and not taken unawares. But he who is not right in his relations with his fellow-servants, and who shall say, in his heart "My Lord tarrieth," shall be taken by surprise; his Lord will come in a day when he expecteth not, and in an hour when he knoweth not; and he will severely scourge him, and give him his part with the hypocrites. (Matt. 24: 44-51; R.V. marg.)

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

WHILE leaving the International Committee full liberty in the choice of lessons in general, the Sunday School Convention made one stipulation, which was, that at regular intervals

"WHEN THEY SHALL SAY, 'PEACE AND SAFETY'——."

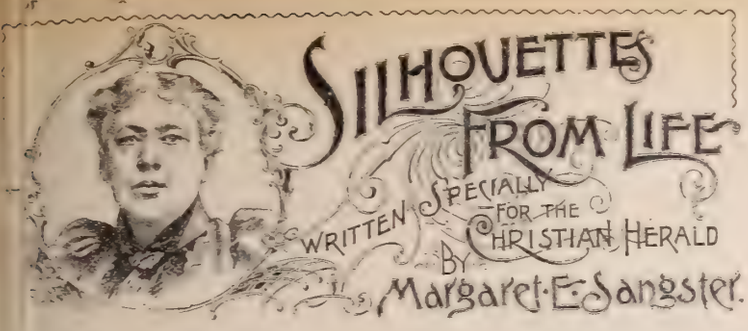
there should be a Temperance lesson. The Committee has endeavored to combine the plan of the year with the injunction of the Convention, by making this discourse of our Lord the text of a Temperance Lesson. The forty-ninth verse will serve this purpose, although the watchfulness enjoined by our Lord, did not apply exclusively, or even primarily, to Temperance, as we use the word. The disciples had just been startled by Christ's prediction that the Temple would be destroyed. To them, with their narrow, self-centred Judaism, the destruction of the Temple meant the destruction of religion, the very end of the world. Christ removes that notion at the outset. The end, he says, is not yet. All that upheaval and destruction would occur and the world would go on undisturbed; there would be wars and persecutions and all kinds of troubles and a great deal would occur before the end came. Even the Jewish people would survive the loss of the Temple and the Temple services; the race (or generation) would not pass away, nor be absorbed, until all the predictions of the universal collapse were fulfilled. As to his own coming in glory, he could give them no indication as to time. He frankly said he did not know when it would be. And then, setting aside all these questions springing from curiosity, he gives the talk one of those sudden, practical turns which were characteristic of his conversation. Instead of speculating about times and dates, let them go about their duty. They were to live so that whenever he came, they would not be ashamed, or afraid to meet him. By a series of parables, he intimated that the world would grow careless and even the church would lose sight of his coming. People would be occupied with ordinary pursuits, a part of the church, represented by the five virgins, would cease to watch, would take a rest and a sleep. Their lamps, which should have given light to the world, lighting sinners to him, would go out, and there would be comparatively few who would not [illegible] taken by surprise. Two special warni[illegible] he gave his own people; one was aga[illegible] unkindness to their brethren (smiting t[illegible] fellow-servants) and the other against [illegible] indulgence, (eating and drinking with [illegible] drunken.) The language Christ [illegible] clearly proves that he expected to com[illegible] the world again. The disciples evide[illegible] placed that construction on his words, [illegible] even after Pentecost, when they had t[illegible] adjust their ideas of his teaching, they [illegible] expected him to return. Peter, near [illegible] close of his life, in one of his Epistles [illegible] affirmed his belief, and explicitly wa[illegible] the church not to be lulled into heedless[illegible] by the fact that there might be no sig[illegible] his coming. The duty of the follow[illegible] Christ now, as in the preceding genera[illegible] is to be in readiness and not to grow [illegible] less, unsympathetic, or self-indulgent.

Watch therefore. Dr. Newman Hall [illegible] that a friend of his who is an expert m[illegible] tain-climber, was overtaken at night[illegible] a mountain ridge. The path behind [illegible] too perilous to be retraced safely in [illegible] darkness, and the way in front was st[illegible] by a projecting rock which he coul[illegible] scale at night. His only course w[illegible] wait where he was until morning. B[illegible] was on a slope ending in a sheer prec[illegible] One careless movement might [illegible] his destruction. As the dark[illegible] deepened he could not see his [illegible] ger, but was increasingly consci[illegible] of it. In the cold air and with t[illegible] miliarity of the situation that [illegible] as the hours passed, he grew [illegible] and more drowsy. What effor[illegible] made during those long hou[illegible] drive off sleep! How he stirre[illegible] mind to the necessity of unrem[illegible] vigilance! He kept vividly [illegible] his imagination the picture [illegible] sleeping and slipping to the ed[illegible] and over the precipice. That [illegible] knew the meaning of the ex[illegible] tion, "Watch therefore."

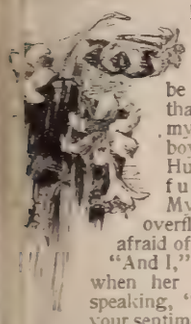
Who then is a faithful and [illegible] servant? The watching enjoi[illegible] not an attitude of idle waiting [illegible] lord in the parable did not wi[illegible] servant to stand at the door lo[illegible] out for him, but to be at his du[illegible] lady once said to John W[illegible] "Suppose you knew you were [illegible] at twelve o'clock to-morrow [illegible] how would you employ the int[illegible] ing time?" He replied: "Wh[illegible] as I intend to spend it now. I [illegible] preach this evening at Glo[illegible] and again to-morrow morning. [illegible] that I should ride to Tewke[illegible] preach in the afternoon; meet the s[illegible] in the evening, then repair to Friend [illegible] tin's; who expects to entertain me [illegible] verse and pray with the family as [illegible] retire to my room at ten o'clock, co[illegible] myself to my heavenly Father, lie d[illegible] rest and wake up in glory."

To give them meat in due season. [illegible] the most difficult things for a Chris[illegible] do is to seize the right opportunity to [illegible] to a soul and to say the right thing [illegible] Moody says that when he was sev[illegible] years of age he was in a Bible class [illegible] of the Boston churches. He had bee[illegible] only a few Sundays when the teache[illegible] to the shoe store in which he was e[illegible] ed. "He put his hand on my sho[illegible] says Mr. Moody, "and spoke to m[illegible] my soul. Seventeen years afterwar[illegible] speaking in Worcester and after the [illegible] ing a young man came. He said, "[illegible] heard my father speak of you ofte[illegible] thought I should like to know y[illegible] asked him who his father was and [illegible] plied 'Edward Kemble.' My old t[illegible] The thought crossed my mind, 'C[illegible] could do for his son what he did for [illegible] Mr. Moody labored with that youn[illegible] until he became a Christian.

Shall cut him asunder. Gurnal rela[illegible] in a critical period of a campaign, dis[illegible] reached the General in command [illegible] army which convinced him that the [illegible] was near at hand, but that it was i[illegible] ble to guess what would be the poi[illegible] tack. It was midnight and the saf[illegible] the army depended on the vigilance [illegible] sentinels. He set out immediately [illegible] they were doing their duty. The ve[illegible] post he came to was vacant and a few [illegible] away the sentinel was lying fast [illegible] He was so indignant at the man's [illegible] ence to the safety of his comrades [illegible] drew his sword and stabbed him [illegible] heart. "I found him dead asleep," [illegible] said, "and left him asleep in death!



An Easter of the Heart.



HAT do I want of another life? What has heaven to offer me? I could not be happier in heaven than I am here with my wife, my splendid boys, Ralph and Hugh, and my beautiful daughter, Ethel. My cup is full to the overflow. I am almost afraid of so much joy."

"And I," said Mrs. Elmore, when her husband ceased speaking, "can fully endorse your sentiments, only, if possible, more strongly. Never was there a home began to be so beautiful and happy as our dear home of ours."

"Children, Tom and Rachel," gentle interposed dear old Cousin Charity, who was paying them a visit, "I am sorry to see you so absorbed in this most perfect earthly life of yours. I fear there must be a stirring of unrest. God loves you too well to let you anchor your souls in this world. I do not like the feeling that 'we must suspect some danger near when we possess delight,' nor do I think that our Father is an arbitrary being who rejoices in shattering our human plans, but, my dears, I am very sure that your satisfaction is not right. It demands aspiration and growth. Don't be so wrapped up in this fair Eden. There are sweet fields beyond the swelling flood! Are you Christians!"

"Goodness, Cousin Charity, don't be so solemn," exclaimed Mrs. Elmore. "You make me shiver to hear you. There, see Ethel dancing down the walk. Isn't she a picture, with her brown curls flying, her cheeks like roses, and her feet that are light as wings? Look how her little dog, Top-fly, rushes after her. Oh! my sweet Ethel, as good as you are pretty; and my noble boys. I am of Tom's opinion."

One week passed. Word went through the village that diphtheria had broken out in the Elmore's, and that Ralph and Ethel were both very ill. Hugh had been sent away for safety.

Two weeks passed. There was crape on Mr. Elmore's door-bell, and a hurried private funeral a few hours after the dread malady had wrenched the life out of the brother and sister. Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death they were not divided. Ethel first, then Ralph, but only an hour apart, the angel who steals over our thresholds and bears away our darlings, carried them both to the "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood."

When next the townspeople saw Mr. and Mrs. Elmore they observed that they would scarcely have known them. Age seemed suddenly to have fallen on them like a blight. Clothed in clinging crape from head to foot, bowed and white behind her veil, Mrs. Elmore dragged her feet as if they were fettered, and her husband, looking neither to right nor to left, passed his old acquaintances like one in a dream.

Every day, through wet or dry, heat or cold, Mrs. Elmore went to the cemetery. She spent hours at the children's graves, heaping flowers on them, weeping the hot tears of despairing grief. Meanwhile, she took no interest in her home. It was forlorn and neglected-looking, the parlor was kept closed, and Ethel's piano was locked, so that by no chance could any one play upon it. Stranger than this, both parents persisted in neglecting the child they had left. To see and hear them, you would have thought that the two who were gone had been angelic, and that poor Hugh was but a little, feeble changeling.

A sensitive little fellow, he felt this treatment acutely. Of course he had his own grief to bear. Few people give children credit for the suffering they undergo when their play-mates and brothers and sisters are taken away. Hugh, repulsed and coldly or perfunctorily kissed, would have fared badly now, but for old black Mammy Lucy, a colored friend of the children who took in washing, and lived in a little frame house in the street back of Mr. Elmore's avenue residence.

One day, when the crocuses were in bloom, and a rarely radiant spring day was shining, Hugh ran in with a handful of flowers and threw them in his mother's lap.

"See, Mamma," he said, "I picked them for you. Mamma, come out and walk with me won't you—its a beautiful day."

"Don't litter up the house, Hugh, by bringing me flowers, and don't speak of the day. The sunshine cannot get down into the gloomy graves where Ethel and Ralph are lying."

The child crept away to the kitchen, where Mammy Lucy who had just brought home a basket of freshly laundried clothing was taking a cup of tea. Soon he found himself in her motherly arms, and he sobbed out his troubles on her breast.

"Honey," she said, "Miss Ethel and brudder Ralphie, jest gone to sleep. Dey'll wake up one of dese days. Don't you grieb so. Your maw an' paw feel mighty bad now, but dey loves you, too, and all will come out all right. Yet, you must trust de Lord, who says, 'Suffer de little children to come unto me.'"

Days passed and Good Friday dawned. From the paralysis of their first sorrow the parents had begun to arouse themselves. "And Tom," said Rachel, "we have been so wretched, we have not been kind to Hugh. But it has hurt me so, to see him playing around, as though nothing had happened."

"Well, dear," answered the husband, "a child's feelings are not deep. I hardly think Hugh has noticed any lack. Where is the little fellow, I wonder."

"Somewhere out of doors," said Mrs. Elmore, and they passed to other things.

An hour afterward, the mother took her sad walk to her children's graves. The path to her plot, from the cemetery gate, was a winding one, and steep. As the mother climbed it, she became aware that somebody was before her, and when she reached the place, she stood still in sheer amazement.

There, kneeling beside the small deep graves which held the little ones, was a slight, golden-haired boy, pale and small, his tiny hands clasped, his blue eyes looking up. He was praying, and this is what the mother heard him say:

"Oh! dear Lord Jesus, let Ethel and Ralph wake up and come home. They've been asleep long enough. We can't live without them. If they can't wake up yet, dear Jesus, then take me away too, and let me sleep here in a little green bed, where dear mamma will come and look after me, every day."

The child's prayer was interrupted here. His mother dropped the flowers she had brought for her dead children, and caught to her heart, with a close embrace, her one remaining child.

"Hugh, darling," she said, "Come home with mamma. Ethel and Ralph are both safe in the arms of Jesus, but you are still here with me. Come home, and help poor Mamma to be happy again."

On Easter Sunday, the Elmores went to church, and Hugh carried in his little hand a lily which he set among the flowers. Other beautiful flowers were there, and Mr. and Mrs. Elmore, after the service, paid their visit as usual to the children's graves, taking Hugh with them. But they had learned a new lesson.

"God had to draw us heavenward," the father said, "All our treasures were not to be kept here. Part of it is kept for us there. Dear wife, dear little son, we must go home and be brave and be cheerful, for two of our circle are standing in the sweet presence of the Lord."

"And will Mamma sing again," said Hugh.

"Yes," she answered, and at home the locked piano was opened and she played a familiar air, while they all joined in "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear."

"Ah!" said old Mammy Lucy, "de blessed Jesus done comforted dem poor things his own way."

And so the tender, forgiving and compassionate Saviour had. It was an Easter of the heart.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"DEY'LL WAKE UP, ONE OF DESE DAYS," SAID MAMMY LUCY.

TRUST IN DARKNESS.

STILL keep up hope when times are dark.
Think there is good in store,
Be mindful of the mercies left,
And count them o'er and o'er.
The same pure gold of sunshine fills
The same blue sky above.
The same bright stars gleam in its depths,
Unchanging rays of love.

The same good God to care for us.
The same sweet hope of heaven.
His word the same, his truth shines clear,
Duties and helps still given.
Hope still in God, an angel kind
Of help, unseen, still stands.
Ready to aid, when duty calls,
To strengthen willing hands.

Hope for the best all cheerfully,
Still for the worst prepare.
Then take whate'er the Father sends,
Rest in his loving care.
Rest in the Lord, wait patiently
To know his will divine.
Until earth's shadows all shall flee.
And Heaven's pure day shall shine.

Berlin, Mass. —PHEBE A. HOLDER.

One Godly Woman's Work.

WHEN beholding the architecture of some great bridge, spanning a river, admiring its massive stones and stout girders, and its great, elastic but stanch cables, one seldom gives a thought to the huge stones that lie embedded in the depths of the waters; and yet to think of them but for a moment is to know that upon those hidden blocks the safety and security of the structure depends. There is an analogy in this that applies to many of the labors in the Church of Christ; that is, that not all who do telling service for the Master are seen or known of men; but like the sunken masonry of some great structure, are doing a service the importance of which is as much to the advancement of the work of the Kingdom, as that which is done by those whose labor is seen of all.

MRS. FISHER.
Missionary and Evangelist.

Mrs. Geo. Fisher (whose portrait appears above), is such a worker, upon whose humble efforts God has set his seal of approval. She is one of the few who may be said to have a capacity for work. Mr. Moody, has said that "God's reward for service is more work," and in her case, one task done leads to another. From the first day of her mission life, found her with her hand on the plough in soul-work, and the many homes where she has dwelt both in England and America have been to her a field of labor. She has proved it true "that there is a work for us anywhere," by finding something to do for the Master everywhere, a truth that every true Christian realizes.

When on the cotton plantations of Texas, her magnetism drew the colored people, among whom she found material to work for the glory of her Master. During her residence in Chicago, she helped in carrying on a precious work in the Market Street Mission, often going alone through dangerous highways to that hallowed place and single-handed conducting the meetings, a lone, weak woman in the midst of forty to seventy drunken desperate men and women; but "the angel of his presence" sustained her, and many to-day are leading earnest Christian lives through her courageous ministry in that dark place.

While in South Dakota she found a mission field upon which to spend her energies. Her husband rented a house in a part of their town known as "Poverty Flats," but its greatest poverty lay in its spiritual destitution: for there were scores of children running wild, and there were many parents who had never entered a church. Aided by her sister, a devoted Christian, she started cottage prayer-meetings, then opened her house and established a Sunday School with only six children at first, but it grew so rapidly that twice it had to change quarters, and in one year it had 128 members. The W. C. T. U. made her their local evangelist. With a family of five little children, superintending a Sunday School, presiding over a sewing and aid society, and doing the work of an evangelist, yet she never neglected home or children.

Mrs. Fisher is now in Minnesota, where she still finds a spiritual work to do. Her chief pleasure is in the winning of souls for heaven and her spiritual labors will end only when her busy life closes.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De-Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

Among the many philanthropies in which the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been interested, probably none has attracted them more warmly than the work at our "Children's Home" at Nyack-on-the-Hudson, which last summer sheltered, fed and entertained 1124 poor tenement waifs from the New York slums, the children of destitute families, helped by the Food Fund the previous winter. An account of the financial result of the first season's work at the Home appears on this page. It will enter on its second season in June next, with the greatest encouragement, and with the advantage of a good equipment already secured. The co-operation of our friends will be welcomed.

"The Christian Herald" Children's Home, at Nyack, N. Y.

Balance Sheet Showing Receipts and Expenditures of the Home During the First Year—The Beneficiaries Were Principally the Children of Poor Families Helped by the Food Fund.

RECEIPTS:			
1904.			
June 1	Transferred from Food Fund, unexpended balance	$4923 99	
1905			
Jan. 1.	Contributions to close of year, acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD	379 45	
April 1.	Contributions from Jan. 1, '05, to date, acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD	74 00	
			5377 44
Deficit advanced by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD			846 03
Total			**$6223.47**

EXPENDITURES:	
Amer. Bible Society, rent of Medical Examination rooms and New York offices	$75 00
Amer. S. S. Union, books for Library	9 00
D. E. Barrett, harness and repairs	63 45
J. D. Blauvelt, medicine, &c	31 59
F. W. Burdick, shoes, &c	23 45
Case Comm. Co., eggs	10 50
H. B. Claflin Co., bedding, clothing, &c	245 91
Central Stamping Co., cooking utensils	22 54
J. B. Callaghan, vegetables	33 03
A. E. & J. H. Christie, repairs and wagon supplies	102 00
M. W. & H. DeBaun, carpenter and builder	188 29
Ernst & Bro., plumbing and gasfitting	170 30
Estes & Sons, boxes for individual wardrobes	24 75
Mrs. John Frazer, bread	244 31
J. T. Farrington, galvanized buckets	1 75
Oscar Goerke, glass and crockery	34 70
Goodyear Mfg. Co., rubber sheeting for beds	20 56
Geo. Hughes & Co., printing	31 90
W. W. Hinton, stationery, toys, fireworks, etc	61 43
Harrison & Dalley, furniture and shades	189 51
W. H. Hoffman, kitchen tent	16 15
J. P. Harring, wall paper and painting	12 43
Hilton, Hughes & Co., linens, &c	18 10
Inter. Bedstead Co., bedsteads and wire-woven mattresses	344 10
Junger Bros., cardboard	5 40
Rev. Dr. A. D. Lawrence Jewett, rent of Home	120 00
E. Locke, house repairs	10 00
Jas. E. Morris & Co., groceries	374 45
Mutual Wagon Co., painting and lettering	7 00
Dr. E. H. Maynard, medical attendance	41 00
Dr. Emily Lewi, medical examination	75 00
Matthews' Express Co., hauling supplies	46 10
R. H. Macy & Co., muslin, houseware, &c.	96 31
Patterson & Harrell, knives, forks, spoons, &c	44 33
Randolph & Sippell, groceries	316 08
D. Schwartz, childrens' satchels	10 40
Milton Sayres, meat	555 53
Townsend Bros., clothes and repairing materials	64 00
Van Tassell & Kearney, three horses	283 50
Geo. F. Wood, milk	309 88
W. H. White, coal and wood	23 50
Polhemus & Blauvelt, insurance	11 20
Alvin Tremper, house repairs	15 00
Nyack Ice Co., ice	10 24
Fares on street cars and boat to and from Nyack, 1124 children and 110 attendants	444 89
Salary of housekeeper	120 00
Wages of attendants and caretakers	687 58
" cook and kitchen help	225 00
" hostler	120 00
" laundress	90 00
Miscellaneous household and other petty accounts	142 33
Total	**$6223.47**

GATHER THEM IN.

THE regularly organized churches might stand with all their doors wide open until the crack of doom, and they would not reach some people. The front siege guns of the Church take too long to get into position, and they cannot be unlimbered. We must have mounted cavalry, all the spurs in the flanks, with one bold dash plunging into the heart of the world's abominations. What are we doing for those who were tumbled into life by an ancestry as careless of them as the ostriches of the wilderness are careless of what becomes of their young, and who have been battered and bruised of evil surrounding all the way? It is despicable to stand on shore and do nothing for the shipwrecked struggling in the breakers, when we ought to be getting out the rockets, and the life-boats, and the ropes from the wrecking establishment.

How much have you ever done to get this class ashore? We grip them of the police. Then we hustle them into a court-room, amid a great crowd of gaping spectators. Then we throw them into a jail. The time of punishment served out, he comes forth, and society follows him down the street, and blocks up his way to honest employment by practically pointing at him and saying, "Out of jail! Just got out of jail! What a joke! Don't touch him! Out of jail! There have not been many cases like that of Jerry McAuley. Sentenced to Sing Sing for fifteen years, yet so thoroughly and grandly converted that Wm. E. Dodge, and Governor Morgan, and John B. Gough felt honored to sit beside him on the anniversary platform of the Cremorne Mission. Men and brethren, sisters and daughters in Christ Jesus, there are down in these lower depths people just as much worth saving. Let us expect them to come to you. You go to them. By the Gospel of shoes, and stockings, and coats; by the Gospel of anthracite coal when the thermometer is near zero; by the Gospel of bread well kneaded, well raised, and well baked; by temporal relief, accompanied by spiritual relief, go forth, praying that Christ may go with you. The great harvest day comes when we must give an account of our faithfulness or unfaithfulness. Time goes rapidly by, and soon the books will be opened, and you and I must answer, not only for our own treatment of the Gospel of Christ, but for the manner in which we have brought that Gospel to others. Let us gather up all our energies of body, mind and soul for a mightier campaign than we have ever entered. To arms! In all this great battle against sin and death, and hell eternal shall be the reward of him that overcometh.

MERCIFUL OPINIONS.

AS the years go by let us grow more lenient. When we hear things adverse to anyone, let us always remember there is another side. How often we are compelled to change our opinions of men and things. There frequently comes a great outburst of feeling against public men, and after a vast expenditure of reprehension, we hear a satisfactory explanation. We let the dogs out of the kennel for a chase that ought never to be made. After awhile, our own turn comes to be pursued, and then we learn by bitter experience how one may be misrepresented and belied. We all need in the caster on the table a cruet of sweet oil, as well as cruets of vinegar and cayenne. We need to put ourselves into more frequent associations with dispositions mild and genial, and that think no evil. Charity! Beautiful grace and rare! We all need more of it in our speech and lives. Above all, by constant communion with Christ, we will absorb something of that gentleness and love which were the characteristics of his life. No one can be much with Christ without catching something of his spirit. On the contrary, it is impossible to be much with the hypercritical and acerb, without ourselves becoming hypercritical and acerb. Avoid those who would rather believe evil of others than good. Keep out of the patch of nettles, and walk in the garden of the Lord. Waste no time in hearing gossip, scandalizing others. As soon as she unties the strings of her hat and leans back to have a good talk, excuse yourself, and get out into the fresh air, and look up at the stars, and think of God. In the first year of my ministry, I heard that which has impressed me to this day. I heard in a parlor a minister of religion most violently condemning a sin of a brother minister, saying that he never could be tempted to such a crime. It was right that he should condemn the sin, but I did not like the self-righteous declaration that he never could be tempted that way. Before three years had passed, that minister was tried for the same crime, and condemned, the jury staying out only a few moments, so evident was the guilt. The condemned man died of a broken heart, and his body went to Greenwood, and his soul to that God who, I hope, had more mercy on him than he had on his fallen brother. "He shall have judgment without mercy who hath shown no mercy."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

If any of our readers who know of a zealous Christian workers in their neighborhood who, without fee or reward, are devoting time and means to the service of Christ in rescuing the lost, uplifting the fallen, or befriending the sick and poor, would send us biographical sketches of such persons—men or women—we should be glad. The story of their work, showing their methods and the success which has attended them, might encourage other Christian people to undertake similar work in their cities. The sketch should be accompanied in every instance by a photograph of the person. Address Editor of Christian Workers Department, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

Inquirer, Klinger, Ia. Should a Christian girl marry a man who is not a Christian, but who will become one if she would consent to marry him?

Such marriages usually prove a disappointment. The hope of "reforming" a person before marriage may or may not be realized.

J. McComber, Harrisburg, Pa. Was black always the mourning color among Christian nations?

No. Before the fifteenth century, at least it was customary for widows to mourn in white. Queen Anne of France, when King Charles VIII. died, draped her coat of arms in black and clad herself in the same hue, thus setting a fashion in a large part of Europe which has been maintained ever since.

Laura Camp, Cleveland, O. Is there in the Buddhistic theology any equivalent of the "Tree of Knowledge," as we find it in the Bible?

In a sense—yes. In one legend (the "Lalita Vistara"), Bodhiswata, after a long fast and overcoming many temptations, eats food and bathes twice in the Mairanjara river. Then emerging, he advances to the Tree of Knowledge, beneath which he vowed to sit without rising until he should attain the "Bodhi." He is terribly tempted, but ultimately triumphs.

In our mail, this week, was a letter from Seymour, Conn., whose sole address was as follows:

Please, Mr. Posmaster, pass this along
To Rev. Dr. Talmage; it cannot go wrong.
The City of New York, his place of instruction
Where he strives to turn souls from eternal de

Subscriber, Brookline, Mass. Where was St. Patrick born, who were his parents? Was he carried away in slavery? Did he return home?

According to "The Story of St. Patrick," by Joseph Sanderson, D.D., LL.D., recently issued, he was born near Dumbarton, Scotland, on the river Clyde, sometime between the years 373 and 396—the exact date being uncertain. In his "Confession," Patrick says: I had for my father, Calpornius, a deacon who dwelt in the village of Bannavein Taberniæ, for he had a small farm hard by the place. I was taken captive. I was then nearly sixteen years of age. I was taken captive to Ireland." Patrick escaped from slavery and, as he himself relates, took ship and returned to his former home.

Harry F. Hamer, Bart, Pa. Do any of the Egyptian inscriptions show that the Pharaoh of the Exodus was drowned in the Red Sea?

It is by no means certain who was the Pharaoh of the Exodus. Some scholars hold that it was Meneptah the son of Rameses II. Manetho held that the Exodus occurred in the reign of Amos. Wilkinson argues that Thothmes III. was the Pharaoh of the Exodus. On the whole, probability points to Meneptah. There is no mention in any inscription yet deciphered of his having been drowned in the Red Sea. On the contrary, it would appear from the inscriptions that he lived some years after the disasterious calamity, to which there is vague reference on the monuments and which Bible scholars indentify with the death of the first born and the destruction of the army. Meneptah was notoriously a timid man, who never would go with the army to the shores of the sea and would be little likely to venture across. The fact of his remaining behind may not have been known at the time either to his army or to Moses.

J. W. Knott, Holdrege, Nebr., writes: "In THE HERALD of March 13 in reply to J. P. Snyder, Auburn, Pa., you prefix "St." to the names of all the apostles except Judas. Doubtless Judas would have been written "St." before the betrayal, for Paul calls all professing Christians "saints" on the charitable assumption that they are simply believers. Is it not preposterous to call all Christians "saints," and not others? Is not the persistent dubbing of a few prominent Christians as "Saints" a relic of Romish canonization and suggestive more of the Middle Ages than of the earlier Christians or of modern times?

It is not now customary, in Protestant churches to use the word "Saint," and our correspondent is quite right in his claim that the usage is a relic of Rome. It is still used in the Anglican and Greek, as well as the Roman churches.

Jas. V. Hawkins, Badger Creek, Kan. There are many things that are wrong for God's people. In a church building that would be entirely permissible elsewhere.—Subscriber, Dexter, Iowa. Moody is a Congregationalist.—Subscriber, Inness, Fla. We cannot devote space to the subject. Any encyclopædia will supply the information.—Mrs. J. M. Wheaton, Aylmer, Can. You will find it in "Songs of Love and Praise," published by John Philadelphia.—Wm. P. Ross, Lowell, Mass. Bowden's Concordance can be ordered of any bookseller.—Subscriber, Wis. 1. It is the equivalent of the English word "Sir" or "Mr." 2. The prefix "St." is properly written in small letters, not capitals.—Mrs. Rosaline Clark, Berwyn, N. Y. We cannot.—Subscriber, Keokuk, Ia. This question has been repeatedly answered in recent issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

INVESTING A PRINCE.

A QUAINT ceremony was observed a few days ago at the Siamese Legation in London. With Oriental pomp and with many ancient forms, a boy of sixteen was formally invested with the titles and signia of heir to the throne of Siam. Early s year the eldest son of the king of that tion died, and it became necessary to ect from the other sons of the king one 10 should succeed him on the throne. The oice fell on Prince Chowa Maya Vadjira idh, who is being educated in the famous l English school of Eton. The king sent o of the boy's uncles to London to perform e ceremony of investiture, and summon- from the various European capitals the mbassadors of Siam to witness it. The mpany in their court uniforms, glittering th jewels, presented a gorgeous appear- ce. One bore a gold tray on which ere ranged the seals of office, which are ed only by the heir-apparent. Another rried a sword, the scab- rd of which sparkled th rubies and diamonds. his has been worn by all e crown princes of Siam former generations from ncient times. Other ords, each indicating me office in the State or ny or navy were also nded to the boy, and gold chain and insignia the Order of the White ephant were put around neck. As each part of e ceremony was per- med, the court official ited the ancient formula pertaining to it and pro- imed the prince's name d titles with all the iental fulsome extrava- gance. In conclusion, the nce himself made a odest little speech to the gh dignitaries assem- d, thanking them for ir congratulations and suring them that he uld strive earnestly to mote the interests of his ntry, while he should end on their counsel d guidance. The re- rts of his tutors and fel- -students indicate that is a lad of high intel- ence and brilliant talents and there is a spect of his making an enlightened ruler Siam, when he comes to the throne, if that time any remnant of the country is to him by the French, who have al- dy stolen a large part of it. It was prob- y those qualities of character that led to being selected as heir, by the king, with om the choice rested. Had he not pos- sed them, the king would have been lit- likely to make him his heir. It is not so th those on whom is conferred the in- itely higher dignity of heirs of the King kings. All are eligible, even the ignor- t, the pauper and the outcast for with dignity he gives the qualities appropri- to it. (I. Cor. 6: 9-11.)

A Physician's Mistake.

A suit has been commenced against a sician in Staten Island for damages re- ting from a mistake in diagnosis. It is ught by an undertaker who has just re- ered from a bad attack of small-pox. ne time ago there were several cases of kness in the village which were pro- inced by the physician to be chicken- c. Among them were two children who d. The undertaker who prepared the dies for interment fell sick shortly after- rd. His case and the cases of several er sufferers in the village were declared other physicians in the village to be all-pox. Several experts confirmed that gnosis, and as the physician who had opted the chicken-pox theory was firm in intaining his opinion, the State Board of Health was appealed to, and their official inspectors decided against him and ordered a quarantine against the village. The undertaker had a long illness and for some time his life was despaired of. He now brings suit against the physician, claiming that if he had been notified of the true nature of the disease from which the children died, whose bodies he buried, he would have taken precautions against the contagion, and would not have caught the disease. However that may be, he would have had no ground of action against the physician, had the latter warned him of his danger. So it will be at the last with the people who have listened to the preaching of God's servants. The preacher cannot keep his people from evil, but he can tell them its true nature and warn them of its consequences. (Ezek. 33: 8.)

A Daring Rescue.

One of those deeds of daring, which firemen are noted for, was done in New York on March 28. A hotel on Columbus Ave., caught fire in the night. The alarm was given, and it was thought that all the inmates made their escape. But the crowd watching the fire saw a woman at a window on the sixth floor who seemed helpless. The firemen knew that the flames were roaring up the elevator shaft as if it were a chimney and that the stairs were already impassable with fire and smoke. One man, however, determined to rescue the woman if possible. He hooked his light scaling ladder to a fire escape and climbed up from story to story, outside the building, until he reached the window where the woman had been seen. He found her there still, imprisoned by the flames and having given up hope. She was the cook of the hotel, a large woman weighing nearly two hundred pounds. The fireman was a small man whose weight was at least fifty pounds less, but he persuaded the woman to sit on his shoulder and, so weighted, he descended the ladder. The crowd was almost breathless as it watched the brave man bringing his burden down from story to story, and when he reached the lowest floor and placed the woman in safety, a great shout went up from a hundred throats. Not a few thought that the man was inadequate to the task and all were glad to see it safely and successfully accomplished. There are cases of spiritual rescue on record in which the means God used to save men seemed to human eyes similarly inadequate. He who has faith need never be deterred from attempting to save a soul, by the consideration of his own deficiencies. (II. Cor. 4: 7.)

INVESTITURE OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM WITH THE INSIGNIA OF OFFICE.

Correcting the Compass.

An illustration of the nicety of calculation involved in some scientific operations was given recently in a lecture before the Institution of Civil Engineers, by Dr. John Hopkinson. It was an explanation of the variations of the mariner's compass under various conditions and in various degrees of latitude and longitude. The compass, he said, was affected by the temporary or permanent magnetism of the ship, besides being disturbed by the variations in the magnetic pole, which are greater in some regions than in others. These had now been reduced to a carefully arranged system, so that it was known precisely to what extent under any circumstances the needle would vary from the true north. Several devices had been adopted for correcting the variation and one of these he described. It consisted in placing permanent magnets in such positions in the neighborhood of the compass as to counteract all other influences. The calculations involved in selecting the places for the magnets were of a most complicated character, requiring the skill of highly accomplished mathematicians. It is easy to see that the professor was right. A magnet placed too near the compass or in the wrong position might so deflect the sensitive needle as to make it an unsafe guide and cause the loss of a ship. Souls have been lost in the same way. Even the conscience which God gave us as the guide of our lives may become warped and deviating when selfish principles are planted in the soul and suffered to exert their influence in the life. (I. Timothy 4: 2.)

The Wounded Envoy.

Sincere sorrow is expressed by the Japanese Government at the outrage on Li Hung Chang, the venerable Chinese statesman, who has gone to Japan to sue for peace on behalf of China. As he was returning to his quarters at Shimonoseki from a conference with the Japanese statesmen, on March 24, a young Japanese ruffian, named Koyama, rushed at him and fired a pistol at his face. The bullet struck his upper jaw, inflicting a painful wound. Of itself it is not thought to be dangerous, but, as Li Hung Chang is seventy-three years old, and has been for several months in bad health, the consequences may become serious. It appears that the lower classes in Japan are strongly affected by the warfever, and cherish a vindictive feeling against China, especially those who have lost relatives in the war. The would-be assassin has been arrested, and the prefect and chief of police of Shimonoseki have been deprived of their offices by the emperor's order, for failing to protect the envoy. The peace negotiations had barely commenced when the crime was committed. Li Hung Chang was trying to secure a cessation of hostilities during the negotiations, but the Japanese would consent to the armistice only on conditions which the Chinese were unwilling to grant. On hearing of the crime, the Japanese Emperor directed an armistice to be granted without conditions. Thus the envoy's suffering won a concession that all his skill as a diplomatist had failed to gain, and may have saved thousands of lives. It would seem as if the principle of atonement ran all through human affairs. The Chinese will be able to appreciate this boon. Would that they might learn, too, the greater lesson, that because of Christ's suffering they may be saved from eternal wrath through him! (Rom. 5: 9.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Here is a Quite Unusual Opportunity for a few of our readers to secure a beautiful and complete ruby type International Teachers' Bible at small cost. The Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has on hand about 100 of these Bibles, *still in the original wrapping*, and which have been rubbed almost imperceptibly– of course otherwise the book is absolutely perfect. Any reader forwarding one dollar will receive one of these Bibles, expressage prepaid.

When Dr. Talmage Invited Any Persons in his audience at the New York Academy of Music on March 31, who desired the prayers of God's people, to rise, fully two thousand persons responded. This confirms the impression previously formed, that the greater part of the audiences at the Academy of Music are non-church-goers.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has secured the services of Arthur J. Brown, D.D., of Portland, Ore., as corresponding secretary. It will be remembered; that after the death of Dr. Arthur Mitchell, Dr. George D. Baker, of Philadelphia, was elected to the position. But he declined, feeling unwilling to leave his pastorate.

S. Hartwell Pratt Closed his third series of meetings in Los Angeles, Cal., March 10th, and is now engaged in union meetings at Oakland. Cal.

Mr. Langdon S. Ward, who has served the American Board as Treasurer for thirty years, died at his home at Newton Centre, Mass., on March 28. Mr. Ward was sixty-seven years of age when he died.

Dr. J. W. Chapman Has closed a great work at Evansville, Ind. The daily newspapers say that the results of the meetings and the method and spirit which characterize them, promise to be deep and lasting. From Evansville Dr. Chapman went to Passaic, N. J.

The Ambassadors to Turkey from England, France and Russia presented to the Sultan on March 28 a joint memorial, calling his attention to the threatened outbreak of Mohammedans against the Christians of Diarbekir, which might be as disastrous as that at Sassoon. The Sultan assured them that he would immediately issue peremptory orders for the protection of the Christians.

A Man Supposed to be a reputable artisan was converted at a meeting of the Salvation Army in Seattle, Wash. He made the confession that he derived the greater part of his income from counterfeiting. He went to the Federal authorities and surrendered himself.

Church Members Seeking Employment or wishing to add to their income may hear of something to their advantage, by sending their names and addresses to Box J, Station D, New York.

Rev. H. W. Brown's Campaign in Canada has resulted in a large ingathering of souls. At Blenheim, Vittoria, and Chatham the attendance was very large. In each place the largest buildings were filled, and the prayer meetings were thronged.

Churches and Sunday Schools Financially distressed or in need of additional funds, will do well to send promptly the name and full post office address of their Treasurer, also of the Chief Officer of their Ladies' Aid Society, together with the name and denomination of their church, to George H. Sandison, 53 Fourth avenue, New York.

Rev. Robert Lennie, of Sherbrooke, Quebec, writes us that Messrs. Elliott and Butts are closing a very successful mission at the First Baptist Church of that town. As the numbers who came from the surrounding district increased, meetings were held in the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches. Toward the close prayer meetings were held in twenty-five distinct neighborhoods and a large number of persons have been brought to Christ.

Mr. R. Sewell Recently Read a Paper Before the Asiatic Society in London, announcing the finding of a small beryl casket, which is now in Madras. The casket contained three fragments of charred bone, and was found, enclosed in several outer caskets of stone, in a monument on the banks of the Kistna. Mr. Sewell said that there was no doubt among the scholars of India of the bones being part of the body of Buddha, which was cremated more than five undred years before the Christian era.

The Rev. H. Waddell of the U. P. Mission of Scotland, reports that some time ago a copy of the New Testamen(was given to a man connected with the railway service in Tokyo, Japan. He cared nothing for Christianity, and without examining the book he began to use it for waste paper. But happening one day to see the words, "Love your enemies," he was so struck with the expression that he procured a new copy of the book and studied it, with the result that he and his family are now Christians.

WINNING SOULS FOR CHRIST.

The Work of the San Francisco Christian Union Mission Among the Homeless and Christless Men—Thousands Helped in two Years and Many led to the Saviour.

THE Christian Union Mission of San Francisco was organized by Evangelists B.Fay Mills and C.N.Crittenton, at a meeting of city pastors and Christian business men, in August, 1892, their object being to provide shelter and relief for the destitute, to reclaim the fallen and at the same time furnish employment for them. The work was formally presented by Mr. Mills, in his closing services in the Mechanics' Pavilion, on August 31st of that year, and in response to his appeal for funds $7,000 were pledged to start it, and $300 per month for its support. A representative Board of Directors was selected, and Mr. T. B. Roberts, Superintendent of the Industrial Homes in Boston, was engaged to assist in the work of organization. Rev. S. P. Holcombe of Detroit, Mich., was elected Superintendent, and Mr. J. G. Chown, Financial Secretary. On Nov. 1st, 1892, the building at 729 Market st., known as the Bijou Theatre was leased, and thoroughly fitted for the contemplated work. The formal dedication took place on the 10th of the same month, and services were held every night thereafter.

On account of the many changes that had to be made in the building, the relief work could not be commenced till January 1,1893, when meals and lodgings were furnished and the wood-yard opened. Rescue work for girls was also begun, with Mrs. Holcombe as Matron. The opening was most encouraging and the numbers attending the services were remarkable. The Hall contained seats for 500, and frequently every seat was taken. In a short time, many had accepted Christ as their Saviour, and large numbers were being fed and lodged.

In May, 1893, Superintendent Holcombe resigned, and Financial Secretary Chown was given full charge of the work. After a trial the wood-yard was given up and a laundry was next tried temporarily. On August 15, 1893, the Mission removed to the First United Presbyterian Church property on Mason street, which was then vacant. There the Girls' Department was made a separate work and removed to 26 Hill street, where it is still continued under the management of a Board of Ladies. The Mission meanwhile continued its work, and was supported largely from the sale of meal tickets, the Associated Charities and other benevolent associations sending the men who worked in their wood-yards to the Mission for meals and lodgings.

On April 1, 1894, owing to the sale of the church property, the mission was transferred to a building formerly used as an armory at the corner of Mission and Anthony streets, having two large floors 60 x 100 ft. The building was leased and was reconstructed as follows: On the first floor the chapel, with seats for 250; dining-room, kitchen, reading-room, sitting-room, students' bed-room and office. The upper floor contains a dormitory with 130 beds, bedrooms for help, laundry, bath-rooms, etc., all of which are well furnished and excellently adapted to the work. The First Presbyterian Church offered to assume the [illegible] for one year, which offer the Board of Directors [illegible]. With [illegible] the new management began with Thanksgiving Day, 1894, at which time a free dinner [illegible] employed men, and the chapel, which was [illegible] ing exercises. Gospel services have been conducted every night since, with the exception of Wednesdays which is the regular night for church prayer meeting. The Superintendent conducts services on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, Rev. W. C. Merrill, Associate Pastor of the Church, preaching that evening. Students from the San Anselmo Theological Seminary aid in conducting the Friday, Saturday and Sunday night services. A number of the societies of Y.P.S.C.E. take one evening a month each to lead in the singing. Interest in the services is generally good and the average attendance is about one hundred men.

The spiritual results of this work are to be found in many city churches in San Francisco. Those converted in the Mission since its opening, if gathered in one church, would show the largest membership in the city. Thousands of poor men, who have rested in the clean beds, and partaken of the meals provided by the Mission, are a constant testimony of the interest the church and its people take in the poor and downtrodden. Some are holding good positions, secured through the Free Employment Bureau, which has already found work for several hundred men. Families, divided by the drinking habit and other causes, are again united. Many sick have been cared for and some have been sent to their homes. Clothing has been furnished for a large number, and letters have been written to distant friends and help secured for destitute ones. Converts, whose lives have been transformed in the Mission, come from all walks of life; the rich and the poor have met together, and the man priding himself on his good morals has been reached, as well as the most degraded and hopeless. Reports of the work are made from month to month, and the prospect for the future is very encouraging.

"THE CHRISTIAN UNION MISSION," SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

Sin is like a shadow; forgiveness like the sun,
There never could be either, without the other one:
And when the shadow flees before the sunlight fair,
No trace of it is seen—it leaves no land-mark there.

M. CHEEVER HATHROPE.

DIVINE WISDOM.

DEAR Lord, the wisdom now I see,
Is [illegible] me so good to be!
For when earth's vanities on me smile,
They but my thoughts from thee beguile.

The [illegible] with all my heart—
O, never let it from me part—
In when the storms of life are o'er,
To meet with thee, to part no more.

—OWEN[illegible] FEATHER

A YOUNG HERO.

The present Chinese-Japanese war has been the cause of bringing to light many interesting incidents in the early lives of the leading participants in the victorious Japanese army. Concerning Count Yamagata, the commander-in-chief of the Mikado's forces, this characteristic incident is related:

His quality of heroism developed at the age of ten. One warm summer day he was taking a stroll under the shade of a paper umbrella; as usual, he had his books with him, and giving very little attention to his path, was absorbed in his reading. Suddenly he heard women's screams and children's shrill shrieks. Facing about, he saw a horseman of the noble rank of Samurai, whose beast was frantically running in his direction. The bridle dangled before the brute's forelegs, and the rider, unable to reach it, hung to his saddle and shouted to pedestrians to get out of danger. The people were not slow to obey the command, add the nobleman now saw in the road only a delicate-looking boy of ten.

"Abunai yo! (look out)" shouted the horseman from a distance. But Ariake, who had calmly folded his umbrella and dropped his books, did not budge. He waited until the frantic beast was almost upon him, then, swift as lightning, opened the umbrella and spread it in the horse's face. That checked the runaway. The animal came to a stop and the nobleman sprang from his back, and catching the bridle,held the horse firmly.

"Let the horse cool," the boy advised gently, while the nobleman overwhelmed him with praise. The Samurai, after making the animal fast, picked up his little rescuer and held him in his arms.

"Some day, my noble little fellow," predicted the Samurai, "you will be the glory of the Land of the Rising Sun."

The Samurai's prediction has been abundantly verified for Yamagata who has led the armies of Japan to triumph after triumph during the present war, is lovingly regarded as his country's greatest hero.

PRIEST-RIDDEN CEYLON.

Rev. W. D. Hankinson writes as follows to the English Baptist Society concerning Buddhism in Ceylon: "There are 9950 priests at present in the island. Each wears a long yellow robe, and possesses an alms-bowl in which he receives his food. From house to house he moves, and silently takes his stand before each, and with his alms-bowl in front of him, waits for a small gift of rice, plantains, etc. The giver often does obeisance to the priest, and in the case of one sect the priest pronounces a blessing before departing. Priests of the other sects depart in silence. No priest must take a meal after twelve o'clock noon. When my friend called in to see me the other day, one of his attendants several times tested the hour by the length of his shadow, lest the priest be too late to partake of his breakfast."

Relief Work Closed.

Spring at hand and the Suffering Practically Ended—Grateful Letters.

SPRING is at hand and with the approach of fine weather, the long winter distress in the West is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Occasional complaints of suffering are still received from remote places in Nebraska and Kansas; but these are promptly communicated to the State Relief Commission at Lincoln, Neb., or the Topeka "Capital," Kansas, and steps taken for supplying any urgent needs. In such cases where a local relief commission has been organized, it is made the medium through which the aid comes to the applicant. This has been found necessary to avoid imposture, and the sending of relief moneys or goods where they are not really needed.

In these closing hours of the charitable work in the West, it is cheering to know from letters received, that the generosity of our readers has been very warmly appreciated.

From his study at Holdrege, Neb., Rev. C. A. Hale, writes:

The ministers and people of southwestern Nebraska will not soon forget your interest in us, or your substantial help in the time of our distress. You will perhaps like a word from my district which is under particular obligation to you for help. A sense of great relief comes to us with the warm weather. The winter is actually passed and none of our people have perished. For this we are thankful to God and his people. But "sufficient unto the day is the need thereof. There is no more food in one thousand homes than in cold weather. Many are seeking seed and feed. We can but pray for the success, longingly looking for the coming of the trains with the elements of a very much-needed harvest.

$250 have been sent to Pastor Hale from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund. W. Atlee Burpee & Co., seed growers, Philadelphia, last week forwarded three large boxes of seed to Manager Ludden at Lincoln for distribution in Nebraska. Messrs. Gregory & Co., Marblehead, Mass., and other seedsmen have also been forwarding considerable quantities to local committees, in accordance with their promise, recently published.

In Oklahoma and South Dakota, the liberal food supplies received have relieved much suffering; but the seed question remains. Rev. C. Regier, Pastor of the German Baptist Church at Fairfax, D.T., writes:

Gregory County has received some supplies of food so that none really had to die of starvation, but there is no money nor credit for most of our farmers to secure the least bit of wheat or corn to plant to get food for the coming season.

The Fund has forwarded $100 to Pastor Regier. Rev. J.H.Parker, Kingfisher, Oklahoma, and Rev. W. H. Thrall, Huron, S. D., write reporting progress in the relief work in their respective districts. Mr. Jacob Bush, Lillivale, Okla., writes that the people of that section are able to care for their own poor and that there are no cases of destitution.

Contributions to the Relief Fund during the week were as follows:

Prev. ackl'd	$26,288.18	Percy, Miss Louise	1
Allen, Mrs P A	1 00	Perry, Mrs F W	2
Baker, Hattie E	25	Pratt, Albert	5
Best, David	50	Roe, Minnie F	1
Blashfield, Mrs M E	1 00	Smith, Miss M C	1
Bliven, Gertrude	2 00	Spear, Wm	1
Bridge, Mrs	50	Stephens, Graham	2
Briggs, Mrs M J	2 00	Sayler, Mrs Barbara	2
Collins, Mrs C	2 00	Smith, S T	1
Creighton, I E	5 00	Tappen, Mrs M P	1
Douglas, Henry B	50	Watson, Mr & Mrs S	1
Dudley, Mrs M S	50	C A, Conn	1
Finster, Miss J M	1 00	G L G, Mill Hall, Pa	2
Foster, Walter E	50	I. B H, Newburyport	2
Fowles, Wm	5 00	F A B, Chestnut Hill,	
Frazer, Rebecca	1 00	Mt Vernon, N Y	2
Friend, San Diego	1 00	—, Bloomingdale, Ga	3
" Westminster	1 00	—, Freedom, Ill	2
" Mentor	50	—, Westfield, Mass	1
" Harpersfield	1 00	—, Swansboro, Va	1
" Buffalo	7 95	A laborer, Wis	
" Bath, N Y	30	Sister in Christ, Mt	
" Phila, Pa	5 00	Jewett, Pa	5
" to God's poor	1 00	Christian Endeavor	
Friends, Hall River	4 00	Soc, Congo, W Va	3
2 " N Y	35	C T S, Bouquet, N Y	5
Groft, Wm	1 00	Collected from a few	
Hammond, Mrs S C	1 00	friends Granville	13
Hays, Mary	25	"Echo," L I City	10
Hays, Ralph	25	Ladies' Aid Society,	
Hillman, Miss A	1 00	Brightside, Can	4
Huffman, Mrs S A	2 00	One that loves the	
Hadley, Miss M A	10 00	Lord, Morganville	1
Hall, A M	1 00	"The Luther Eagles,"	
Harvey, Miss A A C	1 00	Baptist Church,	
I H N, Franklin Falls	2 00	Ballston Spa, N Y	9
" Athens, Ga	1 10	The Lord's Money	
Jones, Mrs L	10 00	San Angelo, Tex	20
Keller, Adam and		Willing Workers,	
Mary	2 00	Sharon, Mich	
Kobbee, Geo L	4 50	Y P S C E, Bellevue	
McIntyre, Robt	1 00	Reformed Church	5
Meade, Elizabeth D	1 00	Y P S C E, Demopolis	8
Miller, Lizzie A	1 00	Disciples of Jesus,	
McDonald, Mrs F	50	Pascoag	5
Mclardin, Lizzie C	1 00	**Total** ack'd	**$26,521.8**

Owing to the pressure on our columns the acknowledgments of contributions of clothing, etc., are delayed until next week.

MORE LIGHT ON THE FLOOD.

European Explorers Find in the vast Volcanic Regions of Central Asia Evidences of the Great Noachian Deluge.

IN an article in the "Gala" of Leipsic, which has been translated by the "Literary Digest," there is given a remarkably interesting account of the exploration of Herr F. von Schwarz, in Central Asia, which has led to the discovery of what that savant is led to regard as incontestible evidence of the reality and vastness of the Noachian deluge. Primitive man, Prof. Schwarz asserts, would never have left Central Asia as he did, to scatter himself over the greater part of Europe, had he not been driven thence. The great catastrophe that compelled the dispersion is identified with the Flood. When it was and how it occurred his discovery revealed to him for the first time.

His discovery was made while Prof. Schwarz was investigating a rocky hill in Central Asia, marked wrongly on the Russian charts as the site of the ruins of Kutagai. The Russian surveyors were led by the extraordinary resemblance of its naked rocks to the walls of a ruined city with towers and battlements. We quote from Schwarz's account:

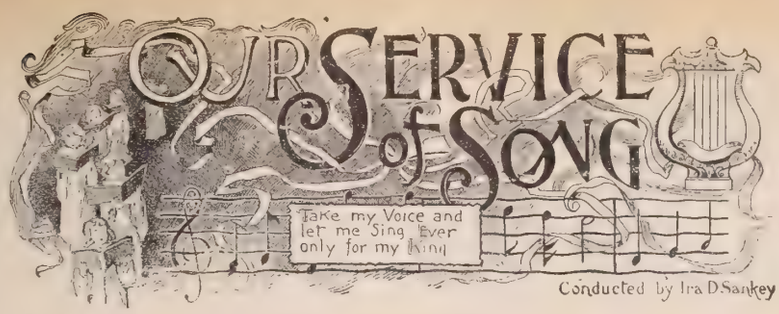
"When I had passed the rocky wall I found myself in a broad, deep valley, extending north and south and shut in by perpendicular walls of rock at whose feet flowed a slender rivulet. This valley was the oddest that I have ever seen in my life. Though the brook had so little water that only in the deepest parts was there enough for a sitz-bath, and the valley was so broad and deep that a navigable river might have flowed through it, the rocky walls on both sides, up to the upper edge, were torn apart and eroded in such fashion as I have noticed near no other river and as only happens on a rocky seashore—commonly, indeed, only on shore where the breakers are very powerful.

"The following September, he ascended to the summit of Mount Kutagai, and afterward wrote:

"I noticed on the Tianschan mountain, which lay opposite me, a characteristic line traced always at the same height, and dividing the mountain into two very distinct parts. The upper half, above the line, was of dark color and composed apparently of old, cleft and weather-beaten rock; the part lying below was of a gray tint and seemed to be covered with sand, clay, and gravel . . . The more distant rocks that lay beneath the above-mentioned mark were gray, eroded stones, which were so exactly like rocky reefs washed by the sea that my Cossack guide could not help exclaiming 'there we can see just how high the flood reached.' The marks could be nothing else but water marks, and the whole valley of Dschungaria and the part of Mongolia bordering on it . . . must accordingly have been covered by the sea up to the height of this mark, which lay considerably above the point where I stood. The existence of but a single mark, and the wide inlet between Alatau and Barlyk, which lies at nearly equal height with Dschungaria, showed that the sea had not been dried up, but had suddenly flowed out and must have overflooded the Balkash plain and the whole Ural-Caspian lowland. This outflow evidently took place through the inlet just mentioned, and the enormous mass of water, which covered all Central Asia and formed a sea of the size of the present Mediterranean, rushed over Mount Kutagai in a stream at least twenty-five kilometers (fifteen miles) wide and 4,000 to 5,000 feet deep, with a swiftness of which the speed of a rushing mountain torrent or even a cataract, can give only a feeble idea . . . The facts that the Baritala valley and Dschungaria still present exactly the appearance of a sea bottom that has only recently dried, that the water-marks are still to be so plainly seen and indicate no rising and falling due to latter seismic movements, that the Kaptagai mountain has not yet lost its polish through weathering, and that the results of the outflow of the Mongolian sea remain till the present time, show plainly that the outflow of this sea must have taken place not in a remote geological period, but in recent times, and indeed at a time when the Indo-Germanic and Semitic races and the various Mongolic peoples already inhabited their primitive home. Such a frightful catastrophe could surely not fail to make a lasting impression on the people that witnessed it that its traditions would not be lost through thousands of years, but would last till the present in the guise of the history of Noah's Flood.

"Schwarz's theory supposes this sea to have been lifted bodily by the elevation of the whole Central Asiatic region and then precipitated upon the adjoining lowlands by the rupture of its mountain barrier, perhaps by some earthquake, drowning all the dwellers in the Balkish plain, the Uralo-Caspian lowlands, and the Sahara.

"The alteration of the climate and soil due to the outflow of the Mongolian sea, most of the dwellers in Central Asia were driven from their homes and scattered over the whole earth. Thus hundreds of millions of men were sent out. . . . The results of the Flood endure to the present, and we may rightly conclude that all later emigrations and most of the wars that have been waged from the earliest historical periods till now are only a necessary consequence of the disturbance of equilibrium in the natural dispositions of races and peoples due to the Flood.



Easter Hymn: "Christ Arose."

R. L. *Slow.* REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the com - ing day—
2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
3. Death can - not keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the bars a - way—

CHORUS. *faster.*

Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, With a
Je - sus, my Lord!
Je - sus, my Lord!
He a - rose,

might - y tri - umph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
He a - rose!

dark do - main, And He lives for ev - er with His saints to reign: He a -

rit.

rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
He a - rose! He a - rose!

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A CHEERFUL GIVER.

GIVE to the Lord in gladness,
Give of thy goods a share;
Give of thy gold and silver
And give it with a prayer.

Give from thy well-filled coffers,
Give of thy treasured mite,
And praise him in the giving,
Yea, praise him day and night.

Give to the Lord good measure,
Pressed down and running o'er;
Give prayer and praise and treasure
To the Lord evermore. —M.D.O.

AN EVENING SONG.

THO' weary my feet, as I toil down the slope
On the road to the setting sun;
My heart is made strong by a steadfast hope,
When I think what Jesus hath done.

He redeemed me, and led me in safety along
Thro' the dangers of many a fray;
In the sorrows of night he hath given me song,
And strengthened my soul by day.

My years have been many, my cares not a few,
But my Saviour hath given me peace;
With content to the end, I'll my journey pursue,
Till from labor I find sweet release.

Then in Heaven my home with the friends gone before,
My King in his beauty I'll see;
I'll worship, and praise him, and tell o'er and o'er,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.
—R. F. M.

THE EASTER PLEDGE.

Christ's Resurrection a Pledge of the Resurrection of His People.

BY REV. J. GOSSET-TANNER.

WE are all agreed that the blessed hope for which we are waiting is the appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. Next in order we cannot help longing to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven—the glorified body. And we know that both these events will take place at the same moment, for we read in Col. 3: 4, "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."

It is, when the Saviour comes from heaven, as Paul says to the Philippians, that he would change the body of our humiliation, and fashion it like unto the body of his glory. And then the all-important question arises, when will this first resurrection take place, and is there scriptural ground for concluding that the resurrection of the just will ante-date the resurrection of the unjust by at least a thousand years.

There is much scriptural truth upon this subject with which I doubt not you are familiar, but there is another line of argument which seems to me important and conclusive. It is this:—the Lord Jesus Christ is confessedly one with his Church. As Paul teaches, Eph. 5: 30, "We are members of his flesh and of his bone." Not merely, you see, one spirit, but one body—one flesh, and in Rom. 8: we are told, "Whom he did foreknow he also predestinated to be conformed, or made like to, the image (that is the pattern) of his Son, that he might be the first-born among many brethren." So these, the brethren, are to be like the first-born of the family in every respect.

Now, it is undoubtedly true that all the saints died in Christ. "If one died, then all died." If, then, we are one with Christ in his death, it follows that we are one with him in his resurrection. Indeed, Paul argues in Rom. 6: 5, "For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection."

Now, was not the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ a special and an exceptional resurrection out from among the great body of the dead? "Christ, the first-fruits," (1 Cor. 15: 23). And if the resurrection of the Head was an exceptional resurrection, must not the resurrection of all the brethren be like unto the first-born, special and exceptional too? When the Lord Jesus Christ rose from the dead the rest of the dead slept on, and there is, therefore, a strong scriptural argument for concluding that seeing we are already in some sort blended together with Christ in the likeness of his resurrection, that we should be raised from our graves whilst the rest of the dead will sleep on.

Indeed, we have this thought alluded to Heb. 13: 20, where it is as the great Shepherd of the Sheep that God raised from the dead our Lord Jesus, and should not all the sheep be carried over Jordan in the same way that their head passed over? And in like manner we read in Colossians, that it is as Head of the Church that Christ is "the first-born from the dead"—and surely, if he has the pre-eminence all his members shall share the priority too; else there would be one point in which Christ was not made like unto his brethren, and there would be a point in which the brethren were not fashioned like him.

Then the next question, and one of the deepest interest to ourselves, is, Who are those that will share in the first resurrection? Every man in his own order—Christ the first fruits, afterward them that are Christ's at his coming. Then, or next in order, "cometh the end." But Rev. 20 shows us that the resurrection of the just will antedate the resurrection of the unjust by at least one thousand years.

ON GUARD.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing April 21. Nehemiah 4: 6-23.

IT is a thrilling spectacle that this indomitable captain of ancient times describes in his matter-of-fact history. Miracle has disappeared from the record. The sun does not stand still, the iron axe-heads do not swim, there are no visits from angels; like a modern story of conflict, Nehemiah describes his undertaking, his difficulties and the means he undertook to overcome them. A wise, far-seeing, vigilant leader, he was, realizing to the full the strength and unscrupulousness of his foes and the weakness of his forces. In the emergency, he arms even his laborers and arranges a signal which summons every man to lay aside his tools and take up arms to fight. He shares the hardships with his men, sleeps in his clothes, that he may be ready for night attacks. Every form of danger is foreseen and plans formed to meet it. Yet this man is no irreligious man. He has strong faith in God and bids his men to remember that God is great and terrible and therefore they may fight with confidence. He does not expect God to work a miracle for his protection, but he counts on God blessing the efforts he makes. So in spite of the rubbish which blocks the way and in spite of the attacks of the foe, the building went on; difficulties are overcome as they appear and the business is finally finished. One admires this determined, persistent man, who was not daunted by obstacles, or threats, or ridicule, or open attacks. He had no difficulty in harmonizing faith and works. Like that modern general, who bade his men "trust in God and keep your powder dry," he used the means and looked to God to bless them.

Some of the noblest characters have been built up in storms of conflict, like that which surged against that old wall. We do not know how many around us are watching as well as working; we do not even know what foe our brother may be fighting. Some appetite, some old habit may be lurking near him perpetually, waiting a sign of weakness to dart upon him and break down the integrity of character he is slowly and faithfully building up among the rubbish of his old life. Some thankfully acknowledge that God takes away the old cravings, but that privilege is not enjoyed by all. With many, perpetual vigilance is the only means of safety. Life is a constant turmoil and the wall is built in troublous times. The struggle to pass a saloon, or a gambling-den, or a vicious resort, often costs a hard fight to a good man who has but recently started on the new life. He has to study how to fight his battle; he avoids certain streets; he begs the company of a Christian friend; he will not go out after nightfall; he will not look at certain books or pictures. Meanwhile, he prays earnestly for strength. So the battle goes on and his prayers are answered. God may do everything for a man in such a fight, but usually he expects the man to work out his own salvation.

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KING'S DAUGHTERS IN OHIO.

We are asked to call attention to the approaching convention of King's Daughters at Toledo, O. The convention is to include all the circles of the State, which are numerous and enthusiastic. It will be held April 19-21. The object of the convention is to perfect the State organization, to adopt a State constitution and elect officers. The usual courtesies are extended to voting delegates, and reduced rates of board will be secured for visitors whom the Toledo members are unable to care for otherwise. All who expect to attend and have not already sent their names to Mrs. H. E. Simon, 370 Irving street, Toledo, should do so at once that accommodation may be secured.

An important feature of the convention will be the anniversary of the Students' Chapter. Circles have been formed in Ohio State University, in Ohio Wesleyan University, Shepardson College and Antioch College. All four institutions will send delegates, who will tell of the good work the Order has accomplished in their respective colleges. In each, the meetings are regularly held, there are devotional exercises and the girls discuss plans for helping others and for philanthropic work. Miss Ethel O. Blanfreid is President of this department in Wesleyan University and Miss Louise Herrick is President of the Students' Chapter.

✠

AN ENTERPRISING Y. M. C. A.

One of the most remarkable instances of enterprise in Young Men's Christian Association work is to be seen at Mauch Chunk, Pa. Although the town contains a population of less than seven thousand there is an Association there which with its furniture and appliances is worth nearly seventy thousand dollars. The Association is only five years old, but from the beginning it has been most enthusiastically supported by members and friends. Its members increased so rapidly that in three years from its organization a new building was necessary and the project was so cordially received by the citizens, that funds for the land and building came in liberally and by the time the edifice was completed, only $12,000 remained to be paid of the $61,000 that had been expended and this has now been reduced to $8,000.

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE Y. M. C. A. AT MAUCH CHUNK, PA.

The new building of which we give a picture on this page is thus described by a correspondent of "The Young Men's Era":

The new building is a three-story structure, built in the colonial style of architecture, with a frontage on Broadway of seventy-five feet and a depth of sixty feet. The walls are of Ohio pressed brick, faced with Indiana limestone. The ground floor contains the secretary's office, reading room, director's room, which is also used for Bible classes, reception room, cloak room and lavatory. The auditorium, which has a seating capacity of 300 and is provided with theatre chairs, occupies the rear of this floor. On the second floor are the men's meeting room, members' parlor, ladies' auxiliary room, coat room, kitchen, china closet, etc. The third floor contains four class rooms, physical director's office, and the gymnasium, 31x74 feet in size, which is equipped with modern apparatus. Above this there is a roof garden which is used as a promenade, 75x30 feet in area. In the basement there is a swimming pool also bath rooms, bowling alleys, locker, and the heating plant for the building. The building is lighted throughout with incandescent electric lights. The interior wood work is oak finished, except the reception hall which is pure oak. All the rooms are handsomely and tastefully furnished.

✠

AMONG THE ORDERS.

Rev. Dr. Nayler has been elected by the Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church to succeed the lamented Dr. Liebhart as editor of the "Haus and Herd" and Secretary of the German branch of the Epworth League.

✠

The Boston Baptist Ministers's Union at its recent meeting passed a resolution heartily approving the appointment of April 21, as Founders Day, and recommending pastors to adopt the suggestion of the B. Y. P. U. described on this page last week.

✠

The Junior Christian Endeavor Society of the First Church, Chelsea., was the first to win one of the foreign badges offered by Mrs. Clark to the first societies that should report gifts to missions at least ten dollars more than the amount that they raised last year.

✠

More than 700 delegates were registered at the recent convention of Epworth Leagues, Christian Endeavorers, &c., at Toronto, and at the great meeting over two thousand persons were present. Dr. S. A. Steel, of the Southern Epworth League, came North to take part in the convention.

✠

The Baptist Union reports that the B. Y. P. U., connected with the First Baptist Church of Seattle, Wash., contributes $30 per year for the support of a Bible woman in India, pays half the rent of a mission Sunday School, furnishes a large part of the teachers in two mission schools and some in the Chinese and Japanese schools and is ready to help the pastor, W. F. Taylor, wherever he may direct.

✠

At the great meeting of Christian Endeavorers on Boston Common during the International Convention, Dr. S. A. Smith, the author of America is to read his famous ode and it will afterwards be sung by the great assembly. Miss Helen M. Gould has defrayed the cost of preparing fifty thousand illuminated cards and music, which will be distributed at the convention to be kept as mementos.

✠

An Australian young lady recently offered herself to the Foreign Missionary Board of her church as a missionary. The board was compelled to decline the offer, as its available funds were exhausted. Thereupon, the Christian Endeavor Society, of which she is a member, took the subject into consideration and subscribed sufficient money to pay her passage out and support her for a year.

LORD OF THE ANGELS OF EASTE

COMFORT us, angels of Easter,
Comfort us, sadly bereft,
Dearest we loved have departed
Grieving and lone we are t
Comfort us, beautiful an s
Carry away our heart's 10,
Ye, who once sat at the head and the t
Where the body of Jesus had lain.

Strengthen us, angels of Easter,
Struggling with doubt and with sin
Drive out the midnight before you!
Let the sweet dawn rays come in.
Strengthen us, heavenly angels,
White-winged and pure of all stain.
Ye, who once sat in the garden,
Where the body of Jesus had lain!

Hallow us, angels of Easter,
Sordid our motives and low,
Fain would we make our lives nobler
Fain would our Saviour's life show
Consecrate, angels of Easter,
Us, who are groping amain
Seeking the sepulchre riven,
Where the body of Jesus has lain.

Comfort, and strengthen, and hallow!
Nay, not on angels we call,
Only with angels uncounted
Here, before Jesus we
Jesus, the Risen, the Reig
Victor o'er sorrow and
Grave, lo! Thy scept s
broken,
Since in thy bed He hath lain.

— MARGARET E. SANGSTE

JEWISH MISSIONS IN NEW YOR

OUR readers who have written
inquiring about the Christian w
among the Jews of New Y
will be glad to know that the
brew-Christian Church at 17
Mark's Place, to the purchas
which many of them contributed, is
maintained and that services are regul
held there every Saturday and Sunday.
work is now under the control of the
York City Mission, to whom Mr. Fresh
transferred the building, when he left
city to accept a pastorate in New Jer
The services and the missionary work
carried on by Rev. B. Angell, himse
converted Jew, who did valuable servi
Chicago before accepting the call of
City Mission to succeed Mr. Warszav
at St. Mark's Place. Mr. Warszawiak
commenced an independent work am
the Jews. He has just returned fro
European trip and proposes making a
to preach the Gospel to the Jews in A
ican cities. He is advocating the erec
of a large building in New York for Je
mission work, to be called Christ's Sy
gogue. This is in some respects a new
parture and one that does not at first s
commend itself to the judgment. Su
building does not appear to be needed ei
for preaching services or for a church
ganization. For preaching services, t
is already ample accommodation for all
Jews who will attend. There are now
buildings in the city, where the Gospe
preached regularly to the Jews eithe
English, German, Russian or jargon
as those services are held on Saturday
would not be difficult to secure the use
a church, if any one of the missions fo
its quarters too small for the congregat
Nor as the home of a church organiza
does there seem to be any need for such
edifice as Mr. Warszawiak advocates.
work of conversion among the Jews
done at the missions, or more frequen
by private and personal conversation. A
his conversion, the Jew unites with s
Christian church in the city, where h
cordially welcomed, not as a Jew, but
Jewish converts were received in Apost
times, as a brother in Christ. To orga
a church exclusively of converted Je
would be liable to perpetuate the race
tinction, which is not desirable. The bu
ing, according to Mr. Warszawiak's p
would cost about $100,000. Even so la
a sum, it might not be difficult to raise
representative clergymen endorse the p
ject and American business-men in wh
the public has confidence are organized
a Board of Trustees to receive subsc
tions. The Church remembers how ard
ly the Lord and his Apostles yearned
the conversion of their "brethren accord
to the flesh," and will gladly aid any
terprise for promoting that object, bu
will need in a case of this kind to be c
vinced that the project will promote a
not hinder the end desired.

The Family and Home Circle

Humble Mexican Homes.

Cottages of Straw and Mud in which the Poor, Uneducated Natives Live — Indians and Whites.

ALTHOUGH Mexican history and prowess has many glorious and beautiful passages, it is true, nevertheless, that in no other civilized country, on this side of the globe is the condition of the lower classes more degraded or pitiful. Our illustration shows a group of typical dwellings of the Mexican Indian or half-breed,—class which represents nearly seven millions of the republic's subjects. These houses are wretched hovels, constructed of cakes of clay, dried in the sun, or composed of a heterogeneous jumble of odds and ends like cane-stalk, planks, iron scraps, and matting.

Like our own Indians, the Indians of Mexico, for the most part, prefer the simple tent or the shelter of a blanket, to any more substantial structure. They are a race of ignorant and seemingly contented beings, with less ambition than the average nomad who changes his location to better himself. It is difficult to accept them as the descendants of the ancient Aztecs whom the Spanish invaders found in a high state of civilization, cultivated and intelligent, and their present degradation and apparent hopelessness tells more than could be told in printed volumes, how far has been the fall from that former splendor and greatness which dazzled the eyes and excited the cupidity of the adventurous soldiers and sailors from Southern Europe, beneath whose sharp swords the Aztecs perished in countless numbers.

But there are better days in store for the Mexican peasantry and the Indians. During the last decade, a system of public instruction has been established, which has already been productive of good results. Even the lowest ranks among the natives have progressed under the new and favorable conditions, and it is only a question of time when, with good government and continued effort in the right direction, the poor Mexican will become educated and enlightened sufficiently to take his place in the ranks of progressive humanity. The Gospel has still a great work to perform among these people, but under more liberal laws respecting religious toleration Christian missionaries have made substantial progress in many parts of the country. From time to time THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has published accounts of the cheering growth of their self-denying labors of love. There are still many obstacles, however, to Gospel teaching, chiefly owing to hostility on the part of the priests; but President Diaz, who is a broad-minded and liberal ruler, has favored concessions to Protestant missions, partly as a means of breaking down the barriers of ignorance and superstition which the native priesthood had striven to preserve, and which were the greatest menace to the country's progress and prosperity. One of the healthiest signs of the times in Mexico is the fact that the people themselves are beginning to appreciate the value of education and religious freedom.

A MEXICAN INDIAN FAMILY AT HOME.

The Influence of Example.

Every child should be early impressed with the importance of influencing others by the example of its own acts. In the home are tender little feet perhaps just beginning to walk alone, and whether we wish it or not, they turn with loving instinct after the big brother or sister, admiring their doings, coveting their gifts, repeating their words. In what direction are they leading them?

Coming home in the darkness one night, a child clung to its father's hand. "Listen, father," he said, "someone is following us." "I hear nothing, no one is following," answered the father. And then, partly to divert the child's mind and partly because a solemn truth glimmered through the words, the father made a little parable of them. "Somebody is always following you, my boy; as long as you live some footsteps follow yours. You cannot always hear them, you cannot always see them, but as the years go by the procession grows longer and longer, of those who are drawn by following you. Be sure that you do nothing that will lead them to do wrong, or that will make you regret that you did not show them a noble example."

A Pious Lad's Rebuke.

Rarely is a rebuke from a junior to an elder effective, yet it sometimes happens. In a street-car there were among the passengers an old man of eighty, a middle-aged woman, and a lad of sixteen. The aged man began a conversation with his neighbor. His talk was full of blasphemous curses and the fellow-passengers were horrified. Finally the youth put his hand upon the aged man's arm and said to him: "Sir, if you dearly loved a certain person, you would certainly be pained, if, in your presence, all manner of evil things were said of him." "Yes, indeed," replied the old man. The youth continued: "You have just spoken of one very dear to me in a manner that has hurt me exceedingly." The aged man rose to his feet and said: "I do not know anybody whom you love; I don't even know who you are." And the youth continued: "You have railed at our faithful Father in heaven to whom I was directed in my childhood, who has shown me many mercies and whom I dearly love. I am still a boy, but you, however, stand on the verge of the grave." He then took a Bible out of his pocket and placed it on the knees of the old man. A blush, not of wrath but of shame, colored the face of the latter. After a short pause he said with trembling voice: "Young man, I thank you for the lesson you have taught me. I shall never forget it."

A Little Chinese Bride.

A lady city missionary in New York, who was recently invited to a Chinese wedding in that city, gives this description of some things she saw on that occasion: "The little bride was arrayed in costly garments, the husband and all his men friends were in their best, laughing, talking and smoking, and she sitting on a stool in the corner of her bed-room not joining in the festivities. For three days she is not allowed to sleep nor to rest her body; she must from every one hide her head in shame. During the ceremony she must appear before ten witnesses, cousins of her husband. Each one in turn questions her and she must answer him in regard to her clothing, its cost, etc., where her gifts came from and in fact all her possessions are looked over, and she herself is brought into such publicity as would frighten even an American girl, much more a timid, little Chinese child. The husband gives great feasts to all his cousins, who are legion, and to his friends—of course the cost is great but usually he makes money by the transaction, for, as rapidly as the dishes are emptied at the table, the guests are expected to fill them with money wrapped in paper. It is contrary to custom to give anything as small as copper. The other day a great wedding feast was given here in Chinatown, the little bride having come on from Oregon to meet her husband whom she had never seen, and there were thirty-one tables spread at a cost of $20 per table—from that you can judge of the scale upon which they entertain at these feasts. But in all this display the little frightened, shrinking bride sits in her corner hiding her head in shame; the future is all unknown to her, her husband she knows not, nor what life with him may mean. There is no one to whom she may turn for sympathy."

A Child's Stand for Jesus.

At an afternoon meeting, the leader asked the children to arise who would stand by him and work for the Lord Jesus. In the home of a rich family this conversation took place later in the day between a little child and her mother: "Mamma, we've got to have a blessing asked at our table." "How so, my child?" "Well, I've promised to stand by the Lord and his work, and Mr. —— said that we must pray and thank God for our food, and I think I'll have to do it myself, as you don't and pa don't. So if you'll speak to pa about it, I'll ask the blessing." She did it about like this: "O Lord, bless us all, and have mercy upon us. There's father, he isn't a Christian; and there's mother, she isn't a Christian. Bless them. I've promised to stand by you in this work, and to stand by the meetings. Bless me! Amen." By the time the blessing was closed all eyes were filled with tears.

COMING HOME.

My ship is coming home; beside the breakers
That roll incessantly,
I catch the flutter, in the evening twilight,
Of sails across the sea.

And as I watch them drawing near and nearer,
With onward course and straight,
I wonder if the angels with such pleasure
For souls immortal wait.

Oh, do they stand there at the port of heaven
In high expectancy,
Ready to hail each home returning vessel
That comes across life's sea?

What pleasure, then, in sunset's glow and beauty,
With drooping sails to come,
And hear those angels singing in the harbor,
"Welcome, oh, welcome home!"

A CHILD'S READING.

So many inquiries are made by readers regarding the choice of books for their children, and especially with respect to the place fiction should occupy in the training, that these suggestions from the pen of Rev. H. C. Trumbull will be read with interest:

"There is a place for fiction in the matter of a child's reading. Good impressions can be made on a child's mind, and his feelings can be swayed in the direction of the right, by means of a story that is fictitious without being false. And thus it is that the average Sunday School library book has its mission in the work of child-training. But fiction ought not to be the chief factor in any child's reading, nor can influence and impressions take the place of instruction and information in the proper filling of his mind's treasure-chambers. Even if a child were to read only the best religious "story-books" which the world's literature proffers to him, this reading by itself would not tend to the development of his highest mental faculties, or to the fostering of his truest manhood. Unless he reads also that which adds to his stock of knowledge, and which gives him a fresh interest in the events and personages of the world's history, a child cannot obey the Divine injunction to grow in knowledge as well as in grace, and must certainly be the loser by his lack of this aid to character.

That a child is inclined by nature to prefer an amusing or an exciting story-book to a book of straightforward fact, everybody knows. But that is no reason why a child should follow his own unguided tastes in the matter of reading, any more than he should be permitted to indulge at all times his preference, in the realm of appelite, for sweet cakes instead of bread and butter, or for candies rather than meat and potatoes. "A Child left to himself causeth shame to his mother,"—and dishonor to himself, in one sphere of action as in another; and unless a parent cultivates a taste for right reading of every sort on a child's part, that child can never be at his best in the world, nor can his parents have such delight in his attainments as otherwise they might have.

A Good Child

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food: so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable and unnecessary.

ALICE MAPLETON'S ORDEAL

A STORY OF NOBLE FORTITUDE UNDER TRIAL.

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by E. CARSWELL.

CHAPTER IX.

A New Sorrow.

PERHAPS Alice would have faltered under the many trials and hardships of her lot if she had not been sustained by two hopes. When she was most discouraged the thought of Will in Mexico and of Fred on the high seas gave her new heart. She told herself that this struggle would end some day. Will might return to protect her and her mother, and be their support and comfort, or Fred might come back to claim her promise, and they would be married. Yes, it was only for a short time she would have to bear and dare; one or both of the dear, brave fellows would come back, and then all would be well.

But during those hard, gloomy days, one of those hopes had to be abandoned. A letter from New Mexico was put into her hands one day that crushed all hopes of Will's return, and very near crushed her heart, too. How could she tell her mother? She dreaded that ordeal. She felt she must gain strength before she could do that. Her mother would need comfort, and that Alice could not give until the agony of her own grief had abated. She postponed the sad duty for a day or two, and when she was ready to give her mother the news, Mrs. Mapleton was suffering from one of her nervous spells, and Alice, in mercy, postponed it again. But it proved to be no real mercy. One morning while Alice was engaged at Mrs. Wilson's house, an expressman delivered Will's trunks at the tenement house, and then Mrs. Mapleton realized what had occurred. With all its abruptness she suffered the blow that Alice intended should have fallen gradually and gently. It completely prostrated her, and for some days it was impossible to tell her the details.

About a week afterward, Mrs. Mapleton said: "Alice, my dear, I feel ever so much stronger this morning."

"I am so glad to hear you say that, my dear mother," said Alice. "I should like very much to tell you about poor Will."

"I think I can bear it now, and it will do me good to know the exact facts. What was he doing when we got his last letter?"

"He was draughtsman in the mine in which we have the stock; I suppose that means drawing the plans for the passages. You know he told us he had studied mine engineering and draughting—I think that was what he called it. Then he said he was getting a larger salary, and was saving money for mother and Sis, besides what he sent home; and that our stock was really valuable, and that we should be rich again some day."

"Yes, yes, but that day will never come now," sighed Mrs. Mapleton, "and now tell me what it was the good woman wrote to you about the end?"

"Shall I read her letter? I have read it a hundred times, and every time I read it I love the lady more than I did before," said Alice.

"Yes, dear, she must be a noble Christian lady, to write such a letter to a stranger, but don't read the letter; I think I can bear it better to hear it in your own words. But perhaps I am putting too much on you."

"No, mamma, I think it will do us both good to talk over these things and try to understand them. The kind lady said how sorry she was, having to write such a letter, for she had learned to love Will as if he was her own son, and that he was always speaking of his loving mother and his dear sister."

"Yes, dear, but how was it that the dear boy was killed. You have read the letter many times, you say. Try to make it so that I can understand its meaning."

"Why, mamma, it seems a band of savages made a raid on the settlement, and killed several people, and carried off a young mother and her two little girls. The people then organized a rescue party to go after the Indians, and poor Will was chosen leader. The letter says the Indians were lying in ambush, and opened fire upon them, killing and wounding almost the entire party, and when the dead were found in the mountain pass, they were beyond recognition, so were buried on the mountain side, and poor Will was one of the number."

"Poor boy! My own brave boy! I cannot realize it. Oh! I cannot think it is true. It is strange, all very, very strange, how could that good woman have known where to find us?"

"Why, she says that Will (in case anything should happen) left directions for her to write to you, and send his trunks, and also requested her to write to his friend in Mexico, Mr. Morgan."

"Morgan, Morgan, oh, yes; that must be your friend Fred. And is it not strange, that he should have deserted us, too?"

"No, no, never," cried Alice, "he never would desert a friend! how does he know where to find us? I have tried to hide from enemies and have only succeeded in putting myself beyond the reach of friends; but he will find us if he lives to return to this country, for he will know of our trouble when he gets the letter telling him of poor Will's death, and will come then."

"It may be so, my dear," said the mother. "I wronged him once and do not wish to do so again; indeed, since I have been getting stronger I have been thinking about myself, and my thoughts have not been pleasant. I see that I have been weak and even cowardly in my conduct. When I had everything I was selfish, and not as charitable to the poor nor considerate to the working people, as I should have been, and now, when all has been taken away, I am helpless and you alone are left to fight the battle."

"Well, mother, it is not too late to change all that. We cannot give money now, but we can help them by personal kindness, and I think everyone likes that best. Since I have been a poor girl, I have learned to appreciate kind words. I should resent a gift in charity but kindness is to my heart like a gentle rain on parched ground. I think that was what made the people love Jesus so, his being among them and being kind to them."

"Ah, my dear, you know more of the Bible than I do. I wish I had read it more. I have sadly neglected it, but I mean to read it. I wanted to read it the other day, but I could not find the family Bible. I could find only your small one and that hurts my eyes, the print is so small. I wish you would find the large Bible and put it where I can use it when I want. Get it now, my dear, and read a chapter."

Poor Alice! The Bible was in Mr. Jacobs' hands. It was richly bound, and had gold clasps, so it had followed her trinkets to the kind pawnbroker's.

"I will look, mother, but not now," she said, trying to hide her embarrassment. "I will get poor Will's Bible out of his trunk. We must school ourself to the sight of dear Will's things; I think you will like to read out of his Bible. I will get it now."

She went to the trunk and bringing the book seated herself at the table. Slipping off the elastic band with which it was bound, she opened the precious volume, but she had no sooner done so than she started up in amazement and exclaimed, "Oh! mother, look at this!"

"What is it, dear?" asked the mother in some alarm, the tears running down her cheeks at the sight of the book.

"Why! mamma, here is a five-dollar-bill, and here is a card with 'Mother's Saving Bank' written on it, and here is another bill! Oh! Mother, in our darkest hour, I have tried to hide it from you, but we were without a dollar, and that this should come just at the time when such help is so much needed! No; we are not forsaken."

She turned the leaves one by one each time bringing forth a bill, until at last she had twenty-five, and each of the value of five dollars. This was too much for poor, tired, worried Alice; and she threw her arms around her Mother's neck and burst into tears.

"That's what the dear boy meant when he said he was saving for his Mother," said Mrs. Mapleton, as she wiped the tears from her face.

Poor Alice slept sounder that night than she had for weeks.

CHAPTER X.

A Plot.

"Goot mornin', Mrs. Callaghan," said Mr. Jacobs, as she was passing his shop. "Vot was dot I hear 'bout you was moast drown a fellow de udder day?"

"I hope he was no friend of yours, Misther Jacobs, and if he has been afther tellin' ye that he didn't desarve all he got, don't believe a word of it. Och! if ye only saw the swate young creature he was insultin', shure and ye'd ha' done it yourself."

"Vell, maybe, but I could not do it so goot as vat you vas do it. Vas it dirty vater?"

"Well, bedad, it wasn't very clane."

"Oh, dot vas goot," and Mr. Jacobs began rubbing his hands together while walking rapidly up and down the floor—"and it vent on top of his hat?"

"Yes, sur, right on top of his shiny hat, and, begorra, it gave him as good a ducking as his mother ever gave him, for it went over his eves, and down his back."

Mrs. Callaghan seemed for the first time to see the comic side of the picture she was painting in her own way, for she began to laugh heartily, and Mr. Jacobs was doubled up and rubbing his hands together.

"Oh, yes, yes, go on; and his goot clothes? Oh, dey must looks nice!"

"Shure now, he looked loike a half-drowned kitten, that ye' 'ed taken from a tub o' suds and held up by the schruff o' the neck."

"Oh, dot vas goot; dot vas better as goot. Now, Mrs. Callaghan, you shall have dot door put in dot partition vot you vas vanted some time already, and min't dot, Mrs. Callaghan, you always have von bucket of vater ready, and ven dot fellow come pack some more to botter dot poor child, you yoost give it to him."

"Och, niver fear, sur; I'll be on the watch for the ugly spalpeen, an' if he iver insults her agin, shure, oi'll be ready for him."

Mrs. Callaghan then went on her way, saying to herself, "well, if he is a Jew, he's got a good heart. I wish more Christians was loike him."

That evening a young girl, her face covered with a dark veil, stood looking into Mr. Jacobs' shop window; while on the opposite side of the street could be seen the form of a man who appeared as if watching the movements of the girl. The man would walk to the end of the block, and then retrace his steps, all the time keeping his eye upon the figure standing by the Jew's window, and although his coat collar was turned up about his ears, and the rim of his soft felt hat pulled down to his eves, it was easy for anyone acquainted with the person to recognize a striking resemblance to the form of Mr. Jackson. The girl watched until Mr. Jacobs left the shop, and went to partake of his evening meal, leaving his son to take his place behind the counter; then she entered and in a trembling voice, asked for a loan on a bracelet.

"How much you vant?" asked the young Jacobs as he examined the trinket.

"Only two dollars," said the girl.

"But this is a valuable article, I s'pose it's all right; you come py it honestly?"

"Oh, yes," said the girl,—although she was trembling from head to foot.

Young Jacobs noticed her agitation, and therefore eyed her closely. He could not make out her features until he obtained a peep under her veil, when she signed the name, "Alice Mapleton."

When she had received her two dollars, with an accompanying pawn-ticket, she hurriedly left the shop and was joined by the man, who had in the meantime crossed the street. Handing him the pawn-ticket she was much agitated, and when they separated at the corner she said, "I am afraid I have done a dreadful thing for you. You must surely keep your promise?"

"Yes, yes," said the man in a suppressed and impatient voice; "but remember, not a word about this, or you will find yourself in a dreadful scrape,"

"And you?" asked the girl.

"Oh, well, you see, I had nothing to do with it."

"What do you mean?" she said, at the same time stopping abruptly. "Didn't you tell me? Didn't I do it to please you, and for no other purpose?"

"There, there; don't talk so loud, I only wanted you to see that it is necessary to your own interests to keep a closed mouth, come what may."

"I have not the slightest idea as to why you have asked me to do this thing, but I do hope that it is not to injure an innocent person," said the girl.

"Can you not trust me, he asked; "have I not placed the greatest confidence in you?"

"I don't know," she answered in a weary and sad tone of voice, "I once trusted you with my whole heart, and have I not sacrificed everything for you? Even home, friends and honor" (this last word came with a sob), "but you have not kept your promise to me, sometimes I fear you will never do so; in the end you will desert me. You come to me with nice words, and make me believe you, and for a short time I am happy, then you get indifferent again. Oh, if you do prove false after all you have promised, and after all I have given up for you, I shall die; I shall kill myself, I know!"

"Now, don't get excited! don't talk in such a foolish way, or you will make me angry," said the man. "You must not doubt my faithfulness, I have explained to you why I cannot marry at present. And I think you had better make up with your people, and return to your home; then you can remain there for a short time—until I am ready to come after you."

"Never!" cried the girl. "The loved ones whom I deserted for you, shall never see me again, until they see me as your wife, or in my coffin."

"I wish you would not be so confoundedly foolish, nor talk such a lot of nonsense," said the man, now growing quite angry; then checking himself he continued, "There, there—don't cry—I am worried and out of sorts, it will be all right, trust me, and then as you say, you will be happy all the time, but I must leave you now. Remember, not a word; leave all to me, or it will be worse for both of us. Good-night."

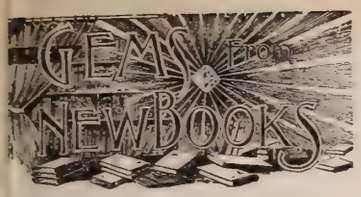
"No, no, I cannot let you leave me so," said the girl, following him and taking hold of his arm. "I shall lose my senses if I have nothing to think of till I see you again but your threats and harshness. Do you not understand that I have staked my all on your truth. If you are false to me, what am I? I lie awake half the night sometimes, thinking over my position. When I feel sure that you are true and faithful, and mean to keep your promise, then I am content. I grieve for all I have given up for your sake, but I do not fret, as I know that being your wife will make up for all. But when you speak harshly, and when I think I see in your manner signs that you are tired of me and will be likely to cast me off, then I am almost a maniac I thought that when I did this thing to oblige you, I should have had kind words at any rate. I was reluctant to do it, but I consented, as I have done in other things because I love you and want to please you But all I have from you is taunts and threat. Oh! oh! I shall go crazy."

The woman's voice rose almost to a shriek. People on the street turned to look at her and wondered if a quarrel was in progress.

"Hush," said the man, "don't make a scene on the street. I have told you again and again that I intend to marry you when I am able. You weary me by these perpetual doubts. Now be a good, sensible girl, as you used to be, in the old days."

He turned down an unfrequented street talking to her soothingly and caressingly till she grew more calm. Her hysterical manner disappeared under the spell of his voice, but she clung convulsively to his arm and her frame now and again shook with a violent sob. All this was very unexpected to the man and he was deeply annoyed by it. He would have liked to fling her aside, or get rid of her somehow, but not at the cost of a scandal. He had never seen anything like this in her before and he realized for the first time that this quiet docile creature might make a great deal of trouble for him if she became desperate That was a new factor in the combination which must not be overlooked. He must think it out. Meanwhile she must be calmed and reassured and afterward he would decide how to act.

(To be Continued.)



THE LAST OF THE OLD GUARD.*

BUT one last effort to stem the torrent still remained. If the British centre could be broken, and their advance checked, some favorable chance was just possible. The Emperor therefore ordered the advance of the reserve infantry of e Imperial Guard,—the flower of his ar-v. He exhorted them, by a hasty person-appeal, and confided the direction of their forts to "the bravest of the brave," who ad had five horses killed under him and ho now advanced on foot, sword in hand. he 2900 stalwarts moved forward in two lumns, headed by Ney, and supported by heavy fire of artillery, while four battal-ns of the Old Guard, formed into squares, ok post in their rear as a reserve and to otect the march of the columns.

Either wing of the English line had by is time advanced in consequence of the pulses of the French and their line now esented a concave .They were formed in unbroken array, four deep, and as the rench advanced poured on them a shower hich never intermitted, each man firing as ten as he could reload. Wellington gave e order to advance in the familiar and usque terms of, "Up guards and at em!" The English wings kept moving all the while; and when the heads of e French column which continued to ad-ance till within forty or fifty yards, ap-oached to this point, they were met with ch a storm of musketry in front, and on her flank, that they in vain endeavored deploy into line for the attack, under a rriffic and unremitting fire. They stopped make this attempt, reeled, lost order, and e eight hundred men who were left stand-g fled at last in one mass of confusion.

The Duke of Wellington now dismount-, placed himself at the head of his line d led them against the remaining num-rs of four battalions of the Old Guard—e only unbroken troops remaining behind, hile Ney was striving to rally his fugi-tives. His cocked hat was gone, and his clothes were literally riddled with bullets, though he himself remained untouched. The intrepid marshal, at Wellington's approach, took part once more in the melee, sword in hand, and on foot. But nothing could withstand the impetuous assault of the victorious British.

Napoleon, who had watched this last terrible contest from the heights of La Belle Alliance suddenly exclaimed, "They are mingled together, all is lost for the present," and accompanied by only three or four officers, he gave the signal for retreat and hurried to the left of Planchenois, to a second position, where he had placed a regiment of the Guard, with two batteries in reserve. The four battalions of the Old Guard, under General Cambronne, still remained to protect the retreat of the French army. The Duke of Wellington now ordered his whole line to advance and attack their position. They advanced to the charge in embattled array, condensed and tremendous, against the remnant of noble veterans.

The Old Guard was destroyed,—not defeated! The advancing British troops rode over their prostrate bodies piled in ghastly heaps,—a monument to their valor and heroism, even in death.

*From *The Military Career of Napoleon the Great.* Remarkable Compilation of Authentic Anecdotes the Battlefield, as told by the famous Marshals d Generals of the First Empire, by Montgomery Gibbs. Pp. 514; library binding; price $1.25; cop-sly illustrated. The Werner Co., Chicago, publ's.

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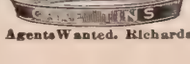

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HARDLY a night passes at which the story of some lost one, newly reclaimed, is not told at the Gospel meetings held at the Bowery Mission. Many of the experiences related there are intensely dramatic and instructive. Among the latest were these:

A young man from Chicago who, through evil associations, was leading a wild life, thought to escape his surroundings by a change of residence. On leaving home, he promised his mother that he would do better. Reaching New York, he kept his promise for a few days, and then gave way to his former desires, visiting music halls and dance halls until his money was all gone. Passing the Bowery Mission, he heard the singing, entered and was saved. He is now steadily employed, sends his money home to his mother and testifies gladly to the glory of God.

A young man at one time engaged in the drug business, had become addicted to the use of morphine and liquor. Having lost employment and friends through his vices, he was wandering in hopeless despair upon the Bowery. Such was his condition that, as he afterwards admitted, he never dreamed that there was any power that could deliver him from his appetites and habits. Entering the Mission out of curiosity, he listened with surprise to the testimonies of men who had been rescued from similar vices. At last he was thoroughly convinced and led to believe and was himself redeemed. He now testifies gladly of the saving grace that won him to Christ. He is steadily employed, industrious and happy.

A professor of music and composer had through dissipated habits, lost friends and social position, and at last drifted penniless to the Bowery. Passing the mission one Sunday morning, he entered. The organist was absent, and when the leader called for a volunteer musician from the audience, the newcomer responded. He soon became interested in the services, conviction of sin followed, and he accepted the Saviour.

Vice and intemperance had ruined a resident of Boston. He had fled from his former home, deserting wife and children. He entered the Bowery Mission listlessly at first; but he continued to come, and during the next eight days it became evident that he was undergoing an internal struggle. He finally accepted salvation, and is now living the life of a redeemed man. He is steadily employed, and rapidly winning back the valued friendships he had alienated by his former sinful follies.

Several readers have sent their names and address to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be enrolled as patrons of the Bowery Mission. Others will be welcomed.

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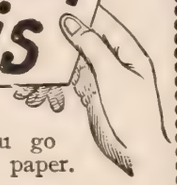

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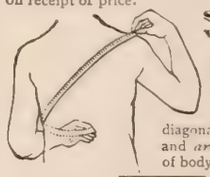

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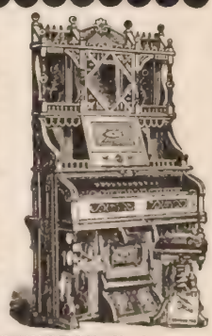

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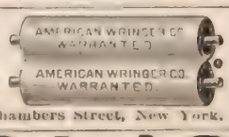

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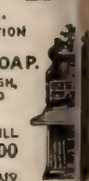

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So we'll try to do his will,
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And if we but make the start,
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Thus when we are sorely tried,
We will in our Lord confide;
For to us there's none beside
Jesus Christ, who for us died.

COMFORT IN A CLOUD.

A benevolent gentleman paid a visit to a poor woman who, though overwhelmed with troubles, yet always seemed cheerful. "You have many dark days," said he. "Yes," she replied, "but I often find there's comfort in a cloud." "Comfort in a cloud?" "Yes, when I am very low and dark I go to the window and if I see a heavy cloud, I think of those precious words: 'A cloud received him out of their sight;' and I look up and see the cloud still enough, and then I think—well, that must be the cloud that hides him, and so I see there is comfort in a cloud."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Alison's Adventures, or the Broderick Estate: a story for girls, by Lucy C. Lillie. A delightful and instructive book for home reading; finely illustrated. pp. 384; cloth covers. Porter & Coates, Phila., publrs.

Eustace Marchmont, a Friend of the People, by Evelyn Everett Green. A story of life in the rough "West-Country" of England, intensely interesting from first to last. Illustrated; pp. 376; cloth covers. A. I. Bradley, Boston, publisher.

A Year's Work on Fordhook Farm: a little book of much interest to Agriculturists generally, and containing many valuable hints. Paper covers; pp. 63. W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

Psalm-Mosaics: A Biographical and Historica. Commentary on the Psalms, by Rev. Saunders Dyer, M. A., F. S. A. Pp. 589; price $2.50. Published by Thos. Whittaker, 2 and 3 Bible House, New York.

The Book of Daniel, by F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. Continuation of *The Expositor's Bible* Series. Cloth binding: pp. 354; price $1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, publishers.

Good News for Asthmatics.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

Now is the time to see that your blood is pure, in order that you may avoid serious disease later on. Make sure of health by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great purifier.

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Or the Lives of those nearest and dearest to you,

Read!

DEAR MR. CONGREVE.—As a rule, I have no faith in advertised remedies; but it must now be some twenty-five years since I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your Balsamic Elixir. He seemed at death's door, but he lives now, a strong, hearty man. Since then I have seen in many, very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude. Personally I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation. Yours heartily,

Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

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For years I have been entreated to make my remedy known in the United States, but my time has been too much absorbed by my European patients to allow this. Now, however, **I have been able to extend my organization** so as to bring America **within** the scope of my personal observation, and my desire is to make it clear to all inhabitants of the United States that they may henceforth procure from my American depot a **Cure for Consumption** which, even in the advanced stages of that terrible disease, may be used with certainty of relief.

It acts like a charm in ordinary cases of Cough, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Chills, &c., and should be kept in every home.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs and Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis; together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, *any one of which may be like yours*, to be had post free for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order of **$1.00** bottle of my **Balsamic Elixir.**

Congreve's Balsamic Elixir can be obtained from many drug stores, but it will take some time before it will be introduced into all of them throughout this vast country. If your druggist has not yet put it in stock, it will be sent you, carriage paid, from my own depot on receipt of **$1.00, $1.75, $3.75,** or **$7.00,** according to the size of the bottle ordered.

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☞ *Mention this paper.*

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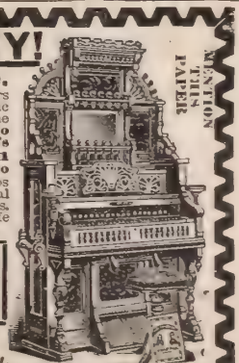

Note.—As an advertisement we will sell the first purchaser in a place one of our fine PIANOS for only $169—one of our PARLOR ORGANS FOR **$25**

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Established nearly 30 years. **Washington, New Jersey.**

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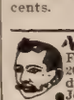
Wants **HARTMANN'S W. W's.** for Home Use, Traveling, etc.: Invaluable and Indispensable: Soft, Light, Antiseptic, Deodorant, and sold at less than cost of washing. For sale at all Dry Goods and Drug Stores. Send for Circulars; agents wanted; sample 6 cents. **HYGIENIC WOOD WOOL CO., 56 Broadway, New York.**



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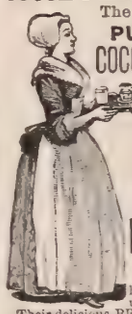

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and *costs less than one cent a cup.*

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Sets any name in one minute, prints 600 cards an hour. YOU can make money with it. A font of pretty type, also Indelible Ink, Type Holder, Pads and Tweezers. Best Linen Marker worth $1.00. Sample mailed FREE for 10c. stamps for postage on outfit and large catalogue of low Barrains.
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Every one knows persons troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia. The total number of such cases is exceeded only by the number of "cures" offered. These "cures" have one uniform feature—that is, "take something"—a pill, pellet, powder or potion; and there actually are people to-day endeavoring to cure dyspepsia by taking such nostrums.

One Way

There is however, a better way to cure indigestion, and that is by way of the food—not by avoiding food but by preparing it so that it need not be avoided. There's nothing more certain than that food prepared with **Cottolene** instead of lard loses its "richness," as we commonly call the property which causes indigestion.

This Way!

In which way is your food prepared, with lard or with **Cottolene?** The difference is greater than you may realize.

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Every member of the household is benefited when **Cottolene** is used, but the dyspeptic most of all.

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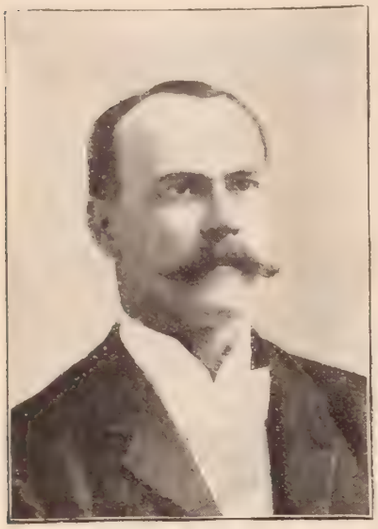
FOR many years few places of worship in New York were better known than the Church of the Strangers on Mercer street, where for almost a generation the late Rev. Charles Force Deems was the beloved pastor. The church is an un-



REV. D. A. BLACKBURN.

denominational and independent Christian church, yet affiliating with all evangelical denominations, and its membership is made up from all. It was long a distinct spiritual force in the community and its members were engaged in many good works. Its spiritual affairs are controlled by the pastor and an advisory committee of eleven members, and during twenty years under this simple organization, the utmost harmony and concord have existed in the church.

Lately, the Church of the Strangers extended a call to Rev. Daniel A. Blackburn of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Charleston, S. C., and this young and talented preacher—like his predecessor, a consecrated Southerner—assumed his new duties on March 24. He is about thirty years of age, and a native of Tennessee. Last fall, while visiting New York, he attended a prayer-meeting at the Church of the Strangers, and his remarks at that time made so deep an impression upon his hearers that they resolved to have the stranger for their pastor, if possible. Inquiries were made and soon the brilliant young preacher was summoned to his new and larger field, a triumph won through a few heartfelt words, spoken without preparation, but which revealed to those who heard them, the deep spirituality and earnestness of the man who uttered them.

There has been no regular pastor of the Church of the Strangers since a year before the death of the late incumbent. A portrait of the new pastor appears on this page.

A SOUTHERN REVIVAL.

Rev. R. G. Pearson's Meetings at Knoxville, led to a widespread revival. A Knoxville pastor writes that "the whole city was moved. Hundreds of people were blessed and many scores of souls have confessed Christ. The meetings were a great blessing to the churches of the city, awakening them, lifting higher the standard of Christian living, and reclaiming many who had gone astray."

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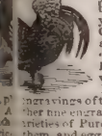

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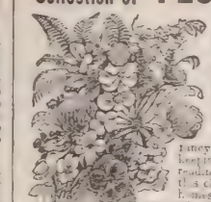

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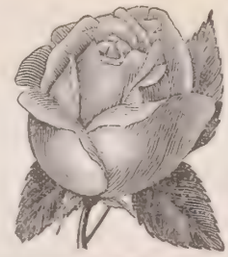

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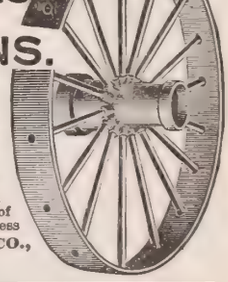

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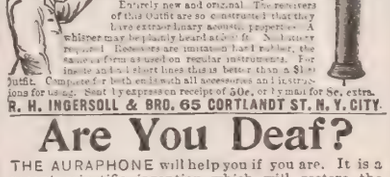

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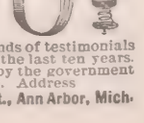

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PEACE DAWNS IN THE EAST.

A Armistice Between China and Japan Follows the Wounding of Li Hung Chang—Cost of the War—The Outcome to Christianity.

LI HUNG CHANG.

WITH the arrival of spring, comes the welcome news that the war between China and Japan has temporarily halted, the victorious Mikado having consented to a truce. After half a year of fighting, China found herself completely at the mercy of her despised antagonist, her fleet captured, her boasted armies scattered like chaff, and her maritime strongholds in the enemy's possession. To crown her humiliation, China's capital was threatened from two sides, and the young Emperor was in danger of being made a prisoner or compelled to become a fugitive.

It is not necessary now to review the events of this remarkable war, in which the smaller power triumphed through the adoption of modern methods, as opposed to the anti-quated systems of the Chinese.

All the world knows the story of Japan's sudden rise, from the position of an inferior and semi-tributary power, to both dignity and importance of a great leader among Asiatic nations, sovereign and independent. That Japan's success is due even more to her mental and intellectual progress, than to her splendid military skill, may well be urged. When the dispute with China over Korea arose last year, the Mikado and his ministers stood firmly on the side of the impoverished and misgoverned Koreans, and advocated better laws and a purer administration of public affairs. China, on the other hand, contended for her old-time supremacy over her vassal, Korea, and cared nothing for the welfare of the people. Count Hiroumbi Ito, the Mikado's Prime Minister, who has contributed more than any other leader in Japan to the progress of the Empire, organized the general plan of operations in Korea and afterwards in Manchuria. To his brain is due, therefore, in a large measure that wonderful strategic skill, which, carried out by such able generals as Oyama and Nodzu has made the Japanese armies seem to be almost invincible in the present war.

Count Ito belongs to an old aristocratic family and served in the army of the Shogun, the former ruler. He has had an influential voice in the affairs of his country for many years, and is regarded as a great statesman as well as a brilliant general. Early in his career, he became alive to the fact that the new civilization was to come from the West, and he was not slow to adopt in Japan many Western reforms, with the result that his country quickly assumed the lead in all that related to substantial progress, civilized customs, popular education, industrial development, public morals and time and labor-saving inventions. As a fitting climax, the army and navy were organized on the Western model, and little Japan stood fully equipped, awaiting her destiny. During the past six months, she has been making history very rapidly, and by a series of unbroken successes, has reduced the great Mongol Empire to the attitude of a suppliant, craving peace and willing to pay heavily for it. This was the position of affairs, when, a few weeks ago, Japan consented to receive a Chinese peace embassy. The ambassadors came, but their credentials were fatally defective and the war went on. On their return to China, their failure determined the government to commission the famous veteran, China's greatest soldier and statesman, Li Hung Chang, as its new peace

THE EMPRESS AND EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

SHIMONOSEKI, JAPAN, WHERE THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS ARE IN PROGRESS.

(From "Japan in Our Day," by Permission Charles Scribner's Sons.)

(Continued on page 247.)

EASTER JUBILEE.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., preached last Sunday on the Text: I.Cor. 15: 54, "*Death is swallowed up in victory.*"

ABOUT eighteen hundred and sixty-one Easter mornings have wakened the earth. In France for three centuries the almanacs made the year begin at Easter, until Charles IX. made the year begin at January 1st. In the Tower of London there is a royal pay-roll of Edward I., on which there is an entry of eighteen pence for four hundred colored and pictured Easter eggs, with which the people sported. In Russia slaves were fed and alms were distributed at Easter.

Ecclesiastical councils met in Pontus, in Gaul, in Rome, in Achaia, to decide the particular day, and, after a controversy more animated than gracious, decided it, and now through all Christendom in some way, the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21 is filled with Easter rejoicing. The royal court of the Sabbaths is made up of fifty-two. Fifty-one are princes in the royal household; but Easter is queen. She wears a richer diadem, and sways a more jewelled sceptre, and in her smile nations are irradiated. We welcome this queenly day, holding high up in her right hand the wrenched-off bolt of Christ's sepulchre, and holding high up in her left hand the key to all the cemeteries in Christendom.

My text is an ejaculation. It is spun out of hallelujahs. Paul wrote right on in his argument about the resurrection, and observed all the laws of logic; but when he came to write the words of the text his fingers and his pen and the parchment on which he wrote took fire, and he cried out, "Death is swallowed up in victory!" It is a dreadful sight to see an army routed and flying. They scatter everything valuable on the track. Unwheeled artillery. Hoof of horse on breast of wounded and dying man. You have read of the French falling back from Sedan, or Napoleon's track of ninety thousand corpses in the snow-banks of Russia, or of the five kings tumbling over the rocks of Bethoran with their armies, while the hail-storms of heaven and the swords of Joshua's hosts struck them with their fury. But in my text is a worse discomfiture. It seems that a black giant proposed to conquer the earth. He gathered for his host all the aches and pains and maladies and distempers and epidemics of the ages. He marched them down, drilling them in the north-east wind, amid the slush of tempests. He threw up barricades of grave-mound. He pitched tent of charnel-house. Some of the troops marched with slow tread, commanded by consumptions; some in double-quick, commanded by pneumonia. Some [illegible] engagement of evil habit and some by one stroke of the battle-axe of casualty. With bony hand he pounded at the doors of hospitals and sick-rooms, and won all the victories in all the great battle-fields of all the five continents. Forward, march! the conqueror of conquerors, and all the generals and commanders-in-chief, and all presidents and kings and sultans and czars drop under the feet of his war charger.

But one Christmas night his antagonist was born. As most of the plagues and sicknesses and despotisms came out of the East, it was appropriate that the new conqueror should come out of the same quarter. Power is given him to awaken all the fallen of all the centuries and of all lands, and marshal them against the black giant. Fields have already been won, but the last day will see the decisive battle. When Christ shall lead forth his two brigades, the brigade of the risen dead and the brigade of the celestial host, the black giant will fall back, and the brigade from the riven sepulchres will take him from beneath, and the brigade of descending immortals will take him from above, and "death shall be swallowed up in victory." The old braggart that threatened the conquest and demolition of the planet has lost his throne, has lost his sceptre, has lost his palace, has lost his prestige, and the one word written over all the gates of mausoleum and catacomb and necropolis, on cenotaph and sarcophagus, on the lonely cairn of the Arctic explorer and on the catafalque of great cathedral, written in capitals of azalea and calla lily, written in musical cadence, written in doxology of great assemblages, written on the sculptured door of the family vault, is "Victory." Coronal word, embannered word, apocalyptic word, chief word of triumphal arch under which conquerors return. Victory! Word shouted at Culloden and Balaklava and Blenheim; at Megiddo and Solferino; at Marathon, where the Athenians drove back the Medes; at Poictiers, where Charles Martel broke the ranks of the Saracens; at Salamis, where Themistocles in the great sea-fight confounded the Persians, and at the door of the Eastern cavern of chiselled rock, where Christ came out through a recess and throttled the King of Terrors, and put him back in the niche from which the celestial Conqueror had just emerged. Aha! when the jaws of the Eastern mausoleum took down the black giant, "death was swallowed up in victory."

I proclaim the abolition of death. The old antagonist is driven back into mythology with all the lore about Stygian ferry and Charon with oar and boat. We shall have no more to do with death than we have with the cloak-room at a Governor's or President's levee. We stop at such cloak-room and leave in charge of the servant our overcoat, our overshoes, our outward apparel, that we may not be impeded in the brilliant round of the drawing-room. Well, my friends, when we go out of this world we are going to a King's banquet, and to a reception of monarchs, and at the door of the tomb we leave the cloak of flesh and the wrappings with which we meet the storms of the world. At the close of our earthly reception, under the brush and broom of the porter, the coat or hat may be handed to us better than when we resigned it, and the cloak of humanity will finally be returned to us improved and brightened and purified and glorified. You and I do not want our bodies returned to us as they are now. We want to get rid of all their weaknesses, and all their susceptibilities to fatigue, and all their slowness of locomotion. They will be put through a chemistry of soil and heat and cold and changing seasons out of which God will reconstruct them as much better than they are now as the body of the rosiest and healthiest child that bounds over the lawn is better than the sickest patient in the hospital.

But as to our soul, we will cross right over, not waiting for obsequies, independent of obituary, into a state in every way better, with wider room and velocities beyond computation; the dullest of us into companionship with the very best spirits in their very best moods, in the very best room of the universe, the four walls furnished and panelled and pictured and glorified with all the splendors that the infinite God in all ages has been able to invent. Victory!

This view, of course, makes if of but little importance whether we are cremated or sepultured. If the latter is dust to dust, the former is ashes to ashes. If any prefer incineration, let them have it without caricature. The world may become so crowded that cremation may be universally adopted by law as well as by general consent. Many of the mightiest and best of earth have gone through this process. Thousands and tens of thousands of God's children have been cremated. P. P. Bliss and wife, the evangelist singers, cremated by accident at Ashtabula Bridge. John Rogers cremated by persecution; Latimer and Ridley cremated at Oxford; Pothinus, and Blondina, a slave, and Alexander, a physician, and their comrades, cremated at the order of Marcus Aurelius. At least a hundred thousand of Christ's disciples cremated, and there can be no doubt about the resurrection of their bodies. If the world lasts as much longer as it has already been built, there perhaps may be no room for the large acreage set apart for resting-places, but that time has not come. Plenty of room yet, and the race need not pass that bridge of fire until it comes to it. The most of us prefer the old way. But whether out of natural disintegration or cremation we shall get that luminous buoyant, gladsome, transcendent, magnificent, inexplicable structure called the resurrection body, you will have it, I will have it. I say to you to-day, as Paul said to Agrippa, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?"

That far-up cloud, higher than the hawk flies, higher than the eagle flies, what is it made of? Drops of water from the Hudson, other drops from East River, other drops from a stagnant pool out on Newark Flats. Up yonder there, embodied in a cloud and the sun kindles it. If God can make such a lustrous cloud out of water-drops, many of them soiled and impure, and fetched from miles away, can he not transport the fragments of a human body from the earth, and out of them build a radiant body? Cannot God, who owns all the material out of which bones, and muscle, and flesh are made, set them up again if they have fallen? If a manufacturer of telescopes drop a telescope on the floor and it breaks, can he not mend it again so you can see through it? And if God drops the human eye into the dust, the eye which he originally fashioned, can he not restore it? Aye, if the manufacturer of the telescope, by a change of the glass and a change of focus, can make a better glass than that which was originally constructed, and actually improve it, do you not think the fashioner of the human eye may improve its sight and multiply the natural eye by the thousandfold additional forces of the resurrection eye?

"Why should it be thought with you an incredible thing that God should raise the dead?" Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers? Out of the mould and earth. Resurrected. Resurrected. The radiant butterfly, where did it come from? The loathsome caterpillar. That albatross that smites the tempest with its wing, where did it come from? A senseless shell. Near Bergerac, France, in a Celtic tomb, under a block, were found flower seeds that had been buried two thousand years. The explorer took the flower seed and planted it, and it came up, it bloomed in bluebell and heliotrope. Two thousa years ago buried, yet resurrected. A tra eller says he found in a mummy pit Egypt garden peas that had been buri there three thousand years ago. He broug them out, and on June 4, 1844, he plant them, and in thirty days they sprang Buried three thousand years, yet res rected.

"Why should it be thought a thing credible with you that God should ra the dead?" Where did all this silk co from? the silk that adorns your persons a your homes? In the hollow of a staf Greek missionary brought from China Europe the progenitors of those wor that now supply the silk markets of ma nations. The pageantry of bannered h and the luxurious articles of commer emporium blazing out from the silkworr And who shall be surprised if out of this significant earthly life our bodies unfold to something worthy of the coming eter ties. Put silver into diluted nitre an dissolves. Is the silver gone forever? Put in some pieces of copper and the sil reappears. If one force dissolves, anot force reorganizes.

"Why should it be thought a thing credible with you that God should raise dead?" The insects flew and the wor crawled last autumn feebler and feeb and then stopped. They have taken food, they want none. They lie dorm and insensible, but soon the south wind blow the resurrection trumpet, and the and the earth will be full of them. Do not think that God can do as much for bodies as he does for the wasps, and spiders and the snails? This morning half-past four o'clock there was a res rection. Out of the night, the day. I few weeks there will be a resurrection in our gardens. Why not some day a res rection amid all the graves? Ever a anon there are instances of men and w en entranced. A trance is death, follow by resurrection after a few days. T suspension of mental power and volunt action. Rev. William Tennent—a gr evangelist of the last generation, of wh Dr. Archibald Alexander, a man far fr being sentimental, wrote in most eulogi terms—Rev. William Tennent seemed die. His spirit seemed to have depart People came in day after day and s "He is dead; he is dead." But the s returned, and William Tennent lived write out experiences of what he had s while his soul was gone. It may be fo some time that what is called suspen animation or comatose state is brief de giving the soul an excursion into the r world, from which it comes back—a lough of a few hours granted from the flict of life to which it must return.

Do not this waking up of men f trance, and this waking up of grains bu three thousand years ago, make it ea for you to believe that your body mine, after the vacation of the grave, s rouse and rally, though there be three t sand years between our last breath and sounding of the archangelic reveille? P siologists tell us that while the most of bodies are built with such wonderful ec my that we can spare nothing, and the of a finger is a hindrance, and the injur a toe-joint makes us lame, still we have or three apparently useless physical appa and no anatomist or physiologist has been able to tell what they are good Perhaps they are the foundation of the urrection body, worth nothing to us in state, to be indispensably valuable in next state. The Jewish rabbis appea have had a hint of this suggestion w they said that in the human frame there a small bone which was to be the basi the resurrection body. That may been a delusion. But this thing is cer the Christian scientists of our day found out that there are two or three su fluities of the body that are something riously suggestive of another state.

I called at my friend's house one sum day. I found the yard all piled up rubbish of carpenter's and mason's w

T door was off. The plumbers had torn up the floor. The roof was being lifted in cupola. All the pictures were gone and the paper-hangers were doing their work. All the modern improvements were being introduced into that dwelling. There was not a room in the house fit to live in at the time, although a month before when I visited that house everything was so beautiful I could not have suggested an improvement.

My friend had gone with his family to the Holy Land, expecting to come back at the end of six months, when the building was to be done. And oh! what was his joy when at the end of six months he returned and the old house was enlarged and improved and glorified. That is your body. It looks well now. All the rooms filled with health, and we could hardly make a suggestion. But after awhile your soul will go to the Holy Land, and while you are gone that old house of your tabernacle will be entirely reconstructed from cellar to attic; every nerve, muscle, and bone and tissue and artery must be hauled over, and the old structure will be burnished and adorned and raised and cupolaed and enlarged, and all the improvements of heaven introduced, and you will move into it on Resurrection Day. "For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Oh, what a day when body and soul meet again! They are very fond of each other. Did your body ever have a pain and your soul sympathize with it, or echo it? Or, changing the question, did your soul ever have any trouble and your body not sympathize with it, growing faint and weak under the depressing influence? Or, did your soul ever have a gladness but your body celebrated it with kindling eye and cheek and elastic step. Surely, God never intended two such good friends to be very long separated. And so when the world's last Easter morning shall come, the soul will descend, crying, "Where is my body?" and the body will ascend, saying, "Where is my soul?" and the Lord of the resurrection will bring them together and it will be a perfect soul in a perfect body, introduced by a perfect Christ into a perfect heaven. Victory!

Only the bad disapprove of the resurrection. A cruel heathen warrior heard Mr. Moffat, the missionary, preach about the resurrection, and he said to the missionary, "Will my father rise in the last day?" "Yes," said the missionary. "Will all the dead in battle rise?" said the cruel chieftain. "Yes." said the missionary. "Then," said the warrior, "let me hear no more about the resurrection day. There can be no resurrection, there shall be no resurrection. I have slain thousands in battle. Will they rise?"

Oh! there will be more to rise on that day than those want to see whose crimes have never been repented of. But for all others who allowed Christ to be their salvation, and life, and resurrection, it will be a day of victory. The thunders of the last day will be the salvo that greets you into honor. The lightnings will be only the torches of triumphal procession marching down to escort you home. The burning worlds flashing through immensity will be the rockets celebrating your coronation on the thrones, where you will reign forever, and forever, and forever. Where is death? What have we to do with death? As your reunited body and soul swing off from this planet on that last day, you will see deep gashes all up and down the hills, deep gashes through the valleys, and they will be the emptied graves, they will be the abandoned sepulchres, with rough ground tossed on either side of them, and slabs will lie uneven on the rent hillocks, and there will be fallen monuments and cenotaphs, and then for the first time you will appreciate the full exhilaration of the text, "He will swallow up death in victory."

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the resurrection Thou!

Peace Dawns in the East.

(Continued from first page.)

envoy. Li, who in the early stages of the war had been unjustly deprived of his military rank and decorations and disgraced by his Emperor, once more found himself in imperial favor. He proceeded to Shimonoseki, the port designated by Japan as suitable for the discussion of the terms of peace. His credentials were satisfactory, and the interrupted negotiations were reopened. An armistice had been suggested, but was not favorably regarded by the Mikado's representatives.

At this juncture, an incident occurred which changed the whole tenor and temper of the negotiations. Li Hung Chang was shot at Shimonoseki and severely wounded by Kayama Rokunosuki, a young Japanese fanatic, and the whole empire instantly melted in sympathy. By the Mikado's personal order, the desired armistice was granted without further parley, all Japan's objections being magnanimously waived. For a time at least, the shed blood of the veteran warrior-diplomat secured peace for his country, now overrun by her enemies. It was a boon gladly accepted by the young Emperor who now entertained a greater admiration than ever for the grand old soldier. Li had repeatedly saved the throne in former crises and the fate of China was once more entrusted to his sagacity and patriotic fidelity. In the peace negotiations thus far, that have ever been received in the United State. These photographs were forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by Presiding Elder J. W. Wadman of the M. E. Church at Hirosaki, Japan, and were accompanied by a brief sketch of the Emperor, written by T. A. Okada, a native scholar, in which Japan's enlightened ruler was thus described:

He is the 121st Mikado in the line of dynasty and came to his throne in the 25th year of our Japanese era (1866 A. D.) and in the sixteenth year of his age. He at once began to rescue his country from the bondage of feudalism, and endow her with a constitutional monarchy. In this he has succeeded, and we think that the pages of history show no greater event taking place under one ruler in so short a time. The Emperor, at the very beginning of his reign, encountered a great revolution which had arisen in his father's time, and which burst out anew at his accession. He finally succeeded in putting down the Shogun rule (Emperor's lieutenants), and thus abolished a power which had usurped the authority of the throne for 265 years.

Feudalism ended, the caste system gave place to the equality of man, and the great monarchy of modern Japan rose up. Our long-closed islands were opened and the stream of the civilization of the 19th century began to flow in. After fourteen years of his reign, during which he contended with such difficulties as the Formosa rebellion, the Lu-cu question, Korean complications and the Satsuma revolution, our Emperor promised his people constitutional government. Nine years were passed in making the necessary preparations, whereupon, amid the ecstacies of the subjects dwelling beneath his rule in great peace and prosperity, he promulgated such a constitution as had never been known in Asia. The 28th article of that constitution provides for freedom of faith in Nippon.

Our Emperor is tall of stature, noble in bearing, and fond of military things. It is said that his library is full of books on military subjects. He himself

THE MIKADO'S IMPERIAL GUARD OF HONOR.

the claims of Japan, as outlined by Count Ito and Viscount Mutsu, the Peace Plenipotentiaries, will extend further than the payment of a war indemnity, which will probably be not less than 400,000,000 yen in gold (about $368,000,000), for it is expected that the cession of Port Arthur and Formosa will be demanded. Severe as such a sacrifice may be, it is hardly probable that China, with the invading armies almost at the gates of her capital, will hesitate to make it in the interest of peace. Japan, too, has suffered by the war, for her enormous expenditures have increased the national debt to $175,000,000, and peace would therefore be welcomed by the Mikado and his ministers.

Secrecy surrounds the deliberations of the Peace Conference at Shimonoseki. Li Hung Chang's wound is not now dangerous; he is sufficiently recovered to continue the negotiations. The old Imsetsuji Temple was fitted up as a temporary residence for the great Chinese Viceroy during his stay in Japanese territory, and from its balconies he can view the smart troops of the Mikado as they march past and mentally compare them with the antiquated armies of China. Although now over seventy, Li is still easily the foremost thinker of his nation and it may well be that his journey to Japan will result in bringing about a revolution in military methods, if nothing else, on his return.

The portraits of the Emperor and Empress of Japan published on the first page of this issue, are probably the only authentic pictures of these two distinguished royalties stands at the head of the army and navy. He is also devoted to literature, and is the patron of many literary circles.

The Empress is three years older than the Emperor. She is very benevolent in disposition, and has a motherly love for her people. To the work of such societies as that of the Red Cross she is very much devoted, while at the same time she spares no means to encourage the education of the people, especially that of her own sex. She is a poetess.

Shimonoseki, a town of over 10,000 inhabitants, is on the northern shore of the little strait between Kiushu and Hondo, in southwestern Japan. Ordinarily it is a place of minor importance, but its geographical position facing the Straits of Korea, rendered it available for conducting the peace negotiations between the contending powers. It is by no means a picturesque place, consisting as it does of one long, straggling street, which runs along shore for a mile and a half. Bayard Taylor, in describing the town when he visited it, wrote that the dwellings were mostly of wood, the warehouses, however, being covered with a sort of white cement or stucco, which is fire-proof. There is a considerable export trade. Among the curiosities of the place are two swords, said to have belonged to the Hideyoshi (historic warriors), and an ancient temple in which there is a picture representing a famous naval battle fought in 1184. After passing Shimonoseki (which means "Lower Barrier"), vessels enter the Inland Sea, on the shores of which are many towns and cities of importance, including Hiroshima, Osaka, and Hiogo. Shimonoseki was in 1868 a scene of naval operations when the combined English, Dutch, French and American fleets bombarded the old forts which have since been replaced by new defences. Being the natural pass to the Inland Sea, it will doubtless be made a naval port of considerable strength and importance by Japan in the near future.

Social life in Japan has received a new impulse since the present war began, and the whole nation has been fired with a spirit of patriotism which has found expression in fetes, festivals, and other demonstrations on every possible oocasion. Especially has this been the case whenever the intelligence of a new victory for the Mikado's troops has been received. Flower festivals and illuminations have been of frequent occurrence in Tokio and other large cities, during the war, and to the usual gayety of these occasions there has been added a patriotic sentiment and an enthusiasm such as is rarely witnessed in the East. Wealthy Japanese have given with great liberality to every project devised for securing comfort for the troops in the field, and fashionable ladies have been indefatigable in preparing boxes of lint and bandages for the wounded and cordials and dainties for the sick soldiers, the Empress herself setting a worthy example by undertaking the duty of directing several patriotic societies engaged in this work.

To Christians the world over, one of the brightest and most cheering developments of the Chino-Japanese war, has been the unexpected assent of the Japanese government to Christian missionaries having free access to the land and sea troops, in camp and on shipboard, as well as to garrisons and hospitals. This great concession by a government formerly regarded as distinctly "heathen," is the best evidence that could be desired of the remarkable progress Japan has made under her present enlightened ruler. Many thousands of copies of the Gospels in Japanese are even now being distributed at Hiroshima, Nagoya, and Osaka, by the missionaries, with the active cooperation of the military and naval officers. Permission has also been granted to assign four Christian chaplains to the army. This unlooked-for revolution in the religious exclusiveness of Japan has been the result of the long and patient teaching of Christian doctrines by the missionaries and native evangelical teachers. The chiefs and officers of both the army and navy departments have observed with satisfaction the improved discipline, efficiency and moral character of those soldiers and sailors who have accepted Christianity, and hence, on these grounds alone, have approved the new departure, which promises to be permanent. That it may be made a step toward the whole island empire being ultimately won for the Gospel should be the prayer of every follower of the Master. Henceforward, missionary effort in Japan will be conducted with greater zeal and energy than ever. Korea, also, will be an open harvest-field for the spiritual laborers and the great Chinese Empire, broken and dismembered through its successive defeats, may under the Divine blessing, be enabled to reap a glorious advantage from its adversities in the establishing of religious freedom and toleration, leaving the way open to still greater Gospel triumphs.

WON BY A WELCOME.

One Sunday night, years ago (wrote Rev. Wayland Hoyt) a young man and his wife strayed out into a church service. They were a lonely couple in a great city. They were neither of them Christian—rather, both of them, carelessly, even blatantly, unchristian. With the services they were not especially impressed. But after the service, as they were standing about looking at the church, the pastor approached them, and flinging his arm over the shoulder of the young man, welcomed him and his wife in a way so genuinely cordial that the hard edge of their strangeness was at once smoothed away, and the young couple were sure somebody had real interest in them. "We'll go to that church again," they said together after the warm welcome. They did. It was not long before both husband and wife accepted Christ as their Saviour and their Lord, and united with that church. It was a great trophy that pastor began to win that night, not by his sermon, but by his welcome. Almost penniless, and obscure, and quite disheartened, that young man was on that night when so warmly welcomed. To-day he is a member of a firm which flings the meshes of its business all over: and he is now one of the best and most winning of Sunday School workers and superintendents.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

S. S. Lesson for April 28. Mark 14: 12-26. Golden Text Luke 22: 19. By Mrs. Baxter.

ACCORDING to the accounts given by the evangelists Matthew and Mark, it was the disciples who reminded Jesus of the passover feast, and the need to make ready for it. He had not forgotten it, but something more than the habitual observance of the feast was filling his mind. He said, "Ye know that after two days the passover cometh, and the Son of man is delivered up to be crucified." (Matt. 26: 2, R.V.) They did know that the passover was at hand, but the approaching

Fulfilment of the Passover

they had neither ears to hear, nor hearts to understand. But what must it have been to him! A Bible student from a boy, he had at his finger-ends all the Scriptures, and knew the significance of all the sacrifices. To him the passover was not simply commemorative, it had been also anticipative in the past. And now the coming passover was to decide the destiny of mankind. He knew its import; but none of them could understand. To them the passover was something like Christmas is in pious families now: a religious feast and a time of family gathering as well. But not one of them could understand the tremendous burden which lay upon him as he, sharing all the weakness of our humanity, saw himself to be the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. Who can know how he depended on his Father for this supreme moment!

It was a simple question which the disciples asked: "Where wilt thou that we go and make ready that thou mayest eat the passover?" Year after year, the question had been asked, but never had it meant, since the time of its institution, what it meant to him, for them, and for a sinful world, what it meant just then. But, in the life of the Master, details were not neglected in the greatness of his vocation as a whole. All had been forethought and prearranged by his Father, and he knew it. There was

A Kingly Dignity

about all his movements; no rush, no hurry. "He sendeth two of his disciples, and saith unto them: Go into the city, and there shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water: follow him; and wheresoever he shall enter in, say to the good man of the house, Where is my guest-chamber where I shall eat the passover with my disciples? And he will himself shew you a large upper room furnished and ready; there make ready for us." (Mark 14: 13-15, R.V.) All was provided, nothing left till the last moment; and yet, neither he nor his disciples had done anything. They went forth, came into the city, found as he had said, and made ready the passover.

The evening came, and with it the assembled select company: Jesus and the twelve. But, select as that company was, there was a traitor in their midst. "As they sat and were eating, Jesus said, Verily I say unto you one of you shall betray me, even he that eateth with me." (Mark 14: 18, R. V.) Oh how he saw fulfilled in his own experience the words of David. (Ps. 51: 9.) The question went round the little company: "Is it I?" And he answered: "It is one of the twelve which dippeth with me in the dish," and added: "The Son of man goeth even as it is written of him." All must be fulfilled to the letter, the Word of the Father must be justified, but there is personal responsibility on the part of those who yield themselves as Satan's instruments: "Woe unto that man through whom the Son of man is betrayed. Good were it for that man if he had not been born." (ver. 21.) Up to the last hour with his disciples, he must have a contrary spirit in the midst in the person of Judas, of whom he had already said: "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" (John 6: 70.)

And as they were eating he took bread (or a loaf, verse 22, margin), and when he had blessed, he brake it, and gave to them and said, "Take ye, this is my body." They had just partaken of the paschal lamb. The blood had been sprinkled on the lintel and the two doorposts, in memory of the great deliverance of their fathers from bondage in Egypt. Little did they understand the oft repeated lesson of Jesus that he must be crucified, and that his blood should save them from a more terrible bondage to sin. John the Baptist's testimony: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," had not opened their eyes to see that Jesus must indeed suffer. When Mary anointed their Master for his burial, far from understanding her, who understood her Lord, they condemned her of thoughtless extravagance

A JEWISH FEAST IN AN ORIENTAL HOME.

and of a heartless disregard of the wants of the poor. And it was

To Such Disciples

that Jesus broke the loaf, and said: "Take ye, this is my body!" Paul tells us (1.Cor. 10: 17 R.V.) "the bread [or loaf, margin] which we break, is it not a communion of the body of Christ? seeing that we who are many, are one bread [or loaf], one body; for we all partake of the one bread [loaf]." Just at the moment when Judas received the sop and went out, the discovered traitor (John 13: 30), and the remaining disciples should so soon forsake him and flee, Jesus gives them this token of being one with him and with each other! The elements of division were strong in them, but the power of unity was in the life which he gave to them, even life eternal, of which that bread was a sign and token. He was going away when his mission was accomplished, but he would leave behind him in the feast which he instituted, a constant token that as he is, so are we in this world, because he lives, we shall live also (John 14: 13). "He which sanctifieth and they which are sanctified are all of one, for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren" (Heb.2:11). Just as every piece broken off from the loaf belongs to it, and therefore dismembers it, so we make part of Christ (1. Cor. 12: 12) "As the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of the body, being many, are one body, so also is Christ." He would say by the Lord's Supper great as is the power of self in you to cause disunion, yet greater by far is the power of my life to bring about, and to cement, union. But how many, even of God's children, come to the Lord's table, not in the spirit of oneness with Christ, and with all God's children, but in a spirit of judgment of others, a spirit of gratulation, of spiritual pride, etc. None of these

Really Partake

of the body of Christ. They may eat the bread and drink the wine, but beyond thus dealing with the mere elements, nothing happens. They have not met Christ at his table. It has been to them their denominational table, their church ordinance, not the Lord's table. At the Lord's table, all his true children are welcome guests, whatever their denomination, their nationality, their language. Christ's body, really and spiritually given to us, must convey his nature, his character.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

VERY solemn and tender is the scene which is the subject of the lesson. The Master and his twelve disciples were assembled in the upper room at Jerusalem, as the shadows of the early evening were falling. Tradition says that the room was in the house of the Evangelist Mark, and that it was in this same room, afterwards, that the disciples were sitting when the Holy Spirit descended upon them. Jesus had walked over from Bethany with the twelve, to eat the Passover with them. There has been some doubt as to whether this was the Passover. The doubt is suggested by some expressions in John's Gospel (18: 28 and others), which seemed to imply that on the following day the Jews had not eaten the Passover. But Biblical scholars are now generally agreed that in those passages John is speaking of the ceremonies of the following Sabbath, which were held in high veneration; and that this last supper was the true Passover at which the lamb was eaten. So far as we can learn, Jesus had never before eaten the Passover with his disciples; but this year, with a human love, he desired, as he told them, to eat it with them before he suffered. The order of the feast in Christ's time departed but little from the ancient form, as minutely described in Exodus 12. It was not, however, eaten standing, with staff in hand, but reclining on divans arranged on a level with the table, the feet at right angles to the table and the body resting on the elbow. The meal consisted of the lamb, the bitter herbs, dry cakes of unleavened bread, and a dish of sauce, composed of dates, raisins, figs and vinegar, supposed to be typical of the mortar the fathers of the nation used in Egypt when they built for Pharaoh. Into this dish of sauce, each person at the table dipped the bread, the herbs and the meat, as they ate. At four appointed times during the feast, a cup of wine was drunk, the master of the feast reciting a certain formula at each. Toward the conclusion of the repast, when the cup was filled for the third time, a child was to ask the meaning of these ceremonies, and in reply the head of the household was to recite the deliverance from Egypt, which the feast commemorated, It was apparently at this part of the ceremony that Jesus startled the company by declaring that there was a traitor at the table. All were shocked and there was questioning of John and the others a then, Judas, fearing a more explicit exp ure, slunk out. Afterward, the ceremo proceeded, but when Jesus as the Head the feast took the bread and the cup, he not use the usual formula. Instead of s ing: "This is the unleavened bread wh your fathers did eat," etc., "This is the of the covenant which the God of Ab ham, Isaac and Jacob made," etc., he g a new significance to each. He said: "T bread is my body;" "This cup is the n covenant in my blood." Then with thetic simplicity, he told them what wanted them to do. Knowing that wit twenty-four hours, his earthly life wo be closed, he would leave them a memo observance, sanctified with his last tou in request, "This do in remembrance me." With all their faults and failin they all loved him and that love was constitute a bond of brotherhood. He cr ed a personal remembrance and instead asking for some great monument to built to his memory, he asked for this s ple tribute. All kinds of restrictions h grown around it since that night in the per room, but it was in this simple f that Christ asked for it and for this sin purpose. The Church calls it the "Euch ist," that is, a giving of thanks, referr to the hymns and psalms sung at the c mony; it calls it the "Communion," t is a common meal referring to the equa and fraternity of all who partake of it; the Romish Church calls it "the Mas and has forced upon it the stupid literal of transubstantiation; but in its origin, Christ instituted it, there is but the conception of those who love him com together as brethren, and calling his last quest to remembrance as they eat and dri

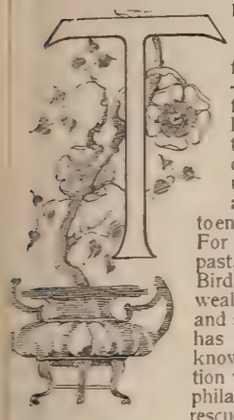
This is my body. The bread was ever er to represent to them Christ's body wi they met to celebrate his death. The sy bol would remind them, too, of how t derived the sustenance of their spiritual from him. When Pamphilius died a m tyr's death his friend and disciple Euset in gratitude to him for his teaching and inspiration he had derived from him, t his name and always signed himself Eu bius Pamphilii—the Eusebius of Pamphil intimating that all of good in him he ow to Pamphilius.

He took the cup. At a certain club th was a monthly banquet. Once a year banquet was of a more general charac and as it was in some senses an ann festival, being held at the anniversary the organization of the club, members w had left the city would make a jour there, to be present at this annual celeb tion. It was the custom to remember dead members at one part of the festi This was a somewhat gloomy part of proceedings. The chairman was expe to make a speech recalling the names the dead, mentioning their services eulogizing their virtues. Other memb spoke, referring to their special frie among the dead. Then the glasses w filled and instead of the shouts and so with which the other toasts were acc panied, this one was drunk in sole silence. Two members of the club w very dear friends. They were called "the separables," in recognition of their intim friendship. One of them had a great like of this ceremony of toasting the m ory of the dead. It was, he said, a bl on the festivities of the evening. It his custom to leave the board before it c menced and not return until it was o His friend felt very differently. His fa and one of his uncles had been memb and the memory of both was dear. He ill and his friend was almost frantic w anxiety. During his sickness he wat over him with the tenderness of a wom But nothing could save the waning life. most at the last, when both realized the end was near, the dying man ki his friend. "You will never leave the quet at the club again," he said, "You think of me." The other's tears were fal fast and he said, "Ah, it will have a di ent meaning for me now!"

They all drank of it. There is a philoso ic reason for the particular form of me ial Jesus chose for himself. He wished disciples through all time to feel themse brethren forgetting social distinctions their love of him. Missionaries in Orie lands say that nothing keeps up the se ation of classes so much as the separa at meals. The man who eats with ano feels a sense of equality, friendship brotherliness that nothing else imparts.

"THE LOST BOYS OF THE BOWERY."

s. Bird's Touching Story of her Efforts in their Behalf—A Soul-Winner's Life-work —The Need of the Bowery Mission among the Prodigals.



THIS is the story of one woman's work for the Master—a work so full of single-hearted devotion and consecration, that it may well serve as an example to encourage others. For many years past, Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, a lady of wealth, refinement and social position, has been widely known in connection with Christian philanthropy and rescue work, and that time she has been Divinely blessed the instrument in redeeming many lives. er labors are among lost men—those odigals who have been sick of eating the isks of sin, but who are unable of themlves to shake off their slavery. Her story told far better in her own words than by ny language another might employ. he tells it with much reluctance, for like a he servant of Christ, she would rather odestly hide her own personality and ve the glory to Him who has made such le of her talents and opportunities; but we el justified in giving it publicity in THE HRISTIAN HERALD, for the sake of the any thousands of others who are striving be of service, however humbly, in the iritual vineyard.

For over thirty years Mrs. Bird had held woman's meeting at the Plymouth Bethel, rooklyn. She had spent much time in nement house visitation, and thought she ad seen sin and misery in all its worst rms. Six years ago she went into rescue ork for lost women in New York, held a eeting in the most vicious localities, and ich revelations came to her that she deded to go on in this new field. She found would be impossible to gain access to the west dens of infamy in ordinary clothing, s they quickly detect the outsider. She ad already made the friendship of a woan in Roosevelt street, and in her little at- room she used to put on what she called er "slum dress," and in these faded garents she could go anywhere and everyhere unnoticed, even into the dance-houses, ves, and the cheap lodging-houses.

She soon became familiar with lodging-ouse life and was greatly interested in me of the poor lost men who frequented ese places. After her husband's death she cided to hold a service for these dging-house men, for she knew they ould never go into a church. She left a ard of invitation in some of the lodging-ouses to the men to meet her the next Sunay, and added: "a cup of coffee and a few ind words await you." She thought there ight be fifty who would respond, but to er surprise crowds came, so that the room ould not hold them.

Her Room was Packed

to its utmost limit every Sunday. By utting soap-boxes in the aisles and on the latform she could seat about three hundred nd they would sit singing and hearing the Gospel invitation. As her room was too mall she was fortunate enough to get the se of a room in the Bowery Mission, but ven that is not large enough, for many still o away for want of seats. There are men who for three years and four months have ever missed a service; but about one-third f her audience are always strangers. Whoever happens to be at the lodging house and ear the singing as he passes, seems attracted. There is not a more quiet or attentive audience to be found in the city, nor more intelligent and appreciative.

There is not such a missionary field in he world as the Bowery. It is the magnet hat draws men from all nations and from ll conditions of life. The Bowery lodging-ouse is not only the hiding-place for the icious but the refuge for the unfortunate. Men from the highest positions in life, both by birth and education, are to be found there. One young man was noticed greatly absorbed with pencil and paper in the "Young Men's Home" of the Bowery Mission. A friend of the work standing near, ventured to look over his shoulder and found that he was amusing himself with problems in the highest course of mathematics—integral calculus. No one need come to speak to these men, expecting ignorant listeners, for among them are many well informed men.

"For three years and four months," Mrs. Bird explains, "I have held a Gospel service every Sunday (summer and winter), for lodging-house men. The

Service of Song

and testimony lasts for four hours. The room has never been big enough; hundreds are turned away. Should you pass our Bowery Mission any Sunday morning between ten and three o'clock, you would see men standing outside eagerly watching for a chance to get in. This is the only morning service exclusively for men held in our city.

"Who are the audience? Every Sunday morning there are fifteen thousand men who come out of the lodging-houses in that locality, with no home, no friends, and no place to go. These are young men who have wandered from God and home. They have come from every city on the face of the earth; if a man becomes engulfed in sin in any part of the world, his ambition is to get to the Bowery. This is the magnet that attracts the restless and vicious wanderer. These men are often brought where they are surrounded by conditions beyond control. Parents and friends die, or there are stern fathers ann unwise, thoughtless mothers; the boy leaves home and is soon stranded in a cheap Bowery lodging-house. I give the Gospel invitation to over 40,000 of these lost men every year, many of them men of fine education and birth, and compel them to come in through love and kind words. In this audience of lost men, the cry is going up continually to God for mercy, and when a man gets near enough to God to fall on his knees and plead for help, and God's spirit enters his life day by day, there is no transformation like unto it. I have never known such agony as I have seen when kneeling in prayer by the side of the poor prodigal,

MRS. SARAH J. BIRD, SOUL-WINNER AND SOUL-SAVER.

Covered with Rags and Vermin,

but he was the child of a King, and his Father accepted his penitence and saved him. How do I know he is saved? 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

"Fifteen thousand lost now in the Bowery! What is the Christian world going to do about it? As I look back and think of the unbelief I have had to fight, not only in my own heart, but in trying to get the sympathy and prayers of many Christians, it makes me tremble lest my courage might have failed. We find Christians in one breath proclaiming their belief in the Bible, and the next moment, saying, 'Do you think there is any hope for such men?' They tell me I am throwing my life away in trying to save the drunkard and the gambler. My Bible tells me that Christ Jesus came into the world to save just such men. He came

To Seek and Save the Lost.

There is a mighty power in the spiritual world, which, if received, can transform the vilest nature into Godlikeness! But these hundreds of lost men must see the Christ in the Bowery. The living Christ, as seen in his children, must go to them.

"For some reason these lost men will not go to our churches; they feel that the church has no interest in them. How little they realize what our churches are doing! Every humanitarian work has its origin and support in the Church of Christ? But this is the work of Christians at this hour, to go to the lost and by the kind words and warm grasp of the hand show that the Church is their Christ and their best friend.

"The harvest is ready on the Bowery. Money, and flesh and blood are the instruments that must be consecrated to this work. Come and hear the testimonies of our saved men. These men who speak telling what God has done for them, still live among their old companions in sin, that they may show how Christ can save from all sin. The testimony of a saved man before these hundreds of lost men is convincing, and they sit for hours listening to the wonderful story of salvation, and you will read in their faces that unmistakable anguish of expression, seeming to say: "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' I have no hope for the Bowery but in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Who is to be raised up to save the lost boys in the Bowery? Bestow your thousands to the colleges; but while some prefer to endow a college, my constant prayer is that some one of God's noblemen may come to the rescue of the lost souls in the Bowery. There is much to encourage even in this work, for there are boys in those lodging-houses whose mothers are praying night and day for them; we find some of the noblest specimens of manhood bound hand and foot by Satan; boys there are there who say that

The Only Kind Words

they have heard for years they heard in the Bowery Mission. In my work I have been always treated most courteously by these lost men—some so appreciative of my interest in them as to give me their deepest confidence, and I have learned to know that they are fighting battles of which we can never know. And when we reach the better land you may find many of our brave boys there, and you may hear from above, 'These are they who came out of great tribulation.'

"As I hear the sad history of the poor lost men, it seems to me their wayward lives are but the natural result of their early home life; harsh, stern views of religious truths and lack of loving sympathy from their parents. I had in my bag a letter I had written at the request of one of my saved boys—to beg his father to let him come home as a prodigal, to ask pardon and forgiveness of his father. It seems so strange that these boys are afraid to go home. No one but a pastor of Dr. Talmage's wide experience can know how many lost boys there are in the Bowery lodging-houses. It is a revelation that must come to the Christian Church before any adequate efforts can be made to reach these prodigals. There are now hundreds who have been brought up in Christian homes, stranded in a cheap Bowery lodging-house, many of them under assumed names. How are the Christian people to be aroused to the mighty work in the Bowery? Think of

Fifteen Thousand Lost Boys.

coming out of those lodging-houses, and over the entrance of some of these cheap lodging-houses might well be written, 'The Gate of Death.'

"Who knows or cares about the death of the soul that is going on during the midnight hours? One night spent in a cheap lodging-house is often the end of all that is good and pure in a young man's life. It is full time there was a 'Young Men's Home' on Christian principles on the Bowery! It is easier to get money to send missionaries across the ocean than to get money to save one of our own boys. I prayed very earnestly as I listened to Dr. Talmage last Sunday, that his voice might be raised to plead for the lost boys in the Bowery. I have in my audience men from all parts of the world; when a man finds himself engulfed in sin his mind at once seems to turn to the Bowery. Every Sunday men get up to to thank God that the doors of the Bowery Mission were opened to them. They have

No Home, No Friends

—and hell itself opens its doors—and they often say, 'If I had not come to this room here in the Bowery Mission I should have gone to perdition!'

"I take to my home every Sunday and Thursday night, the agonizing cry of these men as they are struggling with sin. The harvest is ready and souls are going down to perdition every hour for the want of the Christ in the Bowery. These men, for some reason, think the Church has no sympathy for them. Let us pray for a day of Pentecost in the Bowery. The many tongues are there gathered from all the nations of the earth."

The noble work, which is conducted by Mrs. Bird at the Bowery Mission, is one that commends itself warmly to every Christian who has the soul-winning spirit. Its results are seen in the transformation of many lives. This devoted lady continues her labors every Thursday and Sunday, and all who are interested will be cordially welcomed on calling at the Bowery Mission Hall during the services.

Patrons of the Mission.

The following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

John Sangesan, Madison, Wis.
Mollie Rogers, Taylorville Ill.
I. M. Prevost, Quincey, Ill.
Mrs. H. M. Bickford, Lakeport, N. H.
I. D. Thomas, Fairmount, N. Y.
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Mrs. Minnie L. Brooks, Marion, Ill.

All desiring to be enrolled on the list of patrons, should send their names and addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

TO THE FIELDS.

WE notice the revival of field sports. The gates of Spring have several times been set ajar, but not until this week have they been swung wide open. Lawn tennis, croquet, lacrosse, ball-playing and golf have fully opened. Let us rejoice at the prospect that so many of our people are to get into sunshine and open air. Our imprisonment in Winter bonds is ended, and the color is to come back to our cheeks and the spring to our steps. Let us make it a part of our religion to take care of our health. We are such unprofitable servants even in our strongest mood, that we need, as a matter of Christian duty, to keep nerve and muscle and brain in healthiest condition. Health is a talent: let us be careful how we expend it. In all matters of duty, and exercise, and dress, let us obey Paul's injunction to the jailer when he cried out, "Do thyself no harm." Have your homes well ventilated. Have the bedding well aired. See that the water is fresh. Let the pantries be pure as the fields. Watch carefully against the adulteration of food. Have all the lights out at ten o'clock at night. You have given to God your souls; give to him your "bodies, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Join a ball-club, if they do not gamble about the game; or a military company, if they do not drink; or an excursion to the fields; or a fishing party down the bay; or in some way get yourself under the benediction of the Springtime as God pours it out on mountain, and valley, and lake, and sea. The body all right, the mind all right, and the soul all right, let us rally all our physical, mental and spiritual energies to glorify God, and help the world. Now is our opportunity for usefulness. Now is our time to encourage the disheartened. Now is our time to work; for the shadows will soon begin to lengthen, and the sun will go down, and it will be the night, in which no man can work. Go forth and call wanderers home. Go forth and seek those who are so wounded of sin they cannot get back. Hear you not the voice of the Great Shepherd, who says:

[illegible]
For those who have missed their way?
[illegible]
The foul and darksome street?
[illegible]

HEAVENLY INVESTMENT.

WHAT an uncertain life this is! How many of those who were thought invulnerable have gone down! [illegible] Here [illegible] God to keep and [illegible]

is to us beyond comprehension. But if our chief and most valuable deposits are in the National Bank of Heaven, we have all security, and there will be dividends of joy and blessedness declared through all eternity. The riches of this world may take wings and fly the other way; but the riches of heaven take wings and fly this way, and are forever accumulative. Get those treasures. Pile them up. With a consecrated avarice be more and more grasping after them; and long after the bullion of all the United States mints has melted, and the last pile of Government securities has gone into the ashes of the world's conflagration, you will be inheriting illimitable estate in the house at whose door loss and trouble knock in vain for admission.

MONUMENTS.

THE chiseling and unveiling of statues to commemorate great events, and the rearing of monuments of men and women who did well for the human race, is a matter of congratulation. It is not a waste of sculpture; not a waste of genius; not a waste of money. Great deeds of the past commemorated insure great deeds in time to come. They are lessons in courage, and patriotism, and self-sacrifice. But there is a surer way of being remembered, and there are monuments more enduring than marble or bronze. No sooner is an epitaph completed than Time, with its invisible hammer, begins its defacement. Already is that hammer busy with noiseless stroke on monuments this week erected. Not only do men die, but monuments die; cenotaphs die; epitaphs die; mausoleums die. But every good word a man utters, in places low or high; every kindly deed done, whether conspicuous or unheralded; every prayer, whether liturgical or broken, goes into the wall of God's spiritual temple, and will stay there, and look as fresh after a myriad of years have passed as when first set there. Angels will see it. All the ransomed will see it. All ages will see it. God will see it. The story of a cup of cold water as plainly inscribed as that of a rescued republic. The story of a nurse bending over the wounds of a battle-field as plainly as that of the commander-in-chief who led the army in triumph. The story of the Sabbath School teacher's faithfulness as plainly as the work of a Chrysostom. Christ will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, whether by day or night, up the dark alley, or in high places of the field, with medicine for the sick, or bread for the hungry, or comfort for the distressed, ye did it unto me." Go to work in such monument-building. All that you do for others in a Christian spirit becomes your permanent and ineffacable memorial. The last great day will be the uncovering of that monument. Instead of the few thousands of people gathered to hear an oration before some commemorative sculpture, there shall be a great multitude that no man can number present at the uncovering of the monument which shall tell the story of your work, however great or insignificant. With congratulation, and song, and ringing bells, and all of the harps of God, and all the doxologies of heaven, that occasion will be celebrated. Does the glory seem too great for an unpretentious soul like you? It doth not yet appear what you shall be.

FAILURES IN BUSINESS.

OUR sympathies should always be ready for financial sufferers. We have heard only one side of the story: that of men who have lost money, and of some men who are glad to see rivals go under. The other side of the story has not been told by the unfortunates, but there may be explanations that would give ninety per cent. of alleviation, if they were only known. The word "mistake" will often cover what the world calls swindle. There are two sides to every financial catastrophe, and God knows both. Blessed be his name forever! There have been in the history of this country thousands of men who have failed in business, yet are completely honest, and far more honest than some who have never suspended payment. It sometimes requires more moral courage to stop than to go on. So that we are to learn all the practical lessons, while at the same time we are to exercise largest leniency, and hope for honorable solution of things now inexplicable, and hold in mind that tremendous passage of Scripture, which critics of others are apt to forget: "Judge not, that ye be not judged; for with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

OUR MAIL-BAG.

If any of our readers who know of active, zealous Christian workers in their neighborhood who, without fee or reward, are devoting time and means to the service of Christ in rescuing the lost, uplifting the fallen, or befriending the sick and poor, would send us biographical sketches of such persons—men or women—we should be glad. The story of their work, showing their methods and the success which has attended them, might encourage other Christian people to undertake similar work in their cities. The sketch should be accompanied in every instance by a photograph of the person. Address Editor of Christian Workers' Department, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

Any reader of this journal knowing of a homeless little orphan girl, can procure her adoption into an excellent Christian family by addressing Fleming Evans, Dows, Wright Co., Iowa.

J. Gordon Leverette, Valdosta, Ga. In what part of the Bible do we find an account of Lucifer being hurled from heaven, and of fire raining down from heaven upon Elijah's offering?

The passages referred to are Isaiah 14: 12; II. Peter 2: 4; Jude 6, and I. Kings 18: 38. Milton in "Paradise Lost" has a sublime description of the fall of Lucifer, based upon the Scriptural passages.

Arthur Meachen, Minneapolis, Minn., in a letter commending the plan of publishing the lives of humble Christian workers, says:

I think it is an excellent idea and I trust that this matter may be often brought before the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I firmly believe that that is one of the principal reasons why THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has such an enormous circulation—because of its unselfish efforts on behalf of others it is like the widow's cruse of oil we read of in the Old Testament, ever giving, yet always with a plentiful supply.

Nemo, New York. What is meant by a profane person in Hebrews 12: 16?

The word is used in a similar sense when we speak of profane history, meaning secular. In calling Esau "a profane person," the writer of the Epistle intimates that he was not a man of any spirituality, but one who esteemed the good things of life, the things which give physical pleasure more valuable than immaterial and spiritual things. He mentions in illustration his parting with the privileges belonging to him as the eldest son for a bowl of soup. The lesson is that the man who cares more for the gratification of his bodily appetites than he does for the development of his spiritual nature, is a profane or non-spiritual person, who is unfit for Christ's kingdom.

B. B. G., Croton, N. Y. Is the Church in partnership with the liquor traffic?

The common idea of partnership is of one who derives a profit from a business and generally helps in the management. Probably there are some churches in which liquor dealers contribute to the funds, but we do not think that it is done to a sufficient extent to constitute the church a partner in the traffic. It would be difficult to measure the degree of complicity of the church in the matter. Probably if all its members acting in unison, exerted all the political power they have, in a combined attack, the liquor traffic might be suppressed or greatly restricted and therefore there is responsibility. No business man, however, would like his partner to act toward their business as the Church acts toward the liquor traffic. It discourages the traffic, denounces it and its influence is altogether on the side of temperance and sobriety.

Subscriber, Davenport, Iowa. 1. Who were the Moravians of whom we hear in missionary work? 2. How were Jesus and his disciples supported during Christ's ministry?

1. Their proper name is "The United Brethren," or "Unitas Fratrum," unity of the brethren. Moravia and Bohemia were among the first countries to have the Bible in the vernacular, and when those countries fell under the power of the Romish Church, there were a large number of Bible readers who resisted, and in 1415 their leader, John Huss, suffered martyrdom rather than yield to the papacy. Thus, more than half a century before Luther, the Reform movement commenced. The followers of Huss were persecuted, but increased in number until 1627, when Ferdinand II. slaughtered some and drove others into exile until the church was thought to be extinct. A few remained, however, and held secret meetings, and trained their children in the faith. A century afterward there was a great revival and a centre of work was established at Herrnhut in Saxony. Settlements were made in other lands and a missionary work commenced among the heathen, which has won the admiration of all Christendom. Their belief does not differ [illegible] terially from that of other evangelical denominations. 2. Probably the chief source of [illegible] come was the gifts of friends. Luke mentions (8: 3) certain women who contributed. It was common in those times for a Rabbi going about the country teaching to be entertained free by the chief people of the villages. We imagine that a very small sum would suffice for their wants.

J. M. L. Porter, North Ogden, Mich., writes:

The Bible assures us it rained forty days and forty nights when the flood came, positively declaring every hill and mountain under heaven was covered. Fifteen cubits above the tops of the highest mountains, did the waters prevail. Take the loftiest peak, Mount Everest, which is 29,003 feet above sea level, the 15 cubits which adds 330 feet more, we have the height of the waters, 29,333 feet above sea level. The waters swelled upward over seven hundred feet every twenty-four hours. At the end of the first two four hours the ark was over seven hundred feet above sea level. This gives us some idea how suddenly all chances for life were cut off. At the end of forty days, Noah and the great Ark were rolling on the bosom of the maddened waters at an altitude of 29,333 feet above sea level. To demonstrate the truthfulness of this Scriptural problem, when the waters subsided, the vessel landed on Ararat—15,[illegible] feet above sea level.

B. A. Parker, Lansing, Mich. Will a heathen person who has never heard of Christ be saved if he has lived a conscientious life, as far as his light went?

A slender ground for hope is given in Christ's words (Luke 12: 48.) It is, however, a clear duty to carry the Gospel to the heathen, and not to trust to any such possibility. There must be many among them, as there are among civilized nations, who are not living up to the light they have.

Minnie L. Brooks, Marion, Ill. What gave rise to the custom of burying the dead with the head toward the West?

Some quaint notion of the resurrection was probably the basis of the practice. A body buried, if raised to an erect position would face the East, which has always been regarded as the most honorable part of the compass, the place of the sun's rising, the place where Christ's star appeared and the place where the early Christians expected him to appear on return.

Henry Wood, Allentown Pa. What river is referred to as The River of Egypt in Joshua 15. 4?

Some commentators believe it to have been the Nile. But the Hebrew power did not extend over the desert. The Nile, may, however have been regarded as its political boundary. Others think that it referred to the Wady Arish, which runs through the Sinaitic Peninsula; and that is now becoming the general opinion.

Reader, Des Moines, Ia. Is there any explanation of the selection of Moses and Elias as the heavenly visitants on the Mount of Transfiguration?

It may be that Moses was sent as a representative of the law and Elijah as the representative of the prophets. The Jews so regarded them. Probably no historical personage not excepting David, were so venerated as they and therefore their appearance with Christ on the Mount would be most impressive as an endorsement of his person and mission.

Subscriber, Toronto, Can. Why does Faster Sunday come on different days in different years? How known on what day of the month Christ rose from the dead?

The crucifixion and resurrection of Christ were so closely associated with the celebration of the Jewish Passover in the minds of the early Christians that the anniversary was naturally simultaneous with that feast, and it has remained so. The date of the Passover is regulated by the moon, as the Jews reckoned by lunar months. The Passover was held at the first full moon after the spring equinox. Easter Sunday is, therefore, the Sunday following the first full moon after March 21. There is good reason for believing that Christ rose from the dead on April 9, A. D. 30.

Ida Bugbee, Milwaukee. Organization will shortly be perfected.——H. E. Sloan, Evalin, N.C. We do not the truth of the clipping you sent. It is probably an exaggeration.——C.B.R., Mount Hope Ala. "Selah" is a word indicating a pause in music.—— Mrs. Perry, Sault Ste Marie, Mich. For full information write to Edison Co., 110 5th Ave., New York.—— W. Roper, New York City. It is from Laurence Sterne's writings.——Marion J. McCollen, Gordonsville, Ky. Write to Librarian, Astor Library, New York.——Wm. E. Ashe, Farnham Centre. We do not know the concern.——Mrs. B. F. McDonald, Children Write to Recruiting Bureau, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.——A. W. Wilson, Defiance, O. If cannot do otherwise, it is justifiable as a work of necessity.——Mrs. B. Both, Port Allegany, Pa. 1. It a delusion and a snare. 2. It means that we must place our love for him and his work above all other. 3. He spoke in the spiritual sense only.—— Mrs. Jessie W. Smith, Texarkana, Ark. Dr. T. mage is a Presbyterian.—— Mrs. E. C. S., Chicopee Mass. You have been misinformed.—— P.W. Appleby, Slaughter, La. No; "property owner" in the customary legal sense, refers to real estate only.—— Ebenezer Haynes, Rushford, N. Y. Gen. Booth is in England.——Mabel Clarkson, Sharpsville, Mich. Y. to both questions.——Back numbers of this journal and other suitable religious literature for Sabbath School purposes may be sent to Alexander Hartwell, Oxford, Pa.——Subscriber, Sparta, N. J., 1. Y. the offer still holds good. 2. It is not known whether he was or not, but probably not.——Portland C. Portland, Me. By sending a new subscriber and the new subscriber will receive the paper and the Bible.——Subscriber, Auburn, N.Y. No; the special offer for new subscribers, who had never before been on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S list.——S. Clara Adolph, Wallace, Kans. He would be regarded as an old subscriber.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A BELEAGURED GARRISON.

DETAILS of a desperate fight on the West coast of Africa come by the recent mails. It appears that the Royal Niger Trading Company has a station at Akassa, where the River Niger runs into the Gulf of Guinea. The place is used by the company for the reception of products from the interior and they are stored there to await the arrival of steamers to carry them to European ports. Across the Bay in the Brass country the natives are hostile and recently, since imperative orders have been issued by the company that no liquor shall be sold to them, they have come in their canoes around Akassa at night to obtain it secretly. Early this year the employees of the company seized some canoes engaged in this traffic and the Brassmen threatened retaliation. They were not feared, however, as there was a machine-gun at Akassa. The forces of the company were needed up the country at Lokoja and Ibi and they were withdrawn from Akassa, leaving that station in charge of eight Europeans and about seventy native clerks. The Brassmen discovered this fact and one morning attacked the station in force. Not less than fifteen hundred men, the majority armed with Enfield rifles, swarmed around the station. The machine-gun was brought into operation, but proved useless, the breech being blown off after it had been fired a few times. Two of the Europeans were at once dispatched up the country for assistance. The others barricaded the lower floor and took refuge in an upper story, from the veranda of which they maintained a fire on the assailants, until the rain of shots drove them under cover. One of the Europeans, a Mr. Wise, who managed the printing department of the company's business, was captured by the Brassmen and carried off a prisoner to Nibi. It was subsequently learned that he was cruelly tortured and afterward beheaded. The Brassmen broke into the ground floor of the station after the little garrison retreated from the veranda but were unable to penetrate to the upper floor. They fired several shots through the ceiling at random, seriously wounding one of the Europeans. They then devoted their time to looting the stores. All the goods were carried away in canoes, this work continuing until nightfall. Early the next morning the arrival of a steamer and a force brought by the messengers, prevented a renewal of the attack. Two other steamers arrived some days later, and fully the Europeans retaliated by an attack on the Brassmen at Nimbi, killing the people and burning their village. The whole story is sickening in its cruelty on both sides. The white men did not torture their prisoners, as the blacks did, but they showed barbarity in executing vengeance which proved them to be savage in their nature. It is obvious that the blacks would not be made more gentle by such civilization as the whites possessed and that what both needed was the religion of Christ which alone can change the nature. (Gal. 5:22,23.)

The Use of the Chronoscope.

A machine to measure the rapidity of mental operations was recently exhibited at the University of the City of New York, and, if it answers the tests applied to it, will be brought into use in the School of Pedagogy. It consists of a pendulum so adjusted that it will swing over a given arc in exactly a second. A band of metal runs from one end of the arc to the other, bearing a scale divided into a thousand parts. Swinging from a centre, exactly coincident with that of the pendulum, is a pointer, which by a curved bar and light spring connects with a button, so that when the button is pressed, the pointer clips the scale and remains stationary. A third part of the apparatus is a small shutter connected with the pendulum, which opens and closes at a certain point of the pendulum's course. A silk curtain conceals every part of the apparatus except the button and the shutter. A pupil being set before the instrument, is told to keep his eyes on the shutter, and when he sees any given color appear there, to press the button. A revolving disk brings the color to the back of the shutter, and when the action of the pendulum opens the shutter and reveals the color, the button is pressed, the pointer clips the scale, and marks the exact instant when the pupil has acted on his perception. The distance of that spot from the one at which the pendulum is when it opens the shutter, shows the time occupied by the pupil's brain in turning his perception into action, and consequently the dullness or brightness of his mental operations in all matters. It thus measures the speed of thought. The inventor contends that his instrument will show that the difference between the speed of thought in different children is much greater than is supposed. He insists that if two children accidentally touch a hot iron, one will draw away his finger much more quickly than the other, and that it will be a distinct gain to the teacher to know what each pupil's rate of thought is. It is not surprising that it is necessary in such a case, in measuring the interval between perception and action, to have an instrument indicating the thousandth part of a second; but in spiritual matters no such nicety is required. Months and even years often intervene between the time when a person perceives his spiritual danger and the means of escaping it and the time when he puts his perception into practice. (Heb. 3: 13.)

REPELLING THE BRASSMEN AT AKASSA, WESTERN AFRICA.

A Clever Counterfeit.

A gang of skilful counterfeiters have discovered a sure means of defrauding the public. Press dispatches from Omaha, Neb., say that the National Bank of that city have received from customers several ten-dollar bills which they declare to be forgeries. The plan of the counterfeiters is based on the discovery of some chemical which will remove the printing from a greenback. Hitherto it was supposed that the character of the fibre in the greenback paper rendered the ink indelible. The counterfeiters operate on one-dollar bills, removing the word "one," or the figure, wherever it appears, and substituting "ten." To the teller of a bank, or to any careful, observant person, the fraudulent character of the bill is apparent at a glance, as the portrait of neither Stanton nor Martha Washington is ever printed on a ten-dollar bill. The counterfeits bear one of these portraits, as the swindlers appear to have thought it safer to retain the original portraits on the one-dollar bills they operate on, than to attempt to print the proper portraits of the ten-dollar bills. It will be well, therefore, for persons to whom ten-dollar bills are paid, to see not only that the denomination is correct, but that it bears the proper portrait. Perhaps the same principle might be advantageously used in the discrimination of character. However loud and unctuous a profession may be, it is not reliable if the man's life and conversation do not bear the image of Christ. (1 Cor. 15: 49.)

A Life Sentence.

The surprising news comes from Staunton, Va., that a citizen of that State has been sentenced to imprisonment for life for a comparatively trivial offence. He was detected by a grocer of the town in the act of stealing a piece of bacon valued at less than forty cents. He was arraigned on the charge and pleaded guilty. He was a poor, miserable creature, a carpenter by trade and an habitual drunkard. Evidence was brought to show that he had been repeatedly sentenced to short terms of imprisonment for petty thefts, and that whenever he was out of the almshouse or prison, his one aim was to get drunk, and if he could not get the necessary funds in any other way, he would steal. The judge availing himself of a law on the State statute books relating to habitual criminals, sentenced the prisoner to imprisonment for life. The prisoner's counsel contended that it was an outrage to give a life sentence for stealing forty cents worth of goods, but the judge showed he had the right by law to pronounce the sentence. An attempt is to be made to reverse the sentence on the ground that the provisions of the law come within the category of "cruel and unusual punishments," prohibited by the constitution. The makers of the law appear to have proceeded on a principle, often forgotten by men who argue that eternal punishment is inconsistent with God's character as a God of love, the principle that persistence in wrongdoing is an indication of character which mercy cannot reform. (Heb. 10: 27.)

Prayers in Pads.

In the course of a suit now pending in the Surrogate's Court in New York, a curious instance of superstition was described. The will in dispute was that of a recently deceased lady who had, according to the evidence of her relatives, given signs of being of unsound mind. The strongest proof of her insanity in the opinion of the relative doubtless was that she had left her money to various institutions instead of to them; but they mentioned other eccentricities of a peculiar character. Among these was the fact that she always wore a number of pads on her body, each being labeled and numbered, so that she could be sure in putting them on, to which part of her body each belonged. After her death the pads were opened and were found to contain strips of paper on each of which, written in German, was a prayer to God to relieve her of the aches and pains in the part of her body on which that particular pad was worn. This was using prayer much as the African uses his fetich and as superstitious people among us use charms. No rational, sensible person would expect to derive any benefit from a pad because of a prayer being in it. But the delusion differs only in degree from the delusion of that numerous class who think that church membership and an observance of the ordinances will relieve them of the suffering entailed by a sinful life, which only regeneration can avert. (John 3: 3.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. Talmage Preached Twice in New York last Sunday and on April 7. Last Sunday he preached in the afternoon at the Academy of Music and in the evening at the West Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Paxton was pastor. On the previous Sunday, after the usual afternoon service at the Academy of Music, he preached to an enormous audience at the Carnegie Music Hall. Dr. Talmage asks the prayers of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for God's blessing on these services to the large number of persons attending them, who are not in the habit of going to any place of worship.

An English Saloon-keeper has Recently won a suit for libel against a Baptist minister who denounced his traffic. The damages were $375, and the minister is now carrying the case to a higher court.

The Young Woman's Training School, at East Northfield, Mass., held its commencement exercises last week. There are now seventy-one students enrolled; and of the graduates, one goes to Mr. Moody's Institute in Chicago, one to the foreign mission field, and two become pastors' helpers, while the rest return to their homes or go elsewhere for more complete education.

Evangelist Thomas Harrison Began a campaign at Millville, N. J., after the conclusion of his work at Bridgeton. The "Daily Pioneer" reports wonderful services. From Newport, Mauricetown, Leesburg, Port Elizabeth, Vineland and other towns the people flocked to hear the famous Evangelist and the services were continued from week to week beyond the expectation of the churches. Many conversions are reported.

Ex.-U. S. Consul John L. Waller, whom the French officers in Madagascar have condemned to twenty years imprisonment, is forty-five years old. He was born a slave, and lived at Madrid, Mo., until the war broke out. He subsequently lived at Topeka, Kans., until President Harrison appointed him U. S. Consul at Tamatave, Madagascar. The Queen and her ministers had a great respect for him, and his friendship with them has involved him in trouble with the French.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has been holding successful union services at Montgomery, Ala. On March 31, the Montgomery "Daily Advertiser" says there were over three thousand persons at the meeting and almost as large an audience was present on the following evening. About five hundred persons rose to ask for prayer and 110 made confession of Christ as the result of the services.

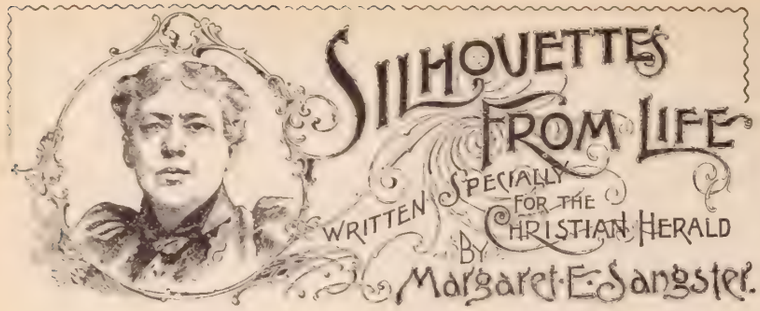
The Muskogee Mission School in the Indian Territory, under the care of the Presbyterian Church, has developed into a college, and receives the name of "Henry Kendall College," after the well known, highly honored man, who was for so long Secretary of the Home Mission Board.

The New York Bible and Fruit Mission in East Twenty-sixth street, has applied to the Supreme Court for permission to change its name to The Manhattan East Side Mission. It is doing a good work among the discharged prisoners, who are landed from Blackwell's Islands near the Mission's rooms.

The Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church reports total receipts of eleven months of $616,019, against $505,777 for the corresponding period of last year. This gain of $111,000, includes nearly $43,000 in the woman's executive committee and $88,500 in legacies. Receipts from the churches have fallen off $15,763.

A Christian Widow of New Orleans Asks the assistance of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in finding her two sons, or of obtaining tidings of them. Their names are Gus Webber aged thirty one, and Oeta Webber aged twenty-eight. They left their home thirteen years ago. Information to be sent to Fanny Webber, 1814 Second street, New Orleans, La.

An Effort is being Made to Commence a work among Hungarians in New York. At a recent meeting of the New York Presbytery, the Rev. John B. Devins reported that there are forty thousand in the city, divided among Jews, Roman Catholics and Protestants. Five thousand are nominally Protestant, and desire to hear the Gospel in their native tongue. As there is no Protestant service in Magyar, some of them attend the Roman Catholic church where there is preaching in that language. A Protestant minister who can preach in Magyar is now to be engaged and services held in Hope Chapel.



IN THE CLOUDY DAY.

"GOOD-NIGHT, Rob, old fellow!" "Good-night, Jack! I'll see you to-morrow. Now I must make a bee line for Bess and the babies!"

The two young men separated at the corner in Newspaper Row, where the two tall buildings occupied by two great daily journals tower up many stories high. One of them is crowned by a glittering gilded dome. Both are magnificent structures, and between them is a narrow street, steep and generally crowded, and this has been called by a wit, "The Cave of the Winds," for the winds riot here, even in summer.

One man, Jack, crossed to Brooklyn by the bridge, Rob took the Roosevelt Street Ferry, and so went plunging at a great pace through the Cave of the Winds, his mind intent on Bess and the boys, two chubby, rosy darlings, and on the supper that awaited him. His salary had been raised to-day; Bessie would be so glad. She would laugh like the sweet girl she was, put th arms around his neck; he thrilled already at the thought of his wife's kiss. Jack Robbins was a very happy man.

A tug at his coat! A voice in his ear, a hoarse, pleading voice. A wild face, eager and unshaven, and these the words:

"Oh! for the love of God, come home with me. My baby's dead. We've neither food nor fire. For the love of God, man, come and see for yourself. The baby's dead, dead I say!"

Jack had his week's earnings in his breast pocket, his long ulster buttoned over them. It is natural for the respectable citizen to hesitate, when appealed to in the gathering dusk, by a ragged and tramp-like being, who lives in the slums. But Jack was a brave man, and furthermore, he had learned that there are perils elsewhere than in the slums. If the poor fellow had lost his baby, and was in such straits as he represented, it was somebody's duty to help him. If he got into a den, he would trust to his athletic muscles to help him out.

So, into Cherry street, and down an alley, in the darkest part, to a tall rear tenement, went Jack and his companion. Tenement doors are never locked. The two men went unhindered into a little black entry, and up four flights of narrow, slippery stairs. Then Jack's new friend,—for the impulse to help makes one dismiss the thought of strangers from one's mind,—Jack's new friend opened his own door.

The barest back room you ever saw, lighted dimly by one kerosene lamp. On a pine-table, with a sheet over it, the poor little form of a baby, clothed only with one scanty garment, its waxen hands crossed, its flaxen hair clinging to its transparent forehead, its long-lashed eyes shut. A baby that had died for want of proper nourishment, in the great, gay, rich city of New York, in the year of our Lord, 1895.

Rocking herself to and fro was the baby's mother, an image of woe. The stony grief in her tearless eyes stabbed Jack to the very heart.

"Madeline," said the woman's husband, "I have brought somebody who will help us."

Jack Robbins started at the tone. It had a familiar cadence. Where and when had he last seen this man, heard this voice. It was the voice of an educated man. The tramp, for such he looked, was a gentleman. But tramps do not give hostages to fortune, in the shape of homes, wives, and children. Elbridge Stanton was desperately poor, and unfortunate, and he was, though reduced to beggary, neither a drunkard nor a thief; he was, for all his terrible case, a perfectly respectable citizen still, just as Jack was.

Suddenly Jack remembered all about it.

"Elbridge, for the sake of all that is good and holy, tell me how you came here; how you have sunk into such dire penury and want? Great Scott, man, the class of '89 would have helped you if they had known your need."

When last these two had met, Elbridge had been stroke oar in the college crew, and Jack its captain. Elbridge's father had then been wealthy. By a succession of misfortunes the wealth had been lost. The father was dead. Elbridge had married, and for many months had been out of work. A man out of work, with nobody to back him, grows despairingly morbid. The whole world apparently combines to keep him out. A man who neither drinks nor gambles, nor wastes money on any self-indulgence, such as smoking, may spend months, and walk his shoes off his feet, looking in vain for work in a great busy town. To such a man suicide sometimes beckons alluringly, when God and his fellows seem to have forgotten him altogether.

Elbridge had not known Jack Robbins when he spoke to him. Not until everything, to the wife's wedding ring, was pawned, and the baby's last gasp had flickered out like a spent candle, had he gone forth, a poor hunted creature, to beg from any stranger. He had gone, but God had sent him, and God had guided him to Jack, his old class-mate and chum.

"How Providential it is," said Bessie that night, when she and Jack were lingering over the delayed supper, "How Providential that your salary has been raised. We can help Elbridge and Madeline, and get them on their feet, and the Lord must have meant just that, for really, dear husband, we had enough before. I think more money means more responsibility, more to answer for to God, how we spend it or what we save it for, but our way is perfectly plain and clear now. We will go right over to-night, and bring the poor things home."

"To-night, my darling?"

"Yes, Jack, why not? We can take a carriage. From what you say, they must need everything, and I think, they'll sleep better in one of our beds, than in that wretched place. And the poor little baby, we must have it laid away in our plot. God sent you down that dreadful street, Jack dear, and, you know the verse we read together this morning, and how we puzzled over its special message to us, to-day. Now, I see it, and we must obey the voice, "The King's business requireth haste!"

If this were fiction, you might think it overwrought. But it is true. Stranger true things occur every day of our lives, than anything ever woven by the fancy of the story-teller. Our brother at our side, faints and perishes with hunger, our next neighbor dies of hope deferred. Our Master sitting in the heavens, still says, "The poor ye have always with you," and "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my servants, ye did it unto me."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

MRS. JAMAL'S WORK COMMENDED.

Since the notice of Mrs. Jamal's excellent Christian work among the untaught Syrian girls of Jerusalem appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a number of friends have written to this office sending contributions in aid of the training-class. Mrs. Jamal writes that the class now consists of fourteen girls who are doing very well. Five others have applied for admission to the class, but the funds at Mrs. Jamal's disposal prevent its present enlargement.

Among many prominent ladies who have visited the training class and are familiar with Mrs. Jamal's work, are the wife of Rt. Rev. Bishop Blyth, of Jerusalem; Mrs. E. S. Wallace, wife of the United States Consul at Jerusalem, and Miss Annie Way, of the Bishop's Mission house in that city. The first-named lady writes:

"The Bishop has always felt great sympathy in this effort, made by an Arab lady on behalf of her own countrywomen, and thinks it deserving of every help and encouragement."

Mrs. Wallace writes, "speaking from a personal knowledge of Mrs. Jamal's class, I can only say it is a good work and worthy of assistance."

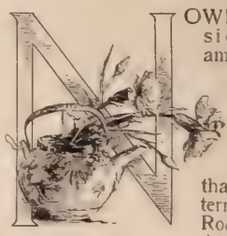
A SHRINE IN A STABLE.

Bishop C. B. Galloway writing of his recent tour in India, gives this interesting description of a visit to the stables of the Maharajah of Jeypore: "A visit to the royal stables disclosed something of the grandeur in which an Oriental sovereign can live when he has a chance. There were three hundred horses, and each horse had a separate groom. Each horse was tied with three ropes—one around his neck to a ring, and around each hind foot to a small post ten or fifteen feet off. These posts were of white marble, and the trough in each stall was also trimmed with marble. In these stables was a little Hindu shrine for the accommodation of the three hundred horsemen, who may pay their daily vows to the gods and ask good luck upon the steeds committed to their care. The other quarters, where the one hundred royal elephants are kept, we failed to see."

MISSION TENT AND WAGON OF THE PACIFIC GOSPEL UNION, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A Gospel Wagon Service.

The Pacific Gospel Union Mission Los Angeles and its Work among t Homeless.



NOWHERE is n sionary wo among the ho less and une ployed n conduct with more gressive a results than in the g territory west of Rocky Mountai At different cen of population, where the hard times h been most severely felt, missions h sprung up, and, under the energetic m agement of consecrated men and wo are doing a world of good among that v large class, who, but for the helping h extended to them lovingly by gener Christian friends, would ultimately drift to the ranks of the outcast or the crimin

In Los Angeles, a noble work is be done by the Pacific Gospel Union, wh Mission Hall at 323 East Second stree the rallying point of the homeless and he less in that rapidly growing city. building contains a large and comfort dormitory, a spacious meeting hall chapel, a commodious and tractive reading-room and dining-room capable of s ing a considerable numbe guests. The meetings well attended, and the s itual results are such as to ford the highest encour ment; many men now ha and prosperous, dating t conversion from the time t became visitors there. Du the past season the Mis has furnished over 12,000 meals to the needy, clot 455 persons, and distrib 415 Bibles and other relig literature. In the same 197 persons have confe Christ and are now wall as saved men. For those are unable to pay, a free per is furnished every even and on Wednesday, Satur and Sunday mornings, a breakfast.

One of the features of Mission is a Gospel wagon which services are held at ferent points, and it has p ed a blessed adjunct to work. The wagon and of the Mission (the latter joining the Mission Hall) shown in the illustration this page. Evangelist C Mason is the Mission Superintendent, he has a corps of loyal Christian a tants. Among those who render valu aid in the work are: Revs. E. E. P. bott, A. P. Brown, and J. J. Findlay, Clara Yall Morse, Edward Kay, Fran Cressey, and Dr. J. T. Price. The sion has the sympathy and support of best people in Los Angeles and vic and its work is regarded as one of the valuable that could have been underta for the moral and spiritual welfare of community.

EGGS AND EASTER.

The use of eggs on Easter Day (so times called Pasche or paste eggs), is a ancient custom. By the Egyptians were held as a sacred emblem of the vation of mankind after the Deluge. Jews adopted them to suit the circums ces of their history as a type of their parture from the land of Egypt. were also used in the feast of the Passo Hyde, in his description of Oriental sp tells of one with eggs among the Christ of Mesopotamia on Easter Day, and days afterward: "The sport consist striking their eggs one against the ot and the egg that first breaks is taker the owner of the one that struck it. Im diately another egg is pitted against winning egg, and so on till the last wins all the others, which their respec owners shall before have won." A sim sport is observed in some European co tries where Easter eggs are "rolled u the green" against each other till broke

NEW BOOKS.

THE NEW DICTIONARY.

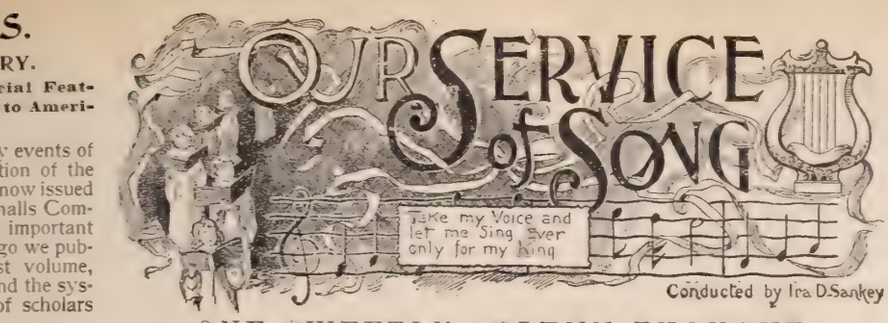
The Characteristics and Special Features of the Newest Addition to America's Standard Works.

AMONG the chief literary events of the year, the completion of the Standard Dictionary, now issued by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, occupies an important place. About a year ago we published a notice of the first volume, with some account of its plan and the system adopted by the large corps of scholars at work upon it. The second volume, which completes the work, is fully equal to the first in its copious vocabulary and typographical beauty. Perhaps there are few people who realize how enormous are the labor and expense involved in the making of a really comprehensive dictionary. The publishers say that the Standard has cost over $960,000, and that 247 eminent specialists have been working upon it since it was commenced five years ago. The result is a work which justifies the name of "Standard" in its full significance.

The first characteristic that impresses the ordinary person who uses the dictionary is likely to be the enormous number of words in the English language. The Standard contains and classifies over three hundred thousand. When it is remembered that Worcester's dictionary contains only 105,000, it will be realized that not only has the language grown in the interval since the publication of Worcester's, but that the editors of the Standard must have been very industrious in collecting the new words and the cognate words generally omitted in other dictionaries. Of course, a large part of the added words are scientific terms and technical words which have been coined to characterize new inventions and new discoveries. Such words as "Linotype," the name of a newly-invented machine for setting type, and the host of words brought into existence by the development in the application of electricity, form an entirely new field of research. Besides these, there is scarcely a department of study that has not had the effort to attain greater precision added some new words to its vocabulary. Even geology, which is popularly supposed to be the most stationary of all sciences, has found it necessary to add the word "erranite," and some others to its list, not always with the satisfaction of its conservative professors. The editors have not been satisfied with a general definition of these terms, but have obtained from specialists, and have recorded, the full and exact meaning which the words are intended to convey. This renders the Standard so exceedingly valuable, because it is these unfamiliar words, appearing up unexpectedly in the newspaper or in a book, that send the reader to his dictionary to learn their meaning. Care has been taken to meet the wants of all classes, so that the dictionary may be a friend to the learned man who does not know the meaning of "craps," nor what a "pantata" is, and the unlearned man who has no idea what is meant by hecastotheism, nor what to find of an instrument is the "heliochromotrope." The dictionary-maker, as a rule, has heretofore been somewhat niggardly in imparting his information, giving sometimes synonyms instead of explanation, and tantalizing the person who consults him by an apparent definition which leaves him as ignorant as he was before. The editors of the Standard deserve the public thanks for pursuing a more generous system. They not only give the simplest explanation possible in popular terms, often with pictorial illustration, but they suggest, by what in an index would be called cross references, where and under what headings the seeker may obtain further information on the same subject. In this way the dictionary has become a species of encyclopædia, in which fulness and brevity are combined with extraordinary intelligence and a perception of the purposes for which people commonly consult a dictionary. This encyclopædic information has made the dictionary something which no one ever supposed a dictionary could be—a volume that might be read with interest.

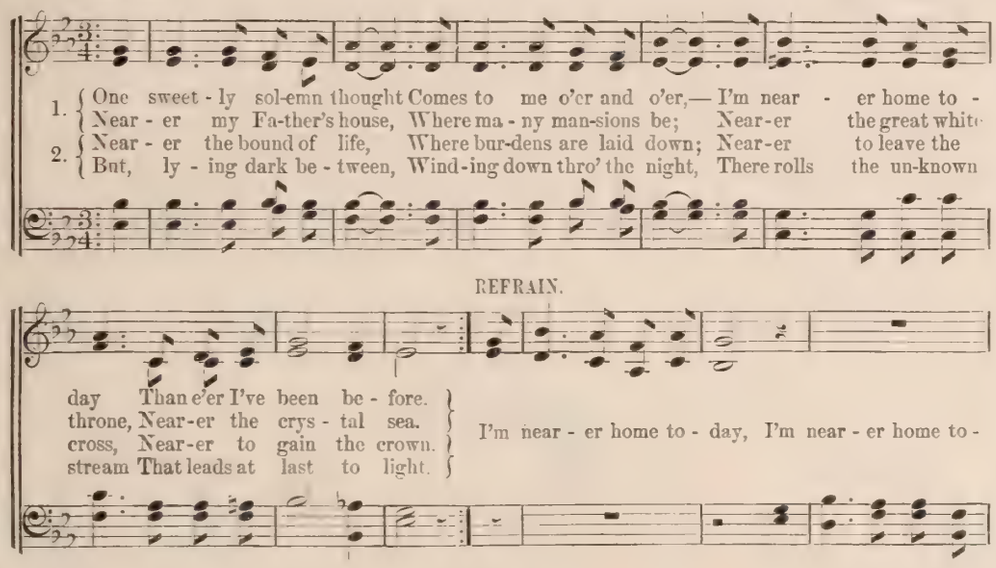
The critical feature of a dictionary, however, must be the spelling of the words. The editors in this matter had to sail between Scylla and Charybdis. The conservatives, on the one hand, who like to write "honour," "labour," "favour," &c., and the progressives, on the other, who want to rob us of the final "me" in "programme," and "ue" in "catalogue," would be sure the one or the other of them to denounce the dictionary-maker as an iconoclast or a fossil. He might take his choice, but he could not please both parties. The Standard takes generally a moderate course, and while remedying some of the most glaring anomalies, does not attempt to introduce phonetic novelties which are offensive to the eye. We are sorry to see the words "sulfur," "esthetics," "fetus," "bromin," "quinin," and a few others preferred in their unfamiliar style, and there really seemed no need for the change, but on the whole there are fewer innovations than might have been expected. The unstinted praise the Standard has received from the English Universities and the leading newspapers on that side the Atlantic is a proof that the editors have not taken unwarrantable liberties with the language which is the common property of the two nations.

The value of the dictionary is enhanced by a copious appendix, which is a most useful part of the book, and will be often consulted. In this is a list of proper names which occur in Bibliology, history, mythology, geography, and fiction, with the pen-names adopted by authors of repute. Also a glossary of foreign words and phrases, a list of arbitrary signs used in scientific treatises, in commerce, and typography, and what will specially interest young people at a period of their lives when their interest is assuming a concentrated form—a list of the poetical and symbolical significances of flowers and gems.



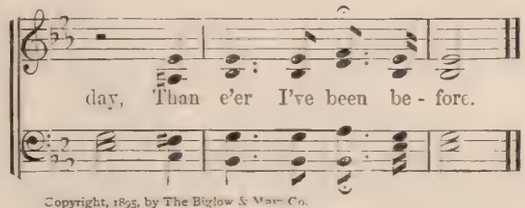
ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

PHŒBE CARY. GEO. B. NEVIN.


1. One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,— I'm near - er home to -
Near - er my Fa-ther's house, Where ma - ny man-sions be; Near-er the great white
2. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur-dens are laid down; Near-er to leave the
But, ly - ing dark be - tween, Wind-ing down thro' the night, There rolls the un-known

REFRAIN.

day Than e'er I've been be - fore.
throne, Near-er the crys - tal sea.
cross, Near-er to gain the crown.
stream That leads at last to light.
I'm near - er home to - day, I'm near - er home to -



3 E'en now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I am nearer home
Nearer than now I think.
Father, perfect my trust,
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand alone
Upon the shore of death.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Buried Alive: An examination into the occult causes of apparent death, trance and catalepsy, by Franz Hartmann, M. D. Pp. 147; published by S. J. Parkhill & Co., Boston, Mass.

A Standard Dictionary of the English Language, upon original plans. This is the second volume M to Z. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, London and Toronto, publishers.

Municipal Reform Movements in the United States, by William Howe Tolman, Ph.D.; with an introductory chapter by Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D. Pp. 219; price $1. A book of inestimable value to the Christian citizen, who wants to help in purifying his city. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., 112 Fifth Ave., New York.

After the Thousand Years: The Glorious Reign of Christ After the Millennium, by George F. Trench, B.A. Pp. 120. A new work on Prophecy, presenting many new and original ideas. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., 112 Fifth Ave., New York.

Essential Christianity: A Series of Explanatory Sermons, by Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M. A. Pp. 287; price $1.25. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., 112 Fifth Ave., New York.

Demon Possession and Allied Themes: An Inductive Study of Phenomena of Our Times. By Rev. John L. Nevius, D.D. Pp. 482; price $1.50. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., 112 Fifth Ave., New York.

The World's Physician: Five Hundred Testimonials of Divine Healing in Answer to Prayer through the Ages, by Elder H. H. Spiher. Pp. 343; price $1.25. Published by the author, 2929 Montgomery St., St. Louis, Mo.

A Promise Fulfilled; by Rev. A. B. Earle, D.D. The record in brief of 64 years experience of revival work. A book that will be a comfort to many readers. Pp. 138, cloth covers, price 30c. James A. Earle, Boston, publisher.

The United Church of the United States, by Charles Woodruff Shield, Professor in Princeton University. A work written in furtherance of the Christian Unity idea, and of special interest as showing one of the most important tendencies of the times. Pp. 285, cloth binding, price $2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

The Building of a Nation. The growth, present condition and resources of the United States, with a forecast of the future; by Henry Gannett, illustrated, pp. 252, cloth binding, illuminated cover. Henry B. Thomas Co., New York, publishers.

The book of Ezekiel: by Rev. John Skinner, M. A., of London. A continuation of the Expositor's Bible Series. A comprehensive and intelligent study of the prophet's call, career and prophecies, pp. 499, cloth binding, price $1.50. A. C. Armstrong and Son, New York, publishers.

THE TRIBULATION.

Antichrist's Rule to be a Period of Bitter Persecution of Christians.

BY A MASTER OF ARTS.*

IN the book of Daniel, in the discourses of Christ and in the apocalypse of John there are predictions of a time of persecution to come in the last days. As we are now on the threshold of that period, we shall be wise to examine these prophecies that we may understand the things which must shortly come to pass. The predictions will be found in Daniel 7: 24, 25; 12: 1, 10, 11; Matt. 24: 21-43; Rev. 11: 7-10; 12: 6; 13: 5-8.

Let us apprehend and realize the idea, thus clearly brought before us, that, sheltered as the Church has been from persecution for many years, yet a persecution awaits the Church before the end, fiercer and more perilous than any which occurred at its first rise.

Further, this persecution is to be attended with the cessation of all Christian worship. The early Fathers maintain (as St. Augustine stated) that Antichrist will suppress for three years and a half all worship of the true God.

And further, we are told: "They shall place the abomination that maketh desolate,"—they shall "set it up." Our Saviour declares the same. In the typical fulfilment of this prophecy, it has been the introduction of heathen idols into God's house.

Moreover the reign of Antichrist will be supported, it would appear, with a display of miracles, such as the magicians of Egypt effected against Moses. On this subject we wait for a fuller explanation of the prophetical language, such as the event alone can give us. So far, however, is clear, that whether real miracles or not, whether pretended, or the result, as some have conjectured, of discoveries in physical science, they will produce the same effect as if they were real, viz., the overpowering the imaginations of such as have not the love of God deeply lodged in their hearts,—of all but the elect. Scripture is remarkably precise and consistent in this prediction, "Signs and wonders," says our Lord, "insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect." (Matt. 24: 22). And St. John: "He doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men." (Rev. 13: 13, 14.)

In these four respects, then, not to look for others, will the last persecution be more awful than any of the earlier ones: first, in its being in itself fiercer and more horrible; second, in its being attended by a cessation of the ordinances of grace; third, by an open and blasphemous establishment of infidelity, or some such enormity, in the holiest recesses of the Church; and four in being supported by a power of working miracles. Well is it for Christians that the days shall be shortened!—shortened for the elect's sake, lest they should be overwhelmed,—shortened, as it would seem, to three years and a half.

It is quite certain, that if a persecution has been foretold, it has not yet come, and therefore is to come, as has been the common belief, I may say, of all ages. So that every generation of Christians should be on the watch-tower, looking out,—nay, the more and more as time goes on.

Next, I observe that signs do occur from time to time to show us it is coming. The world grows old—the earth is crumbling away—the night is far spent—the day is at hand. The shadows begin to move—the old forms of empire which have lasted ever since Christ was with us, heave and tremble before our eyes, and nod to their fall. When they go, Antichrist will be released from that which letteth, and will become the head of the countries of the ancient Roman empire, and after his short but fearful season, Christ will personally descend on this earth to commence his reign.

* From his article in the March number of the *Prophetic News*, edited by Rev. M. Baxter. May be obtained, price six cents, of J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.

COMMUNION.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing April 28. John 14: 18-23.

WHAT is the secret of personal influence? How does the society of one person affect another? We know by experience that, apart from argument and conversation, a man is affected by the company he keeps. It is not so much in his opinions on certain subjects being changed, nor in his being convinced intellectually of the truth or falsity of certain theories or doctrines, as that the man himself is changed. Every man carries with him a moral atmosphere which is impregnated with the emanations of his inner life. Companionship and intimate association involve the influence of this moral atmosphere, and this influence would be felt even if the one person could not understand the language of the other. It operates for good and for evil. No man can be frequently in the society of good people, without becoming better, and no man can be familiar with bad people without becoming worse by the contact. The effect is increased and intensified by conversation, but it exists below the conversation, in the personal influence, the secret of which we do not understand. It is this personal influence which Christ uses to redeem men, in the highest sense of the word. He would have men in contact with himself. Christianity as a mere theological system, as a set of doctrines, cannot do much for a man. Even the threat of eternal punishment, or the prospect of eternal bliss cannot change a man's nature. His conduct may be affected by the prospect, but his nature is untouched. We have seen some children of irreproachable behavior whose faces indicate the probability of a future of crime and vice. Strict and severe parental training enforces good conduct, but the evil in their natures is only restrained and will break out when the restraint is removed. That is what the Apostle meant by speaking of "what the law could not do." "Thou shalt not, thou shalt not," could never produce the highest style of man. The man has not reached his highest development until he says of those things which are forbidden to him, "I would not do them even if I might, even if there were no prohibition and no evil consequences to follow." When a man has reached that stage, he is in a condition to enjoy heaven, and until he has reached it, he would be uncomfortable there. It is this deliberate choice of the good and the love of it, that God has been trying to produce in man. He does it, in our dispensation, by the power of Christ. He was in Christ reconciling the world to himself. It was not Christ's teaching, profound and philosophical as it was, that made Christianity the power which survived persecution and transforms men to this day. It was himself, [illegible] that gave it life. "I see it," the convert sometimes [illegible] when the doctrine of the Atonement is explained to him. He rejoices, but he often falls away into a worldly life afterward, and declares there is nothing in religion. But if his intellectual apprehension of the doctrine be followed by a contact with Christ, if he enters into companionship with him, which we call the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, he never falls away, and [illegible]

power of Christianity. As the man who loves a pure, good, refined woman, whether she be mother, sister, or wife, and spends much of his time in her society, is disgusted, shocked and repelled by foul words, or vicious suggestions, so the man who has been within the sphere of Christ's influence hates all evil and hungers for righteousness. Even if that mother, sister or wife be far away on the other side of the world, or have passed into the unseen world, her influence is not extinct; and Christ's influence is infinitely more potent. We make a great mystery of the Holy Spirit, but there are plenty of our personal experiences that should make it comprehensible. But whatever difficulty there may be in understanding it, there is none in the experience. Christ's words have been fulfilled to thousands: "Ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you. Because I live, ye shall live also."

LEADERS IN THE BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION.

REV. HENRY W. REED. MR. WALTER E. GILLESPIE. REV. B. L. HERR.

✠

LEADERS OF THE B. Y. P. U.

On this page are three portraits which will be welcome to our friends of the Baptist Young People's Union. The success of the movement and the vast influence it is attaining on the young people who in a few years will take their place in the van of the denomination, are largely due to the devotion and earnest efforts of men like those whose portraits we give, who in all parts of the country are consecrating time and talent to the cause.

Rev. Henry W. Reed who is now pastor of a Baptist Church at Waukeegan, Ill., is a native of New York and is forty years of age. He was converted in early ly life, and, on attaining his majority, determined to give his life to the service of God in the ministry. He studied at Colgate University and took a supplementary course in Union Theological Seminary. He labored successfully in two charges before settling in his present pastorate. One of these was at Wyoming, N. Y., and the other at Belvidere, Ill., in both of which his work amoung young people especially was blessed of God. He has now entered on his fifth year at Waukeegan, where the church is enjoying a wonderful season of prosperity under his ministry. Mr. Reed has been prominent in B. Y. P. U work from the beginning, and he is now a member of the Executive Committee of the National Council.

The B. Y. P. U. can use laymen as well as ministers and Mr. Walter E. Gillespie whose portrait is in the centre of the trio, is a conspicuous illustration of the fact. Mr. Gillespie is a Baptist by descent as well as by principle and conviction. He can boast of Baptist ancestry to several generations and one of his ancestors stood the test of being disinherited rather than abjure his faith. Mr. Gillespie is twenty-seven years of age and has been and still is one of the most enthusiastic of the younger leaders in the Union. He is a member of the Illinois Executive Committee, the Chicago Executive Committee and is President of the South Side District Union. He is also an active Sunday School worker and has for several years had charge of an important Mission Sunday School which, under his superintendence, has grown to a membership of five hundred.

Rev. B. L. Herr, the third member of the group, bears a name that will always be a honored one among Baptists, and indeed in the whole church of Christ. He is pastor of the First Baptist Church of Binghampton, N. Y. His father, Dr. J. D. Herr is the well known pastor of Norwich, Conn. Mr. Herr is a graduate of Rochester, where he was regarded as one of the most promising students. That promise has already been amply fulfilled, and as he is still a young man on the sunny side of forty, there is likely to be a still greater fulfilment in the future. At Binghampton, Mr. Herr's success has been phenomenal. The church has a membership of over a thousand, it maintains seven missions in other parts of the city and has a Christian Endeavor Society as well as a Young People's Union. Mr. Herr has taken a deep interest in the young people's work, and is one of the vice-Presidents of the New York State Union.

✠

AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Constitution of the Junior Epworth League is being translated into Spanish for the use of the missions in Spain, Mexico and the Spanish-speaking countries of South America.

✠

An excellent system has been adopted by the Epworth League of Stoneham, Mass. At regular intervals, letters are sent to persons who were formerly members of the Chapter, but who have now left the city. At a meeting called the absentees' meeting, held once in every six months, the answers of the absent members are read and are much enjoyed.

✠

In the course of a recent address, Dr. F. E. Clark, President of the Christian Endeavor Society, said: "In the year which ended last June, it was found that the members of the societies in all parts of the country had given $250,000 through their own denominational missionary boards for the spread of the Gospel at home and abroad, and probably twice as much for local objects relating to their own church. This year it is believed they will give far more than that sum. Thirty different missionaries on the field belonging to the Presbyterian Board are supported by groups of Christian Endeavor Societies."

Seed for Western Farmers

Nebraska Appropriates $200,000, [illegible] Colorado's Seed Bill Fails — Close Notes of the General Relief Work.

IT will be welcome news to the read of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to le that the Nebraska Legislature, at long delay, has at last appropria $200,000 for the purchase of seed, a that Manager Ludden's Relief Co mission is apportioning the money direct the several counties. This practically en the troubles of the Nebraska farmers, fo season at least. In the Colorado Legisl ure, Hon. A. F. Peck, of Arapahoe coun introduced a bill appropriating $50,000 the purchase of seed and grain to be d tributed among the farmers in the "drou belt" in that State. The bill was pas by both houses, but vetoed by the Gove or as unconstitutional. There are ab five hundred farmers in Colorado who h neither seed nor money, and who will c sequently be unable to plant this spring.

Eastern seedsmen are forwarding con erable quantities of seeds to all the coun within the "drouth-belt." James J. Gregory & Son, of Marblehead, Ma who recently forwarded 800 lots of seed Manager Ludden at Lincoln, for distri tion to committees, in accordance with promise made through THE CHRISTI HERALD, write that they are now ov whelmed with applications for seed fr Kansas and South Dakota.

During the week a number of rep have been received from distributors, sho ing the relief work be practically closed the different States, the general condit more hopeful than any time within t past four months.

Mrs. Anna E. J kins, writes from cadia, Neb., that ther no destitution there. statement, widely cir lated, that any dea from starvation had curred there is denied Mrs. Jenkins and Messrs. L.A. Scriber, T. Johnson and O.D.Coom W. M. Hill died of natu causes.

The story of a remarka and seemingly providen preservation from fam comes to us in a letter fr Enoch Jones, Oelrichs, Dak., who writes:

Our people would have been m worse off had it not been for a s of prairie land near the Nebr line, about six miles square, w there is no settlement. There w a local shower, causing the grass to grow so that people came as far as thirty miles to cut hay. O a number hauled it to Hot Springs, our county s to get groceries and clothing.

The following contributions to the Re Fund have been received during the wee

Prev. ackn'd	$26,592.83	Smither, John D	$
Anderson, Wm	2 00	Unthank, Dinah	
Andrews, C O	25	Wallace, Mary	
Anderson, F M	5 00	Williams, Mrs R	
Barrett, Mary J	1 00	T. Dexter, Mich	
Beard, Edgar	10	—, Boonville, Mo	
Bender, Mrs Daniel	3 00	—, Delanson, N Y	
Bishop, Edne and friends	4 50	—, Centreport, N Y	
Bogert, Mrs J H	1 00	—, Munnsville, N Y	
Cowgill, Ellen	50	Canadian Sym'thizer	
Dare, Adelia M	2 00	Baptist Church and Sou. Mexico, N Y	
Erskins, Billy	30	Basket Sis'hood Centre, Chum, Minn	
Erskins, Maud	25	Because he first loved us, Sarversville, Pa	
Ewing, Mollie	50	Hempstead Pres Ch, Spring Valley, N Y	
Fairley, Hannah	1 00	I H N, Phila, Pa	
Friend, Woodbury, Ct	10 00	In Jesus Name, Ovid	
" of C H, N J	1 00	One who loves Jesus, Texas	
" Primrose, Iowa	2 00	Proceeds of entertainment, Mich	
Goodrich, Mary A	1 00	Widow's Mite, Iowa	
Higdon, Mr & Mrs	50	Citizens, Chaumont	
Harrison, J W	1 00	S S class in 1st Pres Ch, Warren, Pa	
Johnson, Miss M L	5 00		
McBreardy, Miss A	1 00	**Total ack**	**$26,661**
Moore, Mrs G B	1 00		
Murdoch, Mrs Sam'l	5 00		
Schultz, Katie	25		
Shepherd, W H	4 00		
Skilton, Mrs J W	1 00		
Schoner, W F			

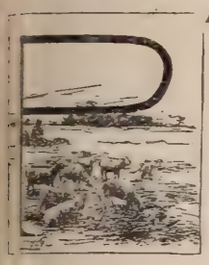
Gifts of Clothing and Supplies.

Friends, bbl crackers	Ashum Kelly, 2 bbl.
" 2 bbl household goods.	R R Noble & Co, bbl.
" Leacock, bbl flour.	L G McCallum, 2 bbl.
" Hancock, Mich, pkg.	D H Pitts, case.
" Tarrytown N Y, bbl.	R R Stone, case.
" Burnt Hills, 4 bbl.	J T West, box.
" Cedarville, bbl	Pinck Mission S S, box
Friend, Alma, Me, bbl.	Unknown Donors, 9 bl boxes, bale & pkg.
" Newport, Vt, bbl.	Contribution of cloth Epworth League of Germantown, Birch Taylor Chapter
" Scottsville, bbl.	Germantown, 2 boxes
" Olean, bbl	Per Old Dominion L bbl mdse.
" Monmouth, Me, bbl.	Covington, 2 bbl
Subscribers to C H, Mt Lake Park, box.	Evelyn L Childs, box.
New Prospect Parsonage, Pine Bush, pkg.	Friend of Camden, bbl
Wm McNeeley, case	Geo F Wright, box.
Solicited friends, per Miss Claudia Persall, bbl.	

The Family and Home Circle

Music in Eastern Homes.

It is Very Different from Our Own, yet it has its Peculiar Charms.



PASSING through any Oriental city of considerable size, the traveler who is so fortunate as to be the guest for a time of some hospitable resident may expect to be entertained in a manner peculiar to the social life of the East. In Aleppo, Beyrout, Damascus or Cairo, the host is quite likely to arrange an evening concert of some sort for the amusement of the stranger. The photograph on this page was taken in an Eastern home on an occasion of this character, and represents a group of young Syrian musicians and singers. The leader, with an instrument somewhat resembling the zither, is accompanied by a tambourinist and a drummer, while the fourth is the soloist. All usually unite their voices at certain stages of the music in a chorus which bears close resemblance to a chant in unison than to a harmony in which the various parts are represented. Syrian music, though sometimes cheerful in character, is seldom sprightly. It never possesses that quality of genuine gayety that is so fluent a feature in the music of the West. Like the people themselves, their songs are in the main rather sad than otherwise, and are frequently marked by great dignity and beauty.

The Hebrews alone, of all the nations of the East, have been distinguished for musical taste and culture. They borrowed the harp from Egypt and Assyria, but they improved it greatly, as they did almost every other instrument they adopted, including the lyre, the lute, the sackbut, pipe, and timbrel. Their nation has also produced the finest musicians and the greatest composers of modern times, while the musical genius of other ancient Oriental peoples seems to have utterly died out.

Still more different is the music of the Syrians from that of the Arabs, who are probably the most melancholy people on earth, in a musical sense. Arab music represents a weary, monotonous discordance, strongly minor and anything but pleasing to the auditors. Even the Soudanese or the Central African tribes are more melodious, for they have harps, flutes, drums, trumpets, hollow gourds, and stringed instruments, altogether forming a rude and not inharmonious orchestra, which Schweinfurth, the famous traveler, declared sometimes produced music almost classical in quality. This remark, however, he applied only to the musical performances of a single tribe, the Bongoes, although other tribes are found with some pretensions to musical taste. But among the Arabs, once a great, powerful and wise people, hardly any evidence now remains to tell that they were ever appreciative of "the concord of sweet sounds."

A GROUP OF NATIVE SYRIAN MUSICIANS.

(From a photograph secured in the Holy Land for "The Christian Herald."

* * *

Influence of the Christian Home.

A lighted lamp, wrote Rev. Dr. McCheyne, is a very small thing, and it burns calmly and without noise, yet it giveth light to all who are within the house. And so there is quiet influence which, like the flame of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance. Such an influence has been beautifully compared to a carpet, soft and deep, which, while it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many a creaking sound. It is the curtain which, from many a beloved form, wards off at once the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head and forgets half its misery. This influence falls as the refreshing dew, the invigorating sunbeam, the fertilizing shower, shining on all with the mild lustre of moonlight, and harmonizing in one soft tint many of the discordant hues of a family picture.

* * *

Peasant Women of the Rhine.

All along the roads, the traveler finds baby-carriages drawn up beside the fence, far from any house, writes James C. Fernald. Looking around for the reason, he will see the mother bent over the hoe, under the blazing sun, while the baby rolls in the furrow, and older children are playing near. There is no "traditional separation of the spheres of the sexes." This mother is emancipated. She has conquered the privilege of "doing a man's work" — poor thing! And she does it with a desperate, nervous energy that it tires you to look at a hundred yards away. But note her as she comes from the field at evening, and falls in with groups of her toiling sisterhood. They are all alike. Faces brown, drawn, hard with a wooden hardness, as if carved out of mahogany, with clatter of wooden shoes and unmelodious tongues, she comes with the grime of toil, with bedraggled gown and unkempt hair, bringing children dirty and hungry to a house to which she has not been able to do one thing since she dragged them out in the early morning. Now, what beauty or attraction can she impart to such a home? What womanly grace or fascination can she manifest? Home has become a mere place to lodge and eat. There is no home. The woman is kept beside the hearth with sheer weariness, and by the mother-love which holds her where her children are, but the man, less worn by the same toil, spends his evening at the beer-house. He has no idea of his wife being a companion. He knows her inferiority in physical strength, and her superiority in other things she has no chance to manifest. So he herds with men whom he respects as his equals, and never knows the grace and beauty which might come into his life were his wife released from unsuitable tasks.

* * *

Be Even Tempered.

Losing your temper takes all the sweetness out of life. You get up in the morning with a clean heart, full of song, and start out as happy as a bird, and the moment you are crossed and you give way to your temper, the clean feeling vanishes and a load as heavy as lead is rolled upon the heart, and you go through the rest of the day feeling like a culprit. And anyone who has experienced this feeling knows that it cannot be shaken off, but must be prayed off. If we want to be truly loved, we must not be unlovely in character and disposition. To some of us it seems to be so natural to find fault, if things do not go on according to our liking, that we make ourselves and those about us very unhappy by this fault-finding habit.

* * *

The Mother in the Sick-room.

When a boy gets sick away from home, writes a Chistian lady, he longs to see his mother. Her gentle touch and tender words are better than medicine. These soothe and quiet as nothing else in the world will. If you have sons away from home, you wish that those with whom they are may do unto other people's children, as they would have others do unto theirs. This is good law and good Gospel, too. It is the gist of religion on the human side of it. It keeps the conscience right toward God and void of offense toward man. How anxious parents are when their children are sick—especially when they are sick away from home. Then they come nearer knowing the heart of God than at any other time—his sympathy, his tenderness his Father-love.

* * *

HOME.

AS I thought of the home of my childhood,
And the dear friends so far, far away;
My heart grew heavy with sadness,
When I mused on that parting day.

Then I thought of the many mansions
That my Saviour has gone to prepare;
And it filled my heart with gladness,
For I know I'm invited there.

He says "be thou patient and faithful
And thy journeyings soon will be o'er,
And thou shalt rest in the Kingdom,
And dwell on the evergreen shore."

And thus I am patiently waiting.
For I know that my Saviour will come,
To establish his Kingdom eternal,
And that will be home, sweet home.

Waubay, S. Dak. MRS. JENNIE MOTT.

* * *

YOUNG COMPANIONSHIPS.

THE centre of companionships in a child's amusements ought to be the parents themselves. In the nature of things it is impossible for the parents to be a child's only companions in this line, or to be always his companions; but parents ought, in some way and at some time, to evince such an interest in their child's every amusement that he will feel that he is as close to his parents, and that his parents are as much to him, in this thing as in any other. If, indeed, a child had no companionship with his parents in his amusements, there would be reared a sad barrier between him and his parents in that sphere of his life which is largest and most attractive while he is at an age to be most impressible.

A true mother will show a hearty interest in her child's amusements, says H.C. Trumbull. She will encourage herself to feel that the time taken for this exhibit of her loving sympathy with him is by no means lost time. It may be harder for the father, than for the mother, to give the time or to show the interest essential to this duty; but he ought to secure the benefit of it in some way. A few minutes given to the little ones, as they are privileged to clamber into the father's room before he is up in the morning, and romp with him there, will do much to connect him pleasantly with their play. So, again, will a brief season at the close of the day, when he becomes acquainted with their special amusements, and shows that they are much to him, because they are much to his dear ones.

No companionship should be permitted to a child in his amusements that is likely to lower his moral tone, or to vitiate his moral taste. There are cases in which a parent is tempted to allow his children to be taken into a portion of the home establishment, or of the immediate neighborhood, in order that they may be amused by or with the children or the grown persons there, when he would be unwilling to have them under such influences or in such surroundings for any other purpose. This is a great mistake. The companionships of a child in the stable or at the street corner, while he is merely being amused, are likely to be quite as potent and pervasive as those which are around him in the parlor or the dining-room, at a time when his nature is not so actively and freely at its fullest play.

Laughing Babies

are loved by everybody. Those raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk are comparatively free from sickness. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address for a copy to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

ALICE MAPLETON'S ORDEAL

A STORY OF NOBLE FORTITUDE UNDER TRIAL.

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by E. CARSWELL.

CHAPTER XI.

Under Suspicion.

WHEN Alice entered the Wilson mansion a day or two after the events related in the last chapter, she was astonished by her reception. Mrs. Wilson had become transformed into a walking icicle. She was stiff and cold in her manner, and an icy glitter seemed lurking in her eye.

Alfreda, with a toss of her head and in a lofty but sneering manner, said, "I shall take no lesson to-day." Louie's eyes were very red; she appeared as if she had been crying. She was the only one who welcomed Alice, and her welcome was given in a sad tone of voice which denoted sympathy, bordering on pity. Not even Miss Emma would exchange greetings. Miss Emma was the third young lady and a cousin of the Wilson girls.

Alice was mystified; hardly a word was spoken during the lesson. At last, when Alice saw Louie wiping tears from her eyes (although the girl tried hard to hide them), she asked her why she was so sad, and the others so distant. "Perhaps," said Alice, "I do wrong in asking, but you are always so kind to me, that I cannot bear to see you with a troubled look on your face."

"Yes, dear," said Louie, in a whisper, "there is something wrong, but do not appear to notice it. I will tell you all about it some other time."

"Louie," said Mrs. Wilson, coming into the room, "do you remember when you last wore your diamond bracelet? Your sister says that the last time she remembers seeing it was when you took it off during your drawing lesson. Not the last one, but the one before that."

"Oh, I am sure I have worn it since then. I know I had it on a night or two ago. I remember noticing it sparkle while I was playing the piano."

"It is really very singular that it cannot be found," remarked Mrs. Wilson, still keeping her eyes fastened on Alice, but Alice did not notice the look, nor seem to pay any attention to the conversation.

Mrs. Wilson waited as if she expected an answer, so Miss Emma said, "Oh, it's perfectly——" whether she was going to say "lovely" or "dreadful" is not known. She did not seem to know which would be the proper word, and accordingly she wound up by drawling out her customary "y-e-s."

As Alice was leaving, Louie slipped a note into her hand. Opening it on her way home, the perusal of its contents only served to mystify her. This was what she read:

MY DEAR ALICE.—Do not feel hurt or offended at your cool reception at our house to-day. I could see that you noticed it. Something has happened which has put us all in a bad temper. Women are sometimes [illegible] and unjust in their judgment [illegible] another. I believe that it will be all right before long, even before we meet again. Remember always that I am your friend, and trust you and love you sincerely. Your Friend, LOUIE."

"What does she mean?" thought Alice, "and how can I possibly be mixed up with any of their troubles? I no sooner begin to enjoy a little beam of sunlight, than another cloud settles down over my limited horizon, and it always seems that the last is blacker, more dense and chilling than the former ones."

As soon as Alice had left the house, Louie began to cry, and upbraid her mother. "Oh, mamma, how could you say such dreadful things before Alice."

"I do wish you would stop your crying, and not show yourself to be so very soft, and unsophisticated. If you would manifest a little more sorrow for the loss of your beautiful bracelet (the gift of your dear father, and not so much over that good-for-nothing creature, you would please me better, and prove that you had some sound [illegible]

"I shall never like it again as long as I live," said Louie, impatiently, "and I would rather lose all the jewelry I have than that you should charge that poor girl with being a thief."

Nettie, the new ladies' maid, was "doing up" Mrs. Wilson's hair during the conversation, and it might have been noticed that she took a great interest in what was being said, and would often change color. Apparently she was very much excited, for she was performing a very bad piece of workmanship on her lady's head. Several times during the operation the lady had to remonstrate with her, once when Nettie was trying to run a long dart of silver into her ear, instead of through the coil of hair, where it was intended to go; and again when she dropped three hair-pins down the neck of the lady's dress.

"Please do not make me angry, Louie. I pride myself upon being a judge of character, and I took a dislike to the girl before I had known her an hour. I saw clearly that she had never been used to good society, and that all her lady-like ways were mere imitations, and very poor ones at that. When it comes to matters of good breeding, I am never deceived. I can always tell the genuine from the counterfeit." Delivering herself of this important speech, Mrs. Wilson gave her head a toss, as much as to say, "that settles the matter."

"I cannot understand how you could come to such conclusions, mamma, I had not known her an hour before I began to love her. I know that she is a pure and beautiful girl."

"That," said the mother, "only goes to show how easily you have been deceived by a designing, unprincipled creature."

"Well, I never knew her do or say, a sly or wrong thing. She is always outspoken and lady-like, yet always unassuming; is she not Emma?" said Louie.

"Oh, she's perfectly lovely," said that young lady, who seemed a little startled by the question. Then catching Mrs. Wilson's eye, she added, "Oh, its perfectly dreadful!"

"Well, my dear," answered Mrs. Wilson, "to show you how little she deserves all the flattering things you have said of her, I will explain a few things. In the first place, she is here under an assumed name; I learned that from Mr. Jackson. He says that her name is not Brown as she told us. He doesn't know what her real name is,—then he tells me that he has heard of her in several places, and that she has always left a bad record behind her."

"When did Mr. Jackson ever see her here?" asked Louie.

"He saw her come in here the other day and asked what I knew of her character, and then when the bracelet was lost, he said that was easily explained, and that he could guess where it went, and who took it."

"Perhaps he could," said Louie, getting red in the face, while Nettie turned deathly white, "I would as easily suppose that he stole it as that Alice did, in fact it is more likely that he did; for he shows by his mean insinuations that he is no gentleman, to dare talk in that manner of a fatherless girl; and behind her back, too; that proves that he is a coward and a villain."

"How dare you talk in that way of a gentleman like Mr. Jackson?" said Alfreda, stamping her foot upon the carpet.

"I would thank you, Louie, never again in my presence to speak such words of a gentleman whom I honor and esteem, and who is, as you know, as good as engaged to your sister." said Mrs. Wilson.

Then she gave a sharp scream, for Nettie, who had about completed her work on that lady's head, had caught her hair with a spasmodic grip that had disarranged the hair and given her a sharp twinge.

"Oh! I beg your pardon—I—I—" and the girl burst into tears.

"What in the world is the matter with you?" asked Mrs. Wilson, in an angry tone.

"I don't know, ma'am, but I'm afraid I have the Grippe. Chills keep running all over me."

It feels very much like the grip to me," said Mrs. Wilson, as she put her hand to her head. "You had better go and lie down for awhile, and take a hot drink as well." Nettie accepted the proffered advice, and seemed very glad to make her escape.

"Well, mamma," said Louie, "do not say any more about the affair for a few days, perhaps by that time we shall find the bracelet."

"We shall do nothing of the kind. That girl has it, and I have determined to tell her to bring it back, and if she denies the theft and refuses, I shall then have her arrested. Mr. Jackson says it is a duty I owe to society, and the only way with such as she. He says there need be no publicity about the matter; for when she is arrested, he will see her, and he feels sure he will be able to frighten a confession out of her, and secure the bracelet."

Oh, it is cruel; I believe Mr. Jackson is playing a cowardly trick—and—and—" Louie ran out of the room in a passion of tears.

"Well, mamma, what are we coming to, when that girl will use such language in speaking of a respectable gentleman, and in defence of an unknown creature like that girl Alice. Louie is getting lower and lower in her tastes every day. I hear that she now wants to join the W. C. T. U." Alfreda.

"Oh, its perfectly dreadful," said Emma.

"What is the W. C. T. U., may I ask?"

Oh, some sort of a temperance society, I believe," replied Alfreda.

"Well," answered the mother, "that child has always had a leaning toward popular but low societies, such as mission schools, hospitals, and a lot of others. I don't know where she got such ideas, and her father has always taken her part in arguments concerning these things, and maintained that she was right, so I have given up talking about them. But in this affair I am going to have my own way; if only to show her that her mother knows what is right, and is a better judge of human nature and impostors than she is. I hope the lesson will do her good."

"Oh, its perfectly dreadful, Auntie," chimed in Emma in her senseless tone.

CHAPTER XII.

Counter-Plot.

Mr. Wilson was one of those successful business men, who had made a fortune from very small beginnings. He was an energetic, honest and liberal man, he never interfered with household matters, but left all to his wife; she was queen of his splendid mansion, as he was king of a prosperous business establishment.

That night Mrs. Wilson told him of the lost bracelet, her suspicions, and her intended steps in the matter.

"I would go slow, my dear," he said, "I would much rather get Louie another bracelet than that any innocent person should suffer, and especially a girl who has to earn her living, more especially when the girl is a friend of Louie's."

"But you know," replied Mrs. Wilson, "she is a hired teacher of whom we know nothing. Louie has taken a fancy to her, because the cunning creature has made professions of love; you know it is Louie's great failing that she believes every pitiful story that she hears, and is always looking down instead of up."

"Well, dear, we will not discuss the matter," said Mr. Wilson, "but I can't agree with you in relation to Louie. I think the girl shows a wonderful knowledge of human nature, in her likes and dislikes, and I must say that I think she is right in her dislike of that man Jackson; I never did like him myself. By the way, did you know that Will Mapleton, his partner's son, had been killed in a battle with the Indians, out in New Mexico? He was one of the finest young fellows I ever knew and if his father had not died, and the firm failed, I believe Louie and he would have made a match. I think they loved each other, but I suppose she has got over all that by this time."

"Oh, pray do not mention it to Louie," said Mrs. Wilson, "I believes she loves him as much now as when he left; in fact, I think she was more in love with him after the failure, than when he was wealthy. But of course, I would not hear of a marriage under the circumstances, and I must say to his credit, that he agreed with me, and promised to not even write to her until he was able to support her as a lady. He left her perfectly free, still, I have always had a suspicion, that there was an unspoken agreement between them, for I noti[ce] that she discourages all her suitors."

"Well, I am very sorry, if she and W[ill] really were attached," said Mr. Wilso[n] "for it will almost break her heart, and [I] to your objection to him that would be r[e]moved. Graham tells me if he were ali[ve] he might be better off than ever. He is tr[y]ing to find Will's mother; you know, sh[e] was a proud woman, and since the wrec[k] she and her daughter disappeared, and n[o] the slightest trace of them has been foun[d] Well, they were very kind to us when [we] were not so well off."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilson, "but I ha[ve] not met Mrs. Mapleton for years, and ha[d] never met her daughter. You remembe[r] Will met us abroad and returned by t[he] same steamer as we did, and it was only [a] few weeks after our arrival home, that th[e] failed."

Mr. Wilson was troubled that night wi[th] thoughts that interfered with his rest; [he] never meddled with any of his wife's [a]rangements, yet, in this case, witho[ut] knowing the particulars, he found hims[elf] sympathizing with Louie. The next mor[n]ing as soon as he reached his office, he se[nt] for Mr. Graham; to him he told the wh[ole] story of the lost bracelet, his wife's su[s]picions of the teacher, Louie's confiden[ce] in her, and how he was inclined to sym[pa]thize with his daughter, but made it a r[u]le never to interfere with his wife's plans."

"Now, Graham," he said, "I want y[ou] to look the thing up, but don't go to t[he] house for any information, for I do n[ot] want my wife to know that I have intere[st]ed myself in the affair. I can describe t[he] article lost" (and he did so), "and Graha[m] should my wife be correct in her suspicio[n] and you think the girl is guilty, do not arr[est] her, make it as easy as possible. I say th[is] for the sake of my own girls."

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Wilso[n] for telling me all this. You may find th[at] this little affair is of more importance to [y]ou than you think."

An hour after this coversation, Mr. G[ra]ham stepped into Mr. Jacobs' establishme[nt] "Ah, Mr. Graham, how vas you dis mo[r]in'? I vas glat to see you, altho' I supp[ose] it vas some bad beesness you vas looki[ng] after dot bring you here."

"Yes, Mr. Jacobs, you know I never b[e]at about the bush with you. I know that y[ou] are an honest man, and I wish all men [in] your business were like you, so I alwa[ys] tell you at once what I am after. In t[his] case, it is a bracelet, peculiar in its je[w]setting, four forget-me-nots formed w[ith] turquoise, and diamond centres, and [the] leaves formed with emeralds."

"Yes, dot is it, and dot bracelet give [me] some troubles, ven I tink about it, beca[use] I vas pretty sure dere vas someting [not] right about it, already."

"Now," said Graham, "will you ple[ase] tell me how you came by it; well, all y[ou] know about it."

"Vell, I don't know much. I vas at [a] tea, and my poy took it, and all the k[no]wledge I vant vas two dollars. Now, you tell [me] vat vas de matter 'bout de ting, anywa[y]."

"It was stolen," said Graham as he [ex]amined the bracelet, "and there is someth[ing] very queer about it."

"Vell, I should tink so. I lose two dol[lars] and it is queer, but I vas glat dat she [did] not make ten."

"Well," said Graham, "I shall try [to] make it ten for you the other way. N[ow] what name did she give?"

"Here is the name she gave, but de n[ame] dey give ven dey only vant two dollar [or] fifty-dollar article, you cannot depend [on] already."

Mr. Graham was paying little or no [at]tention to what Mr. Jacobs' was sayi[ng] he was staring at the name written i[n] book, with a puzzled, almost frighte[ned] look upon his face. At last he said slow[ly] aloud and yet to himself, as if he doub[ted] his eyes, and wanted to be convinced [by] his ears, "Alice Mapleton," to which [he] added a long, low whistle."

"Vell! You seem to take some aston[ish]ment by dat name, Mr. Graham?"

"Well, I should think so," answered [the] detective, "and if I am not mistaken [it] will see some fun. This bracelet is a ba[it] catch somebody and get them into trou[ble] and may catch somebody else. Some [peo]ple are too smart and are apt to ov[er]do things."

"Vell, yes; and lots of people ain't sm[art] enuff to do anytings."

"Well, Mr. Jacobs, I'll take care of [the] thing, and you keep mum. Not a wor[d] anybody."

(To be Continued.)

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

A summary is given below of letters received at its office asking the prayers of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. These requests will be read at the Converts' Prayer Meeting of the Bowery Mission on Sunday afternoon and will be presented to God in earnest prayer. We should be glad to have the name and address of "Lonely Girl," Hoboken, N. J., whose request for prayer we published on March 27th. Also the writer of a letter signed "In His Name," published on March 20th. Some of our readers are anxious to render assistance to both these persons.

From *E. E. H.*, Temple, Tex., for the conversion of her son and his daughter, the former of whom is now very ill.

From *E. P. W.*, Grand Forks, Minn., for "a daughter and son not of the Ark."

From a *Reader* for the conversion of her husband, and his deliverance from the desire for liquor.

From a *Mother*, Salem, N. C., for God's mercies on afflicted family, father losing his reason, mother with heart disease and two sons who are not yet rejoicing in salvation.

From *W. A. M.*, Minneapolis, Minn., that God will hear the prayer of one who wants to be a man.

From *E. F. S.*, Tweed, Ga. For wisdom to teach and govern a number of children in a school which is the only way to the religious privileges of the cities.

From *A Christian Husband*, Boston, Mass., that God will strengthen him to resist the temptation of a lady with whom he is compromised to a dissipation in business, and whose principles are immoral.

From *E. S.*, that her unbelieving husband, who has avowed neither love for God nor hatred of sin, may be converted, and that she may know again in her own soul the peace and joy she had when she was first brought to Christ.

From *E. W.*, Pittsville, that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and Little Star have given to her son, who is a station agent in Texas, may be blessed to his conversion.

From *L. A. B.*, for the conversion of two beloved brothers who are passing down the hill of life without God and without hope.

From *K. C. D.*, Littleville, Mass., that she may become an earnest Christian.

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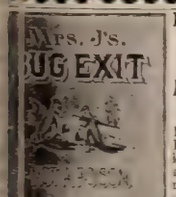

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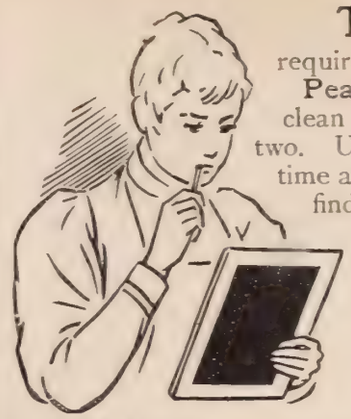

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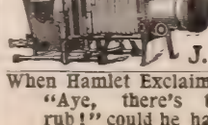

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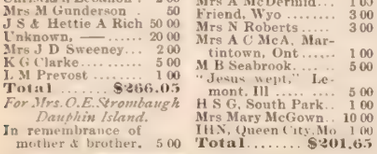

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ese lips, so ready to complain Lam. 3: 22.
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one day's mercies, the amount. Lam. 3: 23.
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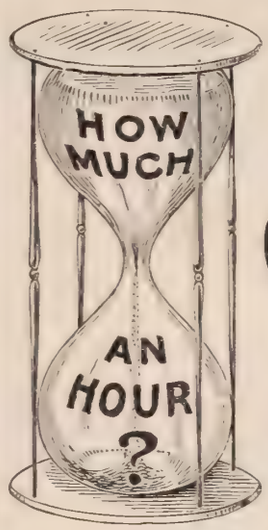

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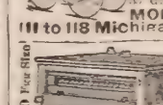

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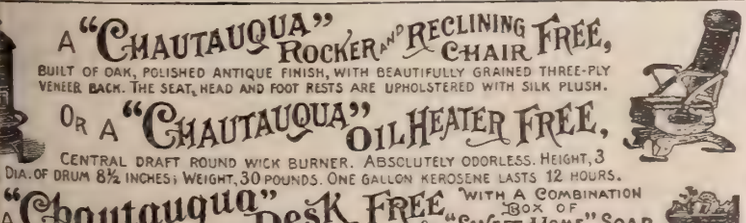

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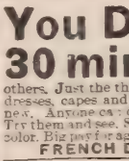

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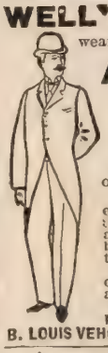

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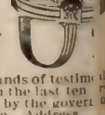

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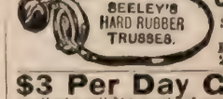

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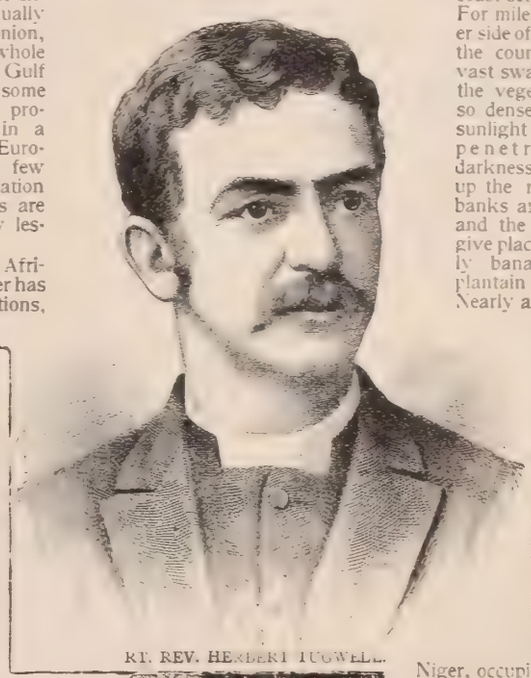
A LIGHT AMONG THE HEATHEN.

ssionary Work Along the River Niger—A Land of Many Gods and Human Sacrifices—The Rebellious Brassmen—Bishop Tugwell's Labors at Lagos.

IN no part of the heathen world is the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ being carried forward with greater zeal and activity, at the present time, than in Western Equatorial Africa. Especially has the attention Christian communities been directed rtly to the Niger country, where impor- nt events have taken place within the last w weeks. Although the Gold Coast and e Ivory Coast, which lie contiguous to at country on the Western seaboard of e great continent, have for many ars been fields of missionary terprise, the Slave Coast for rious reasons has not en so fortunate in Gos- advantages. Within e last fifteen years, wever, the Church ssionary Society of gland has made ex lent progress, plant- new mission sta- ns, and generally adening and devel- ing the work. The ntre of its activity the Yoruba Mission, ith stations along Niger and far into e interior, through a rk land of heathen- n and cruelty; a land plific in kings and ds, and rude tem- s with altars where- are offered human crifices. It is a land king with slaughter the name of reli- on, and where can- alism and infanti- le are still very gen- lly practiced by the tives.

Few parts of Africa fer a more inviting ld for exploration d missionary work an the Niger coun- . From the point ere the great river pties into the Gulf Guinea at Akassa, to the Hombori ountains, southeast Timbuctoo, and thin the confines of e great Sahara des- , it is a land of pict- re sque savageism. ke the other sec- ns of tropical and quatorial Africa, it ars the marks of the rse of slavery; but re, unlike the slave de of the East oast, the curse came rough contact with ropean nations. rom Brass, near the iger's mouth, to ape Coast Castle, in shanti, on the oppos- shore of the Bight Benin, is a long, rving stretch of sea- ast, known as the ave Coast. In the entre of the curve, and close upon the low hore, is Lagos, one of the most available stations selected by the Church Missionary Society for Gospel work along the West Coast, and the base of the Yoruba Mission, which is embraced in the Sierra Leone diocese. With this exception, the Yoruba and Niger Missions are within the territory included in the conventional diocese of the "Bishop in Western Equatorial Africa," the title by which the Archbishop of Canterbury chose to designate the successor of the colored Bishop Crowther, who was known as "Bishop of the Niger Territories." When Bishop Crowther was appointed to the work, it was believed that no white man could fill the post and escape death or invalidism after a short term of labor. But experience has gradually modified this opinion, and although the whole territory along the Gulf of Guinea, and for some distance inland, is proverbially deadly, in a climatic sense, for Europeans, there are a few stations whose situation and surroundings are such as to greatly lessen the danger.

Like other large African rivers, the Niger has many trading stations, the residents of which are sometimes cut off for months from all communication with the coast settlements. For miles on either side of the river the country is a vast swamp, and the vegetation is so dense that the sunlight cannot penetrate the darkness. Farther up the river, the banks are higher and the swamps give place to lovely banana and plantain farms. Nearly all the villages are situated near the riverside and the chief occupation of the natives is fishing. This general description applies to the territory along the Niger, occupied by the Brass natives, who have lately given much trouble to the missionaries and traders. The Brassmen are skilful navigators and the numerous inlets, creeks and bays that penetrate the dense jungles of their country give them a powerful advantage over an enemy who is unable to attack them by land. In common with other tribes, they have been aggrieved by the monopoly of trade by various companies, which has reduced the revenues of their chiefs, and their discontent culminated in a recent attack on one of the Royal Niger Company's trading stations at Akassa, on the coast. Their old-fashioned rifles, 1500 in number, would have been comparatively harmless had not a machine gun, used at the station for purposes of defence, broken down early in the fight that followed. The station men sought refuge in a verandah, while the Brassmen looted the building. The assailants were driven off next morning by a relieving force, after which a punitive expedition went to Nimbi, a Brass village, killed the people and burned the dwellings.



RT. REV. HERBERT TUGWELL.

A NATIVE TEMPLE AND "PRIEST-HOUSE" ON THE NIGER, AFRICA

(From a photograph taken by an American Missionary.)

This series of encounters, with many others that have pre-

(Continued on page 263.)

AFTER THE BATTLE.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., preached last Sunday on the

Text: I. Sam. 31: 8: "*And it came to pass on the morrow, when the Philistines came to strip the slain, that they found Saul and his three sons fallen in Mount Gilboa.*"

SOME of you were at South Mountain, or Shiloh, or Ball's Bluff, or Gettysburg, on Northern or Southern side, and I ask you if there is any sadder sight than a battle-field after the guns have stopped firing? I walked across the field of Antietam just after the conflict! The scene was so sickening I shall not describe it. Every valuable thing had been taken from the bodies of the dead, for there are always vultures hovering over and around about an army, and they pick up the watches and the memorandum books, and the letters, and the daguerreotypes, and the hats and the coats, applying them to their own uses. The dead make no resistance. So there are always camp followers going on and after an army, as when Scott went down into Mexico, as when Napoleon marched up toward Moscow, as when Von Moltke went to Sedan. There is a similar scene in my text.

Saul and his army had been horribly cut to pieces. Mount Gilboa was ghastly with the dead. On the morrow the stragglers came on to the field, and they lifted the latchet of the helmet from under the chin of the dead, and they picked up the swords and bent them on their knee to test the temper of the metal, and they opened the wallets and counted the coin. Saul lay dead along the ground, eight or nine feet in length, and I suppose the cowardly Philistines, to show their bravery, leaped upon the trunk of his carcass, and jeered at the fallen slain, and whistled through the mouth of his helmet. Before night those cormorants had taken everything valuable from the field: "And it came to pass on the morrow, when the Philistines came to strip the slain, that they found Saul and his three sons fallen in Mount Gilboa."

Before I get through to-day I will show you that the same process is going on all the world over, and every day, and that when men have fallen, Satan and the world, so far from pitying them or helping them, go to work remorselessly to take what little there is left, thus stripping the slain.

There are tens of thousands of young men every year coming from the country to our great cities. They come with brave hearts and grand expectations. The country lads sit down in the village grocery, with their feet on the iron rod around the red-hot stove, in the evening, talking over the prospects of the young man who has gone off to the city. Two or three of them think that perhaps he may get along very well and succeed, but the most of them prophesy failure, for it is very hard to [illegible] boyhood will ever make any great success in the world.

But our young man has a fine position in a dry-goods store. The month is over. He gets his wages. He is not accustomed to [illegible] himself. He is a little excited, and does not know exactly what to do with it, and he spends it in some places where he ought not. Soon there come up new companions and acquaintances from the bar-rooms and the saloons of the city. Soon that young man begins to waver in the battle of temptation, and soon his soul goes down. In a few months, or few years, he has fallen. He is morally dead. He is a mere corpse of what he once was. The harpies of sin snuff up the taint and come on the field. His garments gradually give out. He has pawned his watch. His health is failing him. His credit perishes. He is too poor to stay in the city, and he is too poor to pay his way home to the country. Down! down! Why do the low fellows of the city now stick to him so closely? Is it to help him back to a moral and spiritual life? Oh, no! I will tell you why they stay; they are Philistines stripping the slain.

Do not look where I point, but yonder stands a man who once had a beautiful home in this city. His house had elegant furniture, his children were beautifully clad, his name was synonymous with honor and usefulness; but evil habit knocked at his front door, knocked at his back door, knocked at his parlor door, knocked at his bedroom door. Where is the piano? Sold to pay the rent. Where is the hat-rack? Sold to meet the butcher's bill. Where are the carpets? Sold to get bread. Where is the wardrobe? Sold to get rum! Where are the daughters? Working their fingers off in trying to keep the family together. Worse and worse until everything is gone. Who is that going up the front steps of that house? That is a creditor, hoping to find some chair or bed that has not been levied upon. Who are those two gentlemen now going up the front steps? The one is a constable, the other is the sheriff. Why do they go there? The unfortunate is morally dead, socially dead, financially dead. Why do they go there? I will tell you why the creditors, and the constables, and the sheriffs go there. They are, some on their own account, and some on account of the law, stripping the slain.

An ex-member of Congress, one of the most eloquent men that ever stood in the House of Representatives, said in his last moments: "This is the end. I am dying—dying on a borrowed bed, covered by a borrowed sheet, in a house built by public charity. Bury me under that tree in the middle of the field, where I shall not be crowded, for I have been crowded all my life." Where were the jolly politicians and the dissipating comrades who had been with him, laughing at his jokes, applauding his eloquence, and plunging him into sin? They have left. Why? His money is gone, his reputation is gone, his wit is gone, his clothes are gone, everything is gone. Why should they stay any longer? They have completed their work. They have stripped the slain.

There is another way, however, of doing that same work. Here is a man who, through his sin, is prostrate. He acknowledges that he has done wrong. Now is the time for you to go to that man and say: "Thousands of people have been as far astray as you are, and got back." Now is the time for you to go to that man and tell him of the omnipotent grace of God, that is sufficient for any poor soul. Now is the time to go to tell him how swearing John Bunyan, through the grace of God, afterward came to the Celestial City. Now is the time to go to that man and tell him how profligate Newton came, through conversion, to be a world-renowned preacher of righteousness. Now is the time to tell that man that multitudes who have been pounded with all the flails of sin and dragged through all the sewers of pollution, at last have risen to positive dominion of moral power.

You do not tell him that, do you? No. You say to him: "Loan you money? No. You are down. You will have to go to the dogs. Lend you a dollar? I would not lend you five cents to keep you from the gallows. You are debauched! Get out of my sight, now! Down; you will have to stay down!" And thus those bruised and battered men are sometimes accosted by those who ought to lift them up. Thus the last vestige of hope is taken from them. Thus those who ought to go and lift and save them, are guilty of stripping the slain.

The point I want to make is this: sin is hard, cruel, and merciless. Instead of helping a man up, it helps him down; and when, like Saul and his comrades, you lie on the field, it will come and steal your sword and helmet and shield, leaving you to the jackal and the crow.

But the world and Satan do not do all their work with the outcast and abandoned. A respectable impenitent man comes to die. He is flat on his back. He could not get up if the house was on fire. Adroitest medical skill and gentlest nursing have been a failure. He has come to his last hour. What does Satan do for such a man? Why, he fetches up all the inapt, disagreeable, and harrowing things in his life. He says: "Do you remember those chances you had for heaven, and missed them? Do you remember all those lapses in conduct? Do you remember all those opprobrious words and thoughts and actions? Don't remember them, eh? I'll make you remember them." And then he takes all the past and empties it on that death-bed, as the mail-bags are emptied on the post-office floor. The man is sick. He cannot get away from them.

Then the man says to Satan: "You have deceived me. You told me that all would be well. You said there would be no trouble at the last. You told me if I did so and so, you would do so and so. Now you corner me, and hedge me up, and submerge me in everything evil." Ha! ha!" says Satan, "I was only fooling you. It is mirth for me to see you suffer. I have been for thirty years plotting to get you just where you are. It is hard for you now—it will be worse for you after awhile. It pleases me. Lie still, sir. Don't flinch or shudder. Come, now, I will tear off from you the last rag of expectation. I will rend away from your soul the last hope. I will leave you bare for the beating of the storm. It is my business to strip the slain."

While men are in robust health, and their digestion is good, and their nerves are strong, they think their physical strength will get them safely through the last exigency. They say it is only cowardly women who are afraid at the last, and cry out for God. "Wait till I come to die. I will show you. You won't hear me pray, nor call for a minister, nor want a chapter read me from the Bible." But after the man has been three weeks in a sick-room his nerves are not so steady, and his worldly companions are not anywhere near to cheer him up, and he is persuaded that he must quit life: his physical courage is all gone.

He jumps at the fall of a teaspoon in a saucer. He shivers at the idea of going away. He says: "Wife, I don't think my infidelity is going to take me through. For God's sake don't bring up the children to do as I have done. If you feel like it, I wish you would read a verse or two out of Fannie's Sabbath School hymn-book or New Testament." But Satan breaks in and says, "You have always thought r[eligion] trash and a lie; don't give up at th[e] last. Besides that, you cannot, in the ho[ur] you have to live, get off on that track. D[o] as you lived. With my great black wing I shut out that light. Die in darkness rend away from you that last vestige [of] hope. It is my business to strip the slain.

A man who had rejected Christianit[y] and thought it all trash, came to die. H[e] was in the sweat of a great agony, and h[is] wife said: "We had better have some pra[y]er." "Mary, not a breath of that," he sai[d] "The lightest word of prayer would r[e]back on me like rocks on a drowning ma[n] I have come to the hour of test. I had [a] chance, but I forfeited it. I believed in liar, and he has left me in the lurch. Mar[y] bring me Tom Paine, that book that swore by and lived by, and pitch it into t[he] fire, and let it burn and burn as I myse[lf] shall soon burn." And then, with the foa[m] on his lip and his hands tossing wildly the air, he cried out: "Blackness of dar[k]ness! Oh, my God, too late!" And t[he] spirits of darkness whistled up from t[he] depth, and wheeled around and around hi[m] stripping the slain.

Sin is a luxury now; it is exhilaratio[n] now; it is victory now. But after awh[ile] it is collision; it is defeat; it is extermin[a]tion; it is jackalism; it is robbing the dea[d] it is stripping the slain. Give it up to-da[y] —give it up! Oh, how you have be[en] cheated on, my brother, from one thing another! All these years you have be[en] under an evil mastery that you understo[od] not. What have your companions done f[or] you? What have they done for your healt[h] Nearly ruined it by carousal. What ha[s] they done for your fortune? Almost sc[a]tered it by spendthrift behavior. Wh[at] have they done for your reputation? A[l]most ruined it with good men. What ha[s] they done for your immortal soul? Almo[st] insured its overthrow.

You are hastening on toward the co[n]summation of all that is sad. To-day y[ou] stop and think, but it is only for a momen[t] and then you will tramp on, and at the clo[se] of this service you will go out, and the que[s]tion will be: "How did you like the s[er]mon?" And one man will say: "I lik[e] it very well," and another man will sa[y] "I didn't like it at all;" but neither of the a[n]swers will touch the tremendous fact, th[at] if impenitent, you are going at thirty kn[ots] an hour toward shipwreck! Yea, you a[re] in a battle where you will fall; and wh[en] your surviving relatives will take your r[e]maining estate, and the cemetery will ta[ke] your body, the messengers of darkness w[ill] take your soul, and come and go about y[ou] stripping the slain.

Many are crying out: "I admit I a[m] slain, I admit it!" On what battle-fie[ld] my brothers? By what weapon? "Poi[so]ted imagination," says one man; "Into[xi]cating liquor," says another man; "M[y] own hard heart," says another man. D[o] you realize this? Then I come to tell y[ou] that the omnipotent Christ is ready to wa[lk] across this battle-field, and revive, and [re]suscitate, and resurrect your dead soul. L[et] him take your hand and rub away t[he] numbness; your head, and bathe off t[he] aching; your heart and stop its wild thr[ob] He brought Lazarus to life; he brou[ght] Jairus' daughter to life; he brought t[he] young man of Nain to life, and these a[re] three proofs anyhow that he can bring y[ou] to life.

When the Philistines came down on t[he] field, they stepped between the corpses, a[nd] they rolled over the dead, and they to[ok] away everything that was valuable; a[nd] so it was with the people that followed a[f]ter the armies at Chancellorsville, and [at] Pittsburg Landing, and at Stone River, a[nd] at Atlanta, stripping the slain; but t[he] Northern and Southern women—God bl[ess] them!—came on the field with basins, a[nd] pads, and towels, and lint, and cordia[l] and Christian encouragement; and t[he] poor fellows that lay there lifted up th[eir] arms and said: "Oh, how good that d[oes] feel since you dressed it!" and others loo[ked] ed up and said: "Oh, how you make

thk of my mother!" and others said: "ell the folks at home I died thinking aut them;" and another looked up and sa: "Miss, won't you sing me a verse of 'me, Sweet Home,' before I die?" And th the tattoo was sounded, and the hats we off, and the service was read: "I am thresurrection and the life;" and in honor ofhe departed the muskets were loaded, ar the command given, "Present—fire!" A there was a shingle set up at the head ofhe grave, with the epitaph of "Lieuten-ar—— in the Fourteenth Massachusetts Rulars," or "Captain —— in the Fif-te-th Regiment of South Carolina Volun-tes." And so now, across this great field ofnoral and spiritual battle, the angels of G come walking among the slain, and the are voices of comfort, and voices of hce, and voices of resurrection, and voices of eaven.

ne night I saw a tragedy on the corner of roadway and Houston street. A young m, evidently doubting as to which direc-tid he had better take, his hat lifted high enigh so that you could see he had an in-telgent forehead, stout chest; he had a ro-bu development. Splendid young man. Cured young man. Honored young m. Why did he stop there while so many we going up and down? The fact is, th every man has a good angel ar a bad angel contending for the m tery of his spirit, and there was a od angel and a bad angel strug-glz with that young man's soul at thorner of Broadway and Hous-tostreet. "Come with me," said thgood angel; "I will take you hce; I will spread my wings over yc pillow; I will lovingly escort yeall through life under supernat-ur protection; I will bless every cu you drink out of, every couch yd rest on, every doorway you en-fer will consecrate your tears when ydweep, your sweat when you toil, anat the last I will hand over your gre into the hand of the bright an-gef a Christian resurrection. In anver to your father's petition and yc mother's prayer, I have been se of the Lord out of heaven to be yc guardian spirit. Come with m" said the good angel in a voice of nearthly symphony. It was mu-sicke that which drops from a lute of eaven when a seraph breathes ort. "No, no," said the bad angel, "ne with me; I have something be'r to offer; the wines I pour are fr chalices of bewitching carousal; th ance I lead is over floor tessella-tewith unrestrained indulgences; the is no God to frown on the tem-ple of sin where I worship. The skies ar talian. The paths I tread are through mdows, daisied and primrosed. Come wi me." The young man hesitated at a tin when hesitation was ruin, and the baangel smote the good angel until it de-pard, spreading wings through the star-lig upward and away until a door flashed op in the sky and forever the wings van-isl. That was the turning point in that yog man's history; for, the good angel flon, he hesitated no longer, but started om pathway which is beautiful at the op ing, but blasted at the last. The bad anel, leading the way, opened gate after ga, and at each gate the road became ro her and the sky more lurid, and what wa peculiar, as the gate slammed shut it ..cae to with a jar that indicated that it wld never open. Passed each portal, the was a grinding of locks and a shov-inof bolts; and the scenery on either side of he road changed from gardens to des-ert and the June air became a cutting Dember blast, and the bright wings of th bad angel turned to sackcloth, and the ey of light became hollow with hopeless gr, and the fountains, that at the start ha tossed with wine, poured forth bub-bli tears and foaming blood, and on the rigt side of the road there was a serpent, an the man said to the bad angel, "What is nat serpent?" and the answer was, "That is the serpent of stinging remorse." On the left side the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that lion?" and the answer was, "That is the lion of all-devouring despair." A vulture flew through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that vulture?" and the answer was, "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the slain." And then the man began to try to pull off him the folds of something that had wound him round and round, and he said to the bad angel, "What is it that twists me in this awful convolution?" and the answer was, "That is the worm that never dies." And then the man said to the bad angel, "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the corner of Broadway and Houston street; I trusted it all, and why have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell off the charmer, and it said, "I was sent forth from the pit to destroy your soul; I watched my chance for many a long year; when you hesitated that night on Broadway I gained my triumph; now you are here. Ha! ha! You are here. Come, now, let us fill these two chalices of fire, and drink together to darkness and woe and death. Hail! Hail!" Oh! young man, will the good angel sent forth by Christ, or the bad angel sent forth by sin, get the victory over your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you, contending for your destiny, as above the Apennines, eagle and condor fight mid-sky. This hour may decide your destiny.

KING KOKO OF THE BRASSMEN, IN HIS WAR CANOE ON THE NIGER.

WON BY A VERSE.

Dr. Valpy, the author of a great many class books, wrote the following simple lines as his confession of faith:

In peace let me resign my breath
And thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me.

Valpy gave those lines to Dr. March, a rector, who put them over his study mantel-shelf. The Earl of Roden read them.

"Will you give me a copy of these lines?" said the good Earl.

"I shall be glad," said Dr. March.

Lord Roden took them home and put them over his mantel-shelf. General Taylor, a Waterloo hero, came into the room, and noticed them. He read them over and over again, while staying with Lord Roden, till his lordship remarked: "I say, friend Taylor, I should think you knew those lines by heart."

General Taylor handed those lines to an officer in the army, who was going out to the Crimean war. He came home to die; and when Dr. March went to see him, the poor soul in his weakness, said: "Good sir, do you know this verse which General Taylor gave to me? It brought me to my Saviour, and I die in peace."

A Light Among the Heathen.

Continued from first page.

ceded it,—all brought about by traders, quarrels and the prevalent use of rum and gin—has made missionary work in that part of Africa exceedingly difficult and full of the gravest perils. But the consecrated laborers under the Yoruba Mission count their own safety and even their lives as of little moment in comparison with the importance of the Gospel work they have undertaken.

The Lagos Mission was established in 1852, and in addition to six churches at Lagos, it has now a pastorate organization comprising four parishes. Bishop Crowther's first experience in this field is a record of Divine protection guarding and prospering a wonderful work. His steamer was wrecked four hundred miles from her destination, and Crowther was detained eighteen months on the Upper Niger and finally succeeded in reaching Lagos overland through the Yoruba country. One of his first stations—Gbebe on the Niger—was demolished by a civil war and his converts were scattered. He was seized by a hostile chief and held for a ransom, and Mr. Fell, a British agent, while effecting Crowther's release, was himself slain by a poisoned arrow. Soon after, Crowther was consecrated Bishop of the Niger and he then began the work of establishing a chain of missions in the Niger delta, Brass being occupied by the Christian missionaries in 1868, Bonny having been opened to the work by the invitation of its king, two years earlier. Great progress was made during the next few years; cannibalism and human sacrifices were almost unknown, fetish worship was dying out and Christian teachers took the place of native "devil doctors." From 1872 to 1878 was a period of violent persecution and several converts yielded up their lives for the truth; but in the latter year a new revival began, since which time the Gospel has made progress uninterruptedly.

In 1892, Rev. Joseph Sidney Hill was appointed to the see vacated by the death of Bishop Crowther, and two native African clergymen—Revs. C. Phillips and I. Oluwole—were consecrated as assistant bishops at the same time. Bishop Hill, accompanied by a large party of teachers for Sierra Leone, Yoruba, and the Niger, arrived at Lagos in December, 1893. On January 5, 1894, Bishop Hill died of African fever, after a brief sickness. His faithful wife, who had accompanied him to Africa, succumbed to the same dread disease a few hours after her husband.

Perhaps one of the gloomiest pictures of heathen life ever drawn was that given by Bishop Hill in an address while in London, shortly before his return to Africa. He said: "Infanticide and cannibalism prevail there to an appalling extent. One day we went out in the evening, and were engaged cutting down some of the bushes. As we walked along we came across a native earthenware pot. Out of curiosity I broke it open. A lady who was with us turned away, and when I looked, I found that it contained the remains of a little child. Presently we found another, and then a great number, and in every one we found the dead body of a little child, who had been put to death as soon as it was born. There were 120 in that little bush alone. That is infanticide.

"At the town of Aboshi, some 500 children are put to death in one year. You can cross the river here, and presently you see a man coming along wearing a very peculiar hat some twelve inches high. This hat is the most remarkable part of his clothing, there being little else besides. His eye is painted white, and he has also many other curious marks about his body. A little boy marches in front of him ringing a bell. You salute the gentleman. You ask who he is, and find he is a king; you consequently salute him again. Then you come across another, and find he is a king; and in the space of a few minutes you meet six or so more—all kings—and you begin to wonder how many kings there are in the place. You are told some 400 in all. Before that man can wear that hat, he is obliged to provide two human sacrifices for the sins of the town, and this is all done in the name of religion.

"Out there they make human sacrifices to the town gods, though this has largely been put a stop to now, not by missionary societies merely, but by trading companies. The Royal Niger Trading Company has done a vast amount of good by striving to put a stop to human sacrifices and to the gin traffic. A girl in Bonny, who was to be offered as a sacrifice, had tied about her body thirty-six different things, mostly fowls, which were to be offered with her. At this place (Bonny) there is a large temple with 5000 human skulls, representing 5000 men and women that have been eaten at cannibal feasts."

On January 17, 1894, the General Committee nominated Rev. Herbert Tugwell, the Secretary of the Yoruba Mission, as the late Bishop Hill's successor. Bishop Tugwell is a graduate of Cambridge, England, and was ordained in 1880 to the curacy of Petworth, in Sussex. He is a son of the late Rev. F. Tugwell, of Essex, England. He joined the Yoruba Mission, in West Africa, in 1850, and in the same year went out to the field as Secretary of the Mission. The late Bishop Crowther was with the out-going party. He had seen four years' work in Africa when he was chosen to succeed Bishop Hill, and was recalled from Africa to be consecrated in Lambeth Place Chapel. Under his vigorous administration the Mission has already made marked spiritual progress.

New mission stations have been opened further up the river, but the growth of trade and the increase in population have brought increased difficulties in the work. Besides these, the missionaries have been compelled to combat the demoralizing influence of the liquor traffic, which has lowered the moral tone of all the settlements and stations. Still, in spite of all obstacles, the white and native teachers work lovingly and hopefully side by side, and every year marks another stage of substantial progress in the direction of the goal of all their hopes—the winning of heathen Africa for Christ.

LEANING ON JESUS.

JESUS, when the billows roll,
Threatening to engulf my soul,
Tempest-tossed, I turn to thee;
Shield, protect, and comfort me.
Let me see thy smiling face,
Hold me in a close embrace.

When the waves with wild uproar,
Dash against the fretted shore;
Then my spirit yearns for rest,
On thy tender, loving breast.
Jesus, Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Give me victory to the end.

When the rugged path and steep,
Leads too near the surging deep;
Place my feet in wisdom's way,
Let them never—never stray.
Make thou this poor heart of mine,
Clean and pure, and true as thine.

When this transient life is o'er,
And I reach the heavenly shore,
Meet my loved ones, heart to heart,
Meet them, never more to part;
My triumphant song shall be,
Jesus loved and cared for me.

Boston, Mass. MARY GOLDEN BURPEE.

THE AGONY IN GETHSEMANE.

S. S. Lesson for May 5. Mark 14: 32-42. Golden Text John 18: 11. By Mrs. Baxter

THE last supper was over. Jesus and his disciples had left the "upper room, and were on their way to the Mount of Olives. Jesus had announced to the "little flock" of his disciples: "All ye shall be offended [caused to stumble] in me this night, for it is written, "I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad." (Mark 14: 31, R.V.) He knew, from the Old Testament Scriptures, that which was coming upon him. (Zech. 13: 7.) And once more, to their unopened spiritual understanding he spoke of his resurrection: "After I am raised up I will go before you into Galilee." (R.V.) And he had patience to bear with their unanimous and Peter's vehement repudiation of such an implication: "Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee." He knew, as they did not, all that was at hand, and he could wait his Father's time for their understanding to be opened. And now the storm which was brewing began to break upon him. "They come to a place which was named Gethsemane, and he saith unto his disciples, Sit ye here while I pray. (Ver. 32, R.V.) And he taketh with him Peter, and James, and John, and began to be greatly amazed and sore troubled. And he saith unto them: My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death, abide ye here and watch." Could it be that

A Dread of Death

had taken hold on him who had again and again announced his coming sufferings and death to his disciples? Had he not steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem (Luke 9: 51), "knowing all things that should come upon him;" how then should he shrink from death at this hour? There was another element in the question: he knew from Scripture that he was indeed "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," and the Lamb slain (in God's purpose) from the foundation of the world. (Rev. 13: 8.) He had already spoken of his coming death in these terms: "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it up again. This commandment have I received of my Father." (John 10: 17, 18.) He had seen in Scripture that he was to be the voluntary Sin Offering, and all his will responded. Terrible as was death, the punishment and consequence of sin, to him who was the all holy One, he had faced the matter and counted the cost, and had set his face like a flint, and knew that he should not be ashamed. (Isa. 4: 7.)

And now there stood before him death in another aspect. The awful load of a world's sin was coming upon him—"made sin for us" (II. Cor. 5: 21); made a "curse for sin" (Gal. 3: 13)—was beginning so to tell upon his physical frame that it was giving way, and death from sheer exhaustion, without redeeming a lost world seemed imminent. Up to this moment his confidence in his Father had never forsaken him.

"He Trusted in God"

(Matt. 27: 43), was true of him before the chief priests, with the scribes and elders mocked him with it. (Matt. 27: 43.) For a moment, a terrible moment, he seems to have been uncertain about his Father's will. It was a masterpiece of temptation from the enemy. If he were to die in Gethsemane he could not offer his life a ransom for many: in an intense degree, beyond what any child of man has experienced, it seemed as though God's Word and his providences were contradictory. Up till now, he had walked in the full light of his Father's countenance; he saw now everything for the world's redemption depended on the issue of this tremendous question; he had seen the Cross in the written Word; but perhaps he had not so clearly seen Gethsemane.

"He went forward a little," no more accompanied by even the chosen three: no man could follow him then into the intense conflict which he was entering upon. "And he prayed that if it were possible the hour might pass from him. And he said, Abba Father, all things are possible unto thee; remove this cup from me; howbeit, not what I will, but what thou wilt." The known will of his Father had been his meat, he must come now to trust the unknown will of his Father. He yielded even if the world's redemption for which he had become incarnate should be lost! "And being in agony, he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down upon the ground." (Luke 22: 44). His Father did not leave him alone: "There appeared unto him an angel from heaven strengthening him" (ver. 43). And he was heard. "In the days of his flesh, having offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, and

Having Been Heard

for his godly fear, though he was a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered." (Heb. 5: 7, 8, R.V.) It was perhaps his first prayer in the dark, the first moment in his life of humiliation and self-renunciation when there was a shadow of doubt as to his Father's will. But he was heard, he was saved from death in Gethsemane that he might fulfil his mission, and bear our sins in his own body on the tree. (I.Pet. 2: 24, R.V., margin). But who can estimate the awful tension of that hour, or the strength of the enemy's temptation to him, that if he died in Gethsemane all would be lost, and his incarnation be a failure? Jesus had graduated in the school of obedience yet this supreme test of obedience is spoken of as though it were the learning of obedience to him, as though all other lists of obedience which he had passed through were not to be compared with this one.

He saw that he was not mistaken, that the light of the Word: "It is written" had not deceived him, and that circumstances might change so that life could be restored to him when he was actually dying; but that God's Word could not fail. Let us learn this deep lesson of obedience to God and to his Word, when even possibility seems to forbid and close the way. God cannot make a mistake, and he who made a way through the sea, and through the Jordan for his people, and through Gethsemane for his Son, will always make obedience to his word possible to us, although all our powers may fail and circumstances may forbid. If we "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth" (Rev. 14: 4), we, too, shall have our Gethsemanes, but if we trust in our God, we, too, shall be heard, and a way will be made for us. We may always plead, even should it be in an agony—for the fulfilment of his written word and the completion of his purposes.

When Satan can do nothing else, he will seek to destroy our physical power. As long as he can get a footing in our self-life, and create a strife between our will and the will of God, it is to his interest to let us live, as illustrations of the failure of Christ's teaching and example. When, however, he finds that these temptations meet with a spirit and a will truly crucified with Christ, he changes his tactics, and does his best to destroy the body, and get rid of those whose life and spirit proclaim the irresistible powers of the life of Christ. Do not let us be surprised if those who are really serving the living and the true God and waiting for his Son from heaven, experience conflicts with powers of death increasingly as the Master's coming draws near. All praise be to him, he has made a way through Gethsemane, as surely as the way was made through the Red Sea of old, and through death itself on Calvary. "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man, even if no other than the Son of man has passed through it, but "God is faithful who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able to bear, but will with the temptation, make a way to escape that ye may be able to bear it." (I.Cor. 10: 13.)

While the Master was waging this tremendous warfare alone, although it was for a world, his disciples, even the chosen three, were sleeping! Even the vehement Peter, in spite of all his assurance of his own fidelity was asleep.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

INTO the scene of this week's lesson we enter with deep reverence and solemn awe. It is a scene of mysterious suffering, incomprehensible to mortal man. We can but dimly guess at its cause and its nature, we see only that it was excruciating and had elements in it that Christ felt acutely. It appears to have been about midnight when the supper in the upper room was finished, and the last hymn sung. Then with his eleven followers, Jesus went down into the street and out through the city gate to the valley of the Kedron. Crossing the brook and ascending the familiar slope of Olivet, they came almost at its foot, and about a mile from the city wall, to the Garden of Gethsemane. There is a garden there yet, probably at or near the same spot. It is a walled enclosure, about fifty yards square, in which eight venerable olive trees still rear their heads. Doubtless they grow out of the roots of the very trees under whose shadow, in the light of the full moon, Jesus walked that night. Those trees were levelled, with all the other trees of the valley, in the great siege, but these give the garden much the same aspect as it had then. The place was evidently one of Christ's familiar haunts, for Judas seeking him, an hour or so later, and finding the upper room vacant where he had left the party, knew where he was likely to be. Jesus was in the habit of spending his nights in solitary places in prayer, but this was to be a night unlike any other before or since. He went forward into the recesses of the garden, taking with him his three most intimate disciples and leaving the others at the entrance to the garden. Peter, James, and John had been with him on the Mount of Transfiguration, and had seen his glory; now they were to see him in his bitterest humiliation. As on that other occasion, they were sleepy, and their indifference seems to have added to Christ's sorrow. He confided to them that his soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, and he craved their human sympathy and companionship. Mark says, doubtless receiving the information from Peter, that Jesus "was greatly amazed and sore troubled." The expression is very significant. It implies that Jesus saw or felt something appalling, something that terrified him. That it was his approaching death is unlikely. The dread of mere physical pain was not sufficient to account for suffering such as he endured in the garden. He prayed that the hour might pass from him, and "being in agony," as Luke says, "he prayed more earnestly." There must have been in his nature, and in the position he occupied, elements of anguish beyond our conception. It was mental and spiritual torture of the most poignant kind. Three times he prayed, and Luke says his sweat was as great drops of blood. But he came victorious out of this ordeal, as he came out of the struggle of the wilderness. Then the betrayer came he was master of himself, and he went in unruffled majesty to the physical suffering of the cross.

What thou wilt. Even in his agony Christ desired that his Father's will of his own should be done. A bright example of this spirit was given by one of the early missionaries of the Livingstone Congo Mission. He was very enthusiastic as he went out with great hopes of doing good work for Christ. But he was struck down by fever at the outset and there were no hopes of his recovery. One of his fellow missionaries, who knew him well, went to see him. Expecting that he would be grievously cast down and disappointed at having to abandon the work he had hoped to do, his visitor went to sympathize with him. But the dying young missionary needed no sympathy. He said: "I give myself, body, mind, and soul to the Lord. I consecrated my whole life and being to his service. And now, if it pleases him to use myself, instead of the work which I proposed to do for him, what is that to me? It is his will that I wish done. It is for him to decide whether he will have me here or away. I am his to do with me as he please, and I am quite content to die or live."

Couldst thou not watch. Dr. Maha... illustrating the duty of constant watchfulness against the assaults of temptation ... the story of a great siege. He says ... the commander of the attacking forces ... vainly endeavoring to subdue the city, ... denly announced his determination to ... an assault on the strongest part of the ... fications. At the Council of War on ... the officers pointed out that there ... many weak parts of the position ... could more easily be carried by assa... fact there was no point so difficult as ... one the General had chosen. "I know ... was the reply, "but we have to ch... between inanimate strength and hu... strength. It is always more difficul... carry a weak position well defended, ... to carry a strong position carelessly def... ed. Now in this case I have learned ... every weak place in the enemy's positio... defended by an officer who is alert ... watchful. They do not expect that we s... attack this strongly fortified point, an... has been left to the care of Gen. ——, ... is an easy-going man and will be taken ... his guard." The result proved the cor... ness of the reasoning. The attack was ... expected, the General was unprepared ... resist it, and the city was captured. ... with the apostles; it was Peter who bo... ed most and was deemed the strongest ... was overcome of fear and afterward de... his Lord.

Sore amazed and very heavy. "Why ... you so sad?" asked a deacon of his mi... ter into whose parlor he walked one ev... ing. The parlor was bright, the minist... children were merry and his wife was ... picture of cheerfulness. The church aff... were in a prosperous condition and the ... con could not account for the ministe... gloom. He sighed and even groaned as ... sat apart in his easy chair. The deacon ... his hand on the good man's shoulder ... tried to cheer him. "Are you in ... trouble?" he asked. The minister said ... was not. "Are you sick?" "No," he s... "I am quite well; but I am terribly ... down. I will tell you how it is. You ... member I announced on Sunday tha... would be at home to-day and would be g... to talk with anyone who wanted spiri... counsel. I have had visitors all day ... many of them were strangers to me but ... cepted my invitation from the pulpit. ... brother, the amount of trouble in the wo... is appalling. I never realized it as I ha... done to-day. A man staggering under gr... sorrows that are crushing his heart; a m... under fierce temptation fighting a desper... battle; two women whose husbands ... falling under the power of drink; a moth... whose daughter has run away from ho... and has fallen into grievous sin; a fath... whose boy has taken to gambling—all th... have been among my visitors. Beside th... several who are in despair about their s... vation. I have listened to their stories a... have given counsel and encouragement a... comfort until I seem to have given all awa... One enters into such troubles and mak... them one's own for the time or no good c... be done. I seem to have all their trials a... sorrows on my own shoulders to-night ... I cannot help sympathizing with the ... Such an experience as I have had to-d... makes me wonder how Christ lived throu... that hour in the garden, when he bore t... sins and sorrows of the world."

Leonie's Album Quilt.

I WAS paying a visit in a remote country village; remote I mean from the railroad, which was nearly thirty miles distant from the parish where Leonie's husband lived the life of a hard working physician. On foot, or in conveyances, or mounted on horseback, people went from place to place in that primitive region, and life was much simpler there than in the great cities. Somehow people have fewer wants, and those they had were easily gratified, and the social rallying-point very naturally was the church. Never having been in precisely such a community, everything was new and entertaining to me, and the very thing my hostess feared, that I would miss accustomed luxuries, made the experience more delightful than it otherwise would have been.

In my very comfortable, but plainly furnished chamber, there was one article which afforded me never-failing enjoyment. It was what is called an album quilt. In this sort of a quilt, composed of many pieces of patchwork sewed together, there is in the centre of every patch a little oblong bit of white, on which a name and date, and sometimes a sentiment or text are written in indelible ink.

"Leonie," I said, one day, "that is a curious quilt of yours; how did you come by it?"

"Well," she replied, "that quilt has a history. It does not really belong to me: it was presented to Dr. Leale by a set of friends of his among the mountains, and it has a story attached."

"I knew it," I said, clapping my hands. "Now tell me the story."

"Soon after our marriage," said Leonie, "Dr. Leale was sent for one spring morning to attend a patient in a critical condition upon the Crest, as that hamlet perched among the hills above us, is called. I hated to have him go, for there had been heavy rain, and the streams were rising. The river there," pointing to a turbid and dark flowing sheet not far away, "was foaming and angry, and I, a city girl, and a stranger, shivered at the thought of the danger before my dear husband. It was useless to remonstrate, for when Doctor sees duty before him, he sets his face like a flint, and the iron will of his brooks no opposition."

"'Good-bye, Leonie, my wife, my darling,' he said, straining me to his breast in a passionate embrace, 'Good-bye. God is with us both. I hope to be back to-morrow, but if I am not, keep up a brave heart, and trust the Lord, whose orders I am carrying out.'

"Margerie," she added, "this solemn parting was not of a kind to keep up my spirits, and you may imagine what I went through in the ten days that elapsed before my good man came back. He reached the Crest, performed the operation he went to effect through, and then simply had to stay there, a prisoner, till the floods abated. Providentially for him, there was a good deal of severe illness among the mountaineers at the time, and so my husband was busy, which made it easier for him to bear the waiting and to endure the suspense he knew was my portion.

"After his return, and when everything had settled into ordinary ways, when, indeed, we had ceased to refer everything to the great flood, we were one evening surprised by a visit from our friends of the Crest.

"If you ever meet these good people, you will find them very kind and true-hearted, but wonderfully silent and undemonstrative. They have not much money, and it is not often they combine in a gift or testimonial, and so that is why I prize so highly the album quilt bestowed on Doctor Archie McAlister Leale.

"They presented it," my hostess went on, "in the funniest way. Two wagon-loads came, and several friends on horseback. I flew around to get them supper. We always have plenty of ham and bacon; coffee and biscuits are easily made; I had a good stock of preserves, and a lot of fruit-cake in the pantry, and some of the women helped me, so supper was ready in a twinkling. Doctor looked at me and I at Doctor, for we didn't quite know what to make of it, but we asked the oldest guest to say grace, and he did so, in a beautiful, hearty fashion, and then they ate, and were quite chatty and sociable.

"When supper was over, Uncle Jerry Vine rose and very gravely rapped on the table for order.

"'Doctor Leale and Mrs. Doctor Leale,' he said, 'we friends from the Crest didn't happen in; we came o' purpose, to give you a present, and here it is. It was made for the Doctor, and belongs to the Doctor, but seeing husband and wife are one, I have decided to put it in her hands, and not into his.'"

"It was the album quilt?"

"Yes, the album quilt. The pieces patched by those women from bits of their wedding-gowns, and their babies' dresses, and little scraps saved here and saved there, and in every patch was a name of somebody the Doctor had been good to, or somebody who loved the Doctor, and a favorite text. Come, let's study it out, Margie.'

The little history fresh in my hearing, I looked with a tender respect on those carefully stitched bits of calico. Here are some of the texts:

"And ye shall be my people, and I will be your God." Alice Ainsworth, 18—.

"By his knowledge the depths are broken up, and the clouds drop down the dew." Mary Anne Watts, 18—.

"Commit thy way into the Lord, and he shall direct thy steps." Martha McGilvary, 18—. "Discretion shall preserve thee." Susan Packard, 18—.

So it went straight through the alphabet. The verses were not always particularly appropriate; they seemed to have been picked out at random, but oh! the good will, the kind gratitude expressed in that quaint way. Leonie said, and I did not wonder, that she should hand the quilt down to her children.

"Before they left, that moonlight night," said Leonie, "our friends from the Crest had family prayers with us. They stood, a reverent-looking band of men and women, and sang in clear, strong tones that beautiful hymn, 'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, is laid for your faith in his excellent Word.' Then, Uncle Jerry prayed, a prayer for the Doctor, for me, for the community, which I never heard surpassed, it was so close, so pleading, so intimate. I have never since been afraid, no matter how lonesome it has been, or how rough the people, or how long or late the good doctor has to stay, when off on his rounds in this new country. I know he is safe and I am safe, for we are compassed round about with prayer."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WOMEN OF ARMENIA.

Instructive, by reason of the singular contrast it presents, is the photograph which appears on this page, and which has been forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Mr. Paul Shimmon, a young Persian, now studying in an American college, for a missionary career in the East. It represents the old and the new Armenia—the Moslem bride, veiled, hooded, mysterious; and the Christian, bright, open, frank-faced, and cheerful. These two are types of the two great elements that make up the population of Armenia to-day; elements as diverse as can well be imagined. The recent troubles in that country, which are now under investigation by a Commission, demonstrate the hopelessness of any attempt to reconcile Mohammedanism and Christianity, in any part of the world where the Moslem has a firm foothold.

WOMEN OF ARMENIA.

A CHRISTIAN BRIDE. A MOSLEM WIFE.

Armenia is a mountainous country of Western Asia, and it is generally supposed by Bible commentators and reviewers, that the Garden of Eden was located somewhere among its lovely valleys, where can be found the most entrancing scenery and one of the most perfect climates in the world. On one of its highest mountains—the peak of Ararat—Noah's Ark rested, after its long and divinely-guided voyage. Its people are among the oldest civilized nation in the world, and were among the earliest Christian converts. Although now a comparatively small nation in point of numbers, its influence is felt in commerce throughout the world. In morals, intellectual culture and general abilities its people compare well with other Eastern nations, although they have been dispirited by long oppression. Armenia has had the Bible for nearly fifteen hundred years. Her long struggle for political and religious freedom is still apparently far from ended; but her sons and daughters look hopefully forward to the time when their native land will once more take its place among the great nations of the world.

A Christian Countess.

Her Labors for the "Lost" in Germany and the Persecutions she Underwent.

FEW women who have devoted their lives to Christian work, have had as remarkable an experience as Countess Adeline Schimmelman, whose labors among the fallen have been widely discussed in recent Danish and German publications. She is the daughter of the late Lehnsgrave Schimmelman, a Danish nobleman, who owned large estates in Germany and America. When about twenty years of age, she became a great favorite of the late Emperor William and was the principal lady of honor to Empress Augusta. Even as a young girl, she had strong religious convictions and she secured the Empress's influence to allow her to visit the prisons, where she encountered many who were in a deplorable spiritual condition. Eventually she herself found Christ while engaged in these self-sacrificing labors and from that time until the present, she has labored zealously and indefatigably to win souls for the Master.

COUNTESS ADELINE SCHIMMELMAN.

Her self-imposed work has led her among all classes. She has ministered spiritually and otherwise to thousands of inmates in different jails and penitentiaries, to the fishermen of the Baltic provinces, the dwellers in the lowliest parts of the great German cities and in hundreds of villages. Regarding the prevalence of intemperance as a great source of evil, she became a rival of the tavern-keepers by providing coffee and lemonade free for the poor workmen and tried in many ways to point them to the Saviour of souls. Her influence deepened and widened especially in the island of Rugen, and there her stay was extended into years. With her own moderate portion of her father's fortune, she created facilities for mission work. She built a seamen's home, with day and sleeping rooms, adding stables, etc., for visitors' horses. The praise of God took the place of the profane word, till no improper utterance ever reached her ears. The work spread till, in a few years, over thirty villages round, became permeated with her reforming influence. The provincial authorities heard of it, and came to see and to wonder. She lived a life of frugality and self-denial, and gave all her time and means to the work.

Meanwhile, the story of her doings came to the ears of her relatives at the Prussian Court and in some circles she was regarded as hopelessly mad. They could neither comprehend her work nor appreciate her sacred motive and said of her as Festus did of Paul: "Thou art beside thyself." A relative procured her arrest and incarceration on the plea that she was insane, and she was duly committed to an asylum, while her property was taken charge of by her relations.

A few weeks, however, convinced the asylum authorities of her entire sanity and she was released and at once arranged to return to her former field of labor. Her means have been lessened, and her strength overstrained by her terrible trials, but she feels that a work of such importance will yet be blessed of God in greater measure even than before.

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THE HOME CIRCLE.

THE stranger passes along our streets, and he sees the front steps, the doorway, the windows of a thousand houses, and they seem very much alike. Brick is brick, and iron is iron, and brown stone is brown stone; but the wall between those houses is the boundary of a republic. God has fenced it off from all the world. It is a realm by itself. It is the most sacred spot on earth to us. There our children were born. There our loved ones died. Festivities and lamentations, reunions and partings have dedicated the place. Father and mother, son and daughter call it home. Nothing will so soon kindle a man into a conflagration of wrath, or hurl him into such a thunderbolt of indignation as the invasion of that home. When his work is done, he expects to die there. The last time he ever sees the world he will see it from that window.

Now, in these places are concentered more of happiness than can be found in any other place. God has kindly apportioned us into families, and let us be grateful for the gracious grouping. It could not have merely happened so. It was Divinely ordered that it should be so. Upon all our homes may the blessing come! Upon the dining-room, and may there be bread enough and to spare! Upon the nursery, and let sickness stand back! Upon your pillow, and you be guarded by him who never slumbereth or sleepeth! Upon your parlor, that it may be the scene of healthful reunion and neighborhood civilities! Upon your library, that the destroying angel of iniquitous literature never touch its wing to the shelf or table! And may there be a frequent spot of prayer—a family altar—where all shall kneel, and all shall get Divine blessing! And then, when a few more seasons have come and gone, and that home is broken up, as it must be by the passing of years, may our sons and daughters in other homes live happy and useful lives; and we who are now in the generation at the front have passed into a better home,—a home with God—"The house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." But we shall leave the gate open as we go through, and after awhile the rest of our circle will come and join us in the land where nothing can disrupt or destroy.

OUR VICTORY.

THIS world is going to be saved, and you and I are going to have a share in the work, and a share in the triumph. When a war ends in success, the general gets a loud acclaim, but do not all the regiments, clear down to the drummer-boy, feel the gladness? So when this Gospel campaign ends in the subjugation of all sin and the establishment of all righteousness, Christ, the Commander-in-Chief of all the forces of earth and heaven, shall get the glory, but you and I who have marched in the ranks and loaded humblest carbine in the battle, will be permitted to cheer in the grand ovation to the Conqueror on the white horse: "And he hath on his vesture, and on his thigh, a name written: King of kings, and Lord of lords."

NEWSPAPERS.

THE price of the daily newspapers dropped from five cents to four cents, and from three to two, and in some cases down to one cent. If newspapers continued to lower their prices in the same ratio for any length of time, we would soon get our paper for nothing, or have the paper free of charge and bonus handed us for the kindness of taking it. I find no cause for congratulation for this newspaper depreciation of prices. It has for years been to me occasion for surprise that intelligence could be furnished for us at rates of such fabulous cheapness. The expenses of publication are so great that three-quarters of the papers that start, soon end in bankruptcy. The whole tendency of this extreme depreciation of prices is to make a newspaper less vigorous and attractive. To meet the reduction, the fabric of paper will soon be poorer; editorial and reportorial salaries will after awhile be lowered to meet the case; and hence the intellectual work will be more hurried and less accurate. One pen will be called to do the work of two pens; one proof-reader the work of two proof-readers; one compositor the work of two compositors; and newsboys and dealers will make less percentage. A most important revolution is now going on in newspaperdom. Some wonder; others rejoice; some hope for still further descent of prices. With nothing at stake but our interest in the public good, we think the tendency disastrous. Vast sums of money will be expended to keep up prosperous appearance. Immense lying will go on in regard to circulation; and only after great losses will this literary market come back to healthful and common-sense basis. But one good can come of such a state of things, and that is the awakening of the public mind to appreciation of the enormous expense through which the daily newspaper brings intelligence to our doors. The occurrences of the hemispheres for twenty-four hours handed us for three, or two, or one cent. When these facts shall be developed, instead of wondering that our information costs us so much, we will be thrown into amazement that it costs us so little.

DROP THAT AXE.

THE prince of the power of the air" has held another carnival. Tornadoes and cyclones have been at work. Many lives lost, and property destroyed by the millions of dollars' worth. These archangels of hurricane will continue until we cease cutting down the forests which God raised to stop the flight of cyclones. Forests are natural bulwarks, and the slaughter of them is an invitation to tornadoes. The discovery of coal mines reaching from end to end of this continent, is a suggestion from God to let the forests alone, and seek fuel from under the hills, instead of from the top of them. Legislatures need to pass laws prohibiting "the axe against the thick trees." Each man with such fell design needs to have sung in his ear George P. Morris's hymn, "Woodman, Spare that Tree." The only time I saw George P. Morris, the author of that song, was one day along the Hudson, when seated on his horse, he turned around in his saddle and described to me the scene he witnessed on the occasion of his first hearing that song sung. It was in some academy of music, and the vocalist had rendered it with so much effect that an excited and venerable-looking man rose in the audience, and said to the singer, "I would like to ask if the woodman really did spare the tree?" There is a higher estimate to be put upon trees of America than the wood-cutter sets when he sells them for so much a cord. They are the preservation of the lives and wealth of the nation. The trees are going down in such quick and wide ruin that it is high time the attention of legislators is called to the iconoclasm.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

K. Morris, Germantown, Pa. What was the name of the Queen of Sheba who visited Solomon?

Ethiopians, who claimed that she came from their country, called her "Candace," which may have been either a proper name or a distinctive title. Pliny states that she was the Queen of Meroe in Ethiopia. Another authority calls her Nicaule, and still another Lacasa.

The following additional names have been received as members of the Corresponding Circle for spiritual improvement, suggested by "Reader," Ont., Can.:

Lizzie H. Sawyer, Mentor, O.; R. M. Cox, Purcell, Indian Ter.; Mrs. Olivia North, West Millbrook, Mich.; Izra M. Cole, Redwood Falls, Minn.; Donald Miller, Box 207, Lyme, Conn.; L. D. Parker, Box 906, West Bay City, Mich.; W. A. Ross, Box 72, Montague City, Mass.; Susie Schermerhorn, Buchanan, Mich.; Mrs. Sara Love, Parmelee, Mich.; Harry F. Hamer, Bart, Pa.

A number of letters have been received in reply to the inquiry of "M. S.," in THE MAIL-BAG of April 3, how a housekeeper should arrange her duties so as to best observe Sunday. Mrs N. J. Wheeler, Ann Arbor, Mich., writes of the arrangements in her own home:

All needed preparations of Sunday meals are done on Saturday. Such dishes only used as are warmed by steaming or in hot ovens. Sweeping, dusting stoves all done. Evening bath and change of clothes on Saturday; soiled clothes put in their place; Sunday clothes in readiness for the morning. I had three miles to ride to morning service; dinner at 1; then one mile to 2.30 p.m. service; luncheon at 6, and then evening service. I had a family of ten to eighteen; am now in my seventieth year.

Mrs. H. W. Howe, Hubbardston, Mass., writes:

The commandment says, "Thou shalt not do any work," but there are many passages that are not to be taken literally. We must use reason and common-sense in connection with Scriptures. I think the Saviour taught that we are to perform works of mercy and necessity on the Sabbath. (Matt. 12: 1-13.) I do not understand that we have any permission in God's Word to do any unnecessary work; or anything that can be done on Saturday.

Clare, Drennen, Pa., writes:

I do not think we would be violating the fourth commandment by doing such things as you mention—for example, washing dishes. No good housekeeper will leave her dishes to the mercy of the flies. Cleanliness is next to godliness. And as for making beds on the Sabbath, I think no tidy housekeeper will permit such duties to be left undone. I consider such duties works of necessity. Yet how many there are who work on the Sabbath day! I am much opposed to having an elaborate meal served on Sunday. We should eat less for we are not supposed to work. It is a day set apart for rest. Neither should servants be made to work on Sunday. I would suggest preparing Sunday's dinner on Saturday so far as one is able.

Mrs. C. C. Robinson, Wilton, N. J., writes:

We must have a desire and a will to keep it, then it will be much easier. When I was a child, which was many years ago (being a descendant of the Pilgrim fathers), we children did not know that there could be such a thing as play on the Sunday. An uncle of mine, a farmer, used always to leave his work at 3 o'clock p. m. on Saturday; go in and shave, and spend the remainder of the day in preparation for Sunday. He did not allow the women folk to sweep or wash dishes or do any work that could possibly be avoided; they would have to wash dishes before breakfast on Monday morning. If a housekeeper has a true desire to glorify God and will ask God's help, she will be blest in so doing.

A. Keeler, Prescott, Ari., writes:

I think if "M. S." would just drop the word Sabbath, and substitute Lord's Day instead, all would be clear. If it was a case of Sabbath-keeping, and one was found even picking up sticks, they were to be stoned to death. Num. 15: 32-36. Now, knowing it is not the Sabbath, but the Lord's Day, we ought to avoid all unnecessary work and make it (not a day of feasting, as many do), but a day of service to our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Mrs. C. H. Spurr, Melrose, Mass., writes:

I have a family of six, youngest five years. On Saturday everything is done that is possible in housework and preparing for Sunday's meals, such as cooking meats and making desserts. Clean bedding is put on the beds and on Sunday it takes a very few moments to spread up the beds, which are aired immediately on rising. I have the children help by clearing the table, brushing up the floor under the dining table, and such things. We all go to church and generally have a little more elaborate dinner than usual.

Wm. H. Hayden, Springfield, Ills., writes:

In Ex. 35: 3 we read, "Ye shall kindle no fires in your dwellings on the Sabbath day." Does "M. S." violate this, the Lord's own interpretation of the fourth commandment, and has she read of the execution of law Num. 15: 32-36 upon a man preparing to violate the command? If so, Rom. 6 and 7, and the whole epistle to the Galatians should be carefully studied, and then let Col. 2: 14-17 have consideration. Bondage under law is contrary to the liberty of the believer. We are not striving to obey law but are guided by New Testament precept, and strive to walk in the footsteps of our great Exemplar.

X. Y. Z., Saxonville, Mass. Please tell me what you think of the enclosed letter received a short time ago. The writer we never saw or heard of before and greatly doubt her truthfulness. Not only the story but also the way of obtaining the money is very unsatisfactory to us. If it is all true, the idea of attempting to get money in such a way is one to be warned against.

The letter which X. Y. Z., encloses is a "chain letter" of the kind now largely used by professional letter-writing beggars. It is unfortunately true that the "chain" has developed into a nuisance and its use would make even a genuinely deserving case appear exceedingly doubtful. The writer of the "chain letter" has no authority for naming THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as though it approved of her effort. As a matter of fact, we consign all "chain letters" to the waste-basket.

T. M. Leffingwell, Dubuque, Ia. How long has Athos been occupied as a Christian hermitage?

Mount Athos, a peninsula in Turkey, has been an exclusive retreat for hermits and monks for over a thousand years. There are many churches on the peninsula, and probably three thousand inhabitants, all men. No women are allowed to come there.

B., Harpersville, N. Y. Can a true Christian conscientiously remain a member of a lodge or society, two-thirds of whose members are even professors of religion, while half of them are Sabbath-breakers?

We should imagine such society would be distasteful to him, and that he would leave it unless, indeed, he can serve the cause of religion by remaining and trying to influence the members to better lives.

James Banat, Kewanee, Ill. What were the husks that "the swine did eat," in the Bible story of "the Prodigal Son?"

The "husks" referred to were probably the beans of the Syrian carob tree, of the locust family, sweetish in taste, which in both ancient and modern times have been a food for horses, cattle and swine. Various reliable writers have declared that at times the carob beans have been used as human food. They are sometimes called "St. John's Bread" from the fact that the Baptist fed upon them in the wilderness.

Rev. Orville J. Nave, Chaplain U. S. Post, Fort Niobrara, Neb., writes:

Through the sympathy and aid of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, its readers keep me generously supplied with religious papers for distribution in the barracks and other places occupied by soldiers in this post. Every mail brings me a few. I get these papers to them early Sunday mornings, so as to provide religious reading matter for the Sabbath for those who desire it. I greatly need books for a library. The additions to our ridiculously small library for a post of over 400 soldiers have been made since a gift of Mr. Bradley, one of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD patrons, three years ago.

Jos. Bennett, No. Morenci, Mich. Is it cold in Palestine in winter?

Never intensely so. The country is sub-tropical, and there is a wide climatic difference between the plains and the upland ranges. At Jerusalem, where the average temperature is sixty-two degrees, the extremes are considerable and the thermometer may sink several degrees below the freezing point, although frost and snow never last long. On the elevated plateau beyond the Jordan, the thermometer frequently falls from eighty degrees in the day-time to below freezing at night. The snow sometimes lies long on the Lebanon range.

Constant Reader, Winterpock, Va. Should a young man desiring to enter the ministry apply for a license to preach either by himself or through a friend or may he begin to preach without license?

If he desires to enter the regular ministry he should conform to the custom of the denomination to which he belongs. There is nothing to hinder his preaching in pulpits of the Congregational or Baptist churches if he has an invitation to do so from the officers. No license is required there. In the Methodist and the Presbyterian and Protestant Episcopal Churches there are certain forms to be observed the nature of which may be ascertained from any clergyman of those churches.

Friend, New York. If Deuteronomy is regarded as a portion of God's word, is it not a sin to eat pork (see Deut. 14: 8)?

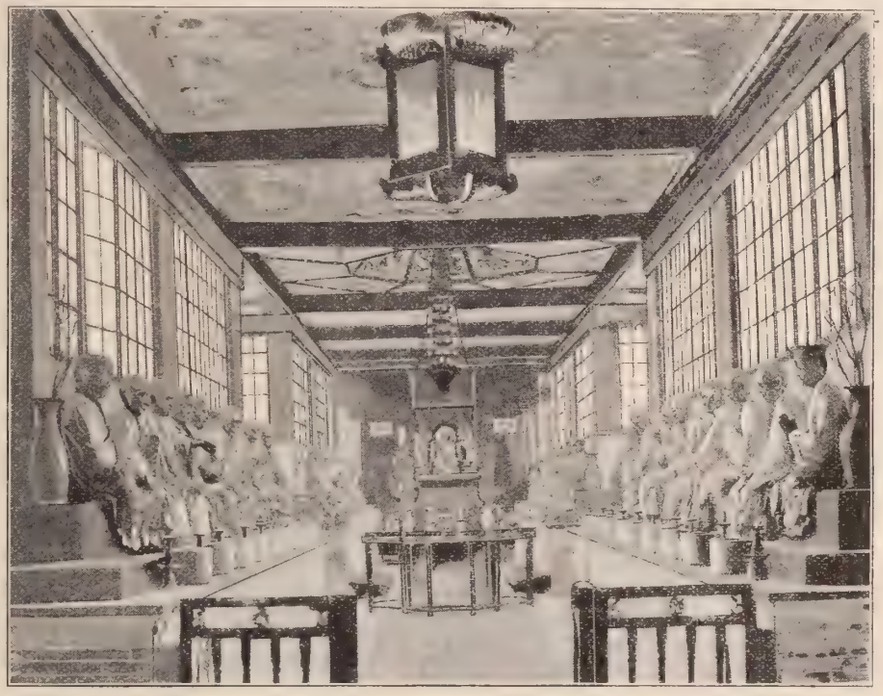
No, it is not a sin. The dietary laws, like the ceremonial laws and the law of circumcision, were not imposed on the Gentiles. Some of the Jewish Christians wished the Gentile converts to be brought under the law, but the council of the Apostles forbade it (see Acts 15: 19-29). The peculiar circumstances of the Hebrew nation, their surroundings, the climate and other considerations, were the basis of many prohibitions which have lost their force in these days. Christ laid down the principle of the new dispensation as to these matters very explicitly. (See Matt. 15: 16-20.)

Old Subscriber, Dock, N. Y. Write to Information Bible Society, N. Y.——Subscriber, Shawbeganing, Mich. Send one dollar extra.——A. V. Lyle, B. R. Fall, Wis. General post-office, New York, will be a sufficient address.——Constant Reader, Point Pleasant, N. J. Send to J. J. Hood, Philadelphia, for book containing the hymn named.——I. J. McClintock, New York City. We cannot inform you.——M. L., Jonesville, Mich. Write to Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, Pa., for Rev. Dr. Gordon's sermons.——Constant Reader, Dalton, Mass. Your inquiry is not sufficiently explicit.——Lead Pencil, Elizabeth, N. J. Send one dollar and the book will be forwarded to you by express.——E. L. York, Perkasie, Pa. Send one dollar extra and it will be forwarded.——J. Hunter, Kinnier, Mich. As soon as the will is probated and the estate settled up.——Pearl Satterlee, 1226 Locust street, Kansas City, Mo. We can use back numbers of this journal for distribution in hospitals.——Reader, Tusayan, Cal. No. There have been many magnificent Christians in military service.——Old Subscriber, Wilmington, Del. 1. We have repeatedly answered this question in THE MAIL-BAG. 2. Still living.——Reader, Atlantic City, N. J. 1. It is generally so done in business, but might be omitted in purely social correspondence. 2. No. The term is applied to visiting only. 3. Respect or affection, although dependent upon circumstances.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

CANTON'S PANTHEON.

ONE of the most extraordinary spectacles in China is the great temple of five hundred idols in Canton, a pictures of which appears on this page. Canton is a city with as large a population as New York. has an enormous trade and its streets are owded with busy merchants, officials and borers. That such men should, in this y, be devout worshippers of the horrible jects collected in the great temple, is an most incredible thing. Yet the visitor ay see at almost any hour of the day and all days, men of prominence in society d business prostrate before one or other these sham divinities. The images be- g to the three religions of China, Tao- n, Confucianism and Buddhism, but ere is no order in their arrangement and ere appears to be no degree of supremacy their station. Even Laotze, the chief di- nity of the Taoists, has no greater honor own to his image than is shown the images of Confucius and ddha. Beside these there are gods war, of all varieties of business, learning, of fire, of the tides, of e planets, of the household and of ealth. Then there are the spirits the deceased emperors duly deified d imaged. In addition, there are ages representing the snake, the t, the rat, the hedgehog, the fox, e weasel and other creatures sup- sed to exercise an influence on hu- n affairs. All these to the num- r of five hundred are represented the great temple of Canton and re are many more, including each n's dead ancestors, who are not resented there, whom the China- n worships in his home or his ce of business. Sacrifices are of- ed to them, and great care is ta- n to propitiate them. No evil ppens to a man that is not attrib- ed to the vegeance of some deity at he has neglected and who is nishing him for his negligence. eir gods are indeed jealous gods the opinion of the worshippers d not a few are described as pos- ssing a malevolence which we as- be only to the devil. But those ver lack worshippers, who are peful that the evil they delight to may fall on some one else, who es not worship them. Thus re- ion becomes an expensive and on- ous burden in China, as it neces- rily must in a land where in one nple there are five hundred deities wait- g for worship and sacrifice. Such super- tion appears to us despicable as well as cked, but the Chinaman is justified in tertaining as poor an opinion of people in ristian lands, whose lives show that they ve no God at all. (Ex. 20: 3, 4.)



THE TEMPLE OF FIVE HUNDRED IDOLS IN CANTON.

A Historical Relic.

In the catalogue of an auction sale which to take place shortly, the New York Sun" says there is an interesting histori- l document. It is the original deed by hich the Duke of York, afterwards James , conveyed to William Penn the region hich is now the State of Delaware. It is ted August 21, 1682, and bears the Duke's gnature in round school-boy characters. he existence of the document was not own until recently. It had probably been the hands of some collector of curiosities. ow it came into the present owner's pos- ssion is not stated, but he wishes to dis- se of it and has given it to an auctioneer Philadelphia, to be sold with other cur- sities. An effort is to be made in Dela- are to purchase it in behalf of the State, t as the Trustees of the British Museum e anxious to secure the relic, the price it ill bring will probably be considerable. It not unlikely that the precious document ill realize almost as much money as the ate was considered to be worth at the ne the deed was drawn up. Both Penn d the Duke would have been amazed uld they have known what the State and the deed conveying it would be worth in the market at the end of two centuries. The actual value of one and the sentimental value of the other have increased beyond their highest conception. But even that change is small in comparison with the difference that death makes for every man in his standard of value. In the realm beyond the grave men will not regard with the indifference they are apt to do here, the title to the eternal inheritance which is offered to them now as a gift. (Col. 3: 24).

Singing Over Flames.

A dangerous panic was averted in Brooklyn on April 7 by the discretion of a company of the Fire Department. A large congregation was assembled in a church in the Twenty-sixth ward, and the evening service was nearing a close when a fireman saw a thin flame illuminating the basement of the church. It is an old building, but a valuable one, and the fireman knew that if the fire once got headway, it would be impossible to save the edifice. He ran to the truck station and aroused the other members of the company. They entered the basement just as the congregation began singing a hymn. The firemen plied their axes with a will, and cut away two beams before the hymn was finished. The noise they made was drowned by the music, and the congregation had no idea that a dangerous fire was burning beneath their feet. The cutting away of the beams laid the seat of the fire bare, and the firemen used the fire-extinguishers with effect. The flames were put out and the firemen had left the building before the congregation discovered the danger with which they had been menaced. It was well that they did not know, for if they had, there might have been a rush for the doors in which some might have been hurt. The preacher would have been likely to see even people who are deaf to the warning that their souls are in danger, become panic-stricken at hearing that their bodies were in danger. (Luke 12: 4, 5.)

A Peculiar Death Notice.

Among the notices of deaths in the New York papers of April 8, was one of a man whose death resulted from an illness "brought on by feeding cats." The statement led to inquiries which elicited the fact that the deceased was fond of cats, and was in the habit of feeding a number of stray ones who came to his house every morning to get food. One morning about the middle of January the cats came as usual, but the man had no food for them. He did not like to disappoint them, so he went to the fish-market and bought a quantity of fish-heads. In going down the steps to the basement, where he usually fed his feline friends, he dropped some of the heads and, stepping on one, his foot slipped and he fell. He was able to rise and go to his room, but he had hurt his foot, and his sister dressed it for him. After a few days, as it grew worse, he consulted a doctor, who advised him to have the foot amputated. The man was astonished, but the physician assured him that gangrene had set in, and urged him to undergo the operation. The patient, however, refused until the pain became unendurable, and other physicians gave the same advice. He then went to the hospital and announced himself willing to lose the foot. But by that time the affection had spread, and the hospital doctors told him he had waited too long and would have to lose his leg. He would not believe them, and as he was obstinate, the foot only was taken off. In a short time he consented to lose the leg, but again he had delayed too long, and the amputation failed to save his life. It was one of those cases in which prompt and severe measures are necessary, and in which delay is fatal. Such cases sometimes come under the observation of ministers who have to give the warning that it is better to sacrifice a business, or a sinful habit, than lose the soul. Too often the advice seems unnecessarily painful, and it is rejected. (Matt. 18: 8.)

Nearly Starved.

A pitiful case of destitution was discovered in New York a few days ago. In one of the tenement houses in Roosevelt street there are a large number of families, each with only one room for living and sleeping accommodation. They are all miserably poor and have nothing to spare for their neighbors. One family, however, was worse off than the others and at last the people in the adjoining rooms called the attention of the police to their condition. An officer went to investigate and reported that he had never in all his experience, seen such abject poverty. A woman was there with a babe only a few days old and there were three other children. The only bed was a heap of foul-smelling rags, the only seats were some empty soap-boxes, and the rest of the furniture consisted of a rusty stove and some broken dishes. The woman was too exhausted by lack of food to speak, but revived after a meal had been given her. She said that for some time past, the family had subsisted on scraps of food that her husband picked from the garbage barrels and they had been unable to get anything else to eat. It was noticed that she wore six cheap rings, with bright stones in them, and she was asked why she did not sell them in the emergency. It appeared that she set great store by the paltry finery and had preferred to starve rather than part with the rings. They would not have sold for much, but her keeping them showed how precious they were to her. We think her foolish, but she is not alone in her folly. The woman who would not part with her rings to save her life is not so foolish as the person who would not part with an estate to save his soul. (Luke 12: 23.)

BRIEF NOTES.

We are Anxious to Introduce THE CHRISTIAN HERALD into a large number of homes where it is not yet taken. As our readers who know its value will sympathize with this wish, and can help us in the effort, we make them an extraordinary offer. We will send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from now until Jan. 1, 1896—a period of eight months—for one dollar, to any person not previously a subscriber, and to any subscriber sending us such new name with the dollar, we will send, all express charges paid, any one of our three magnificent premiums, "The Pathway of Life," "From Manger to Throne," or "Gospel Hymns from One to Six Complete." A new name sent merely as a substitute for that of a subscriber whose term is about to expire, will not entitle the sender to the advantages of this offer. This opportunity is good only until May 15, 1895.

Rev. Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, relates the remarkable result of a recent prayer. Some thief had stolen from his desk in his study a number of valuable rings, which had been given in the Sunday offering in response to his appeal for help in supporting the hospital. On the following Sunday he prayed for the thief, that God would touch his heart, as it must be particularly hard to allow him to commit such a theft. The next evening there was a rap on his study-door, but when he opened it there was no one there. He heard the sound of hurrying foot-steps, and hanging to the handle of the door was a loop of string on which the missing rings were strung.

The Fifth Annual International Temperance Congress will be held at Basle, Switzerland, on Aug. 20, 21, and 22.

The "Independent" says: We are given to understand that the movement planned by certain leading Baptists and Stundists in Russia for presenting a petition to the Czar begging freedom of religion and the right to meet together for worship has been abandoned for the present as hopeless.

The Next General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church North will be held in the Third Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, Penn., Thursday, May 16th. The opening sermon will be by the retiring moderator, Dr. Samuel A. Mutchmore, of Philadelphia. Dr. W. L. McEwen has charge of arrangements for entertainment.

At the April meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, the Rev. H. Loomis reported from Yokohama that up to February 19, 76,211 separate Gospels and 1,449 New Testaments had been distributed among the soldiers of the Japanese army. The circulation of the Scriptures in China during 1894 by the American Bible Society amounted to 305,715 volumes, a greater number than ever before.

Prof. W. H. Pickering, of Harvard, in a communication to the New York *Sun*, says: "Notice in one of the astronomical magazines that it has been worked out that for the first time since Christ was crucified Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn are in the same latitude in the sky. There is nothing of great importance to astronomers in the circumstance, but as a matter of general interest it can be said the same relative positions of these planets will not occur again on the anniversary of Good Friday for about 2000 years."

Rheims will Celebrate Next Year the Fourteenth centenary of the conversion of France to Christianity at that place, where in 496 King Clovis and his army were baptized by Saint Remy.

A Great Awakening Has Taken Place in Trinity Baptist Church, Derby, England, in connection with Mr. Telford's two weeks' mission. Nearly 300 persons have been led to Christ.

The Revival of the Past Winter in Chester, Mass., was, a subscriber writes us, the most spiritual and far-reaching that has been felt there during the past thirty years. The Methodist Church has doubled its membership, and there has been a decided religious movement through the town.

A Meeting for Jews was Held at the Bowery Mission, New York on April 14, by Rev. Hermann B. Faust. Although no announcement of the meeting was made, except by a card in the window of the mission, about fifty Jews were present, and at the close of Mr. Faust's address two of them accepted his invitation to remain for special prayer for their conversion.

Are our Readers Aware that the Fund for the support of Rev. G. W. Sharp, our Sunday School Missionary in the South West is running out? Mr. Sharp has done a great work in Missouri, and during the winter he assisted in the distribution of supplies in Nebraska and Kansas. We believe our readers desire to keep him in the field and that it is only necessary to remind them that funds are needed and they will supply them. Mr. Sharp is too useful a man to be given up.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey, writing from Mexico on April 8, says: "Mr. Moody and I held our first meetings in this city yesterday. The attendance was large and the interest great. Last week we had three days' conference with the missionaries of Mexico at Toluca, which was spiritually profitable to all who were there. When we leave here we go to Fort Worth, Tex., where a Tabernacle capable of holding from five to six thousand persons is being built for our meetings. We were much surprised and pleased to find so many copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD being taken down here in Mexico."

THE TRUE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

A Sermon delivered in the First Baptist Church, Atlanta, Ga., by the Pastor, Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D.D. Text: Ephesians 1: 10: "*That he might gather together in one, all things in Christ.*"

THE ultimatum of Christianity, for this world, is the unification of all mankind in one spiritual, harmonious, happy brotherhood. The realization of this aim will be the consummation of Christ's redemptive work. There is in man a craving for some broader, stronger, brotherhood than that of the nation. Christ has provided for a kingdom, or a brotherhood, which comprehends all nationalities and all races and classes of mankind. For this humanity sighs, and it will be satisfied with nothing less than this.

This dream of universal brotherhood found a very imperfect expression in those ancient empires which sought to gather all races and peoples under one governmental head. Those vast empires were created and held together not merely by physical force, but largely by that human instinct which seeks brotherhood with the whole human race. In their ignorance and depravity they became the victims ot the fatal delusion that this union of all the peoples of the earth must be accomplished by the sword.

Many years ago a young Englishman expressed the wish that he might live to see the day when the continent of Europe should be united under one government. England's last Poet-Laureate gave expression to a larger and grander aspiration when he sang of "The Parliament of Man and the Federation of the World." Many have been the schemes which human wisdom has proposed for the realization of the world's dream of universal brotherhood. They have all failed. They failed because they ignored the truth of God as to the radical cause of the divided condition of the human family, and the means of restoring harmony. The Bible, which Robert Ingersoll calls "the most infamous book in the universe," contains the wisdom of God, and anv philanthropic scheme that is not founded upon it is doomed to inglorious defeat. This Book tells us that sin is

The Great Divider

and the persistent disturber of the human race. Sin separates man from God, and man from man. Sin, in its last analysis, is selfishness pure and simple. It is the exaltation of our selfish gratifications above the will of God and the interests of our fellow men. The first act of human disobedience was dictated by selfishness, and the same is true of every subsequent act. The Bible teaches that the true centrality is God. Sin, is the great divider of mankind. It is the implacable foe of all human relationships. It opposes the family. It declares that the Christian law which binds a man to one woman and a woman to one man, and makes husband and wife as one flesh, is despotic, and therefore should not be obeyed. It is the enemy of the nation. It inspires man to despise civil authority, and to plot treason aginst the state.

If selfishness be the cause of all human divisions, the only way to heal these divisions and unite men in one universal brotherhood is to cure the world of selfishness. This is just what Jesus Christ, the Second Adam, came into the world to do. By his benevolent life and atoning death he laid the foundations of a kingdom which shall dethrone selfishness in the human breast, and bring all men into blissful fellowship with God and sweetest harmony with one another.

The church is the highest social expression of the kingdom which Christ implants in the hearts of men. The church is not an after-thought. It is not a mere accidental feature of Christian progress. It is not an association of Christian people merely for mutual edification, comfort and advancement. It is not a mere support to which the believer may cling until he is able to do without it. The church is an end in itself. It is a spiritual finality. It begins on earth, and will continue forever in heaven.

The man who is prepared by divine grace for church membership is one who has begun to live unselfiishly—to think about the interests of other people, and to deny himself for the betterment of their condition. How natural it is that such a man should want to associate himself with those who have experienced the same divine transformation. That man is sure to get into some local church. He is sure to knock at the door of some company of organized believers, and say: "Open unto me, for your God shall be my God, your work shall be my work, your sorrows shall be my sorrows, your burdens shall be my burdens, your songs shall be my songs, and your heritage shall be my portion forever." In a local congregation, or church, made up of such men, we have a specimen, but a very imperfect specimen of what the social life of the world will be, when all the peoples of the earth are united under Christ, and dwell together in Christian love and peace.

Principles of Union.

A brief study of the prayer which Christ taught his disciples will enable us to see the spirit that must characterize the church, and the work that must be done by the church, in order that the world's dream of universal brotherhood may be realized. Up to the present period the church has but dimly comprehended the sublime significance of this prayer. It is just beginning to see that when the Christian uses this prayer, he invokes upon all mankind the blessings which he asks for himself. It is just beginning to realize that to use this form of prayer, is to ask God for a complete overturning of the social order of the world. It is just beginning to understand that no man can with sincerity offer this prayer until, like Ignatius, he is prepared to stand against the world. The Church of the living God is moving. It is steadily rising into higher light. It is growing into grander conceptions of God, and of its own mission and possibilities. When it reaches the point where it can clearly comprehend the whole spirit and sweep of the Lord's Prayer, and can respond with one universal Amen to every truth and aspiration which it expresses, then we shall see nations born to God in a day, and every kindred, tongue and tribe moving up to take its place under the banner of the universal King.

Let us look at some parts of this prayer. Consider the opening words of it—"Our Father who art in heaven." My brother, if you know the meaning of these words, you must know that in using them you declare your faith in the brotherhood of men, and the equality of all men in the love of God. You profess to be

In Sympathy with Him,

who "so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life." When you say, "Our Father who art in heaven," you utter the most revolutionary sentiment that ever vibrated the air of this planet. If you mean it, in every fibre of your being you are a revolutionist, and you are using every resource of your redeemed nature to exterminate everything in the social world which separates men, and keeps back the glorious era of brotherhood.

You speak to God as "Our Father." That means that the millionaire and the pauper, the railroad manager and the brakeman, the prince and the peasant, the lordly senator and the scavenger, are brothers. It means that the divisions between human beings made by clothes and creeds, money and culture, position and possession, are but "thin disguises that hide from us the eternal childhood of the soul." It means that we will over-ride all these artificial barriers, and extend to rich and poor, lettered and unlettered, high and low, the hand of fraternity. It means that when you pray you speak to God not only for yourself, but for all humanity. It means that you stand on a level with fifteen hundred millions of human beings, and that you covet for each of them the blessing you seek for yourself. If you understandingly and sincerely look up to God and say, "Our Father," you are a friend to foreign missions; you recognize the obligation to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature;" your ear is open to every Macedonian cry; your heart is sensitive to the wail of human suffering, whether it come from the home of your next door neighbor, or from the hut of the Esquimaux in the far off land of eternal winter. All men are your brothers, and you stand ready to help them according to your opportunity and ability.

True Reverence.

"Hallowed be thy name." God has revealed himself to us in humanity. He made himself a man, and in the person of that man Jesus Christ, he dwelt among us full of grace and truth. His name is Emmanuel—God with us—God in our nature, and in our world. So real is this that he could say, "He that receiveth you, receiveth me," and "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Therefore, we reverence God when we reverence the humanity with which he identified himself, and through which he revealed his eternal wisdom, love, and power. To dishonor man is to dishonor God. To insult a poor factory-girl, to abuse a penniless and sore-footed tramp, to withhold from a needle-woman the just reward of her patient toil, to enveigle an unsuspecting youth into a gambling house, or to put the intoxicating cup to his lips, to rob a fellow-man of his money or his freedom, or his character, is a profanity a thousand times more wicked and damnable than any misuse of God's name, or any desecration of temples and shrines consecrated to his worship.

"Thy kingdom come." What is the kingdom of God? A distinguished theological writer says, "It is the dominion of the law of love in the whole life of man, with all the activities and processes." I do not believe that a better definition of the kingdom of God could be given. Christ never provided for the division of a man's life into the secular and sacred, or the economic and the spiritual. He commands men everywhere to organize their lives under the same law of love that ruled his own life, and that was interpreted by his sacrifice on the Cross. That law knows no such distinctions as sacred and secular. It demands that whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we shall do it to the glory of God. It demands that a man should be just as benevolent in his business and politics as he is in his prayers, and just as holy on Monday as on Sunday.

The Law of Life.

To pray, "Thy kingdom come," is to pledge ourselves to prepare the way of that kingdom in our homes, in our business, in our pleasures, and in our politics. Are we redeeming this sacred pledge? Does Christ rule at your fireside? Does his great law of love regulate you and your household? If the Divine Master should come in visible form, and abide with you as he did at the house of Lazarus and his sisters, would he find your domestic affairs in such harmony with his will as to make him feel at home? Could you welcome him to your counting-room? Would you feel no embarrassment at having him look through your ledger? Could you look into his face and say, "Master, this house is under the law of the Golden Rule; in all my transactions with customers, and in all my intercourse and dealings with my employees, I guard their interests as sacredly as my own?" What about your social pleasures? Do you belong to a club? Is it a place to which you could invite your blessed Lord? If it is not, are you honestly doing yout utmost to make it such a place? Does Christ rule your political life? Do you vote as you pray? Do you support only such measures as you believe to be in harmony with God's law of love? Are you bravely battling for the triumph of Christian ethics in the politics and government of your country? To all this you solemnly pledge yourself when you pray, "Thy kingdom come."

"Thy will be done as in heaven so in earth." It is the doing of God's will that makes heaven. The unfallen angels and the glorified saints have heaven in all of its ineffable fulness, because they know no will but God's. Their solitary aim is t please God by a life of complete absorptic in his service. To such there shall be r more night, no more sorrow, no more pai no more want. They bask in the brigh ness of an unsetting sun, drink from pere nial fountains of joy, robe themselves beauty more resplendent than the gorgeo colors of the dying day, and revel amid tl music of golden harps by angel finge touched.

Heaven begins with us on earth. Tl kingdom of heaven is within you. It within you just to the extent that you a obedient to the will of your Father heaven. Heaven is harmony, and ha mony is happiness, and happiness is t consciousness of living for God and wi God. Hell begins on earth and continu through eternity. Self-will asserting its against the will of God makes discord, a discord is the very essence of hell. It is t dominion of self-will that separates a m from fellowship from God, and sinks hi into that "blackness of darkness" throu which no star floats to tell of coming da

When you pray that God's will be do on earth as it is in heaven, you pledge yo own life unreservedly to God's service. Y solemnly promise that every exertion your being shall be an honest effort please him. God has a will concerni everything within the sphere of hum thought, feeling and activity. There is work in which man engages, nothi which his thoughts cherish, or his energi pursue, that should not be subjected to t will of God. God has a will concerning yo domestic life. Will you seek to know it a obey it? To all this you solemnly pled yourself when you pray that God's will done on earth as it is in heaven.

The Family Table.

"Give us this day our daily bread This is a prayer not for yourself and fa ily only, but for every human being wl treads the soil and breathes the atmosphe of earth. In answering this prayer, God providence must act through human i strumentality. God puts bread into t hovel of the sick pauper through those wl have bread enough and to spare. Wh you pray, "Give us this day our dai bread," you pledge yourself to use yo faculties and all your possessions in a w that will be helpful to others in procuri their daily bread. It is the disregard this obligation by men of capital and co mercial skill, that makes distress snd des tution in the land. If the spirit of t Lord's Prayer ruled the whole realm material industries, there would never another famine, or another financ panic, while the world lasts. I have r time to discuss other parts of this pra er. Let it suffice to say that, from begi ning to end, it expresses that law of lo upon which the kingdom of God is foun ed, and the universal observance of whi will be the realization of the world's drea of universal brotherhood.

God's great scheme of gathering in o all things in Christ, contemplates, first all, the union of his people. Before Go will is done on earth as it is in heaven, l people will be of one mind. They will agr in their interpretations of the revealed w of their heavenly Father. They will rea this unity of understanding and faith wh all are thoroughly imbued with the spirit the Lord's prayer. Absolute obedience the spirit of the Lord's prayer will unite t whole Christian world in one Lord, o faith, and one baptism. The inevital sequence of this unity of spirit and und standing, will be organic union. Sectaria ism will cease, denominational lines w cease, denominational lines will be oblit ated, denominational ensigns and nam will disappear, and the now dissever parts of the Lord's army will come togeth in one body, and present to the world unbroken front—a solid phalanx of sacr mental chivalry. When the people of t living God, by growing into the spirit the Lord's prayer, have reached this uni and union, they will exert a power to whi the whole world must speedily succum Then the last infidel voice shall be silenc forever; then will honest doubters doubt more; then will pagan superstitions disa pear, like mists before the morning su and pagan nations wheel into line and ke step to the music of the Gospel. Th shall every form of despotism, wrong a injustice, perish. Then shall every m love his neighbor as himself, and the wor see fulfilled its long lingering, and lon cherished dream and hope of univers brotherhood.

NEW BOOKS.

HE PROPHET OF THE EXILE.

Th Condition of the Time and the Peop when Ezekiel Wrote his Message.*

EZEKIEL was one of the priests who went into captivity with King Jehoiachin, in the year 597 B. C., and the whole of his prophetic career falls after that event. Of his previous life and circumstances we have no direct information, beyond the fact that he was a priest and that his father's name was Buzi. One or two interences, however, may be regarded as reasonably certain. We know that that first deportation of Judeans to Babylon was confined to the nobility, the men of war and the craftsmen: and since Ezekiel was never a soldier nor an artisan, his place in the train of captives must have been due to his social position. He must have belonged to the upper ranks of the priesthood who formed part of the aristocracy of Jerusalem. A careful study of his book gives the impression that he was no longer a young man at the time when he received his call to the prophetic office. This impression is confirmed by the fact that he was married and had a house of his own from the commencement of his work, and probably at the time of his captivity. But the most important fact of all is that Ezekiel had lived through a period of unprecedented public calamity, and one fraught with the most momentous consequences for the future of religion. Moving in the highest circles of society, in the centre of the national life, he must have been fully cognizant of the grave events in which no thoughtful observer could fail to recognize the tokens of the approaching dissolution of the Hebrew state.

By the time of Josiah's death, Ezekiel was able to take an intelligent interest in public affairs. He lived through the troubled period that ensued in the full consciousness of its disastrous import for the fortunes of his people, and occasional references to it are to be found in his writings. He remembers and commemorates the sad fate of Jehoahaz, the king of the people's choice, who was dethroned and imprisoned by Pharaoh Necho during the short interval of Egyptian supremacy. The next king, Jehoiakim, received the throne as a vassal of Egypt, on condition of paying a heavy annual tribute. His son, Jehoiachin, who hardly seated on the throne, when a Babylonian army appeared before the gates of Jerusalem. The siege ended in a capitulation, and the king, the queen-mother, the army and nobility, a section of the priests and the prophets, and all the skilled artisans were transported to Babylon. The object of the captivity was of course to deprive the nation of its natural leaders, its head and its hands, and leave it incapable of organized resistance to the Chaldeans.

The exiles were not treated as prisoners or as slaves. They appear to have been distributed in villages in the fertile territory of Babylon, and to have formed themselves into separate communities under the elders, who were the natural authorities in a simple Semitic society. A lively intercourse with the mother country was kept up, and the exiles were perfectly informed of all that was going on in Jerusalem. There were no doubt personal reasons for their keen interest in the doings of their countrymen at home. The exiles had been compelled to leave their children behind them. They appear also to have had to sell their estates hurriedly on the eve of their departure, and such transactions necessarily turning to the advantage of the purchasers, left a deep grudge in the breast of the sellers. Those who remained in the land exulted in the calamity that had brought so much profit to themselves, and thought themselves perfectly secure in so doing, because they regarded their brethren as men driven out for their sins from Jehovah's heritage. The exiles on their part, affected the utmost contempt for the pretensions of the upstart plebeians, who were carrying things with a high hand at Jerusalem. Like the French emigrants in the time of the Revolution, they felt that their country was being ruined for want of proper guidance and experienced statesmanship. Both Jeremiah and Ezekiel regarded the exiles as the better part of the nation, and the nucleus of the Messianic community of the future. For the present, however, there does not seem to have been much to choose, in point of religious belief and practice, between the two sections of the people.

*From *The Expositor's Bible*, The Book of Ezekiel, a vivid and picturesque description of a stirring period in the history of the Hebrew race. By John Skinner, M. A.. Pp. 499; price $1.50. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth St., New York.

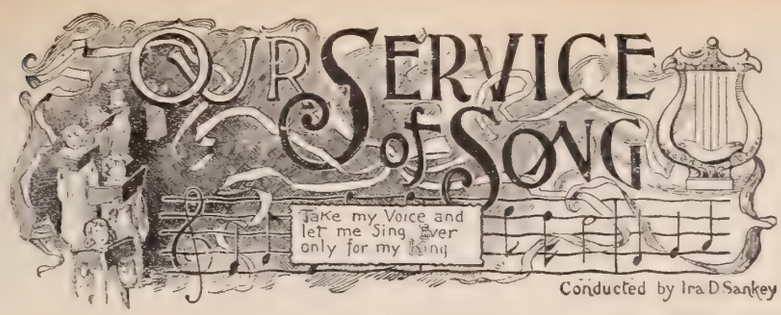
BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Teacher and the Class. A Symposium on Sunday School Teaching. This little work will be read with interest by a very large class of Christian men and women. Pp. 132, cloth covers; price 50 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

Christ and the Church. Essays concerning the Church and the Unification of Christendom. With introduction by Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D. D. Pp. 321, cloth binding; price $1.50. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publ's.

Ten Nights in a Bar-Room and What I Saw There by T. S. Arthur. A new edition of this famous temperance story. Pp. 353; cloth binding. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, publishers.

Pictured Truth; a Hand-Book of Black-board and Object Lessons, by Rev. Robert T. Y. Pierce. Pp. 208; cloth covers; illustrated; price $1.25. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publ's.



HALLELUJAH! JESUS SAVES ME.

"BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED."—*Acts 16: 31.*

GRACE J. FRANCIS. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves me; O the sweet and pre-cious sto - ry,
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus hears me; When in prayer His throne ad-dress - ing,
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus leads me; I will doubt His prom - ise nev - er,
4. Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus keeps me; In the Rock He safe - ly hides me,

I will give Him all the glo - ry, And a - dore His love to me.
While in faith I seek His bless - ing, Then His smile re - vealed I see.
But be - liev - ing, fol - low ev - er Him who gave His life for me.
Ev - 'ry com - fort He pro - vides me, Nev - er Friend so dear as He.

REFRAIN.

From op - pres - sion He has brought me; From its bonds has set me free;

I will praise Him for His mer - cy; Grace di - vine my song shall be.

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THE VISTA OPENED.

The Plan of Future Ages of the World's Existence as Indicated in Prophecy.*

BY GEORGE F. TRENCH, B. A.

TO those who live shut in from the view of the surrounding world, circumscribed by an impenetrable screen of buildings, woods, or shrubberies, it is a great relief to have an opening made—a vista of the scene beyond. This is true, whether the scene let into sight is beautiful or plain; for the eye, like the mind, loves expansion. But if, in addition to liberty and and range, a new harvest of beauty and enchantment is obtained, what words can describe that joy?

There is a region on the chart of futurity, not usually so much studied as others, as to which, having had an experience of this kind, I desire to share it with those by whom the prophetical Scriptures are valued and enjoyed.

Not so very long ago Christian people generally saw nothing ahead but "the Judgment Day," the last day, the general dissolution of all things, and eternity beyond. But students of prophecy, telescope in hand, began to discern intermediate events—ranges of hills, so to speak, and mountains beyond them—and have proclaimed their discoveries with such a fervent "Eureka! Eureka!" that nowadays the old, crude, ignorant belief is well-nigh broken down.

Instead of talking about the "last day," like Martha in John 11, the saints are expecting, as she was then taught (vv. 25, 26, R.V.), the transformation of the living and the resurrection of the sleeping, at the coming of the Lord; an event which, instead of closing the world's history, will—after the brief but most eventful epoch that it has ever passed through for widespread suffering, cruelty, and war—introduce the reign of Christ on earth, and be in fact a morning star to tell of the coming sunrise.

This Reign of Christ, long supposed to be a great spiritual revival in the Church, has been clearly discovered to be, instead, the fulfilment of a hundred promises to Israel, of restoration to their land, and, under David's Son as King, to their national supremacy in all the earth. Its very length is known; because absolutely and unequivocally foretold. It will last a thousand years; and terminate, melancholy to discern, not in a glorious expansion to infinite and universal prosperity and blessing, but in a great and general revolt—a tremendous and world-wide upheaval in rebellion against the King, his chosen people, and his seat of government.

So far, almost all the more thorough and practical students of prophecy are agreed. As for those who still cling to the old theories already referred to, I shall not contend with them. Our present object is to press inquiry into the regions beyond, and to discover, if we can, whether that thousand years' reign, with its furthest margin of violent breaker and surge is, or is not, the final period of limited duration before the eternal age begins.

From the mountain height which revelation affords, it has already been discovered that the stretch of waters that our forefathers had taken for the ocean is but an inland sea, circumscribed by most definite borders. But what is there beyond it? Is that shining field of light, whose calm face looks up to the ethereal blue, reflecting its tints beyond the broken edge of cliff and foam—is that eternity?

To be Continued.

*From his new work, *After the Thousand Years.* Pp. 120. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, 112 Fifth avenue, New York.

IN GETHSEMANE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing May 5. Mark 14: 32-52.

IN spite of all that has been spoken and written about it, the scene in Gethsemane must ever be a scene of mystery. It is impossible for man in his present condition, in the flesh, to know what it was that caused that exquisite suffering, which wrung from those patient lips the cry, "Take away this cup from me." Like the time of temptation in the wilderness, the night in the garden was an experience unique in the world's history. There are immense possibilities in man for mental suffering. Bereavement, cruel wrong, remorse—these and other ills can wring the heart and produce anguish more distressing than physical pain. But none of these was present in that scene of agony. In that beautiful life there could be no self-reproach, no shame, no vain regrets, such as make life unendurable for some men. Yet Christ suffered mental agony so severe that his nature quivered under it, and showed how close is the association between mind and body. What mental torture that must have been that could make the pores of the skin open and let the blood exude, we cannot conceive. It must have been terrific. Yet the words of his prayer indicate the unconquerable spirit within him. He pleads that the cup may be taken from him, but not unless it be in accord with his Father's will, "Not my will, but thine be done." That will he would have supreme at any cost to himself. We can imagine such an expression coming from the lips of some sensitive child, lying on the operating table of a hospital, as he asks his father if a dreaded operation really is unavoidable. That in some way it was necessary that the cup should be drained to the dregs we must believe, otherwise that pathetic prayer would have been granted. God would not have allowed him to suffer like that if the end for which he came could have been accomplished in any other way. The fact is full of sad significance. Sin must indeed be a horrible thing if it cost so much to redeem men from it. We have heard of a young man, the son of a brilliant statesman, realizing the evil of his ways by his father's sacrifice. He knew that his father had toiled and struggled, had labored night and day to attain a certain position. At last the prize of his labor, the hope of his life of which he had thought by day and dreamed of by night was within his grasp. In that hour of triumph the news was brought to him that his beloved son had fallen under the fascination of evil, and that bad companions had brought him to the verge of ruin. The father was heart-broken, but he determined to sacrifice everything to save his son. He resigned the office he had just accepted, sold his property to make good his son's defalcation, and taking the young man with him left his native country to break up his son's connections, and to give all his time and all his magnificent force of character to the weaning of the youth from the evil, and making of him a strong and virtuous man. "I am not worth such a sacrifice, father," he said, "Let me die and do you enjoy the fruits of your efforts." But the father refused and gave up his ambitions and hopes for his son's sake. The youth could never forgive himself for the consequences of his wrong doing; but he was saved, and afterward distinguished himself in the career his father gave up for his sake. He learned two things from the conduct of his father. One was the awful nature of the crime he had committed; and the other, how much his father loved him to sacrifice all that he held dear for his sake. Similar lessons we learn from the agony in the Garden. Though we cannot understand it, we know that it was to redeem men from evil that Christ suffered so; and we perceive what his love for the race must have been, to make him willing to persevere to the end, when redemption could be secured in no other way. Such love demands a better return than it receives. There can be no clearer proof of depravity than for any man to cling to his sin and persist in it in spite of such a sacrifice. To persist in evil after knowing what Christ bore to redeem us from it, implies hardness of heart and cruel wickedness of the deepest dye. Every individual ought to resolve that in his case, at least, that agony shall not have been endured in vain.

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A FLOURISHING ASSOCIATION.

On this page is a picture of the new building secured by the Young Men's Christian Association of Geneva, N. Y. It has cost about forty-seven thousand dollars, and at its opening only two thousand dollars remained to be paid. The building is a remarkably handsome one, considering the size of the town, which has but little over ten thousand population. The first floor is rented out as stores. On the second floor are the library and reading-room, the Secretary's office, auditorium, parlor and amusement room. The gymnasium, which is on the third story, is seventy by eighty feet in area, and on the same floor are the rooms devoted to the Boys' Department. The library contains about fifteen hundred volumes. The Association was organized in 1886, and has now about two hundred members. It is gratifying to notice that the recent report shows an unusual number of religious meetings, with good attendance. It is evident that Geneva has not fallen into the fashion of forgetting that the Association is a Christian Association, and does not exist exclusively for athletics and amusements. We may hope that in the new building the Association will become more than ever a means of spiritual helpfulness to the young men of the town.

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE Y. M. C. A. OF GENEVA, N. Y.

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THE TENEMENT HOUSE CHAPTER.

The sixth annual meeting of the Tenement House Chapter of King's Daughters was held on April 10 in the United Charities Building, New York. It is very gratifying to find from the reports submitted, that the Chapter is extending its work and that its sphere of usefulness is enlarging as opportunities open. The work for which it was started and which it still carries on is to assist the summer corps of physicians sent out among the tenements by the Health Board. Whenever the physicians find patients who require more care than they have time to give, the Chapter sends in a trained nurse, and medicines and food when necessary, and continues its attentions until the good work is completed.

That was the extent of the work of the organization at first. During the six years of its existence it has broadened its labors in a quiet way until now it has headquarters at 77 Madison street, near Chatham Square, with a mothers' club, a girls' club, a boys' club, a kindergarten, "The King's Garden," sewing classes, a library, a visitor for the neighborhood, etc.

Mr. Jacob Riis who has been active in the work from the beginning made an earnest address urging the claims of the library the Chapter is forming for circulation among the tenements. He said: "It is a very necessary thing that we should put the right kind of books into the hands of the people. In the course of my work recently I have come in contact with two suicides, a man and a woman, whose lives were sacrificed to misguided reading. In the pocket of this girl, only twenty-one years old, were found two or three love stories that were the worst trash. There was absolutely no reason outside of her reading for her taking her own life. Upon the body of the man were found numberless newspaper clippings relating to suicide and in his pocket was found an infidel book.

"The greatest work this chapter is doing," said Mrs. Lowell, "is the neighborhood work. There ought to be fifty visitors. The greatest service men and women can perform is to go and live among the poor. There are many ways in which they, through their larger opportunities, can give them pleasure. Much can be done to awaken in the poor nobler ideals and ambitions. The reason charity has been discredited is because it has worked with the broken fragments, the drunken and the shiftless, helping as it could, mourning that such things must be, but never asking the reason why or knowing anything of the honest, thrifty poor who live lives of heroism such as we cannot live. There are certain things that the people must have, and there must be some one to cry aloud for them for more space, more air, and better conditions, and this must come from some one who knows them."

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

Revs. Henry Montgomery and J. D. Lamont, of Belfast, have been invited to represent Ireland at the great C. E. Convention in Boston in July next.

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The "Epworth Herald" says: An indication of the way the city of Chatanooga looks at the approaching Epworth League Conference is seen in the fact that the board of mayor and aldermen of the city have just passed a resolution appointing five of their number to assist in the entertainment of the conference, and appropriating $500 to be used for that purpose.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

The following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

N. Jacobson, Hutto, Tex.
O. L. Reynolds, Tobax, Va.
One of the King's Daughters, Leominster, Mass.
Ellen Phinney, Waquoit, Man., Can.
John L. Sponseller, Indian Springs, Md.
John McNab, Birdsboro, Pa.
A family who are being led by Jesus.
F. W. George, So. Berwick, Me.
Frank C. Bucknam, Yarmouthville, Me.
Mrs. Fannie E. Kelso, New Boston, N. H.
J. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Chas. Thomas, Independence, Iowa.
Irvin Mentzer, Frankstown, Pa.
Friend, Pelle Plain, Minn.
Friend, Watertown, N. Y.
Mrs. Hatcher, Comber, Ont., Can.
Mrs. S. A. Beane, Los Angeles, Cal.
Mrs. W. H. Dudley, Canton, Miss.
An old Subscriber, Washington, D. C.
A. S. Stewart, Neche, Pembina, N. D.
Arthur Meachen, E. Minneapolis, Minn.
A friend, Binghamton, N. Y.
Louisa Jaeger, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Harry Kennedy, Philadelphia, Pa.
Dewitt C. Benjamin, Seymour Lake, Mich.
Mr. and Mrs. Jos. M. Lewis, Herwinton, Ct.
Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Woodworth, Glastonbury, Ct.
Wm. M. Getchell, Pittsfield, Me.
H. L. Crane and wife, Volney, N. Y.
Mrs. Montana Henry, Leatherman, N. C.
Henrietta M. Sawyer, Byfield, Mass.
Christopher H. Jones, Laramie, Wyo.
A friend in Christ, Evansville, Ind.
Clara Higbee, Rock Dell, Minn.
Jas. H. Harvel, Mooresville, N. C.
Miss Lucia Adams, Clarksdale, Miss.
Florence J. Sparks, Centreville, Md.
J. M. M., Ft. McPherson, Ga.
Thos. Spencer, Philadelphia, Pa.
Friend, Norwich, Ct.
"A boy," Norwich, Ct.

All desiring to be enrolled on the list of patrons, should send their names and addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Requests for Prayer.

Following is a summary of letters received at this office asking the prayers of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. They have also been read at the Conversation Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, where prayer was offered for the objects professed, as requested:

From *L. K. D.*, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who has long been an invalid, for recovery, for spiritual help, and for the conversion of her daughter.

From *A Father*, for the recovery of a sick daughter, or for grace to bear the loss in patience if it is God's will to take her.

From *H. G. H.*, Philadelphia, for the conversion of a dear niece who is the only one in the family out of the kingdom.

From *M. T. S.*, Flormal, Ill. That two sons may be devoted to God's service and that their wives may be converted.

From *A Sister*, Brooklyn, for the conversion of her brother.

From *E. A. B.*, Baltimore, for more of the Holy Spirit's light on the Word.

From an *Epworth Leaguer*, Scranton, Pa., who in a moment of weakness committed an awful sin, that he and the person whom he led into the sin may be forgiven and may have strength to resist temptation in the future.

From *M. D. G.*, Goshen, La., that he and her household may be saved.

From *M. D. D.*, Farmington, Tenn., who has received his wife, that he may have grace to bring his four children rightly, and that one boy of promise may serve God as a minister.

From *J. G.*, Canada, on behalf of a girl whose lover has deserted her and who now feels that she has lost her faith in God and is in great spiritual darkness, that she may find comfort and help in Christ.

From *N. E. T.*, Derby, Ia., for her youngest son who has become sceptical since leaving home, that he may be brought to a knowledge of the truth.

From *Constant Reader*, for the conversion of a family, and that the financial trouble now pressing upon them may be relieved.

From *A Friend* that a sister and her friend may turn to God and serve him.

From *A Christian* in Montana who is surrounded by ungodly men, who oppose and ridicule God's Bible, for grace to live and labor so as to win souls.

From *A Young Wife*, Brooklyn, that her husband may be saved from the wiles of an old sweetheart who is trying to lead him to engage with them in a wicked enterprise.

From *A Christian Mother*, New Orleans, that she may recover from a critical illness and be permitted to train her three sons and two daughters up for the Lord. Also for her husband that he may lead a godly life.

From *A Christian Lady*, Kansas, that the Sunday School she was obliged to give up, may again be organized and enjoy God's blessing.

From *Dear G. J.*, Brooklyn, that her husband and son may become Christians.

From *A Sister*, Pittsburg, that her sick brother, who visited at Christmas, may not die in impenitence.

From *Mrs. E. M. G.*, Dansville, who has lost her husband by death, that God would be her Friend and Helper in her widowhood.

From *"One Who Believes,"* &c., for the conversion of a young man who is serving Satan with a high hand, and is bringing sorrow and disgrace on his relatives.

From *M. E. W.*, Topeka, Kan., a mother in her eighty-two years old for the conversion of a grandson, and his emancipation from the enslavement of vicious habits.

MY GARDEN.

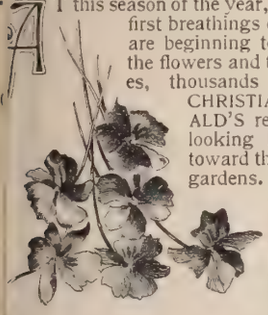
IN my bed of asters
Grew a rough-leaved weed,
And I wondered daily
Whence had come the seed;
Still I would not pull it.
But encouraged it to grow,
Just because it had a leaf
That I did not know.

Soon it held a cluster
Of buds, so faintly rose,
That I watched it hourly
To see their lips unclose.
And I greeted, at its blooming,
Something very sweet,
For my weed had proved a primrose,
Blooming at my feet.

***

A Flower-Loving Nation.

The Japanese Passion for Beautiful Blossoms—Arranging Flowers a Part of the Popular Education.



AT this season of the year, when the first breathings of Spring are beginning to awaken the flowers and the grasses, thousands of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S readers are looking longingly toward their flower gardens. The love of flowers is universal; but with some nations it is so intense as to amount almost to a passion. In Japan which, probably owing to the war with China, is now prominently before the gaze of the world) this flower-love is really a worship. The knowledge, appreciation and use of flowers is a part of the education of every young Japanese, and a girl or boy who could not artistically arrange a posy, a bouquet, or cut and trim a handful of blossoms and set them properly in a jar or vase, would be considered uncultured indeed.

In Tokio, Yokohama, and indeed all through the island empire, the greatest care and taste are lavished upon the flower-gardens and orchards. In the early blossom-time seasons—the plum trees bloom in February and March—the gardens are crowded with visitors observing the progress of the plants. In the larger cities, the first Sunday after the blossoming of the cherry trees is a public holiday, and people leave the thronged cities to spend the day in the fine gardens of the suburbs, or in some of the numerous tea-houses, which are themselves usually surrounded by flowering vines, or trees heavy with blossoms.

It would open the eyes of some of our own amateur gardeners, were they to visit Tokio, and there witness the wonders of floriculture that are to be seen in the suburbs of that remarkable city. All sorts of curious devices, quaint and picturesque, artificial and grotesque, are skilfully laid out in the flower-beds. Great, fragrant waves of richest color seem to rise out of the ground to delight the senses. Arbors shaded with fruit vines, or wisterias; orange and other trees, laden with blossoms; aged camphor trees distilling a grateful odor; lakes that seem like tiny seas of lotus blossoms—these are only a few of the thousand enchantments of a Japanese garden in midsummer. When the flowers are all in blossom, the streets of every city in the Mikado's kingdom are transformed into little garden patches, by the thousands of venders who keep their hand-carts—brilliant with their loads of red, white, and yellow chrysanthemums—constantly in motion, seeking for customers. Each of these vehicles gives the impression of a moving bank of blossoms. Poor indeed is the Japanese home that cannot afford, in the season, to gratify the taste of its inmates by the purchase of a few pots of flowers.

Gardening comes naturally to Japanese girls and boys, and the gift of a specially fine blossom or a rare specimen affords them the keenest pleasure. Even the girls' own particular holiday, the "Feast of Dolls" in March, and the boys' holiday in May,—both very generally celebrated in Japan—do not afford the younger people as much genuine gratification as a romp in a flower garden in the "season of blossoms."

***

The Charm of Good Conversation.

There is no charm more simple, more pure, more living, writes Mrs. Alma D. Whittaker, than that which gleams out along the threads of exquisitely woven conversation. It may be described as verbal architecture, verbal sculpture, verbal painting, and lastly, conversation is verbal music, appealing by sound to that sense of the beautiful which is innate in every human nature, without which the world would be void, and life a waste. Again, we should never confuse talking with conversation. Talking is tuning the instrument, conversation is playing upon it. Good conversation cannot be a monologue—the most musical instrument, if played upon continually becomes an unmitigated bore; but it is an intelligent orchestra, in which all the instruments bear a part."

***

Fold the Lambs Early.

There is not the least doubt that a little child from the first distinct actings of its intellect on unseen and spiritual things may have a child-like love for God and a child-like wish to do his will. While we must not look, writes a country pastor, for the maturity of piety which an adult may exhibit, yet a child may be as distinctly a Christian and as truly pious according to a child's capacity. Why should not conversion be as real, radical and positive at five years of age as at fifty? Whatever God does is well done, and he can give his grace when he will. But it ought not to be expected that a child Christian eight or ten years old will be just the same in every respect as a man or woman Christian. Children are babes in Christ. Therefore, when a child unites with the church a great duty is laid on the church. The remark is sometimes made that the responsibility of joining the church is so great that no child should assume this relation. The responsibility is serious, but it is more serious for the church than for the child. It was a wise shepherd's advice: "Get the lambs folded early, and then keep the fold warm." There could be no wiser for us. Get the children, the lambs of Christ's flock, folded early, and then keep the fold warm! The church cannot take too good care of its child converts. The most loving and tender Christian nurture is their due.

***

Female Education in India.

One of the leading Mohammedan citizens of Bombay, the Hon. Budrudeen Tyabjee, has long taken the lead in the question of female education. He has bestowed on all his daughters an education that fits them to take their place among their English sisters in the higher circles of European society in Bombay. One of the members of his household, the wife of Mr. Abar Tyabjee, Judge of the Baroda High Court, was the first Mohammedan woman to pay a visit to the House of Commons. It would be well if all Mohammedan gentlemen were to follow Mr. Tyabjee's enlightened example and educate their daughters to keep pace with the educated young men of the rising generation, fourteen out of fifteen of whom, according to the startling disclosure recently made in the Indian Census Report on Female Education, are now doomed to take as partners women utterly illiterate, and with whom they have no opportunity of thought or feeling. Among Hindu women there are many instances of the highest attainments. Calcutta can boast of several that have taken high degrees in medicine and science.

A JAPANESE STREET FLOWER VENDER.

***

Childish Burdens.

Every burden of life—and life's burdens seem many—rests at its heaviest on a child's nature. A child is refused more requests than are granted to him. He is subjected to disappointments daily, almost hourly. The baby cannot reach the moon, nor handle papa's razor, nor pound the looking-glass, nor pull over the tea-pot, nor creep into the fire. The older child cannot eat everything he wants to, nor go out at all times, nor have papa and mamma ever at his side. Then there come school-tasks to shrink from, and the jealousies and unkindnesses of playmates and companions to grieve over. And as more is known of life and the world, and the inevitable struggles with temptation, and of the injustice and wrongs which must in so many cases be suffered, it becomes harder and harder for a young person to see only the brighter side of human existence, and to bear up bravely and cheerily under all that tends to sadden and oppress us. There are more clouds in the sky of life's April than of life's August.

SOMEWHERE LAND.

SOMEWHERE the sorrows vanish, somewhere the burdens fall,
Somewhere there's crown of toiling, somewhere there's love for all;
Somewhere this wound hath healing, somewhere we'll understand—
Somewhere, and somewhere, and somewhere—O where is the somewhere land?

The "somewhere land" is heaven—'tis there the burdens fall,
'Tis there the sorrows vanish, 'tis there there's love for all;
'Tis there the crown awaits us; 'tis there we'll understand,
'Tis there the wounds have healing—for that's the somewhere land.

But where's the somewhere country? the heaven where sorrows cease?
The place where Jesus dwelleth, his home of love and peace.
He's King of that fair country, and Lord of that bright land;
He banisheth all sorrow, with his dear, loving hand.

Then patiently abide thee; the somewhere land's not far,
'Tis just above the sunrise, just over the morning star,
A few more nights of sadness, a few more days of care,
We'll reach the "somewhere country," and rest forever there.

***

FOR THE BURDENED.

THE poet Shelley relates common experience in these lines:

I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care,
Which I have borne and yet must bear.

While our life here and its cares co-exist or live and die together, let us also remember that load becomes lighter which is cheerfully borne, and the greatest Teacher has said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer."

While patience may be bitter, its fruit is sweet, and acting as heroically as the small boy in Massachusetts, who, being severely punished by his teacher, with the tears rapidly coursing his cheeks, nevertheless smiled, and to the teacher's question answered, "I know it hurts, but I smile because it's intended for my good." God has declared, "He doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men," and it is also written, "All things work together for good to them that love God." We are not asked to see now how they so work, but to believe, waiting patiently for him, not drawing the curtains or closing the blinds of the soul, thereby losing the sunshine and the blessing upon its appearing. Thus our doubts become traitors, making us lose the good we might win.

A pastor, influenced irresistibly by the feeling that a poor, faithful member of his flock needed aid in the payment of her rent, called at her dwelling. No answer came to his knock, the blinds were closed, and to all appearance the dwelling-place was deserted. He left somewhat disappointed. Meeting her some days afterward, he explained the circumstances of his call, receiving the response:

"Why, dominie, was that you? I closed the house to avoid the landlord, not having all his rent yet. You called to help me, and I did not let you in."

How often, indeed, do we keep out the landlord of our soul, the loving Saviour, while vainly striving alone to arrange some burden, or adjust some care, not designed for our vexation, but of greatest use by inclining us unto fellowship with him, and helpfully again revealing his compassion.

Therefore, when the clouds darkly gather, and troubles come swifter than the things desired, let us cheerily urge our onward way, singing with Bryant,

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

—F. M. EVARTS.

The Second Summer,

many mothers believe, is the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.

ALICE MAPLETON'S ORDEAL

A STORY OF NOBLE FORTITUDE UNDER TRIAL.

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by E. CARSWELL.

CHAPTER XIII.

Accused.

SOME characters seem to be peculiar in their excellences as in their defects. Mrs. Wilson was one of these. She was a loving mother and wife, but the family seemed to absorb her entire stock of this article, and there was none left over for anybody else, not even enough for a cat or dog or bird; so outside of her own family she was not known as a loving woman, and although she had the respect of many, she was not loved by any. She was a very religious woman, but her religion consisted entirely in forms and ceremonies; she was very high church, and thought far more about the altar cloth, the crosses and vestments, and the proper time to bow, than what she was saying, and to whom she was addressing her prayers. It would have shocked her more had the congregation remained seated when the wardens presented the offertory to the clergyman, than to have known that there was nothing on the plates. She would have thought, with Emma, that it was "perfectly dreadful" if the minister, by mistake, had worn a black instead of a purple stole; if he had forgotten to turn his back to the congregation and bow to the east when pronouncing the benediction, she would have thought it more awful than if he had forgotten several of the prayers; in fact her religion consisted entirely in what was done inside the church. She went to church to perform her religous duties, and felt when she left church she had done all that religion called upon her to do for the week. If she had seen her clergyman (although there was not the slightest danger of him ever being caught in such a position), we say if she had seen him standing in a boat with rough, barefooted fishermen for his companions, and preaching without a surplice to a promiscuous crowd on the shore, she would have been horrified to see him thus destroying the respectability of the church, and making religion common and vulgar, and she never would have listened to him again.

She was also a charitable woman, but her charity was as formal as her religion; we separate the two, because in her mind charity and religion were two separate things. She was president of a very high-toned Ladies' Guild, and gave liberally (the names and amounts were always published once a year) from, as she said, a sense of duty, but she was never known to give a cent to a begging child, or a crust to a beggar at her door; she said a sense of justice to the deserving poor would not allow her to give to those who asked charity, and yet she was never known to climb to a garret, or go down to a cellar in search of those too proud or unable to ask; no one sent a more costly wreath than she did to lay upon the coffin of a departed friend, or paid more for costly flowers to decorate the church at Easter, yet when asked to join a Flower Mission, the object of which was to carry flowers to the sick rooms of the poor, she became almost indignant. No, the duty she owed society (society with her meant her own particular set), and a sense of justice to the poor themselves, would prevent her, if nothing else; flowers would be very much out of place with such surroundings, the people to whom they were sent could not appreciate such things, and it [illegible] would be engendering pride, which would make them feel above their station when they recovered, and if there was one thing more than another that made her angry, it was when persons tried to get above their station, when they had the presumption to force their way into good society where they were not wanted. She had no mercy on such people, and this is the more to be wondered at when it was known that her own father was a carpenter, and she a shop girl when Mr. Wilson married her.

It was this feeling that made her dislike Alice, and the dislike grew stronger every time she met her; here was a drawing-teacher who put on the airs of a lady, acted as if she was an equal. There was an ease and confidence in all her actions and words that bespoke the lady in spite of her rather shabby dress and occcupation, and although Alice was modest, unpresuming, and a teacher, she was always a lady. And it was really her superiority in education, deportment, language, and ability (though unconsciously shown by Alice), that aggravated Mrs. Wilson, although she would not have admitted this even to herself.

When Alice next appeared at Mrs. Wilson's, she was shown into the library instead of the sitting-room, where she had been in the habit of giving the lessons. Mrs. Wilson was there alone to receive her; she pointed to a chair, Alice felt a chill creep over her, for she could see from the cold, stern look on Mrs. Wilson's face, and her peculiar reception that something was wrong, and she felt frightened and sank into a seat.

Miss Brown, as I believe you falsely call yourself," Mrs. Wilson began, "A sense of justice and a duty I owe society, and particularly my own family, compels me to meet you alone this morning, for after what has happened, of course, I would not allow you to give my daughters another lesson, or even to speak to them; but if you make an humble confession and restore a certain article, you will be permitted to leave the house, never to re-enter it; and I am only thus lenient, because my foolish and soft-hearted daughter Louie (whose kindness you have repaid with base ingratitude), has pleaded for you."

Alice had sat with open mouth and eyes, completely bewildered; at last she said, "Will you be kind enough to tell me what you are talking about and how I have offended you, and what I am expected to confess? I am utterly at a loss to understand you, madam."

"Such cool impudence might pass for innocence with some people," said Mrs. Wilson; "but I am not so easily deceived, your own guilty conscience will tell you what you have done, and you will return the bracelet, and any other article you may have taken within two hours, or I shall have you arrested, for I have all the proof necessary."

Now it flashed upon the mind of Alice that this woman was calling her a thief, and instead of bursting into tears or fainting away, as might have been expected, she sprang to her feet, her eyes flashing, and her face scarlet; she trembled with excitement and indignation; there was no look of fear in her eye, nor tremor in her voice, as she said in a clear, defiant voice, "Do I understand you to charge me with stealing?"

"I do," said Mrs. Wilson.

"Then, let me tell you," said Alice, "that you are doing me a foul injustice. I am no more capable of stooping to such an act than you are. You suppose because I have to earn my living and because I do not wear fine dresses I must be mean and unprincipled, but poverty and meanness are not necessarily allied. Though I am very poor I have been trained as the highest born ladies are and I should scorn to steal or do anyone wrong. I should suffer less in dying of starvation than I should suffer from my conscience if I did anything dishonest. I know not and care not what it is you call 'proof' of my dishonesty. The 'proof' is false throughout. There is no one under your roof who would shrink from dishonesty more than I would." Alice scarcely knew what she was saying, she was so angry.

Mrs. Wilson listened in amazement. This was not what she had expected, and each word seemed to prick her like a needle. She turned very pale, then she drew a long breath, and said, "You insulting woman, this is the way you treat my offer of mercy, is it? You dare to add insult to your dishonesty."

"Do not dare to say another word to me, now or at any other time. I should blush to have you recognize me on the street; I defy you to do your worst, and I believe you have only made this charge as an excuse for not paying me the small sum you owe me, but you are welcome to it, for I would starve rather than take a cent of your money, although I have earned it honestly," and Alice swept out of the room and was at the hall door before Mrs. Wilson had recovered from her astonishment; then she rushed after her and shouted as Alice descended the marble steps, "You shall sleep in a cell to-night, you impudent girl, and nothing shall prevent me from doing my duty," and she slammed the door on the retreating figure."

CHAPTER XIV.

A Champion.

Alice walked at a rapid pace until her passion began to cool; she hardly knew what had happened, she felt so dazed, then a reaction set in, and it required all her willpower to keep herself from crying aloud on the street.

"Miss Mapleton, I believe," said a gentleman who had taken several steps by her side before he spoke.

Alice was startled by the voice, for her mind was so pre-occupied that she had not noticed him.

"Sir," she said as she looked with a half-frightened gaze and exclamation. He was a handsome man, with dark blue eyes and heavy brown mustache (this she said afterward was all she saw), and had every appearance of a gentleman.

"Excuse my presumption, and the liberty I take in addressing you on the street, but believe me when I say that it is absolutely necessary, when I tell you that I speak in the interest of a friend of yours now in Mexico, and for your own and your mother's welfare, I know you will not be offended."

The mention of the friend in Mexico was enough to satisfy Alice that she had nothing to fear and also to mantle her face with a blush.

"Please go on, sir; and any information you may be able to give of absent friends will be thankfully received," said Alice, forgetting for the moment what she had just gone through, in her anxiety to hear news of her lover.

"In the first place, Miss Mapleton, I will introduce myself. My name is Graham; I am a detective. Mr. Morgan (whom I may say is a personal friend of mine) had doubts as to the honesty of certain persons connected with your father, and when he found that he had to leave the country on such short notice, and knew that your father was dangerously ill, he asked me not only as an officer, but as a friend, to keep an eye on the firm, and act in your interest should I find it necessary. Then your brother, before he left, when he found that he and his family had been ruined by a dishonest and unprincipled villain, also put the case in my hands; then Mr. Morgan was sent to China and your brother was killed, just when I had the trap ready to spring. My next move was to find you and your mother, which I have been trying to do for months without success. I used all means I could think of, not only because it was very important from a business point of view, but also because my friend Morgan seemed so very, very anxious; indeed, his last request was that I drop everything else and spare neither pains or expense until you were discovered."

"When did you last hear from Mr. Morgan, and how was he?" Alice asked, trying to command her voice, and speak as if she was inquiring after some ordinary friend.

"I received a letter only the other day, and he was then about to start for home."

Alice found it hard to repress her feelings, and the tears which filled her eyes, but only for a moment, and then simply said, "I am so glad to hear it."

"But, Miss Mapleton, what I have to say to-day is of personal importance to yourself, and could not be deferred another hour. Were it not imperative I should not have been so bold as to address you on the street. It is not a good place for private conversation; would you mind stepping into Mr. Jacobs' parlor. I know such a request will appear strange, but it is very important that you should hear at once what I w to say to you."

"I am not only willing, but anxious hear you, Mr. Graham, and as I am quainted with Mr. Jacobs, and have confidence in him as a friend. I know of other place where I would rather go to h what you have to say; I dare not ask to our own rooms, as my mother is an valid, and the least thing agitates her much, that I hide all the unpleasant thi from her that I can."

"Good," said Mr. Graham, as he ope the side door and followed Alice into the tle parlor.

"Good afternoon, my tear young frien said Mr. Jacobs, handing her a chair. "I vas looking some petter dan ven I saw de las' time."

Now, let us get to business at onc said Mr. Graham. "You have no objec to Mr. Jacobs hearing what we have say on this case, have you, Miss?"

"Oh, none whatever. I wish him to st he has been a true friend to me, and I wo trust him as I would a father," said Al

"Dat vas make me feel goot already hear you talk dot vay," said Mr. Jac

"Well, Miss, you must not be offen at any questions I may ask you; they be asked only for your own good."

"I am sure I know of nothing that I w to conceal," said Alice.

"Did you ever leave a bracelet here security on a loan?" asked the detectiv

"Yes," said Alice, turning very rec the face.

The detective opened his eyes with a l of astonishment.

"Dot vas not de von vat dis troubles about," said Mr. Jacobs. "Dot vas no von she took avay last night."

"Did you write that name?" asked G ham showing her the book, which he brought from the shop.

"That is my name, but I never wro there," said Alice.

"You say dot vas your name?" Mr. Jacobs with a puzzled look.

"Yes," said Alice, "do you not remem the last time but one I was here, I told that I had not given you my right na and before I could explain, some pe came in?"

"Yes, now I remember, so you did, F ben come here," when the young came from the front shop at his fath call, Mr. Jacobs asked, "Is dis de yo lady vat left dot brazelet wid you, my so

"No, fader, she is not; I know Brown; she never signed Alice Maple And about that bracelet—I forgot to you that Mr. Briggs called for dat bra a leetle vile ago, and brought de ticket, I couldn't find it."

"Dot vill do, my poy," and Reuben turned to the shop.

"Did not Mrs. Wilson charge you stealing a bracelet to-day?" asked Graham.

"She did," said Alice, as a shu shook her frame, and she burst into te

"I knew by the way you left the hou I saw that you were greatly agitated in tears. Now, have you a very b enemy?" asked the detective.

"I have only one, that I know of in world," said Alice, trying to keep back tears.

"And his name is Jackson?" said Graham.

"How did you know that?" asked in a startled voice.

"Did you know that he was a friend the Wilsons?" he asked, not answe her question.

"Surely not, or I should have fou it out before this through his hatred (w he calls love), if in no other way."

"That is how you are finding it out Graham. One more question: is your sketch b the one with the blue cover?"

"Yes!" said Alice in amazement, "I here, I brought it away to-day."

Mr. Graham took the book, and car ly turned over every leaf as if in searc something. "Ah! it is gone," he said turned the last leaf, "I thought it would

"Vat vas it you expects to find?" a Mr. Jacobs.

"Mr. Jackson was at the Wilsons night, and the young ladies were sho him their sketch books, and I saw him something into this one, and it looke me like a pawn ticket," said Mr. Gra

"Were you there?" asked Alice.

"Well, not exactly. I was only wh could see, and not be seen," said Gra with a smile.

(To be Continued.)

WESTERN RELIEF WORK.

During the week additional remittances have been sent from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund to several points in Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma for the aid of isolated cases. Seed continues to go forward from the East in considerable quantities. Mr. Ludden writes us from Lincoln, Neb.: "Our food supply has kept up remarkably. Gov. Holcomb has asked the Legislature to appropriate $50,000 more for seed supplies. . . . . No one has starved to death in our State; no one has frozen, nor suffered for lack of clothing. . . . We truly appreciate your marked generosity. . . ."

No further contributions to the Fund will be accepted after May 1st. The following have been received during the past week:

Previously acknowledged	$26,661.61	—, Dollar Bay, Mich	3 00
Bingham Mr.-AL	2 00	M E S Jonesville	1 00
Miss Frances	5 00	H M S Byfield, Mass	3 00
Mrs. C H	2 00	Widow's mite, Mich.	1 00
E O E	3 00	Epworth League, Farmland	10 00
Augusta	50	Proceeds of a union service, Flat Rock	3 00
Providence	2 00	1st Baptist Church, Leadville, Colo	5 00
Bismarck	2 00	Y W C T & L Union, Ada	2 00
Miss L T	1 00	E Providence	1 00
Name, S C	1 00	W C T U, Ansonsport	2 00
Mrs. W	3 75	Sylvan Valley S S	50
Mrs. P C	1 00	**Total**	**$26,730.86**

Victims of Dyspepsia

I cannot in one short letter, tell of my sufferings. I would briefly say that I had all the horrors of dyspepsia, insomnia and indigestion. I tried many ways to get relief and failed. Last but not least, I have used about eight bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and feel more than 50 per cent. better than I have for three years past; and all this at a cost not so great as three trips to a doctor. I give God the praise for the inspiration that brought out Hood's Sarsaparilla. May its proprietors live long and do good. Of all the preparations extant, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best for all sufferers with similar complaints. I am a farmer, nearly 58 years of age and weigh 185 lbs." S. E. BAKER, W. Jefferson, O.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

This is the reason for its remarkable cures. Try it this spring.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

Approved by the Highest Medical Authorities as a perfect Sanatory Toilet Preparation for infants and adults.

POSITIVELY RELIEVES PRICKLY HEAT, NETTLE RASH, CHAFED SKIN, SUNBURN, Etc.

Removes Blotches, Pimples, and Tan, makes the skin smooth and healthy. Delightful after shaving. Decorated Tin Box, Sprinkler Top. All druggists, or mailed for 25 cents. Send for Free Samples.

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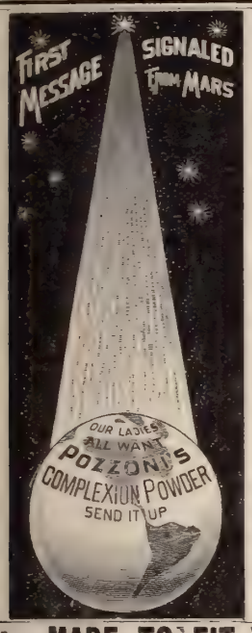

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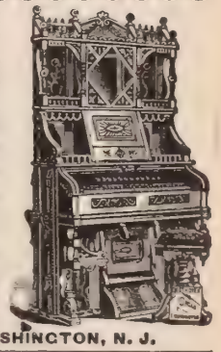

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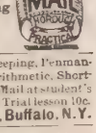

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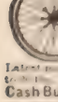

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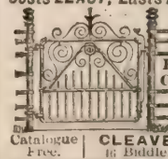

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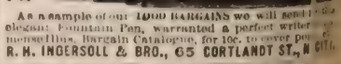

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1895. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

MOODY AND SANKEY IN MEXICO.

The Famous Evangelists Preaching the Gospel in the Land of the Aztecs—A Nation Emerging from Priestly Domination into the Light of Religious Liberty.

DWIGHT L. MOODY, Evangelist.

MISSIONARIES and Christian workers throughout Mexico have been greatly cheered by a visit from Messrs Moody and Sankey. A personal letter to the Proprietor of this journal from Mr. [illegible]ey, an extract from which we published last week, announced the arrival of the evangelists in the City of Mexico, and described the great missionary conference which had just taken place at Toluca. Missionaries of all denominations came from all parts of the country to meet the Evangelist. The conference lasted three days, and was inspiring and stimulating in its features. No one knows better than Mr. Moody how to impart good cheer to the Christian worker, and the stirring words with Mr. Sankey's melodious song would awaken the souls of the [illegible]ed men and women who listened to him, and give them new courage and energy to go on with their arduous work. We may hope, too, that at the public meetings in the City of Mexico, where great assemblies of English-speaking residents were gathered, the Spirit of God may have carried the Word home to many hearts. It was a kindly and thoughtful act of the Evangelists to make this journey from Texas to the capital of the sister republic. Christian work there needs encouragement. Not even in heathen lands are the difficulties encountered by the Gospel so formidable and so numerous as in Mexico. Scepticism and prejudice and superstition each hold a position almost impregnable in different classes of society. The fact arises from peculiar social and political conditions. When in 1810, Mexico threw off the yoke of Spain, the Romish priests were the best educated and most cultured of the people. They naturally became dominant, directly, and indirectly, in the new government, and succeeded in acquiring control of many departments. It was not long before patriotic and sagacious citizens discovered that Mexico was still under foreign domination, with the only difference that the mandates came from Rome instead of from Madrid. In the name of religion, Mexico was being robbed of the fruit of her successful struggle against Spanish despotism. Under Spain and under Papal domination, Protestantism had been rigidly excluded so that the new struggle for liberty, which was a struggle against the priests, appeared a struggle against religion itself. The only religion with which the Mexican patriot was familiar was a religion that tried to enslave him. Small wonder was it that the very name of religion became hateful to him. It was difficult to overcome his natural prejudice. He suspected interested motives in those who approached him on the subject of religion and believed that the Protestant was as much the enemy of his country as the Roman Catholic priest. To this day, the missionary is opposed not more violently by the priests, than he is by the patriots, who have been driven into indifference or atheism. Beside this there is a prejudice against Protestantism as a foreign Church. The proud, sensitive people resent missionaries being sent to them from other nations, as if they were an ignorant heathen people, and they are disposed to regard Americans especially with suspicion as being plotters for the annexation of their country to the United States. The Mexican wished to go on without interference or religious help of any kind. He had been deceived and had lost such faith as he had. Everywhere there was scepticism on the one hand and blind superstition on the other. All these obstacles make Mexico an extremely difficult and discouraging field, and Christ's servants there would have lost heart long ago, in carrying on the Gospel work, but for their strong faith in the power of their Master to overcome all obstacles. They have prayed to him for help and he has heard them. In spite of indifference and opposition the Gospel is winning its way among the people. Missionaries of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches are at work and the corps of native evangelists laboring under Bishop H.C. Riley, whose headquarters are in the City of Mexico, are preaching the Gospel in the country districts. To cheer these noble, self-sacrificing laborers of all denominations was a good work and we are glad that Messrs. Moody and Sankey undertook it. How much of that kind of duty in addition to direct evangelical effort they have done in their own country, in England, Scotland and Ireland our readers know, and nowhere was it needed more than it was in Mexico.

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(Continued on page 279.)

SALVATION.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., preached last Sunday on the Text: Isaiah 55: 6 *"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found."*

ISAIAH stands head and shoulders above the other Old Testament authors in vivid descriptiveness of Christ. Other prophets give an outline of our Saviour's features. Some of them present, as it were, the side face of Christ; others a bust of Christ; but Isaiah gives us the full-length portrait of Christ. Other Scripture writers excel in some things. Ezekiel more weird, David more pathetic, Solomon more epigrammatic, Habakkuk more sublime; but when you want to see Christ coming out from the gates of prophecy in all his grandeur and glory, you involuntarily turn to Isaiah. So that if the prophecies in regard to Christ might be called the "Oratorio of the Messiah," the writing of Isaiah is the "Hallelujah Chorus," where all the batons wave and all the trumpets come in. Isaiah was not a man picked up out of insignificance by inspiration. He was known and honored. Josephus, and Philo, and Sirach extolled him in their writings. What Paul was among the apostles, Isaiah was among the prophets.

My text finds him standing on a mountain of inspiration, looking out into the future, beholding Christ advancing and anxious that all men might know him; his voice rings down the ages: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." "Oh," says some one, "that was for olden times." No, my hearer. If you have traveled in other lands you have taken a circular letter of credit from some banking-house in New York, and in St. Petersburg, or Venice, or Rome, or Melbourne, or Calcutta, you presented that letter and got financial help immediately. And I want you to understand that the text, instead of being appropriate for one age, or for one land, is a circular letter for all ages and for all lands, and wherever it is presented for help, the help comes: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found."

I come, to-day, with no hair-spun theories of religion, with no nice distinctions, with no elaborate disquisition; but with an urgent call to personal religion. The Gospel of Christ is a powerful medicine: it either kills or cures. There are those who say, "I would like to become a Christian. I have been waiting a good while for the right kind of influences to come;" and still you are waiting. You are wiser in worldly things than you are in religious things. If you want to get to Albany, you go to the Grand Central Depot, or to the steamboat wharf, and, having got your ticket, you do not sit down on the wharf or sit in the depot [illegible] And yet there are men who say they are waiting to get to heaven—waiting, waiting, but not with intelligent waiting, or they would [illegible] that would bear them into the kingdom of God.

Now you know very well that to seek a thing is to search for it with earnest endeavor. If you want to see a certain man in this city, and there is a matter of $10,000 connected with your seeing him, and you cannot at first find him, you do not give up the search. You look in the directory, but cannot find the name; you go in circles where you think, perhaps, he may mingle, and, having found the part of the city where he lives, but perhaps not knowing the street, you go through street after street, and from block to block, and you keep on searching for weeks and for months.

You say: "It is a matter of $10,000 whether I see him or not." Oh, that men were as persistent in seeking for Christ! Had you one-half that persistence you would long ago have found him who is the joy of the forgiven spirit. We may pay our debts, we may attend church, we may relieve the poor, we may be public benefactors, and yet all our life disobey the text, never seek God, never gain heaven. Oh, that the Spirit of God would help me, while I try to show you, in carrying out the idea of my text, first, how to seek the Lord, and in the next place, when to seek him.

I remark, in the first place, you are to seek the Lord through earnest and believing prayer. God is not an autocrat or a despot seated on a throne, with his arms resting on brazen lions, and a sentinel pacing up and down at the foot of the throne. God is a father seated in a bower, waiting for his children to come and climb on his knee, and get his kiss and his benediction. Prayer is the cup with which we go to the "fountain of living water," and dip up refreshment for our thirsty soul. Grace does not come to the heart as we set a cask at the corner of the house to catch the rain in the shower. It is a pulley fastened to the throne of God, which we pull, bringing the blessing.

I do not care so much what posture you take in prayer, nor how large an amount of voice you use. You might get down on your face before God, if you did not pray right inwardly, there would be no response. You might cry at the top of your voice, and unless you had a believing spirit within, your cry would not go further up than the shout of a plow-boy to his oxen. Prayer must be believing, earnest, loving. You are in your house some summer day, and a shower comes up, and a bird, affrighted, darts into the window, and wheels about the room. You seize it. You smooth its ruffled plumage. You feel its fluttering heart. You say, "Poor thing, poor thing!" Now, a prayer goes out of the storm of this world into the window of God's mercy, and he catches it, and he feels its fluttering pulse, and he puts it in his own bosom of affection and safety. Prayer is a warm, ardent, pulsating exercise. It is an electric battery which, touched, thrills to the throne of God! It is the diving-bell in which we go down into the depths of God's mercy and bring up "pearls of great price." There was an instance where prayer made the waves of the Gennesaret solid as stone pavement. Oh, how many wonderful things prayer has accomplished! Have you ever tried it? In the days when the Scotch Covenanters were persecuted, and the enemies were after them, one of the head men among the Covenanters prayed: "Oh, Lord, we be as dead men unless thou shalt help us! Oh, Lord, throw the lap of thy cloak over these poor things!" And instantly a Scotch mist enveloped and hid the persecuted from their persecutors—the promise literally fulfilled: "While they are yet speaking I will hear."

Have you ever tried the power of prayer? God says: "He is loving, and faithful, and patient." Do you believe that? You are told that Christ came to save sinners. Do you believe that? You are told that all you have to do to get the pardon of the Gospel is to ask for it. Do you believe that? Then come to him and say: "Oh, Lord! I know thou canst not lie. Thou hast told me to come for pardon, and I could get it. I come, Lord. Keep thy promise, and liberate my captive soul."

Oh, that you might have an altar in the parlor, in the kitchen, in the store, in the barn, for Christ will be willing to come again to the manger to hear prayer. He would come to your place of business, as he confronted Matthew, the tax commissioner. If a measure should come before Congress that you thought would ruin the nation, how you would send in petitions and remonstrances! And yet there has been enough sin in your heart to ruin it forever, and you have never remonstrated or petitioned against it. If your physical health failed, and you had the means, you would go and spend the summer in Germany, and the winter in Italy, and you would think it a very cheap outlay if you had to go all round the earth to get back your physical health. Have you make any effort, any expenditure, any exertion for your immortal and spiritual health?

Oh that you might now begin to seek after God with earnest prayer. Some of you have been working for years and years for the support of your families. Have you given one half day to the working out of your salvation with fear and trembling? You came here with an earnest purpose, I take it, as I have come hither with an earnest purpose, and we meet face to face, and I tell you, first of all, if you want to find the Lord, you must pray, and pray and pray.

I remark again, you must seek the Lord through Bible study. The Bible is the newest book in the world. "Oh," you say, "it was made hundreds of years ago, and the learned men of King James translated it hundreds of years ago." I confute that idea by telling you it is not five minutes old, when God, by his blessed Spirit, retranslates it into the heart. If you will, in the seeking of the way of life through Scripture study, implore God's light to fall upon the page, you will find that these promises are not one second old, and that they drop straight from the throne of God into your heart.

There are many people to whom the Bible does not amount to much. If they merely look at the outside beauty, why it will no more lead them to Christ than Washington's farewell address or the Koran of Mohammed, or the Shaster of the Hindoos. It is the inward light of God's Word you must get. I went up to the church of the Madeleine, in Paris, and looked at the doors which were the most wonderfully constructed I ever saw, and I could have stayed there for a whole week; but I had only a little time, so having glanced at the wonderful carving on the doors, I passed in and looked at the radiant altars, and the sculptured dome. Alas, that so many stop at the outside door of God's Holy Word, looking at the rhetorical beauties, instead of going in and looking at the altars of sacrifice and the dome of God's mercy and salvation that hovers over penitent and believing souls!

O my friends! if you merely want to study the laws of language, do not go to the Bible. It was not made for that. Take "Howe's Elements of Criticism"—it will be better than the Bible for that. If you want to study metaphysics, better than the Bible will be the writings of William Hamilton. But if you want to know how to have sin pardoned, and at last to gain the blessedness of heaven, search the Scriptures, "for in them ye have eternal life."

When people are anxious about their souls, there are those who recommend good books. That is all right. But I want to tell you that the Bible is the best book under such circumstances. Baxter wrote "A Call to the Unconverted," but the Bible is the best call to the unconverted. Philip Doddridge wrote "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," but the Bible is the best rise and progress. John Angell James wrote "Advice to the Anxious Inquirer," but the Bible is the best advice to the anxious inquirer.

O, the Bible is the very book you need, anxious and inquiring soul! A dying soldier said to his mate: "Comrade, give me a drop!" The comrade shook up the canteen, and said: "There isn't a drop of water in the canteen." "Oh," said the dying soldier, "that's not what I want; I have in my knapsack for my Bible," and his comrade found the Bible, and read him a few of the gracious promises, and the dying soldier said: "Ah, that's what I want. There isn't anything like the Bible for a dying soldier, is there, my comrade?" O blessed book while we live! Blessed book when we die!

I remark, again, we must seek God through church ordinances. "What," say you, "can't a man be saved without going to church?" I reply, there are men, I suppose, in glory, who have never seen a church; but the church is the ordained means by which we are to be brought to God; and if truth affects us when we are alone, it affects us more mightily when we are in the assembly—the feelings of others emphasizing our own feelings. The great law of sympathy comes into play, and a truth that would take hold only with the grasp of a sick man, beats mightily against the soul with a thousand heart-throbs.

When you come into the religious circle, come only with one notion, and only for one purpose—to find the way to Christ. When I see people critical about sermons, and critical about tones of voice, and critical about sermonic delivery, they make me think of a man in prison. He is condemned to death, but an officer of the government brings a pardon and puts it through the wicket of the prison, and says: "Here is your pardon. Come and get it." "What! Do you expect me to take that pardon offered with such a voice as you have, with such an awkward manner as you have? I would rather die than so compromise my rhetorical notions!" Ah, the man does not say that; he takes it! It is his life. He does not care how it is handed to him. And if, to-day, that pardon from the throne of God is offered to our souls, shall we not seize it, regardless of all non-essentials?

But I come now to the last part of my text. It tells us when we are to seek the Lord: "While he may be found." When is that? Old age? You may not see old age. To-morrow? You may not see to-morrow. To-night? You may not see to-night. Now! O, if I could only write on every heart, in three capital letters, that word N-O-W—Now!

Sin is an awful disease. I hear people say with a toss of the head and with artificial manner: "Oh, yes, I'm a sinner." Sin is an awful disease. It is leprosy. It is dropsy. It is consumption. It is all fatal disorders in one. Now you know there is a crisis in a disease. Perhaps you have had some illustration of it in your family. Sometimes the physician has called, and he has looked at the patient and said: "That case was simple enough; but the crisis has passed. If you had called me yesterday or this morning, I could have cured the patient. It is too late now; the crisis has passed." Just so it is in the spiritual treatment of the soul—there is a crisis.

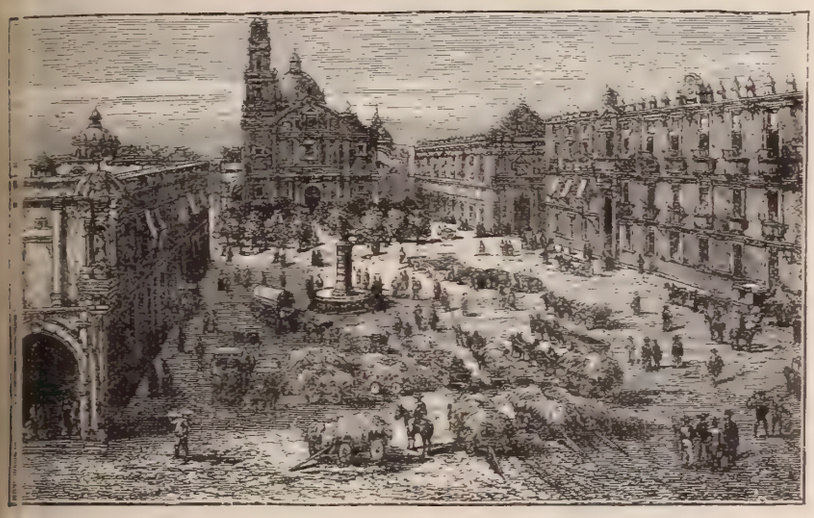
There are some here who can remember instances in life when, if they had bought a certain property, they would have been very rich. A few acres that would not cost them almost nothing were offered them. They refused them. Afterward a large village or city sprung up on those acres of ground, and they see what a mistake they made in not buying the property. There was an opportunity of getting it. It [illegible]

ca back again. And so it is in regard to man's spiritual and eternal fortune. Th is a chance; if you let that go, perha it never comes back. Certainly, that on never comes back.

gentleman told me that at the battle of Gettysburg he stood upon a height looking off upon the conflicting armies. He said it wa the most exciting moment of his life; no one army seeming to triumph, and no the other. After awhile the host wheeled in ch a way that he knew in five minutes th whole question would be decided. He sa the emotion was almost unbearable.

The diamond districts of Brazil are carefully guarded, and a man does not get in there except by a pass from the government; but the love of Christ is a diamond district we may all enter, and pick up treasures for eternity. "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

Take the hint of the text that I have no time to dwell upon—the hint that there is a time when he cannot be found. There was a man in this city, eighty years of age, who said to a clergyman who came in, "Do you think that a man eighty years of age can get pardoned?" "Oh, yes," said the clergyman. The old man said: "I can't; when I was twenty years of age—I am now eighty years—the Spirit of God came to my soul, and I felt the importance of attending to these things, but I put it off. I rejected God, and since then I have had no feeling." "Well," said the minister, "wouldn't you like to have me pray with you?" "Yes," replied the old man, "but it will do no good. You can pray with me if you like to." The minister knelt down and prayed, and commended the man's soul to God. It seemed to have no effect upon him. After awhile the last hour of the man's life came, and through his delirium a spark of intelligence seemed to flash, and with his last breath he said, "I shall never be forgiven!" "O seek the Lord while he may be found."



THE OLD INQUISITION BUILDING IN MEXICO.

Th is just such a time to-day with you. Th forces of light on one side, the forces of ath on the other side, and in a few mo ts the matter will be settled for eternity. here is a time which mercy has set for leaving port. If you are on board before th you will get a passage for heaven. If you are not on board, you miss your passage for heaven. As in law courts, a case is sometimes adjourned from term to term, and from year to year, till the bill of costs eats up the entire estate, so there are men wh are adjourning the matter of religion fro time to time, and from year to year, un heavenly bliss is the bill of costs the m will have to pay for it.

hy defer this matter, oh, my dear hearer Have you any idea that sin will wear ou that it will evaporate? that it will relax its grasp? that you may find religion as a man accidentally finds a lost pocket-book? Al no! No man ever became a Christian by accident, or by the relaxing of sin. Th embarrassments are all the time increasing. The hosts of darkness are recruiting, and the longer you postpone this matter the steeper the path will become. I ask those men who are before me now, wh her in the ten or fifteen years they have paused in the postponement of these matters they have come any nearer God or heaven? I would not be afraid to challenge this whole audience, so far as they ma not have found the peace of the Gospel in regard to the matter. Your hearts, you are willing frankly to tell me, are becoming harder and harder, and that if you co to Christ it will be more of an undertaking now than it ever would have been before. The throne of judgment will soon be set; and, if you have anything to do toward your eternal salvation, you had better do now, for the redemption of your soul is precious, and it ceaseth forever.

h, if men could only catch one glimpse of Christ, I know they would love him! Yo heart leaps at the sight of a glorious sunrise or sunset. Can you be without emotion as the Sun of Righteousness rises behind Calvary, and sets behind Joseph's sepulchre? He is a blessed Saviour! Every nation has its type of beauty. There is German beauty, and Swiss beauty, and Italian beauty, and English beauty; but I care not in what land a man first looks at Christ, he pronounces him "chief among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely."

Moody and Sankey in Mexico.

(Continued from first page.)

Chapultepec, is in one of the most beautiful localities in the country. Built on the top of a high rock, it is surrounded by venerable trees, and the adjacent country has the aspect of a splendid tropical garden. From the marble terraces of the palace can be seen one of the finest views in the world. Chapultepec (the word means "Grasshopper Hill") is reached by two roads from the City of Mexico. It is a volcanic elevation 1625 feet long and 100 in height, covered with luxurious vegetation and crowned with groves of cypress, some of the trees being of great age.

Stretching far away are seen noble forests of oak, sycamore and cedar, whilst beyond, cultivated fields, beautiful gardens, lakes and lagoons girdle the valley around. Looking toward Mexico, the spectator has behind him the low chain of Las Cruces: on his right, to the south, Pedregal and the Ajuscean Hills; before him to the east, the grand, snowy tops of Popocatepetl, the Hill of Smoke, and Iztaccihuatl, "White Woman," so-called from its bright robe of snow; on his left, to the north, Cerro Gordo, and nearer the Sierra Guadaloupe, where stands the most celebrated church of Mexico, dedicated to the Virgin.

Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico (whose portrait appears on this page) is now in his 66th year. He has several times been re-elected President of the Republic. In politics, he is extremely liberal and under his administration, the sway of Romish priest-craft has received a severe check. He is tolerant in all matters affecting religious freedom, however, and Protestantism has progressed in Mexico under his rule, although no more consideration has been extended to it than to any other form of faith or public worship. At different times, President Diaz has distinguished himself in a way that has endeared him to the people of Mexico, and more than once he has led their armies successfully when the republic was menaced by those who were plotting for personal power. Public prosperity, official economy and comparative peace have attended his beneficent rule. In private life he is simple and unassuming.

Not the least interesting of our illustrations is that showing the old Inquisition Building in the City of Mexico. What hallowed yet sorrowful memories linger around that fateful pile, every stone of which has been steeped in sacrifice! Within its quadrangle is holy ground, where martyrs have suffered and died. They passed away at the stake, and under various tortures, by the thousand, during the long period in which the Inquisition was permitted to exist. The building is over 320 years old. The "brasero," or burning-place was a short distance eastward of the church of San Diego, and was a square platform, with wall and terrace arranged for the erection of stakes to which the condemned were fastened—the whole being at an elevation that could be seen by almost the entire city.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF MEXICO.

A HEATHEN'S REBUKE.

At a recent missionary meeting in England, a Hottentot convert said: "What a pity it is, what a sin it is, that you have so many years got that heavenly bread and hold it for yourselves, not to give one little bit, one crumb, to poor heathen. There are so many millions of heathen, and you have so much bread; and you could depend upon it you should not have less because you gave, but the Lord Jesus would give his blessing, and you should have the more."

Two of our illustrations present types of peasant life in the Southern Republic. The poor charcoal-burner (a peon or half-breed) represents a very large class of Mexicans who are slowly emerging from a condition of ignorance and practical slavery, for a peon even yet is little better off than a slave. Indeed, throughout South America, a peon is usually a bondman, who is held in servitude under some claim of debt or other obligation. In the rural districts, on large plantations, the Indian farm-hands are treated as part of the owner's possessions, yet kindly and often generously. After a banquet they gather in front of the house. The hostess serves the food indoors to the guests meanwhile. By-and-by the manager of the plantation (the administrador), calls the names of the peons and the number of their children, the ration being a large wooden spoonful of meat with one of beans and a piece of bread for each member of the family. When all the laborers are served the beggars receive their share, no one being turned away.

PORFIRIO DIAZ, PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

Previous to 1867, religious liberty was unknown in Mexico. From the very beginning of the Spanish conquest, the religion of the country had been a mixture of heathenism and Romanism. Fully one-third of the property of the State had come into the possession of the hierarchy. Under the new regime a large portion of the Church property was confiscated, the Jesuits were banished, and the Bible, which had been strictly kept from the people, was permitted to be circulated and read. But even now, after the lapse of nearly thirty years, so deeply-rooted was the religious intolerance, that there are many parts of Mexico where the priest-hood still exerts an influence hostile to progress and enlightenment in spiritual things, and in bitter opposition to all Protestant missions and American influence.

One of the earliest American missionary efforts in Mexico was undertaken by a godly woman, Miss Matilda Rankin, who in 1866 established a school in Monterey, in connection with her work as a Bible distributor. In those days, the Word had to be read in secret, to avoid persecution, and the first Protestant churches were organized quietly and privately by little companies of believers, one of their own number usually conducting the services and administering the sacraments. Soon thereafter, the American Bible Society put its distributors in the field, and the Word received a cordial welcome in many Mexican homes. There are now upwards of one hundred and fifty Protestant missionaries in the country, 360 native laborers, 400 congregations, and over 6000 Sunday School pupils.

JESUS BEFORE THE HIGH PRIEST.

S. S. Lesson for May 12. Mark 14: 53-64. Golden Text Isa. 53: 3. By Mrs. Baxter.

CALL through his life our Lord was not only our Saviour and holy Sin-offering, but always also our forerunner and example. We, too, have first our conquests through faith before we learn to conquer by submitting. This is also conquest by faith, but it is a faith according to knowledge, which enters intimately into God's purposes. The ministry of our Lord when he "went about doing good and healing all that were possessed of the devil" was at an end. Instead of multitudes following him, hanging upon his lips or waiting for his healing touch, he was now treading the winepress alone, and of the people there was none with him (Isa. 63: 3), even his chosen twelve had forsaken him and fled. And yet at such a moment, one with his Father's purpose, for the joy set before him he endured the cross despising the shame! (Heb. 13: 3.) The awful moment of uncertainty in Gethsemane was past; He knew now, from Scripture, the ground he was treading, and was at home in the hands of the emissaries of the high priest who were sent to take him, for himself had foretold to his disciples: "The Son of man must suffer many things, and be rejected by the elders, and chief priests, and the scribes, and be killed, and after three days rise again. (Mark 8: 31, R.V.) Whatever the Father had permitted to be written of him, he came to fulfil.

Already, while the disciples were still following him, he had rebuked Peter's zeal in defending him, and healed the ear of the high priest's servant which his rash disciple had cut off, and said: "Put up again thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall

The Scriptures be Fulfilled

that thus it must be?" (Matt. 26: 53, 54.) He who in Gethsemane had appealed to his Father to save him from death through exhaustion, in order that he might not die a death which could not fulfil the Scripture regarding him (Isa. 53: 10-12), now when an appeal to his Father would prevent the fulfilling of the Scriptures, forbore to ask for deliverance, which was within his reach. In that same hour said Jesus to the multitude: "Are ye come out as against a thief with swords and staves for to take me? I sat daily with you teaching in the temple and ye laid no hold on me. But all this was done that the Scriptures of the prophets might be fulfilled." (Matt. 26: 55, 56). It was his vocation to fulfil. (Matt. 5: 17.)

"And they led Jesus away to the high priest," little knowing how they, too, were fulfilling the Scriptures in condemning him (Acts 13: 27). Jesus was alone, but the cause against him was popular among the priests: he was the greatest obstacle to their influence and power, and all the chief priests and elders of the people and the scribes were banded together as one man "against the Lord and against his Christ," confirming by their very action the testimony of the second Psalm, that Jesus was the Christ, God's King whom he would set upon his holy hill of Zion. But the high priest had undertaken a task of no little difficulty when he sought to [illegible] Jesus should be condemned. It is usual when a malefactor is apprehended to have at least a warrant-able [illegible] before a warrant for his arrest is issued. But so eager were the enemies of Jesus to get rid of the Son of God, that they caused his arrest first and then sought for some justifiable pretext for their action. They sought for witness against Jesus but found none. False witnesses were to be had, perhaps hired, but their testimony spoke for itself, "their witness agreed not together." Had it been true it could not have been contradictory. At last they raked up the story, "We heard him say: I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and in three days will I build another without hands." So ran the indictment. "And not even so did their witness agree together." (R.V.) And no wonder; the words they wrested were these: "Destroy this temple," i. e., you Jews destroy this temple of my body, "and in three days I will raise it up."

Now, however, his enemies thought they had something to lay hold of. The high priest, unlike the usual custom of a judge, left his seat, so eager was he to condemn the faultless Man before him. The real, great High Priest of mankind stood there arraigned before him. Caiphas had been wont, on the day of atonement, to bear upon his heart in the breastplate and in the stones on his shoulders the names of the children of Israel, his office was to bear those names "before the Lord continually." (Exod. 28: 9-29.) But there was little indeed of the spirit of intercession in this man, Caiaphas, who hated and persecuted the Son of God. Not for his people, but for his selfish envy and pride of office, was he so bent upon the destruction of Jesus. And his Prisoner? The breastplate which had been a figure and shadow of heavenly things, was but a poor type of that which lay, in deep reality, on the heart of God's high Priest who continueth ever. (Hebrew 7: 24.) Not only the children of Israel, but every man—for he tasted death for every man—did Jesus Christ bear on his priestly heart in that time of offering up himself.

"Answereth Thou Nothing?"

asked the earthly high priest of his unknown Antitype. "What is it which these witness against thee?" But he held his peace and answered nothing. O the mighty power of silence! O the conquest achieved by answering not a word! It had been prophesied of him: "He was oppressed, yet he humbled himself and opened not his mouth; as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb; yea, he opened not his mouth. (Isa. 53: 7, R.V.) He was a witness as him in whom the whole human race is headed up, and indeed, he who dared to be our Representative; the Unfallen for the fallen, the Just for the unjust—that all flesh is grass and all the goodliness thereof as the flowers of the field. For himself, as the last Adam, for man as man, he had not a word to plead. Death should do what life could not do. All his holy life, all his miracles, failed to deliver man from death and utter destruction. He had no personal cause. He was a Sacrifice; his death and his resurrection should give the answers to the high priest. By dying he should conquer death. And in this he is not only our holy, blessed, sufficient Sacrifice, but also our Example. In our home life, we cannot escape wrong by resisting it, and by asserting ourselves. The strongest weapon we have is submission. To be the strongest in an argument does not touch the heart of an opponent; to overcome by force of will, or strength of character, only brings about separation. But to be silent under injury, the lamb "which openeth not her mouth," disarms those who would injure us: it appeals to them in a way they cannot get rid of; Christ as the Lamb slain, not as the Lion of the tribe of Judah, has overcome sin, death, sorrow.

"He trusted in God,"

the sneering taunt of the chief priests was nevertheless the expression of the sum total of the life of Jesus; he saw his Father's hand in everything, and bowed to his wisdom and his will. "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." (Matt. 11: 26) was always sufficient reason for our Lord. Should it not be so for his disciples also? If it is right with God, can we grumble, murmur or resist? The cup which my heavenly Father hath given me shall I not drink it (John 18: 2) said our Lord: shall we not take every cup from his hand, and, recognizing him in it, shall we not yield? When God and we are on the same side, who can be against us? Things may not turn out as we, in our short-sightedness, have imagined, hoped, or even prayed, but God's eternal purpose, which is infinitely greater, will be carried out, and we having suffered with him, shall also reign with him. We can afford, when we see things in the light of God, to accept the greatest misunderstanding, the greatest unkindness, from man as God's instrument, to exercise our faith without one shade of injured feeling against the instrument through whom the trial comes.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE JEWISH HIGH PRIEST.

OUR Lord appears to have recovered his composure after the mental struggle, considered last week. He calmly met the officers who were sent to arrest him, knowing well the purpose for which they had come. He had no reproaches even for Judas, whose kiss was an insult that it must have been hard to bear. Jesus asks that his disciples be not arrested, and then quietly submits to be bound. That he felt the indignity keenly, is obvious from his protest against being treated as a thief. (Matt. 26: 55.) But he would not resist. His miraculous powers had not diminished, as he proved by the healing of one of the band, whose ear the angry, impulsive Peter struck off with his sword; yet he would not use them to protect himself. Why he decided to let his enemies have their way then, instead of escaping from them, as he did at Nazareth, and so continuing his ministry another year or two, we are not told. Sooner or later they would kill him and apparently he believed that this was the time for him to die. From this time to the end, there is no sign of reluctance or wish to avoid the doom the Council had pronounced against him. On their side, they were determined to get him out of the way and it only remained to give their proceedings as legal a form as possible. Some pretext must be found for his execution, for these men held official position and could not afford to commit or authorize assassination. Jesus was conducted under guard from the Garden back to the city, Peter and John slinking after him at a distance and the other disciples going into hiding. The four accounts, at this point become somewhat confused, as was natural in men who were no longer eyewitnesses of what they relate. The differences however, are only in minor details. It would appear that Jesus was taken first to Annas, who had held the office of high-priest, but had been deposed by the Romans. The object of arraigning Jesus before him is not stated, but it is probable that the Jews did not regard his deposition from office as binding, and regarding him as the rightful high-priest, desired to have his endorsement of the proceedings. We may infer that the examination by Annas was short, and the cords on the prisoner's wrists being replaced, as a sign of the judgment of Annas, he was taken before Caiaphas, who was [illegible] actual high-priest. It was contrary to [illegible] law for the Sanhedrim to hold court at night to try a man for his life, but a number of the members were hastily summoned from their beds and informed that Christ had been arrested. It was an informal meeting to decide on the charge that should form the pretext for condemnation. Witnesses were sent for, but though they seem to have been willing to earn their fee by false evidence, there was nothing on which a capital charge could be based. The only technical charge was that of bringing the Temple into contempt, but even on that the evidence was weak. Two men must agree in their evidence before a capital charge could be substantiated. The high priest was impatient; it seemed as if after all their trouble the prisoner might escape conviction. Seeing him standing so meek and quiet before the court, the high-priest determined to challenge him, so as to convict him out of his own mouth. The plan succeeded. Jesus avowed himself the Messiah, and Caiaphas in affected horror declared the avowal blasphemy and was supported by the court. There was no dissenting voice, and the council separated to meet again at dawn to ratify the decision.

Answerest thou nothing? Caiaphas was amazed that Jesus did not reply to the charges made against him. Sometimes it is difficult to follow Christ in this course of silent forbearance. A little girl came home from school one day with her face swollen and her eyes red with weeping. "What has troubled my little daughter?" asked the mother. The tears began to fall again fast, last it appeared that the other children had called her "Tow-head," and had said untrue things about her. The child was distressed and indignant. The mother read the New Testament and read the story of this trial of Christ's patience. "Do you think, mamma, that they called him names and told falsehoods about him?" asked the child. "Many bore false witness against him," read the mother, "and his judge called him a blasphemer." The child thought a moment, and said, "I think I ought to bear it then." Many Christians have come to the same conclusion.

Followed him afar off. Peter did not want the people to identify him with Christ. There was disgrace in it, and perhaps danger. There have been many who have been tempted to do likewise, but some, by the grace of God, have had courage to declare themselves Christ's followers when such a declaration involved peril. A great many years ago a Roman emperor said to a Greek architect, "Build me a Coliseum, and when it is done I will make your name famous through all the world." The work was done, and a great host was gathered in the Coliseum to dedicate it. And then they brought out some Christians who were ready to die for the truth, and the emperor said, "The Coliseum is done, and we have come to celebrate it to-day by the putting to death of Christians, and we have come here to honor the architect." Whereupon the Greek architect sprang to his feet and shouted, "I also am a Christian." And they flung him to the wild beasts.

Their witness agreed not together. So it is to this day with the witnesses against Christ and Christianity. Scientific opponents do not agree together nor do those who oppose on social or philosophical grounds. It sometimes happens that the [illegible] not even agree with themselves. An infidel named Barker was declaiming in Philadelphia in the hearing of a Quaker. The infidel said, in the course of his address, that all preachers were hypocrites and did not believe in the doctrines they preached. "Let me ask thee a question," said the Quaker. "You were a preacher some years ago, did you preach what you did not believe? Were you a hypocrite?" The infidel evaded answering and the Quaker continued: "If thou wast sincere when thou wast a preacher there must have been at least one preacher who was not a hypocrite, so thou must be lying now. If thou wast a hypocrite then thou mayest be one now. That is a dilemma, friend Barker." The audience agreed and the infidel was laughed into silence. Another practical proof of inconsistency was furnished by Col. Allen, a notorious infidel in Connecticut, whose daughter being stricken with an incurable disease from which she must soon die, asked him if he would advise her to follow his teaching or that of her Christian mother. The Colonel was much agitated and was silent a moment. Then he said, "Follow your mother, my child."

A Young Teacher.

I WAS very busy that day about my work, for I had it all to do myself. Help was not to be had easily in our town, then, and even if it could have been got for the asking, Will and I had no money to spare. We sailed close to the wind.

"But you need not pity me, Caroline, I have lived, as you know, in a big house since those early days, and kept my carriage, and I've known what it is to have a full purse, as well as I once knew the meaning of an empty one. I never in my whole life, Caroline, enjoyed myself more than when I was a young wife, with my good man going whistling off to the shop in the morning, and coming back at night, tired to be sure, but glad and happy, and sleeping briskly out all day, keeping the whole little place tidy, and fairly shining with cleanliness, and the meals on the table of my own cooking. Good cooking, too."

Mrs. Dalrymple paused for breath, and Miss Caroline Hastings nodded her appreciation of her friend's sentiments, till the flowers on her black lace cap fairly danced. The two old ladies did not mind me. I was not supposed ever to hear anything when I had a book or a pen in my hand, and nobody noticed me.

Mrs. Dalrymple was short and stout, with merry black eyes, and hair, at eighty, without a streak of gray. Miss Hastings was little and withered looking, a sort of fact rose effect in her delicate thin face and slender hands. She was past sixty, but we called her still one of the Hastings girls. Both women were lovely and good, and in their speech, and on their dear old brows, one could discern the mark of the Lord. To both of them he had given the sweet assurance, "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty," and the glow of expectancy was in their sweet serenity, while they waited for his summons. Dear old ladies both, and love them.

"Well, Caroline," Mrs. Dalrymple continued, "I was very busy that day. The twins were both quite cross, just recovering from the measles; my sister's little Susy and Jamie were with me, for they had had the measles, and there was scarlet fever in the neighborhood, and Artie was a teething baby. So my hands were full. I was folding down the table-cloths for ironing when I heard a soft 'fraid sort of knock at the front door, and I went to open it.

"There stood Katharine, a girl of thirteen or thereabouts, with rosy cheeks, and a firm little mouth, and smooth, brown hair. I took all those points in as I waited for her to speak and tell her business. She had on a plain gingham frock that reached to her shoe-tops, and her hat was of brown lawn, shirred over a frame, with a wide, flaring brim.

"'If you please,' said my little lady, 'are you Mrs. Dalrymple?' Very modest and prettily spoken she was.

"'Yes,' said I, 'I am she, my dear.'

"'Well, then, perhaps I may be of use to you. I'm trying to get something to do, and mamma said I might see if I could raise a little class among the neighbors. I won't charge much.'

"'But, my dear, you are only a child,' I said in surprise.

"'Oh, no! I'm much older than I look. I'm nearly fifteen,' she replied, drawing herself up.

"'And I have only babies.' (It was before kindergartens had been heard of.)

"'Little darlings,' exclaimed Missy, spying the twins. 'I could play with them for you, and teach them hymns and texts, and their a, b, c's.'

"'What would you charge?' I asked.

"'Ten cents a week,' she said promptly, "for the tiny ones, and twenty cents for any bigger children, and I can teach sewing and embroidery, too. I've had lessons myself.'

"Well, you'd hardly believe me, but that little girl won me right over. Her mother only lived a few doors off. They had lately moved there; her father was an old gentleman and very feeble. Katharine was a bright scholar, and the oldest of four, and there was very little to come and go on. She had hit on the plan herself, in the hope to assist her mother and father, and it shows what a girl can do if she tries. That little teacher began a school which is going on to this day. She kept it herself till she married, then she sold the good-will of it, and from hand to hand it passed along, and I've a little great-granddaughter at it now.

"The best of it is," said Mrs. Dalrymple, musingly, "it's never lost its religious character. First time I went after my twins, it just broke me all up. There was Miss Katharine standing up and leading the bairns in the Lord's Prayer; then she began a hymn, and then, when they sang it, for she had children up to twelve in her school, and kept them in wonderful order, she told them a Bible story."

"And what became of her finally," inquired Miss Hastings. "Did she die?"

"Not at all," said Mrs. Dalrymple. "She's living yet, a minister's wife, and doing her duty nobly. She's written two or three books, and some lovely poetry, and she's as bright and cheery an old lady as you can well imagine, with a granddaughter as pretty as a picture, just as she was when she started out boldly for herself with a child's faith in the dear Lord."

I rose and moved softly out of the room, for I knew Katharine. She has been my life-long friend. A brave child, a brave woman, a useful Christian.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

BUDDING and blooming all over the land,
Teeming with beauty they come from God's hand;
Faithful, they yield him their fragrance so grand.
Beautiful! Beautiful flowers!

Nature's heart opens to give them a place,
Kissed by the sunshine, they smile in sweet grace;
Nothing but blessings they bring to our race.
Beautiful! Beautiful flowers!

Though born so lowly, with home near the ground,
Pure and untarnished, they ever are found;
Heaven's rich splendor within them abounds.
Beautiful! Beautiful flowers!

Blest boon from heaven, to our sin-curs't earth,
Holy their mission, their life, and their birth;
Mutely they speak their "Great Maker's" praise forth.
Beautiful! Beautiful flowers!

O'er vales and meadows, or in flowery lea,
Huts by the wayside their rich glory see,
While homes palatial give welcome to thee.
Beautiful! Beautiful flowers!

Love owns their sceptre on glad nuptial day,
Palaces claim them for royal display;
Saintly courts hail them, on Zion's blest way.
Beautiful! Beautiful flowers!

Cheering hearts desolate by their sweet bloom,
Soothing poor invalids in the sick-room;
Shedding bright radiance over death's gloom.
Beautiful! Beautiful flowers!

Perchance their presence is known there on high,
With saints and angels in realms of the sky;
Fadelessly blooming as ages roll by.
Beautiful! Beautiful flowers!

New York, May, 1895. W. HARRISON HORNER.

* Written at the suggestion of the author's venerable and dearly esteemed octogenarian friend, J. C. Lanphier, founder and Superintendent of Fulton street Prayer-Meeting, and who dearly loves flowers, and has them daily in his room to cheer his heart.

At Endor.

A Lonely Village on Hermon which, at Different Times, Played a Prominent Part in Hebrew History.

NESTLING on the northern slope of "Jebel Duhey" (the "Little Hermon" of travelers), is a village which presents the appearance of a place deserted. Once a settlement of considerable size, as is evident from the present extent of its buildings, most of which are little better than ruins, it is now of so little consequence as to be almost forgotten by the world. The rock of the mountain on whose slope it lies is hollowed out into caves, one of which—containing a small fountain, and with a narrow entrance, partially concealed by vines and rugged rocks—local tradition points out as the scene of Saul's interview with the woman possessed of a familiar spirit, who summoned for him the shade of Samuel.

The name of Endor, "the Fountain of Dor," is preserved in Jewish history in connection with the great victory of Deborah and Barak over Sisera and Jabin. Here, as tradition asserts, occurred the climax of their triumph in the death of the two chiefs, and it was possibly with some hope that a visit to a locality of such fortunate omen might aid him in his approaching crisis, that Saul came thither. Early Christian writers describe Endor as a considerable village. Little mention is made of it by later writers. The distance from Endor to Gilboa is between seven and eight miles, over rough ground. Originally it belonged to the Philistines, and after the conquest of their territory, it was assigned to Manasseh.

Some writers mention another village of the same name as having existed in the early centuries after Christ, and lying a few miles south of Mount Tabor. The village on the slope of Hermon, however (which is show in our illustration), is generally accepted as the true site of the Endor of the time of Saul, Israel's ill-fated king.

RUINS OF THE VILLAGE OF ENDOR, PALESTINE.

FLEET OF THE PHARAOHS.

Two remarkable archæological discoveries are reported from Egypt. At the ruins of Sakkara, on the Nile, De Morgan's latest excavations have been attended with unexpected success. He has discovered a buried fleet of the old Empire, with masts, sails, and rigging complete. One of the ships measures thirty-nine meters in length. At a spot eight miles from the Red Sea, near Suez, a trench recently cut on the site of an old temple revealed remains of a people who probably came into Egypt from the East to explore an unknown land, long before the days of the Pharaohs of the first dynasty. The lowest monuments were oblong blocks of stone, with a cut or score half an inch deep down the front and back of one end to mark legs, and two on each side of the other end to mark where the arms were. Clay images of a very primitive type were found, on the top of which were remains of a higher civilization, indicated by the finely sculptured images brought to light. They are soon to be sent to England, and will be placed on exhibition in London.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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DON'T FRET.

HOW much room yet for reformatory and Christian work in all our land! Foreign heathenism is added to our genuine American heathenism, and there is an infinite work to be done at our own doors. We have more schools for vice than we have schools for virtue. Our cities are malodorous with drunkeries, and the distilleries send up the smoke of their torment forever and ever. The long story of crime and outrage in all parts of the land will go on until you, somehow, cage this wild beast of the rum traffic. You might as well go out with a bucket at New Orleans to bail out the Mississippi, forgetting that as long as the Ohio, and the Missouri, and the Arkansas, and the Yazoo, and eight mighty tributaries pour into it, nothing less than Omnipotence can halt that river. Neither can this great Mississippi of crime and outrage be bailed out as long as these one hundred thousand tributaries of iniquity keep pouring in their surges of death. In this great conflict, sometimes Christian men and philanthropists get thoroughly discouraged, and you hear the disheartenment in their prayers, and exhortations, and sermons. In such a mood you are of no use. A soldier who does not expect to win the day, might better be outside of the regiment. I suggest a healthful thing for you to do. When a long and severe winter is raging, it is most refreshing to go into some art gallery and look at a picture of spring-time, and see the blossoms; or at a picture of summer, and see the golden and green fields; or at a picture of autumn, and see the ripe orchards. So, if you ever get depressed at the long winter of the world's sin and sorrow, just open your Bible, and see the picture of spring, or summer, or autumn of what the world is yet to be, beyond all possibility of dispute. There is no more doubt about it than that June, and July, and August are soon to follow this inclement weather. So, while I work as hard as I can to make the world better, I have not fretted a half minute concerning its condition in twenty years; nor will I fret. I sympathize and weep with its woes, but fret about it I dare not. That would imply that I have lost confidence in God's capacity to manage his own world. That would imply that the world is on the way to catastrophe, instead of on the way to millennium. Isaiah describes that coming joy when he turns into the same pasture-field leopard and wolf, and bear and lion, and cow and calf. He turns the den of reptiles into a child's play-ground, and the desert becomes a blooming park. Jeremiah and Isaiah, and Malachi, and Paul, and John, and Christ join voices in presenting the brightness and grandeur, and redolence of the world as it shall be. Toward that consummation toil ye with uplifted head, and illuminated face, and exultant soul; for God will give all who are faithful a share in the final triumph. Every kind word spoken; every prayer offered; every good deed done, whether recognized or unknown, will give you more and more part in the joy of the great harvest home. Christ will push aside many a pretentious worker who won wide applause, to greet some humble disciple with the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it to me." The trouble is that in religion we deal too much in glittering generalities, and do not realize that the most of this work is to be done on a small scale. Do the work next to you. Be satisfied to cultivate your own field. Many a man who had but one talent, and rightly used it, will in the last day receive higher reward than the man with five talents, or ten, who did not rightly employ them. Not great philanthropists, and great orators, and great officials are to save the world. The universal conquest will be the aggregation of the work of several hundred million of good men and women.

AS IT SHALL BE.

"THERE shall be no more sea," said the Apocalyptic trumpet. "There shall be no more sea," echo modern inventions. This bringing together of nations is hastening millennial times. The world is too big a place to be put under one government until the ocean is practically abolished. When Jesus begins his reign, all nations will be within instant call, and within swiftest transportation. The nineteenth century has only nibbled along the edges of discovery. The twentieth will unroll discoveries and inventions that will utterly eclipse their predecessors. The next century will be as far ahead of this as this century is ahead of the last. What a world this will be to live in in the year 1995! What with improved climate, and improved transportation, and improved morals, the obliteration of distances, and universal Gospelization, I would want to be here then, but for the fact that we shall be in a place better than anything this world can ever experience. People dying in those times will only go from Paradise to Paradise, and earth will be an annex of heaven. Ocean bridged of steamers; the space between this world and the celestial world bridged with wings, and all the immensities bridged with love. I am glad that you and I are immortal, and shall live to see the resplendent unification. We cannot afford to die any time within the next ten thousand years. We are going to live as long as God lives, and we want to be like him, and reign with him; so that wherever heaven may be, on this reconstructed earth, as many suppose; or in the star Alcyone, as some think; or in some realm as yet unimagined, we shall be supernally happy, wanting nothing, but having all things. In a salubrious atmosphere, tonic with the health of God. No fatigues of work like those which press us, but untiring locomotion from kingdom to kingdom, and from world to world, in style saintly or angelic. Forever with God, and forever with each other. Then lift up your heads in the anticipation. Why go sighing and vexed, when there are such raptures to come? Why be so exasperated by annoyances that shall be soon past? Let us live more and more in the future; our conversation in heaven; our thoughts in heaven; our ambition in heaven. Death will not be the end of us; it will be the beginning of our highest enjoyments and grandest activities.

It is one of my brightest anticipations of going into perpetual companionship with those with whom I have been associated in Christian work on earth. Many of them have already gone into the better country. Others stand abreast with me in the labor of the Gospel. We are cotemporaries in Christian service. The probability is that our departure will not be many years apart, and our graves not very far distant from each other. But, however, that may be, our spirits shall re-associate, and we who have prayed, and toiled, and sung together on earth shall unite in the celebrative gladness of the Upper Temple. Then we will talk it all over—our discouragements and our triumphs, and feel that nothing more remains but congratulation and jubilee. If this world were all, we might well break down, morose and melancholy. This life is a dead failure unless it opens into something grander and better. The most of our life on earth spent in drudgery, it is not an existence worth living unless it be introductory. Blessed be God for the assurance that these burdens are to be dropped, and these obstacles are to vanish, and in a land where there are no partings, and no struggles, we are to be gloriously united.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Certain editorial changes and improvements are now in contemplation by the management of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and before making them, we would like to ascertain the views of our friends on the following questions, and we invite all who are interested to answer on postal cards as soon as convenient:

1. Which of the various Departments that usually appear in the paper: The Sermons, the Editorial page, the Serial Story, the Home Circle, the Sunday School Lesson, THE MAIL-BAG, or the Church Societies' page—do you turn to and read first, and which do you find most interesting?

2. Do the members of your own family give preference to the same Departments or to some other and if so, which Department?

Address all postals on the subject to Editorial Department, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

N. W. Lawrence, Hillsboro, Tex. What are the names of the mountains about Jerusalem.

On the East of the city are Jebel el Tur (Mount of Olives), and Jebel Baten el Hawa (Mount of Offence); on the North, Scopus; on the South, Jebel Deir Abu Tor (Hill of Evil Counsel). Within the walls are Mount Moriah, the site of the Temple, and Mount Sion.

F. A. Rogers, Cook's, Mich. Is anything known definitely as to the year, day and hour of the crucifixion?

There have been disputes on all those points. The general opinion now, in view of all facts that have been ascertained, is that the crucifixion continued from nine A. M. to three P. M. on Friday, April 7, of the year 30. This, however, is only an opinion, and cannot be asserted positively.

Mary Tyng, Leavenworth, Kan. Who was Inaudi, whom I have heard referred to as the mathematical wonder? Is he still living?

Inaudi is a native of Piedmont, about twenty-six years of age, and is now living in Paris. When a mere boy his astonishing performances in algebra and geometry puzzled the most learned professors. He solves the most intricate problems with a rapidity that is marvelous. He has no marked ability in any other line than that of calculation.

Inquirer, Chatham, Ont. Paul says (Acts 26: 19), that he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision; had he the power to disobey?

Every man has the power to be disobedient. That is his distinction which gives him his superiority as a free agent. God designed him to be free to choose between the good and the evil, and encourages him to choose the good. God did not make man to be a slave, but a son. There was, however, compulsion in his own nature. If you are a husband and love your wife, we might say of you that you could not strike her; yet you know that you could do so if you chose. But as you are not brutal, it is legitimate to say that you could not do it. So Paul, being what he was, could not be disobedient. If he had a propensity in that direction, there was a stronger force in him, imparted by the Holy Spirit, compelling him to obey.

A.U. Q., Diamond Hill, R. I. Is it right for a married woman to give money for charitable and religious purposes privately if her husband is opposed to such gifts?

If she has money of her own, either inherited or earned by herself, she is justified in devoting what portion she pleases to religion or charity, even though her husband may not approve. It is a case of conscience in which her duty to God is paramount over her duty to her husband. If she has no money of her own, she may have an allowance from her husband for personal and housekeeping expenses from which she may save, by self-denial in dress, or economy in some other department, a sum which may be regarded as her own to use for religion and charity and the husband has no right to prohibit her. But she has no right to give away money which is the joint possession of herself and her husband without his consent. She should try to convince her husband of the duty of giving, but by all means avoid secrecy and deceit. We have no statistics on which to base an answer to your other questions.

Daily Reader, Albany, N. Y. What are the points of difference between the Protestant Episcopal Church and the Church of Rome?

The Protestant Episcopal Church was intended to be comprehensive, and its constitution was made so wide as to include many of many shades of belief. There are consequently people in that church whose faith differs but little from that of the Romish Church. There are others who have views strongly antagonistic to it. All, however, reject the authority of the Pope, which Catholics acknowledge. Besides this, a majority of the members of the Protestant Episcopal Church reject the doctrine of Transubstantiation, or the real presence of Christ, in the bread and wine of the Lord's Supper, which Catholics believe. The worship of the Virgin Mary and the celibacy of the clergy are other important points of difference.

Wm. M. Scott, Richmond, Ark. 1. How many churches are there in the United States? 2. How many church members? 3. Why celebrate Easter with eggs and why color them—what is the significance of the usage?

1 and 2. About 109,000, representing twenty-one Protestant denominations, with a total communicant membership of about 9,[illegible]. 3. It is an old custom preserved from heathen times. Easter or "Pasch" eggs are symbol of creation. The practice of presenting eggs to our friends is Persian or Magian, and bears allusion to the mundane egg for which Oromazd and Ahriman (the spirits of good and evil) were to contend until the end of the world. The custom prevailed also among the Egyptians, Hebrews and Hindus, and Christians adopted it to symbolize the resurrection. The color (originally red), was to symbolize the blood. In the early church, the colored eggs were eaten in remembrance of the resurrection.

Reader, Rocheport, Mo. 1. Is it wrong for a church member to jump for a pipe-organ? It is supposed that he goes to church to worship; to serve Christ. Is that serving him? 2. A man and her brother, who both loved to dance, pledged each other that they would not join a church so that they might feel free to dance. The brother is dead; the lady is nearly past middle life. Would she break her promise if she joined the church? What would you advise her to do?

1. It is a part of the service of the Lord's house, although a humble part, and if performed in the proper spirit, is just as acceptable as any other. 2. The pledge was a wicked one, entered into thoughtlessly, and improbability. It should be thrust aside as it should any barrier that stands between a soul and its salvation. It is a greater sin to keep a bad promise than to break it. She should improve her remaining years by uniting with God's people and herself becoming one of his children.

Jessie Boyd, Fargo, N. D. Do you believe that denominational separations can be removed, and all Christians unite in one church?

The efforts hitherto made have not been successful, but the thing is not impossible. The first step in that direction will probably be co-operation in Christian work. If the evangelical denominations would combine their means for home and foreign mission work and other philanthropic labor there would be a saving of money and work, which are now lost by competition. That is probably as far as union will go at present. But there should be a more friendly feeling and a clearer recognition of brotherhood between the denominations than now. We are not sure that organic union would lead to peace and harmony. We can imagine difficulties arising in a church in which some of the members were ardent Methodists, others Presbyterians and others strong Baptists, but there is no reason why they should not co-operate in aggressive work.

Subscriber. Where was the Garden of Eden located? I have heard it argued that it was a imaginary—the tree of knowledge, of good and evil being the perfect state of bliss in the mind and heart of our first parents. To me the Garden of Eden has ever seemed as real as Nazareth.

The word "Eden" means perfection of bliss or delight, and may therefore be regarded as descriptive of man's condition in his unfallen state. Various interpretations are given by commentators of the Mosaic description of Eden, and the orthodox Biblical scholars of all ages conclude that Eden was situated higher on the high table-land of Armenia, or, more probably, near the junction of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates in Syria. There have been a variety of other conjectures, however, some even claiming that the true site was in Ceylon. All agree that the Garden itself was an actuality and not a mere myth or legend.

M. A. Skinner, York, Fla., and Miss Avery, Thirty-eighth street, N.Y., will be pleased to receive back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD or religious literature for distribution in Christian work.——Subscriber, Birchton, N. Y. Write to J. Emmett, Bible House, N. Y.——Mary C. Brokman. Talmage is a Presbyterian.——Will Kopp, Z[illegible]. Write to Rev. Dr. Torrey, Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill., for full information as to training for the missionary field.——Wilbert Clayton, Scioda, Ill. No, you should make no compromise with what bible science cannot approve.——Joseph M. Wusthoff, McPherson. Yes; write to Treat, publisher, Cooper Union, N. Y.——Palmer, Pawtucket, R. I. Write American S.S. Union, Philadelphia.——Reader, Tattata, Tex. Dr. Guthrie was Free Church, Talmage is a Congregationalist and Mr. Beecher was a Congregationalist.——J. N. Cottrill, Quad Dell, Va. No, it is not in the Bible. The saying is a Saxon maxim or proverb.——New Subscriber, Cloud, Minn. Mrs. Bella Cook's work is among the East-side poor in New York. Mrs. Stombs's work is that of a missionary on Dauphin Island, Mobile Bay.——R. C. Milo, Me. Possibly we might be able to find a place for it.——Subscriber, Ohio. It is the plural of staff.——Reader, Jasper, Mo. It is not given in Scripture.——Mrs. W. E. Hughes, Greenville, Tex. We believe not.——O. C. Atkinson, Ottawa, Can. You can procure a book on the subject published, we believe, by Scribner's, New York.

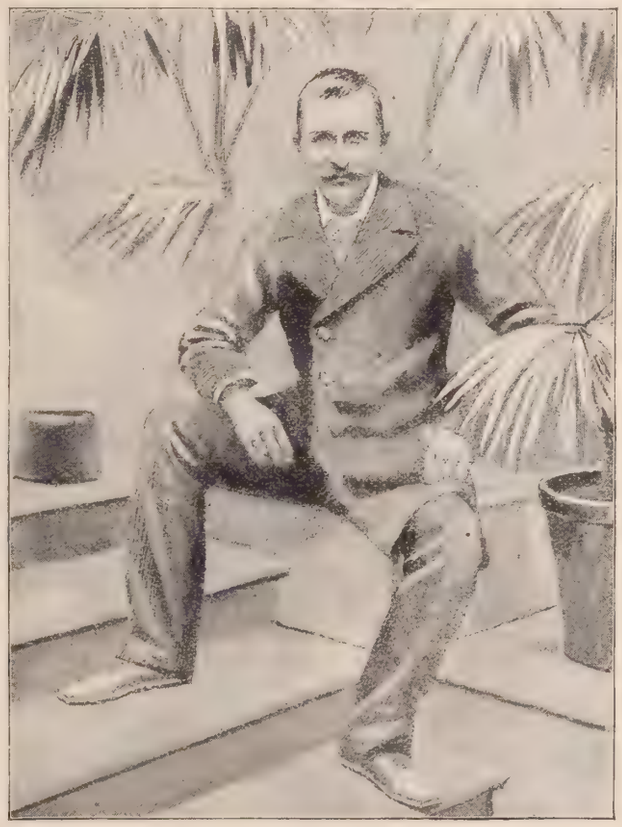
THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A THRILLING ESCAPE.

EUROPEAN journals announce the arrival in Cairo of an extraordinary man, the story of whose adventures reads like a romance. He was one of the lieutenants of the lamented General Gordon, and has been in captivity ever since that brave Christian officer perished. His name is Slatin; he is an Austrian by birth, and is about fifty years of age. In 1879 Gordon appointed him Inspector of the Eastern Soudan, and three years afterward he was promoted to the Governor-Generalship of Darfur. It was a position of extreme danger, for the whole Soudan was disaffected, and the tribes were only waiting a propitious moment to cast off Egyptian rule. For two years after his appointment at Darfur, Slatin held the province against overwhelming odds. One tribe after another broke out in insurrection, and Slatin could only maintain his position by suppressing one outbreak before another occurred. The Arabs dreaded him more than any enemy, for his swift movements and consummate generalship made up for the weakness of his force. His personal endurance and valor were celebrated in every district, and his name was a terror that kept many a tribe from rebellion. At length there was a deep-laid plot for a general rising. Slatin knew of it, and warned Gen. Gordon that with the forces at his disposal it would be impossible to maintain his position. But he knew that Gordon's safety depended on his making a stubbon resistance, and he was not the man to fail his chief in the emergency. When the storm broke, he had but seven hundred men against a force of more than twenty times their number. He laid his plans with wonderful skill and foresight; he was often thirty-four hours in the saddle, fighting all the while, without food, and performing prodigies of valor. He won several great battles with his little army, bringing out his men with small loss of life. Every day that he could prolong the struggle was a gain for Gordon, and he thought that surely Mr. Gladstone would not much longer delay sending help. But at last his ammunition was exhausted. He had but five rounds for a man, and then surrender was inevitable. The Mahdi held a great celebration when his dreaded prisoner was brought in. Slatin was loaded with chains and was compelled to march with the Mahdi's army to Khartoum. After Gordon's death, and the withdrawal of the English army, the severity of his captivity was a little relaxed, but the Mahdi would not let him out of his sight, and often threatened him with death. Ten years he has been held a prisoner, and compelled to serve the Mahdi, and never knew from day to day when his execution might be ordered. Early this year, the Egyptian war office heard that he was still alive, and opened communication with him, though friendly traders. In March last the camels were sent to a place near the scene of his captivity, and he was notified of his means of flight. He stole away from the camp and succeeded in getting to the hills beyond the desert. But the Mahdi soon detected his flight, and sent a large force in search of him. Slatin hid among the rocks, subsisting on dates and anything he could find, and often being nearly dead for want of water. Almost daily he saw bands of the Mahdi's Arabs scouring the plains below, in search of him, and often heard them pass the places where he concealed himself. After more than a month of hardship and breadth escapes, he reached Assouan, whence he made a quick journey to Cairo. So much will a man do and dare to escape from captivity. If men showed as much determination in the effort to escape from captivity to the enemy of souls, which is far more degrading and ruinous, their success would be certain and their reward infinitely greater. (Eph. 6: 11, 12.)

Judge's Dilemma.

Some amusement was caused at a police-court in New York last week by the naive confession of a defendant in a suit. It was brought by a woman who claimed that her husband failed to provide her with the means of support. She was asked what her husband's business was, but she confessed that she did not know. He had supported her for some time after their marriage, but of late had contributed nothing to the household expenses. The examination of the defendant was then opened, and there was the same difficulty in learning the man's trade. He admitted the truth of his wife charge, but pleaded that times were hard, that he wanted to quit his business, and had been unable to obtain other employment. The judge again pressed the question about his occupation, but the man asked to be excused mentioning it. Finally, a policeman present in court came to the rescue by informing the judge that the man was an expert pickpocket. The defendant calmly acknowledged that picking pockets was the business he had referred to, and reminded the judge that he had said he wanted to leave it. "But," he added, "I cannot get honest work, and if the court insists on my supporting my wife, there is only one way by which I can do it, and that is by going on picking pockets, for it is the only thing in which I am expert." The judge felt the force of the dilemma, and suspended the order for support on the assurance of the man that he would try to live honestly, and do his duty by his wife. The defendant's difficulty in less degree is a common experience. The man who embarks in a wrong course cannot leave it and return to the right without pain and embarrassment. That is why so few are converted after middle life. Many lose their souls because they cannot come to Christ without disappointing others, and breaking promises they ought not to have made, and abandoning habits they ought not to have formed. (Matt. 7: 14.)



SLATIN BEY, TEN YEARS A CAPTIVE OF THE MAHDI.

A Fortune Refused.

Few men have had the experience of refusing valuable gifts, but the "Daily News" of Tacoma, Wash., reports one such case. It is that of a resident of that city, named Henley, who probably owes his life to refusing the gift of twelve thousand dollars in gold. Some years ago he was making the voyage to San Francisco on the steamer "Pacific." One of his fellow passengers was a miner named Sampson, who had been working a mine on the Yakou River, in Alaska. He had grown tired of mining and had sold his share to his partners, and was on his way to San Francisco. He carried the proceeds of his labor, and of his share—twelve thousand dollars in all, in a belt around his body. While passing through the Straits of Juan de Fuca, the "Pacific" was struck by the Bark "Orpheus" and went down before the boats could be launched. Henley and Sampson were together when the collision occurred, and swam off from the wreck. They kept afloat for some time, and at last got on a chicken-coop which floated past them among other wreckage. The coop was a small affair, and it was rocked so violently by the waves that they were liable to be thrown off at any moment. Sampson remembered the gold around his body, and knew that its weight would be an awful impediment if he should have to swim for his life. He spoke of it to his companion, and offered to give him the belt and all it contained. But Henley knew it might be as dangerous to him as to its owner, and would not accept it. A few minutes afterward the coop gave a violent lurch, and both men were thrown off. Sampson sank, but Henley swam back to the coop, and after keeping his hold for several hours, was saved by a passing vessel. The circumstances in which the possession of a fortune involves peril to life are exceptional, but it often involves peril to the soul; yet there are few who would not brave that peril though the disaster when it does come is infinitely greater. (Matt. 10: 28.)

Pharaoh's Humiliation.

Tho irreverence of the moderns for high and mighty potentates who have passed away was illustrated recently in the custom-house of Cairo. Brugsch Bey, the famous explorer of the tombs of ancient Egypt, who discovered the mummy believed to be that of the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites, recently found another mummy on the coffin of which was the royal cartouche, indicating that the body was that of one of the Pharaohs. He was delighted with his discovery and with great care packed it up for conveyance to Cairo. On arriving at the railroad station he was directed to have his "luggage" put in the luggage-van. The Bey was concerned about its safety and insisted on its going in the car with him. The officials consented on condition that the fare was paid as for a living passenger. Brugsch Bey accordingly paid Pharaoh's fare and the mummy went in the passenger coach. At the custom-house at Cairo a new difficulty arose. The custom officers demanded duty. The Bey explained that the package was the mummy of a Pharaoh and that no duty could be levied upon it. But the officers were convinced that it might be made dutiable under some category and they searched their lists for a suitable class. Finally, they decided to charge for it as dried fish, on which a duty is imposed. The Bey scorned to contend about the small charge involved, and the mummy having been weighed and the duty paid, the dead body of Pharaoh entered the capital of Egypt as a package of dried fish. With such contempt did they treat the body of a potentate who in his lifetime doubtless received the homage of all who came into his presence. In his case with startling force were the words of the prophet fulfilled that the terrible ones shall be despised and shall become as chaff. (Isa. 29: 5.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. Quarrier, of Glasgow, who is Building a Home for consumptives, whose portrait and life we published recently, has received a gift of five thousand dollars from some anonymous admirer of his work.

The First Sunday of June is Whitsunday, on which is celebrated the descent of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. The society for promoting Christian Unity asks pastors to preach on that day on the need of closer union among churches and Christian workers.

The People of Tabriz, where Dr. Mary Bradford remained during the recent scourge of cholera, have determined to build her a hospital, that she may have better facilities for her work among the needy and suffering ones.

Pennington Seminary (N. J.), will celebrate on May 2 and 3, the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Hanlon's Presidency. The faculty and students will be glad to receive all alumni and their friends, who can make it convenient to join in the celebration.

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church reports receipts for the month of February of $23,054 against $29 192 for February of 1894. The total receipts for four months have been $117,710 against $70,545 for the corresponding period of last year.

The Success Attending Evangelist John T. Vine's labors at the Memorial Baptist Church, Brooklyn, of which Rev. Dr. H. W. Knapp is pastor, has been remarkable. The meetings were in progress six weeks and have resulted in many remarkable conversions.

At the Mott Haven Reformed Church, New York City, of which Rev. G. Edwin Talmage, a nephew of the Editor of this journal, is pastor, twelve members were received on Sunday, April 7, five on confession and a larger number of communicants was present than in many years past.

The Belgain Senate, Convinced That Free trade in intoxicants is a failure, has for some time been seeking a way of restricting the trade in alcohol. There is reason to believe that both in Belgium and France the liquor trade will soon be placed under stricter control.

The Bishop of Cremona, in Italy, where everyone drinks the wine of the country, has published a pastoral letter, in which he speaks of the vice of drunkenness, and declares that no diminution in the hours of labor, nor augmentation of wages, will do good till this vice is eradicated.

Miss Annie Taylor, the Founder of the Tibetan Pioneer Mission, whose portrait we published some months ago, has severed her connection with those who went out with her, but continues her work. Her former associates have formed the Tibetan Mission, having secured the leadership of Mr. Polhill Turner.

We Desire to Acknowledge Receipt of $75 from Mr. E. M. Johnson, dentist, St. Cloud, Minn., which he directs to be applied to the following good causes: $50 to Mrs. Jarrad's work among Syrian Girls in Jerusalem; $15 to the Bethesda Home for Fallen Girls, Brooklyn, and $10 toward Emma Mason's Gospel work among the Michigan Lumbermen.

Rev. J. K. Greene, the Eminent Missionary of Constantinople, has returned to this country for a vacation. Churches who desire to hear of the progress of Christianity in the Sultan's dominions, will be glad to avail themselves of Dr. Greene's visit. His address is 153 La Salle street, Chicago.

The American Board receipts for March are $47,509 against $53, 734 for March, 1894. The total of seven months has been $362 421 against $582,421 for the first seven months of the last financial year. The receips for the month show an increase of $1,916 in regular donations, and of $1,819 in donations for the debt, but a falling off in those for special object, and in legacies.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society, having closed its books, reports that its contributions from the churches were $10,269.84 more than the preceding year, while the legacies were $25,209.21 more, making a gain over last year in contributions and legacies of $33,509.05. On the other hand, securities from the transient fund to the value of $31,062.28, having been sold during the year, leaving the net gain in receipts only $2,446.77.

The New York Medical Missionary Institute, of which Dr. George D. Dowkontt is Director, has purchased the old John Stephenson homestead, with twenty acres of ground, at New Rochelle. The first deposit of $5,000 has been made, and an appeal is made for help towards raising the second instalment due this month. Dr. G. D. Dowkontt organized this institute about fourteen years ago, and during the last ten years more than one hundred missionaries have been sent out to India, Africa, China and other lands. There are now forty students in the institution.

The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., Has just held a series of successful services in Rochester, N. Y. Preparatory services, consisting of union meetings of the Brick and Central Churches, were held for three weeks preceding his arrival. The services grew in interest from the beginning, and Dr. Chapman worked with astonishing energy. On some days he held as many as eight meetings and preached to nine thousand persons. Two churches have received two hundred and eighty new members already. Over one thousand inquirers' cards were signed during the meetings.

Mr. Moody Has Proposed Special Arrangements for school teachers who desire to obtain the advantage of study in the Bible Institute but after the work of the winter feel unable to take the full course laid out for regular students. Accordingly, a special course has been prepared by which they can share in the study, and work so far as their strength will permit, and can also pursue a musical course if desired. Besides the usual lectures, Dr. A. T. Pierson, of Philadelphia, is expected in June, and Dr. Webb Peploe, of London, is expected in September. Applications may be made to Miss E. S. Strong, 230 La Salle Avenue, Chicago.

A Temperance Apostle.

John Noble Stearns' Life-Work Closed—A Grand Career of Christian Duty.

FEW names were better known in Europe or America, in connection with devoted and successful work in the cause of temperance, than that of John Noble Stearns, whose worldly career ended last week at the age of sixty-six. He died at his home in Greenpoint, L. I., after a protracted illness. Mr. Stearns was a native of New Hampshire, and all his life was essentially a man of action. When only seven years old, he joined the "Cold-water Army," a temperance juvenile organization of Ipswich, N. H., and even in his young manhood he was prominent as a leader in the temperance cause. In 1858, he was chosen as Grand Worthy Patriarch of the New York State Division, Sons of Temperance, and in 1866 was elected Most Worthy Patriarch of the National Division of North America. He was a member of the first lodge of Good Templars organized in this country and afterward filled the highest offices in the Order for many years. He was chosen President of the New York State Temperance Society in 1875 and 1876 and was also presiding officer of several State and National Temperance Conventions. For many years he was editor of the "National Temperance Advocate," and under his management as Secretary of the National Temperance Union a vast quantity of most effective temperance literature has been issued and circulated throughout the Union, accomplishing results in the direction of education and reform among the masses that cannot be set forth in mere words or figures.

Mr. Stearns was a man of high moral principle, a thorough Christian and a most faithful and vigorous worker in the cause. He was an able parliamentarian, a magnetic speaker and a writer learned in statistics and in the powerful logic of facts, which he employed to best advantage. Among his friends he ranked many of the brightest Christian philanthropists of the age, who loved him no less for his warm championship of temperance principles than for his sterling character as a man and for the ardor with which he espoused every good work. One of the most important tasks of his later years was the compilation of the papers, addresses, essays and discussions of the World's Temperance Congress, held in Chicago, which was reviewed in THE CHISTIAN HERALD at the time of its publication two years ago.

THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN HYMN.*

SHEPERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth,
Through devious ways:
Christ our triumphant King,
Join we thy name to sing,
And our dear children bring,
Shouting thy praise!

Most high and holy Lord,
Glorious, revealing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
Giving us life.

Thou art our great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love:
In all our sin and pain
None call on thee in vain;
Help thou didst not disdain,
Help from above.

Ever be near our side,
Allwise and mighty Guide,
Our Staff and Song.
Jesus, thou Christ of God,
Taught by thy living Word,
Lead us where thou hast trod,
Make our path straight.

Thus now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing
With all the holy throng
Who to the Church belong,
Join we to swell the song
To Christ our King!

*[illegible]

Women of Ancient Egypt.

They were Influential in Affairs of State as well as in the Domestic Circle.

IN a recent publication of the American Geographical Society, much valuable and interesting information is given concerning the condition and status of the women of ancient Egypt. They were not only conspicuous in affairs of State, but they played an important part in ecclesiastical matters, combining with their ordinary duties those of priestess or prophetess. Women of the common or middle classes were more independent than women of the same rank elsewhere. Daughters inherited from their father's fortune a share equal to that of their brothers. The wife was the mistress of her house, and the husband was there only as a privileged guest. She came and she went at her pleasure. Unlike the women of Syria, she entered the society of men with face uncovered.

There was no difference between the costume of mother and daughter, between high-born and servants, except, perhaps, a little embroidery or other decoration in the upper seam. The woman's forehead, chin and bosom were delicately tinted with indelible

THE LATE JOHN NOBLE STEARNS.
Secretary of the National Temperance Society.

tattoo, her lips were painted red, and around her eyes were borders of black, which extended over her temples almost to her hair. The powder which she used for this purpose was a mixture of antimony and carbon pounded fine. This decoration was supposed to enhance the whiteness of the complexion, give brilliancy to her appearance and protect her eyes from opthalmia.

The ordinary woman of ancient Egypt married young, became a mother at fifteen, a grandmother at thirty, and aged rapidly, both because of such youthful marriage and of the prodigious household tasks she performed. Yet her position in the family was not affected by her premature disfigurement. And the Egyptian husband was pleased with the honor shown his wife by all who came in contact with her. Egyptian wives had full control of their property, seemingly a control unsurpassed in many ways even to-day. There came, however, a complete overthrow of such ideas during the administration of the fourth Ptolemy (Philopater), who reigned from 222 to 205 B. C.

Under his predecessor, Ptolemy Eurgetes, a wife could dispose of her property as she pleased, but from the fourth year of Philopater it was the husband alone who could dispose of the property of his wife, and she must submit. It was as though all of a sudden every married woman in Egypt became dispossessed of all her property; of every building and foot of land she owned; of every certificate of stock; of every dress, ornament, sandal or shoulder-strap, even of the ostrich feather she wore on her head, all were restrained. It was a most sweeping revolution. It was a social earthquake from which Egyptian women never recovered.

BILLY'S CRUTCH.

BY REV. C. H. MEAD.

"WILL you please buy my geranium, sir?"

If a musical voice, a bright face, and a beautiful plant, all belonging to a young girl with dimpled cheeks and laughing blue eyes, will not bring a man to a standstill, then it must be that he is hurrying through the world too fast, and wants nothing to come into his life that will gladden his heart and renew his youth.

I came to a full stop, and would not have missed that sight for a great deal. As the girl stood there on that bright October morning, it was difficult to tell where the sunshine left off and the girl began. They seemed made for each other; it was a perfect match with the dividing line hard to discern.

"Have you any objection to tell me your name?"

"Oh, no, sir! My name 's Gertrude Wilson."

"What a beautiful geranium you have there."

"Is n't it lovely?

"Indeed, it is, and the finest one I ever saw. Where did you get it?"

"About three years ago, a lady left a slip lying on the seat in the horse-car. I took it home, got the richest dirt I could find, put it in this old paint can, and then set the slip in it, and it began growing right away. I've given it plenty of water to drink, and kept it in the sunshine as much as possible."

"Why, I should think you would love it very dearly."

"Love it! I guess I do love it. It seems just like a part of myself."

"Well, my dear, if you love it so much, pray tell me why you want to sell it?"

"Oh, I would n't let it go, if I did not want to help God answer Billy's prayer. Don't you think it splendid to help answer somebody's prayer?"

"How do you know I believe in prayer?"

"Oh, I am sure you do, for you have a prayerful look."

She broke out into a merry laugh, and I joined her in it, as I said: "Yes, I do believe in prayer. Now tell me who Billy is?"

As I made this request, a joyous look came into her face, and her large blue eyes shone with delight; and as the dimples deepened in her cheeks, I beheld a picture that was worth going a long way to see.

"What! Billy? Oh, he 's the nicest and best little fellow in all the city! Why, he is goodness, sunshine, and music all in one lump. Somebody let him drop when he was quite young and broke his hip, and ever since he has been a cripple. But his leg is the only crooked thing about him. My mother says that Billy's mother was the best Christian she ever knew. Well, when she died last year, everybody in our tenement house wanted to adopt Billy; so you see, he belongs to all of us. He pays his way by selling newspapers, and no one with good legs can get around livelier than Billy can with a crutch. But yesterday, his crutch caught in a hole in the sidewalk, broke in two, and let him fall. He managed to get in the house, and was not hurt. Well, last night just as I was going to bed, I heard Billy praying. His room is next to mine, and only a board partition between—so I could hear it all. Oh, I shall never forget his words, as he said: 'Dear Lord, I 've never complained about my broken hip, and I am willing to go through life with it, but I can't get on without a crutch. I've no money to get another, and I don't know who to ask, so please, Lord, send me another one. Mother always told me to go to you, when I was in trouble, and so I come now. Please, dear Lord, answer my prayer for Jesus sake. Amen.'

"I laid awake a good while thinking of that prayer, and it was the first thing I thought of this morning, and I began wondering if I could n't do something to help God answer Billy 's prayer. Well, while I was wondering, I saw my geranium, and then I said, 'Oh, maybe I can sell it and get enough to buy another crutch!'

"Now, you know who Billy is, and why I want to sell my geranium. Won't you, please, buy it?"

I was greatly moved and interested, and I'll own up to a great deal of moisture about my eyes, as I inquired: "How tall is Billy?"

"Oh!" she quickly responded, "I've got the measure of his old crutch, if that is what you mean."

"Yes, that is just what I mean, so if you please, Gertrude, we'll go and see about a crutch."

It did not take us long to find a store where such a thing was to be procured, but a great while to get the keeper of the store as much interested as I was in the girl's story. Just the right kind of a crutch was found, and a minimum price put upon

"Well," I said, "I'll give you that much for the geranium, Gertrude, and it is very cheap at that."

"Oh, thank you," she said, and her eyes fairly danced with gladness. "I'll take the crutch, please, but Billy mustn't know a word about where it came from. Is n't it just splendid to help God answer Billy's prayer?"

The moisture in my eyes, did n't subside one bit, as I said, "I want you to do me a favor, Gertrude. I am hundreds of miles away from the place where I live, and I can't carry this plant around with me. Would it be too much trouble for you to keep it for me?"

"What, do you want I should take care of it for you?"

"Yes, my dear, if it will not be too much trouble."

"Oh, you splendid man, you! I'll be glad to do it, and I'll take just as good care of it, as I did when it was mine."

I carried the plant, while she carried the crutch, and after reaching the house, Billy was called in to see me, while Gertrude smuggled the crutch into his room, and came back with a face as happy as an angel could be, but never betraying to Billy by word or look, that she had been answering Billy's prayer.

To sum it all up, Billy has a new crutch, and he is the happiest cripple in the great city. Gertrude helped answer his prayer, and a happier girl don't live. I own the handsomest geranium bush I ever saw, but the one who takes care of it for me, is as proud as I am of that plant. Is there anything else? Oh, yes! Who was the lady that dropped or threw away that geranium slip in the street-car? I wish I knew, for if it had not been for her, no one would ever have read the story of Billy's crutch.

THE WESTERN RELIEF FUND

REPORTS of final relief work have been received during the week from a number of distributors in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and South Dakota. All report favorable conditions, and state that incalculable good has been done through the agency of the Relief Fund.

The Relief Committee of Gregory Co., S. Dak., who made a special appeal to the farmers of that section through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and to whom a remittance was sent from the Relief Fund, write:

> Your donation was received in time to help us in buying seed wheat. Teams were started immediately to purchase seed and it will be distributed in five-bushel lots. This will supply only about one-fourth of our farmers. Most of them are sorry in need of seed oats, corn and potatoes. Our outlook is very favorable for a good crop this season. In behalf of the people of Gregory County, we return heartfelt thanks for the liberal donation bestowed.

During the week the following sums have been received as contributions to the Fund:

Previously ackn'd	$26,720.86	Macaulay, J. P. and others	5 00
Atkinson, Mrs A. R	1 00	Mason, Frank H	5 00
Croft, W	5 00	Quick, Mrs S. A	1 00
Clinch, C. F	5 00	Scofield, Jas. E	1 00
Downing, Mrs E. C	1 00	Seeley, Mrs C. F	1 00
Dobbins, Mrs	1 00	Smith, Chas	5 00
Friend, Amsterdam	5 00	Taylor, Fred	1 00
" Grandby Road	1 00	Tomblin, Rev C. L	5 00
George, Mayor	5 00	Windley, Lena	1 00
Granholm, V	1 00	Yeo, S	1 00
Hemiques, A. I	1 00	J. D. Eagle Mills	5 00
Johnston, P	5 00	Widow, Chesterfield	50
Lewis, E. S	50	Sub A. wife, San Jacinto, Cal	1 00
Lowey, C	1 00		2 00
Lyon, F. A	2 00		
Lyons, Mrs Caroline	1 00		
Mann, A. & others	5 00	Total	$26,785 86

Acknowledgment of the following donations of clothing, etc., has been delayed till the present issue:

Wm McNeely, box		Mrs A W Gates, 2 bbls	
Brick School H., Avon, bbl.		Friends, Fairville, Pa	
Fadres Cherry Flats, bbl.		" Pleasant Mount	
Wm Hudson RRR, bbl		" Moriches, L. I	
Mansfield Depot, Ct, bbl.		" Fourview, Pa	
Somerville Mass, bbl.		" Worcester, Mass	
Mrs Mary Ball, bbl		" Marathon, N. Y	

NEW BOOKS.

FLOWERS AND INSECTS.*

MANY flowers make themselves useful to the insect world by secreting somewhere within their dainty cups little glands of honey or, more properly speaking, nectar, for honey is the result of the bees' work. This nectar is highly prized by the insects and is, in many cases, the only object which attracts them to the flower, although sometimes the pollen, which Darwin believes to have been the only inducement offered formerly, is sought as well.

But of course this nectar does to induce visits unless the bee's attention is first attracted to the blossom, and it is tempted to explore the premises; and we now observe the interesting fact that those flowers which depend upon insect-agency for their pollen, usually advertise their whereabouts by wearing bright colors or by exhaling fragrance. It will also be noted that a flower sufficiently conspicuous to arrest attention by its appearance alone is rarely fragrant.

When, attracted by either of these significant characteristics,—color or fragrance,—the bee alights upon the blossom, it is sometimes guided to the very spot where the nectar is hidden by markings of some vivid color. Thrusting its head into the heart of the flower for the purpose of extracting the secreted treasure, it unconsciously strikes the stamens with sufficient force to cause them to powder its body with pollen. Soon it flies away to another plant of the same kind, where, in repeating the processs just described, it unwittingly brushes some of the pollen from the pistil blossom upon the pistil of the second, where it helps to make new seeds. Thus these busy bees which hum so restlessly through the long summer days are working better than they know and are accomplishing more important ends than the mere honey-making which we usually associate with their ceaseless activity.

Those flowers which are dependent upon night-flying insects for their pollen continue to make themselves notable by wearing white or pale yellow,—red, blue, and purple being with difficulty detected in the darkness. They, too, frequently indicate their presence by exhaling perfume, which in many cases increases in intensity as the night falls and a clue to their whereabouts becomes momentarily more necessary. This fact partially accounts for the large proportion of fragrant white flowers. Darwin found that the proportion of sweet-scented white flowers to sweet-scented red ones was 10 per cent. of white to 8.2 of red.

We notice also that some of these night fertilized flowers close during the day, thus insuring themselves against the visits of insects which might rob them of their nectar or pollen, and yet be unfit by the shape of their bodies to accomplish their fertilization. On the other hand, many blossoms which are dependent upon the sun-loving bees close at night, securing the same advantage.

When there are flowers which close in the shade, others at the approach of a storm, thus protecting their pollen and nectar from the dissolving rain; others close at the same time every day. Linnæus invented a famous "flower-clock," which indicated the hours of the day by the closing of different flowers. This habit of closing has been called the "sleep of flowers."

*From *How to Know the Wild Flowers;* a Guide to the names, haunts and habits of our Common Wild flowers; by Mrs. William Starr Dana; illustrated by Marion Satterlee. A delightful book that will be greatly prized by all lovers of nature, and especially by those who are interested in botany. Pp. 297; cloth and silver covers, price $1.75. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Secrets of Health, or how not to be Sick and how to get Well from Sickness. By S. H. Platt, A.M., M.D. A practical book for the family, full of excellent suggestions. Pp. 576; illustrated; cloth covers; price $1.50. Orange Judd Co., New York, publ's.

Vest-Pocket Companion for Christian Workers; containing the Best Texts Classified for Practical Use, by Rev. R. A. Torrey, of the Bible Institute, Chicago. A convenient little compilation of great practical value. Pp. 118; leather covers; price 25c. Fleming H Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers. Also by the same publishers, *Received Ye the Holy Ghost?* by J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D. A most helpful and inspiring little book. Pp. 127; cloth binding; price 50 cents.

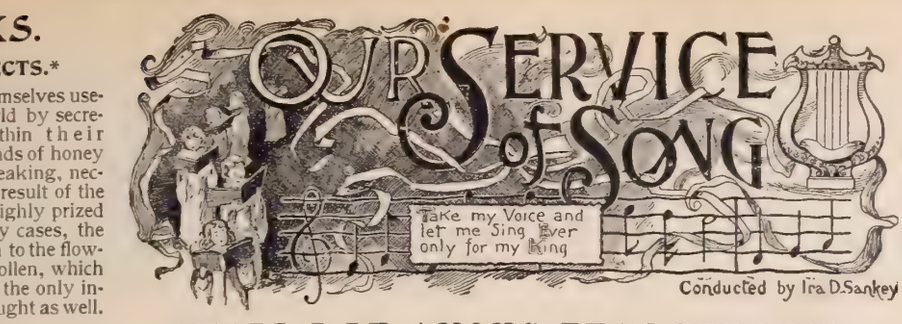
Churches and Castles of Mediæval France, by Walter Cranston Larned (illustrated). The record of a cultured traveler's impressions of the great monuments of France. Pp. 236; cloth binding; price $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

How the Republic is Governed, by Noah Brooks. A compact and Useful Digest of our Governmental System, with an Explanation of Legislative, Judicial, Political and Executive Functions. Pp. 169; cloth covers; price 75c. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

A Wheel Within a Wheel, or How I Learned to Ride the Bicycle, by Frances E. Willard very prettily illustrated. A dainty little volume of personal experiences in the new feminine accomplishment. Pp. 75; cloth and silver covers; price 50 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

The Coming Revolution, by Henry L. Call. An examination of the social and economic anomalies which are tending to civil conflict. Pp. 239; price, cloth, $1.25; paper covers, 50c.; published by The Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

Spring Blossoms; an Easter story by Mary Lowe Dickinson, General Secretary of King's Daughters. A charming little story, cleverly written and prettily illustrated; pp. 54; artistic binding and illuminated covers. Charles H. Barnes, Philadelphia, publisher.



SHALL I BE AMONG THAT THRONG?

"THEY WILL BE PRAISING THEE."—*Psa. 84:4.*

M. S. SULLIVAN, alt. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Oh! shall I be a - mong that throng, All clothed in robes of white,
2. Oh! shall I see my Sav - iour's face, All ra - diant as the sun,
3. Shall I in glo - ry Christ be - hold, Ex - alt - ed King and Lord?
4. Oh! shall I gaze up - on the wounds, From whence hath flowed the blood
5. Oh! shall I ev - er, with the Lord,— As I re - trace the past—
And help to swell that glo - rious song Of rapt - ure and de - light?
And dwell thro' all e - ter - ni - ty With God's Be - lov - ed One?
What rap - ture, yea, what bliss un - told, That mo - ment will af - ford!
That cleansed my guilt - y, sin - ful heart, And brought me nigh to God?
Praise Him for all His won-drous grace To me from first to last?
CHORUS.
I shall, for I have been re - deemed With blood of worth un - told,
The blood of Christ, the Lamb of God, More pre - cious far than gold.

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THE VISTA OPENED.

The Plan of Future Ages of the World's Existence as Indicated in Prophecy.*

BY GEORGE F. TRENCH, B.A.

THE direct revelation as to the kingdom's final form is wholly derived from the New Testament. The earlier Scriptures, which prophesy so fully the millennial state, give us but hints here and there as to the New Creation Kingdom of Christ, yet hints not to be lightly overlooked. For example, in the eighth day of the Mosaic code, we have a type of the period in question. Without fixing any actual time to the present dispensation, we may certainly agree with all interpreters, that the Millennium is typified morally, if not chronologically, by the Sabbath, or seventh day.

But Scripture points to an eighth day (see Lev. 23: 16), "the morrow after the Sabbath;" and (verses 36 and 39) to eight-day celebrations. The seventh day has to do with the old creation, for God rested upon it, and gave it to man for his rest from toil. It is the old creation rest, earthly, human, natural. It is also imperfect. So the Millennium will bring in an earthly, human, natural, and imperfect day, or period of rest for the world. For Israel chiefly, but for all nations if they will have it.

But the eighth day, the first day of the week, the day of the Lord's resurrection, and the day of Pentecost, too, points to the new creation rest. After the imperfect rest of nature on the seventh comes the supernatural and perfect rest of resurrection on the eighth day. So the perfect glory of the risen Christ in connection with a resurrection Kingdom will come in upon the morrow of the Sabbatic Millennium. (Examine Num. 26: 35, with Lev. 9: 1; and 23: 36-39.) Note, therefore, that this eighth day cannot point to the Millennium, which is represented by the seventh. And it cannot be Eternity, for it is a day or definite period, like each of the preceding days.

As to the duration of that Age, we have, so far, purposely avoided any discussion—not because it is in any way illegitimate, but because it is a mere question of detail. Let us ask our Bibles what the duration of this Age of Ages is to be. And although, so far as I now see, we have not here the same clear information, there are indications sufficient to give some approximate idea on the subject.

That the duration of the Kingdom will not be only for a moment, but of long continuance, is shown, better than elsewhere, by reference to the description of the New Jerusalem.

1. It is the Bride: a term, no doubt, indicative of a very brief and passing condition in human life; but it is "the Lamb's wife" in the angel's next word, a state of permanence, abiding duration, settled established union.

2. Then we read that the nations shall walk in the light of it, and that the kings shall bring their glory into it, and that the gates shall not be shut at all (see R. V.). All these features, surely, represent a lasting, abiding state—not one suddenly appearing, and presently to cease.

3. But, perhaps, the pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, is the best, as it is the most beautiful, sign of this fact. Nothing, in nature, perhaps, points the poetical spirit more surely towards a continuing, lasting, restful life, than the perpetual flow of the deep, still stream.

4. The servants of God therein, we are told, shall reign, not for a moment, like a flash of lightning glory, but unto the ages of the ages (22: 5); this ought to be conclusive of the theory that there is a period between the Millennium and Eternity.

*From his new work, *After the Thousand Years.* Pp. 120. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, 112 Fifth avenue, New York.

HOW TO HELP THE CHURCH.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing May 12. I. Cor. 12: 1-27.

EVERY member of a church, however humble, can help it in some way. Great gifts are not essential to helpfulness. Young men hugely mistake the aim and purpose of the Church when they aspire to the ministry with the idea that in that way only is useful service possible to them. Nothing could be more simple than the conception Christ had of the Church. It was a body of men and women personally and individually united to him by a living faith, loving each other and helping each other, as brethren of one family, of which he was the head. To each one he would give life and that life would develop and manifest itself with variety as infinite as the variety of countenance and form. The one thing indispensable was absolute personal loyalty to the Head of the Church and all else was free and varied. He prescribed no system of church organization, no form of worship, no creed, and he insisted with more emphasis than he gave to any other teaching that there should be no precedence of one over another but all should be brethren. The apostle Paul reiterates the principle in the passage selected as the basis of the topic. "If the whole body were an eye," he argues, "where were the hearing?" It is obvious then that the service that may be best rendered to the church allows for the exercise of individuality. The individual can serve the Church best by bringing into the common stock his own special and peculiar gifts and using them for the common benefit. There is room for all. The gift of teaching, persuasive eloquence, the magnetic personality that wins children, the melodious voice or skill in instrumental music, the business capacity—the gift a man possesses whatever it may be can be exercised in Christ's service. Even those who have no gift but patience, may lead so beautiful a life in untoward circumstances, or in suffering as to compel the admiration of all who know it, as to lead them to admire the power that makes such a life possible. At this period we have come to have great confidence in the power of organization—and the existence of our Society and of kindred societies is a proof that we are right—but after all, the strength of Christianity is in the individual. There would be no power in the best organization of the Church if the individual members were weak and worldly and corrupt. The best help therefore that can be given to the church is that of the individual life, every man living for Christ, seeking in every way to commend him to those who know him not. Such a spirit will promote comradeship. Each will respect another who is striving in his own way for the same end. There will be a readiness for co-operation, a desire to supplement and assist other men's efforts, an endeavor to fill up what is lacking, and a willingness to undertake inconspicuous and humble duties. Beside all this there will be an absence of censorious criticism, a disposition to think charitably of the unwise and the erring and a recognition of the brotherhood of every one who loves and serves Christ. There could be no better service rendered to the church than this exhibition of the spirit of Christ in humility, in love, in tenderness and helpfulness. It would find abundant opportunities for exercise and would develop the same spirit in others. The Church life would be broadened and deepened and strengthened for aggressive work in extending Christ's kingdom in the world.

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THREE STATE PRESIDENTS.

Our friends of the Christian Endeavor Society will be glad to have the three portraits which appear on this page. They are the leaders of the societies in their respective States. Mr. Frederick S. Ball, who is the President of the State Union of Alabama, is an Ohioan by birth, and is now in his thirtieth year. He is a graduate of the Ohio State University, from which he matriculated some seven years ago with high honors. After a short career in teaching and journalism he studied for the law, and is now a prominent lawyer of Montgomery, Ala. At the University and in his adopted State he took an active part in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, and was a zealous member of the Christian Endeavor Society. His earnestness and devotion to all Christian work brought him into prominence in the State organization, and at the close of last year he was chosen president of the Alabama Union.

FRED'K S. BALL, of Alabama. REV. CHARLES H. CRAWFORD, of Louisiana. W. L. NOELL, of Tennessee.

THREE PRESIDENTS OF STATE UNIONS OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Rev. Charles H. Crawford is President of the State Union of Louisiana. Mr. Crawford is a New York man and made his first acquaintance with his adopted State during the war. He was a soldier in the Union Army at the age of seventeen, and served in it to the close of the war. After peace was proclaimed he set to work to complete his education, and for several years he spent all his time in alternately studying and teaching. After a term of service as Principal of the High School at Ovid, N. Y., he entered the Congregational ministry. He did a great deal of missionary work in Louisiana and Texas under the auspices of the the American Missionary Association, and during his journeys made the acquaintance of his present church at Hammond, La., where he has gathered a large and aggressive church out of a rapidly increasing population. He is a strong believer in Sunday School work and in Temperance, and in both causes he is a valiant worker with tongue and pen. Such a man was not likely to let so valuable an agency as Christian Endeavor escape his notice. He was one of the first ministers in the South to put it to use in the church, and he has from the beginning urged its adoption on his brother ministers. The State Union wisely placed him at its head, and he has been a most successful President.

Mr. W. L. Noell is a Presbyterian of the Cumberland Church, and is a native of Tennessee. He is a prominent business man of Nashville, and has brought into Christian Endeavor work the same organizing faculties and the same energy and concentration of effort which have distinguished him in commercial circles. Early in the history of the movement he was superintendent of the Memphis district, and In 1892 he was elected President of the State Union. He is now in his third year of service in that capacity.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

Many Chapters are arranging for suitable exercises in celebration of the sixth anniversary of the Organization of the Epworth League on May 15. Where the celebration takes place on Sunday it will be held on May 12.——A new Organization has been formed in Boston, Mass. It is to include in an Association, to be called "The Boston Circuit of the Epworth League," the officers of the Chapters in the city and suburbs. A school of methods in the different departments will be formed in connection with it, and specialists in each department will be invited to lecture.——The question of introducing the Epworth League in England, has been under discussion by a Committee appointed by the Conference. A strong feeling was manifested against the introduction of any organization which might weaken the class-meeting, and some of the ministers thought the League might have that effect. If it is finally decided to have any new Young People's Society, it is not to take the name of Epworth League. ——The Illinois State Convention, at Rock Island, on April 4 and 5, was a successful gathering. Sunrise prayer-meetings, stirring talks from local leaders, and the great consecration meeting made the occasion one of stimulating power.——The Mississippi Leagues are preparing for a great conference at Grenada, on May 9. Special railroad rates have been arranged, and a large attendance is expected.——A number of the students of Grant University have recently been converted and have become active workers in the Epworth League at Athens, Tenn.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

An excellent plan in connection with the Christian Culture Courses was adopted recently by the Baptist Young People's Union of Brantford, Ont. On a certain evening the members brought short papers on each course of study and read them at the meeting, thus showing how much they remembered in each department.

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The National Council of the Young Men's Christian Associations of England, has had under consideration inquiries from various quarters as to the propriety of introducing billiards into the amusement room as the Association. After an exhaustive discussion the following resolution was adopted: "We are of opinion that recreation —properly so-called — as cricket, boating, gymnastics, swimming and cycling, and such games as are by general consent to be beneficial, should be warmly encouraged. They do not regard the game of billiards as coming under this category, and recommend therefore that the inclusion of this in the arrangements of the Y. M. C. A. should not be entertained."

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Dr. F. L. Wilkins, Secretary of the Baptist Young People's Union in the course of his recent Western tour met a number of young people from a town where they have no pastor, in fact, have had none for months, but the B.Y.P.U. meets every Sunday and keeps the church doors open, and they will stay open as long as that brave little band keeps faithful to its pledge and its mission.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

T. T. Hayward, Pasadena, Cal.
James Robertson, Madrid, N. Y.
John S. Hughes, Hudson, N. Y.
Edward G. Mansfield, West Haven, Conn.
J. P. Doom, Middlesboro, Ky.
A. C. Bell, New Alexandria, Pa.
Mrs. G. A. Starkweather, Deming, N. M.
Frank C. Bucknam, Yarmouthville, Me.
Mrs. C. M. Galbraith, Fort Collins, Colo.
A. R. G. Edwards, Galveston, Tex.
Mrs. Thos. Williams, Concord, Wis.
Lucinda Silsbee, Slaterville Springs, N. Y.
Mrs. M. A. B. Squyers, Columbia, La.
Mary C. Hough, Lebanon, N. H.
L. H. Andrews, Oregon City, Ore.
Mrs. M. E. Hughes, Kerrville, Tex.
Easter Offering, Sioux Falls, Mass.
Henry Austin, Belton, T
Miss S. A Champe, Ont
——, Minn.
J. McClure, Hudson, Ill
An American, Louisvil
Mrs. M. Magee, Attica,
"Susie," Burnside, N.
In His Name, Paris.
In His Name, Durhan
Mrs. W——, New York
Mrs. M. M. Tufford, On

All desiring to be enrolled on the list of patrons, should send their names and address to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

During the past week a large number of letters containing requests for prayer have been received. They were sent to the Sunday Afternoon Converts' Prayer-meeting at the Bowery Mission, and prayers were offered in accordance with them. As the writers desire also the prayers of our readers, we append a short summary of the letters, which in many instances are very lengthy.

E. R. S., Hagerstown, Md., who tells us that the prayers which were asked in these columns several weeks ago have been answered, now asks again for prayers for her own conversion.

For the conversion of their relatives many of our readers are praying and desire others to unite with them. Some are mothers concerned about their sons, others, persons who have urgently pressing husbands, or wives. In each of the following cases the conversion of some loved one is desired: "A Very Anxious Mother, Duluth, Minn.; "A Mother," Stamford, Vt.; Mrs. E. A. H., South Meriden, Ct.; "A Poor Girl," Riverdale, Tenn.; M. A. B., Penn Centre, N. Y.; "One who Believes in Prayer," Chicago; "Sister Young;" "A. C. F.," S. Dak.; "Reader," Brisbin, Pa.; "Reader," Lakewood, Colo.; "A Mother," Denver, Colo.; G. C. W., Ironsdell, Mich.; F. A., Akron, O.; M. A. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Elcona, O.; Newark, N. J.; T. K. G., Ghent, N. Y.; A. Baugh, Osh, Wash.; Agnes L. Dodd, Clinton, Conn.; Ellen Emery, Manitoba; H. C. H., Woodbridge, Cal.; "A Mother," Astoria, Ore.; "A Mother," Michigan.

For *Restoration to Health*. Prayers are desired for the following who are sufferers, or the friends of sufferers: J., New York; Mrs. Daniel Gould, Asta; Rev. S. McGee, Sciota, Ill.; "Reader," Chambersburg, Pa.; "Reader," Winnston, Tex.; E. C. S., West Philadelphia, Pa.; O. M. R., Canajoharie, N. Y.

For *Spiritual Blessings*, especially for the Holy Spirit's help in the Christian life and in Church work, the following persons ask prayers in their behalf: "Subscriber," Kingston, N. Y.; O. L. R., Danbury, Va.; "Reader" in Maine; "One who is struggling," Ohio; "Reader," Clarence Centre, N. Y.; "A Mother one," Ballston Centre, N. Y.; E. J. O., Blanchard; "Subscriber," Milo, Me.; Thankful, Jersey City; J. R. Morehouse, Paris, Ill.

From *A Mother*, Salem, N. C., for the restoration to health, and for the preservation of her husband and two sons.

From *A Subscriber*, Woodmore, that God would sanctify the affliction of herself and of a dear niece and friend, and that his will, restore them to health.

From *A Mother*, Hagerstown, Md., for the conversion of a son of whom nothing has been heard for five years, that God would bring him back to be a saved man.

From *L. O. N.*, Cassidy, Mo., who is sorely afflicted, that the Lord would grant her, if it be his will, that she may regain the use of her limbs.

From *M. H. P.*, Owego N. Y., that a financial arrangement now pending may be brought to a wise and right-eous conclusion.

From *Theresa* —, Danville, Ill., that she may find peace in Christ.

From *Mrs. F.*, President, Pa., for the restoration to reason of a son now in an asylum for the insane.

From *A Subscriber*, West Burke, Vt., for the recovery of her hearing.

Our Japanese Sisters.

They are making Rapid Progress in Civilization—Domestic Life in the Island Empire—Classes at Hiroshima.

NOW that the war between the two great Asiatic powers, China and Japan, is ended, the civilizing influences that have been at work in the latter country for the past twenty years will doubtless soon make themselves felt among the Chinese people. Almost every letter from missionaries in the far East received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gives cheering assurances of the present outlook. It would almost appear that such a war was needed to break down the last great barriers erected by heathenism against the advance of Christian civilization. And now that the oldest and most exclusive of nations is about to open its territory to the world, who can foretell what brilliant triumphs may be in store for the Gospel during the next decade?

For the present, Japan is the land toward which the eyes of the whole world are turned with eager curiosity. Her sudden leap into power and prominence, has made everything about her people intensely interesting. Their customs, morals, traditions and literature; their domestic and public affairs; their venerable history which goes back far beyond the earliest records of the Western peoples, and their peculiar religious beliefs are all just now being discussed in every quarter of the civilized globe.

Japanese houses are probably the funniest structures extant. In his delightful book, "The Real Japan," Henry Norman gives this description of one:

"From the outside it is an uninviting big black box. Inside it is a spotless doll's house magnified to unusual diameters, all wood and wicker and white paper. The entrance hall is a platform raised a couple of feet above the ground, where you take off your boots if you are a foreigner, or leave your sandals if you are Japanese. A screen door slides back and you are in—but that depends upon circumstances. Sometimes you are in one room and sometimes in another. It may be a general sitting-room ten feet square: it may be in a bed-room if you call early in the morning: or you may find yourself in an improvised sanctum and intruding upon someone writing laboured descriptions for a far-away public. For here walls have not only ears, they have also legs, and when you wish to make a new room it is simply "form square" by sliding enough panels in their grooves to enclose the space, or at your pleasure all the rooms can be thrown into one, enlarged, in our case by forty-six panels. Those forming the sides of the house consist each of sixty white paper panes. To wet one's finger, stick it slightly into the window and peep through, is thus the ideal Japanese counterpart of Occidental surreptitious inspection by the keyhole. The floor is of mats; not mats strewed about as at home, but solid structures of delicate stuffed wicker, an inch thick, conventional and regular size let into the floor.—artistic, spotless, immovable, never profaned by even the daintiest of slippers. Chairs and tables are, of course, unknown, and the posture of repose is to seat itself on one's heels. This squatting, by the way, is very painful at first, and takes a deal of training.

The typical Japanese hotel, (as shown in one of our illustrations), is quite as odd in its way as the private dwelling. Here strangers, travelers and pilgrims are comfortably entertained at a cost which, to a European or American would seem ridiculously small. The pilgrim may be en route to Fujiyama, the "sacred mountain," or to any one of the thousands of shrines that abound in the empire, for at certain seasons of the year pilgrims are as plentiful in Japan as bees in a flower-garden; or he may be a visitor from a distant clime who has come to study this picturesque land and its queer little people. In either event, he will soon be made equally at home by the hospitable landlord, for the Japanese are, of all Asiatics, the most cordial to strangers within their gates.

Not the least hopeful sign of the times in Japan is the moral and intellectual progress of its women. Writing upon this subject, Mrs. J.W. Lambuth, a devoted missionary, says: "The people on the 'Inland Sea,' at Hiroshima, sent us an invitation to go there and open a day-school for women and girls. We were asked to cut patterns of many kinds, to teach knitting and some cooking in order that the women might be prepared to make and prepare such clothing and food as their husbands and brothers, who had assumed more or less of European customs, would require. This work also gave opportunity for telling the Gospel story.

"It is no small pleasure to say that in Hiroshima there is a well-organized boarding school for young women, also a kindergarten, a cooking class, Bible classes and Sunday Schools of various kinds. The church membership that began in 1886, grew until a school-house could not accommodate the congregation, and the people gave as they could. Our Japan Church Extension Society added to the fund, and some private gifts made it possible to build, dedicate and use the house set apart for the worship of the true God. Various missionary women, married and single, have shared in the work at Hiroshima; they have lived in the native hotels upon the mats, and in other Japanese houses, and often, the people wrote and asked that a gentleman teacher come to them, that they could not wait for the foreign ladies; they wanted to learn there and then."

It has been said that the native woman is "the crown of Japan." May it not yet be proved that she is in a spiritual sense, its brightest jewel whose light will aid in guiding the new nation into the Kingdom?

The two illustrations on this page are reproduced from a small volume entitled, "Kase Etsuki," the memoir of a noted Samurai, by Rev. John C. Ambler, by courtesy of Thomas Whittaker, pub'r, N.Y.

WELCOMING A GUEST IN A JAPANESE HOTEL.

JAPANESE PILGRIMS RESTING BY THE WAYSIDE.

have made it their business to see and become acquainted with every accessible Japanese woman. The people have learned to think well of the foreign missionary women among them and wonder if more are not coming!

"Going from Hiroshima up the Inland Sea, there came a call from interested people at Tadotsu on the island of Shikoku, and there the women gladly joined the men in giving an invitation to us to come and teach them. We went and the going was blessed with much interest, so much that when the work among women at Kobe became so pressing that we could not leave it

* * *

Village Gossip.

After dwelling for a considerable time in a village, writes Dr. Talmage, you are apt to know a multitude. A country village affords no retreat. There everybody knows everybody's business. You cannot raise half a dozen goslings without having them stoned for picking off your neighbor's gooseberries. Gossip wants no better heaven than a small village. Miss Glib stands at her gate three times a day talking with old Mrs. Chatterbox, and on rainy days at the blacksmith shop the whole business of the town is discussed by the male gossips who gather there. Everybody knows whether this morning out of the butcher cart you bought mutton or calf's liver, and the mason's wife, at the risk of breaking her neck, rushes down-stairs to exclaim, "Just think of it! Mrs. Stuckup has bought a sirloin steak, and she is no better than other people!" Your brass kettle is always borrowed. A bandbox was seen going from the millinery-shop to the house of a villager on Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday morning a score of people are early at church, head half-turned to the door, ready to watch the coming in of the new purchase. They always ask what you gave for a thing, and say you were cheated; had something of a better quality they could have let you have for half the money. We have at different times lived in a small village, and many of our best friends dwell there, but we give as our opinion that there are other places just as free from discomfort.

THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

THERE are whips and toys and pieces of string,
There are shoes which no little feet wear
There are bits of ribbon and broken rings,
And tresses of golden hair;
There are little dresses folded away
Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn;
There are toys and models of ships;
There are books and pictures, all faded and torn,
And marked by the finger-tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust;
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

And then I think of my children three,
My babies that never grow old,
And know they are waiting and watching for me,
In the city with streets of gold.
Safe, safe from the cares of the weary years,
From sorrow and sin and war;
And thank my God with, falling tears,
For the things in the bottom drawer.

* * *

FROM A BULGARIAN MOTHER.

PARENTS in all parts of the world write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and at times (as in the letter given below), they give us such pleasant glimpses of home-life in other lands that we feel encouraged to hope that they will pardon us for laying an extract from their letters before our readers. Mrs. E. R. Terzieva, of Samokov, writes:

We received your beautiful premium, and the paper. Now let me tell you how I like it. The "Pathway of Life" is a treasure of priceless value—just the kind I love to read. My husband desires also that you shall know how thankful we are for the book, and for the paper also. With every number we like it more and more. It has an authoritative power which cannot but influence us strongly for good. I am a Bulgarian woman, born in a town named Kezanlik, whose plains in the month of May are dressed in pink and white rose-blossoms. There they produce the best attar of roses. Oh, it is a beautiful spot and every tourist should visit it: to see its gardens, vineyards, fruit-trees, springs of warm mineral water and many other blessings. About ten years ago I was a graduate of the American Boarding-School, which is in this place. That very year I was married to a young man who was graduated from the Boys' Theological Seminary in this town, also, and who was to be pastor of one of our churches in Bulgaria. I was eighteen then. My mother is a Christian, and though my father did not want me married to a Protestant, I wished to be true to my Saviour and to all the good things I had heard of in school. We lived seven years in Yanboul, the place of whose church my husband was a pastor; and then his health began to fail, and we thought that a change of place and work would help him, so we came to Samokov, where my husband teaches in the Boys' Seminary.

We have four little children. This town is a place of poverty; though there are some rich people of the orthodox church, but they are not used to giving. There are about ten or thirteen families of Christian people here, besides the scholars of both schools. The schools are doing an excellent work for our nation. The girls that go out from here are looked upon as possessing a higher and a better education than other girls—though there are some very good gymnasiums in our cities.

"There are nine Christian Protestant churches, besides those of the Methodist Mission. I read in your paper that some ask the prayers of you and your readers in different things. I ask your prayers for Bulgaria, that God will lead her out of the difficult political position in which she is just now, and make her a truly Christian nation, that the truth should be sought after and lived accordingly. I shall wait for an answer from the Lord. We owe much to your country—America—for sending us the missionaries who brought us the true Light, and who are daily preaching to us by word, and by their good, exemplary lives. I say my thanks through you to all the good people of America. May the Lord bless them all. One of your delighted readers,

ELIZABETH R. TERZIEVA.

Samokov, Bulgaria, Europe.

Starved to Death

in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, yet we hear of it. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

ALICE MAPLETON'S ORDEAL

A STORY OF NOBLE FORTITUDE UNDER TRIAL.

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by E. CARSWELL.

Summary of Preceding Chapters.

Alice Mapleton is the daughter of a merchant who is supposed to be very wealthy. During his last illness, her lover, Fred Morgan, a clerk in Mr. Mapleton's employ, warns the family that Mr. Jackson, who is Mr. Mapleton's partner, is plotting to defraud them. When Mr. Mapleton dies, his partner assures the family that they are penniless. Even Mrs. Mapleton's jewels which she supposed were in the office safe, had been sold. Mr. Mapleton's life insurance also had been assigned to the business and their furniture must also be sacrificed. They believe that Mr. Jackson is defrauding them but are unable to prove it. Alice's lover, Fred Morgan, obtains an appointment as supercargo of a ship and sails for Mexico and thence to China. Alice's brother, Will, finds some shares of a mine in New Mexico among his father's papers and goes out there to look after their interests. Some time afterward, his trunk is sent back to his mother, with a letter, saying that Will has been killed by Indians. Alice and her mother struggle on alone and in deep poverty. In the emergency, Alice takes various articles to pawn and the Jew pawnbroker, Mr. Jacobs, pities and befriends her. Mr. Jackson continues to press his suit and when Alice rejects his attentions, plots to increase her troubles, that she may become so poor and miserable that she will accept him for her mother's sake and her own. He follows her to the tenement house where they live, and while he is threatening her there, Mrs. Callaghan, an Irishwoman, living in the same house, is so indignant that she throws a pail of dirty water over him. He forms the acquaintance of a Mrs. Wilson who employs Alice as a drawing-teacher for her daughters, and prejudices her against Alice. Shortly afterward a valuable bracelet is lost in the Wilson household and it is discovered that it was pawned with Mr. Jacobs, by a girl who said her name was Alice Mapleton. Thereupon Alice is accused by Mrs. Wilson of stealing it. Mr. Wilson, however, influenced by his daughter Louie, does not believe that Alice stole it and employs Detective Graham to investigate it. The detective proves to be a friend of Alice's lover.

CHAPTER XV.

To Meet the Storm.

HOW little did either Alice, or her mother, or father, foresee only a few short months before, such a scene as that in Mr. Jacobs' parlor! With abundant means and every want anticipated, Alice would have laughed at the idea of her being seated in the parlor of a Jewish pawnbroker, in private conversation with him and a detective. Yet the events of those few months had so changed her circumstances as to make the place a shelter, and these two men her friends and protectors. Wise are those parents, however high their position, who give their children such a training as will fit them to play their part in any sphere. The Christian principles that Alice was living by, in these days of darkness, were the same principles that would have made her life beautiful and useful in a higher station.

She sat now trying to regain her composure, while Mr. Jacobs and the detective talked the case over together and consulted as to the best means of thwarting the plot that had been laid against her. Both men had an extensive experience of the dark and crooked ways of evil men, and Alice could have found few so well able to protect her. They were both of one opinion as to the part Jackson was playing, and as to the need of teaching him such a lesson at this point as to make him afraid to carry his persecution further.

"Do you often see this man, Jackson, Miss Mapleton?" the detective asked, turning round from his conference with the pawnbroker and addressing Alice, who was gazing abstractedly on the floor and paying no attention to the talk.

"I have not seen him since he tried to force his way into our rooms some time ago, until this morning when he met me on my way to Mrs. Wilson's and again insulted me most grossly," said Alice.

"How?" asked the detective.

"By proposing that I become his wife. I have refused him, have spurned him many times, and just when I think I am free and have made my escape from him and his cowardly persecutions, then he is sure to appear, and always when I am in the deepest trouble, and he always leaves me with a more fearful threat than before."

"What was his last?" asked Mr. Graham.

"He said that I would soon find myself in deeper trouble than any I had known. Not only trouble, but disgrace; that he had power to save me, and would do so if I would become his wife. I told him that I could not conceive of a greater trouble, or suffer a deeper disgrace than to do as he wished, that I would rather have a jail for my home, and a jailer for a master, than to live in a palace with him as my husband."

"Oh! dot vas goot, dot vas goot," said Mr. Jacobs, rubbing his hands.

"And then," continued Alice, "he left me, saying: 'the next time we meet, you will be a trembling criminal, my lady, and then, perhaps, you will reach out to the only hand that can save you.' I do not know what he can do, but I know that he will stand at nothing, that will be likely to humiliate me." Alice had been trying to suppress her feelings and keep back her tears, but she could do so no longer, and burying her face in her handkerchief, she sobbed aloud.

"Now, my tear, you must not cry," and the old man laid his hand on her head. "You did vonce say you would trust old Jacobs as if he vas your fader; dot make me feel goot and proud, 'cause I know you vas goot and a lady."

"Miss Mapleton is the daughter of one of the most honorable merchants our city every had to be proud of," said the detective.

"Vell, now, you vas let de old man be your fader; you must not, vat dev say to go back on him; you still tink I vas your friend and you trust me."

"Yes indeed I do," and Alice impulsively sprang to her feet and threw her arms around the old man's neck. For a moment her golden brown hair lay against the snow-white beard of the old Jew, and with his arm around her waist, they made a pretty tableau."

"Vell, den, keep up your courage, for no harm shall come to you, if it take every tollar vat old Jacobs has cot, and don't be afraid he will hang on to his tollars, too, and dey vill find dere vas lots of fight in de old Jew yet, already."

"It was a lucky thing for you, Miss Mapleton, that your guardian angel led you to my old friend here, when you were in need of such a protector, as I know of no one more honorable and generous to those who need and deserve help, or protection, than he, and he is never mistaken in his judgment. But we must go on with our disagreeable business," said Mr. Graham.

"Let me say before we go any farther that Mr. Wilson has no part in these proceedings. He is friendly to you because his daughter, Louie, believes in you, and will not hear a word said against you without a protest."

"She is a dear, good girl," said Alice.

"Mr. Wilson asked me to quietly look into the affair, and to protect you if possible. If it had not been for this I should not have found you so soon; so you see some good has come out of the affair. Now I find that Mrs. Wilson is a very determined woman, and will go to any length rather than own herself in the wrong. She has given the case to Detective Briggs, and I feel sure that they mean to carry it to the bitter end. Briggs is a very conceited fellow; he thinks he has all the proof necessary to convict, and that he has done a very smart job. If he sees my hand in it, or if I ask him to drop the case, he will be all the more determined to carry it on."

"Vell, vat can dey do? Dey vill find dere vas some buzz-saws dev vas running against, already," laughed the old Jew.

The detective sat with his elbows on the table, and his head held between his hands, in deep thought for a few minutes; at last he raised his head.

"Do you think," he asked, addressing Alice, "that you have sufficient courage to go through a great trial and humiliation, to stand up in court charged with theft, and be stared at by an unfeeling crowd, if by so doing you could not only vindicate your own character, but restore your mother to affluence, and get rid of Mr. Jackson forever?"

"I could go through anything that a mortal could honorably suffer with their own conscience clear; but my mother, it would kill her, I fear. I have kept everything that I could from her; she does not know that I have ever been here; she is so very sensitive," said Alice.

"Sometimes such people need a shock, to shake them out of themselves as it were; it is astonishing, Miss, what some of these nervous invalids will stand, but we will hide it from her if possible. Now whatever happens do not show fear. If you do not see me, or even if you do and I act as if I had never seen you, have no doubts, but remember that I am working for you and yours, and that in a few hours you will be vindicated and all your trouble will be over. Now, Mr. Jacobs, here is the bracelet; give it to Briggs when he comes."

"Vell," said Mr. Jacobs, "I don't like to let dat fellow have de brazelet, but if you say so, all right."

"One more word, Miss Mapleton, if you are arrested, send at once for Mr. Jacobs, he will go with you, and be your bail."

"Yes, yes, my tear, send for me so ve can go in a carriage. I tinks, Mr. Graham, ve vos going to have some fun, already."

Graham shrugged his shoulders and said, "it is strange how the devil will fool his own children, encourage them to brew thunder storms to crash about their own heads, and dig pits for themselves to tumble into."

"I tink he vas only dere stepfader, 'cause dey choose him demselves, and vill not run away from him already, and some of de children is woose dan de fader. I don't tink de old poy vould be so mean to vorry a little lamb like dis one."

"By-the-by, Miss Mapleton, you will need money," said Mr. Graham, "and I will ——"

"Please do not," interrupted Alice, "I could not take any money from you, however kindly offered."

"On the word of a gentleman, it is your own," said Graham.

"Vell never mind," said Mr. Jacobs, "I vill supply Miss Alice vid vot moneys she vants, she vill take it from her fader, specially ven de fader have plenty security already. I teil you a goot joke, Miss Alice vill oxcuse me, but she vas more foolish dan dat oder girl vot only got two tollar, for she bring dis old Jew a locket and chain and I give her five or six tollar; I did not oxamine it till de oder day, and I laff so hard as vot I never laff ven I open it and find a circle of diamonds all round de picture, and it vas worth five hundred tollar, so she vill have all de moneys she vants of her own, and old Jacobs make some more interest," and he rubbed his hands in great glee over his little joke.

"Well, I will slip out of the side door," said Graham in a whisper, "there is Briggs after the bracelet, you look after Miss Mapleton, as I feel sure he will arrest her before she enters her home; I will risk it and send a carriage here."

CHAPTER XVI.

Arrested.

Alice was alone in the parlor, and she laid her arms on the table and her head on her arms and burst into tears; she had borne up wonderfully while others were with her to give encouragement, but when left to herself the reaction came in spite of all she could do; would she ever forget that day as long as she lived? what had she not suffered since the morning; charged with theft, almost driven from the house of her employer, called everything that was bad, talked to by a detective, was in danger of being arrested at any moment, and yet strange to say she cried almost (if not quite) as much for joy as grief; through the black cloud of sorrow, disgrace and danger, which surrounded her, there were rifts of light breaking through, and they were so bright that they would conquer the darkness and make all things bright again. Had she not heard from Fred, was he not coming home, had he not been true and faithful, and fighting her battles? She would be brave; she quietly left by the side door which opened on a side street; she tried to walk slowly, and with an unconcerned air, but found it almost impossible; she wanted to run, she knew there was some dreadful thing behind her. Oh, how she wanted to turn her head and look back, but had not the courage. She reached he home at last and bounded up the first fligh of stairs as if followed by some wild ani mal; how she reached the second landin she scarcely knew, for on the top step sh sank in a heap and might have rolled dow the whole flight, had she not been caugh in the strong arms of Mrs. Callaghan.

"Phat ails the darling? Och, shure it too much you're trying to do," and sh was going to carry her into her room, bu Alice, who had recovered from the faint but was unable to speak shook her hea and pointed across the hall to Mrs. Ca laghan's room.

"I understand," said the good woman "shure its your mother ye'd be thinking c first, if ye was dying; and she helped he into her own room. As soon as Alice ha swallowed a glass of water she was bette

"Now, my kind friend," were her firs words, "you must not be frightened c make a noise when I tell you somethin dreadful. They are going to arrest m Mrs. Wilson says that I have stolen bracelet, and I know that dreadful man at the bottom of the horrible affair."

Never a one shall touch ye, if I have t lick the whole force, and I'm going th very minute to tell that Mrs. Wilson, wh ever she is, that she's a liar."

"Oh, no, my dear woman," said Alic to whose face Mrs. Callaghan's last r mark had brought a smile. "You must kee cool, because I depend on you to help m in another way. You must hide it fro mother; tell her I am detained. Mr. Jacot will go with me and I shall be back in a hour, perhaps, and I shall come out a right, so you must keep cool."

Just then a step was heard on the stair Alice turned deadly pale, and Mrs. Ca laghan stood between her and the door, b in a moment Alice rallied, and passed h with all the dignity she could assume. Sh met a quiet, self-possessed man on the land ing, and with a tremor in her voice, aske whom he wished to see.

"Is your name Mapleton, Alice Mapl ton, Miss?"

"That is my name; what—what is you business, please?"

"Well," said the man, and he actuall blushed as he looked into her beautif face, and saw her great honest eyes fixe without fear upon his own, "the fact i Miss, of course there may be some mistak but I have a very unpleasant duty to pe form. I—that is—I am an officer, and mu ask you to go with me, so you'll plea come, and don't blame me."

"Certainly," said Alice, "you of cour are only doing your duty, and it would b very silly of me to blame you for the wror that others may be doing."

"Shure, it's not afraid to go anywhe that she is, for she's as innocent as a new born babe of doing anybody a wrong, b if it's the guilty and the mean ye'd be a ter, ye'd better be taking up them as sh ye," said Mrs. Callaghan, as she followe Alice and the officer down stairs.

"Oh, Mrs. Callaghan, will you plea go to Mr. Jacobs and tell him that I cann call, and—" she said no more, for the stood Mr. Jacobs himself.

"Vell, Miss Mapleton, it vas astonis ment to you dat I vas here, but I tink pe haps my friend, Briggs, vas going to a you to take a valk, and as I vas going d vay myself, I vill take you in my carriage

"God bless you for that, sur, for th young creature is tired out now, for it's h own carriage and footman that she's be after calling all her loife-time, when s wanted to go out, till now." The last pa of Mrs. Callaghan's remark was intend for the detective.

"You are very kind," was all Alice sai

"I will see to everything," said the go Irish woman, but when she saw Alice a the detective seated in the carriage the tea were streaming down her face.

We will not follow them to the statio suffice it to say that the charge was mad and Mr. Jacobs as bail was accepted, a in less than two hours Alice was at hor again with her mother, who had no know edge of the terrible trials that Alice h gone through that day. Alice had not f so happy for two years, and her moth was delighted to hear her singing some her old songs. But a chill would creep ov her when she thought of what she had y to go through, for the trial was to take pla the next day at ten, but the fear would n last more than a moment, when the bi singing in her heart, "he is coming home "he is coming home," would drive it awa

(To be Continued.)

"COME UNTO ME."

me unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy lad, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28.

I AM coming, O my Saviour,
For my heart is sad and sore,
And I ask the rest thou givest
To be mine for evermore.
Earth's hopes like flowers have faded,
Earth's friends have passed away;
I am weary, heavy laden,
As I come to thee to-day.

CHORUS:
I am coming, Saviour, coming,
In my weakness unto thee.
And I know thou wilt receive me,
For thy promise is my plea.

am coming, O my Saviour,
I have heard thy loving call;
And though sins untold oppress me,
Thou can'st save me from them all.
am coming, O my Saviour,
Guide my wandering steps aright,
.ead me by thy Holy Spirit
Out of darkness into light.
I am coming, etc.

am coming, though the tempter
Bids my trembling soul despair,
f I reach the door of mercy
I shall never perish there!
'ho' the clouds of doubt may gather,
And the waves of fear may roll,
'et if I but touch thy garment
Thou wilt surely make me whole.
I am coming, etc.

— MARY R.

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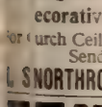

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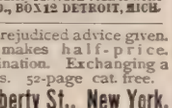

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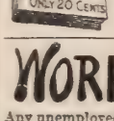

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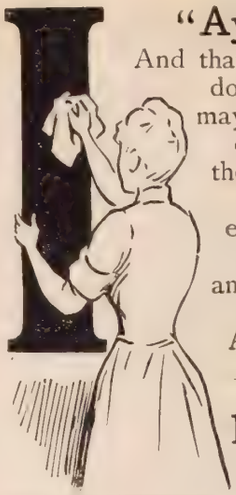

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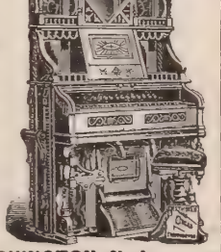

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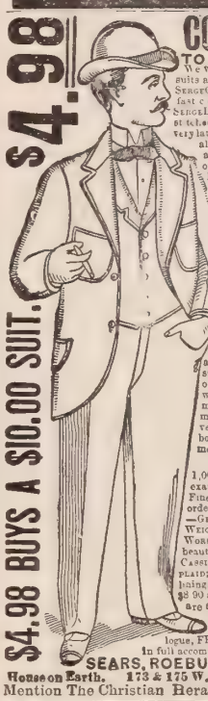

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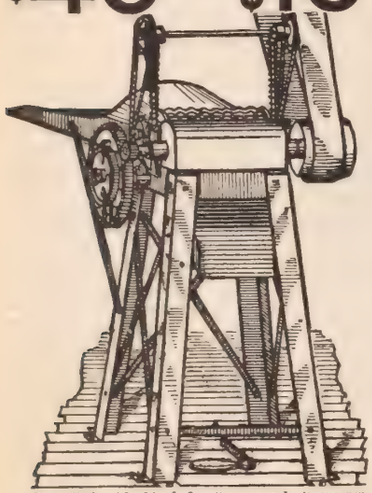

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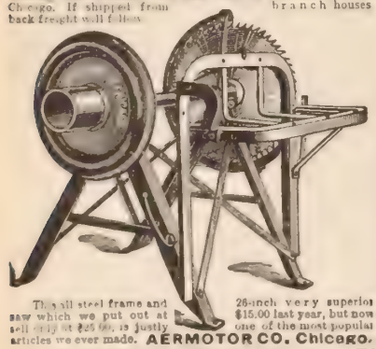

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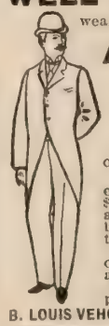

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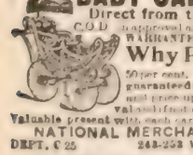

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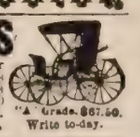

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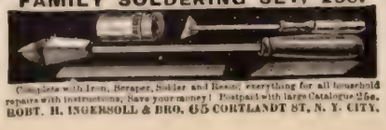

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, MAY 8, 1895. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

PITCAIRN'S WONDROUS STORY.

A descendant of the "Bounty" Mutineers tells of God's Work of Grace, in Redeeming the Lonely Island—John Adams' Conversion the Real Turning-Point—A Centre of Evangelism.

ALTHOUGH the story of Pitcairn Island and the famous "Mutiny of the Bounty," has already been told so often and in so many tongues that it has passed into history, the th of thrilling incident and wonderful eerience comes to us anew from the pen descendant of one of the original actors the drama of real life. Rosalind Amelia ing, a native of Pitcairn Island, has tten a small volume on the subject, which just been issued by the Pacific Press lishing Company of Oakland, Cal., as she has had access to many original uments and has gathered the remarkable y from the lips of those who had it from actual participators, her narrative comes us with a freshness and vividness of ring such as no other description of se events has ever possessed. Her fa- (who died in 1893), was the grandson olohn Adams, one of the mutineers e "Bounty."

itcairn Island is a mere dot on the om of the Pacific Ocean, two a-quarter miles long by one a-half wide. Lying two deges south of the tropic of Capborn, it is in an almost perclimate. Beautiful tropical s, graceful cocoa-nut palms banyans cover its surface m end to end. It is a miniae Eden. Its people — about o hundred and thirty in numb — are half-castes, their dark tures and black hair betraying r Tahitian blood, although she have light complexions and e eyes. To strangers they are eedingly kind and hospitable.

On Dec. 29, 1787, the sloop-of- "Bounty," sailed from Engd, to proceed to the Society nds, where she was to procure nts of the breadfruit tree and ey them to the West Indies f transplanting. She was comnded by Lieutenant Bligh, h a crew of forty-five men inding a gardener, and was provioned for eighteen months. Arng at Tahiti in the following ctober, she spent six months colling plants, and thence sailed f Anamooka, on leaving which ns of mutiny appeared among e crew. On April 28, 1789, the utbreak occurred; the crew ted Captain Bligh, bound him d placed him with eighteen othe in a boat which was sent adrift d soon landed on the island of Toa. Bligh and those of his comes who escaped the arrows of tile natives eventually reached gland in safety, after many perils adventures. Soon another vernment vessel, the "Pandor" was sent out to capture the utineers. They found only fourn, eight having gone off with e sloop "Bounty" and two having been ked by the Tahitians. The captured mutneers were taken back to England, where, er due trial, three paid the extreme penalty, and the others were released after long imprisonment. Meanwhile the "Bounty," with Fletcher Christian in command, after long cruising, reached the lonely Pitcairn Island, and the mutineers, finding it uninhabited, decided to settle there. These fugitives burned the sloop and spent the early days of their settlement in caves and under canvas tents, while cottages were being built. On that lonely isle, far from the haunts of men, they hoped to hide themselves from the offended law. They had taken with them from Tahiti six native men, ten women and a girl of fifteen. But no degree of outward security could bring peace to minds constantly disturbed with self-accusing thoughts, and the reproaches of conscience. Quarrels broke out among them and the Tahitians shot and killed five of the whites. Soon only four of the original mutineers were left alive, and the survivors, by plotting with the native women, succeeded in killing the Tahiti men. Within a short period, two others of the little group of white men died violent deaths, and John Adams and Edward Young alone were left of the "Bounty's" crew in charge of the rapidly growing colony. They bitterly repented their misdeeds and strove to train the young children in the paths of virtue and truth, imploring pardon for their own sins and aid in the work that lay before them. Young died within a year and John Adams was left the sole survivor of the mutiny, with twenty-three children and their mothers under his care.

THE CHAPEL AT PITCAIRN ISLAND

THE MISSION-HOUSE

THE LANDING-PLACE, "BOUNTY BAY"—PORTRAIT OF ROSA YOUNG.

A Bible and a prayer book which had been saved from the "Bounty," became very dear to Adams. He found peace in Christ and resolved to devote his remaining years to teaching and helping the others. All regarded him lovingly as the father of the island. In 1808, the American ship "Topaz," in passing, discovered that the island was inhabited and the whole of the startling story was soon disclosed to the world. A few years later, two British warships visited the island and their captains were astonished to find the colony living harmoniously under Adam's patriarchal rule, and the land laid out in regular plantations. The children had grown up to be young men and women and were trained in Christian principles. In the little island paradise, the dark crimes of the past had been deeply atoned for, and now amid the groves of orange and palm, the vineyards and the gardens, the sons and daughters of the dead mutineers lived happy, simple lives, trusting in God for all things and lovingly helping each other. Ship after ship called at the island and each vessel left some useful gift for the exiles. John Buffett and John Evans, two Englishmen, came to teach the young islanders cabinet-making and other useful arts. The children of the original settlers intermarried, and in 1825 the colony numbered sixty-one persons. All who visited the place were charmed with the open, simple manners of the islanders, their devotion to religious duties, their reverence at meals, and the modesty of the women. The day was invariably begun and ended with prayer and praise to the Divine Father for his mercies and preserving care—a custom that is still religiously observed by their descendants. Sunday was a day of complete cessation from work; no cooking was done, no fires were made, and nothing of a worldly nature was permitted to interfere with the day of rest.

John Adams died in 1829, the last of the mutineers. The colony continued to grow until the island became too small for its support, and in 1831 the entire colony, with its goods, was transported to Tahiti on British ships. But fever and death thinned the ranks, and soon the colonists returned to Pitcairn. After many seasons of internal turmoil, during which ambitious adventurers well-nigh ruined the colony, harmony was restored, laws were adopted for the government of the island, and a magistrate chosen. In 1856, the colony was once more removed, this time to Norfolk Island, which

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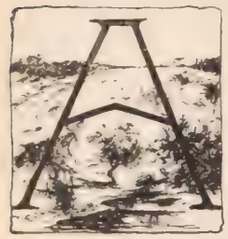
CONSCIENCE.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., preached last Sunday on the Text: Matt. 27: 24, "*He took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it.*"



About seven o'clock in the morning, up the marble stairs of a palace and across the floors of richest mosaic, and under ceilings dyed with all the splendors of color, and between snowbanks of white and glistening sculpture, passes a poor, pale, sick young man of thirty-three, already condemned to death, on his way to be condemned again. Jesus of Nazareth is his name.

Coming out to meet him on this tessellated pavement is an unscrupulous, compromising, time-serving cowardly man, with a few traces of sympathy and fair dealing left in his composition—Governor Pontius Pilate. Did ever such opposites meet? Luxury and pain, selfishness and generosity, arrogance and humility, sin and holiness, midnight and midnoon.

The bloated-lipped governor takes the cushioned seat, but the prisoner stands, his wrists manacled. In a semi-circle around the prisoner are the Sanhedrists, with flashing eyes and brandished fists, prosecuting this case in the name of religion, for the bitterest persecutions have been religious prosecutions; and when Satan takes hold of a good man he makes up by intensity for brevity of occupation. If you have never seen an ecclesiastical court trying a man, then you have no idea of the foaming infernalism of these old religious Sanhedrists. Governor Pilate cross-questions the prisoner, and finds right away he is innocent, and wants to let him go. His caution is also increased by some one who comes to the Governor and whispers in his ear. The Governor puts his hand behind his ear, so as to catch the words almost inaudible. It is a message from Claudia Procula, his wife, who has had a dream about the innocence of this prisoner and about the danger of executing him, and she awakens from this morning dream in time to send the message to her husband, then on the judicial bench. And what with the protest of his wife, and the voice of his own conscience, and the entire failure of the Sanhedrists to make out their case, Governor Pilate resolves to discharge the prisoner from custody.

But the intimation of such a thing brings upon the Governor an equinoctial storm of indignation. They will report him to the Emperor at Rome. They will have him recalled. They will send him up home, and he will be hung for treason, for the Emperor at Rome has already a suspicion in regard to Pilate, and that suspicion does not cease until Pilate is banished and commits suicide. So Governor Pontius Pilate compromises the matter, and proposes that Christ be whipped instead of assassinated. So the prisoner is fastened to a low pillar, and on his bent and bared back come the thongs of leather, with pieces of lead and bone intertwisted, so that every stroke shall be [illegible]. Christ lifts himself from the scourging, with flushed cheek and torn and quivering and mangled flesh, presenting a spectacle of suffering in which Rubens, the painter, found the theme for his greatest masterpiece.

But the Sanhedrists are not yet satisfied, They have had some of his nerves lacerated; they want them all lacerated. They have had some of his blood; they want all of it, down to the last corpuscle. So Governor Pontius Pilate, after all this merciful hesitation, surrenders to the demoniacal cry of "Crucify him!" But the Governor sends for something. He sends a slave out to get something. Although the constables are in haste to take the prisoner to execution and the mob outside are impatient to glare upon their victim, a pause is necessitated. Yonder it comes, a wash basin. Some pure, bright water is poured into it, and then Governor Pilate puts his white, delicate hands into the water and rubs them together, and then lifts them dripping, for the towel fastened at the slave's girdle, while he practically says: "I wash my hands of this whole homicidal transaction, I wash my hands of this entire responsibility; you will have to bear it." That is the meaning of my text when it says. "He took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it."

Behold, in this, that ceremony amounts to nothing, if there are not in it correspondencies of heart and life. It is a good thing to wash the hands. God created three quarters of the world water, and in that commanded cleanliness; and when the ancients did not take the hint he plunged the whole world under water and kept it there for some time. Hand washing was a religious ceremony among the Jews. The Jewish Mishna gave particular direction how that the hands must be thrust three times up to the wrists in water, and the palm of the hand must be rubbed with the closed fist of the other. All that well enough for a symbol, but here in the text is a man who proposes to wash away the guilt of a sin which he does not quit and of which he does not make any repentance. Pilate's wash basin was a dead failure.

Ceremonies, however beautiful and appropriate, may be no more than this hypocritical ablution. In infancy we may be sprinkled from the baptismal font, and in manhood we may wade into deep immersions, and yet never come to moral purification. We may kneel without prayer, and bow without reverence, and sing without any acceptance. All your creeds, and liturgies, and sacraments, and genuflections, and religious convocations amount to nothing unless your heart-life go into them. When that bronzed slave took from the presence of Pilate that wash basin he carried away none of Pilate's cruelty, or Pilate's wickedness, or Pilate's guilt.

Nothing against creeds; we all have them, either written or implied. Nothing against ceremonies; they are of infinite importance. Nothing against sacraments; they are divinely commanded. Nothing against a rosary, if there be as many heartfelt prayers as beads counted. Nothing against incense floating up from censer amid Gothic arches, if the prayers be as genuine as the aroma is sweet. Nothing against Epiphany, or Lent, or Ash Wednesday, or Easter, or Good Friday, or Whitsuntide, or Palm Sunday, if these symbols have behind them genuine repentance, and holy reminiscence, and Christian consecration. But ceremony is only the sheath to the sword, it is only the shell to the kernel, it is only the lamp to the flame, it is only the body to the spirit. The outward must be symbolical of the inward. Wash the hands by all means, but, more than all, wash the heart.

Behold, also, as you see Governor Pontius Pilate thrust his hand into this wash-basin, the power of conscience. He had an idea there was blood on his hand—the blood of an innocent person, whom he might have acquitted if he only had the courage. Poor Pilate! his conscience was after him, and he knew the stain would never be washed from the right hand or the left hand, and until the day of his death, though he might wash in all the lavers of the Roman Empire, there would be still eight fingers and two thumbs red at the tips.

Oh, the power of conscience when it is fully aroused? With whip of scorpions over a bed of spikes in pitch of midnight it chases guilt. Are there ghosts? Yes, not of the graveyard, but of one's mind not at rest.

> And thus, Brutus, amid his slumbering host,
> Startled with Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Macbeth looked at his hand after the midnight assassination, and he says:

> Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green one red.

For every sin, great or small, conscience, which is the voice of God, has a reproof, more or less emphatic. Charles IX., responsible for St. Bartholomew massacre, was chased by the bitter memories, and in his dying moment said to his doctor, Ambrose Parry: "Doctor, I don't know what's the matter with me; I am in a fever of body and mind, and have been for a long while. Oh, if I had only spared the innocent, and the imbecile, and the cripple!" Rousseau declared in old age that a sin he committed in his youth still gave him sleepless nights. Charles II., of Spain, could not sleep unless he had in the room a confessor and two friars. Cataline had such bitter memories he was startled at the least sound. Cardinal Beaufort, having slain the Duke of Gloucester, often in the night would say, "Away! away! why do you look at me?" Richard III., having slain his two nephews, would sometimes in the night shout from his couch and clutch his sword, fighting apparitions. Dr. Webster, having slain Parkman in Boston, and while waiting for his doom, complained to the jailer that the prisoners on the other side of the wall all night long kept charging him with his crime, when there were no prisoners on the other side of the wall. It was the voice of his own conscience.

From what did Adam and Eve try to hide when they had all the world to themselves? From their own conscience. What made Cain's punishment greater than he could bear? His conscience. What made Ahab cry out to the prophet, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" What made the great Felix tremble before the little missionary? Conscience. What made Belshazzar's teeth chatter with a chill when he saw a finger come out of the black sleeve of the midnight and write on the plastering? Conscience, conscience?

Why is it that that man in this audience, with all the marks of worldly prosperity upon him, is agitated while I speak, and is now flushed and is now pale, and then the breath is uneven, and then beads of perspiration on the forehead, and then the look of unrest comes to a look of horror and despair? I know not. But he knows, and God knows. It may be that he despoiled a fair young life and turned innocence into a waif, and the smile of hope into the brazen laughter of despair. Or it may be that he has in his possession the property of others, and by some stratagem he keeps it according to law, and yet he knows it is not his own, and that if his heart should stop beating this moment he would be in hell forever. Or it may be he is responsible for a great mystery, the disappearance of some one who was never heard of, and the detectives were baffled, and the tracks were all covered up, and the swift horse or the night train took him out of reach, and there were only two persons in the universe who knew of it—God and himself. God present at the time of the tragedy and present at the retrospection, and conscience—conscience that stings, conscience with pincers, conscience with flails, conscience with furnaces, is on him; and until a man's conscience rouses him he does not repent. What if that farmer converted to God go to his neighbor and say: "Neighbor, I have four of your sheep. They came over into my fold six years ago. They had your mark upon them, and I changed it to my mark. I want you to have those sheep, and I want you to have the interest on the money, and I want you to have the increase of the fold; if you want to send me to prison, I shall make no complaint." The infidel heard of the man's conversion, and he said: "Now, now, if you have got them sheep you are welcome to them. I don't want nothing of those things at all. You just go away from me. Something has got hold of you that I don't understand. I heard you were down at the religious meetings." But the converted man would not allow things to stand that way, and so the infidel said: "Well, now, you can pay me the value of the sheep, and six per cent. interest from the time to this, and I shan't say anything more about it. Just go away from me." What was the matter with the two farmers? In the one case a convicted conscience leading him to honesty, and in the other case a convicted conscience warning against infidelity.

Thomas Oliver was one of John Wesley's preachers. The early part of his life had been full of recklessness, and he had made debts wherever he could borrow. He was converted to God, and then he went forth to preach and pay his debts. He had a small amount of property left him, and immediately set out to pay his debts, and everybody knew he was in earnest; and to consummate the last payment he had to sell his horse and saddle and bridle. That is conscience. That is converted conscience. That is religion. Frank Tiebout, a converted rumseller, had a large amount of liquor on hand at the time of his conversion, and he put all the kegs, and barrels, and demijohns in a wagon and took them down in front of the old church where he had been converted, and had everything emptied into the street. That is religion. Why are thousands of dollars sent every year to the United States Treasury at Washington as "conscience money?" Why, it simply means there are postmasters, and there are attorneys, and there are officials who sometimes retain that which does not belong to them; and these men are converted, or under powerful pressure of conscience, they make restitution. If all the moneys out of which the State and the United States treasuries have been defrauded should come back to their rightful exchequers, there would be money enough to pay all the State debts and all the United States debt by day after to-morrow.

Conversion amounts to nothing unless the heart is converted, and the pocket-book is converted, and the cash-drawer is converted, and the ledger is converted, and the fire-proof safe is converted, and the pigeon-hole containing the correspondence is converted, and his improvement is noticed even by the canary bird that sings in the parlor and the cat that licks the platter after the meal, and the dog that comes bounding from the kennel to greet him. A man half converted, or quarter converted, or a thousandth part converted, is not converted at all. What will be the great book in the Day of Judgment? Conscience. Conscience recalling misimproved opport[illegible]

ties Conscience recalling unforgiven sins. Conscience bringing up all the past. Alas! for his Governor, Pontius Pilate. That night after the court had adjourned and the Sanhedrists had gone home, and nothing was heard outside the room but the step of the sentinel, I see Pontius Pilate arise from his tapestried and sleepless couch, and go to the laver and begin to wash his hands, crying, "Out, out, crimson spot! Tellest thou to me, and to God, and to the night, my crime? Is there no alkali to remove the dreadful stains? Is there no chemistry to dissolve this carnage? Must I to the day of my death carry the blood of this innocent man on my heart and hand? Out, thou crimson spot!" The worst thing a man can have is an evil conscience, and the worst thing a man can have is what Paul call a good conscience.

But is there no such thing as moral purification? If a man is a sinner once must he always be a sinner, and an unforgiven sinner? We have all had conscience after us. Or do you tell me that all the words of your life have been just right, and all the thoughts of your heart have been just right, and all the actions of your life just right? Then you do not know yourself, and I take the responsibility of saying you are a pharisee, you are a hypocrite, you are a Pontius Pilate and do not know it. You commit the very same sin that Pilate committed. You have crucified the Lord of Glory. But if nineteenths of this audience are made up of thoughtful and earnest people, then nineteenths of this audience are saying within themselves, "Is there no such thing as moral purification? Is there no laver in which the soul may wash and be clean?" Yes, yes, yes. Tell it in song, tell it in sermon, tell it in prayer, tell it to the hemispheres. That was what David cried out for when he said "Wash me throughly from my sin, and cleanse me from mine iniquities." And that what in another place, he cried out for when he said, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." Behold, the laver of the gospel, filled with living fountains. Did you ever see the picture of the laver in the ancient tabernacle or in the ancient temple? The laver in the ancient tabernacle was made out of the women's metallic looking-glasses. It was a great basin, standing on a beautiful pedestal; but when the temple was built, then the laver was an immense thing called the brazen sea; and oh, how deep were the floods there gathered! And there were ten lavers beside—five at the right and five at the left—and each laver had three hundred gallons of water. And the outside of these lavers was carved and engraved with palm trees so delicately cut you could almost see the leaves tremble, and so true to life that you could imagine you saw the nostril throb, and the cherubim with outspread wings. That magnificent laver of the old dispensation is a feeble type of the more glorious laver of our dispensation, our sunlit dispensation.

Here is the laver holding rivers of salvation, having for its pedestal the Rock of Ages carved with the figure of the lion of Judah's tribe, and having palm branches of victory, and wings suggestive of the soul's flight toward God in prayer, and the soul's flight heavenward when we die. Come to the laver of victory, and wash away all your sins of power aggravated, and all your sorrows, of power agonizing. Come to this fountain, for all sin and uncleanness, the furthest, the worst. You need not carry your sins half a second. Come and wash in this fountain of Gospel laver. Why, that is an opportunity enough to swallow up all nations. That is an opportunity that will yet stand on the Alps and beckon to Italy, and yet stand on the Pyrenees and beckon to Spain, and will yet stand on the Ural and beckon to Russia, and it will stand at the gate of heaven and beckon to all nations. Pardon for all sin, and pardon right away, through the blood of the Son of God. A little child that had been blind, but through skilful surgery brought to sight, said: "Why, mother, why didn't you tell me the earth and sky are so beautiful? Why didn't you tell me?" "Oh," replied the mother, "my child, I did tell you often; I often told you how beautiful they are; but you were blind, and you couldn't see!" Oh, if we could have our eyes opened to see the glories in Jesus Christ we would feel that the half had not been told us, and you would go to some Christian man and say, "Why didn't you tell me before of the glories in the Lord Jesus Christ?" and that friend would say, "I did tell you, but you were blind and could not see, and you were deaf and could not hear."

History says that a great army came to capture ancient Jerusalem, and when this army got on the hills so that they saw the turrets and the towers of Jerusalem, they gave a shout that made the earth tremble; and tradition, whether true or false, says that, so great was the shout, eagles flying in the air dropped under the atmospheric percussion. Oh, if we could only catch a glimpse of the towers of this Gospel temple into which you are all invited to come and wash, there would be a song jubilant and wide-resounding, at New Jerusalem seen, at New Jerusalem taken, the hosannas of other worlds flying mid-air would fold their wings and drop into our closing doxology! Against the disappointing and insufficient laver of Pilate's vice, and Pilate's cowardice, and Pilate's sin, I place the brazen sea of a Saviour's pardoning mercy!

THE VALLEY OF REPHAIM.

At a recent meeting of the Academie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, in Paris, M. Dieulafoy, the well-known explorer in the East, read a most interesting account of his visit to the scene of the decisive encounter between King David and the Philistines in the Valley of Rephaim. After the capture of Jerusalem by David and the establishment of the Israelite Monarchy, the Philistines resolved to crush the nascent kingdom, and, after alternations of success and failure, they occupied the Valley of Rephaim, situated at the foot of the slopes which led from the west to Jerusalem. It was then that David, constantly attacked by his enemies, executed one of the finest military manœuvers recorded in history. M. Dieulafoy, while indicating the various advances made by military art, and having shown that before the wars of the Medes no nation had any acquaintance with the rules of higher tactics and strategy, dwelt upon the fact that David was the first of the Israelite leaders to form drilled and disciplined troops, and pointed out what good use the King made of this army in the Valley of Rephaim. The plan of the battle, very clearly described in the Bible (which ascribes the direction of it to Jehovah), comprised a flank march, a rapid change of front, the rapid encompassing of the left wing of the Philistines, and an attack from behind on this wing. This was a complicated and bold turning movement, very difficult to execute, and something quite out of the common for the age in which it was carried out. M. Dieulafoy, who had discovered the theatre of operations and had made use of the general topography of the reign in order to reconstitute the principal phases of the battle, pointed out that this movement presented a striking analogy with those executed by Frederick II. at the battle of Mollwitz and Rossbach, and by Napoleon at Austerlitz. In the conduct of this operation, David gave evidence of the highest capacities, taking advantage of all the inequalities of the ground, forming his troops afresh in the wood, and charging impetuously, and M. Dieulafoy insisted very strongly upon the similarity of his military genius to that of Napoleon.

A WONDERFUL GOBLET.

Rev. Dr. Guthrie delighted to relate a story of a wonderful goblet which the genius of a heathen fashioned, teaching a moral which many a deathbed has fearfully illustrated: "Having made the model of a serpent, he fixed it in the bottom of the cup; and there, with eyes gleaming in its head, and fangs raised to strike, it lay, coiled for the spring. Beneath the ruby wine, the cup is raised, the draught is quaffed, the dregs are reached, and now that dreadful head rises up, too late to warn. And so, when pleasure's cup is nearly emptied, and the sinner with unwilling lips is draining its bitter dregs, shall rise the ghastly terrors of remorse, and death, and judgment, on his despairing soul. A serpent lurks at the bottom of guilt's sweetest pleasure."

A GIRL MISSIONARY IN JAPAN.

Roughing it on a Japanese Steamer—A Night on Deck—Difficulties of Christian Work in Japan.

AMONG the devoted ladies who have gone out to Japan to carry the Gospel to their Japanese sisters is Miss Nina McClanaghan who is working under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society. She is a graduate of the Royal University, Dublin, where she won high honors. Her portrait in the Academical robes appears on this page. It was a great surprise to the brilliant circle which she adorned in the Irish capital, when she declared her intention of giving her life to the service of Christ as a missionary, but she was not to be turned from her purpose, and she is now doing successful work in Japan. Following are some extracts from one of her recent letters describing her journey from Osaka to her field of labor at Hamada:

"As you are aware, the Church Missionary Society has assigned me to Hamada, a seaside town in South Western Japan, where I am to labor in connection with Miss Fugill's mission. I have just arrived

MISS NINA McCLANAGHAN.

and I thought I would busy myself in writing you an account of my voyage.

"I left Osaka at about four o'clock P.M., on Friday, in a steamer about half the size of a North Wall and Holyhead boat. With me, I had a particularly nice Japanese girl, named Nishino Sau, who is to be my teacher and Bible woman till the summer. I want you to couple her name with mine in your prayers, for I feel sure the Master means us to be a blessing to one another, and together to help others.

"Now, dear friends, come along and see my ship—S. S. 'Chinzei Maru.' 'It's a thrifle unaisy gettin' aboord,' as an old woman, that I know in the dearest of all lands, would say, but now that you are on board, just take a look at that kind of book-shelf with very wide shelves, where the third-class passengers are stowed away layer over layer. How would you like to go a three and a half days' voyage like that through dreadful seasons? I have seen a Japanese mother after she has done so with a wee baby and three tiny children, and she was just as gentle, just as thoughtful and unselfish with her children at the end, as any of us are, under the happiest circumstances. I wish I were more like her.

"There are only two classes on board the 'Chinzei Maru,' but after that glimpse our arrangements appear almost palatial. Cabins there are none. The second saloon is, I think, about twenty feet by twelve or fifteen feet. On Saturday night twenty-three of us had only just room to lie side by side in it, allowing extra space for a little wall of luggage, which my girl and I placed between us and the other passengers. Don't be horrified, my friends. This is excess of elegance and comfort to heaps of things which many of your itinerating missionaries have to put up with during their journeyings even in civilized Japan.

"I draw a veil over the good-byes to the numbers of people who came to see us off. To me it was almost like leaving home a second time, and I don't think my companion felt it less deeply. It is too cold to stay on deck, so we go below, and just as we get straight, a Japanese meal is served. We have a liberal supply of foreign food, but just now we are feeling very well, and would like to live like the rest, so we sit down, too, and very nice it all is with the exception of the 'daikon,' a sort of radish turnip, which must not be eaten till it's beginning to decay. This I have not yet learned to like. All the rest is very nice—cockle soup with cockles, and shells, and all there; fish served with ginger, some green vegetables like boiled cress, and the never-failing rice—all served in the dainty Japanese way, each in a tiny bowl and placed on a little lacquer table before each person. Of course, as a foreigner, I attract a great deal of attention, though gracefully concealed in anxiety as to whether I have enough rice. I am nervously apprehensive that if I do not handle my chop-sticks more dexterously there is danger of bringing disgrace on our boasted civilization. The night is beautifully calm, so we lie down in our ulsters with warm rugs and shawls. The little dais at the end of the saloon which we share with three other persons, is covered with carpet in addition to the thick matting, which is all over the floor; but still the luxurious foreigner finding it rather inclined to make one's bones work their way through, and the unfortunate tall people finding the position rather cramped, wake up many times through the night, and divide their attention between the neighboring port-hole (showing the beautiful hills round the Inland Sea, lit up by the ghostly moonlight), and the weird lines of human beings with their still white faces turned up from their wooden pillows.

"Well to return—Saturday saw nothing remarkable except that as I sat on deck writing to mother, I generally had an admiring crowd watching each word as I wrote, exclaiming, 'Ah, how curious!' All Saturday we passed through beautiful scenery—the Inland Sea especially beautiful now, I think, when the highest of the surrounding hills are capped with snow, and the lights are most lovely. All Saturday the wind grew and grew. When I got too cold to stay longer on deck, I busied myself knitting or studying, or writing down below, to the great admiration of a kind farmer-like man, who seemed to be of the Christian Scientist type. He did his best to comfort all who were ill by assuring them that 'it was all nervousness, nothing but nervousness. It had nothing to do with the body, but all came from the spirit, and if only they could keep a brave heart, they would be all right.' Dear kind man, as the hurricane grew, even he relapsed into painful and ominous silence, and I did not hear him say another word during all the voyage. I tried to keep up a brave heart, but later on in the evening, I was painfully changing my position, when a voice from the floor called out half pityingly, half triumphantly, 'Even the English lady is ill.' It was the last straw, and the camel collapsed most utterly. I draw a veil over the remainder of that day of suffering. It was not until eleven o'clock on Monday night that we reached Hamada.

"We are now staying in a hotel kept by a Christian widow. The Society has taken a Japanese house for us, and as soon as a few alterations can be made, we hope to move in. The pastor and his wife called this afternoon. Nishino Sau was splendid, getting Japanese tea, cakes, etc. I took my share in the Japanese conversation for about one and a half hours, and oh, such Japanese mine was, too. I am glad no unfriendly critics were near.

"One thing more—many of you will, I know, be praying much for us, just at this time. Hamada is not by any means a flowery field. Some Christians here have brought disgrace on the name of their Master and on his holy religion, so that it will be up-hill work at first. There are only six Christians here now, so that our household, Miss Fugill and myself, our Bible woman and two Christian helpers—will just double the church. Do not pray that we may be successful, do not pray that we may be wise, do not pray that we may be clever with the language—God only knows how much we need all these things—but pray this one prayer and all else will follow. Pray that we may be all that is meant by 'members of Christ'—without any life or energy or power and will of our own, save that which comes moment by moment from our Divine Head, as completely at his disposal, and under his control as my right hand is under that of my head or brain."

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

S. S. Lesson for May 19. Mark 15: 1-13. Golden Text Mark 15: 5. By Mrs. Baxter.

BEFORE Christ could be manifested as God's one and unchangeable High-Priest, the Levitical priesthood had to sum up the measure of its iniquity in the person of Caiaphas, who took upon himself to condemn his Lord. The divine is founded upon the ruins of the human. Having done all they could to work his destruction, the priests held a consultation with the elders and scribes and the whole council, all gathered together against him who did not resist evil. They bound him, who was bound in spirit already, and who had been a yielded offering from the moment of his coming into the world (Heb, 10: 5); and they carried him away, and delivered him to Pilate. Now it was Pilate's turn to be put to the proof whether he would also

Refuse to Know God's Christ.

The priests and rulers had waxed bolder in collecting and assorting evidence against Jesus. "They began to accuse him, saying: We found this Man perverting our nation and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying that Himself is Christ, a King." (Luke 23: 2.) The story of the tribute money must have arisen from the words with which he had silenced the Pharisees and the Herodians: "Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's." (Matt. 22: 21.) The accusers of Jesus neither sought for, nor wished to know, the truth; their only object was to get rid of Jesus at any cost. Pilate was not alarmed at the pretended danger that Jesus should raise a revolution against Cæsar. He asked him: "Art thou the King of the Jews?" To which Jesus answered: "Thou sayest" (Luke 23: 3), i. e., yes. But this answer, far from convincing the unprejudiced Pilate that Jesus was dangerous to the government, only elicited from him the remark: "I find no fault in this Man."

The case was going against them, and they saw it could not stand on its own merits. Pilate knew the inoffensive character of the great Teacher and Physician in Jerusalem, and these accusers must go wider afield if they were to substantiate a charge against Jesus. They sought, as many do now, to make up in vehemence and invective for what they lacked in truth. "They were the more fierce, saying, He stirreth up the people, teaching through all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place." The mention of Galilee was a great relief to Pilate. He had enough experience of criminal cases to discern that the Man before him was innocent, but that the heads of the Jewish people were jealous of him, and bent on his destruction, and that, if he were to oppose them, he would become unpopular, and perhaps might lose his post if they accused him to Cæsar. Pilate had enough conscience to be clear what his duty was as an impartial judge. Would he have courage to do the right? All flesh is grass . . . the grass withereth. Mankind had failed God; he chose the Jews—the Jews had failed him, He sent his Son—the priests and rulers rejected him; and the Gentile Governor, Pilate, had an opportunity given him to vindicate him which few men have. Would he fail also? Pilate was glad to be rid of the responsibility, and so he sent Jesus to Herod. It was his

First False Step.

He thought to have washed his hands of him. But no; no man can ever do that. Christ has to do with every individual man's sin, and shame, and death, and no man can escape, at some time or other, a personal and decisive meeting with Jesus.

Herod was glad of the opportunity to see Jesus, of whom he had heard much; he hoped to gratify his carnal curiosity in seeing some miracle done by him. But he miscalculated. Jesus was not at the beck and call of any earthly power, but under the immediate direction, moment by moment, of his Father. Herod could not understand a man who had power to work miracles, unwilling to manifest his power before royalty. The king then questioned him, while the chief priest and scribes stood and vehemently accused him, and he answered not a word. This was the more strange to Herod. Here was a man unjustly accused, who seemed utterly indifferent as to whether the sentence went against him or not, and who made no use whatever of the presence of the king. Perhaps Herod had never felt so small in the presence of any other man. But he was angry and mortified; provoked with the silence of the Accused. So he had recourse to brutality, and he and his men of war set at naught the Son of God, arrayed him in mockery with a gorgeous robe and sent him again to Pilate.

And Pilate must give sentence. He had sought to shift the responsibility, but he could not. And we cannot, either. Every day, every hour of the life of each one of us pronounces sentence for or against the Lord Jesus Christ; every one of us is a continual witness for or against our Lord. Pilate, addressing the accusers and witnesses, declared: "Ye have brought this Man unto me as one that perverteth the people; and behold I, having examined him before you, have found

No Fault in This Man,

touching those things whereof ye accuse him. No, nor yet Herod; for I sent you to him; and lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto him." The Son of Man has stood before three tribunals, without one witness on his side, with all the influence of priests and rulers against him; he had made no defence whatever, and now the summing up of the evidence is: "There is no fault in him!" And yet the Jews demanded that he should be slain!

There are few men now who will not condemn sin, who will not allow the vanity of the world and the unsatisfactory nature of things earthly, there are few, unless they are the fools who say: "No God" (Ps. 50: 3), that do not desire, at some time or other, to turn to God. But when they are brought to the point, they cannot summon up courage to make the stand, and turn with all their heart to the God who made, and the Saviour who redeemed them. Pilate was one of these. He had pronounced Jesus to be innocent of all the charges brought against him, and yet he said: "I will therefore chastise him and release him" (Luke 23: 16). Why chastise an innocent man? Only to please the Jews, while he would save his own conscience in saving Jesus from capital punishment.

But those half measures did not answer. Somebody must take the responsibility of bringing the Holy One of God to the Cross, and it lay with Pilate to speak the first word, and Pilate was the responsible party. Like Caiaphas and Herod, he appealed to his prisoner to answer the charges against him. "And he gave him no answer, not even to one word; insomuch that the governor marvelled greatly" (Matt. 27: 14, R. V.). Another way of escape from his dilemma presented itself to Pilate. It was the custom at the feast that one prisoner should be set free, and he determined that it should be Jesus. One other man was in ward, a man dangerous to society, a robber, and a murderer, the greatest contrast to him who went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil. With strong hopes that the multitude would choose Jesus, the governor gave them the choice which should be released. And to his consternation, the people, persuaded by the chief priests and rulers, chose Barabbas!

To add to his mental conflict, Pilate's wife sent unto him, saying, "Have thou nothing to do with that just Man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him." Everything was ordered of God to concur in convincing him that Jesus was true, but it seemed to him that to follow his convictions meant ruin and disgrace. And he had not the manliness to do the right thing at any cost. There was a pitiable weakness in his appeal to the people: "What then shall I do with Jesus which is called Christ?" What should he do with a man whom he declared innocent? There was but one right course, to set him free: but Pilate dared not take it. Yet the Spirit of God strove mightily with him.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

"I FIND NO FAULT IN THIS MAN."

PILATE was the Procurator, or representative, of the Roman Emperor in Judæa. From Roman history we learn that he was appointed in A.D. 26, and governed the country for ten years. His administration appears to have been cruel and corrupt. It must have been very galling to the proud Sanhedrim to have to ask such a man's permission to execute their sentence. But that was one of the humiliating consequences of being a subject nation. The priests affected to treat the matter as a mere formality, and sent Jesus into Pilate's court to be condemned, and did not even enter themselves. But Pilate was too well versed in Roman procedure to become merely a machine for ratifying the edicts of a Jewish court. He went out to them and inquired the nature of the charge. The haughty priests resented the inquiry, and intimated that Jesus had already been judged and condemned. If he was not an evil-doer, they would not have brought him there. Pilate meets them on their own ground, and cannot refrain from a covert taunt. As they are too proud to make a specific charge, they may deal with the matter themselves. Being thus forced to enter into detail, they encounter a difficulty. Jesus had been condemned for blasphemy, and no Roman judge would recognize that as a capital crime. To obtain sentence from Pilate, there must be a new charge, and they make it treason. This man claimed to be a king. Pilate went back into court to examine the prisoner. It did not take long to satisfy Pilate that this quiet, meek prisoner was no dangerous conspirator against Cæsar. It would be absurd to put a man to death for rebellion who distinctly repudiated an appeal to force. Hoping to evade responsibility, Pilate avails himself of a reference to Galilee to regard Jesus as a subject of Herod, and sends him to that king, who is on a visit to Jerusalem. But the man who had killed John the Baptist was little likely to interfere. He treats the charge as a joke, and carries it further by clothing the prisoner in mock-royal robes and sending him back. Pilate is thus compelled to deal with the case, and if he had been led by his duty and his inclinations, he would have refused to grant the ratification of the sentence. But he was in a difficulty. He was afraid to offend the priests, as they might make trouble at Rome and cause him to be recalled. On this case they could do him no mischief. The Emperor and public opinion would have approved him for refusing to condemn an innocent man. But Pilate's record was not clean, and he was aware that if the priests became his enemies, they might complain to the Emperor of his conduct in other matters, which would not so well bear investigation. He, therefore, tried to avoid offending the pr ts, and yet to save the prisoner's life. ss- pecting that jealousy and superstitio av at the root of the accusation, Pilate ap ed to the people. He was in the habit of s w- ing respect for the feast by an act of m- ency, and he suggests that he shall r se Jesus. But the people, led away b e priests, and perhaps irritated with s, who had taken no steps after the t m- phant entry to assert himself, but se ed to be a poor, weak, tame creature, un er the kingship claimed for him, demand the release of Barabbas, who was really i ts of sedition. Foiled again, Pilate ma n- other plea for Jesus, and then th ea charge is explained to him. The pr e- had said he was the Son of God. ate seems to have been alarmed, and h n- easiness was increased by his wife's e, which was brought to him at that jun re. He is more than ever disposed to refu e consent to the execution. But a e threat brings him to terms. The Jew that if he lets Jesus go, he is not Ca friend. That means that if he does what they want, they will denounce Rome. What was the life of one co Jew to Pilate in comparison with the his position? He yields; but he is so indignant at being forced to do a thi does not approve. He takes wate washes his hands before them, dec himself innocent of the crime they about to commit. It was an empty mony, a boyish action. Pilate could that way evade responsibility. Even tus, an historian of his own nation, f on him. About seventy years later he "Christ was put to death by Pilate.

Art thou the King? The questio asked in derision, but multitudes nov Jesus for their King. No monarch h many subjects as he, and none ha jects who are so devotedly loyal. A Melville told King James VI. of Sco that there was no contention abo royalty of the kingdom. "There ar kings and two kingdoms in Scotlan told the Stuart monarch. "There is James, the head of the Commonw and there is King Jesus, whose s King James is—and in that Kingdom is not a king, nor a Lord, nor a hea a subject."

What evil hath he done? This was pro the only time when such a question be asked without someone being a furnish an instance of wrongdoing. ever blameless a life may have bee sure to have contained some evil. but Christ could give the challenge convinceth me of sin? Some lives been sorely embittered at the close knowledge of evil that can never called, but will go on perpetually doi mischievous work. When toward the his life Robert Burns called on Mrs. F he told her he was convinced he wou live long, and added that he grieved b as he thought of the mischievous line he could not suppress, but would co to be published even after his death. were lines never intended for the eye, but written to friends and read miliar company and remembered. H he would give anything if he coul them out of existence.

Rather release Barabbas. Two f walking home after a service at wh sermon on the trial of Christ had preached, were talking of this incid Barabbas. "I think it almost increc said one. "There seems to have popular vote of professedly religious and they deliberately voted for a thi murderer in preference to a public be tor. What madness it was!" The said: "The world generally account decision sane and the opposite one ness. I know a case in point. A man, who is the son of a wealthy and distiller in London was con and began to visit among the poor speak at missions and to visit the jail found his father's liquor sold in all t loons of the poorest districts in Londo soon learned that drink was the cause of murder, theft and all ki crime. When he came of age his fath posed, to make him a partner in the ness. He might soon have been a m aire with a seat in Parliament. But fused and renounced all part or profit business preferring poverty to any sh the responsibility. You will find ple people who call him a fool and not think he must be demented. Yet all was to prefer Christ to the business is the modern Barabbas."

FOR AN OUT-DOOR GOSPEL.

T: Open-Air Workers' Association of America, and its Labors for the Unevangelized Masses in our Towns and Cities.

HE formation of the Open-Air Workers' Association of America, in the Spring of 1893, was the natural outcome of the growing popularity of this form of Christian activity. That organization was fortunate in choosing a board of officers, who were not only capable men, but also men to whom the Christian public had already given its confidence and esteem. Rev. R. A. Torrey, the head of Mr. Moody's Bible Institute of Chicago, was elected President, the Vice-Presidents being Rev. A. J. Gordon, Commander Ballington Booth, Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, D.D., Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., Rev. James H. Brooks, D.D., Rev. H. L. Hastings and Hon. W. H. Howland of Toronto, Can. On the Executive committee were Dr. G. LeLacheur, Superintendent of the Brooklyn City Mission and Tract Society, Rev. A.C. Dixon, D.D., Rev. Dr. Stone of the Washington Square M.E. Church of New York City, Rev. J.C.Collins, Secretary of the Christian Workers, while two of Brooklyn's young business men, Frank H. Marston and James H. Prentice filled the positions of Secretary and Treasurer.

During the first year, the membership of the association extended into twenty-one States and provinces, and its first annual report gave an interesting account of the work of its members. One of its most wide-awake members is H. B. Gibbud of Syracuse, whose work is already well-known to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and whose Gospel Wagon has scattered the good seed far and wide. In one of our illustrations on this page is represented a service in the Market Square of Syracuse, where all sorts and conditions of people flock to hear the preaching and singing in a way that would startle the staid pastors and the elegant ushers of some good fashionable churches. They gather close about the wagon; no empty front seats staring the preacher in the face, no sleepy hearers falling off into a comfortable doze. A "baby organ" leads the singing, while a chorus of voices from the wagon ring out "the old, old story." Not only does the wagon bring the workers here and supply them with pulpit and choir-loft, but it enables them when the meeting is ended, to roll along to another section of the city and there repeat the service.

Last summer Mr. Gibbud took his wagon to the hop fields in New York State and during their busy season did a grand work. Every one of his open-air services in the city was a story of Zaccheus was repeated in a modernized form. A lineman, perched on a telegraph pole, heard the testimonies, was convicted of sin, the next day came to the workers and was led to the Saviour.

One of the first, perhaps the first, and certainly one of the most successful Gospel Wagons in America, is the one owned by the Central Union Mission of Washington, D.C. Hundreds of converts date their first interest to the proclamations from this chariot of the Lord. As a means of awakening the careless and arousing the indifferent, this is accounted the best agency of the Mission. Most of its many branches have sprung from these Gospel Wagon services, at which many eminent clergymen and Christian laymen of that city not infrequently assist.

In view of their interest and success in open-air work in Washington, it was not surprising that the third annual Convention of the Open-Air Workers' Association of America should assemble in that city. It was held on May 6th and 7th and was a notable gathering. Their programme contained the following: Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D., gave the address of the convention on Monday evening. On Tuesday morning the Association conducted its business meeting; in the afternoon Judge I. G. Kimball of Washington read a paper on the "Legal Rights of Christians to Proclaim the Gospel in Public Thoroughfares and Parks." Never had this latter subject been treated from the broad, legal standpoint, and it proved of very great value and interest to open-air workers all over the land. The convention discussed various methods of working, speakers from Cleveland, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Brooklyn participating.

The membership of the association consists of men and women who have accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour and are engaged or interested in presenting him as such in the open air. There are three classes of members—active, those actively engaged in open-air work and contributing annually to the association one dollar; associate, those interested in the work and contributing two dollars annually; sustaining, those of either of the two preceding classes who contribute five dollars annually. The members of this association are not dependent on wheels and horses. A chair, a keg, a curb-stone gives them all the advantage they ask, and answers well for a pulpit. They take their stand in the street beside tenement houses, on the beach of a summer resort, on the docks. Wherever non-churchgoers are found, there go these workers. An instance is found in the usual Sunday afternoon dock meeting of the Life-Line Mission of Brooklyn. As is customary with many workers at the close of the services, all are invited to accompany the speakers from the docks to the Mission rooms. Those who have been impressed usually do so, and thus an opportunity for personal conversation is given. Many have found Christ through these dock meetings.

Equally successful have been the tent meetings, to encourage which is also the scope of this association. Special opportunities are afforded in the suburbs and near the parts of our great cities, where the people go forth for a walk in the pure air. These are easily attracted to a seat in the shade, and become attentive hearers. To encourage all services of this sort is the aim of the association and its workers. It believes in Christ's command to go out into the highways and hedges, with the good news.

The association has just issued its report for this year, beautifully illustrated, and a copy will be forwarded to anyone sending to the Secretary, 21 Water Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE IN THE MARKET SQUARE, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A TENT MEETING OF THE OPEN-AIR WORKERS' ASSOCIATION.

THREE PRICELESS BIBLES.

Doubtless the three most precious Bibles in the world, in a purely commercial sense, are those in the British Museum, the National Library in Paris, and the cloister of Belem, near Lisbon. The first is manuscript, written by Alcuin and his pupils, and in the year 800 was presented to Charlemagne on the day of his coronation. Early in the present century it was in the possession of a private gentleman in Basle, who offered it to the French Government for forty-two thousand francs. Afterwards it was sold to the British Museum for the comparatively small sum of £750. The book is written in fine, small characters, and is decorated throughout with exquisite vignettes and arabesques. The chapter headings, as also the name of Jesus, are everywhere written in gold. The Paris Bible was published in 1527, printed by order of Cardinal Ximenes, and dedicated to Leo X. One of the three copies, printed on vellum paper, was, in 1789, sold to England for 12,000 francs. This copy was afterwards presented to Louis Philippe, and in this way was placed in the National Library. The third, or Belem Bible, consists of nine folio volumes, and is written on parchment. It was stolen by Junot in 1807, and taken to Paris. Madame Junot, when Portugal wanted to buy the Bible back, asked 150,000 francs for it. Louis XVIII., however, made the Portuguese Government a present of the precious volume.

THO' YOUR SINS BE LIKE CRIMSON.

Isa. 1: 18.

SAITH the Lord, "Come now and reason,"
Take salvation free and full,
And your sins tho' red like crimson,
Shall become as white as wool.

Though your sins be red like crimson,
Tho' like scarlet they shall glow,
White as wool my blood will make them,
"White as wool" and "white as snow."

Though your sins be red like crimson,
I will cleanse you from all sin—
Take away your heart so "stony,"
"Put an heart of flesh" within.

Though your sins be red like crimson,
They are blotted from my sight,
And your soul no longer captive
Comes from darkness into light.

Vineland, N. J. MRS. CARRIE E. BRECK.

Pitcairn's Wondrous Story.

(Continued from first page.

thenceforth became the permanent home of almost all the families from Pitcairn. Every kindness was showered upon them and their new abode was divided into homesteads for their use. Trades teachers were sent to train the young men, and schoolmasters and missionaries to lead them in the paths of educatiion and religion. A few families returned to Pitcairn Island, but the majority remained and prospered in the new settlement.

Some of the descendants of the "Bounty" mutineers are now being trained for missionary work in Melanesia and a few, some years ago, entered the Gospel field, having been ordained by Rt. Rev. J. C. Patteson, the first bishop of Melanesia. One (Fisher Young) fell a victim to the savage natives on Santa Cruz island in 1864, and the Bishop himself became a martyr in a murderous assault on one of the islands in 1871.

In 1890—a century after the "Bounty" mutiny—the re-colonized island had again become populous. Missionaries were laboring among the people and the Gospel had made many conquests. Churches, schools and mission chapels were built, and the services were largely attended. A missionary ship, "The Pitcairn," made regular visits there and to other mission stations on the Pacific. The island—a twice-redeemed Eden—is now a frequent port of call for vessels. Many of its sons and daughters are bright ornaments in the field of Christian service. Thus the little community of castaways, which under God's favor grew up to strength and usefulness under the faithful leading of a redeemed sinner, John Adams, has become a source of inspiration and blessing to thousands scattered all over the islands of the great Pacific.

CONVERTED ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

With God nothing is impossible. His truth has come home to the hearts of men in unheard-of places and under most singular conditions. At sea, in the midst of tempest, on the battle-field while the bullets flew like hail, or in the quiet night watches, men have been led to Christ. A pastor relates the following incident in illustration of this: "An engineer recently told us the story of his conversion. He was on his engine and the train was running at the rate of forty miles an hour. He had been earnestly seeking the Lord for salvation, and, while engaged in his earthly vocation, his heart was toward God, in strong desire and earnest prayer. At a certain point in the route, suddenly, this promise of the Word was presented to his mind: "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." It was a voice from heaven to his soul. His heart fastened on the truth—he believed and was saved in an instant. It was joyous beyond description. We said to him, "Did you turn on more steam, and increase the speed of the train?" "No;" he said, "the train was going fast enough." "Well," we remarked, "your soul went into the kingdom of heaven far faster than the train was speeding."

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Bible House, New York City.

SICK IN CHURCH.

THE best of men and women will sometimes sicken in a meeting-house. There will be something in the poor ventilation, or in the dullness and protractedness of the sermon, or the ill-health of the auditor, to make him faint. Let there be all sympathy and delicacy evinced in removing the patient to an adjoining room, and resuscitating him. If nothing better than selfishness influence, let us be attentive and helpful, since our turn to faint may come next. But one thing we protest against, and that is when a person faints in church, all the curious people go out to see what is the matter, and hinder the resuscitation by standing close around the sufferer when his or her chief want is not a gaping crowd, but fresh air. We were one Sabbath preaching in a village church in northern New York. Whether it was our sermon that sickened her, or the heat of the day, we never knew; but a young lady excited all our sympathies by getting faint. Her father and mother and sister and lover and the sexton went out with her, as it was proper for them to do. But in addition to that, an old lady sitting beside the pulpit, and whose characteristic was inquisitiveness, glided down the aisle. This started all the other old ladies, for it was uncertain now whether the old lady aforesaid had been taken sick herself, or whether she had gone out to minister to the first patient. The old ladies having departed, the old gentlemen felt as if it would be no more than gallant to go too, and so they joined in the procession. The middle-aged people in the congregation, seeing the elderly people go out, felt that it was mean to let the old people put themselves to so much trouble, while they, the middle-aged, sat indifferent, and therefore many of them, urged by this piece of circumstance, went out also. As the middle-aged men were departing, they met the old men coming in to get their hats, the latter promising in the aisle, in a low grumble of conversation, to rejoin the former on the green grass. By this time the children in the church had no one to look after them, and as some of them had never seen anybody faint, they went out on a tour of discovery, till we turned around in the pulpit to the minister behind us and suggested we go likewise. But as he protested, we tarried. We found out afterward the maiden was only a little sick, but that they crowded around her so closely that she had no chance at all, and so succumbed to nervousness. Let this be remembered, that six persons are all that at such times can be serviceable in the most urgent and painful case, and that beyond that the people who crowd around are a nuisance and a hindrance. After you find that enough have offered their services, better retire. There are inquisitive people who go to funerals, and go early, so that they can see the family take leave of the corpse, and that kind of people love to stand around a sick person, telling afterward how pale she looked, how her fingers clutched, and what words in her momentary dementation she uttered.

THE LONG REST.

NO nationality will better appreciate Heaven than Americans, for the most of them are nearly driven to death. Ever on the chase. Seated at the window of an express train going forty miles an hour, watch in hand, impatient that they cannot go sixty miles an hour. A foreign writer says: "Every American looks as if his eyes were glaring into the far West, and the far future." Another says: "The deepest-rooted cause of American disease is that overworking of the brain, and over-excitement of the nervous system, which are the necessary consequences of their intense activity; hence dyspepsia, consumption, insanity, and its brood of fell disorders in its train." For such people, I say, heaven will be a glorious relief, but I fear that some of them, even after they get there, will, from habit, be rushing about, wanting to see all the palaces the first hour, and call on all the patriarchs and apostles before they settle down to the first deliberate banquet; but with all eternity before them, they shall soon feel pervading them the sense of celestial quietude. What a world, into which the questions of livelihood never enter! They shall hunger no more, nor thirst any more.

While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul;
And scenes of bliss forever new,
Rise in succession to their view.

Oh, sweet employ, to sing and trace
The amazing depths and heights of Grace;
To spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blisstul, vast eternity.

THE DAY-BREAK.

CHEER each other in all Christian endeavor. If any one has a discouragement about the work, let him hide it. If any one has a cheerful sign, let him display it. The glorious day of the world's evangelization advances, though somewhat slowly. The sun rises not by a sudden bound from the horizon to midheaven, but by gradual ascension. In this buoyant belief let us pray and work. When Alexander saw Diogenes sitting in the sun and warming himself, the conqueror asked the philosopher if there was anything he could do for him, and he said: "Yes, stand out of my sunshine, and do not take away that which you cannot give." As we sit in the warm light of the Gospel, and it gets brighter and brighter, do not let any one intercept his doubts and fears. If you cannot do anything else, stand out of our sunshine.

MOBOCRACY.

IF the ballot-box and Christian reform cannot correct public evils, and without bloodshed, then republican and democratic form of government is a dead failure. Bloodshed never corrected anything. What did the Forest-Macready riots accomplish years ago? They created a bitterness between foreign and domestic actors, which raged on for forty years. What did the railroad riots accomplish? The destruction of vast property and the loss of wages by a multitude of industrious employees. What have the mining riots accomplished? Price of coal put up for poor people, as well as the rich, and the starvation of the families of the miners. Labor strikes that carry a red flag strike with ten degrees of violence against monopolists, but strike with one hundred degrees of violence against honest industry. Perhaps after our statesmen and our philantropists have a little while longer experimented in trying to correct evils, the world may take the hint that we need God to come to the rescue. Oh, how much we need an importation of the supernatural into public affairs. If you can see any way out except through Divine interposition, then your eyesight is keener than mine. Society wants radical reconstruction. Secular education will not do it, for that gives force, without indicating whether it shall be for right or for wrong. Political parties will not do it. Availability of candidates for office is the dominant thought with them. Communism will not do. That knows how to destroy, but not to build. There is only one influence that proposes to annihilate everything bad, and uplift everything good, and that is Christianity; and after all else has proved its impotency, then this Divine Agency will accomplish the work. About the righting of all wrongs by Divine power, until there shall not be a thorn, or a disease, or an injustice, or a crime left, I have no scepticism. Forward, then, ye Christian workers in all departments of Christian service, your eyes unto the hills from whence cometh your help!

OUR MAIL-BAG.

M. E. B., Brunswick, Me. Why is the word "Magus" attached to the name of Simon?

To indicate his predilection for sorcery or magic. Simon Magus was a Samaritan living in the Apostolic age, and distinguished for his practice of magical arts.

N. C., Reader. Is it backsliders or infidels who are threatened in such passages as Heb. 6: 4-6; 10: 26, etc., where certain persons are apparently shut out from hope of pardon?

The description of the persons as having "tasted," having been "enlightened," indicates backsliders rather than infidels. The passages do not so much shut out hope of pardon as state a fact. If all that God has done in giving his Son has failed, there is nothing more that can be done. There might be a reason for failure in the ignorance of the people, but if a man has "tasted," and "received knowledge of the truth," and still rejects salvation, what hope can there be of him? He is not excluded, but excludes himself.

Wm. Dean, Indianapolis, Ind. How is it possible for the Godhead to consist of three Persons, and yet there be only one God?

Many profound minds have tried in vain to understand the doctrine of the Trinity. But a thing may be possible, although we cannot understand it. We cannot understand our own constitution. The brain, the mind and the soul are distinct, yet intimately connected, and they belong to one being. If a man of the last century had been told that messages might be sent by electricity, he might reasonably have asked sceptically, how it was possible; in the next life we may find that many mysteries have become plain, and the Trinity among them.

H. Wissner, Milwaukee, Wis. How are the 1,400,000,000 of the world's population distributed, as far as religious beliefs are concerned? If possible, give approximate figures.

According to the latest estimates, the total population of the globe was 1,424,000,000, of whom 687,750,000 were Buddhists, 196,000,000 Mohammedans, 6,000,000 Jews, 407,250,000 Christians, and 127,000,000 unclassified, the latter including a variety of heathen beliefs. But these figures are misleading, unless it is explained that Buddhism includes the Confucianism and Shintoism of China and Japan, the Grand Llama worship of Tibet, and various other forms, quite distinct from Buddhism, pure and simple.

J. T. Floyd, Eldorado, Kan. How many languages are spoken in the world to-day, and into how many of them has the Bible, or parts of it, been translated and printed?

The languages of the world are numbered by the hundreds, each great family or sub-division of the human race representing many different tongues and dialects. The Aryan family alone has thirty-nine living languages; the Semitic a large number, while the Hamitic, Southeastern Asiatic, Ural-Altaic, Dravidian, Malay-Polynesian, Caucasian, Central African, South African, and American divisions each has a considerable group peculiarly its own. Up to the present time portions of the Gospels have been translated and printed in over 300 different languages and dialects.

Reader, Eckhart, Mo. 1. Is the Apocrypha part of the Bible? 2. What is the difference between the Catholic Bible and Protestant Bible?

1. It is not so accepted. The books composing what are known as the "Apocryphal writings" of the Bible, being regarded as doubtful, both as to authenticity and authority. They were so regarded by the early Christian church, but it was not until the age of the Reformation that the term "Apocrypha" was applied to all but the canonical books of the Old Testament. 2. The Rhenish and Douay Bibles were vernacular versions designed by the Catholic Church to be an antidote to the free and liberal translation of the Scriptures in the Protestant Bibles. There are very material differences, too numerous to indicate here.

I. E. K., Attleboro, Mass. Does Christ's injunction about cutting off the right hand (Matt. 18: 8-9), require us to renounce the society of a dearly-loved friend at the town (ships is innocent but is liable to cause scandal?

There is no question of scandal raised by the passage. The question is one of personal responsibility between God and the soul. If a friendship involves temptation; if it ter to degrade the soul, turning it away from he spiritual to the sensual, then it comes ver the injunction of Christ. He held that spi al progress was the chief concern, and that wh- ever impeded it should be ruthlessly cut ay even if doing so involved suffering and lo s severe as would be the loss of a right ha

Jos. Partridge, Albany, N. Y. Who was the k of the city of Babylon and when was it bu

Gen. 10: 10 informs us that Nimrod he great-grandson of Noah, was the builder th- though its greatest augmentations and s n- dors were doubtless due to Semiramis d Nebuchadnezzar. According to tradition r- rent in the time of Alexander the Great, By- lon was originally built about 2230 B. C. d it was at first a provincial village.

Rebecca Mills, Indianapolis, Ind. When wa census introduced in civilized countries an did it come into use?

Although the first recorded census in e er secular or sacred history was that ment d in Numbers 1: 2, the enumeration of the n- ple was probably older than the Hebrew x- odus. In the usual sense, as applied to o- nomic ends, such as the purpose of taxa n, the census is unquestionably a very an nt expedient, and was probably common a ng other countries contemporary with Israel.

Reader, Easton, Pa. 1. Who were the Amal and the Philistines? 2. It money is put in a k and the owner dies without leaving a wi can the heirs get it? 3. Do you keep map

The Amalekites are by some suppose to have been the descendants of Amalek, s of Eliphaz, and grandson of Esau. Others ld that they existed long before, since an an nt people of that name lived in the days of A- ham, when Chedorlaomer devastated ir country (Gen. 14: 7). Arabian historians te that they originally came from the shor of the Persian Gulf. The origin of the Philis s is nowhere stated in the Bible, but they re not improbably the Caphtorims, who came m their own country (Caphtor, or Crete,). d expelled the Avim, and occupied their s (Deut. 2: 23). The Caphtorims were Sem s and descendants of Mizraim. 2. Consult a - yer. 3. We have maps of Palestine on d paper, one of which will be forwarded for 2

Constant Reader, Scranton, Pa. Does not the r- ation of God as a God of love make the doc e of hell incredible?

Not in all its aspects. God has not - vealed definitely what kind of place the a e of the lost is, but merely that it is a pla f weeping, gnashing of teeth and intense su - ing, typified by burning. The idea is no consistent with what we know of sin here. e know the kind of a life a young man will l in his premature old age if he gives himse o vice in his youth. However loving his fa r may be, he cannot save the lad from phy al suffering if he persists in evil courses. He a only warn him, and God does that with s children. Besides, it is quite conceivable t men may go to hell of their own choice. Of t e men spending an evening in a strange city e may go to a theatre, one to a picture-gal y and one to a prayer-meeting. Each w l probably go to the place where he expecte o find what he would enjoy. So, a man wh n this life finds his pleasure in the haunt f vice would probably prefer, if given his ch e after death, to go into the society of vic s people, rather than into the society of the p

Clay W. Wilson, Kingsley, Ia. No; they are d mental to spiritual growth and consequently sh d be avoided.——B. M. N., Hopkinton, N. H. Yes e address is as you have written. We have no e other address.——Ruth H. Grimes, Montrose and others. For full information as to the necessary for missionary training write to M Institute, Northfield, Mass., or to Rev. Dr. To Bible Institute, Chicago. Ills.——K. N., Michi The verses to which you refer have already published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.——Mrs. Harroch, Monroe, N. Y. Her name is Mrs. Ter and she is the wife of a Brooklyn pastor.— Brown, Sodaville, Oreg. 1. No; he has never found. 2. They still reside in Philadelphia. 3. are occasionally similar cases.——K. Roche Minn. 1. It is pronounced "Wankeen." 2. The Bethphage, is pronounced "Beth-ta-gee," and house of figs."——A. R. G. Edwards, Galveston, His address is Rev. D. J. Jenkins, Colored Child Home, Charleston, S. C.——Philetus Burnham, ell, Mass. We have never heard of it.——He Reader, Cordova, Ill., Geo. M. Crawford, Louis Ky., and C. G., Baltimore, Md. There is no info ation at hand to answer.——Wm. Wadsworth, Vista, Calif. As we do not know all the cir stances, we cannot express an opinion in the ma ——Constant Reader. The Christian Endeavor ciety is undenominational.——J. M. Frost, Platte N. Y., can use old religious literature in his C tian work.——R. K. W. Dawing, Fort Wayne, The statement you quote was never made by reputable scientist, but is simply sensational course, inaccurate.——Robert Lody, Brooks, Write to National Temperance Society, Read New York, for full statistics.——J. W. Sunday, Berlin, Pa. Origin unknown.——Mrs. Geo. Willi Write to Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers, Fifth Avenue, New York.——Mrs. Mary E. M Eugene, Oregon. Write to *The Silver Cross*, N City.——Inquirer, Cincinnati, O. The address Indiana Orphanage Institute is 20 Franklin s Charleston, S. C.

The prayers of the readers of this jou are requested for the blessing of God upon proprietor, and also upon those whose mons, articles, or labors for Christ, printed in it; and that its circulation be used by the Holy Spirit for the conver of sinners and the quickening of God's peo

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A PERILOUS EXPEDITION.

ABLE dispatches in the daily press have reported at intervals during the past two weeks the perils and hardships of the expedition to Chitral. The region is so little known to the public that some fts about it may be useful. It is a moun- nous country lying on the north-west of lia and east of Afghanistan. The Hindu ksh mountains form its northern bound- , an almost impassable range, of which principal pass is twelve thousand feet ve the sea. Between Chitral and Pesh- r, the most advanced post in the Brit- possessions, there is a difficult country hundred miles wide, inhabited by war- tribes, who are believed to number, h the Chitral warriors, two hundred usand fighting men. These people are erpetual menace to British rule in India should they ever unite in a hostile at- k, especially if they had a Mohammedan der in whom they had confidence, there uld be a most sanguinary . Besides this danger, there he fact that should Russia de to reach out for India, she uld probably pour in her ps by that road. England herefore deeply concerned in ntaining her prestige in that on and having the wild, e tribes under her influence. ut ten years ago a British esentative was sent to Chit- The Mehtar or king of the ntry was at that time friend- and placed himself under ish protection. But in Jan- of this year he was assas- ted by his brother and the ole situation was changed. Robertson, the English res- t became an object of hos- and soon found himself in eme peril. Simultaneously, ra Kahn, the ruler of Ba- , a district lying between tral and Peshawur, took up s against the British. Early March the news reached In- that the Englishmen in the tral region were surrounded enemies. Dr. Robertson was t up in Chitral, the chief n of the province of the same e and was holding a fort e with three hundred men ; Lieut. Jones and Capt. Bretherton were rounded at Mastuj, a fastness forty miles her north. Capt. Ross and other officers their men had been killed. Gen. Sir ert Low rapidly collected an expedition urteen thousand men, including Sikhs, marched from Peshawur up the Swat ley to the rescue. He had to fight his y through the hostile country against a vastly superior in numbers and better uainted with the country. There were eral severe engagements, in one of which l. Battye, a distinguished British officer, s slain. Meanwhile, Col. Kelly, the com- der of Gilgit, had also heard of the des- ate condition of the Englishmen in Chit- and set out with a little force of five dred men across the mountains to their ue. The passes were occupied by strong- entrenched bodies of the enemy which uld not be dislodged by such artillery as l. Kelly had with him. The little force ried the entrenchments at the point of bayonet, struggled through the Shun- Pass through a blinding snow storm, another desperate fight in the valley of spur and finally reached Mastuj where r countrymen had been beleaguered eigh- days. Dr. Robertson was also rescued Chitral where for six weeks he had held fort against an overwhelming force. ple who knew the country traversed re amazed when they heard of what was g attempted. These brave men appear have thought of nothing but the fact that ir countrymen's lives were in danger. If thought of souls in danger similarly red the hearts of Christian men, how ny might be rescued who are assailed temptation and persecution (Dan. 12:3)!

A Train on Fire.

A press dispatch from Sumter, S. C., describes the burning of a train on April 13, on the Manchester and Augusta railroad. The train consisted of fifteen cars laden with valuable merchandise and one tank car filled with kerosene. As the train passed Rimini, it was noticed that the oil was leaking along the track. A few miles farther there was an explosion and a great light shot up. Almost instantly the entire train was enveloped in flames. It was impossible to approach the cars near the tank car, as the oil on the track was ignited. The engine and the car next to it were detached and so were three cars at the rear, but the other eleven cars could not be reached and were entirely destroyed. It is supposed that some part of the running gear under the tank car must have broken and perforated the bottom of the tank, causing the leak. The loss is reported to be very heavy, as there was a great deal of

THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION—A FORD OF THE SWAT RIVER AT ABAZAI.

valuable freight on the cars that were burned. It seems to have been a foolish thing to put a car of inflammable stuff among the others, but the arrangement was probably made with a view to the order of the destination of the various cars and the accident which might occur was not taken into account. There are some characters made up in the same way. We are often told that although a man is not a Christian, he is a good husband and father and does a great deal of good in charity, as if the one glaring defect could be compensated by admirable qualities. Like the precious freight on the train, the goodness of a man's character renders his loss all the more deplorable. (I. Cor. 3 : 13.)

A Chess-Player's Device.

An ingenious method of securing attention was adopted recently through a New York journal. A young man in England wrote to the paper stating that his father came to America three years ago. In writing to his family, whom he had left behind, he had omitted to give his address. They were very anxious to get into communication with him, and wanted the paper's assistance. As he had sent them several copies of it, they knew that he was in the habit of reading it. The young man had devised two chess problems, which he enclosed, and he thought that if they were published with his letter, they would attract his father's attention and lead to the removal of the difficulty in corresponding with him. The problems were duly published, and the end sought was accomplished. The father saw the problems, and his son's letter, and has sent his address to his anxious family. Another man's attention might have been caught by a paragraph about a scientific discovery, or some political event, but the son knew his predilections, and used the bait his father was fond of. It is much to be wished that such knowledge of a person's tastes was always put to as useful a purpose. It is often used for mischief, as when men are lured by their love of music, or of other innocent things, to places where the soul is wrecked. The enemy of souls is expert in such devices, but he never succeeds when all tastes and predilections are subservient to Christian principle and love of Christ. (II. Cor. 2 : 11.)

A Natural Stereotype.

A curious growth, resembling a metal process in common use, has been found in a swamp in Florida. A surveyor in Volusia County was employed recently by a Company to survey a holding which included a cypress swamp. The surveyor knew that the land must have been previously surveyed to mark the township boundaries. He could not, however, find any of the marks which the goverment surveyors always leave as mementos of their work. At the place where he would naturally expect to find such a mark, there stood a large cypress tree, which was evidently of considerable age. The surveyor examined it closely and clipped pieces off it. Under one of the pieces were the missing marks, indicating the number of section, range and township and the date, 1834. During the sixty-one years that have passed since the marks were blazed on the tree, the bark had grown over them, filling them so completely, that on the inner side of the piece that had been clipped off, were the raised letters and figures corresponding to the indentations in the tree, as a stereotype corresponds with the matrix. The passage of years sometimes has a similar effect on human beings. In middle life and old age the man does not show the marks which in his youth indicated his belonging to Christ's kingdom. He has become encrusted with worldliness and the effects of bodily indulgence. Well is it for such a man if God in his mercy, by some severe trial, strips him of his accretion and once more makes him a monument of his grace. (Ps. 119 : 67.)

An Island's Movement.

A press dispatch from Watch Hill, R. I., reports an astonishing natural phenomenon which indicates the approach of the time when Block Island will cease to deserve its name. It is based on the observation of a scientist who spends his winters on the island, and has just returned to the mainland. During the winter he measured with his instruments the force of the gales, and found that not infrequently they blew sixty-five miles an hour. Even when they did not attain that prodigious speed, they were hard and furious. During the gales the combined force of wind and water cuts great masses of clay from the southeastern corner of the island, digging far into the cliffs and forcing out huge cores of earth and stones. The overhanging bluffs fall when they are thus undermined, and the outline of the island is changed from year to year. The force of the current carries the detached masses around the coast to the northwestern end of the island, where they strike a long sandy spit, stretching toward the mainland, and are held fast. Every year the spit lengthens, and its mass increases by the accretions brought to it by the current. It cannot be long, thinks the scientist, before the spit reaches the mainland and forms an isthmus, turning the island into a peninsula. The storms of life may have an analogous effect on character. There are some aged Christians who no longer present to the world the bold front that they did in their early manhood. The winds of adversity and the waves of trouble and bereavement have shorn them of their power and beauty, but their spiritual nature has gained as their physical strength declined, until they seem to have, even before they die, a connection with the heavenly land, and to belong to it rather than the world. (Heb. 11 : 13-16.)

BRIEF NOTES.

We are Anxious to Introduce THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in a large number of homes where it is not yet taken. As our readers will see, its value will sympathize with this wish, and can help us in the effort, we make them an extraordinary offer. We will send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from now until Jan. 1, 1896—a period of eight months—for one dollar, to any person not previously a subscriber, and to any subscriber sending us such new name with the dollar, we will send, all express charges paid, any one of our three magnificent premiums, "The Pathway of Life," "From Manger to Throne," or "Gospel Hymns from One to Six Complete." A new name sent merely as a substitute for that of a subscriber whose term is about to expire, will not entitle the sender to the advantages of this offer. This opportunity is good only until May 15, 1895.

Friends of Jennie Smith of Mountain Lake Park, Md., will be glad to learn that an effort is being made to rescue her from the financial difficulties which, as stated some time ago in these columns, threatened to close the home where so many of the Lord's servants have found rest and recuperation. The plan adopted is to vest the ownership of the property in a joint stock company, in shares of ten dollars each. Miss Smith is to continue the management and undertakes to pay interest at six per cent., redeeming the shares at their face value as she is able to do so. The property is to constitute the security for the shares. Full particulars may be obtained from Rev. T. D. Richards, Boyd, Md.

The Moody and Sankey Meetings at Fort Worth, Tex., stirred the whole neighborhood. The great building in which they were held was crowded at the two meetings held each day. The evangelists arrived on April 17 and the meetings commenced the following day. The churches of the town heartily co-operated in the formation of the choir and other work.

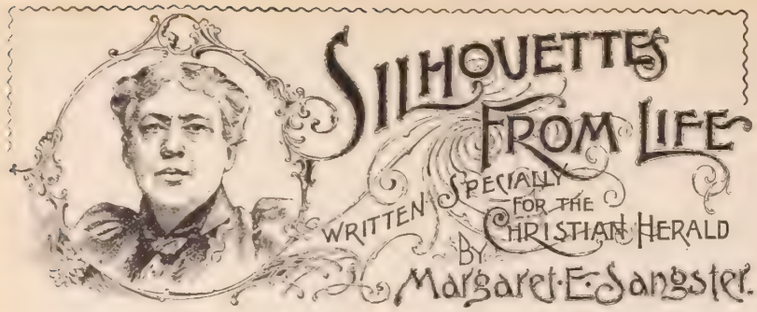
Rev. Thomas Harrison Has Been Conducting a very successful campaign at Millville, N. J. A local journal says that the services are the greatest ever held in that neighborhood. People attended from a great many towns, and it was necessary to have overflow meetings. Over six hundred seekers knelt at the altar during the progress of the services.

Evangelist Hartsough has been Holding union services in Forest City, Ia. The Methodist church, the largest in the place, was crowded each evening. The town was stirred to its centre, and the outlook of permanent results is hopeful. Fifty-eight persons signed consecration cards. Mr. Hartsough is taking a vacation of a few weeks, after which he will start out with his tent on his usual summer campaign.

Rev. Henry Varley, the English Evangelist, has been holding union meetings in Oakland, Cal. He organized a band of forty speakers, who would hold brief services on the street corners. The police, however, interfered and prohibited the meetings. A committee of about twenty ministers appealed to the mayor, but he said the council had passed an ordinance forbidding such gatherings and he must enforce it. He said he would favor the opening of the park in front of the City Hall for public meetings if the Council would pass a resolution.

Dr. H. Loomis, who is Laboring as a Missionary in Japan, has received from a Lieutenant of the Imperial Guard to whom he sent a New Testament, a letter in which the Lieutenant says: "I thank you for your kindness in sending me the Testament. I am exceedingly glad to have received a copy of the New Testament. Rest assured, I pray you, the Testament which you gave me I will carry to the field, and keep as a memorial of you. I enjoy reading the Scriptures, and shall be glad to receive any books pertaining to them."

A Great Bonfire was Built at Fultonville, N. Y., [illegible] services held there by Evangelist Geil, of Doylestown, Pa. One of the converts at the meetings was a saloon-keeper name Firth, whose place was one of the most notorious in the town. He determined after his conversion to quit the business. By his invitation the meeting adjourned to his saloon, and the entire stock, worth $600, was brought out and emptied into the gutter, and a bonfire was made of the barrels and fixtures. Mr. Geil preached from the top of an empty whiskey barrel to the crowd that assembled.



OVER YONDER.

ELIZABETH Lawrence was the most beautiful girl I ever knew. Tall and stately, with the swaying grace of a lily, and in her cheeks the faintest rose-flush, sometimes deepening, and sometimes paling, and her eyes like stars for depth and brightness. At nineteen, she was the loveliest human being who ever stepped out of a house-door and into the street, looking like a painter's dream taking on flesh and blood. Fair Elizabeth was one of a troop of beautiful sisters, all of whom died early.

Two of the Lawrence girls, Grace and Katherine, had grown to the fullness of exquisite womanhood, and, just a year apart, had drooped and faded, and been laid in the grave. Patty, a third, was an invalid, always weak and ailing, and carried from the mountains to the seashore, and back again, in the fruitless search for health. But Elizabeth never complained of an ache or pain, and never shrank from a single task, and at all gatherings of young people she was in great demand. Things passed off well, if Elizabeth Lawrence was there to engineer them, for she possessed beyond most women, the wonderful social art which brings the right people together, makes people appear at their best, and ensures a good time to all concerned.

When she became engaged to Maurice Lindsay, the whole village was delighted. It was as though Elizabeth belonged to us all and we were glad in her joy. The young men envied Maurice, the old men congratulated him, and the women hoped he was worthy of the sweet girl he had won. And we began to think what we would give her as a wedding present. Whoever else might be sparingly dowered with gifts, Elizabeth was sure to be showered with them, her path to be strewn with flowers, her bridal-day to be ushered in with every demonstration of good-will, and blessings prayed for in abundance. Everything promised so well. Why should a change come? But come it did, and soon.

My mother said to me as we walked home from a little neighborhood sociable one evening in June,

"I don't like that cough of Elizabeth's. It sounds like the one her sister Grace had, so short and hollow!"

"Why, I didn't notice that she coughed," I replied, "she never looked more brilliant than to-night. Her color came and went, and her hair was so becoming, dressed on top of her head, and then she looked so pretty in her white gown which was just a dream. I'm sorry if she has a cough. But it is probably only a trifling cold."

"I don't like it," Mother repeated gravely.

We were soon to find that Elizabeth's cough was no slight affair. It was the first flag of danger held out by nature against a fierce and insidious foe, a foe which old-fashioned people call galloping consumption. By September Elizabeth was wasted to a shadow, and on an early October morning, a fortnight before the day that would have been her wedding-day, she passed beyond our sight to the "green immortal land."

We watched her breathing through the night,
[illegible]
We [illegible]
Was heaving to and fro.

Just at dawn, a flicker of strength came to her! She asked to be lifted higher on her pillows! Her face shone with a glory of light, as if it were only a transparency for her soul. Never can I forget the unspeakable beauty of her eyes, of her last triumphant, surprised, absolutely ineffable expression of rapture.

"I see my sisters beckoning to me!" she exclaimed in tones low but clear, "but," with the light aflame in her eyes, "My Saviour first!"

A sigh, a faint flutter, and she was gone. Elizabeth was a saint in Paradise.

"My Saviour first!"

Often and often since then have I caught that miraculous ecstasy in the last look of the dying. Often have I heard them speak of what they saw, what was revealed to them in that supreme moment of the going hence to the life over yonder. A bride, not a month married, was called away by that mystical summons which we name Death, and saw, standing visibly before her, one like unto the Son of Man. Very suddenly had the disease which laid low her strength appeared and run its course. The wedding journey was not yet finished.

It would be very much worse, if it were you, John," she said to her young husband, "with the church just built, and the people so fond of you, and I see, I see so plainly, Jesus, and mother, and little Rob on the bank of the river, over there! They look so glad that I am coming! It will be only a little while, darling!" And she was called away.

"What will Jesus say when he sees me coming?" asked a dear little child, a son of the beloved Dr. Cuyler, one who many years ago slipped from the home nest into the warmth and cheer of heaven.

What will he say? We do not quite know, but he did say, "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you;" and best and dearest word of all, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself."

As Stephen gazing into heaven beheld him there, so thousands of his people see him at the last, and in that glimpse, we cannot doubt there is a foretaste of the unending glory, the bliss which is to know no lack or waning.

"I shall know. I shall be free from sin," were the dying words of a lovely woman who passed from here, while in her prime. Life full of brightness and usefulness, activities of every kind enlisting her hand, her pen, her thought; but she was ready and willing, even eager, to go over yonder. She went without a tremor, without a backward glance

Would it not be a comfort to those of us who are left desolate, when our dear ones go, if we could realize that they are gone only a little way, that heaven is not far distant, that but for our earth-dulled senses we might often discern its angels, and hear the rustle of their robes, or the sweet sounding of their golden harps? Surely our Saviour is never far away from any of us, and, where he is, there is heaven. A dear child of God, living in a remote part of the country, received a letter announcing the departure of her mother, whom she had not seen for years.

"I have felt much nearer my dear mother," she wrote, "since she went to heaven, than while she staid here. Heaven is far nearer to me than New Hampshire."

"Christians with Christ will be, soon and forever," we sing. Let us take the precious meaning into our very hearts. When we send one of the household away on a business errand to the ends of the earth, or a child away to school, we rest contentedly in the thought of their home coming. But when they go, out of sight, over yonder, there will be a happy home-going for us, and a happy home-welcoming from them, to us, when we reach the bright land.

Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now!

Dear friends, let us believe! Let us wait, let us look confidently to the opening of heaven's door, for Christ will swing it wide to let us in, and home is only over yonder. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

DEVOTEES KISSING THE TRADITIONAL "COLUMN OF SCOURGING" IN JERUSALEM.

Easter in Jerusalem.

Some of the Sights in the Holy City during the Easter Festival.

EN day[illegible] festival, [illegible] ing which [illegible] sees many [illegible] verse ty[illegible] mingled a[illegible] multitud[illegible] langua[illegible] confoun[illegible] mark the [illegible] rival of E[illegible] in Jerusalem. [illegible] city then pres[illegible] attractions to [illegible] traveler that a[illegible] be found ther[illegible] no other sea[illegible] The festival [illegible] gins on Satur[illegible] the eve of P[illegible] Sunday, and [illegible] first ceremony is the entry of the G[illegible] Patriarch into Jerusalem, in memory o[illegible] arrival of Jesus in the Holy city. [illegible] Sunday takes place the blessing of [illegible] palm-branches, which are brought to [illegible] Church of the Holy Sepulchre. At [illegible] hour for service, the Temple is o[illegible] flowing with the faithful. The [illegible] cession in this richly decorated t[illegible] ple is of a marvellous splendor. [illegible] bishops and priests and all pers[illegible] ages of distinction have laid t[illegible] palm-branches in the Sepulchr[illegible] self. The Patriarch enters it, [illegible] there, before the tomb, hewn ou[illegible] the living rock, where for three d[illegible] the body of our Saviour reposed [illegible] blesses the palm-branches.

Seating himself afterward o[illegible] throne at the entrance of the Se[illegible] chure, he sees the entire crowd[illegible] spectators pass before him. Noth[illegible] of any note takes place on Mond[illegible] On Tuesday the church is clo[illegible] The ceremonies continue with[illegible] display and with nothing partic[illegible] to mark them. Wednesday is [illegible] first day on which are chanted th[illegible] mournful strains known as "Te[illegible] bræ." The processions begin ag[illegible] on Thursday and end at the H[illegible] Sepulchre. All is still under cha[illegible] of the Greek Patriarch, althou[illegible] Europeans, Asiatics and Armenia[illegible] Russians, Greeks and Syria[illegible] equally participate.

On the afternoon of Thursday [illegible] exhibited what is declared by tr[illegible] tion to be the Column of Scou[illegible] ing, which is preserved in [illegible] Church of the Holy Sepulchre. I[illegible] brought out of a small tabern[illegible] which protects it on ordinary da[illegible] and, under the supervision of mo[illegible] — both Greek and Latin — cro[illegible] press forward to kiss it. Gree[illegible] Russians, Armenians — Christi[illegible] of every denomination — usually j[illegible] in this demonstration. The engr[illegible] ing which we publish, and whic[illegible] reproduced from the "Illustra[illegible] London News," represents [illegible] episode. This column or pillar i[illegible] stone, oblong and rounded, and [illegible] upon a pedestal. To such a pil[illegible] culprits condemned to the lash w[illegible] bound by the hands and being c[illegible] pelled to bend, exposed the nak[illegible] back and loins to the cruel scour[illegible] According to the rabbins, puni[illegible] ment by the scourge was an infliction fr[illegible] which no Israelite who had offended [illegible] law was exempt. This traditional memo[illegible] of the Saviour's earthly sufferings and [illegible] miliation seems to possess a wonderful f[illegible] cination for the multitude of worshipp[illegible] whose eagerness to clasp and kiss it [illegible] ceeds all bounds. Looking at such a cro[illegible] one can somewhat better understand the [illegible] tense enthusiasm of these Oriental peo[illegible] on all religious matters and their ready [illegible] ceptance of all the myths and legend[illegible] tales the monks have invented.

Such are some of the incidents of Ea[illegible] week, in a land where the truth of the G[illegible] pel of Jesus and the story of his life [illegible] death are still burdened and partially [illegible] scured by monkish traditions and su[illegible] stitious usages. To the simple, believ[illegible] Christian, there is much in these sce[illegible] that is harsh, unspiritual, and far from r[illegible] erential. Yet, as they are now, so t[illegible] have been for centuries; and they furn[illegible] some of those strange spectacles, peculia[illegible] the East, and characteristic of its people.

NEW BOOKS.

THE CHURCH AND THE MASSES.*

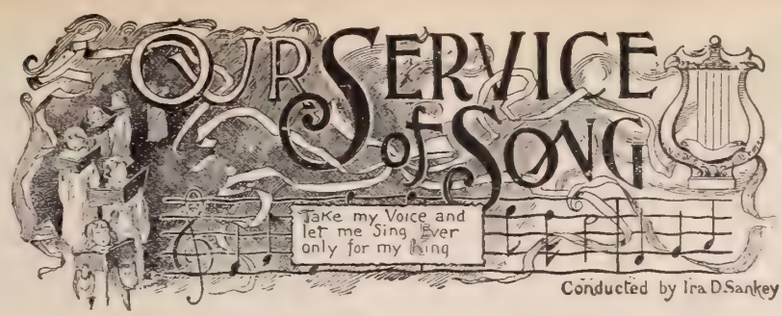
THE masses are not, I believe, alienated from Christianity. Here and there there are groups of men who, identifying Christianity with the churches, and feeling themselves antagonistic to them, aver that they are agnostics, atheists, infidels, anarchists, or what you will. These men for the most part, are few. The vast majority of the masses turn to Christ, and come to him and stay upon him, and so they will do to the end of time. They recognize him to have been a working-man, as they are themselves; a man acquainted with grief, as they know they must be; a man upon whom the burden of life pressed with terrific force. It is not the Christ of the evangelists that they cannot love, the Christ who came preaching the "gospel to the poor," whom the common people heard gladly; but it is the Christ of the churches, whom theology and philosophy have explained away from the ordinary affairs of life and made a mere abstraction; whom ecclesiasticism and traditionalism have made a sort of show-figure stiff with jewels and embroidery. The common people would hear Christ to-day as gladly as they did when he was here on earth, when his preachers came to them, as he came, in lowliness and in simplicity; when his confessors live, as he bade to them to live, in meekness and in mercy; when we who are Christians cease to be hypocrites, deceiving ourselves and seeming to deceive others.

And this we will cease to be when we give up our idols of wealth and of success and of pleasure, and live as Christ lived on earth; offering "ourselves—our souls and bodies—to be a reasonable, holy, and living sacrifice" to God and man for the sake of Christ, who saved us and all mankind from the doom of sin. It was said that the Roman augurs, when they examined the entrails of birds to find some omen for doing or not doing something, laughed one another in the face. Frankly, I wonder if we who confess and call ourselves Christians do not often do the same.

If there were a church unity, the masses feel that there would be churches built for the masses; that they would not be planted generally in the best quarters of the town, neither would they have the air of "clubs." The American people especially want to feel that the things they use belong to them. I am convinced that a great central church, built on a site where people most do congregate, with wide-open doors and daily prayers, with a large seating-space, yet with broad aisles, free to all, would, if built by Christians of all churches and denominations, and maintained by them with unity and order, have more to do with reconciling the masses to the Church of Christ than any one other thing—than many days passed in the discussion of differences, than many hundredweights of published arguments, advocating divers overtures and platforms. It would be a visible presentation of the fact of unity. And in this great church the preaching should be done by the best men of all kinds and orders, clerical and lay, who are believers in the divinity of Christ.

Christianity is the veritable salt and light of the world; without it there could have been no moral development of civilization, perhaps no development at all. With the loss of it humanity will retrograde and fall back into barbarism. It was the lack of moral standards that was the cause of the disintegration of the ancient empires of the world. We have therefore a duty to perform. We must bring the masses back into the churches—into the Church of Christ; for the Church, and nothing less, is the teacher of the doctrines of our Lord.

*From *Civic Christianity*, by Rev. W. Prall, of St. John's Church, Detroit. Pp. 209; cloth covers; price $1. Thos. Whittaker, N. Y., publisher.



SATISFIED BY AND BY.

"WHEN I AWAKE IN THY LIKENESS."—*Psa. 17: 15.*

T. J. JUDKIN & I. WATTS. T. C. O'KANE.

1. En - throned is Je - sus now, Up - on His heav'n - ly seat, The
2. There we may see His face, And nev - er, nev - er sin; There,
3. Yea, and be - fore we rise To that im - mor - tal state, The
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - ery tear be dry; We're

king - ly crown is on His brow, The saints are at His feet.
from the riv - ers of His grace, Drink end - less pleas - ure in.
tho'ts of such a - maz - ing bliss Should con - stant joys cre - ate.
march-ing thro' Im - man - uel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

CHORUS.

There with the glo - ri - fied, Safe by our Saviour's side, We shall be
There, there with the Safe, safe by our

sat - is - fied By.... and by. By..... and by,.....
By, by and by. There, there with the glo - ri - fied,

Repeat pp

By..... and by,.... We shall be sat - is - fied By and by.
Safe, safe by our Saviour's side, By, by and by.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Lassie; by Mrs. George A. Paull; a pretty sketch of child life, illustrated; pp. 102; cloth covers; price 50 cents. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publisher.

The Breath of God; a sketch of the Doctrine of Inspiration, by Rev. Frank Hallam; pp. 103, cloth binding, price 75 cents. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publisher.

Religion in the Common Life: or Topics of the Day, Regarded from a Christian Standpoint. A course of Sermons delivered by various preachers of the Church of England. 168 pp., cloth, price $1.00. Funk and Wagnalls, New York and Toronto, publishers.

Civic Christianity; by Wm. Prall, S. T. D., Ph.D. A series of sermons preached in St. John's Church, Detroit; price $1; pp. 209; cloth. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publisher.

The White Side of a Black Subject; a vindication of the Afro-American race, by Norman B. Wood; illustrated; pp. 390; cloth covers; price $1. Donohue, Henneberry & Co., Chicago, publishers.

Wild Flowers of America; a Pictorial Collection of the flowers of every State in the Union, gathered by a Corps of special artists and botanists, beautifully illustrated with 288 colored plates, besides many other engravings and valuable descriptive text; seal-brown cloth binding, price $5. G. H. Buek & Co., New York, publishers.

Outre Mer, Impressions of America; by Paul Bourget, Member of the French Academy. These remarkably interesting letters from one of the most distinguished of living French writers, originally appeared in the New York *Herald*. Pp. 425, cloth covers; price $1.75. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York, publishers.

English Seamen of the Sixteenth Century; being a series of lectures delivered at Oxford University, England, 1893-1894, by James Anthony Froude. No more able or interesting volume on naval heroes has ever been issued from the press. Pp. 228; cloth binding; price $1.75. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

The Interval between Christ's Advent to the Air and His Advent to the Earth.

BY REV. RICHARD CHESTER.

MUCH of the difficulty commonly experienced in the study of prophecy arises from overlooking a period of time which is certainly indicated in Scripture. In trying to understand what Christ's coming will be, the superficial inquirer is apt to become confused by regarding as one event, an experience which has two distinct phases, separated by a considerable interval of time. We are told that Christ will come suddenly and unexpectedly, and we are also told of certain startling events which will precede his coming and put men on their guard. Is not the one statement inconsistent with the other? Not if we realize that one statement refers to his preliminary appearance and the other to his coming in judgment at a subsequent time.

When we take up the words of our blessed Lord himself upon the subject of his second Advent, we find an Advent put before us for a sudden occurrence of which we are ever and are to be ever and always on the watch, as an event which may on any day, at any hour, at any moment, take place, and of which he solemnly warns us that when it does take place, it will be "at such an hour as we think not." (Luke 12: 40). He will come, he tells us, to raise dead saints and to change living ones, "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." He will come to do this, with a suddenness upon his part, and an absense of foreknowledge upon theirs, which will find "two women grinding together at the same millstone," "two men working together in the same field," of whom one, being ready, will be "taken," the other, being unready, will be "left." "Behold!" he says, "I come as a thief." Therefore, he bids us to be ever on the watch tor his coming. He speaks of a coming of which he expressly forewarns us that it may take place "in the second watch or in the third watch." (See Luke 12: 35-40.) He says, further, "Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even, at midnight, at cockcrowing, or in the morning, lest, coming suddenly, he find you sleeping." (Mark 13: 35-37). Here is one aspect of the Advent. But it is not the only one.

We find our blessed Lord speaking of his Second Coming thus: "Immediately, after the tribulation of those days, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers that are in the heavens shall be shaken," (very sure and solemn premonitory signals, these) "and then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven, and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory" (no suddenness, no unexpectedness here!) We have, further, in exact accordance with this language, the prediction of the Advent (Zech. 14), when he comes at a time at which, after the Jew shall have been restored to Jerusalem, all nations shall be gathered in siege against them, and when, in the midst of this siege, he shall descend, and all his previously translated saints with him, and "his feet shall stand upon the Mount of Olives." We have, exactly corresponding with this, the prophecy of Enoch, as recorded in the epistle of Jude, of the descent of the Lord. And we have, lastly, the perfectly accordant prediction in Rev. 19 of the descent from the open heavens of the Son of God, followed by "the armies of heaven," to tread the winepress of his wrath, and to crush and destroy the last Antichrist and all his adherents with judgment.

THE STORY OF PILATE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing May 19. Matt. 27: 11-26.

PILATE'S conduct in relation to our Lord is described under the head of "Lesson Points" on page 296. In this place it is sufficient to indicate some of the lessons, applicable to modern life, which may be drawn from it. One of the most significant is that it is not wise to underestimate the power of spiritual truth. When the Jews told Pilate that Jesus claimed to be a king, he perceived at once the serious nature of the charge, recognized the danger to Roman rule implied by it, and looked into the matter promptly. But when he had examined the prisoner and learned that it was merely spiritual kingship that he claimed, that he was opposed to the use of arms, and that he had not objected to tribute being paid to Cæsar, Pilate felt that he had been deceived. This man was no conspirator, but a mere theorist, a mystic, not a practical man. Pilate did not think it was important what people believed, if they were law-abiding and paid their taxes. "What is truth?" he asked contemptuously. As if he would say: "Such questions may suit philosophers and may be very interesting, and there are many opinions about them. No one can be sure what truth is, and I have too much to do with facts and practical problems to waste time on theories." Yet see what power there was in this truth that Pilate set aside so lightly. Intangible and invisible truly, without support of arms, yet how it has revolutionized the world! How potent it is to-day, long after the might of imperial Rome has crumbled!

Another lesson is that it is not safe to trust in public opinion. In this day we have great faith in the voice of the people. The vote of the majority decides our national policy, and public opinion settles many important matters. Pilate thought that he might trust the people to declare for Jesus in preference to Barabbas. But they chose Barabbas. He was a man more after the people's taste. In our day we would call him a hustler. Jesus claimed to be a king, but what had he done in comparison with Barabbas to show a fitness for leadership? Barabbas had raised an insurrection, had killed people, and had gone to prison. It is not surprising that they preferred him, yet how wrong they were! No man need be afraid or ashamed to hold his own opinion of a man or a course of conduct, even though the majority is against him.

A third lesson is that it is not safe to have a bad record. It crippled Pilate and forced him to act contrary to his judgment and his conscience. If he had led a clean and upright life up to this point, he might have safely defied the Jews. They could have done him no harm. But he could not afford to defy them, for they could ruin him if he refused to oblige them. How many a man has been caught in the same way! Some disgraceful act in the past, some dark secret is known to a few, and that knowledge gives them power to compel obedience. A man with a secret is a slave. At some juncture in his life the threat of exposure may be made, and [illegible] the thing he is ashamed to do and hates to do, by his dread of the consequences of refusing.

Then we may learn, too, from Pilate's conduct that it is not safe to depend on any outward act for the remission of sin. All history holds Pilate responsible for the murder of the Son of God, because the execution could not have taken place without his consent. That Jesus would have been assassinated had Pilate refused to ratify the sentence, is probable. The priests and their dependents would not have allowed him to escape; but Pilate was responsible for doing his duty regardless of consequences. No ceremony, no washing of the body could clear his soul of that stupendous crime, nor can it cleanse any soul of sin now. Neither by the Lord's Supper nor by baptism can sin be taken away.

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THE INTERNATIONAL Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

The date of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a red-letter-day in the calendar of Young Men's Christian Associations. It is the day set for the opening of the great International Convention at Springfield, Mass. It is expected that this will be the largest convention of the kind ever held in this country, and arrangements have been made for entertaining a host of delegates. Every Association is entitled to send two of its active members as delegates, and Associations with more than a hundred active members are entitled to send one additional delegate for every additional hundred. The Springfield Association, of whose building we give a picture on this page, has issued a cordial invitation, promising a hearty welcome to all friends of the Y. M. C. A. work. Mr. Frederick B. Platt of Brooklyn, the Chairman of the International Committee, whose portrait also appears on this page, has issued the preliminary Programme prepared by the Committee, and it indicates the prospect of a most profitable and enjoyable period. The Convention will continue five days. The morning sessions are to be held in the State Street Baptist Church, opposite the Association Building, and the evening sessions which are for the public, in the City Hall. Among the distinguished men who have promised to take part in the Convention are Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn; President Gates, of Amherst College; Col. John J. McCook, of New York; President J. M. Coulter, of Lake Forest University; Prof. Graham Taylor, of Chicago; Dr. James L. Barton, the new Secretary of the American Board; Gen. O.O. Howard, and Mr. D. L. Moody. Besides these, Mr. Pratt and the other officers of the International organization will speak on Association topics. One novel feature of the Convention, which certainly is entitled to a place in the programme, considering how important it has become, is an athletic exhibition which will be held in the Association's grounds on Alden street.

The Springfield Association, which is acting as host on this occasion, was organized in 1874. It has 327 members, of whom about one-third are on the active list. It has an excellent gymnasium, and its new building is equipped with all the modern apparatus for Association work.

THE INTERNATIONAL Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION—THE SPRINGFIELD, MASS., BUILDING.

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AUSTRALIAN ENDEAVORERS.

That the Christian Endeavor spirit is spreading rapidly through the great Island Continent of the southern hemisphere is evident from a letter sent to the "Golden Rule" by Rev. W. J. L. Closs, President of the New South Wales Union. In the course of his letter, Mr. Closs says: "The first Australian Endeavor Convention, under the auspices of our United Society, has been decided upon. Up to the present time we have only been able to have our Colonial Conventions, with perhaps one or two delegates from the nighboring colonies; but now we anticipate the gathering annually of the Australian Endeavor forces. The honor and privilege of our first Convention goes to Adelaide, the capital city of South Australia and the home of our beloved president, the Rev. S. Mead. It will be held the first of next September. Last month I had the great pleasure and privilege of meeting with the Endeavorers of Queensland. A reception and public meeting were arranged in Brisbane, and a public meeting in Ipswich, for me, as the representative of the New South Wales Societies. Both meetings showed that there is no lack of Endeavor spirit "up in the north." The movement there has had to cope with many disadvantages, which have somewhat hindered the rapidity of its growth; but quietly and earnestly it has been progressing, doing the work thoroughly and commending itself to all. I fear that the removal of the Convention to Boston from San Francisco may prevent the attendance of some Australians who had hoped to be present. They will be at the Convention in spirit if not in body."

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

There are three Baptist Young People's Unions in Halifax, N. S. These have banded themselves together under the name of B. Y. P. District Union with Mr. Freeman, of the First Church as presid

MR. FREDERIC B. PRATT,
Chairman International Y. M. C. A. Commit

They meet quarterly and there are four hundred members.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in names for enrollment as Patrons o Bowery Mission during the past week:

Hattie E. Butman, Whitman, Mass.
Mrs Alice B. Phillbrick, Rye, N. H.
In His Name, Jonesville, La.
G. M. M., New Boston.
Mrs. W., ——
W. H. Gill, Kaufman, Tex.
Thos. H. Payne, Box 416, Strathroy. Ont., Can
Miss E. Cordelia Shirtliff, Kent, Ohio.
Ruth H. Grimes, Montrose, Iowa.
Lillie L. Dewar, 658 N. 6th St., Newark, N. J.
A Reader, Brandywine, Pa.
"Mother," Gaithersburg.
J. Henry Shepherd, Shreveport, La.
J. A. Hearn, New York City.
A Friend, Nantucket, Mass.
In His Name, Phila., Pa.
Lydia E. Spink, Box 4, Big Patch, Wis.
Mrs. W. S. Byers, Pendleton, Ore.
American, Louisville, Ky.
L. A. Bruce, White Oak, Ont., Can.
Thos. R. Cooke, 715 N. 23d St., Phila., Pa.
Mrs. A. M. Brown, Linwood, N. Y.
Mrs. Thos. Clements, Stevens Point, Wis.
Mrs. Debbie J. Faucett, Brandywine, Pa.
Mrs. M. M. Tufford, Brantford, Ont., Can.
A. H. Davis, Box 801, Hoosic Falls, N. Y.
A. J. Griffin, Elnora, N. Y.
Mrs. M. B. Duvall, Shelter Island, N. Y.
S. H. Hadley, 316 Water St., New York City.
Mrs. W. Simons, Burghill, O.
Mrs. Marg't H. Pelham, Oswego, N. Y.
Jas. C. Salter, 838 E. Thompson St., Phila., Pa
Wm. T. Marshall, 832 William St., Balto., Md.
Alfred L. Edwards, 12 W. 33d St., New York C
W. E. Pierce, East Pepperell, Mass.
Chas. C. Garland, Portland, Me.
Mrs. M. A. Brown, Linwood, N. Y.

All desiring to be enrolled on the lis patrons, should send theirnames and dresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

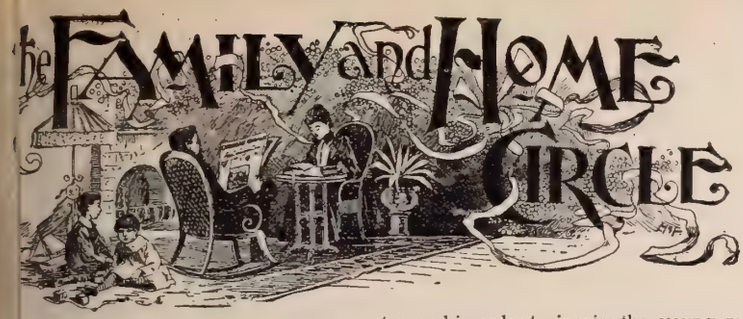
At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Pr Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer offered last Sunday in accordance with the quests of the following persons, who also the prayers of our readers:

For the restoration of health, for themselves loved ones: Reader, Springfield, O.; Mrs. John rison, Port Richmond, N.Y.; Mrs. J. B. Horton, S Manchester, Conn.; Carrie Mead Iola, Wis.; An Wife, Oriskany Falls, N. Y.; "One who believ prayer," Sandwich, Ill.; A. C. B., Philadelphia. Sister, R——, Poland, Me.; E. W., Fall River, M Frances E. T., Chester, Ia.

For the conversion of relatives, some of whom Godless husbands or dissipated sons: I. P. R. lin, N. H.; "Mother and Daughter," Garthers Md.; F. W. L——; M. Elliott, Sharon Springs, N M. A. M., Grand Island, Neb.; A sister of brothers and two sisters, none of whom are tians; J. A. M., Pen Yan, N. Y., whose son is gi cause for grave anxiety; "A relative," Northam Mass., for a nephew who is ill and not a Christ "One of who believes," &c., Packerville, Conn., brother in Christ who is losing his faith in the viour and is in danger of losing his mental bala

For Spiritual Blessings. An aged woman in gloom and despondency; "Anxious Seeker," thersburg, Md., who has long been trying to Christian; "M." Lynn, Mass., who has lost the of God's countenance; "Devoted Reader," Da Md., for patience and strength, and for the co sion of her husband and nephew; W. H. F., for outpouring of the Holy Spirit on a Church at W boro, Me.; "Subscriber," Unadilla, Mich., for own conversion; Mrs. Guss, Jonesville, La.; Cl F. Ziemann, Omaha, Neb., and Rufus Smith, F banks, Fla., for God's blessing on special effort to his services; "Reader," who feels that has forsaken her in mental and physical sicke C. W. K., Neffsville, Pa., who is earnestly tryin serve the Lord in the ministry, that all obsta may be removed; "A Wife," that she and her band, who are in great financial difficulty, ma delivered and become consecrated Christians; "In His Name" a sorrowing, suffering Wife in ne faith and courage to undergo a surgical operat and who is also deeply concerned about the spiri condition of her husband and her only child.

From *An Anxious Husband*, that God would rec an erring wife, now living in sin in California, lead her to truly repent and forsake her evil and return to the home she deserted.



Formosa's Strange People.

Warlike and Semi-savage, Yet not without Peaceful Arts—The Island a Trophy of Conquest to Japan.

JAPAN has secured no greater prize, as the result of her war with China, than the island of Formosa, which lies off the south-east coast of the latter empire. It is not a very extensive territory, being only about 237 miles long and rather less than ninety miles in breadth, and in the past it has been distinguished more for the fierceness and barbarity of its people than for anything else. But it it a rich island and consequently a valuable commercial possession. It has several coal mines, and its rice fields produce a quality of the fragrant herb that cannot be excelled. It also abounds, too, in other products, such as fruits, nuts, sugar-cane, guavas, pine-apples, pepper, camphor and rice. Besides its position, in a strategical sense, makes it especially desirable to a nation that is strengthening itself by land and sea in every direction, as Japan is now doing.

Little was known of Formosa before 1590, when the adventurous Portuguese paid the island a visit and set up the nation's flag there. After them came those indefatigable colonists, the Dutch, who established a certain degree of civilization and developed the resources of the island. In 1660 they were driven out, and swarms of Chinese pirates took possession. Since that time the country has remained in Chinese hands.

A FORMOSAN GIRL WEAVING CLOTH.

In spite of the various changes of master the Formosans themselves still retain traits of their rude, aboriginal manners and customs. In the heart of the island the people are little better than savages. These mountaineers have never been fully subdued by conquest, and are adepts in the use of ancient weapons, especially the bow and spear. A native bowman is shown in one of the illustrations on this page, while another presents the more pleasing picture of a Formosan girl engaged in the peaceful and civilized occupation of weaving. The island women of the coast have been quick to adapt themselves to the ways of civilization, and have learned many of the arts common to their sex in that enlightened condition. They are docile, patient, good housekeepers and clever at the loom. They weave hemp fibres into a stout cloth, and from the banana fibre make a somewhat fine fabric. These belong to the class of semi-civilized aborigines known as "Pe-pa-hwan," who have adopted Chinese language, dress and customs, while their wilder brethren bear the name of "Che-hwan," an appellation indicative of savageism. There are many clans or factions in Formosa, and at least eight distinct dialects. The people are of medium height, broad-chested and muscular, with not unpleasant faces. Formerly the custom of tattooing was universal. The dead were buried in a sitting posture, and it was usual to preserve the heads of enemies slain in war as trophies of battle. Chambers were decorated with the ghastly sovvenirs of slaughter, and in order to inspire the young men with courage, they were required to sleep there.

It must not be imagined, however, that the general condition of the islanders is that of savages. On the contrary, the great majority show a considerable amount of skill in the arts of civilization, and very many houses are fitted up quite comfortably. Women occupy a less dependent position than in China, and it bas sometimes happened that the office of chieftain of a clan or family has been held by a woman. There are good roads, and some railway and telegraphic communication near the coast. On the western coast are several cities with a considerable population, the entire population of the island being about 1,500,000. For over thirty years missions have been conducted on the island by the Presbyterians, particularly in the northern part of the island.

Under the progressive rule of the Mikado's government, Formosa will probably make more rapid advances toward a civilized condition than it has ever done in the past. Law and order will be upheld, the invaders, very skilful in all the accomplishments of the new East, will mingle with the natives to such an extent that all barriers must soon be broken down. It is not improbable that, in the course of a few generations, the aboriginal type may entirely disappear from Formosa, being absorbed by the stranger, just as the Maori have almost vanished from New Zealand under the steady influx of the white race.

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The Courteous Spirit.

Courtesy is the external manifestation of a right spirit toward others. Its basis is in an unselfish and a fitting regard for the rights and feelings of those with whom one is brought into intercourse; but the principles of its expression must be a matter of wise study on the part of those who have had experience in the ways of the world, and who would give the benefit of their experience to those who come after them. Courtesy is not merely a surface finish of maners; although courtesy is sure to show itself in a finished surface of manners. Good breeding, politeness, and fine manners are all included in the term "courtesy;" but these are all its expression rather than its essence and inspiration. "Good breeding," says one, "is made up of a multitude of petty sacrifices." "True politeness," says another, "is the spirit of benevolence showing itself in a refined way. It is the expression of good-will and kindness."

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A Mexican Mission Home.

The mission homes of Mexico are, as a rule, of the type of the houses of all respectable well-to-do Mexicans; built in the form of a hollow square. The "patio," or inner court, presents a scene of freshness, beauty and brightness throughout the year. Here, shut in from sight and sound of the outside world the family find rest and pleasure. In the mission home, the "patio" is also the play-ground of the many bright-eyed children who have been gathered from various quarters and who form the larger part of the mission family. Their happy laughter rings out as a pleasant chord in the music of the daily life. The home-life in these missions, with its quiet, gentle Christian influences, has proved a wonderful character-builder. The value of this part of woman's work cannot be estimated; there is an indefinable something about it which makes other work seem small.

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A Rose Changed a Life.

Many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will recall the story of the poor girl known as "Blue-Bird, of Mulberry Bend," who was led to Christ by the simple gift of a pink rose, from the hands of a sympathetic Christian woman. Mrs. Bottome relates an incident in her own experience that will compare in interest with the first episode we have mentioned. She writes:

A NATIVE HUNTER.

"I have known wonderful work done by flowers. I know a woman who went to see a friend and was told that she was dangerously ill, and the doctor said no one could see her. My friend who made the call had but little money, but she bought the most beautiful, fragrant rose she could get the following day, and went again to see how the sick one was, and was told the doctor said she could not live. My friend said: "Will you ask the nurse to lay this on her bosom?" And as there could be no harm done in so doing, it was laid there, and then she went home praying that the life that was so needed might be spared. And God used that rose for the restoration of that woman. In an interval of reason her attention was arrested, and the doctor said that it had a strange effect on the patient, and from that moment a change for the better took place."

***

Modesty in Dress.

The becoming plainness in dress that is enjoined in Scripture is never designed as a humiliation; but it is a source of exalted pleasure in that it becomes an aid to the utmost freedom to serve God and men. The idea of wearing a garment to humiliate the soul is a relic of superstitious days. Never think to benefit the soul by any such false humiliation as that of wearing a garment because it is plain. It is the same as making a child read the Bible as a punishment. Anything that unduly exposes, deforms or endangers the health of the body is contrary to plainness. Both men and women frequently offend in these ways. The well-developed form, as God made it, comfortably, and decently clad is what religion demands.

GOD'S WAY.

OUR way had been to smooth her upward road,
Easing the pressure of each heavy load,
Never to let her white hand know a soil,
Never her back to feel the ache of toil.
Could we have shielded her from every care,
Kept her forever young and blithe and fair,
And from her body warded every pain,
As from her spirit all distress and strain;

This had been joy of joys, our chosen way.
God led her by a different path each day.
Sorrow and work and anxious care he gave,
And strife and anguish, till her soul grew brave.
Through weary nights she leaned upon his love,
Through cloudy days she fixed her gaze above.
Her dearest vanished; but in faith and trust
She knew them safe beyond the perished dust.

Refined by suffering, like a little child,
She grew; into her Father's face she smiled.
And then, one day of days, an angel came;
In flute-notes sweet, she heard him breathe her name.

Perhaps from out the rifted heaven she saw
Her mother's face look forth; in raptured awe
We caught the last swift glory in her eyes,
Ere, sleeping here, she woke in Paradise.

God's way was best, with reverent lips we say,
God's way is best, and praise our God to-day.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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GRANDMA'S SPECTACLES.

GRANDMA'S "second-sight" had now come, and she would often let her glasses slip down, and then look over the top of them while she read. Grandma was pleased at this return of her vision, writes Rev. Dr. Talmage. Getting along so well without them, she often lost her spectacles. Sometime they would lie for weeks untouched on the shelf in the red morocco case, the flap uplifted. She could now look off upon the hills, which for thirty years she had not been able to see from the piazza. Those were mistaken who thought she had no poetry in her soul. You could see it in the way she put her hand under the chin of a primrose, or cultured the geranium. Sitting on the piazza one evening in her rocking chair, she saw a ladder of cloud set up against the sky, and thought how easy it would be for a spirit to climb it. She saw in the deep glow of the sunset a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire, and wondered who rode in it. She saw a vapor floating thinly away, as though it were a wing ascending, and Grandmother muttered in a low tone: "A vapor that appeareth for a little season, and then vanisheth away." She saw a hill higher than any she had ever seen before on the horizon, and on the top of it a King's castle. The motion of the rocker became slighter and slighter, until it stopped. The spectacles fell out on her lap. A child, hearing it, ran to pick them up, and cried: "Grandmother, what is the matter?" She answered not. She never spake again.

***

Home Purity.

To make one's own home pure and bright may seem to some too low an aim to absorb and control a noble life. But if every one did only this all the abodes of sin would cease from the world and Divine consolation and sanctified sympathy would be ready balm for every affliction. A home made beautiful and happy by culture, taste and Christian love is a concrete Gospel, an object lesson of the blessedness of those, who are bound in the fellowship of spiritual life and faith in God and hope in heaven. Too many Christians neglect their homes. God gives no gift so precious as the gift of sons and daughters; and provides for us no happiness like the happiness of the home. When family religion ceases all religious profession and ceremony are empty and false. The family altar means far more than the public sanctuary. The chief duty of the Christian is in his home.

Recalled Stormy Times.

"Well that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "Its the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."

ALICE MAPLETON'S ORDEAL

A STORY OF NOBLE FORTITUDE UNDER TRIAL.

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by E. CARSWELL.

CHAPTER XVII.

Called to Testify.

THE door of the room where Mrs. Wilson sat reading opened, and her daughter Louie entered with a document in her hand. "Mamma, what does this mean?" she asked. "A man came to the door and inquired for me and Nettie, and gave us each a paper; Nettie is in her room sobbing and crying over hers, and I have brought mine to you, as I cannot understand it; it says at the top 'Subpœna,' and commands me to appear at court at 10 A. M. as a witness, or a lot of dreadful things will be the consequence."

Mrs. Wilson was very pale, her lips were firmly compressed, and her eyes had a severe and determined look, and yet she was evidently surprised.

"It is very strange that they should have acted in this manner. I gave strict orders that neither you nor your father was to be called upon, under any circumstances."

"Oh! mamma, you have not had Alice arrested and publicly charged with stealing my bracelet, have you? Surely you could not be so cruel," said Louie, sobbing.

"My child, sit down and calm your feelings. I have only done my duty, as a mother who is bound to defend the purity and respectability of her home. A sense of justice compelled me to perform (although painful to myself), a duty I owed to society. I introduced the unprincipled girl into our home, and had I held my tongue, others of our set might, from my example, have trusted her, and there is no telling where the mischief might have ended."

"Well, mamma," said Louie, breaking in, "I feel confident that you are making a fearful mistake now, and one that you will be sorry for as long as you live."

"Louie, how dare you talk to your mother in that way," said Alfreda. "She has positive proof of the girl's guilt, and do you think a gentleman like Mr. Jackson would speak of a girl as he does of her, if he were not thoroughly convinced of her evil character? I do hope this may be a lesson to you, and that hereafter you will not make friends and treat as equals those beneath you in social position."

"I think," said Louie, "that Mr. Jackson has acted like anything but a gentleman in this case. Why does he not say to her face what he insinuates behind her back? Oh, no, we are not to mention his name to her, or she would know at once where we got our information. Who asked him to be a detective to hunt down a poor fatherless girl? Why don't he face her, and not keep in the dark and say things behind her back like a coward. If I could only see her, I would tell her all he has said about her. I believe Mr. Jackson would do meaner things than Alice would ever think of doing."

"That's because you are a simpleton," said Alfreda in a passion, "and one day you will be sorry for all the mean things you have said about him."

"It is time we were getting ready, so please stop this unseemly conversation," said Mrs. Wilson. "But what they can want of you and Nettie at the court, I cannot think; they told me I should only be detained a few minutes, as of course she would plead guilty when she saw there was no chance of escape."

"This does not look like pleading guilty," said Louie. "You may depend, mamma, that Alice is going to establish her innocence. Some one is plotting against her and trying to ruin her. I shall say so if I get an opportunity. I will tell the judge I believe she did not take the bracelet."

"Yes, I believe you would," said Alfreda, "even if it lost the case. You would not care about contradicting mamma in open court. But you will have no chance. I have read how they do in these courts, and people are not allowed to say just what they like. You won't have to do anything but answer questions. They won't ask you what you believe, but whether the bracelet is yours, and when you had it last. Then this girl will have to show how she came to be pawning a valuable bracelet belonging to some one else. You won't be permitted to insult mamma before the judge."

"I don't want to insult mamma," said Louie. "Mamma is mistaken that is all. She thinks Alice stole the bracelet. That wicked Mr. Jackson led her to think so. But she didn't steal it, I am sure of that. She is not that kind of girl. I would never believe it, whoever said so."

"I wish you would stop talking nonsene, Louie," said Mrs. Wilson severely. "Here have I been warned against a servant who has come to me under a false name. Even she, with all her effrontery did not deny that she did that. Then a bracelet is lost, and this girl who gave the name of Brown and so misrepresented herself is found pawning that bracelet. I know she could have stolen it, if she wished, as she had opportunity, so I have just ground for suspicion. I think she will find it hard to clear herself. She will go to State's Prison, I firmly believe."

"You speak, mamma, as if you hoped she would," said Louie.

"Well, I want justice done. I think when a person steals, that is the best place for them. I am not vindictive; I would have spared her if she had given up the bracelet and said she was sorry and would never steal again. But she was impudent and insulting and showed no contrition."

"Oh, you could not expect her to do that, mamma, if she did not steal the bracelet. You may depend she can explain everything. You would not be so prejudiced against her, if Mr. Jackson had not poisoned your mind. You would have asked her to explain instead of charging her with being a thief. You let him insinuate those wicked suspicions. I would not take his word against any one. I believe he is a bad, wicked man. I wonder how Freda can let him pay her attentions. I shall be ashamed if he is ever my brother-in-law."

"You can spare your shame, Louie," cried Alfreda, blushing violently. "He is much more likely to be ashamed of you with your low companions and your propensity to associate with common people. I do not know that he is ever likely to be related to you, but if I accept him, I shall expect you to show him proper respect."

The maid, Nettie, had come into the room during the conversation and was listening intently with an agitated face. Mrs. Wilson noticed her and bade her go and get ready to go to court, remarking as the girl left the room, "I cannot think what it is distresses that girl so. She always stays and stares when Mr. Jackson's name is mentioned in her hearing. I wonder if she has been in his employ at any time."

"Perhaps she knows someone of that name, and confuses the two persons," said Alfreda. "It is not likely that she knows Mr. Jackson. He would have no occasion to employ such a girl as Nettie, and being in a totally different class, she would not be likely to make his acquaintance."

"No, and yet there is no mistaking her interest in it, and it is not a pleasant interest. She is affected in some way, or thinks she is. I will ask Mr. Jackson about her. I think she is too deep to answer any questions. Besides, she is quite hysterical."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Broken Promise.

"Now I never was in such a fix in all me loife," said Mrs. Callaghan to herself as she darted about the room putting things to rights. "Sure I don't know phat to do; they have taken the young creature away to court, and bedad not a trimble was in her voice when she spoke or in her step when she walked; she looked as brave as a lion. I felt as proud of her as if she was me own. 'Well,' says she to me, 'You will not be wanted for an hour or more, and keep it from mother, for she has a suspicion that something is wrong;' and I was so flusterated that I said I would, and now I'm troubled about what I orter do; the mother in me says, 'tell Mrs. Mapleton all about it,' and sure I want to; then my worrud given to the swate girl says, 'keep mum you ould idjet.' Now, if it was my child that was in trouble and a person didn't tell me, as knew, I'd never forgive them. Now, Mrs. Mapleton is a loving mother and she'd give her life for Alice; of course she's an invalid, but I do be thinking if I were to tell her, the grit in her would rise right up, for I know it's there, and she'd say, 'thank you, Mrs. Callaghan, I must go to my daughter and stand by her, and you're a good woman for telling me all about it, and I never would have spoken to you again if you hadn't.' But then, if I tell her, and she goes to fainting and screeching, phat would I do and phat would Miss Alice say to me, and I'd rather take a bating than offend her. I'll go in and fix up her rooms, and trust the good Lord to tell me phat to do."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Callaghan," was Mrs. Mapleton's greeting. "It does me good to see your healthy-looking, good-natured face, but you are looking troubled it seems to me?"

"It's proud I am to hear you say that," said Mrs. Callaghan; "and you are better this morning thin you have been, are ye not, mum?"

"Oh yes, I am much better. I took a long walk yesterday and it did me so much good." Then Mrs. Mapleton watched her visitor as she flew about the room putting things in the wrong places, and making confusion rather than order with the furniture and other things in the room. At last she said, "Mrs. Callaghan, you have something on your mind, which you wish to tell me, but do not like to. Now tell me what it is."

Mrs. Callaghan came and stood in front of her and said, "It's right ye are, mum, I have something on me moind, and I'm going to tell ye, as I'd want to be tould if I were in your place. You are a lady and I am a poor working-woman; you are edicated and I am ignorant, but says I to meself, 'she's a mother and so am I,' and there we are alike and can understand one another."

"It's something about Alice,—is she sick or hurt? Tell me quick, my good woman."

"No mum, she's not hurted or sick, she is quite safe, but its in trouble she is. I promised her I would not tell you: some mean, dirty enemy has made a charge against her, but she'll come out all right; good, true friends are wid her at the present minute." Then she told her the whole story as far as she knew it.

Mrs. Mapleton sat perfectly still during the recital, the blood would rush to her face and then recede until her features looked as if chiselled out of white marble.

"Maybe its wrong I've been doing in telling ye, but I says to myself, says I, 'if she's the mother I take her to be, (and sure I believe you're all that), she'd rather be beside her swate girl in court to give her courage, than to be sitting in her own room; and mum, it's not afraid ye need be, for ye'll see the blessed girl walk out of court lik a queen while the lying spalpeens will be knocked into smithereens."

"Mrs. Callaghan," said Mrs. Mapleton in a calm, firm voice, "you are a good and noble woman; you have done perfectly right in telling me all, and I shall respect you as long as I live. You have made me strong by showing me how weak and selfish I have been in letting her young shoulders carry nearly all the load."

"Shure how could ye help it, and ye not able to hould up your head for the sickness and great trouble ye have had."

Mrs. Mapleton was putting on her bonnet. "Would you show me the way to the court-room, Mrs. Callaghan?"

"Shure its meself that's going there this blissed minute, and its into the witness box I'm goin', too. Mr. Graham came to tell me this morning. I told him he needn't leave any paper to make me come, its only too glad I'd be to get the chance, for I found out something from him that even Miss Alice doesn't know. I wanted to give her a surprise, and will ye moind to kape your eye on Mrs. Wilson's (bad luck to her) ugly face when oim in the witness-box. Will ye lean on my arm, mam?"

"Oh, Mrs. Callaghan," said Mrs. Mapleton, as they descended the stairs, "h shall I ever be able to repay you for your kindness?"

Shure mam, you've paid me widin de hour more nor ye ever owed me for a thing I've ever done for yez, by show the grit that's in yez. I knew it was th and it makes my heart as light as a feat to see ye bearing up as ye are. And ye plaze get on a big smile when ye e the court, so that the blissed child know that its all right when she sees it.

Thus two parties were on their wa the old court-room. But others were t there who had an interest in the case. tective Graham had not been idle. He conceived a more than professional lik for Alice, and apart from that, his pr sional spirit was stirred. His rival, Bri was active on the other side, and that cer, in Graham's opinion, would be all better for a lesson. He needed to be ta to have less confidence in his own abili which Graham thought he over estima This was a good opportunity, and Gra availed himself of it with pleasure.

A very busy time the detective had pa since he left Alice in Mr. Jacobs' parlo previous day. There were several thr of evidence in his hands, and they ne to be followed up. In a quiet, incide way Graham went from place to pl looking as if he were simply stro around, wishing he had something to He talked with one and another as if ju pass the time, but when the interview over and he strolled on, the detective's wore a look of triumph and keen en ment. By nightfall he seemed to learned all he needed, and then he to ride out of town. He stopped the driv the outskirts of a little village, and, bid him wait there for his return, he wa through the village to a mansion stan by itself among some fine old beeches. sent in his card and waited. Presen white haired old gentleman came out beckoned the detective into a well-furni library.

"Detective Graham," said the old tleman, referring to the card in his h "you ought to see me at my office. not fair to bring business to my pr quarters."

"Yes, I know that, Mr. Brougham," the officer; "I apologize, but you wil why I came when I tell you the busi It is a police-court case, and I am con ask you to appear to-morrow morning

"Can't do it," said the lawyer. "N my line. I gave up all that years ago, are only wasting time coming to me."

"Ah, I know that, but this is a sp case; I think you will make an exce You were Mr. Mapleton's lawyer, were not?"

"His lawyer and his friend, too. fellow, I had a great regard for him. was a good man, but a little weak to last."

"I am glad to hear you say so," Graham. "I have come to ask you t fend his daughter from a foul conspi The poor girl is in trouble. The men defrauded her father have concocted against her, and she is charged with t

"Bless my soul, you don't say so! me all about it."

The detective sat down and told the s The interview was a long one, but close neither man seemed to think the had been wasted. Graham rose w feeling of evident satisfaction. "I th you would consent to appear," he sai

"Consent! Of course I consent. I be glad to show this thing up. Why, like a young man with my first case. plot is diabolical. You deserve cre the way you have worked up the cas

The old lawyer's eyes were gliste and he was rubbing his hands to with a zest as he conducted his visi the door. "See you to-morrow morn he said. "Those fellows will be surpri fancy. Think they are going to have all their own way, no doubt. Well will know a little more by this time t row night than they do now."

The detective wished him "good-ni and walked rapidly through the villa the place where the cab was wa "That is satisfactory," he muttered. neared the place. "Now we shall see fun. That old gentleman knows his ness, and knows how to make the b the case. I could not have done bette see him. Now for a rest and some and then the battle in the morning."

(To be Continued.)

HE WESTERN RELIEF FUND.

Se eral delayed reports from Volunteer Dis butors in the Western Relief work hav been received during the week. There are ill a number of reports expected from sca ring localities. Among the letters of the eek was one containing a copious ac- cou of the distribution of a car-load of clo ng at Hill City, Kan., accompanied by complete set of vouchers, etc., showing hat the committee's work was thoroughly and faithfully performed.

Ed tor Hudson, of the "Capital," Topek Kan., writes as follows:

Yo last liberal donation ($500) was received. With t an hour's delay I used it in helping to buy flou neal, &c., that went out in four car-loads to Wes n Kansas. You never will know how much goo ese liberal donations have done the people of Wes n Kansas. I went away from home in such a hur I did not have time to acknowledge the receipt the money, but the people got the food and clothing and are deeply grateful. I have just returned hom and will finish up the aid work this week, and mak full report of my operations.

Dur ing the week the following sums have been received as contributions to the Fund:

Previously rep'd	$26,783.36	Jenkins, Tom	1 00
Bobe E.	5 00	Landid, Mrs E	1 00
Burr has S.	1 00	Montgomery, Scott.	1 00
Gray V H.	1 00	Olsen, Elnar	1 00
Davi eaman	1 00	Stephens, Thos F.	1 00
Fauv r, Mrs M E.	1 00	A Sub'r	1 00
Gop Mrs Mrs I.	3 00	**Total** ack	**$26,801.36**

Scott's Emulsion

is not a secret remedy. It is simply the purest Norway Cod-liver Oil, the finest Hypophosphites, and chemically pure Glycerine, all combined into a perfect Emulsion so that it will never change or lose its integrity. This is the secret of Scott's Emulsion's great success. It is a most happy combination of flesh-giving, strengthening and healing agents, their perfect union giving them remarkable value in all

WASTING DISEASES.

Hence its great value in Consumption, wherein it arrests the wasting by supplying the most concentrated nourishment, and in Anæmia and Scrofula it enriches and vitalizes the blood. In fact, in every phase of wasting it is most effective. Your doctor will confirm all we say about it. *Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!*

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.

The Key

o alth is purified, enriched and vitalized Hoo If you are weak and tired, sleepless ndrvous, and unable to eat with any relsh, is because the blood is depleted and ee to be given new vitality by the use of Hoo Sarsaparilla. You will be surprised at ou if when you have taken a few bottles, nd y with hundreds of others, that Hood's ars arilla makes you feel like new.

Hod's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

ro ently in the public eye today. It feeds e ves, tissues and organs on pure blood, nd us gives perfect health.

Hod's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

WIDE AWAKE FACTS ABOUT SLEEP

is the title of a little booklet published by Foster Bros. Mfg. Co., 4 Clay St., Utica, N. Y. It is full of illustrations, and interesting reading, on the subject of rest and sleep, and will be mailed free. Some spring beds rest all, others only a portion of the body. Sleep that refreshes the body, brain and whole nervous system comes with the use of the **"IDEAL."** Ask your furniture dealer for the Ideal.

FREE TO DYSPEPSIA SUFFERERS.

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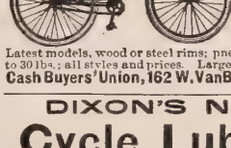

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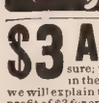

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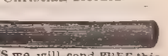
FREE 

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Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

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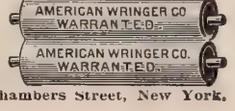

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I HAVE no gift of eloquence
To preach, exhort or pray,
I cannot point with glowing words
To Christ the living way;
But I can tell how wondrous dear
My Jesus is to me,
And let his light so clearly shine
That all around may see.

I cannot cast the fishers' net
Into life's deep, dark sea;
The wisdom for that heavy task
Was never given to me;
But I can kneel upon the shore,
And pray for those who toil,
And when the boats come slowly in,
Help gather up the spoil.

The Master sees the lowest work
Of all his children true,
And in the crowning day will give
To each his honest due:
And when the sheaves are gathered in
From fields that I have sown,
I then shall take from his own hand
The palm, the robe, the crown.

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What pain, why torture, thy mysterious part
And strive to pay God's pardon by thy smart?
Christ has acknowledged thee before high heav'n.
And dost thou deem it gracious thus to moan,
That when the angels come to look at thee,
They'll wonder what the Lord has left undone,
That thou so sadly greetest his decree?
Are sighs and groans the tribute thou should'st bring
To ease the ears of thy redeeming King?
Hear once again "Thy sins are all forgiven,"
And those words thy record hath been riven;
The awful past belongs to thee no more,
'Twas that thy stricken, dying Saviour bore.

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See Christian Herald Oct. 24th and Nov. 28th.

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One fact I wish to emphasize—I no longer carry medicines around with me, for I have no use for them either "before meals" or "after meals," or "one at bed-time;" not even a dose of "pepsin."

The Electropoise is easily applied; nevertheless, those who most carefully study the book of directions will get the best results. A fool would probably abandon its use after one or two applications, because it don't give "any shock," or other sensation to let you know what it is doing.

If any persons, especially ministers, suffering from the horrors of dyspepsia, wish any further particulars of my case, I shall be pleased to inform them, for I shall feel it a pleasant duty to aid them in securing that degree of health which will increase their joy and usefulness.

REV. W. H. BOOLE.

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I'll tell you in a single word,
I bought one, and presto! vanished
Doctors, nurses. Drugs are banished.

It seems so simple, it is true
You would not dream that it could do
What I have seen; but it is so,
"To see is to believe, yon know.

We sneeze, no cold need be endured.
"Electropoise," relief secured.
In short, for ills our flesh hath heired,
"Electropoise," then we are spared.

This seeming simple instrument
A blessing to our home was sent;
Physicians, medicines combined,
Not yet its functions all defined.

We women of this age are wise
In that we take up specialties;
The "how" of the Electropoise
Is naught, it cures my girls and boys.

The science. I will leave for those
Who nature's secrets can disclose,
As well might I now undertake.
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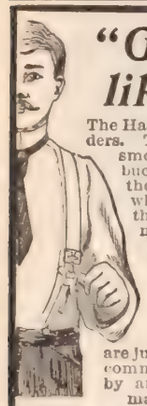

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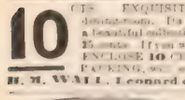

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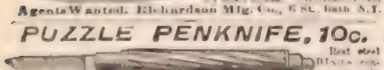

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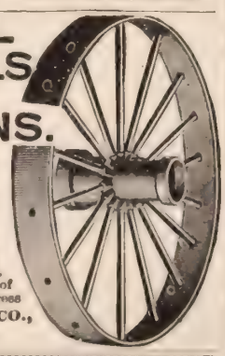

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CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18. Copyr'ght 1895, by Louis Klopsch. NUMBER 20.

Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 15, 1895.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, $1.50.

DAUGHTERS OF THE ORIENT.

Efforts in their Behalf by their Christian Sisters in the West—A Great Moral and Educational Work—Some Familiar Types.

IN no part of the world to-day are greater energies being employed in elevating the moral and intellectual status of womanhood than in Palestine. Schools, Christian Missions and classes for training in the accomplishments of civilization have been multiplied throughout the land. The rich seed of the Gospel is already bearing fruit in many thousands of Syrian homes in the cities and villages. Both to an inheritance of custom and tradition there has changed but little since the days when our Saviour trod the hills and plains of Judea, the daughters of Palestine may have been slow to reject the innovations that have come as the result of contact with the people of the Western world. Their simple lives, prescribed duties, established, by many generations of usage, their social position in the home and elsewhere, and their exceedingly limited opportunities for intellectual and spiritual growth, have all combined to keep them dutifully in the well-worn ancestral grooves. But the influences now at work for their enlightenment are opening up new avenues of usefulness and happiness. It may yet take many years, but in due time education and the Gospel will surely succeed in lifting up the daughters of the Orient to a position more beautiful and queenly than even their own poets and seers could have dreamed.

That such a transformation is even now in progress, cannot be doubted, when the numerous agencies successfully at work are considered. To the Moslem, Bedouin, and Syrian peasant, the Gospel is freely taught, and the fathers and mothers of Palestine no longer shrink from permitting their children to come in contact with Christian teachings. The Church Missionary Society of England has been vigorously evangelizing and educating in Palestine since 1843 and occupies the field from Acre to Hebron and Gaza, and from Mount Hermon to the Land of Moab, with stations at Acca, Gaza, Jaffa, Haifa, Nablous, Ramallah, Nazareth, Es-Salt (the ancient Ramoth Gilead), and elsewhere. Another agency of far-reaching and inestimable value is the Syrian Mission of the American Presbyterian Board, whose educational work—the most extensive of this character in the Holy Land—has been progressing steadily since 1870. Besides these, the United Presbyterian Church of America, British Syrian Bible Mission, Society of Friends and German Evangelical Church, are actively engaged in the same field, and there are also many homes, schools and institutes of a special character devoted exclusively to the women of Palestine. Many noble Christian ladies have consecrated their lives and means to the enlightenment of this neglected class, among them being Miss Crawford, who established the Bethany Home in 1889, the Kaiserswerth Deaconesses with orphanages at Jerusalem and Beyrout, Miss Taylor with a school for Moslem and Druze women also at Beyrout, Miss Kawar (a native Syrian), at Nazareth, Miss Arnott's school, Miss Mangan's Medical Mission at Jaffa and Mrs. Jamal's Training Class for poor Syrian girls at Jerusalem, to whose support many of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have given generous aid.

A MOSLEM FRUIT-SELLER. A BEDOUIN MOTHER. A CHRISTIAN MATRON.
A BETHLEHEM MAID. A YOUNG GIRL OF NAZARETH.

WOMEN OF MODERN PALESTINE.

As in all lands where the masses of the population are very poor, the conditions of life in Syria are quite simple. It is a country of homes. The word "father" is applied equally to the parent, the leader of a party, the ruler of a nation and the founder of a people. Motherhood, too, is honored; but the general status of woman is still low. Islamism holds woman in a condition of perpetual bondage, degrading and keeping her in a state of ignorance and dependence.

Our group of illustrations presents a picturesque variety of feminine types, as they are found in Palestine to-day. The Moslem orange-seller is met in every Oriental city, from Damascus to Cairo and Alexandria. The Bedouin mother, like the women of her class in Egypt and Arabia, loves to adorn herself with gold and silver coins and other ornaments to an extent that is in marked contrast with her clothing and the poverty of her usual surroundings; but she clings to the Eastern custom which allows a woman to carry all her personal wealth in this strange fashion. It is a custom as old as the days of Moses. The Christian matron—probably a dweller in some town or village not remote from Jerusalem—also has her personal wealth displayed in the abundance of gold and silver coins that bespangle her dress; the maiden of Bethlehem, hardly yet a woman, has her dowry bestowed in necklace, bracelets and headdress, while the young Nazarene reveals all her riches in the jingling rows of coins that burden her ears and almost conceal her forehead, like a rude tiara. With those simple people, the hoarding of gold and silver coins, for purposes of personal adornment, is begun in childhood, and when womanhood is reached, a bride's dowry and a wife's wealth are thus carried openly in view of all. It is not an uncommon incident to meet some poorly-clad peasant or wretched-looking Bedouin almost weighted down with these swaying head-dresses and glittering necklaces, that seem sadly out of place beside the garments of coarse cotton or black goat's hair. Syrian women mature early and age rapidly. In youth they are usually graceful in carriage, and many have faces of great beauty, with deep, dusky eyes and features of a delicate olive tint. The beauty of the Bethlehem women is proverbial, a gift they ascribe to their Crusader ancestry.

WORDS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage, preached Sunday afternoon, May 12, 1895.*

THOSE six young men, I suppose, represent innumerable young men who are about undertaking the battle of life, and who have more interrogation points in their mind than any printer's case ever contained, or printer's fingers ever set up. But few people who have passed fifty years of age are capable of giving advice to young men. Too many begin their counsel by forgetting they ever were young men themselves. November snows do not understand May-time blossom week. The East wind never did understand the South wind. Autumnal golden-rod makes a poor fist at lecturing about early violets. Generally, after a man has rheumatism in his right foot, he is not competent to discuss juvenile elasticity. Not one man out of a hundred can enlist and keep the attention of the young after there is a bald spot on the cranium. I attended a large meeting in Philadelphia, assembled to discuss how the Young Men's Christian Association of that city might be made more attractive for young people, when a man arose and made some suggestions with such lugubrious tone of voice, and a manner that seemed to deplore that everything was going to ruin, that an old friend of mine, at seventy-five years as young in feeling as anyone at twenty, arose and said: "That good brother who has just addressed you will excuse me for saying that a young man would no sooner go and spend an evening among such funereal tones of voice and funereal ideas of religion which that brother seems to have adopted, than he would go and spend the evening in Laurel Hill Cemetery." And yet these young men of Ohio, and all young men, have a right to ask those who have had many opportunities of studying this world and the next world, to give helpful suggestion as to what theories of life one ought to adopt, and what dangers he ought to shun. Attention, young men!

First: Get your soul right. You see, that is the most valuable part of you. It is the most important room in your house. It is the parlor of your entire nature. Put the best pictures on its walls. Put the best music under its arches. It is important to have the kitchen right, and the dining-room right, and the cellar right, and all the other rooms of your nature right; but, Oh! the parlor of the soul! Be particular about the guests who enter it. Shut its doors in the faces of those who would despoil and pollute it. There are princes and kings who would like to come into it, while there are assassins who would like to come out from behind its curtains, and with silent foot attempt the desperate and murderous. Let the King come in. He is now at the door. Let me be usher to announce his arrival, and introduce the King of this world, the King of all worlds, the King eternal, immortal, invisible. Make room. Stand back! Clear the way. Bow, kneel, worship the King. Have him once for your Guest, and it does not make much difference who comes or goes. Would you have a warrantee against moral disaster, and surety of a noble career? Read at least one chapter of the Bible on your knees every day of your life.

Word the next: Have your body right. "How are you?" I often say when I meet a friend of mine in Brooklyn. He is over seventy, and alert and vigorous, and very prominent in the law. His answer is, "I am living on the capital of a well-spent youth." On the contrary, there are hundreds of thousands of good people who are suffering the results of early sins. The grace of God gives one a new heart, but not a new body. David, the Psalmist, had to cry out, "Remember not the sins of my youth." Let a young man make his body a wine-closet, or a rum jug, or a whiskey cask, or a beer barrel, and smoke poisoned cigarettes until his hand trembles, and he is black under the eyes, and his cheeks fall in, and then at some church seek and find religion: yet, all the praying he can do will not hinder the physical consequences of natural law fractured. You six young men of Ohio, and all the young men, take care of your eyes, those windows of the soul. Take care of your ears, and listen to nothing that depraves. Take care of your lips, and see that they utter no profanities. Take care of your nerves by enough sleep and avoiding unhealthy excitements, and by taking out-door exercise, whether by ball, or skate, or horseback, lawn-tennis, or exhilarating bicycle, if you sit upright and do not join that throng of several hundred thousands who by the wheel are cultivating crooked backs, and cramped chests, and deformed bodies, rapidly coming down toward all-fours, and the attitude of the beasts that perish. Anything that bends body, mind, or soul to the earth is unhealthy. Oh, it is a grand thing to be well, but do not depend on pharmacy and the doctors to make you well. Stay well. Read John Todd's Manual, and Coombs' Physiology, and everything you can lay your hands on about mastication, and digestion, and assimilation. Where you find one healthy man or woman, you find fifty half dead. From my own experience I can testify that, being a disciple of the gymnasium, many a time just before going to the parallel bars, and punching bags, and pullies and weights, I thought Satan was about taking possession of society and the church and the world, but after one hour of climbing and lifting and pulling, I felt like hastening home so as to be there when the millennium set in. Take a good stout run every day. I find in that habit, which I have kept up since at eighteen years I read the aforesaid Todd's Manual, more recuperation than in anything else. Those six men of Ohio will need all possible nerve, and all possible eyesight, and all possible muscular development before they get through the terrific struggle of this life.

Word the next: Take care of your intellect. Here comes the flood of novelettes, ninety-nine out of a hundred belittling to every one that opens them. Here come depraved newspapers, submerging good and elevated American journalism. Here comes a whole perdition of printed abomination, dumped on the breakfast table, and tea table, and parlor table. Take at least one good newspaper with able editorial and reporters' columns mostly occupied with helpful intelligence, announcing marriages and deaths and reformatory and religious assemblages, and charities bestowed, and the doings of good people, and giving but little place to nasty divorce cases, and stories of crime, which, like cobras, sting those that touch them. Oh, for more newspapers that put virtue in what is called great-primer type, and vice in nonpareil or agate! You have all seen the photographer's negative. He took a picture from it ten or twenty years ago. You ask him now for a picture from that same negative. He opens the great chest containing the black negatives of 1885, or 1875, and he reproduces the picture. Young men, your memory is made up of the negatives of an immortal photography. All that you see or hear goes into your soul to make pictures for the future. You will have with you till the Judgment Day the negatives of all the bad pictures you have ever looked at, and of all the debauched scenes you have read about. Show me the newspapers you take and the books you read, and I will tell you what are your prospects for well-being in this life, and what will be your residence a million years after the star on which we now live shall have dropped out of the constellation. I never travel on Sunday unless it be a case of necessity or mercy. But last Autumn I was in India in a city plague-struck. By the hundreds the people were down with fearful illness. We went to the apothecary's to get some preventive of the fever, and the place was crowded with invalids, and we had no confidence in the preventive we purchased from the Hindoos. The mail train was to start Sabbath evening. I said, "Frank, I think the Lord will excuse us if we get out of this place with the first train;" and we took it, not feeling quite comfortable till we were hundreds of miles away. I felt we were right in flying from the plague. Well, the air in many of our cities is struck through with a worse plague—the plague of corrupt and damnable literature. Get away from it as soon as possible. It has already ruined the bodies, minds and souls of a multitude which, if stood in solid column, would reach from New York Battery to Golden Horn. The plague! The plague!

Word the next: Never go to any place where you would be ashamed to die. Adopt that plan, and you will never go to any evil amusement, nor be found in compromising surroundings. How many startling cases within the past few years of men called suddenly out of this world, and the newspapers surprised us when they mentioned the locality and the companionship. To put it on the least important ground, you ought not to go to any such forbidden place, because if you depart this life in such circumstances, you put officiating ministers in great embarrassment. You know that some of the ministers believe that all who leave this life go straight to heaven, however they have acted in this world, or whatever they have believed. To get you through from such surroundings is an appalling theological undertaking. One of the most arduous and besweating efforts of that kind that I ever knew of was at the obsequies of a man who was found dead in a snow bank with his rum-jug close beside him. But the minister did the work of happy transference as well as possible, although it did seem a little inappropriate when he read, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." If you have no mercy upon yourself, have mercy upon the minister who may be called to officiate after your demise. Die at home, or in some place of honest business, or where the laughter is clean, or amid companionships pure and elevating. Remember that any place we go to may become our starting-point for the next world. When we enter the harbor of Heaven, and the Officer of Light comes aboard, let us be able to show that our clearing papers were dated at the right port.

Word the next: As soon as you can, by industry and economy, have a home of your own. What do I mean by a ho[me]? I mean two rooms and the blessing of [God] on both of them; one room for slum[ber], one for food, its preparation and the [en]joyment taking thereof. Mark you, I would [not] you to have a home with thirty rooms [all] upholstered, pictured and statuetted, [but] I am putting it down at the minimum [of] husband and wife who cannot be happy with a home made up of two rooms will not be happy in heaven if they get [there]. He who wins and keeps the affection [of a] good practical woman has done glorious [work]. What do I mean by a good woman? I mean one who loved God before she loved you. What do I mean by a practical man? I mean one who can help you earn a living, for a time comes in a[lmost] every man's life when he is flung off misfortune, and you do not want a [wife] sniffling about how she had it before she married her. The simple reason why [thou]sands of men never get on in the world because they married nonentities and [never] got over it. The only thing that Job's wife proposed for his boils was a warm poultice of profanity, saying, "Curse God and [die]." It adds to our admiration of John Wesley the manner in which he conquered domestic unhappiness. His wife had slandered him all over England until standing in his pulpit in City Road Chapel he complained to the people saying, "I have been charged with every crime in the catalogue except drunkenness:" when his wife arose from the back part of the church and said, "[John], you know you were drunk last night." Then Wesley exclaimed, "Thank God the catalogue is complete." When a man marries, he marries for heaven or hell, and [is] more so when a woman marries. Two [of] young men in Fayette, Ohio, had better look out.

Word the next: Do not rate yourself too high. Better rate yourself too low. If you rate yourself too low, the world will say, "Come up." If you rate yourself too high, the world will say, "Come down." It is a bad thing when a man gets so exaggerated an idea of himself as did Earl of Buchan, whose speech Ballantyne, the Edinburgh printer, could not set up for publication because he had not enough capital I's and [for] his type. Remember that the world got along without you near six thousand years before you were born, and unless some meteor collides with us, or some internal convulsion occurs, the world will probably last several thousand years after you are dead.

Word the next: Do not postpone too long doing something decided for God and humanity and yourself. The greatest things have been done before forty years of age. Pascal at sixteen years of age; Grotius at seventeen; Romulus at twenty; Napoleon at twenty-two; Whitefield at twenty-four; Bonaparte at twenty-seven; Ignatius Loyola at thirty; Raphael at thirty-seven, having made the world feel their virtue or their vice. With the biggest strokes you will probably plead for the truth or against the truth will be before you reach the meridian of life. Don't wait for something to turn up. Go to work and turn it up. There is no such thing as good luck. No man that ever lived has had a better time than I have had; yet I never had any good luck. But instead there has a kind Providence has crowded my life with mercies. You will never accomplish much as long as you go at your work the minute you are expected, and stop the first minute it is lawful to quit. The greatly useful and successful men of the next century will be those who began an hour before they were required and worked at least half an hour after they might have quit. Unless you are willing sometimes to work twelve hours of the day, you will remain on the low levels, and your life will be a prolonged humdrum.

Word the next: Remember that it is only a small part of our life that we pass on earth. Less than your finger compared with your whole body is the life on earth when compared with the next life. I suppose there are not more than a dozen people in this world a hundred

*"Immediately in response to the following letter, [illegible] the author, the subject being suggested by some sermons [illegible] Young Men's Christian Association, and by the publication of the [illegible] Young Men":

H. E. Mallory, Charles J. Bonnet,
C. C. Sherwood, M. E. Bates,
J. L. Sherwood, S. I. Altman."

old But a very few people in any country rea eighty. The majority of the human rac expire before thirty. Now, what an equoise in such a consideration. If things go rong, it is only for a little while. Have yo not enough moral pluck to stand the josing, and the injustices, and the mishap of the small parenthesis between the twe ternities? It is a good thing to get rea for the one mile this side the marble sla but more important to get fixed up for the terminable miles which stretch out into t distances beyond the marble slab. A few ears ago on the Nashville and New Orins Railroad we were waked up early in t morning and told we must take carrias for some distance. "Why?" we all asld. But we soon saw for ourselves that wh the first four or five spans of the brie were up, further on there was a span thaad fallen, and we could not but shudder what might have been the possibilities. Wh your rail-train starts on a long bridge you want to be sure that the first span of the idge is all right, but what if further on ere is a span of the bridge that is all wreg; how then? what then? In one of the estern cities the freshets had carried awa a bridge, and a man knew that the expss train would soon come along. So he hted a lantern and started up the track to sp the train. But before he had got far enoh up the track the wind blew out the ligh of his lantern, and standing in the dar ess as the train came up, he threw the lantn into the locomotive, crying, Stop! Stol and the warning was in time to halt the ain. And if any of you by evil habits are astening on toward brink, or precipit or fallen span, I throw this Gospel lantn at your mad career: Stop! Stop! The end thereof is death! Young man, you are ged now by many environments, but you ill after a while get your wings out. Son one caged a Rocky Mountain eagle and ept him shut up between the wires until the spirit and courage had gone out of it. leased one day from the cage, the agi seemed to want to return to its former prist. The fact was that the eagle had all gone out of him. He kept his wings down. Aft ter a while he looked up at the sun, turning his head first this side and then that side and then spread one wing and then the ner wing, and began to mount, until he ds were far under his feet, and he was out sight in the empyrean. My brother, shevou leave this life, if by the grace of God ou are prepared, you will come out of the ge of this hindering mortality, and soaring up to the heavenly heights you will spre wing for immortal flight, leaving sun and moon, and stars beneath in your sce to glories that never fade, and splendors which never die. Your body is the cage Your soul is the eagle.

Wod the next: Fill yourself with biographs of men who did gloriously in the busiss, or occupation, or profession you are about to choose, or have already chosen. Going to be a merchant? Read up Peter Cooper, and Abbot Lawrence, and Jam Lenox, and William E. Dodge, and George Peabody. See how most of the merchants at the start munched their roomy luncheon made up of dry bread and hunk of cheese, behind a counter or in a storeroom, as they started in a business which brought them to the top of inmens which enabled them to bless the world with millions of dollars consecrated to hpitals, and schools, and churches, and private benefactions, where neither right hand nor left hand knew what the the hand did. Going to be a physician? Read up Harvey, and Grosse, and Sir Jodal Clarke, and James Y. Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform as an anæsthetic and all the other mighty physicians who have mended broken bones, and enthroned again deposed intellects, and given their lives to healing the long deep gash of the world's agony. Going to be a mechanic? Read up the inventions of sewing-machines, and cotton gins and life-saving apparatus, and the men who as architects, and builders, and manufacturers, and day laborers have made a life of thirty years in this century worth more than the full one hundred years of any other century. You six young men of Ohio, and all the other young men — instead of wasting your time on dry essays as to how to do great things, go to the biographical alcove of your village or city library, and acquaint yourselves with men who in the sight of earth, and heaven, and hell, did the great things. Remember, the greatest things are yet to be done. If the Bible be true, or as I had better put it, since the Bible is beyond all controversy true, the greatest battle is yet to be fought, and compared with it Saragossa, and Gettysburg, and Sedan were child's play with toy pistols. We even know the name of the battle, though we are not certain as to where it will be fought. I refer to Armageddon. The greatest discoveries are yet to be made. A scientist has recently discovered in the air something which will yet rival electricity. The most of things have not yet been found out. An explorer has recently found in the Valley of the Nile a whole fleet of ships buried ages ago where now there is no water. Only six out of the eight hundred grasses have been turned into food like the potato and the tomato. There are hundreds of other styles of food to be discovered. Aerial navigation will yet be made as safe as travel on the solid earth. Cancers, and consumptions, and leprosies are to be transferred from the catalogue of incurable diseases to the curable. Medical men are now successfully experimenting with modes of transferring diseases from weak constitutions which cannot throw them off, to stout constitutions which are able to throw them off. Worlds like Mars and the moon will be within hailing distance, and instead of confining our knowledge to their canals and their volcanoes, they will signal all styles of intelligence to us, and we will signal all styles of intelligence to them. Coming times will class our boasted nineteenth century with the dark ages. Under the power of Gospelization the world is going to be so improved that the sword and the musket of our time will be kept in museums as now we look at thumb-screws and ancient instruments of torture.

Oh, what opportunities you are going to have, young men all the world over, under thirty. How thankful you ought to be that you were not born any sooner. Blessed are the cradles that are being rocked now. Blessed are the students in the freshman class. Blessed those who will yet be young men when the new century comes in, in five or six years from now. This world was hardly fit to live in in the eighteenth century. I do not see how the old folks stood it. During this nineteenth century the world has by Christianizing and educational influences been fixed up until it does very well for temporary residence. But the twentieth century! Ah, that will be the time to see great sights, and do great deeds. Oh, young men, get ready for the rolling in of that mightiest, and grandest, and most glorious century that the world has ever seen! Only five summers more: five autumns more; five winters more; five springs more, and then the clock of time will strike the death of the old Century and the birth of the new. I do not know what sort of a December night it will be when this Century lies down to die; whether it will be starlit or tempestuous; whether the snows will be drifting, or the soft winds will breathe upon the pillow of the expiring centenarian. But millions will mourn its going, for many have received from it kindnesses innumerable, and they will kiss farewell the aged brow wrinkled with so many vicissitudes. Old Nineteenth Century of weddings and burials; of defeats and victories; of nations born and nations dead; thy pulses growing feebler now, will soon stop on that thirty-first night of December. But right beside it will be the infant Century, held up for baptism. Its smooth brow will glow with bright expectations. The then more than seventeen hundred million inhabitants of the earth will hail its birth and pray for its prosperity. Its reign will be for a hundred years, and the most of your life I think will be under the sway of its sceptre. Get ready for it. Have your heart right; your nerves right; your brain right; your digestion right. We will hand over to you our commerce, our mechanism, our arts and sciences, our professions, our pulpits, our inheritance. We believe in you. We trust you. We pray for you. We bless you. And though by the time you get into the thickest of the fight for God and righteousness, we may have disappeared from earthly scenes, we will not lose our interest in your struggle, and if the dear Lord will excuse us for a little while from the Temple Service and the House of Many Mansions, we will come out on the battlements of jasper, and cheer you, and perhaps if that night of this world be very quiet, you may hear our voices dropping from afar, as we cry, "Be thou faithful unto death, and thou shalt have a crown!"

MASTUJ, A FORT IN CHITRAL, SCENE OF A HEROIC RESCUE.

LARGEST MAP IN THE WORLD.

What is claimed to be the largest map in the world has been prepared by Rev. W. H. Waggoner, of the Yale Divinity School. It shows every point on the globe where missionaries are working, and is the first map of this character ever attempted. It was exhibited at the recent Christian Endeavor Convention in Cleveland, O.

England's War in India.

The Heroes who Relieved Chitral and Mastuj—A Record of Unselfish Bravery.

REFERENCE was made in last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the military expedition to Chitral in Upper India, for the relief of Dr. Robertson, the British resident who, with his military escort, was surrounded and hemmed in by a large force

DR. ROBERTSON, RESCUED IN CHITRAL.

of hostile Chitrali and other tribesmen, while Captain Bretherton, with another and still smaller force was imperiled at Mastuj, some forty miles further north. Details now received show that the flying column from Gilgit, under Colonel Kelly, which performed this hazardous task, accomplished a feat which for sheer bravery and unselfish heroism must be ranked among the valorous deeds of the century. Col. Kelly's command crossed the Shandur Pass, 12,000 feet high, amid heavy snow, the men themselves dragging the field-pieces, as the horses could not proceed. Further on in the mountains, at Gasht, they found that the tribesmen had gathered in force to oppose them, and had constructed "sangars," or stone breast-works. Col. Kelly's troops forded the Laspur River, before climbing the heights to reach the enemy's position, where a sharp fight took place, the enemy only yielding after a stubborn resistance. The road to Mastuj was then comparatively clear, and after relieving Captain Bretherton and his handful of followers, the Gilgit column, without stopping, continued its victorious march in the direction of Chitral. Near Sanoghar, it encountered a strong force of the enemy in a deep gorge, or nullah, with steep cliffs on either side rising to a height of 250 feet. Here, behind strong sangars, and armed with modern rifles, 1500 tribesmen made a desperate stand against Col. Kelly's column of about six hundred Indian troops, but the momentum of the victorious troops was irresistible, and they forced their way through, a small detachment making a flank attack upon the enemy while the main column swept onward, its machine guns and rifles emitting such a hail of fire and bullets as it passed that the tribesmen, who were commanded by leaders of rank, retreated in utter confusion. The column reached Chitral soon afterward and relieved Dr. Robertson and his command, who had been beleaguered forty-five days. When the larger relieving force of 15,000 men under Gen. Low arrived from Peshawur many days later, they found to their surprise that the work was already accomplished. The men of Gilgit, with their heroic leader, had performed a feat unsurpassed in bravery by any in the records of the British wars in India.

Mastuj, which is shown in the illustration on this page, will be memorable as being near the place where a British troop under Capt. Ross was lately annihilated by the Chitralis. It is a lonely fort, in the mountainous region of Upper India, which marks the division between the English and Russian Asiatic frontiers. The Chitral troubles, however, are by no means ended with the capture of these two strongholds.

JESUS ON THE CROSS.

S. S. Lesson for May 26. Mark 15: 22-37. Golden Text Rom. 5: 5. By Mrs. Baxter.

"WE preach a Messiah crucified, unto Jews a stumbling block, unto Gentiles foolishness, but unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God" (I. Cor. 1: 23, 24, R.V., margin). "A Messiah crucified!" "The Hope of Israel" (Jer. 14: 8), "who was to be the King in his beauty" (Isa. 33: 17); "the King who should reign in righteousness" (Isa. 32: 1); "the glorious Lord . . . our Judge . . . our Lawgiver . . . our King; he shall save us" (Isa. 33: 21, 22). How should he be crucified? No death of shame was so shameful as the death of the cross; how then should he, whom the Jews were looking for as "the Lord our Righteousness," be associated with all that speaks of the grossest sin, and which is the result of judgment upon a criminal? It was "a stumbling block" to the self-righteous Jew, whose pride was in his close observance of the law, and his descent from Abraham, God's friend; it was "foolishness" to the cultured Greek, whose art and poetry had invested human nature with an ideal divinity and refinement which was shocked at the very mention of the cross.

Condemned without proof of guilt, yet making no defence, the silence of Jesus in such circumstances, awaking the unfeigned surprise of the chief priests, king, and ruler, Jesus was led away to be crucified. To all appearance his cause was at an end, and his holy life of blessing to others seemed to end in failure. To all appearance the chief priests and elders of the people, with the enemy of souls inciting them, had gained the day, and the Object of their envy was about to be hushed forever. But O how astounded would they have been had they perceived what the Holy Ghost afterwards revealed to the little assembly of believers after Pentecost, that they who fondly imagined that victory was theirs, were only accomplishing that which the hand and counsel of God "determined before should be done" (Acts 4: 28). All their rage and fury, all their murderous hate, was hastening the moment when that crucified One shall come again in glory to judge every man according to his works?

Having tired of mocking him, who, like a patient lamb, took all from the hand of his Father, and neither looked nor spoke anything of retaliation; the soldiers charged with his execution took off Jesus the regal garments with which they had invested him in derision, and putting again his own clothes on him, they led him away to crucify him. Not one disciple, even of the chosen twelve, not one of the thousands which had reaped blessing from his hand, was there to stand by him—

It Cost Too Much

to belong to the Crucified. And he manifested no wounded feeling that his followers should fail him now, the infinite patience he had ever shown, the love of his own, "even unto the end" (John 13: 1), did not break down under this tremendous test. What is the secret? He dealt with man by faith. He trusted in God, and his trust was as much for his disciples as for aught else. Had he taken into account what they were, and how they had failed him, it would have been high time to ex[illegible] and to deplore them of [illegible]. But he knew [illegible] would learn of their own failure at such a time [illegible] brought to light and cured; the utter unreliability of human nature. He "considered even the flesh," [illegible] the cross the purest flesh [illegible] and delivering it over unto death, "that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in such as walk, not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

The agony in Gethsemane had told upon his physical frame. It was the custom of the condemned to carry to the place of execution the cross on which they were to suffer. But a far heavier load, the weight of every man's sin with all the evil motives which led to words and actions, and even the sin of nature inherited from Adam, all lay with crushing weight upon the heart of God's Son, and our great High Priest, as he was led out by sinful men to suffer, though they knew it not, for them. And strength failed him, so that the soldiers seized on a passer by, Simon the Cyrenian, and compelled him to bear the cross after Jesus. And in the place of common execution Golgotha, where the unburied bones of former criminals lay whitening as a warning to evil doers, he who "knew no sin" was crucified. It was man's estimate of God, for God was manifested in Christ, it was God's estimate of sin, that he could permit him to be made sin for us; a lesser sacrifice could not have sufficed. It was indeed the wisdom of God that by such a means his mercy could reach every child of man who should believe in him, without, in one iota, infringing his holy unspotted justice. And not only does he cancel condemnation in his perfect righteousness and justice through the death of Jesus, he does far more, he gives to each repentant and believing sinner a new life, the very life of Christ, eternal life, so that he not only ought to, but can live in newness of life.

But how few there are who understand and enter into this! How few there are who really do look upon their old man, i.e. their former life and character and nature before they were converted, as being really crucified with Christ! How many seek to fight their old nature on the one hand, or admire it and indulge it on the other! How many seek to improve it, and how many again pity themselves for having such a nature! All this is a want of trust in God, a real unbelief in the work of Christ on the cross. There are very many who believe that through him all that believe are justified and that in him we "have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." But while they believe this on no other evidence than the Word of God, brought home to them by the power of the Holy Ghost, they pass over, without taking it for themselves, that our old man was crucified with Christ, that the body of sin might be done away, that so we should no longer be in bondage to sin. The one Scripture they believe and act upon; the other they may contend about, but do not really take by faith, and so live in the power of it. Consequently they find themselves still in bondage to sin, and their bodies remain bodies of sin instead of being instruments of righteousness to God.

If I take by faith in God's Word, that I am accepted in the Beloved, and that in him I have redemption through his blood even the forgiveness of sins, then doubts about acceptance or forgiveness cannot, and do not, trouble me. "It is written" suffices. If I, as surely, believe that my old man, i.e. what I was before I believed, was crucified with Christ, with the very purpose of bringing over my body from the service of sin to the service of God, the very position which I take by faith alters the aspect of all which used to affect me. Just as a doubt of pardon is met instantaneously by: God says I have redemption, the forgiveness of sins, just so an attempt of the enemy to wound me is met by the Word. God says I am crucified with Christ; I sign my name to his word and my own death-warrant, now, Satan, you have to do with one whom God says is crucified. No matter how I feel, if God says I am forgiven, I am forgiven; if God says I have died with Christ, I have died. I hold to this Word against myself, and against the enemy. As long as we doubt the pardon which our beloved Lord procured for us upon the cross, we are as badly off personally as though he had not died for us.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

EACH of the four evangelists gives details which need to be woven into a complete story of the crucifixion. No time appears to have been lost in hurrying forward the execution, after Pilate had given his consent. It was probably nine o'clock in the morning of April 7, A. D., 30. The place of execution was about a mile away from Pilate's

HILL OUTSIDE JERUSALEM BELIEVED TO BE CALVARY.

palace, if, as is generally believed, Calvary is identical with the hill outside the north wall of the city, where the cave known as Jeremiah's grotto is. Along that path, Jesus, according to the usual custom, must carry the cross on which he is to die. But exhausted by the conflict in Gethsemane and the scourging, he falters under the weight of the timber. The crowd is impatient of the slow progress, and seizing the first man whom they met, who according to tradition, was a negro, afterward a Christian, they compel him to carry the cross. The usual custom was to lay it on the ground, nail the victim to it, and then raise it to an upright position, with its foot in the hole prepared for it. The feet of the sufferer were only a foot of two above the ground, and he could thus speak to those about him. It was a slow, lingering death. Sometimes the suffering lasted for two days or more, before death put an end to it. There was a slight projection on the upright beam, on which the victim sat, so that his weight might not tear the hands from the nails. Little mercy was shown to the condemned, but some wealthy ladies of the city were in the habit of providing a draught of stupefying drugs, which was mercifully given as an anæsthetic. But this Jesus refused to take when he tasted it. Two other executions were to take place that morning, probably the men being two of those implicated in the outbreak of Barabbas. The coarse soldiery having done their work, parted the garments, and finding one [illegible] was better than the others, drew lots [illegible], and then sat down to watch the death [illegible] nies. Over the head of Christ a [illegible] written by Pilate was affixed. It [illegible] stated that this was the king of the [illegible]. It was a taunt which was keenly f[illegible] by the priests and leaders. They were [illegible] nant, and went to Pilate to have it cha[illegible] ed; but he refused, and his curt refusal sl[illegible] ed that he was glad that the barb ra[illegible] ed. There were many going and comin[illegible] nto the city at that festive time, and as [illegible] ney passed the dying men they taunte[illegible] the chief sufferer. But Jesus made no rejo[illegible] ler. Seven times during those six hou[illegible] he spoke, and from his utterances we [illegible] ter what was passing in his mind. Th[illegible] rst, spoken probably when the cross was [illegible] ted and when the suffering would be e[illegible] uci-ating, was a plea for the soldiers, as [illegible] he feared that God would strike them d[illegible] for their cruelty. They did not kno[illegible] —let their ignorance plead for them—let th[illegible] be forgiven. In that awful hour Chris[illegible] ould intercede for them. The second utt[illegible] ance was in response to the thief at his sid[illegible] who either from previous knowledge, [illegible] the spectacle of patient suffering that m[illegible] ment perceived Christ's superiority and be[illegible] ught his good offices. As the time d[illegible] gged wearily on, Jesus, looking around, [illegible] cognized his mother in the crowd and w[illegible] ner, John, Mary Magdalene and other t[illegible] men. He realizes that this involves his m[illegible] er's bereavement, and briefly but tender[illegible] ly mits her to John's care. Then an [illegible] ful agony seems to have passed throu[illegible] his soul. No longer can he find the [illegible] peace that has been with him heretofore in [illegible] crisis, and the loss is very bitter. "[illegible] God," he cries, "why hast thou fo[illegible] me?" Probably he swooned after [illegible] iable cry, for his next word is wrun[illegible] from him by physical suffering. He s[illegible] thirst," and they gave him vine[illegible] some sour wine. A little later and t[illegible] comes. His work is done; he says [illegible] finished;" and in a little while, w[illegible] words, "Into thy hands I comme[illegible] my spirit," he breathes his last.

Gave him to drink. The agony o[illegible] was one of the most painful acco[illegible] ments of crucifixion. Dr. Stalker sa[illegible] remember talking with a German [illegible] who had served in the Franco-P[illegible] war. He was wounded in an enga[illegible] near Paris, and lay on the field un[illegible] stir. He did not know exactly wh[illegible] the nature of his wound, and he t[illegible] that he might be dying. The pain [illegible] tense; the wounded and dying were [illegible] ing round about him; the battle w[illegible] raging, and shots were falling and [illegible] up the ground in all directions. B[illegible] a time one agony, he told me, be[illegible] swallow up all the rest, and soon m[illegible] forget his wound, his danger, and hi[illegible] bors. It was the agony of thirst. H[illegible] have given the world for a draught [illegible] ter. It was such agony that drew fr[illegible] Lord the cry, 'I thirst.'"

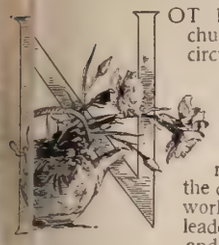
Cried with a loud voice. Luke s[illegible] what Jesus said in that last moment [illegible] It was, "Father, into thy hands I c[illegible] my spirit." When John Huss wa[illegible] led to execution, a cap was put on [illegible] on which were pictures of the demo[illegible] the priests said, would take posse[illegible] his soul when it left the body. T[illegible] explained to Huss; but it did not mo[illegible] He was sure that no demon would [illegible], and looking up to heaven, he said: "[illegible] into thy hands I commend my [illegible]. Those, too, were the last words o[illegible] carp, Jerome, Luther, and many oth[illegible] nent men who thus confided their [illegible] God with their last breath.

He saved others. The words were [illegible] ed as a taunt, but they were tr[illegible] He could not save himself and save othe[illegible] It was the glorious compulsion of [illegible] love that kept him to the cross to [illegible] The story is told of a farmer name[illegible] who was drafted in the war. He l[illegible] eral motherless children and the th[illegible] their being left unprotected while [illegible] away and of there being fatherles[illegible] should fall, made his his heart sink. [illegible] friend, who knew how he felt, volu[illegible] to go in his place. He went, and i[illegible] the first battles he was killed. W[illegible] farmer heard of it, he mounted his [illegible] rode to the battle-field, and after [illegible] search found the body and brought [illegible] It was buried in the village chur[illegible] and over it was placed a marble [illegible] which the farmer cut with his own [illegible] the initials of the dead, and under th[illegible] words, "He died for me."

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

What is to be Done with the Millions who do not go to Church? — How are they to be Reached?

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by JOSEPH COOK, Boston.



NOT by making church services a circus. Not by diluting and distorting Christian doctrine. Not by compromises between the church and the world. Not by the leadership of wealth and fashion. Not by importing novelties in methods or doctrine. Not by supine waiting for providential upheavals in an irreligious community. Not by following the clannish preference of any one class that claims the right to guide the church, whether they are the young, or those in middle life or the aged, laymen or preachers, educated or uneducated.

Only by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, on the part of God's people, and of the Holy Spirit, and of the Biblical truths, including the severe as well as the tender inculcations of Scripture, can a careless community be made vitally religious. Among the instrumentalities which the history of the churches in recent years shows to have been greatly effective in bringing into the new life those who have neglected their duty, I mention fifteen, but without deciding which, in any given case, should be placed in the front rank, when aggressive Christianity resolves to leaven any special community. All these measures may have been repeatedly blessed of God, but the proper combination of them is to be learned only through watchfulness, prayer and practical experience in each case of spiritual declension, the reversal of which may always be hopefully sought when the forces act together:

1. Neighborhood prayer-meetings—very numerous and scattered through the entire community. The faithful Christians who are the leaven of both rural and city populations are to be taught to lead such meetings as a part of their most solemn duties and privileges. Of course much secret prayer must go before these social gatherings if the leaders are to be endued with power from on high. The effectiveness of such neighborhood prayer-meetings has been tested again and again by wise pastors and evangelists. Christians in a torpid state drop their lethargy if once they can be induced to take sufficient spiritual exercise. Nothing quickens a soul more than its effort to quicken another soul. No secrets can be kept between neighbors confederated in religious work. The whole tone of a community is lifted when neighborhood prayer-meetings have quickened the consciences, and rectified the lives of those who profess to be Christians. It is of subtle importance to have each class in the community reached religiously by members of its own circle. Lawyers speak best to lawyers, merchants to merchants, mechanics to mechanics, farmers to farmers, young men to young men, young women to young women. There are several evangelists who will not undertake special religious services in any community until it has first been saturated for weeks by the Waters of Life which flow from the head-springs of that high tableland of self-surrender to God, which is reached by neighborhood prayer-meetings, even if only two or three in each are gathered together in Christ's name.

2. Union of the evangelical churches in common effort to bring out the whole community, and with utter obliteration of all merely denominational lines, while the most special efforts are made for the salvation of souls, is a measure that has often been greatly fruitful in drawing the spiritually careless into God's house. No evangelist ought to undertake to labor for a religious revival in any town without first securing such a union of the evangelical churches. There are no differences of importance in the central doctrines in Protestant evangelical denominations. Their preachable theology answers in identically the same way the question, What must I do to be saved? Of course a distinction exists between the various Protestant bodies in methods of church government, and as to some minor doctrines, but these divergences should be overlooked and submerged when the effort to reach a religiously-indifferent community is to be made successful. When Christians stand shoulder to shoulder they are seen to be stronger than non-Christians usually imagine. The churches, like a Macedonian phalanx, are invincible only when they march with shield joined to shield along the whole battle-front of their regiments.

3. Visitation from house to house by the most spiritual Christians until the entire community is reached, is a measure absolutely indispensable in either the city or the country side, if the masses are all to be brought within hearing of the Gospel. Dr. Chalmers, chiefly by this method, changed the West Port, one of the worst quarters of Edinburgh, into a community of self-supporting religious and industrial institutions. It is exceedingly important that this work should not be left wholly to pastors and city missionaries, however precious and indispensable their activities may be.

4. Preachers of a bold, sensible and defensible orthodoxy, avoiding eccentricities of both manner and matter, speaking always in the Biblical tone, and everywhere making vital religion a practical matter. No man is fit to be a preacher who is not willing to echo God. Every sermon should be a chain of unanswerable, Biblical truths, and every such chain will be chain-lightning. It is not only evident, but it is also strictly self-evident, that without deliverance from the love of sin and the guilt of it, no soul can be at peace in life or death, or beyond death in presence of infinite holiness. The necessity of this double deliverance must be taught on the basis of axiomatic certainties, both Scriptural and scientific. The New Birth and the Atonement are the only possible solutions of the problems of man's colossal spiritual necessities. It is certain, also, that all character tends to a final permanence, and that, in the very nature of things, a final permanence can come but once. Those who delay repentance long enough are sure to drift into a state, in which although freedom remains, repentance will not occur; and without repentance there can be no salvation. It is the conviction of orthodox churches that the Scriptures teach that probation is limited to this life, and this stupendous truth must be taught with Biblical emphasis, or else all preaching becomes like sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. No community can ever be religiously regenerated by a devitalized orthodoxy.

REV. JOSEPH COOK, LL.D.

5. Theological teachers of the right sort, it need not be said, are necessary to the instruction and training of preachers of the right sort. Many great theological professors like a Schleiermacher, a Tholuck, a Chalmers, or a Park, Phelps, Shedd, Hodge, have been great preachers. But it is the severe truth that some theological professors are not great preachers themselves, and so are poorly equipped for the work of preparing preachers for their duties in the churches. It is useful to know when you listen to any religious teacher what guidance he has had and reveres the most. Unless the Scriptures and the Holy Spirit palpably lead him, no matter what human masters he may have had, he ought not to be allowed to lead others. When the blind lead the blind they both, even in modern days, fall into the ditch.

6. Evangelists of the right sort achieve the best spiritual successes only in connection with aggressive churches led by preachers of the right sort. There are many types of evangelists. There has been wild-fire at different periods scattered through the churches by religious leaders who were mis-leaders. Nevertheless, it is the glory of American Protestant Christianity, that it has developed, by the Divine blessing, a series of evangelists who have been evidently crowned from high. The names of Jonathan Edwards, Nettleton, Lyman Beecher, Finney, Earle, Moody, Munhall, Mills, and of many more to say nothing of Wesley and Whitefield, sent to us from beyond seas, are held in devout honor in all churches of vitally orthodox faith. Whom God crowns, let no man try to discrown. These men are not denominationalists or sectarians in any sense, but apostles of the strategic and commanding evangelical verities. Again and again their ministrations have awakened whole communities and made even the dry bones in our modern Valleys of Vision to take on the clothing of life, stand upon their feet, and become permanently formidable regiments in the Lord's hosts.

7. Young People's Christian Endeavor is a whole constellation of stars of hope in the recent history of religiously neglected populations. A Society of world-wide activity and inestimable usefulness has suddenly sprung into existence and already effected really great results, which, however, are only the buds and promises of what ought to be, under Divine guidance, its future achievements. The work of this Society can be adjusted to the needs of both rural and urban populations. In towns of any considerable size, Young Men's Christian Associations are of incalculable value, and ought to have before them a career dazzling even their past brilliant record of usefulness.

8. Sunday Schools ought to be made to embrace the entire younger population of every community. With the International Lesson papers and the multitude of aids provided by expert writers, there ought now to be no great difficulty in securing sound instruction even in obscure schools. It ought to be considered a moral and intellectual disgrace to any family not to send its children to Sabbath School.

9. Distribution of religious literature may be made vastly effective, even in spiritually torpid populations, if accompanied by house to house visitation, and adequately thorough Sunday School instruction. The churches ought to feel it to be one of their most solemn duties to bring religious literature within reach of the whole community.

10. Philanthropic activity on the part of the churches, with sound and aggressive teaching concerning moral reforms, is indispensable to the maintenance of the spiritual ascendancy of the pulpits, not only among those who hear the voice of the living preacher, but also and especially among those who hear only its echoes. A manly courage, a resonant and incisive intonation on the part of the churches in discussing vital reforms, attracts most of the people who are not church members, and who are sure to cite any cowardice of the church in secular duties as evidence of insincerity or intellectual weakness.

11. A variety of services meeting the wants of varied classes of the population, has not been sufficiently cultivated by many churches. If a preacher now and then were to give a question-box lecture, or a prelude on current reform, or hold a gathering for social purposes preceding a preaching service on a week-day evening, the result might be spiritually remunerative, both to himself and his hearers. Services largely interspersed with music are common enough, but are not the only examples of profitable diversification of the usual routine.

12. Inquiry meetings following revival discourses are among the supreme blessings for both church members and the religiously irresolute. Most evangelists employ such meetings as the rear-guards of their entire work as preachers, but every pastor and all church members ought to know how to use effectively these crowning opportunities of spiritual warfare. It is endlessly important to address religious truth not only to the intellect, but also to the will. Church members must be instructed how to lead the unconverted to an immediate decision to accept God, or God in Christ, as both Saviour and Lord.

13. Family worship and the religious education of children day by day in their homes are necessary to the success of the church in reaching the entire circle of its own members and thus preserving in the community a diffused religious vitality through which those who are not church members may be attracted to the religious life. A dwelling without a family altar in it may be a house but can never be a home. Now that any distinctively religious instruction and even the reading of the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment, are excluded from the common schools of so many more or less misguided American Commonwealths, it is more important than ever that religious instruction of children should be undertaken by parents at the family altar and not carelessly committed to Sunday Schools, with their brief weekly opportunities.

14. To keep the Lord's Day holy is a duty of divine and perpetual obligation. The Constitution of the United States protects the President in his weekly day of rest. He has ten days, "Sundays excepted," in which to consider a Bill before giving to it or withholding from it his signature. Every working man in the Republic ought to be protected as thoroughly as is the President in his right to rest one day in seven. Encroachments on Sabbath sanctity undermine high civilization. Charles Sumner was accustomed to say: "If we would preserve our political liberties, we must sanctify as well as fortify the Republic, making it at once citadel and temple." Emerson calls Sunday "the core of civilization." Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the exceedingly significant line:

He who ordained the Sabbath loved the poor.

Overworked men naturally neglect the churches and use Sundays almost exclusively for rest. If the whole population is to be reached by regenerating religious influences, the people must be taught by both precept and example that worship as well as rest on one day in seven is divinely ordained as a universal human duty, works of necessity and mercy always excepted.

15. The Holy Spirit brooding upon the chaos of our modern life and using all truth Biblical and scientific, as a method of self-revelation, is alone competent to organize Eden or bring in the dawn of the millennial day. Only when the churches are administered by the Spirit will they be found equal to the conquest of the whole world. But when thus administered the visible church may lead the entire population to spiritual, industrial, intellectual, and political levels never yet reached in history except by small fragments of the race. The Holy Spirit in the churches and in all devout souls is the King immortal, invisible, eternal, who should be the administrator of all the affairs of humanity. To reach the whole people with vital religious influences it is necessary for the churches to transmute the whole Bible into victorious life in the Spirit.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
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WHAT DO YOU EAT?

THE adulteration of food is startling. It seems that those of us who thought we had a respectable diet have been eating and drinking things that may not be mentioned. Honest old-fashioned butter has melted and run out of the world, and instead thereof we have trichinosis in all styles served up morning, noon and night. All the ailments of the brute creation set before us in raw state, or done up in puddings and pies and gravies. The wonders and mysteries and incomprehensibilities of hotel hash eclipsed by this blissful conglomeration. Even the candies that we bring home to our children are, under chemical analysis, found to be crystallized disease. Lozenges of red-lead and sweetened death. Coffees and teas, the innocuous beverages of millions, are so depraved that we feel like saying with Charles Lamb, when an unseemly mixture was placed before him: "If this be coffee, give me tea, and if this be tea, give me coffee." Even the medicines to which we appeal in time of dire distress, through apothecarial admixture fail us, and kill when they ought to cure. Alas! for the alum in the bread, and the chalk in the milk, and the glass in the sugar, and the Venetian-red in the cocoa, and the heaven knows what in the syrup. If a man not at all bigoted, but very liberal on the subject of temperance, and of the high license persuasion, wants to imbibe some inspiration to help him fight down the fanaticism of prohibition, and he goes up to the counter and pays for supposed liquor, he swallows and smacks his lips over coculus indicus, and potash, and cochineal, and blue vitriol, and other delectables—some of these things put in the beverage to make it hot, and some to make it red, and some to make it mix, and some to counteract the fatality of others.

But what is worse, adulteration has got into religion, and the bread of life has been evilly tinctured, and the pure milk of the Word watered. Free grace is the divine provision for the human family on their repentance and faith. In our time we mix it all up. A little grace will do with a decoction of humanitarianism added, and a few grains of spiritualism, and a liberal sprinkling of worldly philosophy, and a decided coloring of art making it vermilion or ultramarine, and then we take the tongs of the altar and stir it up and stir it down, and mix it in and mix it out, until much of the [illegible] is [illegible] and death, instead of life.

[illegible] is the curse of the Church of Jesus Christ in our day. There will never be any improvement on the old Gospel. Everything added weakens its [illegible]. What the need of [illegible] Bible pharmacy in order to cure its disorders, and not the world's quackery. What it wants to feed its spiritual hunger is not the cake of human confection, which may please the taste while it gives no muscle to the spiritual character, but the strong meat of the Word and the bread of which if a man eat he shall never hunger. Away with the adulteration of food and medicine from your groceries and drug stores, and away with spiritual adulteration from the churches and theological seminaries. If we should all go back to primitive Christianity, the progress of the Gospel, which is rapid now, would be a hundredfold accelerated. We want less of these modern admixtures, less of the Gospel Darwinian, and more of the Gospel Pauline. Our modern religion has not enough backbone to stand alone. It must lean against the gate of the university, or it flops right over. The old religion could stand alone and defiant of all assailment. It made no apologies, and it offered no compromise. Unadulterated Christianity is going to save this world, and save it sooner than some of you have any idea. You know we used to say in the country when we saw certain streaks in the sky reaching up to the sun, "The sun's drawing water," and we expected rain the next day or the day after. The Sun of Righteousness has for ages been gathering up the tears of the faithful: the sun has been drawing water. What does it mean? It means showers of mercy, rain of righteousness, deluge of salvation. Oh! if only in our day the Lord would strike for the disenthrallment of this suffering human race. Oh! that with these very eyes, with which we have seen so many of the woes of the nations, we might see their redemption. Oh! if with these very ears, with which we have heard the shriek, the groan, the heart-break, the agonies of time, we might hear the jubilate of a ransomed world. Oh! if with these very hands, with which we have tried to pull along the chariot of a Saviour's conquest, we might wave the palm at the consummation. But dear and gracious Lord, let it be in thine own time, and in thine own way, and we shall be satisfied.

THE FACE OF AUDIENCES.

AN eminent lecturer declares that all audiences are about alike to him. He enters at eight o'clock the public hall, and finds a circle of humanity coiled around him just like the one he saw in some other hall on the previous night. Our experience is different. We find no two audiences alike. Each one is as different from all the others as one man's face varies from another's physiognomy. Some audiences are dull. In that village we find poor schools, or stupid churches, or unenterprising newspapers. Everything is profoundly silent save as a cough or a sneeze interrupts one. The stolidity of the assembly reacts upon the lecturer. While you are speaking you look at your watch. You begin to measure off your lecture with less interest than the merchant measures a yard of cassimere. You say to yourself, "Half through!" "Three-fourths through!" "Five minutes more and I may quit!" And you close your manuscript, shake hands with the treasurer, and go out. At another place the audience beams upon you as you enter. Everybody seems to say, "Welcome to our town! We are all waiting for you. Now do your best. If you have any wisdom of wit, fling it over this way." Your smallest joke goes off like a pack of Fourth of July fire-crackers. You are amazed to see how people take things. Your poorest lecture catches enthusiasm from the good-natured audience. You feel as if you were in your own parlor talking with a group of college chums. The hour-and-a-half seems to you only like twenty minutes, and after shaking hands with men, women and children, you are so well pleased, that the commercial part of your engagement seems most insignificant. You got your pay before you came to the peroration. Let audiences know that oft-times they are responsible for the stupidity of a speaker. The attempt to build a fire among green wood make a smoke, but no blaze.

CONGRATULATIONS.

MANY of the denominations of Christians are now in annual convocation. The toilers in the different fields are talking together of the prospects of the harvest, and counting the sheaves already garnered. So the work goes on. Infidels deride, and atheists laugh, and Satan and his cohorts applaud opposition; but Christ is to govern this round world from Arctic to Antarctic. If God could make this world in six days, I think he can make it over again in six days. It does not take a watch-maker longer to repair a watch than it took him originally to construct it. When Christ rides down for the final conquest of the nations, his chariot wheels will roll so fast you cannot count the revolutions. Let no shadow of discouragement ever cross your mind. Toil on in brightest expectation, by so much that you believe that God is true, and able to fulfil his promise, "Every valley shall be exalted; and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain; and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed; and all nations shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mrs Isaac Martin, Pittsburg, Pa. How many pastors, churches, and communicants are there in the United States at the present time, and which of the Protestant denominations has the largest following?

According to the eleventh census, there were 108,879 preachers, 142,378 churches, and 20,661,046 communicants, or about one-third of the entire population. The Methodist denomination leads the Protestant list with 4,589,284.

Jessie Denton, Leavenworth, Kan. Please explain why Japan is called "Little," when she is big enough to whip China and strong enough to defy Russia?

Japan is not quite so small as many published articles would seem to imply. Her territorial area is 147,655 square miles, which is considerably larger than that of Great Britain; she has 41,000,000 subjects — a larger number than either Italy or Britain can boast. She is only small in point of territory and population when compared with China.

H. M. T., Bethany, Neb. What were the Baptism and form of doctrine referred to in Romans 6: 3, 4, 17, 18?

Both were those that Paul preached everywhere: salvation by believing in Christ, and public confession of him by baptism. He was reminding the church at Rome that the life of the convert after his baptism should be as new a life as it would be if he had died and risen again. The whole chapter is an elaboration of the central thought of the epistle which is the power of Christian doctrine in the heart to produce righteousness of life.

F. W. O., Mooresville, Tenn. Do students of prophecy believe that the people who die without accepting Christ will have another opportunity during his millennial reign?

No; the majority believe that none of those who have died impenitent prior to his coming to establish his millennial kingdom will be alive on earth during his reign. The resurrection at his coming will be only of the righteous dead, and the general resurrection will not take place until the end of the Millennium. (See Rev. 20: 5.)

L. A. K., Elkhart, Ind. Is the use of fermented wine at the communion in accordance with the teaching of Christ?

There is no record of Christ having said anything on the subject. The broad principles he laid down, however, apply to many questions that at that time were not pressing. Concern for the welfare of others he certainly regarded as a duty. That concern at the present time may surely take into account the position of a man who was formerly a drunkard, and who may find his desire for intoxicants aroused by tasting fermented wine at communion. Sympathy with him and a desire to shield him from temptation, and save him from the pain of a struggle with his old enemy, is thus in accord with Christ's principles, and may legitimately find expression in using unfermented wine at the sacrament.

R. W. J. Vermilion Grove, Ill. 1. When were the various books of the Bible collected into one volume as we have it now? 2. Does the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews mean to 26 that a Christian rejects it he sin wilfully?

1. The collection of the books of the Old Testament was practically complete about a hundred years before Christ, but there were disputes as to whether Esther, Ecclesiastes, and Solomon's Song should be retained in the collection. Of the New Testament books, a list is in existence prepared in 180, which contains most of those now in our Testaments, and others since rejected as of doubtful authenticity. A list made in 360 is identical with ours, omitting, however, Revelation. Augustine's list in 430 enumerates the collection as we have it. No, it means that nothing more can be done for him. There could be no other sacrifice than the atonement of Jesus did not avail to save him from wilful sin, but he might still find that and find forgiveness under it if he repented.

M. E. S., Scranton, Pa. Do not the revisers of the Bible incur the penalty mentioned in Rev. . . by omitting Matt. 18: 11 and other passages?

The penalty you refer to cannot apply to the whole Bible, as the Gospel of John and probably one or more of his epistles were not written at the time the penalty was put in the Revelation. Besides, the revisers found that the passages omitted were not contained in the oldest manuscripts, but had been interpolated, so that if the penalty applied to anyone it would be to the interpolator, not to the revisers.

W. A. G., Collegne, Minn. 1. Paul describes the history of Hagar as an allegory: was it not . . . 2. What lesson did Christ intend to teach in the Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus?

1. The Revised Version renders the expression, "which things contain an allegory," and this is doubtless the correct rendering. This does not impugn the literal truth of the narrative, but uses the facts as an illustration of the lesson he is trying to teach. If a father were very severe with a grown-up son, having him as a child, and some one who knew that a rupture between the two would result went to the father and talked to him about the Revolutionary war, the father would be trying to see the point of the allegory without realizing his friend doubted the historical facts. There were several. One was that wealth and ease were not an indication of bliss hereafter. A second that a man did not make a right use of his wealth who was indifferent to the poor. A third that awful consequence would result from neglect of the teachings of God's Word.

George C. Little, Pittstown, N. J. 1. Is it true that the coin which is mentioned in Genesis as Exodus as a shekel did not exist until several hundred years after Moses was dead? . . . 2. Is it true that all intelligent theologians now believe that Moses did not write the first five books of the Bible?

1. The shekel is not referred to as a coin but as a weight. In the earliest reference (Gen. 23: 16), it is explicitly stated that the shekel of silver "were weighed." In the clay tablets of Assyria there is mention of payments of money specified by weight. The shekel doubtless existed as a recognized standard of value long before there was a coin of that name. . . . 2. Many intelligent theologians agree that Moses did not write the last chapter of Deuteronomy, which contains the story of his death. They differ as to what other parts of the five books were or were not written by him.

W. B. D., Manley, Neb. 1. In close communion churches of the Baptist denomination, are members of sister churches excluded from the communion? 2. Was it at the last supper on the night of the betrayal, or at an earlier one at Bethany, that Christ washed the disciples' feet?

1. In all the close communion churches of which we have knowledge, a visitor belonging to any other Baptist Church would be welcomed to the Lord's Table. A member of a Congregational, Presbyterian, or any other church which Baptism by immersion is not practised would be excluded. 2. The majority of Baptist scholars are now of opinion that it was at the last supper that Jesus washed the disciples' feet. The discussion has been carried on for centuries, and some still think that the supper John describes was an earlier one.

Inquirer, Shreveport, La. 1. Is the recently published account of the life of Issa, a real or pretended account of a portion of our Saviour's earthly life? 2. What are the evidences, pro and con, of his life and miracles, entirely outside of what we find in the Gospels?

1. It is not accepted as authentic by any Biblical scholars of eminence. 2. There are many distinguished writers, historians and others, who refer to him. These include Tacitus, (whose passage concerning Jesus has never been contested), Josephus, Tertullian, and Celsus; yet neither Josephus nor Celsus were Christians. Tertullian, in an address to the Jews of his own time, remarks that even they (the Jews), admitted that Christ performed miracles. Celsus, in his written attacks on Jesus, conceded the miracles, but attributed them to magic. Besides these and others who might be named, the Talmud says that Jesus performed wondrous works, but asserts that they were done by the exercise of occult power. The Toldas Jeschu, another recognized Jewish work, admits that Christ raised the dead.

Inquirer. Their origin is nowhere stated. . . . R. Jackson, Mobile, Ala. It is believed to be altogether spurious. No eminent Biblical scholar or Orientalist endorses it.——J. R. Cameron, Oakland, Cal. Each one who receives a copy of the book is expected to make three more copies and send them to other parties in turn, who do the same.——J. McCord. Yes. A copy of "Gospel Hymns" will be forwarded for $1.——Miss R. B., Mulberry, Ind. The name "Easter" is derived from the ancient Scandinavian mythological goddess, "Ostera," the goddess who was supposed to usher in the spring and the general revivifying of nature after the sleep of winter.——K. R., Sault Ste Marie, Mich. Write to Main, 736 Ninth St., New York.——Miss M. J. W. . . . Ruton, Oreg. You will find in almost all the popular collections of hymns.——Mrs. I. F. Growcock, Md. It is part of a general warning against indulgence in vanity and needless extravagance in dress.——E. M. R. You will find the assistance you need in "Helps to the Study of the Bible," which are bound up together with the International Lessons that are given as premiums to paid subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

NICARAGUA'S DIFFICULTY.

CORINTO, one of the ports on the Pacific coast of Nicaragua has suddenly sprung into international prominence during the past few weeks. The latest news we have, indicates that the difficulty which [illegible] it out of obscurity has been satisfac[illegible] solved, but for a time it seemed likely [illegible] olve a great deal of unpleasantness. [illegible]g the troubles arising out of the Mos[illegible] question, the Nicaraguan government, [illegible] standing perfectly well that England's [illegible]tle on the question was opposed to [illegible], took summary measures to over-ride [illegible]sition. Mr. Hatch, the British Vice-[illegible]l at Bluefields, together with some [illegible]y British subjects were seized and ta[illegible] Managua, the capital, where they [illegible]mprisoned. Apart from the original [illegible]ct of dispute about the Mosquito region, [illegible]as an affront which England was like[illegible]esent. Her extensive trade and her [illegible]pread colonial interests render it a ne[illegible]y that her representatives abroad [illegible]ld not be subject to personal indignity. [illegible]nand for reparation was accordingly [illegible] on Nicaragua. It finally took the [illegible] of a claim for damages which were [illegible]ssed at $75,000. The Nicaraguan gov[illegible]nt protested against the claim and [illegible]sed that it be submitted to arbitration. [illegible]nd, however, insisted that it was not [illegible] for arbitration, as there was no dis[illegible]about the facts, nor as to the treatment [illegible] Consul being a violation of interna[illegible] law. As there seemed to be no dis[illegible]on on the part of Nicaragua to yield, [illegible]e British government determined to take [illegible]ession of a Nicaraguan port and collect [illegible]e customs duties there, at the rates impos[illegible] the Nicar[illegible] govern[illegible] until a suf[illegible] sum had [illegible] received to [illegible]harge the [illegible]sh claim and [illegible]ests of col[illegible]ch. The Nic[illegible]an govern[illegible] appear to [illegible] hoped that the [illegible]nited States [illegible]ld regard [illegible] a proceed[illegible]g as a violation [illegible]e Monroe doc[illegible]ne, which [illegible]s any seiz[illegible]re of territory [illegible]e American [illegible]ntinent by a European power, an act of [illegible]sity to the United States. The hope [illegible]d vain. The Washington Govern[illegible]t had the assurance that England was [illegible]eizing territory, but merely sequestrating [illegible]e income of the Nicaraguan governme[illegible], and did not regard the case as calling [illegible]rts interference. England carried out [illegible]reat and, choosing Corinto as the port [illegible]adapted for the purpose, took possession [illegible] of the Custom House there. No opposition was offered and the occupation was [illegible]ably effected. The moral effect on the [illegible]ple, however, was injurious to the Government and after the British had been in possession a few days an undertaking was given to pay the money, the Republic of Salvador becoming security for the payment. Thereupon the British force was withdrawn and the incident closed. Several newspapers and some of our politicians have blamed our Government for not interfering to protect Nicaragua, but there seems to have been no just ground for interference, as the Monroe doctrine was not infringed. The Government certainly can claim that it followed the maxim of the wise king:

It is an honor for a man to keep aloof from strife: but every fool will be meddling. (Prov. 20: 3.)

CORINTO, THE NICARAGUAN PORT RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY THE BRITISH.

Tying to Bone.

An extraordinary malady which puzzles the physicians has prostrated a citizen of Philadelphia. The "Press" of that city says that the man has been discharged as incurable from three hospitals and now lies awaiting death. His disease is pronounced by the doctors to be "Rheumatoid Arthritis," but is commonly called ossification. It dates from one hot July day several years ago when the man went to Atlantic City for a day's holiday. He spent the afternoon in dancing and when extremely hot went into the water to get cool. He caught a severe cold, but was not alarmed until he found his limbs becoming stiff and unnaturally hard. In spite of hospital treatment, and the care of doctors who became interested in the case, the disease has increased until now his head and shoulders are the only parts of his body he can move. His limbs are contorted and insensible, and he lies motionless day and night, wearily anticipating the death which must soon end his misery. It is a most pitiable condition to retain consciousness while the greater part of the body is dead. A still more terrible condition is that far more common one in which the physical and mental natures are alive and alert, while the soul is dead.

Dead while she liveth. (1. Timothy 5: 6.)

An Unexpected Inheritance.

An announcement in the Brooklyn, N.Y., papers reads almost like romance. It states that a wealthy farmer at Holdbrook, L. I., who died a few weeks ago, has left the whole of his property to a poor tailor at Patchogue. Last year, the tailor witnessed a runaway accident. Some man was thrown out of a wagon, and was lying unconscious in the road at Patchogue. The tailor joined the crowd around the prostrate man, and as no one seemed disposed to do anything for him, the tailor had him carried to his home and cared for him until he recovered. The tailor thought lightly of his service, but the injured man was very grateful. He said he was a farmer and should bring some farm produce as a present to the man who had been kind to him. Since that time the farmer's wagon has stopped every week at the tailor's door on the way to market, and has left some small delicacy for him. The farmer, too, paid him an occasional visit, and the two became warm friends. The tailor was shocked early last month at receiving a notice of his friend's death. He was still more surprised when he was notified that the farmer had made him his heir and that he was the owner of a farm supposed to be worth many thousands of dollars. The people who were in the crowd that day of the accident doubtless thought regretfully, when they heard of the tailor's good fortune, that it might have been theirs if they had been kind to the injured man. But their regret is small compared with that which will be felt at the last day when Christ gives an eternal inheritance to those who in life succored the poor and afflicted in his name.

Then shall the King say . . . Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, etc. (Matt. 25: 34-40.)

Rescued in Mid-Ocean.

The Hamburg steamer "Albano," which arrived at New York last week, brought to this port the crew of the Norwegian bark, "Marie," who had been rescued in mid-ocean. The "Marie" took on cargo at Liverpool, and started on the voyage across the Atlantic on April 13. Progress was slow, owing to head winds. On April 22 it was discovered that the ship was leaking badly. The carpenter did his best to stop the leak, and the crew worked at the pumps. In spite of their efforts, however, the water gained on them, and after two days' unceasing labor, they gave up in despair. The forward part of the ship sank until the bulwarks were below the water. The crew went to the poop and there waited, watching eagerly for some passing steamer to rescue them. During the night the lights of a steamer were seen, and rockets were sent up from the water-logged bark to attract her attention, but she held on her course. On the following morning another steamer was sighted, but she, too, passed on, in spite of the signals of distress. Again night fell, and the crew shivering with cold and hunger, watched for help. They had a tar-barrel which they set on fire when the lights of a steamer appeared. She passed so close to the bark that the men could distinguish the colors on her funnels, but she, too, went on and left them to their fate. The crew began to despair after so many disappointments, but the next morning help came. The "Albano" bore down upon them and took them all on board. It is extraordinary that they were not rescued earlier. Probably their signals were not seen by the other steamers that passed. It would be uncharitable to conclude that the sailors saw men perishing and made no attempt to rescue them. Such inhumanity would be very shocking, and is very uncommon, though it is not at all uncommon to see Christians indifferent to the peril of people around them who are in danger of perishing eternally.

I looked on my right hand . . . . and beheld, but there was no man that would know me . . . no man cared for my soul. (Ps. 142: 4).

A CHURCH AT CORINTO.

Married by Proxy.

A remarkable wedding was solemnized at the church of St. Francis de Sales, Brooklyn, N. Y., on April 24. The bride was of Spanish descent, though born in this country. She had been engaged for some time to a Spanish gentleman who had formerly been a neighbor of her family. Some months ago he accepted an appointment as manager of a factory at Tampa, Fla. He went to his new duties, expecting to return in a few weeks and be married. The date for the wedding was fixed, but the young man found that it would be impossible to leave his business even for a day without losing his situation. He begged that the wedding might take place in his absence, and the bride's family finally consented. A power-of-attorney was duly prepared, authorizing his brother to represent him at the ceremony and make the necessary pledges on his behalf. This was signed and sworn before a notary, and forwarded to the bridegroom's brother in Brooklyn. The ceremony was performed, and the same evening the bride sailed for Florida to join her husband. It is stated that the peculiar ceremony is perfectly legal and binding. The bride showed that she considered it so by setting out promptly to join her husband. Had she remained in her old home and made no change in her life, the bridegroom would have been justified in thinking that she did not attach much importance to the ceremony. Yet we often see persons who take upon them the name of Christ, and who are received by solemn ceremonies into his church in his name, who remain in the world, and do not go to him for the blessings he can impart.

Christ loved the church . . that he might sanctify and cleanse it. (Eph. 5: 25, 26.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Certain Editorial Changes and Improvements are now in contemplation by the management of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and before making them, we would like to ascertain the views of our friends on the following questions, and we invite all who are interested to answer on postal cards as soon as convenient: 1. Which of the various Departments that usually appear in the paper: The Sermons, the Editorial page, the Serial Story, the Home Circle, the Sunday School Lesson, THE MAIL-BAG, The Bible and Newspaper, or the Church Societies' page—do you turn to and read first, and which do you find most interesting? 2. Do the members of your own family give preference to the same Departments, or to some other, and if so, which Department? Address all postals on the subject to Editorial Department, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

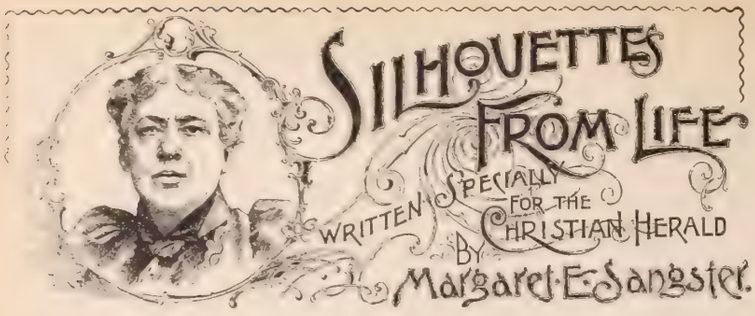
"Le Signal," the only French Protestant daily journal, has now attained a year of existence, and is steadily gaining support among the French Protestant population.

The American Sunday School Union Celebrated its seventy-first anniversary on May 12 in Brooklyn, N. Y. The services were held in the Flatbush Reformed Church. Besides Dr. J. M. Crowell and other officers of the Union, Morris K. Jessup, Esq., Dr. Rhoades, Dr. Welles and other speakers of various denominations delivered addresses.

Evangelistic Sevices are Being Help through this month in the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn: Outdoor Services of Song and Testi are held every evening in front of the Church, followed at eight o'clock by an indoor service. Mr. F. H. Jacobs, of Chicago, has charge of the music, and Miss Bessie B. Tyson, of Washington, conducts the children's services.

The American Female Guardian Society celebrated its sixty-first anniversary on Wednesday, May 8. The Society's building, 29 East Twenty-ninth St., New York, was the scene of rejoicing all day and the friends and patrons received a cordial welcome from the managers. Miss Grace H. Dodge and other well-known philanthropists took part in the exercises. During the past year 376 children have been sheltered in the institution.

Pastors are reminded that on June 2, which is Whitsunday, the Subject of Christian Unity will be discussed in many pulpits here and in England. On February 11th, at a meeting in Chicago of four hundred ministers of various denominations, a resolution was passed, unanimously recommending the suggestion to all ministers to devote Whitsunday of every year to the promotion of unity among Christians of the evangelical denominations.



The Lord Will Provide.

THERE was nothing in the house but bread and molasses. Mother set it on the table, and made a cup of tea for Ben before he went to the office. Ben's luncheon was nothing but dry bread. It had taken the last cent mother and son could scrape together to pay the rent, for rent must be paid, even if you go without fire, clothes and food.

All mother's things that she cared for, the little carved clock with the cuckoo, her pretty white shawl with the gray embroidered border, her silver spoons, the portrait of her father the Colonel, in his uniform with the red sash and the sword, had gone to the pawnbroker's long ago. There were four children besides Ben, and father was dead. Mother had been very happy and comfortable when father was alive. Ben was big enough to remember it, but father was dead now, and mother took in shirts to make, and nobody could help her except Ben.

Little Ben, with his pale thin face and great sorrowful eyes, his legs too long for trousers and sleeves too short for his arms, had at last gotten a situation in an office. He had to work hard, and run all day, but he didn't care so long as he could help mother. He had two dollars a week, and he expected to have his wages raised in six months. Then he would bring home three dollars every Saturday night, please God.

It came quite natural to Ben to say "please God," for mother said it often. This morning when her little lad stepped out into the cold, with no overcoat, and only bread and molasses for his breakfast, she said cheerily,

"Don't fret, my boy. The Lord will provide!"

That day it happened that the head of the firm wanted a message taken, in a great hurry, just at noon, and strangely enough, there was not a boy about but Ben. Mr. J—— sent Ben, was pleased with his prompt, business-like manner, and his respectful obedience, and then noticed how wretchedly the little fellow was dressed. He sent for the head of the department.

"That boy, Benny, what do you know of him?"

"Nice little chap," said the man addressed. "Son of a lawyer, who died several years ago; good man, but had no knack of getting on. The mother has had a hard time. But she's good, a lady. The boy is well brought up."

"He's about the size of my Willie," said the merchant, musingly.

That afternoon the merchant's wife received a telegram from her husband. "Send at once a whole warm suit of Will's clothes, everything except overcoat and shoes. I want them here by five o'clock."

A clothier that afternoon received an order for a thick, well-made top-coat to fit a boy of thirteen, and the packages arriving at the store, were given to the merchant, who gleefully placed them in his private office.

At half-past five, Benny was called for. "Mr. J—— wishes to see you at once," was the order. Ben went to the door of the sanctum ready for errand or service, and was greeted by his employer thus:

"Benjamin, I am going to leave you here, and you are to stay till the other boys have gone home. In the meantime, here are a suit of clothes and an overcoat. They do not fit me, but I fancy they are about your size, and you must try them on."

It was a very proud and light-hearted boy who rushed home that evening, all clad from top to toe, in warm, serviceable things, with a splendid, thick overcoat, and three crisp one-dollar bills in the pocket, for "shoes" the good Mr. J—— had said.

But when he reached the home in the fourth floor back, he hardly knew it. Supper was on the table; a steak! and baked potatoes! and coffee! His mother was moving briskly about. The children were playing beside a bright fire, which crackled merrily in the stove.

The picture of his grandfather, the Colonel, was hanging in its old place over the mantel, and the cuckoo clock was just below it.

"Mother! Mother! Mother!" shouted Ben. "See my new suit! But what has happened here?"

"The Lord has provided, my son," said his mother.

Then came her explanation:

An artist, looking for a second-hand sword as a property to adorn his studio, had visited that day the pawnbroker's shop on Ben's corner.

The first thing his eyes espied was the Colonel's picture. In great surprise he demanded where it had come from.

"Great Scott! —my old Colonel! God bless him! Why, I went through the Wilderness with that brave fellow, and I loved him like a father! How came his portrait here?"

The story was soon told, and the artist, learning that his old Colonel's daughter lived near by, and was in deep poverty, went to see her and introduced himself as one of her father's old soldiers. In an hour, the pawn-shop had rendered up its booty to the last article, groceries had come and coal, and the tables had turned for that family.

The relief of the moment was succeeded by substantial benefits. Ben was promoted step by step. Ben's mother gave up her shirt-making, and was employed at living wages to sew for several well-to-do families. "Please God," she said to Ben, "we will never distrust him. He is bound to take care of his children, even if he has to work miracles to do it." And her clear voice rose tunefully in the hymn she had always loved:

[illegible]

THE FINAL WORDS.

In preaching the funeral sermon of Dr. R. W. Dale, whose portrait was published in this journal on March 27, Dr. Fairbairn mentioned a significant fact. He said that the lamented preacher, whose life was one of singular purity and lofty principle, was preparing a sermon when he was seized with his last illness. He was interrupted in writing it, and laid down his pen with little thought that he would never take it in his hand again. The sheet of paper was found on his desk after his death. It contained these words:

"Unworldliness does not consist in the most rigid and conscientious observance of any external rules of conduct; but in the spirit and temper and in the habit of living created by the vision of God, by constant fellowship with him, by a personal and vivid experience of the greatness of the Christian Redemption, and the settled purpose to do and to will all that God wills, always, in all things, and at all costs, and by the power of a great hope, the full assurance that, after our mortal years are spent, there is a larger, fuller, richer loftier life in——"

The sentence was unfinished. In telling his congregation what were the last words their pastor wrote, Dr. Fairbairn said: "There it ends—'in'—the ineffable, the unspeakable. Shall we say—'in the bosom of God' where now he dwells?"

MISS ELLA EWING, THE CHRISTIAN GIANTESS, AND HER MOTHER.

LOWLY SERVICE.

O MASTER, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me thy patience! still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

A Converted Giantess.

Our Sunday School Missionary Wri of his Meeting with Miss Ella Ewi over Eight Feet Tall.

OONE CO., M April 29. T divers opp tunities spreading t Gospel in n sionary wo will appear, part, in the lowing na tive of rec Sunday Sc and missionary work: Having occasio visit the city of Columbia, Mo., for a days, I taught a Sunday School clas young ladies, most of whom were stude in the Baptist Female College, after wh I addressed the Baptist Sunday Sch From the Baptist Church I went to Presbyterian, where I made a brief addr on this missionary work. About 3 P. I attended a mission service a short tance in the country, where Rev. T. Sharp, my cousin by blood, and my so the Gospel, preached, and I distribu tracts and conversed with a number of sons in reference to their spiritual welf At night I preached in the city at the M Church, South. On Monday night, at Baptist Church, I addressed the Yo People's Meeting on the preservation, p ty, and historic transmission of the Testament.

A few nights later, I gave a Bi reading at the M. E. Church, South. "The Evidences of Conversion." Fr Columbia I went to Centralia, wher preached on Friday night in the Chris Church, on "The Evidences of Christ ity," which I deem very important, on count of the spread of infidelity. Next d I went to the neighborhood of a cour church in Audrain county, where I pre ed on Sunday. I arrived at home on M day evening, and went on Wednesday Gorin, Scotland county, where the Ki ville Presbytery of the Cumberland P byterian Church was in session, and night preached on the topic, "Experime Religion." On Friday afternoon I dressed the Young People's Society Christian Endeavor. That night hav listened to an able discourse, I follo with a few words of exhortation. F persons rose for prayer and instruction.

After I had preached the next nigh went into the country a few miles to b an appointment to organize a Sun School, at a school house on Sunday m ing. The attendance was good at the t appointed, and I organized Cedar Gr Sunday School, and in answer to the q tion, "How many would promise to r me in heaven?" most of them raised t hands.

I had an appointment in the afterno about six miles distant, to re-organiz Price school house. The rain ceased time for a fair attendance of parents children at the school house. Some c in after I had begun my address, am them a young lady who had to stoop siderably to enter through the door. I knew she must be the famous giant Miss Ella Ewing. She was raised in district. I had heard much of her g height from friends, but was not prep to see such a wonderful person. She passed my expectations. She entered he ily into the Sunday School organizat At the close of the services I obtained interview with her. She is intelligent, refined manners, and best of all, she Christian, having been converted al four years ago. She told me, in answe my question that her height is eight and two inches, and I think no one st ing in her presence could doubt it. weight is said to be about 287 pounds; her shoe, I am told, is near seventeen i es long, her hands correspond with general appearance, and she is fairly proportioned, neither slender nor excess ly corpulent. She is very much estee in her community, and stands well in estimation of all who see her. Wit doubt, that Sunday School has the ta scholar in the United States. The he of her father, I judge to be about six and her mother's height very little ab the average.

I am now on an extended tour in the portion of Boone county.

GEO. W. SHAR

Christian Herald Missionary of the Am. S. S. U

NEW BOOKS.

THE NATIONAL COINAGE.*

COINAGE is the exercise of one of the highest functions of a sovereign power. It cannot be exercised by any one of the States, nor by any private individual or corporation; and any semblance of imitating the coinage of precious metals used for money, or printed notes or bonds of the United States, is strictly prohibited under the most severe penalties. At all mints of the United States, the precious metals used as a circulating medium are coined into money, stamped with the devices and insignia of the Nation's sovereignty, as the Secretary of the Treasury, under the authority of Congress, may direct. At the mints are established assay offices, in with the true value and fineness of metals used for coinage are determined. Any person may bring to the mints any quantity of gold or silver, and upon the payment of a small sum for the expense of coinage, receive it back in the form of coin ready for circulation.

When the assayer of a mint has determined the true value of the precious metals so deposited, he issues to the depositor a certificate of the value of the deposit, and on that certificate the chief officer of the mint will pay to the holder thereof the sum of money for which it calls. These certificates may be used in the transaction of commercial business, and they answer the purpose of checks, notes, or treasury warrants.

Another function of the mints and assay offices is to melt gold and silver and run the metal into bars or ingots, and to stamp on each bar or ingot the true value thereof, according to the United States standard.

For the convenience of the people, assay offices are established in several cities where there are no mints. At these offices, gold and silver bullion and foreign coins are received, melted, refined, and cast into bars or ingots, and the true value thereof is stamped thereon, the depositor paying a fee for the work so done.

Or, the depositor may have foreign coins, or gold and silver bullion, cast into coins of the United States, as before provided, after the assay office has ascertained the true value thereof.

Seigniorage is a percentage upon bullion brought to the mint to be coined or to be exchanged for coin. It is the amount claimed by the Government for the exercise of its exclusive right to coin the metal, and it represents the difference between the intrinsic value of a mass of gold or silver bullion and the face value of the coins that the Government may make from the mass.

* *The Coinage: How the Republic is Governed*, by Noah Brooks. pp. 166; price $1.00, with binding. Charles Scribners' Sons, N. Y., publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Three in Japan, by Henry T. Finck; illustrated. A delightful record of travel and observation in the Mikado's realm. Cloth covers, pp. 257; price $1.75. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

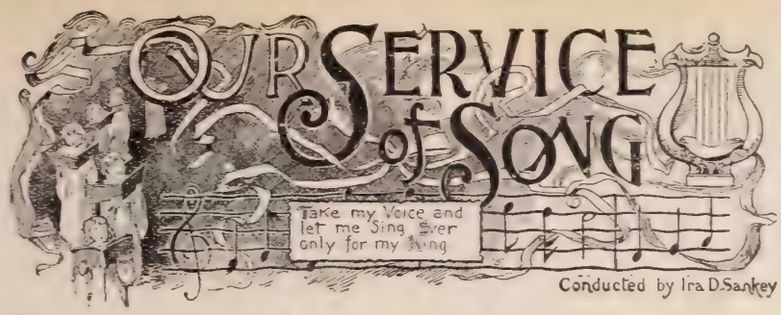
Faith and Works, the Principles of Political Economy in their application to the present problems of labor, law, and the liquor traffic, by Alphonso A. Hopkins, Ph.D. Pp. 274; cloth binding; price $1.00. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, London, and Toronto, publishers.

Spurgeon's Gems, an earnest word with the sinner who are seeking salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ, by the late C. H. Spurgeon. Paper covers; pp. 128; price 25 cents. Bible Institute Colportage Association, Chicago, publishers.

Around the World; Entertaining and Instructive Incidents of Travel from many authors. 256 pp.; paper covers; 50 cents. Prepared and published by Rev. A. C. Orwig, Cleveland, O.

New Era of Song, a collection of hymns and tunes for church and other services, edited by I. B. Fisher. Pp. 192; board covers, price 35c. Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa., publishers.

"Behold He Goeth Before You" a Legend of the Risen Lord, by May Field McKean; a charming volume of verse, founded on one of the many beautiful legends current in the Holy Land. Pp. 155; price 75 cents; cloth and silver covers. Jas. H. Earle, Boston, publisher.



I AM REDEEMED.

"FEAR NOT FOR I HAVE REDEEMED THEE."—*Isa. 43: 1.*

JULIA STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I am re - deemed, O praise the Lord; My soul, from bond - age free,
2. I looked, and lo! from Cal - vary's Cross A heal - ing fount-ain streamed;
3. The debt is paid, my soul is free, And by His might - y pow'r,
4. All glo - ry be to Je - sus' name, I know that He is mine,
5. And when I reach that world more bright Than mor - tal ev - er dreamed,
Has found at last a rest - ing - place In Him who died for me.
It cleansed my heart, and now I sing, Praise God, I am re - deemed.
The blood that washed my sins a - way Still cleans - eth ev - ery hour.
For on my heart the Spir - it seals His pledge of love di - vine.
I'll cast my crown at Je - sus' feet, And cry, "Re-deemed, re-deemed."
CHORUS.
I am re - deemed, ... I am re-deemed, ... I'll sing it o'er and
I am redeemed, I am redeemed,
o'er; I am re - deemed, ... O praise the Lord· Re-deemed for ev - er - more.
I am redeemed,

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From "GOSPEL CHOIR" No. 2, by permission of the publishers.

AT MY CALL.*

ERE I lay me down the burden
That my soul on earth hath worn.
Let me feel before departing,
That my tree of life hath borne
Fruitage that shall ever onward
Move mankind along the road.
Toward the haven of the blessed.
Toward the City of my God.

Let some word that I have spoken
Or some act performed by me,
Sound aloud thro' coming ages
Making captive souls more free;
Not to bring me earthly glory
Nor to bring me empty fame.
But to prove the mighty power
In a risen Saviour's name.

Let my work be all completed
When the summons comes to go:
Let there be no cause for weeping.
Let there be no sound of woe.
When the spirit from my Father
Beckons me from duty done,
To appear at his tribunal.
And receive the crown that's won.

* From *Our Profession and other Poems*, by Jared Barhite, Grammar School Principal, Long Island City. A pleasant little volume of verse, abounding in delicate descriptive touches and treating many topics. Cloth binding; pp. 252; price $1.25. William E. Barhite, Long Island City, New York, publ'r.

THE LATTER DAYS.

Reasons for Believing that Unfulfilled Prophecies are Becoming Exhausted.

BY REV. TALBOT GREAVES.

ONE great difficulty meets us on the threshold of this most interesting subject—the actual period of time intended by the terms, "the last days," "the latter day," "the end of days," or the more simple and solemn "the end." The Scriptures abound in predictions of the signs of this period, and it is only by a careful examination of the context that we can fix the exact period intended. We are prepared to expect that the predictions should be more or less descriptive of the whole period, so that there has never been a century since Christ came when students of prophecy have not seen the predicted signs of the close of the dispensation gathering round. For centuries there have been early developments of most of those features which we now regard as signs of the approaching end of the age, such as Romanism, Infidelity and Lawlessness. But the number of predictions unfulfilled is becoming very small indeed, this seeming exhaustion alike of prophecy and the resources of the future, proclaims most conclusively the nearness of the end. The world of science seems almost to have reached its limit of discovery. How much further can it penetrate beyond electricity, beyond magnetism, and beyond chemical affinity, the telephone, the telegraph, photography, and the wonders of light? Does it not seem that the human mind must soon reach its boundary line, "and then shall the end come."

There are predictions which are now being fulfilled for the first time: such for instance as those which foretell the decay of the temporal power of the Papacy and of Mohammedanism, the rapid diffusion of knowledge, the very methods of which seem given in Daniel 12: 4; the extension of missions, the startling vividness with which Peter's prophecy classifies the peculiar features of modern scepticism, giving as its very argument the words "Where is the sign?" drawn from the stability of nature, the wide-spread defection from the truth among religious professors, and teaching so subtle that the Lord declares that if it were possible it should deceive the very elect. Such teaching is going on all around us, not in this communion and in that, but in every section of the visible Church. While there is much ground for congratulation in the character of the times in which we live, with many changes which are for the better and not for the worse, while there is an unwise propensity to magnify the evils of the present and the benefits of the past, a deeper insight beneath the gilded surface discloses elements of action and mischief which may well create very grave misgivings.

The shadows of coming peril are portentous and imminent. Eighteen centuries have passed since, looking forward from his days to the last days of the Church, Paul gave the expressive warning that the time through which they had to pass would be stormy and full of danger to their faith, stability, and comfort. "Know this," said the Apostle, and we must know. It is not enough to be assured of safety in Christ. We must know our position, duty, difficulties, and prospects as to the Church and the World, the dangers against which we are called to watch, the conflicts which lie before us, and like the tribe of Issachar we must understand the times and know what Israel ought to do. In conclusion let us look to Christ's coming as the hope of the Church the purity and stability of which are threatened by the progress of infidelity, Romanism, and the vice, corruption, and lawlessness of the age. We wait for him as our deliverer from all evil.

CHRIST'S CROSS, MY CROSS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing May 25. Mark 8: 34-38.

NO attempt was ever made by Christ to conceal or minimize the difficulties of the Christian life. The idea of cross-bearing he presented again and again under different figures. He seldom descended to details, but occupied himself with broad principles of general application. That is why the teaching of One who lived in an Oriental land eighteen centuries ago, is the guide of our lives in a land and a time and in social conditions so strongly contrasted with those with which he was familiar. He knew men, understood them by divine intuition, and spoke the truths which every man, whatever his race or station, could take into his own life and use for his own development. Once, indeed, he did give practical application of his teaching, instead of leaving the inquirer to apply it for himself. A man who was not far from the kingdom of God, yet did not know how to get into it, came to him with his questions. Jesus let him state his position and describe what he had already accomplished, and then, seeing that he needed definite guidance, told him that the next step in his case was to give up all he possessed. That was the cross in his case. If every man went to Jesus on the same errand, the answer might and probably would be different in almost every case. There are some wealthy men who would not be required to get rid of their wealth. They do not hold it very dear, and would be quite willing to be poor. They would be required to give up something that is more precious to them than riches. "Let him deny himself and take up his cross," is the order of development. Whatever hinders the spirit in rising, whatever the nature of the chain that holds it down to the worldly and physical life, is to be cast off. In the nature of things, doing so must entail suffering. The thing that binds the spirit down must be very strong, must be woven of the very fibres of our being, otherwise it could not hold the spirit captive. And thus it is like cutting to the very heart to give it up. "This thing is not wrong, and I am very fond of it, why should I give it up?" the aspirant may ask. The reply must be, "No, it is not wrong, and you may keep it without sin, but if you want to be a man, to be Christ-like, to rise to the full possibility of your being, you can do so only by giving it up." The rising out of the human into the divine, which is the supreme privilege offered to the sons of men, is to be attained only by severing the bonds that hold us to the human. Jesus showed the way by dying on the cross. "I lay down my life, no man taketh it from me," he said proudly in view of that sublime act. By his death he served the race to the end of time. In ever-increasing numbers in every generation his death is drawing men upward. The individual, whether he be moral or vicious, educated or ignorant, rich or poor, if the spiritual be not dead in him, cannot come near Calvary [illegible] The filth and the slime and the sensualism and selfishness of our lives slough off in the presence of the Cross, and we rise to a higher level. Some, indeed, fall back, but there are others who struggle on upward, inspired, nerved, and strengthened by the wondrous spectacle. They are the men who are being changed into his image, and will one day be like him, seeing him as he is.

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INDIAN DAUGHTERS OF THE KING.

Every one has heard of the good work that is being done for the Indians in the great school at Carlisle, Pa., but probably few know how much the Order of King's Daughters is doing quietly and unostentatiously among the Indian girls in the school. We are indebted to "The Silver Cross" for a photograph of one Circle in the school and for the portrait of a Sioux girl who is President of another Circle, both of which are reproduced on this page. It appears that about three-fourths of the girls now in the Carlisle school are organized for active work into Circles of King's Daughters. The work of the Order has a peculiar charm for them. The simplicity of its obligations, the modesty of its purpose, its creed, that it is better to be than to do, all find a ready response in the timid but honest nature of our Indian sister. Thus many are won for the Master's cause who would hesitate to make a public profession of a more formal nature. A case in point was reported a few months ago. A Chippewa girl who knew but little English, applied for membership in one of the Circles. She was known to be a thoroughly good girl, and had been asked only a little while before if she did not feel the time had come for her to connect with some church; but after attending a series of preparatory meetings she decided that she would defer the matter still a little longer. When asked, "Why do you desire to be known as The King's Daughter?" she replied, "Oh, I can know what you talk about like Jesus, just one kind father or brother, but that man preach, I don't understand." The girl knew what it meant to love and trust Christ, but she failed to catch all that was implied in the theological system taught from the pulpit. After all, the Order is doing the better work if it is leading the Indian girls to strive to be like Jesus. It is more important that they should follow him in their hearts and lives than that they should become profound theologians.

INDIAN KING'S DAUGHTERS IN THE SCHOOL AT CARLISLE PA.—WHATSOEVER CIRCLE.

From a photograph by courtesy of "The Silver Cross."

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The secretary's report at Michigan's ninth convention of Christian Endeavor Societies showed that the State has now more than 1,000 societies, the Congregationalists leading the other eighteen denominations represented.

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A Young Men's Christian Association for the young men among the lepers of Molokai has been organized by the Hawaiian branches. A building has been erected, and a paid secretary, himself a leper, is in charge. The membership, nearly 100, is made up of lepers entirely.

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The sixth anniversary of the organization of the Epworth League was celebrated Sunday, May 12. An excellent programme, arranged by Rev. Edwin A. Schell, D.D., general secretary of the Epworth League was issued for general use at the celebration.

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The Christian Endeavor Society is making progress in the Dark Continent. The Society at Muhlenberg in Liberia has been the means of the formation of five others, which have done valuable missionary work. The societies in South Africa have formed a union, of which the well-known author, Rev. Andrew Murray, is president.

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New York Christian Endeavorers have agreed to become responsible for conducting the Fulton Street noonday prayer meeting each Wednesday, and Endeavorers that may visit the city are especially invited to attend. A similar plan is under consideration in connection with the Philadelphia noonday meetings.

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In reply to criticisms of the decision of the English Union of Young Men's Christian Associations on the subject of excluding billiards from the amusement rooms, Mr. Hind Smith has made a vigorous address. He took the ground that billiards was a most undesirable form of recreation, because of the facilities it offered for the introduction of an element which distinctly dangerous. Members should not, he thought, take up amusements which, although pleasing and safe to themselves, might be harmful to others.

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Miss Reynolds, Secretary of the World's Y. W. C. A., has started on a tour around the world. She goes first to Cape Tow thence to Hobart Town, Tasmania, whe a tour will be made of the leading centres

THE SIOUX LEADER OF SUNSHINE CIRC

the Australasian Colonies. A Pan-A tralian meeting will be held at Melbour

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REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Pr Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer offered last Sunday in accordance with the quests of the following persons, who also the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of re and friends. The follow for prayers for their so Father," Brooklyn, N. Y.; West Liberty, Iowa; H. F. Mary J. C., Brevard, N. C Mother and Wife," Newl N.Y.; "A Mother who want Children to serve God," lottesville, Va.; M. E. M., sylvania, who asks prayers for a widowed daughter Christian Mother," Ham N.Y.; "A Mother," Genese Y.; G.S.B., Elkneck, Md.; S. Clearview, Pa.——Prayer the conversion of their hu are asked by R.S.F.; "A Si and "A Sister," Asbury Par J.——Prayer that all her fa may be converted is aske Dora E. J.——A Christian whose family have been C tians for three generations begs for prayers that hu band may be converted "One who believes," &c., fo young men, for whose c sion prayer has been o daily for years.——Re Chester, Vt., for the conv of a young man who has his situation throug betting.——Rosa, New Castle for the conversion of her fa ——M. H. L., Danville, Ill., girl who is dying of consu tion, and does not know C ——M. W. S., Evanston, Ill. a sister and her family m saved.——Reader, Mich., fo conversion of a near and relative.——"A believer i efficacy of united prayer," ens, Ga., for a dear friend has abandoned his faith

For restoration to health. L., who has been unable to for several years.——" Name," Richmond, Tex "Constant Reader," Clay Pa.——"Reader," Ransom N.Y., for a Christian young now suffering with a chronic disease.——K. M umbus, Ill., whose work for Christ is hindered by ness.——M.A.B., County Centre, Ia., whose daug is suffering from nervous trouble.——M. C. Bell Pa., whose mother is paralyzed.——A.N.S., Phil the widow of a minister that her reason now t ened may not be lost.——"Reader," W. Fredon for a sick son.——F.L.G., N. Fairfield, Me., for daughter who needs physical and spiritual hea

For deliverance from various trials. "Rea Newmarket, Canada, who is without money without friends, and neglected by her husband God would show mercy to her in his own way "Wife," Canada, in straitened circumstances God would give grace to trust him fully in a tion of peculiar hardship, and that dishonest bors may be brought to see the wickedness of acts.——"An Aged Mother," etc., Connecticut, for removal of an obstacle to the prosperity of a ch ——"An aged Widow," Madisonville, O., who lost her home, that God would provide for her "Subscriber," Hitchcock, Ark., who desires to true Christian for God's grace, for the conversi her husband and the revival of the Church "American," Louisville, Ky., for strength knowledge in trial.——O. H. P. S., Brockville, for strength and courage in Christian service who needs both.——"S. S. Superintendent," I Ia., for the qualifications necessary to the eff discharge of his duties.——"A Young Woman" has wandered from God, but earnestly desire forgiveness.

From *A Young Girl*, Langdon, N. D., who Christian, but is surrounded by strong temptati that she may be kept from the evil.

Indian Mothers.

Their Love of Home and Children — Sioux Life on the Western Prairies.

CLOSER contact with our Indian brothers and sisters, and more especially in the line of missionary and educational work, has disclosed many good qualities which they were not heretofore believed to possess. As a race. Indians are taciturn and undemonstrative, and this equally in the case of both the male and the female warlike traits. Yet, although is very far from being unknown among them, even among the Sioux, whose antagonism to the whites has been more persistent than that of many other tribes, the domestic tie is strong and mothers are loving and indulgent toward offspring, and quite as careful of them in their own rude and semi-barbarous way as their white sisters could possibly be. Should a member of a lodge become sick and the tribal doctor treat him without result, some one of the household will silently wrap his blanket around him and, realizing that earthly aid is unavailing, will steal away to some lonely mountain side and there with fasting and imploration call upon the Great Spirit, who is the mysterious unknown God of the red man, to restore the sick one to health.

When death visits a lodge, the sorrow of the Indian father and mother is as keen as human lips can express and human heart can feel. The wailing of a mother over her dead is described by Mrs. Frances Chamberlain Holley, who lived for several years among the Dakota Sioux, as "sounds once heard, never to be forgotten;" and as recalling the Scriptural picture of Rachel weeping for her children. "Me choonkshee! Me choonkshee! (My daughter, my daughter!" she mourns, "alas, alas, my comfort has departed, my heart is very sad. My joys is turned to sorrow, and my song is weeping. Shall I never behold thy sunny face? Shall I never hear the music of thy voice? The Great Spirit has entered my lodge in anger, and taken thee from me, my child. I am comfortless and must wail out my grief. Me choonkshee! me choonkshee! The light of my eyes is extinguished, all is dark. I have cast from me all comfortable clothing, and robed myself in rags, for no clothing, no fire can warm thee, my daughter. Unwashed and uncombed I will mourn for thee whose long locks I can never more braid: whose cheeks I can never again tinge with vermilion. I will cast off my tangled hair, for my grief is great, Me choonkshee! me choonkshee!"

The Dakotas have a beautiful saying that a mother is "with her children whenever they think of her," and that whenever anything of importance happens to the child, the mother feels it simultaneously in her own breast.

On the father's side, all his brothers are called "fathers" to his children, and his brothers' children he calls his children in turn. Similarly, the mother's sisters are all "mothers" to her little brood. In this kindly sort of relationship the various families that constitute a lodge (or group of tepees like those shown in the illustration), live together in bonds of closest friendship and mutual dependence. A half-dozen portable tents, with the most primitive outfit of domestic utensils, a sufficiency of blankets, perhaps a dozen or more hardy ponies, and the weapons of the chase, constitute the total wealth of the lodge. The "Medicine Man," or native doctor, is also chief adviser, priest and wizard combined; yet, apart from the gross charlatanism of their pretensions, these men very often possess real skill in the application of herbs and simples in cases of sickness.

One of the most remarkable of the multitude of legends preserved among the Dakota Sioux would seem to point to the knowledge of a Saviour long before the story of the Cross is usually supposed to have been brought across the Atlantic to the Western World by the white men. According to this legend, a man came from God among their people nine hundred years ago. He wore a "scalp-coat" of deer skin. After his arrival, he told the people that the Son of God had died upon a cross, that his blood had been shed, and that if they desired to live forever, they must also submit to blood-shedding in their own persons. He constructed a wooden cross, and in obedience to his instructions, they gathered around it every year to worship by song and prayer and dancing. And thus it may be that, in the passage of the generations, the glimpse of the divine truth which they originally obtained from some devout trader or teacher, has gradually become perverted until the modern Indian "sun-dance," with its excitements, its torturings, and flesh-cuttings and blood-letting, and other barbarous accompaniments is the result. What was, at some remote period, a purely religious act, has become a meaningless heathen rite

There are no brighter pupils at the Hampton Training Institute than the youths of the Sioux nation. Some have already been educated, and have returned to their own race to teach the Gospel and the arts of civilization to their brothers and sisters.

A PRAIRIE HOME OR ENCAMPMENT OF SIOUX INDIANS.

Woman's Sympathy.

"A woman's whole life is a history of the affections," wrote Washington Irving. "The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire: it is there her ambition seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure: she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is bankruptcy of the heart."

Spare the Birds.

A CHRISTIAN HERALD reader, in Lafayette, Ind., writes: "I thank you for the noble stand you have taken in defense of bird-life, or against the slaughter of the innocents. The horticulturist of to-day finds it exceedingly difficult to raise plums or smooth apples and pears for the want of restraint by parents to spare the life of the insect-eating birds, killed wantonly by thoughtless boys to indulge a wicked inclination. I am devoting a considerable part of my life to raising small and large fruit, and find it necessary to study daily, and sometimes far into the night, what poisonous mixtures to prepare for spraying purposes to save plums, pears, and apples, from the ravages of insects, formerly kept in check by insect-eating birds.

"There is another side to this wanton killing of birds. Living in the suburbs of Lafayette, I miss the glad songs and warbling of the feathered tribe; the song of the robin, which some good poet has so feelingly described:

A song of happy praise,
To usher in the morning,
A voice of life to raise
Joy to the sleeping,
Though shadows fall upon our road
While [illegible] sings
And disappointment lays its heavy load,
The robin sings.
[illegible]
The [illegible] willings its homeward flight,
Mountains [illegible] darkness [illegible]
The robin sings.

EXERCISES FOR CHILDREN.

"SOUND mind in sound body" is a saying which every mother ought to bear in mind, and she should strive to accustom her little folks to such simple physical exercises as are calculated to aid development and secure health and gracefulness. Emile Heyne, in "Home and Country," gives some very simple and agreeable suggestions for juvenile exercises, of which these are the most practical:

First, stand erect; raise the extended arms straight out from the sides until they are on a level with the shoulders, then lower them again. But do not swing the arms up, or drop them, but make the motion one of distinct raising and lowering.

Second, when the arms are extended from the sides on a level with the shoulders, bring them — still extended — in front of you until the hands touch. Both of these exercises should be continued until the muscles feel tired. Keep count, and you will note how you can increase them from day to day without any increase of weariness. The two exercises mentioned strengthen the muscles of the shoulders and back.

Third, stand erect and rigid, about two feet from the wall; place hands against the wall, on a level with the shoulders. Then, without changing the position of your feet or relaxing the rigidity of your body, incline your body towards the wall by flexing the arms, until your forehead touches; push yourself back to the first position. This is a good developer of the triceps, pectoral and chest muscles generally. After the pupil is strong enough, let him lie flat on the floor, and raise and lower his body by means of his arms, placed on a level with the shoulders.

The muscles of the thigh should be developed by raising the extended legs either in front of you, or to the side, according to the set of muscles to be developed. The calf-muscles are best trained by raising on tiptoe and slowly sinking to the heel again. The muscles of the forearm are greatly increased by simply opening and closing the hands, with arms extended. Slow stooping and straightening up again exercises, strengthen the back.

These are the principal exercises, which —among others equally as simple—should be practised daily from childhood. The results, when coupled with fresh air, healthful diet and healthy surroundings, will be a strong body, a clear brain, and a happy disposition.

False Economy

Is practised by people who buy inferior grades of milk. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Send for the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

ALICE MAPLETON'S ORDEAL

A STORY OF NOBLE FORTITUDE UNDER TRIAL.

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by E. CARSWELL.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Trial.

THE police court was crowded. Several private carriages had stopped at its door, a very unusual thing. Mr. Jackson, when he entered with his brother, the lawyer, was greatly surprised at the size and respectability of the crowd.

"There must be some important case on this morning," said Mr. Jackson. "I am sorry that I let this thing go so far, but somehow I've been muddled in my calculations; they have rushed the thing faster and farther than I intended, and I have had no chance to come to the rescue, as I had laid out to do do."

"It is much better as it is," said the brother. "Nothing but a heroic dose would bring her to her senses. We have such a strong case that we can convict in a few minutes. We can secure a pardon afterward. She will agree to anything rather than go to prison. You will have to marry her. We shall not be safe until she is your wife."

"What in thunder have they brought Louie and Nettie here for?" said Mr. Jackson, as he caught sight of them with the Wilson party on the other side of the room. "I told Mrs. Wilson that she only would be wanted. And look at that white-headed old fellow; he is Mapleton's old lawyer. What the mischief is he here for?"

"Nothing to do with our case, you may make your mind easy on that; but I hope the old fool may not recognize the name, and go poking his nose into the case."

Mr. Graham stood near the door of the room from which the prisoners were brought, and when the policeman entered with Alice, he whispered:

"Keep up your courage, Miss."

Alice nodded, and even gave him a smile. She walked with a proud step. Alice kept her eyes on the floor; she had not the courage to look around. Poor Louie arose when Alice entered, and was about to rush over and greet her, when her mother pulled her back, and said in a severe voice, "Please show a little dignity and common sense," and Louie buried her face in her handkerchief and cried."

Mr. Jackson had taken a position where he could see Alice and not be seen by her. He was pale and very nervous; he would look at his watch, take a quick and stealthy glance around the room, and then look again at his watch.

"Alice Mapleton, stand up."

Alice slowly arose to her feet.

"What name did he say, mamma?" asked Louie, as she caught her mother's arm with a quick and nervous grasp. There was a surprised, almost frightened, look on her face.

"Oh, only one of her many names; not her real one, you may be sure," said Mrs. Wilson.

The magistrate continued, "I find you charged with stealing a diamond bracelet; do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," said Alice in a low, distinct voice.

"Have you counsel?" asked the Judge.

"I am here to look after the young lady's interests," said the old lawyer.

Jackson turned a shade paler, and looked at his watch oftener than before.

"This begins to look serious," said his brother. "The Judge is acting like an old fool, and speaks to the girl as if he were in a drawing-room instead of a police court, and as if she were a lady instead of a thief; somebody must have engaged old Brougham to defend her."

Mrs. Wilson was the first witness called. We will simply give a synopsis of the evidence given, leaving out the technical court forms and language.

"Yes, she knew the prisoner at the bar; she engaged her to give dancing lessons to her (Mrs. Wilson's) daughters. She had no references, and she did an unusual thing by engaging her, because her sketches showed talent; she thought she was helping a deserving person, but found that she was mistaken, as she soon saw by her deportment and conversation that she was not a proper person to associate with her daughters, even as a teacher, then—"

"Please come to the point," said the magistrate. "The bracelet is all we want to hear about."

"My daughter had it on her arm when she went into the room to take her lesson; she removed it and laid it on the mantelpiece. After the lesson the bracelet was missed, before the teacher had been gone an hour. No other person was in the room. Of course I at once suspected the prisoner, the more so as I had heard stories derogatory to her character from other places where she had been engaged, so I charged her with the theft, and instead of asking mercy, or even confessing her baseness, she flew into a passion and grossly insulted me in my own house, although we had found the pawn-ticket in her own sketch-book, so I felt that, however painful it might be to me personally, it was a duty I owed society to have her arrested."

"One question before you leave the stand," said Mr. Brougham. "Who gave you the information as to her former character that you speak of?"

"I object," said Mr. Jackson's brother. "I am watching the case for Mrs. Wilson, and she is not compelled to answer such a question."

"Well, we will not press it now; that will do, Mrs. Wilson."

Jackson took a long breath, and Mrs. Wilson appeared glad to get back to her seat.

Mr. Briggs was the next witness.

"He was a detective, had been sent for by Mrs. Wilson, and the case put into his hands. He shadowed the prisoner at the Bar, saw her go into Mr. Jacobs' pawn shop, watched her through the window, saw her get the bracelet and leave. Should have arrested her then, but Mrs. Wilson had told him not to arrest until she ordered him. Found the ticket in her sketch-book, and called with it for the bracelet and was told that it was gone. Called again and found that it had been brought back, and he received it and was ordered to arrest, as the case was clear—"

At this point Mrs. Mapleton and Mrs. Callaghan entered.

Alice, when she saw her mother, sprang to her feet, took one step toward her, then stopped and looked as if she was going to faint; but she recovered in a moment and smiled when she saw that her mother walked with a light step and the dignified look and demeanor of old times, and if she had not the smile on her face suggested by Mrs. Callaghan, that good woman wore one on her good-natured face large enough for both.

Mrs. Mapleton went straight to Alice, and Mr. Brougham sprang forward with a chair, which he placed near Alice, for her mother. The meeting between the old lawyer and the lady was a cordial one, and after shaking hands he whispered:

"Do not be at all alarmed, madame, your daughter is perfectly safe, not a taint of disgrace will attach to her when she leaves this room."

Mrs. Mapleton thanked Mr. Brougham, and taking Alice's hand in hers, seated herself quietly.

Mrs. Wilson turned very pale when she recognized Mrs. Mapleton.

"Have you any defence, Mr. Brougham?" asked the Magistrate.

"We shall not detain the court many minutes with our defence," said Mr. Brougham. "It may not be known to your Honor that this young lady who now stands charged with theft is a member of one of the first families of our city and, until a year or two ago, one of the most wealthy. How her honored father lost his wealth has nothing to do with this case. But as he and his lady (now a widow) have honored me by their friendship for many years, you will not think it strange that I take a deep interest in the young lady's welfare. She is fatherless, and has been using her talents with great industry and independence to support her mother and self, although if she had her rights, she would be a wealthy girl. But that has nothing to do with this case."

A cloud passed over Jackson's face, as the brothers exchanged quick glances in which there was surprise, if not fear.

"Do let us go home," Alfreda whispered to her mother. "You have got us into a pretty mess by your duty to society."

Mrs. Wilson (after recovering from the shock caused by the appearance of Mrs. Mapleton and her recognition) had sat bolt upright in her chair, with a firm determined look in her face, a look that said, "I am doing my duty and am a martyr to the well being of society." She now turned to Alfreda, "I would thank you, Alfreda, to hold your tongue; if you are afraid to do your duty, I am not. I am sorry that the girl is connected with my old friend, Mrs. Mapleton, but as their own lawyer says, they have lost everything, and the girl is working for a living, they are nobodies."

Mr. Graham, when he saw Mrs. Mapleton enter the court, had (after whispering a few words to a policeman) left the room.

The old lawyer went on: "We are not here to ask for sympathy or mercy, for we need in this case neither the one nor the other. All we ask is simply justice, and, to this end, I shall call one or two witness:—

"Miss Louie Wilson will please take the stand!"

Poor Louie; her eyes were red with weeping. She looked first at Alice, and when their eyes met, the look seemed to give her courage, for instead of a frown, Alice gave her a smile of encouragement.

"Is this your bracelet?" the lawyer asked.

"It is," said Louie in a low, but clear voice.

"When and how did you lose it?"

About a week ago; I do not know how: it was taken from the mantelpiece of the library."

Do you think it was taken by the prisoner at the bar?" asked Mr. Brougham.

"No, I do not!" was the quick and prompt reply.

"What reason have you for not thinking so?"

Because she is too good a girl to stoop to such a thing."

There was a murmer of applause from all parts of the room.

"Thank you," said the old lawyer to Louie. "Your answer shows a pure and good heart. One more question: Who was the first person to throw suspicion on your teacher?"

"Mr. Jackson," was the prompt reply.

"And was it he who gave the girl such a bad character?"

Mr. Jackson, the lawyer, sprang to his feet, but before he could say a word, Louie answered:

"It was."

"I thought so," said Mr. Brougham. "That will do, miss."

If Mrs. Wilson's and Alfreda's looks were an indication of their feelings toward

Keep Your Blood Pure

"I have been troubled with catarrh for 15 years. I have been treated by physicians, but derived no permanent relief. Finally I was taken down with inflammatory rheumatism and the grip. I could not help myself. I was nervous and

All Run Down.

A friend recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla and I decided to try one bottle. I felt better, had more appetite and my sleep was not so much broken. I continued with Hood's Sarsaparilla and have taken seven bottles and two boxes of Hood's Pills. I can truly say it is the best blood purifying medicine that I have ever taken, and I am thankful that I have been cured of catarrh." F. STAHL, Hausertown, Indiana.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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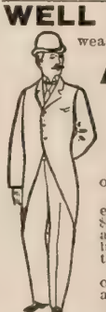

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Lhie, it was lucky for her that she was in a place where they could not be expressed in words.

Mrs. Callaghan was the next to take the stand.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

"My name is it?" Well, its Mary Callahan, and it's an honest name and I am not ashamed of it. Do I know the prisoner? Well, if ye mean the young lady beside her mother there, of course I know her and a swater, kinder lady I never knew, except maybe her mother. How did I come to know her? Well, I'd watched her coming up and going down the stairs. We soon took a great liking to her on account of her pretty ways wid the childer. She always had a smile and a kind worrud for 'em, no matter how dirty or ragged they were. And my own little gurl used to watch for her coming. Well, one day the door of my room was a little bit open, and I saw Miss Alice coming up the stairs in a great hurry, and she looked just ready to die wid fear and trembling, and no wonder for there was a fellow following her. Well, when she got to the top of the stair, instead of flying to her room, she thinks of her sick mother and the shock his ugly mug would give her, so she turned around and faced him."

"Do you see this person in the court room?" asked Mr. Brougham.

"Yes sur, shure there he is skulking behind his broder. I know it's his broder—they're as loike as two peas, one's as ugly as the other, and his name is Jackson."

Every eye was turned toward the brothers. Jackson's face was a study; he was using all his will power in a effort to look unconcerned, but it was a failure, for like clouds passing across the blue sky, so his evil passions would show themselves in his features, in spite of all he could do. Fear, anger, hatred, one after another; fear would blanch his face for a moment, then anger would flush it scarlet, then a look of hatred would flash from his eyes, and he would show his white teeth, firmly set, like a ferocious bull-dog.

"Well, what did he say to her?" asked the lawyer.

"Och! shure I couldn't tell ye all he said, but he was most insulting. First, he asked her if she was ready to marry him."

"And what answer did she return?"

"Shure it was the most sensible ye ever heard: she said she would rather be eaten by several times by the wildest kind of animals than be his wife for a week."

A titter came from all parts of the room, excepting the portion occupied by the Wilsons and the Jacksons.

"The lying wretch," said Alfreda, quite audibly, as she stared at the witness.

Poor Nettie had arisen from her seat; one hand was pressed to her heart, the other grasped the seat in front of her, she was leaning forward with open mouth, and eyes that seemed to be starting from their sockets. She appeared to be unconscious of everything save the woman's word's.

The witness continued: "Well, sur, ye never heard such abuse as he gave her; he said she should go to the poor-house and to prison, and should starve and be ruined unless she'd marry him. Well, I kept getting madder and madder as I heard him abuse that swate young crater, and at last when he tried to force his way to her room in spite of her, my Irish was up so that I couldn't shtond it any longer, so I stepped out of my room and gave him a piece of my mind and a bucket of dish-water at the same time." (Roars of laughter and applause.)

When order was restored, the witness, who had not even smiled during the interruption, went on:

"Then he was going to have me arrested, but he didn't."

"Then you do not think that Miss Alice would steal, from what you know of her?"

"I don't like to be even asked sich a question, sur. I'd as soon believe that Father Matthew would be keeping a saloon."

"Have you ever seen her wearing a diamond bracelet, like the one in question?"

"Never. She don't wear ornaments. And maybe they ain't dimends. Mrs. Wilson didn't know."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, she can't tell a diamond from a piece o' glass. She was wrong once before. It was cook at the boarding-house where she lived when she was a shop-girl, and she took a fancy to a breast-pin I used to wear. Callaghan gave it to me when he was courting me, and she axed me would I lind it to her to wear at a party, and says I, 'I will, but ye must be careful wid it, for I sit great store by it.' Says she, 'I will, Mary, for I see it's a very costly brooch and real dimends.' Oh, but it did sparkle most elegant then, so I thought more than ever of the pin, and locked it up every night. And I was worreted to think he would shpend so much money to buy dimends for the loikes o' me. Well, bedad, after we were married, one day I was crying because I'd lost one of the sthones out of it. When says he to me, 'I wouldn't cry, Mary, about it, shure, the whole thing only cost seventy-five cents, and I'll get ye another.'"

Mrs. Wilson's face was ablaze with blushes. "What an infamous story," she exclaimed. I never saw the woman in my life before. I do not know her."

"Not now," said the Irishwoman. "I don't expect you to, now you're in luck. But, faith, you were glad to know me then, when you had only four dollars a week for everything, and had hardly a shoe to your fut."

The Judge made a gesture of impatience, and Mr. Brougham said, "That will do, Mrs. Callaghan."

(To be Continued.)

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S. [illegible]
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M. H. H. [illegible] N. H.
A. [illegible] Penna., Great Bend, Pa.
Mrs. E. M., Allegan, Mich.
[illegible]
——, Mass.
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e old pastor's suggestion is one that ...stians would do well to remember in ... circumstance of life.

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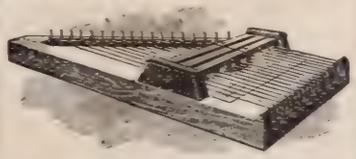
The range in price is $1.50 to $150. If you doubt your ability there is very little risk in trying one of the smaller instruments. We are confident that it will please you.



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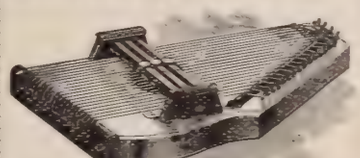
Three Chord Bars, 15 strings. Instruction book containing six pieces of music, tuning key, imitation tortoise-shell pick. Nicely packed. Send money-order, postal note or stamps. Send 6 cents extra if you wish it sent by mail.



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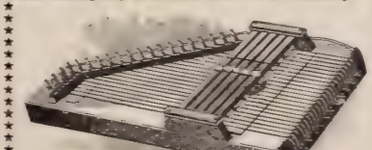

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The chords are made for the player by a simple pressure of the finger upon the chord-bar, and a sweep of the strings with the other hand. The practise is pleasure because no discord is possible. The music words go sentence with the Autoharp, are, "Easy to Play." The tone is soft, sweet and pure, or strong, resonant and noble; and the instrument has wonderful possibilities under the touch of a skilful hand.

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QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION
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"A Grade, $65.50. Write today."

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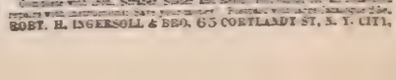
C. H. The Great American Tea Co.
Box 289. 51 & 53 Vesey St. New York.

FAMILY SOLDERING SET, 25c.



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99 44/100 PURE

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Get a Glass! Quick!!

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A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

The Chas. E. Hires Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Of these SOUVENIR SPOONS, but you think there must be some catch on account of the small sum asked for them. It is a genuine offer and we do this to dispose of them quickly.

Remember we Refund your Money
IF YOU FIND THEY ARE NOT AS REPRESENTED.

ORDER TO-DAY. SEND IN YOUR ORDER FOR A SET OR MORE AT ONCE AS THOUSANDS WILL AVAIL THEMSELVES OF THIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

'FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.'

ONLY 99c FORMERLY SOLD FOR $9

FOR ALL SIX

HOW ARE WE ABLE TO DO IT?

These spoons were made especially for the World's Fair trade, by ONE OF THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD. A few were left on their hands. In order to dispose of them Quickly, we make this unheard of offer. SIX SOUVENIR SPOONS, after dinner coffee size, HEAVY COIN SILVER PLATED, with GOLD PLATED BOWLS, each spoon representing a different building of the World's Fair. The handles are finely chased, showing head of Columbus, and dates 1492-1893 and wording "World's Fair City." They are genuine works of art, forming one of the finest souvenir collections ever produced. Sold during the Fair for $9.00; we now offer the balance of the stock at ONLY 99 CENTS. Send in elegant plush lined case, properly packed, prepaid to any address. Send Chicago or New York Exchange. Individual checks not accepted. Postal Notes or currency. Money cheerfully refunded if goods are not as represented.

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Direct from the Factory.
C.O.D. on approval at Wholesale Prices.
WARRANTED 5 years. No money in advance. Why Pay dealers' profits? Cut all charges when we save you 50 per cent. Buy from the maker. Goods shipped anywhere. Any style and price up. $35 Surrey complete for $18.50. Finest carriage ever offered at the price. Every one guaranteed to be as represented. Any one can buy at our prices. Catalogue Free. Address
Valuable present with each carriage.
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The Egan Truss Co., 27 Huron St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

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Quality of Metal,
Workmanship,
Uniformity,
Durability.

Sample card, 12 PENS, different numbers, for all styles of writing, sent on receipt of 4 CENTS in postage stamps.

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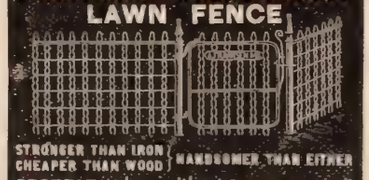
"HARTMAN" STEEL PICKET LAWN FENCE



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Posts driven deep AND ANCHORED
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No Ammonia. No Alum.

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It is pure and wholesome.

It is always sure. No spoil dough to be thrown away.

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Only a *rounded* spoonful is r quired, not a *heaping* spoonful.

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For health seekers, for rest seek ers, for pleasure seekers, The ALMA is better than a voyage, better than the country, better than the tropics Better than anywhere else in the world, because it gives you the ben efit of the most efficacious minera waters, the most eminent physi cians, the grandest climate, the finest scenery—every comfort and convenience known in modern life. A handsome book telling you *all* about it, *free.*

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New Diuretic, Refrigerating Tonic Cereal; Gluten Dyspepsia Flour, and Diabetes F

Pamphlet and Cooking Samples Fre
Unrivaled in America or Europe. Ask Dealer
Write Farwell & Rhines, Watertown, N.Y., U.S.

Reduced to 2.98

14k. GOLD-PL
Hunting Cases, of 'Gents' size, fine
Elgin style move warranted to keep a time, and is equal to ance to a solid gold 15-year guarantee each watch. Only $ with order as a guarantee; balance and express charge You can sell it for $15.00. The Price is made so close but a $20.0 stock we received bankrupt sale. KIRTLAND BROS. 111 Nassau St.

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$60 Kenwood Machine for
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Pure, Delicious Fast. Mix with boiling w water, and it's ma Stephen F. Whitman & Philadelphia.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18. NUMBER 21.

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 22, 1895.

PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

BRIGHTENING LOWLY LIVES.

College Graduates and Refined Men and Women in the University Settlements Following Christ's Example of Self-abnegation in the Interest of the Poor.

An important meeting was held in New York a few days ago, which to the philosophic observer was a most significant sign of the times. It was a meeting to denounce and protest against what has been aptly called the heresy of Cain, and to discuss the results of certain efforts which have been made in various cities in this country and in England to counteract its influence. The meeting was composed of men and women of culture and refinement, many of them wealthy, and nearly all of them college graduates. Representatives were present from London, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities, who came to compare notes of their work with New York workers and with each other, to decide if the plans adopted and the success that had attended them. Heresy-hunters, as a rule, do not have much sympathy from the most intelligent and broad-minded class in the community, but in this particular so far instance, the settlement and more Christ-like movements, the more likely they are to avoid these errors of God-speed. The heresy of Cain was expressed in his reply to God, question about Abel. He said, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' He implied that it was no concern of his what was his brother's condition, and that there were no obligations on the fellowship which he ought to fulfill. Unfortunately this heresy has been very prevalent since Cain's day, so that it has become a common saying, that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. Christ vigorously protested against it by word and deed. He made it the text of his parable of the Good Samaritan, and his whole life and his death were a concrete antidote to it. In these days, when Christ's life and teaching are better understood than ever before, this fact has been realized, and the Christian conscience has been stirred. Never before have such large sums been expended in charity, and for a time the conscience was appeased. But it soon became evident to the more thoughtful minds that gifts of money were not a sufficient, even if they were a wise means of dealing with the problem of poverty. Fraternal obligations cannot be discharged by a money payment, even if it were made with delicacy. Something more had to be done if the poor brother was to be redeemed from the worst evils of his poverty. The very idea of redemption suggested the next step. Christ's way of redemption was to come down among men and live and die among them, and it is by following his example that the present effort to help the poor is being made.

The College and University Settlement is distinctly Christ-like in its principles and conduct. A house is rented in some crowded neighborhood, where the evils of poverty are felt by every resident. It is plainly, but tastefully furnished, and a certain number of refined and cultured people go and live in it for longer or shorter terms, and some live there permanently. They are hospitable and are soon on good terms with their neighbors, whose visits they welcome. The silent example of cleanliness, order and neatness, exerts an influence for good, the effects of which are soon visible. Respect and confidence are begotten as the acquaintance grows. It is soon known throughout the neighborhood, that the people at the Settlement are nice, kindly people whose advice in a difficulty is worth having, and whose sympathy in any trouble is assured. No attempt is made to preach to the people, or lecture them, but simple neighborly kindness and ready helpfulness. If the young people want to form any society for amusement or education, they know that at the Settlement there are rooms which they will be welcome to use to meet in. There are books there, too, which one may borrow, and they have sometimes pictures which are well worth seeing. There is generally a piano in one of the rooms and, once in awhile, some of the friends of the residents come to see them and there is quite a musical party, at which the neighbors who may like music are welcome. Altogether, life is much brighter down in a rear street for any of the dwellers there who are sufficiently acquainted with the people at the Settlement to visit there, and it is not at all difficult to make their acquaintance. At first it is a quiet, normal life for these cultured people who take up their abode at the Settlement, but after confidence is gained and opportunities open, it becomes a very busy, active life. Children come there to hold their societies or clubs, a kindergarten is organized. Girls who have been all day in the store or factory find the Settlement a pleasant place to pass the evening, and there are nicely dressed, gentle mannered ladies there whom it is a pleasure to know. Girls' societies for sewing or music or cooking are formed. Big boys like to go into the gymnasium and use the Indian clubs or the dumbbells belonging to the gentlemen at the Settlement, and they, too, get up a club that is much better than hanging around street-corners at night or going to a saloon. The development of the Settle-

(Continued on page 327.)

HON. SETH LOW,
President of the Delancey Street Settlement.

A BUSINESS MEETING OF GIRLS IN THE UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT IN NEW YORK.
(From a Photograph taken specially for "The Christian Herald.")

WING AND HAND.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., preached last Sunday on the

Text: Ezekiel 10: 21, "*The likeness of the hands of a man was under their wings.*"

WHILE tossed on the sea between Australia and Ceylon, I first particularly noticed this text, of which then and there I made memorandum. This chapter is all a-flutter with cherubim. Who are the cherubim? An order of angels radiant, mighty, all-knowing, adoring, worshipful. When painter or sculptor tried in temple at Jerusalem, or in marble of Egypt to represent the cherubim, he made them part lion, or part ox, or part eagle. But much of that is an unintended burlesque of the cherubim whose majesty, and speed, and splendor we will never know until lifted into their presence we behold them for ourselves, as I pray by the pardoning grace of God we all may. But all the accounts Biblical, and all the suppositions human, represent the cherubim with wings, each wing about seven feet long, vaster, more imposing than any plumage that ever floated in earthly atmosphere. Condor in flight above Chimborazo, or Rocky Mountain eagle aiming for the noonday sun, or albatross in play with ocean tempest, presents no such glory. We can get an imperfect idea of the wing of cherubim by the only wing we see—the bird's pinion—which is the arm of the bird, but in some respects more wondrous than the human arm; with power of making itself more light, or more heavy; of expansion and contraction; defying all altitudes and all abysms; the bird looking down with pity upon boasting man as he toils up the sides of the Adirondacks, while the wing with a few strokes puts the highest crags far beneath claw and beak. But the bird's wing is only a feeble suggestion of cherubim's wing. The greatness of that, the rapidity of that, the radiance of that, the Bible again and again sets forth.

My attention is not more attracted by those wings than by what they reveal when lifted. In two places in Ezekiel we are told there were hands under the wings; human hands; hands like ours: "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings." We have all noticed the wing of the cherubim, but no one seems yet to have noticed the human hand under the wing. There are whole sermons, whole anthems, whole doxologies, whole millenniums in that combination of hand and wing. If this world is ever brought to God, it will be by appreciation of the fact that supernatural and human agencies are to go together: that which soars, and that which practically works; that which ascends the heavens, and that which reaches forth to earth; the joining of the terrestrial and the celestial; the hand and the wing. We see this union in the construction of the Bible. The wing of inspiration is in every chapter. What realms of the ransomed earth did Isaiah fly over? Over what battle-fields for righteousness; what coronations; what dominions of gladness; what rainbows around the throne did St. John hover! But in every book of the Bible you just as certainly [illegible] it. Moses, the lawyer, showing his hand in the Ten Commandments, the [illegible] Adam, the first woman, showing his hand in similes drawn from fields and flocks; the fishermen apostles showing their hand when writing about Gospel nets; Luke, the physician, showing his hand by giving especial attention to diseases cured; Paul showing his scholarly hand by quoting from heathen poets, and making arguments about the Resurrection that stand as firmly as on the day he planted them; and St. John shows his hand by taking his imagery from the appearance of the bright waters spread around the Island of Patmos at hour of sunset, when he speaks of the sea of glass mingled with fire; scores of hands writing the parables, the miracles, the promises, the hosannas, the raptures, the consolations, the woes of ages. Oh, the Bible is so human; so full of heart-beats; so sympathetic; so wet with tears; so triumphant with palm-branches, that it takes hold of the human race as nothing else ever can take hold of it—each writer in his own style: Job, the scientific; Solomon, the royal-blooded; Jeremiah, the despondent; Daniel the abstemious and heroic—why, we know their style so well that we need not look to the top of the page to see who is the author. No more conspicuous the uplifting wing of inspiration than the hand, the warm hand, the flexible hand, the skilful hand of human instrumentality. "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings."

Again, behold this combination of my text in all successful Christian work. We stand or kneel in our pulpits, and social meetings, and reformatory associations, offering prayer. Now, if anything has wings, it is prayer. It can fly farther and faster than anything I can now think of. In one second of time from where you sit it can fly to the throne of God and alight in England. In one second of time from where you sit it can fly to the throne of God, and alight in India. It can girdle the earth in a shorter time than you can seal a letter, or clasp a belt, or hook an eye. Wings, whether that prayer starts from an infant's tongue, or the trembling lip of a centenarian, rising from the heart of a farmer's wife standing at the dashing churn, or before the hot breath of a country oven, they soar away, and pick out of all the shipping of the earth, on all the seas, the craft on which her sailor boy is voyaging. Yea, prayer can fly clear down into the future. When the father of Queen Victoria was dying, he asked that the infant Victoria might be brought while he sat up in bed; and the babe was brought, and the father prayed, "If this child should live to become Queen of England, may she rule in the fear of God!" Having ended his prayer, he said, "Take the child away." But all who know the history of England for the last fifty years know that the prayer for that infant more than seventy years ago has been answered, and with what emphasis and affection millions of the Queen's subjects have this day in chapels and cathedrals, on land and sea, supplicated, "God save the Queen!" Prayer flies not only across continents, but across centuries. If prayer had only feet, it might run here and there and do wonders. But it has wings, and they are as radiant of plume, and as swift to rise, or swoop, or dart, or circle, as the cherubim's wings which swept through Ezekiel's vision. But, Oh, my friends, the prayer must have the hand under the wing, or it may amount to nothing. The mother's hand, or the father's hand, must write to the wayward boy as soon as you can hear how to address him. Christian souls must contribute to the evangelism of that far-off land for which they have been praying. Stop singing, "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," unless you are willing to give something of your own means to make it fly. Have you been praying for the salvation of a young man's soul? That is right; but also extend the hand of invitation to come to a religious meeting. It always excites our sympathy to see a man with his hand in a sling. We ask him, "What is the matter? Hope it is not a felon;" or, "Have your fingers been crushed?" But nine out of ten of all Christians are going their life-long with their hand in a sling. They have been hurt by indifference, or wrong ideas of what is best; or it is injured of conventionalities; and they never put forth that hand to lift, or help, or rescue any one. They pray, and their prayer has wings, but there is no hand under the wings. From the very structure of the hand, we might make up our mind as to some of the things it was made for: to hold fast, to lift, to push, to pull, to help, and to rescue. And endowed with two hands, we might take the broad hint that for others as well as for ourselves we were to hold fast, to lift, to push, to pull, to help, to rescue. Wondrous hand! You know something of the "Bridgewater Treatises." When Reverend Francis Henry Bridgewater in his will left $40,000 for essays on "The Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as Manifested in the Creation," and Davies Gilbert, the President of the Royal Society, chose eight persons to write eight books, Sir Charles Bell, the scientist, chose as the subject of his great book, "The Hand: Its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as Evincing Design." Oh, the hand! Its machinery beginning at the shoulder, and working through shafts of bone, upper arm and forearm, down to the eight bones of the wrist, and the five bones of the palm, and the fourteen bones of the fingers and thumb, and composed of a labyrinth of muscle, and nerve, and artery, and flesh, which no one but Almighty God could have planned or executed. But how suggestive when it reached down to us from under the wings of the cherubim! "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings."

This idea is combined in Christ. When he rose from Mt. Olivet, he took wing. All up and down his life you see the uplifting divinity. It glowed in his forehead. It flashed in his eyes. Its cadences were heard in his voice. But he was also very human. It was the hand under the wing that touched the woes of the world, and took hold of the sympathies of the centuries. Watch his hand before it was spiked. There was a dead girl in a governor's house, and Christ comes into the room and takes her pale, cold hand in his warm grasp, and she opens her eyes on the weeping household, and says, "Father, what are you crying about? Mother, what are you crying about?" The Book says, "He took her by the hand, and the maid arose." A follower, angered at an insult offered Christ, drew the sword from sheath and struck at a man with the sharp edge, aiming, I think, at his forehead. But the weapon glanced aside and took off the right ear at its roots. Christ with his hand reconstructed that wonderful organ of sound, that whispering gallery of the soul, that collector of vibrations, that arched way to the auditory nerve, that tunnel without which all the musical instruments of earth would be of no avail. The Book says, "He touched his ear and healed him." Meeting a full-grown man who had never seen a sunrise, or a sunset, or a flower, or the face of his own father or mother, Christ moistens the dust from his own tongue, and stirs the dust into an eye-salve, and with his own hands applies the strange medicament, and suddenly all the colors of earth and sky rush in upon the newly-created optic nerve, and the instantaneous noon drove out the long night. When he sees the grief [illegible] and Martha, he sits down and cr[illegible] them. Some say it is the shortest [illegible] the Bible; but to me it seems, be[illegible] its far-reaching sympathies, about t[illegible] est—"Jesus wept!" So very hum[illegible] could not stand the sight of dropsy[illegible] lepsy, or paralysis, or hunger, or de[illegible] but he stretches out his sympathe[illegible] toward it. So very, very human. [illegible] tent, and majestic, and glorious, th[illegible] of the New Covenant, with wings[illegible] of encircling a universe, and yet [illegible] gentleness, hands of helpfulnes[illegible] hands of a man under the wings." [illegible] a kind of religion in our day that [illegible] rebukes. There are men and wome[illegible] ing their time in delectation over th[illegible] state, going about from prayer-m[illegible] prayer-meeting, and from church t[illegible] telling how happy they are. But sh[illegible] a subscription paper, or ask them t[illegible] visit the sick, or tell them to reclai[illegible] derer, or speak out for some u[illegible] Christian enterprise, and they ha[illegible] chitis, or stitch in the side, or sudd[illegible] of grippe. Their religion is all w[illegible] no hand. They can fly heavenw[illegible] they cannot reach out earthward.

While Thomas Chalmers occ[illegible] Chair of Moral Philosophy in St.[illegible] University, he had at the same ti[illegible] bath School class of poor boys do[illegible] slums of Edinburgh. While Lor[illegible] ald was traveling in Canada, he s[illegible] Indian squaw carrying a crushing [illegible] he took the burden on his own s[illegible] That was Christ-like. That was [illegible] under the wing." The highest t[illegible] ligion says little about itself, but is [illegible] God and in helping to the heave[illegible] the crew and passengers of this sl[illegible] ed planet. Such people are bus[illegible] the dark lanes of this city, and al[illegible] the mountain glens, and down in [illegible] ries where the sunlight has neve[illegible] and amid the rigging, helping t[illegible] another reef before the Carribe[illegible] wind. A friend was telling me [illegible] quisite thing about Seattle, then [illegible] ing Territory, now of Washingt[illegible] The people of Seattle had raised a [illegible] sum of money for the Johnstown [illegible] from the flood. A few days afte[illegible] was destroyed by fire. I saw it [illegible] whole city were living in tents. [illegible] lic meeting some one proposed [illegible] money raised for Johnstown be [illegible] the relief of their own city, and th[illegible] No! No! No! Send the money [illegible] town, and by acclamation the m[illegible] so sent. Nothing more beautiful [illegible] than that. Under the wing of fire t[illegible] Seattle the sympathetic hand, th[illegible] hand, the mighty hand of Christia[illegible] people thousands of miles awa[illegible] there are a hundred thousand me[illegible] men whose one business is to he[illegible] Helping hands, inspiring hanc[illegible] hands, emancipating hands, savi[illegible] Sure enough, those people had wing[illegible] and wings of prayer, and wings [illegible] lation, but "the likeness of the h[illegible] man was under the wings." T[illegible] much sense in that which the rot[illegible] man said when three were in a b[illegible] coast in a sudden storm that [illegible] sink the boat, and one suggested [illegible] all kneel down in the boat to pra[illegible] robust man took hold of the oar [illegible] to pull, saying, "Let you, the str[illegible] fellow, lay hold the other oar, a[illegible] weak one who cannot pull give h[illegible] to prayer." Pray by all means; [illegible] same time pull with all your mig[illegible] world's rescue. An Arctic travele[illegible] beaver while the ice was breakin[illegible] supposing that there was no hu[illegible] within a hundred miles, hear[illegible] crackle, and lo! a lost man, in[illegible] hunger and cold, was wading [illegible] water. The explorer took the ma[illegible] canoe and made for land, and[illegible] ple gathered on the shore. All t[illegible] ers had been looking for the lost [illegible] finding him, according to prearr[illegible] all the bells rang, and all the g[illegible] Oh, you can make a gladder ti[illegible]

th owers and hilltops of heaven if you can fet home a wanderer.

I our time it is the habit to denounce the cit , and to speak of them as the perdition of l wickedness. Is it not time for some on to tell the other side of the story and to sa that the city is the heaven of practical he fulness? Look at the embowered and fo tained parks, where the invalids may co e and be refreshed; the Bowery Mission, th ugh which annually over 100,000 come to t bread for this life, and bread for the if come, all the pillows of that institu under the blessing of Him who had not w e to lay his head; the free schools, w e the most impoverished are educated; th hospitals for broken bones; the homes fo e restoration of intellects astray; the O an House, father and mother to all w come under its benediction; the Mid- t Missions, which pour mid-noon upon th arkened; the Prison Reform Associa- ; the Houses of Mercy; the Infirmaries; th Sheltering Arms; the Aid Societies; the t strial Schools; the Sailors' Snug Har- b the Foundling Asylums; the Free Dis- p aries, where greatest scientific skill te the pulse of wan pauper; the Ambu- l e, the startling stroke of its bell clear- in the way to the place of casualty; and g d souls like the mother who came to the H ward Mission, with its crowd of friend- le boys picked up from the streets, and s ng, "If you have a crippled boy, give hi to me: my dear boy died with the sa e complaint," and such an one she fo d and took him home and nursed him th e was well. It would take a sermon th weeks long to do justice to the mighty th gs which our cities are doing for the u tunate and the lost. Do not say that Cistianity in our cities is all show, and ta and genuflexion, and sacred noise. W have been so long looking at the hand of cruelty, and the hand of theft, and the ha of fraud, and the hand of outrage, that w have not sufficiently appreciated the ha of help, stretched forth from the doors w windows of churches, and from mer- il institutions, the Christ-like hand, the Rubic hand, "the hand under the wings." Th ere is also in my subject the sugges- io of rewarded work for God and righte- us ess. When the wing went the hand wa . When the wing ascended the hand as nded; and for every useful and Chris- ti hand there will be elevation celestial an eternal. Expect no human gratitude, fo it will not come. That was a wise th g Fenelon wrote to his friend: "I am v glad, my dear, good fellow, that you a pleased with one of my letters which h been shown to you. You are right in s ng and believing that I ask little of men in general. I try to do much for them and to ex ct nothing in return. I find a decided ad- v tage in these terms. On these terms I d them to disappoint me." But, my hear er the day cometh when your work, which pe aps no one has noticed, or rewarded, or onored, will rise to Heavenly recogni io. While I have been telling you that th hand was under the wing of the cheru bi I want you to realize that the wing w over the hand. Perhaps reward may co come to you right away. Washington lo more battles than he won, but he tri- u hed at the last. Walter Scott, in boy- h d, was called "The Greek Blockhead:" bu what height of renown did he not after w d tread? And I promise you victory fu her on and higher up; if not in this w d, then in the next. Oh, the Heavenly da when your lifted hand shall be gloved w what honors, its fingers enringed w what jewels, its wrist clasped with w t splendors! Come up and take it, you C istian woman, who served at the wash- tu Come up and take it, you Christian sh -maker, who pounded the shoe-last. Co e up and take it, you professional nurse, w se compensation never fully paid for br en nights and the whims and struggles of delirious sick-rooms. Come up and ta it, you firemen, besweated, far down ar l the greasy machinery of ocean steam- er and ye conductors and engineers on ra oads, that knew no Sunday, and whose ringing bells and loud whistle never warn- ed off your own anxieties. Come up and take it, you mothers, who rocked and lulla- bied the family brood until they took wing for other nests, and never appreciated what you had done and suffered for them. Your hand was well favored when you were young, and it was a beautiful hand, so well rounded, so graceful that many admired and eulogized it; but hard work calloused it, and twisted it, and self-sacrificing toil for others paled it, and many household griefs thinned it, and the ring which went on only with a push at the marriage altar, now is too large, and falls off, and again and again you have lost it. Poor hand! Weary hand! Worn-out hand! But God will reconstruct it, re-animate it, readorn it, and all heaven will know the story of that hand. What fallen ones it lifted up! What tears it wiped away! What wounds it bandaged! What lighthouses it kindled! What storm-tossed ships it brought into the Pearl-beached Harbor! Oh, I am so glad that in the vision of my text, Ezekiel saw the wing above the hand. Roll on that everlasting rest for all the toiling, and misunderstood, and suffering, and weary children of God, and know right well that to join your hand, at last emancipated from the struggle, will be the soft hand, the gentle hand the triumphant hand of Him who wipeth away all tears from all faces. That will be the Palace of the King of which the poet sang in somewhat Scotch dialect:

It's a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're livin' in the noo,
An' sunny is the lan' we aften travel thro';
But in vain we look for something to which oor hearts can cling.
For its beauty is as naething to the Palace o' the King
We see oor frien's await us ower yonder at his gate:
Then let us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin' late;
Let oor lamps be brichtly burnin'; let's raise oor voice an' sing: [King.
Soon we'll meet, to part nae mair, i' the Palace o' the

CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

A strange superstition connected with funeral ceremonies in China is reported by Mrs. Hudson Taylor (formerly Geraldine Guinness), who is now traveling in that country. She writes: "We have just passed two men wheeling a coffin with its silent occupant southward upon a barrow. Probably he was some Hu-peh man who had died away from home. On the top of the coffin they are carrying a white cock in a bamboo cage. It is supposed to have some happy effect upon the condition of the dead man's soul. The way of it is this: One of the three spirits of the departed passes into the ancestral tablet, one into the new body, and one is buried in the grave. The white cock on the coffin is to secure the attendance of the proper spirit to the grave for burial. But whether the presence of the doomed bird is really for the benefit of the deceased, or for that of the men who feast upon it at the end of the journey, must remain an open question." This is only one of many similar heathen superstitions that still prevail in China whereon the Gospel has not yet obtained a foothold.

Brightening Lowly Lives.

(Continued from first page.)

ment is determined by circumstances and the needs of the people around it. But it is always wholesome and elevating. The neighbors feel that they have found friends who are ready to help them without patronizing them.

There are now nine of these Settlements in New York City. They differ from each other in the management and in the special features of their work but all are based on the principles we have outlined. Outside New York the plan is also in operation, the best known institutions probably being the Epworth House in Boston which has been furnished and helped by the Epworth League; and the Hull House in Chicago which owes its beneficent influence in a large measure to the wonderful magnetic personality of its chief resident, Miss Jane Addams. Of the New York Settlements one is at 95 Rivington St., which is chiefly managed by ladies; the East Side House at the foot of East 76th St.; the Teetotum in Essex St.; the Riverside in West 69th St.; the All Souls' Friendly House in East 34th St., which is conducted by members of All Souls' Church; the Church Settlement House in Avenue A, established by the Church of the Redeemer; the Union Settlement by the Alumni Club and Students of Union Theological Seminary; the Settlement for Trained Nurses in Henry St., and the original Settlement at 26 Delancey St. This last is a fair type of the College Settlement and a description of it will give an idea of the others.

DR. STANTON COIT.
Founder of the Delancey Street Settlement.

THE LIBRARY IN THE DELANCEY ST. SETTLEMENT.

The Settlement was organized in 1887 under the name of the Neighborhood Guild Already a beginning had been made by Dr. Stanton Coit, whose portrait we give, in an effort to help the boys. He took rooms in that unsavory locality in 1886, and formed a Boys' Club, and soon afterward added a Girls' Club and a Penny Provident Bank. The beneficial influence was soon felt, and as the number of members increased larger quarters were needed. Dr. Coit had accepted an appointment in Europe, and was glad to hand the management over to the University Settlement Society which broadened the work and secured the present location.

The Settlement House, at 26 Delancey street, serves as a residence for workers, as a basis for all the enterprises in which the Society is interested, and as a place of meeting for all who are in any way connected with, or interested in, the Society or the Neighborhood Guild, in any of its departments. The first floor, covering the entire lot, 25x100, contains two large assembly rooms and a gymnasium. On the second floor are the library and reading-rooms, and a large room which is used for club purposes and as a cooking-school. On the same floor are the lavatories. On the third floor are two large rooms and one smaller room, used for clubs and classes. The top floor is used exclusively by the residents, and includes a sitting-room, dining-room, three bed-rooms, pantry, kitchen, etc. The expenditure of considerable money was necessary to put the house in repair and furnish it, but the establishment is now in good order, and there are never less than three workers in residence.

The Settlement has, as its President, Hon. Seth Low, President of Columbia College, and as its Head Worker, Mr. J.B.Reynolds, whose enthusiasm and energy have contributed largely to its success. Some idea of the activities which centre in the Settlement may be had from the following list of Societies under its auspices: The Improvement Club for girls between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four, which has classes for physical culture, dress-making and home-nursing; the Social, Educational, and Improvement Club for young men, which has charge of several classes indicated by its title; the Little Women's Club; the Order Club; the Mayflower Club, and the Daisy Chain Club—all for the children; The Literary Society; The Order Club and Social Reform Club for the older members Besides these, there are free legal and medical advice bureaus, and many other agencies of helpfulness. There are six residents at the Settlement, and even during the heat of the summer, its close rooms were not deserted. Two or three of the workers were always there, and similar arrangements are being made for this season.

The result of the experiment has been altogether satisfactory. The testimony of Mr. Reynolds, the head-worker in Delancey Street, agrees with that of the workers in other districts and in other cities that the effect on the workers is as beneficial as on those they are trying to help. There is a better understanding on both sides that has come from the close acquaintance and could come in no other way. The defects that have been found in the society of the East side are not so much moral defects as those that come from lack of education and the carelessness that comes from overcrowding. The Settlement furnishes an object lesson in cleanliness and order that is followed without any urging on the part of its residents. And the Settlement has been able to render direct help. In living in the neighborhood, the residents have had the gross partiality of the municipal officers forced on their attention. The people of Delancey street have the same rights that the people of Fifth avenue have to the attentions of the street-cleaning bureau, but they never received them to the same extent until pressure was applied from the Settlement, as it could never be applied from the tenement-house. In this and numberless ways opportunities have been found for doing useful service, and on both sides affection has been developed, and the essential brotherhood of humanity has been realized.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

S. S. Lesson for June 2. Mark 16 : 1 - 8. Golden Text Luke 24:34. By Mrs. Baxer.

"THE Lord is risen indeed," was the Easter greeting of the early Christians; and O, how much it means to every child of man! And yet his chosen twelve were "slow of heart to believe!" Never having taken in the fact that their Lord must die for sinners, they were unprepared to take in the tremendous fact, that he, to whom it was appointed once to die (Heb. 9 : 27), in the name and character of every sinner for his every sin, should yet rise superior to, and Conqueror over death. "Death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned, and pre-eminently, death passed upon the Son of man, who, sinless as he was identified himself with every sinner.

In him was life, and having passed through death, he can then speak of himself: "I am the First and the Last, and the Living One: and I was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore." (Rev. 1 : 17, 18.) "Because I live, ye shall live also." (John 14 : 13.) Just as truly as he identified himself with us in his death and in his resurrection. It is "the power of his resurrection" which we need for a Christ-like life, a continual oneness and a communion with a risen Saviour interceding for us in heaven, and also dwelling in us as we live over again his life on earth of "God . . . manifest in the flesh." (1. Tim. 3 : 16.)

So unbelieving were the women who had looked on afar off when he was crucified, that "when the Sabbath was past, they bought sweet spices that they might come and anoint the body of Jesus!" (Mark 15 : 40; 16 : 1.) The scoffing chief priests and Pharisees had manifested much more faith than they. After the body of Jesus was laid in the sepulchre, they had gone to the chief priests, and said:

"Sir, we Remember

that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, After three days I will rise again." (Matt. 27 : 63.) And they obtained permission to seal the stone which formed the sepulchre, and to set a guard of soldiers, to prevent what they alleged as their fear, that his disciples should steal him away under cover of the darkness, and by saying that he was risen from the dead, establish his Messiahship. They remembered, and the disciples forgot! They saw the bearing of such a phenomenon as the resurrection of Jesus; they knew that all their opposition to him must be overthrown, and that every impartial mind must bow before it, it such a fact were established. And yet, at the very hour when these rulers were taking precautions against his resurrection, the women who had ministered unto him were thinking of some process of embalming that they might preserve the body which he had again and again declared would rise from the dead! Things had not happened as they expected, and instead of remaining still, and recalling all that he had said, or searching the Scriptures to find out how far he was fulfilling the prophecies, they acted as though there were no ground for further hope, and they contented themselves with paying their last respects to the dead!

Is not this a type of many children of God in the present day, who have prayed for, and sighed for, the power of a Christ-like life? They have followed the Lord, come out from the world, taken his part in many ways. But an unexpected turn of circumstances has arisen, and they are disappointed. Like the two disciples on the way to Emmaus, when they said: "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel" (Luke 24 : 21), they have given up hope. They thought to have had something more, to have some conscious proof of God's power in them, and instead, all seems failure and nothingness. With useless regrets they bring spices to embalm the dead, they mourn over former zeal and usefulness, and speak sadly of disappointed hopes of spiritual power and grace. "To the Word and to the testimony." O, if they did but go by the Word they would see this death was the way to resurrection, that if we are united with him by the likeness of his death we shall be also of his resurrection. (Rom. 6: 5.) But this can only be, "knowing that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be done away that henceforth we should not serve sin" (ver. 6), and that therefore we have no more to expect from ourselves.

There was nothing acceptable to God in the sweet spices of the women; this was no ministering to the Lord—it was the fruit of unbelief. All sentimental sighing and weeping over our shortcomings is just as unacceptable to him. True grief for our unchristliness results in a deep study of his Word in his own presence, that we may find our way out of what grieves him and wrongs his character, and an implicit faith in that which we find written. Fleshly, sentimental sorrow can still tolerate what it mourns over; but one who is conquered by Christ cannot tolerate what is unlike him: "he purifieth himself even as he is pure." (I. John 3: 3.) The women found only trouble and difficulty. Unlike Mary Magdalene, who had come first to the sepulchre when it was yet dark (John 20: 1; Mark 16: 9), these, her companions, waited till the sun was risen (verse 2), and as they drew near, a difficulty presented itself: "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the tomb?" (R.V.) And when they did look up, away from their difficulties and they saw a young man sitting on the right side arrayed in a white robe (life in the place of death), "they were amazed." (R. V., "affrighted.") And when this heavenly messenger said to them: "Be not amazed; ye seek Jesus, the Nazarene, which hath been crucified. He is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him! But go tell his disciples and Peter he goeth before you into Galilee: then shall ye see him, as he said unto you." Instead of being filled with joy, they went out and fled from the tomb, for trembling and astonishment had come upon them, and they said nothing to anyone (they did not even deliver the angel's message), for they were afraid.

Why was this? "As yet they knew not the Scripture that he must rise again from the dead." (John 22: 9.) When the Lord had opened the understanding of his disciples that they should understand the Scriptures, Jesus and the resurrection became their constant theme. In Peter's sermon, at the very time of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the apostle founds his whole argument as to the messiahship of the Lord Jesus, on the fact of his resurrection, as foretold by David in Psalm 16, which he insisted was a prophecy of the Messiah. David's flesh did see corruption while the body of God's Christ was not left in Hades, neither did his flesh see corruption. (Acts 2: 29-36.) And Paul used the same argument to the Jews in Iconium.

It was the doctrine of Christ's resurrection which aroused all the enmity of the priests, the captain of the temple, and the Sadducees, when Peter had been God's instrument in the healing of the lame man at the gate of the temple and had declared how God had glorified his Son Jesus: "Whom God raised from the dead whereof we are witnesses. And his name through faith in his name hath made this man strong whom ye see and know." (Acts 3: 13-16; 4: 2.) But God bore witness to this testimony, so that "with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and great grace was upon them all." (Acts 4: 33.)

The resurrection of Christ was the touchstone for the cultured, but heathen Athenian (Act 17: 18, 32), as much as it was of the professedly Scripture-loving Jews. Paul understood perhaps as much as any man who ever lived, all it meant for the salvation and regeneration of a world and for his own soul. But perhaps we have never fully taken in all which is included in the summary of his teaching which he gives in Acts 26: 22, when he stood before Agrippa: "Having therefore attained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come: that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead; and should shew light unto the people and to the Gentiles."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THEY CAME EARLY TO THE SEPULCHRE.

TOO much emphasis cannot be given to the fact of the resurrection of Jesus. It is not safe to leave any doubt in any child's mind as to the fact, or to leave him in ignorance of the evidence in proof of it. In every generation there have been attempts made to disprove it, or explain it away, and the effort is not likely to be abandoned. If a child is not made acquainted with the evidence, the time is likely to come when he will lose faith in the resurrection as a fact, and with that his faith in all other facts of historical Christianity. The whole superstructure is weakened when that central fact is taken away. To doubt or deny the resurrection, is to imply that the four evangelists who wrote the Gospels, and the Apostles who preached the resurrection, were either mistaken or were conscious deceivers. Either assumption is fatal to their influence, for if their evidence is untrustworthy in so important a matter, it is of no value on anything else. There is therefore every inducement to make a strong defense of this doctrine. And, really, it should not require any great strain of faith to believe that Jesus rose from the dead. To such a life as that described in the Gospels, the resurrection is not an inconsistent sequence. He who believes that Christ lived that singularly beautiful, loving, beneficent life, and that he had the powers he is represented as exercising, can have little difficulty in believing in the resurrection. Then the evidence for the fact is remarkably cogent. The testimony does not read like the testimony of credulous men who might be easily mistaken. In spite of all that Jesus had said, they did not expect the resurrection. The women carried the spices to anoint the dead body, and they found the tomb empty. Their astonishment is natural, and they hurry to tell their friends. It is true they report a vision of angels, but their story is not credited. The disciples investigate for themselves. They go to the tomb and see the grave-clothes laid aside, and still they do not realize the fact. Even when Jesus appears to them, they think they see a ghost, and he has to ask them to touch his hands, and has to eat with them, before, slowly and reluctantly, they admit the fact. It does not seem possible that they could have been mistaken. The supposition of fraud involves still greater difficulties. The Romans made sure that he was dead. The Roman soldier took a brutal way of ascertaining the fact of his death, by driving his lance into the body, thereby inflicting a wound that would have caused death, if it had not already taken place. The body had been laid in a new tomb, so that substitution was impossible. The seal on the stone, and the presence of the Roman guard, must have made it impossible for the friends of Jesus to remove his body. Then, to the fact of his resurrection was openly proclaimed within a short time of its occurrence, and that, too, not in a distant place, but in the very city where it occurred, and where, if the statement was false, there must have been a multitude of witnesses who could expose the fraud. No man can logically accept the resurrection without rejecting altogether the testimony of the Bible writers. But changes had taken place in the body of Jesus or at the resurrection, is implied by the facts recorded. So much for the fact. Our application to it is a practical one. There is no Christian boy or girl who cannot make the resurrection a reality to the world in the way Christ most wished. Christ should be seen in the lives of his followers. By the patience, forbearance, tenderness, and unselfish concern for the welfare of others may prove that Christ is risen again in our lives. If his spirit dominates us, the world will see that there is something supernatural in us. A life may be so beautiful, so unselfish, so beneficent that others may be drawn to Jesus by what they see of the power that life.

Very early the first day of the week. The observance of the first day of the week instead of the seventh day, as the day of religious service, is a standing testimony to the resurrection. There was no command that we know of to change the day, but it seems to have been done spontaneously by the followers of Christ in pure joy over the resurrection. We wonder what could have induced Jewish Christians to change the custom of centuries, and adopt another day for worship, but we wonder no longer when we remember the gladness that must have been associated with the day on which the sorrow was turned into joy by the resurrection of their Lord. "You look glad," said a lady to a carpenter on Saturday, as he was toiling in the hot sun. "You must be glad to-morrow is Sunday." The carpenter wiped his brow, as he answered, "Yes, ma'am, I am about ready for it every week." "I hope you keep the Sabbath," and don't spend it in drinking and playing." The carpenter smiled as he answered, "Oh no, ma'am, I don't keep the Sabbath. I am not a Jew; I am a Christian. I keep the Lord's Day. And it's no Sabbath to me. I am busy all day, from early prayer-meeting in church and Sunday School till night, and I am as much refreshed on Monday morning as if I had loafed around keeping Sabbath."

He goeth before you. Jeremy Taylor, referring to Christ's leadership, says: "It is reported in the Bohemian story that Wenceslaus, their king, one winter's night going to his devotions in a remote church barefooted in the snow and sharpness of unequal and pointed ice, his servant. Rex, who waited upon his master's piety, endeavored to imitate his affections, but soon fainted through the violence of the storm and cold, till the king commanded him to follow him, and set his feet in the same footsteps which his feet should mark for him. The servant did so, and either fancied a way or found one; for he followed his prince close forward with shame and zeal to his imitation, and by the forming footsteps in the snow. In the same manner does the way to Jesus; for since our way is troublesome, obscure, full of objection and danger to be mistaken, and to affright our feet, he commands us to mark his foot prints, and tread where his feet have stood; and he only invites us forward by the argument of his example, but he hath trodden the way much of the difficulty, and made it smooth, easier, and fit for our feet.

He is risen; he is not here. No attempt is made in the Gospels to explain the mystery of the resurrection. We would like to ask what change there was in the risen body; how it was that Mary, who looked on him so intensely, could have mistaken him for the gardener, and many other questions, but no information is given us. We have to get what help we can from analogy. One preacher says: Suppose you have a coin that has been crushed. The coin itself will not be wasted. Perhaps you give it away, and it never comes back to you, but it is not lost. If you had followed it you might, perhaps, have traced it to the bank, then to the mint, where it would be put into the furnace and melted down, and then it would pass through the mill, and come out a bright brand new shining coin. So with the resurrection—the new body will be like the old, but brighter and better.

GOSPEL PROGRESS IN MEXICO.

Mr. Moody Writes to "The Christian Herald" on the Subject—Twenty Years' Evangelical Work Reviewed — The Republic's Spiritual Needs.

DURING his recent evangelistic tour in Mexico, Mr. D. L. Moody, mindful of the interest American Christians have in the sister Republic, secured valuable information as to the progress of Gospel work in that country which he has now communicated to our readers in the following letter:

D. L. Moody

Fort Worth, Tex.
April 27, '95.

EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Before leaving Mexico, I asked one of the leading missionaries to write me about the outlook of the work in that Republic and the following is his answer. I thought your readers would be glad to see it and so send it to you. D. L. MOODY.

How the Seed has Multiplied.

My dear Mr. Moody:—I have conferred with Dr. Powell about the matter of Protestantism in Mexico; and, as a result, give you the following notes, which I trust may be of service to you.

First, then, as to the origin of Protestantism in this country: There is no doubt that a great deal of good was done by tracts sent by the American Tract and American Bible Societies with the American Army in 1847 and 1848. Bibles, Testaments and tracts were scattered in the wake of this army in its march from the Rio Grande to the City of Mexico, and although this effort was not followed up immediately by any systematic missionary work, the missionaries in different parts of the country found constantly finding the results of that seed sown." The first American missionary to come into the country was Miss Matilda Rankin of the Congregational Church who, early in the sixties, established a school in Matamoras, Texas, and after acquiring the Spanish language, moved to Monterey, where she established a day and boarding school. After awhile, the older girls who had been trained by Miss Rankin in the knowledge of the Gospels, were sent out into the adjoining towns and villages for the purpose of reading and expounding the Word. From this effort of hers grew up something like a dozen congregations, of which she was the chief pastor. She few years ago, on account of failing health, Miss Rankin returned to her State, Illinois, where she died about two years later. Her work was taken up by other missionaries. Organized missionary work, however, began in the country about 1872, though prior to this date, Rev. H. C. Riley worked under the American and Foreign Christian Union here in the centre of the country, and built up a large number of congregations.

Since the date given above, the Presbyterians, Methodists of both branches, Congregationalists, Baptists, Southern Presbyterians, Associate Reform Presbyterians, Baptists of the Northern Convention, Friends, and Cumberland Presbyterians, have entered the field in about the order mentioned above. There are now twelve mission Boards working in this country, and they have entered every State in the Republic with the single exception of Chiapas.

A Remarkable Showing.

The following is the result of twenty years of systematic evangelical work:

I. THE FIELD.

Number of centres of operation	90
Number of congregations	615
Number of ordained foreign missions	60
Number of assistant foreign missionaries; that is, unordained men, and wives of ordained and assistant missionaries	60
Number of foreign lady teachers	67
Whole number of foreign workers	186
Number of native preachers, ordained	111
Number of native preachers, unordained	164
Number of native teachers	177
Number of other native helpers	94
Whole number of native workers	546
Grand total of foreign and native workers	732

II. THE CHURCHES.

Number of churches organized	444
Number of communicants	17000
Number of probable adherents	50000

III. THE SCHOOL.

Number of training and theological schools	9
Number of students in same	36
Number of boarding schools and orphanages	33
Number of pupils in same	625
Number of common schools	116
Number of pupils in same	6700
Total number under instruction	7336
Number of Sunday Schools	347
Number of Sunday School teachers and officers	694
Number of Sunday School scholars	9815
Total membership of Sunday Schools	10307

IV. PUBLISHING INTERESTS.

Number of publishing houses	10
Number of papers issued	13
Pages of all kinds of religious literature issued since the establishment of our press	159, 948, 246

V. PROPERTIES.

Number of church buildings	118
Approximate value of same (inc. furniture)	$635,550
Number of parsonages	30
Approximate value of same (including society furniture)	$217,900
Number of educational buildings	31
Approximate value of same (including furniture and utensils)	$283,885
Value of publishing outfit	$ 40,150
Total value of all missionary property	$1,101,485

VI. HISTORIC AND PERSONAL.

How many martyrs, if any, has your mission had	58

Difficulties Encountered.

It should be remembered that thirty years ago, there was no organized Evangelical church, no Protestant school house, nor church building, in all this republic, and that, until about that date, with the single brief exception, during the march of the American army, it was worth a man's life to be seen with a Bible anywhere in Mexico, and yet, these wonderful results have followed.

These several denominations are working together harmoniously. An evidence of this fact has recently been witnessed in Toluca, where 141 workers from different missions, gathered together for a three days' meeting of conference and prayer. As you were present at nearly all of these sessions, I need hardly add that that gathering was probably the most remarkable of its kind in the history of Protestanism in this country. The workers were drawn nearer together, and received a new inspiration of the great work which lies before us.

The meetings which you and Mr. Sankey have been kind enough to continue since then in this city, have been productive of immense good. Many cold Christians have been quickened, and many wanderers are being brought back into the fold. I think the different missionaries will never cease to be grateful for this great help that you and Mr. Sankey have given to our work among the Mexican people.

QUEEN WILHELMINA IN FRIESLAND DRESS.

The Needs of the Workers.

As to our needs, they are many. Among the most pressing, might be mentioned the following:

The more perfect equipment of our Evangelical press for the publication of books, tracts, and papers. It very often happens that friends in the North can be interested in this work, and furnish money for the publication of these books. One of the most successful instances of this kind was a donation made by a friend of yours in the city of Boston, not many years since, with which we published 5,000 copies of your little book "On Heaven."

It frequently happens, too, that we trace the origin of some church or schoool to the reading of a little tract, and these printed pages are being sent out by millions each year from the evangelical presses now established in the country.

The Rising Generation.

Another one of our great needs is an increased effort along educational lines. We ought to have more schools. The country lies open before us, with its 12,000,000 inhabitants. The rising generation is desirous of receiving education. We can reach these boys and girls by hundreds and thousands, and the 8,000 children now under instruction in the different evangelical churches might be multiplied over and over again, if the necessary funds were forthcoming. We must begin at the foundation. We all feel the need of a strong central University, which should have an inter-denominational character, well established, equipped, and fully endowed.

It has been a great gratification to the missionaries here to note the deep interest that you and Mr. Sankey have taken in our native work. We are sure you will carry it home on your hearts.

Faithfully yours, JOHN M. BUTLER.

A SPIRITUAL REVIVAL AT TOLUCA.

At the closing meeting held by Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey in Toluca, Mexico, testimonies were given by nearly everyone of the missionaries present. Some had come over 1200 miles to attend, and some had grave doubts when they came to the convention that they themselves would receive any special anointing for their work. These particular ones especially gave testimony that they had received great blessing. As the final meeting broke up, all joined hands while singing the old favorite hymn familiar among Christians in every land:

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!

Two wonderfully interesting meetings were held in the great National Theatre at Toluca, at which all the missionaries were present, the galleries being crowded with native Mexicans wearing their blankets and sombreros. Addresses were made by Mr. Moody in English, followed by others in Spanish, and songs were sung by Mr. Sankey, the interest being maintained till a late hour. The most kindly feeling was manifested on the part of the city officials and the people, indicating a widespread liberality of feeling in regard to religious matters. The Governor of the State presented to each minister and missionary through the Rev. Dr. Powell who had initiated and carried through the meetings, an historical volume giving the history of the State.

Meetings were afterwards held in the City of Mexico for ten days, at the conclusion of the Conference, and were largely attended by the English-speaking people of the city, Mr. Moody giving addresses twice a day, followed by Inquiry Meetings, which were well attended.

A CARLYLE MEMORIAL.

GREAT BRITAIN proposes to honor the memory of Thomas Carlyle one of the greatest authors, historians and philosophers the present century has produced, by the purchase of his old home in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London, which it is suggested shall be ultimately transformed into a Carlyle Museum. It was in this antique-looking dwelling that the philosopher wrote the "Life of Frederick the Great," and in recognition of that fact Emperor William of Germany has sent $500 to the Memorial Committee. Here, too, Carlyle was wont to receive his friends, among them Mazzini, Tennyson, Forster, Dickens, Froude, Ruskin, and many others of world-wide distinction. At a recent meeting in the Mansion House, London (the Lord Mayor's special residence), Mr. Bayard, the United States Minister to England, expressed the warm sympathy Americans felt in the project, and also mentioned the fact that it was on this side of the Atlantic that the great genius of the writer received its first real recognition. Doubtless all the funds needed for the project will speedily be raised and the Museum, which will contain a most interesting collection of Carlyliana, will become an attraction for visitors from all parts of the world.

CARLYLE'S HOME AT CHELSEA.

HOLLAND'S GIRL QUEEN.

YOUNG Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, whose childish features were several years ago presented in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is now visiting England. She has grown to be quite a young lady of fifteen, or thereabouts. She and young Alfonso, of Spain, are the two "fatherless sovereigns," and as such, are regarded with much interest wherever they go.

Some years ago, Wilhelmina paid a visit to the German Court, where she greatly interested Emperor William, and last autumn she was in Switzerland and the Tyrol. Her full name is Wilhelmina Helen Pauline Marie, and though still a child, she has already worn the Dutch crown for nearly five years. Only child of the second marriage of King William III. with Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont, the little girl soon after her birth became sole heiress to the throne by the deaths of her half-brothers, the Prince of Orange and Prince Alexander. At the King's decease, Queen Emma was appointed Regent, and has since devoted her life to training up her daughter as a high-minded woman and sovereign. The young Queen does justice to the maternal care, for she is a charming, unaffected girl, bright and lively. She looks rather delicate and is not very tall. She speaks French, English, and German fluently, in addition to her native tongue, having been carefully educated by an English governess. In the native "Friesland dress" (in which she appears in the illustration), she looks very attractive, and has won her the hearts of the people of Holland.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE BIBLE.

A prisoner confined in solitary confinement obtained a copy of the Bible and by three years' careful study obtained the following facts: The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 773,692 words, 31,174 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The word "and" occurs 46,277 times; the word "Lord" occurs 1,855 times; the word "reverend" occurs but once, which is the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm. The finest chapter to read is the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The 19th chapter of II. Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther, the shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of John. The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm ends alike. Each of the verses of the 136th Psalm ends alike.

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE COMING BRIGHTNESS.

THE long story of crime and outrage in all parts of the land will go on till you somehow cage this wild beast of the rum traffic. You might as well go out with a bucket at New Orleans to bail the Mississippi River, forgetting that as long as the Ohio and the Missouri and the Arkansas and the Yazoo and eight mighty tributaries poured into it, nothing less than Omnipotence can halt that Father of Waters. Neither can this great Mississippi of crime and outrage be bailed out as long as these one hundred thousand tributaries of iniquity keep pouring in their surges of death. In this great conflict sometimes Christian men and philanthropists get thoroughly discouraged, and you hear the disheartenment in their prayers and exhortations and sermons. In such a mood you are of no use. A soldier who does not expect to win the day might better be outside the regiment. I suggest a healthy thing for you to do. When a long and severe winter is raging, it is most refreshing to go into some art gallery and look at a picture of springtime and see the blossoms, or at a picture of summer and see golden grain-fields, or at a picture of the autumn and see ripe orchards. So if you ever get depressed at the long winter of the world's sin and sorrow, just open your Bible and look at the pictures of the spring, the summer, the autumn of what the world is yet to be, beyond all possibility of disappointment. There is no more doubt about it than that June and July and August are coming. Right after I read in the newspapers the story of the crime and the wretchedness of the world, I want to read Isaiah's description of the time when the whole earth will be a garden. Isaiah describes that coming joy by turning into the same pasture-field leopard and wolf and bear and lion and cow and calf. He turns the den of reptiles into a child's play-ground. The wilderness becomes a blooming park, and Jeremiah and Malachi, and Paul and John and Christ join their voices in presenting the brightness and grandeur and redolence of the world as it shall be. So you cannot discourage me. Neither ought I to be able to discourage you. Is not God stronger than the devil?

Toward the glorious consummation toil, ye with uplifted head and illumined face and exultant spirit, for God will give all who are faithful a share in the final triumph. Every kind word spoken, every prayer [illegible], every good deed done, every [illegible] of righteousness, will give you more and more part in the joy of the great harvest home. Christ will push aside many pretentious workers who won great applause for what they accomplished, to greet some humble disciple with the words: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it to me." The trouble is that in religion we deal too much in glittering generalities, and do not realize that the most of this work is to be done on a small scale. Do the work next to you. Be satisfied to cultivate your own field; you cannot cultivate mine. Many a man who had but one talent, and rightly used it, will, in the last great day, receive higher reward than the man with five talents or ten talents, who did not properly employ them. Not great philanthropists and great orators and great officials are to save this world. The universal conquest will be the aggregation of the work of two hundred millions.

THE PARDONING POWER.

THERE have been so many cases in which it was demonstrated beyond a doubt that the innocent suffered and the guilty went free, that the Governor who resolves upon abstinence from the exercise of the pardoning power becomes himself the criminal. Sometimes men become the victims of circumstances, and after a life of integrity do just one wrong thing. Punished they must be, but after awhile there comes a time for leniency and release. Sometimes good men are found in suspicious circumstances for which they are in nowise responsible, and are flung into prison, and after awhile the real author of the crime, under pang of conscience or on sick or dying bed, makes confession. Sometimes after a crime is committed the community are so hot with excitement that the jury lose their balance, and are incompetent for a just verdict, and they pronounce those guilty who are not guilty. Sometimes a judge of the court, gouty or dyspeptic or savage, guided by his exasperated nervous system rather than his sense of right, inflicts too long an imprisonment for an offender. Sometimes there are conspiracies against some unfortunate man which do not develop as conspiracies until long after the trial. There is probably not a large penitentiary in the land which does not to-day hold in iron embrace those who deserve the full liberty of good citizenship. What a grand thing when a Governor is willing to put his ear to the wicket of the dungeon and listen to the plaint, and examine the testimony, and finding innocence in bonds, does the work of the angel of God that opened the door of the apostolic imprisonment and set Peter free.

My friend, Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky, entering upon his office at Frankfort, the State capital, found a great mass of convicts huddled together in illy ventilated dungeons. Four persons in a room where there ought to have been only one. Old villains and young boys in the same bunk. No opportunity of ablution. Filthy and rotting alive. Those who were, as a result of the terrible place, in the last stages of consumption, he sent to their homes to die. Those who had been unjustly committed he set free. Light poured into the earthly pandemonium, and while Governor Blackburn did all that the law would allow him to do in the reformation of those who must stay and in the liberation of those who ought to go, his accomplished and Christian wife carried the Gospel of Christ through all the prison corridors and gathered the convicts Sabbath by Sabbath into the chapel, where she put them under the influence of prayer and song and religious exhortation. One of the most gratifying hours of my life was that passed when at the invitation of that Elizabeth Fry, that Florence Nightingale of American prisons, Mrs. Blackburn, I confronted the prisoners with a message of mercy from a pardoning God. He who pardons the most is most like God, who abundantly pardons.

PRAISE AND BLAME.

WHEN we think of the vast railroad system of this country, and that this moment, and every moment, on all the tracks north, south, east, and west, the long trains are rolling and rushing and thundering on, it is a marvel that every morning and every evening newspaper does not present us a long roll of the dead. Let the reprehension of the faithless always be accompanied with applaudits for that multitude of men who on small wages keep the railroading of this country and Great Britain moving in such perfection that an accident is exceptional. One can go from New York to Toronto or Chicago with no more exposure to danger than he meets in crossing our slippery streets on cold nights. The least dangerous mode of travel is the rail-train. More dangerous is it to go in carriage, and in some conditions of streets, most perilous to go afoot. While we are again and again called to denounce the sacrifice of human life, we ought to take every opportunity to praise the fidelity of those who get no recognition of brave work conscientiously performed. There are in our time no grander instances of vicarious suffering than that shown by railroad engineers. I often ride with them on their locomotives, and I am always impressed with their intelligence, their gentlemanliness, and their heroism. You get but little idea of them as you see the train coming in, and with faces and hands and garments smutched of the coal-dust and soiled with the oil of machinery, they lean out of the window of the hissing engine looking for a telegram from the superintendent giving orders about the next run. How much of the life, the wealth and the happiness of the world depends upon their promptness, and how few betray the trust. Let the execrable negligence of the few be the hearty eulogy of the many.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Reader, Sykesville, Pa. Was the wine which Jesus made at the marriage at Cana intoxicating?

In absence of a direct statement in the Gospels we have to be guided by inference. From Christ's character we infer that he would not provide intoxicating wine. The fact of the governor at the feast pronouncing it good, does not imply that it was intoxicating, but merely that it was pleasant to the taste. Your friend's contention as to fermentation is obviously wrong. The process involves the lapse of time. Unfermented wines were certainly in use in Palestine as well as fermented wines.

Subscriber, Tiffin, O. 1. Have we any knowledge as to the origin of the cliff-dwellers? 2. What do verses 4-6 of the sixth chapter of Hebrews mean?

1. The Hayden Survey, sent out by the U.S. Government, explored the cliff dwellings of Arizona and New Mexico, but found very little material upon which to base conclusions as to those prehistoric people. The perforations in the rocks were made by members of the vanished race of whose origin nothing is known, and who had been driven by enemies from the the plains below. They were probably the remote ancestors of the Pueblo Indians. 2. There is a condition of backsliding or apostasy so grievous that there cannot possibly be new means for the renewing afresh in the spiritual life of those who have so fallen away. Twice dead, they are past hope, except by a miracle of God's grace.

Mrs. Lida McCullough, Gosport, Ia. Locate Bethabara and Enon and state the probable distance from the river Jordan.

Bethabara, or "the house of the ford or ferry," was "beyond Jordan," or on the eastern bank of the river. Enon or Ænon, where John baptized, was on the west side of the Jordan, and a short distance from the river, and fifty-three miles northeast of Jerusalem. It is believed by many scholars and investigators to have been on the site of Salim or Shalem, near Nablous, where there are two very copious springs.

J. Renfrew, Alleghany, Pa. Where did "Black Death" originate, and is it identical with the plague which has recently appeared in China?

The mediæval "Black Death" (a virulent typhus), is said to have originated in China, and was first brought to Europe from that country in the fourteenth century by trading caravans, or merchant ships. There had previously been three great pestilences, following famines, in Europe. It is supposed to be identical with the great plague that afflicted Egypt and Greece in the sixth century A. D. The plague mentioned in the dispatches as having broken out in certain Chinese ports after the late war, is probably cholera.

Frederick Martin, Buffalo, N. Y., and several others. Since there is no Scriptural or statutory injunction against the marriage of first cousins, what is the principal objection to such a union?

As this is a question that has been repeatedly asked by readers of THE MAIL BAG, we give a comprehensive answer: Although there is no Scriptural or legal prohibition, there are physiological reasons that should be carefully considered. There are in some families, and even in their collateral branches, evidences of departure from the normal physical, or mental standard. All physiological authorities agree that wherever such evidences are present, intermarriage intensifies the predisposition in the offspring, and that such peculiarities are transmitted in an increased degree. Inherited tendencies are invariably magnified in the children of such unions. This rule is well-nigh absolute, and should be kept well in view in all cases where the union of blood relations is concerned.

Inquirer. Is it wrong for parents to make a leaving to an afflicted child a larger portion than to the other children who are not afflicted?

No; on the contrary, it would be a kind and thoughtful provision to so arrange for the support of an afflicted son or daughter. For other information desired in your letter, write to H. P. Main, 76 E. 9th street, New York.

J. F. D. At what time were public sacrifices discontinued in Palestine?

They were only permitted to be offered in the Temple, and at its destruction by the invading armies of Titus in A. D. 70, they were necessarily discontinued.

Emma Miner, Portland, Me. Kindly decide, for several readers which is the more dignified expression to use, "woman" or "lady?"

Both are right in their respective places. But it is a vulgarism to use the latter term discriminately, as many do. "Woman," however, is the more dignified. Von der Vogelweide, the German poet, expressed this sentiment when he wrote,

"Woman" must ever be woman's highest name,
And honors more than "Lady."

E. Callicott, St. Paul, Minn. Do the Armenian Christians hold the same religious belief with the Christian people of Europe and America?

In many important points, their belief is the same, although there are others on which they differ. They attribute but one nature to Christ, and hold that the Spirit proceeds from the Father only. They hold the atonement, baptism, and the Lord's Supper as essentials, but the form of their ordinances differs from ours. They adore the saints but do not believe in purgatory.

E. McArdle, New Haven, Ct. What is the estimated cost of the new Congressional Library, and how many volumes can it accommodate?

It will cost $6,000,000 and is to be completed in 1896. It will be the finest library structure in the world, and will have room for 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 volumes.

M. V. Ferris, Detroit, Mich. 1. From which of Noah's sons are Americans descended? Have we any means of accurately determining the percentage of the different nationalities of Europe?

1. Ethnologists hold that the native races of America are descended from Japheth. The people of Poland, Hungary, Switzerland, France, Spain, Portugal and Britain are believed to be descendants of Gomer, the son of Japheth.

J. B. P., Philadelphia, Pa. What is the Moslem belief concerning the stepping-stone of Mahomet?

The story is not a part of the Mohammedan creed but merely one of the many absurd legends concerning the Prophet. It is said that upon which he used to place his foot in mounting Al Borak, ("The Lightning," his horse. When Mahomet was caught up the stone (so the legend goes) arose with him, and he pushed it back into mid-air, where it hangs suspended but invisible to all save the Moslems with sufficient faith to see it.

Subscriber. 1. Is there any command in the Bible to forgive our enemies before they ask us to do so? Are we to forgive them? 2. Where can I find the remaining verses of the hymn:

Saviour, like a bird, to Thee,
Weary and wounded my soul would flee.

1. There is no specific injunction to do so, although our forgiveness must be freely given at all times. God's attitude toward his children shows that he is ever ready to forgive, and that the moment the sinner turns toward him with contrition, a pardoning hand is extended. See Matt. 18: 21, 22. 2. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to furnish the information.

Mrs. S. W. Allen, Humboldt, Neb. How did Valentine's Day, Shrove Tuesday, and Ash Wednesday originate?

The origin of Valentine's Day and the particular custom associated with it, is unknown. There were several St. Valentines, but which whom the day was designated is uncertain. Shrove Tuesday (the day before Ash Wednesday) was originally so-called from the confession in the Roman Church of confessing sins on that day. Gradually it became a day of merry-making and amusement. Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, was originally so-called because penitents formerly appeared on that day in sackcloth and ashes. The extract concerning Easter (mentioned in your letter) is not regard as calling for serious consideration.

Will. E. T., Union City, Ind. Send full name and address to Mrs. S. J. Nitterhouse, Waynesboro, Ia. ——H. J. B., Centreport, N. Y. Write to W. Collins' Sons & Co., publishers, Glasgow, Scotland. ——C. F. Norwood, Wollaston, Mass. Her address would seem in such a case to be a work of supererogation. ——Mrs. O. Stombaugh, Dauphin Island, Ala., cannot. ——Mansfield, Mobile, Ala., can use no better literature to great advantage in her missionary work. ——Joseph T. Hatch, Poland, La. Presbyterian. ——Mrs. Sarah H. Jones, Rudolph, Atlantic Mine, Mich. No; neither here nor in England. Such a system exists in Paris, however.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

ANCHU MAUSOLEUMS.

RECENT dispatches from China indicate that the peace with Japan, which is now proclaimed, may be the prelude to new conflict. In the tea-houses and on the streets of the great cities of China talk which bodes ill for the Em- Loyalty and reverence for the rul- hse have given place to discontent, hvill probably culminate in a rebel- he full details of the humiliation of the hands of Japan are not known eople, but sufficient is known to popular resentment against the . Nothing can disguise the fact an, with little more than one-tenth pulation of China, has proved her- te powerful nation. The Chinese at their national affairs must have ssly mismanaged, otherwise the lapse of their armies would not en possible. With their tured or sunk, their ar- uted and demoralized, ir Emperor a suppliant e to the despised Japan- Chinese heart is sore. ontent is intensified by that although the dy- as ruled China for two and fifty years, it is rded in China as a for- nasty. Its founder was hurian named Nurha- o, since his death has nonized, by the title of . Chinese tradition at to him a supernatural nd the possession of tural powers. The truth, , appear to be that he obscure Manchurian ad- , who attained the lea- of his tribe, and event- nquered the whole ria. The great wall of lone prevented his lead- victorious Manchus into t of China. He settled ukden, and in that city s agnificent mausoleum, a of which appears on this About the middle of the th century China was in f troubles. The Man- re at war with her on her borders, ormidable rebellion was raging in rior. The Ming dynasty fell before ellion, and the rebel chief was pro- n Emperor. But the Chinese Gen- ho was holding the Manchus in t the great wall, was little inclined the new regime. He made peace Manchu chieftain and invited him in the overthrow of the usurper.' y Manchu gladly consented and, achieved that triumph, established on the throne of China, adding territory of Manchuria to the Chi- pire. Thus the Manchu dynasty gurated, and it has maintained it- wer to the present day. Its rep- ves have not forgotten their origin. has ever been to them the sacred cradle of their race. A mausoleum, less magnificent than that of u, is reared there over his son and r. Two huge stone slabs, resting acks of elaborately carved tortoises, ed at the entrance of the roads that these sumptuous resting-places of d, and on them, in Manchu and characters, are inscriptions com- g the traveller to dismount from his st the illustrious sleepers be disturb- e clank of hoof. The European or n traveller is apt to smile at the precaution. If the ears of the great s were open to earthly sounds, ave been noises in China which ave made them tingle. The pres- peror, the tenth in descent from at Nurhachu, imagined, as did his sors, that in the millions of China as a sure protection to the country. as been discovering, under the rough teaching of the despised Japanese, the truth of the warning of the inspired Jewish king:

There is no king saved by the multitude of a host. Psalms 33 : 16.

A Strange Death.

A remarkable accident has befallen a New York merchant during a visit to Chicago. A press dispatch from the latter city on May 3 says that the merchant had just died there from blood-poisoning. In licking an envelope, the sharp edge of the paper cut his tongue. He thought nothing of it at the time, but the next day he suffered a sharp pain from the laceration and his tongue was swollen. As it grew worse, he went to a doctor about it, and was told that he was suffering from blood-poisoning. The best attention was given to the case, but the poison had permeated the whole body, and it was impossible to save his life. It is strange that so slight a wound should have been fatal, when on the battle-field and in the hospital, men recover after their bodies have received frightful gashes. But it was the poison that killed, although it was a very minute portion that could have entered by that tiny wound in the tongue, it found by that gateway ready access to the stream of life, and so poisoned the whole body. It is so with moral evil. More souls have been lost by the sins we call small, than by great crimes. Lying, and slandering, and profanity, and obscenity, are avenues to destruction as sure as murder and theft, and in those the breach in the spiritual citadel is at the tongue. The words of warning uttered by the apostle James on this subject are confirmed by our experience:

The tongue is a fire : it defileth the whole body and setteth on fire the course of nature : and it is set on fire of hell. (James 3 : 6.

A Pepper Plague in a Church.

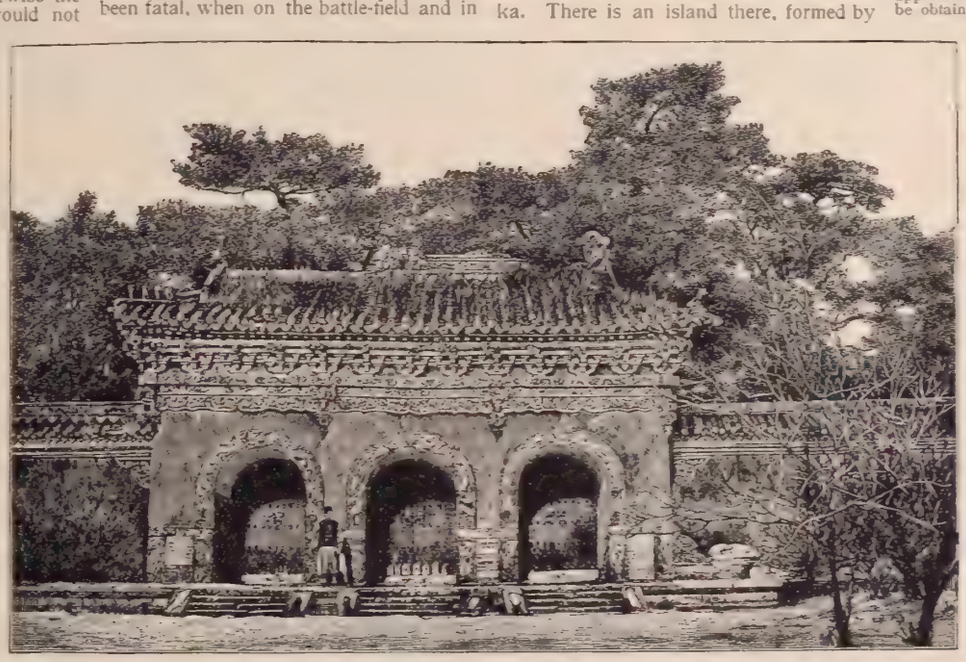
A church trouble at Hoboken, N. J., has developed a new agent in ecclesiastical warfare. The congregation of the church is divided on the subject of the pastor's merits and services. The majority have confidence in him and give him their cordial support. A small, but apparently aggressive, party in the church oppose him and want to force him to resign. The usual methods have been adopted without success. While the pastor enjoys the confidence of the larger number of the members he cannot be ousted. His opponents have lately resorted to a campaign of annoyance. The pastor receives abusive letters, criticizing his sermons and his life. He finds objectionable hand bills posted around his residence and once he had to have a member laid under bonds to keep the peace. On a recent Sunday a new method of annoyance was tried. After the opening hymn was sung, an epidemic of sneezing attacked the organist, the congregation and the pastor, which became so violent that the service had to be closed abruptly. The cause was discovered afterward. It was found that red pepper had been put in the organ-pipes and had been scattered through the church by the wind used in the instrument. The trick showed that the pastor's enemies possessed that ingenuity of perversion which is so common in the world. In employing the element which carried delight to the sense of hearing, to carry an irritant to the sense of smell, they only did as the enemy of all good does, when he uses the printing-press and other agencies of good for the dissemination of evil. Material things are neither good nor evil in themselves, but become the one or the other according to the use to which they are put. It is consolatory to know that the time is coming when everything on earth and in nature will become subservient to the mission of the Prince of Peace and will be consecrated to his service.

The creation was subjected to vanity not of its own will, but by reason of him who subjected it . . . and shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God. Romans 8 : 20, 21.

No Man's Land.

A complicated case of jurisdiction has arisen on the borders of Iowa and Nebraska. There is an island there, formed by the Missouri river, which may belong to either State but which neither wants. The original survey of the boundaries of the States was made in 1846 and the Missouri was made the boundary between Iowa and Nebraska. In 1857, when another survey was made, it was found that the river had changed its course and was two miles further west than it was eleven years before. Five hundred acres of land that were formerly on the Nebraska side of the river were thus on the Iowa side. A number of squatters availed themselves of the change to settle on the land and refused to pay taxes. To the Iowa officers they showed that the land had been formerly registered as in Nebraska and to the Nebraska officers they insisted that the river proved the land was in Iowa. They would not pay to either State and they have grown rich by their immunity. Gradually the river again changed its course turning the debatable land into a peninsula. The settlers cut a channel across it and thus by turning it into an island still more completely isolated themselves. But lately a change of mind has occurred. The chance of escaping taxation attracted new settlers and the original settlers are being despoiled of their possessions by violence and they cannot appeal to either State for protection. Already one murder has been committed and there have been many violent quarrels. The original settlers now wish that one of the States would assume control of the island and they realize that they blundered when they repudiated allegiance. There are many people who make a similar discovery at the end of their lives as to their souls. Even those need God's help then who in their days of health and prosperity would not listen to his invitations and were deaf to his warnings.

They would none of my counsel and despised all my reproof : . . . therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, etc. (Prov. 1: 30, 31.



THE TOMB AT MOUKDEN OF NURHACHU, FOUNDER OF THE MANCHU DYNASTY.

BRIEF NOTES.

Church Members Seeking Employment, or who wish to add to their incomes, may find it to their interest to send their address to Box J, Station D, New York.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has been Holding Union Services at Bryn Mawr, Pa. Five churches co-operated in the work. The meetings were largely attended and at the close fully three hundred persons made profession of faith.

There are 75,000 Jews in Persia, and it is stated that they are openly listening to the Gospel, one of their rabbis allowing Rev. Dr. Bruce to preach in his synagogue.

Rev. George C. Needham and Dr. W. J. Erdman are conducting a Second Advent campaign in England. Fifteen cities and towns have been visited since the beginning of March, and meetings of two or three days' duration held in each.

Dr. Talmage's Service at the Academy of Music, New York, on May 12 was the occasion of a scene that will never be forgotten by any who witnessed it. The sermon, which was published in this journal last week, was addressed especially to young men. After its delivery hundreds of them, many of whom showed traces of strong emotion in their faces, crowded around the preacher to shake his hand and thank him for his eloquent words.

The Summer Schools of the American Institute of Sacred Literature will be held at Winfield, Kan., June 18-29; Chautauqua, N. Y., July 6 to Aug. 16; and at Bay View, Mich., July 18 to Aug. 15. Other appointments are being made, a list of which may be obtained from the Secretary, Prof. Geo. S. Burroughs, Ph. D., Hyde Park, Chicago.

A Wonderful Meeting was held at Millville, N. J., on May 9th in connection with the series of services conducted by Rev. Thomas Harrison. It was Jubilee Day at the Revival, to celebrate the conversion of the seven hundred persons who have made profession of faith during the services. Dr. Talmage preached in the afternoon to a congregation that filled the First Methodist Episcopal Church in every part and at the conclusion of the service, finding that an enormous crowd had been unable to enter the church, Dr. Talmage preached again from the church steps to fully three thousand persons.

A Call for a National Conference on Political Reform has been issued by a number of prominent clergymen and Christian workers. The conference will be held June 28 to July 4, in the University Temple, Prohibition Park, Staten Island. Among the subjects set down for discussion are: Prohibition; Government Ownership of Railroads, Telegraphs and Telephones; Woman Suffrage; Proportional Representation; Monopolies and Trusts; and the National Currency. Among the signers of the call are Dr. W. S. Rainsford; Dr. Josiah Strong; Dr. I. K. Funk; Hon. John G. Wooley; Mary T. Burt and Frances E. Willard.

Rev. Hermann Warszawiak's work among the Jews of New York is now organized as "The American Mission to the Jews," under the direction of a committee of clergymen and gentlemen. Dr. John Hall is chairman and among the members are Dr. Henry A. Stimson, Dr. David J. Burrell, Dr. Samuel H. Virgin, Dr. F. F. Ellinwood, Mr. A. W. Dennett and Mr. Samuel B. Schieffelein. Arrangements are being made for Mr. Warszawiak to hold services for the Jews of New York in the Church of Sea and Land in Market Street.

A Descendant of Mahomed was Recently baptised in Persia, and gave up his honorable green turban, saying that he no longer gloried in having the Oriental prophet for his father.

An Eccentric Farmer who Died Near Forgue, Scotland, about a year ago, gave his family Bible to his old housekeeper before his death. She expected a legacy, but was disappointed, as no will could be found. On opening the Bible after several months, she has found the will between the leaves. It makes her soul heiress of the deceased.

At the Convention of the Open Air Workers' Association of America, held in Washington, D. C., May 6 and 7, Dr. Teunis S. Hamlin was elected President. An illustrated report of the work of the Association for the year has been issued. It may be obtained from the Secretary, 77 State street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Have Received a unanimous invitation from the ministers of the Evangelical Churches of Atlanta, Ga., to hold a series of services in that city during the time of the Southern Exposition, which is to be held in that city, commencing October next. A large tabernacle is to be erected for the services.

Prepararations are Being Made for a Pan-American Congress of Religion and Education, which is to be held at Toronto July 18-25. It is arranged that there shall be six Sections, respectively with : Publication, Education, Philanthropy, Temperance and Rescue Work, the Denominations, and Young People's Societies. Among the speakers are to be Bishops Vincent and Hurst, Dr Gunsalus, President W. R. Harper, and Dr. H. W. Bennett. All particulars may be obtained by addressing the Secretary, Mr. S. Sherin, Toronto, Can.

The Deplorable Accident at one of the Sunday services in Messrs. Moody and Sankey's tent in Fort Worth, Tex., has proved to be less disastrous than was at first reported. [illegible] was a sudden down-pour of rain in extraordinary volume. No [illegible] carrying off the water from the roof of the temporary building in which the services were held, the weight of water caused about one-third of the ceiling to fall in. A number were injured, but none of them seriously, and we understand that all are happily recovering.

SERMONS-WORTH READING

HELPFUL DISCOURSES for the PEOPLE

THE ENLISTED HEART.

Preached in the Hanson Place M.E.Church, Brooklyn, by Dr. Louis Albert Banks.

Text: Isa. 44: 20, *"He feedeth on ashes: a deceived heart hath turned him aside."*

THE heart and not the head is the central throne of human life. Many a clear head has gone to its ruin through the power of a bad heart; and many a weak head has worn the crown of glory through the benediction of a good heart. It is desirable to have a good head and a good heart, but the heart is of the most importance. The Bible sets this forth in many striking sentences. Solomon says, "My son, give me thine heart," intimating if that was given, all was given; and again it is declared, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he;" and again, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." And Jesus, in the twelfth chapter of Matthew, declares that "a good man, out of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth good things: and an evil man, out of the evil treasure, bringeth forth evil things."

Anselm says that our heart is like a mill which a certain man gave in charge to his servant, commanding that he should only grind in it his master's grain—whether wheat, barley or oats—and telling him that he must subsist on the produce of the mill. But that servant had an enemy who was always alert to do him harm. If at any time he found the mill unwatched, he threw in gravel to keep the stones from acting, or pitch to clog them, or dirt and chaff to mix with the meal. If the servant was faithful in watching the mill, there came forth the beautiful flour which was at once a service to his master and a subsistence to himself; but if he played truant, and allowed his enemy to tamper with his machinery, his employer was angry and he himself was starved. Our hearts are like that mill. They are ever grinding on the thoughts and imaginations with which we feed them. The devil is a vigilant enemy: he throws in evil thoughts which can only be prevented by watchfulness and prayer.

A Dying Boy's Message.

There can be no doubt that our text and the Scriptures generally teach us that the heart dictates whether we are good or bad. Let us see into a man's heart, and we will know what kind of a man he is. The widow of General Custer tells a touching story of President Lincoln. It was during the war of the Rebellion, when General McClellan had sent for President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton to visit and consult with him on the battle-field. It was at night, and the dead and wounded were being carried from the field. The lanterns of the men who moved among the slain shone out like fire-flies as they passed. As one stretcher came near Mr. Lincoln, he heard the voice of a lad calling to his mother. He forgot the crisis of the hour. His very being concentrated itself in the crisis of the dying boy. Stopping the carriers, he knelt and, bending over him, asked, "What can I do for you, my poor child?" "Oh, you will do nothing for me," he replied. "You are a Yankee. I cannot hope that my message to my mother will ever reach her." Mr. Lincoln's tears, his voice full of tenderest love, convinced the boy of his sincerity, and he gave the good-bye words without [illegible] and ordered that they be sent that night with a flag of truce into the enemy's lines. He only told the soldier who he was to assure [illegible]; and when told that time was precious, he went away from the boy's side with sobs and tears. Surely nothing could speak so eloquently of the qualities of that great man as this window into his heart.

We often say of a compliment or a gift that we value it highly because it comes from the heart. This is often our unconscious testimony to the supreme importance of the heart. A pretty story relating to Uhland, the German lyric poet, was current a few years since in the literary world. Uhland was as modest as he was learned, and when the King of Prussia offered him a most coveted Order, he declined to accept it. While the poet was explaining to his wife the reason which moved him to refuse the distinction, there was a knock at the door. A peasant girl from the neighborhood entered and, presenting Uhland with a bunch of violets, said, "This is an offering from my mother." "Your mother, child!" replied the poet; "I thought she died last autumn." "That is true, Herr Uhland," said the girl; "and I begged you at the time to make a little verse for her grave, and you kindly sent me a beautiful poem. These are the first violets which have bloomed on mother's grave. I have plucked them, and I like to think she sends them to you with her greetings." The poet's eyes moistened as he took the flowers, and, putting them in his button-hole, he said to his wife: "There, dear woman, is not that an Order more valuable than any king can give?"

A Mutilated Face.

The heart puts its own stamp upon the man or woman in whose bosom it beats. The heart gives dignity or brands with shame. You cannot properly judge any man except his heart is permitted to explain his life. About the streets of one of our eastern cities there is a man who carries a grievously mutilated face. His poor face is marred worse than almost any you could find, and it is almost impossible to look at it with the eye of a stranger, without a certain sense of revulsion, though your tenderness of heart may mingle it with pity. He is a business man, but he always wears a military cap. The cap is significant, and the intelligent observer reads it at a glance, and sees in the cap the explanation of the face. The cap says this: At the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion this young man had a splendid, strong face with regular features that were the delight of his mother's heart and the pleasure and comfort of his friends. When Fort Sumter was fired on, he went to the front in defense of his country's flag. His countenance was shot in pieces because he dared to stand up where the air was thick and dreadful with flying lead aimed at the heart of his country. This man is greatly held in honor by his fellow-citizens, because they hold their country at the price of all the symmetry that was in his features when he bore them bravely to the front against the foe, for this cruel scarring. And to every true soul his ruined face has a beauty of its own, fairer than any mere moulding in human flesh could give. Rest assured, my brother, that your heart will put its brand on you for good or evil.

The heart gives power and influence after its kind. It is related of a famous French woman who once reigned in Paris society, that she was so homely when a girl that her mother said to her one day, "My poor child, you are too ugly for any one ever to fall in love with you." It sank down deep into the little girl's heart, and instead of making her sour and bitter, it had just the opposite effect. From this time she began to be very kind to the poor children of the village, the servants of the household, and even the birds that hopped about the garden walks. She so gave herself up to this spirit of kindness and service for others that she was distressed to be compelled to part from anyone without having rendered them some service. This good-will towards everybody, and her constant desire to do good, at last made her the idol of Paris, where she lived as Madame de Circourt. Though her complexion was sallow, and her gray eyes small and sunken, yet she held in devotion to her the greatest men and noblest women of her time. Her unfailing interest in others made her, it is said, perfectly irresistible. Such a life furnishes a most valuable lesson to all who would be attractive, that they may be useful; for, other things being equal, it is the most interesting, the most winning, man or woman who does the most good.

The precious thing about all this is that this grace of heart—this gentle, generous, loving, overflowing interest in others, which is so fascinating, and this fragrance of a sympathetic and kindly nature, which is always so attractive, is

In the Reach of Everyone

of us. Perhaps someone now here who has given way to harshness of speech and temper, and selfishness of conduct, until it seems to be first nature to him, will say that is exaggerated; but it is not. Just as surely as the south winds and the long days of sunshine can melt the snow and ice and thaw out the frozen ponds, and fill gardens and orchards and pastures and fields and forests with verdure and flowers and songs of gladness and joy, so the coming of our cold hearts under the steady beams of the Sun of Righteousness, the bringing our lives into tender, sympathetic fellowship with Christ, can change our nature into a kindly and gracious climate that shall testify to the atmosphere of heaven that has pervaded and transformed it.

If a man's heart is enlisted, he can, by the help of God, deny every faculty and appetite which tempts him to evil. "Doctor," said a lady at a fashionable dinner-party a few years ago, to the present Bishop Henry C. Potter, of New York City, "I observe that you take no wine." "No," said Dr. Potter, "I have not done so for many years—in fact, for twenty-five years." She expressed surprise in the look which met the doctor's answer. "It may interest you to know why I abstain," said Dr. Potter, observing the expression of his companion. "I will tell you. A man with an unconquerable passion for drink came frequently to see me, and told me how this miserable passion was bringing him to utter ruin; how his employers, every time he obtained a situation, were compelled to dismiss him, because of his terrible habit. One day I said to this man, 'Why will you not say, here and now, before God, and in his help, I will never taste liquor again?' The man said, 'Doctor, if you were in my place you would not say that.' I answered, 'Temperate man that I am, I will say so this moment'—and I spoke the solemn vow that I had called upon him to make. My poor friend looked at me with consternation. Then an expression of hope overspread his face. With steady, voice he pronounced the vow. A moment after he left me, but returned often to see me. The vow has been kept; and he that was fast losing soul and body, found a position, kept it, and became not only a sober, but a godly man." Dr. Potter was able to do that because his heart was in it. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

I stand here with all assurance to plead with you to forsake your sins and enter upon a new life of righteousness, because I know that if you will give your heart to Christ, and let him enter in and possess that fortress, you will be more than a match for every temptation which besets you. "Your heart shall live forever"—the world shall pass away, and all its glory shall fade as the leaf; but the heart lives. In Lucoardi's studio in Rome are

Four Marble Busts,

representing the seasons. Spring is a delicate girl, with rosebuds at her breast, flowers in her smooth, silky hair; and a wistful look of the future. Summer is a woman with full lips, face, and figure, flushed with vigorous, lusty life, headed wheat in her hair, and a satisfied look of the present. Autumn is the same face later, crowned with clustered grapes, wearing a look of pensive retrospect, half-mournful satiety, and disenchantment—a sober afternoon look of reality and seeing things as they are. Winter, with rigid, shrunken face, and blown hair, wears pine cones on her thin locks, and her rheumy, uncertain eyes seem to face a driving storm. This last bust is as effective, artistically, as the others, but too grim and stern to be pleasant.

The marbles speak not more clearly of earth's seasons than they do of the rapid procession of the periods of our human life. All life's promises end thus in decay and defeat, except those which have to [illegible] the immaterial, but the real and s[illegible] treasures of the heart. He is the re[illegible] soul who is able to exclaim with Pa[illegible] we know that if our earthly house [illegible] tabernacle were dissolved, we have [illegible] ing of God, a house not made with[illegible] eternal in the heavens." Eternal yo[illegible] on the faithful heart.

Alas for those whose hearts are [illegible] and who come at last to feed or [illegible] How terribly realistic is the pictur[illegible] ashes of anything are what is left; [illegible] beauty and life and vitality are go[illegible] the deceived heart that has been fa[illegible] by the lying promises of evil and [illegible] pleasures, comes at last to feed [illegible] ashes. How significant the decl[illegible] "A deceived heart hath turned him [illegible]

Oh, my dear friends, be sure t[illegible] heart is not deceived. You may b[illegible] is deceived if it is leading you awa[illegible] reverent, worshipful life toward i[illegible] who created you. If it is leading [illegible] wild race after earthly things and [illegible] you to be indifferent to the great [illegible] realities, you may know that it i[illegible] aside. If your heart is locking [illegible] against the Lord Jesus Christ, y[illegible] Friend, your loving Redeemer, t[illegible] may know that it is a deceived h[illegible] is leading you to ruin. Open your [illegible] the entrance of the Saviour.

A ZULU TRANSFORME[illegible]

FROM Umsunduzi, in Z[illegible] where the American Boa[illegible] station, Mr. Dorward, t[illegible] sionary in charge, sends [illegible] lowing story: "About a [illegible] a half ago a man was re[illegible] to fellowship who had previously [illegible] great trouble. He is a leading [illegible] stirred up the people against us, [illegible] chief, and made such a disturbanc[illegible] came so obstructive that the Mis[illegible] serve Trustees petitioned the gov[illegible] the colony for his removal. The[illegible] was not granted, and we have n[illegible] reason to be thankful that it was [illegible] Father knows how to overrule a[illegible] for good to them that love him. [illegible] time the Holy Spirit began a m[illegible] work of grace in this man. He w[illegible] see himself as a sinner and to cas[illegible] upon the Saviour, confessing his [illegible] is now completely renewed—ch[illegible] every way. He used to smoke her[illegible] but the practice was immediately [illegible] He is now as great a comfort as [illegible] formerly a trial. He has done muc[illegible] the harmony that now exists. [illegible] intelligent man and occasionally [illegible] amongst the kraals, and is alway[illegible] to assist me in any special wor[illegible] Kingdom. This year he sent o[illegible] boys to the Adams School, and c[illegible] him Mrs. Cowles writes very h[illegible] one of the very best behaved and [illegible] ous—a truly Christian boy.

"There has been manifest spiritu[illegible] ening in the church. This is seen [illegible] terest taken in the services—thei[illegible] spiritual truth—the character of [illegible] meetings, and the increase of th[illegible] which are more liberal and free. [illegible] such a work of grace within mu[illegible] a work of grace without, we ar[illegible] that it may extend until many from [illegible] the outside heathen shall be broug[illegible] have already heard of many hea[illegible] long to come to us, but who are hi[illegible]

"Last week a young woman, [illegible] to a kraal where we have a prea[illegible] vice every Sunday, died after a sh[illegible] I did not know she was dying a[illegible] see her, but she was one who had [illegible] Christ and learned the way to hi[illegible] in a common hut, shaped like an [illegible] ioned beehive, that she died. He[illegible] a mat spread on the ground; he[illegible] block of wood; her covering a c[illegible] ket; her companions heathen; h[illegible] comforts none. But I believe sh[illegible] comfort of his presence and that [illegible] testimony to the fact. These pe[illegible] Christians and live in a kraal. [illegible] hard. They are not sheltered in [illegible] est degree in the hour of temp[illegible] Christian environment; they ar[illegible] tressed, as in Christian lands, by [illegible] ing moral sentiment. The mor[illegible] blunted by centuries of heathenis[illegible] the converts can be brought in a [illegible] environment, and under continuo[illegible] tian training, learning, if possib[illegible] the Bible for themselves, it woul[illegible] be well-nigh impossible for the [illegible] maintain its sovereignty over the[illegible]

OUR BOOK SHELF.

THE OLD TESTAMENT.*

THE Hebrew Scriptures were written with iron pens, with ink made of lampblack dissolved in gall-juice, and on skins of animals. The skins were cut in strips, which were joined end to end and rolled from opposite extremities on two sticks, making a scroll. Rolls of the ancient pattern may be seen in modern Jewish synagogues. The skins, of course, were highly durable, but in the use of centuries the original manuscripts of all the Scripture books have disappeared. The manuscript from which our English Bible is rendered seems to have been worn or torn, at the end of the second book of Chronicles, right in the middle of a sentence, where there should have been a pause at all, not even enough to be punctuated with a comma. The first part of the sentence is repeated, and the conclusion added, in the third verse of the first chapter of the Book of Ezra: in fact, Ezra begins with the twenty-second verse of the last chapter of II. Chronicles.

The books of the New Testament were doubtless written originally on papyrus—a common writing-material of that time—composed of the fibre of the papyrus plant, with some glutinous substance, subjected to pressure. There are versions of the Old Testament which antedate all manuscripts in existence—the Septuagint, the Chaldee and Samaritan Targums, the Syriac Peshitto, and the Vulgate. The three oldest manuscripts in existence are known as the Vatican, Sinai, and Alexandrian MSS. These Bibles are written in Greek, with only uncial, which are capital, letters. The other uncial manuscripts there are, if we include fragments, fifty-six of the Gospels, fourteen of the Acts, six of the Catholic Epistles, fifteen of the Pauline Epistles, and five of the Apocalypse. Of the cursive manuscripts—cursive means "running hand," in which letters were joined as we join them now, written not in capitals, but small letters—there are about two thousand of the books and various parts of the New Testament. The uncial letters show a more ancient custom of writing than the cursive.

The Vatican and Sinai Bibles are supposed by scholars to have been written in the fourth century, the Alexandrian in the fifth. The Vatican seems to be the oldest of the three. The Sinai Bible was found by Constantine Tischendorf in a convent at the foot of Mount Sinai: a few leaves in 1844; nothing in 1853, when he returned to find that the monks had hidden them from him; and the entire book as it now is in 1859, when he returned armed with a letter from the Czar of Russia, the head of the Greek Church. It is now in St. Petersburg. It contains twenty-two books of the Old Testament, the New Testament, the "Epistle of Barnabas," and part of the "Shepherd of Hermas." The Alexandrian Bible was brought by Cyril Lucar, Patriarch of Constantinople, from Alexandria in Egypt, and by him presented to Charles I. of England, who kept it in his private library. In 1753 is was taken to the British Museum, in London, where it remains.

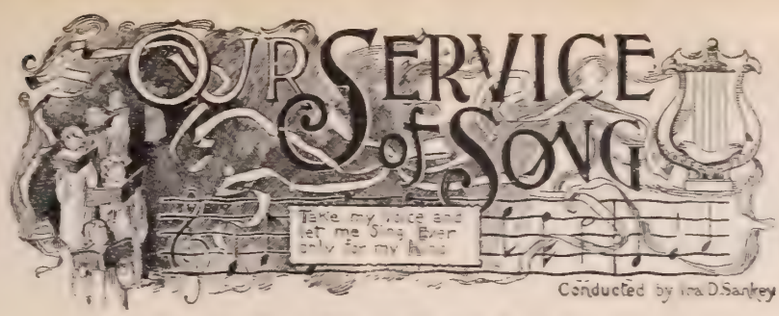
Manuscripts were few in number, and exposed to a thousand and one mischances, from ignorance, carelessness, controversies, political dissensions, fire, earthquake, confusions incident upon epidemics, war, captivity, the destruction of cities and kingdoms. During the reign of Josiah in Judah, six or seven centuries after Moses, "a book of the law of the Lord by Moses" was found by Hilkiah the priest. Whatever that book was it was clearly lost, or unknown, at least for some considerable period before that time. In another instance King Jehoiakim seizes a manuscript of Jeremiah's prophecy, cuts it in strips with a penknife, and burns it in the fire.

The titles of many books were not given by the writers. It is not known that any of them were. With Jews and Christians the titles have been different. The Jews frequently called books by the first word or two in them. So it was in the Pentateuch: Genesis was called B'reshith, "In the beginning;" Exodus was Y'ellah Sh'moth, "Now these are the names:" Leviticus was Vayyikra, "And he called." They called the Book of Psalms Th'hillim, which means, literally, praise-songs, or, liberally, praise-book or hymnal. The titles to many of the single psalms were given by editors or compilers. Jerome gave the Books of Chronicles their present name. The Jews called them "Events of the Times:" the Septuagint names them "Paraleipomena," which means "things left over," or supplements.

"WHERE HAST THOU GLEANED?"

[illegible]

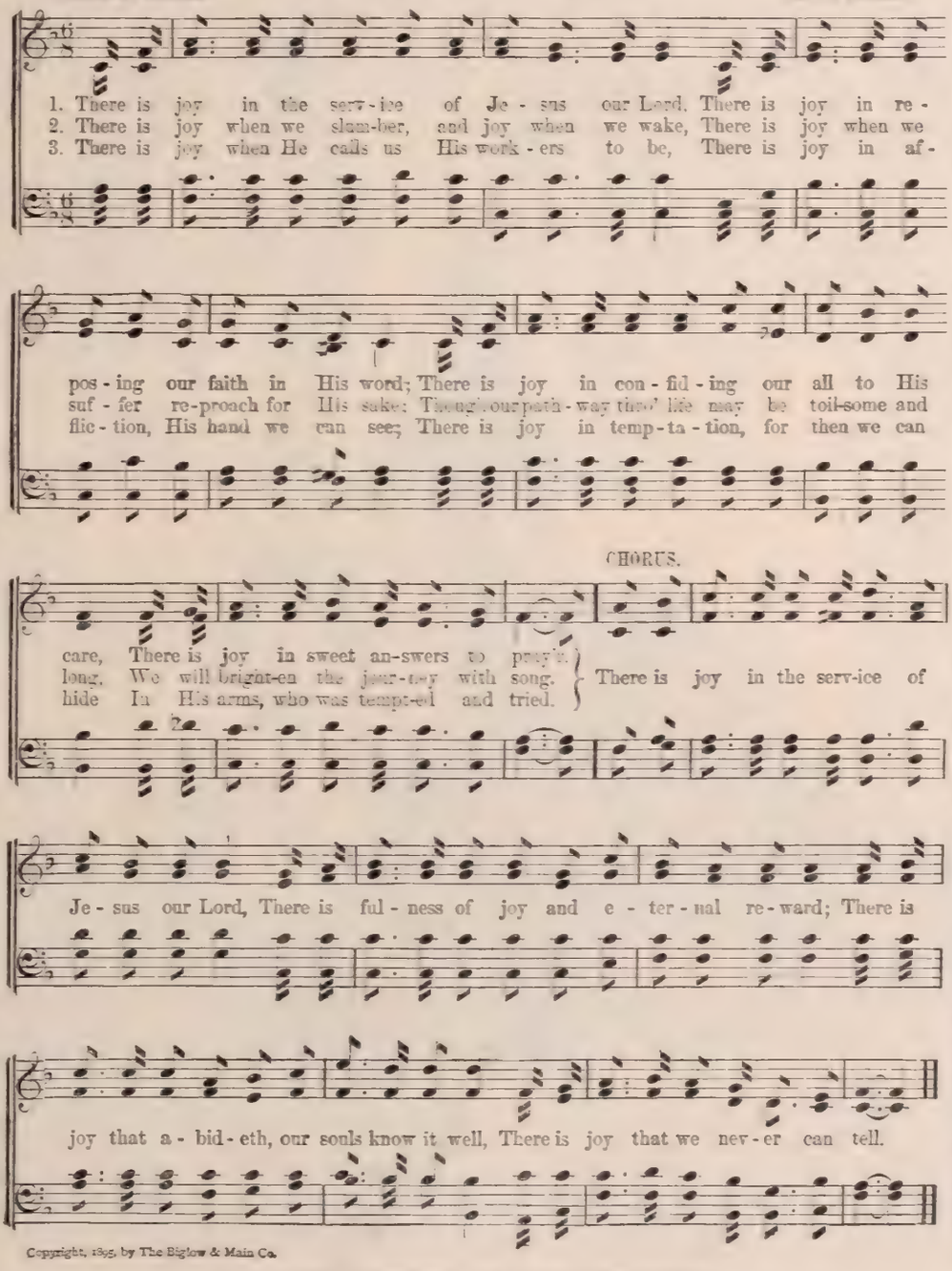
*From *The Oracles of God*, a Sketch, historical, critical and logical, of the Doctrine of Inspiration: by Rev. Frank Hallam. Pp. 133, cloth covers, price 75 cents. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publisher.



THERE IS JOY IN THE SERVICE.

"The joy of the Lord is your strength."—*Neh.* 8: 10.

LYMAN G. CUTLER. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. There is joy in the serv-ice of Je-sus our Lord. There is joy in re-
2. There is joy when we slum-ber, and joy when we wake, There is joy when we
3. There is joy when He calls us His work-ers to be, There is joy in af-
pos-ing our faith in His word; There is joy in con-fid-ing our all to His
suf-fer re-proach for His sake; Though our path-way thro' life may be toil-some and
flic-tion, His hand we can see; There is joy in temp-ta-tion, for then we can
CHORUS.
care, There is joy in sweet an-swers to pray'r,
long, We will bright-en the jour-ney with song.
hide In His arms, who was tempt-ed and tried.
There is joy in the serv-ice of
Je-sus our Lord, There is ful-ness of joy and e-ter-nal re-ward; There is
joy that a-bid-eth, our souls know it well, There is joy that we nev-er can tell.

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PROPHECY AS A GUIDE.

An Important part of the Bible given for the Definite Purpose of Warning.

BY REV. RICHARD CHESTER.

INASMUCH as a large portion of the Holy Scriptures is essentially prophetic—and all Scripture is affirmed to be "given by inspiration of God," and to be "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness"—to speak of the importance of the study of prophecy, might appear to be little else than waste of precious time. Do not all, it may be asked, who believe the Bible to be the Word of God, fully assent to the importance of the study of prophecy? The answer is, By no means. Theoretically they may assent to it. They cannot well do otherwise: but practically many of the readers and students of God's Word deny it—not taking any interest in it themselves, as though it were unimportant.

Nor is it very difficult to account for this. It would seem to be a tradition handed down from our fathers, and accepted and acted upon by numbers amongst us, without ever questioning its correctness, that the real practical use of prophecy is only as an evidence of, and a witness to, the foreknowledge and the truthfulness of God; which it can only be when fulfilment has turned it into history; and that, therefore, while it is still, properly speaking, prophecy—the foretelling of still future events—there is no real, tangible, practical object to be attained by making ourselves familiar with it. That such is the opinion of not a few of the clergy themselves, and of some men of special learning and eminence among them, is a fact of which most of you are fully aware and perhaps sincerely deplore.

For my part I can only account for this fact by regarding it as a mournful instance of how far the strength of prejudice, and the consequent unwillingness to consider any subject which would tend to weaken or to remove it, will go towards blinding the minds of those who, in other respects, are remarkably keen-witted and far-seeing.

There were, we know, those of old who did neglect it—who studied only such portions of the Word of God as seemed to fall in with their own views and opinions—who neglected the predictions of the Messiah's first coming in humiliation to suffer; familiarizing themselves only with the predictions of his second coming in glory, to reign. And the result, as we all know, was that when he did come as their suffering Messiah—born, as was foretold, by a virgin—born of the family of which, and in the place in which, it had been foretold that the Messiah should be born—acting as it was foretold that he should act—suffering as it was foretold that he should suffer—dying and rising again as the prophets had predicted that their Messiah should die and should arise—they saw not the connection between such prophecies and their exact and most literal fulfilment—they themselves unwittingly "fulfilled them in condemning him." And the apostle's charge against them was "through ignorance ye did it." "If they had known," another apostle affirms, "they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." But the ignorance was wilful ignorance, and therefore culpable in the very highest degree.

We can now see the magnitude of their crime, and measure it by the severity and the duration of its punishment. Is it not passing strange that any one with the past history and present position of the Jewish people before his eyes, can for one moment imagine it to be either wise or right, or safe to neglect, and to remain therefore in wilful contented ignorance of God's unfulfilled prophetic word!

To be Concluded.

CHRIST-LIKE LIVING.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing June 2. Galatians 2: 19, 20; 5: 22-25.

NO more disastrous mistake can be made than to treat the religion of Christ as a system of doctrines, a creed to be believed, a scheme of substitution to escape punishment. If a man's heart and life are bad, he is not a Christian, although his orthodoxy may be immaculate, his creed sound, and his baptism, confirmation, or church-membership in good order. Neither intellectual belief, nor outward ceremony of any kind can make a man a Christian. The teaching of Christ was emphatic on this point, and Paul, John, and James reiterated it in their subsequent utterances. If assent to a doctrine, or a rite, such as baptism or the partaking of the Lord's Supper, could make a man a member of Christ's kingdom, the work of evangelizing the world would be an easy matter. The change a man undergoes in becoming a real Christian is so radical, that Christ described it as a new birth, the beginning of a new life; and Paul compares it to the change of one who has died and been raised from the dead. The stress that is often laid in these days on the two simple ordinances of Christianity finds no support in the New Testament. If there were any saving power in baptism, Paul would not have been thankful that he had baptized so few, but he would have wished that he had baptized more; and he distinctly mentions some who were worse instead of better for partaking of the Lord's Supper. No better service could be rendered to some self-satisfied people in the outward and visible church to-day, than to convince them of the nature of the indispensable condition of admission to Christ's kingdom, "Ye must be born again." The Christ-like life is the only satisfactory evidence any man can give to his own conscience and to the judgment of his fellowmen that he is really a Christian. The words of the Apostle to the Galatians, on which the Topic is based, are proof that he held that opinion. They were a stroug, impulsive people in whom the vices of the time were active, and they were assailed by powerful temptations from their own natures and from their surroundings. The Apostle evidently liked them and sympathized with them, but he does not lower the standard to make the path easier for them. He enumerates the fruits of the flesh and the fruits of the spirit, and leaves them to judge which life they are living. If their lives bring forth the fruits of the flesh, there can be no doubt as to their nature.

The same test operates to this day. It is open to every man to live the life of a man or of a brute. He may gratify his body, and find his happiness in eating, drinking, and the pleasures of the senses, or he may devote himself to the higher life, and have no joy so great as in the attainment of spiritual elevation. The latter will involve trial and difficulty and continuous effort. It might be impossible, were it not for the power which Paul describes to the Galatians, as he described to all the other peoples to whom he preached. In the power of Christ's resurrection lay the hope for them, as it lies for us. The old life is ended, the old power of the flesh is broken, when a man becomes identified with Christ in his death on the cross. Through that death deliverance is wrought. As by the battles of the Civil War, the slave was emancipated and could go free if he would, so by the death of Christ freedom from the dominion of the flesh is placed within the reach of every man. He may cease to be a slave to his appetites and passions; cease to be a mere animal, and become a true man, a son of God. And more than that is achieved. Christ not only won emancipation for men by his death, but gives power by his resurrection. He lives, and lives to help all who would profit by his death. Paul declared that his life in the flesh was sustained by that power. He still wore the old body, but the man in it was the new man whose vitality came from the living Christ. So it is with every man who is living the Christ life.

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A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CHURCH.

The purposes to which the young people's society can be adapted appear to have no limit. It seems capable of operating in any field whether it is the original Society, or its younger sisters of the Methodist and Baptist fold. "The Kansas Endeavorer" tells the story of an ingenious effort to rescue a church from extinction through the agency of the Christian Endeavor Society. The Church of which a picture is here given, was built in 1888 at North Wichita, Kans. A pastor was ordained and settled there. For a time all went well and there were over a hundred members in good standing. But by the end of 1892 a change in the business interests of the neighborhood had proved disastrous to the church. Various attempts were made to keep up the interest, but the attendance declined and the debts increased. In April of last year a new minister came to it as a "stated supply." He was an enthusiastic believer in Christian Endeavor and he proposed to rescue the Church on that line. The debt was the chief obstacle. A share for every dollar of indebtedness was drawn up and the whole number were issued for sale to the Christian Endeavor Societies of the Presbyterian Church. The "Endeavorer" states that when its article was written more than one-half the shares had been sold and there was a good prospect of disposing of the remainder. When the whole are sold the church will be the property of the Christian Endeavor Societies and it is proposed to re-name it The Christian Endeavor Church. In the meantime new life was imparted to Church work and some of the features of an Institutional Church were added to its usefulness. A Library, Reading room and other departments were organized and an effort made to render the church such an one as the Christian Endeavor Societies might be proud to own.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CHURCH, NORTH WICHITA, KANS.

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THE Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

The following statistics were given in the report of the International Committee at the recent Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations at Springfield, Mass.: The numbers of Associations reporting show a membership of 244,077 as against 245,809 in '93; with an active membership of 116,761 as against 114,088 in '93. The value of the Association buildings and real estate, deducting debt, is $13,439,555, as against $11,316,180 in '93. The report showed the effect of the prevailing financial depression in the abridgement of resources and activity in some of the associations. But it is encouraging to note advancement in educational, railroad, college, colored and Indian work. The last two years are reported as being the best spiritual years the association has ever enjoyed. The expenses of the committee have been cut down by force of the financial depression from $75,000 in '93 to $63,000 in '94, and the budget for 1895 is made up on the same economical basis as that of 1803. Between 1890 and 1895 the International Committee has put 911 secretaries into the field. Between 1870 and 1880, twenty-seven buildings were erected; in the next decade 178 buildings; now there are 305 buildings. For the last five years a new building has been dedicated every two weeks. There are now over 100 places fitted up for the use of railroad men. In the south alone are nineteen places calling for railroad Associations, and we cannot give them what they want for the lack of funds in the hands of the International Committee. Every town in New York of over 25,000 inhabitants now has an Association owning its own building.

Mr. Hunton, the colored Secretary of the Committee, said the work among colored men was being pushed on two lines, among college students and among young men of cities and towns. There are 33 college Associations with 1723 members. Seven new Associations have been formed during the past year. The members are learning ways and methods. In nearly all the Associations conversions have been reported, and in some, blessed revivals have sprung from the students' Gospel meetings.

David McConaughy, Jr., of Madras, International Secretary for India, just returned from his first five years' work in India gave a thrilling account of the beginning and growth of the work during that period. There were eighteen Associations, some dead or dying, and none with a native membership, when he landed in 1890. Now there are eighty Associations with a membership 4,000, more than four times that in 1890. Now there are five general secretaries and five natives in training as assistant secretaries. Bible classes, open-air meetings and Gospel meetings are conducted by these Associations. On one line of railroad where one young Christian Scotchman has labored, so many of the railroad men have been converted, that the native dance houses that used to thrive on the patronage of the men, have been closed.

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REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered last Sunday in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends: C. I. B., New Orleans for the conversion of her husband and daughter.——J. W. D., Goshen, La., for a young lady and her husband who have been the subject of many prayers.——Subscriber, Lisbon, O., for the conversion of her step-children.——A Sister, Brooklyn, for her only brother.——"Anon," Denver, Colo., for the conversion of one deeply loved, but estranged.——"A Friend of Christians," Canada, for a daughter who once knew the right way, but has left it.——C. E. T., Illinois: "A Christian Mother," Auburn, Mass.: "Subscriber," Danville, Va.: Mrs. M. V., Hampton, Va.: "A Mother," West Milford, W. Va.: Constant Reader, Mo.: J. G. W.: "Mother," Lewis, Ia., all ask prayers for the conversion of their children.——J. E., Swamp Mills, N. Y., for the conversion of her husband and sons.——D. C., Brooklyn, N. Y., for the conversion of her husband and brother, the latter a backslider.——Constant Reader, Stratford, Ont., for the salvation of a dissipated young man.——L. S., San Saba, on behalf of husband and two sons.——A. S. B., Norwich, Conn., for the conversion of a young man now indifferent, and for the recovery from sickness of a beloved daughter.——M. L., Van Werts, O., and G. L. B., North Ea[st], Md., for the conversion of husbands and sons.——"A Sister," Dillin, N. S., on behalf of a sister and two brothers.——"One in Distress," for a beloved and only brother.——Sister in Christ, Williamsport, Pa., that God would touch the heart of a young man for whom prayer has been offered for five years.——Amanda L. Locke, Vista, Cal., for the conversion of a number of friends.

For the Restoration of Health. "An Afflicted One," Emporia, Kans.——S. T. B., Cooper, S. C., for one whose recovery the physicians despair, that she may have peace if it is God's will that she shall die.——"A Believer," Maryland, for recovery from physical defect: also for a dear friend over whom terrible fate seems to be impending.——"One in Great Distress," Fort Edward, that if it be his will God would grant her the use of her limbs.——H. B., Oakland, Me., who with a companion is suffering from a complication of diseases.——"A Mother," Pennsylvania who is in great dread of a terrible disease.——L. M. P., Marsland, Neb., for herself and her mother who have long been sufferers.——M. C., Fall River, Mass., for a sister and mother who have been ill for two years.

For Special Blessings: L. T., Pittsburgh, Pa., whose husband has been brutally murdered, for comfort and strength.——"A Fatherless Boy," Salem, Ind., for God's care.——"Reader," Denver, Colo., for a man under trials and temptations, who is losing his faith.——"One in Anxiety," Port Jervis, N. Y., who has lost home and employment, for support and deliverance from an evil habit.——"A Father," West New York, N. J., for more faith in a time of poverty and trial.——K. H. C., Martinsdale, Mont., for God's help in honestly discharging his debts.——"A Distressed Mother," Newbern, N. C., for the opportunity to work for the support of her four fatherless children, whom she dearly loves, but whom she is obliged by her poverty to leave to the care of others.——"One who prays," etc., that the discord between a newly married couple may be removed, and both led to Christ.——I. H. N., for a minister embarrassed by debts incurred in a long sickness, and for a young woman who is seeking opportunity to work for Christ.——"A Mother," prevented by poverty from being at the bedside of her sick child.——"A Professing Christian," who is in great distress of mind, tormented by the fear that she has sinned beyond the possibility of pardon, that she may have peace and more faith.

From *A Believer in Prayer*, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the recovery of a beloved one who is critically ill.

From *A Believer in Prayer*, Duval, Mo., for the girls who are trying to be Christians, that God will help them spiritually, and enable them to earn an honest livelihood. Also for a young man who comes of an infidel family, but is a Christian and is trying to lead a Godly life.

From *A Persecuted Wife*, for the conversion of her ungodly husband, who makes her life miserable by his abuse and taunts.

From the following persons that God would restore them to health: "Kate M——, Clarksville, Ark., who is dependent on her needle for food. An Invalid, Nashville, Tenn.: Mrs. I. I., Wawasset, Va.: Mrs. E. F., Morristale, Minn., King's Daughter, Brooklyn.

From *An Anxious Friend* for the conversion of a man who has lived forty years without God and for whom only one person is praying.

From *A Wife and Mother*, Wilson Creek, N. Y., for the conversion of husband and son.

Their Homes were Palaces.

The People of Nineveh and their Magnificence — A Vanished City whose Wickedness was the Cause of its Ruin.

BENEATH gigantic "tells" or mounds of debris, on the Eastern bank of the river Tigris, and opposite the modern city of Mosul, lies all that remains of the once mighty and populous city of Nineveh, "mistress of the world" for many centuries before the Christian age. It was one of a group of cities and royal residences on the banks of that famous river, which included Assur, Korsabad, Nimrud and Calah. In its beginnings, like those of many other old-world cities, are all but lost in the darkness of the ages. It is stated in Gen. 10: 11, that Asshur after leaving Shinar, went forth and builded Nineveh," and another passage indicates Nimrod, the "mighty hunter," as the builder. To the Jews, Assyria was known as the "land of Nimrod," (Micah 5: 6), whose first population came from the still more ancient Babylon. Although the kingdom of Assyria is frequently mentioned in the Bible, in connection with Hebrew history, Nineveh, after the reference made in Genesis to its foundation, is only again referred to till 800 B.C., when it is mentioned in the book of Jonah, as the capital of a kingdom and the scene of great wickedness. Its divine condemation was followed by its destruction by the Medes in 606 B.C., a fate in which the surrounding royal cities were also involved. After a long siege, the Assyrians and their Babylonian allies, favored by a sudden overflow of the Tigris, which carried away part of the walls, allowed the enemy to enter. Saracus, the Assyrian king, burned himself in his palace; the inundation gave the people of the city over to the flames, and the sacrifice of human life and destruction of splendid palaces, temples and continued like the royal city a smoking ruin, and all the people were either slain or sent into captivity. Nineveh never rose again, and the fulfilment of prophecy was complete.

HIGH PRIEST AND KING.

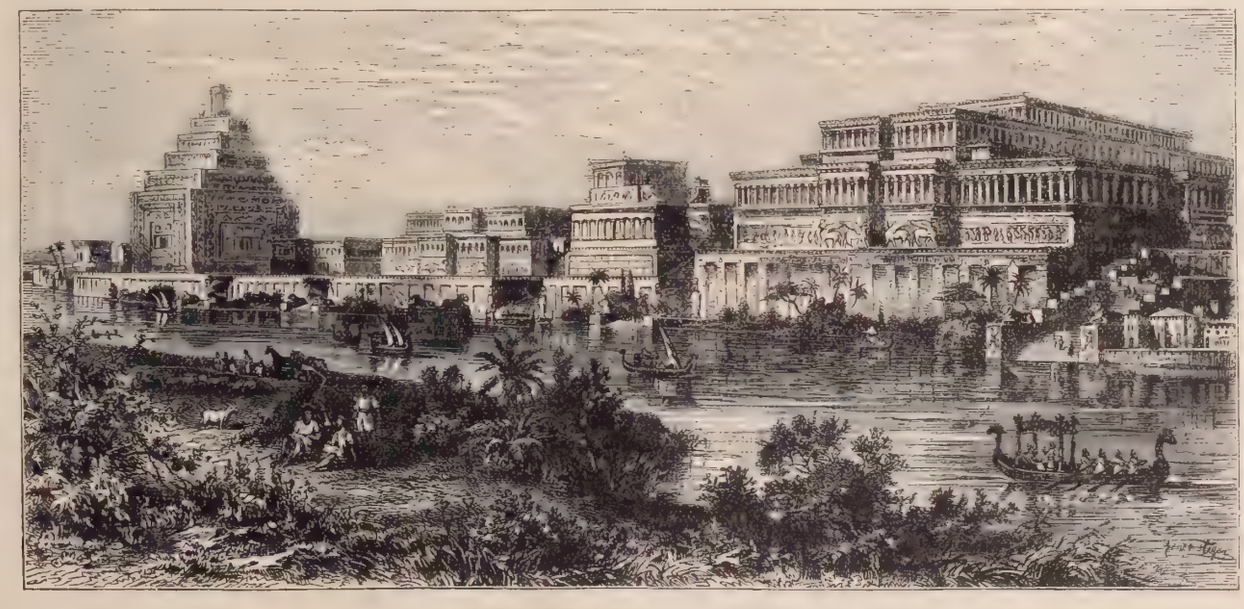
NOBLEMAN AND COURTIERS.

TYPES OF THE PEOPLE OF ANCIENT ASSYRIA, IN CORRECT COSTUME.

Of nearly all, that the world knows of the history of this effaced city, has been derived from the monumental records that have been exhumed from the ruins. Ancient historians picture it as a vast and populous capital, magnificent beyond all other cities. From the Hebrew prophets it is learned that the city was of such extent that its circuit was "a three days' journey," and its homes were 120,000 children. It had the most beautiful parks, gardens, artificial lakes and groves, and its palaces were richer in sculpture and ornamentation than any in the East. Its people, too, were wealthy and cultured, and fond of war and conquest. 1500 fortresses of great strength protected its walls. Its princes and nobles were numerous and powerful, and the love of extravagance and costly display was universal. Diodorus Siculus wrote that the city was twenty-one miles in length and fifty-four miles in circumference and that the walls were 100 feet in height and broad enough for three chariots to drive abreast.

Some faint idea of the glory of Nineveh may be gathered from the accompanying illustration, taken from a drawing prepared by Layard, the celebrated Orientalist, who, after years of excavation in the debris, was thus enabled to present a view of the city, as it might be reconstructed from the ruins. Central in the illustration is the beautiful palace of the Assyrian kings, upon the repairing of which Sennacherib is said to have employed 360,000 captives from Chaldea, Armenia and elsewhere. Under this warlike monarch the city doubtless attained its greatest splendor. Its citizens were nobly apparelled and there was such an abundance of wealth within its walls that few were poor. The smaller illustrations on this page are important owing to their historical accuracy, especially in point of costume, the figures being carefully reproduced from sculptures and paintings found among the ruins of Nineveh. Enameled brick, wood, stone, marble and alabaster were used in the construction of the buildings. No sculptures representing private life in Nineveh have been discovered, although personal and domestic ornaments, libraries of engraved brick cylinders, inscribed tablets, ruins of temples, altars, sculptured lions and bulls, colossal gods and goddesses, and drawings of beautiful chairs and couches and musical instruments were all found in the excavations by Layard, George Smith of the British Museum, M. Botta and others. But the most precious "find" was a tablet containg a portion of the Chaldaic account of the Deluge, strangely confirmatory of the Bible. Other inscriptions, confirmatory of different events recorded in Bible history were also unearthed from the mounds where they had lain hidden 2500 years.

That the "mistress of witchcraft," as the prophet Nahum called Nineveh, was the wickedest city of its time, is unquestioned. Idolatries, sorceries and vices of every description prevailed. Kings and heroes were deified and worshipped, the knowledge of the true God was confounded and obscured and the idea of a future existence was confined to dim traditions, borrowed from the Chaldeans, of "a land in the silver sky."



THE ROYAL PALACE AT NINEVEH.

(As Explorer Layard Reconstructs it from the Ruins.)

***

Memories of Home.

"I remember before I came to America the first time," writes Lady Henry Somerset, "I went among the iron workers of South Wales, and as I bade them goodby, they said, 'Be sure to go to Pittsburg and see the Welshmen there,' and they gave me so many messages the great Atlantic liner would not have carried all. But when I got to America I went to Pittsburg and talked with the Welshmen in the iron works there, and they gave me a basket of flowers, and in the centre was a beautiful daffodil. I knew they were far from their native land, and as I looked upon the daffodil I said, 'Does not that remind you of home and the springtime and the green hills of your own beautiful Wales?' And down the cheeks of those hard-working men coursed the tears. What was it? Nothing but a little yellow flower, and the word 'home.'"

***

A MOTHER'S HANDS.

THESE pale and wrinkled hands,
Which once were soft and fair,
Have lost the grace of former years
Through weary pain and care.

But yet these hands to me,
With beauty rare still shine,
In that sweet, hallowed inward light,
Akin to things divine.

Some day—'twill not be long,
These hands so marred by pain,
To outward form of loveliness
Will sure return again.

When in triumphant joy
And perfect strength again,
They'll minister to Christ the Lord
With all the heavenly train.

***

Mother's Influence.

Mothers cannot overestimate the power for good or evil which they exert over their children. And to fail to diligently and solicitously exert all that commanding and moulding influence over them for their good is the gravest of mistakes—is even a terrible crime. Walter Savage Landor says:

Children are what their mothers are,
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant's heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.
His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his future face;
But 'tis to her alone uprise
His waking arms; to her those eyes
Open with joy and not surprise.

***

Family Censors.

Nearly every family has a censor, or critic, among its own members, whose business it is to prick the bubble of self-esteem just before it gets big enough to burst, and it is also his business to establish standards of virtue for every one to struggle to live up to. It is a cruel condition of affairs when the mother is the family censor. Perhaps there are a lot of children who romp and disturb you, and make raids on the preserves, and bring in mud, and tear their clothing, and get bumped and bruised, and wear out your nervous system, and then you scold. Don't do it. Perhaps they come running in from their play to tell you a beautiful story—then is your test. The little faces you love are soiled, and a great hole in the knee of a stocking stares you out of countenance. If you can respond to their smiles, and the beautiful light shining in their eyes, and never see the blemishes, then you are not the family censor. Sometimes the father is the family censor. This is another bad condition. The influence of censoriousness shuts the sunshine out of life. It stamps the frown of disapproval on the forehead. It mars the character, and stirs up the nature of others to season them with bitterness.

Feed Them Properly

and carefully; reduce the painfully large percentage of infant mortality. Take no chances and make no experiments in this very important matter. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has saved thousands of little lives.

ALICE MAPLETON'S ORDEAL

A STORY OF NOBLE FORTITUDE UNDER TRIAL.

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by E. CARSWELL.

CHAPTER XX.

The Tables Turned.

OPINION in the court room was evidently changed after Mrs. Callaghan's testimony. The case which seemed so clear and simple at the beginning was taking a new turn. An id a was abroad that the defendant was no criminal but rather a victim. The idea soon gained ground.

Mr. Jacobs' son was the next witness.

"Did you receive a bracelet from a young lady as a pledge?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir.'

"Is this th one?" (showing the bracelet).

"Yes, dot vas it."

"Would you know the person again from whom you received it, if you saw her?"

"Yes, sir, I vould know her in a minute."

At this reply Mr. Jackson started as if stung by a wasp, and unconsciously arose to his feet and leaned forward, holding on to the back of the seat in front of him. Nettie tried to hide herself by shrinking behind Mrs. Wilson, so that all that could be seen of her was a pair of wild eyes that stared with a frightened gaze upon the witness from ver that lady's shoulder.

"Was it the prisoner whom, you see before you, who pawned the bracelet?"

"Oh, n ."

"Have you seen the person who did pawn the bracelet since she left it with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"Here in dis court room."

"Will you point her out to me?"

Again there was a death-like stillness, and very eye was fixed upon the witness as h turned and pointed to Nettie. This created a great sensation. Every eye followed in the directi n of his finger, and some might have thought it was Mrs. Wilson or Alfreda to whom he pointed, had not poor Nettie, with a cry between a sob and a scream, dropped upon her knees before Mrs. Wilson, and in a hysterical voice and manner began t plead:

"Oh! madam, save me! It was not my fault. Mr. Jackson made me do it. He said it was n t st aling; that he would see that you got it again. He said that he would keep his promise, and save my honor, if I did it."

"Will some one remove this person?" said Mrs. Wilson, as she arose to her feet. Alfreda had already taken a step or two on her way to the door, when she turned and said:

"Mother, will you come?" I shall not remain another minute."

Poor Nettie; her mind had been racked with doubts and fears ever since she took the bracelet. Jackson had never fully succeeded in convincing her that it was an innocent transaction, and now that she knew his motive and the consequences of what she had done, the crash was too much for her tortured brain and heart, and she sank to the floor unconscious, and lay as if dead. Louie was the first to act; and in a moment was on her knees by Nettie's side, and Alice, forgetting that she was a prisoner, found herself helping Louie to raise the fallen girl, when Mrs. Callaghan picked her up as if she had been a baby.

"Sure ye were not as much to blame for falling, as the murdering villain who pushed ye down, bad luck to him," said the good woman, as folded in her strong motherly arms she carried the unconscious girl into one of the waiting rooms.

During the commotion caused by this incident, Mrs. Wilson and Alfreda had hurriedly left the court. Louie, by want of thought on their part, or design on hers, had been left behind.

Mr. Jackson and his brother hastily passed through the court and left by the rear door. But they were met at the head of the stairs by Graham and a policeman.

"Gentleman," said Graham, "you will please return to the court room."

"Who are you, sir, and pray why should we return?"

"Well, it matters little who I am, but you see what I am," said Graham, as he unbuttoned his coat and exhibited his star.

Jackson changed color and his brother tried to slip away, but the policeman laid his hand upon his shoulder and said:

"Don't be in a hurry, sir, you'll please wait for the other gentleman."

"I see," said Jackson, trying to put on a bold front, "yet fail to see by what right you stop this gentleman or myself. I have nothing to do with the trial now going on."

"Will you please inform us at once what your business is, for I am in a hurry?" said the brother.

"Gentlemen, you are both under arrest, and you will please return quietly to the hall, if you wish to avoid a scene."

"On what charge, may I ask? I only ask so as to save you from committing a great blunder, for whatever the charge, you are certainly mistaken in the persons," said Mr. Jackson.

"I will explain it all in a minute when we get inside," and he took him by the arm and led him back, while the policeman acted as escort to his brother.

"Alice Mapleton," said the Judge, "you are discharged. I congratulate you on the triumphant vindication of your character. Lest in the future you should be subjected to any injury or annoyance as a result of this prosecution, I state here emphatically, and I shall see that it is made a matter of record, that you have conclusively proved your entire innocence of the charge, and it has also been proved that you have been the victim of a conspiracy of a most malicious character, which ought to be investigated with the view of bringing the guilty parties to justice."

The case was no sooner settled than Mr. Graham brought Mr. Jackson and his brother before the bar.

"I have a charge to bring against these men," said the detective. "I charge John Jackson, the prisoner, with grand larceny, in stealing and secreting $25,000 in diamonds and jewelry, the property of Mrs. and Miss Mapleton. And William Jackson with forgery, he having, by falsifying certain books and papers, and forging the names of the late Mr. Mapleton and his son William at various times, perverted to his own and his brother's use, property and money to the value of nearly half a million dollars, which rightly belongs to the widow and heirs of the late Mr. Mapleton."

Mr. Jackson was the first to recover his presence of mind. He was very indignant. "Your honor," he said, "I protest against this treatment. My brother and I are arrested without warrant on leaving this court on the mere assertion of a policeman, who knows nothing of the facts, and it may be difficut for us to vindicate ourselves at short notice. The charge as to the jewels is an instance. They were placed for safe-keeping in our safe when Mr. Mapleton and I were partners. But he had a perfect right to remove them whenever Mrs. Mapleton wished to wear them. He never thought it necessary to inform me of his doing so, and I never thought it necessary to ask him about them, as they were not my property nor the property of the firm. I believe he took them away before he was taken ill. I do not know; but I know that on making an inventory after his death, we found that they were not in the safe. But how can I prove that Mr. Mapleton removed them?"

"Are you the man referred to as 'Mr. Jackson' by the girl who swooned in court just now?" asked the Judge.

"I believe that it was to me she referred, but she was under a misapprehension."

"Well, Mr. Jackson, your brother is a lawyer, so he will advise you. I shall hold you on this charge, and I can assure you, your rights will be respected. You will get justice."

"Bedad, thot's phat he don't want and is afeared he will get," said Mrs. Callaghan in an audible whisper.

"Mr. Graham, do you intend to present evidence now as to the charges you have brought, or do you wish a remand?"

"These are the jewels, your honor," and he removed the paper covering from a leather case or box, which he had carried under his arm.

As soon as Mr. Jackson caught sight of the leather-covered box, he sank back into his seat and looked as if about to faint; but by a strong effort and use of all his willpower he saved himself. His brother, who was as bad if not a worse man than he, had not his one redeeming trait, courage, but was a coward as well as a rogue, and he now sat with pale face, staring eyes, and chattering teeth; first with one hand and then the other he would give his moustache a nervous twirl.

"Would you recognize your family jewels, if you saw them again, ladies?" Mr. Graham asked, addressing Mrs. and Miss Mapleton.

"Oh, certainly!" answered Mrs. Mapleton, in an agitated voice.

Mr. Graham opened the leather case and displayed its glittering contents.

"Oh! Alice," said Mrs. Mapleton, as she stood with clasped hands, looking into the case. "Oh! Alice, your dear father's presents," and burying her face in her handkerchief, she sank into a chair.

"These, sir," said Graham, addressing the magistrate, "are the jewels that were stolen from the safe in Mr. Mapleton's warehouse, when that gentleman lay on his death-bed. I found them an hour ago, and with the help of a search-warrant, in Mr. Jackson's private office. The box was hidden in a stove-pipe hole in the wall, which had been papered over."

The prisoners were promptly committed.

"May I inquire what amount of bail will be required?" asked Mr. Jackson. "I can assure your honor that this is all a vile conspiracy concocted by a rival firm, with the object of ruining my brother's business, and of course destroying our characters, and all because the late Mr. Mapleton put more confidence in the honorable gentlemen of which my brother's firm is composed (and I may say in myself) than he did in the people whom he had trusted to his sorrow, and who are now trying to bring dishonor upon his memory and ruin to those whom he trusted. It is a case of blackmail—blackmail, I say!" Mr. Jackson had worked himself into a passion, and he shouted the last words so loud they could be heard all over the building.

The brother seemed to be in a state of collapse. He sat with his arms resting on a desk in front of him, and his face buried in his hands.

The papers were made out and the two men removed to the cells, each protesting against "the outrage." Of the two, the lawyer appeared to suffer most. He had been the brains of the conspiracy. He had sat in his office plotting and scheming, and never showing at all. If he and his brother could make a fortune by his plots he cared nothing who was ruined. It was an awful blow to him to be check-mated as he had been that morning.

As the two men passed through the court-yard under the guard of the police. they saw a little group standing together talking. It consisted of Alice and her mother, and Mr. Graham and Mr. Jacobs. Mrs. Callaghan had left the court some time before, after asking Alice to let her have the key to her room, "And it's a cup o'tea I'll be having ready for your mother when she comes," said the kind soul.

Louie and her father stood just within the court-room. "I must speak to her, papa, before they leave," said Louie.

"If you have the courage, my child, do so; but you must be prepared for a cool reception. I confess that I have not the courage just now to do or say what I know should be done and said. We have wronged the innocent and I feel very much ashamed, although I did everything I could to prevent it."

Louie had not taken three steps toward the door when Alice, catching sight of her, rushed toward her and they fell into each other's arms.

"Oh! Alice dear, I could not let you go without asking you to forgive us for all the pain we have caused you and your dear mother to suffer," said Louie.

"Louie, I love you and you know I do. You were always good and kind, and stood by me, and believed in me, when everything look dark, and when I should not have blamed you if you had dou me; and I want you to promise that will not forget me, but will alway b dear friend."

"Alice, dear," said Louie, "there is other bond to bind us together that know nothing about, and that I onl covered to-day, I cannot, dare not tell now, but I will come and see you an you all; you'll let me, won't you dear

"I wonder if I could come in unde daughter's wing and ask for quarter, said Mr. Wilson.

"Excuse me, this is my father, Alice. I do not think you have eve him before," said Louie.

"I am so glad to meet you, Mr. W I know that you did everything you to shield me; so please do not sa word more about it. Let me introduc to mamma."

"There is no need. Mrs. Mapleto I have met before, and I am so glad her again, although, as far as I an cerned, under very unpleasant ci stances. You must think as kindly as your generosity will permit, Mrs. ton. I am afraid it will not be easy f to forgive us. You must try to rem that Mrs. Wilson was deceived. She conscientiously, I am sure; but a know, a person may do a great deal chief while acting quite conscientiou as in this instance, there is a mistak facts."

"I can quite see that," said Mrs. ton. "I am a little bewildered and s to-day, but I know enough of mysel sure I can forgive. I have learned deal since my misfortunes, and one lessons is to be more charitable in m ment of other people. We are but h the best of us. Yes, Mr. Wilson, Alice nor I bear any resentment. give as we hope to be forgiven."

"Thank you, Mrs. Mapleton, y more magnanimous than I could hoped. If we can do anything to ser at any time we shall be delighted. speak for Louie and myself, and I s the rest of the family speak for thems

"Oh, Mr. Wilson," said Alice are very kind. There is really one I am concerned about in which y help. I am afraid for the poor girl w here. The one who took the neckla looked as if she might kill herself something desperate. Could she comforted and encouraged to reform will not be arrested, will she?"

"Louie will see to Nettie, Miss M You may be sure we will do all for her, if your friend here does nc pose," said Mr. Wilson, with a his hand toward Detective Graham

Graham shook his head. "N said, "Nettie was a victim, too; w leave her to you, Mr. Wilson, and you will succeed in reclaiming her."

"We will try," said Mr. Wils with a cordial good-bye, he and Lou away.

"How ever can I thank you, M ham," said Alice, "for all you ha for me?"

"I am sufficiently thanked al said the Detective, with a courtly b has been a pleasure to serve yo behaved so nobly and with such courage that I was amazed and de Ladies are so apt to faint or go i terics that I always feel nervous w case depends on them. A lady w times break a fine case completely ting flurried and doing somethin Excuse me for criticizing your se always feel more comfortable wh dealing with men. That makes i greater pleasure to have a case in w lady does as you have done. You steady and strong as a man, Mis ton, and it has been a pleasure you. Perhaps I am treading on ground, but I'd like to say, how t ly glad I am that my friend Mor such a friend"

Alice's blushes revealed that the was as delicate as the Detective in but she controlled herself and as Mr. Morgan was getting on.

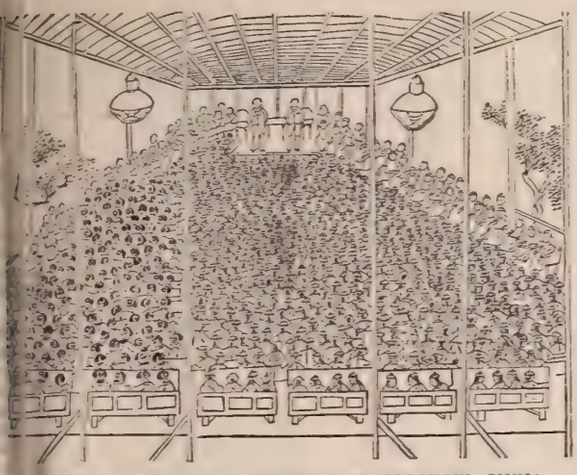
"It will do him more good than else to hear of you. He was more about loosing track of you than else. He will be very glad to hear are found. He is now on his way ica, and when he lands and hear you are, you may be sure he w straight to you. And I can tell brings good news."

(To be Continued.)

TENT MEETING IN CHINA.

The singular illustration on this page is reproduced from a drawing on rice paper by a Chinese artist, forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Rev. G. S. Miner, missionary working in the Foochow district. Mr. Miner writes thus in explanation:

"One of the crowning events of our Conference season was the coming together of the preachers, teachers, colporteurs, workers, students and friends of the Foochow district for a few days of Gospel and educational meetings. A booth, 75 x 78 feet was erected on the grounds of the Anglo-Chinese College, with a seating capacity of eleven hundred. The week following Conference the people by boat and overland began to arrive, and in the evening Mrs. Mary C. Ninde and Dr. Worley, the P. E. of the district, led a salvation meeting at which hundreds bowed in prayer for pardon. When the opportunity to receive Christ was given, at times as many as three or four were on their feet at once. The following morning Bishop Ninde presented the truth from John 16: 33. After the sermon one hundred and four men, women and children came forward and received the sacrament of baptism from the Bishop's own hand. As these Chinese from all the various classes of life met at the same Christian altar to receive the same baptism from the same hand it seemed as though we could almost hear the Christ hovering o'er us. You, in a Christian land, can hardly comprehend all that such a service means."



GOSPEL MEETING IN A BOOTH, AT FOOCHOW, CHINA.

WORK AMONG NEW YORK JEWS.

REV. H. P. FAUST, whose missionary labors among the East-side Hebrews in New York, have on different occasions been mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, reports encouraging progress during the six months. He has for some time been training several students (young converts from Judaism), for admission to the Theological Seminary, some to study medical missionary work and others as readers of the Word. Owing to the hard times there has been much suffering throughout the East-side and in addition to visiting his students, Dr. Faust has been compelled to aid many destitute in his own charge. His Gospel meetings at 126 Forsyth St., have been very largely attended by Jews, who have been deeply interested in the exposition of the Scriptures. Many have accepted Christianity. During the year from April 1, 1894 to April 1, 1895, he visited 2861 families, distributed 13778 tracts and papers, and 1134 parts of Scripture; gathered 1442 children into the mission school, and 1070 adults into the Bible class; held many prayer meetings, attended 366 other meetings; aggregate attendance at all meetings 18,320; talked with 1406 inquirers after spiritual light, assisted 590 poor and destitute, baptized five, took forty-two converts under instruction.

During the year, Dr. Faust's expenditures for relief and other work in connection with his mission have been considerably in excess of the money received for that purpose. He hopes soon to be able to establish an Industrial Home in connection with the Mission.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

C. M., Russell, Iowa.
Mrs. F. R. Warwick, Kans.
Ida B. Miles, Ky.
——, Fairbanks, Fla.
Mrs. M. W. Snyder, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith.
Miss S. A. Simonds.
Eliza Hessey.
Mrs. M. J. McClung.
H. W. Borden.
Mrs. Eliza Kane.
Friend, Chambersburg, Pa.
Mattie Gamble.
Mrs. Annie M. Marshall.
Dr. E. A. Floyd and wife.
A Friend, Tamaqua, Pa.
Henry Farrier.
Mrs. J. F. Williamson.
Mrs. W. Simons.
Mrs. G. H. H., New York City.

All desiring to be enrolled on the list of patrons, should send their names and addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

IN HIS KEEPING.

FATHER, the way seems rough and steep,
I try to watch and pray,
Why do so many shadows dark,
Fall right across my way?

"Be still, and know that I am God,
I know things all in all,
Just when to let the sunlight shine,
And when the shadows fall."

Holton, Kan.

CONSUMPTION

can, without doubt, be cured in its early stages. It is a battle from the start, but with the right kind of weapons properly used it can be overcome and the insidious foe vanquished. Hope, courage, proper exercise, will-power, and the regular and continuous use of the best nourishing food-medicine in existence—

Scott's Emulsion

—the wasting can be arrested, the lungs healed, the cough cured, bodily energies renewed and the physical powers made to assert themselves and kill the germs that are beginning to find lodgment in the lungs. This renowned preparation, that has no doubt cured hundreds of thousands of incipient cases of Comsumption, is simply Cod-liver Oil emulsified and made palatable and easy of assimilation, combined with the Hypophosphites, the great bone, brain and nerve tonic.

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.

The Age of Reason

Is the name given frequently to this present century. We have outgrown old fogy notions. Because "our grandmothers used lard" is no argument in favor of it to-day. They had **good** lard, far different from the present factory product. Physicians found that much of the prevailing dyspepsia and indigestion was due to the use of lard in the preparation of food. Then modern science came to the front, and Cottolene was evolved. When the history of *our* time is written it will be known also as

The Age of Cottolene

The *only* substitute for lard. Made of pure cotton seed oil and beef suet, it is the only healthful shortening known. Like other successful preparations, Cottolene has many imitators.

REMEMBER THIS. The genuine is put up in one, three and five pound tins with the trade mark—a steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin. Made only by

The N. K. Fairbank Company,
Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Montreal.

Are You Tired?

If you find that your sleep is not refreshing, that you have no appetite for your food, and that your strength is waning? If so, you may depend upon it your blood is in an impure and unfinished condition. That is why you do not feel at your best, and feel tired feeling. Begin at once to purify and enrich your blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you will then feel like going to work with your work.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the Only
True Blood Purifier

Now prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

MURINE cures SORE EYES. New Discovery. New Method. Soothes at once. Never fails. 10 days' treatment **FREE.** Druggists. **Dr. Evans, Lazarus Blk., Columbus, O.**

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Removes Blotches, Pimples, and Tan. Makes the skin smooth and healthy. Delightful after shaving. Decorated Tin Box Sprinkler Top. All druggists, or mailed for 25 cents. Send for Free Samples.

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1852 Elmira, N. Y. 1895

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A MISSIONARY'S STRATAGEM.

IN a very interesting record of pioneer missionary experience in New Zealand many notable incidents in the careers of such self-sacrificing Christian workers as Samuel Marsden, Bishop Selwyn and others, are related showing how the Lord preserves the lives and forwards the work of his faithful servants amid many dangers.

At the close of the year 1826 Marsden prepared to make his fourth journey to New Zealand, and heard with much concern that disastrous changes had taken place in the attitude of the natives, and that the Weslevan missionaries had only escaped with their lives. The Rev. Samuel Leigh had arrived as Wesleyan missionary to New Zealand not very long after the massacre of the crew and passengers of the "Boyd" had filled the minds of the people with horror. Undismayed, he landed very near to the spot where the "Boyd" had been wrecked. The native boatmen, fearing an approaching storm, had laid themselves on the bottom of the boat, as dead men, and left the navigation of the boat to the English missionary. Thus it was that it drifted into Wangaroa Harbor, and when he set his foot on shore he noticed the hulk of the "Boyd" not far distant on the rocks, and a crowd of wild savages rushing down to the beach brandishing their weapons on his approach.

He asked for the chief, and went unarmed and alone to a hut to spend the night, not to sleep, for the clamor of the cannibals was deafening in the darkness. This chief on the morrow talked in broken English about the massacre and eating of the people of the "Boyd" with perfect unconcern, and Mr. Leigh, suspecting treachery, signed to his native boatmen to keep well inland, waiting for him. In a few minutes he was surrounded by threatening and armed savages, the chief, upon whom he had relied, looking on without any gesture of disapproval. As he slowly turned backward toward the boat, he felt his hour had come, when suddenly taking a packet from his pocket, he cried, "Stand back! I have fishhooks," and flung them over their heads. This turned their attention for a moment or two, and he escaped in his boat as by a miracle.

CHINA'S GOSPEL NEED.

Nowhere in the world, says a well-informed writer in a Leipzig jonrnal, are the educated classes so thoroughly materialistic or at least atheistic, as is the case in China. The classical commentators of the Sung dynasty during the last seven centuries so thoroughly undermined the faith of the educated sections of China's population in regard to everything divine, that this faith has been thoroughly bankrupted. That which is called "religion" in China is in reality a chaos, such as has but rarely been found in the history of human thought and life, and this can be understood only in connection with the complete decay of the Chinese type of civilization. The religious forms and moral systems of Taoism, Buddhism, or Confucianism have been compared to three serpents. The first serpent, Buddhism, swallowed up Taoism except the head. Then Taoism swallowed up Confucianism, the third serpent, all but the head, and this third serpent, with an immense jaw, found the tail of the first serpent and swallowed up this serpent entire with the exception of the head; so that in the end only the three heads were visible, and the three religions, as the Chinese philosophers are accustomed to claim with considerable pride, become one. But what a lamentably miserable religious life this religion produces! Thousands of Chinese families at the end of each year dash honey and sugar on the lips of their kitchen household gods, so that these, in their yearly trips to the heavenly regions, may make a favorable report of the conduct of the family during these twelve months. Examples could be multiplied almost endlessly to show that the modern religious culture of China is a mere ceremonial service, and a trade affair in which the Chinaman gets the good portion and the god the poor. China is suffering from religious bankruptcy, and yet from this abyss of despair comes the cry to the representatives of Western Christian civilization for help as powerfully as it came to the apostle Paul at Troas as from Macedonia.

HIS OLD HEART WAS GONE.

A New Zealand missionary relates the following conversation between a chief and himself:—He commenced by saying that his old heart was gone, and that a new one was come in its place. "Gone! whither?" "It is buried, I have cast it away from me." "How long has it been gone?" "Four days." "What was your old heart like?" "Like a dog, like a deaf man; it would not listen to the missionaries, nor understand." "How long have you had your old heart?" "Always till now, but it is now gone." "What is your new heart like?" "Like yours; it is very good." "Where is its goodness?" "It is altogether good; it tells me, to lie down and sleep all day Sunday, and not go out and fight." "Is that all the goodness of your new heart" "Yes." "Does it not tell you to pray to the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Yes; it tells me I must pray to him when the sun rises, when the sun stands in the middle of the heavens, and when the sun sets." "When did you pray last?" "This morning." "What did you pray for?" "I said, O Jesus Christ, give me a blanket in order that I may believe." "I fear your old heart still remains, does it not?" "No; the new one is quite fixeed; it is here," pointing to his throat." "But the new heart that comes from God does not pray in that way." "How then?" The missionary then proceeded to point out to him something of the nature of prayer; what he should pray for; and how ready and willing God was to answer. "As I was leaving," says the misionary, "he told me that I must ask him, on coming again to his residence, whether he remembered what I had now said, and that, if he had forgotten it, I must tell him all about it over and over again."

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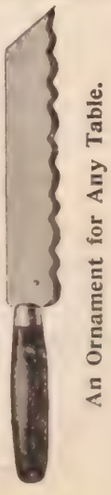

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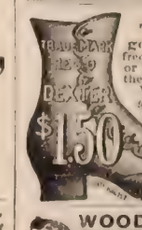

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And sees the life-blood dripping
When the wounded heart-strings break;
Healing in tenderest pity, for
The dear Christ's sake.
As quivering lips press the bitter cup,
And tears from sad eyes fall,
Close to his bosom lean thy face
For oh! he knows it all!

Thou'st walked with him in sorrow
And looked on His face divine,
'Till the impress of its beauty
Is stamped on soul of thine; [eyes
From pain-shadowed depths, thine eager
With the light of a great peace shine;
Where the silence of grief hath fallen
The touch of the Master thrills.
As the flowing wine of His gracious love
Life's emptied chalice fills.

The stricken deer seeks covert,
The wounded bird her nest;
And thy broken heart finds refuge
Where the dear God gives it rest,
Patiently waiting the glory,
Believing he knows best.
While earthlife is wrecked and storm-toss'd
Where waves roll waves to meet,
Thy soul like some pearl, stranded,
Is laid at the Master's feet.

Out from thy sin and sorrow,
And the cleansing fire of pain,
Go, bare thy head to the sunshine,
The storm and the bitter rain.
There are hurt lives all around us,
Heart-hungry and broken with pain.
The peace and gladness of heaven to hearts
That forgive are thus made known;
In giving thy life for others
The Christ-life shall be thy own.

ooklyn, Mich. —MRS. ALMERA CLARK.

AN IMMEDIATE SALVATION.

Canon Wilberforce used to take great asure in telling a pathetic story, illustrat- the force of the word "now." A coal ner, hearing the Gospel preached, deter- ned that if there were any truth in the omise of immediate salvation, he would t rise from his knees or leave the minis- who had declared the message, until he t that he was saved. He accordingly ited after the meeting to speak with the nister, and in his untutored way, said: Didn't ye say I could have the blessin' w?" "Yes, my friend." "Then pray th me, for I'm not goin' awa' wi'out it." d they did pray, these two men, until the estling miner heard the silent words of nfort and cheer. "I've got it now!" ed the miner, his face reflecting the joy thin; "I've got it now!" The next day rightful accident occurred at the mines. e same minister was called to the scene, d among the men dead and dying, was quivering, almost breathless body of man who, only the night before, big d brawny, came to him to know if sal- tion could really be had for the asking. ere was but a fleeting moment of recog- ion between the two ere the miner's soul k flight; but in that moment he had e to say, in response to the minister's mpathy, "Oh, I don't mind, for I've got -I've got it—its mine!" Then the name the poor man went in the list of the illed." There was no note made of the al inheritance to which he had but a few rs before come into possession, and all his believing grip of the word "now."

A TRACT CHANGED HIS LIFE.

God sometimes chooses the most remark- e and unexpected incidents as instru- nts to draw men to himself. An emi- t Christian preacher, the late Dean emantle, of Ripon, used to take especial asure in telling this story of his own con- sion: He had never felt strongly the d of personal religion until the close of university career. About that time in life, a near relative of his, having just e into an estate, invited the young duate to stay with him for the express pose of helping him to sift down a some- at large library. He gave himself with siderable zest to the work, and while he s engaged in it, there happened to drop of an old folio, a discolored Puritan tract of the Restoration period, entitled, "Drops of Honey out of the Rock Jesus." At first he dipped into it partly out of curiosity, attracted by the quaint title, and partly to find amusement therefrom; little dreaming that the old-fashioned treatise of 150 years back was to become God's instrument for changing the whole current of his life. Before he got very far in the tract, he was sufficiently struck by it to hide it away in his pocket in order that he might study it more at his leisure in his bed-room. The quiet perusal of it alone in the presence of God brought conviction to his soul, and awakened desires which soon bore fruit to eternal life.

A MISSION FOR LIFE-SAVERS.

"The Marine Life-Saving Mission" is the name of a new mission that is now being organized by Rev. R. Ashley Cake, at the Life Saving Stations along the New Jersey Coast. Mr. Cake travels along the coast from Barnegat to South Brigantine, and preaches the Gospel at every station. Many souls are being won.

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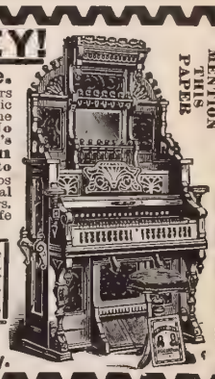

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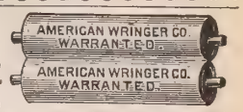

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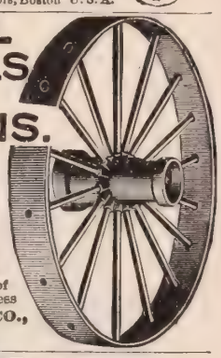

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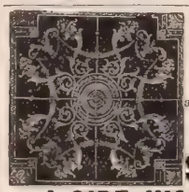

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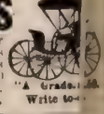

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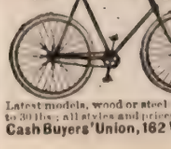

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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EV T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 29, 1895.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, $1.50.

A PULPIT IN A HOUSE-BOAT.

Missionary Arnold's Floating Chapel and its Travels Along the Great Western Rivers—A Unique and Blessed Evangelical Work.

'H is an age of great Gospel activities. very expedient and device which

MISSIONARY I. R. B. ARNOLD.

or ingenuity can suggest is brought vice in spreading the precious truth, uplift- d en- nent an hu- i. To blish- ods sem- ng the pel pul- press, een many Gos- agons ate to rural icts, there ither es nor serv- Gospel scatter seed the of our and me of reat Gos- hips mis- voy- touch- many iors their of con- cated s are le with ht by

who rarely have the opportunity of ing to a sermon, and whose daily sur- ings are such as to estrange them ull religion.

of the most interesting and success- ful evangelical experiments of the latter description is that begun several years ago by a devoted Christian worker and missionary, Mr. I. R. B. Arnold, on the great waterways of the West. Together, with his family, and with Mr. C. H. Nichols, his associate, Mr. Arnold has spent the greater part of the last four years, on the Mississippi, Ohio, and Illinois rivers, and their tributaries, in a Floating Chapel or house-boat. Mr. Arnold is a native of Illinois, and for twenty years he has been engaged in missionary work. In 1888 he was sent by the American Missionary Society of Chicago to labor in the South along the Mississippi river. For two years he worked among the freedmen, traveling long distances by boat, and camping wherever other accommodations could not be had. That experience suggested to him the practicability of using in the work a much larger boat, which should serve the double purpose of chapel and home, and the result was the construction of the Floating Chapel shown in the illustration on this page. It is the largest floating Gospel structure in the United States at the present time, being thirty by one hundred and twenty feet, with auditorium, class-rooms, and living rooms for the missionary, his family, and manager, and a few helpers. In addition to its other equipment, the boat has a small printing office, and a good deal of the literature used in the work—in the form of tracts, etc.,—is there prepared. The Floating Chapel has proved a most valuable aid, and the river mission has been greatly blessed, especially in the last four years, in the inbringing of many precious souls. Concerning his work generally, Missionary Arnold gives this interesting explanation: "When I was a boy, it seemed so strange to read about the Chinese, many of whom lived in boats or houses anchored on the water, or tied to the bank. I did not then think I should ever see thousands of these house-boats along the rivers of our own country. Some are inhabited by fishermen; others by laborers, who find it cheaper to live in a floating-house than to live in one on land. If work is scarce in one place, the house-boat can be moved up or down the river. In this way, a man can move, without packing his goods, and can change his place of residence as often as he wishes. Some of these boats are very poor shells, cheaply built; others are larger and as nicely furnished and painted as any houses on land. Some are mere saloons or gambling dens.

A CONVICT AUDIENCE

"Most of the people who live on these house-boats," he continued, "are without the Gospel. Their children have no schooling. We always try to give them a plentiful supply of good reading. It is, on the whole very pleasant, as well as healthful, living on the water."

It is economical, too, as he explained. At some of the landings the only stores in the place are those kept on boats. Occasionally, meetings are held in log-houses on shore. At most of the landing-places, the people are very poor and cannot support regular preaching; yet it is sometimes painfully clear that they spend money enough on liquor to build churches and support teachers. Most of them live in small log-houses, with one or two rooms where children and dogs are crowded together. One man, with whom the missionary took dinner, had about twenty dogs, valued at several hundred dollars. This man, who is quite a substantial citizen for his class, offered to give $150 toward building a church.

One of the principal advantages of the Floating Chapel, is that it is common ground. All classes attend the service. It has a seating capacity of about 500, equal to half a dozen ordinary country school-houses. Some of the localities visited by the Floating Chapel show the greatest need of Gospel work. There the densest ignorance prevails on secular as well as religious matters. "I can't read, but some of my children can read it to me," is a frequent expression, when a tract is given.

(Continued on page 343.)

"THE FLOATING CHAPEL," OR MISSIONARY BOAT, AT AN OHIO RIVER LANDING.

"THE GREATEST SOLDIER OF ALL TIME."

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., preached last Sunday in Embury Memorial Church, Brooklyn, on the Text: Joshua 1:5: "*There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life.*"

THE "gallant Thirteenth," as this regiment is generally and appropriately called, has gathered to-night for the worship of God, and to hear the annual sermon. And first I look with hearty salutation into the faces of the Veterans who, though now not in active service, have the same patriotic and military enthusiasm which characterized them, when, in 1863, they bade farewell to home and loved ones, and started for the field, and risked all they held dear on earth for the re-establishment of the falling United States Government. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," and you showed yourselves willing to give your lives. We hail you! We thank you! We bless you, the veterans of the Thirteenth. Nothing can ever rob you of the honor of having been soldiers in one of the most tremendous wars of all history, a war with Grant, and Sherman, and Hancock, and Sheridan, and Farragut on one side, and Lee, and Stonewall Jackson, and Longstreet, and Johnstone on the other. As in Greek assemblages, when speakers would rouse the audience, they shouted "Marathon!" so if I wanted to stir you to acclamation, I would only need to speak the words, "Look-out Mountain," "Chancellorsville," "Gettysburg." And though through the passage of years you are forever free from duty of enlistment, if European nations should too easily and too quickly forget the Monroe doctrine, and set aggressive foot upon this continent, I think your ankles would be supple again, and your arms would grow strong again, and your eye would be keen enough to follow the stars of the old flag wherever they might lead.

And next, I greet the Colonel and his staff, and all the officers and men of this regiment. It has been an eventful year in your history. If never before, Brooklyn appreciates something of the value of its armories, and the importance of the men who there drill for the defense and safety of the city. The blessing of God be upon all of you, my comrades of the Thirteenth Regiment! And looking about for a subject that might be most helpful and inspiring for you, and our veterans here assembled, and the citizens gathered to-night with their good wishes, I have concluded to hold up before you the greatest soldier of all time—Joshua, the hero of my text.

He was a magnificent fighter, but he always fought on the right side, and he never fought unless God told him to fight. In [illegible] one would think it must have been plumed helmet for the brow, greaves of brass for the feet, habergeon for the breast. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." "Oh," you say, "anybody could have courage with such a backing up as that." Why, my friends, I have to tell you that the God of the universe and the Chieftain of eternity promises to do just as much for us as for him. All the resources of eternity are pledged in our behalf, if we go out in the service of God, and no more than that was offered to Joshua. God fulfilled this promise of my text, although Joshua's first battle was with the spring freshet; and the next with a stone wall; and the next, leading on a regiment of whipped cowards; and the next battle, against darkness, wheeling the sun and the moon into his battalion, and the last, against the King of Terrors, Death—five great victories.

For the most part, when the general of an army starts out in a conflict he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get his courage up and he may rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts; but this first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the levelling of Fort Pulaski, or the thundering down of Gibraltar, or the overthrow of the Bastille. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on one bank and they look across and see Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say: "Aha! aha! they cannot disturb us until the freshets fall; it is impossible for them to reach us." But after a while they look across the water and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say, "What's the matter now? Why there must be a panic among these troops, and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to try to march across the river Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chieftain of the text, looks at his army and cries: "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan.

One mile ahead go two priests carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the Ark of the Covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they just touch the rim of the water with their feet, than by an Almighty fiat, Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their feet wet, over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the oleanders and tamarisks and willows and pull themselves up a bank thirty or forty feet high, and having gained the other bank, they clap their shields and their cymbals, and sing the praises of the God of Joshua. But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage. Out yonder they have stopped, thirty miles up yonder they halted. On this side the waters roll off toward the salt sea. But as the hand of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters—waters perhaps uplifted half a mile—as the Almighty hand is taken away, those waters rush down, and some of the unbelieving Israelites say: "Alas, alas, what a misfortune! Why could not those waters have stayed parted? because perhaps we may want to go back. Oh Lord, we are engaged in a risky business. Those Canaanites may eat us up. How if we want to go back? Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through and kept them parted to let us go back if we are defeated?" My friends, God makes no provision for a Christian's retreat. He clears the path all the way to Canaan. To go back is to die. The same gatekeepers that swing back the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to let Israel pass through, now swing shut the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to keep the Israelites from going back. I declare it in your hearing to-day, victory ahead, water forty feet deep in the rear. Triumph ahead, Canaan ahead; behind you death and darkness and woe and hell. But you say: "Why didn't those Canaanites, when they had such a splendid chance—standing on the top of the bank thirty or forty feet high, completely demolish those poor Israelites down in the river?" I will tell you why. God had made a promise and he was going to keep it. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city of arbors, a city with walls seeming to reach to the heavens, to buttress the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey, and it was afterward captured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward captured by the Mohammedans; but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering ram. There shall be only one weapon of war, and that a ram's horn. The horn of the slain ram was sometimes taken and holes were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument, and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon. Seven priests were to take these rude rustic musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days—once a day for six days, and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the rams' horns on the seventh day the peroration of the whole scene was to be a shout at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base.

The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day, and a failure. Not so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the wall—not so much as a loosened rock, not so much as a piece of mortar lost from its place. "There," say the unbelieving Israelites, "didn't I tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that way to destroy it! Joshua has been spoiled; he thinks because he has overthrown and destroyed the spring freshet, he can overthrow the stone wall. Why, it is not philosophic. Don't you see there is no relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall. It isn't philosophy." And I suppose there were many wiseacres who stood with their brows knitted, and with the forefinger of the right hand to the forefinger of the left hand, arguing it all out, and showing it was not possible that such a cause should produce such an effect. And I suppose that night in the encampment there was plenty of philosophy and caricature, and if Joshua had been nominated for any high military position, he would not have got many votes. Joshua's stock was down. The second day, the priests blowing the musical instruments go around the city, and a failure. Third day, and a failure; fourth day, and a failure; fifth day, and a failure; sixth day, and a failure. The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all around about, looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure.

There is only one more thing to do now that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelitish army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as was never heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host: "Shout for the Lord hath given you the city! And the people begin to cry: "Down, Joshua, down Jericho!' and the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and to move and to rock. Stand from under. Shelter! Crash! go the walls, the temple the towers, the palaces; the air is black with the dust. The huzza of the victorious Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua standing there in the debris of the wall, hears a voice saying: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But Joshua's troops may not have rested. The command is, "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai; it must be captured. How shall it be taken? A scouting party comes back and says: "Joshua, we can do that without you; it is going to be a very easy job: you just stay here while we can capture it." They march with a small detachment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell, and the Israelites run like reindeers. The men of the troops at Bull Run did not make such time as these Israelites with the Canaanites after them. They never cut such a figure as when they were on the run. Anybody that goes out in the battle of God with only half a force, instead of taking the men of Ai, the men of Ai take you. Look at the Church of God in the retreat. The Bornesian cannibals eat up Munson the missionary. "Fall back!" said a great many Christian people. Fall back oh Church of God! Borneo will be taken. Don't you see the Bornesian cannibals have eaten up Munson the missionary?" Tyndall delivers his lecture in the University of Glasgow, and a great many good people say, "Fall back, oh Church of God! Dont you see that Christian philosophy is going to be overcome by infidel philosophy? Fall back!" Geology plunges its crowbar into the mountains, and there are a great many people who say, "Scientific investigation is going to overthrow the Mosaic account of the creation. Fall back!" Friends of God have never any right to fall back.

Joshua falls on his face in chagrin. It is the only time you ever see the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to whine, and he says, "Oh, Lord God, wherefore hast thou at all brought this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hand of the Amorites, to destroy us? Would God we had been content and dwelt on the other side of Jordan! For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round and cut off our name from the earth."

I am very glad Joshua said that, for it seemed as if he were a supernatural being, and therefore could not be an example to us; but I find he is a man, he is a weak man. Just as sometimes you find a man under severe opposition, or in a bad state of physical health, or worn out with hard work, lying down and sighing about everything being defeated, I am encouraged when I hear this cry of Joshua as he lies in the dust.

God comes and rouses him. How does he rouse him? By complimentary apostrophe? No. He says, "Get thee up. Wherefore liest thou upon thy face?" Joshua rises, and I warrant you, with a mortified look. But his old courage comes back. The fact was, that was the battle. If he had been in it he would have gone on to victory. He gathers his men around him and says: "Now let us go up and capture the city of Ai; let us go right away."

They march on. He puts the ma[illegible]

e troops behind a ledge of rocks in the ght, and then he sends a comparatively hall battalion up in front of the city. The en of Ai come out with a shout. This ttalion in stratagem fall back and fall ck, and when all the men of Ai have left e city and are in pursuit of this scattered, seemingly scattered battalion, Joshua nds on a rock—I see his locks flying in e wind as he points his spear towards the omed city, and that is the signal. The en rush out from behind the rocks and ce the city, and it is put to the torch, and en these Israelites in the city march down d the flying battalion of Israelites return, id between these two waves of Israelitish bwess the men of Ai are destroyed, and e Israelites gain the victory; and while I e the curling smoke of that destroyed city the sky, and while I hear the huzza of e Israelites and the groan of the Canaan-s, Joshua hears something louder than all, ringing and echoing through his soul, here shall not any man be able to stand fore thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host of Jos-a to stop. "Forward, march!" cries shua to the troops. There is the city of beon. It has put itself under the protec-n of Joshua. They sent word, "There are e kings after us; they are going to de-oy us; send troops quick; send us help ht away." Joshua has a three days' rch more than double quick. On the rning of the third day he is before the emy. There are two long lines of battle. he battle opens with great slaughter, but e Canaanites soon discover something. ey say, "That is Joshua; that is the n who conquered the spring freshet and locked down the stone wall and destroyed e city of Ai. There is no use fighting." d they sound a retreat, and as they be-n to retreat, Joshua and his host ing upon them like a panther, pursuing m over the rocks.

"Oh!" says Joshua, "this is surely a tory.' 'But do you not see the sun is ing down? Those Amorites are going get away after all, and they will come some other time and bother us, and per-ps destroy us." See, the sun is going wn. Oh, for a longer day than has er been seen in this climate! Pointing e hand at the descending sun and the ner hand at the faint crescent of the on, in the name of that God who shaped worlds and moves the worlds, he cries: un, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and u moon, in the valley of Ajalon." And y stood still. Whether it was by re-ction of the sun's rays, or by the stop-ng of the whole planetary system, I do t know, and do not care. I leave it to Christian scientists and the infidel sci-ists to settle that question, while I tell u I have seen the same thing. "What!" y you, "not the sun standing still?" Yes. e same miracle is performed nowadays. e wicked do not live out half their day, d the sun sets at noon. But let a man rt out and battle for God, and the truth, d against sin, and the day of his useful-ss is prolonged, and prolonged, and pro-ged.

John Summerfield was a consumptive thodist. He looked fearfully white, I told, as he stood in old Sands Street urch in this city, preaching Christ, and en he stood on the anniversary platform New York, pleading for the Bible until usual and unknown glories rolled forth m that book. When he was dying his ow was brushed with the wings of the gel from the skies, the messenger that d sent down. Did John Summerfield's n set? Did John Summerfield's day d? Oh no! He lives on in his burning erance in behalf of the Christian Church. e sun stood still.

Robert McCheyne was a consumptive sbyterian. It was said when he preach-he coughed so it seemed as if he would ver preach again. His name is fragrant all Christendom, that name mightier day than was ever his living presence. lived to preach the Gospel in Aberdeen, inburgh, and Dundee, but he went away very early. He preached himself into the grave. Has Robert McCheyne's sun set? Is Robert McCheyne's day ended? Oh, no! His dying delirium was filled with prayer, and when he lifted his hand to pronounce the benediction upon his family, and the benediction upon his country, he seemed to say: "I cannot die now; I want to live on and on. I want to start an influence for the Church that will never cease. I am only thirty years of age. Sun of my Christian ministry, stand still over Scotland." And it stood still.

But it is time for Joshua to go home. He is a hundred and ten years old. Washington went down the Potomac, and at Mount Vernon closed his days. Wellington died peacefully at Apsley House. Now, where shall Joshua rest? Why, he is to have his greatest battle now. After a hundred and ten years he has to meet a king who has more subjects than all the present population of the earth, his throne a pyramid of skulls, his parterre the graveyards and the cemeteries of the world, his chariot the world's hearse—the King of Terrors. But if this is Joshua's greatest battle, it is going to be Joshua's greatest victory. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory, and it is full of reminiscence. Young men tell what they are going to do; old men tell what they have done. And as you have heard a grandfather, or a great-grandfather, seated by the evening fire, tell of Monmouth, or Yorktown, and then lift the crutch or staff as though it were a musket, to fight, and show how the old battles were won—so Joshua gathers his friends around his dying couch, and he tells them the story of what he has been through, and as he lies there, his white locks snowing down on his wrinkled forehead, I wonder if God has kept his promise all the way through—the promise of the text. As he lies there he tells the story one, two, or three times—you have heard old people tell a story two or three times over—and he answers:

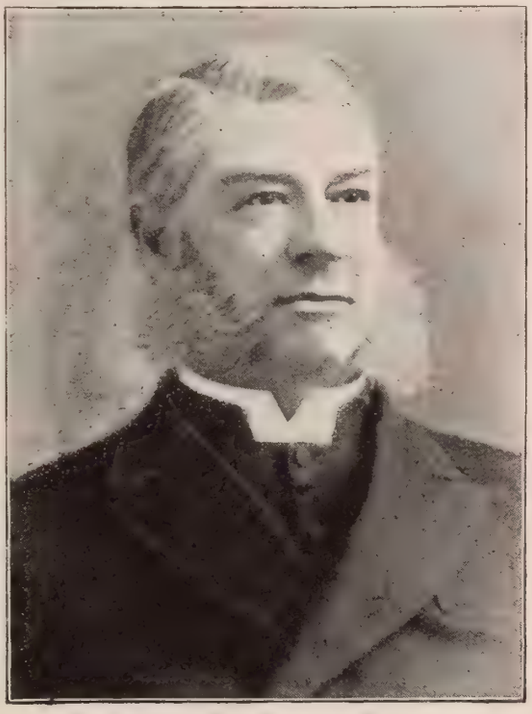
"I go the way of all the earth, and not one word of the promise has failed, not one word thereof has failed; all has come to pass, not one word thereof has failed." And then he turns to his family, as a dying parent will, and says: "Choose now whom you will serve, the God of Israel, or the God of the Amorites. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Dead, the old chieftain must be laid out. Handle him very gently; that sacred body is over a hundred and ten years of age. Lay him out, stretch out those feet that walked dry shod the parted Jordan. Close those lips which helped blow the blast at which the walls of Jericho fell. Fold the arm that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five kings fell. But where shall we get the burnished granite for the headstone and the footstone? I bethink myself now. I imagine that for the head it shall be the sun that stood still upon Gibeon, and for the foot, the moon that stood still in the valley of Ajalon.

The New Moderator.

Presbyterian Commissioners at Pittsburgh Elect Dr. R. R. Booth, of New York, Moderator of the Assembly.

PRESBYTERIANS in all sections of the country will be glad to see the portrait on this page. It is that of the Rev. Robert Russell Booth, D.D., LL.D., whom the one hundred and seventh Assembly has elected to the highest position in the church. It is an honor of which any Presbyterian minister may be proud, as it indicates the respect and confidence of his brother ministers and of the most prominent laymen in the church. Dr. Booth was elected on the first ballot by a substantial majority over his two competitors, and the election was afterwards made unanimous. Dr. Booth is a New Yorker by birth as well as by residence. He is sixty-five years of age, and has been thirty-seven years in the ministry. After graduating from Williams and Auburn, he became assistant pastor of a church at Troy, and subsequently of the First Presbyterian Church at Stamford, Conn. In 1861, he was installed as pastor of the Mercer St. Presbyterian Church of New York, which, about ten years afterward, united with the University Place Church, Dr. Booth becoming the pastor of the combined churches. About eleven years ago he realized that a period of rest was necessary after the arduous labors of twenty-three years. He therefore resigned and took an extended tour in Europe. On his return, he was called to the pastorate of the new church on the Boulevard, known as the Rutgers Riverside Church which has become under his charge one of the strongest churches in the city. Dr. Booth is, of course, as may be inferred by his election to the moderatorship a member of the conservative party in the church.



REV. ROBERT RUSSELL BOOTH, D.D., LL.D.
Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

The fact that three hundred members of the Assembly voted for Dr. Booth indicates the character of the body. It stands as resolutely for orthodoxy in opposition to Dr. Briggs and the school of the higher criticism as did its predecessors. Happily, at this Assembly there were no heretics to be arraigned, but the Assembly had the duty of drawing closer and tighter the bonds of orthodoxy at the source and origin of the trouble. During the preceding year a committee has been at work trying to make arrangements with the various colleges, by which the Assembly shall have greater power in controlling them. The object is to make it impossible for a Presbyterian college to retain professors of whose teaching the Assembly does not approve. The scheme does not receive the unqualified support even of the conservative element in the church, as it is felt to be an anomaly to make the busy, working pastors who constitute the Assembly, the judges of men whose learning and culture make them qualified to occupy the position of professors in colleges. It was felt, however, that wealthy Presbyterians would feel more secure in leaving money to colleges if they had the assurance that the Assembly had the power to prevent heterodoxy being taught there.

A Pulpit in a House-Boat.

(Continued from first page.)

As an example of the destitution that is frequently encountered, a single typical experience may be mentioned: Mrs. Arnold and her daughters visited a colored family on shore at one Green river landing-place. Their house was built on blocks about four feet high to keep it above water when the river rises above its banks. A box served for a table. There were many children, but no chairs. A few rags piled on the floor served as bedding. Besides her own household tasks the mother cooked for the workers at a sawmill, some distance off. A short, cheering talk and an earnest prayer completed the first visit. Mrs. Arnold sent them some second-hand clothing, which was sorely needed for the children.

Missionary Arnold's Floating Chapel has had a most varied experience. It was built at New Martinville, W. Va., at a cost of $2000, and has fulfilled every expectation. Four years have been spent in visiting points on the Ohio river and its tributaries. From Cairo, the boat came up the Mississippi into the Illinois river, and it has done much excellent Gospel service on all these great waterways, and also on the Green river above its junction with the Ohio. Probably little less than 20,000 miles have been traveled by the river missionary and his family in this strange, yet commodious craft. In the cold weather, its progress is southward; in the warm weather its field is northerly. It is never idle nor long at anchor, if the indefatigable missionary can prevent it. In the last four years, Mr. Arnold has delivered 1,500 Gospel addresses and lectures, distributed five tons of literature, visited 150 cities and towns, and addressed 150 mass meetings, in the interest of temperance. More than 250,000 people have passed into his boat. His audiences are strangely varied; some times the gathering will be almost wholly white men and women; again it may be chiefly negroes, for much of his Mississippi work is among the freedmen. At other times, he has an assemblage of children, belonging to some settlement which is fortunate in having a Sunday School. Occasionally the Floating chapels auditorum is occupied by an audience composed of convicts from gangs at work along the river banks. No opportunity to sow the Gospel seed is ever neglected, and a halt is made wherever an audience can be gathered. The services are so conducted as to attract and impress even the poorest and most ignorant, for culture and education are strangers to most of the colored and poor white population along these rivers. The boat is now at La Salle, Ill. Its expenses for four years have been $7,600, and in the same time the receipts from donations were $1,200, and the collections $8,600, so that the Gospel Chapel has been a self-sustaining mission from the outset up to the present time. On different occasions, clergymen of various parishes have voluntarily aided in the services when the boat was in their locality. Early in the present season, three university students from Chicago tendered their services to help in spreading the Gospel along the rivers and great waterways. There are certain points in Mr. Arnold's manner of working that mark it as unique. He does not preach or exhort; he simply instructs. In the simplest words, the old, old story of the Gospel is told, and the hearts and understandings of the poor whites and negroes are reached by homely and familiar illustration.

One of the adjuncts of the work is a powerful lime-light stereopticon, which appeals to a much larger class than could be reached by ordinary talk. A hymn is thrown upon the canvas, and then a picture illustrating the spirit of the verses, and while these are being shown, the audience sings with more energy and a better understanding than would be the case without this object lesson. Bible scenes, temperance and social studies, and other subjects are displayed on the canvas, the whole combining to exert an educational and evangelizing influence which never fails to calm the rough audiences that are frequently met at the river landing-places, and to fix their minds upon the things of eternity.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

S. S. Lesson for June 9. Luke 24: 44-53. Golden Text Luke 24:32. By Mrs. Baxer.

BEFORE he ascended in heaven, the Lord Jesus must wean his disciples. They had known him after the flesh (II.Cor. 5: 16); now they must know him so no more. Their earthly hopes in him had been disappointed; the acknowledgment of the multitudes that he was the Son of David, when he rode upon the colt into Jerusalem, had been followed by his apprehension, condemnation and execution as a malefactor, could it be that they had been deceived? Alas for them that the one gleam of light which would have illuminated everything but which, seen after the flesh, was so dark, had not yet penetrated them; "they knew not the Scriptures that he must rise from the dead." (John 20: 9). Like

A Child that is Weaned

of its mother, they mourned over the expectations and ambitions they had lost, and the Lord's words so calculated to prepare them for what had happened, were not yet apprehended by them; "It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come to you; but if I go, I will send him unto you." It was still the resurrection day, the process of weaning was going on: the visible Saviour, the Son of Man, who had walked and talked with them, was, in so mysterious a way, withdrawn from them; their hopes were shattered; there never was another like him; his words, his works, his spirit, all had been so unlike any other man, and yet God had forsaken him at the last, and he had died the death of a malefactor! They were being weaned from things seen and temporal to things unseen and eternal; they must be severed from the visible, living Word of life, whom they could hear, see and handle, that they might know, under the teaching of the Holy Ghost, the power and life of the written Word of God.

Two of them were walking the same day towards a village named Emmaus, and "they communed with each other" concerning the things which had happened and which lay so much upon their hearts. Jesus was no longer with them, or they would certainly have carried their questions to him. But they must learn to commune with One who was not seen, and that through

The Written Word

lit up by the Spirit of God. How many young converts have to go through this same weaning process! At the moment of their conversion, the change in themselves, and in their own feelings and view of things is often so startling and so vivid, that they would not entertain the idea that a doubt of God, or a possibility of being stumbled at any of his dealings with them, should ever, for a single moment, enter their hearts. Hath not God said? is not yet their argument, but rather, "I know, I feel, I have experience." But afterwards when the feelings are not so keen, when unexpected tests of faith are applied to them, and things happen quite contrary to their previous experience and present expectation, they are much in the same position as a babe in the process of weaning. They miss the old nourishment, and are not accustomed to the new; they expect from themselves the fervency of mind [illegible] while they have yet to learn to trust the Holy Ghost, who takes of Christ in the Word, and in the circumstances around them, and shows to them his side of all things; his interpretation of the permission of his Father in his dealings with his children.

Jesus drew near, but the two disciples journeying to Emmaus, who "knew not the Scriptures," could not see him who came to fulfil the Scriptures! Oh, how many cannot see God in all the things which are happening around us in this wonderful and critical age because they do not know the Scriptures about the coming of the Lord. They declare that there is nothing exceptional in events which are transpiring, that "all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." (II. Pet. 3: 3, 4). They do not see Scripture being fulfilled before them in the condition of the Jews and of the Holy Land, in the increase of Romanism in Protestant lands, in the developments of socialism and spiritualism, etc.;—their eyes are holden. But Jesus, unknown by them, went with the two disciples, and asked: "What communications are these that ye have one with another, as ye walk? (ver. 17 R.V.) And they stood still, looking sad." Mary Magdalene who knew the Scriptures, had found her Lord again; no sadness remained in her heart—she was weaned.

"One of them named Cleopas, answering, said unto him: Dost thou alone sojourn in Jerusalem and not know the things which are come to pass there in these days?" "What things?" "The things concerning Jesus of Nazareth." Could it be possible that any living man in Jerusalem should be ignorant of that on which issues so tremendous for time and eternity were hanging? Such was the astonished reflection of these two disciples, and they detailed in order the character and life, the unjust condemnation and execution of him whom they mourned, and added,

But We Hoped

that it was he which should redeem Israel," and betrayed by this one admisssion their ignorance of the Scriptures. And yet they added the story of the resurrection as told by the women who had been at the sepulchre the same morning, but they neither spoke of their confidence in, nor distrust of the story; to them it rested simply upon the personal testimony of the believing women—"as yet they knew not the Scriptures."

"And he said unto them: O foolish men and slow of heart to believe in all that the prophets have spoken! Behooved it not the Christ to suffer these things, and to enter into his glory?" And having sufficiently deprived them of their old nourishment, he commenced to feed them with the new: "Beginning from Moses, and from all the prophets, he intepreted to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself." (ver. 25–27, R.V.) In his priestly prayer for his disciples before he suffered, the Lord had said: "I have given them thy Word." It had been his own nourishment, "spirit and life," (John 6: 63), and he gave them that which he had most prized. His great recommendation of them to the Father was: "Thy have kept thy Word . . . the words which thou gavest me I have given unto them, and they received them." And his petition for them was: "Sanctify them by the truth: thy Word is truth." (John 17: 6-8; 14, 17.) And now he gave them the key to that Holy Scripture, the living Word alone can open the written Word, and these two men had, from that hour

A New Bible.

O how little had they dreamed that in the woman's seed, in the offering of Isaac, in the history of Joseph, in the Passover, the smitten Rock, the manna, in the Psalms of David, as well as in the prophets, major and minor, Christ was to be seen in all the Scriptures! It was a revelation to them: past, present, future stood unveiled and explained before them. Now they knew the Scriptures, the Cross and the Resurrection were all explained, and they were ready to learn about the ascension and the Lord's return. Drawing nigh to the village, as he seemed about to go further, they constrained him to abide with them and share their evening meal; and it was not until he took the loaf and blessed it, and brake and gave to them that their eyes were opened, and they knew him. They knew now from the evidence of their senses, as they had already learned from Scripture, that he was indeed risen from the dead. But it was enough; the work was done; He vanished out of their sight, but they were not dismayed. And they said one to the other: "Was not our heart burning within us while he spake to us in the way, while he opened to us the Scriptures?" They had taken to the Word and the visible presence of the Lord was no longer a necessity. But such a revelation could not be kept to themselves; they must make it known to their fellow disciples. At the very door of the upper room, they were met with the glad tidings: "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon." And they had their story also to tell, and to awaken in the rest of the company the taste which their Lord had awakened in them for his written Word.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

OUR Lord had been seen twice on that Sunday morning; but still his sorrowing friends could not believe that he had risen. Mary Magdalene reported that she had seen him, but she had to admit that she at first supposed him to be the gardener, which would indicate to the disciples that her recognition had not been very clear. The other women also reported having seen him, but their report was not credited. Two of the followers of Jesus set out, apparently about noon, to walk to Emmaus, a village some seven or eight miles away. One of them, Luke says, was named Cleopas, and the other is not named, but is generally supposed to have been Luke himself. They were evidently not two of the Apostles, as when they returned, they found the eleven gathered together (Luke 24: 33). The tone of the narrative indicates that at least one of the two lived at Emmaus, as they were in a position to invite Jesus to spend the night with them. On the way their talk, as was natural, was on the subject that filled the heart and mind of every follower of Christ. Jesus joined them, but, like the Magdalene, they did not know him. It is useless to speculate on the cause that prevented their recognizing the Lord. We cannot understand what kind of body his must have been, or what clothing he wore, as his own clothing had been distributed among the soldiers at the crucifixion. The subsequent narrative shows that Jesus claimed it was the same body, and the fact of the tomb being empty is confirmation, but evidently there must have been changes wrought in death or resurrection, otherwise Mary at least would have recognized him instantly. Jesus draws them on to talk of his own death, and they frankly tell him of their disappointment. Clearly they thought his cause was lost, and they do not conceal the fact. Incidentally, they refer to the reports of the resurrection, but in a manner implying that they attached no weight to them. Jesus then deals with their disappointment, showing them that it was no untoward thing that had happened, but just what had been predicted. This he showed by citing passages from the Scriptures, and explaining how they applied to him. It is marvellous that such a discourse was not recorded. Such an explanation and commentary by Jesus himself would have been most valuable to us; but no part of it is preserved. Arriving at their journey's end, they urge Jesus to stay with them, and he complies. In the familiar act of breaking the bread and blessing it, they recognize him, and instantly he disappears. They cannot remain, but hurry back to Jerusalem to tell their friends what had occurred. They find them in a similar state of agitation, for Peter is there, telling how he, too, has seen the Lord. The practical lessons are: That the events in our lives which seem to us most disastrous, might if we could understand them, prove to be the blessings appointed of God, as were the sufferings and death of Christ which these men deplored; and, second, that Christ reveals himself still to those that seek light and are willing to listen to him.

THE VILLAGE OF EMMAUS.

Jesus himself drew near. A city missionary says that in going among the people on the east side of New York, he entered a large house which was rented in single rooms. As he came down from the top floor, after making a call on a sick man, he noticed a door standing a little way open. Through the aperture he could see a woman evidently very ill lying in bed. He knocked and entered. The room was dreadfully poor. All around were the evidences of extreme poverty. But on the emaciated face of the sufferer there was a look of ecstatic delight. She lay still with her eyes closed, and at first the visitor thought she was dead; but bending over her, he could see that she still breathed. He moistened her lips with water and did his best to revive her. Presently she gave a deep sigh and opened her eyes. The face was drawn with pain, and she asked wearily who her visitor was. He told her, and she thanked him for calling. She was alone and would be so for several hours until her daughter returned from work in the evening. "I was nearly gone," she said. "I can not live long, and I thought I was dying when you roused me. I have dreaded death all my life; but it was not painful. It seemed to me all alone here that Jesus came and stood by me and said he would walk with me through the dark valley. I felt so happy, and not a bit afraid. I am sure he will be with me when the time comes."

Their eyes were holden that they should not know him. Christ is often near to guide and enlighten when he is not recognized. An old woman in Edinburgh, who was very poor, was in great distress about her rent which was due when she had no funds to meet it. She dreaded the hour when the owner of the house would come to collect. A good friend who knew how poor she was, and suspecting that she might be in need, went to visit her, intending to leave her a gift that would have been enough to pay her rent. He climbed the four flights of stairs that led to her poor room and knocked on the door, but there was no response. The next day he met her on the street and said, "I called on you yesterday to give you this," putting some money in her hand. "but you were not at home." The woman looked gratefully into his face and thanked him. "I wish I had known it was you," she said. "I was at home, and heard your knock, but I thought it was the landlord come for the rent. I did not have it ready so I did not open the door. Oh, what a night of suffering I should have been saved had I known who it was."

In all the Scriptures the things concerning himself. "In the narrow streets of Venice," says Dr. Maclaren, "although the canals are intricate and the passages dark, the traveler need never be lost. There is in the walls beside the canals, and in the pavement of the streets a thin thread of white stone, by following which the traveler will come to the great Piazza, where the church of St. Mark stands." So in all the Bible books, in history, in the law, in poetry, and in prophecy, there is the red line which leads to Christ. He is the central figure which is the focus of them all and to which they point.

Their eyes were opened and they knew him. We have faith to believe that when our spiritual eyes are opened in the next world, and we review the events of life in the clear air of heaven, we shall see that those events which now seem to us unfortunate, were really interpositions of God for our good. History tells us that when the great William of Orange was on his way to the British shores to deliver England from the villainous king, James II., the expedition was delayed by contrary winds. It was impossible to make a landing at the port agreed upon. Finally, in despair the expedition put in at Torbay, the very place where William was not expected, and where no preparations to oppose his landing had been made. Of all parts of the coast, Torbay, to which they were driven against their will, was the one best adapted to secure the success of the enterprise.

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY

Margaret E. Sangster.

"THE WEE BIT VIEW."

For Memorial Day.

"IT'S only a wee bit view I ha'e, but its a bonny one," said my old Scotch friend, cheerfully. She sat beside her window, in her big cushioned chair, her crutches within easy reach, for she was very lame, and hobbled about her four little rooms with great difficulty. "Only a wee bit view, and I am very lame much o' the time, but I get great comfort whiles thinkin' o' the gude hand o' my God."

I went to the window and looked out. I saw the corner of a street, and saw coming around the bend a little procession of children playing soldiers. They had flags and a drum, and their voices sounded pleasantly as they marched by.

"Aunty," I inquired, "how long have you been lame, and unable to go about as I do, and with her people?"

She replied cheerfully: "A matter of thirty years and more, dearie. I took cold soon after the war, when my last laddie came' home to die, and I never got over it. But I don't suffer so very much, and I take great pleasure in my hoose, and my frien's, and my bonny wee bit view."

"It seems a lonesome life. Aunty."

Mrs. MacGregor smiled. She was a Highlander from Inverness, a large-framed, stately woman, with black eyes and coal-black hair, and always she wore a cap with large frills, and a band of black ribbon—the sort of cap her countrywomen call a mutch. On her neck was folded a white handkerchief, and her rusty black dress hung in straight folds. She had very little to live on, but people helped her delicately, and she had only one fear in the world, that of living to be "a burden," and of dying without leaving enough to bury her decently beside the laddies who lay,—six stalwart sons they had been,— asleep in the cemetery. Three of them had died in the war, one had survived it, and died when the peace summer spread its aureoles of beauty over the rejoicing land. Two had since succumbed to disease. The old mother had seen them laid one by one in the plot, which was the only real estate to which she possessed a title-deed. One would have expected her to be gloomy, but no! Aunty MacGregor was as bright as a May morning.

"Lonesome?" she said, in reply to my comment. "I might be, but I find I ha'e plenty to do for others."

Just then there came a tap at the door. A tall young man stood there, with a helpless look on his face, and in his hand a shirt which had met with an accident in the wash.

"The button is off the neck-band, Aunty," he exclaimed piteously, not noticing me, "And look what those wretches have done to this button-hole in the front; it won't hold the stud."

"Give it here, lad," said Aunty, "and hand me my basket from the bureau. I'll put it right for you in a minute."

"I don't know what I'd do if it wasn't for you, Aunty," said the youth.

"All's well with you, Johnny, I hope," said the old lady, as she returned the quickly renovated garment.

"Yes, Aunty; thank you!"

"And you're goin' to join the Christian Endeavor, I'm told, and right glad I am, and sometimes you'll come and gi'e me a bit story o' the meetings, won't you?"

"That I will," said the boy, as he departed with the shirt over his arm.

"Aunty MacGregor," said a little girl, putting her head in at the door, "Mamma wants to know how much ipecac and squills she must give Bobby; he's threatened with the croup."

The requisite dose was mentioned, and the child flew back to her apartment to tell her mother. Aunty's judgment, I found, was relied on implicitly by her neighbors in such emergencies as illness, or burns, or bruises. She kept a little shelf full of remedies — linseed oil, limewater, paregoric, lint, and old linen for bandages, with a wonderful salve of her own making, which had healing properties quite famous in the little neighborhood.

"SHE'LL NOT LET THEM MISS THE FLOWERS ON DECORATION DAY."

While I sat with her, five different people came in on as many errands, and not one was sent empty away. To each was given in turn, aid, counsel, and comfort. As I was ready to take my leave up to the humble door drove a fine equipage, a coachman in livery, two splendid thorough-bred horses; such a carriage as the millionaire's daughter drives about in. Out sprang the child of wealth and luxury, a beautiful golden-haired girl, dressed in the height of fashion, her hands full of violets and lilies of the valley. Aunty MacGregor introduced her young friend with pardonable pride.

"Miss Ruth MacLean, ye'll ken her feyther, na doot. She's aye ready to do some sweet thing for the like o' me!"

"The like o' you, dear old friend," exclaimed the girl, "when I'm not fit to tie your shoes, you're so patient, and I so flighty, and so easily vexed — don't speak that way please, I came to bring you these flowers, and to tell you that to-morrow will be Memorial Day,—ah! you knew it, dear heart, and I'm going to the cemetery to decorate your plot. I'll come first and show you the wreaths and the baskets, and you shall tell me first what to do with each, and where to put them. I'll do it exactly as you'd do it for your own self, if you could go."

"Thank you, my darling," said Aunty MacGregor, with a catch in her voice. "The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord reward thee for thy goodness. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

"Aunty," said the girl, pausing at the door, and returning, "you haven't asked me to sing for you, and for this lady, but I'm going to do it, nevertheless."

The day may be long and late, love,
But the evening time draws on,
There is rest for the worn and weary,
And love for the lonely one.

And the Father's house is waiting,
Its doors will wide unfold,
For the pilgrim who comes with a timid knock,
To the beautiful gates of gold.

She sang like a bird, and then with a swift, bird-like motion, she was away.

"Puir lassie!" said Auntie MacGregor, standing by the aid of her crutches for the wee bit view of her favorite, which the window afforded. "She has her ain troubles; a step-mither, and a fause lover, but she'll win through. And aye I tell her that she mauna marry any man she canna luve with all her heart, and that the right man'll surely come."

"Is she in love, Aunty?" I asked.

"I am not permitted to say," replied Aunty, with reserve, "but from what I've seen, I think she'll be happy yet, the winsome maiden that she is. Bless her; she'll not let my brave laddies miss the flowers on Decoration Day. It's a joy to me, they lying there asleep, with their work all done, that when a May-time comes, the kind hand o' friendship strews the cover-lid above them with the fairest flowers. 'They do rest from their labors.'"

I left Aunty MacGregor, feeling that much of heaven was compressed into the "wee bit view" which was all she would in this life have from her window. After all, it is the spirit we bring to our daily experiences which makes earthly life blessed, or baneful. "Memorial Day" with its flowers, may come oftener than once a year, to those brave soldiers of either sex, of whom it shall one day be said, "They have fought the good fight, they have finished their course, henceforth there is laid up for them a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A Plantation Mission.

Progress of the Industrial Experiment in Alabama.

MANY readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are already familiar with the history of the missionary experiment at Beloit, Ala., where 4000 acres of land, purchased by the Industrial Missionary Association of that State, are allotted among a large number of colored families. The plan grew out of the peculiar conditions, religious, industrial and educational, existing on the plantations of that section of Alabama known as the "Black Belt." With no schools, no intelligent native churches and no missionary work, the ignorance and vice of the district were appalling. The system under which the land was worked tended to keep the people constantly poor. Accordingly, philanthropic parties bought large tracts of land, and gave the colored men a chance to acquire small holdings, meanwhile teaching them improved methods of agriculture and other industries. A few years' trial demonstrated the value of the experiment, if the field were widened.

In October, 1888, a number of missionaries of different denominations met at Selma, Ala., and organized the Industrial Missionary Association of Alabama. Plantations were bought and missions planted; the land was divided into small farms, with comfortable homes, and schools and churches were established. Opportunity was given to the holders of these farm homes to acquire the property.

During the next few years, a measure of success followed the efforts of the Missionary Association. Four years ago, a large purchase of additional land was made for the purpose of extending the work. Unfortunately, the cotton crops, during these years, owing to too abundant rains, were considerably under the average, and the finances of the Association were greatly straitened in consequence. Yet all are hopeful. Rev. C. B. Curtis, of Beloit, who has general charge of the work, makes this statement of the situation:

"I am glad to say that we have done more and better mission, school and industrial work, last year, than ever before, and at much less expense. But on our lands, cotton was only one-fourth of the crop. A meeting with the colored people was called last fall to talk over the situation. All were quite hopeful, however, and are determined to take our suggestions to plant less cotton and raise all their home supplies. With but few exceptions, all are working harder than ever, determined, if hard work will succeed, to secure a home for themselves. We have a great many more applications from hard working men, who want to come on our place and buy homes and get good school privileges for their children, than ever before. Applications come not only from Alabama, but from Mississippi, Louisiana, and even from the North; so our industrial outlook, we think, is encouraging; but the greatest problem we have now to consider is the school problem. Last year we had four day schools, with six excellent teachers, besides two night schools, three Sabbath Schools and two churches; but there is absolutely no income from the lands to support them with. Next year's crop is not made, although our farm superintendent reports everything in very fine condition at this date, but within a few months we must engage our teachers, and make provision for the coming year's schools."

Hitherto the work has not been permitted to suffer from lack of support, and the various pastors and helpers who constitute the Missionary Association, believe that means to continue it through the present crisis will not be wanting at the proper time. On the 4000 acres there are at present some sixty families. There are two churches, two night schools, four day schools, three Sabbath Schools, two railway depots, carpenter shop, saw mill, grist mill, cotton gin, blacksmith shop, store and post office. The entire property is valued at $40,000.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE MORAL OF WHISTLING.

IT is a prevalent notion that a propensity to whistle indicates an indolent or trivial nature. When we are indulging in it by way of soliloquy, and some one meets us, we stop short, snapping the whistle in two, as though we had been doing something disreputable. There if nothing more healthful than this exercise. The faculty has been granted to those of us who cannot sing much. Though we might lose our way in a tune if we attempted the customary soprano or bass, we revel in the sounds which, without any skill, rush with the breath through the contracted lips. Grumblers seldom, if ever, whistle. The art is left only for the blithe and cheerful. Whether it is the whistle that makes the good cheer, or the good cheer that makes the whistle, we have now no time to analyze. This kind of music is an inspiring accompaniment of work. Let two masons be busy on the scaffolding, their strength alike, their hods and trowels alike, the one who whistles will better set the brick and rear the truest wall. Do not rob us of any of our helps. What the world wants is an augmentation of diversion and entertainments; not less skip and romp and curveting, but more. God has no objections to it, or he would not fill the kitten with play, and the lamb with frisk, and the dog with facetious bark, and send the night-wind around the gable with mouth full of whistle. We know not why women, with all their cares, should be denied this exercise, and yet an ungallant rhyme has for ages forbidden it. Do tell us something that women may do? You do not want them to skate, or lecture, or preach, or walk too fast, or laugh very loud, and you finish your long list of prohibitions by saying:

> Whistling girls and crowing hens
> Always come to no good ends.

There are times in a woman's life when a psalm-tune does not seem particularly appropriate, and a carol seems too formidable to attack; the former is too grave and the latter too jubilant, and nothing on earth is consonant with the circumstances but a whistle. That privilege she shall not be denied if we have anything to say about it.

Once, while going on board a steamer, we noticed a little pewter instrument that hung to the boatswain's jacket. On such a simple thing you would not suppose a man could make more than one or two sounds, but that little instrument can play a hundred tunes, and at its call cables, cordage, rigging, sails, colors, boats, and anchor, respond, and all the crew fly swiftly from hammock to capstan, and from capstan to ratline. After eight days of headwind we heard the boatswain's long, keen, resounding whistle. It meant that the wind had changed, and the sails must go up. There was in that pewter whistle more music than in any harp we have since heard, and when it fell down again from the boatswain's lips we re-examined it to see where all that chirrup and glee of sound and shrillness of blast could hide themselves. Thus we sail on in life, and sometimes into the teeth of a headwind, and it is tough navigation. Our whistle, dangling to our neck, seems of no use. Everything is against us; but after awhile there is a change in the moon, and the wind that was adverse, wheels around in our favor. Then we take up our whistle, and, all hands on deck, the sails rise, and the port looms up in the distance. If at such a time we make more noise with our mouth than we ought to, charge it not to us, but charge it to the boatswain's whistle.

BOAT-RACES.

WE are near the season for college boat-racing. We remember being greatly interested, some years ago, as two great English universities contested for the championship in boat-racing. About two hundred thousand young ladies could not sleep at night, so anxious were they to know whether light blue or dark blue would be the winners. The newspapers gave three and four columns to the particulars. The telegraph wires thrilled the victory to all parts of the land. Some of the religious papers condemned the whole affair, enlarging upon the strained wrists, broken blood-vessels, and barbaric animalism of men who ought to have been rowing their race with the Binomial Theorem for one oar, and "Kame's Elements of Criticism" for the other.

For the most part we sympathized with the boys, and confess we kept careful watch of the bulletin, to see whose boat came in ahead. We are disposed to applaud anything that will give our young men muscular development. Students have such a tendency to lounge, and mope, and smoke tobacco at midnight, and read novels after they go to bed, the candlestick set up on the dictionary or the Bible, that we prize anything that makes them cautious about their health, as they must be if they would enter the list of contestants.

How many of our country boys enter college in robust health, which lasts them about a twelvemonth; then they lose their liver; next they lose their stomach; and last they lose their backbone—graduated skeletons, more fitting for an anatomical museum than the bar or pulpit. "Midnight oil," so much eulogized, is the poorest kind of illumination. Where hard study kills one student, bad habits kill a hundred. Kirke White, while at Cambridge, wrote beautiful hymns; but if he had gone to bed at ten o'clock at night, instead of three o'clock the next morning, he would have been of more service to the world, and a healthier example to all collegians. Much of the learning of the day is morbid, and much of the religion bilious. We want, first of all, a clean heart, and next, a strong stomach. Falling from grace is often chargeable to derangement of gastric juice. Oar and bat may become salutary weapons.

But, after all, there are moral perils about these boat-races. A student with a stout arm, and great girth, and full chest, and nothing else, is not at all admirable. Mind and body need to be driven tandem, the body for the wheel horse, and the intellect the leader. We want what is now proposed in some directions, a grand collegiate, literary race. Let the mental contest be on the same week with the muscular. Let there be a Waterloo in classics, belles-lettres and rhetoric, and mathematics and philosophy. Let us see who are the students most worthy to wear the belt. About twelve o'clock at noon, let the literary flotilla start, prow and prow, oar-lock and oar-lock. Let Helicon empty its waters to swell the river of knowledge on which they row. Right foot on rib of the boat, and left foot on the left rib — bend into it, my hearties, bend! — and our craft comes out four lengths ahead.

Give the brain a chance as well as the arm. Do not let the animal eat up the soul. Let the body be the well-fashioned hulk, and the mind the white sails, all hoisted, everything, from flying-jib to spanker, bearing on toward the harbor of glorious achievement. When that boat starts we want to be on the bank to cheer, and after sundown help fill the air with sky-rockets.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Reader, Luton, Ia. In "Manger to Throne" it is mentioned where the Ephesians were burning their books. In those days was it not rolls of parchment that contained all written matter?

Unquestionably, either of parchment, vellum, or some similar material.

W. C. Why were the Children of Israel forbidden to use leaven in the Passover bread?

Leaven consisted generally in Oriental lands of a lump of dough kept until it became sour and acid. It was regarded as a symbol of corruption. Plutarch says that the priests of Jupiter were not allowed to use it, "because it comes out of corruption and corrupts that with which it is mingled." The Passover, being a time of great sanctity, would thus have been profaned by the use of the leaven. (See I. Cor. 5: 8.)

M., New Haven, Conn. Is it right for me to join with any church when I feel that I cannot forgive my enemies, those who have robbed me of both home and friends?

Your is indeed a peculiarly pitiful case, calling for much sympathy, but the Divine injunction to forgiveness is unmistakable. (See Mark 11: 25, 26.) Pray earnestly that your bitterness of heart may pass away and that it may be replaced by forgiveness. Open your heart frankly to your pastor and you will find his counsel of great assistance in leading you to view the matter from the true Christian standpoint.

G. W. Greene, Valparaiso, Neb. When Jesus said (Matt. 11: 14) that John the Baptist was Elias, did he mean that he was really Elijah risen from the dead? Were John and Elias the same person?

No; the meaning is given more clearly in Luke 1: 17, where it is said of John that he should go before him [Christ] in the spirit and power of Elias. In his style of preaching and manner of life John resembled Elijah, and the effect of his work was of the same stirring, awakening character. His message of the duty of repentance was also much like Elijah's.

Inquirer, Fair Haven, Vt. Is faith the only means by which a man may come to knowledge of God and into vital connection with him?

No, not the only means, but the first and indispensable step. If a man does not believe God and trust him he can get no knowledge of him nor make any progress in spiritual life. But after that, God has other means of developing the higher life. Obedience is a great source of enlightenment. He that doeth his will shall know the doctrine. Activity in Christian work, patience in suffering and other things bring a man into knowledge of God and into connection with him.

Reader, Carlisle, Pa. If persons were saved by their works under the Old Testament Dispensation, what need was there for a Saviour? Could not men have been saved now in the same way?

The fact of a Saviour being provided is a sufficient proof that God saw that one was necessary. It would be presumption to criticize his methods. Besides this, as is shown in the Epistle to the Hebrews, especially the eleventh chapter, faith in a coming Saviour was an important element in the salvation of the Old Testament saints. The incarnation was the culmination of God's plan for the redemption of the race, to which the Old Testament types pointed. There was therefore supreme need of a Saviour.

I. H. N., Grand Junction, Colo. What is meant by the injunction Luke 14: 13 to forsake all and follow Christ? Does it mean to leave parents and home to preach the Gospel to the heathen?

It frequently involved that sacrifice at the time the words were spoken. If the time ever comes when the Christian has to choose between filial duty and duty to Christ, the injunction will still apply. It simply means that Christ has the first claim. Preaching to the heathen is not the only way of service, and there are many Christians who are not qualified for it. Very often, duty lies nearer home, in living a consistent Christian life and trying to win souls for Christ among friends and neighbors. Conscience in every case must be the guide.

M. C. Tripoli. Do you think that a person who professes to cure sick people by the power of Jesus Christ and charges patients ten dollars for the cure is really curing them by divine power?

The fact of a charge being made is a reasonable ground for suspicion. We believe that many persons have been cured in answer to prayer. We also believe that many others have been cured purely by the subjective influence of their own faith. In cases of functional (not organic) disease, a strong mental emotion has been known to produce a cure; as in a case where the sufferer had lost the use of her limbs, but recovered the use through fear at finding the room in which she was lying helpless, was on fire. It might be possible to cure some genuine sufferers, by leading them to exercise faith in anything. If they have received religious training, it would of course be the more easy to get them to exercise religious faith and they would really be cured by their own faith, and not by divine power. We do not believe that any person paying money for so-called faith-cure has ever been healed by divine power.

N. H. Stonebrink, Salem, Oreg. Is there any passage in the New Testament that tells the age of Christ at the crucifixion?

From Luke 3: 23 we learn that Jesus was about thirty years old at the beginning of his ministry. After that time the annual feasts of the Jews incidentally mentioned in the Gospels indicate that three years elapsed before the crucifixion. If Jesus was born in December he would be according to this mode of reckoning thirty-three years and three or four months old when he died.

E. M. P., Va., and many others. Does the apostolic prohibition of women speaking in the church (1. Cor. 14: 34), apply to Christian Endeavor and other young people's meetings?

Decidedly not. The whole situation is different from that existing at Corinth and other European cities where Paul preached and wrote. The expressions referred to as well as those in other epistles were called forth by the peculiar social conditions of the time. It would have caused a grave scandal and have excited a strong prejudice against the infant church for women to have taken a prominent part in the services. Beside this, there were abuses which at Corinth were already causing trouble and which could be remedied only by the prohibition. A literal obedience to the injunction would prevent a woman singing in church or teaching a class in the Sunday School.

Old Subscriber. Is it right for the Bible Society or Mission Boards to accept money left them in the will of a brewer?

It is a fair presumption, when an individual bequeaths money to be used for a religious purpose, after his death, that he does so from a worthy and conscientious motive. It may even be that he does it to amend, in some degree, what he may have neglected in his lifetime. While bequests of this character may not be regarded as equally sacred with those lovingly made by persons who during life have served the Lord, still it would seem to be wrong if not somewhat pharisaical, to spurn such offerings, unless the evidence were very clear and positive that they were of a character unfit for acceptance. Some of the grandest philanthropies have been based on gifts made in the repentant close of worldly lives.

F. C. N., Evessley, Can. Would it be wrong for a preacher, in preparing or delivering a sermon, to use the thoughts and suggestions of others without mentioning where he got them—if he is preaching for the saving of souls?

Ideas are not patentable and cannot be copyrighted unless framed in words or otherwise visibly expressed. To use the language of another in the pulpit would be plagiarism. The proper method, in such cases, is to quote your authority or source of information. You are then at liberty to repeat the language of the original or to clothe it with a form of your own construction. If, before speaking on a subject you diligently read and study what others have written concerning it, and consult such sources of information as are available, you will soon find little difficulty in placing the matter attractively before others in your own natural form of expression.

C. C. Smith, Twin Mound, Kans. 1. What will be the condition of religion in the world after the period mentioned (Matt. 24: 40, 41) when one is taken and another left? 2. Is science still at issue with Genesis as to the days of creation?

1. Among the Christians that are left, we may expect there will be a revival. The worldliness and indifference, which will cause the to be left behind, will give place to an intense desire for spiritual attainment. The description given of the persecution by Antichrist implies that there will be many Christians in the word at that time so much in earnest as to be ready to lose property, and even life itself rather than be unfaithful to Christ. 2. Science is at issue with the interpretation of Genesis which makes the six days six natural days of twenty-four hours. It is substantially in accord with the sequence given in Genesis, but contends that each stage occupied thousands or millions of years instead of any ordinary day.

Reader, City Island, N. Y. I find a list of names of patrons of the Bowery Mission in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 13th. Will you kindly tell me something about it? I would like to help a little. I am more interested in the young men and boys, as I have five of my own.

The Bowery Mission was established over fourteen years ago, for the reclamation of a multitude of lost men and boys on the East side of New York. Its converts are found all over the world. It has already done a great work for Christ and humanity. In April of this year, when it seemed about to be abandoned, the burden of sustaining and continuing the work was undertaken by Dr. Klopsch, proprietor of this paper. The names of patrons that appear from week to week in these columns are sent us by Christian men and women who desire to be associated spiritually with the work and who promise to make a contribution towards the Mission's support once a year.

M. S. B. Matter is indestructible. Cremation only operates to produce a chemical change in the body, resolving it into gases. Compared with the omniscience of the Great Chemist of the universe, man's knowledge of science is a very little thing. —— M., Medford, Oreg. If duty calls him there, he is proper, otherwise not. He would be doubly a wrongdoer if he went to such a place for pleasure.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

TEASURES FROM THE TOMB.

ONE of the richest discoveries of modern times has been made in Egypt at Dashur by M. de Morgan, Director of excavations in the Egyptian government service. It consists of a large number of jewels and ornaments of exquisite workmanship. They were found in the tomb of an ancient Egyptian princess who they had been interred with her mummy. That they had so long escaped the predations of the people around, was due in part to the stability of the tomb, which was constructed of immense blocks of limestone dovetailed together with marvelous skill and nicety. Even had the builders suspected the value of the treasure concealed under the stones, which they did not, they possessed no means of getting at it. M. de Morgan, with his modern apparatus, was the first to disturb the stones which had been piled over the tomb centuries ago and bring its sparkling contents to light. A picture on this page represents some of the most remarkable of the treasures. One is a coronet of extremely delicate workmanship. It has sixteen medallions of gold encrusted with precious stones, each medallion linked to the others by a lacework of fine gold thread on which forget-me-nots are strung. A golden cylinder in the centre was fixed to hold the plume, which consisted of a beautiful model of a slender tree with gold branches and leaves and sparkling with precious stones representing fruits. It is in perfect preservation and indicates a skill and delicacy in manufacture unsurpassed by any jewelry of this day. Another treasure is a bronze dagger the handle of which is of gold tipped with lapis lazuli and richly adorned with jewels. A waist band of exquisite workmanship of gold and lapis with gems was also found in the tomb with numerous necklaces and rings. In the dust were found a number of delicate ornaments such as vultures and hawks' heads in gold with eyes of garnet, golden claws set in gold and other ornaments of an emblematic design. Evidently the princess, who had been buried with all these treasures, had been one of illustrious birth and of enormous wealth. No motive for putting articles of such value and such artistic beauty in a tomb is suggested but one based on the belief in a future life. It would have been supposed that the princess would some day rise to a new life and again adorn herself with her jewels. If that generation were still entertained, many women of these days would want to be buried like the ancient Egyptian princess, with their jewels around them, for the love of ornaments has not diminished. It is a pity that it does not prompt them to strive after the possession of the ornament that does survive death and has God's approval.

"Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. 1. Peter 3: 3, 4.)

JEWELS RECENTLY FOUND IN THE TOMB OF AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PRINCESS.
A. Waistband of Gems and Gold Thread. B. Bronze Dagger. C. Necklaces. D. Coronet with Pendant. E. Detached Emblems of Gold.

The Holy Name on Mars.

An astronomer at Washington D. C. has communicated to the New York Herald" an interesting discovery. It is the fact that on the surface of the planet Mars, spelled in Hebrew characters, is the name of God. For several years past, the attention of astronomers has been concentrated on Mars. All that could be learned about the planet from the telescope and the spectroscope, indicated a closer resemblance to our world than was borne by any other planet. There was consequently a strong probability that if any planet is inhabited by beings like ourselves, it is Mars. The suggestion was made that the question whether being inhabitants on the planet, could be tested by a signal. It was thought that if some geometrical figure were traced on the earth's surface, by lights on a dark background, it might be visible to people on Mars, if there were any there, and that if they were people as intelligent as ourselves, they would understand that it was a signal, and respond by giving a similar signal. While the suggestion was being discussed, there suddenly blazed out on the surface of Mars three bright lights equidistant from each other, marking the points of an equilateral triangle. Was this a signal? Had the people on Mars anticipated us? No one knew, and no attempt was made to respond. But the study of the planet was continued. The Italian astronomer Schiaparelli announced that the dark straight lines which run across the surface of Mars like network were doubled. He said that through his telescope he could see a second line running parallel to the original lines, and he propounded the theory that they were gigantic canals. The new lines, he thought, were duplicate canals, which were filled only in the spring of the planet's season, when the great ice-cap at the Martian pole melted under the rays of the sun. Still closer attention has been given to the lines since that theory was broached, and now comes the discovery which has been made by the Washington astronomer. In studying the map of Mars, which was made for Lowell's Boston lecture, he noticed a peculiar conformation of the dark lines. It was that the lines in one place were the exact shape of the Hebrew letters, "Daleth and Yodh." Before the Daleth there was another dark mark on the map. It was a mere fragment on the edge of the hemisphere. The observer was curious to see if that too was like a Hebrew letter. He made a Mercator's projection of the planet, from which he could see the remainder of the fragment. It was the Hebrew letter, "Sheen." The three letters form the Hebrew name of God. There is no question about the resemblance. The map shows it distinctly. Whether it is an accidental and natural conformation, or has been cut by design, as a signal, there is no means of determining at present. The latter possibility will, however, give new zest to the study of the planet, which, even if it leads to the theory of design being abandoned, will assuredly bring to light proofs of the power and wisdom of God. In whatever direction exploration is made, there, as the Hebrew prophet said long ago:

The man of wisdom will see thy name. (Micah 6:9.)

A Panic in a Menagerie.

One of the attendants at a circus recently exhibiting in Brooklyn, N. Y., describes a panic which took place in the menagerie during a Western trip. The spectators had left the tents one evening, and there was no one around but the night watchman, when suddenly one of the largest elephants began trumpeting loudly. The other animals set up a responsive roar which seemed as if it would rend the very tent. The attendants came running in from the sleeping quarters wondering what had occurred. They found the elephant wildly waving his trunk in the air in a paroxysm of alarm, and the other animals in a state of dangerous excitement. The cause of the trouble was discovered in the ejection of a tiny mouse from the elephant's trunk. There is something very ludicrous in so small a creature frightening one so large and powerful; but fear even in men is sometimes produced by insignificant causes. It is well known that wicked and brutal men are often scared by their own superstitious credulity. Such a timorous state of mind is one of the punishments with which God threatens those reckless men who break his laws.

I will send a faintness into their hearts, and the sound of a shaken leaf shall chase them, and they shall flee when none pursueth. (Levit. 26: 36.)

A Medical Martyr.

Science has lost an able investigator by the death of Dr. J. M. Byron of New York. The circumstances of his death are very pathetic. He knew in March of last year that he was a doomed man. He detected in himself symptoms of disease, and although he adopted every means known to medical science to extirpate it he never had any hope of escaping the fate that has befallen him. He was the director of the Bacteriological Department of the Loomis Laboratory, and he was much interested in the study of the germs of pulmonary disease. He experimented on these germs, which he kept in glass tubes, removing them at various stages to the slides of his microscope for examination. The object, of course, was to discover some means of annihilating the germs when they were in the lungs of living patients. He was aware of the danger he incurred in making his investigations, and he was careful to keep the germs moist, so that he might not inhale them. But in February of last year he had a period of overwork and neglected his usual precautions. Some of the germs must have become dry and floated into the air of the laboratory. In a month's time he realized that they had found a lodgement in his lungs and had begun their fatal work. It is very sad that a man of so much promise, who was striving to discover the means of saving others from consumption, should have fallen a victim to the disease. We count him a martyr, and hold him in honor for the service that he tried to render. Had he succeeded, his name would have been reverenced the world over, and every consumptive would have eagerly sought his remedy. Yet those who are afflicted with the more terrible malady of sin, which causes eternal death, cannot be induced to seek the sure remedy which Christ gave his life to provide.

That through death he might destroy him that had the power of death. (Heb. 2: 14.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Some of our Friends Have Written us that they did not hear of the offer made in this column on May 8 in time to take advantage of it. In response to their request, we have consented to extend the time until June 15. On receipt of one dollar at this office at any time before June 15, we will send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD every week until Jan. 1, 1896, with back numbers from May 1, to any person not previously a subscriber, and also to any subscriber sending us the name of such person with the dollar, we will send any one of our three beautiful premiums: "The Pathway of Life," "From Manger to Throne," or "Gospel Hymns, 1 to 6." The object of this extraordinary offer is to introduce the paper into homes where it is not now taken. A new name sent merely as a substitute for the name of a subscriber whose term is about to expire, will not entitle the sender to the advantages of the offer.

The Statement is made on apparently good authority that in Belgium 200,000 people die annually out of a total population of between five and a half and six millions, as the result of the use of intoxicating liquors.

The Polyglot Petition Against Drink and opium, which now contains seven and a half million signatures, will be presented to the British Government in June. The signatures have been mounted on a strip of canvas over a mile in length.

The First Presbyterian Church of Chicago received into full communion five Chinamen on May 5. In order that the service might be better understood by their associates the service was held at four o'clock, immediately following the Chinese Sunday School.

The work of laying the Foundation of the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, has been begun. Considerable difficulty has been experienced in finding a suitable rock bottom to carry the immense weight of the stupendous structure to be erected.

Messrs. Weaver Brothers and their Venerable father, Richard Weaver, addressed very large meetings at Leith, close to Edinburgh, during two weeks in April. A large number of people came forward to shake hands with the aged evangelist, and to say that he was the means of their conversion twenty or thirty years ago.

The Action of Archbishop Plunkett in consecrating Cabrera a Protestant bishop in Spain, has aroused a strong feeling of condemnation from the Ritual clergy of Great Britain. The Archbishop has, on the other hand, received messages of cordial approval from the Irish clergy. Comparatively few can be found in Ireland who disapprove of it.

The American School of Christian Philosophy will hold its second summer session at Chautauqua, July 2-9. Among the principal speakers and lecturers will be Prof. Austin Abbott, Dr. Josiah Strong, Prof. Francis G. Peabody, Dr. George Dana Boardman, Chancellor McCracken, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Gen. J. B. Gordon, Prof. A. S. Cook of Yale, and G. Stanley Hall of Clark University.

Mayor Cole's Services at Denison, Tex., have been the means of an extensive revival. The pastors of the Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, and Presbyterian Churchs co-operated with the Evangelist. The morning meetings were held in the churches in turn and the evening meetings in a large tent at an accessible place. Each church has received an accession of members from the services.

Mr. Stevenson, of the China Inland Mission, writes that the Empress Dowager of China has sent valuable presents to the twenty missionary women who arranged for the gift to her of the New Testament. It is said that this Testament is really being read in the palace. Dr. Hudson Taylor reports that since the outbreak of the war all foreign missionaries have been scrupulously protected by the Chinese Government.

At The Seventieth Anniversary of The American Tract Society celebrated in New York recently, it was stated that 128 new publications had been sent out during the year, including sixty-six issued at foreign mission stations, one-third of which were in the vernacular of the respective countries. During the seventy years of its existence, the Society has issued, exclusive of periodicals, 12,820 publications, of which 4,825 were in the foreign field.

The Seventh Annual Sea Side Bible Conference conducted by Dr. L. W. Munhall will be held in Educational Hall, Asbury Park, N. J., July 19–29. Among the clergymen who have promised to attend and take part are Drs. James H. Brookes, Arthur T. Pierson, Wm. J. and Albert Erdman and S. L. Baldwin; Professors' Wm. G. Moorehead, James M. Stifler and Ernest F. Stroeter, A. C. Dixon, D. M. Stearns and Wm E. Needham; and Evangelists Major Whittle and Thomas Needham.

A Church Built by Prayer.

How a Band of Godly Men and Women Reared a Temple to the Lord.

UNTIL a few days ago, a congregation of Christian worshippers in Brooklyn, formerly connected with the Ocean Hill Baptist Church in that city, had been for a whole year practically without a church home. With their pastor, Rev. Watson J. Mosier, they had left the Ocean Hill Church for the reason that Mr. Mosier—who had a salary of two thousand dollars a year and a free parsonage—had declined any longer to accept wages for his labors in the Lord's vineyard. He declared that he could find no Scriptural justification for receiving pay for preaching the Gospel, and accordingly, with a number of his adherents, who supported him in this view, he left the church. Soon the decision was reached that a new church must be built for the little flock, and while search was made for a site and funds were being raised, services were held in an empty store, with a sewing-machine covered with a table-cloth as Pastor Mosier's pulpit. Mrs. Abel, a member of the congregation, bought three lots on Bainbridge street, valued at $5,400, and presented them to the church as a site, with the stipulation that the building to be erected should always be free, and that no fairs or similar entertainments should ever desecrate it.

Nearly a year has passed since the foundation stone of the new church was laid. The worshippers themselves dug the trenches with their own hands, although many of them had probably never handled a pick or spade before. It was on a moonlight night that ground was broken, and among those who were present and prepared to assist were several clergymen, who were in full brotherly sympathy with Mr. Mosier. In the open lot, the organist played jubilant hymns in which all joined with hearty voices. Then old men and young, with pick and shovel, worked vigorously, and the ladies of the congregation supplied them with lemonade and sandwiches. For weeks the excavating was continued on nights when the weather was pleasant, and the workers did not become discouraged. At last the foundation was ready and the masons, carpenters, plumbers, gas-fitters and roofers then came in, to supplement the voluntary work with their skilled labor. All the tradesmen were paid at the regular current rates, and the building began to grow apace, halting only when the funds were exhausted—a circumstance which was of frequent occurrence.

But Pastor Mosier's faithful flock were resolved to go on. Their faith in God was unshaken. Every month, each member set aside what could be spared for the building fund, and as soon as the amount was of available proportions, work on the church was resumed. Several times the bricklayers were forced to stop for the lack of bricks, and on such occasions a special prayer-meeting would be called when the trouble would be laid before the Lord. Invariably the funds came and brick was supplied. And thus the struggle went on for several months.

Presently the outside public began to be interested in the remarkable efforts being put forth by the faithful little congregation, and as the interest grew, sympathetic offerings flowed in from various quarters. Yet the members did not in the slightest degree, relax their own efforts. All had given, many of them to the limit of their resources. On several occasions, when owing to the lack of funds, the work had halted for a week or more, the little flock would hold a season of self-denial, and by fasting and stripping themselves of all luxuries, they would soon gather enough money to purchase a new supply of bricks. Thus the little church was literally built in sections. When the front and a portion of the side walls were partially finished, the space left for the rear wall was filled with light boarding. Against this was set the temporary pulpit. Inch by inch and foot by foot, as the money came in, the brick side walls were extended and the frail wooden partition was set further backward and the pulpit with it. From being a mere shallow section, wide enough to accommodate only half a dozen chairs across, the auditorium is gradually extending in depth as the building progresses.

A week ago the unfinished church was dedicated. When the joyful congregation assembled, they looked around upon the unplastered walls, unpainted balconies and pillows of yellow pine that still showed the natural hue of the wood. From the laths on the walls were hung a number of Scriptural texts and pictures, and on a curtain behind the pulpit, and also on the walls beneath the galleries were red-and-white lettered mottoes, painted by the loving hands of the congregation. But it was just as happy a gathering as though the interior and exterior of the little church had been as richly and expensively ornamented as any grand catheral. They felt that it had come to them in answer to their prayers, and that the Lord himself had blessed their humble efforts and would continue to prosper them. So to show their pleasure, they loaded the platform with flowers, that dedication night. There were no pews, but the plain wooden chairs were quite comfortable, and the pair of oil lamps that would have been considered absurd anywhere else, shed enough radiance to lighten up the happy faces.

All the speakers at the dedication referred to the struggle through which the church was passing. They were glad it had begun in a small way; it was healthiest when poor, because then it had to depend entirely upon the Lord. They were glad the walls were unplastered; glad the church had not depended upon the ordinary methods to raise money which they regarded as unScriptural; glad, above all, that the King's Treasury had supplied and would always supply the funds for a good cause.

PASTOR MOSIER'S CHURCH, IN BROOKLYN THAT WAS BUILT BY PRAYER.

Considerable work must still be done upon the church before it is completely finished, but Pastor Mosier has every confidence that he and his people will succeed

THE SWELLING OF JORDAN.

"If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? And if in the land of peace wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan." Jer. 12: 5.

OH, never lose courage, my brother,
Nor faint ere thy journey shall end.
For if thou art wearied by footmen, brother,
How wilt thou with horses contend?

Chorus:

Get ready in time, for the swelling of Jordan,
With life's opportunities near;
Or how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan
When thou shalt in judgment appear?

And if thou art wearied, my brother,
And vexed in a country of peace,
How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan,
When quiet and comfort shall cease?

If trials of earth shall oppose thee,
And sorrows thy soul shall benumb;
How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan,
When things of eternity come?

Choose Christ for your portion, my brother,
You need him, you need him to-day—
You surely will need him when Jordan is swelling
Oh choose him forever and aye

—MRS. CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

OUR BOOK SHELF.

A GIANT OF DICTIONARIES.*

EVEN in this age of dictionary-making, when the products of the lexicographer's labors are rapidly assuming a shape that may literally be described as formidable and exhaustive, it is a matter of surprise to know that the far-reaching art—in which Dr. Johnson's modest two-volume compilation issued 140 years ago, was the illustrious pioneer—has possibilities beyond those yet disclosed. The best evidence of this fact is at hand in "The Encyclopædic Dictionary," which has just been issued in four handsome volumes by The Syndicate Publishing Company, Philadelphia. This new Dictionary, in point of comprehensiveness, may fairly challenge comparison with any of the great dictionaries now in the field. It is an English work, and its preparation was the task of seventeen years. The original edition was issued by the famous English house of Cassell & Co., who engaged in its preparation a very large staff of distinguished scholars and eminent scientists, all organized under the general editorial supervision of Prof. Robert Hunter, A. M., F. G. S., assisted by Prof. John A. Williams, of Oxford University, Profs. Heritage and Estoclet. A corps of famous specialists in Astronomy, Physiology, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Music, Botany, Palæontology, and Zoology, and a very large number of other learned men, including presidents and members of scientific and other societies, officers of religious bodies, university professors, government officials, and private experts in Europe and America were also among those who contributed to "The Encyclopædic Dictionary."

Turning to the work itself, one is impressed with the tremendous amount of patient labor and research that has been expended upon it, no less than with the richness and magnificent variety of the result. Being Dictionary and Encyclopædia combined, its utility and convenience are far more likely to be appreciated than if the encyclopedic features had been omitted. Claiming to contain every word in the English language, it presents not only their meaning, but a full account of their origin, pronunciation, history, and use. It is essentially a work for the scholar and the student; yet its price will put it within the reach of very many who will consider it a boon to be able to secure so complete a work for their libraries. The letter-press is made still more attractive by copious illustrations. Each volume averages 1340 pages, and the entire dictionary registers 250,000 words, including compounds. It is so simply, yet effectively arranged that its wealth of information is more readily available than that of most of the modern dictionaries. Containing all the usual dictionary features, it supplements a vast amount of encyclopædic information on science, history, &c., so classified and set for as to make the four great volumes serve the purpose of a complete reference library.

It is, of course, impossible in the limits of a brief review, to do more than indicate a few of the principal features in a work of this comprehensive character. The system of clear diacritical marks and key makes it impossible to mistake the pronunciation it gives. Eminent professors, teachers and divines give it a foremost position as a work of reference, and as a literary work it should be highly valued anywhere. The present edition is thoroughly American and under the direction of Professor Morris of Philadelphia, whose distinguished scholarship and great experience as a lexicographer are sufficient guarantee of the thoroughness of the revision, and of the full recognition accorded to American science, inventions and phrases in "The Encyclopædic Dictionary."

*"The Encyclopædic Dictionary," in four volumes, handsomely cloth binding, copiously illustrated, and with full appendices; 1,340 quarto pages; price $7.50 till June 25. The Syndicate Publishing Co., No. 234 So. Eighth street, Philadelphia, publishers.

MONUMENTS OF FRANCE.‡

No one who has traveled in France and visited the cathedrals, the chateaux, and the walled towns, can fail to be deeply impressed by the meaning of the two words, "historical monument." A "monument historique" in France means a church, or a castle, or a town that has been thought worthy either of restoration or preservation at the expense of the French people. There is a tax levied to provide the money necessary for these purposes, and it is astonishing how much the French are willing to pay to preserve or restore whatever has to do with their history as a nation. The money required is by no means a small sum.

There is a lesson to be learned here for the enlightenment of the French people of the present day, and there is another lesson to be learned, by way of contrast, in looking back to the French Revolution, and realizing that no social convulsion the world has ever seen destroyed so many relics of the past as did that one. Not even the iconoclasts of Cromwell were so unsparing in wanton destruction. It seems as though the French of to-day were trying to make amends for the fearful excesses of ones who were goaded to madness by the tyranny of king after king, culminating in the frightful contrast between the luxury of Louis XIV's court and the misery of the people. The fury past, calmness regained, free government assured, the people learn as precious things all that remains in visible form to tell of their ancient history.

It is not only those connected with the government who feel in this way. The common people are in full sympathy with this feeling. It would be well if the American people would take care of such historical monuments as they have in the same way as is the custom now in France.

‡ From *Churches and Castles of Mediæval France*, by Walter Cranston Larned, illustrated; 1 vol., cloth covers; price $1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Madagascar of To-day: a sketch of the island by Rev. W. E. Cousins, of the London Missionary Society; illustrated and with map. Pp. 150; cloth covers; price $1.00. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, and Toronto, publishers.

Mo'ani, a Christ-Child, a pleasant little story of a little girl's life. Pp. 140, artistic covers; price 50c. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, and Toronto, publishers.

Also by the same publishers: *A New Program of Missions*, a movement to make the college and lands centres of civilization; by Luther D. Wishard. Pp. 97; cloth covers; price 50c. and *Pleasures and Profit in Bible Study*, by D. L. Moody. A helpful volume that will prove interesting and helpful to Christian workers everywhere. Pp. 137, cloth covers; price 50c.

My Early Travels in America and Asia, by Henry M. Stanley, D. S. L. Two volumes with portraits. Pp. 526; price $4. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 154 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A Truce and Other Stories, by Mary Hallock Foote. Pp. 287; price $1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 154 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Heavenly Recognition and other Sermons, by John Campbell, D.D., Pastor of the Lexington Avenue Baptist Church, New York. Pp. 254. Published by the American Church Press, 47 Lafayette Place, New York.

That Parasan, by Aleph Rex. Pp. 350; price $1.25. Published by F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago.

Thoughts for the Occasion. A Repository of Homiletical Data for the use of preachers and others on Special days of the year. Compiled by John Reid Noble, D.D. Pp. 506; price $1.75. Published by E. Treat, 5 Cooper Union, New York.

Chicago Tabernacle Talks, by Evangelist Reuben A. Torrey. Pp. 331. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

David Douglass and his Wife; by Mrs. M. W. Scott. Pp. 144; price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents. Published by the Women's Temperance Publishing Association, Chicago.

Bible-Women in Japan.

Their Work in the Camps, Barracks, nd Hospitals, Described by an Amer-an Lady Missionary.

IN a letter from Hiroshima to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Miss H. M. Browne sends this cheering description of the progress of Gospel work among the Japanese soldiers:

"During the time the Sond division was in Hiroshima, one paching place was kept open eight days, al another twenty days, for the special b efit of the soldiers, from three tsix o'clock in the afternoon. At the former place, three Bible-ymen and myself did what we c ld in the Sabbath forenoon. I was a hotel of two large rms; and conversation was oned with the group in each rm, and in the back room kt up for several hours. Among the listeners were two vo seemed especially in earn-es; but not till some days later d we know how the Lord had oned their hearts. On the flowing Tuesday one of them f senseless on the main street d Hiroshima, and when the po-liman picked him up, he found nthing on his person by which t identify him but the card of th evangelist. When the evan-gist was called, he could not t where he had met him, but fing it was at one of the paching places, went there a found that the man was the yinger brother of the landlord.

The family were very grate-fto the Christians for finding hi and bringing him home, al to the woman who visited hi nearly every day during the th weeks that he lived. He ner became able to talk, more thn to say, 'Thanks and praise t God, thanks and praise to Gd,' and to show his delight a he Bible-women's visits and th talk of Christ. The family a glad that he died a Chris-th, and seem more than half psuaded themselves, in spite of th opposition from all around.

At the other preaching place, al, the women of the fam-il continue their interest up to th present time, and ask the Ble-women to continue visit-il them. At this place, during th twenty days, there were eht soldiers who seemed to get hd of enough of the truth to g to China with a new hope. Any of them stayed with the engelist till twelve o'clock a night for a last teaching, tugh they had to start at four th next morning. A young an, too, residing in Hiroshi-a, was brought to Christ.

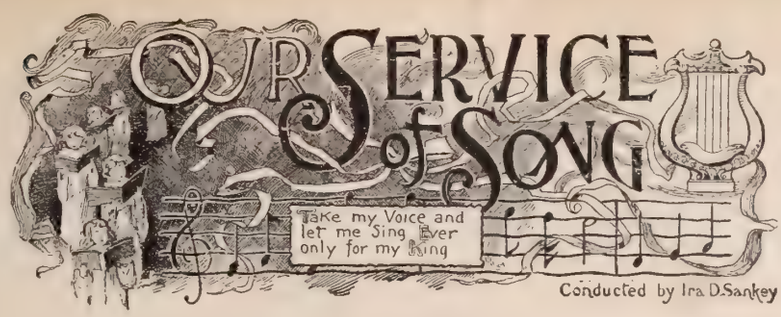
"Two of us distributed tracts t the coolies in two of the tem-ls. One tract was taken by a an who became deeply inter-ed, and he took it to an engelist, with ten marked ces which he did not fully derstand, and inquired more fly of him. On my second or rd visit to one of the wards f the Second Branch Hospital, rteen men asked for New staments, some saying, 'Be re to send them before we ve the hospital to-morrow af-noon.' On my next call at this ward, ee more were asked for. I told the men at I could not give them New Testaments be soon cast aside. But they all insisted at they really wished to study and use em.

"We can hardly count the invitations come again that we have had from pa-nts and nurses. One patient, who at st did not care to receive a tract even, ked me for something that would explain e truth, for he wanted to examine into it. hristian talk in that ward seems to have come as common as the news of the day. he man so in earnest has gotten two ends who visited him to study the Bible, d says, 'I must go home soon and get the people of my village to believe.' On my remarking that he must become well grounded himself first, he replied, rather astonished, 'Why, it will never do for me to believe this alone. I must tell them.'"

A CURIOUS INTERRUPTION.

In the life of John Horden, missionary Bishop to the Hudson Bay Indians, the following anecdote is related: Soon after his return as a bishop, a curious interruption stopped for a moment one of his services. He had been up the bay, when, during the journey, he saw a body of Indians in the distance. As usual, he at once arranged a service for them. A good many young people were present, to whom the bishop spoke. Suddenly there was a stir amongst the hearers, and cries were raised. He stopped for a moment in astonishment; but then their voices told him the cause of the tumult. The mothers were making the most of his advice. "Do you hear?" they cried to their daughters; "isn't this what we are always telling you?"

"Then the daughters were hauled to the front, whilst their mothers shouted: "Come here, that he may see you; let him see how ashamed you look, you disobedient children." This interlude over, the sermon went on to a happy end. Bishop Horden had for years been training some natives, with a view to the ministry, and two were speedily ordained by him.



O LOVE THAT PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.

"THE LOVE OF CHRIST, WHICH PASSETH KNOWLEDGE."—*Eph. 3:19.*

LYMAN G. CUYLER. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O Love that pass - eth knowl-edge, O Love whose beams have shone Thro' ev - er -
2. O Love that our re - demp - tion Made per - fect thro' the blood Of Him whose
3 We give our hearts' de - vo - tion, And grate-ful thanks we bring, And lift our
last - ing a - ges, From God's e - ter - nal throne; What pow'r Thy depths can
life was of - fered, To bring us near to God; O Love that now ex -
hearts and voic - es, To praise our Lord and King; O Love! all thought sur-
fath - om? What tongue can speak Thy worth? And yet Thou con - de - scend - eth To
tend - eth, A par - don full and free, And bends with eyes of pit - y On
pass - ing; What will our rapt - ure be, When safe, be - yond the riv - er, Our
CHORUS.
dwell with men on earth.
sin - ners such as we.
souls are lost in Thee?
O Love, all love ex - cel - ling; Un-numbered hosts are
tell - ing In yon - der bliss - ful dwell - ing, What Thou for them hast done.

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PROPHECY AS A GUIDE.

An Important part of the Bible given for the Definite Purpose of Warning.

BY REV. RICHARD CHESTER.

(*Continued from page 333.*)

BESIDES the evidence of the necessity for the study of prophecy as such, and the examples of the utility, and the warnings as to its neglect, with which we are confronted in the Old Testament, we have all these enforced by strong and direct reproof, and by emphatic injunction, in the New Testament. The journey of the two disciples to Emmaus is one with which we are all familiar—how their minds were troubled by the, to them, unexpected death of him whom they had trusted would have been the Redeemer of Israel—and how the Lord himself, meeting them upon their way, and entering into converse with them accounted for all this unbelief, and the ignorance in which it originated, in these memorable words: "Oh, fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken." Had these disciples made themselves familiar with the prophets—neither his crucifixion nor his resurrection could have for one moment shaken their faith in him as their Messiah, or taken them in the least degree by surprise. On the contrary, these events, fulfilling at once these prophecies, and the expectations which they had founded upon them, would have immeasurably increased their faith and filled their hearts with overflowing peace and joy.

Is there not in all this a very solemn warning to us, lest similar folly and slowness of heart, and consequent ignorance and unbelief with regard to what these same prophets have spoken concerning his second advent should cause it, and the events connected with it, in like manner to take us by surprise, and to involve us in sadness and perplexity, at the very time when we ought to be "glad before his presence with exceeding joy"—and should bring upon us, as in such case far more inexcusable than they were, proportionably more of stern and overwhelming rebuke?

Is it not marvellous almost beyond belief that, in the face of examples, warnings, rebukes, and injunctions such as these, recorded in the Holy Scriptures for our instruction—all of them proceeding from the Spirit, and several of them from the lips of the Lord Jesus Christ himself—any of those who profess and call themselves Christians, much more any of those who have taken upon themselves the awfully solemn responsibility of ministers of the Word, can continue in habitual neglect, and therefore in wilful ignorance, of the prophecies which "Holy men of God have spoken as they were moved by the Holy Ghost?"

If many of the current interpretations of prophecy be, as they unquestionably are, such as must seem to men of sound practical common sense altogether figurative and fanciful, and therefore vague and uncertain—and this, moreover, after making all due allowance for the figurativeness and symbolism of Eastern language, we can understand how a feeling of repulsion not easily to be overcome may spring up in the minds of such persons against a subject thus objectionably presented to them. That the dislike ought in such case to be restricted to the mode of interpretation, and should not extend to that which it seeks to interpret, is true, and ought never to be lost sight of, must be evident to every one who is unprejudiced. I speak, of course, to those who believe the Bible to be the message of God to man, and I ask them solemnly, why the prophecies were incorporated in the Book if not for a guide and a warning.

(*To be Concluded.*)

HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing June 9. Joshua 1: 1-9.

IF the Bible were studied in the manner and for the purpose prescribed to Joshua for the study of the law, the Book would cease to be so uninteresting as it so often is, and the study would be more profitable. It is astonishing how many people seem to get nothing from it but speculative problems. They want to know where Cain found a wife, what was the name of David's mother, how the sun could have lengthened the day by standing still, and a host of other things that would be of no practical benefit to them if they could be known, while they fail to grasp, and incorporate in their lives, the principles that would transform them. The instructions to Joshua were to meditate on the law, that he might observe to do according to all that was written therein. One of the most convincing proofs of the divine origin of the Book is the fact that so many centuries after it was written, and in circumstances so utterly different from any that were known to the writers, it may be profitably studied for the same purpose. The father concerned for the welfare of his child, anxious that he should escape the snares and pitfalls of city life, desirous that he should become an honest, virtuous, useful man, can adopt no better means of attaining those objects than to get him to study and obey the precepts of that old Book. Human nature has not changed in the centuries. It may have become more polished, more refined, more cultivated, but it is the same nature, and its dangers are the same, although approaching in new forms. The old enemy that assailed Samson, and Esau, and Jacob, and Solomon, attacks every man, and in the story of their lives lessons are taught that apply to every life. The God who made man and called him to become a living soul, to rise out of the animal life into the spiritual being, has used the men who wrote this Book to map out the road to eternal life. That they were fallible men we know by their biographies, but they wrote the truth as God revealed it to them, and their words are instinct with divine life. Men in these days are very proud of discovering errors in the Bible, of overturning old ideas as to date and authorship. They are welcome to all the credit that is their due. We are no more concerned about the authorship of the various books than we are concerned about the name of the clerk who transcribes the telegram that is a message from a distant friend. The life that is in the Bible and that invigorates every soul that makes it a guide, is a sufficient evidence of its origin. It comes from God, whatever the channel may have been by which it has reached us. That the human element of the writers should be perceptible in its pages was inevitable. It was necessary to our understanding of the Divine message that it should come through human fingers, as pure gold has to be alloyed before it can be worked. But the divine principles are there, and he who studies the Book that he may learn how to live, will find there all he needs to make his life pure and beneficent in the world.

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THE COMING E. L. CONFERENCE.

A circular from Epworth League headquarters outlines the programme of the Conference at Chattanooga, Tenn., June 2[illegible]. The quarters of the Conference are to be [illegible] a huge tent, capable of accommodating 10,000 persons, Mr. Rowland D. Williams has organized a choir of five hundred voices, and a thousand children will form a supplementary choir. Besides these there will be an orchestra of thirty-six pieces led by the Park Sisters, the famous cornetists, so that the musical part of the programme is in excellent shape.

The topics to be discussed are grouped under the general head of "The Methodism of the Future." They include "Life in the Local Church" with the duties intellectual, official and social; Philanthropic Work" and "Methodism in Doctrine and Spirit." There will be a great Love Feast conducted by Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, President of the League; Sunrise Prayer-meetings on Lookout Mountain; a Watch-night Service and a grand Consecration meeting.

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THREE C. E. LEADERS.

Among the officers of a Christian Endeavor Society the President is apt to get the place of honor and the Secretary finds his office to be the place of work. The Christ-like spirit generally prevents any envy in these matters, for the members do not forget the principle, "in honor preferring one another." It is, besides, a pleasure to be useful and it is in service not in honor that one may best follow Christ. But there is no reason why the hardworking officials should be overlooked and therefore we introduce to our readers in this issue three holders of that office.

THREE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SECRETARIES.

REV. E. LEE FLECK. MISS F. RICA STRAEFER. MR. JOHN E. SLEMAN.

Rev. E. Lee Fleck is the Secretary of the National Christian Endeavor Union of the Lutheran Church. He is pastor of the Second Lutheran Church of Dayton, O. and is an active worker in Sunday School, Young Men's Christian Association and Christian Endeavor fields. At the Cleveland Convention he was chairman of the Lutheran Rally and when the Lutheran Societies decided to organize on denominational lines instead of geographical lines, Mr. Fleck was elected Secretary. This office he has filled with credit to himself and with satisfaction to the societies. Mr. Fleck is thirty-nine years of age and has led an active life as home missionary in Nebraska, in Springfield, O. and latterly as pastor of the Dayton Church which under his charge has developed from a small mission to a church of 100 members.

Miss F. Rica Straefer is Secretary of the Kentucky Christian Endeavor Union. She is a native of Ohio, but has spent the greater part of her life in Kentucky. She has been a member of the Presybterian Church of Bellevue since her sixteenth year, and has taken a deep interest in Sunday School work. From an early period in the Christian Endeavor movement, Miss Straefer has given it active service in her State. Mainly through her efforts three new Christian Endeavor Societies were organized, and she has recently formed a junior society in her own church. She has already served one term as Secretary of the State Union, and her efficiency she displayed in the discharge of the duties was acknowledged in her election for a second term.

Mr. John B. Sleman, the third member of the trio, is the Recording Secretary of the Washington Union of Christian Endeavor Societies. He is a law student in the Columbian University. Though only in his twenty-first year, Mr. Sleman has been an active endeavorer for five years and has taken a prominent part in the city organizations. He wields a vigorous pen and has for some time been Manager and Editor of the local Endeavor newspaper. He was leader of the forces in the campaign to secure the National Convention for Washington in 1896. Mr. Sleman's untiring energy and strong faith in Christian Endeavor principles marks him out for a prominent place in the organization in the National Capital.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Delegates from Detroit, Mich., and the neighborhood to the Epworth League Conference at Chattanooga, Tenn. will be so numerous that a solid train is to be run specially for them.

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A significant feature in the decorations of the hall for the National Convention of the B. Y. P. U. at Baltimore will be the insignia of every nation in which Baptists are doing missionary work.

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The Epworth league at Centre Church, Malden, Mass., sustains one Sunday School and two prayer meetings in neighborhoods where there is a dearth of evangelical effort and where they are doing much good.

✠

A single sailor, converted early this year at a meeting of the Floating Christian Endeavor work of the San Francisco societies, sailed for Tacoma on the British ship "Glencona," and on the way, in spite of opposition, won seven souls for his Master.

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A very successful district rally of the Baptist Young People's Union was held recently at Loup City, Neb. Among the speakers were Rev. A. W. Clark, of Omaha; B. F. Curtis, of Central City; Rev. U. G. Muller, of Loup City; and Miss Clara B. Ross, of St. Paul, Minn.

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The Brooklyn Union of Christian Endeavor Societies held its sixth Annual Convention in Plymouth Church on May 16. The exercises began with a sunrise prayer-meeting at 6.30 a.m., and concluded with a great public meeting in the evening, when Dr. Lyman Abbott, and Dr. H. T. McEwen gave addresses.

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A deserved tribute to Mr. James Stokes of New York was paid recently by Sir George Williams, the venerable President of the Y. M. C. A. in London. Sir George has returned from his continental trip, with his health fully restored. At his reception in London he said that he and Lady Williams had been most refreshed and encouraged by what they had seen of Y. M. A. work in France, where there were n[illegible] 120 Associations, all free to carry on th[eir] efforts as they chose. In Paris from 600 [to] 700 young men had been got together a day's notice to meet them, and they had a delightful time. They were rejoiced also to have learnt while away of the progress Y. M. C. A. work in Italy. Here centre of operations is shortly to be transferred from Spezia to Rome, and Mr. James Stokes, the noted philanthropist of New York, who is doing so much for young m[en] on the Continent, has a very earnest, consecrated young Italian now in training America, with a view to his becoming national Y. M. C. A. Secretary for Italy.

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The last address at the recent Y. M. C. A. International Convention was given on the Saturday night by Mr. D. L. Moody. At the close of his most impressive talk Mr. Moody invited his hearers to attend a meeting to be held at 6 o'clock on Sunday morning. And more than a thousand people were on hand even at that unusual hour.

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REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered last Sunday in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends: [illegible] A. F., Nina, W. Va., for the conversion of a [illegible] young man drifting to ruin.——"Subscriber," [illegible] Me., on behalf of a nephew dying of consumption and without the hope of heaven.——"Subscriber," Syracuse, N. Y., on behalf of a dearly loved friend who has fallen a victim to intemperance.——"A Converted Sinner," Leivasy; W. Va., for the conversion of children and for salvation from [illegible] ting sin.——M. M. S., Bristol V[illegible] a lad who once knew the love of Christ, but has fallen away losing the influence of a pious mother.——"Anxious Mother," Washington, D. C., for her husband and daughter.——A. W., Will[illegible] Vt., for a family of six persons who are now in affliction, but not yet see the hand of God in it as a means of leading them to C[illegible]——C. A. J., Greenfield, Iowa, for dear brother who is not a Christian.——"A Wife," New York City, for her husband who has just realized that the love of strong drink is overpowering him, that he may go to Christ for power to overcome.——Prayer for the conversion of their sons is earnestly besought by: "A Mother, Vinton"; "A Widowed Mother," Benson; "Anxious Mother," Buffalo, N. Y.; J. I., Garland, N. Y.; "A Widowed Mother," Ellenville, N. Y.; M. Otiga, N. Y.; J. P. J., Racine, Wis.; "A Mother," Fresno, Cal.

For Special Blessings: E. L., New [illegible] for grace to overcome an insidious habit.——"Constant Reader," New York, for guidance in a financial difficulty, and for an opportunity for husband and son to earn a living.——"Sorrow," whose reputation is being [illegible] by slanderous reports, that God would [illegible] give the slanderers and lead them to abandon their evil ways.——M. C., Davenport, Neb., that by the means God would open up a way to earn money wherewith to pay just debts.——"Reader," S[illegible] Tex., that God would bring a husband and wife to agreement in religious matters.——M. M., G[illegible] Ga., for God's blessing on an effort to erect a church.——"Sister in Christ," New York, that a suit [illegible] will may be brought to a righteous decision.——[illegible] Rochester, Minn., that a colored medical student may be enabled to finish his studies, and that means may be sent for his maintenance.——Distressed husband, Brooklyn, N. Y., that his beloved wife, who is being led astray by a wealthy, unprincipled man, may be saved from the snare.

For the Restoration of Health: ——Birchton, [illegible] for the healing of a mother.——"Subscriber," P[illegible] Me., for a lady who for two and a half years has been unable to walk.——"A Girl Reader," Lapoose, for the recovery of the use of her right arm, that she may earn her livelihood.——E. C., Canton, O., that she may be healed so that she may no longer be a burden to her aged parents.——"A Mother," for a son who is in a hospital for the insane.——[illegible] Kansas City, Mo., for the healing of all bodily infirmities.——"A Believer," Hudson, Mass., for the restoration to health of a very dear friend.——L. C., of Tavaca, Tex., for a dear son who has suffered from spinal disease since his infancy.——"Rheta, a Cripple," Hudson, N. Y., for the recovery of the use of limbs.——E. A. F., Nina, W. Va., for a daughter, the mother of three children, whose future, in the event of her death would be very dark.——"Invalid," who needs courage to undergo a surgical operation.——"Believer in Prayer," Nappanee, Ind., who is suffering from a complication of diseases, and grieves at not being able to work for Christ.

From *A Sister*, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for the recovery of her brother, whom God has used extensively in his service, but who is now under a mental cloud and despairs of his salvation.

From *A Confederate Soldier*, Pulaski, Ark., that God would bring his erring wife, who has deserted him in his weakness, to repentance and save her soul.

From *An Old Sister in Christ*, Pembroke, G[illegible] the conversion of her family of six souls, especially of one son who has fallen under the power of drink.

From *A Husband*, Melrose, Mass., for the conversion of his wife, whose violent temper is making their home miserable.

From *A Sister in Christ*, Chappell, Neb., that the husband who is seeking Christ may find peace in him.

From *Mr. G. McC.*, Hildreth, Ill., that grace may be given her to let her light shine in a dark place and that her husband and others may be led to Christ.

The Homes of Our Poets.

The Cottage Near New York, Whittier at Amesbury, Bryant's at Roslyn and Longfellow's at Cambridge.

THERE is a peculiar and indescribable fascination surrounding the homes of genius, the dwellings wherein have lodged those gifted ones, whose shining talents have ...enue admiration of the age and country in which they lived. The great poets, ...steins, painters, and sculptors of the ...orld are remember... not a few in... and, almost as ...uch by their homes ... the examples of ...eir art which they ...t posterity. Ev... country and every ...me has its shrines ...dicated to genius, to ...hich the worshipping world flocks at ...ces to pay the trib... of admiration and ...pe.

In our own land, ...th-place and ...ood homes of ...rne, Cooper, ...nglow, Bryant, ...yn and Whittier ...quite as powerful ...traction to many ...ples as the homes ...our greatest states... and patriots. One ...the sweetest, yet ...ldest, memories to ...ve of American ...try is that associ... with the illustra... on this page. Ed... Allan Poe's cot... on Westchester ...unty, in the su... of New York, ...as the scene of much ...the poet's best liter... labors. There, ...mid the simplest ru... surroundings, and ...among such nat... environments as ...well incite the poetic ...ecy he wrote many ...the productions which have challenged ...wonder and admiration of nearly two ...nerations. The "Poe Cottage," as it is ...ow, is now doomed to demolition, but a ...ce the fame of its whilom occupant ...ill endures. Poe has been variously rep... ...ented by his biographers; but it is now ...earned much that was written of him ...as put down in ignorance of his real char... ...ter. His was a career clouded with sor... ...w. The one great and over-shadowing ...ct in his genius was that it had no ap... ...ciation of spiritual things, and in his ...rkest hours he missed that pure and sat... ...ying consolation which overflows the ...art of every sorrowing child of God, who ...finds the only Source of succor and com... ...fort when all else fails. Had the genius of ...Poe been consecrated, it would have still ...ended undimmed splendor, long after the ...head had passed away. His grave is in ...Baltimore, Md., where it is proposed to erect ...a suitable monument to his memory.

In a plain cottage in the village of Cum... ...nson, among the Massachusetts hills, ...was spent the boyhood of one of America's ...greatest poets, William Cullen Bryant, who ...after years, when the world had stamped ...his genius with its seal of approval, dwelt ...in one of the loveliest residences a poetic eye ...could part could desire, at Roslyn, N. Y. ...This beautiful country-seat on the northern ...shore of Long Island is still a Mecca to ...which many of his admirers make pilgrim... age. There, upon a sunny hillside, this noble Christian poet lies buried. John Greenleaf Whittier, the sweet Quaker singer, had his rhymer's castle in a quaint old homestead at Amesbury, Mass., where amid rural surroundings that wooed to gentleness and peace, he sang to the world of God's goodness and loving-kindness to all his creatures. He sleeps beneath the elms at Amesbury and the little children, once a year, cover his grave with garlands. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, probably the best known of our poets, was, like Whittier, a lover of elm-trees. He made his home in an old revolutionary dwelling at Cambridge, Mass., where Washington had once lodged, when he commanded the nation's armies. Emerson, whom even Hawthorne admired as "a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness," lived a semi-rural life at Concord, where his days flowed smoothly past, like a river amid the mountains, its clear waters undimmed and unvexed by contiguity with crowded cities. And so with many others of the gifted choir of "nature's songful children;" nearly all have found their chiefest pleasure in coming near to nature.

THE HOME OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, NOW TO BE DEMOLISHED.

***

"Imperious" Wills.

There is no more terrible inheritance for a child than to fall heir to an imperious will. It is certain to prove, sooner or later, a breeder of misfortune. "Everything must be made to bend to your will if you would succeed in life," said a false and shallow philosopher in advising the young. It is a pernicious training that would flatter and encourage a selfish, domineering disposition at the expense of the feelings of others. The unfortunate owner of an "imperious will" generally sacrifices to that particular trait nearly all that is sweet and tender in the relations of life, and finds too late, that the love and esteem that would have spontaneously been offered to a gentler heart, have been sacrificed for dust and ashes.

Nothing that is worth doing in this world is an easy matter; and whatever is really worth doing is worth all that its doing costs —and more. In spite of all its difficulties, training of any child's appetite can be compassed, by God's blessing. And compassed it ought to be, whatever are the difficulties. It is for the parent to decide what the child shall eat, as it is for the parent to decide what the child shall wear. The parent who holds himself responsible for what a child shall put on, but who shirks his responsibility for what that child shall take in, would seem to have more regard for the child's appearance than for his upbuilding from within; and that could hardly be counted a sign of parental wisdom or of parental love.

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Florence Nightingale to Girls.

One of the very latest letters written by Florence Nightingale, the Christian heroine, contained this piece of advice to girls:

"My message to the girls is: 1. Train yourselves to your work, to your life. The last twenty-five or thirty years have recognized beyond everything this necessity of training. 2. Have a higher object than the mere undertaking in all you undertake. When we fail or are disappointed, we lose heart and perhaps 'strike work.' But if we have recognized ourselves as (I will not say only) a wheel or a tool in the hands of Him who is highest and truest and best, we have that blessing of being a part of the whole, and, whatever our own failure, are never cast down. 3. As one of the best women workers of our day says, 'The talk is now of rights, not right.' Let not that be our case. I am myself a prisoner from illness and overwork, but all the more I wish you godspeed."

***

SAVE THE CHILDREN!

SAVE the children! save the children!
'Tis our great Commander's word;
Through the ranks of life's stern battle,
Far above its roar and rattle,
Is the stirring watchword heard.

Save the children, save the children!
Shivering frames with naked feet,
Young hearts, daily evil learning,
Meet our gaze at every turning,
In the alley, court, and street.

Save the children, save the children!
Tiny hairs of want and shame;
Out-stretched hands that fain would reach us,
Wistful faces pale beseech us;
'Twas for such our Saviour came.

Save the children, save the children!
Fold them in the arms of love;
Haste to rescue, e'er they perish,
Tender form and spirit cherish;
'Tis the will of God above.

Save the children, save the children!
Born to sin, and vice, and woe;
Softly tell to each the story,
How the Christ-King, left his glory,
Died because he loved them so.

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Training the Appetite.

It is by no means an easy matter for a parent to train a child's appetite; but it is a very important matter, nevertheless.

***

QUIET MOMENTS.

FROM time to time, letters come from our readers asking how Sunday should be kept, so that the greatest spiritual advantage may be derived. Sunday is a day of rest, and in its observance something of the old Sabbatic peace should linger. To work needlessly on Sunday is far less Christian than to play. But in the cessation from the week's drudgery, the sweetness of family life should reassert itself. The old law tethered people, that they should not stray far from home on the Sabbath. Sunday is the weekly festival of the Christian household. The fathers and the children should be drawn together on that day at the table of the Lord and at the household board. It is well to keep in mind that no day leaves us just where and as it found us. We are with each departing day older in time and nearer the grave. Some addition for good or ill is made to the record of life. We are made better or worse. Habit becomes a little stronger. Our opportunities in life lessen. The need of despatch in the work of life increases. But the Sunday rest and peace grows sweeter and dearer as the years advance.

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Obedience.

To obey, with love in the doing, is one of the most precious lessons that can be inculcated in the home. And it should be made quite clear that obedience is not servility; that it is a duty that belongs equally to the high and low in their station. It is said of Henry of Bavaria that at one time becoming weary of court life he determined to enter a monastery. When he presented himself to Prior Richard, the faithful monk gave him the strict rules of Order. The king listened eagerly. Then the prior insisted that obedience, implicit and uninquisitive, was the first requisite of sainthood. The monarch promised to follow his will in every detail. "Go back to the throne and to the station God assigned you," was the prior's word to him. The king took up his sceptre again and learned to govern by learning to obey.

***

A Helpful Hint to the Boys.

Acquire all the education within your grasp, is the advice of one of America's leading bankers. To keep ones-self thoroughly informed on current events is an education which no man of affairs can afford to neglect. In entering upon a career, first let that career be thoughtfully selected; in the second place, determine to persevere and stick to that career and no other. Do not allow yourself to be carried away into side issues. This quality of being able to adhere to a selected career is most important, for the old adage, "a rolling stone gathers no moss," is truth. The young man who shifts from one line of business to another because he can temporarily increase his salary, is apt to find himself at the age of forty without a career.

Ill Tempered Babies

are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.

ALICE MAPLETON'S ORDEAL

A STORY OF NOBLE FORTITUDE UNDER TRIAL.

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by E. CARSWELL.

CHAPTER XXI.

Callaghan's Pledge.

THERE were only two, Mrs. Mapleton and Alice, in the carriage, and Alice was thinking of what Mr. Graham had said, indeed her mind was so occupied with thoughts of Fred and that she was soon to see him again, that she was completely oblivious to her present surroundings, and the carriage was nearly at their door when a sob from her mother startled her as if from a dream.

"Mother, dear mother, what is the matter?" asked Alice in a voice of alarm as she took one of her mother's hands in hers, and with the other around her neck, gently drew her head to her own breast as if she were the mother and the mother a little child.

"Oh! what a poor, blind, selfish creature I have been," sobbed Mrs. Mapleton; "not only have I left you to bear the burden and fight the battle alone, but have thoughtlessly added to the burden, and sided with your enemies. How could I have been so blind and so cruel as to want you to marry that man, and to drive away the only one who was true?"

"Now, you must not say another word," said Alice. "How could you help the trouble and sickness that came upon you. I wonder how you have lived through it. I knew that you had all you could bear, so I hid many things from you, and so if I had a heavy load to carry, it was my own fault, for I took it upon myself without asking your advice. But now, dear mother, the clouds are breaking away, the sunlight is breaking through the darkness that has surrounded us so long, and, best of all, Fred is coming. Mr. Graham says he expects him in a few days, and we are going to be happy once more, so you must cheer up and be your own dear self again."

"That is just what I do not want to be," said Mrs. Mapleton, with a faint smile. "I want to be something different. I want to shake off my old self. I have been too selfish all my life. And it seems as if in my case God had granted the wish of Burns:

> Ah! wad some power the gittee gie us,
> Ta see oorsel's as ithers see us:
> It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
> And foolish notion.

My eyes have been opened to-day as never before, and I begin to see myself as others must have seen me. I feel ashamed of myself, and if God gives me once more health and strength, I mean to be somebody else."

"Which shows," said Alice, "that going out has done you good, that your health and spirits are coming back," and she helped her mother out of the carriage, and upstairs to their room, where Mrs. Callaghan had everything looking bright and cozy, and the table set for tea.

"Welcome home, ma'am," said the good woman, as she led Mrs. Mapleton to an easy chair by the fire.

"Thank you, my kind friend," said Mrs. Mapleton; "this is the first time that this room, or any other place, has felt like home since we lost our own dear old one. And now I see how ungrateful I have been. Oh! how many more deserving than I would be thankful for even such a home as this."

"Shure, ma'am, there is not a woman in the block but would think it were a palace she were in, if she could look in here at this blissed moment. Yer not angry wid me, Miss Alice, are ye for going back on me word this morning?" she said when Mrs. Mapleton left the room to remove her wraps.

"No, indeed," said Alice; it was one of the most [illegible] I ever had done for me. You showed more good judgment and common sense than I had. I do not know how you did it, but it must have been the mother in you which prompted and showed you how to act. But, oh! what should I have done had you not acted just as you did!"

"Yer right, Miss, about the mother. I just said to myself, said I, 'how would you feel if one of your own children was in such a fix and it hid from yer?' and once said I to meself, 'I do be thinking that all the mothers, wither they be rich or poor, high up or low down, are alike when it comes to the children; they want to be wid them in their trouble, and stand by them troo thick and thin.'"

As Mr. Callaghan was from home, Mrs. Mapleton insisted on Mrs. Callaghan and Norah sitting down and taking tea with them, much to that good woman's embarrassment and Norah's delight, but they were soon made to feel at home, for Mrs. Mapleton had determined to be more democratic in the future, and was so anxious to begin that she seized this first opportunity. Before Mrs. Callaghan returned to her room, Mrs. Mapleton offered her a glass of wine, which was politely declined. "No offence, mum," said the good-hearted Irish woman, "but you will please excuse, you see, and its ashamed I am to say it, I have been a drinking-woman, and my man was a hard drinker, but now we are teetotal. And all we have in good clothes, furniture, and happiness, we've got since we quit."

"But surely a glass of wine is not against your temperance rules?"

"Excuse me, mum, but he's the same old devil. When he goes among the quality folks he puts on a tail coat, white vest, and shiney boots, and calls himself wine or champagne. Then when he comes among the poor, he puts on a corduroy suit, a battered hat, and stogies, and calls himself whiskey or beer, but he's the same old boy all the time; but it isn't for the loikes of me to be talking this way to you."

"Please go on," said Mrs. Mapleton. "I should like very much to hear the story of your husband's reformation."

"Well, mum, I will not throuble you wid our first happy years of married life, nor how he was led to drink, and how I took to drinking beer, because I was lonely and throubled about John, but I did. John out nearly every night wid one crowd or another, Home Rule Clubs, Irish Leagues, the strikers, and I don't know phat else, but all of 'em met in saloons. Well, one night a man said that there was more money spent in Ireland for drink than all the rents paid of the whole of Ireland came to. And that Irishmen were always ready to go into the business and make slaves of their countrymen, and that rum was a greater tvrant than Great Britain ever was. Ye see, the man had spent all his week's wages, or it had been taken away from him, and he was mad. Well, my man called him a big liar, and they clinched and my man got a dreadful beating, but the crowd nearly killed the other man. My man was brought home and lay abed a week, but even when he was out of his head, he would keep saying, 'its a lie, and I'll prove it,' and would you belave it, the first thing he does when he gets up was to go to get his proof, and he was so disappointed when he did get it, for he comes home and sits down widout saying a word, but just looking at a little book he'd got, when at last says he, 'bedad, its thrue. He towled the truth, and I deserved all I got.'

"Well, only a night or two afterwards he was going up the avenue, when he heard music and singing; it was a mission; he didn't know that, but he went in to get warm. They were holding a temperance meeting, and he heard the men telling phat temperance had done for them, and some of them had been lower down than John had ever been. There were real ladies there and they prayed and sang just beautiful, and when one of them came up to him and spoke kindly to him, and never scholded, but asked him if he wouldn't join the society, he just broke right down, and wid the tears running down his cheeks, he ups and signs the pledge.. Ye see, mum, I didn't know this at the time, for he didn't tell me. But I noticed such a change in John; he wasn't so cross, he quit swearing, he would get up in the morning and light the fire and put on the kettle, and one morning when I wasn't well he brought a cup o' tay to me in bed: he hadn't done such a thing since we were first married, and I just put my head under the clothes and cried when his back was turned.

"Well, on Saturday night he brought me his wages, as he used to do, and more than he had brought home for years. Well, on Sunday he sat wid Harry, thot's my little lame boy as sells papers, and perhaps ye didn't know, mum, that it was a kick from his father, when he was drunk, that lamed him. Well, as I was saying, he sat wid Harry on his knee, and I saw the tears running down his cheek, and a great fear came over me that he was going to be sick, or die, or something, so I got the can of beer, I' always hid it from him before, and says I, 'John you're not yerself to-day, have some beer?' Oh! mum, if ye'd seen the look he gave me, and said he, 'Mary, wud ye be the first to tempt me to break me pledge? Sure, woman, its been the curse of Ireland, the curse of the United States, the curse of the world, its been our curse; see this poor boy's leg, and it was drink made me do it.' Then Harry put his arms around his father's neck and said, 'Papa don't cry, it don't hurt me now, not a bit.' Well, mum, I put the beer away in a hurry and says I, 'John do you think I could do it, too? I'm going to try.' Well, I quit, but I wasn't like John, I felt cross and half sick, and one day John put his arm around me and kind like he said, 'I see what a fight ye are having, old woman, but don't try it alone, go down to the Mission on Wednesday afternoon, and the kind ladies will help ye.' And, mum, I just got up my courage and went. And haven't I been glad ever since that I did. Oh! ye never saw such kindness. There were real ladies, and they prayed wid me, and talked to me, and asked me if I wanted help in any other way. Then they sang beautiful hymns and I signed the pledge, and they put this ribbon on my breast, and I left the hall one of the happiest woman in the town. So ye are not offended that I did'nt take the wine?"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Mapleton, taking her hand in both of hers. "I respect you for the courage you have shown."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Mary Street Church.

The next day as Mrs. Mapleton and Alice were seated together, the mother said suddenly:

"That was a strange story Mrs. Callaghan told us last night. I suppose temperance is really a good thing for these poor people. They do not seem able to drink at all without drinking to excess. So it is the best thing to let it alone altogether."

"Yes, but it make them marked men to do that. They don't like to have people point at them and say that they abstain because they haven't self-control enough to keep from getting drunk. They feel ashamed. That is where good people can help them. When a good man who never gets drunk and is never likely to do so, voluntarily signs the pledge to set an example to those who do get drunk, he helps to make abstinence fashionable, and make the drunkard feel that as a teetotaler he will be in respectable company. It is a Christlike thing to do, and I have done it."

"I never thought of that," said Mrs. Mapleton, "but I see how it would help the poor men. What a great deal you know and think about that I know nothing of. Alice, I wish I had been a better mother. I wonder if it is too late now to get religion."

"Dear Mamma, it is now my turn to make a confession," said Alice, "Fred once told me that he went to a church on Mary Street, and that he taught a Sunday School class there, and that it was not a fashionable church, but a live one. Well in our darkest hour, I thought of Fred's church and found that it was not far away. I knew that it must be the church, for the street was short and had only one church on it. So one Sunday night I went, I am afraid

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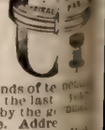

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that was more with the hope of hearing something of Fred than with worthier motives that I did go. The church was crowded, and when Mr. Joy, the minister, came in, I was not a little astonished to see him shake hands with people all the way down the aisle, and in such a hearty manner. He walked on to the platform and gave out a hymn, and everybody sang and with all their might, too, but I felt that their hearts were in it, too, and I found myself singing, as I had not sung for a long time. Then the prayer—I was shocked at first—I thought he was a little too familiar with the Lord. Then the sermon—shall I ever forget it! It was so different from anything I had ever heard. I thought he was not sufficiently dignified for a clergyman, but I soon found myself carried away by the theme. He talked to the people the same as if he was their father and would call and praise them in the most familiar manner, and in the plainest language. Well after the meeting, they stood in groups, shaking hands and appeared so happy, and it all seemed so strange to me. I felt so happy, so I went again and soon found what I had been yearning for, sympathy, spiritual strength, in other words religion, so I joined their church."

At the end of Alice's story Mrs. Mapleton gave a long breath and a deep sigh. Then Alice in her arms and laid her head on her breast and said: "You shall take care of me, my dear, I believe that is just the place where I want to go."

Just then Norah brought in a note; it was from Louie, such a pathetic little note. Her mother had not been out of bed since that dreadful day, and was most of the time out of her mind and then she was always calling for Alice and Mrs. Mapleton, would she come? She (Louie) could not leave her mother and she had something to tell Alice which she must tell her, or her heart would break. Before Alice had finished reading the letter Mrs. Mapleton was putting on her hat and mantle.

They were soon on their way. Poor Louie with pale face and swollen eyes met them at the door, and she and Alice were in each other's arms in a moment.

Alice was a little surprised to see Nettie with her pale face and wild-looking eyes appear out of a door, Louie noticed the look and explained that they still kept Nettie's father had insisted upon it, and she was so glad that the poor ruined girl had been sent away.

Mrs. Mapleton was soon in Mrs. Wilson's room bending over the invalid. Mrs. Wilson after a long gaze up into the kind motherly face with tear-filled eyes above her, recognized the visitor, and reaching up her arms put them around her neck. Mrs. Mapleton kissed her, both were crying. Alice so stooped and kissed the sick woman, not a word was spoken. Mrs. Mapleton put her arm under Mrs. Wilson's head, and with the other hand smoothed back her hair from her forehead, as if she were a child, and in a few minutes the patient was sleeping as peacefully as a babe. It was the first refreshing sleep she had had for many days and nights.

As soon as there was a chance Louie almost dragged Alice to her rooms, and locked the door. She placed Alice in a chair and knelt upon her knees by her side, put her arms around her waist and looking up in her face, said, "Oh, Alice! no wonder Will loved you so. I never knew until after, that he was your brother."

"What, dear?" asked Alice in amazement. "Why, Will. We were engaged, and how we loved each other; and it was Mamma made us promise that we would not correspond until he was able to come to me in the same style I had been used to. Oh! they didn't know that I had a father have shared a log hut with children have lived in a palace with any one else. And dear Will said that mother was right. But he told me not to doubt him, he would come, and we promised each other to be true. Well, mother, when she got out of her mind, said that."—and here she broke down and sobbed—"that—that Will was dead and that they must not tell me how pale father looked, and I asked him if it was true, and he took me in his arms and told me it was true, and I never saw father cry before, so I knew that it was. Oh! what shall I do?

"Your poor, dear darling," said Alice, holding her in her arms. "We never had the courage yet to look over his letters, to see then are the Louie for whom he was writing the album of pressed flowers, the 'Flora' of Mexico. You shall have it as it is; it must have been his last work, and shows that his last thoughts were of you. And we will be sisters, dear Louie, and we will love each other as long as we live. Poor, dear Will, he was a brother to be proud of." For an hour they sat locked in each other's arms, each making a confidant of the other.

To be Continued.)

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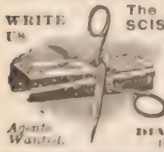

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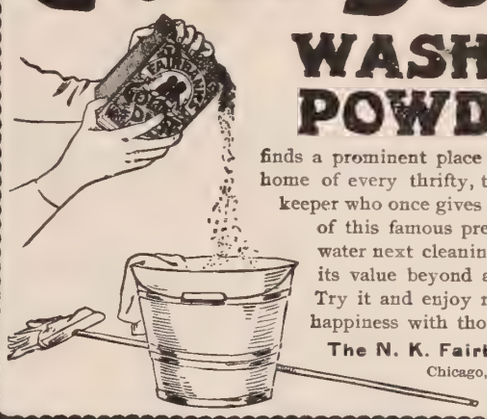

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Extract from Report on "Therapeutics and Practice of Medicine." Read before the Medical Society of the State of North Carolina, May, 1894. By E. C. Laird, M. D., Haw River, N. C.

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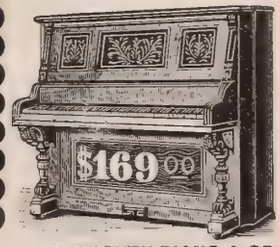

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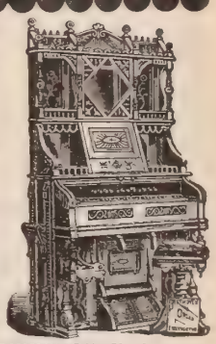

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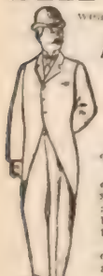

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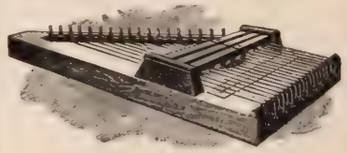

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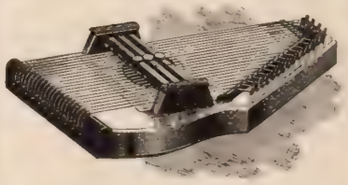

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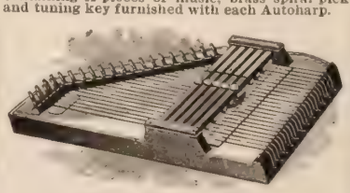

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
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NEW YORK, JUNE 5, 1895.

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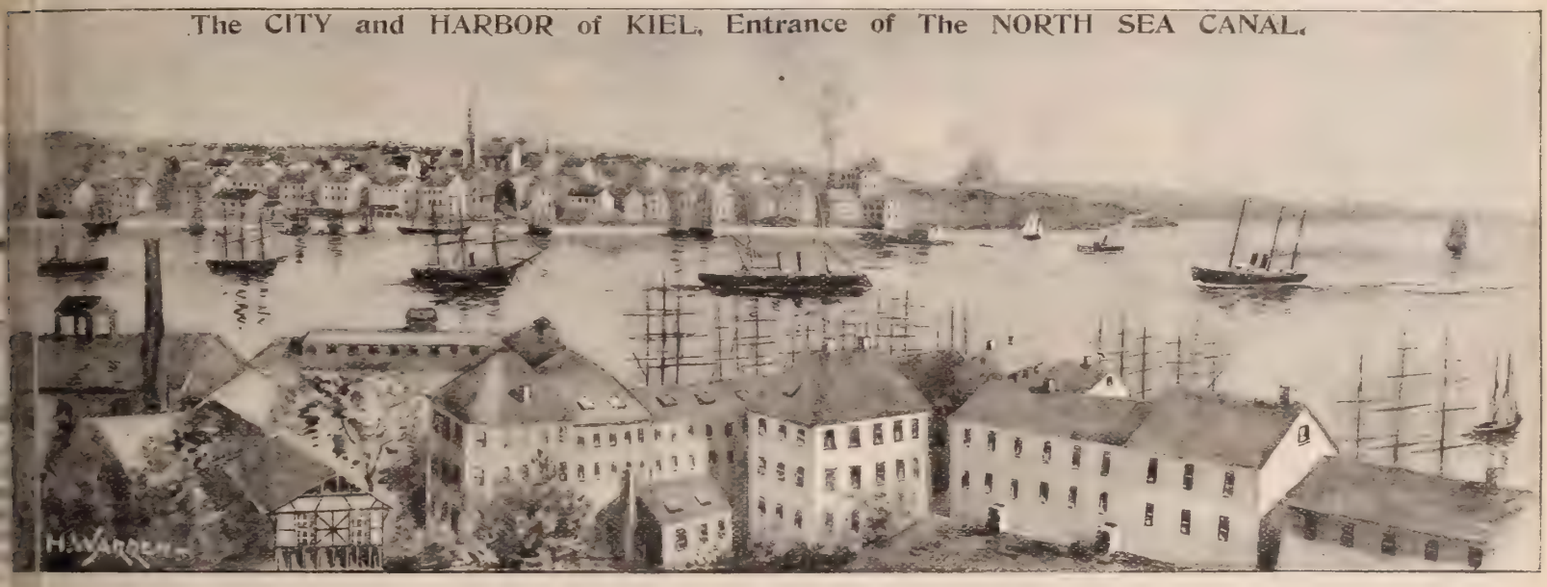
The CITY and HARBOR of KIEL, Entrance of The NORTH SEA CANAL.



THE MARRIAGE OF TWO SEAS.

The Maritime World Preparing for the Opening of the New North Sea Canal—A Great Work Successfully Completed—Its Advantages to Commerce and Civilization.

DURING the present month of June, the ancient port of Kiel will be the scene

EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY.

of the grandest naval gathering that has been witnessed in Europe in many years. Not the spirit of war, but in peace and amity will the great fleets of the maritime nations of the world assemble there, and the days of festivity to follow will be marked by a free and generous interchange of international courtesies. The occasion of this remarkable demonstration is the formal opening of the North Sea Canal, which will be celebrated on June 19, 20, 21 and 22. The official programme has been arranged by the German government, under whose direction the great Canal was planned and brought to successful completion. With a proper national pride in the enterprise, which will confer benefits upon the entire civilized world, Germany has resolved to signalize the event an epoch in her national history. All the arrangements are upon a magnificent scale of liberality, and the numerous hearty responses to the invitations sent to other governments prove that the seafaring powers, great and small, are glad to honor the enterprise by sharing in the approaching festival of triumph. Thus, although under the auspices of Germany, it will have a distinctly international aspect. Our own navy will be represented by the warships, New York, Columbia, San Francisco and Marblehead, under Admiral Kirkland. For the purpose of adding to the general rejoicing at "the marriage of the two seas"—the stormy Baltic and the restless, turbulent North Sea—our ships have taken a liberal supply of lights and will make the finest electric display of all the fleets. The official ceremonies open with a banquet in the City Hall at Hamburg on June 19, at which all the leading representatives of other nations who have accepted invitations will be present. Next day, the international fleets will pass through Brunsbuettel sluice into the Canal, and will proceed along its entire length in procession, reaching Holtenau in the afternoon. Here Emperor William will tender his guests a reception on the royal yacht Hohenzollern, and along the entire line of the Canal festivities will continue two days, interspersed with banquets, parades and fireworks, the ceremonies closing with naval manœuvres on the 22nd, after which the fleets will separate and the strangers will take their departure.

As long ago as the sixteenth century, the project of a great canal to connect the Baltic with the North Sea, was first agitated; but it was not until twenty-six years ago that the scheme took definite shape. In 1869 plans were submitted to the Reichstag in connection with this work, but nothing further was done at that time. In 1886, the installation of the Kaiserliche Canal Building Commissioners took place, Commissioner Baensch being appointed Chief Director. After much discussion as to the route, and various changes, the track of the Canal was finally agreed upon and its length was fixed at ninety-eight kilometres (a kilometre is 1093.63 yards or about five-eighths of a mile.) Its route was from the Baltic to the Elbe, crossing the Prussian province of Holstein. Beginning at Holtenau, near Kiel, it was to cross Rendsburg, and thence by a southwestern course, ending at Brunsbuettel, at the mouth of the Elbe. 150,000,000 marks (about $37,500,000) was the amount appropriated for the execution of the work. Prussia, being the nearest and therefore the most directly interested, contributed fully one-third of the entire sum. It was an extensive investment, but one from which the different governments concerned expected

Continued on page 359

VESSELS PASSING THROUGH THE NORTH SEA CANAL AT HOLTENAU

"SHAMGAR'S OX-GOAD."

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., on the Text: *"After him was Shamgar, which slew of the Philistines six hundred men with an ox-goad."* Judges 3: 31.

ONE day while Shamgar, the farmer, was plowing with a yoke of oxen, his command of whoa-haw-gee was changed to the shout of battle. Philistines, always ready to make trouble, march up with sword and spear. Shamgar, the plowman, had no sword, and would not probably have known how to wield it if he had possessed one. But fight he must, or go down under the stroke of the Philistines. He had an ox-goad—a weapon used to urge on the lazy team; a weapon about eight feet long, with a sharp iron at one end to puncture the beast, and a wide iron chisel, or shovel, at the other end with which to scrape the clumps of soil from the plowshare. Yet, with the iron prong at one end of the ox-goad, and the iron scraper at the other, it was not such a weapon as one would desire to use in battle with armed Philistines. But God helped the farmer, and leaving the oxen to look after themselves, he charged upon the invaders of his homestead. Some of the commentaries, to make it easier for Shamgar, suggest that perhaps he led a regiment of farmers into the combat, his ox-goad only one of many ox-goads. But the Lord does not need any of you to help in making the Scriptures, and Shamgar, with the Lord on his side, was mightier than six hundred Philistines with the Lord against them. The battle opened. Shamgar, with muscle strengthened by open air, and plowman's, and reaper's, and thresher's toil, uses the only weapon at hand, and he swings the ox-goad up and down, and this way and that; now stabbing with the iron prong at one end of it, and now thrusting with the iron scraper at the other, and now bringing down the whole weight of the instrument upon the heads of the enemy. The Philistines are in a panic, and the supernatural forces come in, and a blow that would not under other circumstances have prostrated or slain, left its victim lifeless; until when Shamgar walked over the field, he counted one hundred dead, two hundred dead, three hundred dead, four hundred dead, five hundred dead, six hundred dead—all the work done by an ox-goad with iron prong at one end and an iron shovel at the other. The fame of this achievement by this farmer with an awkward weapon of war, spread abroad, and lionized him, until he was hoisted into the highest place of power, and became the third of the mighty judges of Israel. So you see that Cincinnatus was not the only man lifted from plow to throne.

For what reason was this unprecedented and unparalleled victory of a farmer's ox-goad put into this Bible, where there was no spare room for the unimportant and the trivial?

It was, first of all, to teach you, and to teach me, and to teach all past ages since then, and to teach all ages to come, that in the war for God, and against sin, we ought to put to the best use the weapon we happen to have on hand. Why did not Shamgar wait until he could get a war charger, with neck arched, and back caparisoned, and nostrils sniffing the battle afar off, or until he could get war equipment, or could drill a regiment, and wheeling them into line, command them forward to the charge? To wait for that would have been defeat and annihilation. So he takes the best weapon he could lay hold of, and that is an ox-goad. We are called into the battle for the right, and against wrong, and many of us have not just the kind of weapon we would prefer. It may not be a sword of argument. It may not be the spear of sharp, thrusting wit. It may not be the battering-ram of denunciation. But there is something we can do, and some forces we can wield. Do not wait for what you have not, but use what you have. Perhaps you have not eloquence, but you have a smile. Well, a smile of encouragement has changed the behavior of tens of thousands of wanderers, and brought them back to God, and enthroned them in heaven. You cannot make a persuasive appeal, but you can set an example, and a good example has saved more souls than you could count in a year, if you counted all the time. You cannot give ten thousand dollars, but you can give as much as the widow of the Gospel, whose two mites, the smallest coins of the Hebrews, were bestowed in such a spirit as to make her more famous than all the contributions that ever endowed all the hospitals and universities of all Christendom, of all time. You have very limited vocabulary, but you can say "yes" or "no," and a firm "yes," or an emphatic "no," has traversed the centuries, and will traverse all eternity, with good influence. You may not have the courage to confront a large assemblage, but you can tell a Sunday School class of two—a boy and a girl—how to find Christ, and one of them may become a William Carey, to start influences that will redeem India, and the other a Florence Nightingale, who will illumine battle-fields covered with the dying and the dead.

That was a tough case in a town of England where a young lady, applying for a Sabbath School class, was told by the superintendent she would have to pick up one out of the street. The worst of the class brought from the street was one Bob. He was fitted out with respectable clothing by the superintendent. But after two or three Sabbaths he disappeared. He was found with his clothes in tatters, for he had been fighting. The second time Bob was well-clad for school. After coming once or twice, he again disappeared, and was found in rags, consequent upon fighting. The teacher was disposed to give him up, but the superintendent said, "Let us try him again," and the third suit of clothes was provided him. Thereafter he came until he was converted, and joined the church, and started for the Gospel ministry, and became a foreign missionary, preaching and translating the Scriptures. Who was the boy called Bob? The illustrious Dr. Robert Morrison, great on earth, and greater in heaven. Who his teacher was I know not; but she used the opportunity opened, and great has been her reward. You may not be able to load an Armstrong gun; you may not be able to hurl a Hotchkiss shell; you may not be able to shoulder a glittering musket; but use anything you can lay your hands on. Try a blacksmith's hammer, or a merchant's yard-stick, or a mason's trowel, or a carpenter's plane, or a housewife's broom, or a farmer's ox-goad. One of the surprises of heaven will be what grand results came from how simple means. Matthias Joyce, the vile man, became a great apostle of righteousness, not from hearing John Wesley preach, but from seeing him kiss a little child on the pulpit stairs.

Again, my subject springs upon us the thought that in calculating the prospects of religious attempt, we must take omnipotence, and omniscience, and omnipresence, and all the other attributes of God into the calculation. Whom do you see on that plowed field of my text? One hearer says, "I see Shamgar." Another hearer says, "I see six hundred Philistines." My hearer, you have missed the chief personage on that battle-field of plowed ground. I also see Shamgar, and six hundred Philistines, but more than all, and mightier than all and more overwhelming than all, I see God Shamgar with his unaided arm, however muscular, and with that humble instrument made for agricultural purposes, and never constructed for combat, could not have wrought such victory. It was Omnipotence above, and beneath, and back of, and at the point of the ox-goad. Before that battle was over, the plowman realized this, and all the six hundred Philistines realized it, and all who visited the battle-field afterward appreciated it. I want in heaven to hear the story, for it can never be fully told on earth—perhaps some day may be set apart for the rehearsal, while all heaven listens—the story of how God blessed awkward and humble instrumentalities. Many an evangelist has come into a town given up to worldliness. The pastors say to the evangelist, "We are glad you have come, but it is a hard field, and we feel sorry for you. The members of our churches play progressive euchre, and go to the theatre, and bet at the horse races, and gaiety and fashion have taken possession of the town. We have advertised your meetings, but are not very hopeful. God bless you." This evangelist takes his place on platform or pulpit. He never graduated at college, and there are before him twenty graduates of the best universities. He never took one lesson in elocution, and there are before him twenty trained orators. Many of the ladies present are graduates of the highest female seminaries, and one slip in grammar or one mispronunciation, will result in suppressed giggle. Amid the general chill that pervades the house, the unpretending evangelist opens his Bible and takes for his text, "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." Opera glasses in the gallery curiously scrutinize the speaker. He tells in a plain way the story of the blind man, tells two or three touching anecdotes, and the general chill gives way before a strange warmth. A classical hearer who took the first honor at Yale, and who is a prince of proprieties, finds his spectacles becoming dim with a moisture suggestive of tears. A worldly mother who has been bringing up her sons and daughters in utter godlessness, puts her handkerchief to her eyes and begins to weep. Highly educated men who came to criticize, and pick to pieces, and find fault, bow on their gold-headed canes. What is that sound from under the gallery? It is a sob, and sobs are catching; and all along the wall, and all up and down the audience, there is deep emotion, so that when at the close of the service anxious souls are invited to especial seats, or the inquiry room, they come up by scores, and kneel and repent, and rise up pardoned; the whole town is shaken, and places of evil amusement are sparsely attended, and rum holes lose their patrons, and the churches are thronged, and the whole community is cleansed, and elevated, and rejoiced. What power did the evangelist bring to bear to capture that town for righteousness? Not one brilliant epigram did he utter. Not one graceful gesture did he make. Not one rhetorical climax did he pile up. But there was something about him that people had not taken in the estimate when they prophesied the failure of that work. They had not taken into the calculation the Omnipotence of the Holy Ghost. It was not the flash of a Damascus blade. It was God, before and behind, and all around the ox-goad. When people say that crime will triumph and the world will never be converted because of the seeming insufficiency of the means employed, they count the six hundred armed Philistines on one side and Shamgar, the farmer, awkwardly equipped on the other side; not realizing that the chariots of God are twenty thousand, and that all heaven, cherubic, seraphic, and angelic, Deific, is on what otherwise would be the weak side. Napoleon, the author of the saying, "God is on the side of the heaviest artillery," lived to find out his mistake; for at Waterloo, the one hundred and sixty guns of the English overcame two hundred and fifty guns of the French. God is on the side of the right, and one man in the right will eventually be found stronger than six hundred men in the wrong. In all estimates of any kind of Christian work, do not make the mistake every day made of leaving out the Head of the University.

Again, my subject springs upon the thought that in God's service it is best to use weapons that are particularly suited to us. Shamgar had, like many of us, been brought up on a farm. He knew nothing about javelins, and bucklers, and helmets, and breastplates, and greaves of brass, and catapults, and ballistæ, and iron scythes fastened to the axles of chariots. But he was familiar with the flail that threshing-floor, and knew how to pound with that; and the axe of the woodman knew how to hew with that; and the goad of the plowman, and knew how to thrust with that. And you and I had best to use those means that we can best handle; those weapons with which we can make the most execution. Some in the service will do best with the pen; some with the voice; some by extemporaneous address, for they have the whole vocabulary of the English language half way between the brain and tongue; and others will do best with manuscript spread out before them. Some will serve God by the plow, sowing wheat and corn, and giving liberally of what they sell, to churches and missions; some as merchants, and out of their profits will dedicate a tenth to the Lord; some as physicians, prescribing for the woes and ailments; and some as attorneys, defending innocence, and obtaining rights that otherwise would not be recognized; and some as sailors, helping bridge the seas; and some as teachers and pastors. The Kingdom of God is dreadfully retarded by so many of us attempting to do that which we cannot do; reaching up for broadsword, or battle-axe, or bayonet, or scimeter, or infantry rifle, or Paixhans gun, while we ought to be content with an ox-goad. I think that there are tens of thousands of Christians whom you never heard of, and never will hear of until you see them in the high places of Heaven, who are now in quiet way in homes, and school-houses, and praying circles, and by sick beds, and in dark alleys, saying the saving word, doing the saving deed; the aggregate of their work overpowering the most pretentious statistics. In the grand review of heaven, when the regiments pass the Lord of Hosts, there will be whole regiments of nurses, and Sabbath School teachers, and tract distributors, and unpretending workers, before whom, as they pass, the kings and queens of God and the Lamb lift the flashing coronet, and bow down in adoration and reverence. The most of the Christian work for the world's reclamation and salvation will be done by people of one talent, and two talents, while the three talent people are up in the astronomical observatories studying other worlds, though they do little or nothing for the redemption of this world; or are up in the rarified realms of "Higher Criticism" trying to prove that Moses did not write the Pentateuch, or to prove that the throat of the whale

ndarge enough to swallow the minister w declined the call to Nineveh, and apol-oging for the Almighty for certain inex-plible things they have found in the Sctures. It will be found out at the last th the Krupp guns have not done so mh to capture this world for God as the oxoads.

ears ago I was to summer in the Adi-rodacks, and my wealthy friend, who was a eat hunter and fisherman, said, "I am nogoing to the Adirondacks this season, anyou can take my equipment, and I will se it up to Paul Smith's. Well, it was the when I arrived in the Adirondacks, a spadid outfit, that cost many hundreds of do-rs, a gorgeous tent, and such elaborate fishg apparatus; such guns of all styles of iquisite make, and reels, and pouches, anbait, and torches, and lunch baskets, anmany more things that I could not eve guess the use of. And my friend of theig soul had even written on and en-gagd men who should accompany me into thforest and carry home the deer and the tro. If the mountains could have seen andunderstood it at the time, there would hav been panic among the antlers, and the finthrough all the "John-Brown's Tract."

W I am no hunter, and not a roe-buck, or ame fish did I injure. But there were hu-rs there that season who had nothing but plain gun, and a rug to sleep on, and n of fishing line, and a box of ammuni-tionand bait, who came in ever and anon witas many of the captives of forest and stren as they and two or three attendants cou carry. Now, I fear that many Chris-ian workers who have most elaborate edu-catinal, and theological, and professional equipment, and most wonderful weaponry, auffent, you would think, to capture a whe community, or a whole nation for Godwill in the Last Day, have but little ex-eptheir fine tackling to show; while some whohad no advantages except that which neyot in prayer and consecration, will by he uls they have brought to the shore of tenl safety, prove that they have been glorusly successful as fishers of men, and a ing many who, like the hart, were anig after the water-brooks. What tacthe Amalekites run before Gideon's arm Each one of the army knew how toc racket the breaking of one pitcher ou make. So three hundred men that igh took three hundred pitchers, and a laminside the pitcher, and at a given sig-al e lamps were lifted, and the pitchers erviolently dashed down. The flash of te ht and the racket of the three hun-edemolished pitchers sent the enemy in-wi flight. Not much of a weapon, you ou say, is a broken pitcher, but the Lord ad that awful crash of crockery the sea of triumph for his people. And there y to be a battle with the pitchers. The igh of the world's dissipation may get arl and darker, but after awhile, in what at of the night I know not, all the ale tchers, and the wine pitchers, and the gin itchers, and the whiskey pitchers of te rth will be hurled into demolition by mi ted inebriates and Christian reform-s, nd at that awful crash of infernal ou ry the Amalekitish host of pauper-m, nd loaferdom, and domestic quarrel, ad uelty, and assassination will fly the ut Take the first weapon you can lay ouhands on. Why did David choose e ing when he went at Goliath, and oli h went at him. Brought up in the un y, like every other boy he knew how m age a sling. Saul's armor was first it him, but the giant's armor was too sm. The helmet was clapped on him a extinguisher, and David said, "I can-ot with these, for I have not proved em." And the first wise thing David did te putting on Saul's armor was to put it T. hen the brook Elah, the bed of which as y when I saw it, and one vast reach p bles, furnished the five smooth stones th brook with which Goliath was pros-at Whether it be a boy's sling, or a ro-h pitcher, or an ox-goad, take that hi you can manage, and ask God for help, and no power on earth or in hell can stand before you.

Go out, then, I charge you, against the Philistines. We must admit the odds are against us—six hundred to one. In the matter of dollars, those devoted to worldliness, and sin, and dissipation, when compared with the dollars devoted to holiness and virtue — six hundred to one. The houses set apart for vice, and despoliation, and ruin, as compared with those dedicated to good, six hundred to one. Of printed newspaper sheets scattered abroad from day to day, those depraving as compared with those elevating, are six hundred to one. The agencies for making the world worse compared with the agencies for making the world better, six hundred to one. But Moses in his song, chants "How should one chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight?" and in my text one ox-goad conquers six hundred uplifted battle-axes; and the day of universal victory is coming, unless the Bible be a fabrication, and eternity a myth, and the chariots of God are unwheeled on the golden streets, and the last regiment of the celestial hosts lies dead on the plains of heaven. With us, or without us, the work will be done. Oh, get into the ranks somewhere, armed somehow; you with a needle; you with a pen, you with a good book; you with a loaf of bread for the hungry; you with a vial of medicine for the sick; you with a pair of shoes for the bare-footed; you with word of encouragement for the young man trying to get back from evil ways; you with some story of the Christ who came to heal the worst wounds and pardon the blackest guilt, and call the farthest wanderer home. I say to you as the watchman of London used to say at night to the house-holders, before the time of street lamps came: "Hang out your light!" "Hang out your light!" "Hang out your light!"

THE FAITH OF A CHILD.

"Except ye be as a little child," said the Saviour. This was beautifully illustrated in an anecdote recently related by Mr. Moody, the evangelist. A man enlisted in the Civil War, and left a wife and two children, the wife not in good health. One cold day in November, in the first year of the war, the news came that he was killed in battle. Soon after, the landlord came round for his rent, and she told him her trouble, and said she would not be able to pay the rent, as she had only her needle by which she could obtain a livelihood. The man was heartless, and said that if she did not pay the rent regularly, he would turn her out. After he went away, the mother began to weep. Her little girl, not quite five, came up to her and said, "Mamma, is not God very rich?"—"Yes, my child."—"Can't God take care of us?"—"Yes."—"Then what makes you cry? Mayn't I go and ask him?" The mother said she might if she liked. The little child knelt at her cradle, and she had never look so sweet. "Oh Lord," she lisped, "You have taken away my dear father, and the landlord says he will turn us out of doors, and my mamma has no money; won't you please lend us a little house to live in?" And then she came out to her mother, and said, "Mamma, don't weep. Jesus will take care of us. I know he will, for I have asked him." That mother has never paid any rent from that day to this. A cottage was provided for her and her two children and she has lived there ever since—a lasting testimony to the triumphant faith of a child.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

Mrs. J. S. Hendrickson, Pa.
L. C. Nobles, Port Lavaca.
E. M., Ashland, Ill.
Chas. Kenney.
O. L. Reynolds, Tobax.
O. S. Morton, Va.
Miss Clara A. Johnson, Ia.
Mrs. E. A. Fisher, Nina.
Mrs. G. F. Westmoreland, Ga.
Mary A. Spalding, Augusta.
In His Name, Minneapolis, Minn.
C. B. Sheard, R. I.
Bucknam, F. C., Me.

All desiring to be enrolled on the list of patrons, should send their names and addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE MARRIAGE OF TWO SEAS.

(Continued from first page.)

great results in very largely increased commercial advantages. In order to commence this work it was necessary to remove 69,000,000 cubic yards of soil. At times as many as 7,000 laborers were employed, all of whom had to be paid, fed, and lodged at the expense of the Canal Fund. The whole work is splendidly and substantially performed. At Holtenau, where the canal begins, a dam, which is almost a fac-simile of another one at Brunsbuettel, was constructed for the purpose of preserving the country against inundation at high tides; there being an annual flood each spring, lasting about thirty-one days. One can imagine how strong a dam must be, to resist the force of such a flood; yet the sides of the dams stand firm as rocks. Holtenau was formerly an insignificant place; but since the building of the Canal it has grown quite important, and many new buildings have been erected

The North Sea Canal, in order to allow for the large war-ships and other vessels of magnitude that will pass to and fro, has an average width of 239 feet. At various places where there are marshes or small lakes it is considerably wider. These lakelets are a very pleasing sight to a passenger on the deck of a steamer, as sometimes they give the only variety to the scenery for miles. At other points where the canal cuts through natural inland waters, the effect is very picturesque indeed. Otherwise, the scenery consists principally of sand hills with here and there some patches of grass, and is exceedingly monotonous.

Probably the greatest wonder of this great work is to be found in the ingenious mechanism employed in the construction of the draws or locks and the various bridges that span the canal. Traffic from shore to shore is facilitated by eighteen ferries, two span bridges and five draw-bridges. Of the two bridges, one crosses the Canal at Grunenthal, and the other at Levensau, and each rises clear of the Canal and its shipping with one majestic curve, so high that the highest masts can pass unharmed beneath. Levensau bridge is designed for the traffic of the Kiel-Flensburger railway and it has been open since November last. These two magnificent bridges were constructed largely owing to the influence of Emperor William, who believed that draw-bridges at these points would not be satisfactory. But the draw-bridges are even more of a wonder to the population than the other bridges. At Rendsburg there are three, all operated with one engine, and opened or closed by the combined power of steam and the water of the Canal. It is claimed in Germany that these draw-bridges are the most perfect structures of the kind in Europe.

Great expectations are indulged in connection with the North Sea Canal's financial future, and the general impression seems to be that it will be a pronounced success and that the labor and outlay of many years will be amply repaid. As in the case of the Berlin Railway, the construction of the Canal is due in great measure to the dominant influence of the military spirit in Germany, as well as to the desire for commercial progress. It is now possible, by utilizing the Canal, to send a German fleet from the North Sea to the Baltic in thirteen hours. But while the Canal may be thus an advantage in war, it will be a still greater and far more welcome benefit in time of peace. The constant sacrifice of human lives and noble vessels amid the dangers of the Skager-Rack and Kattegat will now be averted, as ships of every tonnage can pass in safety through the Canal, thus saving time and avoiding peril. To those countries trading between the North Sea and the Baltic, the shortening of the usual sea route to Hamburg by 425 miles is a matter of the highest importance. Passenger traffic from Western Europe to the Baltic will be greatly augmented, and trade everywhere will be stimulated. Thus a multitude of interests will be served and nations that have heretofore cherished antagonisms, may even be brought by this means to an attitude of friendly intercourse if not of complete conciliation. In the coming years, it may be demonstrated that, in the wisdom of Divine Providence, this great work — whose strength and value were seemingly destined to be reserved for warlike uses—was really created for the most beneficent ends and that many nations might share equally in its blessings.

OUR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

I.—ELVIRA B. SWIFT.

SEVERAL weeks ago THE CHRISTIAN HERALD invited its readers to send photographs and sketches of Christian workers who were quietly doing good work in Christ's cause without fee or reward. Many responses came to the invitation and the first of these we now publish.

Mrs. Elvira B. Swift is identified with the mission established on South Clark Street,

MRS. ELVIRA B. SWIFT.

Chicago, by the Central Baptist Church. The district is a notorious one and it has a record of a most unenviable character. The mission is surrounded by evil in a variety of shapes and it stands there like a light-house and life-saving station on a rocky coast to rescue the castaways. Every noon and night the Gospel is preached in its rooms and on Sundays there are several services. Beside this, there are meetings for special classes, for young girls, for mothers, for young men, etc. Mrs. Swift's particular department is the Wednesday afternoon meeting for women. There she has a field in which she has achieved great success. During the week Mrs. Swift is busy in the homes and haunts of the great parish, which is estimated to contain a hundred thousand souls. Wherever she can find an opportunity of directing a lost soul to the Saviour, whether on the street, in the waiting-room of a railroad station, or in some miserable lodging, there she preaches Christ to the sinner. It is a strange assemblage that meets her on the Wednesday afternoon at No. 324 South Clark Street. The people whose acquaintance she has made in her walks, and who have listened to the talks, come there to pray and sing and hear more of the Gospel from her lips. All are welcome, the drunkard, the vicious woman, the criminal, may all come. Mrs. Swift believes in Jesus as the Saviour of sinners, and knows that it was the lost that he came to save. No one can tell how many of her fallen sisters, how many ruined lives, how many hopeless cases, she has been the means of rescuing and guiding on the way back to honesty and purity. Nor does she limit her efforts to this one field. In the inquiry room after the regular meetings, her womanly tact, her motherly kindness, and her strong faith often touch hearts that have not been reached by the most eloquent speakers.

Mrs. Swift was converted in her youth. Her father, the Rev. P. P. Brown, was a famous Baptist minister in a small town of New York. Her husband, too, was a minister, so that she has always been in touch with Christian work. For some years she was Secretary of the Woman's Baptist Home Missionary Society, whose headquarters are in Chicago, and it was mainly through her efforts that the training School of the Society was organized. She has also been an active worker in the famous Pacific Garden Mission, conducted by Mrs. Clarke. There her large Bible Class for men grew to a congregation, and many were rescued and helped. Mrs. Swift is one of the best known workers in the district where she has labored many years, and her testimony is: "They are the happiest years of my life."

PETER AND THE RISEN LORD.

S. S. Lesson for June 16. John 21: 4-17. Golden Text John 21: 17. By Mrs. Baxter.

THE cross of Christ was already doing its work: disciples who, even at the last supper, had been striving with each other as to who should be the greatest, were now "together" at the sea of Tiberias in Galilee. Our flesh divides and separates, the flesh of Christ abolishes enmity and his cross reconciles what the flesh divides, and slays the enmity (Eph. 2: 15, 16). Whatever may have been their differences before, there had been so much of failure when they all forsook their Lord and fled, and so much of shame before the world, that they were classed with an executed criminal, that there was no room left for invidious comparisons. All of them had alike been unbelieving about his resurrection; not one had stood true to him out of all his chosen twelve. He had been left alone to be condemned and to suffer death. The cross is a low place, and the disciples were lower down in their own eyes and in the eyes of men around them than ever before; therefore contention among them ceased.

"I go a-fishing," said the restless, energetic Peter: and those who might have found fault with him once, and have reminded him how he had left his old vocation to follow him who most assuredly was risen again, now yield to him and say: "We also go with thee." But it was useless fishing. The Lord would not let an experiment succeed in the lives of those whose vocation was to wait for and obey his call. "That night they took nothing." When we are not sure of our way we do not take anything; we need to run, with patience enough to make sure of our steps "the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus" (Heb. 12: 2).

But the day broke, and with it Jesus stood, although unknown to them, upon the beach. There are

Transition Times

in our spiritual experience, when, weaned from former experiences, we are not accustomed to new ones, and all looks dark. There is no conscious sin, but an intense shame for past sins and shortcomings, and the future is veiled. What is needed? Just what the disciples needed at the time, the power of the Holy Ghost as indwelling God. They had become so used to the voice, the form, the seen and felt presence of Jesus, that an unspeakable void was in their life. They had not yet learned to walk by faith, nor could they fully, until the Holy Ghost should come and take possession of them. "Children," said their unknown Lord, "have ye aught to eat?" "No," was the instant answer. "Cast the net on the right side of the ship and ye shall find." And they obeyed, and were unable now to ship the haul of fish which their nets contained. One among them understood. John, the beloved, said:

"It is the Lord."

Yes, day had broken, their work was no longer useless, all was changed; and their Lord was with them. And not only so, but he had made for them a tender and unexpected provision. From their useless heartless toil on the lake they come to find a fire of coals with meat and bread awaiting them on the shore. They were wont to serve Jesus, but this was a moment in which [illegible] was serving them as the real servant. [illegible] took to bring of the fish which they had just taken, he called them to come and eat. And yet they felt a [illegible] freedom with him. None of them durst ask him: "Who art thou?" They [illegible] at the presence of him who had passed through death. It was the Lord, and yet so different to the days of his flesh: and a solemn reserve possessed them. They had seen him before on the evening of the resurrection day, they had seen his hands and side, they were no more troubled and fears were not now arising in their hearts, and yet they were not entirely at their ease.

Something had yet to be brought to light and dealt with. But the Lord in his Shepherd love first strengthened his followers by this provision in the time of their listlessness. After they had eaten, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" Oh, how the memory of Peter must have carried him back to that moment when his haunting fleshly heart had spoken out the vain boast: "Although all shall be offended, yet will not I." (Mark 14: 29). He could then compare himself with fellow disciples to his own advantage. But now?—"Lovest thou me more than these?" No reproach, no condemnation, but a question which searched him to the very foundation depths of his being. Before Peter could be the instrument used by the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, he must be brought face to face with realities about himself; he must know what was in his heart (Deut. 8: 2), that he might learn to lose all dependence upon himself, and lean only upon his God.

"Yea, Lord;" is his answer: "Thou knowest that I love thee." Hitherto Peter had been constituted a fisher of men (Matt. 4: 19): anyone who follows Jesus may be that, even from the moment of his conversion. But now, Peter was to be also

A Shepherd:

"Feed my lambs." No food for the lambs can come forth from a self-inflated heart: only one empty of self and filled with Christ, can feed the flock of God. "He saith unto him a second time: Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him: "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." He saith unto him: Tend my sheep, not the young ones only, but the grown ones also. "He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Three times had Peter, the boasting Peter, denied his Lord, and before that, in his heart, which made such denial possible could be dealt with, the wound must be probed three times. But he was wounded to the quick, and answered, "Lord, thou knowest all things — Thou knewest the heart which could deny thee, thou knowest that heart now, thou art witness, Thou knowest that I love thee." It was no longer the boast of self-assurance, but an honest call to the closest inspection of the all-seeing eye of him who had prophesied his fall.

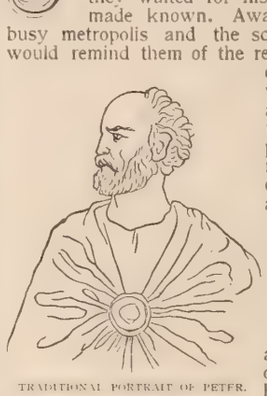
Having thus dealt with him, Jesus went on to explain the principles which should actuate him as a disciple of the Son of man: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest." This led to thy fall; thy strength was from self-girding. Peter must learn this lesson, and his impulsive energy must sink into the second place, and make way for the Holy Ghost, who should come and dwell in him. He must walk not whither he would, but learn to be led by the Spirit of God, that he might be one of the true sons of God. (Rom. 8: 12, R. V.) "When thou wast young thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old thou shalt stretch forth thy hands and another shall gird thee and carry thee whither thou wouldest not." Peter had professed to be ready for martyrdom, but his own girding did not suffice. Yet the offering of himself in sacrifice was not rejected, he should die a martyr death, but girded for his martyrdom by Another. "Now this he spake, signifying by what manner of death he should glorify God." Let us not lightly make an offering of ourselves to suffer for the Lord: He takes us at our word; but, may be, the kind of suffering, the martyrdom he chooses, may be anything but that which our valuation of ourselves would picture. It may be the martyrdom of a drunkard's wife, the breaking heart of a prodigal's mother, the constant wear of an unspiritual fellow-worker. The martyrdom for which God girds us is, as long as we have any will, just that which we would not.

John was following without being bidden, and Peter said: "Lord, what shall this man do?" "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee; follow thou me." How many there are who are hindered from following the Lord themselves by their inquisitiveness about others! The Lord has an individual leading for each one of his true disciples; we have enough to do to learn his will for ourselves, we may well leave others with him.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

BACK again among the familiar scenes of Galilee, the disciples awaited developments. They were there by Christ's command, and they waited for his will to be made known. Away from the busy metropolis and the scenes which would remind them of the recent painful events, they would be able to meditate on the past, in a region where every hill and valley, and the shores of the sea, would recall to their minds the teachings and miracles of their Lord. How often Jesus met them there and talked with them, we do not know, but the appearance described in the lesson was probably the first in Galilee. John speaks of it as the third time he showed himself, but he had already recorded three appearances, and must have meant that it was the third time he appeared to the whole band of disciples. Doubtless at this time they had no idea what their future was to be. Their hopes of a temporal kingdom had collapsed. Cleopas probably voiced the general opinion when he said in accents of disappointment, "We trusted that it had been he who should have redeemed Israel." Were they to consider this chapter of their lives closed? Must they go back to their old occupations, cowed and humiliated by the failure of their hopes? Or was it possible, as they asked Jesus later, that with this new, strange life in him, and with the power that such a miracle would give, he would now go on to establish the Kingdom? The fishing expedition described in the lesson may be an indication of their despair. Or, Peter may have suggested it merely as a diversion from a life of inactivity, which would be irksome to a man of his restless temperament. However it may be, they went. The night of fruitless toil, and the direction of Jesus from the shore as to the casting of the net, would remind them of that other time, when a similar incident occurred. The provision for a meal thus furnished, would also convince them that Jesus retained the power to maintain them, if they gave themselves to his service. The talk with Peter that followed the meal was a distinct call to labor. Three times he was asked in the presence of the others if he loved his Lord. There were no reproaches, but they all knew that he had thrice denied his Master, and he and they would understand the significance of the three questions. It was reproof administered with the utmost delicacy, but Peter was grieved. He appealed to Christ's knowledge, but that was not enough; he must make his public avowal. So it is still; the follower of Christ must confess him before men. So much is due to Christ, and he expects it. Each avowal was followed by the imposition of a duty. If Peter loved him, as he said, a way was pointed out to him in which he could prove his love. That is Christ's way. They who profess to love him must show that they do so by caring for others. His lambs, his sheep need care, need shepherding, need to be nourished. Those who love him l[illegible] this duty as a sacred trust. Thus gen[illegible] and tenderly, Peter was restored to [illegible] Apostleship.



TRADITIONAL PORTRAIT OF PETER. *From a Plate in the Catacombs.*

Lovest thou me? Love to Jesus is [illegible] real basis of all genuine work for [illegible]. With that love in the heart no task [illegible] for him seems too menial or too hard. [illegible] true lover of him does not think of his [illegible] or his reputation. At a grand organ recital in a provincial church, a celebrated [illegible]poser was present in the organ loft. [illegible]ring the performance the organ-blower [illegible]as taken ill, and immediately the com[illegible]ser stepped forward, and took his place a[illegible] bellows, so that there was no break in [illegible] music. At the close of the perform[illegible]ce, some, who found out what had occ[illegible]ed, remonstrated with the composer for [illegible]ng such menial work. "Menial work," [illegible]ied he, "I love music so much that noth[illegible] I can do for it seems too menial."

More than these. Peter had said: "Th[illegible]gh all men should be offended because of [illegible]ee, yet will I never be offended." Christ s[illegible]ak-ing to him after his fall, delicately re[illegible]nds him of this boast, by asking him if he [illegible]ed him more than the other disciples did. "I remember," says a magazine writer, 'ad-ding in my boyhood a story that impr[illegible]sed me very much. I have forgotten all t[illegible] details, but its point was something like this: A boy was spending his vacation from school at his country home. His sis[illegible], a girl of twelve or thirteen, a year or two younger than himself, was jealous [illegible] his giving so much of his time to some b[illegible]s of the village much lower than himself [illegible] the social scale. 'You should be more with me,' she used to say to him. 'I am or ought to be more to you than those common ones.' At the end of the vacation, the boy was confronted with a problem. He had become rabbits that he was very proud of. He could not take them back to school with him, and he was troubled as to what he should do with them. His sister asked him what he had decided. He told her he was going to leave them in the charge of [illegible] village friends. Against this she protested [illegible] she would take care of them. The boy was reluctant to trust them to the care of girls, but finally, seeing that her feelings would be hurt by refusal, he yielded. Before the next vacation came around, all the rabbits had starved to death, forgotten by the girls who had contended for the charge of them. 'You boasted,' said her brother, 'how much more you were to me than those boys were, but they would not have let my rabbits starve to death.'"

Feed my sheep. Christ's sheep [illegible] found everywhere. He laid down [illegible] life for them, as he said. That fact makes every human being more precious. None ought to be despised. If the worst and poorest came to him, they might become his sheep and have his salvation. Dr. [illegible] was once about to conduct worship [illegible] the house of a Boer in Africa. The farmer's wife and six stalwart sons were seated round about, but the missionary [illegible] "Where are the servants?" "Oh, the Kaffirs! why, they're only dogs," was the reply. "But the dogs eat the crumbs that fall from the master's table," said the good man. A second and a third time he repeated this, and the master then said, "Bring the Kaffirs." Ten years afterwards [illegible] these Kaffirs saw Moffat, and running to him, told how that evening sermon had changed the lives of him and his friends.

Feed my lambs. The care of a child is [illegible] of the most sacred trusts that can be confided to anyone as parent or teacher. Christ loved children, and he speaks of them as his lambs. Peter was to show his love for his Master by feeding the lambs. Dr. Potter tells the story of a young man who stood at the bar of a court of justice to be sentenced for forgery. The judge had known him from a child, for his father had been a famous legal light whose works on legal topics were standards, and his most [illegible] work on "The Law of Trusts" was the most exhaustive work on the subject in existence. "Do you remember your father," asked the judge, sternly; "that father whom you have disgraced?" The prisoner expected this reproach from his father's old friend and his answer was read. "I remember him perfectly," he said. "When I went to him for advice, or to ask him any question, he would look from his book on 'The Law of Trusts,' and say, 'Run away, boy, I am busy; don't bother me.' My father finished his book and he [illegible] I am." The great lawyer had neglected his own trust with awful results.

ONE TOO VILE FOR SAVING.

e Work of the "Whosoever Gospel Mission," at Germantown—Hands ever Ready to Lift Up the Fallen.

IN THE BROOM-SHOP OF THE "WHOSOEVER MISSION."

HRISTIAN work in the United States within a decade has greatly broadened and intensified. Not that Christianity itself has been widened, but our apprehension of it, as well as our comprehension . have been enlarged. As our concep- of the Fatherhood of God has grown

WILLIAM RAWS.

From a photograph by The Mission.

ore adequate, the idea of the brotherhood man has been liberalized and ennobled, til "our brother" has come to mean the mp, the criminal, the drunkard, the dis- lute, the shiftless, the incompetent, and our sponsibility, has come to be recognized as ving a deeper and more practical meaning. Within the church, one of the signs of is change is the visible, growing tendency assert that religion is concerned with an's actual state in this world as well as th his possible state in the next. But is more sweeping horizon has not stopped th an acknowledgment or an assertion of is truth, but has resulted in practical, fruit- l effort, and the application of new meth- s, agencies and plans. One of the most icient of these "new departures," in hristian work, is the Whosoever Gospel ission and Rescue Home in Germantown, e beautiful and historic suburb of Phila- lphia. Starting with a clear, definite idea the work to be done, profound faith in d, and earnest prayer, as its only capital, is mission has accomplished wonderful sults. It is unique, in that it has been nducted by faith—nothing has been done cept as it seemed by Divine sanction and rection, and everything that has come to e mission,—whether in the way of help as results,—can generally be seen to have en an answer to prayer.

When the work was first started three ars ago, in what had been a saloon, it as confined to Gospel meetings with good usic, thrilling testimonies and pointed, rnest prayers. Many a poor fellow there und peace in believing. But it was soon und that creature comforts were as essen- l as Gospel hymns, and the Rescue ome, cheap meals, lodging-house, wood- rd and various industries came by a very atural evolution.

As opportunities and needs increased, the anagers and workers laid them before od in prayer, and thus friends and means ultiplied. And, all the while, the hearts those interested in the enterprise were eered by the most gratifying results—re- lts clear beyond the power of any human ead or hand. At length the quarters in e row on Germantown Road, were out- own, though several rooms had been add- , one after another. Then there came a iance to buy a large textile mill, and this is been turned into one of the most com- te Rescue Missions in the United States. In the basement floor is the "Shelter oom," where any poor tramp is received. hen there are the engine and boiler room nd the machinery for splitting and sawing e kindling wood, in which the mission es quite a thriving trade. Quarters for e horses and wagons, owned and con- stantly used by the mission, are also found on this floor. On the next floor are the office, meeting-room, dining-room and kitchen. Ascending another flight of steps brings one to the dormitory and bath-rooms, and above that is the work-room, where brooms and carpets are made, and shoes, stoves and chairs, etc., are repaired. There is also a disinfecting room connected with the Mission.

Now, take your stand at the door of the home, on Bowman street. Here comes a miserable tramp, destitute of everything, even a character. What can be done for him? The mission takes this outcast and says to him: "Here is a home; here is food: but you must work for it. This is not charity; it is help for the helpless who cannot help themselves. There is the labor shop; go and work and then come and get a meal and lodgings. There is the bath-room; go and have a good wash. Here is the meeting; go in and enjoy the service. The singing is inspiriting, the testimonies are helpful and there are those who will pray for you, and make you comfortable, and give you a word of counsel. Stay here and prove you are in earnest, and we'll help you to a permanent situation. We have given this chance to scores as low down as you are, and they became men again. Remember, we don't offer you charity; we want to give you a chance."

The Mission aims to go farther and give "out-door relief"—that is, to reach and help the tramp who doesn't come to the mission, but goes begging from door to door. Tickets are distributed, and when a beggar comes, he is given one and sent to the Mission and made to earn a breakfast, and, thus happily, is brought under influences that may work a reform.

Of the good that has been accomplished in this Mission, it is impossible to speak adequately. It has lifted up and restored to manhood scores of those who were burdens on society, and some are now not only supporting themselves, but their wives and families. Some who were separated from their families and friends through sin, have been happily re-united to them, and are now living sober and reputable lives in the fear of the Lord. Not a few successful Christian business men date the beginning of their better career to the time when they were aided by the "Whosoever Mission." One who was redeemed is now holding a responsible position in a city institution; another is in a wholesale grocery house; a third is a successful clothing merchant; still another is a salesman in a large house in New York, while others are engaged in various lines of business. One who had been in the House of Correction twice, is now filling a respectable situation very creditably. The Assistant Superintendent of the Home, who was separated from his family for seven years, is now living with them happily in a well-furnished house. These are only a few out of many instances that might be named, if space permitted.

Since the "Whosoever Home" was started on January 18, 1893, 92,000 meals have been furnished; 1174 persons have been permanently lodged, and places have been found for 306. There have been numerous conversions. The Home is incorporated, and is managed by a Board of Directors, made up of gentlemen from the different churches, and they have the efficient co-operation of a Ladies' Auxiliary. The executive officers are a Superintendent and Assistant Superintendent. Mr. Wm. Raws, the Superintendent, is a reformed man. He was converted at the Mills' revival meetings in Germantown, a few years ago. Filled with the idea of saving others, he established and has been able to develop this mission work. He is intensely in earnest, and has the faculty of reaching and holding fallen men in an unusual degree. He has been markedly successful in enlisting others in the work. More than all, he has a simple, child-like faith in God, that never doubts, but waits and works. His assistant, John R. McIntire, is a product of the Home and a very important factor in the work. Both the Superintendent and the Assistant are always busy, and often the day does not seem long enough for their tasks. Many workers come from other missions to inspect the Home, and the general verdict is that it is a most unique and wonderful establishment. It has the full endorsement of the local ministers and workers in the churches, and the interest never flags. Its efforts have been already blessed in restoring many shattered lives and guiding a large number of wandering souls into the kingdom.

IN THE KINDLING-WOOD FACTORY

RESTING IN THE "SHELTER."

HOW A HERO DIED.

From one of the battle-fields of China and Japan comes a touching story of the heroism of a little Japanese drummer boy. A Japanese force had become panic-stricken and were retreating before the Chinese when the little bugler fell mortally wounded. Stricken and dying as he was, the brave lad did not forget his duty. He saw their troops flying and quickly discerned that their terror and panic were really groundless. With splendid courage he raised himself, and grasping his bugle, sounded a loud and stirring "charge;" the troops heard it and rallied under its message, charged valiantly, and the day was theirs. But the little bugler had died as they fought, and did not even know that his effort had been successful. His comrades knew, however, what he had done, and they bore him from the field in triumph; and already the "uta," a poem of honor, has been written in his memory, while his mother has arrayed herself in robes of state and honor, and wound her hair with flowers, the proudest woman in the empire, that her only son should have thus distinguished himself. Such splendid courage recalls the experiences of those grand Christian martyrs who, even while their lives were ebbing away, bravely sounded the tocsin of spiritual triumph, and with their last breath urged on the soldiers of the Cross in their great battle against sin.

THE GOSPEL IN ASIA MINOR.

"In Asia Minor," writes a missionary of wide experience, "the Mohammedans are seeking the Word of God, but hiding it for fear of persecution. One man bought the Scriptures in Spanish, and took the trouble to learn that language in order that he might read the precious book understandingly. Another walked a hundred miles, and paid $1.50 for a copy, all he could spare from a year's work. The Syro-Phœnician woman in our Lord's time was a monument of faith. But another of her nationality reappeared in the land of the Canaanites. She walked all the way from this Canaanitish land to Latakia and asked Dr. Metheny to remove a tumor. He told her that she would probably die, and that her people would blame him. She said: 'No, I am a Christian, and many believe as I do. A pupil from your school went home and took a company of women into the woods and told them that there was a salvation for women, and that Jesus Christ died for them, and many believed. Take it away, doctor, I am not afraid to die.' After the operation she did die, passing away with rejoicings on her lips."

A UNBELIEVER ABASHED.

On one occasion, while Sir Isaac Newton, was examining a new and particularly fine globe, a visitor entered his study. This caller, as Sir Isaac knew, had often expressed his disbelief in the existence of a God and his conviction that the world and its surroundings were the result of evolution or chance. He was greatly pleased with the handsome globe, and asked: "Who made it?" "Nobody," answered Sir Isaac; "it just happened here." The man looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant. Who can say that this beautiful and wonderful world came by chance, when he knows that there is not a house, or ship, or picture, or anything in it but has had a maker. The logic of the great philosopher was conclusive, and the infidel was completely silenced.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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NATURAL RELIGION.

THE recent disasters on both sides the sea show that the elements of nature are merciless. Men in our times say nature is enough. The sunshine and the refreshing flower and the beautiful flora of garden and field are all they want for a religion. They learn from the natural world God is love. The volume of nature is all they need for divine revelation. But what of the recent floods? How can the naturalist find any mercy in them? They whelm a human life with no more commiseration than they feel when they float the log of a sawmill. They have no more pity for a drowned man or woman or child than for a muskrat. They look at the bereavement of a household with no more emotion than they would at seeing two planks parted. The floods have voices, but not one of the drops of the overflowing torrents has a tear in it save the tear of human anguish. Poetically we speak of the rain as the weeping of the clouds, and the wind among the tree-branches as a sigh of sympathy, and the heavens as veiled in mourning at some great disaster, but it is only a poetical figure. The clouds thunder and strike, but they never weep. The winds howl, but they never give sympathetic sigh. The sun will shine as brightly on the wrecked homesteads and the graves of these terrible casualties as though there had been no dirge and no heartbreak along all the swollen waters. Nature can smite as with lightning, can rend apart as by earthquake, can eat up as by locusts, can prostrate as by malarial sickness, can blind the eye as by explosion, can cripple the limb as by falling rock, can dethrone the reason as by a blow on the brain, but it cannot pity. It can blast, it can cut, it can scorch, it can grind, it can lacerate, it can consume, it can drown, but it cannot pity. If all those sufferers from the freshets had knelt in the mud and slush, and prayed, saying, "Oh, ye clouds, stop raining! Oh, ye floods, hush your voice! Stand back from my homstead! Spare my hard-earned fortune! Save my drowning wife and child!" the only answer would have been continued plash of rain, continued gurgle of waters, continued crash of falling farmhouses, continued bleat and bellowing of perishing flocks and herds. Oh, the world wants more than a religion of flowers, a religion of sunshine, a religion of art, for such religions fail when the floods of disaster lift up their voices.

I have of only one religion that comes in and offers better riches than the floods can take, better life than that which expired under the roiled waters, and a future explanation, grand, glorious and satisfactory, of things we cannot understand now. This old religion, old but not superannuated. Old but not emeritus, it works to-day as well as it ever worked along the Jordan and the Euphrates. It is revealed religion that comes in to fill up the awful gap in natural religion. You can have your religion of sunshine, but give me the religion for all weathers. You can have your religion of daisies, buttercups and daffodils, and morning larks and robin-redbreasts, but give me a religion that, while fully appreciative of the brightness of this world, shows its mightiest power when the lights have gone out by submergence of gas-houses, and whole villages are unanchored, and that can plant its foot on an all-sweeping inundation, crying: "The Lord sitteth upon the flood, the Lord is mightier than many waters, an ever-present help, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake by the swelling thereof." I would not give a five-cent nickel for all the comfort of all the religions that were ever hatched out of the human skull or came up as malaria from the pit. I want a religion that cannot only sail a smooth river at noon, when all the paddle-wheels drop opals, and emeralds, and sapphires, and all the sails are white as wings of sea-gulls, but a religion that can calmly ride a midnight freshet. Paul's religion of the dungeon, John's religion of tempest-lashed Patmos, Daniel's religion of the lockjawed lion.

LOOK AT HOME.

THE Church saith in Canticles: "They have made me the keeper of vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept." So there are a great many Christians now who spend their chief time in looking after others, while their own vineyard goes to waste. They are raising very fine grapes on the other side of the fence, but the property does not belong to them, nor the grapes. We know Christians who are lean as skeletons in religious experience, who are running hither and thither, looking after Sunday Schools, calling conventions, attending meetings. They are in everlasting ferment about other people, but have no anxiety about themselves. They cut the wool off somebody else's sheep, and spin it on somebody else's wheel, and weave it on somebody else's loom, for somebody else's back. Meanwhile, their own souls are shivering to death

So there are women busy collecting money for benevolent institutions and managing public affairs, while their own children go with faces unwashed, and stockings undarned, and minds uneducated, and souls unsaved. Busy everywhere but in their own vineyard.

Now, the first thing for one to do is to take care of his or her own heart. How was it that the old saints, with less opportunity than we have, were better men? They had more time for contemplation. Christians now seldom sit down to think It is drive, and push, and pull. Their only quiet time is when they are on an express train going at forty miles an hour, watch in hand, wondering why they don't go sixty. Just before communion they feel called upon for special self-examination, and so take the ten minutes in which they are walking to church to think what miserable offenders they have been. Now, you have no right to give so much time to your neighbors' crops that you let your own suffer. Beside, if our own piety be thin, our work will be inefficient. If we have been much with Christ, and have deep personal experiences, we will do more good in one month than with a shallow experience we could do in ten years. One-half the Christian effort of to-dav is mere gab. The world sees straight through it. While some man who says but little, yet feels much, gets hold of the heart of an audience, and rouses, and melts, and subdues, and agonizes it at will. Rickety and unsafe machinery always makes a great racket. Christians seeking no advancement in personal piety are often very demonstrative, as steamboats at the wharf blowing off steam are so noisy you cannot hear yourself speak.

Friends! the Lord of the vineyard will after awhile appear at the gate. The day of vintage will come. When the grapes in olden times were gathered, there was sporting through all the land, and the sound of musical instruments. What kind of clusters shall we be able to show, at last, in our vineyard? Will they be stunted and sour, or ripe and large? If faithful in the planting, and the trimming, and the watching, the vintage will be glorious. Let the messengers of God put the full clusters into the wine-press, and then, with all the banqueters of heaven, the instruments chorded to the right pitch, we will drink new wine in our Father's kingdom. God forbid that ours should be the lamentation: "They made me the keeper of vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept."

OUR MAIL-BAG.

The management of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD contemplate the addition of a new and very interesting department, and as the low subscription price of the paper does not admit of permanent enlargement, it will be necessary, in order to make room for the new department, to temporarily drop some one of the present features of the paper. Will such of our readers as are interested kindly send us a postal card stating which department they consider would be least missed from the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD? The selection of the department to be dropped should be made from the following list:

Sermon, Sunday School Lesson, Silhouettes from Life, Editorial, MAIL-BAG, Bible and Newspaper, Family and Home Circle, Music, Young People's Societies, Prophecy, and Serial Story.

Subscriber, Cooperstown, N. Y. What were considered the "Seven Wonders of the world?"

They were: the Pyramids, the Rhodian Colossus, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Statue of Jupiter Olympius, the Mausoleum of Artemisia, and the Pharos of Alexandria.

B. H. E., White Plains, N. Y. In what constellation is the star Alcyone, and why do some think Heaven is situated there? How is Alcyone pronounced?

Alcyone (pronounced "Al-ke-o-ne,") is in the starry cluster of the Pleiades, and is the brightest in the group. Alcyone is declared by some astronomers to be the central star of a great system and this statement has probably given rise to the suggestion that it may be the abode reserved for the redeemed human race.

F. Please say in your paper the sum necessary to become a patron of the Bowery Mission.

It is left for the patrons themselves to decide the extent of the interest they wish to take in the work. It is the oldest Gospel Mission of the kind in the country and its work has been richly blessed in the past and is constantly and wonderfully growing. Give us your prayers at all times, and send your gift once a year, making it liberal in proportion as the work has been laid upon your heart.

L. L. G. Woodstock, Ont. 1. What becomes of idolaters who die without hearing the Gospel? 2. Do the souls of believers go directly to heaven at death? 3. Will Christ reign personally on earth during the Millennium?

1. We have nothing to do with the question. Their future is in the hands of God. Our plain duty is to preach the Gospel to them. If God has any way of saving such people after death, he has not revealed it to us. 2. There is no direct statement in the Bible on the subject. Some passages, however, imply that there is no interval. One of these, and probably the most pertinent, is Phil. 1: 23, where Paul expresses the desire to depart and to be with Christ. We cannot imagine a man so intensely earnest wishing for death, if he did not expect that at death he would go immediately into the presence of his Lord. There are other passages, too, from which the same inference may be drawn. Christ's promise to the thief on the cross that "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise" (Luke 23: 43), is one of these. 3. That appears to us to be the plain teaching of the Scriptures. (See Rev. 20: 4, and many other passages.)

Earnest Seeker, Canada. I have long had doubts of my acceptance with God. I made a profession of faith some years ago, but I make no progress, and have not that love for reading the Bible that I ought to have. Is it my duty to give up religion?

No, anything rather than that. You are probably, like many others, making the mistake of fixing your thoughts on yourself and your own condition rather than on God. There is no one more likely to become sick and nervous than he who counts the beats of his pulse and watches his condition for symptoms of disease. You should act reasonably in religion as in other matters. You are assured that if you believe on Christ and trust in him, he will save you. If you accept that offer, then you may be sure that God will fulfil his promise. Your next duty is to struggle to be quit of sin, and live as a man who is saved ought to live. If you are in earnest about this you will soon have enough to occupy your attention. You will be driven to your Bible and to prayer for help and will soon love and treasure them. You should also try to follow Christ's example in doing good. Get some drunkard to give up drink; teach some neglected child about Christ; go and visit some poverty-stricken man, and deny yourself some luxury that you may help him. You will be surprised to find how much good you may do. Do not worry about the evidences of your own salvation but try to benefit some one else.

Mrs. S. L. V. B., Newark, N. J. 1. How far was Padan-Aram from Beer-sheba? 2. How old was Rebekah when Eliezer met her? 3. Did he travel over the same route, and how long time probably take him to go afoot?

1. Beer-sheba was in Southern Palestine on the edge of the wilderness of Judea, while the City of Nahor" is believed by commentators to have been Haran, about fourteen miles east of Damascus. As the crow flies, the distance is about 200 miles, but the tortuous mountain and valley roads made it about 450 miles. 2. The age of Rebekah is not stated. 3. Jacob, all probability, followed the same route when he journeyed to Abraham's native country in later years.

C. S. Smith, Blocton, Ala. 1. Who was the [illegible] mentioned in various parts of the Gospels "not Iscariot"? 2. How many times was Christ tried?

1. He is called by Mark, Thaddeus, and by Matthew, Lebbeus. Luke (6: 16, and Acts 1: 13) includes him in his list of apostles but the name of Judas. It is disputed whether he was brother, half-brother, or cousin, of our Lord. There seems to be no doubt that he was closely related to him. He is doubtless the author of the Epistle of Jude in the New Testament. 2. There was only one actual trial, if it can be called a trial. The Sanhedrin, Caiaphas the High Priest, presiding, had him arraigned before it and decided the case. The hearing before Pilate was simply an application for his ratification of sentence. The Jews rested Pilate's going into the case at all. The arraigning before Annas was preliminary and informal.

"Undeceived," Chesapeake City, Md. 1. Is membership in a Christian Endeavor Society equivalent to Church membership as a confession of Christ? 2. Would it be right to unite with a church if one does not believe in every article of its creed?

1. It is to a certain extent a confession of Christ; but it is rather a supplement to and a substitute for, church-membership. The Society was not intended to take the place of the church, but to be a number of Christians united together for united Christian effort. It would be well to frankly state the fact in applying for admission, so that the connection may be mutually agreeable, if it is made and no objection is made by the church, and the difference is not radical, there is nothing wrong in uniting with a church whose creed you do not accept in its entirety. If, as you say, you do not know of any church with a creed in which you do believe, why not join the Congregational Church, in which the utmost liberty is allowed?

Fannie E Crewe, Mass. Is there any command given after the resurrection of Christ to keep Sunday or any day holy?

The New Testament does not mention any explicit command being given after the resurrection. From the early Christian writers we learn that the observance of the Lord's Day was universal in the Church. It was not observed, however, as the Jewish Sabbath with restrictions and penalties and with minute regulations as to what should, and should not be done on that day, but as a day on which Christians met together to praise and pray, to celebrate the Lord's Supper and enjoy communion with God, and with each other. Some Jewish converts wanted to compel the Gentiles to keep Saturday holy, according to the Jewish law, as some people are trying to do still; but the Apostle Paul wrote that they need give no heed to such teachers, and to let no man judge them as to the Sabbath. (Col. 2: 16. If a man's heart is right he will voluntarily keep the Lord's Day holy with more care than if it were under the most stringent law.

Forest Pine, Dover, N. J. We cannot tell at present what you suggest.—— Mrs. M. A. John, Cole Station, Mich. Children's Aid Society, New York City, will be sufficient address.—— Martha W. Woodward, Visalia, Cal. The magazine mention does not refer to this journal.——Subscriber, Calumet, Mich. Write to Editor, "The Evening World," New York City, for full information.—— B. A., Providence, R. I. Write to Rev. H. Lathe, Moody Institute, Northfield, Mass.—— Subscriber, Perth Amboy, N. J. It does not appear in any of the popular compilations.——Subscriber, Abilene, Tex. 1. Presbyterian. 2 and 3. No. to both questions. He brought four stones which were deposited in the wall of the Tabernacle that was destroyed by fire a year ago. None of the stones were from the Jordan.——O. W. T., Springfield, Mo. You have been grossly misinformed. Baldini has not disappeared from India. 2. He is not a Hebrew, but an authority on Oriental literature and folk-lore.——Inquirer. The hymn "Let me, like a soldier, fight for Thee," is by Fannie J. Crosby, music by W. H. Doane, and it appears in the compilation "Brightest and Best," published by the Bigbow & Main Co., New York.——G. I. Datson, Cedar Rapids, Ia. In all probability it will be published in book form.—— Harriet J. Morse, West Farms, N.Y. Address American S.S. Union, cor. 17th st. and 5th ave., New York.——W. P. Ross, Lowell, Mass. Write to Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York.——S.K. Foster, Springfield, Mass. 1. Yes, quite proper, if he be a Christian. 2. Yes, the usage is sanctioned by the most universal custom.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

FLORENCE SHAKEN.

BEAUTIFUL Florence, the famous Italian city on the Arno, the treasury of masterpieces of painting and sculpture, has found that nature pays no respect to it on account of its ancient prestige or its artistic renown. The earthquake vich, on May 18, shook it to its foundatis made the people think that their splenc city was about to be swallowed up. It vs late in the evening when the first trer was felt. It passed through the city, al its nature was instantly recognized. A rre severe shock followed almost instant- Houses swayed like ships in a gale at s and many roofs fell in. Terror-stricken, t people rushed into the streets and ran f the open country. The theatres were owded, and at the first ock, the people, after one k round, rose in consterrion and made a wild rh for the doors. No reect for women or for the ple and aged was shown. d with terror, men fought t r way out, only to find t streets thronged with seeking women and stiggling men. In the vd rush from the theatres ny were seriously injure and their friends were hriedly dragging them o of the lobbies, fearful k at any moment the bdings should fall upon tn. So violent had the sck been, that in one pe outside the city, a kled omnibus was overthed. After a brief inal the shocks were re- ed, but they were less sere and gradually ceasse But the people were too hined to return to their hes, and large numbers nained out of doors all ght. In the villages and the city the shocks e quite as violent. Four psons were killed in one pe; in another a mothend her babe were crushunder the walls of their ne. Over three thousd houses were badly naged, and even the at cathedral, the pride of rence, was injured. Not ce 1445, has so severe an earthquake n felt in the city. Even the famous thquake of 1730, which is memorable in rentine annals, was less violent. The lies among the Appenines in a wooded ley through which the river Arno flows. Extends on both sides the river, and has eral fine bridges, a picture of one of ich, with the quaint houses that flank its dway, appears on this page. The popution is about 125,000. The dispatches w that the panic and terror were gener- and this is the usual effect of an earthke wherever it occurs. There is no natl phenomenon that so completely unves men and makes them feel their helpsness. In the Bible descriptions of the ning of Christ in judgment there is no revivid delineation of the general consterion it will produce, than the prophecy: hen shall ye flee as ye flee from before the earthke. Zech 14: 5.

THE CITY OF FLORENCE, RECENTLY SHAKEN BY EARTHQUAKE.

ants a New Brain.

A man was arrested last week in New rk who has been causing a good deal of noyance. He has been addressing letters posing marriage to a number of respectle ladies, with whom he had not the ghtest acquaintance. The letters were oherent, and were evidently written by deranged man. The majority did not en give the address to which an answer ght be sent. They were piteous appeals the person addressed to marry the writer, d by so doing save his reason and his e. After considerable trouble, the police succeeded in finding the writer, who was living with his parents in Harlem. The parents said that he had been insane for two years, but they had not sent him to an asylum as he was harmless and they could control him. He was quite conscious of his aberration of mind, and of late has been imbued with the idea that he would get a new brain, or a share of one, if he married a sensible girl. He had, therefore, written a number of proposals of marriage, which they had been unable to intercept. The man was committed to Bellevue for treatment. If he is cured, he will realize, as sane people do, that a new brain cannot be obtained by marriage. But if, with recovered reason, he should happily be brought to realize his need of a new heart, he will find that the way to obtain it is by union with Christ of which marriage is a type.

A new heart will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you Ezek 36. 26.

Fraudulent Marking.

A sensation was produced in the Grand Jury room in New York on May 23 by an accusation of ten of the most prominent dry-goods houses in the city of selling goods that were not what they were represented as being. An information had been laid by an expert in silver, which the Assistant District Attorney presented to the Grand Jury. The expert had purchased from the firms in question, articles purporting to be genuine silver, bearing the stamp, "Sterling," or "Coin Silver." He had sent all the articles to the Assay Office of the United States Mint, and submitted the assayer's report on each. Of thirty-two articles sent in, only one proved to be of the standard justifying the stamp; only five approached it; the majority contained only a minute portion of silver; while several were nothing but brass. It appears that according to law, no article should bear a stamp representing it as silver, if it contains alloy to the extent of more than a thirteenth of its weight. So much alloy is allowed, to give the silver the hardness requisite for working, but if any more is mixed with the precious metal, it is there for the purpose of diminishing its value, and the article should no longer be called silver. The firms who sold the articles protest that, as they did not put the stamp on the articles, they were innocent, and were as much deceived as their customers were. It remains for the courts to decide whether they are culpable or not. The really guilty parties are evidently those who put the stamp on the articles. Although it appears to be right to stamp an article as silver that contains some portion of alloy, an article ought not to bear the stamp of silver if there is more alloy than silver in its composition. It is so with character. The cause of Christ in the world has suffered a great deal of reproach through persons posing as Christians, and bearing the certificate of church-membership, who have more worldliness than spirituality in their nature and lives.

If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his. (Rom. 8: 9.)

To Liberate a White Slave.

An expedition is being organized by James J. Coyle, a citizen of California for the rescue of Charles Neufeld, a relative, who has been a slave of the Mahdi, in the Soudan, for eight years. Neufeld was a German merchant who, in 1887, accompanied an expedition to the interior of Africa, with the hope of opening up a trade with the Arabs for ostrich feathers. The expedition was attacked at Selimeh by the Mahdi's troops, the majority of the men were killed, and the others, including Neufeld, were sent as prisoners to Dongola. The Mahdi believed him to be an English Pasha and ordered him to instant execution. Neufeld, however, had papers with him proving him to be a German subject, and the Mahdi, having no special grudge against Germans, spared his life. He was not allowed to depart, but was made a slave. A heavy iron ring was forged around his ankle to prevent his running away and as a badge of servitude. For a long time he was kept in a wretched prison at Omdurman, where he would have starved to death but for the kindness of some Europeans, who supplied him with food. About three years ago his lot improved. The Mahdi decided to manufacture his own gunpowder, and employed Neufeld to superintend the preparation of the saltpetre at Khartoum. His fetter, however, was not removed, and he was still subject to the brutal treatment of the overseers. The Europeans who have escaped have brought deplorable accounts of Neufeld's sufferings, and will be glad to aid in any attempt to rescue him. They do not, however, conceal the fact that the hazard of the undertaking will be extreme and may result in the enslavement or death of the rescuers. In spite of the warning, Mr. Coyle is determined to make the attempt, and is preparing to lead a party to the Soudan for the purpose. If his enslaved relative should hear of the expedition we can imagine how grateful he will be, and how anxious he will be that no harm shall happen to his rescuer, and what efforts he will make to facilitate the attempt. Yet when people hear from the pulpit how Christ came down to earth and laid down his life to deliver men from an infinitely worse bondage, too many listen unmoved, and do not avail themselves of the deliverance he achieved.

In whom we have redemption through his blood. Eph. 1: 7.

BRIEF NOTES.

An International Exchange of Pulpits is Arranged. Dr. Lorimer, of Boston, goes to London to preach in Dr. Pentecost's church at Marylebone, and Dr. Pentecost comes to New York to preach for Dr. John Hall.

An English Journal Publishes the Following statistics: There is one Christian minister for every 900 persons in Great Britain, one for every 114,000 in Japan, one for every 165,080 in India, one for every 222,000 in Africa, and one for every 437,000 in the great Chinese Empire.

A Band of Seventy Believers Has For Some years been praying for the overthrow of the Casino, the great European gambling house of Monte Carlo. For twenty-nine years it was only shut for one day—that on which the old prince died. It is to be closed for four months this summer on account of diminished profits.

The Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D., President of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association, has made public the official programme of services for the summer. The opening service will be held June 30, and the great Camp Meeting will begin Monday, August 19, and continne for ten days.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has been holding united services at Westfield, Mass. The interest aroused was so hopeful that the meetings were continued for three weeks; Rev. Ralph Gillam taking charge when Mr. Mills was called away. The churches of the town of all denominations have all received large accessions from the services.

A Bible Conference will be held at Old Point Comfort Va., June 11-18. There will be three sessions each day in the Hygeia Hotel. Among the speakers who will take part will be Revs. A. C. Dixon of Brooklyn; George C. Needham; R. G. Pearson; W. J. Erdman of Philadelphia; J. M. Stifler of Chester, Pa.; W. G. Moorehead of Xenia, O., and Dr. Seiss of Philadelphia. All information about board, etc., may be obtained from the Secretary, Y. M. C. A., Hampton, Va., or at the Hygeia Hotel.

A Press Dispatch from Murphysboro, Ill., states that two prisoners under sentence of death were baptized in the river there They were chained together and had fetters on their feet. Two Baptist evangelists who had labored with them in prison and had led them to make profession of faith, officiated at the ceremony. The sheriff, with an armed guard, was in attendance and a great crowd assembled to witness the novel spectacle.

The Statistics of the Last year of work by the American Bible Society show that the issues of Bibles, Testaments, and portions amounted to 1,581,128, of which 735,221 were circulated in foreign lands. The issues of the Society during the seventy-nine years of its existence amount to 59,955,558 copies.

It is Estimated that the Protestant Churches of America, Great Britain, and Europe are represented in their work for other lands by 9,000 missionaries and more than 50,000 native workers, and have expended during the past year about $12,500,000.

A Visitor to the State Insane Asylum at Warm Springs, Mont., writes that reading matter is very much needed by many of the inmates, and if Christians would send their religious papers and magazines, old or new, to the superintendent, they would be greatly appreciated.

The National Christian Citizenship League, whose offices are at 153 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., urgently begs ministers of all denominations to preach special sermons on the duties of citizenship, and the need to make Christian principles operative in public affairs, on Sunday, June 30. This day being the Sunday preceding the national anniversary, is particularly appropriate for such lessons.

The Evangelistic Meetings Conducted at Crawfordsville, Ind., by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and P. P. Bilhorn have been very successful. They were held in a large tents, and were largely attended. The congregation on Sunday evening, May 12, was estimated to number four thousand persons. Several hundred persons made profession of faith. The two evangelists have gone to Ottumwa, Iowa.

The Fortieth Annual Convention of the New York State Sunday School Association will be held at Saratoga on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, June 11, 12, and 13. The convention will be held in the First M. E. Church, the largest church building in that city. The programme ensures one of the most profitable gatherings in the history of the Association, many noted Sunday School workers from all parts of the Union being announced to take part in the deliberations. Communications as to rooms at the hotels and boarding houses should be made to Col. D. F. Ritchie, Saratoga, N. Y. Reduced rates have been secured on all railroads for distances on which the fare is over seventy-five cents. All information may be obtained of Mr. Timothy Hough, Syracuse, N. Y.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

THE WONDERFUL FOUNTAIN.

Sermon preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, by Robert Stuart MacArthur. Text: Zech 13: 1 *"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness."*

WE can see much poetic beauty and religious significance in the frequent allusions in Scripture to wells, springs and fountains; but to see all in the words which an inhabitant of the East saw, we would need to be familiar with the heat, the languor, the treeless wastes, the barren deserts and the burnt pastures, which are common in oriental lands. In eastern countries water is a luxury. Charles Kingsley reminds us that there is no picture so beautiful as that of the well dug long ago by the hands of pious patriarchs, whither the maidens go at eventide to water their flocks, when some strong hand has moved away the stone. Beautiful also is the picture of the springing fountain under the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, with its oasis of greenness, its groves of beauty, its songsters making melody in the air, and its streams of flowing water giving life to drooping plants, panting animals and wearied travelers. Thus it was that both in the language of Scripture and of legendary story, water came to have a mystical and religious meaning. The wild dreams of an imaginative people told of a Fountain of

Perpetual Youth

hidden somewhere out of the reach of ordinary mortals. It was supposed to be a gift of the gods, which was carefully guarded through their jealousy of men. It was believed, however, that by toil and sorrow, by patience in suffering and perseverance in seeking, it might be found. Perhaps it was hidden amid trackless mountains, guarded by demons; perhaps amid the rich glades of tropical climes, but somewhere it was, and sometime it would be found. Some even pretended to have made the great discovery. I have read in an Eastern story of the manner in which the discovery was made. After patient toil and earnest prayer on the part of men, the gods became propitious. They revealed the place of concealment. A talismanic word overcame the perpetual guardian. The treasure was found and its wonderful virtues proved. The story goes on to tell that the news spread with great rapidity; that the sick, the blind, the halt and the old flocked to this wonderful fountain; that approaching it all classes and forms of disease might be seen; but that coming from it none were old, none were feeble, none were diseased, none were sad. At its marvellous touch, age disappeared and youth returned; hard and wrinkled faces became soft and smooth; bowed forms became erect, and youth, beauty and immortality were again granted to men. According to the fanciful story in was indeed a marvellous fountain; it gave joy to the whole country.

The Dream of the Ages

became a glorious reality; the gods had smiled and men rejoiced. Among its other wonderful properties there was this one—one of the most wonderful of all—wherever a few drops of the water were taken and poured out, there immediately a similar fountain would be seen. And so, says the story, it came to be known as "The Wonderful Fountain."

But I have heard of a more wonderful [illegible] to the house of David for sin and uncleanness." I have seen in this fountain the actual gifts of God far outnumber and outstrip the dreamy imaginations of men. I have seen truth stranger far than fiction—God giving more and better things than man's fancy could desire or divine. Christ tells the woman of Samaria that the water [illegible] in a sense, a fountain-head of water to slake the thirst of others. The world of wonder is the world of God's truth in opening this fountain. It is a fountain which gives joy without sorrow, good without evil, and life without death. This is surely beyond all comparison "The Wonderful Fountain." Such a fountain is that brought to our notice in my text. Permit me to point out a few particulars in respect to which this is a wonderful fountain.

In the first place, it is wonderful in its origin. The idea of this fountain originated in heaven. It is not of the earth earthly; it is from the Lord in heaven. Earthly fountains could not wash away sins; impurity cannot cleanse impurity. But God's love for men's souls and God's hatred for men's sins originated a fountain which can make the vilest clean. In one sense this fountain was always flowing, for Christ was the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world, but in another sense it was a sealed fountain. The saints of God in olden time trusted in God's promise that a fountain would be opened. On the bare Word of God their faith reposed. By faith they saw in the coming years the flowing fountain, and by faith they were already cleansed within.

This faith resting on the Word of God was encouraged in its exercise by significant types and symbols. These were nothing in themselves, but they were symbolic and prophetic of great truths to be revealed. Christ was always the end of the law for righteousness to all who truly believed. All these prophecies pointed to him for their fulfillment. Sinai was to give place to Calvary. Sinai's storm was to be hushed and its thunder stilled

At the Cross of Christ.

There law and Gospel were to clasp hands; there mercy and truth were to meet together; there righteousness and peace were to kiss each other. As the symbols of the Lord's supper keep before our minds constantly the great sacrifice which has been made, so the morning and evening sacrifice kept before the minds of pious Hebrews the great sacrifice which was to be made. Faith often needs the support of sight; and faith was thus helped by gazing on the bleeding victim and the smoking sacrifice of the Old Testament ritual.

But the fountain was not yet really opened. How was it to be opened? Shall God send an angel to perform this needed service? Shall there be heard seraphic voices proclaiming through the universe that a fountain is opened for sin and for uncleanness? God will do something far more wonderful than if he were to adopt either of these plans. He will send his only begotten Son, full of grace and truth, to be and to open the wonderful fountain. We have heard the old story of this wonderful redemption; a story old as the Garden of Eden, a story new as the last ray of sunshine that fell upon our faces. In the fulness of time Christ came; was born of a woman, and was made under the law that he might redeem those who were under the law. Men and angels stood in wonder and adoration at the manger of Bethlehem.

The years pass. Fountains of power are opened—power over nature goes forth, and power over the wild passions of the human soul is displayed, and the maniac among the tombs is seen restored, clothed and in his right mind, sitting at Jesus' feet. Power over the dead is manifested, and Lazarus is restored to his rejoicing sisters and wondering friends. Fountains of grace, of sweetness, of gentleness, of purity, and of love were opened; but, O my soul, where is

The Fountain of Cleansing,

where is the blood that can wash the soul and make it whiter than snow? Where is the wonderful tree which placed in the Marahs of earth can change them into waters of sweetness and healthfulness for body and soul? We have an old tale to tell you. It is the story of Gethsemane; it is the story of Calvary. He who knew no sin is made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. The sinless Saviour becomes the substitute for sinful men. The Just One dies for unjust men that they may be brought to God. The holy One bears our sins in his own body on the tree. Our terrible guilt required an infinite expiation; our awful debt needed divine wisdom and righteousness for its full payment. The Lamb of God dies to take away the sin of the world. See the Christ as he bows his head upon his breast! Hear him, as he exclaims, "It is finished!" See the Roman soldier as he pierces the Christ to the heart. Watch the flowing,

Cleansing Blood

and water! The wonderful fountain is opened; the cleansing stream flows from the throne of God. Truly this is "The Wonderful Fountain."

It may be observed, in the second place, that it is a Wonderful Fountain also in the fulness and freeness of its supplies. God's love is an ocean boundless and bottomless. The grace of God is a stream which flows through all the ages with undiminished fulness. The virtues of this cleansing fountain are free as the air and are pure as heaven. They are offered without money and without price. Blessed is that word, "whosoever," standing in relation to the water of life as offered by Christ himself. Tens of thousands have experienced the cleansing power of this fountain, and yet it flows on in glorious fulness, in cleansing preciousness, and with divine freeness. When millions of other believing souls have been washed whiter than snow it will be still full and free as now.

It is most encouraging to remember that the Bible gives us illustrations of the conversion of men and women of almost every class and condition. Among those whose penitence and forgiveness are recorded, either in the Old Testament or in the New, are men and women of high and low degree; men and women whose souls were deeply dyed in sin, and other men and women belonging to the more respectable classes of sinners of many ranks. In this number were kings and soldiers, the cultured and the ignorant, politicians and peasants, and even men and women who were the outcasts from society. There is hope for the devil's castaways. The proud Pharisees could see in the woman only the sinner, but the loving Saviour saw in the sinner also the woman. Christ's love and sympathy went out toward the lost with a tenderness which no words can describe. His salvation a river, whose volume is undiminished, and whose power to cleanse no defilement can resist. The proud and self-righteous might shut themselves out from the salvation which Christ offered, but he himself affirmed that the sinners, both men and women, whom the Pharisees stigmatized with defamatory epithets and treated with sneering scorn, were passing into the kingdom while they themselves remained outside. This salvation cannot be purchased by the greatest millionaire, but it will not be denied to the penitent and trustful soul, even though he be a pauper.

In the last place, this is a wonderful Fountain because of

Its Cleansing Power.

The vileness of human sin needed a fountain. Who can count up his sins against the great and holy God? Take God's Word as a lighted candle and search the chambers of the heart to-day. Think of the sins of our childhood, of youth, of maturer years and even of old age. We have no arithmetic which can fairly represent the sum of our sins against God. Nothing human can wipe out the long black catalogue. All human means are themselves infected by sin; our very tears are sinful and need washing; our prayers are sinful and need other prayers. Even the pains and penalties of hell cannot remove the guilt of sin; but, thank God, there is power enough in the precious blood of Christ to wash the vilest clean. In this fountain the thief on the cross found cleansing. In this fountain the sinners who were convicted on the day of Pentecost were washed white; in this fountain Saul of Tarsus found his sins washed away, and his whole nature cleansed. Behold the white-robed throng in glory. "What are these who have arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" The inspired answer is, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Behold the [illegible] ble army of martyrs, as they come up from their baptism of fire in which they were tried, and from the baptism of their own blood shed for truth and for God. In dungeons damp and dark they gave up their lives rather than be unfaithful to Jesus; [illegible] in the mighty throng before the throne of God and the Lamb, there is not one word heard of earthly pain as purchasing a palm of gold, a palm of victory, or a crown of life. Their song is, "Worthy is the Lamb" and, "Salvation unto our God." Their robes were made white not in their own merits, but in the blood of the Lamb.

I have read that "the little river Restonica in Corsica has the wonderful property of whitening anything thrown into it. Its waters are clear as crystal, and the small stones which are seen in its bed are as white as chalk. Any kind of metal put particularly iron, when dipped into it, has the appearance of being plated in silver. Its waters are also said to be highly salubrious." This is surely a remarkable stream, but think of that stream that rises as the river of the water of life out of the throne of God and the Lamb. Oh, men and women, let my last word to you be a word of invitation and exhortation. Come to this wonderful fountain; wonderful in its origin; wonderful in its fulness; wonderful in its cleansing power. Be washed whiter than snow, and then at the last may we together stand before the great white throne singing the song of Moses and the Lamb!

A SURPRISED MISSIONARY.

Among the missionaries in Mexico whose acquaintance Messrs. Moody and Sankey made during their recent visit, was one who told them an interesting story of a gift. He needed a plot of land for a mission building in the City of Mexico. The good brother heard that a section in just the right quarter might be bought, but he had no funds. He wanted that land badly, he thought about it by day and dreamed about it by night, and prayed about it continually. At last, he determined to pay a visit there and see if the churches would help him, or they would take up collections in any considerable numbers it might be done. He ascertained that seven thousand dollars cash down, would secure the land. It seemed a large sum to him, but his faith was strong and he made the venture. It was at Cleveland, Ohio, that the effort was made. He obtained permission to preach in the Euclid Avenue Church. It was not an encouraging report that was heard. "All our wealthy men are away just now," said one of the trustees; "you may tell your story and explain your position and what you want to do, but it is no use asking for money." Still he was there, and he could preach, and that was something. He prayed about it and went into the pulpit. He told his story in plain unvarnished words; related what God was doing through him among the Romanists, Catholics and infidels of the City of Mexico; stated what the opportunity was, and how earnestly he longed to avail himself of it. At the close of the services, one and another shook hands with him, hoping he would be successful, encouraged him to trust in God, and were very kind and sympathetic. But there were no contributions. The warning that it was of no use to ask for money was apparently justified. Only one man remained in the middle of the church, and he was waiting around in an uninterested kind of way. He greeted the missionary when the members of the congregation had departed. He said, "You spoke of some land you could get for a mission, did you not?" The missionary said he had done so. "Do you think you could build your house and preaching hall if you had the land?" was the next question. The missionary felt pretty sure that. "How much money did you say you would need?" Seven thousand dollars was the least that the owner would take." "Well," said the unknown, "I will give you that if you feel sure about building the house." The missionary could scarcely believe his own ears. The whole seven thousand in one sum, and from this quiet, plain-looking stranger! It proved true, however. The missionary found that his benefactor was Mr. Rockefeller, who the trustees thought had gone to New York, but had been detained, and was providentially in the missionary's audience. The mission is now established on its new site, and Messrs. Moody and Sankey were welcomed [illegible]

MISSIONARY PERILS.

IN a recent letter from Mrs. McKenzie, a missionary at Bonginda, Africa, a somewhat startling experience is related which affords a realistic glimpse of the perils mission workers in that part of the world are apt to encounter.

"Opposite to this station is a large island covered with grass and bush. The grass is so tall and coarse that you could not possibly walk through it, and if a man were to try and struggle through it, he would get his face and hands badly cut, and his clothes torn. At one end of the island there is a small portion of ground cleared of bush, and on this are built two shimbaks, or native huts, made of palm leaves, and one large log house. Two native Christians live over there in the huts. In the large house are kept our goats and sheep, and Nsombo, (a native convert), takes on the island to take care of them. One night Nsombo and his wife were alone on the island, when they were awakened out of their sleep by hearing a loud shrieking in the boathouse. Nsombo jumped up, seized a stick, and ran to see what was the matter. Imagine how horrified he was to see a large serpent, ten or eleven feet long, gazing at one of the poor sheep with its cruel, glistening eyes, waiting to devour it! Nsombo had no gun, spear, nor knife, and knew if he touched the terrible creature without killing it, it would be sure to take an end of him instead of the sheep. So he stood quite still until the serpent darted out its forked tongue and stung the sheep, which was too frightened to move. Then the serpent opened its mouth and took in the poor sheep's head and gradually sucked in its whole body. When Nsombo saw that it had allowed the sheep, he knew he could not drag itself along quickly because of the heavy sheep being inside, so he ran to the beach and called to us for help. No one on the station heard him shouting, but one of our boys in the town, Eliya, heard the noise, and, taking an iron-pointed stick in his hand, paddled himself over to the island in a small canoe. Then the two crept up softly to the serpent and struck its head with the iron-pointed stick. They had to keep out of the way of its dangerous tongue, and at last severed the head from the body.

"Early next morning I was awakened by a great chattering outside my window, and going out, saw the serpent lying outside the door. Afterwards we cut it open, and took the sheep out quite whole. Then we dried the skin of the serpent's skin, which is very beautiful. When dried it was so tough and strong that we put a little boy in it and carried him as you might be carried in a hammock. Only a year ago Nsombo was a miserable, hunted, runaway slave, who came to us for protection. But now the Lord Jesus has saved him, and he is quite a different man. 'God gave me strength to kill the serpent,' said he, when telling us his story, and again, when the people praised him, he told them the same thing."

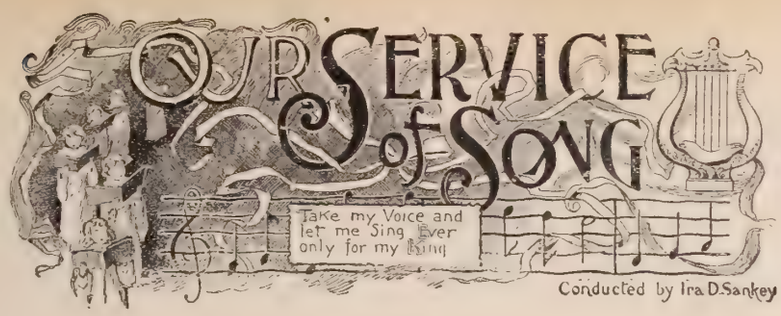
THE BONES OF BUDDHA.

An interesting paper was read by Mr. R. ... well before the Asiatic Society of London ...tely, describing some relics of Gautama, Buddha, that are now in the Central ...useum at Madras. They consist of three ...eces of bone taken from his corpse after ...emation, and inclosed in a little casket ...ade of a single beryl. The beryl was in...sed in other caskets of stone, and was ...ried apparently by some one named Ku... in a carefully-built monument at Bhatti...olu, on the bank of the Kistna. Mr. Sewell read the history of the finding of the relics by Mr. Rea, and detailed evidence which conclusively proved that the relics were buried in about 200 B. C., and had not been disturbed since. He thought the evidence quite as good as the evidence of any relic of Charles I., and had indeed no doubt that the bones were taken from Buddha's funeral pile. The beryl being indestructible by time, there is little reason for doubting the authenticity of the relics.

A RICH MAN'S LESSON.

During a recent address, Rev. S. A. Mutchmore related the following instructive anecdote: A prosperous church member was often besought by his pastor to give to the work of evangelizing the city poor, but would always reply: "No, I need it myself." One night he dreamed that he was at the gate of heaven, which was only a few inches ajar. He tried to get in, but could not, and was in agony at his poor prospect.

Then the face of his minister appeared, who said: "Why do you stand there; why don't you go in?" "I can't; I am too large, my pocket-book sticks out whichever way I turn." "Ah," rejoined the pastor, "think how mean you have been to the Lord's poor and you will be small enough to go through the eye of a needle." He awoke, and began to reduce both his pocket-book and his carnality by giving to Christ's cause. Needless to say he never regretted the lesson he had learned although it was but a dream.



PRAISE OUR CREATOR.

"PRAISE YE THE LORD."—*Ps 106 : 1.*

F. J. CROSBY. THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Praise our Cre-a-tor and Sav-iour e-ter-nal, Him who redeemed us from death and the grave;
2. Praise our Cre-a-tor and gracious de-fender, Rock where in safe-ty we still may a-bide;
3. Praise our Cre-a-tor, the Fount-ain of goodness, Now in His grandeur ex-alt-ed a-bove;

Sing of His greatness, O hail and adore Him, Strong to de-liv-er, and might-y to save.
He is our Shepherd, how gen-tly He leads us Where in the val-ley the cool wa-ters glide.
Rest in His mer-cy and trust in His promise, Ev-er to keep us, up-held by His love.

CHORUS.

Praise Him, praise Him, Glo-ry in the high-est un-to Him as-crib-ing;
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him,

Praise Him, praise Him, Bless-ed be His name, our Lord and King!
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him,

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PROPHECY AS A GUIDE.

An Important part of the Bible given for the Definite Purpose of Warning.

BY REV. RICHARD CHESTER.

Continued from page 349.

IT is a mistake to regard prophecy as an insoluble puzzle. In the book which contains it we have the key to its solution. There we read prophecies which have become history and we can see for ourselves how they are fulfilled. As we read prophecy we must remember that the boundary line between fulfilled and unfulfilled prophecy is a moving one—that prophecies which to-day are unfulfilled, and belong altogether to prophecy properly so-called, may to-morrow be fulfilled and belong to history.

Now, if we take the key thus supplied by the Word of God itself as furnishing us with our mode of interpretation, what is the result? We find that all the prophecies concerning the people of Israel which have been admittedly fulfilled in the judgments inflicted upon them in the past, and in their present dispersion amongst the nations; and that all the prophecies, moreover, which have been unquestionably fulfilled in the First Advent of our blessed Lord, in his birth, his life, his suffering, his death, his resurrection and ascension, have every one of them been fulfilled with the closest, most minute literality. Are we not, therefore, in a position from which to ask, by what right or authority can any person take upon him to affirm, that the yet unfulfilled prophecies concerning the Second Advent of our blessed Lord—the coming again in "like manner" of "this same Jesus who went up into heaven"—are to be, as they call it, spiritually fulfilled? Many are the theories advanced; some affirm that they were fulfilled long since at the destruction of Jerusalem,—others that they are being continuously fulfilled to each believer at his own death—such being virtually to each believer the Second Coming of the Lord. Others, again, maintain that the Second Advent, while they admit it to be yet future, will be a spiritual—not a personal visible Advent,—the kingdom, a spiritual, not a visible Kingdom—a spiritual, not a personal reign.

But it may be asked how, according to the mode of interpretation which you are thus laying down, will you deal with the Book of Revelation? Are there not figures and symbols to be met with in abundance there? Undoubtedly the book is full of figures and symbols seen in vision by the apostle, they are the figures and symbols, not of things to be hidden, but of things to be revealed. They are, several of them, explained, in the very context of the passages where they occur—those not so explained will for the most part be found used in other portions of the Scriptures from which their signification can easily be determined. To it, not one whit less than to any other portion of the prophetic Word, I firmly believe we should practically apply the wise canon of "the judicious Hooker," that where a literal interpretation is admissible the furthest from the literal is usually the worst.

A further canon to be carefully applied to all prophecy which refers to the Second Advent of our blessed Lord, I would venture very humbly to suggest—namely, that an interpretation of any prophecy such as would necessarily put his long promised coming to "receive his people to himself" to a distance from us that precludes the possibility of its actual occurrence during his own life-time, ought by us to be at once rejected as unsound, for this simple, but sufficient reason, that it is at palpable variance with the manifold signs of the times, and our Lord's own most explicit teaching.

THE PROOF OF ALLEGIANCE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing June 16. 1. John 4: 1-21.

NO surer test has ever been found of the genuineness of conversion than the test of love. The man who has passed through that mysterious change is certain to feel a strong love for his fellow-beings. There will be a special love for his fellow-Christians and a universal love for everyone. This disposition marks the change from the natural to the spiritual life. The Apostle defines it in the passage selected for the Topic and insists upon it as the indispensable proof of the new birth. "He that loveth not," he says, "knoweth not God: for God is love." And as the test for self-examination he gives the same rule: "Hereby know we that we dwell in him and he in us, because he hath given us of his spirit." The effect of that spirit he had previously described, as well as what that spirit was, as it was manifested in self-sacrifice for the race. What then would be the character and conduct of a man with Christ's spirit in him? That is the true test of allegiance. This not a question of orthodoxy, of doctrine or of intellectual belief. The spirit of the man is the man himself and it is that by which he is to be judged. It is not a question of measurement or of capacity but of quality. The candle may give a feeble light, but its light is of the same nature as the sun and it illumines to the extent of its power as the sun does. But the candle must be lighted before it can serve its purpose; and the true Christian must be quickened by divine power before he can become a Christian force in the world. What happens at conversion, is equivalent to what happens to the candle when it is lighted. The natural man becomes a spiritual man, giving light, and fulfilling his destiny as a manifestation of God. The world should be able to see what Christ was and what he still is, by the character and conduct of his individual follower. Perhaps no word covers the characteristics so completely as the word "love." It includes the prominent characteristics of Christ's life. It comprises gentleness, patience, forbearance, unselfishness, self-sacrifice, humility, generosity, compassion and benevolence. Everyone can test this for himself. How does he behave to his child, his wife, or his mother, if he really loves them? His conduct tells him what love is and it is that spirit that is to be the pervading influence of his life if he is to exhibit the spirit of Christ. How such a spirit excludes all that curses the world! The selfishness which would grasp and monopolize the good things of life to the detriment of others; the spirit of competition which we admire and cultivate in our day and which Christ condemned when he detected it in his Apostles; the intolerance which excludes from fellowship the brother who differs from us in his opinion on some abstruse theological doctrine—all these are foreign to the spirit of love which is the spirit of Christ. Whatever tests we set up in our churches we may be sure that in the final judgment the one test applied will be, whether we have manifested in our lives the spirit of Christ.

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A FLOURISHING R. R. ASSOCIATION.

A novelty in Association buildings is that occupied by the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association of Clifton Forge, Va. At this place the town and railroad work is combined, and the building, which cost thirteen thousand dollars, is adapted for both. The Association has a membership of 374, and there is an average daily attendance of 154. The attendance at the religious meetings of all kinds is also exceptionally large, which shows that the primary object of the Association has not been overlooked in the athletic and secular tendencies of the day. The general railroad work of the Young Men's Christian Association is developing with most encouraging rapidity. No less than twenty-three of these departments have their own buildings, which in the aggregate are worth $242,300. Eleven others are preparing to erect their own homes, and have already begun the organization of building funds. There are in all over a hundred Railroad Associations and branches, with an aggregate membership of 28,821.

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SCOTCH NATIONAL C. E. CONVENTION.

It is gratifying to learn that the Young People's movement has attained such proportions in Scotland that a national convention was in order. It was held recently in Glasgow and the Rev. J. R. Fleming, President of the National Union has sent an enthusiastic report of the sessions to the "Golden Rule." The following extracts will show how cordially the Scotch churches have welcomed the American idea:

There are now two hundred societies in Scotland, and when it is borne in mind that only three were reported at the New York Convention in 1892, it will be seen that the progress of the last three years has been very gratifying. This last year has seen most progress of all, and the holding of the convention is sure to be the occasion of still more rapid advance. The convention committee showed their faith by arranging for the meetings on a large scale. They engaged the biggest hall in Glasgow, sent invitations to all the Scottish societies and to representatives of England and Ireland, offered hospitality to all Endeavorers who were able to come, and provided a guarantee fund against possible loss. Their faith was amply justified. The great St. Andrew's Hall, with a seating capacity of forty-five hundred, was crowded to overflowing, and the lesser conference hall was filled at all the meetings.

The business meetings of the Convention were models of order, and were marked by real enthusiasm. The concluding public meeting, however, was the great meeting of the Convention. The interior of the hall presented an imposing appearance. The motto, "Scotland for Christ," was inscribed in letters of gold above the key-board of the great organ, and across the back gallery ran the device, in similar characters, "For Christ and the Church." Before the platform the C. E. monogram, blended with the Scottish lion rampant, attracted attention, while all around the hall were watchwords illustrating the main principles of the movement. A large choir filled the orchestra, and a great army of ministers and others crowded the platform.

Lord Overtoun presided, and in a very sympathetic speech stirred up the audience to redoubled zeal for Christian Endeavor. The other speakers were Rev. D. F. Mackenzie, Glasgow, who has had wonderful success in his congregation through the working of the Christian Endeavor movement, which, in his case, was the result of a revival.

A thrilling effect was produced by the singing of the Rev. John Pollock's convention song, "Scotland for Christ," which roused the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. The final consecration service was very impressively led by the Rev. Evelyn R. Hasse, of Bedford. Responses were given by forty towns. Ministers, Sabbath School teachers, and members of the various committees were called to acts of special consecration, and prayers were offered for absent members and for associates, that they might be led to Christ.

Perhaps the most solemn moment of the convention was when almost the entire body of Endeavorers arose and with uplifted hands promised to do what they could to bring at least one soul to Christ during the ensuing year. Then after the singing of "God be with you," and the joining of hands and hearts in the Mizpah benediction, this memorable gathering came to a close.

THE RAILROAD Y. M. C. A. CLIFTON FORGE, VA.

Mr. Fleming says that the Convention proves that in Scotland "Christian Endeavor has come to stay and go."

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THE TENEMENT HOUSE CHAPTER.

Among the tenements in which the Tenement House Chapter of the King's Daughters works, there are cases of suffering which seem to be almost beyond belief. In a communication to the "Evangelist" a member of the Chapter gives the following description of the troubles that have fallen on one family:

It would be hard to imagine a case more complicated. The father has consumption, the mother has it, too, but more advanced, and with the addition of a tumor! They have four children, the eldest only nine years old. This one, a boy, has hip disease, and had been operated on at St. Mary's Hospital and discharged "cured." But being thrown down on the street about three weeks ago, inflammation has again set in the hip. We found that the doctors would not take the case, as they thought he needed careful and serious attention; they advised sending him at once to a hospital. As the boy had just developed whooping-cough he was debarred from entering the children's wards of all hospitals, except that on "the Island," which all these poor mothers dread for their little ones.

In despair the Nurse went to "St. Mary's" but could get no satisfactory advice. While talking about it, however, two ladies came in, and hearing of the circumstances, became so interested that one of them promised to send her own doctor, who has since visited him three times, our Nurse going daily.

Two of the other children are to be sent to an institute, not having the cough as y and it is a sad necessity to separate family at once. As soon as the boy's cou is better he will be admitted to St. Mar Hospital. We have provided him with wheeled chair, books, and pictures, w which he is quite contented, and he i dear little fellow. And so our relief w goes on from week to week. "I was h gry and ye gave me meat, sick and visited me."

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REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Pr Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer offered on May 26, in accordance with the quests of the following persons, who also the prayers of our readers:

For Special Blessings: "An Unloved Wife," she may be delivered from a terrible temptation that the tempter may be converted and bring see the evil of sin.——A. L. P., Alvaretta, O. T. God would send rain on the thirsty land so the much-needed harvest be not lost; also tha would give grace to bear patiently the pressu poverty and the loneliness of Christians separ from each other, and without church privileges "Friendless and Destitute," New York, that may be obtained, however hard or menial, t hunger drives a poor girl to vice.——Earnest S New Orleans, La., that God would give wisdom husband, who is married to an ungodly wo whom he is being advised to leave, but who be led to Christ: also that one who desires to all her time to the service of Christ may hav way opened to her.——A. W. S., Sherman's Dal For a sister who has gone to India as a missio that God would bless her work and give he physical health and strength she needs to fai him.——Distressed Husband, Brooklyn, N. Y. news his request, mentioned last week, for th liverance of his wife from the sna an unscrupulous and wealthy man

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends: Earnest Sister, New Orl for the conversion of a class in the day School; also of a sister, two bro ers, and of another who is very ——"Believer in Prayer." Hasbel for a son who has fallen under power of drink.——M. H. S., Danvi for a son who has formed an attach for thoughtless companions; also physician who is becoming discou ——L. A. B., Algoma, Ont., for husb and child who have no opportu hearing the Gospel, save as it taught by an imperfect Christia man.——Subscriber, Hillside, N. mother and father, growing old, l without interest in Christ.——"Ou Asks," &c., Norfolk, Va., for a m over sixty years old, yet unconv and for her two dissipated sons, a one who has fallen into awful sin. M B. S., Augusta, Me., for a brother is sick, that he may yield himse Christ.——"One who has Lost a F Mashapang, Conn., for several friends who are unconverted.——A S., Northampton, Mass., for a m dying of consumption, and una perceive the need of immediate ing for salvation.——"In His N New York, for the conversion of t ones, five men, all out of Chr —Reader, Stratford, for a relati —"Reader," Rosebloom, N. Y., for th version of a wayward son just co ing manhood.

For Restoration to Health: "One who Believes," etc., Shelbyville, Tenn has already been benefited, as she believes, in answer to the prayer sented in compliance with her husband's req this paper.——"A Christian Mother," Miss has been critically ill and longs for complete ——"One who has great Faith," Clinton, Ma the recovery of an only daughter.——"Read Redding, Conn., for courage and faith to und trying ordeal, that she may live through it, cover her strength.——"Old Subscriber," Ivo for the recovery of hearing.——"A Mother Mill, S. C., that she may once more be able sume her duties in the household, which hav neglected during her illness.——"Sufferer," en, N. J., whose death now would leave his w four children to face the world without re and who earnestly entreats every sincere C brother and sister to plead for his recovery.

From *S. C. L.*, that her daughter who is e to the temptations of a city life may be kep and unspotted from the world.

From *A Mother in Oregon*, for the conver her seven sons.

From *T. J. C.*, New York, for special g for the bread-winner of a large family, s some invalids, who would be homeless and less without him.

From *Reader*, Hemic Co., Va., for deliv from financial ruin, the possibility of wh involved by absence from business through si and by the unfaithfulness of business assoc

From *H. K. Ames*, Glenwood Springs, C God's blessing on an effort he is making to Gospel to the Navajo Indians.

From *R. R. S.*, Berlin, Mass., for the conver four men who are under the dominion of evil

From *Subscriber*, Jennings, Va., for the con of a young man who has wandered away from and is probably in bad company.

From *Reader*, Philadelphia, for two relatives with many good traits of character, are sceptical to religion.

From *Y. M. B.*, Bloomington, Ill. For a fa boy who appears to be drifting into bad hab

From *Old Subscriber*, Medford, Mass., for t version of an only son and his wife, who are in Christ's Kingdom.

From *Presbyterian Elder*, Moukat, Minn. conversion of two sons who are backslide God and from home training.

From *Y. R. M.*, Paris, Ill., who is in deep that God would enable him to understand may be saved.

From *Subscriber*, South Waterboro, Me. outpouring of the Holy Spirit on a church in

The Family and Home Circle

The Homes of Carmel.

T re are Fewer Now Than in Former ars—The Mountain Famous in Bible istory—"The Cave of Elijah."

IN passing across the plain of Esdraelon, there is no more imposing sight that greets the traveler's eye than the noble promontory of Carmel. Our illustration shows the historic mountain at its highest point, whence it overlooks the plain below and the blue Mediteranean beyond. Gdually retiring from the coast, Carmel st ches southeast for a distance of eighte or twenty miles, to a point where it alost meets the green hills of Sa aria. Along its entire course the Carmel range is ull of scenes th are rich in natral beauty. Inncient times, th sides of the ra e, as well as the valleys below were extr nely fertile; ined, the very n me of the mntain signifie "vineyard of e Lord." But the gardens and vinards have lor been neglected and there are at resent compa ively few pls where the art of the husba man is evident. The soil is orn bare in ma y places on the eastern face of e range, and s nly relieved fr the aspect of rrenness by the hick patches of vergreens an clumps of oa and myrtle.

MOUNT CARMEL, AS VIEWED FROM THE PLAIN OF ESDRAELON.
(From a photograph secured in the Holy Land for "The Christian Herald.")

ce dotted with hamlets, Carmel has no very few homes on its rocky sides, whe vineyards and gardens formerly supported a considerable population. When the ar-like Druses from Lebanon and the mntains about Damascus overran Carme the quiet shepherds and vine-dressers we driven out, and their little villages so fell into decay. In recent years an attet was made to establish American colons in Carmel, but it was unsuccessful. St later, a number of German Protestants su eded in establishing a colony on the ra e. There are, besides, several native vilges, all at a considerable altitude. The vilge of Esfieh is estimated to be 1728 feet abe sea level, and its neighborhood is one of e most attractive on the range. There the oil is rich and hyacinths, jonquils, anemes and other flowers grow wild in ab dance.

the summit of Carmel is an old monas y, which was founded in 1156, by Be old, Count of Limoges, but whose mks claim that their Order originated wi Elijah himself. Not far distant from the convent, is a tract of mountain-side cal Monks' Cavern, where hundreds of sm l caves have been hewn out of the limtone rocks, all adjacent to each other an each with a narrow outlet for air and lig. Tradition says that it was to such gr oes that the prophets of old resorted wh sorely pressed by enemies and wishin o hide themselves. Near this nest of caves and a little farther down the hillside is a somewhat larger opening in the rock, called "the Cave of Elijah." Even at the present day monks and hermits make their homes in some of these recesses.

Carmel occupies a prominent place in sacred history, and is frequently referred to as the scene of important events. An altar to Jehovah is believed to have existed there long before Baal-worship had spread in the land. It was the chosen place of assembling of the Hebrew people, and there Elijah brought back recreant Israel to the true God and slew the prophets of Baal. A rough structure of hewn stones at a point called "El Muhrakah," is still shown as the site of the prophet's altar and among the Druses of the neighboring villages along the mountain and at its base, there is a well-preserved tradition which indicates a mound further down the mountain, near the brook, Kishon, and now known as "Tel-el-Kusis" ("the Hill of the Priests") as the scene of the execution that followed the vivid demonstration of the Almighty power.

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A Betrothal in India.

Miss Lucy I. Tonge, a missionary worker writes from India, giving this interesting account of a Persian lady's betrothal there:

When we passed to the zenana the sight there was splendid, for on the divan were over one hundred ladies. I could not describe the blaze of jewels, the silks, satins, flowers and paint. They were weighed down with jewels, even wearing anklets over their silk stockings, which were very gay and worked in silk, with flowers and birds. In one part of the room were musicians who sang while a woman who was dressed in striped yellow and black, pink and green trousers, played a tom-tom (drum). Another woman kept up a monotonous dance. The girl-bride was sitting in state at the farther end of the room, and when she was led forth there was a barbarous yelling, intended to frighten away evil spirits. The bride was well hidden that hot afternoon by a large cashmere shawl, The bridegroom was not present, but sent the usual presents, a pair of shoes and a looking-glass. When the bride was seated, a copy of the Koran was given her, and she muttered over the open book quite unconcerned at what was going on. Pointed red shoes given by the bridegroom were put on her. Two bridesmaids performed a very curious act during the ceremony, by grinding two sugar loaves over the bride's head. A Mohammedan priest hidden behind a crimson curtain, read for ten minutes from the Koran and then asked: "Will you have this man for your husband?" The question was repeated again and again, and when at last the answer came, the screaming and howling began, and showers of sweets were thrown over the bride. The bride was again covered with shawls. We saw her later, her beautiful face fully in view, as she had fainted with heat and excitement.

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A Great Scholar's Home-Life.

Home-loving, and kindly, in the highest sense, was the late Professor Blackie, the distinguished Scottish scholar, who recently passed away. His domestic tastes were very simple. He rose at 7.30, and for two hours at least was in the open air daily. Two rules governed his whole life: "Speak the truth in love (Eph. 4 : 15), and "all noble things are difficult to do." Next to the blessed Gospel he loved the patriotic songs of his native land. His library contained 7000 volumes, but music or conversation held greater charms for him than reading. He was fond of talking over charitable schemes and plans with his wife, indeed, all his life was marked by acts of helpfulness toward others. This gentle trait of his true Christian character received strong exemplification at the close, for the last coherent syllables that fell from his dying lips upon his wife's ears were whispered words of charity and love.

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Spoiled Children.

One of the hardest yet one of the most important things in the training of a loved child is to deny him that which he longs for, and which we could give to him, but which he would better not have. It is very pleasant to gratify a child. But wise withholding is quite as important as generous giving in the proper care of a child. A child ought to be denied, by his parents, many things which in themselves are harmless. That child who has never a legitimate desire ungratified is poorly fitted for the duties and the trials of every-day life in the world. It is because of the evil results of not wisely denying the little ones, that an only child is in so many instances spoken of as a spoiled child. There is but one to give to in that household and that one is a petty tyrant.

TO THE THRONE.

FATHER, I have wandered far,
Oh, be now my guiding star!
Draw my footsteps back to thee,
Set my struggling spirit free.
Save me from the doubts that roll
O'er the chaos of my soul—
Let one ray of truth illume
And dispel the thick'ning gloom!
God of truth and peace and love,
Hear my prayer!
Draw my restless thoughts above—
Keep them there!

Father, save me at this hour
From the tempter's fearful power—
Purify the hidden springs
Of my wild imaginings.
I have thought till thought is pain,
Searched for peace till search is vain.
Out of thee I cannot find
Rest for the immortal mind,
Now I come to thee for aid—
Peace restore!
Let my soul on thee be stayed
For evermore!

***

MUSIC IN THE HOME.

IN view of the fact that many thousands of our readers find enjoyment in singing and playing over at home the selections furnished every week in our "Service of Song" it may not be uninteresting to them to know what an excellent authority, Miss H. E. Starrett, has to say concerning home music. "We have no more family singing in these latter days of Paris-educated vocal teachers. Nobody can sing now unless he or she has had special voice culture, and the special voice culture of to-day has as yet succeeded in producing, in a majority of pupils, only a self-conscious, affected, unnatural style of singing that is as far removed from true music as the ridiculous lines of the modern songs are removed from true poetry. Oh, to hear in the family some of the old-fashioned, simple, natural, artless singing of songs that were songs; songs of which the words and melody were both beautiful. The young girl who in these days will respond to a request to 'play something,' although it is well-known that she has long taken lessons of an expensive, and perhaps celebrated, music teacher, is such a 'rara avis' that she causes a sensation of surprise when met with. The reply we have all learned to expect from the modern music pupil is: 'Oh, I never play for company,' or, 'Oh, I don't know anything worth playing,' or 'Oh, I am all out of practice.' It is often pitiable to witness the perplexity and disappointment of parents who have, at a great cost of self-sacrifice, purchased a piano, and paid for two or three years of music lessons, when these seemingly trivial excuses are made.

"What is the cause of the disappearance of simple, natural, artless music from the home? Why the infinitesimally small return for the money expended for music lessons? The causes are several. In the first place, the music teacher is often at fault in setting a standard that the ordinary pupil cannot attain to; in belittling simple music and discouraging the pupil from playing it, and entirely ignoring the fact that what parents and friends want in return for the outlay of music lessons is music, even though it be only simple and easy of performance. We do not want, except for occasion, the great work of the masters, the difficult harmonies and complexities of the great composers of oratorio and concerto; we want the simpler works of the musician whose genius appeals to the home and the heart."

Don't Worry Yourself

and don't worry the baby: avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

ALICE MAPLETON'S ORDEAL

A STORY OF NOBLE FORTITUDE UNDER TRIAL.

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by E. CARSWELL.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mary Street Prayer Meeting.

THE next afternoon Mrs. Mapleton asked Alice if Mary-street prayer meeting was not held on Friday night; when answered in the affirmative, she said, "Well, I am going with you, this evening."

"But, mamma, I fear you are not strong enough to go out at night," said Alice.

"I feel, said her mother, that I am a new woman, and have renewed my strength both of body and mind; and I want to go forward and not look back, until I get into the right path, where my footing shall be sure, and I shall feel that I am indeed a new creature."

Although Alice and her mother went early that evening, the people were already singing when they arrived; they never lost time at Mary street prayer meeting; as soon as a sufficient number had gathered to start a hymn, they began, and every minute was occupied, by prayer, song, or speech, until the benediction was pronounced.

There wes no cold formality, no empty space between the minister and congregation, everyone pressed forward until the church was crowded to the door; every person seemed to be in earnest, every one happy, and all acted and spoke as if they felt perfectly at home, and well acquainted one with the other. All distinction seemed to be lost when they entered Mary street prayer meeting; there they became members of one family, children of one Father, at whose house they had gathered to receive his blessing.

Of course such a meeting was a revelation to Mrs. Mapleton; she had never attended anything like it. It was like coming from a dark room into the bright sunlight, and the light was too strong at first to be enjoyed, or like stepping from a cold cellar into a warm room. The change was pleasant, but too sudden to be comfortable. She was weak and nervous and the music and singing were too boisterous, and irritated her finely educated ear. Yet she felt as if her heart swelled within her, and that she must sing herself or suffocate.

The part that most astonished Mrs. Mapleton, however, was the testimony. On the invitation of Mr. Joy, one and another rose to tell what Jesus had done for their souls. At first it struck her as being boastful and indelicate to speak of the most sacred and private matters before so many people; but as she listened, her opinion changed. These people did not boast. They rather depreciated themselves. All their praise was for Christ who had changed heart and life. They took no credit to themselves. Their object was good, too. They wanted to encourage people similarly afflicted to do as they had done. They told their story as patients of some great physician might do, so that people who despaired of recovering their moral health might take heart and go where they could be cured. One testimony impressed the listener very much. It was that of a physician who told how, through the love of drink, he had lost practice, home and friends, and become a tramp. He had strayed into the mission in a hopeless, miserable condition, dirty, ragged, penniless. The kind women there had spoken tenderly to him, had given him new hope, prayed with him, and finally led him to Christ. He was now fully restored to his position in society, and was respected and happy. He made it a point to come to the Mary Street Prayer-meeting very regularly that he might tell his story, in the [illegible] as he had been, to trust in Christ. His recovery, he said, was due entirely to Christ and to these Christian people who had led him to the One able to save. At the close of his story Mrs. Mapleton bowed her head and wept. Then she arose to her feet, and spoke in a low, yet distinct and penetrating tone of voice, and with a tremor that showed intense feeling. The house was hushed into silence, and every word could be distinctly heard. She said, "Dear friends, I feel that I am a poor, selfish, ungrateful and lost sinner."

"Thank the Lord!" shouted Mr. Joy, "that you have found it out."

"I feel," continued Mrs. Mapleton, "that I am unworthy of his love; he gave me every blessing and I was not thankful, but selfish, and thought only of myself and mine. Then he took from me what I was not worthy to keep, and I was helpless and in despair, yet thought only of my own suffering and loss, and not of others. My heart was hard and in rebellion, but my eyes have been opened, and and I now see how selfish, weak, and wrong I have been, so I ask your prayers and help, that I may yet show my love and gratitude to him who has borne with me so long, and find work in his vineyard, however humble the position may be."

She sat down, and someone started the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," in which the whole house joinod.

Poor Alice sat with bowed head, the tears rolling down her cheeks and her heart was full. She had never loved her mother as she did at that moment—never felt so proud of her before. She caught her hand and held it in both of hers, and whispered as they sat together, "Oh, Mamma, I am so happy, this more than pays me for all I have gone through."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Fred's Return.

The formal part of the meeting was over, when a commotion was noticed at the door: some one had entered, and there was shaking of hands and welcoming voices heard, as a tall, manly figure in a traveling cloak forced his way through the crowd.

"Bless my heart! if here isn't our dear young friend Morgan come back to us," said Mr. Joy, stretching out both hands to the new-comer.

At the mention of that name, Alice buried her face in her hand, resting her head on the back of the seat in front of her.

"Yes, Mr. Joy," said Morgan, as he caught the pastor's hands in both of his, "thank the dear Lord, I am home again. I arrived by steamer this afternoon, and have been driving furiously about the city, trying to find some very dear but lost friends; I was disappointed in my efforts; then I thought of Mary street prayer-meeting, and luckily have caught some of you, owing to your bad practice of keeping late hours."

The sound of Fred's voice had a strange effect on Alice; she seemed as if paralyzed. She shook from head to feet, but had no power to move or speak.

"Well," said Mr. Joy, "let me introduce you to one of our new members, and one we are very proud of; Miss—" then he stopped with a puzzled look on his face, for Alice still sat with her head bowed and seemed to be weeping.

"Fred! O, Fred!" came in a muffled, plaintive voice, and in a moment Fred had lifted the young lady to her feet, removed her hands from her face, and she immediately threw her arms around his neck, as he stooped and kissed her lips; then realizing what she had done, and where she was, her face became crimson, and hiding her face, she sobbed, as he held her tightly to his breast.

The few ladies and gentlemen who had returned to the front of the church to welcome the traveler home, stood motionless in their astonishment, and Mr. Joy stood with mouth and eyes wide open, and with a look on his face as one of the young ladies said afterwards—"too comical for anything."

"Found at last, thank the Lord, found at last," said Fred.

"[illegible]," said Mr. Joy.

Then Fred, for the first time, noticing the wondering look on the faces around him, burst out laughing and said, "it's all right, dear friends; this is my lost lamb;" then turning to Alice, he said, "do not tremble so, dear Alice; these are my dearest friends, and I will explain it to them."

"Never mind," said Mr. Joy; "as neither of you seem to be exactly in your right mind just now, we will retire," and smiling, he with the others retreated down the aisle.

"Oh! Alice, how I have tried to find you, and then to think that I should come here, to one of the last places in this great city that I should ever expect to find you; the Lord must have led me here in answer to my prayers."

"I believe he did," said Alice. "Oh, how good he has been to me. How glad mamma will be when she knows you are here."

"Do you think so?" asked Fred in a doubtful tone.

"Oh, yes, indeed; she has felt very sorry and sad, and was so afraid that she would never see you again to ask your forgiveness. And you must forgive her, Fred; she has suffered so much."

"Well, I guess so," said Fred. "I would forgive every enemy I ever had to-night, and especially one who perhaps did just the right thing, after all, and who, at any rate, is the mother of the dearest girl in the whole world. I have heard of some of your trouble, the death of your father, and the loss of your property."

"And poor, dear Will!" said Alice. "Oh, it is not right for me to be so happy, now he is dead."

"Oh, here comes mother," cried Alice. "I forgot to tell you that she was here."

"What! Mrs. Mapleton here!" was all that Fred could say in his surprise at meeting the proud lady in such a place.

"Mamma, do you know who this is?" asked Alice, as she led Fred into the aisle to meet her mother.

Mrs. Mapleton gave him one look, in which doubt, surprise, joy seemed to take each other's places with lightning rapidity; then as she put out her hand cordially, her eyes filled with tears.

Fred clasped her hand respectfully and said, "My dear Mrs. Mapleton, I am delighted to meet you once more, but why are you said?"

"Oh, Fred, I have been so cruel and unjust to you, and to my own, that now when my eyes have been opened, and I see how kindly I have been treated—not only by the dear Lord, but also by those whom I have wronged—I feel so humble that I want to get down on my knees and ask forgiveness. I know that the Lord has forgiven me, so I hope that you also will forgive me."

She offered Fred her hand as she spoke and Fred took it in his broad palm and raised it to his lips and kissed it. "My best answer," he said, is to ask you to let me be a son to you."

"Let us go home," said Alice, "where we can talk."

"Yes," said Fred' "I have a carriage at the door."

"I hope you have been repaid for coming here, to-night, said Mr. Joy, as he handed Mrs. Mapleton into the carriage.

"Far more than I deserve," said Mrs. Mapleton. "this has been one of the happiest evenings of my life. Oh, how much happiness and peace I have missed in not looking for it, where it was to be found, or through ignorance in refusing to accept it when offered."

"Yes, how blind we are," said the minister. "Good night, and God bless you—and you, too, my boy," he said, taking Fred by the hand, "I am very glad to have you back with us again, safe and sound. And Miss Alice, to you I will confess that I have often wondered if some sorrow was not in your heart, and I have been on the eve of seeking your confidence many times; but I see the sun has scattered the cloud, and your happy look makes me feel so very, very happy, that I feel like going back into the empty church and singing with all my might."

"Dont," said Fred, as he stepped into the carriage. "I doubt if the walls would stand that."

The carriage rolled away, and left Mr. Joy, shaking with laughter on the pavement. "Fred," said Alice, "I never thought until I was giving directions to the driver, how astonished you will be when you see the home we are taking you to."

"The home that has sheltered you," he said, taking her hand, "will be the most delightful spot on earth to me to-night; no matter how poor."

Yet, he was very much astonished [illegible] shocked—although he managed to hid[illegible] —when the carriage stopped in front of [illegible] tenement house, and he saw the dil[illegible] dated appearance of the neighborhood; e[illegible] the driver pocketed his fee and drove ra[illegible] ly away, with an injured look on his [illegible] as if he and his carrige had been impt[illegible] upon and his dignity injured by b[illegible] brought into such a neighborhood, and [illegible] quicker he got out of it the better it w[illegible] be for his reputation as a genteel coachm[illegible].

Both the outside appearance, and the [illegible]side world were forgotten, when the [illegible] was lighted and the three gathered arc[illegible] the bright fire in Mrs. Mapleton's cosy [illegible] parlor, while Alice was relating the sto[illegible] their lives, or rather of the last three y[illegible].

It was not a pleasant story, as our r[illegible] ers know. According to the old prov[illegible] "All is well that ends well," but experi[illegible] does not confirm it. Fred could not re[illegible] as "well" the suffering Alice had end[illegible] through the persecution of Mr. Jack[illegible] and although she softened the recital [illegible] kept back some of the worst features [illegible] story, Fred was stirred to indignatio[illegible] what he heard. Time passed quickly [illegible] it was late before Fred was in possess[illegible] all the facts.

"Now," said Alice, tell us about y[illegible]self. We want to know where you [illegible] been and what you have done."

Fred looked at his watch. "It is too [illegible] a story for to-night," he said. "Mrs [illegible]pleton looks very tired. I will come i[illegible] morning and tell you all."

"Poor mamma," said Alice, "it i[illegible] bad to have kept you up like this. [illegible] no idea it was so late. Why did yo[illegible] remind me that your usual hour of re[illegible] was so long past? You look worn ou[illegible].

"No, dear, I am quite well, and i[illegible] been such a pleasure to have a visitor [illegible] such a visitor. But I confess to feel [illegible] little tired. So, if Mr. Morgan will e[illegible] me, I will say good-night now."

Left alone with Fred, Alice began a [illegible] fire of questions, asking especially wh[illegible] had discovered about Will. Fred ans[illegible] cautiously, and evidently with const[illegible] and in an under tone, lest his words s[illegible] reach Mrs. Mapleton's ears.

They were startled by a knock o[illegible] door, followed by the entrance of Mrs [illegible]laghan with a card in her hand whic[illegible] gave to Alice. The card bore the na[illegible] James Graham.

"Come in, Mrs. Callaghan," said [illegible] "this is Mr. Morgan, of whom you [illegible] heard; and Mr. Morgan, this is my [illegible] friend, Mrs. Callaghan, of whom I [illegible] told you."

"I am very glad to meet you, Mrs [illegible]laghan," said Fred, as he took her [illegible] "and to thank you with all my hea[illegible] your many kind acts to this young [illegible] and her mother."

"And I am as glad to see you, sur[illegible] my own brother—who is in the army [illegible] come home to tell me he had been n[illegible] sergeant. But don't mention anyt[illegible] have done for her; shure, sur, it [illegible] blessed day for me and mine, inda[illegible] the whole neighborhood, when she [illegible] and it will be a sorry day for us wh[illegible] she leaves, as I know she must, for this [illegible] is no place for the loikes of her and h[illegible] mother."

"Are you alone, Mrs. Callaghan? [illegible] are the children in bed?" asked Al[illegible].

"Shure, Miss, they are all fast [illegible] and have been for hours; and my [illegible] won't be home till near morning, as [illegible] to work all night."

"Then we want to use your little p[illegible]," said Alice, "as Mr. Morgan has son[illegible] to tell me, and we do not want to [illegible] mother."

"Shure, you are welcome to it as [illegible] you need it, and I am very sorry I [illegible] a better one to offer you," said Mr [illegible]laghan, as she led the way across t[illegible].

"I'm sure it is very comfortable [illegible] Alice as they entered.

"Do not leave us," said Fred, a[illegible] Callaghan was going out. "There i[illegible] ing in what I am about to say b[illegible] you may hear; indeed, I think you [illegible] much interested, and I shall take it [illegible] vor if you will remain with Miss Al[illegible].

"Then it is not what I thought yo[illegible] ed to be after saying," said Mrs. Cal[illegible].

"Oh, no," said Alice with a sm[illegible] said all that years ago."

"Which shows that he has go[illegible] as well as good looks," said Mrs. Cal[illegible].

"Thank you," said Fred, as he [illegible] to the table.

(To be Continued.)

Progress in Ashanti.

The ce Heathen Kingdom Becoming ivized—A Delegation to England.

ONLY a few years ago, Ashanti was one of the most savage and barbarous kingdoms on the West Coast of Africa. Its annual festivals, held under royal auspices, were frequently marked th slaughter of many victims, and like ahoney, both king and people were the ens of civilization and Christianity. In land. Shortly afterward, the Gold Coast Mission was begun, with Rev. J. Dunwell as teacher. His labors were greatly blessed, but he soon died of fever, the first of a long list of consecrated men who laid down their lives for the work. Missionary circuits were formed at Cape Coast Town, Disc Cove, James Town, Lagos, Badagry, Abeokuta, and other points along the coast and far into the interior. Coomassie, the capital of Ashanti, was, for a time, occupied by the missionaries, and the Gospel was faithfully preached to the King and his people. Several places of worship were established and schools opened. Should the Ashanti people

NOBLE ENVOYS FROM ASHANTI, NOW VISITING ENGLAND

ee ears, the complexion of affairs in Ashanti has greatly changed for the better. ...recently, a party of Ashanti princes ...hiefs visited London, with a special ...sage to the Queen of England from the K... of Coomassie. They desired to come ...oser relations, and to have a resident ...entative of Britain at Coomassie, with ...w of acting as adviser to the King ...tters relating to the internal govern... of his realm. A similar proposition ...made in 1883, but owing to the dis... condition of Ashanti at that time, it ...ot accepted.

...r since the destruction of the tyranni... Ashanti power in 1873, by Sir Garnet ...ley, the people of that country have ...ally regarded Britain as responsible ... maintenance of peace and order in ... West African realm, and the refus... England to assume such responsibility ...en a stumbling-block to the develop... and enlightenment of the country. At ... time, the present native monarch ...verned his people with fairness, tact, ...isdom. Roads have been opened and ...vements made in many directions.

...Ashanti envoys (whose portraits ap...n this page), are Prince John Osso... ...a, of the royal house; Prince Albert ...-Ansah; Akempon Dabban, the King's sword-bearer; Kugo-Tufa, the King's confidential servant; Captain Ink... ..., the Royal Chamberlain; and Chief K...u Foku, the King's head linguist, ...bears the Royal Sceptre of "Gold ...' on all state occasions, and whose ...ffice is to represent the national authority. ...e John Ossoo-Ansah is a dignified-...king man, fourty-four years of age, who ...s to enjoy the complete confidence of K... Prempeh. He is the eldest son of a ...e who visited England in 1835 for his ...tion, and who was the son of the ...Osai Tutu Kwarnim, King of Ashan... ...m 1799 to 1824, who defeated the Brit... ...rces under Sir Charles Macarthy.

...sionary work on the Gold Coast has ...ttended with many drawbacks. When ...Wesleyan Society began its work in ...erribly deadly climate, only a few na... ...ouths at Cape Coast Castle, the chief ...ish settlement, had learned to read the ...in the government school. Soon this ...er was greatly increased, and a large ... of Bibles was procured from Eng... now come more directly under civilized auspices, a great impetus will doubtless be afforded to missionary effort in that country.

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"CHURCH" and "kingdom" are not synonymous words. The church was the ecclesia—was to Christians what the synagogue was to Jews. We do not mean that that was all that it was ever intended to be, but that is all it was at first, and there are no hints in the New Testament of its future development. The kingdom of God is the grand and glorious ideal. It is "the royal rule" of God; it is sometime to fill the earth, to embrace all spheres of life; its characteristics are fatherhood, brotherhood, love, and "the realization of righteousness in the life of humanity." This was the good news which the prophets predicted, the Master proclaimed, and the apostles preached. The church, on the other hand, so far as it may be traced, is an evolution of one phase of the kingdom. The kingdom was preached; the message was accepted; the Christ was obeyed; and those who were of one heart and one mind naturally came together. So far as they had the common life they were one, but it was inevitable that the kingdom should attract some because it pleased their intellects. Many gave to it intellectual adherence who would not yield their wills to its sway. From the first, therefore, there were those in the church who were not in the kingdom—the apostle reproved the Corinthians because of their unseemly conduct at the celebration of the Supper. The church grew faster than the kingdom. From the beginning some were in the kingdom who were not in the church, as there were those in the church who were not in the kingdom. "Kingdom" is the larger word. The church is one of many instruments by which the kingdom is to be advanced. If the inquiry now arises as to whether the church is on a level with other instruments, we reply that the ideal church is the kingdom in the phase of "its corporate self-consciousness;" that it is composed of those, and those only, who are in the kingdom, who are conscious of the fact, and who are seeking to make the kingdom prevail. As Principal Fairbairn has expressed it, "The church is the kingdom seen from below, and the kingdom is the church seen from above." "Polity is not of its essence; saints and souls are."

Only as the church is devoted to the advancement of the kingdom does it fulfil its function; when it seeks anything for itself it is false to the kingdom. It is as true of the church as of individuals that "he that would save his life must lose it." Denominational selfishness is as pernicious as individual selfishness. In so far as liturgies and polities are manifestations of the divine life they are of value, and helps to the kingdom; but in so far as they are simply the expression of esthetic sense, or desire for power, they are worldly and hindrances to the kingdom. The kingdom, which is the divine life in humanity, can never develop into anything which is in antagonism with itself. The visible church is composed of sects. No one sect has any more right than another to calls itself the church. The Roman and the Anglican are as truly sects as the Primitive Methodist and Plymouth Brethren. Historic continuity is not necessarily divine development. It is a serious question how much of the machinery and how many of the forms of worship of our time have any relation to the life of God as it was in Christ Jesus. That life is spirit; it is manifested only by holiness; it cannot be communicated through material channels; it is not dependent on physical touch. Whatever gives that life freer passage is of [illegible]; whatever diverts attention to itself and away from that life is of man.

The organization of the church must change with the expansion of the kingdom. In the nature of things, as time advances and localities are different, the means by which men may be induced to accept the royal sway of God must of themselves be different.

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She made a fine point on the Constitution the year the weevil destroyed so much wheat. Said she: "Chil'ern, I talks to God, an' God talks to me. Dis mornin' I was walkin' out, an' I got ober de fence into de field. I saw de wheat a holdin' up its head lookin' very big. I goes up an' takes holt ob it. You believe it, dare was no wheat dare? I says, 'God,' (speaking the name reverently) 'what is de matter wid dis wheat?' an' he says to me, 'Sojourner, dare is a little weasel in it.' Now I hears talkin' about de Constitution, an' de rights ob man. I comes up an' I takes holt ob dis Constitution. It looks mighty big, an' I feel for my rights, but dar aint any dar. Den I says, 'God, what ails dis Constitution?' He says to me, 'Sojourner, dar is a little weasel in it.'"

Volumes were written about the Negro and the Constitution, but here was a volume in a few sentences.

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† From *The White Side of a Black Subject*, by Norman B. Wood. Pp. 39. Price 4s. Published by Donohue, Henneberry & Co., Chicago.

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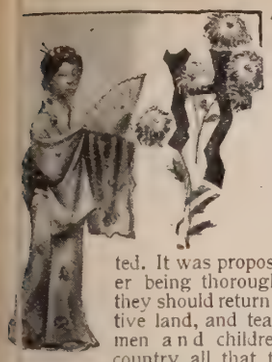

ARDLY fourteen years ago, four little girls were sent to this country by the government of Japan to be educated. It was proposed that after being thoroughly trained they should return to their native land, and teach the women and children of that country all that they themves had learned while here. One of the artette of girls was Stematz Yamakawa. e found a home in the family of Dr. onard W. Bacon, of New Haven, Conn., d soon began to go to Sunday School th his daughter, Alice. The little Japangirl was bright and interesting, and ade many friends. She also showed an elligent mind, and made such progress in r studies that after a few years she went Vassar College, and in due time was aduated from there with high honors. ie Japanese minister came on from Washgton to hear her graduating address. ter graduation, she remained some time New Haven, in order to get some knowlge of medicine and nursing, with the idea training her own countrywomen in these fections. Best of all, she became a true ristian, and united with Dr. Bacon's urch.

Stematz had now become an exceedingly eresting as well as educated young wo-n. But the time had come for her to re-n to Japan, and she went back to her n country followed by the prayers of her ny friends in America. Two year's aft- returning to Japan, Stematz became untess Oyama, and has since been a der among the noble ladies of Japan. unt Oyama, her husband, is one of the emost men in the Japanese Empire. He ame Minister of War in the cabinet of Emperor, and during the late war with ina, he commanded the second division the Japanese army of invasion. The minent position of her husband gives to Countess great influence. Both in pubband in private she has had opportunity make good use of her Christian training eived in America.

LEARNING OF CHRIST.

Saadi, the famous Persian novelist, in e of his writings relates that he once took in his hand a piece of scented clay, and d: "O, clay, whence hast thou thy perne?" And the clay said: 'I was once a ce of common clay; but they laid me for ime in company with a rose, and I drank its fragrance, and have now become nted clay.' So the world will know the npany you keep by the fragrance. If u have lain in beds of spices, you will ell of the myrrh, and the spikenard, and aloes. None will not think you have en with Christ, unless they can first perve that you have learned of Him."

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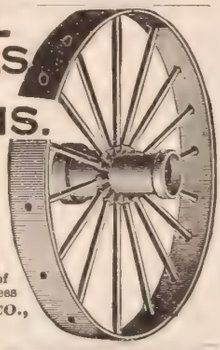

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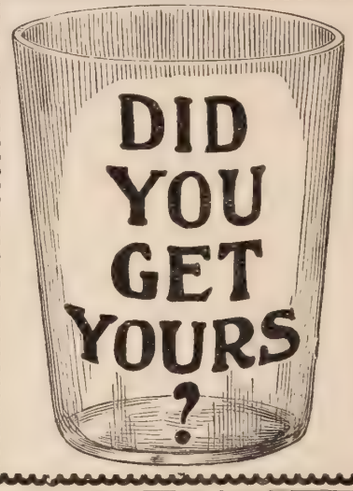

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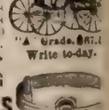

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IN BETHLEHEM PASTURES.

Shepherds of the City of David and their Flocks — An Ancient Grotto in the Fields—The Legend of "The Well of the Magi."

CURIOUS travelers along the road that winds from Jerusalem to Bethlehem like a ribbon of silver, are attracted by many scenes full of sacred interest, and which invite them to turn a moment from the well-worn highway. Leaving Jerusalem, and passing down the Valley of Hinnom, southward, they soon find themselves in an open upland country, which at this season of the year is abloom with wild flowers. The Greek Convent of Elias, with its enclosed gardens and attractive shade, tempts them to halt, if the day be warm; but at this point a turn of the road reveals Bethlehem in their place, its white walls and limestone roofs gleaming in the sun, and they are irresistibly urged onward. The traditional tomb of Rachel is next passed on the summit of Ramah the latter now a mere ruin.

From this point one can overlook the fair fields and orchards which are just outside of David's City. Here and there a villager may be seen at work in the fields, or it may be some peasant farmer, driving his lazy oxen up and down the furrows. But the land is not now as fertile as it must have been in Bible times, and there are many barren stony places in the fields that were so prolific of wheat and corn that the white village was literally "the house of bread." In one of the fields is a dilapidated well, probably dried up long ago—for wells are now scarce around Bethlehem. It is known as "the Grotto of the Shepherds," and its wide and deep mouth, leading to still darker deeps below, is formed of great limestone boulders, roughly hewn and wedged together with such strength and solidity that only the force of an earthquake could wrench them apart. Here, in this cool and shady recess, sheltered from the fierce glare of the Syrian sun, the shepherds are wont to sit, while their flocks are feeding on the scant herbage, or lying under the shade of some friendly trees or clump of bushes. From such a well as this once was, it may be that the swarthy reapers of Boaz in his ancient fields near by, drew water to refresh themselves at their toil. Here Joseph and Mary and the Divine Child may have rested in their flight. Across these fields young David may have roamed while tending the flocks of Jesse, and at this well Israel's shepherd-king may have drank of the cool, sparkling spring, long since dried up.

There is a very beautiful legend in Bethlehem, which says that the "wise men of the East" who had followed the Star to these quiet plains were greatly dispirited to find that they had lost their celestial guide. They had apparently made certain, in their own minds, that the Jewish Capital was the locality indicated by the Star, and their vigilant watch of the heavens was accordingly relaxed. Presently, to their amazement and consternation, they found that their bright monitor had wholly vanished from the sky, and they then discovered, to their sorrow, that they had been guilty of carelessness in trusting to their own judgment, rather than implicitly accepting its guidance to the end of their journey. So the three travelers paused, and taking counsel together, prayed that the Lord might restore to them their lost guide and that they might be permitted to follow its leadings in humble obedience. They halted while yet some distance from Jerusalem, not daring to proceed farther until they should receive some Divine token of encouragement. During their halt, they rested at a well in the plain, which local tradition indicates as the "Well of the Magi." It was doubtless just such a well as that shown in in the photograph.

THE SHEPHERD'S GROTTO OR LEGENDARY "WELL OF THE MAGI," BETHLEHEM.
(From a Photograph secured in the Holy Land by the Proprietor of "The Christian Herald.")

Looking wistfully into its cool depths, they were overjoyed to find, mirrored on its placid surface, the reflection of the Star, which, though it had become for the time invisible to their eyes, was at that moment shining brightly overhead. They raised their eyes once more heavenward and there it shone more resplendent than ever. Led by its rays, Melchior, Balthasar, and Gaspar continued their journey, until they found the object of their search in the lowly Manger of Bethlehem.

Such is the legend which the Christian mothers of Bethlehem tell to their children, when the stars shine out at eventide across the plains and over the humble city of the Saviour's nativity.

EXPURGATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., on the Text: *"Let God be true but every man a liar."* Romans 3: 4.

THE Bible needs reconstruction according to some inside and outside the pulpit. It is no surprise that the world bombards the Scriptures, but it is amazing to find Christian ministers picking at this in the Bible and denying that until many good people are left in the fog about what parts of the Bible they ought to believe, and what parts reject. The heinousness of finding fault with the Bible at this time is most evident. In our day the Bible is assailed by scurrility, by misrepresentation, by infidel scientists, by all the vice of earth and all the venom of perdition, and at this particular time even preachers of the Gospel fall into line of criticism of the Word of God. Why, it makes me think of a ship in a September equinox, the waves dashing to the top of the smoke-stack, and the hatches fastened down, and many prophesying the foundering of the steamer, and at that time some of the crew with axes and saws go down into the hold of the ship, and they try to saw off some of the planks and pry out some of the timbers because the timber did not come from the right forest! It does not seem to me a commendable business for the crew to be helping the winds and storms outside with their axes and saws inside. Now, this old Gospel ship, what with the roaring of earth and hell around the stem and stern, and mutiny on deck, is having a very rough voyage, but I have noticed that not one of the timbers has started, and the Captain says He will see it through. And I have noticed that keelson and counter-timber-knee are built out of Lebanon cedar, and she is going to weather the gale, but no credit to those who make mutiny on deck.

When I see professed Christians in this particular day finding fault with the Scriptures, it makes me think of a fortress terrifically bombarded, and the men on the ramparts, instead of swabbing out and loading the guns, and helping fetch up the ammunition from the magazine, are trying with crowbars to pry out from the wall certain blocks of stone, because they did not come from the right quarry. Oh, men on the ramparts, better fight back, and fight down the common enemy, instead of trying to make breaches in the wall.

While I oppose this expurgation of the Scriptures, I shall give you my reasons for such opposition. "What!" say some of the theological evolutionists, whose brains have been addled by too long brooding over them by Darwin and Spencer, "you don't now really believe all the story of the Garden of Eden, do you?" Yes, as much as I believe there were roses in my garden last summer. "But," say they, "you don't really believe that the sun and moon stood still?" Yes, and if I had strength enough to create a sun and moon I could make them stand still, or cause the refraction of the sun's rays so it would appear to stand still. "But," they say, "you don't really believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?" Yes, and if I were strong enough to make a whale I could have made very easy ingress for the refractory prophet, leaving to Evolution to eject him, if he were an unworthy tenant! "But," say they, "you don't really believe that the water was turned into wine?" Yes, just as easily as water now is often turned into wine with an admixture of strychine and logwood! "But," say they, "you don't really believe that Samson slew a thousand with the jaw-bone of an ass?" Yes, and I think that the man who in this day assaults the Bible is wielding the same weapon!

There is nothing in the Bible that staggers me. There are many things I do not understand, I do not pretend to understand, never shall in this world understand. But that would be a very poor God who could be fully understood by the human. That would be a very small Infinite that can be measured by the finite. You must not expect to weigh the thunderbolts of Omnipotence in an apothecary's balances. Starting with the idea that God can do anything, and that he was present at the beginning, and that he is present now, there is nothing in the Holy Scriptures to arouse scepticism in my heart. Here I stand, a fossil of the ages, dug up from the tertiary formation, fallen off the shelf of an antiquarian, a man in the latter part of the nineteenth century believing in a whole Bible from lid to lid!

I am opposed to the expurgation of the Scriptures in the first place, because the Bible in its present shape has been so miraculously preserved. Fifteen hundred years after Herodotus wrote his history, there was only one manuscript copy of it. Twelve hundred years after Plato wrote his book, there was only one manuscript copy of it. God was so careful to have us have the Bible in just the right shape that we have fifty manuscript copies of the New Testament a thousand years old, and some of them fifteen hundred years old. This Book handed down from the time of Christ, or just after the time of Christ, by the hand of such men as Origen in the second century and Tertullian in the third century, and by men of different ages who died for their principles. The three best copies of the New Testament in manuscript in the possession of the three great churches—the Protestant Church of England, the Greek Church of St. Petersburg, and the Romish Church of Italy.

It is a plain matter of history that Tischendorf went to a convent in the peninsula of Sinai and was by ropes lifted over the wall into the convent, that being the only mode of admission, and that he saw there in the waste basket for kindling for the fires, a manuscript of the Holy Scriptures. That night he copied many of the passages of that Bible, but it was not until fifteen years had passed of earnest entreaty and prayer and coaxing and purchase on his his part that that copy of the Holy Scriptures was put into the hand of the Emperor of Russia—that one copy so marvellously protected.

Do you not know that the catalogue of the books of the Old and New Testaments as we have it, is the same catalogue that has been coming on down through the ages? Thirty-nine books of the Old Testament thousands of years ago. Thirty-nine now. Twenty-seven books of the New Testament sixteen hundred years ago. Twenty-seven books of the New Testament now. Marcion, for wickedness, was turned out of the Church in the second century, and in his assault on the Bible and Christianity, he incidentally gives a catalogue of the books of the Bible—that catalogue corresponding exactly with ours—testimony given by the enemy of the Bible and the enemy of Christianity. The catalogue now just like the catalogue then. Assaulted and spit on and torn to pieces and burned, yet adhering. The book to-day, in three hundred languages, confronting four-fifths of the human race in their own tongue. Four hundred million copies of it in existence. Does not that look as if this Book had been divinely protected, as if God had guarded it all through the centuries?

Is it not an argument plain enough to every honest man and every honest woman, that a book divinely protected and in this shape is in the very shape that God wants it? It pleases God and ought to please us. The epidemics which have swept thousands of other books into the sepulchre of forgetfulness, have only brightened the fame of this. There is not one book out of a thousand that lives five years. Any publisher will tell you that. There will not be more than one book out of twenty thousand that will live a century. Yet, here is a Book, much of it sixteen hundred years old, and much of it four thousand years old, and with more rebound and resilience and strength in it than when the book was first put upon parchment or papyrus. This Book saw the cradle of all other books, and it will see their graves. Would you not think that an old book like this, some of it forty centuries old, would come along hobbling with age and on crutches? Instead of that, more potent than any other book of the time. More copies of it printed in the last ten years than of any other book—Walter Scott's Waverly Novels, Macaulay's "History of England," Disraeli's "Endymion," the works of Tennyson and Longfellow, and all the popular books of our time having no such sale in the last ten years as this old worn-out Book. Do you know what a struggle a book has in order to get through one century or two centuries? Some old books, during a fire in a seraglio of Constantinople, were thrown into the street. A man without any education picked up one of those books, read it, and did not see the value of it. A scholar looked over his shoulder and saw it was the first and second decades of Livy, and he offered the man a large reward if he would bring the books to his study; but in the excitement of the fire, the two parted, and the first and second decades of Livy were forever lost. Pliny wrote twenty books of history; all lost. The most of Menander's writings lost. Of one hundred and thirty comedies of Plautus, all gone but twenty. Euripides wrote a hundred dramas, all gone but nineteen. Æschylus wrote a hundred dramas, all gone but seven. Varro wrote the laborious biographies of seven hundred Romans, not a fragment left. Quintilian wrote his favorite book on the corruption of eloquence, all lost. Thirty books of Tacitus lost. Dion Cassius wrote eighty books, only twenty remain. Berosius's history all lost.

Nearly all the old books are mummified and are lying in the tombs of old libraries, and perhaps once in twenty years some man comes along and picks up one of them and blows the dust off, and opens it and finds it the book he does not want. But this old Book, much of it forty centuries old, stands to-day more discussed than any other book, and it challenges the admiration of all the good and the spite and the venom and the animosity and the hypercriticism of earth and hell. I appeal to your common sense, if a book so divinely guarded and protected in its present shape, must not be in just the way that God wants it to come to us, and if it pleases God, ought it not to please us?

Not only have all the attempts to detract from the Book failed, but all the attem to add to it. Many attempts were made add the apochryphal books to the Old T tament. The Council of Trent, the Sy of Jerusalem, the Bishops of Hippo, all cided that the apochryphal books must added to the Old Testament. "They m stay in," said those learned men; but t stayed out. There is not an intellig Christian man that to-day will put Book of Maccabees or the Book of Ju beside the Book of Isaiah or Romans. T a great many said, "we must have bo added to the New Testament," and t were epistles and gospels and apocalyp written and added to the New Testam but they have all fallen out. You can add anything. You cannot subtract a thing. Divinely protected Book in the p ent shape. Let no man dare to lay hands on it with the intention of detrac from the Book, or casting out any of t holy pages.

Beside that, I am opposed to this ex gation of the Scriptures because if th tempt were successful, it would be the nihilation of the Bible. Infidel geolog would say, "out with the Book of G sis;" infidel astronomers would say, with the Book of Joshua;" people wh not believe in the atoning sacrifice w say, "out with the Book of Levitic people who do not believe in the mir would say, "out with all those wond stories in the Old and New Testamen and some would say, "out with the B of Revelation;" and others would say, with the entire Pentateuch," and the w would go on until there would not be enc of the Bible left to be worth as much as year's almanac. The expurgation of Scriptures means their annihilation.

I am also opposed to this proposed ex gation of the Scriptures for the fact th proportion as people become self-sacrifi and good and holy and consecrated, like the Book as it is. I have yet to fi man or a woman distinguished for self rifice, for consecration to God, for holi of life, who wants the Bible chan Many of us have inherited family Bi Those Bibles were in use twenty, fi fifty, perhaps a hundred years in the erations. To-day take down those fa Bibles, and find out if there are any c ters which have been erased by lead p or pen, and if in any margins you can the words: "this chapter not fit to re There has been plenty of opportunity ing the last half century privately to e gate the Bible. Do you know any ca such expurgation? Did not your gra father give it to your father, and did o your father give it to you?

Beside that, I am opposed to the e gation of the Scriptures, because th called indelicacies and cruelties of the have demonstrated no evil result. A book will produce cruelty—an unclean will produce uncleanness. Fetch me a tim. Out of all Christendom and o all the ages, fetch me a victim whose has been hardened to cruelty, or whos life has been made impure by this Book. S me one. One of the best families I knew of, for thirty or forty years, m ing and evening, had all the members gathered together, and the servants of the hold, and the strangers that happened within the gates—twice a day, wi leaving out a chapter or a verse, they this holy Book, morning by morning, by night. Not only the older childre the little child who could just spell he through the verse while her mother her. The father beginning and readi verse, and then all the members of the ily in turn reading a verse. The maintained his integrity, the mother tained her integrity, the sons grew entered professions and commercia adorning every sphere in the life in they lived, and the daughters went families where Christ was honored, a that was good and pure and rig reigned perpetually. For thirty year family endured the Scriptures. Not them ruined by them.

Now, if you will tell me of a family where t Bible has been read twice a day for rty years, and the children have been ught up in that habit, and the father nt to ruin, and the mother went to ruin, d the sons and daughters were destroyed it—if you will tell me of one such inci- nt, I will throw away my Bible, or I will ubt your veracity. I tell you, if a man is ocked with what he calls the indelica- s of the Word of God, he is prurient in taste and imagination. If a man can- t read Solomon's Song, without impure ggestion, he is either in his heart, or in life, a libertine.

The Old Testament description of wick- ess, uncleanness of all sorts, is pur- sely and righteously a disgusting ac- unt, instead of the Byronic and the Paris- n vernacular which makes sin attrac- e instead of appalling. When those old phets point you to a lazaretto, you un- stand it is a lazaretto When a man ving begun to do right falls back into ckedness and gives up his integrity, the ple does not say he was overcome by the cinations of the festive board, or that he rendered to convivialities, or that he be- ne a little fast in his habits. I will tell u what the Bible says: "The dog is ned to his own vomit again, and the sow at was washed to her wallowing in the re." No gilding of iniquity. No gar- ds on a death's-head. No pounding ay with a silver mallet at iniquity when needs an iron sledge-hammer.

I can easily understand how people, oding over the description of unclean- ss in the Bible, may get morbid in mind til they are as full of it as the wings and e beak and the nostril and the claw of a zzard is full of the odors of a carcass; t what is wanted is not that the Bible be sinfected, but that you, the critic, have ur mind and heart washed with carbolic id!

I tell you at this point in my discourse at a man who does not like this Book, d who is critical as to its contents, and no is shocked and outraged with its de- riptions, has never been soundly convert- . The laying on of the hands of Presby- y, or Episcopacy, does not always change man's heart, and men sometimes get into e pulpit as well as into the pew, never ving been changed radically by the sov- eign grace of God. Get your heart right d the Bible will be right. The trouble is en's natures are not brought into har- ony with the Word of God. Ah! my ends, expurgation of the heart is what anted.

You cannot make me believe that the riptures, which this moment lie on the ble of the purest and best men and wom- of the age, and which were the dying lace of your kindred passed into the skies, ive in them a taint which the strongest icroscope of honest criticism could make sible. If men are uncontrollable in their dignation when the integrity of wife or ild is assailed, and judges and jurors as r as possible excuse violence under such ovocation, what ought to be the over- helming and long resounding thunders of ndemnation for any man who will stand a Christian pulpit and assail the more an virgin purity of inspiration, the well loved daughter of God?

Expurgate the Bible! You might as well to the old picture galleries in Dresden d in Venice and in Rome and expurgate e old paintings. Perhaps you could find foot of Michael Angelo's "Last Judg- ent" that might be improved. Perhaps u could throw more expression into Rap- el's "Madonna." Perhaps you could put ore pathos into Rubens' "Descent from e Cross." Perhaps you could change e crests of the waves in Turner's "Slave hip." Perhaps you might go into the old alleries of sculpture and change the forms d the posture of the statues of Phidias and raxiteles. Such an iconoclast would very on find himself in the penitentiary. But is worse vandalism when a man proposes re-fashion these masterpieces of inspira- tion, and to remodel the moral giants of this gallery of God.

Now, let us divide off. Let those people who do not believe the Bible and who are crit- ical of this and that part of it, go clear over to the other side. Let them stand behind the devil's guns. There can be no compromise between infidelity and Christianity. Give us the out and out opposition of infidelity rather than the work of these hybrid theo- logians, these mongrel ecclesiastics, these half evoluted people, who believe the Bible and do not believe it, who accept the mira- cles and do not accept them, who believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures and do not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures— trimming their belief on one side to suit the scepticism of the world, trimming their be- lief on the other side to suit the pride of their own heart, and feeling that in order to dem- onstrate their courage they must make the Bible a target and shoot at God.

There is one thing that encourages me very much, and that is, that the Lord made out to manage the universe before they were born, and will probably be able to make out to manage the universe a little while after they are dead. While I demand that the antagonists of the Bible, and the critics of the Bible go clear over where they belong, on the devil's side, I ask that all the friends of this good Book come out openly and above board in behalf of it. That Book, which was the best inheritance you ever re- ceived from your ancestry, and which will be the best legacy you will leave to your children when you bid them good-by as you cross the ferry to the golden city.

Young man, do not be ashamed of your Bible. There is not a virtue but it com- mends, there is not a sorrow but it com- forts, there is not a good law on the statute book of any country but it is founded on these Ten Commandments. There are no braver, grander people in all the earth than the heroes and the heroines which it biog- raphizes.

Of all the works of Dore, the great artist, there was nothing so impressive as his il- lustrated Bible. What scene of Abrahamic faith, or Edenic beauty, of dominion Da- vidic, or Solomonic, of miracle, or parable, of nativity, or of crucifixion, or of last judg- ment but the thought leaped from the great brain to the skilful pencil, and from the skilful pencil to canvas immortal. The Louvre, the Luxembourg, the National Gal- lery of London compressed within two vol- umes of Dore's illustrated Bible. But the Bible will come to better illustration than that, my friends, when all the deserts have become gardens, and all the armories have become academies, and all the lakes have become Gennesarets with Christ walking them, and all the cities have become Jeru- salems with hovering Shekinah; and the two hemispheres shall be clapping cymbals of divine praise, and the round earth a foot- light to Emanuel's throne—that, to all lands, and all ages, and all centuries, and all cycles will be the best specimen of Bible illustrated.

AN INFIDEL ON HIS KNEES.

At a recent evangelical gathering in Lon- don, Rev. R. M. Thornton, D.D., related this incident: "There were two men who frequented Regent's Park, London, one of whom carried a chair from which they har- angued the crowd on anti-Christian sub- jects. The three children of one of these infidels were taken ill, and were thought to be dying. A missionary heard of it, and though he had been often insulted and re- viled in public by the man, he went to him in his trouble. After he had been with the children a little while, he asked of their fa- ther leave to pray with them. Receiving no answer, the missionary went down on his knees, and as he rose he found that the father had followed his example. On a re- cent Sunday that man and his friend who carried the chair appeared at my hall, and both remained to the end of the service, the father staying to the inquiry meeting after- wards. He may have come to scoff in the first instance, but at all events he remained to pray. Kindly sympathy, under God's blessing, had won the unbeliever over to the side of Christianity."

Korea's Heathen Gods.

Their Name is Legion, but Christianity is Winning its Way.

THERE is a great field for missionary effort in Korea, which is now made available to the workers, through the results of the recent Chino-Japanese war. The obstacles to Christian progress in Korea have never yet been rightly understood by those who have not themselves traveled in that country. The Seoul "Repository" enu- merates some of them. It says:

"Chief among them is ancestor-worship, the State religion, which has the Confucian code as its ethics. The hold which this possesses on a Korean can hardly be over- estimated: a hold which cannot be loos- ened without shaking the very foundations of his being. Ancestor-worship has its roots in the most sacred soil of human re- lations, that of parent and child. This system forms the base of a Korean's educa- tion. It permeates both national and indi- vidual life. It appears to enjoy the volun- tary, hearty, and unanimous indorsement of public opinion; the nobility and aris- tocracy adorn it, the wealthy lay their best homage at its shrines. Ancestor-worship, however, ignores the supernatural element in religion. This the Korean has found in a system of spirit-worship known as Sham- anism. This system postulates the exist- ence and immanence of innumerable spirits who correspond to the old Greek demons. They are not necessarily evil, but they con- trol the affairs and fortunes of men. They rank all the way from the 'Tok-gabi'—the hobgoblin whose nightly gambols are the subject of many a ghost story—to "Tai Chang Kun,' Lord of the spirit world, whose throne fills a quarter of the heavens. Pausus and Mudangs, priests and prest- esses of this cult in every section of the land, are living sponsors for these tenets and stand ready to exorcise or propitiate for a proper compensation. About these spirits there has grown up a system of ob- servances, ceremonies, and festivals which, coming round both periodically and occa- sionally, form quite an event in the routine of Korean life. Offerings are made and rites observed at such times which entail an amount of expense and credulity against which many a Korean rebels. Some of these spirits are household gods, repre- sented by fetishes—a bundle of straw, a paper of rice, a gourd, an old pot, or a cast- off shoe, hung in a conspicuous place to stand for a supernatural conception. More than once we have been asked to destroy fetishes rotten with age, by those who de- sired to break with them but were afraid to touch them themselves.

"When the Korean approaches Christi- anity, it means a step which only a coura- geous man can take. He finds he is called upon to step aside from the religious path followed by the entire mass of his country- men, and espouse a system whose follow- ers as yet are but a handful, and these of humble origin. To his friends he seems as one who has not only apostatized from the views decreed by public opinion (a serious offence all the world over), but as also hav- ing cast off all allegiance to his parents and ancestry, thus violating one of the funda- mental precepts of ordinary morality. He is completely ostracized. Ancestor-worship is an ever-present factor in Korean life, and no Korean can get beyond the sphere of its influence. Possibly the whole thing is summed up in the remark made by a troubled parent, 'If I am to be treated thus after death, what is the use of children?'

"Our category of obstacles is not yet complete. The dignity of labor is a Chris- tian, not a Korean, idea. That manual labor in one's personal support is more hon- orable than enjoying the hospitality of a relative or friend is regarded as a peculiar view to hold, but that birth does not incapa- citate one from earning his living by the sweat of his brow does violence to a lead- ing Korean social canon, that of caste dis- tinction."

CONSTANTINOPLE'S Y. M. C. A.

Constantinople has a Young Men's Christian Association which meets in Som- erville House, Pera, twice a week during the winter months. During the past season the subject of Sunday evening study has been "The Period of the Judges." Meet- ings during the week have been devoted to foreign missions, when collections were made for the Church Missionary Society and the London Missionary Society. The attendance and membership are increasing.

OUR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

II.—CARRIE A. LEHMANN.

BY a strange law of our be- ing, the best things in us reach activity and frui- tion through suffering. It was so with the subject of this sketch. The work for Christ which she has done and is doing had its origin in a time of intense sorrow. Some years ago, she stood by the bed of her be- loved son, who was on the verge of death. The mother's heart in her yearned over him, but more and stronger than her desire for his life, was her longing that he might be brought to Christ. She pleaded with him and for him, and there and then, in her

MRS. CARRIE A. LEHMANN.

agony of desire, she consecrated her future life to service for Christ. She realized in that time of distress what it meant to die without Christ, and she knew that what it meant for her boy, it meant for multitudes dying around us every day. God merci- fully heard her prayers for her son's con- version. Three weeks before the end came, he gave his heart to God, trusting peace- fully in the Saviour. The sting of death the bitter smart of bereavement, the mother could not feel. It was natural that she should grieve, but she sorrowed not as those who have no hope. Her joy that her pray- ers had been answered outweighed her grief, and she thanked God and took cour- age.

The work that grew out of that ordeal has been very blessed. Mrs. Lehmann en- tered upon it in a spirit of solemn consecra- tion. She had been familiar with Gospel truth from her earliest years. Her grand- parents, to whose charge she had been committed when in her infancy she was be- reaved of her mother, were pious people, members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and they gave her a careful re- ligious training. The truth took deep root in her heart and was now to bear abundant fruit. Speaking recently of that time, she said: "My heart was filled with a hunger for souls, especially for those of boys and girls about the age of my dear dead boy." In the town of New Albany, Ind., where she lived, there were many such young people, and she began reaching out after them. The work was tentative at first, but gradually as God blessed her efforts, a mis- sion was organized where numbers of them were gathered on Sunday afternoons to lis- ten to her teaching. Services were held on three evenings in the week, and a Mothers' Meeting was formed. This has been very successful. There is now every week an average attendance of forty women, many of whom have been won for Christ and are training their families for him. Mrs. Leh- mann calls herself the Superintendent of the Mission, but she is more than that; she is its life and spirit. Christian people who have seen what she is doing have lent their aid, so that a benevolent and philanthropic work has been added to that distinctively spiritual. During last winter, bread, gro- ceries and coal were distributed under Mrs. Lehmann's care at her Mission, and many poor people were fed there. She has had the gratification of seeing twelve persons who were converted at her Mission, unite with various churches during the past four months, and there are others preparing for that step.

THE SAVIOUR'S PARTING WORDS.

S. S. Lesson for June 23. Luke 24: 44-53. Golden Text Matt. 28:19. By Mrs. Baxter.

THEY were one message, those parting words of Jesus before he, the risen Saviour ascended into heaven. Yet how differently rendered by those to whom they were committed on behalf of the church of all time! All the four evangelists agree as to the main point: Go ye. Matthew renders it: "Go ye therefore and make disciples of all the nations." Mark: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature (or to the whole creation. R. V.) Luke: "Repentance and remission of sin should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning from Jerusalem, and ye are witnesses of these things;" John: "As the Father hath sent me, even

So Send I You."

The circumstances attending the utterance of this command by our beloved Lord are variously related: Matthew distinctly states that it was in Galilee whither the disciples had resorted in obedience to the command of Jesus (Matt. 28: 10, R. V.): "Go tell my brethren that they depart unto Galilee, and there shall they see me." That this command was obeyed, and this promise fulfilled, we have already seen in the incidents which happened in Galilee. But Mark makes it to be "when they sat at meat, and Jesus appeared unto them and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen." Luke, who does not mention the manifestation of the risen Christ to his disciples in Galilee, writes as though his message were spoken, not to the eleven only, but also to "them that were with them." (Luke 24, 33), perhaps the same hundred and twenty on whom the Holy Ghost came on the day of Pentecost (Acts 1: 15); and his account would lead to the conclusion that it was in Jerusalem, on the resurrection evening, after the two disciples were returned from Emmaus. The Apostle John makes it to be the very same occasion (John 20: 19-23). May it not have been that a message of such moment was given more than once, perhaps on several occasions and in different words? To Matthew with his special eye to the Kingdom, one can understand how he would catch and perpetuate Christ's teaching about the discipling of nations, while Mark, who saw him as the Servant and the Sacrifice, would lay hold on the detail which would be adapted to his view of things; he saw all in the way in which it touched individuals; "every creature." But the one command does not nullify the other. Let some touch nations as did Joseph and Daniel of old, let some work with individuals, as our Lord did with Nicodemus and the woman of Samaria, but let all, every quickened soul, do his part or hers, to turn men "from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God."

It was like making his will when the Lord Jesus left to his disciples his place of testimony. He had come as the Word which "was from the beginning" as the [illegible] he had been to them; God filled images of him who was the image of the Father. It is a wondrous heritage which we come into, not only by his death for us, but our own death to him and to ourselves in him. He was to the world the living sample of all which the Old Testament declared God [illegible] world as he was" ignored, and hated, and hated, and rejected as he was, by the world. But he has sent us with a word backed by the authority of his presence, which he has made to be "living and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword." His Father sent him with the Word and with the Spirit; and as the Father sent him so he sends us. The unlearned and ignorant men who astonished the ecclesiastical dignitaries of Jerusalem (Acts 4: 13) had with them no other power than the Word and the Spirit.

The kingly-minded Matthew, who sees the nations as the field of operation, and who, looking beyond the mere preaching of the Gospel grasped the idea that evangelized people must

Become Disciples,

samples of the truth they learned, saw the authority and presence of Christ as the deep necessity for such a work. Thus the special words of Christ which he alone records, are: "All authority had been given unto me in heaven and in earth." "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world (or consummation of the age)." Matt. 28. So authorized, so accompanied, "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing (i. e., bringing them) into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them, not only what to believe, but also to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." This is one side, and a most important one, but it is not all. For nations, for families, for missions, for schools, for people taken collectively, this is the essence of true evangelizing: but individuals need yet more.

Mark, with his strong individuality, his eye for details, records other words of his Master. Matthew remembered that Jesus had said: "Go ye." Mark records where the sent ones should go. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature (or the whole creation)," Mark 16: 15. Leave no one out, pass over no place, explore that ye may preach the Gospel, penetrate everywhere, your message is to every man. Dealing with baptism he sees the other side. In the words of Christ, given by Matthew, the evangelist is to be responsible, "Go ye," "baptize ye." In those given by Mark, "He that believeth and is baptized," is the responsible party, he shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned.

With such a message to individuals it is not so much the declaration of the authority of God which is needed, but the unanswerable manifestation of his power. "And these signs shall follow them that believe, in my name shall they cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues, they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them. They shall lay hands upon the sick and they shall recover." And should those be right who would expunge this passage from the canon of Scripture, we nevertheless find it acted upon again and again in the Acts of the Apostles. When Peter and John returned from the presence of the rulers and elders and scribes, threatened and commanded to speak no more in the name of Jesus, they pray for boldness to speak the Word by the accompaniment of

These Very Signs:

"While thou stretchest out thine hand to heal; and that signs and wonders may be done in the name of thy holy Servant, Jesus." (Acts 4: 29, 30, R.V.) Luke sets a high value upon the Word. In only one chapter of his Gospel, he records how the Lord Jesus met the tempter with the Word: "It is written." Soon after his own reading of the Word in the synagogue, at Nazareth, and again at Capernaum. In all this Luke makes the Word prominent as he does in this last message.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THREE accounts are given of the Ascension, two of which are by Luke. In Mark's Gospel there is the brief statement that Jesus was received up into heaven and sat down at the right hand of God. In Luke's Gospel there are more details; but there is the strange difficulty that the natural inference from the story as it is there given, would be that the Ascension took place on the day of the Resurrection. The events of that day are recorded and the story of the Ascension follows immediately, without any suggestion that there was an interval. The appearances in Galilee are not even mentioned. In the Acts, where the third account appears, and which it is believed Luke wrote, the interval of forty days is mentioned, but still nothing is said of the journey to Galilee and the appearances there. It may have been that Luke did not go to Galilee, and speaks only of what he himself witnessed in Jerusalem. Andrews thinks that Luke condenses his narrative in his Gospel because of his intention to write the later treatise in which he would more fully describe the Ascension. Regarding that event as the beginning of Christ's heavenly activity, he might have thought it more appropriate to place it as a preface to his record of apostolic work. Matthew and John give no account at all of the Ascension, although in two passages (John 6: 62 and 20: 17) John writes as if the fact were commonly believed. We can account for the silence of the Evangelists and the meagreness of the details in the works of the other two, as to the important event, only by supposing that the frequent appearances and disappearances during the forty days had led them to regard the resurrection life of Jesus as something appertaining more to heaven than earth, and that the Ascension was its natural culmination. Besides this, they wrote under the mistaken impression that Jesus would return almost immediately, and therefore that his departure was not to them the important matter that it appears to us. As to the place of the Ascension, there is now a general agreement that it must have been the Mount of Olives. If that is correct, Luke's remark that "he led them out as far as to Bethany," must be understood as reading, "over against Bethany," that is on the part of the Mount overlooking Bethany. As we have had occasion to point out, several times during this series of lessons, the Evangelists do not attempt to write a biography of Jesus, but to give such facts about him and his teaching a would tend to instil and increase faith i him as the Saviour of the world. Witl this as their object, they omitted much tha a biographer would have considered essen tial. As John says, if everything had bee recorded, the world could not have con tained the books that would be written That is, the literature of the life would hav been so voluminous that only people of leis ure could have mastered it, and so the en and aim of their writing would have bee defeated.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Then opened he their understanding. Jesu had been doing this for three years past, bu now, we suppose, he imparted miraculousl a great and permanent accession of ligh The opening of the understanding in ord nary matters is a process with which all ar familiar. It is the chief object of educatior which must be a failure if it is merely th acquisition of knowledge. The story is tol of a boy who spent a winter in Florida, an returned to his city home disgusted with th country he had been in. It was dull an stupid, he said. But during the next fe months he was under the charge of a teach er who was an enthusiast in botany, an he kindled the boy's interest in his favorit study. The boy learned about the wonde ful orchids and their strange life. His teach er took him to a conservatory that he migh see some of them growing. "You shoul see them in Florida," the teacher said, "bu these will give you an idea." The bo looked at him in amazement. "I have bee in Florida," he said, "but I never notice any of them." "Perhaps you did not loo for them," his teacher said, "but they woul not escape you now, that you know some thing about them."

Power from on high. "In driving piles, said Spurgeon, "a machine is used by whic a huge weight is lifted up and then falls o the head of the pile. Of course the highe the weight is lifted, the more powerful is th blow it gives when it descends. Now, we would tell upon our age, and come dow upon sin with ponderous blows, we mus see to it that we are lifted as near to God a we can get. All our power will depend up on the elevation of our spirits. Praye meditation, devotion, communion are th windlass to lift us aloft."

Ye are witnesses. A witness in a court o justice is required by the law of evidence t state facts within his own knowledge. is not necessary for him to explain or ac count for them; it is not competent for hi to repeat what some one has told him; wha the court wants him to do is to state wha he has seen and heard and done. When h has done that his veracity may be called i question, but his evidence remains for wha it is worth. Christ expects his people t take that position, and it is remarkable ho effective such testimony is. Men who hav sat unmoved under the most eloquent ap peals and the most clear and exhaustive ex planations of the Gospel, have been move to seek Christ by the testimony of son plain man, that he was once degraded an helpless in the grasp of some evil habit, bu that Christ delivered him when everythin else had failed. Every saved soul can te tify. Like the blind man in the Gospel wh was unable to meet the arguments of th priests, he can say, "One thing I know that whereas I was blind, now I see. There is never any fear of Christianity b ing overthrown while there are people read to testify of what Christ has done in the souls.

Tarry ye in the city. They were to wa in Jerusalem until the Holy Spirit gav them the power necessary for their worl The command was made an excuse by pleasure-loving young man for not turnin to God. "I am waiting, he said, for the Ho ly Spirit. You say I cannot get salvatio without that." He and the friend who wa urging him to seek salvation were walkin on the sea beach as they talked. "Look that ship," said the Christian, pointing one that was anchored a little way ou "What would the crew do if they wante to begin their voyage home? They woul pull up the anchors and spread the sail They could not make the wind come, bu they could spread their sails to catch when it does come. You are like the shi you are tarrying, but you are anchored a you have no sail set. That is not the wai ing attitude. The Spirit truly bloweth as listeth, but there has never been a case earnest, ardent desire for its influence, a companied by prayer, to which there ha been no response. That is the sail to se set that, and the Holy Spirit will come a take you into the kingdom of God."

IT FEEDS TWO THOUSAND DAILY.

ne Bowery Mission Adds another Valuable Feature to its Rescue Work—A Mammoth Restaurant where even the Poorest can Buy a Meal.

GREAT changes have taken place in the Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home withing the last two months. Its spiritual work has been steadily increasing week by week, nd the number of men, young and old, ho have been there induced to abandon areers of vice and idleness and begin the ew life, was never so great, during any rresponding period of the Mission's his- ory. On every hand, it is felt that a rich lessing has fallen upon the work and that grand future of Christian service is open the Mission as an agency for the rescue f those thousands of men who are adrift the great city and wholly beyond the each of the regular church organizations.

A precious source of spiritual benefit has een the Converts' Special Prayer-meeting n Sunday afternoons, between four and ve o'clock. During the week many letters re received from all parts of the Union, equesting the prayers of those who gather t these meetings. Sometimes it is for an ring son who has wandered from the fold nd is living in sin that the prayers of the Converts are solicited; again it may be for ne sick unto death, that spiritual life may ome through suffering. From parents and hildren, husbands and wives, pastors and eople, men and women in every calling nd position in life, hese requests come ith a straightforward arnestness in their appeal that admits of no enial and which demnstrates the abounding faith of the writers n the efficacy of righteous prayer.

Still another means of piritual refreshing for large number of men ho are truly anxious o lead better lives are he "Family Concerts," r regular Thursday vening and Sunday afernoon gatherings at hich Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, the wealthy volnteer evangelist, talks o the auditors in such way as to draw many enitent hearts to the oot of the Cross. This levoted Christian lady, hose remarkable work mong "the Lost Boys f the Bowery" was eferred to in a recent ssue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is indeatigable in her efforts nd her labors are reeiving a rich reward. The men love this noble-hearted woman, who eaves the comforts of her home and social ife to give them a elping hand to draw them to the Saviour. At the regular evening services of the Mission, which are always crowded even in hot weather, there have been numerous conversions, and the testimonies given nightly show how thoroughly the spiritual influence has permeated the lives of very many who have been led to Christ through the instrumentality of the Bowery Mission. During these two months, nearly 600 men have made public acknowledgment of saving belief, and a desire to begin the new life. It would almost seem as though a revival wave were passing over the Mission at the present time, which may result in sweeping large numbers of poor human waifs and strays into the fold.

But the Mission has also been growing in its secular work as well as on spiritual lines. It is like the tree described by the Psalmist, "planted by a river," whose well-watered roots are rapidly sending forth branches that afford shade and shelter to those who have grown weary by the wayside or who have fallen in the hard battle of life. It has been found necessary to make extensive additions to the sleeping quarters, and the dormitories have been enlarged, thoroughly renovated and painted, and are now a model of cleanliness and attractiveness. A large restaurant has been opened on the ground floor, where a substantial meal can be bought at nominal cost. A five-cent meal consists of oat-meal and milk, or pork and beans, or meat stew and three slices of bread, coffee, tea or a large glass of pure milk being served with any of the three dishes that may be chosen. A ten cent meal consists of soup, roast meat, vegetables, rolls, coffee, tea or milk and dessert. The food supplied is all of excellent quality, being in most respects equal to that served in first-class restaurants, and the meals are furnished at about one-fifth the usual cost. This the Mission can afford to do by buying supplies in large quantities wholesale, and adding the bare cost of fuel, lighting and labor.

As an illustration of the surprising growth of any work of helpfulness, the evolution of the Mission Restaurant is unique. As the Bowery Mission is situated in the very heart of that section of New York which is recognized as the familiar ground of the waif, the tramp, the criminal and the social outcast, and amid a network of saloons, it was believed that a clean and attractive restaurant, with home-like surroundings and which would supply a really substantial meal at absolute cost, would be the means of helping those who would otherwise spend their few pennies in the rum-shops. The first table was a plain board resting on two barrels, yet so attractive and strengthening was the fare, that in one week 3,200 men were fed there. Now, however, the restaurant has been equipped in a thoroughly substantial way; and its appointments and service are quite as good as those of many high-priced establishments. The pine plank has been superseded by a long oval counter, at which nearly 100 men can be simultaneously seated. Within the oval are the white-capped and white-aproned help, beside the shining nickeled boilers of tea, coffee and milk, and racks of tempting food. In the rear is the kitchen with its huge coppers, great ranges, and all the equipment suited to a large establishment.

Since the previous articles on this subject have appeared in these columns, people from all parts of the country have visited, and some have revisited, the Bowery Mission. They have gone home with delighted hearts, after seeing the work and hearing the remarkable testimonies given nightly. There are many indications that the Mission's period of widest and highest usefulness in the cause of Christ and humanity is yet to come, and this conviction is urging the managers and all who have the work at heart to press forward with energy and perseverance in ever widening lines. A number of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have already sent in their names to be enrolled as patrons of the Bowery Mission, with the view of being identified with its spiritual work. Patrons may send an offering toward the support of the work, if so disposed, once a year, such offering to be purely spontaneous, and to be accepted as an evidence of the loving interest they feel in the Mission's welfare and its soul-winning efforts among falien men.

A BOWERY MISSION CHEF.

A CORNER GLIMPSE OF THE BOWERY MISSION RESTAURANT.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

Mrs. M. H. Learnard.
S. A. Simonds, Lansingburg.
C., Carlisle, Pa.
J. D. McCullough.
Geo. Haig, Ill.
Mrs. James Gamblin, N. J.
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All desiring to be enrolled on the list of patrons, should send their names and addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Each patron will receive a personal letter from the proprietor of this journal, and will be kept fully informed, from time to time, of the progress of the Mission and its work for Christ among fallen and homeless men.

A WEDDING IN AFRICA.

OUR readers will remember that some months ago, when Mr. Walter T. Currie was in New York pursuing his study of medicine preparatory to his return to missionary work at Chisamba, in Equatorial Africa, we published his portrait with a history of his labors among the African tribes. A pleasant continuation of the story is the news of his marriage to a lady missionary at the American Board's station at Chisamba, which is Mr. Currie's sphere of labor. The "Missionary Herald" gives the following description of the ceremony furnished by one of the guests:

"We were all busy for a week beforehand: the girls were busy early and late pounding corn into meal for the wedding feast. The day before, two animals were killed and a good deal of the meat cooked, so as to be ready for the guests. We were much pleased and surprised at the arrival of the Rev. W. H. Sanders, of Kamundongo, who had come over for the event. Early in the morning the people began to arrive; first the women, with basket after basket of corn meal, gifts from the chiefs round about. By meeting time there was such a crowd, men old and young, women and children. The service began shortly after ten o'clock. The schoolhouse was packed, and the door and windows were full also, and yet not half inside. Mr. Sanders gave the address, after which the marriage took place; first the English service, Rev. F.W. Read officiating, then the Umbundu service, Rev. W. H. Sanders officiating.

"After the service the old men came up, one by one, and saluted Mr. and Mrs. Currie with their bow, clapping of hands and kalunga, the young men and women following them. As the old men do not care to eat in company, they received their share of the feast in raw meat and salt, which they carried home with them. The young men and women ate here, and such a noise and clatter of tongues, I never heard before. They all seemed to enjoy themselves and went away remarkably well pleased at what they had seen and heard.

"The day after the marriage the old men and others came to visit Mr. and Mrs. Currie. They are very particular about their etiquette, and after any feast or anything of that kind they always pay a visit."

THE SAVIOUR FOR ME.

THE Saviour who saw from his home in the sky
That from sin we should never be free,
And loved us so well that he came down to die,
This, this is the Saviour for me!

The Saviour who left all the glories of heaven,
And died a vile death on the tree,
That to us a bright crown and white robes might be given,
This, this is the Saviour for me!

The Saviour who loved all the little ones so,
And said as they pressed to his knee,
"Let them come unto me; suffer not one to go,"
This, this is the Saviour for me!

The Saviour who feels every sorrow we bear,
And asks us his children to be,
That safe he may keep us in his loving care,
This, this is the Saviour for me!

The Saviour who wants us to trust in his love,
And there we his glory shall see,
He'll guide us and guard us and take us above,
This, this is the Saviour for me!

Crystal Run, N. Y. —MRS. JOS. D. CONKLING.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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FREEDOM OF WORSHIP.

NO man that ever lived did so much for the liberation of human thought and religious freedom as Martin Luther. But the world and the Church ever and anon needs another iconoclast to break ecclesiastical pretensions. In all ages and in all churches there have been those who would tyrannize the souls of the people. There are those who have supposed that the Catholic Church has had a monopoly of persecution. It is a great mistake. The Rev. Mr. Mather, a Protestant minister of Boston, advocated the burning of people supposed to be bewitched. Who burned the Quakers? Protestants. Servetus wrote books offensive to Protestanism, and was burned to death, and John Calvin is said to have sanctioned the awful tragedy. We want a new Martin Luther at least every fifty years to extirpate all spirit of religious tyranny. You see it ever and anon cropping out in all the denominations. Now, I am not so much opposed to one pope, if he be a good man, as I am opposed to these scores of little popes all over Protestantism. Methodist popes, Baptist popes, Episcopalian popes, Lutheran popes, Congregational popes, Presbyterian popes, and I will say that in this country it takes the least timber to make a pope of any country in the world. But ever and anon some one reads over the life and exploits of Martin Luther and catches his spirit, and there is another crash of consecrated humbug. Still, there are others who try to stop the age, and they throw a block in front of this wheel, and a block in front of that wheel, and try to pull off the driver's box the coachman. But you cannot stop the age in which we live. The only way to do is to keep up with it, and get on the box beside the driver and help him control the ten galloping coursers. In the harness of the Church there is too much breeching strap and not enough traces. But says some one: "Wouldn't you curb fanaticism?" Why, fanaticism dies of itself. It never lasts more than five or ten years. Robert Hall, in his essay on "Toleration," says, most tersely: "Nothing that is violent lasts long." And you and I know as well as Robert Hall that anything that is not wisely Christian has in it elements of destruction. But if a thing be of God, caricature it, denounce it, vote against it, legislate against it; but you might as well try to abolish the eternities. The principles of religious freedom, of which Martin Luther was the impersonation, will yet be [illegible] Here we are, in the evening of the nineteenth century, in a land where religious liberty is to correspond, or ought to correspond, with [illegible] Between these two [illegible] day of the Advent of the children, is to be demonstrated what a man may be if his religion is unmolested. The cradle of the human race was the Tigro-Euphrates basin. The cradle of its regeneration will be this continent. Why not Great Britain and Ireland? Their area is too small. Why not the Continent of Europe? Too many nationalities to be unified. Why not Asia or Africa? Their climates are unpropitious. Here in America I believe the work is to begin. Plenty of room. Enough rigors in our climate to energize the people, and enough of the balsamic to make everything genial.

RELIGION HEALTHY.

BAD men and women have short lives. That is a general rule. I know hundreds of good old men. I do not know a dozen bad old men. Why? They do not get old. That is a general rule. Lord Byron died at Missolonghi at thirty-six years of age, himself his own Mazeppa, his unbridled passions the horse on which he dashed out into the desert. Edgar A. Poe died at thirty-eight years of age, in Baltimore, and the raven that alighted on the bust above his chamber-door was delirium tremens; "only this and nothing more."

But you say, "Don't professors of religion sometimes go wrong? Don't professors of religion sometimes get intoxicated, and professors of religion misappropriate funds, and professors of religion make complete ship-wreck?" Yes, but they always throw away their religion before they throw away their morality. Mark the chronology. Because a man jumps overboard from a White Star line steamer in mid-Atlantic, is that anything against the capacity of the White Star line to take a man safely to Liverpool? Because a man jumps over the gunwales of his religion and goes down never to rise, is that anything against the capacity of the Christian religion to take a man clear through safely? In the one case, if the man had stuck to the steamer it would have been the salvation of the body; in the other case, if he had stuck to his religion it would have been the salvation of his morals.

Some of those who read this would have been dead twenty-five years ago but for the life-giving quality and life-preserving power of the Christian religion. You started life side by side with some other man. He had not the restraints of the Christian religion. You have had them. His body has been in the cemetery for years. The physician made it easy for his friends and said it was congestion of the brain; but the snakes that crawled through the room and the blue flies that went over showed what it was. You and he came side by side until you got to the golden pillar of the Christian life. You went to the right. He went to the left. That is the only difference between you and him—the self-preservative power of the Christian religion.

A CURE-ALL.

WHEN any earthly medicine is advertised as good for everything, you know it is good for nothing. The only medicine that hath in it curative power for all evils—social, domestic, national—is the Gospel. There is no quackery about that, for it is the compounding of the great Physician. That is the only cure-all the world has ever seen or will ever see. Do not allow yourself to get discouraged by this or that evil; but go to work to help cure it; appreciating that it is only a question of time when society and the world will become gloriously convalescent. Those who toil cheerfully will accomplish far more than those who toil despondingly. Against us may be all evil passions of men concerted and allied and intrenched and reinforced, but on our side are all good men and women, all good angels and Jehovah, and if God be for us, who can be against us? The God himself, who hath sworn that he will give all the kingdoms of this world to his Son for a possession, is going to manage the affairs of this world. It does not now seem so. It is, nevertheless, a chronological [illegible] world is nearer that superb and irradiating event than ever before, and every stitch of philanthropic needle and every kind word of Christian admonition, and every tear of sympathy and every smile of encouragement, and every earnest prayer, is toward that result a heaven-acknowledged and God-honored contribution. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

R. G. Wallace, Clifton City, Mo. 1. Where was Matthew Henry buried? 2. What were the conditions under which his son died?

1. In Trinity Church, Chester, England. 2. His son was a member of Parliament, elected by the city of Chester. We do not know the conditions of his death, but he did not follow in his father's footsteps.

Subscriber, Asbury Park, N. J. Does the Bible prohibit a divorced man marrying again?

If his wife has been unfaithful to him it permits him to obtain a divorce and marry again. (See Matt. 5 : 32.) Some divines believe that it also permits divorce where the wife leaves her husband's home, and declares she will never return (see 1. Cor. 7 : 15), but all do not agree on that point.

Subscriber, Madoc, Can. Why was the sin referred to in John 19 : 11 greater than Pilate's sin?

Because the sin of the High Priest and his associates was a sin against light. They ought to have known better, and would have known better had they studied their Scriptures. Besides, they were the active promoters of the prosecution. Pilate would not have interfered but for their importunity.

E. C. Lang, Merna, Neb., writes:

In behalf of the needy of this community, I wish to return thanks to the many kind friends of the East, and your very kind appeal in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Words cannot express thanks for what you kind Christian people have done. If you could step into some of the homes and see the little ones that you have helped to make happy, I know your hearts would rejoice at the good work you have done.

J. P. W. Kilmichael, Mass. Do you consider that our Lord's victory was won on the Cross or in Gethsemane?

His victory over his own human nature was won in Gethsemane when he acquiesced in the approaching ordeal. We do not know what were all the elements of the conflict in the Garden, but that was sure to be one of them. It was a spiritual suffering. The ordeal on the Cross was physical, though even that was aggravated by the sense that he was deserted of God. Calvary was the culmination of his whole work, and therefore it was there that the victory was achieved.

F. E. Craig, Cook, Neb. Why do religious papers and ministers persist in using the name of Sunday in speaking of Sunday Schools and in other announcements, instead of using the Scriptural term, Sabbath?

Because the Sabbath was the Jewish term for the day of rest. Sunday does not fulfil the Jewish conception of it. The Sabbath was hedged about with all kinds of restrictions. A man must not light a fire on that day; must not walk over a certain distance; must not carry a handkerchief in his pocket, because it would be bearing a burden, and other nonsensical regulations. The Christian is under none of them, and spends his day of retirement from business in religious activity, not in Sabbatic rest. The best change of term would be to speak of it as the Lord's Day.

E. B. Gray. When and where were the first Children's Day Exercises held?

In 1865 it was suggested to the Centenary Committee of the M. E. Church to establish a Children's Fund for the Aid of Sunday Schools, and in 1868 the M. E. General Conference recommended that the second Sunday in June be annually observed as Children's Day. In subsequent years the London M. E. Conference, the General Conference of the Evangelical Association, the Presbyterian General Assembly, and the National Council of Presbyterian Churches followed this example. Some churches, however (and especially the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn,), have had a Children's Day observance long before any general recognition of the practice.

Inquirer, Mass. Suppose a man pledges himself to give a tenth of his income to the Lord's service, should he give a tenth of his gross receipts, such as the entire rent of a house he owns, or may he deduct expenses, like taxes and repairs, before reckoning a tenth?

The income is the net proceeds of his business or property. It is the amount at his disposal for personal and family use after paying business expenses. In trade the income is not the total receipts. Out of them must come the cost price of the goods sold, the rent of the store, the wages of clerks, &c. The balance is the income, a tenth of which the man has promised to give. In the same way the expenses of property have to be deducted from the rental, and the balance is income.

Inquirer, Carroll, Kan. You stated in THE MAIL-BAG recently that a wife has no right to give to charitable and religious objects money which is the joint property of herself and her husband, without the consent of her husband. Has she not a right to give such money without the wife's consent?

Neither party has a right to give away, without the consent of the other, money held in joint ownership. When all the income is contributed by the husband, he is apt to regard it as being not correctly characterized as joint ownership. In that case he often claims the right to give away what he chooses, without his wife's consent. We think that such right, even if it is legitimate, should not be exercised. He should remember that she has a claim on him for a provision in the event of his death, that really constitutes a moral joint ownership of the savings. She should therefore be consulted before any important gift is made, and if she has objections, they ought to have weight with him. If, however, the wife insisted on no money being given when the husband furnished the whole income, he would be justified in refusing to yield, and might rightly give the proportion sanctioned by Scripture, without her consent.

C. McL., Crinchau, Pa. Can a man receive eternal life without being baptized?

No one would be likely to wish to test the question. Christ commended it, and we would obey, even if it were a much greater thing to be done. We can conceive of cases in which baptism would not be possible. A man brought to repentance and faith when he was away from all Christians and dying before any Christian could baptise him is a case which might occur in foreign travel, or on a voyage. You do not suppose that God would exclude such a man from heaven! It is not likely that the dying thief was baptized, yet he had Christ's personal assurance of salvation. Your other question has been answered in a recent issue.

G. Robertson, Oakland, Cal. 1. At Christ's second coming will he be seen by every one in the world? 2. How long an interval will elapse between the coming of Christ to summon his waiting people and his coming in judgment?

1. Prophetic expositors are generally agreed in the opinion that none will see him but those whom he calls to meet him. All will see him when he comes with his saints in judgment. (See Rev. 1 : 7.) 2. It is thought about three and a half years. That is on the presumption that the withdrawal of the waiting church will occur "in the midst of the week," or final period of seven years. If, as some suppose, the withdrawal takes place at the beginning of the period, the interval, of course, will be seven years.

Inquirer, Scranton, Pa. 1. What language did our Lord use? 2. Were the Gospels written in Greek, and if so, could uneducated men have written them?

1. The common language of Palestine at the time was Aramaic. After the Babylonian captivity it supplanted the original Hebrew, although the latter continued in use for ecclesiastical documents. It is reasonable to believe that Christ used the Aramaic, as the people would not have understood him had he spoken any other language. 2. Matthew is commonly believed to have been written in Aramaic and the other three in Greek. The commercial and literary language of the day was Greek. Neither Luke nor John was an uneducated man. Both would be likely to know Greek. Mark too, as a young Jew of some standing, would probably know the language.

Chas. Davis, Kansas City, Mo. Is repentance indispensable to salvation, and must it precede faith?

Repentance means being sorry for sin and quitting it. We cannot conceive of a person exercising faith in Christ without feeling this emotion and making an effort to live without sin. The agony and distress you often see described in religious biographies is not indispensable. Many excellent Christians never experienced it. When faith is exercised, that distress ceases in any case, but the Christian never ceases to feel sorry for his sins, and to wish that he had never committed them. He also resolutely tries to avoid their repetition and seeks strength from Christ to resist temptation. Christ does not save people who want to continue living in sin, but people who show their real repentance by leading a new life, and he gives the power to do this to those who seek it.

J. Waite, ——. Does our Lord's admission (Mark 13 : 32 that he did not know the time of the end imply, as the Unitarians contend, that he was not divine?

No, the inference does not appear logical. We do not understand the union of the two natures in our Lord's person, and therefore cannot explain many of the difficulties which are presented. If, however, we take the conception that is given in the first chapter of John's Gospel of an Incarnation, we can perceive how there may have been restriction in the exercise of divine power operating by human brain. The instrument would be necessarily inadequate. The assumption of an unrestricted divine nature would imply perfect knowledge in boyhood, yet we know that as a boy Christ did not know all things; for Luke says explicitly (2: 52) that he increased in wisdom, which he could not have done had he been omniscient from birth. In taking our nature he voluntarily submitted to the imperfections of our condition, otherwise he would not have been made "like unto his brethren."

P. R. A., Clay Center, Kan. Write to the Methodist Journal, N. Y., for full information.—Mrs. J. L. Howe, Crooked Creek, Pa. The long sentence is nowhere regarded by scholars of to-day as important. Its authenticity is very doubtful.—S. Sylvania Kimber, Silex, Mo. He is a Presbyterian.—J. R. Kent, Elk Point, So. Dak. He says were recently discussed in THE MAIL-BAG.—J. Parr, Washington, D. C. Out of print so long stand.—Mrs. A. L. Howe, Spring Valley, Minn. Address [illegible] of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—Rev. Butler, Pa. Send hymns to H. P. Main, Cady, Bagaw & Main, Music Publishers, 9th St., New York.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE DEAD STATESMAN.

DEATH robbed the nation of a faithful public servant, when on May 27, it seized Walter Q. Gresham for its prey. The news that Mr. Gresham was dead took the country by surprise. It was known that he was sick, but a fatal termination to the disease had not been apprehended. His strength appears to have been impaired by a too close attention to his duties as Secretary of State, and he was not in a condition to bear the attack of pleurisy which came upon him a few weeks ago. But even his physicians did not foresee the sudden collapse which ensued, and although everything that science could suggest as a restorative was tried, the fatal issue could not be averted. The tributes paid to Mr. Gresham's memory by his colleagues and associates show that his talents and character were of a higher order than the general public was aware and that he was respected most by those who knew him best. His career began in a small farm house near Paoli, Ind., where he was born in 1832. Of Scotch-Irish lineage on both sides, he inherited a vigorous constitution and a brilliant intellect. One of his ancestors was a warm friend of Methodism and made his house the place of entertainment for preachers and the preaching place until a Methodist church could be built. Mr. Gresham's father was Sheriff of his county and was murdered in the discharge of his duty when his distinguished son was only two years of age. A brief time at school, a clerkship, with opportunity to attend college, and then a call to the Bar, followed by an election to the Legislature, were the events that filled Mr. Gresham's career until the outbreak of the war. He enlisted as a private, rose to the rank of Major General and won the admiration alike of his superior officers and of the men. He was severely wounded in one of the battles before Atlanta and for nearly a year suffered excruciating pain and was barely saved from the misery of mutilation. President Grant made him a Judge and President Arthur made him first, Postmaster General and afterwards Secretary of the Treasury. Afterward he returned to the bench and left it reluctantly at the invitation of President Cleveland to become the chief of his Cabinet. Throughout his career in the army, on the bench and in the Cabinet, the most conspicuous feature of his character was his unflinching fidelity to his conscientious conception of duty. The clamor of the press, the pressure of friends and the assaults of enemies had no power upon him. Whether he was mistaken in his view of a situation or not, he could do his duty as he understood it, regardless of friend or foe. During his military career, a speculator who had influence with Gen. Grant went to him with an ingenuant complaint that Gresham had ordered him out of the lines and had threatened to put him in irons. Grant asked him if he was sure Gresham had made that threat. The speculator was quite sure. "Then," said Grant, "I should advise you to keep out of his way, for he will do it." On the Bench he resisted all the influence that could use and summarily removed a man from a receivership and put an honest man in his place. He made the bitterest foe of his life of a political colleague by advising the Grand Jury to indict him if they could get at the evidence. The same relentless rectitude characterized him in the Cabinet. Not all the influence that the Louisiana lottery could bring to bear on him, directly or indirectly, when he was Postmaster General, could turn him from his course. He went on ruthlessly until the lottery was excluded from the mails and received the death blow to its power. The nation can ill-afford to lose such a man—one who loved right and justice and abhorred all share or compromise with evil.

Sent for the punishment of evildoers and for the praise of them that do well. (1. Peter 2 : 14.)

In Arizona Death-Stone.

A member of a party of hunters lately returned from Arizona, has sent to the Philadelphia "Times" a story of an extraordinary stone to which Indian legend ascribes fatal power. The hunter says that while on a mountain pass nearly fifty miles north of the Needles, a goat of an almost extinct speecies was started. The hunters followed in hot pursuit, but the fleet-limbed little creature climbed up beyond their reach. Suddenly they saw it fall dead. They were climbing up after its body, when an Indian appeared at the entrance of a mountain hut. He gesticulated wildly, evidently warning them against going farther. They waited for him to approach, and then asked him what he meant. He said that the goat had been killed by the death-stone, and that any one touching it would share the same fate. He bade them watch a rattlesnake that was approaching the goat, and they saw the snake coil and writhe and finally die in agony. The ground around the rock on which the dead goat lay was covered with the bones of dead animals. The rock is a rough, jagged projection, of a deep blue color, rising abruptly out of a bed of shale. It is not more than seven feet high. It is seamed and ribbed with the marks of volcanic action. The hunters believe that it has some electrical properties, and allege that after the sun went down they could see scintillations of electric light proceeding from it. The Indians have some horrible legends about it, dating back hundreds of years, and originating with the visit of a stranger with supernatural powers who was ill-used by their tribe, and avenged himself through the death-stone. How much of the story is true, and how much is superstitious legend, it might be difficult to decide. It is not a matter of practical importance, as, according to the hunters, the death-stone is in an almost inaccessible pass where few people are liable to come on it by accident. There is, however, another Stone, of which the Bible speaks, that does concern every one, for it is as certainly the cause of destruction to some as of life to others.

THE LATE SECRETARY OF STATE, W. Q. GRESHAM.

Whosoever falleth upon that stone shall be broken in pieces. (Luke 20 : 18.) To whom coming as to a living stone . . . ye also as living stones are built up. (1. Peter 2 : 4.)

To Stop Steel Bullets.

A new bullet-resisting shield was tested last week at the shooting grounds at East New York, with astonishing results. The shield is composed of materials which are kept secret by the inventor. It is two inches thick, and a piece a foot wide and fifteen inches long weighs eleven pounds. Tests were made on it with explosives of foreign and domestic manufacture. In one test, a steel bullet fired from a small-bore rifle by an explosive giving a speed of two thousand feet a second, passed through a block of yellow pine sixteen inches thick and dented a steel plate behind it; but when fired at the shield, penetrated only one inch. When taken out it appeared to have been fused by the impact. In another test, a bullet that passed through a steel plate half an inch thick, when fired from a Winchester rifle, such as is used in the army, could penetrate the shield only one inch, though the same rifle and explosive were used at the same distance. The shield is covered with ordinary flannel, and the inventor declares that very little metal is contained in it, and that its weight and thickness may be reduced with safety. It may be used as a part of a soldier's uniform, or as a covering for ships and forts. The value of such a shield is obvious, and if it really does afford the protection that is claimed for it, there is no doubt about its being generally used in warfare. If a government provides it as part of the equipment of its soldiers, it would be suicidal for any of them to go into a battle without it. It often happens, however, that in spiritual conflicts the Christian is wounded only through neglecting to use the shield provided for him, which, as he is assured, will be his protection.

Above all, taking the shield of faith wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. (Eph. 6 : 16.)

A Ranch in Motion.

A strange misfortune that has befallen a ranch owner is reported by the San Francisco "Examiner." It says that the County Surveyor of Mendacino County a short time ago surveyed a claim on the slope of a mountain near a branch of Elk Creek. The settler erected a cabin, bought three cows and a flock of sheep and set to work on his claim. Last winter the rains in the district were unusually heavy. The register of the district showed a total rainfall of nearly fifty inches. There were also severe frosts on the mountain and the soaked soil became hard and caked. More rain fell with the thaw and the ground became spongy. It appears to have been on a rock bottom over which the water that drained from the soil flowed freely. The settler recently had business in the town, which kept him there a day or two. He was returning on horseback and had just come in sight of his home on the mountain side, when he was startled by a terrifying sight. The whole claim with the cabin, barns and stock was slowly sliding down the mountain like a glacier. It gathered speed as it proceeded and finally, with a roar like distant thunder fell into the creek. It completely dammed the creek and left the mountain side simply bare rock, without a trace of soil or vegetation. All the labor and time and money he had expended on the claim was wasted and he had cause to be thankful that his life was not sacrificed, too. A warning is given in the Bibte that the labors of ministers and teachers may be lost in the same way. Mere surface work such as is sometimes witnessed in the excitement of a revival and such too as under the name of popular preaching pleases the ear and the intellect, but does not reach the heart will have no lasting results. The fruits of all such labor will disappear. Only that work is permanent that is as true as the foundation.

If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon he shall receive the reward. (1.Cor. 3: 14.)

A Floral Prison.

A lady residing in New Orleans relates that some days ago the first humming bird of the season made its appearance in her garden, sipping indiscriminately from the wealth of sweets. Late in the afternoon she observed the little fellow hovering around a spike of annunciation lilies which had shot up perfectly laden with bells. The next morning early when she went out for a stroll through the garden she heard a fluttering and faint cheeping from the neighborhood of the lily bed. For some time she could see nothing to account for the faint sounds, but at last was astonished to discover that one of the lily belis had closed its petals, imprisoning the humming bird within. It is probable that the bird had buried its beak too far in and extracted so much honey as to cause the already fading flower to collapse suddenly, thus holding the little fellow close bound all night long. The bird could not know that in seeking the honey in the beautiful flower he was endangering his life. Perhaps had he known he might not have resisted the temptation. Even men who should know better and have been warned of their danger have lost their souls in a similar way.

Hear thou this thou that art given to pleasure . . . mischief shall fall upon thee; thou shalt not be able to put it off. (Isa. 47 : 8, 11.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. Newman Hall, D.D., the Eminent Clergyman and author was much gratified by the American congratulations which reached him on May 22, when he celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday.

Mr. George W. Leitch, Missionary of the American Board of Ceylon, is delivering a course of lectures on India with 100 stereopticon illustrations, in the leading churches of all denominations in San Francisco and vicinity to aid in raising funds for an undenominational Christian college, in Jaffna, Ceylon.

Rev. J. B. McMichael, D.D., is the New Moderator of the United Presbyterian Church. He is President of the College at Monmouth, Ill. The contributions of the church to Foreign Missions last year amounted to $20,794. There seems to be a prospect of union between that church and the Dutch Reformed Church in the near future.

An Italian Methodist Church, Founded through the Church Extension Society, was dedicated on Sunday, June 2, at 307 East One Hundred and Twelfth street, New York. The pastor is Rev. Filoteo Taglialatelia, of Naples, a graduate of Drew Seminary. This is the first Italian M. E. Church in New York, although it is estimated that there are over 30,000 Italians in the city. Dr. William Baldwin took part in the exercises.

Calvary Baptist Church, New York, has been holding a three days' celebration service in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. R.S. McArthur's ordination in the ministry of the Baptist Church. During the public meeting on the last evening of the celebration, the pastor was presented with a check for $5,000, as a token of the congregation's regard. The Baptist ministers of the city and several ministers of other denominations attended to congratulate the church and pastor.

At a Recent Sunday School Celebration in England the interesting fact was mentioned that Baron Selborne who died last month, had been a teacher in the School for twenty-two years. Even during the time he held the office of Lord High Chancellor, which carries with it the duty of presiding over the House of Lords, Lord Selborne was as regular and punctual in attending school as he was in Court and the House of Lords.

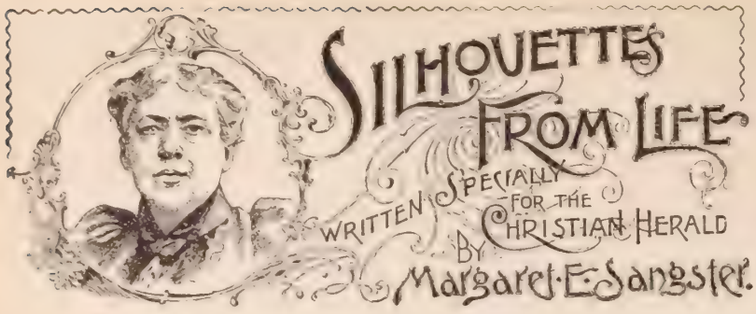
A Reliable Correspondent of "The Independent" in Eastern Russia reports that the evangelical movement which in the southern provinces goes under the name of Stundism, is making steady and continued progress, and notably in the Province of Orenburg, a district contiguous to Siberia. The late Czar's persecution of the Stundists had the result of scattering them all over the Empire, and wherever they went they propagated their faith. Even the exiles in Siberia have been making converts.

The Action of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in directing the Presbytery of New York to refuse to license graduates of Union Theological Seminary has aroused indignation in some prominent Presbyterian ministers. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst said of it: "The General Assembly has done something for which its successors in time to come are going to hang their heads in shame. There is a narrowness and meanness about it, and there is in it a resort to small ways and methods that are unworthy of the Presbyterian Church."

An English Judge in Sentencing an Incorrigible offender recently, gave utterance to an astonishing prediction. He said that he believed when society, in the course of years, became more civilized, it would adopt a different method of dealing with wrongdoers whom ordinary punishments failed to reform. He thought such persons would be put into a lethal chamber where they would mercifully and painlessly die. The judge might change his mind if he were to spend an evening in the Bowery Mission and listen to some of the testimonies of persons who were once regarded as incorrigible.

A Thriving Church has Grown out of a Quiet work commenced a year ago by Rev. G. E. Talmage and Rev. H. M. Cox. A neglected neighborhood lies between their two parishes in the north of New York City. It is remote from both, and about an equal distance. The two ministers commenced a Sunday School in the basement of a private house there last June. Preaching was commenced in the winter, Mr. Talmage and Mr. Cox taking the service on alternate Sunday afternoons, this being in addition to the services in their own churches. A large building has now been rented, a church organized, a pastor installed, and $500 a year pledged by the members toward the expenses.

An Effort to Raise Money to Put New Pews in the First Presbyterian Church at Port Jefferson, L. I., has developed a spirit of unusual service among the young lady members. They undertook to raise a certain proportion of the required sum, and that not by begging, but by labor. One lady invested in blacking and brushes and shined the shoes of her father and brothers, receiving the usual nickel a pair. Some of her male friends who heard what she was doing, jokingly offered to be customers, too. She consented, but raised the price for outsiders to a quarter. She soon had as many customers as she and her sister could attend to. Another lady made an excellent salve, which commanded a ready sale. A third lady gave a lecture. A fourth made cakes, another undertook laundrywork, and so on. The entire amount was raised in these ways.



AN EVENING HYMN.

THE soft glow of a lingering summer dusk was touching the roofs of the village and tinting the fields and hills with a faint hue of rose. Mrs. Armstrong, standing by her gate, watching for her husband who had been away on business in a neighboring city and was expected by the last train, saw walking up the street, a stranger queerly dressed, and it seemed, ill at ease and anxious to avoid observation.

Strangers seldom appeared in Middleborough, which was an out-of-the-way place tucked in among the hills. This man's clothing was of a fashion quite out of date—singularly so; his shoes were dusty, his hair worn very short, was a gray thatch, thick-growing and standing up like a brush; but he was not old, not more than forty, Mrs. Armstrong decided.

Wondering who he was, as he came timidly toward her, she was a little startled when he spoke to her, taking off his hat with shy politeness.

"Madam," he said, "Have you any work that I could do?"

"I am sorry," she answered, "that I have not any, but you look weary: will you come in and rest? My husband will be here directly."

"Thank you," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "I have walked far to-day. I am tired and hungry, and have little money. I will accept the first kindness that has been shown me in twenty years."

Mrs. Armstrong led the way into her little parlor, and offered her guest a chair by the window. He pushed it back, so that he could not be seen from the outside by anyone entering the little yard. Presently, while his hostess was stepping briskly to and fro, preparing supper, he leaned his head back against the cushion and fell asleep, the sleep of a fagged-out and weary man, who had tramped the roads for hours.

"Belle! Belle!" Mr. Armstrong's cheery voice resounded through the small entry. "Where are you, dear? I sold the meadow-lot at a splendid bargain; I have the money here in my pocket—three hundred dollars in hard cash. What do you think of that?"

"Sh-sh-sh—" said the wife, hastily and anxiously, indicating to her husband, as he entered, the sleeping figure in the corner. Mr. Armstrong's lips shaped themselves into a surprised whistle, but he made no sound. Belle drew him into the little bedroom off the parlor, and shut the door; they conversed in whispers.

"Did I do wrong to ask him in, Jonathan?" she said wistfully. "The poor fellow looked so haggard and tuckered out; I did it before I thought."

It was a region and a period when hospitality was more spontaneous and much more generally practised than in these suspicious times, and Mr. Armstrong's answer was prompt.

"Wrong? Certainly not. You are always in the right, wife. Still, I wish this money were safe in the bank, and not in my charge to-night, with a duffer like that under our roof. If only I hadn't shouted my news out as I did when I came in!"

"That doesn't matter, dear," responded Mrs. Armstrong. "The poor man was certainly asleep. He never moved a muscle."

Mr. Armstrong said no more. A suspicion which he did not communicate to his wife had crossed his mind, and he felt distinctly uncomfortable, thinking of the six fifty-dollar bills, crisp and new, reposing [illegible] But he was a brave man, and also a Christian, [illegible] the text he and Belle had read together that morning, "There shall no evil befall thee." Belle called him to supper, and he went out, extended a cordial hand to the stranger guest, showed him to the little dainty upper room, kept fresh and neat for company, and when presently the man came down, washed and refreshed, the three sat down to their evening meal. It was abundant and savory.

There were fried chicken, and hominy, boiled potatoes bursting from their jackets, preserves, marmalade, bread and butter and honey, with such coffee as only a good housekeeper knows how to make. The stranger feasted heartily, yet with an air of unfamiliarity which the keen eyes of Mr. Armstrong noted. Associations stamp us in this world as the soft metal takes the dye, and this stranger had lost the confidence and alertness, which contact with our fellows, the loving and the beloved, invariably imparts. But his host was only the kinder.

Under the influence of Mr. Armstrong's agreeable manner, the odd guest thawed, and became so to speak, friendly and social. Once he laughed, but checked himself quickly.

"It is our custom to have family worship and we will be glad to have you join us," said Mr. Armstrong, as he took the hymn-book after supper, and his wife went to the little melodeon, sat down and played. Husband and wife sang well, and their voices blended in

> Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
> It is not night if thou be near,
> Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
> To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
>
> If some poor wandering child of thine,
> Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
> Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
> Let him no more lie down in sin.

Tears blurred the stranger's vision. He put up a slender but work-worn hand, and furtively dried his eyes.

Mr. Armstrong read a few words from the Gospel of John, then they knelt and a hearty prayer was offered. The worship over, the guest was escorted to the clean, sweet-smelling, spare chamber, and left to his night's repose.

Next morning, after a good breakfast, he bade his kind entertainers farewell, and was about to proceed on his way. Mr. Armstrong inquired its direction, and, finding that he was bound eastward, gave him a lift for some miles in his wagon, and finally parted with him, with a cordial God-speed. After which Mr. Armstrong deposited his money in safety in the bank, and returned to his home.

"Belle," he said, "that man is a discharged convict. For some crime or other, he has spent the best years of his life in prison. I knew it by many little signs, most of all by that step, and that way of acting as if watched."

"Jonathan!! And you let him sleep here, when we had three hundred dollars in the house, and he might have robbed and murdered us both. Why, husband, how could you sleep as you did, knowing that?"

"I trusted God, Bella. And I hope a new life will begin for that poor fellow, but he's got a hard road before him. I wish I could have helped him better than I did."

A fortnight later, Mr. Armstrong received a letter from a distant city. It ran thus:

"DEAR SIR:—The stranger who ate your bread and slept in your house some days ago was a poor Ishmael, his hand against every man's, and every man's hand against him. He had spent twenty years in State prison, and coming out, felt he had not a friend in the world. You and your wife have saved him. He went from your door straight to the house of a kinsman whom he had feared to meet. He has work and friends now, and has begun an honest life. But let him tell you that he was tempted to steal the money you brought home from the sale of the meadow-lot, and perhaps he would have done it, but for your great goodness, and your family prayer. He is a saved man, thank God, and he owes it to you."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

From Abraham's Country.

Elias S. Georges, a Young Mesopotamian Missionary and His Work.

GEOGRAPHERS and travelers tell us but little, in these days, of Mesopotamia, the land of Abraham, the father of the Patriarchs, whence old Egypt derived much of its learning, and almost all the knowledge of the sciences it possessed. In the great work of evangelizing the world, Mesopotamia has been well-nigh forgotten; yet there are to-day in the old, time-worn cities of that country men and women who know the Saviour, and who are so living that their very presence is an epistle of light to those around them.

Elias S. Georges, a young native of the city of Mardin, between the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, is now on a visit to this country, where he is studying with a view to fitting himself for missionary work in his native land. Mr. Georges is the son of Christian Mesopotamian parents, his father and mother both being members of the Congregational Church at Mardin. The son was educated in the native schools, and after a short term in college there (he had already acquired a mastery of the English language), he resolved to devote his life to missionary work. In 1893 he began his duties at the mission station of Busrah, a point between the Arabian and Persian Gulfs, and in the territory known as the Arabian Mission, which is under the control of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of America. There his work was largely that of a Bible colporteur and traveling missionary. He spent some five months in this occupation, and eventually opened a shop in Busrah for the sale of Bibles. On his tours, in which he was associated with another native worker, he traveled over the Persian Gulf, stopping at different cities and villages, talking with Mohammedans, soldiers, Arabs, and others as opportunity offered.

"I know," said Mr. Georges, "that there is a common impression that converts from Mohammedanism are rare; yet I know many Mohammedans who have become Christians. One man—a collector of customs—studied the Bible and was converted. When he went to Bagdad, sometime afterward, he was arrested by the authorities and put in prison, for his desertion of the Mohammedan faith. He is still in custody there, and not allowed to leave the city or to preach the Gospel. I hear that when he is liberated he will surely go back to Busrah, and preach there. Another Mohammedan from Beyrout, became a Christian, worked as a missionary in Arabia, and died there under peculiar circumstances. Many of his friends knew all the facts concerning his change of belief. After his death they locked up his room and took his body and buried it among the Moslem dead. He was a martyr, I fully believe.

"Any man who changes his religion there stands a chance of being put to death," continued Mr. Georges. "Even if he is not killed, he is troubled at every hand. Should he take the Bible and go out and preach in the public street, they will surely kill him. They have annoyed me in Busrah many times and taken the book from me. Yet, in spite of all opposition, I know that our converts from Mohammedanism usually stand stanch and true."

The present condition and outlook of Gospel work in Mesopotamia are encouraging. In Mosul and Mardin, there are excellent mission schools, those in Mosul being under the Presbyterian Church and the Mardin schools, Congregationalist. At the latter place Pastor Hedai has a congregation of about 250 persons, and an organization which has been in existence about twenty-five years. At Mosul, Pastor Yusuf, a Presbyterian, has probably 150 congregation. Both are eloquent and devoted preachers of the Word.

There is no regular church in Arabia, but only evangelistic work. The little groups of Christians at different points are not large enough or rich enough to build churches. There is, however, a house for the American missionaries at Busrah, where the worshippers may meet, and regular service are held there on Sundays.

Among those who have done noble service in connection with the Arabian missi are Joseph Cantine, Samuel Zweimer, a Peter Zweimer. For a time there was medical missionary also at work, but returned invalided after a short term of s vice. The heat in the summer season intense and few foreigners can endure The Arabian mission has three regular s tions: at Busrah, Musckat and Bahr and has now been in operation about th years. It work is spreading steadily. is, of course, opposed by the Mohammed government and people; yet, by hard effo many Bibles are sold and the Truth widely scattered. The natives are read interested when the missionary talks them from the Bible about Abraham a Moses and the prophets and Christ; th regard it at first as a fascinating sto Their priests or "Mollahs," when th learn that the people have bought Scr

ELIAS S. GEORGES.
The Young Mesopotamian Missionary.

tures, usually take the books away fr them.

Mr. Georges is the only missionary s dent in America at the present time wh in training for work in Arabia. On co pleting his studies—which include both medical and a theological course—he will turn and be stationed at some availa point to continue the work he has alrea begun. There is a splendid field for me cal missionary work among the Ara Native Christian workers are multiplyi although the field is still very thinly c ered. The portrait of the young missi ary, which appears on this page, prese him in his native Mesopotamian dress. T principal garment (under the coat) is kno as the "tagia," the belt is called "hizan the headdress is the customary fez and entire costume is known as the "hedoan

"BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH!"

REJOICE! rejoice! angelic hosts are singi
Peace and goodwill to sin-sick and dying m
With gladness all the golden harps are ring
The King of Glory comes on earth to reig
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The King of Glory comes—He comes to re

Oh glorious hope, joyous anticipation!
The Bridegroom comes, his waiting bride
claim.
All things made new, a new, bright, glad cr
tion,
And to his faithful bride his own new nam
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The King of Glory comes—He comes to re

The trump shall sound; the dead in Chr
triumphant,
Shall rise to meet their king upon his thr
The loving and beloved, shall be united.
Where partings never, nevermore are kno
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The King of Glory comes—He comes to re

Then lift your drooping heads, ye weary
grims.
The sin-stained, tear-stained night is alm
past.
Lift high your heads, the morning light
breaking,
Satan and death are vanquished foes at l
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The King of Glory comes—He comes to re

MARY GORDON BURFI

EARLY GOSPEL WORK IN MEXICO.

A READER in Independence, Mo., writes the following interesting letter regarding early Christian work among the people of Mexico:

"The article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 22d, entitled, 'Gospel Progress in Mexico,' is very interesting to every lover of the Gospel on account of the valuable information secured from Mr. Butler and Dr. Powell for Mr. Moody, and through him communicated to your readers.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's visit, besides procuring for us such information at Dr. Powell was able to give, was instrumental in doing good otherwise. They encouraged the Missionaries and others who listened with great interest to the precious teaching of the one, and the sweet strains of music from the other, in their meetings at Toluca and City of Mexico—so that those Gospel workers went back to their respective charges with renewed zeal and earnestness. Less than thirty years ago such utterances of Mr. Moody, and his meetings, would have cost them their lives. Dr. Powell in his letter speaks of the origin of Protestantism in Mexico as dating back to the passage of the army in its march from the Rio Grande in New Mexico to that in the year of 1847. Doubtless this is correct as Bibles, and Testaments, and tracts were distributed easily enough along the route passed over. Eight or ten years before that time, however, the writer was privileged by gifts from the Bible and Tract Societies, and other sources, to do some good in that line here at home. Independence, in those days, was the entrepot to Mexico and the Western plains, and annually and semi-annually caravans passed to and fro. Merchandise was conveyed by pack mules, and wagons drawn by mules and oxen. The trade at first was in the hands of Americans, but later on Spanish and Mexican traders from Mexico, Chuahua, Durango and Zacatecas, with large numbers of Mexicans as employees became competitors for the trade. On arrival here the principals, or owners of the trains went east to purchase their supplies, leaving all their employees, or servants in and around Independence to take care of their stock and to make preparation for the return trip. We were thus brought into contact with both principals and servants, and as opportunities offered, we made distribution of the Scriptures and tracts in the Spanish and English languages. They were gladly received, and many of them seemed to prize them highly. The Mexicans took care not to let the priests see or find them out, as we learned afterward.

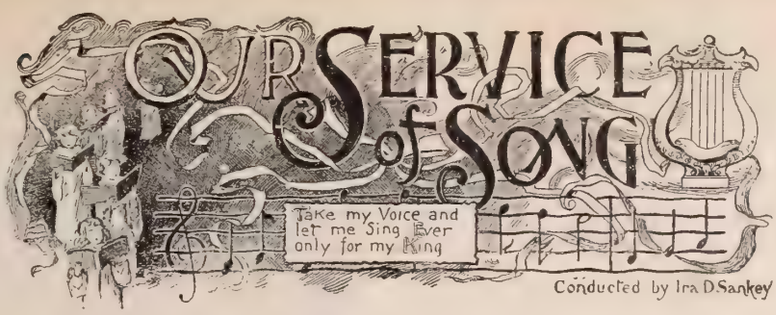
Eight or ten years later, the writer, with others, had occasion to go into Mexico, and on arrival at Santa Fe, we found what we had done here was not lost. A day or two after our arrival there, a few of us got together in an old adobe house, within a stone's throw of the oldest Catholic church in the country, and not far from a new and modern one: with saddles and mule trappings for seats we held a prayer-meeting for an hour or two with much comfort and gratification. This was the first Protestant prayer or religious meeting ever held either in New or Old Mexico.

A DEAF MUTE'S FAITH.

A lady, Mrs. M. B., writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this touching incident: "Six weeks ago a dear brother died. He was a deaf mute from the effects of fever. For a month before he died he was very happy, and about an hour before his spirit fled he told his wife, 'I will die soon; I see Jesus; I can't stay long,' and he bade her good-bye. With his slim, wasted fingers he signalled soon: 'Jesus is here, and I am so happy.' He closed his eyes and passed away. His wife asked him a question, but death had robbed him of earthly sight, and he made no reply.

BÆDA'S LAST WORK ON EARTH.

One of the most tragic, yet glorious, incidents in the history of English literature, is that recorded of the death of Bæda, (the "venerable Bede") who is known as the father of English history. The aged man, while engaged in translating the Gospel of St. John, in A. D., 755, became mortally ill. Often, as his sickness increased, he spent the whole day at his work, dictating to an amanuensis. The closing hour came at last. "There is still a chapter wanting," said the scribe, as the morning drew on, "and it is hard for thee to question thyself longer." "It is easily done," said Bæda; "take thy pen and write quickly." Amid tears and farewells the day wore on to eventide. There is one sentence unwritten, dear master," said the boy. "Write it quickly," bade the dying man. "It is finished now," said the scribe, at last. "You speak truth," said the master, "all is finished now." His head supported in his scholar's arms, his face turned to the spot where he was wont to pray, Bæda chanted the solemn "Glory be to God," As his voice reached the close of his song he passed quietly away.



OVER THE THORN AND THISTLE.

"So will I seek out my sheep."—*Ezek. 34: 12.*

H. W. G. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. O - ver the thorn and this - tle,.... A - long the ston - y way,
2. O - ver the thorn and this - tle,.... A - long the ston - y way,
3. "O - ver the thorn and this - tle,.... A - long the ston - y way,
4. Instead of the thorn and this - tle,.... The myr-tle be - decks the way,
From the Shep-herd's care to the des - ert bare, There wander'd a sheep one day,
With feet that bled, the Shep - herd sped To where the wan - d'rer lay,—
I have sought for thee, now trust to Me, I'll bear thee home to - day;
Where the Shep-herd feeds, and gent - ly leads The sheep He found that day;
And a voice fell sad - ly from far a - way: "My sheep, how long wilt thou
He had heard it cry - ing from far a - way: "Lord, bring me home to Thy
The wolf and li - on flee far a - way When on My shoul - der My
And He lead - eth oth - ers from far a - way To rest in fields of a
love to stray?" "My sheep, how long wilt thou love to stray?"
flock I pray," "Lord, bring me home to Thy flock I pray."
sheep I lay, When on My shoul - der My sheep I lay."
cloud - less day, To rest in fields of a cloud - less day.

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APOCALYPTIC FIGURES.

The Imagery of the Book of Revelation Typical of Events in Earth and Sky at the Close of the Dispensation.

BY WILLIAM MAUDE.

THE great drama of the Apocalyptic judgments, even when considered merely as a series of symbolic visions seen by the inspired seer of Patmos, while rapt "in spirit on the Lord's-day," stands alone in the range of universal literature for the sublimity of its imagery, as well as for the awe-inspiring character of its action. That imagery is borrowed alike from the heavens above, from the earth beneath, and even from the dark regions under the earth. Heaven, earth, and hell are laid under contribution for figures by which to set forth the greatness of the Divine purposes, the grievousness of the Divine judgments, and the glory of the Divine issue. And yet this imagery is never either unworthy or incongruous; it never sinks below the dignity of the solemn theme; it never, with the one possible exception of the wild beast having seven heads and ten horns, falls to the level of the monstrous and grotesque.

On the other hand, where, unless it be in the pages of the older Hebrew prophets, shall we match the grandeur and impressiveness of many of the vivid word-pictures which this book presents? Take, for example, the going forth of the four horses, as the first four seals are broken, in their startling contrast of colors and riders—from the splendid and spotless charger of the great warrior who goes forth "conquering and to conquer," to the ghastly creature of corpse-like hue bestrode by the grim form of death; the chosen champions of heaven, as it were, entering the lists and taking their place to play their awful part in the coming tournament of God. What a terrific scene, again, is that presented to us under the sixth seal, when, as amid the convulsive throes of expiring nature, the sun becomes black as sackcloth of hair, the moon becomes as blood, and the stars are rained down to the earth, like the unripe fruit of the fig-tree shaken by a mighty wind, while the very heavens are rent asunder like a burning scroll, and every mountain and island is moved out of its place! Again, what a startling image is that, under the second trumpet, of a vast volcanic mass, ablaze with fire, plunged into the sea, causing the deep to "boil like a pot," and sending up great clouds of vapor, which, as they are borne away by the fainting breeze, disclose the appalling spectacle of a sea of blood, upon whose surface float in vast masses the lifeless forms of its finny inhabitants, and the more terrible wreckage of many a gallant ship.

Of a very different character, but not less impressive, is the figure which we meet with, under the fourth trumpet, of "a mighty eagle" flying in the mid-heaven, between the earth darkened by the shadow of still on-coming judgments, and a heaven silent with anticipative awe, crying out with a loud voice, "Woe, woe, woe, to the inhabiters of the earth." Coming as it does immediately after the tremendous phenomena of the previous trumpets, there is something peculiarly impressive in the austere solemnity of this figure. We mark the stately progress of the king of birds, and, as Solomon tells us, there is something "wonderful" in "the way of an eagle in the air," we seem to hear the beat of its might pinions and the picture once realized, lives in the memory forever. To have seen an angel in mid-heaven announcing coming judgment would have been solemn; but, to us at least, the cry of that solitary eagle seems more solemn yet.

(To be Continued.)

THE WORLD FOR CHRIST.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing June 23. Acts 1: 1-18.

NOWHERE is monopoly more out of place than in religion. The Church has, however, been very slow to realize the fact. At the very outset there was manifest reluctance to admit the non-Jewish world to fellowship. It required a supernatural vision to convince Peter that the Gospel was for Gentiles as well as for Jews; and many of his associates, to the last, placed difficulties in the way of missionary work. If they could have had their way, they would have made Christianity a Jewish sect. The same disposition has appeared with greater or less prominence at intervals all through the history of the Church. There have always been men who gloried in being "a little flock," "a peculiar people," and were disposed to shut the door and not let too many people come in. Every creed in Christendom has been framed with the object of excluding some from the church, by setting up a standard of belief which should operate as a Shibboleth of orthodoxy. But the new wine has been always bursting the old bottles, and men have become less and less patient with creeds and restrictions. As the centuries have passed, and the knowledge of Christ has grown with the quickened perception of education and closer international communication, the idea of the Church has broadened and the sense of interdenominational brotherhood has strengthened. The man who enjoys worship with a liturgy finds that the man who prefers extempore prayer and freedom from form, may be just as sincere a Christian as himself. The man who has been baptized by immersion sees that the man who was sprinkled in his infancy and is satisfied with that, is loving and serving Christ as earnestly as himself. A sense of union has developed which is real in spite of surface distinctions. From this has grown a longing for aggressive effort. The idea of the Christian as one who is loyal to Christ, by whatever name he may call himself, has led to an increased desire to extend Christ's kingdom. The spirit of Christ, which was essentially the spirit of unselfishness and of love, has moved in the church, filling his people with the desire that others may enjoy the blessings that have transformed their own lives. The great Missionary Societies preaching Christ to the heathen abroad; the Salvation Army preaching him to the heathen at home; and the Sunday Schools and young people's societies preaching him to the rising generation, are all developments of the true spirit of Christianity which is not so eager to make proselytes as to bring men in contact with Christ. He gives life still and he gives it without restrictions as to race or nationality or condition. The same Gospel has the same effect if preached to the Hindoo or the Esquimaux, the African or the Chinaman. Its power is as great now as at the first, and wherever it is declared and men look to Christ, they cease to be mere animals; they become men and expect the time when they will be declared sons of God.

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A KING'S DAUGHTER'S CHURCH.

The Canadian Secretary of the King's Daughters sends to the "Silver Cross" an interesting account of the dedication of a new church in Manitoba, which has grown out of the effort of one member of the Order to serve the Master. She was living in a farming district in which there were no religious services nor any religious meetings of any kind. Her own spiritual isolation she felt to be most depressing, but her heart went out to others who had not the spiritual resources that she had. She persuaded a few little girls who spent the Sunday in play, to meet her in the afternoon for a Bible talk. The number grew, and she soon had more children in her class than her home could accommodate. Some of their parents, too, wanted to come. The time to build a little school building had evidently come. Interest was made with the government and a grant of a small plot of land was obtained. The men of the district offered to give their labor in building free, and nothing remained to be done but to raise the money for materials. A few members of a Christian Endeavor Society heard of the work and undertook to raise twenty dollars. With this sum sufficient timber was purchased, and the men kept their promise of giving their labor. The church is completed and has been dedicated free of debt. Dr. Bryce, of Winnipeg, officiated at the dedication ceremonies and the church is now in regular working order. So much has come through the unostentatious work of one lady who realized the obligations of the service she entered in assuming the little silver cross.

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A GRAND Y. M. C. A. WORK.

Probably few people in the East have any idea of the extent of a work which has been undertaken by the Young Men's Christian Associations of Wisconsin. It is an effort to carry on evangelistic work in that State. Mr. Alfred Terry, the Secretary of the Association at Chippewa Falls, who has charge of this undertaking writes us a thrilling description of the necessity for the effort and the means adopted to meet it. He says that "in Wisconsin alone there are during the winter at least twelve hundred lumber camps in which not less than fifty thousand men are employed."

HAULING LOGS TO THE RIVER.

The woodsmen are usually engaged in November or early in December and are in the camp until late in the spring. They are generally accommodated in huts built of untrimmed logs, one large room serving as sitting-room, smoking-room and sleeping-room for fifty or sixty men. Connected with this camp is the kitchen and dining-room where they are fed when it happens that their work does not lie too far away for them to reach it for their mid-day meal. The cook, usually a bright, intelligent man, steps to the door of the dining-room and blows a horn as the signal that dinner is on the table. The men away in the forest throw down their axes as the welcome sound reaches their ears, and hurry to the camp. About fifteen minutes suffices to satisfy appetites sharpened by the cold, clear air and hard work, and then they hasten back to toil until sunset. When they are at work at a place too far away for that method, the cook puts his provisions in a wagon and drives to the scene of operations. There the men gather around a great log fire and eat their meal in the woods. Time is precious in the short winter days and the minutes saved in going to and fro are considered well saved.

After the work of hewing is finished for the season there is a brief interval, and then the drive commences. The logs are piled in the bed of the stream and when the flood commences they float down followed by the men in boats. This is the most dangerous part of the business; for when a jam occurs, the men climb to the top of the pile and roll the logs down one at a time until the jam is relieved. Many a brave man has been crushed or drowned in this critical operation. Nor is the work of hewing down the trees free from peril. It is no uncommon experience to see the wagon coming at full speed from the camp to the city with no load on it but a small heap covered with blankets. It drives to a hospital, the blankets are removed and underneath is the mangled form of a man, too often beyond the help the surgeons can give before the hospital gate is reached. The most experienced woodsmen are often mistaken as to the moment or direction in which a tree will fall and are liable to be caught under it.

The most serious feature of the logging-camp to the Christian mind is the scene in the common room at night after the day's work is done. The men who see neither woman nor child for six months of the year show the natural result of being withdrawn from refining and domestic influences. Too often they become coarse and degraded in speech and manner, and their talk and their songs are of the foulest type. The purveyors of vile literature, too, take advantage of their isolation to market their pernicious wares and thus add fuel to the flame.

Very little was done by organized effort to reach this enormous number of men in their isolation until the Young Men's Christian Association took up the work. Mr. Terry purchased a horse and cutter on his own responsibility and loading it with pure literature drove from camp to camp, distributing it and holding Gospel services. The visits were so cordially welcomed and there were so many tokens of blessing that a year a better sleigh was bought and two men were kept on circuit all the winter. The sleigh is covered, so that in the wi nights, when the thermometer is thirty

A TYPICAL WISCONSIN LUMBER CAMP.

forty degrees below zero, they could in it when, as frequently happens, th no possibility of accommodating the the logging camp. In the sleigh there good reed organ for use in the ser The value of this addition to the equip was speedily proved. The men charmed and delighted with the musi singing and joined with not unm voices in the choruses. The services then doubly welcome and were ea anticipated. The change in the top the songs at night after the visito gone to the next camp is very notic and in more than one camp there hav hopeful cases of conversion. We are to learn that Mr. Terry is in difficulty the cost of his equipment. He is de about fifty dollars, and unless he c tain it, he is liable to lose his orga cutter, and so be unable to resume his next season. If any of our readers like to aid him in the emergency we be happy to receive their gifts and w ward them to him, duly acknowl them in this journal.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Meeting at the Bowery Mission, pray offered on June 2, in accordance with requests of the following persons, who a the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Frien M. V., Akron, O., for the conversion of her husb son of a minister, but not yet saved.—Wi rose, Mass., for her husband who is making wretched!—Old Subscriber, Lexington, her two sons; also of two motherless boys o she has charge, and for a friendless girl might know Christ as a Saviour.—Believer for one who is nearing death. (This letter other requests, but as the writing is illegible act purport cannot be learned.)—L. D., field, Ore., for the conversion of husband an blessing of God on their child.—Reader, I er, Mass., for a young man whose love of liq tobacco has already involved him in the l business position.—, Allegheny Co., Pa aged invalid woman who is distressed by that she has sinned beyond the possibility don.—A Mother, North Ontario, whose s daughters, with the husbands of the latter, a need of God's converting grace, that all m brought to repentance and led to the sav Believer, Fairhaven, Mass., for a young m brought up, whose evil conduct is breaki hearts of his parents.—"Reader," Bro Y., for the conversion of a dear nephew.— er," Woodhaven, N. C., for two young me "Reader," Hanover, N. H., for a boy aw home, fond of bad company, that he may l ads for one who has known the love of C has lost it and fears it can never be reste N. M., Ethel Landing, Pa., for an only son, wandered from Christ and fallen into d ways.—J. D. B., Dearborn, Mo., for a brot has fallen under the bondage of liquor, and been delivered by the means which in ser have proved efficacious.

For Restoration to Health: "Reader," dence, Pa., for an afflicted of many years, w dropped work for the Master if health were —F. M., Ethel Landing, Pa., for one who defects of sight is hindered in his secular legrams work.—"Reader," Fall River, Ma mother who is a total invalid, that God wo and heal her in body and soul.—"One wh is very heavy," Akron, O., for the recove daughter who is the main support of the fa is now prostrated by a dangerous throat —"Writer," N. Y., who fears that her hus and has no faith to pray for himself, that G deliver him from the disease and enable h the truth.—"Worker," Richmond, Va., fo loved mother about to undergo a critical o whose death would be a great misfortune to girl.—Faith, Boston, Mass., "for my de whom I love and who is so good to us, is very sick, please ask Jesus to cure him."

A Moslem Pilgrimage.

A Fanatical Host gathered at Mecca—Strange Ceremonials to be Observed—Many Women among the Pilgrims.

DURING the present month, Mecca, in Arabia, the birth-place of the founder of the Mohammedan faith, will be a scene of unusual activity. It is the season of the sacred annual pilgrimage and there are already over 100,000 Moslems gathered in the sacred city from all Asia, parts of Africa and southeastern Europe. Russia, China, Persia, India, Syria, Greece, Egypt, the Sultan's dominions and the isles of the sea all furnish their quota to swell the throng that crowds its central and absorbing point of interest, Mecca. It would be difficult to describe adequately the hardships and dangers that accompany such a pilgrimage. As the great majority of devotees are extremely poor they suffer dreadfully in the long and toilsome journey. Men and women come from thousands of miles, by whatever conveyances they may and it is not at all surprising that multitudes perish in their such ventures.

Among the wealthier pilgrims are numbers of women who make the hadj" (pilgrimage, showy pageants who ride along the highways of Arabia the desert in gilded palanquins on the backs of well-fed camels. These Oriental dames, richly dressed and bejewelled, and with all save their eyes hidden from vulgar gaze, know little and care less about the miseries the poorer pilgrims endure. Travelers describe their gay, embroidered pavilions of linen, spread on the plain at the foot of Mount Arafat near Mecca, as being like the handsome tents at a princely festival. Some haughty Asiatic princesses come to Mecca with a train of a hundred grooms and a small army of black slaves. Like frivolous, fashionable people in other parts of the world, their worship of Allah and his prophet is simply an opportunity for display of pomp and finery; but their "Ain," (the equivalent, presumably, of our "Amen,") uttered at the close of their frequent devotions is as loud and fervent, apparently, as that of the most venerable pilgrim present.

On reaching the last stage of the outward journey, the pilgrim discards his ordinary garments and assumes the "ihram," or pilgrim's dress. It usually consists of two plain widths of coarse cloth, one with a fringe, being thrown over the left shoulder and caught under the right arm and the other bound around the loins. Each group of pilgrims shown in the picture is a "cat-father," who has as his special charge a number of felines—the cat being held in reverence by the followers of the Prophet. The camels on which the pilgrims are mounted are gayly caparisoned and wear curious-looking knee-plates of leather studded with pieces of glass that can be seen flashing in the sun, while the beasts are yet a considerable distance off.

Even when the pilgrim has reached Mecca, his task is by no means over. He has to perform many absurd rites and ceremonies. Among other things, he is expected to circle the temple of the Prophet seven times, first slowly, then at a lively walk and lastly at a brisk run. He must kiss the famous black stone on the corner of the temple each time on his return to that point. He must recite prayers incessantly. He must also climb the so-called sacred hill of Arafat seven times. These acts he must faithfully perform if he would secure the remission of past sins and a certain measure of spiritual indulgence for the future.

The "Black Stone," is a boulder, presumably an ærolite, which is set in one corner of the Kaaba. This stone, which has been pressed by the lips of millions, is declared by the priests to have been originally "one of the precious stones of Paradise," which the angel Gabriel brought to Mecca.

A CARAVAN OF PILGRIMS ON THE ROAD TO MECCA.

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Worldly Display.

A correspondent writing from Rome, describes a visit to the Vatican, and mentions the magnificent furnishings of the Pope's carriage-houses. There are a great many carriages, although the present pontiff uses only two. The State carriage is gold upholstered in crimson velvet, with four folding steps of the same color. The harness of this carriage is valued at $12,000. In the same city are hundreds so poor that they have not a coin or a single possession of value in the world. The assumption of pomp and the vain parade of riches by the church is diametrically opposed to the true spirit of Christianity. It is related of Luther that on one occasion he received as a gift from some warm-hearted and generous admirer a set of statuettes of the twelve apostles, in silver. They were laid aside and almost forgotten. One day a friend came to him and wanted money for a worthy object. Luther had none at the moment, but on searching about his room, came upon the statuettes. His eye lighted up. "Ah," said he, addressing the twelve, "you are lying idle here, when you should be about your Master's business. Here," turning to his visitor, "take these and have them melted into coin, and apply the proceeds to the worthy work you desire to forward." So those who are in Christ will unhesitatingly deny themselves the indulgence of everything that tends to vanity and worldly show in order that "the Master's business" may go forward. Such an example in high places cannot fail to influence many others.

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An Invalid's Garden.

Flowers cheer the sick-room wonderfully. A tiny garden can be made to stand on a table by the bedside of an invalid by cutting a piece of sheet wadding to fit the top of a large bowl or wide-mouthed jar, which is filled with water just high enough for the bottom of the wadding to touch it. Two or three small pieces of charcoal in the bottom of the bowl will keep the water pure. When all is arranged the top of the wadding should be sprinkled with the seeds of mignonette, sweet alyssum or any other easily grown annual. The roots pierce down through the wadding and are nourished by the water, while leaves and blossoms in a reasonable time conceal the top; and many dainty water-loving plants of trailing habit, with glossy foliage, may be stuck in the wadding so that the lower joint of the stem will touch the water; in a short time roots will be sent out from this joint, and the vine will begin to grow and trail over the side of the table.

***

Praying Mothers.

One of the sweetest recollections a person can enjoy in this world is that which brings back the memory of a praying mother. Richard Knill, a missionary in Russia, on returning to England, home to his native village, slept in the chamber where he had slept when a boy. All night long he lay awake thinking of the mercies and goodness of God to him through life. Early in the morning he looked out of the window, and saw a tree in the garden beneath which his mother had prayed with him forty years before. He went out, and on the same spot knelt down and thanked God for a praying mother. What blessings come through mothers who train their children in the ways of prayer and peace.

Oh, happy house, where, with the hands of prayer,
Parents commit their children to the Friend
Who, with a more than mother's tender care,
Will watch and keep them safely to the end.

***

ANOTHER WORD FOR THE BIRDS.

FROM many different quarters, letters have come to us heartily approving THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S utterances on the slaughtering of the song-birds as sacrifices at the shrine of fashion. An interesting plea is also made by H. Nehrling in the "Mayflower. He writes: "The greatest enemies of our birds are the millliners, the wholesale dealers in dead birds, and those who buy from them. To sacrifice the birds to fashion, for hat ornamentation and personal decoration, is the most heartless and the least defensible of all sins against Nature. Of over 60,000,000 inhabitants, half may be said to belong to the dead-bird wearing class—of whom at least 10,000,000 persons are of the bird-wearing age and proclivities. Some are content with a single bird, if a large one, mounted nearly entire; others prefer several small ones—a group of three or four to half a dozen; or the heads and wings of even a greater number. Others, still, will content themselves with a few wings fancifully dyed and bespangled, or a wreath of Grebe 'fur,' usually dyed, and not infrequently set off with Egret-plumes. In the average, however, there must be an incongruous assemblage made up of parts of various birds, or several entire, representing at least a number of individuals.

"But let us say, to illustrate, that these ten million bird-wearers have but a single bird each, that these birds may be "made over" so as to do service for more than a single season; and still what an annual sacrifice of bird-life is entailed! Can it be placed at less than 5,000,000?—ten times more than the number of specimens extant in all our scientific collections, private and public together, and probably a thousand times greater than the annual destruction of birds for scientific purposes. Many of our bright-colored birds are annually killed and exported to Europe in incalculable numbers. These are mostly warblers, scarlet tanagers, hummingbirds, Baltimore orioles, indigo-birds, nonpareils, cardinal redbirds and many more. It is no longer surprising that many species and even genera, of birds are fast disappearing. It has been suggested that the Christian women of this country throw their influence against the barbarous custom of using birds for personal decoration. Parents and guardians, schools and churches can do much in this direction. It is the duty of every teacher in this great country to educate and influence his pupils to protect the birds."

An Ounce of Prevention

is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

ALICE MAPLETON'S ORDEAL

A STORY OF NOBLE FORTITUDE UNDER TRIAL.

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by E. CARSWELL.

CHAPTER XXV.

Fred's Story.

NERVOUSLY glancing at Alice, as if uncertain of her capacity to bear a sudden disclosure, Fred began his story, while Alice and Mrs. Callaghan listened intently. The good Irish woman was proud of her position as hostess, and had evidently conceived a favorable opinion of Fred. Not many young men would, in her opinion, have been good enough to be a husband for her favorite; but Fred was approved of at once, and she felt flattered by his wishing her to be present at the conference.

"You know, I dare say, Mrs. Callaghan," Fred said, "that this young lady had a brother Will, of whom she was very fond."

"I've heard her speak of him time and again, sir, and sorry I was to hear that he was dead. Bedad, she needed a man to stand by her in all she's had to go through, and I wished many's the time she had father or brother or husband to protect her. It's glad I am that as she can't have the first nor the second, that some one has come that's fit to be the third."

"Thank you for your good opinion, Mrs. Callaghan. I shall try to deserve it. I've just come from the place where this young man was. I went to see if I could collect some connected account of the sad affair, and see if he left any things that his mother and sister ought to have. While I was there I made a surprising discovery, and it is that I want to talk to Miss Alice about. It will astonish her, as it did me, and I thought as the walls of your house are not very thick, it would be a good thing to tell the story somewhere out of ear-shot of Mrs. Mapleton."

"Don't keep me in suspense, Fred," Alice said; "let me know all you learned about Will. However horrible it may be, I am strong enough to bear it."

"I hope so. Well, I went first of all to Will's boarding-place. The people who keep it are very good, and the woman at the head of it was very kind to Will. She willingly told me all she knew about the fatality, which it was easy to see had painfully affected her. She said she had sent everything belonging to Will to you in his trunk. Then I got a horse and rode out to the scene of the catastrophe. I wanted to get a sketch of the grave, that you might have an idea of the place. I found it easily, and then I scoured the country round to see if there was any one who had seen the fight, or who had buried the dead. I could not find any one for a long time, but at last a man told me that in the next village there was a man who had been in the struggle, and would know all about it; but the man was sick, with a wound, he thought, and might not be able to talk. Of course I went at once to hunt up the man. On my way I overtook a woman who knew him. She told me that the man had been wounded in the fight, and had wandered over the mountain; he had been shot in the arm and wounded in the head, and had been crazy ever since; that a good woman had taken him in, and had done verything she could for him, but no one knew who he was, and that he was very bad and delirious."

Alice sat with her elbows on the table and her face between her hands; her eyes fixed on Fred's face. "Oh, be quick, tell me about him," was all she said as Fred paused.

"Well," continued Fred, "I found the cottage, and when I entered I saw the man lying on a mattrass, which was on the floor. His head was bound up with a red handkerchief, and his face was ghastly pale; he was unconscious, but alive, and in a moment I was on my knees beside him, for it was—"

"Not Will?" cried Alice, whose face was pale as death, and whose eyes seemed almost starting from their sockets.

"Yes, Alice, dear, it was Will, your brother."

Alice dropped her head upon the table and a sob shook her whole body.

"The saints be praised!" said Mrs. Callaghan, who had taken as much interest in the story as Alice.

"Please-go-on," said Alice, as soon as she could speak.

"Well," continued Fred, "I sent a messenger with a note to the surgeon at the mines, and remained to do what I could for your brother. The messenger lost no time in finding the doctor, and as Will was so much beloved at the mines, the doctor rode all night to reach us as soon as possible. He found a pistol ball imbedded in his skull, which he removed, and in a short time we were delighted to see Will open his eyes and hear him call us by name. It was a week before we could remove him to the mines, where the enthusiastic miners almost caused a relapse by their great rejoicing. Of course he was eager to relieve your minds, but you know we could not find you by letter or telegram, so we determined to start for home immediately, but the journey was almost too much for him."

"Then my brother is alive, and in the city!" cried Alice, as she sprang to her feet and passed her hand over her brow as if bewildered. "I must go to him, where is he?"

"Now, you mustn't get excited, my dear young lady," said Mrs. Callaghan, down whose honest red face the tears were running. "Shure, I'm as glad as if it was my own boy who'd come back to life again." And she caught Alice in her arms.

"Thank you, you dear good soul," said Alice as she threw her arms around the woman's neck and kissed her, "thank you for bringing me to myself again; but I am so happy, that I am afraid of waking up and finding it is all a dream."

"You said in the church that if I could have brought Will back with me, that this would be the happiest time of your life," said Fred, "and I came near telling you then, but even good news, when it is as agitating as this, ought to be broken gently. Then, too, I had to think of Will who is far from strong yet. I knew you would want to go to him and I had left him fast asleep, so I thought it would be better for him to remain undisturbed until the morning. It did seem cruel to withhold the good news from your mother, only I thought it would do her more harm than good, as she could not see him until to-morrow, and that is why I have acted so strangely to-night."

"Shure, sur, you couldn't have shown better sinse if you had been a praste," said Mrs. Callaghan.

"You are as wise as you are good, Fred," said Alice. "How much I owe you! Poor Will might have died, as we thought he had, but for you. I never dreamed of such joy as this. To have you back was almost more than I dared to hope for, but to think of your bringing Will with you! It is like life from the dead. Oh, I can never repay you."

"I think you can. You are going to give me yourself and I should like to know how much you are worth. Young men don't often win a prize like that. And as for Will, he is worth saving on his own account. You will scarcely know him, he has become such a fine, manly fellow. When he gets over this sickness he will be a regular athlete."

"How can I wait until morning without seeing him, and without telling mother? I shall not sleep until I have seen him, indeed I shall not go to bed," said Alice.

"And it's not a wink I'll be taking myself," said Mrs. Callaghan, "so you see how it would be wid your mother if she was to know."

"Oh, and how happy dear Louie will be when she knows," said Alice.

"By the by, who is this Louie that Will talks about?" asked Fred.

"He will tell you," said Alice, "she is one of the dearest friends I have."

"Now I must go. Shall we meet here, or shall I come for you and your mother, and drive to the hotel in the morning?"

"Oh, I don't know; which will be best, Mrs. Callaghan?" asked Alice.

"Shure I'm not the one to spake fur a lady loike your mother, but if it was one of my own people that was asking me I'd say bring the boy home to his mother, if he is able to come, and if it's not such a home as the grand one he left, still it will be coming home to mother and sister," said Mrs. Callaghan.

"You are right, Mrs. Callaghan," said Fred, "although I was going to counsel the opposite, 'Be it ever so humble there's no place like home,' and there is where the sick and tired wanderers always want to go, to home and mother. It is because you are a mother that Miss Alice referred the question to you, and it was the mother-love that spoke before the mind had time to reason out the matter; thank God, mother's love is not confined to any one class, but is the same all over the world, and has been ever since Eve wept over Abel, and I have no doubt tried to shield Cain."

Fred was a long time saying "good night" to Alice, but he went at last, and Alice returned to Mrs. Callaghan.

"Now," said the good woman, "I've been thinking what we'll do; "we'll just fix up this room for your brother. You see it's not much use I make of it anyway, and its right across the hall. We can put two beds in it, if the two gentlemen wish to be together."

"Why that would be delightful, if you could rent us this room for a few days, until we can make other arrangments."

"Ugh! now, Miss, don't be talking about renting: shure there isn't a Callaghan but will be as proud as if a prince was using the room."

"I will go out, and order the beds and things early in the morning," said Alice.

"And I will fix the room up as soon as the things come," said Mrs. Callaghan.

"Now," said Alice, as she kissed the good woman good night, "you go to bed, and I will go to our room and sit by the fire and think awhile."

"I will if you'll promise to do the same yourself," said Mrs. Callaghan; "you know you'll want to look your purtiest in the morning, so take a good sleep—its the most sensible thing to do."

"Perhaps I will," said Alice, "good night."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Fatted Calf.

The next morning, as Alice was hurrying about, her mother came out of her room. "Why are you up so early, and what are you bustling about so for?" asked Mrs. Mapleton.

"Why, mamma, it is nearly eight o'clock and I have been out for a walk already; besides I want to make our room look as pretty as possible, as I expect visitors at ten."

"Oh yes, Mr. Morgan, I suppose."

"Yes," said Alice, "and a dear friend of his and ours."

"But, my child, why are you so excited? I never saw you act so before."

"Now, dear mamma, sit down in this easy chair, and I will tell you some good news, the best you ever heard, if you will promise to keep as cool as you can."

"I will, my child. Is it about our property?"

"A million times better than that," said Alice, as she dropped on her knees by her mother's side.

"Why, my dear child, I think it is I who should ask you to keep cool, you must be going out of your mind; what can it possibly be?"

And there was a startled look on Mrs. Mapleton's face.

"It is about dear brother Will," said Alice."

"You said it was good news, Alice, and how can good news come from that lonely grave?" asked Mrs. Mapleton.

"No, mamma, but Will was not killed outright in the fight; he was desperately wounded, and Fred found him and nursed him back to life."

"To life!" cried Mrs. Mapleton, as she caught both of Alice's hands in hers with a vice-like grip. "And does he still live?—speak quickly," and she tried to rise: but Alice gently but firmly held her in the chair.

"Now mamma, you must not get excited: yes, he still lives, but is very weak."

Mrs. Mapleton burst into tears. "Go on, Alice, tell me all. I am very cool and will not get excited," she sobbed.

"Well," continued Alice, "Fred will bring him here this morning. He was not last night, as he did not think it safe for you or Will to meet until he had prepared the way, and that was why he would not agitate you by telling you the good news until he could bring him to you or you could go to him."

"Can it possibly be true, can such happiness be in store for me? Oh! first let me thank the dear Lord who permits me to say, This my son was dead and is alive again."

And she kneeled down and offered such an audible prayer, as could only come from the lips of a loving, Christian mother, whose heart was full to overflowing with joy and gratitude.

Mrs. Callaghan, whose knock had not been heard, had stepped into the room and she stood with bowed head, and tears running down her cheeks, until the prayer was finished.

"You have heard the good news, too," Mrs Mapleton, as she saw the Irish woman.

"I have, mum, and my heart is just breaking with happiness because of it." The two women were locked in each other's arms—a refined, educated lady, and the honest, hard-working woman—a child of mother's love, showing that like the love of God, it is not a respecter of persons, caste or laws of etiquette, but like the air we breathe, is the same in rich and poor, ignorant and learned, the world over.

Mrs. Callaghan had been up since daylight preparing the room for the young gentlemen: as early as six o'clock she had gone with Alice to arouse the proprietor of a furniture establishment, who lived over his store on the next block, and had ordered such things as they needed for the room. Alice had also furnished Mrs. Callaghan with money to get such other things as she might think necessary. By seven Mrs. Callaghan, who had worked nearly all night, was aroused to help put up the beds and lend such other help as was necessary. "Don't be cross now, and ye shall sleep the whole blessed day tomorrow," said the good wife.

Alice was not allowed to see the room until it was finished, and Mrs. Callaghan had come to tell her her that it was ready. Alice explained to her mother the arrangements they had made so that the could keep Will when he came.

Mrs. Mapleton was delighted. "But how did you come to think of such a plan, my dear?"

"I didn't," said Alice; "it was Mrs. Callaghan who suggested it."

"You are a dear, good, woman," said Mrs. Mapleton, "and you must be thinking for me for a day or two, I am helpless; all I can rhink of is that Will is alive and is coming home."

"Yes, mum, but you must take a cup of tea and eat some breakfast, to be strong and look well at the meeting," said the good woman left, and in a minute came with a tray on which was a nice breakfast for Mrs. Mapleton.

"Why, you good, thoughtful soul," said Alice, "I had forgotten all about breakfast myself."

"I thought you would, miss, for I knew you'd be so agitated loike, that you'd spoil it in the cooking. It isn't much I have been after bringing, only a pot o' tay, bit of toast and some boiled eggs."

"Yes, sit down, Mamma," said Alice, "and eat some breakfast."

"Yes dear, I will—what time is it? Half past eight! and they are not to be here until ten. How long the time seems."

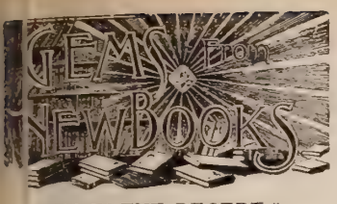
"Yes, mum, it always seems a long time when we are waiting for something good, a holiday seems to come slow, but it always comes before you expect it."

After breakfast Mrs. Callaghan asked them to look into the room she had prepared. Alice just clapped her hands in delight as soon as the door was opened.

"How have you done it in so short time?" and she fairly danced about the room while asking questions. Mrs. Mapleton was equally pleased. "You have very good taste, indeed," she said, "for seldom have I seen a prettier room."

And it was pretty; the two beds were cheap, but new and bright, and their snowy counterpaoes, and the lace on each pillow-case, gave the air of refinement. The little grate had been polished, and a bright coal fire in it brightened up the whole room; the white lawn curtains were drawn across the windows and the room looked sweet and home-like.

(To be continued.)



LIFE IN THE DESERT.*

TO summon from the past and reproduce with any detail the story of Israel's life in the desert is now impossible. The outlines alone remain, severe, careless of almost everything that does not bear on religion. Neither from Exodus nor from Numbers can we gather those touches that would enable us to reconstruct the incidents of a single day as it passed in the camp or on the march. The tribes move from one wilderness" to another. The hardship of the life of wandering appears unrelieved, throughout the history the doings of God not the achievements or sufferings of the people, are the great theme. The plot of the Book of Numbers is of a kind that reminds us continually of the prophets. Resentment against the distrustful and rebellious, like that which Amos, Hosea and Jeremiah express, is felt in almost every portion of the narrative. At the same time the difference between Numbers and the books of the prophets is wide and striking. Here the style is simple, often even with little emotion, scarcely any rhetoric. The legislative purpose reacts on the story, and makes the spirit of the book severe. Seldom does the writer allow himself to depite from the grave task of presenting Israel's duties and delinquencies, and all to the majesty of God. We are made partially to feel the burden with which the leaders of the people are charged; and if the book is no poem: to excite sympathy and lead up to a great climax does not come within the design.

The problem which appears again and again in Moses' relation with the people is still the theocratic idea as against the passing at immediate success. At various points from the start in Egypt onwards, the opportunity of assuming a regal position comes to Moses. He is virtually dictator and he might be king. But a rare singleness of mind keeps him true to Jehovah's lordship, which he endeavors to impress on the conscience of the people and the course of their development. He has even to do so at the greatest risk to himself. He holds back the people in what seems the hour of advance, and it is the will of Jehovah by which they are detained. The Unseen King is their Helper and Lord their Rhadamanthine Judge; and Moses falls the burden of forcing that truth on their minds.

Israel could never, according to Moses' idea, come a great people in the sense in which the nations of the world were great. Its worst them greatness was sought in spite of morality, in defiance of all that Jehovah commanded. Israel might never forget in wealth, territory, influence, but it was to be true. She existed for Jehovah, while the gods of other nations existed for them, had no part to play without them. Jehovah was not to be overborne by Israel's will or the needs of his people. Only the self-existent Lord. The name and the represent a supernatural assistance which could be secured on terms, or by any devoted person. Moses himself, though elevated Jehovah, did not change him. Jehovah's desire was sometimes thwarted; Moses had often to give the oracle with sorrow and disappointment.

CATHOLIC ENTERPRISE.†

AFTER King Henry VIII. was excommunicated, and Ireland rebelled, and England itself threatened disturbance, the king had to look to his security. He made little noise about it. But the Spanish ambassador reported him as silently building ships in the Thames and at Portsmouth. As invasion seemed imminent, he began with sweeping the seas of the looser craft. A few swift, well-armed cruisers suddenly out of the Solent, caught and destroyed a pirate fleet in Mount's Bay, and sent to the bottom some Flemish privateers in the Downs, and captured the Flemish Admiral himself. Danger at home growing more menacing, and the monks spreading the fire which grew into the pilgrimage of Grace, Henry suppressed the abbeys, sold the lands, and with the proceeds armed the coasts with fortresses. "You threaten me," he seemed to say to them, "that you will use the wealth our fathers gave you to overthrow my government and bring in the invader. I will take your wealth and use it to disappoint your treachery." You may see the remnant of Henry's work in the fortresses anywhere along the English coast from Berwick to the Land's End.

Louder thundered the Vatican. In 1539 Henry's time appeared to have come. France and Spain made peace, and the pope's sentence was now expected to be executed by Charles or Francis or both. A crowd of vessels large and small was collected in the Scheldt, for what purpose save to transport an army into England? Scotland had joined the Catholic League. Henry fearlessly appealed to the English people. Catholic peers and priests might conspire against him, but explain it how we will, the nation was loyal to Henry and came to his side. The London merchants armed their ships in the river. From the seaports everywhere came armed brigantines and sloops. The fishermen of the West left their boats and nets to their wives, and the fishing was none the worse, for the women handled oar and sail and line and went to the whiting grounds, while their husbands had gone to fight for their king. Genius kindled into discovery at the call of the country. Mr. Fletcher of Rye invented a boat the like of which was never seen before, which would work to windward, with sails trimmed fore and aft, the greatest revolution yet made in shipbuilding. A hundred and fifty sail collected at Sandwich to match the armament in the Scheldt; and Marillac, the French ambassador reported with amazement the energy of king and people. The Catholic powers thought better of it. This was not the England that Cardinal Pole had told them was longing for their appearance. The Scheldt force dispersed. . . . Charles V. returned to wiser counsels and made an alliance with Henry instead of invading his dominions.

CHRISTIAN YOUNG MEN OF INDIA.

A worker in the Young Men's Christian Association of Calcutta, writes: The work here is in splendid condition. It has the cooperation and sympathy of all the Protestant ministers and missionaries in the city. The business men are coming grandly forward in the matter of finance, and now, as a result of the McNeill Mission, there have been about five thousand dollars pledged towards a building, and this without any systematic canvass.

*From *The Book of Numbers*; by Rev. Robert A. Watson, M.A., D.D. One of the excellent Expositor's Bible Series: pp. 414; price $1.50. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 E. Tenth St., New York.

†From *English Sermon of the Sixteenth Century*, by Anthony Froudé. Pp. 228; price $1.75. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 5th ave., New York.

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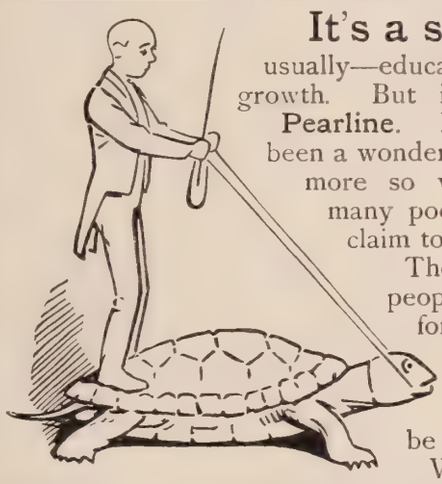

It's a slow process, usually—education, development, and growth. But it hasn't been so with Pearline. Pearline's success has been a wonder, from the start. All the more so when you consider the many poor imitations of it, which claim to make washing easy. These things tend to confuse people, of course. They're forced on the public by peddlers, prizes, substitution, etc. No doubt they're often thought to be the same as Pearline. We protest. Don't judge Pearline by the company it has to keep. 471

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That's the name of the *perfect* soap. It makes you perfectly clean, keeps your skin in perfect order, gives you perfect satisfaction in every way. Ask your dealer for it. (5c.)
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"I HAVE CALLED YOU FRIENDS."

O H! word of meaning holy,
My raptured ear attends!
For hearts bereft and lowly,
"Lo! I have called you friends!"

Thou in whose wondrous being,
The God with manhood blends,
All knowing, and all seeing,
Even thou hast called us friends!

Borne down with human weakness,
And sense of sinful ways,
Our hearts would fain with meekness
Accept the servants' place.

But while that pity seeking,
Which thy compassion lends,
We hear thee gently speaking,
"Lo! I have called you friends!"

Oh! joy of walk in union!
Till life's rough journey ends;
Oh! wonderful communion!
That thou should call us friends!

A. B. GIDDINGS.

NIAGARA ONCE RAN DRY.

Comparatively few Americans are aware that the great cataract of Niagara once ran dry, yet such is the fact. Hon. Mr. Lockwood, of Buffalo, recalls the occurrence in a published letter. He writes that it happened on March 29, 1848, and for several hours the wonderful torrent did cease to flow, and the river ran dry. The preceding winter had been a severe one, and the ice which had formed in Lake Erie was of phenomenal thickness. There came on March 27 a sudden and exceedingly warm spell of weather, which melted the snows, and then a warm rain poured down in torrents during the entire day of the 28th of march. The ice was loosened and a strong east wind drove it far out in the lake during the night. But at sunrise on the 29th the wind came from the west, and, as the sailors say, it was "blowing great guns." This terrific gale drove the immense mass of ice into the mouth of the Niagara river, where it was gorged and piled up from shore to shore, hermetically sealing the river and damming the waters back into the lake. Thus it happened that Niagara river ran dry, its falls became bleak, barren rocks, and its mighty thunders were put to sleep. Within four or five hours tiny streams of water began to trickle through the gorge. The tremendous power back of those streams accelerated their flowing, and in a short time the ice dam gave way, and there never was such a wild, roaring, mad flood in Niagara before or since; and thus the cataract became itself again.

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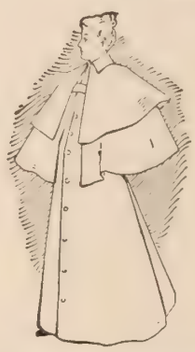

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Or Sunday School Missionary's latest Jbors—Many new Schools Founded.

DURING these early summer weeks, Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, our energetic Sunday School missionary in the Southwest, has not been idle. That this is the case is shown by a letter just recved from Mr. Sharp, in which he gis us this cheering record:

'The day after I sent you my letter in Ap, I drove till late in the evening to rea the neighborhood where I was to be the ext day (Sunday), when I preached to a ge audience in the morning; after whh I drove several miles through rain an mud to reach an appointment to organize school at Perche. The superintendent no reports four teachers and forty scholars nd says: 'The prospect is good for a live school.'

'I reached my next appointment by a hat drive, again through a rain and over muly roads, but arrived in time to address the eople and organize St. Clair School, fro which, after the following Sunday, I rec ved the following report: 'Four teachers nd forty-seven scholars. We had a fine attendance, and all seemed to take an intest.' The night following, I planted a schl at the Naylor school-house, which has eported an attendance on a Sunday of fou eachers and twenty-seven scholars.

'Ebree is the name of a school I organized in a small village in an unoccupied storoom. A report from the Superintendent shows: 'Four teachers and thirty-five schlars.'

'The population of my field, (north Missou, estimated from the last census, and the obable increase since, must be a million f souls. It is a beautiful and fertile country. It is my earnest desire and prayer that may be used by Him in the conversion and salvation of sinners. I ask the prars of the children of God who may reachese lines." GEO. W. SHARP,

Christian Herald Missionary of Am. S. S. Union.

ew Discovery for Kidneys and Bladder.

We can give sufferers from kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back and rheumatism good advice, and it is to send for free treatment of Alkavis to the Thur Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh. Alkavis is a wonderful remedy, and will be sent to you free and postpaid, if you send your name and address.

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Yours heartily,

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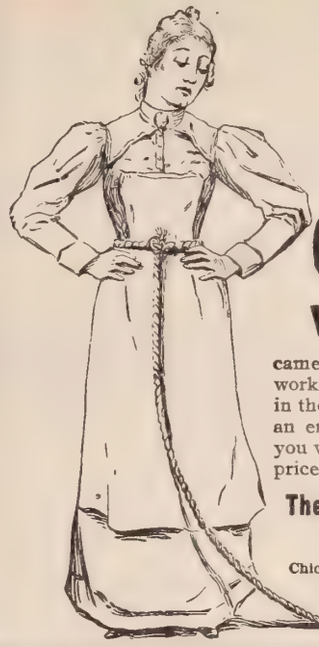

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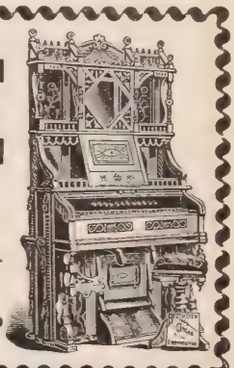

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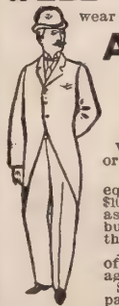

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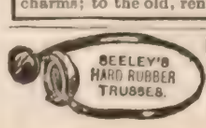

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, JUNE 19, 1895. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

Forty Thousand Children Rescued!

The Grand Industrial and Reformatory Work of the Five Points House of Industry, Which is Now to be Demolished—How Rev. Lewis M. Pease, its Founder, Labored for Souls—A Shining Record of Christian Work in New York City.

IN these days of widespread Christian activity, when a very large proportion of the thoughtful and serious-minded men and women of civilized nations are striving to elevate the millions of ignorant and vicious in the lower strata of society, there are few pages of unselfish, devoted Christian effort that furnish stronger encouragement to the reader than that given below. Forty-five years ago, the "Five Points" was the most notorious and crime-infested locality in New York. In 1850, a number of members of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who were interested in aiding the destitute poor, met for consultation as to the best methods of doing missionary work on a more extended scale than they had hitherto attempted. One of them suggested the opening of a mission at the Five Points. From this modest beginning sprang the Five Points Mission, known under the name as a substantial and far-reaching agency for the reformation of the sinful and vicious classes. In the same year, and under similar auspices, was begun another glorious work in the neighborhood, the Five Points House of Industry," which was destined in after years to be recognized as an example of heroic achievement rarely paralleled in the history of American philanthropy. It was largely owing to the combined efforts that the Five Points from being a pandemonium and Chinese synonym of all that was depraved and abominable, became a quiet, wholesome, law-abiding neighborhood, and a centre of Christian activity from which helpful influences went out in every direction. The main building of the House of Industry has lately been doomed to demolition, one of the walls having been condemned as unsafe. It will shortly be replaced by a much larger building capable of accommodating five hundred children.

In the opinion of good people in those early days, never was there a more unpromising enterprise of Christian benevolence than that which Rev. Lewis M. Pease entered upon when, in the spring of 1850, as a missionary agent of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he rented and took possession of the old gin shop at the corner of Cross and Little Water streets and converted it into a chapel. James Gordon Bennett wrote at the time in "The Herald" that the drunkenness, and profanity, and licentiousness, and filthiness, and raggedness there confronted were enough to sicken and appal any but the very stoutest Christian heart. But Mr. Pease unflinchingly put his hands to the work. He opened his chapel as a work-room for all the wretched women of the locality who were willing to pledge themselves to abstain from drunkenness and vagrancy and attend Divine worship. Many came, and they did well and worked faithfully. After laboring for a time under the supervision of the New York Conference, Mr. Pease decided to enter alone upon the work of establishing a Permanent Industrial Home, which should afford not only the advantages of a workshop by day, but a home by night, in which those struggling to reform should be beyond the reach of temptation. The proprietors of the houses in the locality refused to lease him a tenement. Nothing daunted, he appealed to the law, and suppressed two notorious dens nearest the door of the old saloon; then used as his chapel, ejected their inmates, leased the houses and turned them into an Industrial Home. He took up his own abode with those wretched creatures whom he was striving to pluck from moral ruin. Then he turned his attention to the establishment of a day-school for vagrant children, and soon commenced a day-school with forty scholars. It rapidly increased, and was soon multiplied into several schools.

REV. LEWIS M. PEASE, *(Founder of the Home.)*

In two years he had succeeded in enlisting sufficient sympathy and support to warrant the conversion of the House of Industry into a permanent institution, with a Board of Directors. The institution grew until it occupied seven three-story houses on the Points. Mr. Pease believed that a farm in the suburbs would be a great auxiliary to the work. One was soon thereafter secured in Westchester County, about half its cost being obtained from his friends, and Mr. Pease making himself responsible for the remainder. Four years later a number of gentlemen formed an undenominational association in connection with Mr. Pease, and it was incorporated as "The Five Points House of Industry." They purchased a plot of ground on Anthony, near Water Street, on the north side of the park, immediately adjoining the notorious "Murderer's Alley," and "Cow Bay," on which they erected a substantial, well-ventilated, and commodious brick building, six stories high. To that the operations of Mr. Pease's es-

Continued on page 301

THE FIVE POINTS' HOUSE OF INDUSTRY, NEW YORK, AS IT WAS IN 1895.

WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., on the Text: "*She shall be called woman.*" Gen. 2: 23.

GOD, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work and to move in particular spheres—man to be reginant in his realm; woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them, that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds; but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's world against a woman's world? You come out with your stereotyped remark that man is superior to woman in intellect; and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron-tyed, thunder-bolted writings of Harriet Martineau, and Elizabeth Browning, and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection; but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the disciple—and Matthew Simpson the bishop and Henry Martyn, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large, that after you had rolled into it two hemispheres, there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven, and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres; while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition, or to say: "This is the line and that is the line." My theory is, that if a woman wants to vote, she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house, he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown-thrasher should fly, or how deep a trout should [illegible] as to try to settle the height and depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach, she will preach, and [illegible] can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres, she will have great influence on the Exchange, and no boards of trade can hinder her. I want women to understand that heart and brain can overfly any barrier that politicians may set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of incapacity.

I was in New Zealand last year just after the opportunity of suffrage had been conferred upon women. The plan worked well. There had never been such good order at the polls, and righteousness triumphed. Men have not made such a wonderful moral success of the ballot-box that they need fear women will corrupt it. In all our cities man has so nearly made the ballot-box a failure, suppose we let women try. But there are some women, I know, of most undesirable nature, who wander up and down the country—having no homes of their own, or forsaking their own homes—talking about their rights; and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote nor to keep house. Their mission seems merely to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact, or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I shall show you that the best rights that woman can own, she already has in her possession; that her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; that she sits to-day on a throne so high that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot-box and the Congressional assemblage and the Legislative hall. Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him, and by the habits she inculcated, made him President. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put, had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right, and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship! The right of suffrage, as we men exercise it, seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot-box and you drop your vote. Right after you comes a libertine, or a sot—the offscouring of the street—and he drops his vote; and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home-life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throb through the eternities.

My chief anxiety, then, is, not that woman have other rights accorded her; but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. First: she has the right to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and then tarry a comparatively little while; but she, all day long, governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do, that this outside world and the business world, are a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Underselling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips. Tumbles. Defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. Oh, woman! thank God you have a home, and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can, by your faith in God, and your cheerfulness of demeanor, gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled. There are abodes in every city—humble, two stories; four plain, unpapered rooms; undesirable neighborhood; and yet there is a man who would die on the threshold rather than surrender. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to that house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels as those that broke over Bethlehem. It is home. These children may come up after awhile, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence; but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof, under which their father rested, and their mother sang, and their sisters played. Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters with which to spell out that height and depth, and length, and breadth, and magnitude, and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes, and trembling voice, and agitated hand, write it out in those four living capitals, H-O-M-E.

What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets upon the English empire; but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence, eternity never marks any bound. Isabella fled from the Spanish throne, pursued by the nation's anathema; but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principalities.

When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you do not think of Catherine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or Marie Theresa of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm-in-arm down life's pathway; sometimes to the Thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle, or at the spinning-wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she had toiled for you so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to the God whom she had taught you to trust—Oh, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her; and as she went in, all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name, as tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and k[illegible] the sod that covers her, crying: "Moth[illegible] mother!" Ah! she was the queen—[illegible] was the queen. Now, can you tell me h[illegible] many thousand miles a woman like [illegible] would have to travel down before she [illegible] to the ballot-box. Compared with [illegible] work of training kings and queens [illegible] God and eternity, how insignificant se[illegible] all this work of voting for aldermen [illegible] common councilmen, and sheriffs, and [illegible] stables, and mayors, and presidents! [illegible] make one such grand woman as I have [illegible] scribed, how many thousands would [illegible] want of those people who go in the ro[illegible] of fashion and dissipation, going as fa[illegible] ward disgraceful apparel as they dare [illegible] so as not to be arrested by the police—[illegible] behavior a sorrow to the good and a [illegible] cature of the vicious, and an insult to [illegible] God who made them women and not [illegible] gons, and tramping on, down through [illegible] frivolous and dissipated life, to temp[illegible] and eternal damnation.

Oh, woman, with the lightning of [illegible] soul, strike dead at your feet all these [illegible] lurements to dissipation and to fast[illegible] Your immortal soul cannot be fed [illegible] such garbage. God calls you up to [illegible] pire and dominion. Will you have [illegible] Oh, give to God your heart; give to [illegible] all your best energies; give to God [illegible] your culture; give to God all your re[illegible] ment; give yourself to him, for this w[illegible] and the next. Soon all these bright eyes [illegible] be quenched, and these voices will be h[illegible] ed. For the last time you will look [illegible] this fair earth. Father's hand, moth[illegible] hand, sister's hand, child's hand wi[illegible] more be in yours. It will be night, [illegible] there will come up a cold wind from [illegible] Jordan, and you must start. Will it [illegible] lone woman on a trackless moor? [illegible] no. Jesus will come up in that hour [illegible] offer his hand, and he will say: "[illegible] stood by me when you were well; n[illegible] will not desert you when you are si[illegible] One wave of his hand, and the storm [illegible] drop; and another wave of his hand, [illegible] midnight shall break into midnoon; [illegible] another wave of his hand, and the ch[illegible] berlains of God will come down from [illegible] treasure-houses of heaven, with robes [illegible] trous, blood-washed and heaven-glinte[illegible] which you will array yourself for the [illegible] riage supper of the Lamb. And then h[illegible] Miriam, who struck the timbrel of the [illegible] Sea; and with Deborah, who led [illegible] Lord's host into the fight; and with Han[illegible] who gave her Samuel to the Lord; [illegible] with Mary, who rocked Jesus to [illegible] while there were angels singing in the [illegible] and with sisters of charity, who boun[illegible] the battle-wounds of the Crimea, you [illegible] from the chalice of God, drink to the s[illegible] eternal rescue.

Your dominion is home, O wom[illegible]! What a brave fight for home the wome[illegible] Ohio made some ten or fifteen years [illegible] when they banded together and in n[illegible] of the towns and cities of that State mar[illegible] in procession, and by prayer and Chri[illegible] songs shut up more places of dissip[illegible] than were ever counted. Were they op[illegible] again? Oh yes. But is it not a [illegible] thing to shut up the gates of hell for [illegible] or three months? It seemed that men [illegible] gaged in the business of destroying o[illegible] did not know how to cope with this [illegible] of warfare. They knew how to figh[illegible] Maine Liquor Law, and they knew ho[illegible] to fight the National Temperance Society [illegible] they knew how to fight the Sons of [illegible] perance and Good Samaritans; but [illegible] Deborah appeared upon the scene, S[illegible] took to his feet and got to the mount[illegible]. It seems that they did not know ho[illegible] to contend against "Coronation," and "[illegible] Hundred," and "Brattle Street," and "[illegible] any," they were so very intangible. T[illegible] men found that they could not accom[illegible] much against that kind of warfare, a[illegible] one of the cities a regiment was bro[illegible] out all armed to disperse the women. [illegible] came down in battle array; but oh, [illegible] poor success! for that regiment was [illegible] up of gentlemen, and gentlemen do no[illegible] to shoot women with hymn-books in [illegible]

hats. Oh, they found that gunning for feule prayer-meetings was a very poor business! No real damage was done, although there was threat of violence after that of violence all over the land. I really think if the women of the East had as much faith in God as their sisters of the West have and the same recklessness of human crilism, I really believe that in one month three-fourths of the grog-shops of our cities would be closed, and there would be running through the gutters of the streets, Brandy, and Cognac, and Heidsick, and old Port, and Schiedam Schnapps, and lager beer, and you would save your fathers and your husbands, and your sons, first from a drunkard's grave, and, second, from a drunkard's hell! To this base for home let all women rouse themselves. Thank God for our early home. Think God for our present home. Thank God for the coming home in heaven.

The twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I lay down on the lounge to rest. The children said, play more. Children always want to play more. And, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream: It seemed to me that I was in a far-distant land—not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics—although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy—although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around, looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there.

And I walked forth and I saw the sunrise, and I said: "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said: "When do they put on working-mans garb again, and delve in the mine, and welter at the forge?" but neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said: "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" and I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles, and towns, and battlements; but not a mausoleum, nor monument, nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship? where are the benches on which the sit?" and a voice answered: "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute; and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold but no tear did I see or sigh hear. I was bewildered; and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said: "What am I, and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group; and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them; but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen I bowed a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they clapped their hands, and shouted: "Welcome! welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed, and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up to a higher home; and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered: "All here"; and while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of Lebanon trees were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh and sing, and leaped and shout: "Home! home! home!" when I felt a child's hand on my face, and it woke me. The children wanted to play more. Children always want to play more.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

Miss Addie Mauzke.
Geo. S., Embro, Ont., Can.
Mrs. M. A. Knight.
Ivy Ash, Kans.

Forty Thousand Children Rescued.

Continued from first page.

tablishment were transferred. In 1864 they succeeded in obtaining the adjoining property that had so long had an infamous notoriety for its horrid deeds of crime and blood, and in 1869, in connection with the "City Mission and Tract Society," they erected upon it a large addition building, containing the Calvary Chapel, school-rooms, play-rooms, and dormitories. Mr. Pease resigned the superintendency of the institution in 1857, and was followed successively by Messrs. Talcott, Barlow, Halliday and Barnard.

In 1855 it was decided to erect a large building, and a structure costing thirty-six thousand dollars was built upon the site of one of the vilest spots of the locality. It was a brick edifice, seven stories in height, containing a chapel, school-rooms, work-rooms, dining-rooms, a bakery, dormitories, and every needful arrangement. In a few years its success was assured, and Mr. James M. Talcott, of Westboro, Mass., was installed as Superintendent. In April, 1857, Mr. Pease retired from the field, his health seriously impaired; but the institution he founded continued to carry on the glorious work he had so self-sacrificingly begun.

For over forty years the Five Points House of Industry has exerted a tremendous moral influence in lower New York. Almost every nationality under the sun has been represented in the multitudes that have been rescued from vice and crime, sheltered there and led to better and useful lives. Thousands upon thousands of misery-stricken children have been placed by means of its operations in the homes of respectable families throughout the country. It has blended physical relief and secular instruction with religious enlightenment and cultivation and has furnished a successful model for a number of other institutions of a similar character. Every passing year has seen its expansion, and its anniversary meetings have been attended by large gatherings of eminent Christian men and women from many cities, who took a special interest in its reformatory and educational work and in the bands of happy, healthful children, who were present in large numbers on such occasions.

MR. PEASE'S FIRST QUARTERS.

Very simple are the methods of work that have brought about so much success in the Five Points House of Industry. The children—for, of course, the work nearly always begins with them—are first gathered off the streets. They are for the most part orphans and outcasts or the neglected offspring of drunken parents. They are treated kindly, made clean and comfortable, and taught some simple exercises. In its chapel, dormitories, school-rooms and play-rooms, they begin a new and orderly life, leaving behind the old vagabond existence of the streets. Gradually they are introduced to the working routine of the Home and made to feel its moral atmosphere. Industrial as well as reformatory influences soon produce a beneficial change in the inmates. The children are kept in cheerful, airy school-rooms during school hours, taught as thoroughly and trained as faithfully as are the pupils of our common schools, and provided daily with substantial meals. The manual training includes carpenter work, typesetting and printing, farm work, and other lines of labor for the boys, and cooking, sewing, and housework for the girls. They become well behaved, industrious and obedient. The House of Industry is strictly undenominational, and during the forty years of its existence has rescued and educated over 45,000 children besides affording temporary shelter for several thousand destitute women. It has expended in that time nearly $1,500,000, but the rich results accomplished, in a material and spiritual sense, to a great army of little ones cannot be computed in figures, or set down in words.

Viewed from every point of practical usefulness, the House of Industry is the most perfect institution of its kind to be found on this continent. It would require many columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to describe in detail its excellent system and various features. Among those not hitherto enumerated is a Charity Day School for the poor children of the neighborhood who are not inmates of the Home. Besides this, there is connected with the institution a Home for Working Women, at Mott and Elizabeth streets, where 400 persons can be accommodated, and a Chinese Mission, both of which have succeeded in doing excellent service in their respective spheres. The House of Industry has also been a temporary shelter for thousands of children, who have had a mother, or father, or perhaps both, living, but who, because of poverty or sickness, have not been able to provide for their offspring. A very larger percentage of the proteges of the House have succeeded in life, and their letters to their former instructors are among the brightest incidents of the work. Thousands testify to the beneficence of its system, and the memory of the months and years spent under its roof is cherished in a multitude of grateful hearts all over the world. It has accomplished what no machinery of government availed to do. Thousands of children have been rescued from the streets and had their feet set in a better way. The work still goes on increasing, and knows no creed or nationality. The House of Industry is an enormous nursery-school, with an average of more than four hundred day-scolars and constant boarders, outsiders and insiders. "It is one of the most touching sights in the world," writes Mr. Jacob Rus, the well-known philanthropist and author, "to see a score of babies rescued from homes of brutality and desolation, where no other blessing than a drunken curse was ever heard, saying their prayers in the nursery at bed-time. Too often their white night-gowns hide tortured little bodies and limbs cruelly bruised by inhuman hands. In the shelter of this fold they are safe, and a happier little group one may seek long and far in vain."

Work on the new building, to replace the condemned structure, has already begun. One hundred thousand dollars are needed to complete it, and this sum the managers hope to receive through contributions from those who are interested in the rescue of the children of the streets. At present, owing to the lack of accommodadations, many applicants for admission are being turned away daily. An effort will also be made to secure contributions for a summer home for the children at Bell Island, Conn. The officers of the House of Industry are: Wm. F. Barnard, Superintendent; Hugh N. Camp, Treasurer; and George F. Betts, David S. Eggleston, Geo. H. Morgan, Walter H. Lewis, Charles Lanier, Oliver Harriman, Morris K. Jesup, H. N. Camp, and Henry E. Hawley, Trustees.

THE POPE'S APPEAL.

As our readers have doubtless learned from the daily papers the Pope recently sent an open letter to the English people expressing the hope that they would return to the Roman Catholic faith. A lady who is living in Spain sends to an English journal the following sarcastic comment which appeared in "El Diluvis," an influential Spanish paper: "Leo XIII. has addressed a letter to the English people, in which he commends in detail the religious spirit of that nation. But he further adds that God will not bless the efforts of the English race until they return once more to the fold of the Catholic Church! Now we understand the reason of England's sad decay, whereas Spain and Italy swim in a sea of prosperity. The latter are Catholic, the former is Protestant. On how little depends the prosperity of a nation!"

To this, the translator adds: "As you will perceive, the language is sarcastic, but it has a deep and true meaning. England, thanks to the entrance and free course of that Word which 'giveth light,' has prospered in temporal as well as in spiritual affairs, whereas Italy and Spain, especially the latter, enslaved by the doctrines and traditions of men, have sunk to the depth of poverty, ignorance, and misery. To be readmitted to the Catholic 'fold,' England would have to relinquish first among her dearly-bought liberties her open Bible. Rome's hatred of the Word of Life never changes. Of this we have constant proofs in this unhappy country. A few weeks ago, the rector of this little town publicly burned a number of portions of Scripture he had collected from the children and young people who attended his Lenten classes for religious instruction. He imposed as a condition to their receiving the Communion at Easter that they should deliver to him all Protestant books in their possession."

"MARTHA'S REST OPENED."

MANY will remember reading an article in these columns last November, concerning the "Home for Tired Workers" at Saratoga, N. Y. The story of the peculiar Providence, that after five years of praying and waiting, had at last opened the way for a Rest Home, at Saratoga Springs, attracted considerable attention at the time. "Martha's Rest" for Seif-supporting Women, was formally opened last week. The Rest is designed to secure the benefits of the life-giving air and spring waters to the class above all others who need it most, and who have hitherto been shut out from such privileges. Nine applications are already filed from those who by reason of ill-health or lack of employment are unable to pay even the nominal sum of $3.50 per week required. Thus far, provision has been made for only one free occupant at the Home.

The desire and prayer of the founder is, to set aside at least four rooms (allowing two in each) for the free reception of worthy and deserving workers from the large cities. $150 will endow a double room for five persons for the entire season. $300 will secure a two-weeks' rest to thirty-two weary ones.

The young woman occupying the only free room to-day, is a gentlewoman of education and culture, who was thrown upon her own resources only two years ago. She had been reared with tender care, and the hard struggle for daily bread at occupation far beyond her small strength, so undermined her constitution that she is on the verge of a speedy decline. She is only one of a score to whose plea for rest a deaf ear must be turned unless the power is given through generous contributors to try and save them.

All desiring information concerning the Home can address Mrs. Alida Stanwood, 21 Bible House, New York.

AN ANCIENT PALACE UNEARTHED.

M. de Sarzic recently excavated at Tello, Asia Minor, the ruins of the palace of the most ancient kings of Chaldaas, about 4,000 years B. C. Tablets were found in the walls describing King Entemena as the Protector of Agriculture. Among his plantations were two sacred groves dedicated to two different heathen deities, Ninharsag, Godess of Mountains and Mother of Gods, and the Goddess Nina, a waternymph.

Quantities of the remains of what had once been extensive aqueducts which once rendered the plain of Tello fertile were found. Date trees formed extensive forests, and the ancient inhabitants celebrated in verse the 360 benefits of the date tree, which comprised the principal wealth of the country at that period.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER.

Sunday School Lesson for June 30. Golden Text, Hebrews 12: 2.

JERUSALEM was the central scene of the series of events which come within the compass of the Review Lesson. In and around that city Christ spent the last weeks of his sojourn on earth. Galilee, where so much of his teaching and healing had been done, was to know him no more, except in the fitful mysterious appearances of his resurrection body. The occurrences of those weeks were the most momentous in the world's history. Their influence has grown and extended far and wide from generation to generation through the eighteen centuries which have elapsed since they took place, and must inevitably go on increasing to the end of time. None of the battles which have decided the fate of empires, none of the revolutions which have changed the destinies of nations, has had results so widespread and so permanent in influence as the events of the period comprised in the Review. Multitudes of all races, and of every clime and time, who know nothing and care nothing for Marathon, or Waterloo, or Sedan, are profoundly affected by the incidents of those weeks in the little, despised land of Judæa, and base upon them their hopes for eternity. Commencing with the Triumphal Entry into the City, which probably took place on Sunday, April 2d, of the year 30, and closing with the Ascension, which is supposed to have occurred on May 18th of the same year, we have a period that is the focus of the lines of all past and future human history. Within it, was achieved the culmination of the sublime work of the redemption of the race. The revelation of God to men, in the person of Jesus, came during those few weeks to its highest development. Then it was seen how God loved the world. The patient suffering, the self-sacrifice even to death, the glorious triumph over death and the grave, were all necessary that men might be rescued from sin and come into the possession of the privileges with which God had endowed his creatures. It was the exaltation on the pinnacle of pain and sorrow, to which Christ referred early in his ministry, when he said, "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." That strange, mysterious magnetism has been going forth from the Cross ever since, and by supernatural power has been drawing men out of the mire, out of the fetters that held them and starting them on the way upward which leads to God himself. In describing the events of that time and explaining their significance, the Christian teacher is giving effect to Christ's work and sending forward into the next generation the power that can redeem it and consecrate it. The five pictures on this page, reproduced from actual photographs of the scenes identified with the solemn events of the last ten lessons to be reviewed may serve to suggest the grouping of the lessons which have been considered during the quarter. The field of Judas, reminding us of the awful sin of treachery to Christ; the Garden of Gethsemane, with its lesson of the terrific burden of sin; The Arch of Pilate, where he set Christ, calling on the people to "Behold the man," who can still save all who look to him by faith; Golgotha, where he "bore our sins in his own body on the tree" and the Mount of Olives from which he was caught up into heaven the Conquetor from the world's battle field — each has its own special life-giving lesson to teach. Io rightly understand these scenes is to grasp the essential truths of Christianity. They inspire love to Christ and loyalty to him which is of supreme importance.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

TRADITIONAL FIELD OF JUDAS.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

THE MOUNT BELIEVED TO BE CALVARY

THE "ECCE HOMO" ARCH

From Photographs secured by the Proprietor of "The Christian Herald."

I will deliver him unto you. (Matt. 26: 15.) The character of Judas is odious throughout Christendom. The world instinctively despises a treacherous man. A story is told of a slave in the Mauritius who toiled and saved the small gratuities that were given him in the hope of purchasing his freedom. His little hoard grew; but he changed his purpose. A son was born to him whom he loved passionately. He resolved to give his money for his boy's freedom. It would be better, he thought, for the boy might make something of life while for him it would be too late. He determined to die in slavery that his son might be free. But just at the time that he was about to arrange for the purchase, the lad fell ill and died. At first, in his sorrow and disappointment, he thought that now he would resume his original purpose and purchase his own freedom; but the spirit of self-sacrifice had entered the old man's heart. There was a bright boy on the plantation about the age of his boy and the two lads had been friends. He resolved to give his hoard to set this boy free. The bargain was made and the boy was emancipated. The old man saw with pleasure that he was making his way. He would have been glad if the boy had come to see him occasionally; but not once did he come. A great crime was committed on the island and the old man fell under suspicion. Knowing that he would not have a fair trial, though he was innocent, he fled. A reward was offered his capture and it was earned by the ve youth who owed his emancipation to self-sacrifice. He it was who gave up benefactor to death for the sake of mon

Christ died for us. (Rom. 4: 8.) It v the highest proof of love he could give. often speak of loving our friends, but w friend is there so dear that we would die his place? "Greater love hath no n than this that a man lay down his life his friend," and such love kindles lo A friend of the Count of Toulouse, v was visiting his estate, said to him: don't know what it is you do to charm the people about you; but I believe tha all your two hundred servants there scarcely one who would not be willing die if it were necessary to save your li The Count was visibly affected by testimony. He said: "I love them all if I had two hundred lives, I would them all go, rather than have one of people suffer." The answer explained phenomenon. Servants could not help ing a lord who loved them so much.

Who said that he was alive (Luke 24: The two men were bewildered and tressed by the report, but later they so rejoiced by the knowledge that could not rest until they had told friends. The happiest Christians now those who realize most completely Jesus lives, though they cannot see A mother gave her two little children and pictures to amuse them and told t to be good while she attended to some v at the top of the house. Half an passed and then a timid little voice heard at the foot of the stairs, cal "Mamma, are you there?" The m answered, "Yes, dear," and she hear little one run back contentedly to his By and by the children must have bec uneasy again, for the voice came a se time, "Mamma, are you there?

mother answered again, and that enough. The children were satisfi long as they knew their mother was call, but if there had been no answe would have been scared. It is so wi Christian. He feels safe while his hears his prayers. It is not a dead Chris he loves and worships, but a Being wh hear his cry, and who has fellow-f with him in his trials and temptation

It is expedient for you that I go away. 16: 7.) In one of the English colonies was a growing feeling of dissatisf with the Government. The colonists to the colonial office in London, but letters were neglected. The arrange made there, proved that the affairs colony were not understood, and t effort was made to understand them last, a Governor was sent out wh careful and intelligent. He identifie himself with the colony, and he succeed effecting reforms. The people love him, and for the first time in years there feeling of satisfaction. But the Gov rule was abruptly ended. His elder b died suddenly, and he unexpectedly came heir to great estates and a title, and return to England to take his place i ety. The colonists mourned. The said that only in his time had they enjo intelligent treatment. "You are unwis he said. "I can do more for you there ever could here. I shall have title a influence, and shall be at headquarters I can represent you and plead your c So Christ has become our Intercesso

THE TRUTH ABOUT INDIA.

M. S. C. K. Rutnam Gives Important Information as to the State of Religion in India and Corrects some Erroenous Statements about Hinduism.

A CALL was made at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office a few days ago, by Mr. S. C. Rutnam, a young man from Western India, who will probably become widely known to the religious public during his stay in this country. He is a native of Ceylon, but has been for some time one of the teachers of an advanced school in Bombay Presidency. He is the son of a native preacher and is a highly educated young man, speaking excellent English, with a slight accent, which gives an eloquant charm to his conversation. Mr. Rutnam's object in leaving his home in India for a tour in America and Great Britain, is to correct certain misconceptions which recent events have produced and which can be set right only by one possessing a personal and intimate knowledge of the state of society in India. He has messages for both lands; for each is liable to be misled by statements which have obtained wide circulation. Mr. Rutnam wants to talk to Americans about some misleading statements made by his countrymen at the Parliament of Religions, which was held two years ago at Chicago, and he has been disabusing the English mind of a flattering notion about the opium traffic, which has been produced by the report of a Royal Commission. The report was designed to set English conscience at rest by representing opium, hemp, etc., as harmless drugs, which it was no sin to raise and sell. Mr. Rutnam went armed with facts and statistics which utterly discredit that report and did not rouse the English conscience to a state of healthy activity. He says:

"I am in the Belgaum district, Bombay Presidency, Western India, which is a very populous section, the population of the town of Belgaum being about 60,000. It is near the sea coast, about 200 miles south of Poona, close to the headquarters of the Mahratta kings. We have a native church and an English Congregational church in the city, and a number of small churches in the surrounding villages. I have been two years in Belgaum, attached to the Mission High School which is connected with the London Missionary Society. We have a principal, a superintendent missionary, and I am in charge of the Matriculation Class in that school. I am also Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., which I founded two years ago. We hold meetings in the school building. Although the membership is only thirty, at ordinary meetings we get eighty or ninety, many of whom are believers at heart but through fear of the people will not identify themselves with any Christian society or organization. I know of several young men who would gladly come to our meetings and partake in our religious worship, if they were sure their friends would know nothing about it. Many a father would expel his boy from his house if he should become a Christian. He would be cut from all social connections.

"Our Y. M. C. A. delegated me to go to England and speak against the opium traffic, and I have been engaged during the last nine months in lecturing against the traffic in the leading cities of England. We had very large audiences, and have been able to disabuse the public mind there of the preconceived notions about the harmlessness of opium, which has come to be generally believed since the appointment of the Royal Commission on Opium. The consumption of opium is increasing in India. At first it was grown principally for export to China, but now the natives of India themselves are using it.

The chief difficulty in the way of the propagation of Christianity in India is that the Hindu is conservative, and is very suspicious about receiving anything foreign, nevertheless, I firmly believe Christianity is progressing in my country, and one day it will become the national religion of India. The rising generation has no longer faith in the old religious systems of the country, and a sort of unbelief and scepticism prevail among the student class. It is gratifying to note that there are many secret disciples of Jesus Christ among the educated people."

The influence of the Parliament of Religions, Mr. Rutnam thinks, has been baleful. He says:

"Whatever may have been the motives of the conveners of the Parliament of Religions, I am afraid many people of India have been led to believe that the Parliament implied that you were disposed to place all religions on an equal footing. They mistook the attitude of the American people, and did not realize how far you allowed truth to give way to courtesy.

MR. S. C. K. RUTNAM OF BELGAUM, INDIA.

A TYPICAL CULTURED HINDU FAMILY—MR. RUTNAM'S PARENTS AND THEIR FAMILY.

"I fear also that the Parliament has done immense injury to the cause of truth by bringing into notoriety a number of obscure individuals who, without giving any serious thought to the study of religion, took upon themselves the task of enlightening the American public as to the essential nature of the Hindu religion. The Hinduism which Swami Vivekananda expounded at the World's Parliament of Religions, and which seems to have taken so much with the American public, was nothing but a crude patching up of the elevating doctrines of Christianity on a basis of old Vedantism, which is simply pantheism. The horrible side of Hinduism with which we are so familiar in India was not presented at Chicago, and is unknown to the people of this country.

"I feel it my duty in common justice to make a reply to the statements of Swami Vivekananda on Hinduism and Christian missions in India. He tries to prove the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and the Hindu theory that creation is without beginning or end. He seeks to prove this latter by a most fallacious argument. He defines creation as combination, and we most emphatically hold that creation does not mean combination. We do not understand science as Swami Vivekananda understands it. Real science corroborates the fundamental principles of religion. It is illogical and irrational to seek to bring God under the ordinary laws of being and conditions of existence. The Hindu cannot understand the present life without supposing there was a former life, and Swami Vivekananda would have the American public believe that there are people who have a complete reminiscence of their former life. I come from the land of Mahatmas, but I must confess that I have not seen one, personally, nor have I come across any one who has seen them.

"When we have followed Swami Vivekananda in his metaphysical speculations to prove that creation is without beginning or end, and that souls migrate from one body to another, let us pause a little and ask ourselves what message he brought and what Gospel he had to preach to the American public. His Gospel is that 'men are divinities on earth, that men are not sinners. It is a sin to call a man sinner. It is a standing libel on human nature.' He makes statements contrary to all human experience and the dictates of our individual moral sense and the conscience of mankind in general. According to the Bible, 'If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.'"

"Are the sacred Vedas the good books that were described to us?" Mr. Rutnam was asked.

"The Hindus have four Vedas. One of the four is the Jagur Veda, which is so bad that the highest legal authority at Bombay has declared it a criminal offense to translate it into any living language. We know a translator and publisher in Punjab who was fined for publishing a translation in Gujerati. The obscene pictures in Hindu temples and the obscene carvings and sculptures in Hindu temple cars show what Hinduism was 2,000 years ago. Modern Hinduism is as bad. One can best understand Hinduism by studying it in India, as it is practised by the people in general.

"As regards Swami Vivekananda's attack on Indian Christians and Indian missionaries, I think it is unworthy of serious consideration. If the missionary has done nothing else, the work he has accomplished in emancipating Hindu women, alone would justify all the expense incurred, and would reward the labors expended. The struggles of Mr. Alfred Dyer, and missionaries like him, to save our girls from the hideous child-marriages, though not entirely successful, and while yet much remains to be done, have resulted in marvelous changes in the customs of the country. The missionaries have also been the pioneers of education.

"Swami Vivekananda says: 'I deny that the conditions of the lower classes are made any better by Christianity.' I need only ask him to read the following from the 'Hindu,' a paper edited by Hindus for Hindus: 'They [the lower classes] are perfectly right in seeking from Christianity the advantages which the religion of their own country has refused to give them, and as Mr. Srinivara Raghara Iyengar (a prominent Hindu) said: "Their best chance of rising in social position lies in their embracing the religion of the ruling class." The Christian portion of the Indian community deserve every help and encouragement that the missionaries can give them. They have been taken out of their own indigenous position through this agency and are entitled to all possible support from their deliverers and benefactors,' etc.

"If I mistake not, Swami Vivekananda himself owes his education to a Christian mission institution, and he is in himself a conspicuous illustration of the sophistry of his own statements."

The group in the photograph, on this page shows the parents of Mr. Rutnam, his three brothers, four sisters, his brother-in-law, and his nephew and nieces. They are a typical educated Hindu family. Two brothers were graduated from Madras University, and the youngest has passed his examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The sisters are also being educated. The oldest brother is Secretary of a Y. M. C. A. at Salem, and the younger one a Professor in a college in Calcutta. The brother-in-law, D. M. Kanaga Rutnam Pillai, is the leading Christian lawyer at Salem; Mr. Rutnam's father has been a minister of the American Board at Jaffna, Ceylon, for twenty-five years, where he is still laboring, and is familiarly known as the "Rev. Christmas." His mother, who was a school mistress in a Ceylon school, is a lady of brilliant ability. While at college she wrote a history of the world which is in use in the schools. She speaks English much better than any of her children. It is extremely gratifying to find a family so intelligent, working for Christ in that great land. It is also encouraging to learn that they are working in the full confidence of final success.

Mr. Rutnam is delivering lectures on the following subjects: "The present religious outlook in India;" "The progress of Christianity;" "The greatest national sin of England;" "Temperance;" "The Yankees of India;" "The women of India, and other Oriental matters." Churches or Societies desiring more knowledge of his wonderful country may arrange with him for lectures by writing to him at 128 East 23d Street, New York.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

LET every denomination manage its own affairs. Their belligerencies will sooner end if we let them alone. In ecclesiastical as well as other courtships, three are one too many. We once went in to settle a riot at Belleville between the Irish and the negroes. Brickbats were freely flying, but we had a notion that we could calm the perturbations. We cried peace, but there was no peace. Our Irish friends thought that we were siding with the negroes, and the negroes thought we were siding with the Irish, and we got hit from both sides; and instead of quelling the riot, we ourselves came near being quelled.

We came back from that reading of the riot act to adopt the policy of letting our neighbors settle their own disputes, social and ecclesiastical. But while we do better to stand off from all internecine wars, we shall do all we can to settle the misunderstandings between denomination and denomination. We would like to bring all the sects together in one great brotherhood, and at the convocation we would have "a baptistry," "an anxious seat," a Prayer-book, and a Westminster Catechism. We would cool all strife by a plunge in the baptistry, and get all down on the anxious seat seeking for pardon, and out of the Westminster Catechism would teach them what is the chief end of man, while with the liturgy open before us we would all cry, "Good Lord, deliver us!" Now you are confounded at this, and are inquisitive to know whether we ourselves are Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, or Episcopalians. Indeed, we have scores of letters during the year asking to what we belong. In hope, therefore, of putting that question completely at rest, we reply that we belong to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

CRAZY MINISTERS.

SOME one sends us a newspaper with a list of four ministers who recently have become insane, the newspaper having a marginal note desiring us to explain. We have no capacity to demonstrate the certain cause of such clerical dementation, but we may imagine several reasons for such disaster. Perhaps they may have lost their balance through a large number of begging letters. They may by every mail have been solicited for money that they did not possess. They may have been violently charged with stinginess for postponing immediate response. For instance, we have on our table a pile of letters from the suffering regions, asking for relief; from Western Sunday Schools, who want a new library; from a young man, who needs a new suit of clothes; from a woman in Pennsylvania, who says her husband is unable to support her; from England, Ireland, and Scotland, asking for help in the building of chapels,—a heavy rain of applications that is enough to set any man's brain afloat; and we may imagine that some of the persons spoken of in that newspaper were mentally swamped in that way.

Another possible cause for the seeming epidemic of insanity among the clergy may be the demands of lecturing committees who want you to speak in behalf of their church or Young Men's Christian Association, and who persist in having you go after your telling them it is impossible. They break through all your established hours of privacy. They wake you up after you have gone to bed, or stop you in the street with their long yarn of necessity. If that will not make a minister crazy, nothing will.

We present another possible cause for the series of intellectual collapses, spoken of in the newspaper article aforesaid, in the exorbitant and unreasonable demand for impossible pastoral service. They may have been confused by the attempt to attend three funerals at the same hour, three miles distant from each other. Being able to go to but one of the three, of course the other two families will feel that they have been outrageously neglected. They will write sharp letters, talk profusely through the congregation, and possibly leave the church in high dudgeon. The attempt of a minister to be in three places at once will naturally divide and shatter his intellect. We do not know that the above causes worked in the unfortunate cases referred to, but we only assign them as sufficient cause of aberration. We are not surprised, like our correspondent, that there are so many lunatic ministers, but rather amazed that there are so few. It is a matter of congratulation that, under the pressure, there are so many clear-headed clergymen.

GIVING THE PITCH.

WE are glad at the increasing effort everywhere being made to sing the human race to heaven. There are tens of thousands of people who cannot be touched by argument or facts of rhetoric, who immediately surrender to sacred song. Thankful are we for so many singing evangelists who are with silver wedge of music splitting open the barred dungeons of the soul to let God and heaven go in and take full possession. Let us band together the sweet singers of our churches and Sunday Schools, not into stilted and formal choirs, but into crusading parties, whose business it shall be to rouse prayer-meetings, and visit sick-rooms, and serenade with sacred carols the homes of the unbelieving. When preaching and solemn admonition and a square talk fail of their work, try singing. Thousands have already climbed heavenward on the eight notes, and we imagine that in coming time a large proportion of the race are to go up on the same ladder.

TIRED LITERARY FOLKS.

THERE are many new kinds of pen being manufactured, but no man has yet been able to invent a pen that will not get weary. We have often had hold of a pen that seemed determined to skip and gambol. It leaped from paragraph to paragraph. It flew from simile to trope. It made a dash as it went. It slurred unimportant events. It threw interjections of surprise, and interrogations of inquiry, and hour after hour rushed along the line. But after awhile it was sure to get weary. It stumbled. It dragged. It blotted. It staggered. And after awhile it dropped as though dead. Talk of weary legs and arms; let some one tell us the story of weary pens. They may be found late at night in editorial rooms, and on reportorial desks, and in the hand of poet, essayist, romancist, and historian. For the most part they hunger for more bread, and yawn for more sleep, and, worn out, long for the grave of obliteration. Kept in a fine case at Abbotsford, you may find the expired pen of Walter Scott, and in the venerable Hall of Philadelphia the pen which signed the Declaration of Independence. But post-mortem honors are seldom awarded to deceased quills. They are generally thrown away. They drop into the dust and are trod on, and the places that knew them once know them no more. But our chief sympathy is for the living pens, which write and write, and wish they could die. Nothing in all the world has such hard work in making a livelihood as pen and pencil. The one languishes in the picture gallery, the other faints in the study. May the day speed on when literature and art shall come to higher appreciation. That will be the Elysium of pen and pencil.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Constant Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y. How can a person forgive one who has wronged him, if he does not care to be forgiven, and in his own opinion has never done anything he is sorry for?

See answer to New Haven, Conn., in THE MAIL-BAG of May 19, 1895.

Mrs. Charles Brown, Owen's Sound, Ont., Can. Will any of your readers tell me where I can procure the poem beginning:

Eternity! Eternity! Mark well, oh man, Eternity;
Came there a bird each thousandth year,
A sand-grain from the hills to bear,
When all is vanished, grain by grain,
Eternity would still remain.

E. H. U., New Knoxville, O. 1. Does the command, "Six days shalt thou labor," imply that we are to work all day and every day of the six? 2. What is meant by some of the dead not being raised until after the thousand years are finished (Rev. 20: 5?

1. No, it was a limitation. The work was not to exceed six days. There was to be a day of rest once in seven. 2. That the dead in Christ would be raised at Christ's coming to reign on the earth, while the wicked dead would not be raised until the general judgment at the end of his reign of a thousand years.

E. C. V., Collinsville, Tex. You say in your Sunday School lessons that it was probably in the year 30 that Christ was crucified. Was he then only thirty years old?

It is believed that he was thirty-three years and a few months old when he was crucified. Dionysius Exiguus, who fixed the date of the Christian æra, made a mistake of four years. The light we now have on the subject proves that he was in error. The Herod who slew the children in the year of Christ's birth died at least three years before the beginning of the Christian æra. Christ, therefore, would be in his thirty-fourth year in the year thirty, according to the calculations of modern scholars.

L. E. C., Boston, Mass. Is it true that there are Greek words in the book of Daniel which prove that it was not written during the Babylonish captivity, nor until long afterwards?

In the whole book there are only two, or at most, three such words. The Talmud states that the book was "edited by the men of the great Synagogue." It is reasonably possible that they may have inserted the words. If the words in the original had become antiquated, or had changed their meaning, as words do, in the course of time, it would be legitimate for an editor to put in their place modern words, which expressed the meaning of the prophet. Whatever arguments there may be for a recent date for the book, the one based on the two Greek words is not sufficient to prove the theory.

S. T. B., Woodsonville, Ky. If the three disciples who accompanied Christ into the Garden of Gethsemane were asleep, how is it known what words he uttered?

One of the functions of the Holy Spirit was to bring all things to the remembrance or knowledge of the Apostles. Though the Evangelists record most fully the events they witnessed, they record other matters of which they could have had no knowledge except by revelation. This may have been one of them. But it is not stated that they slept all the time they were with Christ in the Garden. The account rather implies men struggling to keep awake. Christ said of them that their spirit was willing. They may have heard the few words they record, though missing the remainder of what may have been, and probably was, a long prayer.

Reader, Yarmouth, Me. 1. In 1 Kings 6: 22, we read that Solomon's Temple was overlaid with gold. Also in 1 Kings 10: 14, it states that the gold that came to Solomon in one year was 666 talents—this would be equal to $17,610,811.46 in United States money. From whence came so much of the precious metal? If it all came from Ophir, why was there not more interest in mining there? Is any gold found there to-day? 2. If certain children inherit from their parents or ancestors certain sinful propensities, such as their appetite for strong drink, murderous covetousness, etc., are they responsible for their acts as children who do not inherit such proclivities, viewing the question from a Biblical or divine standpoint?

1. Within the last five years, explorers in Eastern Africa have discovered at Zimbabwe, near Mashonaland, a chain of great gold mines, that evidently have lain idle for many centuries. These are now believed by several authorities to have been the ancient Ophir of the Bible. The massive walls, towers of defence, and other buildings still standing, though more or less in ruins, show that the mines we worked by a much more civilized people th the surrounding native races. The report this discovery, delivered before the Geograp cal Society in London, showed that the mi (which still give evidence of richness) m have yielded gold in immense quantities. is, therefore, not improbable that they may reopened, as the work of civilizing Africa p gresses. 2. The influence of heredity and e vironment raises a question of individual sponsibility which theologians do not prete to solve. That vicious tendencies may be herited is undeniable, and the fact only g to prove our own responsibility for poster as well as for ourselves. We believe it w Emerson, who, being asked at what age would begin to correct the tendencies of child, replied: "About 250 years before it w born," meaning, of course, that if a virtu and upright ancestry could be assured, chances of the child's moral developm would be greatly improved. The childre the vicious, however, equally with those the upright, are in the hands of a just merciful Father, who will deal wisely by all, who knows the inheritance of infirmities w which some are unhappily afflicted.

Reader, Williamston, Mich. How were the m bers of the Sanhedrim chosen, and to how

The Great Sanhedrim, or Supreme Jew Council, or Court of Justice, civil and eccl astical, consisted of seventy-one members judges, representing three classes, viz: Priests, the Elders, and the Scribes. The c didate had to be a man of middle age, mor and physically blameless, learned in the l and able to speak several languages. Previ to being a candidate for the Great Sanhed he must have been a member of the Small S hedrim, a subordinate judicial body. The p er of ordaining new members and of elec officers in the Sanhedrim was vested in corporate assembly of members. The dura of membership is uncertain, but probably minated either with the first evidence of decay of intellectual and spiritual vigor with voluntary resignation.

Dumb Christian. I made a profession of faith Christ some years ago and know that I was cepted of him. Whenever I attempt to pra speak in public, it seems as if my mouth closed. Is it my duty to speak or pray in pu

Not necessarily. While there are many can both speak and pray acceptably in pu and who have the faculty of expressing th selves clearly even under deep emotion, th are others not so gifted, yet who may re equally efficient Christian service in o ways. (See I. Cor., 12 chap.) You may able to tell to one or two what you ca say to a hundred, and thus, by your con sation no less than your example, do good vice and give evidence of your own faith. if you will steadily persevere, and strive, Divine help, to overcome nervousness, or idity, or whatever may be the cause of hesitancy, you may eventually be enable speak with effect to the hearts of others.

Constant Reader, Scranton, Pa. Why do you answer questions in THE MAIL-BAG in the in which you receive them? A friend of sent a question which was answered in a weeks, while you have not yet answered that I sent before my friend wrote.

We have looked up your inquiry. It wa to where Cain found his wife. The only swer we could give to the question has given so many times that we are surp that one who calls himself a "Constant R er" did not see it. Our rule is to give cedence to questions which are likely to an interest for other readers besides the pe who sends them. Also to questions which fect faith or conduct. Questions which re obviously prompted by mere curiosity re left till last, especially when there are no ta on which a satisfactory answer can be bas

G. A. Herolz. Is it a Christian worker's duty to test against dancing and card-playing, w four-fifths or more of the people of the neig hood indulge in these practices for mere am ment? If so, in what way, not to lose their and confidence?

Yes, it is his duty to make a protest ag st these and all other pleasures which, if indul constitute a serious impediment to spir growth. Dancing has proved the first st to ruin for countless numbers of both sexes It leads to dangerous acquaintanceships tha re impossible under any other conditions, however modified by social surroundings. indulgence that excites emotions from w ch pure minds would naturally shrink. Card-re the avowed tools of the gambler, and awaken the gambling spirit. One year's ord (1890) of the New York Society for the pression of Vice, shows that 128 persons re either shot or stabbed over gaming table attempted suicide, twenty-four committed cide, sixty were murdered in cold blood, others went insane. Card-playing wit betting is stroking a tiger whose claws re sheathed for the moment. We would be pl d to know if any one can point out a singl stance of a young man or woman being h morally, mentally, or physically by dancin or card-playing. The burden of irrefutable dence is all the other way.

Wallace Gibbs, Johnson City, Kan. We are run with similar propositions, and cannot co ——G. F. Love, New Brunswick, N. J. We c not inform you.——R. M. McNeely, Mist, Ore. T formation you desire is nowhere obtainable.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

AN ARCTIC COMMEMORATION.

FIFTY years have passed since Sir John Franklin sailed, full of enthusiasm and ambition, on the voyage of discovery from which he never returned. The fiftieth anniversary of his departure was elebrated in England recently by surviv- g members of the explorer's family and by e Geographical Society. Three hundred stinguished personages made a pilgrimage the museum in which the relics of the ex- dition are preserved, a new wreath was ng over Franklin's portrait and a public eeting was held, at which the achieve- ents and high qualities of the explorer ere extolled. Our own land received its are of the glory; for it was to Lieut. chwatka, an American officer that Eng- nd owes the posses- on of the greater part the relics of the ex- dition, now treasur- l in the Franklin om of the Green- ich museum. His are in clearing up e mystery, which ad hung so long over e fate of the explor- s, was duly ack- owledged. It was a ystery that had qued the curiosity id aroused the sym- thy of a whole gen- ation. Franklin iled in 1845, and by e end of 1848, no dings having been ceived of him, there as general uneasi- ss and alarm for his fety. Three times fore, he had gone on ploring expeditions the Arctic, but nev- before had so long period elapsed before s return. His two ips, the "Erebus" d "Terror" had pro- sions for only three ars, so that there as ground for appre- ension. A relief par- was at once dis- tched and during the xt ten years no less an twenty-one expe- tions were sent out, t no trace of the ex- orers could be found, d some of the expe- tions had a narrow cape of disaster. The overnment would do more. It offered, however, a reward fifty thousand dollars to any one, who lved the mystery. But Lady Franklin uld not rest in ignorance of her husband's te. He might be living and in need of lp, though, as he would by that time seventy-three years of age, there was nall probability of that. Aided by gifts om her friends, she fitted out another ex- dition under Captain M'Clintock, which iled in 1859. This search was successful. paper was found buried in a cairn on ing William Island bearing the date of pril, 1848. It contained a record by Sir ohn Franklin, dated May 28, 1847, stat- g what had been accomplished in the two ears that had elapsed. Around the record, another hand, paper evidently having come scarce, was the statement, under ate of April 25, 1848, that Sir John had ed in June, 1847 and that nine officers and teen men were also dead and the ships d been abandoned. No further trace uld be found, and it was not until 1879 hen Schwatka made his search, that it as learned that the remainder of the arty, one hundred and five in number had erished afterward of scurvy and starva- on. The bones of the last survivors with number of instruments and utensils were ound under a boat. The tenderness and reverence with which Franklin's name and services were extolled at the celebration, proved that after fifty years his memory was still enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen. Nor is it likely that he will ever be forgotten. In sacrificing his life in the cause of science and exploration he gained an immortality of fame, which is never attained by those who live for themselves. Self-abnegation is the true way to immortality in every path and the humblest Christian who practises it has divine assurance that he will not miss the reward in its highest sense.

Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the Gospel's shall keep it to life eternal. (Mark 8 : 35.)

The Tilted Ocean.

Confirmation of a new physical discovery comes from Holland. It was discovered some time ago that the axis of the earth, which had been supposed to be stationary, had a motion of its own. By careful calculation it was found that the imaginary line passing through the centre of the earth and terminating in the North and South Poles was affected by the rotation of the globe which at the equator attains the speed of about a thousand miles an hour. It was declared that the centre was stationary, but each pole traveled over a circle of at least ten yards in diameter and that it required fourteen months for the pole to go around the circle. It was at once perceived that if this was a fact, the water of the sea would be affected by the movement, as the water in a cup would be affected by tilting it from one side to the other. Inquiries were made to ascertain if an accurate record of the tides had been kept anywhere for a lengthy period. Such a record covering more than forty years was found at Helder in Holland, showing the regular height of the water in the canal at that place. An examination of the register reveals a regular periodicity exactly corresponding to the new idea of the motions of the earth's axis. The average height of the water in the canal showed a minute increase, day by day for seven months, followed by gradual decline for a corresponding period, and the level was exactly the same on any two days fourteen months apart. The discovery is interesting as showing how delicately the ponderous globe is poised, when the tipping so slightly of its gigantic axis as it rushes on its way through space, is responded to by the waters of the mighty ocean. It is customary to speak slightingly of the science of the Bible, but this recent discovery of science shows that the conception of creation formed by the Bible writers many centuries ago was not so erroneous as was supposed.

He maketh the sea like a pot of ointment. (Job 41:30.) He gave to the sea its bound when he marked out he foundations of the earth. (Prov. 8 : 29.)

A House Sold for $1.50.

One of the strangest auction sales of real estate took place in New York on June 6. Ninety-nine houses in one of the most densely populated districts of the city were sold for extraordinary low sums. The entire proceeds of the sale were less than eight hundred dollars. Several houses were sold for three dollars, and one for a dollar and a half. The district in which the houses stand is known as Mulberry Bend. It is inhabited almost exclusively by Italians, and the houses are filthy and dilapidated almost beyond belief. They are chiefly of brick and were in their early days the homes of decent people. In 1857 they had fallen into the possession of the disorderly element, and the district was the scene of an organized fight between the denizens of the Bend and the Bowery Boys, which was maintained for several days and was suppressed only when the militia were called out. After the war, the quarter was a favorite residence for negroes, and almost all the white people left it. The negroes were displaced in the course of years by the Italians, who now occupy it. With every change the buildings became dirtier and more degraded. Their condition finally became a menace to the health of the city and the Park Department determined to turn the district into a park. The houses were therefore sold at auction and the purchasers were required to tear them down within thirty days. That fact accounted for the low prices they brought. No one was disposed to set a high value on a house that could not be occupied or rented but must soon be torn down. It is a pity that men do not reason in the same way about their bodies. So high a value is often placed on the body that must soon be destroyed that the interests of the soul are sacrificed to provide it with gratification.

"Seek not what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink," etc. (Luke 12:29.)

The Steam Yacht "Fox."
Part of Compass, Plate, and Case
Discovery of Relics of The Franklin Expedition
Cooks Knife Fork Steeny and Gold lace Band
Broken Watch and Burton
H.M.S. Erebus and Terror

THE FRANKLIN JUBILEE—SIR JOHN AND LADY FRANKLIN—RELICS OF THE EXPEDITION.

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. Philip Phillips, "the Singing Pilgrim," was reported in a recent letter to be lying dangerously ill at Delaware, O.

There is Great Suffering Among the Coal miners at Clinton, Ind. The mines were shut down all winter, and now the operators have closed them until next fall. Hundreds of families are said to be destitute.

Mr. Loomis, who is Laboring in Japan, has notified the American Bible Society, that at a meeting of Japanese Christians recently held, it was decided to present a handsome copy of the Bible to the Emperor of Japan at an early date.

The Christian Workers' Association has Arranged to hold a convention at Silver Lake, N. Y., July 16-21. Another convention is to be held at New Haven, Conn., early in the fall, the date not yet fixed and the third at Augusta, Ga., in connection with the Southern Chautauqua. All information may be obtained by writing to Rev. John C. Collins, New Haven, Conn.

Evangelist Arthur Crane of Plainfield, N. J., is conducting union meetings at Wilmington, N. C. There are large congregations every evening and there have been many conversions. Early in July, Mr. Crane has promised to return to Missouri, where he recently held successful meetings in many cities. The work will begin at Clinton, where a special building is being erected to accommodate the union meetings and a large choir is being drilled.

The Church Missionary Society has just sent out a reinforcement of missionaries for Uganda, including the first body of ladies who have gone forth, one of whom is the daughter of the Dean of Armagh, and two are nurses.

An Alarming Dispatch from Shanghai, China, to the London "Daily Telegraph," states that the whole province of Canton is in a state of anarchy and that the American and English missionaries at Cheng Fu have been murdered.

Dr. R. S. MacArthur preached his last sermon before setting out on his foreign tour at Calvary Baptist Church on June 2. He sailed from San Francisco on June 15 for Hawaii, where he will stay a few weeks and then proceed to Japan. He expects to be in Japan until August, to study the country and the missionary work.

The National Temperance Society is making an effort to pay off its debt of ten thousand dollars, which has accumulated during the business depression. Mr. William D. Porter, the Treasurer, has issued an earnest appeal and states that he has received one liberal contribution from New Jersey toward that object.

The Latest Statistics of the Congregational Churches show 5,342 churches with 583,539 members, of whom 387,693 are women. The total additions were 62,846, of which 38,853 were on confession. The number of churches added to the roll was 215, leaving a net gain over the previous year of 111. There are 677,973 Sunday School scholars showing a gain of 30,979.

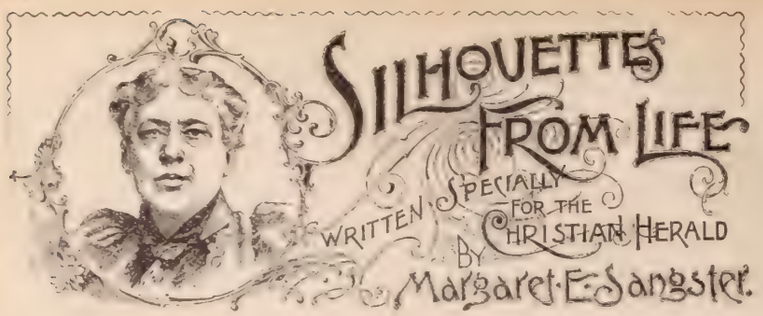
A Revival which Promises large permanent results has followed the labors of Rev. G. L. Barker, at Akron, O. All the churches in the town have felt the effect, not only in accessions, but in renewed life and activity among the worldly church members.

An English Journal Announces that Dr. T. J. Barnardo, the friend of the London street boys, is seriously ill, and has been ordered absolute cessation from work and change of scene. Dr. Barnardo has for more than twenty years devoted himself most energetically to the rescure of the children of the streets.

Major Cole's Work at Denison, Tex., Has stirred the whole city. Rev. W. S. Hills, Pastor of the First Congregational Church there, says: "Denison, to my knowledge, has never had anything that proved its equal in elevating the moral and religious tone of the entire city." The meetings have been especially successful in reaching the wealthier classes.

Mr. D. L. Moody Asks us to Announce That the World's Student Conference will be held in Northfield, Mass., June 28 to July 7. Among the speakers will be the Bishop of Vermont, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, President Patton of Princeton, and President Stryker of Hamilton. The Y. M. C. A. Encampment July 9 to September 3. The Young Women's College Conference July 20-30, and the General Conference of Christian Workers Aug. 3-15. For further particulars, address Mr. A. G. Moody, East Northfield, Mass.

The American Sunday School Union has done an extensive work during the past year, in spite of the business depression. It has kept 140 men in the field, 1,763 new schools have been formed and 513 reorganized. These missionaries also made 107,230 visits, distributed thousands of Bibles and Testaments, and in 180 cases the organization of churches followed. We have received a special report from Rev. George W. Sharp, the missionary of the Union whose salary is paid by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and this we shall publish in an early issue.



A Trial of Faith.

"THE President of Deerham College is in need of a Secretary, who can also teach a class in English literature, and, so to speak, fill up chinks here and there. I know you are looking for a position, and I thought this might be just the one to suit you. At all events, dear Miss Evelyn, I have sent in your name and given you a good word. If you hear from Mrs. Elkins, the President referred to, remember that you have been recommended and endorsed by your former teacher and constant friend, who is, very affectionately yours, LUCY STANTON HOPE."

So ran a letter which Grace Evelyn read one sunny morning, when the bees were rioting over the clover, the honeysuckles sweetening the air, the birds lilting on bending boughs, the whole world rapturous with summer.

Grace was still young enough to be very much excited at the prospect of any decisive change. Herself a graduate, she had left school and college life a year ago, expecting to make a home of ideal sweetness for her widowed father, who had never so much as looked with ordinary attention at any woman, since, nine years before, the light of earth had faded from the blue eyes of his wife. But the unexpected is always happening, and Doctor Robert Evelyn was the latest proof of this old saw. Meeting on a visit to a friend in a distant city, a visit inspired by attendance at a great medical convention, a young lady of much beauty and rare endowments, he had suddenly fallen in love, and the fact that the girl was about Grace's age, led him, after the manner of men, to suppose that his daughter would be delighted to have so congenial a companion brought into the household.

Grace and Bessie, as the young wife insisted that her step-daughter should call her, got on together very well, superficially, but Grace was discontented, and Bessie aware of a very great relief when the former, to her father's manifest chagrin and annoyance, declared that she would go out into the world and earn a living for herself.

"At least," she said, "I will put to some honest use the talents I am endowed with, I cannot live in idleness, and I am not likely to be missed if I go at once."

An elderly friend, who shared her confidence, and approved her decision, advised her to let her desire be known at her old college, and among her former daily associates. The result was the letter quoted above, and this letter was one of the stepping stones which brought her in time to the place of general-assistant at Deerham.

She found herself nicely established there, with a very liberal salary.

Her duties she regarded as agreeable and not burdensome, but one of them proved difficult, and at first almost impossible.

Few women of this latter day, trained to religious exercises in public, have the very faintest conception of the shrinking felt a generation ago by those of their sex who prayed audibly before others. It was usual, and seemed the appropriate thing, indeed, for a woman's voice to become choked with sobs, and for her to lift a burning, trembling, tearful face from her hands after she had knelt in a woman's prayer-meeting.

Grace belonged to this period, and therefore it was a formidable thing she perceived [illegible] must sometime act as Chaplain.

If, for any reason, the Principal was detained at the beginning of meals, or could [illegible] by courtesy styled a college, it was really [illegible] opened by prayer in the morning, Miss Evelyn was expected to ask the blessing, or to lead in worship, as the occasion demanded.

The first time she had to do this, she faced the two long rows of critical girls with a feeling akin to desperation. It seemed a very simple thing to do, just to say a little word of prayer aloud to God, before people listening with bowed heads, but, if you never did it in your life, and if you are very timid by nature, it is more or less a hard task.

Grace waited, tried to speak; the sentence was drowned before it was born. A silence in which a pin might have been heard to drop, fell on the room, and one girl giggled.

Grace gave one swift mental appeal to God for help, then, calmly, in clear tones, asked the Divine blessing. A form would have been a crutch to lean upon, but Deerfield College was not ritualistic, and the grace was expected to be spontaneous.

"Make us thankful," said the low, steady voice, "for our daily bread, for all thy mercies, for thy ceaseless care and provision. Help us all this day to serve thee fully, for Christ's sake. Amen."

A few days passed, and it was Grace's duty to open the exercises by reading the Scriptures and offering prayer. She again suffered from nervous dread, again feared she would break down, again braced herself to the ordeal by the silent, inarticulate appeal to God.

Years after, when there was an alumnae dinner of the graduates of Deerfield, and the reunion had called together many of the dearly loved former teachers, Grace Evelyn, now married and stately and gracious in her rich womanhood, confessed in the presence of her old friends how great had been her terrors then.

"Yet," said one who was present, "I have since heard you address a large meeting of Chatauquans with perfect and unembarrassed ease, and I have heard you take part in great gatherings of King's Daughters, in a crowded church, and you showed no fear."

"Yes," replied Grace, "that is true; the first effort was my trial of faith. Had I discounted the help the dear Lord was ready to grant me then, I would never have been strong enough to do my duty. One learns by trying. Trust in God and go forward has been my motto since my youth, and from my youth up till now, God has not gone back on me."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A REGISTER OF SIN.

The Revelations of a Record of Vice Kept at the Varick Place, N.Y., Shelter for Homeless and Fallen Women.

ONE of the most distressing and saddening books in existence is the register at the Shelter at Varick Place, New York. This Shelter was established, as our readers will remember, by Jessie de Vie, who had herself been rescued from a dissolute life, and was anxious to rescue others. By the aid of her friends and the generous contributions of the readers of this journal, she furnished the Shelter, and received there women who professed a desire to turn from sin and seek pardon through Christ. She subsequently withdrew from the work, under the advice of a Christian friend, who urged her to enter a Bible school to get a better equipment for mission work. She was assured that her Shelter would be continued, and that there should be no relaxation of effort to rescue her fallen sisters. Miss Cooper and other devoted ladies have continued the work since Jessie's departure, spending freely their own means, and giving time and toil to the enterprise. Mrs. H. C. Morrell has now undertaken the charge of it, and proposes to give it all her time and energy.

From the beginning of the work, a systematic register of the inmates has been kept, and it is this book that tells so deplorable a story of wreck and ruin. It is probably worse than similar records in other institutions, because the Shelter was intended to be a kind of outpost in the conflict with sin—a kind of field-hospital for first help to the wounded from which, if recovery seemed probable, they would be sent to better equipped homes in the city or country.

The Shelter was located in one of the most notorious quarters of the city, where the women to whom it was intended to be a refuge were most numerous. Its design was to extend without restriction and without delay, or red-tape, a helping hand to any who might have even a spasmodic inclination to reform; it was to be a practical assurance that the path to restoration would not be impeded by unnecessary obstacles. Thus many entered who simply desired a week's quiet, or were temporarily disgusted with their lives, and knew that they could gain admission by professing a repentance that they did not feel. Others were received whom it was obviously better to place under more experienced Christian care, and their stay, too, in the Shelter was short, as they were transferred to other Homes. There has thus been a continuous stream of inmates for brief periods, and the register consequently contains an appalling record of moral leprosy.

In all, 515 cases are recorded, with the sickening details of each. The ages vary from fifty to fifteen, and the shameful experiences from twenty years to three months. There is a significance about the confessions that were made in answer to the question, "What led you into this sin?" An overwhelming majority attributed their fall to intoxicating liquor. Some had contracted the habit of drinking in the homes of their parents or husbands; others through the advice of medical men in times of sickness; and others through the invitations of persons professing friendship, who took the worst of all ways of showing friendship, that of offering intoxicating liquor. Some very sad cases there were, in which the answer was, "I had lost my husband," or "I had lost my father;" no friends, no money, no means of earning a living, homeless and starving. In such circumstances the tempter is apt to find but feeble resistance. Had some kindly, honest hand been held out to them in that hour of trial, they might not have fallen. Perhaps as we get better civilized and more intelligently apprehend the principles of Christ, we may adopt some means of meeting such emergencies and so proving that prevention is better than cure.

There are other details, too, which show how a citadel that has once fallen becomes the prey of evils of many kinds. One inmate could not remember how many times she had been in prison, but certainly a hundred, others confessed to twenty or thirty terms on the island. "Drunk and disorderly was generally the crime and occasionally the charge was assault. Cigarette-smoking, the opium habit and other debauching, degrading vices almost completed the terrible record. But not quite. There is one class of entries that offsets these and that is the records of reclamation. Few as these are, compared with the whole number, there are enough to encourage the workers to go on. What is one soul worth? It is certain that some have been reformed and are living decent, reputable lives. So let none say the work does not pay.

It is gratifying to learn that in the basement of the Shelter, services are now held in the evening, and many of the passers-by of the class the Shelter is trying to reach, enter attracted by the music and singing. Gospel invitations are given and if the hearers go away unmoved at the time, the memory of what they have heard may recur to them at some future time and bear fruit. Arrangements have also been made to increase the number of beds, so that homeless women who are not vicious may be accommodated for the night on the payment of a small sum. Tickets have been printed which may be purchased at the Shelter, and one of these given to a homeless woman will entitle her to a bed and a meal. Seven of these tickets will keep her there a week.

During the past six weeks 456 such lodgings have been provided. Of these, 124 were paid for at the fifteen cent rate and the other 332 were provided without payment. An effort is being made to render the mission self-supporting by this means and by sewing, washing, etc.

OUR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

III.—MR. C. C. LEWIS.

AN extraordinary work has been carried on during the past eleven years at Chattanooga, Tenn., by the wonderful man whose picture appears in this column. Wholly without means and while he and his devoted wife worked for their daily bread, Mr. Lewis has labored incessantly for the conversion of drunkards, fallen women and all the most hopeless cases that could be found in the city. He commenced the work under a deep sense of his obligation to Christ in his own salvation. He had him-

MR. C. C. LEWIS OF CHATTANOOGA.

self been a hopeless case. In 1871, when he was seventeen years of age, and living at Dayton, O., he was expelled from college for drunkenness. For eight years his pious parents and friends grieved over him as one utterly irredeemable, a confirmed drunkard, gambler and reprobate. In 1879, he married and for a time there was a change for the better. There were lapses into the old ways until October, 1884, when, yielding to the pleadings of his wife, he attended a revival meeting, was converted and united with the Presbyterian Church.

He was living at that time in Chattanooga and he commenced work for Christ immediately. The story of his labors, supplied to us by his friend, Mr. S. H. Ferguson, is a marvellous record of success and effort. He went down into the slums and securing the use of an old shanty by the riverside in the lumber district, gathered in all the dissolute people he could find, told them what Christ had done for his soul and what he could do for others. He often talked and pleaded with his hearers for hours and when one or more showed an inclination to accept salvation he would stay till after midnight making the way plain to them. It was a personal testimony with him and it had power.

Finding an abandoned building near the Wasson Car-works he began meeting there, aided by some of his converts from the old shanty by the river and a wonderful work of grace resulted. A meeting was afterward begun at the East Tennessee Road Shops, where some notable conversions took place. Several other places in various parts of the city were occupied. Mr. Lewis was busy somewhere every night from dusk until the small hours. His lack of funds compelled him to occupy only such places as could be had for nothing or at a very nominal rental. One of his most successful missions was conducted in a cellar at the corner of Broad and Fourth streets, which was called "The Beaver Slide." There three hundred of the lowest outcasts of the city were brought in and a great work was done. No less than five hundred conversions are believed to have occurred in the old cellar and the work is still going on. Mr. Lewis is now laid aside by illness, but the outcasts whom he saved are keeping the meetings alive. A generous friend who knew of his good work not long ago presented him with a horse that he might go from one mission to another without the fatigue of walking. He and the horse are a familiar sight to the people of the city, for there is now a range of missions in various sections which before his illness he visited every night.

A CHILDREN'S PARADISE.

Views of The Christian Herald Children's Home, at Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N. Y.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me." Matt. 26 : 45.

THERE is no pleasure in this world of ours so pure and innocent as that of a little child, no laughter so sweet as that of children, no picture so sad as that of a joyless childhood. In all our great cities, and especially in New York, there are thousands upon thousands of little ones whose early years are passed amid surroundings so miserable, unwholesome, and vicious as to augur ominously for their future. Many have never seen a Sabbath School, and do not know the name of Jesus, except when they hear it uttered in profanity. Some never even saw a blade of grass or pulled a flower. Seen for the first time, a wood to them is a wonderland ; a smooth lawn, a drum of delight. That this is no overdrawn picture, hundreds of godly men and women in New York, who take a deep interest in the redemption and welfare of the children of the slums, can testify.

It was of such as these that the poetess, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, wrote:

"The young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitter tears ;
They are weeping in the playtime
Of the others.
Not their sorrow comes
With years.

Last summer, the Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD availed himself of a long-desired opportunity to put into practical operation an experiment in behalf of these neglected children, which promised to produce salutary results, morally and physically, besides affording the little ones such a pleasure as they had never before enjoyed. The beautiful property of Mont-Lawn on the banks of the Hudson River, about an hour's ride by rail from New York, was secured, and, after due preparation, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home was opened. Mont-Lawn soon became very dear to many hundreds of the poor little tenement waifs, nearly 1,200 children being therein sheltered and cared for there during the summer season of 1894. The delightfully situated grounds consist of many acres of farm, woodland and sunny slopes, and include two attractive and commodious cottages, a spacious lodge, a charming chapel and a generous barn, all placed at the disposal of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home by Rev. A. D. Lawrence Jarrett, D. D., of Washington, D. C., at the nominal consideration of one dollar a month. In the larger of the two cottages—which is the Home proper—the hall is attractively fitted up as a reception room. On the right is a well-furnished reception room, and on the left a well-ventilated and cheerful dormitory for the children. Back of it is the dining-room, with kitchen and laundry conveniently located alongside. Upstairs are seven rooms and bath-rooms ; the former are used as additional dormitories. The ground floor of the Lodge is used as sleeping quarters for the help and a playroom for stormy weather, while the second story affords thirty little boys opportunity to sleep on comfortable cots between snowy sheets and downy quilts.

Our children are conveyed to the home in parties of about twenty-five. New contingents daily arrive every evening for a ten day's stay at Mont-Lawn, and twenty-five others whose vacation has expired are every morning returned to their homes in the city. The capacity of the Children's Home has been increased this year to accommodate two hundred and fifty little guests simultaneously, instead of 140, as last year. This has been done by the addition of a second building larger than either of those already described. In many ways the general facilities have been improved and our young guests, who have already begun their summer sojourn with us, find Mont-Lawn, if possible, prettier, nicer and even more of a Children's Paradise than ever. At the Home, the stay of the children is made a pleasant one. One missionary is detailed to wait upon and care for every fifteen children. While the strictest discipline is maintained, no effort is spared to make the place as like a real home as possible, and to remove the idea of an institution.

On the Beautiful Lawn, which is the playground for our little folks, there is ample opportunity for the indulgence of innocent frolic. Each day brings new faces to the Children's Home and takes away those whose holiday term of ten days has expired. It is a shifting panorama of child-life, bright, cheerful and instructive. To the happy juveniles who go there it is like a section of heaven let down for their delight, a vacation among kind friends, to be remembered through the after years.

Hardly has the morning sun lighted up the valley below Mont-Lawn when the children are up and the whole of the little community is astir. Our children assemble at the sound of the drum to march in columns, like little veterans, to the great dining-hall, where they sit down to meals with hearty appetites, rendered keen by the air of the hills. As their leader gives the signal, the childish feet move together and all are soon in their seats at the well-appointed table and ready for morning grace. Toward evening, before going down to supper, the little ones gather on the lawn to the sound of the drum. At the summons, the whole troop of boys boys and girls form a great circle around the flag-pole, and there, with eyes dancing with excitement and lungs filled with the pure ozone of the hills, they sing several patriotic songs—songs which every American boy and girl ought to know. These songs are printed for our children in a leaflet in the American colors—red, white and blue—and those who prove the cleverest in memorizing them accurately receive a reward. Many have learned the words of the entire series from beginning to end. When a boy or girl succeeds in committing one of these songs to memory, the opportunity is afforded of reciting it under the flagstaff or singing it as a solo with the whole circle swelling the chorus.

Time passes quickly and merrily at Mont-Lawn and our children think the days are all too short. Their only regret is that they cannot be prolonged so that their ten days of frolic and freedom might last the whole summer through.

The golden summer days are all too brief, although our children industriously continue to pack into each circuit of the old-fashioned clock on Matron Herr's mantel, all the enjoyment the country can possibly hold. In these mid-summer days, the country is at its best, and each successive party of little city waifs, during their sojourn at the Home, extract more real, healthful pleasure from wood and field than they ever dreamed of before. Full to its capacity, the Home is never uncomfortably crowded. With every child there are two notable days there ; one, the day of arrival, the other that of departure. They become so attached to the place that when they are about to leave it, their childish sorrow finds expression in tears and sobs. Their young hearts are full of gratitude for the "good times" they have had and they are not slow to express it in their own simple way.

This lesson of gratitude and helpfulness is always implanted ere the children leave us. Every boy and girl—from the toddler to the twelve-year old—is pledged to do as much as it can for some other child when the chance offers itself. And we believe that most of them will loyally keep their word. Thus every one of our children, after a vacation at Mont-Lawn, becomes in turn a tiny evangel of joy and goodness to others.

RALLYING ROUND THE FLAG AT "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" CHILDREN'S HOME, MONT-LAWN, NYACK, N. Y.

A SHADY NOOK AT THE GATEWAY.

ONE OF THE DORMITORIES AT THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

THE Entrance to Mont-Lawn is by a charmingly-picturesque gateway, beside the Boys' Lodge, and up a shady avenue that looks, oh, so cool and inviting in the summer time! In front of the big cottage is a great, spreading lawn, with a Liberty pole in the centre, from which proudly floats the glorious Stars and Stripes, visible from the opposite bank of the majestic Hudson as far south as Washington Irving's Home at Sunnyside, and north as far as Sing Sing. On this lawn, now blooming with daisies and ankle-deep with fragrant clover-grass, our children have their sports. It is a pleasant sight to see them gather there in little groups, when they know the wagon is coming up the road with a fresh lot of new companions for them, right from the city. And such merry greetings as they give to the newcomers, cheer after cheer echoing and re-echoing, after which they show them all over the place, presently getting as well acquainted as though they had known each other all their little lives. These typical children of the streets, some of whose wee feet had never pressed the grass, and to whose [illegible] of trees or flowers had been those stunted specimens seen in the parks of the city, on reaching the country, fall at once into nature's mood, and are as happy as [illegible].

Not all come well supplied with garments, [illegible] children coming the homes of the very poor. In many instances, we have to fit the little ones out with necessary clothing and shoes, so that they may spend their vacation in comfort. None are sent home in a ragged condition; if the clothing is dilapidated and the shoes worn out, before the child is put aboard the steamer "Chrystenah" for the return trip, it is fitted up with such articles as may be needed.

How are they brought to Mont-Lawn? you ask. Well, the children who are selected to be our guests are marshaled at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices in the Bible House, whither they come from back lanes, dingy alleys, and close tenements, in charge of city mission workers or Sunday School teachers. Then comes the ordeal of "passing the doctor," for care must be taken that no one is admitted who is afflicted with an infectious or contagious disease of the skin, the eyes, or the body generally. Each relay or detachment of children is assembled in room 99 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices, and, one by one, examined by a competent physician. Each child is then supplied with a canvas bag, in which to put its parcel of belongings brought for the ten days' outing. These bags serve a double purpose, being more convenient to carry their parcels, which are liable to come loose or get lost, and serving also to identify the children, in the event of any of them straying from the main party—each bag being clearly marked on the outside with the address: "Christian Herald Children's Home, Nyack, N.Y." Those who have satisfactorily passed the examination are conveyed to the pier at the foot of West Tenth street, North River, and there transferred to the steamer "Chrystenah" for a pleasant sail up the Hudson to their destination, the entire party being in charge of missionaries connected with the staff at the Home. Starting at 4 o'clock P. M., they reach Nyack at half-past 5, where the wagonette is in waiting. All arrive at Mont-Lawn a little before 6, and just in time for supper.

Our Children's Wagonette, which performs the journey daily from the Home to the Nyack dock and back, is a roomy, comfortable vehicle, donated to the Home by Dr. L. Klopsch, for the use of the children. Many jolly rides and excursions are planned for the little folks, and in all of these the Wagonette is a favorite adjunct. The ride from the steamer wharf to Mont-Lawn is a merry one throughout. When all are comfortably settled in the Wagonette, with a crack of the whip, the drive is begun through a most beautiful country. On the way they point out to each other in admiring surprise the grassy fields, the hedges, and the wild flowers. They can hardly be restrained. It is a new wonderland such as many had never seen before. A few plead with the driver to stop, that they may descend from the Wagonette. When they clamber into their seats again, their arms are full of daisies and buttercups. They are enchanted with everything they see and hear, for their little lives have been passed amid the tall tenements and streets, innocent of a particle of verdure. The singing of the birds overhead awakes the music in their own hearts, and soon the Wagonette, like a happy chariot, is a burst of joyous song. The carol of their childish voices floats over the fields and hedges and across the daisied meadows, and presently it reaches the ears of our other little guests, who at that hour are generally playing on the lawn, and they quickly assemble to give the new-comers a right royal welcome.

All the Dormitories are as neat as wax, and seem as if made to woo the little ones to slumber. Retiring bell rings at 8 P. M., and soon each of the trim iron [illegible]s, with snowy spreads and nice surround[illegible]s, has its occupant. The boys' and [illegible]'s dormitories are in different parts of [illegible]e Home, but all are exactly alike. Each [illegible]ild has an individual towel and wash-rag [illegible]an arrangement not to be found in any [illegible]er institution for children, and which a[illegible]kens in the little ones a sense of the in[illegible]idual responsibilities for their persona[illegible]ppearance.

Many of the girls, when they arriv[illegible] receive a well-made and well-fitting gin[illegible]am dress, which they wear while roa[illegible]ng around, and thus save their own clo[illegible]ng for their return home. Of course it i[illegible]tional with them to wear their own ar[illegible]ments or this more substantial and se[illegible]ceable frock. Each child stows away it[illegible]ew belo[illegible]gs in a [illegible]at little l[illegible]er, every l[illegible]ker bearing [illegible]abel wit[illegible]the name [illegible]f the little g[illegible]s who is use[illegible] it. If an[illegible]one were to [illegible]sit these [illegible]mi[illegible]tories [illegible]ter 8.30, P.[illegible] he would see rows o[illegible]ve[illegible] heads, [illegible]ark brown [illegible]d golden, est[illegible]ing cal[illegible]m on the s[illegible]f, white p[illegible]lows, e[illegible] shut a[illegible] fast [illegible]ep. There [illegible] disorde[illegible] and perfect [illegible]at-ness [illegible]s all the [illegible]range[illegible]nts. The [illegible]ittle bund[illegible] clothin[illegible]s all ne[illegible]tly folde[illegible] and laid [illegible] side in ad[illegible]ness f[illegible]r the risin[illegible]g. Ever[illegible]

THE CHILDREN'S HOME WAGONETTE BRINGING A LOAD OF NEW ARRIVALS.

towels and wash-rags are in their [illegible] places, for the toilet comes first [illegible] morning, and there is nothing like [illegible] toilet to put the children in trim [illegible] march across the way to breakfas[illegible]

It is not surprising that our [illegible]dre[illegible] should fall in love with the pretty, [illegible]white painted iron bedsteads and the snow[illegible]y coverings. One of their saddest pa[illegible]gs when their ten days' vacation is ove[illegible]s to bid good-bye to the dainty, cool litt[illegible]beds that have afforded them such sweet, [illegible]an[illegible]less slumber, and to go back to th[illegible]he and unwholesome sleeping-places [illegible]the stifling tenements of a great city.

THE Pretty Dining-hall is full of sunshine and cheer, as a dining-hall should be. The fun, the exercise, free mountain air and the aromatic odors the pines and maples summon the roses the cheeks of our children, bring a sparkle the eyes, and give them most famous appetites that do justice to the nourishing fare before them during their sojourn at Mont-Lawn. All the cooking is done in large kitchen, which is provided with a plentiful supply of pure spring water. The usual routine of the Home is: Rising at seven o'clock; then, after toilet breakfast, followed by a brief service in the chapel. At the morning meal there is an abundance of fresh milk, wheaten grits, oatmeal hominy, sweet wholesome bread and butter, fruit, and occasionally fresh country eggs. Service is followed by a forenoon of frolic and romp in the open air, or perhaps an excursion to the woods in search of pretty wild flowers. Then dinner is served at noon and consists of meat, potatoes, sweet corn or other seasonable vegetables, pie or pudding and bread. At every meal a blessing is asked in song. Then our little ones divide into groups and sit around the piazzas or on the cool, shady lawn, chatting with each other or listening wonderingly to the drowsy, mingled hum of bird, bee and insect life that fills the summer air. In the afternoon there is usually a ride and other attractions for the youngsters, such as swings, quoits, croquet, baseball, etc. They are never allowed to feel time hanging heavy on their hands.

Nobody is idle at the Home unless sick, and as there are no idlers it follows that all are busy. Every day some of the children are busy at the appointed tasks of helpfulness, such as housecleaning, mending, etc., and every evening child anxious be used and to something to "keep use." Some are used to certain enjoyments, keeping hours, assisting mothers or helping the table, etc., and these happy times are full of bustle and self-importance. There is nothing a girl loves more than to be entrusted with some responsibility by the superintendent, and the little women go about their dainty tasks like real housewives, with proud, satisfied faces, that tell of their pleasure in being permitted to "help out."

Supper is served at six o'clock. When it is over the young voices all unite in repeating a brief prayer, which is followed by the Lord's Prayer and a rousing song service, an ever popular feature of which is the evening hymn:

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.
Bless thy little lamb to-night:
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

For a little while after supper our children are let loose for a finishing romp before retiring.

A lady, who has taken a deep interest in the children at Mont-Lawn, has written these verses for our little ones, to be sung to the tune of "Greenland's Icy Mountains":

We thank thee, Heavenly Father,
For this dear Summer Home.
Its teachings and its pleasures,
Will go where e'er we roam.
We never will forget Thee:
But strive to do Thy will,
And what our teachers tell us
We will remember still.

We ask Thee to forgive us,
For what we've done that's wrong;
We want to be true Christians,
Sweet, patient, brave and strong.
We want to be like Jesus
Whom children loved to see;
For He, the Lord of Glory,
Said: "Let them come to Me."

The Children's Bathing Hour is hailed with real delight by our little folks at Mont-Lawn. As everybody knows, boys and girls, whether raised in town or country, dearly love a frolic in the water. The Nyack Country Club has kindly placed its bathing facilities on the historic Hudson River at the service of the Children's Home during the summer. It is a perfectly safe bathing-place, and the youngsters are always surrounded by proper precautions and in the care of adults who are able to look after them when bathing time comes around. The boys take their dip in the forenoon and the girls in the afternoon, and such frolics as they enjoy in the water, romping, laughing, splashing and racing! Our photograph gives but a faint idea of the fun they sometimes have during the bathing hour. Bathing dresses are supplied and the picture presented by these little ones as they gambol about in the clear, shallow water is one an artist would love to paint.

"THE BATHING HOUR" AT THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

After their bath, our youngsters are as spry as kittens and cut up all sorts of antics indoors and out. The boys, to keep them out of mischief, have been organized into two baseball nines and with the tiniest of bats and balls that are safe to handle, they play against each other and mark up their score like regular veterans. The girls like to go driving or to play about on the lawn, or go flower-picking on the hillside.

But our children carry zest into their amusements, whether they are carriage-riding, nutting, gathering wild-flowers in the woods or playing leap-frog or ring-a-rosy on the spacious lawn in front of the House. There is room for a regiment on that lawn, and it's a sight worth going many a mile to see, when our little men and women—no longer pale and wan from their life in the close tenements, but bronzed with the sunshine and the mountain air—swarm across it in merry rout and waken the echoes in the Mont-Lawn woods. Yet all are remarkably behaved and yield ready obedience to the mild and salutary discipline of the Children's Home.

THE DINNER HOUR AT THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

Already our little people at Mont-Lawn, like other American children, are beginning to look forward with gleeful anticipations to the coming Fourth of July, which is a red-letter day at the Home. Some of them have a vivid recollection of the last "Fourth" at Mont-Lawn and the delights it brought to our guests. In the afternoon of the eventful day there will be a special treat of ice cream and cake for the children. In the evening the front of the Home will be alight with Chinese lanterns, and there will be a brilliant pyrotechnic show of red, blue and green lights, wheels, roman candles and sky-rockets, illuminating the hillside, the valley below, and lighting up the Hudson for many miles.

THE Pretty Little Chapel is one of the pleasantest features of Mont-Lawn. On Sunday, with the earliest tinkle of the rising-bell at seven, the white-draped cots in the dormitories are vacated, and the little folks begin to dress for a breakfast of eggs, cocoa, bread and milk, and berries, which is ready at eight. At nine they are summoned to morning prayers, after which the missionaries instruct them in the Sunday School lesson.

third, both of which nearly all the children know by heart. Then, after a little more music, one of the missionaries leads in prayer, and this is followed by the Lord's Prayer, all joining in the petition. For the next five minutes the order of exercises is relaxed and the children are at liberty to choose any hymn they please. They then march out again to their favorite chorus:

Follow! follow! I will follow Jesus;
Everywhere He leads me, I will follow on.

find. For even city children can be "tired out," and so it happens that having exhausted all the attractions of base ball, croquet, quoits, swings, hide-and-seek, and such like games outdoors, they are glad to seek rest recreation simultaneously in the play-room. Here are checker-boards, dominoes, tiddle-de-winks, back-gammon, jack-straws, picture-books, scrap-books, block letters, and pictures, blackboads for original drawings; and such drawings as one some-

other pleasures provided for their amusement in the evening hours, after the Song Service and before retiring, is the wonderful Edison Phonograph, which discourses the most delightful a vocal and instrumental. And thus, every h has winged feet at Mont-Lawn!

Who shall say that the memory of the short, sweet, sunny days restful nights may not prod an impression in the lives our dear, little lambs that help them hereafter? No k ness, however small, is don vain, and the seeds droppe the young hearts at M Lawn may bear fruit in years to come.

The total cost of one ch outing at the Children's H including fares, is only t dollars. There are many, very many, whose tender lives would be lengthened their future brightened by an experience. Dear rea have you a nook in your h for these neglected and l less waifs? If so, you can come the gracious benefact at least one little boy or girl is summer. But the smalles fering will be welcomed, as gratefully as the lar and all such contributions be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Those friends who aide Children's Home last se and enabled it to open its pitable doors to a l larger number of little gu than it could otherwise done, have our warmest gratitude. trust that their number will be incre this summer, so that the Home may be to extend its welcome to other hundre

SUNDAY SCHOOL EXERCISES IN THE CHAPEL OF THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

After dinner comes the event of the day. For the time being, the little chapel is transformed into a Sunday School, where our children gather in the afternoon and join their sweet voices in the hymn-singing, the music being led by a small but powerful organ. They also take a hearty part in the simple Bible exercises which Dr. Klopsch has arranged specially for their benefit. Many of the answers prove the children to be wonderfully bright. There are usually about 200 at these Sunday School gatherings.

An afternoon of quiet, restful cessation from all play is followed by an early tea, and then comes the Sunday evening Service of Song. There are few things in which the average child takes more pleasure than in vocal music. Visitors to the Home have been delighted at this evening Service of Song (held daily at 7 o'clock in the chapel), by observing the heartiness with which our little folks melodiously carry hymn after hymn, in perfect time. They are furnished with leaflets, printed specially for their use, and containing the words of a number of familiar hymns, such as, "Jesus Loves Me," "Come to the Saviour," "While the Days are Going By," "Rock of Ages," "Jesus Lover of My Soul," "Yield not to Temptation," "When He Cometh," etc. All of these and many other hymns they sing with a vigor and earnestness that show how thorough is their enjoyment of the pleasure. Indeed, next to their play, there is nothing they seem to love so much as these musical hours.

After the singing they unite in reciting a familiar Psalm, preferably the first or twenty-

Indoor Games for Wet Days are provided for our little guests, for they must never find the hours lagging at Mont-Lawn, no matter how stormy the weather. A great and popular resort is the play-room (which is shown in our photograph). Here the children gather whenever they have had enough out-door sport, and a merrier, yet better-behaved crowd it would be hard to

times sees there! Besides these, there are mottoes and a variety of other amusements to pass the time pleasantly. All the boys and girls love the play-room. It is the main apartment of the quaint cottage, known as "The Boys' Lodge," which stands at the entrance to Mont-Lawn, right opposite the chapel, and about thirty yards distant from the main building. Among

IN THE PLAY-ROOM OF THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

the children of "God's Poor," thus bring brightness into a multitude of sad young lives, and a rich blessing to all concerned. Kindly remember in your prayers **The Christian Herald Children's Home.**

ENGLISH RAGGED SCHOOLS.

Many Thousands of Waifs Sheltered in Them Yearly—Their Rapid Growth.

AMERICANS who visit the by-streets and ways of London at the present time, gain a very poor idea of the street-rovers and urchins of the days before ragged schools were established. The nickname "Ragged School" was given to the first experiment of teaching the street-rovers of Field Lane in a report printed in the London Times. When an effort was made to interest the English Parliament in the movement it encountered a full tide of opposition and ridicule. The government was very slow to perceive that it had any obligation to help such of its subjects as could not help themselves to a rudimentary education but the earnest and dogged energy of a few noble men prevailed. Thousands of young outcasts were reclaimed; great numbers were aided to emigrate to the colonies of America, and the government finally recognized the importance of caring for the poor, to keep them from vice and crime. Out of this seed has come the government school system of Great Britain, which now brings education fairly within the reach of all.

The literature of these schools is interesting. Among the earliest writers for them was "Old Humphrey," very popular half a century ago, and later Rob Roy (John Macgregor) was an enthusiast for ragged schools. He contributed largely to the solution of the problem of employment for the boys by establishing the Boys' Shoeblack Brigades, that earned about $5,000 a month in the London streets.

Lord Shaftesbury used to claim that about 300,000 young persons had been saved from sinking into crime by the Ragged School movement. Now the Union finds that the public government schools educate the poor. So it has turned its attention to the support of Sunday Schools and Bible classes, maintaining about two hundred schools with about 50,000 young people in them. It has institute buildings with gymnasium, technical and industrial classes during the week. It establishes penny savings banks, and in other ways fosters habits of industry and thrift.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on June 9, in accordance with the request of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For Special Blessings: "Believer in Prayer," Lexington, Neb., that God would mercifully send rain on the drouth-stricken district that the crops, for which there is bitter need, might be saved.——"Distressed Husband," Brooklyn, N. Y., that God would direct him where to find his wife who has left her home and her little children, and cannot be found.——"Widow," Melrose, Mass., that a good Christian might be delivered from financial distress and enabled to pay his debts in full.——"Homeless One," that a home may be found for one who was turned out of home by persons who have made many professions of friendship in the past.——M. E. F., Litchfield, Neb., that God would send rain on the land which is drier this year than it was last year. "Pray as Elijah prayed, we beg of you."——"Reader," Fairmont, for wisdom and grace to lead to Christ a dear friend who is near death and cannot find God.——J. R. M., Wales, Ont., whose way is very dark and who has not the consolation of the Gospel.——"Sister in Christ," Florida, that God would help her husband now in a business trouble.

For the Conversion of Relatives or Friends: M. A. D., Island, Vt., for a young man who has fallen, after a long period of clean living, that God would restore the backslider.——"Anxious Mother," Rudolph, O., for the conversion of husband and children.——"A Mother," Plummers, Ky., for the conversion of an afflicted and unregenerate son, and of his brothers and sisters.——"Interested Believer," Westbury, Mass., for three young men in the Sunday School who have not yet come out boldly on the Lord's side.——"Subscriber," Mobile, Ala. asks prayer for two brothers, one of whom has embraced the faith.——"One who Suffers," Long Branch, N. J., desires prayers for her brothers' conversion, and the preservation of her sister in circumstances of severe temptation.——"Reader," Cayuga, Ont., for two friends, one of whom is liable to fall under the power of strong drink.——"Mother," Sunbury, Pa., for an only son, a victim of intemperance.——A. J. G., Ruffin, N. C., whose only child, a brother, and a nephew are all out of Christ's fold.——"A Reader," Tazewell Co., Ill., for the conversion of father and mother.——"Aged Mother," S. C., for the conversion of a daughter whose ungovernable temper is making home miserable.——K. S. J., Richmond, Va., for husband and his friends who are in urgent need of grace.——M. A. K., Mt. Clare, W. Va., on behalf of a young man who had once made profession of Christ, but has fallen away.——"Sister in Christ," Litchfield, Neb., that at the coming camp-meeting the Holy Spirit may touch her husband's heart.——U. S. H., Oregon, on behalf of her husband, who is good in every way, but not a Christian.——V., Newnam, Ga., that a motherless boy may shun wicked men and be led to Christ.

For the Restoration of Health. W. E. P., Brentcreek, Mich., a sufferer for four years past, who believes in Christ's power.——"In His Name," Williamsfield, O., who is suffering severe pain and is losing faith in God's love.——"Sister in Christ," Palatka, Fla., on behalf of a dear friend who has not walked for six years.——"Reader, Princeton, N. C. For the recovery of an aged father who has suffered for many years.——"Reader," Superior, Wis., for recovery from a severe malady.

From *Faithful Worker*, Mass. That God would furnish the means for more extended work for him.

From *Subscriber*, Utica, N. Y. For the conversion of an only brother.

From *A Mother*, Washington, D. C. That her son may be reclaimed from drink

From *Reader*, Saco Me. For the conversion of a son, the child of many prayers that he may turn to God.

From *Reader*, Baltimore, Md., that God would give her the grace of repentance and bring her to himself. Also for a friend that he may live a holier life and be helped to forgive those who have injured him.

From a *Mother*, Indiana. For the conversion of her four children, one of whom has become a drunkard and a gambler.

From a *Mother*, Hill City, Tenn. For the conversion of her only boy, once a member of the church, but now a worldling.

From *"In Faith,"* Erie, Pa., one who is in deep heart trouble for forgiveness and strength to do right under trying circumstances. Also for another who, though knowing he has done wrong, is not concerned about it, that he may be convicted of sin and converted.

From *Anxious Husband*, Brooklyn, N. Y. That his wife, whose evil course is breaking his heart, may be led to quit the company of evil persons and turn to God.

From the following persons for restoration to health: H. M. S., Byfield, Mass.; D. McK., Groton, S. D. W. B. S., Chattanooga, Tenn., for the recovery of a Christian worker; T. H., Danville, Ill.; L. C. B., Beeville, Tex., for the recovery of a sick brother; "Shut-in," Newark, N. J.: M. E. D., Thompson, Mich.

From *A Mother*, Philadelphia, for the reclamation of her son, who is an habitual drunkard, and for the conversion of her ungodly husband.

From *A Sunday School Superintendent* in Oregon, for God to take away his timidity and help him to carry on his work for Christ successfully.

CONSOLATION.

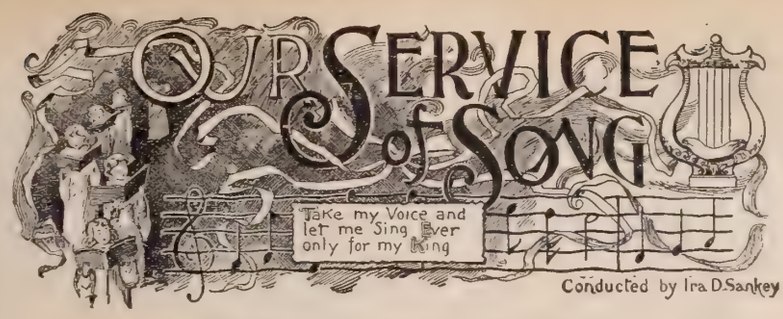
THOU art my Refuge—to thine arms
I run for succor, sore distressed;
There, safe from all the world's alarms,
Thou givest rest.

Thou art my Rock—when billows roll
Thy power can bid my terrors cease;
And 'mid the storm, unto my soul
Thou givest peace.

Thou art my Star—I scarce can see
The way, so dark and wild the night;
Yet, when I cry far off to Thee,
Thou givest light.

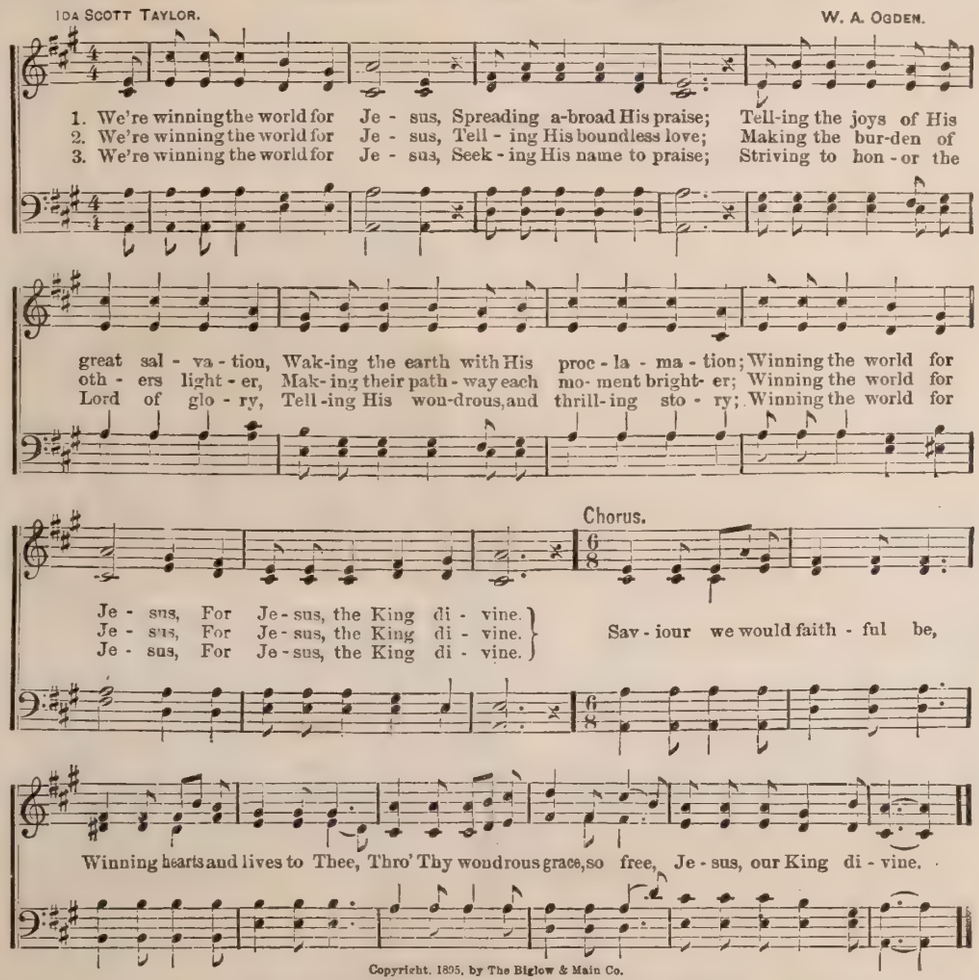
Thou art my hope—when tired, undone
I shrink before the road's dull length;
Then to Thy weary, wandering one
Thou givest strength.

Thou art mine All—sore, worn and sad,
I lift my lonely heart above;
Then for the joys which once I had
Thou givest love.



WINNING THE WORLD FOR JESUS.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. A. OGDEN.


1. We're winning the world for Je - sus, Spreading a-broad His praise; Tell-ing the joys of His
2. We're winning the world for Je - sus, Tell - ing His boundless love; Making the bur-den of
3. We're winning the world for Je - sus, Seek - ing His name to praise; Striving to hon - or the
great sal - va - tion, Wak-ing the earth with His proc - la - ma - tion; Winning the world for
oth - ers light - er, Mak-ing their path - way each mo- ment bright- er; Winning the world for
Lord of glo - ry, Tell-ing His won-drous, and thrill-ing sto - ry; Winning the world for

Chorus.
Je - sus, For Je - sus, the King di - vine.
Je - sus, For Je - sus, the King di - vine.
Je - sus, For Je - sus, the King di - vine.
Sav - iour we would faith - ful be,
Winning hearts and lives to Thee, Thro' Thy wondrous grace, so free, Je - sus, our King di - vine.

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APOCALYPTIC FIGURES.

The Imagery of the Book of Revelation Typical of Events in Earth and Sky at the Close of the Dispensation.

BY WILLIAM MAUDE.

(Continued from page 381.)

IN striking contrast to the figure of the lonely eagle already mentioned, is the appalling vision, in the ninth chapter, of Revelation of vast swarms of gigantic locust-like forms ascending from the opened mouth of the abyss, amid clouds of lurid smoke which darken the very heavens, and cover the earth with their countless hosts!

Each of these monstrous creatures, separately considered, is an image of terror, in its unearthly combination of attributes, but in their overwhelming aggregation they present to the mind's eye a spectacle of infranatural power to which few parallels can be found.

Lastly—for we may not linger in this wondrous picture gallery—we have in the crowning vision of the New Jerusalem descending from heaven, a city glorious "as a bride adorned for her husband," with its walls of jasper, its gates of pearl, its streets of gold, and its foundations of precious stones, a complex symbolism, a revelation of glory and of joy, which has touched the heart and fired the imagination of humanity as no other revelation ever did. Whether we regard it as a literal reality or as a wondrous piece of symbolism, it stands alone in its altitude of peerless beauty, as a realisation of the saints' everlasting home. Its glory has shone through the tears and assuaged the sorrows of saints and martyrs, the persecuted and afflicted, in all ages of the Church's history.

But my object is not to enlarge upon the wonderful character of the Apocalyptic imagery in general, but rather to draw attention to the fact, that the whole action of the Apocalyptic drama is, so to speak, played out on a stage which has a permanent background, the relation of which to the occurrences described, it is necessary to realize if we would not miss much of the impressiveness and something of the meaning of the latter. This permanent background—the scenery, if a histrionic allusion may be permitted—which remains unchanged up to a point presently to be indicated, is the great vision of the throne, the elders and the living creatures, recorded in the fourth chapter, from the second to the eleventh verses.

These verses describe the scene John beheld when he had obeyed the summons, "Come up hither, and I will show thee the things which must come to pass hereafter." Put into other words, and endeavoring to indicate more clearly the relation in which the various objects which it includes stood to one another. It may be thus described: The central and most prominent feature in the whole scene, and that which it would seem first arrested the seer's attention, was a throne: "the throne of the majesty in the heavens," spoken of in the Epistle to the Hebrews; and though neither its form nor appearance is described, it was doubtless "high and lifted up," like that which Isaiah saw in the corresponding theophany which he describes (Isa. 6: 1-4.) Upon this throne "One was sitting," but if John does not describe the throne, far less does he attempt to describe its Divine occupant. Indeed what he saw was rather a glory than an actual form; with sublime ambiguity he says, "He that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardius." The "jasper" most probably indicated the colorless splendor of the diamond, with which the red hue of the sardius mingled in mystic wonderful combination. All these things formed in a sense a single object, the equipage of the Most High; in the forefront of which burned seven lamps of fire, while around it, as far as the eye could reach, stretched a sea of glass.

(To be Continued.)

FAITH IN GOD.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing June 30. Heb. 11: 1-17; 32-40; 12: 1, 2.

FAITH ought not to be the mystery that it is to the majority of men. When one asks, "What shall I do to be saved?" and is told, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," he is apt to be disappointed. The answer seems to be the theological jargon which does not belong to the language of ordinary life. Yet this faith, this believing in Christ, is the same thing in essence, however it differs in degree, from faith in men and things, that we perfectly understand and constantly exercise. A parent knows that his child will get no good from his teacher if the child has no faith in the teacher. A physician finds it difficult to cure a patient who has no faith in him or in his remedies. There is no mystery in either case and no explanation is needed. We know that distrust on one side produces powerlessness on the other. The child becomes impatient, performs his tasks perfunctorily, takes no interest in his work, makes no effort. But let faith come in, let him believe in his teacher as a wise man, who can help him, who can make a man of him and whose methods are good, and the character of his work is changed. He will labor at studies, the value of which he cannot understand, because he is sure that in some way they will be beneficial to him, otherwise his teacher would not have recommended them. The patient is similarly affected. If he has faith in his physician he obeys his instructions as to diet and exercise and takes his medicine punctually; but if he has no faith in him, he is negligent and disobedient. So faith affects conduct and besides that effect, it produces in the mind a sympathetic attitude, which becomes a channel of influence. The effect of faith as the way of salvation is also simple in our actual life. A boy who has a good father goes from a quiet farm into a busy city. He falls into sin, becomes addicted to drink or gambling, and robs his employer. Two ways are open to him: One is to put himself in his father's hands, confessing his sin, and try to get free from his propensities under his father's help and guidance. That is the way of recovery—the way upward. The other way is to avoid the father, to dread his displeasure, to go deeper into sin, continuing in vice, trying only to escape punishment. That is the way of ruin—the way downward. The way a young man so situated will choose, depends on two things. Whether he desires to reform and whether he is sure that his father still loves him in spite of what he has done and will help him to reform—in other words whether he has faith in his father. Faith is no mystery in such a case. It is such faith Christ asks. To any one desiring to be saved from sin, from degradation, from evil in every shape, he says, "Look to me; put your trust in me; I can save you and I will. The man who complies honestly and sincerely is surprised at the result. He finds that he is helped, that his love of sin decreases and turns into hate; that his better nature grows stronger and that his feeble, halting efforts after good grow more vigorous and effective. So he that believes is saved.

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THE CHANGE IN OHIO.

Mr. S. D. Gordon, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Ohio, has resigned his office to devote himself exclusively to evangelistic work. In his letter of resignation Mr. Gordon says: "Having been in active connection with the Association movement for nearly a score of years, I believe as firmly as ever in the Young Men's Christian Association; the unquestionable value af its work; the wisdom of its methods; the immense power of its strategic position as an inter-denominational agency; and that it has been specially raised up by God as a leading factor of his Church to meet the needs of young men and of city life. I shall always be glad that I was permitted to give the best I had to its service during these years. It is that I may be free to devote myself wholly to evangelistic work that I sever my official connection with the Ohio Associations. In doing so, I am simply following a conviction that has been growing within me for years, that my share in the hastening of the coming of Christ's kingdom is to be in the general evangelistic field. I feel the freer to follow my conviction and heart's desire now that the State Committee has been so fortunate as to secure the services of Mr. Doggett, who knows so thoroughly the Ohio field and is so well known throughout the State for his indefatigable energy, shrewd judgment and earnest spirit. There will be no break in the continuity of the work.

Mr. Gorden expects to enter at once upon his new work, either in New England or Ohio. Mr. Laurence L. Doggett was unanimously elected State Secretary, to begin his work September 1, 1895. Mr. Doggett graduated at Oberlin College in '86 and at the Oberlin Theological Seminary in '89, having taken a year meanwhile at Union Seminary in New York City. For the past two years he has been pursuing postgraduate work at Leipsic University, Germany. He has been engaged in the State Y. M. C. A. work of Ohio with the exception of the times spent in special study, so that he is thoroughly conversant with the work and field to which he has been called.

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IN THE SETTLEMENT.

In the article on the University Settlements of New York, which appeared in this journal on May 22, very little was said about the feature of the work which in other strata of society would be characterized as club life. That feature is so important and has proved so beneficial in the neighborhood, that it might easily be adopted by other organizations which are concerned for the welfare of the poor around them. Two pictures taken by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S special artist in the settlement at twenty-six Delancey Street appear on this page. The gymnasium is on the ground floor, and is fully equipped with dumb-bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, mattresses and other apparatus. Four afternoons of each week it is used by the various Boys' Clubs connected with the Settlement. On two evenings it is devoted to the use of young men over eighteen who by payment of three cents, are entitled to the use of a shower-bath. On other evenings the gymnasium is reserved for women with a like privilege, and they are no less eager than the young men fo avail themselves of the opportunity for physical culture. The second picture is of the Boys' Club room which is in almost constant use. There any boy may introduce a friend, may sit and talk with him, play a quiet game or read a book out of the library. In the evening the room is the meeting place of the boys' clubs and is a very lively place, indeed. The advantages of such opportunities are obvious. The streets were formerly the only place where the boys could enjoy each other's society until they were old enough to be admitted to the saloons. In the Settlement they come in contact with men of education and refinement and, while the utmost liberty is allowed them and they manage their own affairs, they feel the influences of the place and the people and are gently guided to a better life than they would know in any other way. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. James B. Reynolds the head worker, and the noble young men and women who are giving their lives in this quiet unostentatious way to the elevation of the poor. They are following the example of Christ who, though "he was in the form of God and thought it not robbery to be equal with God," yet came down and lived his lowly life among men that he might redeem them from their sins.

THE DELANCEY STREET SETTLEMENT — GYMNASIUM AND BOYS' CLUB-ROOM.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

Three prize banners will be awarded at the Baltimore convention of the Baptist Young People's Union for the best State or provincial records of local society work for the year 1894-95 in the Senior department of the Christian Culture Courses. The banners are to be determined in each case by the number of societies represented, and by the number of successful examinees.

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The Baptist young people of Decatur, Ill., are making active preparations for a rally of the Union of Central Illinois, to be held that city June 27 and 28. A large attendance is expected.

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Readers who have sent inquiries about the Topics of the Epworth League International Meetings will be glad to know that a book has been issued by the League containing articles on each Topic from July 1 to the end of the year.

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The fifth annual convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of New Jersey was held at Peddie Memorial Church, Newark, N. J., on May 22d. About 200 delegates from various parts of the State were present at the opening. President S. Conrad Ott presided.

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The Baptist Young Peoples Unions of the West are growing in number and liberality. The secretary of the Foreign Mission Board reports an increase of contributions from the Union of seventy-seven per cent in California and 103 per cent in Oregon. The help was badly needed.

✠

The Young People's Societies of Fort Collins, Col., maintain their excellent custom of holding quarterly united meetings. On May 19 there was a large gathering representatives of Christian Endeavor, Baptist Young People's Union and the Epworth League. The proceedings were harmonious and helpful.

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The Epworth League of New Jersey held a great conference at Elizabeth, N. J., May 21 and 22. The meetings took place in St. James' M. E. Church and in the First Presbyterian Church. Over 400 delegates attended. Secretary F. H. Loratt reported 200 organizations in the State, with a membership of 43,335, of which 31,158 are seniors and 12,197 juniors. There are 41 senior and 207 junior leagues, 24 senior endeavor societies, 7 junior endeavor societies and 10 Epworth Guards. The league chapters held 9,624 religious meetings during the year, with an attendance of 12,458. There were 740 conversions, and $908.87 was contributed for missionary purposes. New Jersey the League is proving its va-

The Faces of Children.

How Christianity and Culture Efface the Traces of Vice and Ignorance in Young Features—An Indian Family Group.

It has frequently been a subject of remark that "the work of grace upon a human face," in a great majority of cases, produces such a transformation as to afford convincing proof of the spiritual peace within. While this is probably most strongly apparent in the case of those who have undergone the change after reaching manhood or womanhood, it is also true of children. Especially are we struck with the contrast between the face of the offspring of the vicious and the criminal and those of the sons and daughters of refined Christian parents; but if the former are afforded an opportunity to learn morals and manners, the difference quickly disappears. There are sweeter or more intelligent faces than some of those to be found in benevolent institutions, where these waifs and the children of the slums are being trained to useful Christian lives after a rescue from degrading and wretched environments.

In the great Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., where several hundred boys and girls belonging to the different tribes are in training, there are many striking instances of the facial change that comes over a child when, after being taken out of a wild and wholly untutored life, it is surrounded by the wholesome moral and educational influences. These children are of almost every age, from the wee, brown tots of six to the well-grown boy or girl of sixteen. They are taken right from the wigwam or the bare prairie and transferred to clean, attractive rooms, nice playgrounds, and congenial companionships. The girls are under the immediate care of teachers called "school-mothers," and their education includes music and the ordinary branches,—housework, sewing, cooking, mending, laundrywork, housekeeping, and dressmaking. Some are trained as nurses. The boys, too, receive a sound, practical education, which is supplemented by manual training. All are taught the uses of economy, practical economy, and the value of industrial effort. Their religious training is the most important of all and is specially calculated to bring out all the best points in the Indian character. They have their own library and religious studies, too, and the King's Sons' and Daughters' circles are large and active organizations.

Once a year, during vacation, they have an outing, when they are sent into families, the girls to do practical housework, the boys to work on farms. When they reach the wage-earning age, their savings are placed to their credit, and sometimes amount to a considerable sum. Their aggregate earnings for 1894 were $14,073.09, of which the boys earned $10,945.78 and the girls $3,127.31. Their savings for the year were $6,386.06, of which $4,756.03 went to the credit of the boys and $1,630.03 to the girls.

On this page we are enabled, through the courtesy of "The Silver Cross," to present photographs of two groups of children from the Carlisle School which show the transforming power of such training on the Indian features and character. These children are Pueblo Indians, who came to the school several years ago, in the condition shown in the first group. The second group, which can scarcely be recognized as the same children, shows how thoroughly the wild, uncouth, hunted look of the first group, indicative of a low grade of intelligence and strong animal propensities, has been effaced by the mental and spiritual cultivation they have undergone. In the latter group, the expression on each face is sweet and kindly; the eyes beam with the light of intellect; the mouth is firm, self-reliant, yet tender and humane, and the lowered brows and crouching aspect have wholly disappeared, being replaced by an unrestrained and even graceful bearing, conveying the impression of manliness on the part of the boys. Would that all the Indian children and, for that matter, all the poor neglected children, white, black or brown, in our native land were under influences as ennobling as those that have been the means of so transforming the faces and brightening the lives of these young wards of the nation at Carlisle School.

UNEDUCATED PUEBLO CHILDREN.

THE SAME CHILDREN, AS THEY NOW APPEAR.

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One Touch of Kindness.

No kind action is ever wasted. Somewhere it finds root and springs up to life in God's sweet sunshine in other hearts. In a leading thoroughfare, writes an observer, I saw an old gentleman pause as though undecided which way to turn. His head was white with the snows of many winters, and his face bore that benign look that is only attained in the school of severest adversity. At this moment some one passed, and he hailed her to ask for directions to reach a well-known clergyman of our city. The person addressed stopped, and, glancing up, said, "Come; I will show you." They passed on a few doors in my direction, and halted. "Here is the place," she said, opening the gate for him to enter. He turned reverently said, "God bless you, whoever you are; I am blind." She was only a schoolgirl, laden with books. She could easily have given verbal directions. She was ignorant of his great calamity; but what thoughtful consideration! What a brightening moment in a darkened life!

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Housekeeping Cares.

Instead of the physical part of our nature being our servant, writes Mrs. C. F. Wilder, the vice-President of the National Household Economic Association, it is more and more becoming our master. The housemother, instead of being controlled by her intellectual nature, is too often governed by the animal nature of her family. If it is doughnuts, cake, pastry, pies, that the family demand; doughnuts, cake, pastry, pies, it is from Monday morning until Saturday night. The house-mother, after a time, has a pride in saying, "I can do but little for my family, but one thing is certain—they have what they want to eat and "the best in the market;" and by the best in the market" she means that they procured food for which the highest prices were paid. Such a house-mother ought to learn to look at life from the farther end of the route. What has she stored in her brain for use in old age? "Kitchen lore?" What will her children say of her when she is worn out as their slave? "She made such good doughnuts?" What will she reply to the Master when he asks what sheaves she garnered for the harvest in his kingdom? She will be forced to look at her empty hands and mournfully say, "Lord, not one thing to show for my life-work! It is all eaten up."

What a blessed and happy home is that in which knowledge and wisdom have so simplified the tasks of the house-mother, that her cares lie lightly upon her and she has time for spiritual as well as for material things.

A great aid in this direction is proper economy and the study of what is really best for use in the household. The best is always the simplest and very often the cheapest also.

IN HIS LOVE.

LIKE a cradle, rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe, and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best;
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience,
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O, great heart of God! whose loving
Cannot hindered be, nor crossed,
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost.
Love divine! of such great loving
Only mothers know the cost—
Cost of love which, all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.

—SAXE HOLM.

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VANISHED CHILDREN.

THOSE who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child, wrote Leigh Hunt. The other children grow up into manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality, but this one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness and blessed it into an eternal image of youth. The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared the pleasures and pains with us as well as they could; the interchange of good offices betwixt us has of necessity been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die.

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A Helpful Rest.

"I remember well the advice an old family friend gave me when I was a young mother," said an elderly lady. "'Whenever you feel tired,' he used to say, 'or discouraged, or depressed, or out of sorts generally, you should lie down and be absolutely quiet for fifteen minutes. The eyes should be closed, and the mind should be made a blank, as far as possible. No pillow should be used, the head reclining on a level with the shoulders. You should not even think of the time, but have some one call you at the expiration of the time."

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Mother Knew His Voice.

Thirty years ago a young man left his home in England to come here. Last summer he returned, a middled-aged pastor, to visit his mother. He found her in the old rocking-chair where she had nursed all her children, but she could not rise at once. She looked up with a touch of wonder, but when he said "mother," she cried "I did not know your face, but I know your voice." There were only a few threads of silver in her hair when he left home, but now it had grown all white. But the mother's love was stronger than ever.

Sickness Among Children,

is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y. City.

ALICE MAPLETON'S ORDEAL

A STORY OF NOBLE FORTITUDE UNDER TRIAL.

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by E. CARSWELL.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Welcome.

WE will not try to describe the meeting between mother and son, it was a joyful reunion, and no family in the city could boast of being happier, than the one that gathered in Mrs. Mapleton's little parlor in the tenement house that morning.

Will was seated in a great easy chair on one arm of which sat Alice, holding one of his hands, while his mother sat on an ottoman on the other side, with his other hand in hers.

"I can't see where I can crowd in," said Fred, "so I will deliver the patient over to you; you'll find him very unruly sometimes, and what you will do with him, or where you will stow him, is a mystery to me, but he has come to stay. He would bring his trunk, saying that he would not leave his mother and sister again, until he was strong and well, eveu if he had to sleep on the floor."

"Which shows that he can appreciate the ingenuity of women, better than another young gentleman of my acquaintance can," said Alice.

"Or, that the tonic he has been swallowing, has not as yet done much for his brain," said Fred, laughing.

"Come and see," said Alice. "Mamma help me to lift this invalid to his feet."

"Oh! I'm not so bad as that Alice, I am quite strong again," said Will, "and I can not only arise without assistance, but could carry you two little creatures."

And he did look more like a young giant than an invalid, as he stood between Alice and his mother, with an arm around each. They crossed the hall and Fred was really astonished when they entered the room.

"Why, mother, this is too jolly for anything, I felt like crying when I saw the outside of this house, but it's like a little heaven inside," said Will.

"There is where it differs from some of our former homes," said Alice.

"But Alice, how have you made such a change in so short a time? it beats any transformarion scene I ever saw, are you a magician?" asked Fred.

"No," said Alice, "I am a Cinderella and have a god-mother who is a fairy, and her name is Callaghan. It was not only her suggestion, but she has done the whole thing herself."

"She must be a remarkable woman," said Will.

"She is," said Mrs. Mapleton; "she seems to be two persons in one; she is as gentle as a child and as tender hearted as a saint; but offend her, or hurt one of her children and in a moment she is another person, as rough as a common sailor in her language, and ready for a rough and tumble fight. She will listen to Alice reading, and her quick smiles or tears show that she understands, and as she says herself—an hour after will be as merry with her other neighbors, laughing at their rough and ready jokes, or silly songs and as happy as she was with us."

"Quite an original character, a diamond in the rough," said Fred. "Why has she put two beds in the room? Who is the second bed for?"

"For your lordship, if you can come down from the grand hotel to the tenement house for a short time," laughed Alice, "and if you two can occupy the same room peacefully."

"Oh, that will be jolly, and we shall agree, perfectly," said Fred, as he slapped Will on the back, "and for once you have shown better sense than I, by bringing your traps with you."

"Why do you say, 'for once?' I don't want to boast, but if you said, 'as usual,' instead of 'for once,' you would be showing becoming humility," said Will with a smile of badinage for his friend.

"In spite of all Alice and our kind friend have done," said Mrs. Mapleton, "it is a poor home to welcome you to, my boy."

"Will put his arm affectionately around his mother's shoulder and kissed her. "Dear mother," he said, "don't worry about such things. We have so much reason to be thankful. I have learned a good deal in the way of faith since I have been away. I think it is well to be afflicted sometimes. We are such selfish creatures, and so headstrong, that the Lord has to sometimes use harsh measures to bring us to him, and to ourselves. When I look back and think of the time when we had everything heart could wish, if I had been told then, that my mother and sister would one day live in a tenement house, and in the poorest part of the city, it would have seemed an awful calamity, and I should have thought how miserable we would all be; but now these three small rooms are the sweetest spot on earth. I never knew the meaning of 'Home, Sweet Home, there's no Place Like Home,' and I never loved and honored my mother as I do at this moment."

"I am so glad that you are pleased, dear boy, but I deserve no credit," said his mother. "I was weak, and fretful, and rebellious; I was like a sulky child, I would not be comforted. I thought only of myself and my own suffering, and instead of helping Alice, who had more to bear than I had, I actually added to her burdens."

"Or in other words," said Alice, "you were very ill for weeks, and so weak that for days you wandered in your mind, and when I hear you talk like that I think you must be a little flighty still."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Happy Dinner-Party.

It was a thoroughly happy company that sat down to dinner in Mrs. Mapleton's little parlor that afternoon, and whether from an artistic or epicurean point of view, seldom has a more unique repast been set before a company than the one prepared by Mrs. Callaghan and Alice for the celebration.

Before dinner, Alice asked Mrs. Callaghan to take her brother's trunk—the one that was sent home—to his room, so with Larry's help it was carried across the hall; but Mrs. Callaghan not wishing to be seen by the young gentleman until she was "fixed up," left Larry at the door with the trunk. When Will opened the door, there stood a small boy and a large trunk.

"Please, sur, Miss Alice sent me wid yer trunk; it's the one ye sint home when yez were dead."

"Oh, yes, I recognize the old fellow, but you see I wasn't quite dead when they sent it," said Will.

"Shure, I might have known that," said Larry, with a grin. "I mean it's the one ye had when ye was kilt."

"Yes, that is much better," said Will, "but let me help you get it in; you did not bring it over alone, did you?"

"No, sur, mother helped me, but she just knocked at the door and then dodged."

And what is your name and who is your mother?" asked Will.

"My name, sur, is Larry, and my mother is Mrs. Callaghan."

"Oh, yes, I have heard of you and your good mother; she has been very kind to my mother, and my sister says that you have been a real good boy to her, and done many acts of kindness for her."

"I'm glad she said it, sur, but what did I ever do for her? Shure, she's done lots and lots of things for us, but I never did nothin' for her, only once," said Larry, brightening up; "I licked two fellows for calling after her on the street, but she didn't know that, cos I waited till she got 'round the corner."

"And why did you wait?" asked Will, who was trying to look serious.

"Cos she told me I musn't fight, only in self 'fence, I think she called it, and I didn't know if it was one of them times or not, so I waited till she turned de corner, then I pitched into them."

"You are a brave boy," said Will, as he slipped a dollar into Larry's hand.

"What is this fur?" asked Larry as he stared at the money.

"For yourself," answered Will.

"Oh, but I daren't take it, sur. Mother'd be mad if I took anything for doin' a job for Miss Alice."

"Well, tell her it was a gentleman whom she never saw that you did the job for."

Larry took a sly look at the dollar in his hand, and the temptation was too strong to be resisted, so he slipped it into his pocket and said, "Thank you, sur, I will."

As Larry opened the door to leave, Will caught sight of Mrs. Callaghan, who was on the landing waiting for Larry. Will went out to meet her. "I am sure this is Mrs. Callaghan," he said, offering his hand.

"It is, sur, and you are Mr. Mapleton, and I've heard so much about ye from yer beautiful mother and sister, that I was afeared I should be afther calling ye Willie, if I saw ye all of a sudden loike, instead of Mr. Mapleton, and I'm proud to meet ye, sur, and welcome ye home after all yer sickness and fightin' and the loike in furrin countries."

"And I am very proud to meet you, Mrs. Callaghan, and to thank you for the batties you fought here at home for my mother and sister, when they needed a champion; by the bye, isn't this the landing where you fought the first battle and defeated the enemy. My sister told me it was on this very spot."

"Did she tell you that now," ha! ha! ha! ye'll excuse me sur, but I can't help it, I laugh every time I think of it, even when I'm alone, but I was always afeard that Miss Alice was a bit offended 'cause I lost my temper, and when I do that I'm rough and ugly wid my tongue. It takes a power o' training to keep yer temper and be a lady all the time like Miss Alice, and of course I can't do it; but that's the only time in my life, when I lost my temper and got real mad, and didn't feel sorry for it afterwards, and I don't to this day. But I'm running on and hindering your honor while the dinner is waiting for yez." The good woman hurried away, and Will dressed for the meal as expeditiously as he could.

It was a dinner long to be remembered. No one acquainted with the facts could have believed that the beautiful, bright, and happy lady with the pretty headdress, at the head of the table, was the same Mrs. Mapleton that they knew three years ago, or that the young man who by his wit and humor, kept the table in a roar of laughter, was an invalid, and at the point of death not many weeks before, and had been mourned as dead; or that the fresh looking, beautiful girl so full of life and spirit, was our Alice of old, whom we have seen in her shabby, genteel dress, going hurriedly into Mr. Jacobs pawnshop, or wending her way slowly to give her drawing lessons.

"It is the jolliest meal I have ever had," said Fred, "but I must go, business must be attended to; and say, Will, I have been all the morning with Graham and things are in a much better shape than I expected to find them; we shall recover almost everything."

"And I think I can truly say that it is the first meal I have enjoyed for years," said Mrs. Mapleton.

"And I want to go out this afternoon," said Will, "I am quite strong enough and I will not leave you long."

"You will do no such thing," said Alice. "You will remain here with mamma, at any rate until I come back, as I have—as Fred says—to attend to some very important business. I shall be back in less than an hour, and then if you must go, I will go with you."

Alice had been putting on her hat and gloves while speaking, and before any questions could be asked, had descended the stairs, and entered a carriage which she had ordered and was driven away.

"Where can the child be going, in such a hurry?" said Mrs. Mapleton, as she watched from the window the quickly vanishing cab.

Mrs. Mapleton and Will seated themselves on the little sofa—he with his arm around his mother—while she told him the story of the life they had lived during his absence, carefully avoiding, however, any reference to the Wilsons, the arrest of Alice, and the trial, she wisely thinking it best to wait until he was stronger before telling him the sad story.

Then the sound of the returning carriage was heard, and had they been looking, they might have seen two ladies—one of whom was Alice—alight and enter the house.

"Allow me to introduce a dear young friend of mine," said Alice as they came in.

Will, as soon as he had caught sight of the second lady, sprang to his feet, "Why, it's Louie, it's Louie," he cried as he sprang forward.

At the sound of his voice, Louie—for it was she—shrieked and clung convulsively to Alice.

"Oh, Alice, is it Willie?" she cried, "or am I dreaming?"

"Why you surely know me, Louie," said Will trying to take her hands.

"It is—it is—Willie—and alive, and they told me you were dead," she sobbed, as he folded her to his breast; "they told me you were dead, and I have been mourning for you, for weeks," she said between her sobs, "but I am so glad."

"I never thought of that, I did not suppose that you had heard, I did not know that you and Alice were acquainted. No wonder you were startled, I intended coming over this afternoon to call upon you," said Will, as he held her hand in a strong clinging grasp.

"I felt sure it was to Louie that you were thinking of going," said Alice, "and I did not think that was wise. But did not want you to be thwarted altogether, so I brought Louie here. It was best the meeting should take place among sympathetic people. I do not think you would either of you have been so happy in it at Louie's home as you are here."

"I do not know about that," said Will; "I know I could not be more happy than I am; but I should be happy anywhere if Louie were with me. Mother, do you know this dear girl? We loved each other long ago, but I did not tell you because there was no engagement between us and one time it seemed as if there never would be. I think it will all come right, now, and I hope you will love her as a daughter."

Mrs. Mapleton took the blushing girl in her arms and kissed her affectionately. "I am sure I shall love her," she said. You have not heard yet, you do not know how much reason I have to love her apart from all this. She showed herself a true brave girl and a good friend when friends were few and were sorely needed. I love her then, when I did not know how dear she was to my boy and I shall love her more now for his sake."

Louie seated herself by Mrs. Mapleton's side, looking the gratitude from her soft dark eyes that she had no words to express. She was still trembling with agitation and love and fear seemed to struggle for the mastery in her breast. As she grew more calm while they talked she said: "But I cannot understand it. Why did they harrow my heart by telling me you were dead? It was cruel! cruel! Why Alice, you said it was true. Didn't you know?"

"Oh no; I have only known that it was a mistake since last night. I said and thought he really was dead and we have grieved over him for months. He will tell you all about it. He was severely wounded and he would have died but for the kindest, noblest, best of men."

"Who is that, you are calling such names?" said Fred, who had opened the door unheard and was standing behind Alice's chair unknown to her.

"You are taking a mean advantage of me. I do not like eavesdropping," said Alice. "I will not tell you anything about it. But here is some one you must know. This is Miss Louie Wilson, Mr. Fred Morgan. As my friend and Will's friend too, she has a double claim on your friendship."

Fred greeted her warmly. "I have heard of you before," he said, looking her earnestly. "The first time was a long way off in the hut of a rough settler. I did not know where to find you then but were pretty badly wanted I assure you. Mr. Will here was very peremptory about your being found."

The story had to be told again for Louie's benefit and as Mrs. Mapleton had heard it all before, she considerately excused herself on the plea of helping Mrs. Callaghan, and went into that kind woman's domain, leaving the young people to their own society.

(To be continued.)

A DAUNTLESS MISSIONARY.*

SOME thirty-eight years ago, a young Englishman named William Duncan landed at Fort Simpson, about seven miles south of the Alaskan boundary. He came alone, knowing nothing of the people among whom he was about to cast his lot, but at the early age of twenty-four solemnly dedicated his life to the cause of raising from barbarism a race whose frequent acts of cannibalism stamped them as among the most savage people on the face of the earth.

Fort Simpson was, for many years, one of the most important trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. It is truly said that in the number of bear skins necessary for a native to purchase a muzzle-loading rifle depended upon the number, piled one upon another, that it took to reach the muzzle of the gun, when the butt end rested on the ground. The agents of this company were stockaded behind stockades, within which enclosure only a certain number of natives were ever admitted at one time. Young this dauntless youth, filled with the spirit of the Master, and full of confidence in the over-ruling Providence, dwelt in a cabin, through the sides of which there were no port-holes, and within whose walls no rifle was at hand in case of an attack from outside. Metlakahtla was the village that Mr. Duncan established more than a third of a century ago. There eight hundred natives lived and prospered. Taught by their devoted friend, they sawed logs, built houses, canned salmon, and engaged in nearly every branch of business that would utilize the products of the country. A church edifice that would do credit to many a larger white settlement, reared its spire heavenward, and every man, woman and child in the settlement regularly sought religious consolation there.

Then at a representative of the Church of England appeared among them, and insisted at that portion of the sacrament wherein wine is administered, and which Mr. Duncan had ignored, should be observed. His reason for not carrying out this important tenet of the church, was that he had found his greatest trouble in teaching the natives to avoid intoxicating drinks; and he reasoned that if he permitted wine at the sacrament, his people would not understand why they should not indulge in liquor at other times.

Mr. Duncan's prejudice in this matter was so strong that he said if his course was not permitted, he would take his people like the pilgrims of old, to some place where they could exercise religious liberty, unhammeled by church dogmas. The church ruling was inconsistent, and Mr. Duncan, equally determined, went to Washington, sought the President and explained how the Church of England had attempted to supplant him with another minister among the people to whom he had devoted his life.

He was assured by the President that the government would offer an asylum where they could enjoy religious freedom; and promised that Congress would take action, looking to their protection. Accordingly, on March 3, 1891, a bill was passed, setting aside Annette island for the use and benefit of these natives, but immediately following his visit to Washington, and upon the strength of the promise that his people would be protected, they abandoned their improvements, and property, gave up their comfortable homes, and with only a few household goods, went out into the wilderness. On the seventh day of August, 1887, they arrived at their present home, naming it New Metlakahtla, and under the graceful folds of the Stars and Stripes, which they had flung to the breeze, they solemnly transferred their allegiance from Canada to the United States.

Since, the past seven years a settlement has been built up that bears witness of wonder-

*From advance sheets of a new and comprehensive work on Alaska and its missions, by Miner W. Bell; profusely illustrated, 200 pages, cloth covers, price $1.25. Lowman and Hanford Co., Seattle, Washington, publishers.

ful progress in civilization by these people. They live in comfortable houses, many of them handsome and homelike. Every branch of business is represented, as in their old home, only in a more advanced scale, and the people are self-sustaining, industrious and happy.

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HAS God abdicated? Is the universe an infinite chaos in which order has no throne? Is law a fable? Is life a Babel? Is the world a Pandemonium? Then is there such a game of chance as men call luck. But as long as the smallest atom or the largest sun, the invisible animalculæ or the most glorious archangel, the soul soaring from its tenement of clay or the sparrow falling to the earth, acknowledge equally his ruling power, Nature will play no blindman's-buff. If ten deaf, dumb, and blind men were placed in line in a ten-acre lot, and left to wander until all who lived long enough were in line once more, the thing would be accomplished only at the death of the ninth man. Has luck ever made a fool speak words of wisdom; an ignoramus utter lectures on science; a dolt write an Odyssey, an Ænid, a Paradise Lost, or a Hamlet; a loafer become a Girard or Astor, a Rothschild, Stewart, Vanderbilt, Field, Gould, or Rockefeller; a coward win at Yorktown, Wagram, Waterloo, or Richmond; a careless stonecutter carve an Apollo, a Minerva, a Venus de Medici, or a Greek Slave? Does luck raise rich crops on the land of the sluggard, weeds and brambles on that of the industrious farmer? Does luck make the drunkard sleek and attractive, and his home cheerful, while the temperate man looks haggard and suffers want and misery? Does luck starve honest labor and pamper idleness? Does luck put common sense at a discount, folly at a premium? Does it cast intelligence into the gutter, and raise ignorance to the skies? Does it imprison virtue, and laud vice? Did luck give Watt his engine, Franklin his captive lightning, Whitney his cotton-gin, Fulton his steamboat, Morse his telegraph, Blanchard his lath, Howe his sewing-machine, Goodyear his rubber, Bell his telephone, Edison his phonograph?

"Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up," says Cobden; "labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy; labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines: labor whistles. Luck relies on chance; labor, on character."

"With the aid or under the influence of pluck," says the London "Lancet," "it is possible not only to surmount what appear to be insuperable obstructions, but to defy and repel the ennuities of climate, adverse circumstances, and even disease."

Stick to the thing and carry it through. Believe you were made for the place you fill, and that no one else can fill it as well. Put forth your whole energies. Be awake, electrify yourself; go forth to the task. Only once learn to carry a thing through in all its completeness and proportion, and you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself; others wil think better of you. The world in its heart admires the stern, determined doer.

[illegible]
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;
[illegible]
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
[illegible]
His plans work out for mortals: not a tear
[illegible] bear,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
But with a [illegible] give zest
[illegible]
Wrong's [illegible]

†From *Pushing to the Front; or, Success Under Difficulties*, by Orison Swett Marden, a book of inspiration and help to young men who may find that they have "no chance in life." Illustrated with twenty-four portraits. 12mo, gilt cloth binding, price $1.50. Hustrated. Mirflit. & Co., Boston and New York publishers.

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One of Christ's Disciples	1 00
Total	**$125.02**

Additional Contributions For The Western Relief Fund.

S W R, Pleasant Lake	1 00
Friend, Tamaqua, Pa	50
Mrs C H Holmes	1 00
Mrs S Johnson	1 00
Mrs L Stemtzer	50
Mrs H "	25
Mrs C "	25
Mrs A Richert	25
Tom Wage	1 00
John Jones	1 00
Milton Hoover	1 00
A Brooks	1 00
Georgie E Holt	1 00
Mrs R C Evans	2 00
Robt Jacklish	25
A I Henriques	1 00
Friend, East Avon	50
Mrs F E Sawyer	50
Nettie Ure	1 00
R N Kernigan	25
Mrs Eva Brooks	25
Mrs D D Burchard	50
Ray H Baldwin	40
Mrs Ira Fike	15
Inez Holmes	15
Mary Ellison	87
H B Holmes	1 08
Total	**$18.65**

BAMBINO-WORSHIP AT ROME.

At a recent meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in England, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes related the following incident, which he witnessed in Rome last autumn:

"In the Ara Coeli, the most important church of the Franciscan order in Rome itself, on the Capitoline Hill, they have what they call a 'bambino,' which is Latin for baby. I was not prepared to pay anything to see that particular child myself, but there was a devout and aristocratic French lady in the building when I was there, and she paid, and I saw at her expense, standing behind her. A fat old priest brought out the 'bambino' — a podgy, hideous wooden doll, covered with jewelry. He presented it to this aristocratic lady and others, and they beslobbered it with kisses and bowed incessantly as long as they saw it. Then he put it to bed and locked it up again. Later on, at Christmas, I saw that wooden idol taken, with the utmost possible ceremony, and placed at the opposite end of the church, and then, with a great ecclesiastical procession and much further ceremony, finally escorted back again to bed about six o'clock in the evening. The ridiculous wooden doll is reverenced and worshipped. It is taken about Rome to [illegible] carriage, something like the carriage in which our Lord Mayor goes in procession; and when anybody is ill, this podgy wooden doll is taken round to cure the sick, and they believe it! That is Popery! That is what the Pope wants you to accept to-day. It is contemptible; it is beneath contempt! And this goes on under the eyes of the Pope, with his full sanction and authority, in Rome to-day."

PROVING IT FROM THE BIBLE.

While a naval officer was inspecting one of the schools in the island of Barbadoes, containing two hundred negro boys and girls, a sign was made by one of the children by holding up his hand, intimating that he wished to speak to the master. On going up to the child, who was somewhat more than eight years old, the master inquired what was the matter. "Massa," he replied, with a look of horror and indignation which the officer said he should never forget, and pointing to a little boy of the same age, who sat beside him,—"Massa, this boy says he does not believe in the resurrection." "That is very bad," said the master: "but do you, my little fellow," addressing the young informer, "believe in the resurrection yourself?" "Yes, massa, I do." But can you prove it from the Bible?" "Yes, massa; Jesus says, 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet he shall live;' and in another place, 'Because I live, ye shall live also.'" The master added, "Can you prove it from the Old Testament also?" "Yes; for Job says, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.' And David says, in one of his psalms, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.'" "But are you sure these passages are in the Bible? Here is a Bible, point them out to us." The little lad found all the passages and read them aloud to the surprise and delight of the visitors.

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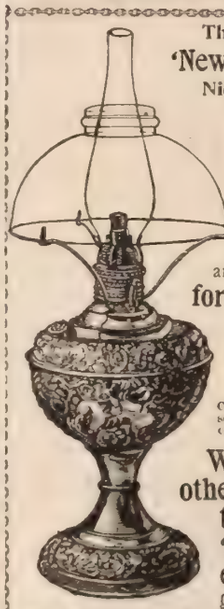

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A LEGEND OF THE NILE.

NATIVES of Egypt relate this pretty legend of the Nile to explain the discontinuance of human sacrifices to the heathen deity who was supposed to rule that famous river: Amr, a noted Mohammedan general, captured the city of Cairo in. D. 640. Long before then there had been a heathen ceremony, and a virgin was yely sacrificed to the god of the river. When the season came around, Amr was cad upon as usual to sacrifice the girl. Hsternly refused. That year the Nile fiel was a failure. One can imagine how thindignant heathen population must have rad at the invader, and said, "We wned you what would happen if you did nopropitiate the river god also." How Ar's wild Arab soldier's must have had th faith sorely tried, and how they must ha felt puzzled as to whether in this strige new country, with its temples and pymids, obelisks and sphinxes, it might nove as well to make friends of the local go. Could Allah really help them here? Agn the flood-time came around. This tin Amr surely would sacrifice the girl an save the land. No; he did not. The pele rose in rebellion; Amr stood firm. Bule wrote to the Kalif Omar for orders (th same Omar who has come down in hisry as the destroyer of the famous Alxandrian library). Omar approved of hisonduct but sent him a paper to throw inthe Nile. On the paper was written: "fm Abd Allah Omar, Prince of the Faful, to the Nile of Egypt: If thou flo of thine own accord, flow not; but if it Allah, the One the Mighty, who causeth nee to flow, then we implore him to ma thee flow." Amr threw the paper intthe water, and the Nile rose forthwith exa v as it was wanted. Since that day no l has been sacrificed; but a pillar of ear is yearly left to be washed away in the iddle of the canal, called "the bride" or "he girl," the only relic of the ancient heaen custom of living sacrifice.

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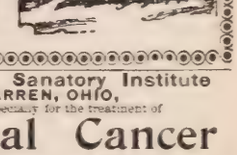

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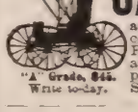

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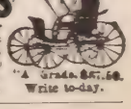

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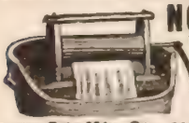

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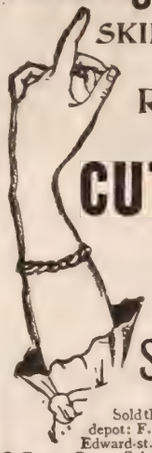

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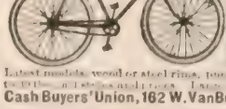

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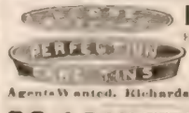

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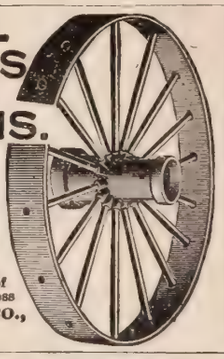

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'FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.'

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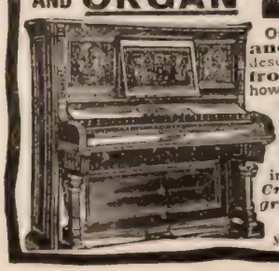

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CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18. COPYRIGHT 1895 BY LOUIS KLOPSCH NUMBER 26.

T. V. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, JUNE 26, 1895. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

AMERICA'S "SINGING PILGRIM."

Philip Phillips' Glorious Career Drawing to a Close—How a Farmer's Boy, Surmounting many Obstacles, became a Grand Maestro of Christian Song and Drew Multitudes to Christ—The Wonderful Record of a Noble and Helpful Life.

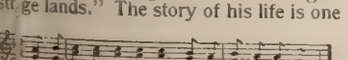
AT the climax of a career of unexampled activity, in a sphere peculiarly his own, and which has won him the warmest love and admiration of the Christian world, binding to him equally the hearts of the cultured and the simple by virtue of a rare and divinely-bestowed talent, Philip Phillips, "the Singing Pilgrim," lies seriously ill at the house of a friend in Delaware, O. For months past he has been under medical care, but his disease is none that yields readily to treatment. The prayers of God's people everywhere will unite in his behalf, with those of the loving watchers by his bedside, for Philip Phillips has, in his busy life, been a helper to many who now bear him in grateful remembrance.

P. D. Sankey, himself one of the sweetest Gospel singers the century has produced, received, through listening to Philip Phillips' wondrous songs, the first impulse that led him to adopt the career of a singing evangelist. He had heard many singers before, but none of them had thrilled him as the great Chautauquan did.

"Phillips' voice," Mr. Sankey declares, "possesses that rare quality of earnest pathos and deep feeling that goes to the heart of the hearer, and thrills through every fibre of his frame. It inspired me and I said in my heart: 'Oh, if I could only sing like that!'"

Such a voice as Mr. Phillips possessed in his balmy days was indeed one to render effective the Gospel of song. He sang straight to the souls of the multitudes, and his pure and clarion-like notes, now loud and strong like a martial call, anon soft and tender as a mother's lullaby, produced an effect such as had rarely been witnessed in any religious services within the memory of a generation. That his consecrated genius set Sankey's heart aflame and unlocked those vocal treasures that have since delighted multitudes in many lands, is none least of the fruits of Philip Phillips' life for which the Christian world owes him a debt of gratitude.

Philip Phillips was the pioneer in the work of attaching the graceful color of music to the gospel chant, and has enjoyed an abundant measure of God's favor and blessing. Not content with the harvest of souls God gave him in America and Great Britain, he carried the melodious message to less favored lands; and under southern skies and in tropical climates, and in countries newly settled, he has raised his voice in celebration of the triumphs of the Cross, singing "the Lord's song in a strange lands." The story of his life is one

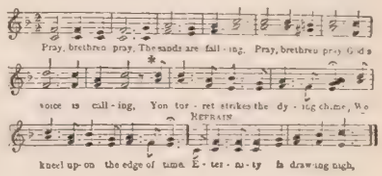


From "Sweeping through the Gates," by Mr. Phillips.

as full of interest as any ever detailed in the pages of romance. It is a constantly moving panorama and as we follow his footsteps we tread the streets of great cities such as New York, Boston, Cincinnati, New Orleans and San Francisco, and the rural ways of western villages; we see the strange scenes of the Sandwich Islands, and the busy young life of Australia and New Zealand; on to London, Liverpool, Edinburgh and Dublin, and the centres of Old World civilization; on again to Rome and Jerusalem and Egypt, and the classic lands of bygone days, and still further to the unfamiliar Asiatic scenes of Calcutta, Delhi, and the banks of the Ganges, where idolatry and superstition still exercise their malign influence. Space forbids a perfect description of such a life, so full of activity and change; we can but indicate briefly some of its features.

Philip Phillips was born in Chautauqua County, New York, on August 13th, 1834. He was tenth of a family of fifteen children. His father and mother were both staunch members of the Baptist church, and were distinguished for their earnest practical piety. Of his mother, who died one year after the birth of her fifteenth child, and when Philip was under ten years of age, he speaks in words of tender, loving recollection. Her noble teaching and her earnest prayers, are to this day fresh in his mind, and he remembers distinctly her taking him, as she did each of her children, separately to her room and asking God's blessing upon him. Her death was a bitter affliction to the large family of young children, and none felt it more than little Philip.

While yet a mere child, he gave evidence of a rare talent for music and of the possession of a voice of remarkable range and sweetness. His singing even at that early age, was a surprise and a delight to the friends of the family as well as to many others. But, although he seized every opportunity to advance his musical studies, it seemed as though the motherless boy would have to forego his ambition to become a singer and face the battle of life in a more prosaic fashion. Shortly after his mother's death, he was apprenticed to a farmer who engaged to "instruct him in the art of farming and dairying," to clothe him and provide him with food, and send him to school three months in each year. He also covenanted in the indenture to give Philip, at the end of his term of six years, "a new Bible and two suits of clothes; one to be of a common quality and one to be a handsome suit." Philip appears to have fulfilled his part of the agreement to the satisfaction of the farmer; for observing his passion for music, the farmer resolved to gratify it. Returning to the house one evening, Philip found a melodeon in the sitting-room, and on making eager inquiry as to the instrument, he received for answer: "Well, Philip, what is the use of having money if you cannot use it? We have


Pray, brethren pray, The sands are fall-ing. Pray, brethren pray, Gods
voice is call-ing, Yon tor-rent strikes the dy-ing chime, We
REFRAIN
kneel up-on the edge of time. E-ter-ni-ty is drawing nigh,

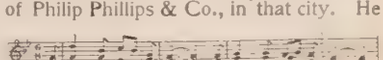
From "Eternity is Drawing Nigh."

A revival hymn, composed and sung by Mr. Phillips.

bought this melodeon for you, but you must not neglect your work on account of it." The boy's heart was full to overflowing.

But a much more memorable event in the young man's life than the possession of his first musical instrument was one that occurred soon afterward, when in the course of revival services at Delanti, N.Y., he was converted. The Good Templar movement was about this time attracting public attention, and the young lad entered with energy into the work. His fine voice was in request, and he was invited to assist at the formation of many new lodges. In 1853 he opened his first singing school at Allegheny, N.Y. During the next few years his time was given exclusively to his profession, for he had now fairly embarked on a musical career. He spent some time studying under noted teachers, including Dr. Lowell Mason and others, and in the intervals of other duties, he taught church and school music, and sold musical instruments in New York and Pennsylvania. But above all he preferred work that brought him into active contact with religious services in the churches and elsewhere. His heart was already reaching out with longing to the field that was to be peculiarly his in later years. The first revival work in which he engaged was at the Delanti church, of which he was a member, and of which Rev. A. Wheelock, D.D., was pastor. The services lasted many weeks, and during that time Mr. Phillips presided at the organ and was busy among the awakened souls. An urgent invitation was sent to him, at the conclusion of these engagements, to sing in Ohio. He accepted, and his first service in that State was held in the Baptist church at Marion. Here he met with Miss Olive M. Clark, the lady who afterward became his wife.

Mr. Phillips' first published work, "The Cantata of Esther," was brought out during his Ohio visit. This was followed in 1860 by "Early Blossoms," of which upward of twenty thousand copies were quickly sold. This success encouraged him to settle in Ohio, and he accordingly made his home in Cincinnati, and established the music publishing firm of Philip Phillips & Co., in that city. He



From one of his famous hymns, sung everywhere.

next brought out "Musical Leaves," which reached a circulation of 700,000 copies. Then

(Continued on page 413.)

SISTERS OF CHARITY.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: "*This woman was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did.*" Acts 9: 36.

STARTING now where I left off last Sabbath in reciting woman's opportunities, I have to say that woman has the special and superlative right of blessing and comforting the sick. What land, what street, what house, has not felt the smitings of disease? Tens of thousands of sick-beds! What shall we do with them? Shall man, with his rough hand and heavy foot, and impatient bearing, minister? No. He cannot soothe the pain. He cannot quiet the nerves. He knows not where to set the light. His hand is not steady enough to pour out the drops. He is not wakeful enough to be a watcher. The Lord God who sent Miss Dix into the Virginia hospitals, and the Maid of Saragossa to appease the wounds of the battle-field, has equipped wife, mother and daughter, for this delicate but tremendous mission. You have known men who have despised woman, but the moment disease fell upon them they did not send for their friends at the bank, or their partner in business, or their worldly associates; their first cry was, "Take me to my wife." The dissipated young man at the college scoffs at the idea of being under home influences; but at the first blast of the typhoid fever on his cheek, he says: "Where is mother?" Walter Scott wrote partly in satire and partly in compliment when he said:

> O woman, in our hour of ease,
> Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou.

I think the most pathetic passage in all the Bible is the description of the lad who went out to the harvest-field of Shunem and got sunstruck—throwing his hands on his temples and crying out: "O, my head! my head!" and they said: "Carry him to his mother." And then the record is: "He sat on her knees till noon, and then died." It is an awful thing to be ill away from home in a strange hotel, once in a while men coming to look at you, holding their hand over their mouth for fear that they will catch the contagion. How roughly they turn you in bed! How loudly they talk! How you long for the ministries of home! I knew one such who went away from one of the brightest of homes for several weeks' business absence at the West. A telegram came at midnight that he was on his death-bed, far away from home. By express train the wife and daughters went westward; but they went too late. He feared not to die; but he was in an agony to live until his family got there. He tried to bribe the doctor to make him live a little while longer. "He said: "I am willing to die, but not alone." But the pulses fluttered the eyes closed, and the heart stopped. The express trains met in the midnight: wife and daughters going westward! lifeless remains of husband and father coming eastward. Oh, it was a sad, pitiful, overwhelming spectacle! When we are sick we want to be sick at home. When the time comes for us to die we want to die at home. The room may be very humble, and the faces that look into ours may be be very plain; but who cares for that? Loving hands to bathe the temples. Loving voices to speak good cheer. Loving lips to read the comforting promises of Jesus.

In our last dreadful war, men cast the cannon; men fashioned the musketry; men cried to the hosts, "Forward, march!" men hurled their battalions on the sharp edges of the enemy, crying: "Charge! charge!" but woman scraped the lint; woman administered the cordials; woman watched by the dying couch; woman wrote the last message to the home circle; woman wept at the solitary burial attended by herself and four men with a spade. We greeted the general home with brass bands and triumphal arches, and wild huzzas; but the story is too good to be written anywhere, save in the chronicles of heaven, of Mrs. Brady, who came down among the sick in the swamps of the Chickahominy; of Annie Ross, in the cooper-shop hospital; of Margaret Breckinridge, who came to men who had been for weeks with their wounds undressed—some of them frozen to the ground; and when she turned them over, those that had an arm left, waved it and filled the air with their "hurrah!"—of Mrs. Hodge, who came from Chicago with blankets and with pillows, until the men shouted: "Three cheers for the Christian Commission! God bless the women at home;" then sitting down to take the last message: "Tell my wife not to fret about me, but to meet me in heaven; tell her to train up the boys whom we have loved so well; tell her we shall meet again in the good land; tell her to bear my loss like the Christian wife of a Christian soldier;" and of Mrs. Shelton, into whose face the convalescent soldier looked and said: "Your grapes and cologne cured me." Men did their work with shot and shell, and carbine and howitzer; women did their work with socks, and slippers, and bandages, and warm drinks, and Scripture texts, and gentle strokings of the hot temples, and stories of that land where they never have any pain. Men knelt down over the wounded and said: "On which side did you fight?" Women knelt down over the wounded and said: "Where are you hurt? What nice thing can I make for you to eat? What makes you cry?" To-night, while we men are sound asleep in our beds, there will be a light in yonder loft; there will be groaning in that dark alley; there will be cries of distress in that cellar. Men will sleep, and women will watch.

Again: woman has a superlative right to take care of the poor. There are hundreds and thousands of them in all our cities. There is a kind of work that men cannot do for the poor. Here comes a group of little bare-foot children to the door of the Dorcas Society. They need to be clothed and provided for. Which of these directors of banks would know how many yards it would take to make that little girl a dress? Which of these masculine hands could fit a hat to that little girl's head? Which of the wise men would know how to tie on that new pair of shoes? Man sometimes gives his charity in a rough way, and it falls like the fruit of a tree in the East, which fruit comes down so heavily that it breaks the skull of the man who is trying to gather it. But woman glides so softly into the house of destitution, and finds out all the sorrows of the place, and puts so quietly the donation on the table, that all the family come out on the front steps as she departs, expecting that from under her shawl she will thrust out two wings and go right up toward heaven, from whence she seems to have come down. Oh, Christian young woman! if you would make yourself happy and win the blessing of Christ, go out among the destitute. A loaf of bread or a bundle of socks may make a homely load to carry; but the angels of God will come out to watch, and the Lord Almighty will give his messenger hosts a charge, saying: "Look after that woman. Canopy her with your wings and shelter her from all harm;" and while you are seated in the house of destitution and suffering, the little ones around the room will whisper: "Who is she? Ain't she beautiful?" and if you listen right sharply, you will hear dripping down the leaky roof, and rolling over the rotten stairs, the angel chant that shook Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Can you tell me why a Christian woman, going down among the haunts of iniquity on a Christian errand, never meets with any indignity? I stood in the chapel of Helen Chalmers, the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, in the most abandoned part of the City of Edinburgh; and I said to her as I looked around upon the fearful surroundings of that place: "Do you come here nights to hold service?" "Oh, yes," she said. "Can it be possible that you never meet with an insult while performing this Christian errand?" "Never," she said—"never." That young woman who has her father by her side walking down the street, and armed policeman at each corner of the street, is not so well defended as that Christian who goes forth on Gospel work into the haunts of iniquity, carrying the Bibles and bread. God, with the right arm of his wrath omnipotent, would tear to pieces anyone who should offer indignity. He would smite him with lightnings, and drown him with floods, and swallow him with earthquakes, and damn him with eternal indignations. Some one said: "I dislike very much to see that Christian woman teaching those bad boys in the mission school. I am afraid to have her instruct them." "So," said another man, "I am afraid, too." Said the first: "I am afraid they will use vile language before they leave the place." "Ah," said the other man, "I am not afraid of that. What I am afraid of is, that if any of those boys should use a bad word in that presence, the other boys would tear him to pieces and kill him on the spot." That woman is the best sheltered who is sheltered by Omnipotence, and it is always safe to go where God tells you to go. It seems as if the Lord had ordained woman for an especial work in the solicitation of charities. Backed up by barrels in which there is no flour, and by stoves in which there is no fire, and wardrobes in which there are no clothes, a woman is irresistible; passing on her errand, God says to her: "You go into that bank, or store, or shop, and get the money." She goes in and gets it. The man is hard-fisted, but she gets it. She could not help but get it. It is decreed from eternity she should get it. No need of your turning your back and pretending you don't hear; you do hear. There is no need of your saying you are begged to death. There is no need of your wasting your time, and you might as well submit first as last. You had better right away take down your check-book, mark the number of the check, fill up the blank, sign your name, and hand it to her. There is no need of wasting time. Those poor children on the back street have been hungry long enough. That sick man must have some farina. That consumptive must have something to ease his cough. I meet this delegate of a relief society coming out of the store of such a hard-fisted man, and I say, "Did you get the money?" "Of course," she says; "I got the money; that's what I went for. The Lord told me to go in and get it, and he never sends me on a fo errand."

Again: I have to tell you that it woman's specific right to comfort un the stress of dire disaster. She is ca the weaker vessel; but all profane as as sacred history attests that when the sis comes she is better prepared than m to meet the emergency. How often have seen a woman who seemed to be a ciple of frivolity and indolence, who, u one stroke of calamity, changed to a h ine. Oh, what a great mistake those b ness men make who never tell their b ness troubles to their wives! There co some great loss to their store, or som their companions in business play the a sad trick, and they carry the burder l alone. He is asked in the household a and again: "What is the matter?" he believes it a sort of Christian dut keep all that trouble within his own s l. Oh, sir! your first duty was to tell wife all about it. She, perhaps, m not have disentangled your finances, o tended your credit, but she would helped you to bear misfortune. You h no right to carry on one shoulder a which is intended for two. There are l ness men who know what I mean. T comes a crisis in your affairs. You s gle bravely and long; but after a there comes a day when you say: "H shall have to stop," and you call in partners, and you call in the most p nent men in your employ, and you "We have to stop." You leave the suddenly. You can scarcely make up mind to pass through the street and ov bridge or on the ferry-boat. You feel e body will be looking at you, and bla you, and denouncing you. You h home. You tell your wife all about t fair. What does she say? Does she the butterfly? Does she talk abou silks, and the ribbons, and the fash No. She comes up to the emergency. quails not under the stroke. She help to begin to plan right away. She off go out of the comfortable house i smaller one, and wear the old cloak a er winter. She is one who unders your affairs without blaming you. look upon what you thought was a weak woman's arm holding you up while you look at that arm there com into the feeble muscles of it the streng of the eternal God. No chiding. No fre ng. No telling you about the beautiful ho her father, from which you brough ten, twenty, or thirty years ago. You "Well, this is the happiest day of m ife. I am glad I have got from under m den. My wife don't care—I don't c At the moment you were utterly exha ed. God sent a Deborah to meet the h of the Amalekites, and scatter them like aff over the plain.

There are sometimes women wh sit reading sentimental novels, and whc ish that they had some grand field in wh to display their Christian powers. Oh, hat grand and glorious things they coul o if they only had an opportunity! My ter, you need not wait for any such tim A crisis will come in your affairs. The will be a Thermopylæ in your own hous old, where God will tell you to stand. ere are hundreds of households where as ch courage is demanded of woman as w exhibited by Grace Darling, or Marie toi nette, or Joan of Arc.

Woman is further endowed to bri us into the kingdom of heaven. It is ster for a woman to be a Christian than a man. Why? You say she is weaker. No. Her heart is more responsive to the ad ings of divine love. The fact that sh can more easily become a Christian, I pr the statement that three-fourths members of the churches in all Ch dom are women. So God appoints th be the chief agencies for bringing this back to God. The greatest sermo are not preached on celebrated platforms they are preached with an audience of th or three and in private home-life. A pleasant, loving, Christian demeanor in the pr ce

transgression, in the presence of hard-ss, in the presence of obduracy and crime, an argument from the force of which no an can escape.

Lastly, one of the specific rights of wo-an is, through the grace of Christ, final- to reach heaven. Oh, what a multitude women in heaven! Mary, Christ's other, in heaven; Elizabeth Fry in heav-; Charlotte Elizabeth in heaven; the other of Augustine in heaven; the Coun-ss of Huntingdon—who sold her splendid wels to build chapels—in heaven; while great many others who have never been ard of on earth, or known but little, have ne to the rest and peace of heaven. What rest! What a change it was from the all room, with no fire and one window, e glass broken out, and the aching side, d worn-out eyes, to the "house of many nsions!" No more stitching until elve o'clock at night, no more thrusting the thumb by the employer through the rk to show that it was not done quite ht. Plenty of bread at last. Heaven for ning heads. Heaven for broken hearts. aven for anguish-bitten frames. No re sitting up until midnight for the com- of staggering steps. No more rough ws across the temples. No more sharp, en, bitter curses. Some of you will have rest in this world. It will be toil, and uggle, and suffering all the way up. You ll have to stand at your door fighting ck the wolf with your own hand, red th carnage. But God has a crown for ju. I want you to realize that he is now iking it, and whenever you weep a tear, sets another gem in that crown; when-er you have a pang of body or soul, he its another gem in that crown, until, after hile, in all the tiara there will be no room another splendor, and God will say to angel: "The crown is done; let her up t she may wear it." And as the Lord Righteousness puts the crown upon your w, angel will cry to angel, "Who is ?" and Christ will say: "I will tell you o she is. She is the one that came up of great tribulation, and had her robe shed and made white in the blood of the mb." And then God will spread a ban-t, and he will invite all the principalities eaven to sit at the feast; and the tables ll blush with the best clusters from the eyards of God, and crimson with the lve manner of fruits from the Tree of e, and waters from the fountain of the k will flash from the golden tankards; l the old harpers of heaven will sit there, rking music with their harps; and Christ l point you out, amid the celebrities of aven, saying: "She suffered with me on th, now we are going to be glorified to-ther." And the banqueters, no longer e to hold their peace, will break forth h congratulation: "Hail! Hail!" And re will be handwritings on the wall—not h as struck the Persian noblemen with ror, but with fire-tipped fingers, writing blazing capitals of light and love and tory: "God has wiped away all tears m all faces."

THE SAVIOUR PLEADING.

"Come unto me." Matt. 11: 28.

(Written for The Christian Herald.)

GIVE Me thy heart to-day,
Weary and faint and sore,
Turn thou from sin away,
Now and forevermore.
Come, for the feast is spread,
Come to the Living Bread,
Here shall thy soul be fed,
Come unto Me.

Give Me thy will to-day,
And thou henceforth shalt be
Guided by love divine,
Ever unerringly.
Then shall thy doubting cease,
Thou shalt have perfect peace,
Wisdom and light increase,
Come unto Me.

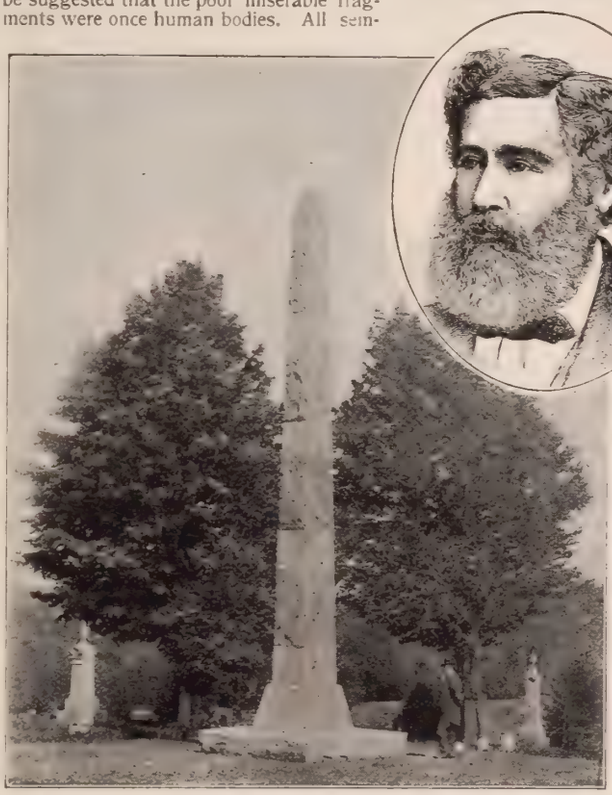
Give Me thyself to-day,
Body and soul and mind,
Forsake the things of clay,
The better life to find.
Then like the shining light,
Thy path shall grow more bright,
Until thy faith is sight,
Come unto Me.

sion, Mich. —F. S. GOODRICH.

Ashtabula's Memorial.

An Elegant Shaft Erected and Dedicated to the Memory of Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Bliss and others who Perished in the Great Railroad Disaster Nineteen Years ago.

PROFOUNDLY significant, suggestive of tender solemn memories is the beautiful monument just dedicated, of which a picture appears on this page. It has been erected at Ashtabula, O., on the ground where the remains of the unrecognized dead were buried after the appalling railroad disaster of Dec. 29, 1876. There are twenty-two graves in that plot of land, and it is supposed that the remains of forty-six bodies were buried in them, but the nature of the terrible calamity will always preclude certainty. When the fire that consumed the wrecked train had done its awful work it had effectually destroyed all features by which the dead could be recognized, and only by the shocking knowledge of what had occurred, could the idea be suggested that the poor miserable fragments were once human bodies. All semblance of humanity was gone. The poor satisfaction that bereaved friends derive from giving to the inanimate clay, loving attention and solemn burial, was denied to relatives of the victims in that sad sepulture. One charred figure was so like another in ghastly horror that none could know which was the one that had been dear and had given love for love. They were all buried indiscriminately and the friends and relatives could only set up tablets bearing the record that treasured dust was buried there. But human love craves a more explicit memorial and the shaft of which we give a picture has been raised to gratify the desire. Mr. T. W. McCreary of Ashtabula was the originator of the project and it is mainly due to his efforts that the shaft has been raised.



THE ASHTABULA MEMORIAL, DEDICATED MAY 30—MR. P. P. BLISS.

Every one who had lost a friend or relative in the horrible holocaust, had the opportunity to contribute, and there were many. The amount subscribed was $1150, and with this an obelisk thirty-one feet high was bought and set up as a memorial of the beloved dead. The ceremony of dedication was appropriately performed on Decoration Day, when the thoughts of the nation turn naturally to the memory of those who have gone before. Three survivors of the disaster were present at the exercises, and were the heroes of the day. These were the conductor of the train, a brakeman, and a man who on the day of the catastrophe was acting as newsboy. They told how on the fatal day the train slowed up on reaching the bridge which crossed the ravine at a height of seventy feet. There were deep drifts of snow, a high wind was blowing, and it was eight o'clock on a nasty winter night. The train with its regular crew and 138 passengers spread itself on the single-span bridge only 150 feet long. Then there was a crash, a sensation of falling into bottomless space, and then the crushing, grinding horror of striking the rocks at the bed of the river. The forward car was under water, and piled above it were the hinder cars with their human freight. Each crushed in the roof of the one ahead of it, and the heavy trucks in many cases rested on something soft which had once been a human form. The bridge having broken near the centre, the cars had fallen end ways, and the passengers were shot as from a catapult out of their seats and rolled down the aisles. Then a new horror was added to the fate of drowning, which had overtaken the passengers of the forward car. The hinder cars were above the surface of the shallow river, a mere heap of splintered wood and bent metal. The live coals from the stoves wers sent flying through the cars, and the oil from the broken lamps added its share to the combustible material. Soon the cars above the level of the river were burning furiously, and every inmate who had not made his escape was doomed. Some sixty odd passengers and trainmen had crawled out of the wreck, only one of the number unhurt. All the others were more or less injured, and in the wreck were over ninety persons, some crushed and under water, some dead, but some living, held firmly by the super-incumbent weight of the shattered cars. These were burned to death before they could be rescued.

Among the lost in the terrible disaster was a man dear to the Christian world. P. P. Bliss, the sweet singer and composer, author of "Hold the Fort," "Dare to be a Daniel," and other thrilling Gospel melodies was with his wife in the train on his way to Chicago to assist Mr. Moody, Major Whittle and others in special services. In the first crash, Mr. Bliss (whose portrait we give) is said to have escaped unhurt, but his wife was caught and held by the beams of the cars. Mr. Bliss set to work to extricate her and was by her side when the flames reached them. They were among the unrecognized dead, and their intimate and loving friend, Mr. Ira D. Sankey, was prominent among the contributors to the memorial which covered remains very dear to him.

The exercises at the dedication of the monument attracted an immense audience. Mr. Lucien Seymour, of the Monument Committee, gave the signal in a bright, sympathetic speech, for the removal of the flags which hid the monument from view, and as the ropes were pulled and the beautiful proportions of the lofty shaft were disclosed, there went up a great cheer from a multitude of throats. An eager crowd surged around its base, reading the sad record cut there of the names of the dead who were known to be in the disaster, but whose bodies could not be recognized. As soon as order was restored, Mr. H. A. Garfield, a son of the late President, was introduced, and made a lengthy speech, referring to the erection of the monument and the memories of the war recalled by the ceremonies of Decoration Day.

OUR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

IV.—MRS. DAY AND MRS. HUNTER.

UNITED in a loving fellowship of service, the two ladies whose portraits we give have found a bond of union that their past lives would never have suggested. Some forty years ago each was brought into close contact with the institution which was destroyed by the great conflict that deluged the land with blood. But they were in contact with it on opposite sides. Mrs. Day was the wife of a slave-owner, and Mrs. Hunter of an ardent abolitionist. The one was working with the negroes to improve their condition, and the other was actively engaged in the dangerous business of helping the individual slaves to escape to Canada. After the war they drifted by the attraction of the natural, or rather supernatural, love for Christ and humanity, which glowed in each heart, into a fellowship that has proved a blessing to slaves in a worse bondage than that of the Southern plantation.

TWO PRISON-WORKERS OF OGDEN, UTAH.

About five years ago these two Christian ladies settled in Ogden, Utah, and looked around for opportunities of service. It was out of their power to endow institutions or organize philanthropic schemes for the relief of the indigent, but they could give themselves, and they had the secret of the Lord to impart to hearts which were burdened and lives that were dark. Each desired to spend and be spent in Christ's service. It was not an attractive field that they entered; but it was a field where the service they could render was sorely needed. They went to the city prison. What they found there would have appalled some women. But the very evil which filled the cells was precisely the evil for which they carried the antidote. As the physician goes to the hospital to exercise his beneficent vocation, Mrs. Day and Mrs. Hunter went to the prison to tell the sinful and the fallen of the way to purity and peace. They easily obtained permission to talk with the prisoners and hold a simple service. Their motive could not be misunderstood by prisoners or officials. The unhappy prisoners could not resist a tenderness which came to them as outcasts, and kindness which was shown to them in disgrace. Every Sunday afternoon those gentle women were at their post, going from cell to cell, listening to stories of crime and trying to inspire penitence and hope in stubborn hearts. Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, was the burden of their talk and in unbounded confidence in his power to redeem the vilest, they persevered in their self-imposed labor. How much of disappointment they suffered they never tell, but they tell with joy of the triumphs that Christ has achieved in that dreary place.

During the other days of the week, Mrs. Day and Mrs. Hunter are busy in other fields. There are many poor and sick and sorrowing in Ogden, as there are in other cities, and those are the conditisns these Christian ladies recognize as their special sphere. As their work was seen, its value was perceived and appreciated. The means of giving relief was intrusted to them by persons who desired to co-operate with them and the ladies have thus been enabled to give substantial help, in addition to spiritual ministration. Out of their efforts has now grown a women's refuge for the fallen which is under the charge of a member of the Salvation Army, and not long ago a school was organized which is now flourishing in a quarter where it is solely needed. Neither for their prison work nor for their city labors do either of the ladies receive any compensation. It is to them its own reward and they know that their Master sees and approves.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

S. S. Lesson for July 7. Exod. 20: 1-17. Golden Text Luke 10: 27. By Mrs. Baxter.

JESUS Christ endorsed the rendering of the ten commandments by the lawyer of Luke 10, according to Deut. 6: 5, 2; Lev. 19: 13: "Thou hast answered right; this do and thou shalt live." But when the holy presence of the only man who had this law within his heart searched his uneasy conscience, the would-be inquirer, by his very question: "And who is my neighbor?" manifested a spirit which sought to reduce to terms that law which God promised to be hid in our hearts that we may not sin against him.

Man Had Been Without Law,

and yet even without law, there was every opportunity to please God. An Abel had obtained witness that he was righteous God testifying of his gifts (Heb. 11: 5); an Enoch and a Noah had walked with God, and an Abraham had won for himself the title, "the friend of God" (Isa. 41: 8) before the giving of the law. When the very heathen, which have no law, do by nature the things of the law, they, having no law, are a law unto themselves; in that they show the work of the law written in their hearts, "their conscience bearing witness therewith" (Rom. 2: 14, 15). But if a man can please God without the law, what purpose does the law serve? "It was added because of transgressions, till the seed should come to whom the promise had been made."

As an effect of sin contaminating increasingly from generation to generation, the edge of man's conscience wore off more and more. Possessing no standard by which to compare himself, it became easier to sin; the law written in the human heart by the nature which God gave to him, became overpowered by evil associations, and an outward restraint was needed, "a schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ that we might be justified by faith" (Gal. 3: 24). Have we not all, from time to time, been startled into the knowledge of sin in our hearts and lives, by hearing that mentioned as sin, which we have never previously done with an evil conscience? And have we not experienced that the very condemnation of it by others led us to recognize it as sin, and ourselves as sinners? This then is the use of the law.

The circumstances of the giving of the law were of the most solemn kind. God spoke first as a Father, before he took the character of a Judge. Appealing to the people by his deliverance of them from Egypt, and his bearing them "on eagle's wings," and bringing them to himself, he says: "Now, therefore,

If ye will Obey

my voice in deed, and keep my covenant, ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me from among all peoples; for all the earth is mine. Ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and a holy people" (Exod. 19: 4-6). God's first purpose when he made man in his own image, after his likeness, shines forth in these wondrous words. It was a call for "a people for his name." But, alas, in spite of the response of the people: "All that the Lord hath spoken we will do" (Exod. 10: 8), their subsequent history proved that their hearts were not won, they were a self-respecting and stiff-necked people still. The Christian church has followed in the wake of the Jewish, "All seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's (Phil. 2: 21), and only the overcomer the exceptions in the churches (Rev. 2 and 3), will inherit this promise and become the "peculiar treasure," the pearl of great price, which the Lord is coming very soon to take away to [illegible] him purifieth himself even as he is pure" (1. John 3: 3). Only those thus purified will be taken and others will be left (Matt. 24: 40).

In his holy law, God must be the first, it is but becoming that a Father, a King, a God, should assert and establish his authority. "I am the first and I am the last." (Isa 54: 6.) Thou shalt have none other Gods beside me. (Exod. 20: 3.) Nobody, nothing, no consideration must take precedence of God: This is the first and almost inclusive law. David understood it when he said, I have set the Lord always before me. (Ps. 16: 8.) The psalmist King would not do or speak anything which had not first its reference to God. This commandment includes the second. Thou shalt not make, in order that thou mayest not worship, any image or likeness of God. Be satisfied with

An Unseen God:

we walk by faith, not by sight. Sense clamors for something to gratify the sight, or the hearing, something to stir the emotions. God calls for holy stillness: "Be still and know that I am God. (Ps. 46: 10.) It is not in the beauty of music, in the wonders of art, in all which can move and gratify or work upon the senses, that God draws near and reveals himself. It is to a broken, crushed, speechless heart which has learned its nothingness, which has nothing to bring, nothing to be, nothing to do which can propitiate him, that he raises from the dunghill, and sets among his princes.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." The language of the irreverent reprobate, who strengthens the lost power of his own word, by introducing into his conversation the name of the Most High, is not the only way of breaking the commandment. True, the swearer in his impious daring assumes to make servile to his wicked purposes the name before which heaven bows. But he knows not what he does; his ignorance equals his sin. But when a child of God prays a prayer, supposed to be a real transaction with the Most High, and yet afterwards feels and acts as though nothing had transpired between him and his God, his sin exceeds that of the unconverted, godless swearer; he has taken in vain the name of his reconciled God—he has broken the third commandment. All unreality in religion, all highly spiritual language, which is not born out of life, breaks the spirit of the third commandment.

"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day." By universal custom, the first day of the week commemorative of our Lord's resurrection, has been substituted for the seventh day, which was commanded under the old Jewish law, and which is still kept holy by pious Jews. "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is a sabbath unto the Lord thy God." The day is not ours, but his. We cannot too often read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, the well known passage from Isa 48: 13, 14: "If thou turn away thy foot on the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor it [R.V.] not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words, then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord . . . for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." The essence of the commandments is: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God."

We turn to the remaining six. We can only keep these as we habitually keep the first four. If we love God, he teaches us to love man with his love. "Honor thy father and mother;" learn from earliest infancy that to obey God thou must obey those whom he has set over thee. Blessed are those parents who have taught their children to obey while yet young, on the ground of the fear of God. Blessed are those children who have formed the habit of obedience from their earliest years. The last five commandments are all comprehended in the words: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Christ extends this command and adds: "Even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another" (John 13: 34). Not murder only, but the angry spirit, the hatred, envy, jealousy, which lead to it, cannot exist where there is love. "He that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law." "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law" (Rom. 13: 8, 10).

MT. SINAI AND THE PLAIN OF ENCAMPMENT.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

RESUMING after a year the study of the Old Testament, the history is taken up at the foot of Mount Sinai. The last lesson of the series was the crossing of the Red Sea. By referring to the map of "the countries between Egypt and Canaan," in the Teachers' Bible, it will be seen that the direct route to Canaan lay across the northern part of a triangular peninsula, along the coast of the Mediterranean. But this route would have led them into the country of the Amalekites, which lay to the south of Canaan. Moses had on his hands a numerous host. There were, it is stated, six hundred and three thousand five hundred and fifty men, beside probably a still greater number of women and the children under twenty years of age who were not counted. They were only just emancipated from slavery, which, as it had continued for several generations, must have produced a degeneration, which rendered them unfit to force a passage through the country of a warlike people like the Amalekites, to say nothing of undertaking the conquest of Canaan. It must also have developed in them a spirit of dependence and childish wilfulness that would render them difficult to manage and to lead. They had told Moses to let them alone to serve the Egyptians, and they were far from enthusiastic as to the result of the enterprise, or loyal to Moses in his leadership. A preliminary season of discipline and organization was necessary before any decisive step wa taken. Their deliverance had been marvelou and impressive, but now the work of moul ing a mere mob into a nation must be unde taken. How stupendous this was, we ca not easily realize. The story of the difficu ties the French people encountered a centur ago when they undertook to make a ne constitution for the nation, shows how dif cult it is to reconstruct the social and poli cal fabric from the foundation; and in t case of this newly emancipated people wit out a home or a foot of land to call the own, needing food and water every da the difficulty would be infinitely greate They must have a season of retireme and rest before entering on their gigan task. They were led out of their course ; most at right angles, southward. Abo seven weeks after leaving Egypt they e camped at the foot of the mountain Sinai. If the identificatisn now generai accepted is correct, they were about o hundred and fifty miles from the scene their deliverance. The journey had n been accomplished without trouble. Th feared that hunger and thirst would k them. There was murmuring and disc tent. They were fast losing confidence Moses, and even when food and wa were assured, they were still in doubt. Th came the giving of the law, the subject the lesson. The nation was to be org ized on a foundation of righteousness. Th is the cardinal principle of the whole hist of the nation. So long as they did wh was right they would be protected a prosper; when they did not do right th would be punished. No stress is laid culture or wealth, but everything turns righteousness. These ten commandme furnish the key to the entire history of nation. Stern ethical right is the one tou stone. The code is of the simplest a most elementary kind, but it is capable immense development. No code in e tence is so brief, yet so comprehensive. opens with a definition and declaration God's right. He has delivered them ; he is their God, with the right to legisl That statement is the basis of all that lows, and that principle acknowledged, else is plain. The people are not to m an image of him, and they are to vener him and hold his name sacred. One s enth of their time is to be rescued fr secular labor. Then follow laws regulat their conduct to each other and to soci Each is sound and comprehensive, and last goes deeper than conduct, and forb tneir cherishing in their hearts a desire wh they ought not to gratify. Never was clear cut and effective a law compressed to so small a compass. Even now, v all our progress and culture, and after m than three thousand years, this code is basis of all intelligent legislation.

Thou shalt have no other gods. It has b said that this age keeps that commandn better than any of the other nine. Man the people of this time are not disposed have other gods, and, indeed, would be if there were no God at all. But rightly derstood, the commandment is broken as often as of old. Whoever loves honors anything more than God, bre the commandment. An earnest preac had in his congregation a lady who very charitable, and estimable in all wa but she was not a Christian. The preac pleaded with her and prayed for her; something kept her back. At last the cret came out. She was passionately f of card-playing, and feared that she w have to give it up if she became a Chr tian. The clergyman said to her, "B surely you would give up anything that would keep you out of heaven? If you knew that cards would do that, you w give them up?" The lady shook her h "I am so fond of them I could not give t up for anything." "Then," said the cle man, "they are your God, and to them must look for salvation."

Honor thy father and thy mother. Chil often forget that this is God's law speak disrespectfully of and to their pare Yet great men have almost uniformly their parents in high esteem. It is rel of Washington, that being about to g board ship to serve as a midshipman he was so affected by his mother's distress at bidding him farewell, that he bade the s ant fetch his trunk back, saying, "I will go away to break my mother's heart. Alexander the Great wrote to his deputy, who had complained in many letters of the conduct of Alexander's mother: "One of my mother's tears would blot out all my letters."

A WISE HINDU RAJAH'S RULE.

Ramnad's Prince, the Friend of Christian Missions—His Efforts to Educate His People—How an Indian State is Governed.

IN a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, an interesting account was presented of the progress of Gospel work in Madura, India. Rev. T. S. Taylor, the writer of the article, is pastor of the East Gate Church, Madura, and is a veteran missionary in the Indian field. Another entertaining contribution from his pen, given below, furnishes an attractive and accurate description of one of the great Indian native princes who, though a Hindu, has openly shown himself to be the friend of the Christian missionaries—the Rajah of Ramnad. Mr. Taylor writes:

THE RAJAH OF RAMNAD.

Ramnad is the largest Zemindary in the Madura district. Ramnad, the capital, is thirty-three miles from the sea, and has a population of 13,719. It has many picturesque buildings. Kamalinga Vilas, or the Durbar Hall, was most magnificently adorned by the present Rajah. The palace presents a very delightful scene every evening between 5 and 8 P. M., when the Rajah himself mixes freely with the local officials and non-officials, and engages in a variety of pleasant amusements, and occasionally in highly-edifying debates. Within the fort, the majority of the inhabitants are Maravars and Kallalars, who depend upon the palace for their livelihood. There is a neat Protestant church near the palace. There are several large "rest-houses," at of which—called Lakshmipuram Choltry—the Rajahs and Ranies frequently halt here on their way to Rameshwaram.

Rameshwaram (the "hero-god") is a low, sandy island at the extremity of Adam's bridge, extending east and west between Ceylon and southeastern coast of the peninsula. The great temple of Ramanagaswamy stands on an elevation in the northern part of the island, and near the Thanoosheoty teertan ("sacred water"). Great wealth has been lavished on it by the Rajah. The temple buildings are surrounded by a high wall. The edifice, with its ceremonies and its attendant Brahmins, is maintained by the revenue of fifty-seven villages, granted by former Rajahs. It is still visited daily by scores of pilgrims from all parts of India, who come through Ramnad to the crossing, and at certain seasons by hundreds and even thousands. More come from Napand and north of the Ganges than from the Tamil districts in the immediate vicinity; the Deccan and Mysore and Travancore contributing the majority. One of the great occasions is the Mahodaya Festival, which is termed "Ardhodaya" when falling on a Sunday, and "Mahodaya" if on a Monday. Large numbers of pilgrims come to bathe, and when that ceremonial is over, walk back the whole distance of eighteen miles. There is a Tamil proverb: "Though he went on a pilgrimage to Rameshwaram, Saturn has not left him," (meaning: "He is still unlucky.")

In November, 1889, Sri Rajah Muthuvijaya, Raghunatha Bhashkara Setupati was installed as Rajah of Ramnad. During his minority, he was carefully educated by Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Zilva, of the American Madura Mission. He was the first of the native nobles in charge of the court of wards to choose for himself his place of education, and this was the Christian College in Madras. He received a regular course of education, and is an accomplished speaker in English. During his student life at the Christian College under Dr. Miller, he learned to appreciate Christianity. The young Rajah has already distinguished himself in many different ways. Especially is he a friend of education, and has already established a high school and a lower secondary school, with excellent results. He dismissed all dancing girls from the palace temple and substituted instead a male soloist, a violin player, and a drummer to perform during the ceremonies. When cholera raged in the town and its vicinity, invaluable help was rendered by the Rajah. Special doctors were appointed, and medical dispensaries were established at proper quarters. He even made the gateways of his palace temporary hospitals, which large numbers of persons thronged every day. He has also directed several lakhs of rupees to be distributed among various Hindu charities, and has been very liberal towards the work of the American Missionaries in Madura. He is in favor of liberal ideas, though he still clings to his Hinduism. The Lord said to King Solomon, "I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart." We ask our Western brethren to pray with us for the Rajah, that he may yet become a Christian.

TRADITIONAL TOMB OF LAZARUS.

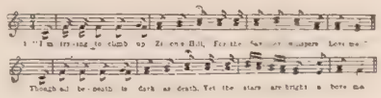
In a recent issue of the German Palestine Society's Journal, Prof. Gelzer, of Jena, discusses an interesting tombstone discovered at Cesarea, in Palestine, and first published in the "Revue Biblique," printed at Jerusalem. The inscription reads: "Monument belonging to (or dedicated to) Mary and Lazarus." The language is Greek, and the inscription dates from the fourth or fifth century. The original editors, the Dominicans of Jerusalem, thought that it was merely a monument of two persons by the names of Mary and Lazarus. Gelzer, however, is of the opinion that the Biblical persons of these names were intended. He draws attention to the fact that in the second half of the fourth and in the first half of the fifth centuries the discovery of Apostles' and Prophets' tombs was "a flourishing and manifestly also a lucrative branch of industry." At that period it was claimed that the bodies of Joseph, Samuel, Zachariah, John the Baptist, and other Biblical men were found, and many of these so-called relics were transported to the then capital of Christendom, Constantinople.

THE RAJAH'S PALACE AT RAMNAD, MADURA, SOUTH INDIA.

America's "Singing Pilgrim."

(Continued from first page.)

appeared the "Singing Pilgrim," founded on John Bunyan's inimitable allegory. The book was enthusiastically received, and Mr. Phillips acquired by the authorship of this work the name of "The Singing Pilgrim," by which he is known the world over. Besides his ordinary professional engagements and his literary labors, he sang gratuitously in Sunday Schools, in soldier's hospitals and in connection with the United States



From "The Climbing of Zion's Hill," by Mr. Phillips.

Christian Commission. On a notable occasion, when he sang before the Christian Commission in Washington, D. C., there were present most of the chief officers of the national government, including the President, Abraham Lincoln, Secretary William H. Seward, Edwin M. Stanton, Schuyler Colfax, James G. Blaine, James A. Garfield, Generals Howard and Hancock. Salmon P. Chase, Bishop Simpson, General Fiske, and nearly all the members of Congress were also among those who attended. After Mr. Phillips had sung the song, "Your Mission," the following written request was handed to the chairman, William H. Seward:

"Near the close let us have 'Your Mission' repeated by Mr. Phillips—Don't say I called for it.
LINCOLN."

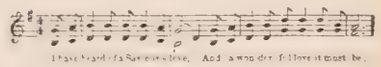
This incident was, in a certain sense, the turning point in Mr. Phillips' public career. He awoke next morning literally to find himself famous, for the incident was published in the daily newspapers of all the great cities throughout the Union. The result was a demand from many quarters to hear the Gospel singer whom the President had so honored.

In 1865 all Mr. Phillips' property was destroyed by fire. Yet even this misfortune, like many other events in his life, seemed to be providentially turned to blessing. Detatched from commercial pursuits, he gave himself unreservedly to the Lord's work, and in that work held himself ready to go wherever he might be called. In 1865 he came with his family to New York, and the next two years were passed in the preparation of a collection of hymns for the use of the Methodist Episcopal church, and in numerous religious services. In 1868 he visited Great Britain and sang by invitation at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle and other large churches, and at the Temperance Convention in the Crystal Palace. Four years later he again visited that country and then gave one hundred and fifty services for the benefit of the Continental Sunday School Union Fund. Coming back to America he crossed the Continent, and, making San Francisco his headquarters, he went from place to place, returning to San Francisco each week for his Sunday services. He labored in connection with Mr. Moody, then preaching on the Pacific coast. Tours followed in the West and South.

Mr. Phillips sailed with his family from San Francisco, March 8, 1875, on a trip around the world. Three years were passed amid constantly changing scenes and circumstances. The first halt was at the Sandwich Islands. The vessel remained in port only twenty hours, but during that time a service was arranged by the missionaries. Thence the voyagers sailed for New Zealand, where a short stay of eight hours was made, and a service of song was held. Melbourne, Australia, was the next city visited; then Ballarat, Creswick, Geelong, Castlemaine, Sydney and other large cities.

On reaching Ceylon, the visitors were entertained by missionaries. Here three hundred people gathered for a song service. Three days' sail brought the travelers to Madras where a Sunday was spent to the mutual pleasure of singer and hearers. At Calcutta, Rev. J. M. Thoburn, and other old friends in the American Missionary Home, extended a cordial welcome to the visitors, and arrangements were made for a singing campaign in India which was a triumphant spiritual success.

From India the party set out for the Holy Land; where Mr. Phillips made an extended tour, singing in Jerusalem, Joppa, Nazareth, and other places. From Palestine his route lay through Egypt, thence to Italy, and Austria, Germany and Holland, and so to Great Britain. He spent over four months on the Continent of Europe, holding services in nearly all the large cities. Many of those services were given gratuitously. He found that many of his songs had preceded him, and that his audiences, using a foreign tongue, could join in the strains which had already become familiar to thousands in America and England. In Amsterdam he contributed seventy-five evangelistic services during the session of the World's Fair held there. At those meetings 170 sought and professed Christ. In England he tarried long enough to give over two hundred services of song. At one great temperance meeting there were present over 40,000 people.



From his "Song of Salvation," sung by thousands.

From that time until the present writing, the career of Philip Phillips has been one of ceaseless activity. At home and abroad, in Chautauqua assemblies, at revival services, and at Christian gatherings in many places, under various auspices, he has sung the Gospel to the hearts of vast multitudes. His "services of song" up to the year 1892 were as follows:

Great Britain and Ireland,	972 services
The Continent of Europe,	150 services
The Canadas and Australia,	187 services
India, Palestine and Egypt,	81 services
United States of America,	3,200 services

These have been supplemented by hundreds of others in the last three years. It is estimated that he has given in all nearly 4,000 services for benevolent purposes exclusively, which netted for various worthy charities over $112,000.

For nearly a year past, the health of "the Singing Pilgrim" has been visibly failing under the tremendous strain of a life of long-continued activity. It is possible that he may never again be able, as of yore, to sound forth the glorious strains of the Gospel of Jesus to a sinful world. But Philip Phillips has already accomplished a work that will make sweet music through the coming centuries. His name is known and loved wherever the voices of men and women are raised to sing the story of salvation. He who has used his talent so splendidly for the Master, may now find solace in the consciousness of a work nobly performed, and in the universal love and appreciation of godly men and women.

The portrait which appears on the first page of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is from a recent photograph of Mr. Phillips. Probably most of our readers have long been familiar with his best-known pieces, from several of which we reproduce the opening musical bars, whose beautiful strains have cheered and strengthened a host of despondent hearts: "I am Sweeping through the Gates," a favorite at revivals; "The Song of Salvation," another heart-brightening composition, and that wonderful and thrilling call to repentance, "Eternity is Drawing Nigh." These are only a few of the hundreds of melodious productions with which "the Singing Pilgrim" by pen and voice has held a listening world spellbound and enchanted during the greater part of a busy life.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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WITH ALL OUR MIGHT.

A MINISTER of the Gospel comes on the Sabbath day into the ante-room of the church. He is not in earnest. He has just happened to get into the ministry. He says: "I wonder what the newspapers will say to-day? I wonder how many critics there will be in church? I wonder if that sharp-looking man that sat before me last Sabbath, looking at me through those spectacles, will be there to-day? I wonder if my hair is parted straight? I wonder how my cravat is tied? I wonder if my shoes have the right polish? I wonder if that gesture made awhile ago is graceful?" The Sabbath goes by, and the people disperse to their homes; no saving impression is made, the Sabbath is dead and will not live again until the resurrection. Another man of God comes to the ante-room of the church. He says: "Now there will be hundreds of people here this morning. What shall I say to them? I may be dead before next Sabbath? The people who will be in church to-day will never all be there again. It is my last chance at them, O, God, help me now; if thou never didst help me before, help me to-day." And then he comes before the people and looks out upon the audience, and says: "All these in fifty or seventy years will be gone. They will have heard their last offer of mercy and salvation. The trumpet of judgment will sound, and they will stand before the throne, and I will be there, too. Alas, if on that day, any of them can point at me, and say: 'You didn't tell me the whole truth. You told me not of the judgment; and here I am, and the heavens are flaming, and the throne is set, and the doom is being pronounced, and I am lost, and it is your fault?'" O, how different then the preacher feels. How little he cares for what the world says of him. How his soul goes up to God in an agony of earnestness. How little he cares for the gesture or the style of his apparel or what the critics may say. It is a matter between himself and his God, and his hearers.

We were going from Camden to Philadelphia some years ago, very late at night after a meeting. It was a cold winter night, and we stood on the deck of the ferry-boat, impatient to get ashore. Before the boat came to the wharf, a man who stood on the outside of the chains slipped and dropped into the water. It is the only man that we ever saw overboard. It was a fearful night. The icicles had frozen on the wharf, and they had frozen on the steamer. The question was how to get the man up. The ropes were lowered, and we all stood with fearful anxiety, lest the man should not be able to grasp the rope; and when he grasped it and was pulled on to the deck, and we saw he was safe, although we had never seen him before, how we congratulated him. A life saved! Have we the same earnestness about getting men out of spiritual peril? Do we not go up and down in our prayer-meetings, and our Christian work, coldly saying: "Yes, there is a great deal of sin in the world, men ought to do better. I wish the people would become Christians. I think it is high time that men attended to their eternal interests," and five minutes after we put our head on the pillow we are sound asleep, or from that consideration we pass out in five minutes into the utmost mirthfulness, and have forgotten it all. Meanwhile there is a whole race overboard. How few hands are stretched out to lift men out of the flood, how few prayers offered, how few earnest importunities, how little earnest Christian work. We do not know how this suits your case, we know it suits our own. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

GETTING OLD GRACEFULLY.

DO not be fretted because you have to come to spectacles. While glasses look premature on a young man's nose, they are an adornment to an octogenarian's face. Beside that, when your eyesight is poor, you miss seeing a great many unpleasant things that youngsters are obliged to look at. Do not be worried because your ear is becoming dull. In that way you escape being bored with many of the foolish things that are said. If the gates of sound keep out some of the music, they also keep out much of the discord. If the hair be getting thin, it takes less time to comb it, and then it is not all the time falling down over your eyes; or if it be getting white, we think that color is quite as respectable as any other; that is the color of the snow, and of the blossoms, and of the clouds, and of angelic habiliments. Do not worry because the time comes on when you must go into the next world. It is only a better room, with finer pictures, brighter society, and sweeter music. John Knox, and Harriett Newell, and Mrs. Hemans, and John Milton, and Martin Luther will be good enough company for the most of us. The corn-shock standing in the fields does not sigh dismally when the huskers leap over the fence, and throwing their arms around the stack, swing it to the ground. It is only to take the golden ear from the husk. Death to the aged Christian is only husking time, and then the load goes in from the frosts to the garner. Our congratulations to those who are nearly done with the nuisances of this world. Give your staff to your little grandson to ride horse on. You are going to be young again, and you will have no need of crutches. May the clouds around the setting sun be golden, and such as to lead the "weather-wise" to prophesy a clear morning!

GOOD USE FOR GUNS.

WE rejoiced when we read some time ago about fifty tons of gun-metal transformed into church bells. This is the best possible use for cannon. They may not in that way make as much noise, but the sound they do send forth will be more melodious and grateful. How much transformation will be necessary before we can turn our arsenals into asylums, and our fifty-four pounders can so change tone and shape as to be fit for our church towers!

There is an enormous amount of fight in human nature. Two urchins at school with fists lifted in juvenile pugilism, one of them coming off with black eye and the other with torn coat, are Von Moltke and MacMahon on a small scale. Lord Wellington, while looking at the Eton boys wrestling on the play-ground, said: "It was there that the battle of Waterloo was won." The fight is born in us, and nothing but divine grace can take it out. In literature, art, science, and theology is the same spirit of combat.

Closterman, the painter, viciously denouncing the pictures of Godfrey Kneller; the Church of England pounding John Wesley, the "Edinburgh Review" caricaturing Washington Irving, the battle of quills, the battle of crayons, the battle of chisels, the battle of base-viols, show in all ages a spirit of fight. We want a hundred Christmas days to dawn at once. We want fewer things to kill men, and more things with which to save them; and as spears are gone out of date, so that we cannot turn them into pruning-hooks, we want, by some command of the King, all the gun-metal of the earth changed into church bells, and then good strong arms to ring them for a thousand years with "Peace on earth, good will to men."

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Subscriber, Harvey, Ill. Is it not wicked to use leavened bread at the Lord's Supper, leaven being a type of corruption?

There is no wickedness in it. All the accounts we have of the institution of the ordinance, indicate that Christ simply desired to establish a common ceremony of the most ordinary character. He wished his people to meet together as such and to eat and drink together in token of their equality as brethren in him, and to remember his broken body as they ate the bread and the blood he shed as they drank the wine. All the absurd ceremonial that, especially in the Roman Catholic church, has grown up around the simple ordinance, is the work of men, who in any age, would lay more stress on petty details than on the sublime significance of a doctrine or a practice.

M. E. Noble, Garfield, Wash. 1. Were the Apostles converted before the descent of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost? 2. Can a man sanctify himself or must he wait for the Holy Spirit to do it?

1. The descent of the Holy Spirit was for the special purpose of equipping the Apostles for their work. They immediately began to preach in languages they could not use before. They also, doubtless, received enlightenment at that time so as to be able to teach and preach the Word. Conversion had taken place before that time. 2. No man can sanctify himself in the sense you mean. But it depends on himself whether he is sanctified or not. God is ready to give the Holy Spirit and so glad to see men desire it, that he gives it freely to all who sincerely seek it. But if a man does not desire it and prefers to try what he can do himself with his life, the Holy Spirit is not forced on him.

J. T. Fleming, Davis, Ind. What reason have we for expecting a resurrection of the dead?

The assurance of life after death is distinctly given in the Bible. Paul devotes a whole chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians to the subject. (See I. Cor. 15.) It does not necessarily involve a resurrection of the actual body laid in the grave; indeed, Paul describes the resurrection body as a spiritual, not a material body. His whole argument, however, goes to show that it will be conscious life in which the personal identity will be preserved. There are many other passages in which the doctrine is implied, and in Revelation in several places it is distinctly stated. Apart from the Bible, we can have no knowledge of it, but all inferences from analogy point in the same direction. The caterpillar that passes through the chrysalis state to the butterfly life is a familiar illustration. We cannot conceive of the Divine government of the world without seeing the necessity for a life beyond the grave. The inequalities of this life need to be rectified, sin punished, righteousness rewarded, and the good who have suffered wrong, vindicated. Otherwise, we could not understand the justice of God's rule.

Inquirer, Auburn, Me. What is the higher criticism?

It is not "higher" in the sense of being superior, but because it deals with more radical questions than that of words. There is a criticism as to the meaning of certain passages in the Bible, and as to the accuracy of translation. The other criticism, which is called "higher" in comparison with that, deals with the authorship and date of the books and the manner in which they were produced. Thus, the book of Isaiah shows a variation of literary style so marked, that even the unlearned reader notices the difference between the early and later chapters. The higher critics contend that the book is the work of two men, one of whom wrote at a much later date than the other. Intelligent men who do not accept all the conclusions of the higher critics, are yet thankful for the light they have shed on the Bible. We understand it better now than before they began their work.

Constant Reader, Montgomery, Vt. Do you think Herod was intoxicated when he consented to the death of John the Baptist?

He was probably excited by wine and in the hilarious condition when a man is apt to make rash promises. We know enough of the customs of the country and the time to be sure that there would be a bounteous supply of wine at such a feast, and the king would not be likely to be abstemious. The fact of his being sorry when Salome made her choice of a reward implies that he was not stupidly drun but had retained his reasoning faculti Many a man who has not full command himself through drinking is yet sufficient sensible to be aware when a trick has be played upon him. It is a fair inference that man who pledges himself to give a dancer an thing she might ask, though it were half l possessions, must have been in a besott condition.

D. J. Harrell, Cochrane, Ga., writes:

Seeing an article on birds in this week's iss reminds me that one valuable bird seems to h been killed out by cold weather in this last win Only one blue-bird has been seen in this secti Can any of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HER tell us what has become of our blue-birds.

Rev. Geo. Harding of Tulare, South Dako (whose district was one of the last to be he ed by the Western Relief Fund), writes us follows:

We are having good rains now, and there hopes of a fair crop. I am glad that the friend THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been so successfu raising funds and distributing among the nee Eternity alone can disclose the good done, the he made glad and the homes made happy. It been my privilege to see some of the good you h done and also to hear from other sources in my c tribution.

Robert Hanson, Oakland, Neb. How old was K Solomon when he died?

There is no reliable chronological data to curately fix the date of Solomon's birth a death. According to Archbishop Usher's ch nologies, he was born about 1034 B. C., a died between 980 and 975 B. C., which wo make him a man still less than sixty year age at the time of his death. But Josephus, Jewish historian, distinctly states that he v ninety-four years old when he died, and t he had reigned eighty years over Israel. record in II. Chronicles 9: 30 states that reigned forty years.

Jacob Stressenger, Boston, Mass. Where in the ble do you find the prohibition against carry a handkerchief on the Sabbath?

Nowhere in the Bible. We referred to it a specimen of the regulations made by the r bis as a commentary or exposition of the l There were a large number of these regulati which made the Sabbath a burden rather t a delight. Jesus condemned such "traditio in dealing with another subject. (See Matt. 6-9.) If you believe that they were made, you say, "by the Almighty Eternal God," are much mistaken. They are found in Mishna, and one of them even forbade a bi en bone or a dislocation being set on the S bath.

D. S. K., Sunbury, Pa. In our daily and we newspapers we have an account of the events of almost all places in our country abroad, including even our smallest to Now, why not daily or weekly newspaper counts from Jerusalem, Damascus, Bethlel Tyre, Sidon, &c., or other Bible cities and t as they are to-day? Does nothing happen of enough importance for the public press, it so far from its reach that it is not sought

The places you mention, like many o parts of the Eastern world, belong to the p and have very little in common with the b active life of the West. Like all places u Moslem rule, they have been blighted to s nation. It is only where markets and ma factures, telegraphic and railroad commun tion, and other evidences of life and enter exist that a country holds an interest for o parts of this busy, commercial, news-rea world.

James Burrel, Morristown, N. J. Is there any y of reconciling an apparent discrepancy i narratives of the evangelists as to the thiev the crucifixion? Matthew and Mark spea both reviling Christ, while Luke speaks o as reproving the other for doing it.

Augustine and others who have dealt h the subject (for the difficulty was consid centuries ago), contend that the penitent did not revile Christ. They think that Matt and Mark were in the habit of using the p form of a word, where the singular was correct form, and they refer to other insta of the habit. Matt. 26: 8; Mark 14: 4 pared with John 12: 4 is one of them. On other hand it may have been that both th reviled Christ, but the spectacle of magn mity and patient suffering so affected o them, as he drew near death, as to produ penitent frame of mind. We may infer from the form in which he presented his tion, that he must have previously had instruction either from Christ or his disci which had remained in his memory wit until his dying hour, affecting his heart or

M. L. Paskel, Martinsburg, W. Va. A "Sw shop" is a foul work-room in which poor, under workers are crowded together so closely and so hard and long as to endanger health. Thous of women and children are employed in "sweat shops," where mens' clothing, millinery, wo dresses, neckties, and underclothing are ma for the general market. —— Sadie V. Turner, Ull Kan. In the International Teachers' Bible, wh is given as a premium to every $2 subscriber o CHRISTIAN HERALD there is a comprehensive co ology of the Bible.—O. U., Burlington. No, i wrong and a wretched example. —— R. M Aurora, Can. Yes: they have a right to do s M. F. G. R., Franklin, Que. Certainly not, unle goes there for the purpose of protesting again —Subscriber, Urbana, Ia. It may shortly be lished in book form.—S. Le, Hublersburg, Pa You can get one by sending $1 extra to this —Mrs. F. Root, Scottsford, Va. No; they ar necessary to society as at present constituted are more or less of a relic of barbarism.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE AFGHAN PRINCE.

FOR the first time in the history of the Royal Family of Afghanistan, a prince of the blood has crossed the ocean on a visit to Europe. The Ameer, as the sovereign of Afghanistan is called, did not risk the life of his eldest son, and in on so long a journey, but sent his second son, Nasrullah Khan, who is twenty-three years old, as the representative of his family. The English government have entertained him royally. Afghanistan lies on the North-western frontier of India, between the English and Russian possessions. The friendship of the Ameeer has consequently been eagerly sought by both nations, and England at present has the greater advantage. It was to cement the friendship that the English Government expended so much money and effort to render the visit of the Ameer's son pleasant to him. He was received by a number of distinguished officers, who escorted him to London, where the magnificent residence known as Dorchester House, had been assigned to his use. It is one of the finest private palaces in the city, the cost of the building alone having been a milion dollars. There the prince and his large suite were lodged, and a guard of the finest soldiery in the British army was appointed to attend him. He was taken to visit the Queen, and was feasted and entertained in various ways. Reviews of troops, visits to dockyards and fortresses, inspection of manufactories and other spectacles, in which a barbaric prince might be expected to take an interest, were arranged for his delectation. The visit, whether agreeable to the young Afghan or not, has not been an altogether unalloyed pleasure to the English Court. The prince offered his hosts by many discourtesies, and on several occasions displayed gross rudeness. He and his suite were dirty in their habits, and their conduct was highly offensive, but all this was overlooked in consideration of the prince's character as the representative of Afghan royalty and in the hope that the Ameer would be pleased with the cordiality with which his son was treated. Personally, the son had no claim on exceptional hospitality, but there was a natural presumption that kindness shown to him would be a sure way to retaining his father's good will. The same principle in the treatment of Christians, who are children of the King of kings, involves no presumption. The direct and explicit promise is given that kindness shown to them, because they are Christians, is well-pleasing to God.

Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward. Mark 9:41.

The Right to Naturalize.

The change effected by the Legislature of New York, in the laws of naturalization is likely to embarrass some of the politicians. Heretofore several Courts have had the power to grant naturalization papers, and the Court of Common Pleas alone has often issued ten thousand such papers in a year. Under the new law the Supreme Court of the State is the only Court besides the United States Courts which has the power to grant naturalization. The same statute also prohibits under heavy penalty the payment of fees for any person applying for naturalization by any political society or organization, or by any person who has been nominated for office. Aliens in New York desiring to become citizens will consequently be obliged in future to pay all expenses connected with the application out of their own pockets, and to obtain their citizenship from the duly authorized Court. The alien who desires citizenship and is properly qualified, will have no difficulty in obtaining papers; the only change is that he must apply for himself and prove that he is eligible, instead of gaining citizenship by the good offices of other parties. Citizenship in Christ's kingdom may be obtained in the same way. The sinner desiring to belong to him, needs no advocate or sponsor, but may go to him in perfect confidence, relying on his promise:

Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. John 6:37.

A Ride on an Avalanche.

A press dispatch from Victoria, B. C., reports a thrilling adventure of one of the citizens of that place. He had occasion to go to Alberni on business that detained him for a week or two, and took up his quarters in the vicinity of a gold quartz mine, in which he was interested. He was returning to the house one afternoon from an inspection of the mine, when it occurred to him that it would be easier traveling to cross the mountain on the hard snow than by the trail. The distance was shorter and the path smoother. He made the first part of the journey safely, but as he approached a precipitous part of the road he saw that a huge boulder, which projected from the side of the mountain below his path, was trembling. It became detached and went rolling down into the canon with frightful velocity. The snow on which he was walking must have rested on the boulder, for no sooner had it fallen than a large area began slipping downward under his feet. He flung himself down on his face, digging his hands and feet into the snow as hard as he could. The rate of descent was slow at first, but increased every moment. Its weight and momentum were enormous, for a giant tree that stood in the way was broken and swept down by the avalanche. It seemed an age to him, but was probably only a few minutes, before the avalanche reached the foot of the mountain. There was a shock, and he was hurled into the Alberni River. He was not much hurt, and he was able to climb up the bank, but his nerves were shattered by his awful experience. He realized as many others have done in their moral and spiritual life, that although the smooth path may be more pleasant for walking than the rough, it may involve appalling danger.

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death. Prov. 14:12.

Fourteen Years of Peril.

An extraordinary discovery was made at Bellevue Hospital, New York, last week at the autopsy on a man who had died in the hospital. He had fallen from a truck and had apparently died from concussion of the brain. In making the autopsy the surgeon noticed the mark of an old bullet wound on his left temple. An incision at that point revealed a long channel leading backward to the brain. Following the channel, the surgeon was astonished to find at its upper end an elongated lead bullet fitting a 32-calibre revolver. It was enclosed in a membraneous sac, and had evidently been there for years. It lay on the left hemisphere of the brain about half an inch from the skull bone. Inquiries of the man's family elicited the fact that the wound was inflicted in 1881, during a disturbance at Evansville, Ind., where he was then living. The bullet must have been lying on the brain for fourteen years. The doctors are astonished that the man could have lived. He must have been in constant danger of death. The slightest shock, even a stumble, was liable to have caused his death. To have rendered the man safe from such an accident, the bullet should have been removed by the doctors who treated him after the shooting; but as the wound healed and the man lived, they may have thought it an unnecessary risk to attempt to remove it. Sometimes a similar mistake is made in dealing with moral injuries. When the drunkard signs the pledge and keeps it, his friends are apt to be content. But no man is safe until through the Holy Spirit, the evil desire is removed from his nature. While it is there the wonder is not that the man falls, but that his fall is delayed so long. God has the same reason for complaint against the reformers of our day that he had against those of the past, of whom he said:

They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace when there is no peace. Jer. 8:11.

AFGHAN ROYALTY ABROAD—DORCHESTER HOUSE—PRINCE NASRULLAH KHAN.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Presbyterian Church of New Zealand at its General Assembly in Auckland, reported eighty-four ministers, fifteen students, 10,436 communicants, 200 Sabbath Schools, and 14,437 scholars. The income for practical purposes was $187,575, and for foreign missions $3,450.

The Delegates to the World's Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union have received a warm welcome in London. On June 16, Miss Willard, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs Clara C. Hoffman, and Miss Belle Kearney spoke at a great meeting held in the City Temple, of whice Dr. Joseph Parker is pastor. Other meetings were held in the City Road Chapel (Wesleyan), and in the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

The National Christian Citizenship League asks us to remind ministers of its earnest wish for sermons on the duties of Christian Citizens to be preached on Sunday, June 30.

During the past twelve months six thousand and sixty persons were treated at the dispensary of the Judson Memorial Church, New York, of which Dr. Edward Judson is pastor. The fresh-air work of this church is being planned and vigorously pushed for the coming season. The church is situated in a densely populated section of the city in which there is great poverty.

Major Cole's Services at Fort Scott Kans. are reaching a large circle of non-churchgoers. A correspondent in the neighborhood reports that all the churches are uniting heartily in the work and that there is a prospect of a large ingathering of souls. The work is unprecedented there.

At the Bible Conference at Old Point Comfort, Dr. A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn; Dr. Erdman of Germantown; Rev. John McCarthy, of the China Inland Mission; and Rev. John W. Dean, the Quaker Evangelist, and other well-known ministers and evangelists have been present and given addresses.

During the Month of June the Bible Institute of Chicago, has had many visits from pastors and evangelists passing through the city. It was announced that Dr. A. T. Pierson would lecture every morning, and that friends would be welcome to hear him and see the work of the Institute.

Dr. J. W. Chapman's Services at Rochester, N. Y., led to a revival which was continued after his departure. Many persons who were aroused by the preaching of the Evangelist, have been led to make profession of faith. The number of accessions to the membership of the Brick Church have brought the number of names on the roll to about two thousand.

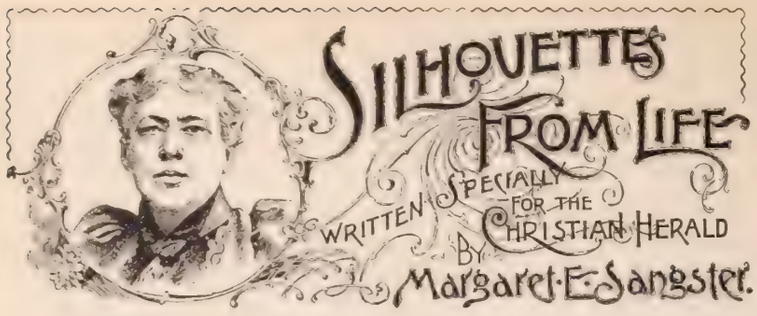
Rev. James A. Worden, D.D., Superintendent of the Sabbath School and Missionary Department of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, has been presented with a purse of $1,000 in gold by the members of the interdenominational class of Sabbath School teachers and others, meeting on Saturday afternoons in Association Hall, Philadelphia.

A Conference of Clergymen and Laymen was held last week at 113 Fulton street, to consider devotional and evangelistic work downtown. Representative men and women of all denominations declared their interest in the movement and their desire to co-operate in the efforts to be made in downtown work.

Dr. John Hall, Pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, showed his interest in the Mission to Jews conducted by Rev. Hermann Warszawiak, by attending the Saturday afternoon service on June 15, in the Church of Sea and Land, and making an earnest address to the Jewish audience. Afterwards he took his seat in the body of the church and listened to Mr. Warszawiak's discourse and the usual debate which follows it.

The First Congregational Church of Montclair, N. J., has been celebrating the silver jubilee both of the founding of the church and the pastorate of Dr. Amory H. Bradford. On June 2 the morning exercises included an address on "Fifty Years in the Ministry," by the pastor's father, the Rev. Benjamin F. Bradford, and an anniversary sermon by Dr. Bradford chiefly historical in its character. In the evening there was a meeting with addresses by A. J. F. Behrends, D.D., and Lyman Abbott, D.D. of Brooklyn.

The Fortieth Convention of the Sunday School Association of New York State was held at Saratoga, June 11-13. Mr. P. B. Bromfield of The Christian Herald was elected President. Dr. W. A. Duncan in the course of his report said that an addition of 250,000 had been made to the enrolment of the Sunday Schools of the State. The record now stands: 8,116 Sunday Schools: 24,347 officers and teachers: 866,556 children and 230,841 adults. Among the prominent speakers at the Convention were: Dr. I. J. Lansing of Boston, Rev. E. P. Armstrong, Dr. J. O. Wilson of Brooklyn, Rev. E. P. St. John, Mr. E. H. Hawley, Judge L. L. Hitchcock, Miss Grace A. Griswold and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts. At the concluding session, Mr. D. L. Moody delivered an inspiring address to an audience of fully three thousand persons in Convention Hall. The musical exercises of the Convention were under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Stebbins.



DOROTHY'S VACATION.

"I FEEL as if I had lost my opportunity in life," wrote Dorothy Dane to her college chum, Marcia Potter, during the first week of vacation. Everybody does not fully appreciate the sense of letting-down which comes to a student, when, a year of intellectual work and hard routine over, she simply sinks into a position of one of a quiet-going family. Dorothy loved books, loved hard and eager study, and was noted for the intensity of her application. In her classes she stood very high, and at the commencement exercises she carried off numerous prizes, and received honorable mention where somebody else was first. The professors were very proud of Miss Dane. She would go out as a credit to the college, and they were the more interested that she expected to become a teacher, and to carry their methods and ways of getting at things into other schools and places.

Commencement had been over with its joys and excitements for several weeks. Dorothy had become used to waking when she pleased in the morning, to regulating her day, not by bells, but to suit herself. She had valiantly laid out a course of reading when she first came home, but so many interruptions broke in upon her plans, that she had not been able to adhere to her prescribed system, and as she finished and sealed her little note to Marcia, she sighed wearily. Dorothy was experiencing the subtle but sharp pain which befalls those who disappoint themselves. She was not fulfilling her own ideal, and she was conscious of an acute pang because of it.

"Dolly!" Her father was calling her from the foot of the stairs. He used the pet name of her childhood.

"Yes, father."

"Your mother needs you, my girl. Eliza has taken herself off in a tiff, and Aunt Jane's folks are coming to dinner, and the mother has a sick-headache. You'll have to step into the kitchen and fly around."

To some girls this necessity would have presented no alarms, but Dorothy's Latin and rhetoric and algebra had neither given her training in housewifery, nor developed in her the least inclination to what she called domestic drudgery. If the truth must be told, it was to her thoughtlessness that Eliza's departure in the middle of a summer morning, without adequate warning or sufficient occasion, was due.

Dorothy's return to her home had made the weekly "wash" much larger than usual, and the ironing of pretty puffed waists, ruffled and tucked skirts, and elaborate "lingerie" of every description made a marked inroad on the time and strength, and also on the temper, of Eliza, the single maid, called by courtesy, the help. It was a community in which help was not readily obtained. Quick-tempered and capable, Eliza was a person to be prized and considered. Dorothy did neither.

While Dorothy, in a cool, white muslin dressing-sacque beside a vine-shaded window, in an easy chair, was writing to her school friend, Eliza was angrily contemplating the third tucked skirt she had ironed that day. She remonstrated volubly.

"If Miss Dane wants to wear white petticoats, she's got to iron them; that's all I've got to say," and she set her flat-iron down with a thump.

Mrs. Dane, a fragile woman with a weary face, was shelling peas in a large tin pan. It was not like her to give a hasty answer, but she had company coming, and the dread of her life, a sick-headache, was announcing its advent in creeping chills down her spine, dull, throbbing aches back of her eyes, a screwing, boring sensation in her temples, and a wave of nausea at the pit of her stomach. Of all intolerable miseries, sick-headache is the worst, the most relentless, a nightmare of wretchedness to her who suffers from its attacks. Mrs. Dane always felt cross when a headache came. For the life of her, she could not repress irritation when people fretted at her in these circumstances.

"Eliza," she said, "where's the difference? If you are doing that, you haven't anything else to do. I'm sure you have had it easy for a long time, and I can't understand you; you've done nothing but find fault ever since my daughter came from college."

"Well," said the outspoken Eliza, "why doesn't she take hold and help?"

"She's tired, and needs rest, Eliza," said the mother.

"So do I," said Eliza, "and what's more, I mean to have it. I'm going straight off to my sister's, and I'll not come back till I'm sent for, and them I'm not goin' to iron three white skirts with seven tucks apiece in 'em in any one week."

Before there was time to realize the state of affairs, Eliza majestically stalked off, and Mrs. Dane, by this time in a fainting condition from pain and worry, dragged herself to her bedroom and laid her throbbing head on her pillow. On her way to that refuge, she called her husband, busy in his study over next Sunday's sermon, and he in turned called Dorothy.

If you fancy that our college girl was about to be daunted by the difficulties before her, you do not know either the end-of-the-century young woman, or the real good gained by diligent study, and discipline of trained faculties. A girl may not learn how to make a pie by understanding an equation, or acquiring the ability to conjugate the verb "to be" in four languages, but without doubt the facile mind, educated in one direction, turns easily to another field of action. Dorothy had found her opportunity. Before going downstairs, a verse, her text for the day, flashed into her memory; it was, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

The kitchen was stifling, with the great range filled to the lids with glowing coal, Eliza's ironing-day fire. Potatoes, scraped and ready for boiling, were standing in water waiting to be put on the fire; the peas were shelled. The house was full of freshly-laundried clothing, and the big basket stood there, with its many damp rolls untouched. Her own skirt, half finished, hung on the board.

Mr. Dane came into the kitchen, his spectacles on, his pale, scholarly face much disturbed.

"Your mother's head is worse than ever. She is crying," he said, helplessly.

"I'll go to mother," Dorothy answered cheerily, more cheerily than she felt, "and you, father, dear, go back to your sermon. I can get dinner, and everything will right itself before long. I've been frightfully thoughtless. I'm ashamed of myself, but don't be worried. The girl who doesn't know how to cook, must learn, that's all. I shall be ashamed of myself if I am not able to do as well as Eliza."

Dorothy's courage and pluck were quite reassuring. She said to herself, "This is my first real chance for right-down Christian endeavor, and I'm not going to be a coward."

Mother was far too ill to give advice, so Dorothy looked on the top shelf of the closet and found a little cooking book — just such a book as is an invaluable gift to the women of her period. A little searching, and she found her inexperienced hand taken in that of a guide both motherly and efficient. All that she needed to know was between the covers of that book.

When at one o'clock, an old fashioned carry-all brought Uncle Rufus, Aunt Jane, Tommy, Theo, and Alice, Dorothy's nice dinner, consisting of broiled steak, new potatoes, green peas, sliced tomatoes, bread and butter, strawberries, and delicious coffee was ready and waiting.

The vacation gave Dorothy a splendid opportunity to acquire a practical acquaintance with housekeeping, and also learn how to spare others, learning which is seldom obtained by those who never work with their own hands.

And Eliza? Some people would say that she would be properly served by being taken at her word, and allowed to stay away. But they would not be people who live where it is nearly impossible to secure domestic help at any price. Dorothy waited two days; then she borrowed a horse and phaeton from a neighbor and drove three miles to Eliza's sister's, and found Eliza quite ready to come home again. There were no promises or pledges on either side, but things worked smoothly the rest of the summer, for Dorothy estimated better the amount to be done, and took her turn in lending a hand. Her bearing part of the burden, made the vacation a pleasant one to her tired mother, whose headaches came less frequently, now that a strong young shoulder was willingly put to the wheel.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

In a Home of Delights.

How the Merry June Days Pass in Our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn — Many New Arrivals.

THE bluest of skies, green trees and spacious lawns, dotted with daisies, buttercups and red and white clover-heads, greet the bands of children who are coming almost daily to Mont-Lawn as guests of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a ten-days' outing. Long before the wagonette with its load of boys and girls can reasonably be expected to be seen among the trees, as the road winds up from the village of Nyack, —"the American Naples"—the children already at the Home are gathered on the lawn to catch the first glimpse of the newcomers. At the foot of the hill, some of the boys prefer to dismount and to actually feel the ground of their new home of delights. As the merry party nears the chapel, which stands ready to welcome them to the well-appointed supper in the dining-room—which is an extension of the chapel—they are greeted with glad cries of joy, loud huzzas, and the waving of handkerchiefs and caps.

After supper, at the sound of the gong, all assemble in front of the main building of the Home for a march to the chapel-room proper. When in line, to the chorus of "Glory, glory, hallelujah," the children, two by two, move down the gentle slope. The very atmosphere aids the singing of the old martial chorus, and the eyes, so long used to the slums, brighten as they slowly, but joyously, wander from the green lawn to the stately mountains beyond. For these by their very presence tell the poor city child, of nature and the marvellous works of the Creator as no word from the teacher, or the printed lines of the geography could ever do. Some little ones, whose eyes held a hunted expression, peculiar to hardly-used children, walked slowly, as step by step they fairly gasped in long breaths the new, fresh, cool air of Mont-Lawn.

In the Chapel, rising simultaneously at the sound of the chord from the organ the young voices sing, now one happy hymn, now another. And such singing! The walls echo with the music. A short lesson is read by both children and teachers, followed by more singing, after which, with heads bowed reverently, all unite in the Lord's Prayer. Then regularly and orderly do the children march to their respective dormitories to prepare for a good night's rest, on comfortable beds, in large, airy, neat and clean rooms. And thus ends the child's first evening at Mont-Lawn.

The Home is, like the famed Jerusalem of old, "beautiful for situation." Half way up the side of the rugged Hook Mountain, whose fierce outline softens into verdant beauty upon close acquaintance, the grounds afford scope for all the various possibilities of active young Americans. Large fields gleaming with the white and gold of daisies and buttercups, tempt boys and girls alike to gather bouquets, with which the various parts of the Home are kept bright and fresh.

Below the Home, hidden entirely by the heavy foliage of the elm, maple, spruce, white-wood, and pine, lies Nyack. Beyond the trees, where it reflects the rays of the morning sun, flows the Hudson, around which so many legends of old-time Indian bravery cluster. On the other side lies Tarrytown, whose houses seem to be ever ambitious to reach the top of the hill. Northward are seen the stately homes of Mr. John Rockefeller and his son, Mr. William Rockefeller.

Further still to the north one can catch picturesque glimpses of Sing Sing. When the soft, half-light of early morning, or twilight, can be seen the far-off tops of the sand-hills of the Nutmeg State. And as the eyes of the children, grown tired with the ceaseless array of rigid brick houses, are rested and refreshed by wondrous views of the famed scenery of the Hudson. Indeed, it is no unusual thing to hear one small lad cry to another, "There! See how lovely the water looks!" only to be met with the reply, "Yes; and the trees."

Seventy acres are at the disposal of the Home, and the children enjoy a freedom never dreamed of in New York. On the lawn are swings, croquet, and numerous exciting games of base ball. Then, inspired, does boyish enthusiasm wax high, and every nerve is strained to have "our side" beat.

Some of the questions are pitiful, for they reveal the poverty of the child-life shut out from all enjoyment or understanding of the country. Said one little lad, whose pale face and large, serious eyes betoken a thoughtful, dwarfed life, as he walked slowly to a teacher, with hand carefully upraised, "Please, ma'am, may I pick one daisy—just one? I should like to."

The facile pen of the artist may catch and hold a passing expression, as he delineates the features on paper, but it is left to the power of words to adequately convey an idea of the incredulity, surprise and slowly-realized joy which passed over the face of the lad as he heard the answer. "Yes, little man, all you wish!" To make a face so glad, and to hear a slow, contented sigh, is worth much self-denial For these are the Master's little ones, of whom he said "Inasmuch."

It was Frœbel who made a life study of the child, but it was an old Latin poet who first told the world that "a child was man in embryo." All possible tendencies the wonderful gift of life and inherited disposition are shown to the careful watcher of child-student at Mont-Lawn. Many little acts of courtesy, more gracious than those exemplified in any of the charming juvenile books, pass almost unnoticed. Indications in these untrained boys that the pessimist—who has declared that the age of chivalry has passed—was mistaken, make glad the heart of the teacher.

Many brothers and sisters come and go, bringing pale cheeks and sad eyes, leaving with rounded, sun-browned faces and child-like eyes, but not all are so dependent upon each other for happiness as were two an elder brother, aged eleven, and his five-year-old baby sister. Early and late hand in hand, plucking daisies or sitting contentedly and silent in the shade of some tree, they passed their visit. Once in awhile a game of ball did prove irresistible, but the little sister was ever an interested watcher, while the lad, with a thoughtfulness beyond his years, would come and sit by her when his side was "out". If he could be spared. Helpful hands were extended to the younger and weaker ones, and consideration was the usual order of the day.

But these children who have lived all their life in the shadow have many points—in common with all the rest of the human family. As from the earliest times blows has been considered a prompt way of settling a dispute, so now are the pugilistic tendencies of these young Americans very easily aroused, and many are the differences which would be settled in this way were it not for the watchful eyes of the teacher who acts as an ever-ready and quick-peace-maker.

The possibilities for good at Mont-Lawn are unlimited, and though ten days is a very short time during which to build a life for a helpful, noble, patriotic future, the effort is made to instill into the plastic receptive child-nature the fundamental lessons of character-building.

Day by day the work increases, and with the daily change of children comes added responsibilities and augmented effort to make this visit to Mont-Lawn a basis of particular brightness for the little ones.

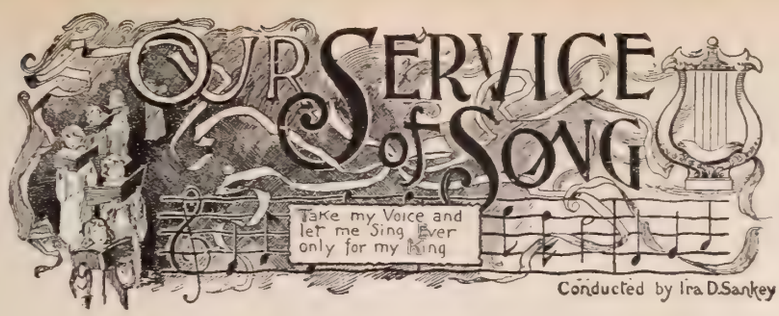
THE AGE OF THE WORLD.

ABOUT two centuries ago, Archbishop Usher published his Sacred Chronology, and his venerable name gave a currency to his system which has continued till the present generation. In the human mind there is an impatient craving for definite information, and where this is wanting one often finds a strong tendency to help it out by taking for granted what may really not be implied. So very definite was the well-meant result of Usher's work that our fathers were required to believe, and I believe, that the world was created precisely in the year 4004 before the birth of Christ. The foundation on which this scheme rested was the assumption that the Old Testament, from beginning to end, furnished a continuous chronological sequence of events, whereas it is now understood rather to give prominence to individual periods for at least two thousand years of the history of man upon the earth. The calculation of time from Adam to Abraham depends upon two genealogical tables, one before and another after the Flood. Usher assumed that these records noted every successive birth after the manner of a family register. A more profound study of the documents has shown not only that such was not the case, but also that the writer had a different object in view. His purpose was not to exhibit, in these early times, a complete genealogical record of particular families; but generally to indicate lineage or descent. At the very beginning a deliverer was promised, and it was necessary to show that he was descended from the first woman through the lines of Abraham and David.

This principle having been unhappily overlooked, an unwise attempt was made to commit the Old Testament to a system of chronology which, being much too short, brought Scripture and science into conflict, particularly at the birth of geology which, when rightly understood, yields strong confirmation to the testimony of revelation. From what has been already stated, it must be apparent how terribly precarious is any judgment on the age of the earth which is based on the genealogical tables, for no superstructure can be more stable than its foundation. But it is not necessary to stop here, for dogmatism on this subject is completely overturned by the fact—now equally well ascertained—that Moses neither assigned any date to the age of the earth, nor has given any indication by which it can be fixed. Moses did not by any means affirm that the world was made 4004 years before the birth of Christ; but simply "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Between the first and the second verses of the first chapter of Genesis hundreds of thousands of years may have interposed.

The prominence which was given to this fact by Dr. Chalmers has been found sufficient to meet all the legitimate demands of geology as bearing upon the age of the earth. What that precise age is, it may never be within the power of science to make even an approximation; but, however large the demand may be when the last word shall come to be spoken, the believer in revelation can have no cause of disquietude so long as he keeps this truth in view, that the Bible has nowhere fixed the date of creation or committed itself to any deliverance touching the age of the earth.

And yet some divines, with an unhappy industry, have fabricated a belabored system of chronology and committed every age of the Old Testament to their theory by noting in the margin how long each event happened after the creation of the world.



HOLY SPIRIT FROM ABOVE.

(Inscribed to Rev. C. H. Tyndall.)

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove, Fill our hearts with Thy pure love;
2. Take our sin - ful thoughts a - way; Lead, oh lead us, lest we stray;
3. With the al - tar's sa - cred Fire, Touch our lips, our hearts in - spire;
4. Bless - ed Source of heav'n - ly light, Now dis-perse the gloom of night;
Oh, in - spire us with Thy zeal; May each soul Thy pres - ence feel.
Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, May each soul in Thee a - bide
Oh, il - lume us by Thy grace; In each soul Thy im - age trace.
In our hearts for - ev - er shine; Fill each soul with joy di - vine.
REFRAIN.
f Don't hurry.
Ho - ly Spir - it from Thy throne a - bove, Fill us with the Sav-iour's dy - ing love;
Now de-scend up - on us, Heav'n-ly Dove; Come Thou bless-ed Com-fort - er. A - MEN.

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"LIKE A BIRD."

SAVIOUR, like a bird to thee,
Weary and wounded my soul would flee;
Oh let me fold my wings and rest
Peacefully, trustingly, on thy breast.

Refrain:
Like a bird let me fly to thee,
In thine arms kindly shelter me;
Then my soul no more shall roam
Far, far away from home.

Saviour, thou my grief hast borne,
Thou hast a balm for hearts that mourn;
One gentle word, and I shall rest
Hopefully, lovingly, on thy breast.

I was lost—till found by thee;
Thine, blessed Saviour, the glory be;
Gladly I fold my wings and rest
Lovingly, tenderly, on thy breast.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

MY life, which was so straight and plain,
Has now become a tangled skein,
Yet God still holds the thread;
Weave as I may, his hand doth guide
The shuttle's course, however wide
The chain in woof be wed.

And now I never lose my trust.
Weave as I may—and weave I must—
For God doth hold the thread;
He guides my shuttle on its way.
He makes complete my task each day;
What more, then, can be said?

—C. F. MOORE.

APOCALYPTIC FIGURES.

The Imagery of the Book of Revelation Typical of Events in Earth and Sky at the Close of the Dispensation.

BY WILLIAM MAUDE.

Continued from page 401.)

THE sublime background upon which the seer gazed was not simply a lifeless and painted picture; on the contrary, it was instinct with a Divine life and motion. The cherubim were in ceaseless motion day and night, crying, "Holy, holy, holy," and ever and anon the elders rose from their royal seats, saying, "Worthy art Thou, our Lord and our God, to receive the glory and the honor and the power, for thou didst create all things, and because of Thy will they are, and were created."

Now what I desire by these remarks specially to impress on the reader's mind, is the fact that this entire scene, or background, as I have called it, continued within the sphere of the seer's vision throughout the whole course of the Apocalyptic judgments as contained in the seals, the trumpets, and the vials; in other words, that the whole of the action described from the beginning of the fifth chapter to the middle of the nineteenth, took place in the presence of the throne, the elders, and the cherubim. That this was the case can clearly be proved from the passing references to one or other of them which occur throughout these visions.

Thus, when the Lamb takes the seven-sealed book of the inheritance, he does so standing "in the midst of the throne, and of the four living creatures, and in the midst of the elders." Again, as the Lamb, having received the book, breaks its first four seals, the voices of the four cherubim are heard successively saying, as with a loud voice, "come." Again, in connection with the description given in the seventh chapter of the "great multitude which no man could number," we are not only told that they were "standing before the throne and before the Lamb," but reference is made to the simultaneous worship of "the elders and the four living creatures;" while one of the elders actually enters into conversation with John respecting their identity and their destiny. In like manner, of the hundred and forty-four thousand seen standing on the Mount Zion, in the fourteenth chapter, it is said: "And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four living creatures and the elders." Again, when, in the following chapter, the seven angels who have the seven last plagues come out from the temple in heaven, it is "one of the four living creatures" who delivers to them the seven golden vials full of the wrath of God. And, lastly, in the nineteenth chapter, after the awful destruction of Babylon, it is said: "And her smoke goeth up forever and ever. And the four and twenty elders and the four living creatures fell down and worshipped God that sitteth on the throne, saying, Amen; Hallelujah."

I lay stress on these facts because they help to an understanding of the book. If we can get an idea of the general plan, or plot, as we should say if we were speaking of a novel or play, each part falls into its proper place and the book ceases to be the incomprehensible work it too often is.

(To be Continued.)

THE LORD'S COMING.

A popular little work by Mrs. Baxter, whose articles on the Sunday School Lessons appear every week in this journal. It contains fifteen chapters on the events predicted in the Bible to occur between the present time and the close of the Millennium. Third Edition—Revised and Enlarged. 104 pages. Price fifteen cents. Published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91-101 Bible House, New York.

THE COMMANDMENTS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing July 7. Mark 12: 28-33.

WHAT has the Christians to do with law? He is not under the law, but under grace. There can be no question as to that fact in the mind of any one who accepts the Apostle Paul as an authorized exponent of Christianity. Yet the ten commandments have their place in the life of the Christian, and that an important one. The son in the household should surely lead as clean a life as is required of the servant. He has more privileges than the servant, but that fact carries higher obligations. If the head of the household will not tolerate in a servant certain behavior which is abhorrent to him, how much less will he countenance it in his son! One who is near to him, who has his Spirit and claims most intimate relations with him, is bound by the most sacred obligations to observe the rules of the household. Therefore the Decalogue has a place in the Christian's life, for it tells him what is odious in the eyes of his Heavenly Father. It is the standard which a man must attain, before he can become even a servant, which the son should have passed. The more closely these several commands are studied, the more clearly is it seen that they are not arbitrary edicts, but are based on a profound knowledge of human nature and its highest needs. Every one is justified by the inner conscience and its reasonableness admitted. There is not one in the ten which makes a demand on human nature that is not clearly a duty, even if the command had never been issued. When a man admits the existence of God the whole Decalogue becomes a natural and reasonable code of laws. His duty to God and his duty to his fellow-men require just such conduct as the Decalogue enjoins. The Christian should do more, not less than is there set down. And the extension of his duty is in the line of the commands. So far from wronging his neighbor in any of the ways indicated, he will do him good. He will not kill him, but endeavor to save his life. He will not steal from him, but give him what he needs. Negative goodness becomes active philanthropy in the new dispensation. The spirit of love, which Christ inculcated, recognizes in the the ten commands indications of God's character and of the paths in which he would have his people walk. They mark the byways which lead to precipices and quicksands, and he does not stand looking at them with regret that he must not enter, but presses upward and onward in the safe way. They serve also as tests of self-examination, revealing all that is hidden in the heart that leads to evil. Christ's explanation of the seventh commandment furnishes the clue to the use of all, and carries each prohibition deep into the dark recesses of the heart from which the overt act in the conduct springs.

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DR. F. E. CLARK'S REPORT.

From the report just submitted to the United Society of Christian Endeavor by its President, Dr. F. E. Clark, we take the following encouraging extract:

Our fellowship has increased all the world around as never before in all the fourteen years of our history. In many new countries—notably in Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, and Holland—the work has been started, and the Constitution has been translated into a number of additional languages in many lands.

Our British and Australian brethren have shared with us in this general prosperity, and conventions of great power have been reported, not only from England, Scotland, and Wales, but from Japan and China, while France, Jamaica, South Africa, and other countries have shared in similar convention blessings. The Junior Societies have increased.

OFFICERS OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

BISHOP R. K. HARGROVE. BISHOP J. N. FITZGERALD. REV. S. A. STEEL, D.D.
REV. EDWIN A. SCHELL, D.D. REV. J. F. BERRY, D.D.

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THE EPWORTH LEAGUE CONFERENCE.

By the time this journal reaches the hands of its readers, the gathering hosts of Epworth Leaguers will be approaching Chattanooga from all points of the compass. On June 27, at 2:30 P. M., the great Conference is to be called to order. Such a scene as that will be, it is not easy to imagine. Since the Cleveland Conference in 1893, the League has advanced with giant strides. Not only have new chapters been organized in vast numbers, but the membership of the chapters existing two years ago has enormously increased. Besides this, the Southern section has sprung into vigorous life, with a complete organization, and in missionary lands the League has taken root and is bearing fruit. Everywhere the League has earnest and enthusiastic friends and none can predict whereunto it will grow. All we know is that the young people of the Methodist Churches in almost every city, town, and village on the Continent are banded together to work for Christ and for the relief of humanity, and are in their several communies laboring for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom. After two years of such work, their representatives now come together to recount the trials and triumphs of the work and to cheer each other and stimulate each other by renewing their pledges and planning new campaigns. It will be an inspiring scene and the spiritual electricity that will be generated in the Southern city will be felt to the farthest limits of our land, in Canada and beyond the seas.

The programme that has been issued is a triumph of organizing talent. It provides for every minute of the sessions of the four days of the Conference. The most minute details of the meetings have been arranged and each member who is to participate knows exactly the place and minute when his or her services will be in requisition. There could be no better guarantee that the Conference will accomplish the purpose for which it is convened and that its time will not be frittered away in discursive speeches or debates aside from the main subject. It would be impossible here to give even the barest outline of the proceedings as they have been mapped out, but a sufficient indication of their general character may be gained from the four subjects to which each day has been respectively assigned. These are: The Methodism of the Future; Methodism: Its life and modes of Expression; Methodism: Its Doctrine and Spirit; and The waiting for the Descent of the Holy Spirit. As we read the list of famous speakers who have promised to deal with various topics under these general heads we realize how magnificently the managers of the Conference have provided for the benefit of the delegates. While we cannot but regret that it was deemed necessary for this stalwart organization to quit the Christian Endeavor fold and set up for itself in the great business of spiritual advancement, we realize as we read this programme that the separation was like that which comes in the old homestead, when the sons go out with the old people's blessing, to found new families and perpetuate the family traditions.

In connection with the great Conference we give on this page portraits of five of the most prominent officers of League. Bishop J. N. Fitzgerald is President of the League of the North Church. He is a native of New Jersey is now in his fifty-eighth year. He intended for the profession of the law studied under Mr. Frederick T. Frel huysen who afterwards became Secretar State in President Arthur's Cabinet. future bishop, however, did not finish studies. He was converted when he twenty-three years old and promptly andoned his career as a lawyer for ministry. He was licensed in 1862, an 1888 was made Bishop. Another men of the group is Bishop R. K. H grove, President of the Epworth Leagu the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Hargrove is a native of Alabama, an sixty-six years of age. His first appo ment in the ministry was made in 1857 the Tuscaloosa Conference. He se the Church with distinguished abilit preacher and professor until 1882, whe was elected bishop. Rev. Edwin A. Sc D.D., the energetic and able Secretar the Epworth League of the North Church is a native of Logansport, in State of Indiana, and is thirty-six years He is of German descent but is a thoro American by education and habit was transferred to the New Conference from Indiana in and was holding an important pointment at Yonkers, N. Y. w he was elected Secretary of League. Dr. S. A. Steel, holds the corresponding office in Southern Church is his forty-sev year, a preacher of rare eloqu and power and an excellent orga as the League has discovered. Joseph F. Berry, the Editor of Epworth Herald, and one of the active and aggressive of the Leag officers is in his fortieth year. a Canadian by birth and has twenty-one years in the ministry.

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REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

At the Converts' Sunday Afte Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mis prayer was offered on June 16, in acc ance with the requests of the follo persons, who also ask the praye our readers:

For the Restoration of Health. stant Reader," Brooklyn, N. Y., prayers for the recovery of a siste is dangerously sick.——"Belie Prayer," Madison, Me., for the rec of a consecrated worker suffering nervous prostration and diseased ——"Reader," Hudson, Mass., o half of a dear friend now away State seeking health.——E. W. Joh Omaha, Neb., on behalf of a bel daughter afflicted with epilepsy.— Reader, Winnsboro, Tex., for a dau now in an asylum for the insan "Troubled One," Helena, Ky., fo liverance from a dreaded disease a ently impending.——"Reader," Wes N.Y., for renewal of health and st ——"Subscriber," Waynesville, O., restoration of health that service m given to Christ.——"Friend," Brookly Y.; for the recovery of a young man prostrated with typhoid fever whose has been for many years, a blessing t tried and troubled children of God.

For the Conversion of Relatives Friends: E. W. J., Omaha, Neb., fo conversion of an afflicted daughter, a sister who is under spiritual distress "Constant Reader," Brooklyn, N. Y., father seventy years old, and unsaved Reader, Hudson, Mass., for the conversion of a friend.——S. E. B., West Philadelphia, Pa., to conversion of a brother who is under the pow the drink habit——A. N., Rensselaer Falls, N on behalf of mother, sister, and four children "Subscriber," Camp Springs, Md., for the con sion of a wicked man whose profanity is shoc to his neighbors.——Friend, Belleville, Mich conversion of father, mother, brother and sister B. F. W., Glastonburg, on behalf of a brother his family.——"A Mother," for the conversion husband, daughters, and a friend.——B. H., dota, Va., for conversion of her father and brot

For Special Blessings: "Reader," N. Leba Me., who is discouraged by receiving no answe prayer, that one who has been wronged and i trayed, may forgive and be reconciled.——M Rochester, N. Y., who is in great distress, having been defrauded and ruined by swindlers, and is old and unfit for work, yet with a dependent fly, that in some way the Lord would provide "Old Subscriber," Baltimore, Md., that a young in need of wisdom and guidance may be led t his duty as to his course in life——X., Roch Minn., for a Colored Student, anxious to fit hi for medical missionary work in Africa, that he receive the funds necessary to finish his last ye study.——"Subscriber," New Boston, N. H., fo removal of a heavy affliction from a young man "Subscriber," ——, that God would mercifull upon an afflicted family in needy circumstan supply the means they lack to pay their debts estly. Also that a lady under great suffering be so assisted, that she can pay the fees nec for the kind of medical aid that she needs. "A tious One," Hoboken, N. J., for strength to r temptation——"A Harassed Christian," Sarat N. Y., that trials which are worrying him and perplexing him may be lightened, or more strength given him to bear them patiently.

Young Princes in the East.

The outhful Maharajah of Mysore, and H ontrol of the Destinies of a Great Pr ince—An Interesting Ceremony.

EUROPEAN and native guests assembled at the royal palace of Mysore, India, lately, to witness a strange and interesting ceremony. It was the installation of the young Maharajah, as ruler of he eat Indian province of Mysore, in uccsion to his father, lately dead. From n tist's sketch in the London "G hic," we are enabled to reproduce the scene on this brilliant occaion The British Resident conducted he y ruler to the steps of the throne, nd ien read to him a long ette rom the Viceroy, announcng le regency of the Queen-Mott until the Maharajah atain his majority, when he will le invested with the full ows of his position if his conuct and character prove satisacto meanwhile. He was nge to walk in the steps of his ath who had ruled wisely. He ienscended the throne, and ne the palace officials recited ts ng list of titles and pediree after which he was preent with a very handsome eclce of precious stones, on eha of the Viceroy of India. lis ative officers and gentlemen ne ame forward and tendered he allegiance, offering their wos and gifts, their weapons einin all cases returned by the ou ul Maharajah.

In monarchial countries genral it occasionally happens that the uccsor to the throne is a mere hil European history, like that of as n countries, is full of the records f uthful kings and queens, and hei influence upon the welfare of their eop. Ordinarily, there is a regent durng e minority of the monarch, either the mot r or some near relative on the paternal le acting in that capacity, and relievng e young ruler of the weightier cares f aninistration. Meanwhile the latter is naving, by observation and experience, or e duties of the future. He studies the nee of the people, the laws governing the tat and the records of previous reigns. His ife almost wholly educational, and happy ithat people whose prince, having first he ar of the Lord before his eyes, seeks as h highest ambition their general good, and hose love of justice will prevent the opression of the poor and the favoring of he ch. Such belong to the category of tho good kings of whom the Biblical reco says: "They did that which was ight ous in the sight of the Lord."

The little ruler of Mysore has at his beck and all nearly 4,200,000 people in his own erritory, of whom probably less than 40,000 are Christians. His country is a fertile table land in southern India, but in some par there are high mountains and deep ravin. Like some of our own Western Stas, it is liable to seasons of great aridity, and the result is that famine has been ren edly felt among the people of Mysore. Thousands upon thousands of homes have bee pinched for bread in 1875-76-77, and in 80-81. In one of those years 200,000 cat perished for want of food, and in 187 over a quarter of a million persons in Mysore were without means of subsistence, and had to be fed at the public expense. Even at the present time, the province is far from prosperous, and the young Maharajah's court will be conducted with a modesty and economy suited to the condition of the country. He is said to be a youth of talent and promise, kind-hearted and discreet, and not inimical to Christian missionaries.

Bangalore, the capital, is the centre of missionary activity in the principality. The first mission school was established there in 1817, but for a long time the Hindus were unfriendly to the preaching of the Gospel in Kanarese—the vernacular of the people. There are now many Christian missions in the province, and the mothers and fathers of Mysore, whose ancestors worshipped a multitude of strange gods, hear their little ones lisping the name of Jesus and singing the praises of the Redeemer.

CEREMONY OF INSTALLING A BOY PRINCE IN INDIA.

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Small Courtesies.

They are far more important than many young people think. Are you particular to write notes of thanks soon after receiving gifts or acts of courtesy? The value of such a note is greatly increased by its being prompt. If some friend leaves a bunch of violets at your door, and you fail to acknowledge it until the flowers have faded, your thanks, when they do come, are tardy. When flowers or fruit are sent to those who are ill, they, of course, cannot repay the courtesy by a little note themselves, but someone in the family should do it for them. Your note of thanks should be very genial, showing that you are really pleased by the kind attention, and the happier because of it. Do not be afraid to write warmly and cordially on such occasions. If stiff and formal you are unjust both to your friend and yourself. More than half the graciousness of thanks arises from their prompt and spontaneous tender by the person benefited.

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Mother's Lullabies.

Of all the safeguards that a mother's love can place around a son or danghter, writes Elizabeth Harrison, I know of none which is stronger than the love of good music. Music of any kind appeals to the innate sense of harmony which lies in each human being. The boy or the girl who has learned to sing well, to enjoy playing on some musical instrument, has a never ending resource of entertainment and amusement that does not injure the body nor corrupt the soul.

A love of music, like a love of everything else which we wish to have deep-rooted in the very nature of a child, ought to begin in earliest infancy; and in this training there is nothing which can take the place of the mother's sweet lullaby. Thus love for mother and love for music are interwoven, each making the other stronger. I know one beautiful mother who makes it a daily habit to sing for half an hour to her three little ones after they are undressed and in bed. She began this when her oldest one was six months old, so that, with rare exceptions, their young eyes have closed upon the world each night with the sound of sweet melody ringing in their ears. I knew another sweet-souled mother who, being an invalid, sang but feebly herself, but who, notwithstanding many obstacles, persevered in having her little daughter taught to sing by one of the best vocalists in the city. I chanced to make a call one day while the singing lesson was going on. "What a sweet voice your daughter has!" said I. "Ah, yes," the mother replied, as she lay wearily back upon her pillows, "I often lie here and listen to her singing and think what sweet lullabies she will be able, some day, to sing to her babies." The child has just passed her tenth birthday, but the far-sighted mother-heart was already preparing her to be strong where she herself had been weak.

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LAO BABIES.

WHEN a little brown baby first opens its black eyes to the light in the Lao country in North Siam, it doesn't find awaiting its advent a number of dainty garments such as American mothers provide for their little ones. It is wrapped in any old piece of cloth that happens to be available, such as a bit of its mother's old skirt, or its father's loin-cloth, and is laid in a nest of old rags on the bamboo floor of the house.

Sometimes, indeed, it has a cradle hung from the roof, either made of bamboo splints woven to form an oval basket, or made with square corners, the bottom and upper rim being of teak-wood, and the sides of cord, knotted to form meshes like those of a large fish-net. From the time the children are born until they are well-grown boys and girls, they scarcely ever have to wear any clothes when playing about at home. They seem to like clothes as littles as an American small boy likes an overcoat, and apparently so much enjoy the freedom with which they can play equally well on land or in the water, that they would rather be cold, and sit crouched up, hugging themselves to keep warm, than put on any garments.

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A Moorish Wedding Feast.

A European traveler, privileged to be a guest at a wedding in Morocco, writes a charming description of that event, in which he says: "The bridal room was almost filled with rich draperies of a dark red color set off with laces. On the floor was a thick carpet from Rabat; the walls were hung with yellow and red tapestries, and the entire wardrobe of the bride was displayed in the room. The garments were of all the colors of a bed of flowers, of woollen, silk, velvet, braided and starred with gold and silver. From this room the guests were conducted into the dining-room, where we found more carpets, tapestries, masses of flowers, grand chandeliers set on the floor, mattresses and cushions of a thousand colors placed against the walls and two beds ornamented with great luxury. Near one of the couches was prepared a table, contrary to the customs of the Arabs, who serve their dishes on the floor and eat without knives and forks. Before placing themselves at table all the party seated themselves cross-legged on the floor around the secretary of the master of the house, a handsome Moor in a turban, who prepared the tea for their use, according to custom, three cups for each, tremendously sweetened and perfumed with mint. Thrusting himself among these strangers was a little boy of four years of age, the youngest son of the house, with a shaven head and a top-knot, who occupied himself in counting furtively the fingers of the Christian guests to assure himself that they had five on each hand—just like the true believers."

After the tea every one took his place at the table. Our traveler relates that he tasted the native dishes with the greatest confidence—but the result, had he persisted, would have been something not to be comprehended. As it was, a very superficial acquaintance with a few of the dishes, convinced him that they were such as to threaten disaster to any but Moorish stomachs. There is no way of describing these dishes except to say that they were execrable! Fortunately for herself, the modest little bride remained in another part of the building with her maids and was not compelled to join in the lugubrious feast, which, to the strangers at least, was little better than torture, and they were uncomfortable until the meal was ended.

Young Mothers

should early learn the necessity of having a hard a supply of Grit Brown Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for 35 years and its value is recognized.

ALICE MAPLETON'S ORDEAL

A STORY OF NOBLE FORTITUDE UNDER TRIAL.

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by E. CARSWELL.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Sky Clearing.

IN a few days Will was as vigorous and strong as ever; one morning he said to his mother, "I dread what I have to do to-day more than anything I have ever done in my life."

"My dear boy, what can that be?" asked Mrs. Mapleton.

"Why, Fred and I are to meet the Jacksons in the jailor's office, and now that I have heard the whole story, I do not know how I can contain myself in the presence of the men who have so wronged us, and Fred feels the same."

"Remember, my dear boy, what the Lord has done for us, how he has delivered us out of the power of our enemies, and that will make you willing to forgive even such as the Jacksons," said Mrs. Mapleton.

That afternoon Will said, "Mother, you were right: Fred and I went to the jail with bitterness in our hearts and disposed to avenge the wrongs we had suffered, so far as the law would allow, but when we came away there was sorrow in our hearts and a feeling of pity for the men who had wronged us."

"That makes me feel very proud of you," said Mrs. Mapleton, "although it is only a short time since I should have felt differently, and given different advice, so I thank the Lord for the change in my own heart."

"Yes," said Will, "we found Jackson, the lawyer, an utter wreck; the doctor says he will die from paresis, and his brother, my father's partner, broken in health and very penitent. He was willing and anxious to give up everything. He said liquor had been the curse of his life, that although few knew it, yet he was continually under its influence, and it made him a demon; his lawyer thinks that if we will be lenient, and not press the charges against him, that he can get him off without further punishment, as Jackson was a partner in the business, and as it was father's unbounded confidence in the man that gave him the opportunity to act as he did, so it was a breach of trust according to law, although the meanest robbery according to everything else. I thought the poor wretch would die when he saw me. He had heard I was dead, and he was so terrified that his eyes protruded from their sockets; his teeth chattered and he shook from head to foot, and we actually had to soothe him and talk kindly to him, before he could speak a word. As mine was the only name actually forged, that charge we could withdraw, and we who entered the jail burning for revenge actually left with a promise not to oppose his bail being reduced if the judge will consent, as his lawyer thinks he will. If he is liberated he can be of great help to us in straightening things out."

"I think it is the wisest course," said Fred, "the wonderful sagacity and cunning displayed by the lawyer Jackson all through the villainous transaction would make it difficult to convict, so good old Brougham agrees with Jackson's lawyer, (who, by the bye, seems an honest gentleman) that to be lenient with the wretches, both from a Christian and a business point of view, will be the best for all concerned. So we agreed that in a few days the property and the life insurance policy retransferred to you, will be in our hands. Then I must run down to New Hampshire and see my dear old father and mother. I have not let them know of my arrival home. I was determined to help Will through with this business, before I left the city again, even for a day."

"You are a very good boy," said Alice.

"Well, [illegible] Mr. Mapleton the last time I saw him, that I would stand by Will, and I have tried to keep my promise," said Fred.

"You have kept it nobly," said Mrs. Mapleton. "You stood by him when no one else could. I shall never forget that we are indebted to you for his very life. I do not understand all you are doing now. But I am quite satisfied to leave everything in your hands and his. I was never a business woman. If I had been, perhaps it would have been better; I need not then have left all the heavy burden for Alice to bear, while you were both away. But it was too late to change my nature. I shall never have any idea of business, however, and I am thankful for Alice's sake that she will be relieved of the worry. It will be better managed by you and Will. I have all confidence in you both."

"It is very kind of you to say so," said Fred. "I don't want to worry you with any business details, but it will ease your mind, after all this stringency you have passed through, to know that there is no more need for the petty economies you have had to practise. With the life-insurance which the Company would not pay to Jackson, but which it will pay to you; and with what we are certain to recover from the two conspirators, you will be independent with a good income once more. Will and I, too, have a good capital to start with. Acting on his advice, I put all the money I had, including my savings from my last enterprise, into the mine. It has proved a fortunate investment; the shares are booming now and by the time we are ready to sell are likely to be worth ten, or may be twenty times what we paid for them."

"Thank God," said Mrs. Mapleton reverently. "I believe he will enable me to make a better use of money than I did before. During my days of poverty I often thought of my shortcoming in that respect. I did not know the value of money till I saw how much good might be done with it. When Alice was obliged to go out to earn money and bear humiliations and be subjected to insults and after all, receive so little, I realized what an income was worth. It seemed to me that perhaps God had taken our property away because I had not make a proper use of it. Now he has restored it, I will mend that fault with his help. You must work with me, Alice. Let us see if we cannot make some people happy who are leading dreary lives."

"I will help you gladly, mamma," said Alice, "I am sure there are some we can help. We shall know better how to go about it after this experience. I know I should have blundered if I had tried before. I know now what poor people want, having been poor myself. And another thing is that I have a greater respect for them now. I know how good they are. They used to seem beneath me, but now I have mixed with them I find they are superior to me. They have better hearts. They will do more to help each other than rich people will. Just think, how kind that Mrs. Callaghan has been to us. I believe respecting them will go a great way toward fitting us to help them."

"Why, Alice, you talk as if you were going to be a city missionary," said Fred. "The best thing you can do, I think, is to find somebody to do all that for you. Get some deaconess and supply her with money."

"What," cried Alice, "and lose all the blessedness of labor? I shall need helpers, and I shall see that a deaconess or some one goes out with a good supply of money for emergencies; but it is not money that is needed so much as intelligent helpfulness. The people need to be encouraged and comforted and put in the way of helping themselves. I don't want to be a Lady Bountiful going around with charitable gifts. I want to be a sister to them, and tell them I have been poor myself, and know how it feels. Mamma and I will talk it all over and settle what we will do."

"And we will get Mr. Joy to help us," said Mrs. Mapleton. "I never saw any one who knew so well how to make people happy. He will tell us how we can use our money so as to do good. He has been using his money in that way a long time I understand, and he will advise us. I should like to spend all the remainder of my life in some good service. It will be a very small portion to make up for so many years of doing nothing."

"We must have Louie with us, too," Alice said. "She would like nothing better. Her mother prevents her doing many little kindnesses she would like to do. I am sure she will be with us in heart and soul. And Mr. Jacobs, the pawnbroker, would be an invaluable adviser. He knows everyone, and knows who is pressed for money, because they take their things to him to pawn. And he is such a good man. You must know him, Will. He will make you love all Jews for his sake."

"I shall be glad to know him," said Will. "It is a curious thing that Jews have a bad name, and yet every Jew I have ever known has been a kind, good-hearted man. I have met six or seven, and have seen a great deal of them, and have found them not only honest and conscientious, but ready to do any one an act of kindness who might need it. It seems you have had a similar experience. But, Alice, how did you become acquainted with a pawnbroker? Did you get so hard up as to have to get his assistance?"

"Indeed we did. And I don't know how we should have struggled through without it. Mr. Jacobs and Mrs. Callaghan were our good angels in our difficulties. I don't know which helped us most. We could not have done without either of them."

"Well, we won't forget them now," said Will. "It is rather a different line from what I expected. I thought when I began to see a prospect of restoring mamma to her old place in society, that we should resume the old life, and have parties and give dinners as we used. But I don't mind. Whatever makes you two happy is the thing for me. I have seen a good deal of all kinds of company while I have been roughing it, and I must say I prefer the plain, honest, genuine poor man and woman to the rich people who put on airs. I don't care whether a man is rich or not, if he is only genuine and sunny."

"That is my feeling, too," said Fred. "I agree with Alice about the personal work, too, as she likes it, and you may count me in heartily in any scheme for making people better and happier."

CHAPTER XXX.

The Jew's Enterprise.

Life in the tenement house, so unattractive at first, was so happy under the new circumstances, that not one of the party was in a hurry to change it. Of course, the move must come eventually, but the weeks went by and the four joyous people were still in the old quarters, with Mrs. Callaghan acting as housekeeper and rendering all kinds of friendly service. Will and Fred were away the greater part of the day "attending to business" and saying little in the evening about the kind of business they were doing or what their plans were. Fred had paid his visit to his people in New Hampshire and had returned and settled down with the Mapletons, as he said, "for good."

Alice, with no need now for toil for daily bread, had found time for a good deal of visiting in the neighborhood. Every roof covered ten or more families, and the young lady with the pleasant face, the soft musical voice, and the gentle manner had no difficulty in making acquaintances. The wives and mothers talked with her freely and the children climbed in her lap and stroked her face with loving hands.

One evening as Fred and Will were looking over some papers, and Alice and her mother were sewing, there was a knock at the door. Alice answered it and her exclamation of delight turned all eyes in that direction.

"It's the good old Jew," whispered Mrs. Mapleton to Will. As Alice led Mr. Jacobs into the room, she said, "I have just been longing to see you, and I am so glad you have come to see us."

"Vell, my tear young lady, I am glat of dat, for I vas shust tinking, vat excuse I could make for comin', only dat I want to see you, and tell you something, and ask your advice on some things."

Alice had taken his hat and cane, as Mrs. Mapleton came forward.

"You remember Mr. Jacobs, mother."

"I should be a most ungrateful creature if I did not," she said, as she shook [illegible] with the old man.

"This is my brother William late[illegible] returned from New Mexico," said Alice.

"Vell," said Mr. Jacobs," I am [illegible] to see you look so strong and health[illegible] you don't look as if you had been kille[illegible] and buried only a little while ago."

"No," said Will, as he shook t[illegible] old man's hand, "I am a pretty lively k[illegible] of corpse. I had a narrow escape but am all right now. And I am more ple[illegible] to meet you than any other man in the [illegible]; my sister has said so much abou[illegible] you, and all I can say is God bless you [illegible] the kindness and protection you gav[illegible] my mother and sister when they stood s[illegible] much in of both."

"Please do not talk dot vay any [illegible] or I vill—vat the ladies say—break do[illegible] already."

"Mr. Jacobs, this is Mr. Morgan, said Alice.

"I am only going to say 'thank [illegible] ou, Mr. Jacobs," said Fred, as he took both hands in his, "for if I should say [illegible] at I feel we should all break down, an[illegible] here were actually tears in his eyes as he spoke, and tears were on the face of the old man.

"Vell, you all make me a proud o[illegible] man and give me much astonishment, fo[illegible] am come on purpose to tank de ladies [illegible] all dey vas do for de poor peoples in dis [illegible] reet, and for myself."

"I don't remember doing anyth[illegible] for you," said Alice, "but I should like."

"Vell, den, you do plenty tings [illegible] me. Shentlemen, if you had come to di[illegible] place von year ago, you would have seen [illegible] ometings different. You could hardly ge[illegible] the house wid out you tumble over dirty [illegible] ragged children, and may be fighting m[illegible] and vimen; dem bannisters vas broke[illegible] every leetle vile by drunken men; de gla[illegible] vas broken and old hats and rags put [illegible] dem windows; and de floors used to l[illegible] it de fires dey drink and beat dere viv[illegible] and de vimen most so bad as de men, d[illegible] de poor leetle children, hungry, dir[illegible] and ragged. I vas so sorry for dem but say 'vat can I do?' dey don't like [illegible] dey cheat me ven dey can, I must let t[illegible] go dere own vay, and make vat money [illegible] can out of dem, for better peoples vill n[illegible] come to dis neighborhood? so I get an[illegible] gent 'cos I do not like to come to dem tw[illegible] tenement houses; I feel bad all day after [illegible] come for my rent, and have a row mid de [illegible] peoples. Excuse my telling so much [illegible] but I vant to say it now so you vill see [illegible] not I come for."

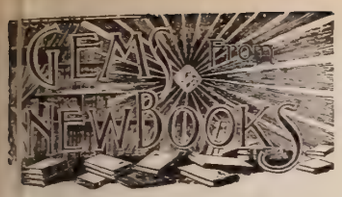
"Go on, sir," said Will.

"Vell, your good mudder and [illegible] sister come; I did not know why, it vas [illegible] ne of my business but I feel astonishme[illegible] and pity; de young lady, cause I know [illegible] ometing vas wrong, some troubles o[illegible] ome thing. Vell, by-and-bye, I notice [illegible] chil dren about de door have cleaner fa[illegible] and clothes, and are not so noisy; t[illegible] the vimens take more care bout dere [illegible] dis, de hats and rugs come out of de vinde[illegible], dere is not so much noise; de mens dot beat dere vives, even de rough men com[illegible] an go easy like; den I notice not so ma[illegible] vater jugs, coffee pots and tin cans goin' [illegible] fd de children to de saloon for peer at n[illegible] ht; not have to mend dem railing any [illegible] re, or de panels of de doors vat vas kic[illegible] d by drunken men. I say, 'How this [illegible] ange come?' 'Miss Alice,' one says, 'h[illegible] bee here, and this she did and that she l[illegible], and how kind Miss Alice is, and the pla[illegible] wh Miss Alice is coming is cleaned.' [illegible] n, the house since Miss Alice came has i[illegible] rove and old Jacobs is in her debt."

"I am in your debt, Mr. Jacob[illegible] sa Alice, more than I can ever repay."

"Well, well, no more talk abou[illegible] It is peesness I will introduce. O[illegible] night I say to myself when in my bed I [illegible] ly ing, wide awake, 'Jacobs this char[illegible] your heart cheers, why did you not you[illegible] do it?' And it is a useless old man I [illegible] ve to admit that I am. Well, I am old b[illegible] I am not dead, so I say it is not too late [illegible] Then effery night I lie awake, thinking [illegible] beebles, how can Jacobs do somed[illegible] their goods? At last a leedle blan[illegible] mind takes shape. It is goot, ver[illegible] think. Nothing I say about it, but [illegible] tnink and plan. Then to work [illegible] the dime I laugh to myself when [illegible] what Miss Alice will say when she [illegible] Ah! Ah! she does not think old [illegible] Jew pawnbroker, can in this wo[illegible] part. But Jacobs' heart is warn[illegible] they think. My blan is worked o[illegible], and here I am to tell all about it."

(To be continued.)



THE KINGDOM AND THE CHURCH.*

IT is natural that one should desire to know what is taught in the Pauline letters, and especially in the controversial group, on the subject of the Church, and in what relation the Pauline idea of the Church stands to the idea of the kingdom of God, so prominent in the teaching of Christ as reported in the Synoptical Gospels.

As to the latter topic, it is to be noted that both ideas—Church and Kingdom, and the term corresponding, occur both in Synoptic Gospels and in Pauline Epistles, but in an inverse order of prominence. Neither in the teaching of our Lord, nor in that of St. Paul do the two conceptions exactly cover each other. For both, the Kingdom possesses a certain transcendental character not belonging to the Church. This amounts to saying that it is a pure ideal hovering above the reality, or in advance of it, a goal which the Church seeks to approximate but never overtakes.

"Not in word," says the apostle (is) "the kingdom of God, but in power." It is clear that for the writer of such a sentence, at the moment, the Kingdom is not identical with the Church, but something rising far above it, ideal purity and beauty and dignity. For the statement quoted could not have been made concerning the Church as represented by the Christian community in Corinth. The very opposite was the truth as regarded it. The Church at Corinth was not word not in power. It was a society that had given up to talk, to oratory, to prophesying, to speaking with tongues. Where one phenonmenon visible there was a universally diffused talent for speech; there was sad dearth of all that tends to give a religious community spiritual power, of mysticism and charity, or even common morality. A state of things like that would permit one to distinguish between Church and kingdom, and to think of the latter as exalted above the former as far as heaven above the earth. Similar observations apply to the other text which runs: "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit." The obvious meaning is that the Kingdom ritual cleanness and uncleanness are of no account, nothing is of value there that is merely ceremonial, nothing but the moral and spiritual; the qualification for citizenship is not eating or abstaining from eating a given sort of food, but possessing a righteous, loving, sunny spirit. The men to whom belongs the Kingdom are those who have a passion for righteousness, who are peacemakers, and who can rejoice even in tribulation, because they have chosen God for their "summum bonum."

The very fact that the apostle thought it needful to make the observation just considered on, proves that the Church of Rome was far enough from realizing the idea of a community in which questions about meats and drinks were nothing, and righteousness, peace and joy in the Spirit everything.

*St. Paul's Conception of Christianity: by Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. A masterly study of the Epistles of the Apostle of the Gentiles to show how much light they shed on his system of theology and the character of his preaching. PP. 472. Price $2: published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 153 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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There were in it, on the one hand, many whose consciences were enslaved by petty scruples, and, on the other, many who treated such scruples with contempt; consequently, there prevailed a great forgetfulness in opposite directions of the great things of the law—justice, mercy and faith. Such a state of matters is a disappointing and depressing spectacle wherever exhibited, and the soul of a good man naturally takes to itself the wings of a dove and flies away in quest of a refuge from despair and scepticism to the fair kingdom of heaven, where nought but what is noble and benignant and bright finds entrance. It is well for one who lives in evil times to be able thus mentally to see the transcendent commonwealth. It is his salvation from unbelief, his quietive amid disgusts, his consolation amid disappointments and disenchantments; a temple wherein he may behold the beauty of the Lord, when there is nowhere else anything beautiful to look upon; a pavilion in which he can hide himself in the time of trouble. There is no other refuge than the Church transcendent. It thus appears that in the mind of the apostle the divine Kingdom was by no means immediately identical with the Christian Church.

THE Y. P. S. E. IN ENGLAND.

The progress of the Christian Endeavor Society in England is very marked. Nearly 2500 British branches have now been enrolled, of which seventy are in the Birmingham and District Union. In a few weeks' time the National Convention is to be held when free hospitality is to be offered by the Birmingham societies to the whole of the representatives, it is thought these will number 3000. The 3000 visitors, added to the Birmingham societies, will make a large assemblage and a huge amphitheate hars been hired for the meetings.

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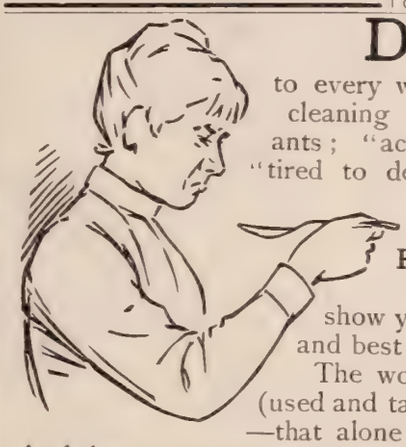

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In the Preparation of Artificial Food for Infants.

Value of this Water in Diseases Incident to Teething.

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"For some time I have been using **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in the preparation of **artificial food for infants.** Cow's milk is the substitute usually resorted to when the mother is not able to suckle her child and it is impossible to get a wet nurse. One serious objection, along with many others, to cow's milk, is its acidity. Human milk is always alkaline, but cow's milk, except when the animal is fed entirely upon grass, is almost always acid. This is the principal reason why the milk of cows disagrees with many babies, and lime water is often added to this milk to correct the acidity. I believe the long-continued use of lime water is hurtful to digestion, and last summer, when I was feeding two of my own children on cow's milk, and found the nurse adding lime water to prevent colic and intestinal derangement, which the food otherwise produced, I directed her to use No. 2 **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in preparing the food, with immediate and continued good results. The water was added until the milk lost its acidity and was neutral or alkaline."

Dr. John H. Tucker, *Henderson, N. C., President of the State Medical Society of North Carolina, referring to Spring No. 1:*

"I have observed marked beneficial results from **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** Spring No. 1, in the disorders of **Teething Infants.** I have sent many patients of this class to the Springs for the use of this water **and, without exception, they have returned to me cured or greatly benefited."**

This water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half gallon bottles $5.00 f.o.b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent to any address.

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CHURCH DOORS LOCKED.

ABOUT five years ago, the people of the little Alpine village of Montorfano, near Lake Maggiore, left the Church of Rome, and formed themselves into an Evangelical community. They still continued to meet in their village church for worship, but the services were Protestant instead of Roman Catholic. Mr. Henry J. Piggott, who reported the facts to the "London Christian," now tells the sequel of the story. He says: "The people regarded the the church as the property of the village, and for nearly four years their use of the building for Evangelical worship remained undisturbed.

"But, rather more than twelve months ago the bishop of the diocese interposed, and brought the case before the civil courts. I need not go into the details of the litigation that ensued; suffice it to say, that after various hearings in various courts, and various sentences, not all of which were unfavorable, the ultimate finding of the superior tribunal definitely restored the edifice to the Church of Rome, thus depriving the little community both of house of prayer and of schoolrooms, the latter forming part of the building in question.

"This issue, though grievous and disappointing, has not shaken in the least the steadfastness of the Montorfano Evangelicals. Not a member has left the church, not a child has been withdrawn from the school. The effect has rather been that of purifying and strengthening their faith in Christ, by eliminating from it all non-essentials. The sentiments of all were well expressed by one of the church, exclaimed, 'Yes, you may take from us the four walls, but you cannot take from us the precious truth we have learned within them!'

"During the winter both services and schools have been carried on in the cottages, with the variations of an occasional meeting in the open air under the chesnut-trees. An inexpensive building containing preaching-room, school-room, and a lodging for the teacher, costing about a thousand dollars is now to be erected for worship, while the fine old church of the parish stands idle with locked doors."

AN EMPEROR'S UNBELIEF.

According to an ancient tale, still preserved by Jewish chroniclers, the great Emperor Trajan affected openly to despise the God of the Hebrews. "You teach me," he said to Rabbi Joshua, "that your God is everywhere, and you boast that he resides among your nation. I should like to see him." "God's presence is indeed everywhere," said the rabbi, "but he cannot be seen. No mortal eye can behold his glory." The emperor insisted that it could. "Suppose we go first and look at one of his ambaasadors," said Joshua. They stepped into the open air. It was noonday. He bade the emperor look on the sun, blazing in its meridian splendor. "I cannot see," said Trajan, "the light dazzles me." Said the rabbi, "thou art unable to bear the light of one of these creatures; how then, could'st thou look upon the Creator?"

A PRACTICAL Y. W. C. A.

A practical proof of the value of the educational department was given a few days ago by the Brooklyn Young Women's Christian Association. The whole building was turned for the day into an exhibition, all the exhibits being the work of members trained in the Association's classes. Millinery, dressmaking, typewriting, embroidery, cooking and other departments were represented. In the evening there was an exhibition given by the members of the gymnasium and of the class of nurses.

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MISSIONARY'S KIND WELCOME.

In a letter from Tongoa, in the new Hebrides group of islands, South Pacific, Mr. Oscar Michelsen, a missionary, gives a pleasing description of his reception by the chief and people of Sakan, one of the islands. Mr. Michelsen and his party went to Sekan on the Mission boat "Viking," which had been built for them in Norway. He writes:

A crowd of the 'barbarians' were standing ready on the beach, and as soon as they saw us they rushed out in the surf to carry our cargo and ourselves safe ashore. The women gathered — rather shyly — around Mrs. M., who, of course, was a stranger to most of them. 'Oh!' they exclaimed, 'she has got a baby!' The rejoicing was almost unbounded, when one of them said, 'It is black!'—it being a Tongoan baby, whose mother died, and which Mrs. M., had adopted. Whilst we were receiving their greetings, the boatmen had succeeded in floating the 'Viking' in to the beach, and had sails, oars, masts, etc., taken out and placed on shore. There was no want of willing hands ready to volunteer to carry our stuff to our house. Everything looked clean and swept and tidy. The people evidently had taken advantage of the short waiting they had had. Our stuff reached the house before us, and was only waiting our orders about where everything was to be placed. Things were temporarily put into our dining-room, the food-box got hold of, and in a wonderfully short time we sat down to a refreshing cup of tea.

Being very tired, we decided to retire early, so as to have a good night's sleep and rest. We soon found out, however, that we were no longer at our Tongoa station situated 430 feet above the sea), with its large and airy rooms. The air was close and hot, and we were tossing about, in vain hope to get to sleep. We had not lain long when we heard a strange noise near baby's cradle. The candle was lit and a search was made. The disturber of the peace was a large land crab. I made him a prisoner under a wire meat cover until the morning. We were just dozing off when a violent earthquake shook us quite out of our sleep for some time.

The next couple of days were almost entirely taken up with receiving visitors, accepting and giving presents, and shaking of hands. Although these natives have a little Maori blood in their veins, they have never learned to rub noses, and it is just as well. The back yard of our station is shaded by a large orange tree. Here they laid down large heaps of yam, taro, bananas, sweet potatoes, breadfruit, pumpkin, melons and other fruits, each village putting their gifts in a separate heap, the piece resting under the orange tree, whilst a bit of rice was cooked for every company, and a present of a shirt and a fathom of turkey red twill was got out as a gift to the chief. Though these presents did not come very cheap, it was a decided expression of their goodwill, so we may well say with Paul, 'the barbarous people showed us no little kindness.' During the following day much food was brought for sale, so that we were soon able to send a load of food to our station on Tongoa, which it would tide us over two or three weeks of this time of famine."

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

Miss Sarah Pope, Lakeland.
Mr. & Mrs. W. B. Higbie, Lakeland.
Mrs. Riehle, Pennsylvania.
Family being led by Jesus, Great Bend, Pa.
Miss Roxa M. Brooks.
Mrs. B. F. Woodworth.
Mrs. W., Union City, Pa.
Elder, Hudson, Mass.
Lee A. Graham.
A Friend, N. H.

Low Rates to Denver.

The B. & O. R. R. Co. will place on sale at all ticket offices on its lines east of the Ohio River round-trip tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Pueblo, for all trains of July 2, 3, 4 and 5, valid from starting point on day of sale and good returning from Colorado points July 12 to 15 inclusive. The rate from New York will be $47.75, and correspondingly low rates when from other stations. Tickets will be good via St. Louis or Chicago.

Do You Have Asthma?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant found on the Congo river, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

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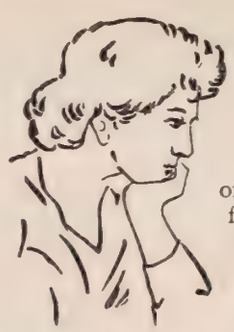

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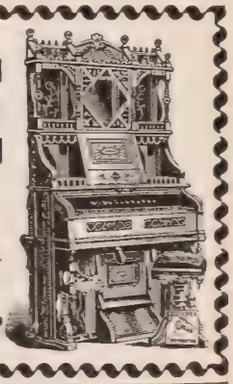

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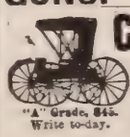

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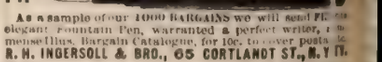

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, JULY 3, 1895. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

CUBA'S WAR FOR FREEDOM.

"The Gem of the Antilles" Once More the Scene of Revolution — Its Long Struggle to Shake off Spanish Control—Why the Cause of Christianity has Languished on the Beautiful Island Photographic Glimpses of Cuban Homes and Scenery.

CASTILLO DEL MORRO
The Fortress Commanding Havana Harbor.

ONCE more the standard of revolt has been unfurled in the mountains and plains of Cuba, the loveliest, yet most unfortunate of the group of islands that compose the West Indian archipelago. Like a slumbering volcano, the elements of civil strife are ever in a state of ferment and unrest, and the intervals between armed uprisings there have not been of long duration.

Several notable revolts against Spanish rule in Cuba can be remembered by the present generation, but few have attained such formidable proportions, or held out such alluring promises of success for those who have been offering out their lives and their substance in the hope of securing the ultimate establishment of a free Cuban Republic. Although the policy of our own government is one of strict neutrality, a very large portion of the American people have on repeated evidence of strong sympathy with the movement to liberate the island from monarchical rule. Several expeditions have been recently fitted out by American sympathizers and have landed in Cuba and cooperated with the insurgents, although such ventures have been undertaken in defiance of neutrality laws. The condition of the war in Cuba is greatly obscured by the conflicting reports that are circulated concerning every incident of consequence in the campaign. Martinez Campos, the distinguished soldier whom Spain sent out to supersede a weak and incompetent Governor General, was welcomed with enthusiasm in Havana, as it was believed he would adopt summary measures to end the rebellion forthwith. Yet the reports of patriot victories have been received with unfailing regularity. Bands of insurgents under Gomez, Marti, and other leaders have conducted a guerilla warfare which has placed the government's imported troops at a disadvantage, and kept them constantly in dread of ambushes and surprises. Only a few encounters of importance have taken place, but no general engagement, and in all the fighting thus far, according to insurgent reports, the patriot cause has held its own.

On the other hand, government reports claim that Gen. Campos is gradually crushing out the revolution. So much faith has the Madrid government in his military ability and the ultimate triumph of his plans, that it is supplying money and troops for the Cuban war on a scale of extraordinary liberality. Campos has conducted the war with vigor and determination, and has already succeeded in making himself exceedingly obnoxious to the insurgents by reason of his severe military measures. A large part of the island is under martial law, and in some provinces the people have been warned that it will be unsafe to venture out of doors between nightfall and sunrise. Meanwhile, the commerce of Cuba is practically paralyzed by the war, and the fine plantations are suffering greatly through neglect. Many of the loyal planters have suffered from insurgent raids, involving widespread destruction of property. Government supply teams have been stopped and seized. The patriot forces—numbering in all not more than 15,000 or 18,000—are operating in small bands in different parts of the island in a manner that renders it impossible to foretell where the next blow will fall. The war is costing Spain $125,000 per day, and Cuba probably quite as much, through commercial blockade and injury to property. As a whole, the situation is such as to excite genuine alarm in Spain, and all the more so that her strongest soldier, General Campos, has thus far failed to

A CUBAN WOMAN WITH MANTILLA.

THE PRADO, LOOKING TOWARD THE CASTILLO DEL MORRO.
The Prado, or Paseo Isabel, is the Finest Thoroughfare in Cuba.

(Continued on page 420.)

THE GATES OF HELL.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: "*The gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*" Matthew 16: 18.

ENTRANCED, until we could endure no more of the splendor, we have often gazed at the shining gates, the gates of pearl, the gates of heaven. But we are for awhile to look in the opposite direction, and see swinging open and shut the gates of hell.

I remember, when the Franco-German war was going on, that I stood one day in Paris looking at the gates of the Tuileries, and I was so absorbed in the sculpturing at the top of the gates—the masonry and the bronze—that I forgot myself, and after awhile, looking down, I saw that there were officers of the law scrutinizing me, supposing, no doubt, I was a German, and looking at those gates for adverse purposes. But, my friends, we shall not stand looking at the outside of the gates of hell. In this sermon I shall tell you of both sides, and I shall tell you what those gates are made of. With the hammer of God's truth I shall pound on the brazen panels, and with the lantern of God's truth I shall flash a light upon the shining hinges.

Gate the first: Impure literature. Anthony Comstock seized twenty tons of bad books, plates, and letter press, and when our Professor Cochran, of the Polytechnic Institute, poured the destructive acids on those plates, they smoked in the righteous annihilation. And yet a great deal of the bad literature of the day is not gripped of the law. It is strewn in your parlors; it is in your libraries. Some of your children read it at night after they have retired, the gas-burner swung as near as possible to their pillow. Much of this literature is under the title of scientific information. A book agent with one of these infernal books, glossed over with scientific nomenclature, went into a hotel and sold in one day a hundred copies, and sold them all to women! It is appalling that men and women who can get through their family physician all the useful information they may need, and without any contamination, should wade chin deep through such accursed literature under the plea of getting useful knowledge, and that printing-presses, hoping to be called decent, lend themselves to this infamy. Fathers and mothers, be not deceived by the title, "medical works." Nine-tenths of those books come hot from the lost world, though they may have on them the names of the publishing houses of New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia. Then there is all the novelette literature of the day flung over the land by the million. As there are good novels that are long, so I suppose there may be good novels that are short, and so there may be a good novelette, but it is the exception. No [illegible] reads the average novelette of this day and keeps either integrity or virtue. The most of these novelettes are written by broken-down literary men for small compensation, on the principle that, having failed in literature elevated and pure, they hope to succeed in the tainted and the nasty. Oh! this is a wide gate of hell. Every panel is made out of a bad book or newspaper. Every hinge is the interjoined type of a corrupt printing-press. Every bolt or lock of that gate is made out of the plate of an unclean pictorial. In other words, there are a million men and women in the United States to-day reading themselves into hell! When, in one of our cities, a prosperous family fell into ruins through the misdeeds of one of its members, the amazed mother said to the officer of the law: "Why, I never supposed there was anything wrong. I never thought there could be anything wrong." Then she sat weeping in silence for some time, and said: "Oh! I have got it now! I know, I know! I found in her bureau after she went away a bad book. That's what slew her." These leprous booksellers have gathered up the catalogues of all the male and female seminaries in the United States, catalogues containing the names and residences of all the students, and circulars of death are sent to every one, without any exception. Can you imagine anything more deathful? There is not a young person, male or female, or an old person, who has not had offered to him or her a bad book or a bad picture. Scour your house to find out whether there are any of these adders coiled on your parlor centre-table, or coiled amid the toilet set on the dressing-case. I adjure you before the sun goes down to explore your family libraries with an inexorable scrutiny. Remember that one bad book or bad picture may do the work for eternity. I want to arouse all your suspicions about novelettes. I want to put you on the watch against everything that may seem like surreptitious correspondence through the post-office. I want you to understand that impure literature is one of the broadest, highest, mightiest gates of the lost.

Gate the second: The dissolute dance. You shall not divert me to the general subject of dancing. Whatever you may think of the parlor dance or the methodic motion of the body to sounds of music in the family or the social circle, I am not now discussing that question. I want you to unite with me this hour in recognizing the fact that there is a dissolute dance. You know of what I speak. It is seen not only in the low haunts of death, but in elegant mansions. It is the first step to eternal ruin for a great multitude of both sexes. You know, my friends, what postures, and attitudes, and figures are suggested of the devil. They who glide into the dissolute dance glide over an inclined plane, and the dance is swifter and swifter, wilder and wilder, until with the speed of lightning they whirl off the edges of a decent life into a fiery future. This gate of hell swings across the Axminster of many a fine parlor, and across the ball-room of the summer watering-place. You have no right, my brother, my sister—you have no right to take an attitude to the sound of music which would be unbecoming in the absence of music. No Chickering grand of city parlor or fiddle of mountain picnic can consecrate that which God hath cursed.

Gate the third: Indiscreet apparel. The attire of woman for the last few years has been beautiful and graceful beyond anything I have known; but there are those who will always carry that which is right into the extraordinary and indiscreet. I charge Christian women, neither by style of dress nor adjustment of apparel, to become administrative of evil. Perhaps none else will dare to tell you, so I will tell you that there are multitudes of men who owe their eternal damnation to what has been at different times the boldness of womanly attire. Show me the fashion-plates of any age between this and the time of Louis XVI., of France, and Henry VIII., of England, and I will tell you the type of morals or immorals of that age or that year. No exception to it. Modest apparel means a righteous people. Immodest apparel always means a contaminated and depraved society. You wonder that the city of Tyre was destroyed with such a terrible destruction. Have you ever seen the fashion-plate of the city of Tyre? I will show it to you:

"Moreover, the Lord saith, because the daughters of Zion are haughty and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet, in that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the rings and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping-pins."

That is the fashion-plate of ancient Tyre. And do you wonder that the Lord God in his indignation blotted out the city, so that fishermen to-day spread their nets where that city once stood?

Gate the fourth: Alcoholic beverage. Oh! the wine-cup is the patron of impurity. The officers of the law tell us that nearly all the men who go into the shambles of death, go in intoxicated, the mental and the spiritual abolished, that the brute may triumph. Tell me that a young man drinks, and I know the whole story. If he becomes a captive of the wine-cup, he will become a captive of all other vices; only give him time. No one ever runs drunkenness alone. That is a carrion-crow that goes in a flock, and when you see that beak ahead, you may know the other beaks are coming. In other words, the wine-cup unbalances and dethrones one's better judgment, and leaves one the prey of all evil appetites that may choose to alight upon his soul. There is not a place of any kind of sin in the United States to-day that does not find its chief abettor in the chalice of inebriacy. There is either a drinking-bar before, or one behind, or one above, or one underneath. These people escape legal penalty because they are all licensed to sell liquor. The courts that license the sale of strong drink, license gambling-houses, license libertinism, license disease, license death, license all sufferings, all crimes, all despoliations, all disasters, all murders, all woe. It is the courts and the Legislature that are swinging wide open this grinding, creaky, stupendous gate of the lost.

But you say, "You have described these gates of hell and shown us how they swing in to allow the entrance of the doomed. Will you not, please, before you get through the sermon, tell us how these gates of hell may swing out to allow the escape of the penitent?" I reply, but very few escape. Of the thousand that go in, nine hundred and ninety-nine perish. Suppose one of these wanderers should knock at your door, would you admit her? Suppose you knew where she came from, would you ask her to sit down at your dining-table? Would you ask her to become the governess of your children? Would you introduce her among your acquaintanceships? Would you take the responsibility of pulling on the outside of the gate of hell while the pusher on the inside of the gate is trying to get out? You would not, not one of a thousand of you would dare to do so. You would write beautiful poetry over her sorrows, and weep over her misfortunes, but give her practical help you never will. But you say, "Are there no ways by which the wanderer may escape?" Oh, yes; three or four. The one way is the sewing-girl's garret, dingy, cold, hunger-blasted? But you say, "Is there no other way for her to escape?" Oh, yes. Another way is the street at leads to the river, at midnight, the en of the city dock, the moon shining dow on the water making it look so smooth e wonders if it is deep enough. It is. No hu man near enough to hear the plunge. No watchman near enough to pick her ou fore she sinks the third time. No ther way? Yes. By the curve of the rai ad at the point where the engineer of the lightning express train cannot see a hun ed yards ahead to the form that lies acros the track. He may whistle "down brak" but not soon enough to disappoint the ne who seeks her death. But you say, "Isn't God good, and won't he forgive?" Yes: but man will not, woman will not, so ty will not. The church of God says it will, but it will not. Our work, then, mu be prevention rather than cure.

Those gates of hell are to be pros ted just as certainly as God and the Bib are true, but it will not be done until Chr ian men and women, quitting their pruder nd squeamishness in this matter, rall the whole Christian sentiment of the C rch and assail these great evils of society The Bible utters its denunciation in this ec tion again and again, and yet the pi of the day is such a namby-pamby s of thing that you cannot even quote Scr ure without making somebody restless As long as this holy imbecility reigns the Church of God, sin will laugh you to rn. I do not know but that before the C rch wakes up, matters will get worse nd worse, and that there will have to b one lamb sacrificed from each of the mos are-fully-guarded folds, and the wave u cleanness dash to the spire of the age church and the top of the cathedral to er.

Prophets and patriarchs, and apostl and evangelists, and Christ himself have un dered against these sins as against n oth er, and yet there are those who thi we ought to take, when we speak of thes subjects, a tone apologetic. I put my f on all the conventional rhetoric on thi subject, and I tell you plainly that unle you give up that sin your doom is seale and world without end you will be chased the anathemas of an incensed God. I ral you to a besiegement of the gates of hell We want in this besieging host no sof entimentalists, but men who are willing t take and give hard knocks. The gates Ga za were carried off; the gates of Sebe were battered down; the gates of B ylon were destroyed, and the gates of h are going to be prostrated.

The Christianized printing press l be rolled up as the chief battering-ram. hen there will be a long list of aroused pits, which shall be assailing fortresse and God's red-hot truth shall be the flyi am munition of the contest; and the ispers and the miners will lay the train nder these foundations of sin, and at j the right time God, who leads on the fr will cry, "Down with the gates!" and e ev plosion beneath will be answered by t the trumpets of God on high, celebrati uni versal victory.

But there may be one wandere that would like to have a kind word lling homeward. I have told you that ciety has no mercy. Did I hint, at an arlier point in this subject, that God wi have mercy upon any wanderer who wou like to come back to the heart of infinite ve?

A cold Christmas night in a farm ouse. Father comes in from the barn, kno s the snow from his shoes, and sits down the fire. The mother sits at the stand k tting. She says to him, "Do you rememb it is the anniversary to-night?" The fa er is angered. He never wants any allus n to the fact that one had gone away, nd the mere suggestion that it was the anni sa of that sad event made him quite although the tears ran down his The old house dog, that had play with the wanderer when she was a child omes up and puts his head on the old han s knee, but he roughly repulses the d wants nothing to remind him of th anni versary day.

A cold winter night in a city chu It

Christmas night. They have been dec-ting the sanctuary. A lost wanderer of t street, with thin shawl about her, at-cted by the warmth and light, comes in d sits near the door. The minister of re-ion is preaching of Him who was wound-e for our transgressions and bruised for d iniquities, and the poor soul by the door id: "Why, that must mean me; 'mercy f the chief of sinners; bruised for our in-ities; wounded for our transgressions.'"

The music that night in the sanctuary ught back the old hymn which she used sing when, with father and mother, she rshiped God in the village church. The rvice over, the minister went down t aisle. She said to him: "Were those rds for me? 'Wounded for our trans-ssions.' Was that for me?" The man God understood her not. He knew not w to comfort a shipwrecked soul, and he ssed on and he passed out. The poor nderer followed into the street.

What are you doing here, Meg?" said t police. "What are you doing here to-ht?" "Oh," she replied, "I was in to rm myself;" and then the rattling cough ne, and she held to the railing until the roxysm was over. She passed on down t street, falling from exhaustion; recov-ng herself again, until after a while she ched the outskirts of the city, and pass-on into the country road. It seemed so miliar; she kept on the road, and she w in the distance a light in the window. h! that light had been gleaming there ery night since she went away. On that ntry road she passed until she came to t garden gate. She opened it and passed n the path where she played in childhood. e came to the steps and looked in at the f on the hearth. Then she put her fingers t the latch. Oh, if that door had been ked she would have perished on the reshold, for she was near to death! But t door had not been locked since the e she went away. She pushed open the or. She went in and lay down on the rth by the fire. The old house dog wled as he saw her enter, but there was mething in the voice he recognized, and frisked about her until he almost pushed r down in his joy.

n the morning the mother came down, d she saw a bundle of rags on the hearth; t when the face was uplifted, she knew and it was no more old Meg of the street. rowing her arms around the returned digal, she cried, "Oh, Maggie!" The ld threw her arms around her mother's ck, and said, "Oh, mother!" and while y were embraced, a rugged form tower-above them. It was the father. The verity all gone out of his face, he stooped d took her up tenderly and carried her to other's room, and laid her down on moth-s bed, for she was dying. Then the lost e, looking up into her mother's face, said: 'Wounded for our transgressions,' and uised for our iniquities!' Mother, do you nk that means me?" "Oh, yes, my rling," said the mother. "If mother is glad to get you back, don't you think d is glad to get you back?"

And there she lay dying, and all their eams and all their prayers were filled with e words, "Wounded for our transgres-ns, and bruised for our iniquities," until, st before the moment of her departure, r face lighted up, showing the pardon of d had dropped upon her soul. And there e slept away on the bosom of a pardon-g Jesus. So the Lord took back one om the world rejected.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the wery Mission during the past week:

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Fairbanks, Mass.
S. E. Butterworth, Pa.
Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lewis.
J. S. Knapp.
L. F. F., Verdon, Neb.
Miss Eleanor Cole, N. J.
C. Pierce.
Dr. O. C. Tarbox.

All desiring to be enrolled on the list of trons, should send the names and ad-resses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The True Missionary Call.

Rev. Henry H. Jessup of Beirut, Syria, One of the Grandest of Modern Missionaries, Explains its Meaning.

UNDER consecrated missionary zeal, a great part of the heathen world has already been won for Christ, and it is not, therefore, surprising that there should be a burning desire, on the part of many Christian young men and women, to enter the missionary field. Many letters asking for information as to the duties of and qualifications for such service are received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and we take pleasure in giving space to the following eminently practical suggestions on this subject, from the pen of a distinguished missionary, Rev. Henry H. Jessup, D.D., of Beirut, Syria. Dr. Jessup enumerates twelve classes of men who should not go to the mission field, viz.:

1. Those in infirm health. It is not wise to send invalids so far away from home. No one should go who cannot pass the examination of a Medical Examiner.

2. Those too old to learn a foreign language. It is not often that one over thirty can master a difficult foreign language. As a rule it is better to send the young to grapple with Zulu clicks, Arabic gutturals, and Chinese characters.

3. No one should go who is unwilling to go anywhere. There should be complete self-surrender. The wise and experienced officers of our Mission Boards are always ready to consider the personal preferences of candidates for special fields. But the true spirit of a missionary is one of readiness to go "where duty calls or danger," making no conditions.

4. Those who believe that the missionary enterprise is doomed to failure. It is a winning cause. Expect to succeed. Omnipotence is on your side. If you expect only disaster, retrogression and final collapse, and can only look on the dark side, do not go abroad to cast the gloom of your pessimism over your fellow laborers and finally sink in despair.

5. Impatient men. It is a long hard work and needs patience. You must prepare the soil, sow the good seed, water it with your tears, and then wait for the harvest. Be willing to sow and to let others reap. An impatient man is easily discouraged. The Lord's patience is great. If he can wait for the harvest, his servants can.

6. Men without common sense. This is a virtue the want of which nothing else will supply. Brilliant talents, great linguistic gifts, impetuous zeal, all will fail without mental balance. A man without level-headed common sense will do more mischief in a day than a whole mission can undo in a year. Religious enthusiasm has led some to go abroad, despising the means God has given us for preserving life and health, and they have sacrificed their own lives and the lives of others and given occasion to the enemies of God to blaspheme. Some of them have become a charge on other missionaries.

7. Intractable men. Such men cannot yield to a majority vote. They are not needed abroad. The work needs tractable, courteous men, willing to take advice and to work with others. One self-opinionated, arbitrary, wilful man will bring disaster upon a mission. Missions are self-governing bodies, and the majority must decide every question.

8. Superficially prepared men. No one can predict what duties may devolve on a foreign missionary: Bible translation, organization of churches, the moulding of a new native Christian social fabric, dealing with subtle philosophies, preparing a Christian literature, founding institutions of learning, and perhaps a whole educational system, guiding the ignorant, and oftentimes dealing with kings and rulers. Surely such a man should be well trained. If a physician, he should be thoroughly equipped, and not be satisfied with any short, hasty course of preparation. He should be able not only to secure the Diploma of a Medical College, but pass the test of examination by the New York or Massachusetts State Board of Examiners. The most complete all-round, theological or medical training, is the best preparation for the foreign missionary work. To this should be added, experience in personal Christian work in the cities or the country.

9. Men of unsettled religious views. The foreign mission work needs men who believe something, who are anchored to the Rock, who believe in the Bible, and in Christ as the only Saviour. If you do not know what you believe, stay at home until you do.

10. Men who are afraid of torrid climates and hard languages. There is nothing in these to alarm a Christian soldier.

11. Men who hesitate to condescend to the lowly, depraved and besotted. The unevangelized nations are not all besotted and repulsive in their habits, but there are tribes of half-naked, filthy and imbruted children of nature from whom a civilized man involuntarily shrinks. Yet they are men for whom Christ died. Can you go and live among such men and women? Do you say, I am not called to such a degradation, this is too great a sacrifice, too exacting a condescension? Think what Christ has done for you.

12. Lastly, men who think of the missionary work as a temporary service, or a convenient way of serving themselves. Some men have entered the foreign missionary work in order to study foreign languages and fit themselves for a position at home; or in order to travel in foreign parts; or to engage in mere scientific exploration, or commercial pursuits. Such men do not deserve the name of missionaries. The missionary work should be, if possible, a life work. If you go abroad, expect to spend your life among the people, and to identify yourself with them. Let nothing turn you aside from your work. Missionaries are sometimes tempted to leave their work by the allurements of literature, diplomacy or commerce. But none of these things should move them. If you go abroad, hold on to your work until the Lord himself separates you from it.

THE WASHINGTON CENTRAL UNION MISSION'S GOSPEL WAGON.

If then the Christian student finds that he is of sound health; of proper age; willing to go where God shall call; hopeful; patient; with good common sense; tractable; thoroughly trained; of settled religious views; willing to go to the most trying climate and learn the most difficult language; ready to love the humblest and the most degraded; and to make his work a life service; it is evident he is called of God to go. He needs no voice or sign from heaven. If you have sufficient reason to justify your remaining at home it will always be a blessing to you that you considered the question of duty fairly, fully and faithfully. You will be more useful as a pastor at home, if you are willing to go, and found yourself detained at home by the constraints of the Divine Providence.

REV. HENRY H. JESSUP.

A MAMMOTH GOSPEL WAGON.

PERHAPS the largest wagon ever used in Gospel work in the United States is the vehicle just finished by a firm of Washington carriage builders for the use of the Central Union Mission in its religous work in the National Capital. The design of this vehicle, together with its many conveniences and general utility, constitute a genuine novelty in Gospel wagon building. The central part of the panel on the right hand side of the wagon can be lowered, forming a platform which has an iron side-rail and is self-adjusting. The entrance to the wagon is by a door on the left side of the body, with steps that fold on the inside when the door is shut. An iron frame is attached to the top, to which the curtains can be fastened, forming an awning to protect the speakers and singers from the sun's rays.

The interior of the wagon is fitted up with three rows of folding chairs, affording seating capacity for thirty-three people. A necessary interior fixture is a handsome organ. The wagon is provided with poles, lead bars for two, three, four or six horses. The following are the principal dimensions of this Gospel wagon:

Its length over all is twenty feet, width seven feet, and length of top twenty-four feet. The illustration is from "The Carriage Monthly of Philadelphia, Pa.

CONVERTS IN CHINA.

Several missionaries of the China Inland Mission are now taking their periodical vacation. They report progress in their various fields in spite of the miseries resulting from the war, and the prejudice against foreigners it has engendered. Mr. C. H. Judd, whose field is in Shau Tung, says that one of his most active supporters is a beggar-woman, who was brought under the influence of Christianity during a sickness.

When she recovered she resumed her occupation and proved a grand evangelist, carrying the Gospel news as she tramps from village to village, so that even in far-off farmhouses the name of Jesus has become known. Another man actually turned his home into a "Jesus Hall," and afterward gave a piece of land for a chapel, a great gift for a Chinaman, because it is his living, the ground on which he grows his rice. In one place, where there was at first much oppostion, twenty-five were lately baptized in one day, many of them being spiritual children of the man who gave the land to the Christian cause.

THE GOLDEN CALF.

S. S. Lesson for July 14. Exod. 32: 1-8. Golden Text I. John 5:21. By Mrs. Baxter.

"LITTLE children," writes the old apostle John, "keep yourselves free from idols." (I. John 5 : 21). What is an idol, and what is idolatry? An idol is anything which we allow to take the place which God ought to take, and idolatry is to give to the creature the attention, the time, the consideration, the honor, which is due to God. Man is finite, but God has created him with capacity to take in, and to appreciate the infinite. It is in the very nature of man to seek, outside of himself,

Something to Worship.

If he finds a being superior to himself, his worship elevates him. If he does not find God and learn to worship his Saviour, he degrades himself by creating an idol, and offering senseless homage to the work of his own hands—to his inferior. The origin and worship of the golden calf in the wilderness is full of precious instruction for us.

The law of God had been given amid the thunders and lightnings which issued from the Mount Sinai, which was shaken to its base by the presence of the holy God. Many most beneficial rules for the welfare of the people had been communicated by God to Moses, and he had commanded the observance of three feasts yearly, the Passover, Pentecost, and the Feast of Tabernacles, that their deliverance from Egyptian slavery, their tribute of praise to the Lord as the giver of the fruits of the earth, and the fact that they were pilgrims and strangers on earth, should be each year commemorated.

It was at this time that God instituted the worship of his people: "Let them make me a sanctuary, that I may dwell among them" (Exod. 25 : 8). Here is a direct renewal of his great purpose to bring man near to himself, so that man might really and truly draw nigh to God, and have directly to do with him. In the innermost part of the tabernacle, in the holy of holies, God directed Moses to make an ark of wood, which should be overlaid with gold, within which the tables of the law should be kept. A wondrous type of him who became flesh, wood and gold, human and divine. God's own Son, who, as man, had God's law within his heart. And a covering must be made for the ark; a mercy seat of pure gold; and of the same pieces of gold, "of the matter of the mercy seat" (Exod. 25 : 19, Marg.). Should he make two cherubim of beaten work, prefiguring glorified human beings, made "partakers of the divine nature" (II. Peter 1 : 4); "of one piece with the mercy seat" (R. V.). It was a witness, hidden away from the people, who yet knew that the cherubim were there, although they might not look upon them, that God meant to unite man to himself.

Moses understood his God, but the people did not. Forty days and forty nights (Exod. 24 : 18) of drinking in the thoughts and purposes of God, was none too long for this man "whom the Lord knew face [illegible]

Knew How to Wait

upon his God. The people were not easily governed; of this he already had had abundant proof in Egypt at the Red Sea, at Marah, in the wilderness of Sin, and at Rephidim. And yet this man of God, who "endured, as seeing him who is invisible," could with confidence leave them while God called him to abide in the mountain in his presence. He had learned a lesson which many, even in these days of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, have not learned—that the highest of all service is to [illegible] and give time to him to speak; and that in so doing when he calls for attention, other work which is committed to him is not really neglected. He cares for it.

To human eyes, the absence of Moses was a fatal mistake, and was the cause of their idolatry. When the people saw that he delayed to come down from the mountain, they "gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him: Up, make us gods which shall go before us; for as for this man Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him." "What madness," human reason would argue, "to leave such a people for such a length of time to themselves! Of course mischief would come of it." And there is truth in the argument: evil did come of it. And yet God permitted it; his purpose with his people was not to obtain an easy, unquestioning obedience to a routine of duties, in quiet, undisturbed peace, settled upon their lees. No; God's object is to redeem, and conform to himself, a people which shall be an everlasting proof that sin and Satan are overcome, and that from redeemed man he has been able to form one helpmeet for him.

Aaron was now put to the test; this could not have been if Moses had been at hand to refer to. What should Aaron do? All the people were aroused; how should he, alone and unaided, manage them at so critical a juncture? Aaron had not learned Moses' lesson, to endure "as seeing him who is invisible;" he was on earthly ground, his brother was on heavenly. Moses had given a command to the seventy elders: "Tarry ye here for us until we come again unto you; and, behold, Aaron and Hur are with you; whosoever hath a cause, let him come near unto them." (R.V.)

Tarry ye Here,

in the place where they had seen the God of Israel, apart from the people. Could it have been that, in the first instance, Aaron himself with the elders manifested impatience at the prolonged absence of Moses, and returned to the camp? Might not this have led to the people's impatience?

In any case we find them now not tarrying in the mountain, as commanded, but among the people who gathered themselves together unto Aaron. It was a time of crisis. Wherever a crisis had arisen before, Moses had fallen on his face before God, and Aaron had followed his example. Now, in the absence of his brother, Aaron does not do this, neither does he tarry till the return of Moses. The flesh cannot wait. "Something must be done," is always the impulse of human energy; "We cannot leave things as they are, such and such is sure to happen if we do not do all we can to prevent it." Idolatry was in the people's hearts, and Aaron's preventive measures only fostered, and brought to a head, the sin which, probably, he sought to hinder. Moses always believed in the power, the will, the presence of God to undertake in a difficult moment. Aaron, now he was put to the test, fell back upon himself. Practically ignoring God, the impatience to do something or to have something is the sure way to idolatry. The people had ample proof of the reality of God, who had wrought such wonders in Egypt at the Red Sea, and in his providing for them up to this very day; they had every proof, too, that Moses was really sent of him, but in their childish petulance and irreverent unbelief, they must have some visible thing to satisfy their senses, and a

Religion Pleasing to the Flesh.

Aaron fell under the people's influence, and requiring from them their jewelry, made them into a molten calf, and said: "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." He attempted, probably, to make a compromise; they should have something to see, that their senses might be gratified, and so he could keep a hold on them. And he built an altar before it, and proclaimed on the morrow a feast to the Lord. This was just what the people wanted, a religion which could minister to their senses, in which they might have entertainment connected with religion, and which they were occupied in gratifying themselves, could flatter themselves that they were, nevertheless, superior to the heathen, because their golden calf was a kind of representation of God. Oh how near the churches of this day approach to this idolaty of Israel. "We must have something to draw the people," say pastors and elders who have not learned to endure as seeing him who is invisible: and they do draw the people to church theatricals, and church concerts, and to a love of pleasure which prepares them to appreciate the theatre, the ballroom, and the gambling dens; but they do not draw them to the Lord, and a simple, faithful preaching of the Gospel palls upon their taste.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE GOLDEN CALF.

IN the extraordinary lapse into idolatry, which is the subject of the lesson, are several practical suggestions, which may be usefully turned to account. One refers to the circumstances. One would have thought that a people who had been just delivered from bondage in so striking a manner, and had within a few days witnessed so terrifying a spectacle as that accompanying the giving of the law, would not easily and soon have been drawn aside into so heinous a sin. But experience proves that reaction is an inevitable sequence of exaltation; and there is no time when it is more necessary to be vigilant than after some peculiarly impressive events. Another suggestion comes from the contrast in the character of the two chief figures in the story. Aaron was the speaker, the man of eloquence. Moses was the quiet, meek, praying man. It was to Aaron, in the absence of Moses, that the people went with their wicked proposal. We can imagine the kind of reception they would have had if they had made such a suggestion to the younger brother. It is not always the most gifted man or the finest orator that is the safest guide. A great historian, indeed, contended that, almost invariably, the most famous orators had been in the wrong. He mentions as an instance Demosthenes, who in arousing his countrymen to fight Philip, led them into misfortune. Another suggestion arises out of the excuse Aaron made, when his brother reproached him for his wrongdoing. He said that he put the gold in the fire and there came out the calf. In other words, the fire was to blame. When people are reproached for their wickedness, they often say, it is my strong passions, my constitution, my early education, my position, or my companions. But the excuse, though it may have been technically true, was a lying evasion. Aaron had made use of graving tools in the manufacture of the calf, and so now, people lend themselves readily and willingly to the gratification of their propensities, and instead of resisting the evil within them and around them, make deliberate and conscious efforts to provide the gratification. The particular form of idolatry was doubtless due to Egyptian association. At On, or Heliopolis, which was near the country identified with Goshen, where the people had lived in Egypt, there was just such an idolatrous image. It was called Mne or Mnevis, and was a golden ox. Apis, the bull-god, is pictured on t hieroglyphs as black, but Mne is alwa drawn in a yellow color. It is improba that the image was solid gold. It is m likely to have been wood covered w gold. The fact that Moses destroyed it fire and flung the ashes into the wate people drank, implies that it was not all gold. His indignation and the ease w which he stemmed the tide of idolatry one man against half a million—shows h one strong, faithful man at a national cri may save a whole nation from going on the commission of a great evil.

All the people brake off their earrings. P haps Aaron thought that they would no willing to make the the sacrifice and so might escape from his dilemma. If so was the resort of a weak man and failed such resorts generally do. People will m sacrifices for superstition or sin that t would not make for Christianity. H much the idolater will sacrifice for relig was seen at the building of the great Bu hist temple at Kyoto, Japan, when the panese ladies had their long black hair which they are very proud, cut off, to m the ropes for hoisting of stone and timb

These be thy gods. Moses made short w of the destruction of the image to which been ascribed the great deliverance. Ar tells the story of a young man in India w as the eldest son of the family, had the d of caring for the idols that the family w shipped. He learned something of Chr anity and grew disgusted with his t The cleaning, anointing, illuminating, grew odious to him. One night, in his tempt for the images, he gave the large a push which threw it off its pedestal it lay on the floor, helpless. The son a little alarmed at first, old superstition ing not quite extinct in him. But a evil came to him, he took courage threw all the idols down. His father horror-stricken when he saw all his ve ated images prostrate in the dust. He braided his son for what he had done. the son replied, "These things can do n ing for us. If they could help themselv might believe in them, but if they ca get up when they are thrown down, have no power for good or ill." The fa was convinced ultimately by his son's l

Thy people have corrupted themselves. is aware of the evil that people do, tho they ignore him and forget him. T people dancing and singing before their would have been disturbed had they kn that God was cognizant of what they e doing. A business man bought a far Ireland and determined to conduct it on e same principles that had made his busi s a success. He was a great deal put ou the eye-service of his employees. Whi e was around they worked hard, but w he was not with them they lay down id did nothing. He took to visiting the at irregular times, and they were in cons t dread of his arrival. But one day e sprained his ankle and was unable to l e his house. His men heard of it and ok advantage of his enforced absence to s nd a lazy day. To their surprise, thre of them were dismissed at night. Their m ployer had not visited them, but had w ed them through a telescope from his lo window.

Peradventure I shall make atonement. A greater proof of love than Moses gave ho man could conceive. If God would not g give, he begged that his name, too, n ht be blotted out of the book of life. In e life of Victor Hugo the story is told o e great writer's love for his grand-daug r, a very willful, disobedient child. Hugo id her love, but his influence failed to corr her faults. One day her mother threat ed that if she committed some offence agai e should have nothing but bread and wate or dinner for three days. The little lad e peated the offence and the penalty wa n forced. She went to her grandfather. re of his intercession. If he would plead th her mamma, the penalty would be remi d. Hugo sorrowfully told the child he could ot intertere. She had done wrong and er mother was bound by her maternal ty to punish her. "Then you don't love me any more, grandpapa?" The great m n's heart almost broke at such a thought ing in the child's mind. "Yes, I love u, little one," he said, "more than you k w. I cannot save you from punishment, b I will share it with you." For three day he old man put aside all dainties, and ok bread and water only as did the child. he never offended in that way again. he dreaded that her grandfather would s ar, too, through his love for her.

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY

Margaret E. Sangster.

THE FOURTH AT MILLER'S.

MILLER'S Junction was an out-of-the-way place, where the traveler who had to spend a night by reason of missing his connection on the road, generally bewailed his fate, and did not in the least know how he should pass the tedious time away. Only a few houses were in sight from the little station, which was itself store, post-office and hotel. Beyond, a straggling road was fringed by a blacksmith's shop, a cottage or two, an old church, and a small weather-beaten building, where the children of the township went to school. Back of Miller's was a farming country, where people lived as best they could, wrenching by hard toil enough to support their families from a stony and stubborn soil.

One day in June, the train stopped at Miller's and two passengers alighted. They were an old man and a young girl, the latter very pretty indeed, and very daintily dressed, as even the few loungers at the station perceived, though they could not even guess remotely the cost of a tailor-made gown from a London and New York maker, nor the price of such a hat and such gloves as finished off the costume of an extremely stylish young woman. Not her clothes, however, nor her trim, shapely figure, nor her quick, crisp manner of speaking, struck the men who watched her, an unaccustomed sight in that lonely spot, so much as her face, a face of rare attractiveness. Such eyes, like stars, great glowing brown eyes, with arching brows and sweeping lashes, such a color, pink as the inner heart of an old-fashioned blush rose, such hair, parted and falling on either side of a lovely forehead; seldom does one see beauty so perfect, and to see is to yield one's homage to it, as to the sceptre of a queen. Then, her voice, a deep, soft, vibrant contralto, which had a tender thrill in its tones, as she spoke to her grandfather, quite fascinated the little listening group. "You are too tired to go on, my dear," she said with decision, "and we will stop here and rest over the Sabbath. I think this is a beautiful place, grandfather. We will find some quiet house nearby where we can stay, if you don't want to be close to the railroad. This gentleman," turning as she spoke to the station-agent, and making a little, courteous bow, "may be able to tell us of a farm-house, or a kind woman in the neighborhood, whose home will accommodate strangers."

The old man, who was white-bearded and pale, a man whose four-score years weighted him with many infirmities, sank into a wooden arm-chair which stood out of the sun, and left every arrangement to the young lady. She had the air of managing affairs to suit herself, and looked quite fearless and resolute, yet withal had a simple child-likeness about her, which pleased the group of spectators, and made them anxious to serve her. Somebody brought a glass of cold water from the well with its moss-oaken bucket, and offered it to the old man, who accepted the drink with grateful thanks.

"Do as you think best, Irene," he said, "and make your own arrangements. Our tickets are here, I believe."

"Yes, grandfather," she answered, "and the tickets allow our stopping-over if we like."

The station-agent doubted, surveying the town-bred pair, whether they would find what they wanted, in the line of comfort at Miller's Junction, and advised their going to Jillton, twenty miles farther on, where there was a fine inn, and many people stopped on account of the springs, but Miss Irene had made up her mind, and as Jake Lent observed aside to Tom Lent, "that young woman does as she's a mind to."

"No mistake in that, Jake," said Tom, approvingly.

The end of it was, that Tom and Jake presently led the way to Doctor Rabeau's in the village, a little distance from the station. Mrs. Rabeau, they thought, had two spare rooms, and once in a while she would take a boarder.

"Grandfather," said Irene, the next morning, "I wonder what pleasure people have in such a lonesome bit of a place as this. I never before saw a place where I thought nothing ever happened. It's like the line in the poem, 'land where it is always afternoon.'"

"That is why you wanted to stay, was it, dearest? To have a new experience?"

"Yes, and really, dear granddaddy, to let you get your breath. You were worn out with the long jolting of the train."

"And now, what do you propose, Irene?"

"Our tickets will let us remain until July 5. I mean to get up a Fourth of July celebration at Miller's, if you'll give me leave."

"Irene McDermott!"

"Yes, dear grandfather! Please let me. I want to try what I can do, in this line, as I am going to make it my business after awhile to speak in public, and read at Chautauqua assemblies, and I'd like to try my powers."

"I believe in your powers, dearie. But these people here may not."

"They will probably like anything which will stir them up. I'll go and interview some of the principal people of the neighborhood, after supper, in the long twilight, while you are reading your CHRISTIAN HERALD."

Irene went to call at the minister's, and the teacher's, and had a little conference with the Sunday School superintendent. The result was gratifying. She found that there was plenty of patriotism in the little community, and more than one plain household had its cherished flag, flung to the breeze on the nation's holy days, which are also its dear holidays. The minister and his young young wife entered heartily into her plan, and when she told them that she had studied elocution and given readings at home, they were pleased to hear that she wished to do this and break up the monotony of their life, even though it seemed to be only for the gratification of a caprice.

She explained that they were jaunting here and there for her grandfather's health and pleasure, and that she had a fancy to see the obscurer localities en route. The celebration would cost nothing, but everybody must take part, and lend a hand.

The Fourth was only a week in advance of them, when Irene set things in motion. But a week will do as well as a year and better when go-ahead people are concerned.

Flags were borrowed and the school house was decorated with ropes of evergreen, and draped with our beloved red, white and blue. Flowers were brought from woods and fields, great masses of rhododendron, white and pink, and bunches of white and golden daisies. The old school house looked like a bower of bloom and beauty. Notices were given in church, and posted in the station, and on a big tree at the Four Corners, that on the morning of the Fourth, there would be a celebration at Miller's. Miss McDermott from New York to give patriotic recitations, and singing by the children and the choir, to complete the occasion.

The day arrived. A small cannon ushered it in with salutes, and the church bell rang in merry peals. The children mustered and walked two and two to the school house, the boys in their best, the girls in white frocks with bright sashes. Miss McDermott, in a white gown with a silk flag crossed over her breast, represented the Goddess of Liberty, and led in the opening anthem, "My Country 'tis of Thee." Then the minister prayed and read a chapter, and Archie Loomis, a young man of the village, played a medley of patriotic tunes, "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," on his violin. Mr. MacDermott followed in a brief but eloquent speech, and the pastor then read the Declaration of Independence. After this, the choir sang a hymn, and Miss Irene McDermott recited a poem, written by a friend for such occasions as these:

Dear land of mountain and of lake
Of valleys sweet, of breezy plains,
Dear land, which at its need can make
What call it please on men it trains;
We love its fair, uplifted skies,
Its breadth, its cheer, its happy homes;
Beneath the smile of God it lies,
And still to it his blessing comes.

Dear land, where freedom fills the air,
And learning thrives, and labor wins
The guerdon it was meant to share,
Dear land, where one who toils and spins,
May wear the purple of a queen;

AT THE PARLOR WINDOW OF A CUBAN HOME.

Where poor and rich together stand,
And give their voice, unmoved, serene,
And by the ballot, sway the land.

For thee we pray, for thee we live,
Dear mother of a dauntless brood,
And all our best we haste to give,
And crown thee with our highest good.
Be other lands as proud and strong
As age and might can make them, we
In cheer and gladness, swell the song,
And praise our land of liberty.

The cap-sheaf of enjoyment was put on the Fourth at Miller's, when old Mr. MacDermott distributed fire-crackers and torpedoes with a liberal hand among the children, who were not slow in using them in true Independence Day style. Long after the Fourth had gone, there were those who remembered and were happy on account of the jollification at Miller's, all due to the visit of two kind strangers, who went on their journey after it, and saw Miller's no more.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Cuba's War for Freedom.

(Continued from first page.)

reduce the island to submission. He has found it impossible to prevent the landing of supplies and troops for the insurgents, and the present prospects indicate that the revolt may be prolonged many months. Several somewhat noted military leaders have already fallen in the war, one of the principal victims being the insurgent leader, Jose Marti, who was betrayed by a Cuban spy. The casualties in the field have been light, and the deadly yellow fever is claiming more victims among the recently imported Spanish troops than the Cuban bullets.

Although the revolt has been largely confined to the Eastern part of the island,

A CUBAN SUGAR PLANTATION NEAR HAVANA.

it is causing the deepest anxiety at Havana. The regular military garrison has been greatly strengthened and the defences of Morro Castle the dark, frowning fort that commands the bay and offing, are manned to their utmost capacity. The usually gay capital has lost much of its charm in consequence of the war.

Our illustrations, procured specially for this journal, include a scene on the beautiful avenue that looks to the Castillo del Morro on the West of the harbor of Havana. A sugar plantation is also shown, with its buildings wherein the cane is prepared and the sugar made ready for market. El Morro itself is pictured on the first page. One picture represents a typical young Cuban girl in the graceful mantilla worn by women of Spanish blood the world over. Another shows how the windows of a Cuban parlor have to be guarded with stout iron bars, like a prison, against an attack from without. This is a common precaution in Cuban houses owing to the frequent civil disturbances.

Cuba, "the gem of the Antilles," is the largest and richest island of the West Indian group. It has an area of 43,222 square miles. Discovered by Columbus, it was afterwards taken possession of by Spain. It is claimed that there does not now remain a single trace of its original inhabitants, and that the name of the island is the only existing reminder of a period prior to the Spanish conquest. It is a most beautiful country, possessing a delightful variety of scenery, and a climate that is accounted by many as one of the most perfect in the world. With less than 2,000,000 population, including Spaniards, negroes, Chinese, Europeans, and Americans, and with several handsome cities, many evidences of wealth, culture, and refinement, and manifold natural advantages, Cuba's progress has been retarded by many causes, chief among which was the curse of human slavery, which was abolished by statute in 1886. Another, is the social exclusiveness of the aristocratic "upper" classes, whose pride and arrogance toward all other classes have opened a constantly-widening chasm. Laboring under such disadvantages, the Cuban people as a whole have made slow progress in education and religion. The island was priest-ridden for generations, and although freedom of worship is granted to all, the moral and spiritual condition of the people is low. Brutal bull-fights form one of the principal amusements.

Protestant Missionary work in Cuba is represented by the American Baptist Missionary Society, which has seven stations, twenty workers, and over 1500 members in congregation. The Jamaica Baptist Missionary Society is also doing excellent work there. Under its present control there is little hope of improvement, but were the island free, it is more than probable that, with a constitution patterned after that of our own Union, and a system of popular education, a higher enlightment and a nobler national life would soon follow.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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A DIP IN THE SEA.

SHAKESPEARE has been fiercely mauled by the critics for confusion of metaphor in speaking of taking up "arms against a sea of troubles." The smart fellows say, how could a man take "arms against a sea?" in other words, it is not possible to shoot the Pacific Ocean. But what Shakespeare suggests is, this jocund weather, being done all around the coast from Florida to Newfoundland; especial regiments going out from Cape May, Long Branch, East Hampton, Newport, and Nahant; ten thousand bathers, with hands thrown into the air, "taking up arms against the sea." But the old giant has only to roll over once on his bed of seaweed, and all this attacking host are flung prostrate upon the beach.

The sensation of sea-bathing is about the same everywhere. First you have the work of putting on the appropriate dress, sometimes wet and chill from the previous bathing. You get into the garments cautiously, touching them at as few points as possible; your face askew, and with a swift draft of breath through your front teeth, punctuating the final lodgment of each sleeve and fold with a spasmodic "Oh!" Then having placed your watch where no villainous straggler may be induced to examine it to see whether he can get to the depot in time for the next train, you issue forth ingloriously, your head down in consciousness that you are cutting a sorry figure before the world. Barefoot as a mendicant, your hair dishevelled in the wind, the stripes on your clothes strongly suggestive of Sing Sing, your appearance a caricature of human kind, you wander up and down the beach, a creature that the land is evidently trying to shake off and the sea is unwilling to take. But you are consoled by the fact that all the rest are as mean and forlorn-looking as yourself; and so you wade in, over foot top, unto the knee, and waist deep. The water is icy-cold, so that your teeth chatter and your frame quakes, until you make a bold dive; and in a moment you and the sea are good friends, and you are not certain whether you have surrendered to the ocean or the ocean has surrendered to you.

At this point begin the raptures of bathing. You have left the world on the beach, and are caught up in the arms of experiences that you never feel on land. If you are far enough out, the breaking wave curves over you like a roof inlaid and prismatic, bending down on the other side of you in layers of chalk and drifts of snow, and the lightning flash of the foam ends in the thunder of the falling wave. You fling aside from your arms, as worthless, amethyst, and emerald, and chrysoprase. Your ears are filled with the halloo of sportive elements, and your eyes with all tints and tinges, and double-dyes and liquid emblazonment. You leap and shout and clap your hands, and tell the billows to come on; and in excess of glee greet persons that you never saw before and never will again and never want to, and act so wildly that others would think you demented but that they also are as fully let loose; so that if there be one imbecile, there are a whole asylum of lunatics. Swept hither and thither, you find, moving in reel and cotillion, saraband and rigadoon and hornpipe, Quakers and Presbyterians, who are down on the dance. Your sparse clothing feels the stress of the waves, and you think what an awful thing it would be if the girdle should burst or a button break, and you should have, out of respect to the feelings of others, to go up the beach side-wise or backward or on your hands and knees. Close beside you, in the surf, is a Judge of the Court of Appeals, with a garment on that looks like his grandmother's night-gown just lifted from the wash-tub and not yet wrung out. Yonder is a Doctor of Divinity, with his head in the sand and his feet beating the air, traveling heavenward, while his right hand clutches his wife's foot, as much as to say, "My feet are useless in this emergency; give me the benefit of yours."

Now a stronger wave, for which none are ready, dashes in, and with it tumble ashore, in one great wreck of humanity, small craft and large, stout hulk and swift clipper, helm first, topsail down, forestaysail in tatters, keel up; everything gone to pieces in the swash of the surges. Oh the glee of sea-bathing! It rouses the apathetic. It upsets the supercilious and pragmatical. It is balsamic for mental wounds. It is a tonic for those who need strength, and an anodyne for those who require soothing, and a febrifuge for those who want their blood cooled; a filling up for minds pumped dry, a breviary for the superstitious with endless matins and vespers, and to the Christian an apocalyptic vision when the morning sun gilds the waters, and there is spread before him "a sea of glass mingled with fire." "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters!"

WINDOW GARDENING.

SOCIETIES for promoting this beautiful art have been established in England, and here and there in America. Why not more of this. Here and there a tasteful person adorns the window with a cluster of fuchsias or geraniums; but why not have our streets lined with floral beauty? We may not have yards in which to cultivate plants, but we all have window-sills. A methodical and organized effort would make our brick walls blossom into Paradise. A box, a shovelful of rich earth, a few shrubs bought or solicited, and a Christian desire to "consider the lilies of the field," might bring thought of heaven even into Wall street. Lambrequins and Sevres ware and pencilled porcelain are pleasant in a window, but a flash of gladiolas, petunias, portulacas, verbenas, and trumpet-creepers on the wall would make it seem as though the River of Beauty from under the throne were rolling down the street and dashing its spray clear up to the window casement.

MORE MOMENTUM.

THE Church needs a change in quality as well as quantity of membership. One-half the professed Christians amount to nothing. They go to church. They pay pew rents. They have a kind regard for all religious institutions. But as to any firm grip of the truth, any enthusiastic service for Christ, any cheerful self-denial, any overmastering prayer, any capacity to strike hard blows for God, they are a failure. One of two things these half and half professors ought to do, either withdraw their names from the Church-roll or else go into action. Do you not know that your present position is an absurdity? You profess to be living for God and heaven, but all the world knows you are lying. Wake up! Do something before you are dead. Either help pull the Lord's chariot, or get out of the way. We want more old-style holiness, the kind they had before railroads, steamboats, and telegraphs. A consecrated heart is momentum for all Christian work. Your gun is well enough, but the gun-carriage is rickety, and so unfit for the Lord's battery. The Lord give us all a higher life, a deeper life, a broader life. We cannot do much toward saving others till we ourselves are more surely saved. We cannot pull others out of the surf when our own feet are slipping on the rock. More purity, more faith, more consecration will be more momentum.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Subscriber, Viking, N. Dak. What death did John, the beloved disciple of Jesus, die?

He is said to have died a natural death at a very old age.

Bertha Smith, Pitts, Pa. What is the origin of the Bible? By whom was it written, and at what time were the different books of the Old and New Testament compiled or put together?

The question is too comprehensive to be disposed of in the limited space at THE MAIL-BAG'S disposal. You should buy and read "The History of the English Bible," by Patteson, published by C. E. Barnes, Philadelphia; or "Our Sixty-six Sacred Books: How they Came to us and What they Are," by Dr. E. W. Rice. Published by the American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia.

Reader, Greencastle, Ind. What may I tell my four-and-one-half-year-old daughter, when she asks me if she has already given her heart to Jesus? She seems to be quite anxious about it, but she is so young I hardly know what to tell her. Yet if I tell her to wait until she grows older, the habit of "putting off" may grow upon her.

There is no need to tell her to wait. She can learn to love Jesus now and give her heart to him, quite as readily as she can learn to love you, if you will tell her all about him and how you yourself love him. The childish heart is full of sympathy and the simple story of the Babe of Bethlehem, the Boy of Nazareth, the Saviour of the world in Gethsemane and on Calvary, will awaken in it, the purest love and devotion. The knowledge that Jesus loves her is the greatest joy that can enter a child's heart. Many eminent ministers have declared that those who are converted in childhood make, as a rule, the best Christians.

C. C., Tenn. I have been deeply distressed by reading Heb. 6:4-7, and other passages warning people who have backslidden that there is no hope for them. I am more in earnest now in repentance and desire God's favor, than I was ever before, but fear that I am lost. What do those passages mean?

The fact of your being sincerely penitent and concerned about your salvation proves that they do not apply to your case. The persons to whom they apply are cold and indifferent. Your sorrow shows that the Holy Spirit is still influencing you and that God will receive you if you go to him and ask forgiveness. The passages you refer to are given in warning to the careless, not as a barrier to the return of the penitent backslider.

Anna Spatchholds, Schoharie, N. Y. Who was King David's mother and where is she mentioned in the Bible?

The name of David's mother is nowhere positively stated. Some commentators have expressed the opinion that she was formerly the wife of Nahash—presumably an Israelite—to whom she bare Abigail and Zeruiah, and that these as daughters of Nahash and sisters of David, caused the impression that Nahash—a man's name distinctively—was the name of David's mother.

R. R. Mills, Bryan, O. Why is it that so few paintings of Christ give him the Jewish features? Is it not true that tradition gives his personal appearance as more that of a Saxon than a Jew—more of the North European than the Oriental? Are such traditions considered well founded, and if they were true, would it not be a partial explanation of the animosity of his own people? As the Saviour of the world and not of the Jews only, it would not seem strange if, as a man, he should represent largely the Gentiles, combining the best of all races in his person.

It is true that the old painters, whose master-pieces still adorn the great cathedrals and galleries of Europe, rarely represented Christ as a typical Hebrew. They preferred to paint their own ideal, and to portray Christ in that style of physical beauty which appealed more directly to their own taste and that of the western European dignitaries and cities. Some of those painters even went so far in deferring to this taste, as to be guilty of gross anachronism in the treatment of their subjects, complexion, costume, surroundings, etc. There is no substantial reason for believing that Jesus was of Saxon rather than Oriental type, and we should regard all tradition on the subject as lacking reliability and scarcely entitled to consideration.

W. H. George, Miller's Creek, Va. For what purpose was the Tower of Babel built and why were the languages confounded?

The design of the builders is stated (Gen. 11: 4), to have been a desire to possess a structure so large and high that it might be a rallying point in the great plains in which they had settled, and might prevent them from being scattered abroad. A more ambitious motive, however, is also imputed (Gen. 11: 6, 7), which was divinely ordained that instead of congregating in a single location, with one speech common, men should be distributed throughout the habitable portions of the globe. A tradition asserts that one object in building the Tower was to be beyond the possibility of destruction by another flood; but this is improbable in view of the promise that there should be no more general destruction of the race by water.

A. A. Riddick, Suffolk, Va. Was the portrait of Peter, published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of [illegible] 5th, a reliable portrait, and are there any others in existence?

We described the portrait as "the traditional portrait of Peter." It is not known if it is reliable. The original of it was on the bottom of a drinking glass which was discovered in the catacombs at Rome. The word "Petrus" was engraved over it, and it is probably the most ancient portrait in existence and the one most likely to be reliable.

J. G. A., Marysville, Mo. 1. Is there any way of finding out what became of the ten tribes? 2. Is the Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus to be regarded as fact or parable only?

1. There is no doubt they were absorbed among the nations. A large number of students believe that the Anglo-Saxon race is descended from them, but there are weighty reasons for doubting the claim. 2. There is no reason for supposing it is more than a parable.

John Bowen, Carbon, Ind. 1. Did our Lord, in referring to the man born blind, John 9: 3, mean that he and his parents were absolutely sinless? 2. Why did Christ weep at the grave of Lazarus?

1. No, his statement: "Neither hath this man sinned," etc., must be taken in connection with the question to which it was a reply. The disciples wanted to know whether his affliction was a punishment for his own sin or some sin of his parents. Christ's reply practically told them that it was not a punishment at all. Neither the man nor his parents had sinned with that effect. 2. Probably from human sympathy with the grief of his sisters. A benevolent person about to relieve a stricken family feels sorrow for the suffering he is causing to terminate. Christ was doubtless affected by the sorrow he was about to turn into joy.

W. E. Voss, Thurston, Okla. Ter. How many years were employed in writing the Bible and how long a period elapsed between the beginning and end of the work?

The number cannot be known. The books of Judges, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles and the Psalms were certainly the work respectively of more than one hand, but of how many it is impossible now to determine. The date is also uncertain. Parts of the Pentateuch were doubtedly written by Moses who is believed to have been born about seventeen hundred years before Christ. The epistles of John were probably written nearly a hundred years after Christ, which would make the period about eighteen hundred years. The age of the book of Job is thought by some scholars to be greater than that of the Pentateuch, but this is not the general opinion.

Mrs. A. L. Freeman, Mayfield, Kans. 1. Were Jesus between the ages of twelve and [illegible]? 2. Did Divinity suffer when he was crucified?

1. We know nothing of Christ's life except from the four evangelists and as they are silent about that period, it is impossible to answer the question. The fact that the people of Nazareth spoke of him as "the carpenter," (Mark 6: 3), and not as the carpenter's son, would appear to imply that he worked at the trade in Nazareth. But that is a matter of inference only. 2. It is difficult to understand the union of the divine and the human in the person of Christ. Whatever suffering, if any, the Divine nature endured must have been purely voluntary. In the Garden, Divinity must have suffered extreme anguish.

J. C. R., Altoona, Pa. 1. Did John's baptism belong to the Old or the New Dispensation? 2. Is it probable that he used any formula such as we now use? 3. If a nurse knows that a truthful answer will retard the recovery of a patient, is she possibly cause death, is she justified in telling a lie?

1. John the Baptist belonged to the Old Dispensation. Christ's reference to him (Matt. 11), is decisive on that point. 2. Certainly not the formula now in use. Probably no formula at all. Those who went to him for baptism were simply indicated by the rite their repentance and desire to lead a more holy life. 3. A lie is never justifiable. The nurse should refuse to avoid answering; but if an answer must be given, it should be the truth whatever the consequences may be.

L. O. Kempfer. Thanks for the translation.——Geo. W. Babcock, West Hickory, Pa. Write Talbot & Mann, Music Sellers, Ninth St., New York.——M. E. O., Fall River, Mass. We cannot tell.——R. Wells, Philadelphia. Write to manager Womens Department, Moody Institute, Northfield, Mass.——Miss Sarah Y. Springer, East Livermore, Me. No.——T. P. Binghamton, N. Y. You can advertise. There is no other way that we know of.——W. Austin Kennedy, Newmarket, Ont. New York City is address enough.——Isaac Bonsall, Oakdale, California. Write to Librarian of Congress Library, New York.——Church Member. Consult your pastor.——A. J. Scott, Philadelphia, Pa. Write to the manager, Old Men's Home, West Philadelphia.——Subscriber, Larrytown, N. Y. In all particulars.——Subscriber, Larrytown, N. Y. We say that, despite your burdens, you have not yet given a tenth to the Lord's work. You are required to give what does not rightfully belong to yourself, but to your creditors.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE SULTAN'S SUBMISSION.

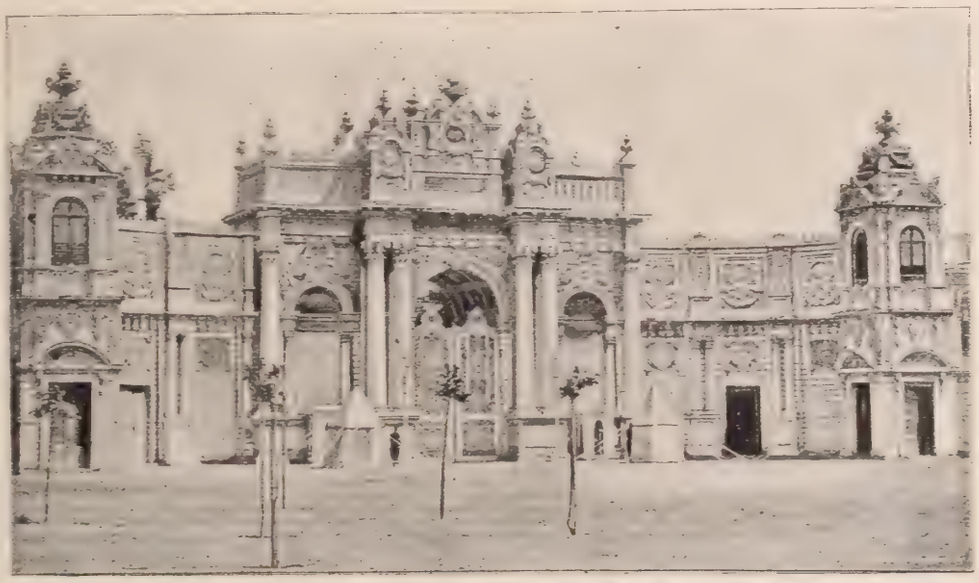
NEWS of the Sultan's consent to the demands of England, France, and Russia, has given general satisfaction throughout the civilized world. The condition of Armenia under Turkish rule has long been a bandal to Christendom. The recent investigation of the latest atrocities showed that the Armenians had been wantonly tured and murdered, and that indescribable atrocities had been perpetrated. Men, men, and children were proved to have been hacked to pieces, and no respect had been shown to age or sex. Whole villages had been depopulated, and the fact of any community being Christian seemed to have been sufficient to provoke the murderous hostility of the authorities. Where the Kurds did not commit the outrages themselves, they remained inactive while the Kurds committed them, and their inactivity amounted to connivance, because the Armenians are not allowed to arm themselves for their own protection. There was legitimate grounds for foreign powers urging reforms upon the Sultan, as in 1878, when the Berlin Congress was inclined to trip him of his Armenian provinces, he promised that Armenia should be governed better than it had been, and England became sponsor for the performance of his promises. Under those conditions the Sultan was allowed to retain the provinces, and his failure to effect the reforms was therefore a distinct breach of faith. The Ambassadors of England, France, and Russia accordingly presented to the Sultan on May 11 a demand for twelve specific changes in the government of Armenia, one of which was the organization of a High Commission of Surveillance, on behalf the members of which should be Christians, and the Commission was to have charge of the reforms to be instituted. The Sultan's reply was eagerly anticipated, but when it came, it was practically a rejection of the demand. There must have been some exciting scenes in the palace on the Bosphorous after the Sultan's reply was dispatched. The Sultan would be anxious to know what the three powers would do about it. He was not kept long in suspense, so far as England was concerned. Orders were issued to the English fleet to proceed to Constantinople, and France and Russia were informed of the fact. The news reached the Sultan and appears to have convinced him that it was not safe to trifle any longer with the demands of the powers. He accordingly telegraphed that he would accede to the principle of reform outlined for him. Possibly the Sultan imagined he could do as he chose in his own provinces, and the Armenians in despair may have thought so, too; but both are learning that there are none so great but there is One higher still who takes cognizance of cruelty and oppression.

"... that is higher than the highest regardeth."

The Nest Saved.

A lady living near Macon, Ga., tells an interesting story of an emergency in bird life which occurred a few days ago on her husband's plantation. She had been interested in the work of two mocking birds who built their nest in a slender young elm tree just opposite the window of her room. Before an egg had been laid in it, a violent storm came. The elm was tossed this way and that, and the nest was completely destroyed. With patient persistence the birds went to work and soon had their nest rebuilt in the same crotch. Two eggs were deposited therein, and the lady watched with interest the tiny home life of the birds. One day lately she noticed that they were in great excitement. A strong wind had sprung up, and they evidently feared another catastrophe to their home, which would now be more disastrous than before. Presently the male bird flew away, leaving his mate sole protector of the home. The lady's sympathy with the poor, distressed little creature grew intense, and she felt indignation against the bird who had deserted her. But soon he reappeared with two orioles, who had their nest in an orchard on the other side of the house. They had evidently been summoned as experts, and their ability was soon proved. After looking over the situation, they flew about in search of something. In a few minutes they were seen bearing a piece of twine between them. They had found it on the ground, and it suited their purpose. They dropped it over a twig of the elm just above the nest. They then seized the loose ends in their bills and flew with them to the adjacent rose lattice and twined them firmly around the lattice, thus holding the limb securely in position. Ministers and Christian friends have often done a similar kindness to families in distress, in the storms of life, by leading them to the only safe anchorage, of which the Psalmist said:

He is my rock and my salvation; he is my high tower. I shall [illegible] greatly moved. Psalm 62 R.V.



ENTRANCE TO THE DOLMA-BAGTCHE PALACE OF THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

A Race With Fire.

A startling discovery was made on board the steamer, "Yumuri," of the Ward line, on June 20, while it was on its way from Havana to New York. Two ladies who occupied a cabin in the forward part of the vessel, asked permission to change their quarters on account of the intense heat. Their complaint surprised the captain, but he readily granted their request, and after finding them a cabin farther aft, ordered an investigation made as to the cause of the unusual heat. He received the alarming report that the hemp, which formed the chief part of the vessel's cargo, was on fire. A quantity of water was pumped into the hold, but it was not possible to extinguish the fire. The Captain was fearful of alarming his passengers, of whom there were about forty on board, so did not inform them of the danger. He had all the lifeboats provisioned and got ready for lowering in the event of the fire getting beyond control. All speed was made in the endeavor to reach port. At last the cloud of smoke rising from the deck made further concealment impossible. The passengers were told that the ship was on fire, but that the captain felt sure of reaching New York within twenty-four hours, and that the fire could be kept under until that time. There was some alarm, but no panic, and the vessel reached her dock safely, but with her deck almost red hot, and the smoke issuing from every crevice. It must have been an anxious time for the Captain, and probably he was never before so glad to reach port. There are some who make the voyage of life under analogous circumstances. The fierce fires of evil passions in their nature continually threaten to break out and bring their life to disastrous wreck. Even the great Apostle found perpetual vigilance necessary. He said:

I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway. 1 Cor. 9:27

Undeserved Censure.

A great deal of indignation was aroused among the passengers on a street car in Portland, Me., one day recently by the behavior of a man who was riding on it. He had a beautiful little girl about two years old on his knee who looked very tired and sleepy. She was wailing miserably, but the wails would occasionally cease and her pretty golden head fall towards her father's shoulder. At these times the man would shake her and compel her to sit upright and then she would begin to cry again and beg with sobs and tears to be allowed to rest. The child's distress was noticed by every one on the car and the passengers frowned at the man and one and another whispered that it was a shame such a brute should have the care of the pretty little girl. At last, one sympathetic lady could restrain her indignation no longer, and asked the man why he was so hard-hearted to his child. "Why," said he, "I am obliged to keep her awake. She has swallowed some kind of a drug, and I am taking her to the hospital. If she goes to sleep she will die." There was, of course, an instant change of opinion in the car as to the man's treatment of his child. It was seen that in continually disturbing her and not allowing her to rest he was giving the best proof of his love for her. Perhaps when we know more than we do now of God's ways, we may find it not so difficult to reconcile the fact of his love with the afflictions that are often more numerous in the lot of the Christian than in the lot of other men.

As an eagle stirreth up her nest ... so the Lord alone did lead him. Deut. 32:11, 12.

To Save a Train.

A collision was arranged on the Central Railroad of New Jersey on June 17, as the means of averting a fatal disaster. A car was being laden with coal at the Franklin mine and was nearly full, when the fastenings, which kept it stationary, parted, and the car ran with terrific velocity down the incline to the main track. By the time it reached the level, it had attained the speed of sixty miles an hour. It passed South Wilkesbarre at that rate and the telegraph operator there sent word ahead to clear the track. But an east-bound passenger train was approaching and there were no means of stopping it in time to avert a collision. In the emergency a switch-engine was run out on the main track and left there in the way of the runaway car. In another minute the car dashed against the engine with such force that both were wrecked and there was only just time to clear the tracks before the passenger train passed. The officials wisely deemed it better to sacrifice an engine, costly as it was, to save the train with its living freight. The principle of sacrifice to avert calamity appears to be inwoven into all affairs of life. Its supreme example ought therefore not to be so difficult of belief as it appears to some. Caiaphas spoke more truly than he knew, when he said:

It is expedient for us that one man should die [illegible]

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. D. L. Moody, in Answer to an invitation [illegible] pillar of cloud leads that way, I will follow."

The First Congregational Church, of Bridgeport, Conn., has been celebrating its 200th anniversary. [illegible] were President Timothy Dwight, Prof. Geo. P. Fisher, Senator J. R. Hawley, Judge Morris B. Beardsley [illegible]

The Last Resting Place of the Mortal Remains of Dr. A. J. Gordon is Forest Hill Cemetery. The body was removed thither recently with a simple funeral ceremony, at which only the family and a few members of his church were present. The monument, which was already in position, is a plain, unpolished boulder, bearing the brief inscription of name and date of birth and death, with the legend, "Until he come."

Unprecedented Honor Has Been Paid by the Armenian priests and people on the occasion of the funeral of Rev. George C. Knapp, the late missionary [illegible] the town were closed on the day of the funeral, and three Gregorian priests in their full sacerdotal robes attended the ceremony. An offer was made to the family of a tomb in the Gregorian monastery. The venerable missionary was sincerely beloved.

Father Lambert, the Distinguished convert from Romanism, has accepted the pastorate of a Wesleyan Church at Kingston, Jamaica. He is a very learned and eloquent divine, and while in the Romish order of the Redemptorists, conducted [illegible] in many cities of the United States.

Rev. B. Fay Mills, Having [illegible] N.Y. [illegible] serve, has resigned, and will return to the evangelistic field. He has arranged to hold services at Columbus, [illegible] Ky., at the opening of the fall campaign.

Major George A. Hilton has [illegible] services at Leechburg, Pa. The [illegible] were the Lutheran, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist. A marked feature [illegible] personal talk with the unconverted. About a hundred and twenty persons made public confession of faith at the close of the services, and [illegible]

An Overture to the National [illegible] from the Detroit Council suggests that [illegible] It is stated that if every church member would give twenty-five cents, the debt would be extinguished.

Miss Agnes Briggs, Daughter of Professor [illegible] ing as a nurse in St. Luke's Hospital, New York. At the end of her term of service she is to be ordained a Deaconess. She has already devoted two years to study preparatory to her experience in nursing.

General Booth, the Head of the Salvation Army, is reported have entirely recovered from his recent illness, and is just entering upon a series of meetings in Sweden and Denmark. A lady who was [illegible] pressed with the value of the work that she presented him with $25,000.

At the Recent Annual Meeting of the China Inland Mission the following statistics were given in the report: The baptisms during the year have been 746. Sixty-five new missionaries have been sent out, so that the present staff numbers 621. There are now 122 stations, with 126 out-stations. As to financial matters, the secretary stated that the income for the year had been $165,755, of which $32,010 came from America.

An Interesting Pilgrimage was made Recently by a large party of Christian people. The objective point was the Old Tennent Church, N. J., on the battle-field of Monmouth. The church contains the communion table at which David Brainerd presided and administered the sacrament to his Indian converts. The graves of many Presbyterians famous in history are in the graveyard around the church.

A Sign of Progress in Japan is contain in the report of a recent meeting of native churches at which it was decided to relieve the American Board of the annual subsidy for aggressive work in the interior of the country. The [illegible] took the support and control of the work, but stated that they would be glad to receive any help from America that private [illegible] to send.

A Series of Significant Figures, Supplied by the Cambridge, Mass., correspondent of the "Congregationalist" [illegible] question of license. With a population of over eighty thousand, Cambridge has been eight years without a saloon. The secret bars have been rooted out and it has long been difficult to procure intoxicating liquor in the city. Meanwhile the valuation [illegible] into stores or dwellings.

SERMONS WORTH READING

HELPFUL DISCOURSES FOR THE PEOPLE

THE SAVING NAME.

A Sermon by Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D.D., of Atlanta, Ga. Text: "*Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins.*" Matt. 1:21.

TRULY there is something in a name. It may, and often does, represent a mighty factor in the life of the world. Back of all the world's history there were names that inspired human courage, purpose, and enterprise. The names of great men have become synonyms for the principles and institutions to which they devoted their lives. They have become slogans, watch-words, and battle-cries to arouse the enthusiasm of men, and to nerve them for heroic action in the midst of great crises. When the old Greek orators saw signs of dullness and inattention in their audiences, they could arouse every man before them, and raise enthusiasm to the highest pitch, by simply pausing for a moment, and then shouting, "Marathon! Marathon!" Since the day you first read the history of that struggle which culminated in the independence of the American Colonies, and the establishmene of the American Republic, the name of Washington has stood in your mind for patriotism, and the mention of it has stimulated your patriotic sentiment. That name has ever been a favorite countersign with American soldiers, and the use of it has helped many a weary, hungry, half-clad and shivering picket to stand at his post, and watch the stars out in the midst of a merciless blizzard.

The day I was born my father named me for Boardman, that dauntless hero who preceded Judson in missionary work among the Karens. When I was old enough I read the history of the struggles, sufferings, and achievements of that brave young man. His name, which I unworthily bear, has been to my soul an abiding and

Unfailing Inspiration.

Luther, Calvin, Knox, Bunyan, and Carey were long ago gathered to their fathers, but the power of their names is still evoked wherever Christian workmen need a higher courage, a steadier purpose, and a more fervent zeal.

But there is a name above every name—a name which is reconstructing our disordered planet, re-creating our fallen and ruined humanity, and which stands everywhere for the sweetest charities of earth, the synonym of the purest life, and the symbol of the highest civilization—a name which carries healing to the wounded, rest to the weary, pardon to the guilty, and salvation to the lost—a name which makes the dark gate-way of the tomb the portal to a temple resplendent with the glory of Celestial light, where the music of golden harps by angels' fingers touched is ineffable and eternal. "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Jesus himself stood up among men and boldly declared that he was the one and the only way by which lost men could get back to God.

But in what sense is he the Saviour of men? A mistake is radical and fatal. Is he simply the ideal man, showing by his own manner of living how other men ought to live? If he is no more than that, he is not the Saviour that we need. He is indeed the ideal man. His life was perfect. It was [illegible] and he [illegible] of reproducing his virtues. But, if he is only the ideal man, and does no more for us than [illegible] our necessities. Setting before us an example of right-living, and inviting, entreating, and commanding us to follow it, will not save us from our sins and restore us to the favor of God.

Nor is he the Saviour of men in the sense that he shows them the way of salvation. If he is only a law-giver, or a teacher of divine truth, or a finger-board to direct us in the way of righteousness, he is insufficient for our needs. The man who shows me the way to New York is not himself the way. The person who merely teaches me the truth is not himself the truth. And if Jesus is only a teacher of the way of salvation, he is not himself salvation. It is true that man is sadly and fearfully ignorant both of himself and of the infinite God to whom he must give account for the deeds done in the body; and it is also true that by coming to Christ he can be relieved of this ignorance. But if Jesus is only a pedagogue, or schoolmaster, he does not touch the deepest necessity of man's condition. Such a view of him may improve a man's morals, and elevate him somewhat in other respects, but it can never save him from the power and consequences of sin. Jesus is

Himself the Salvation

which he taught the race, and which he commissioned his disciples to preach. He is the wisdom, the grace, the mercy, and the power that save men from their sins. The saved man is not he who attempts merely to copy the virtues of Jesus, nor he who merely accepts his doctrines, but the man who trusts him, as the little child trusts its mother when it lies helpless and peaceful in her arms.

No man can have a true conception and appreciation of the mission of Jesus until he comprehends man's condition and necessities as a sinner. Sin is no idle fancy or innocent hallucination with which circus clowns, street-venders of patent medicines, low comedians, and peripatetic infidel buffoons may with impunity amuse themselves and the frivolous people who listen to them. Sin is the most terrible fact in the universe of God. It is the intolerable burden of a soul that is destined to live forever. It is a black darkness which invests man's whole moral being, and conceals from his vision everything that belongs to the highest and grandest realms of reality. It is a disease that is converting him into a lump of rottenness and a feast for "the worms that dieth not." It is a fiend that has bound him hand and foot, and that is dragging him down and down to a region of infernal flames. From such a power man can be delivered only by the personal intervention and act of a personal God of infinite mercy and might.

The sense of sin is not something into which we, who live in a Christian country, have been educated. It is

A Universal Experience,

and inheres in the very inmost nature of man. Wordsworth voiced the truth when he said, "The recognition of the fact of universal wrong-doing is perfectly independent of Christian teaching." Every man who has even a general acquaintance with the world's history, knows that every ancient religion and philosophy grappled with the problem of sin. All the records that we have of the races and tribes which have dwelt upon the earth, show that men have ever been conscious of sin, and that sin is a stern fact of human nature which no people have ever been able to ignore or reason away. Men have never ceased to think, and talk, and write about it, because in every generation, and in every region of the earth, it has shadowed their path-way and burdened their hearts.

Buddhism antedates Christianity nearly six centuries, and Buddhism is as full of the doctrine of sin as the religion of Christ. Homer, the father of poetry, sang of sin and the wretchedness it had made. Sophocles, as he thought of the misery born of human depravity, declared that the best thing for man was death. Whether you read Greek poetry, Greek history, or Greek philosophy, you find not only lamentations over the woes of man, but a distinct recognition of the fact that all man's woes are traceable to human sin.

Sin figures in all the great poems and dramas that men have written. A semi-infidel critic has had the candor to confess that "a guileless hero would be no hero for a drama." Eliminate the part which sin plays in Homer's immortal Iliad, and how much of it would be left? Take the thieves, hypocrites, liars, adulterers, conspirators, and murderers, out of Shakespeare's tragedies, and who would go to a theatre to see them performed? There is in every man's bosom a tribunal which pronounces judgment on his conduct, and by which he is made to know that sin is a terrible reality. Or, as Tennyson has expressed it:

> He ever bears about
> A silent court of justice in his breast,
> Himself the judge and jury,
> And himself the prisoner at the bar."

The Bible says, that "Fools make a mock of sin." Mr. Ingersoll calls a conviction of sin, "a night-mare — the result of too much appetite and too little digestion." It is not possible to conceive of a more unmitigated absurdity. Surely it was something more real than night-mare which David felt when he thought of his double crime of adultery and murder, and cried, "Against thee, thee only I have sinned, and done this evil in thy sight." Surely it was something more serious than night-mare which made Judas throw down the price of his infamy in the temple, and exclaim, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." Surely it was more than a nightmare that inspired the prayer of the dying thief: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Surely it was something more serious than melancholy, born of indigestion, that afflicted a more honest infidel than Ingersoll, when he cried, "My principles have poisoned my friends, my extravagance has beggared my child, and my unkindness has murdered my wife! Oh, God is there yet another hell? But hell itself will be a refuge if it only hide me from thy face."

Among the many abominably false isms to which even some people who call themselves Christians have committed themselves, is one which declares that "Evil is a blessing to mankind—a means selected from the infinite resources for

Our Development

—a ladder whereby we climb to moral heights yet unattained." Whether you call this Pantheism, or Hegelianism, or Universalism, or Monism, or Christian Science, it is a plain and unmistakable denial of the Word of God. That word forbids us in the most positive and intelligible terms to call evil, good. It teaches us not that sin elevates, but that it degrades; not that it leads to happiness, but to misery.

The doctrine of the Bible on this subject is supported by the every-day observations and experiences of men, and by the common sense of the world. No philosophy in the universe can convince the average man that a participation in the vices, debaucheries and deviltries of barrooms and gambling dens, is included in the divine plan by which men are to be disciplined into virtue and developed into the likeness of God. To the end of time the common-sense of the world will support the Bible in saying that, "he that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but the companion of fools shall be destroyed."

Man is a complete and distinct entity. He is not a part of the Divine Being. What he does is not God's act. He knows good from evil. He has the power to love one and hate the other, and to choose one and reject the other. In the exercise of this power he makes his glory or his shame, his happiness or his wrechedness, his meetness for heaven, or his fitness for hell. Sin then is the will of the individual man asserting itself against the will of God. It is the deliberate and wilful rebellion of creature against the Creator. In the final analysis it is selfishness pure and simple. It is a man's defiant assertion of his purpose to be lord and monarch of himself. It is his absolute repudiation of any higher law than his own will. It is self-damnation—a man's own choice of "everlasting destruction from the presence of God, and from the glory of his power."

Here then the world is confronted with the most fearful of all realities—sin—God's enemy, and man's destroyer. That reality makes the greatest problem with which human thought has ever grappled. Here is a disease that has laid its destroying hand upon every fibre of man's moral being. How can it be cured? Here are immortal spirits bound with infernal fetters. How can these shackles be removed? Here is loathsomeness worse than the rottenness the grave. How can it be cleansed?

How can we get rid of sin? That man's supreme question. The history the world shows that there never has be a time when men did not believe that so remedy for sin had been provided. A expressed this belief when he kindled first altar fire and made an offering u the Lord. Noah expressed it in the sa fice which he made on leaving the A Abraham believed it and taught it to children. Moses expressed it in the in tution of the symbols and ceremonies the Tabernacle; and the prophets of Is proclaimed it with almost seraphic z The whole Pagan world has ever cherish the belief that there has been provided s remedy for sin. It has always had its tars and sacrifices; and not knowing true and living God it has made its ap to gods of its own creation.

Let us thank God that there is a cure sin. "There is a balm in Gilead, an Physician there." "There is an eye pity, and an arm to save." The ange the Lord announced that remedy whe said to Joseph, concerning the child which Mary should give birth, "His n shall be called Jesus; for he shall save people from their sins." A great multi of the heavenly host proclaimed it w they hovered over the birthplace of Divine Child, and sang, "Glory to Go the highest; Peace on earth, and tow men, good will."

"He shall save his people." The poi which I would give special emphasis closing, is, that

The Saviour of Men

is not a doctrine, an ordinance, or a chu but a Person—a divine human person. Word that was in the beginning with G and was God, was made flesh and d among us in the person of the man C Jesus. Salvation is in him, and not in thing he every said, nor in anything he commanded others to say. The trines of the Bible are only finger-bo that point us to Christ. You may a every one of them, and contend for t with a martyr's zeal, and die in your s

Oh, my brethren, I know that there vital difference between believing o divine Christ and believing in a cree know that the former brings salvatio the soul and the latter does not. I b also that the faith of many in this reaches no higher than a creed and n touches the person of the living Rede

The power of redemption is not lodge in theories of the atonement, nor in defini of regeneration, nor in confessions of nor even in the Bible, as such. This may seem to you extravagance of speech, b I cannot believe that it is. There is a condition of things about us to-day which warrants me in saying all this, and even re There are no words of reprobation too strong and severe for that conceptio of Christianity, so common in our time, w ch reduces it to a mere pedagogic arrange nt and puts it on a level with every hu an system of philosophy and ethics.

If every church creed, and every co of the Bible were burned to ashes, Chris nd his salvation would remain the same. He would still sit on his mediatorial th ne, and save his people from their sins. The doctrines of the Bible are divine, and et, as I have already said, they are only fi ger-boards to point us to Christ. You ca believe them and be lost; but if you la hand of faith on that living, divine Pe sonality whose name is Jesus, you sh be instantly and eternally saved from our sins; your transgressions of divine law shall be forgiven; your whole moral [illegible] shall be unfettered, cleansed and rin structed; every barrier which separate from God shall be removed; the L make you his tabernacle, and will b the comfort and joy of your life; in the of his might you shall have the mast of every spiritual foe; and on the ste ping-stones of conquered difficulties you rise day by day into a diviner life a more glorious freedom. Coming t the margin of death's cold and sullen str m, its dark waters shall divide and ma for you a passage to the shining Shore As you approach "the City that hath fo dations whose maker and builder is G," the same benignant Jesus who save you from your sins, will greet you with ery token of welcome, robe you with re ent beauty, and conduct you to a seat on his own right hand, high above all pri cipalities and powers, where you will s and reign as long as immortality endures

ZENANA WORK IN INDIA.

An American Missionary Tells of her Visits to Hindoo Homes.

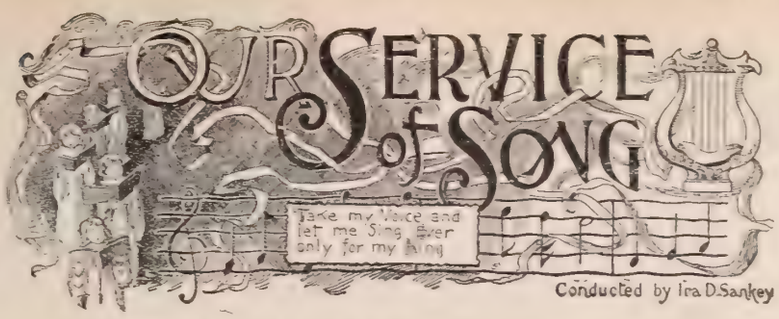
MISS Eda Rodenisk, in "The Missionary Link," gives a most interesting picture of Zenana work at Allahabad, India. She says: When one considers our mission work in its different departments of labor, Sunday and week-day schools, zenana teaching, tract distribution, and the many others brought under the influence of the Gospel story, we may well thank God and take courage. The schools are centres of blessing to the neighborhood. In visiting the zenanas, you enter a court-yard with kitchen, store-room, and sitting-room opening into it, the latter mostly occupied by the men of the family. In the middle of the yard stands a large tub of water, used for ablutions and domestic purposes, and standing near by are large brass water jugs, glistening in the sunshine. A parrot in an iron cage calls out in harsh, discordant tones, and one is very thankful to escape from the noisy hall, as the pupil with a most cordial welcome leads the way upstairs. We become very much attached to our pupils, especially those whom we have instructed for many years, as they take so much pains to prepare their lessons properly. We are more than teachers or pupil, we are intimate friends, and many are interested in the Scriptures. The Lord has many in the zenanas as yet in the childhood of faith.

How many varied lives zenana work touches! Here is a woman whose lot is cast in circumstances of comfort, happy in her husband's love, proud of her position, and her sons, passing successful examinations, shortly to bring home brides with large dowries. Yet her heart feels that her dear earthly treasures will pass away from her, and she be left alone and bereft of all joy. The Word of God has read shines between the shadows that threaten to fall upon her, and she sees Jesus standing in the midst of all her fleeting joys, calling her to find a abiding place in his changeless love, and to lay up for herself imperishable treasure in heaven. Another pupil is less happily situated: a worthless husband, ungrateful, unloving sons, who get angry and rude because she cannot furnish them with pice for gambling. A weary-hearted woman burdened with care and anxiety, sick and with none to care whether she lives or dies, so that she cooks the meals and stands by ready to serve. Yet she finds a little time while her husband is away at work to sit with her teacher, to whom has told her of one named Jesus, "who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities." Poor woman! dulled by her griefs and sorrows, like rain on the parched ground is the news to her that One loves and cares for her. She makes but little progress in reading, and rarely looks, but the charm about her is that her regularity and attentiveness are more than you expected. She does not say much to her husband of the teacher's visits, lest in one of his ugly tempers he should forbid her learning, just to deprive her of a pleasure. There are whispered prayers which go up from a heart into which a little light, hope, and comfort are stealing: she has heard of a home where all is peace and love, and the way to it is Jesus.

A KAFIR PHYSICIAN.

In the Medical Missionary Training Institute of Agra, India, there is a young man studying for medical work who has an interesting history. He comes from Afirstana, country, lying between the Northwest frontier of India and the Hindu Mountains. The Kafirs believe in one Supreme Being, whom they call Imbra, as well a number of evil spirits. Sacred stones are set up to these in their temples, but little attention is paid to them either by the priests or the people. The young student's name is Nazzarullah. His father was a tribal chief among the Kafirs. He was evidently a man of considerable force of character, one who had made his influence felt beyond the borders. The Mohammedans beyond the frontier had a special grudge against him, and they made a raid upon his tribe, and carried off Nazzurullah to a mountain village beyond the frontier. Several years afterwards Syed Shah, a native Christian, was "on a journey of evangelic exploration," and arrived at the village. Learning his history, Syed Shah became doubly interested in Nazzurullah, and succeded in carrying him off to Peshawur, and lodged him in the Mission.

He was afterward sent to the excellent boys' school connected with the Church Missionary Society, at Batula. He soon showed great apititude in his studies. In 1891 Dr. A. Neve visited Batula, and took a fancy to Nazzurullan, and, with the consent of the teachers, took him back with him to Kashmir, and employed him as a compounder in the Mission Dispensary, from whence he was sent to the Agra Institute. He is now almost twenty years of age, and a quiet, good-tempered lad. He has given several Gospel addresses since he has been in the Institute.



LET ME DIE LIKE A CHRISTIAN.

NOTE.—Hymn suggested by the dying words of Mrs. Van Deusen, of Sprout Brook N. Y., who was burned to death in a wreck on the Michigan Central R. R. at Battle Creek Oct. 1893. When it was found that she could not be removed from the burning timbers that held her fast in the car she said to those about her. "*I'm not afraid to die. Tell them all that I died like a Christian.*

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Let the mes-sage go forth, Send it o-ver the earth, Sounding clear-ly and
2. Un-to Him who de-stroyed All the sting death em-ployed, Mak-ing ful-ly and
3. If we trust in His blood, If we own Him as Lord, Res-ur-rec-tion and
sweet-ly, Pro-claim-ing the' worth Of a faith that can say, Meet-ing
just-ly The death sen-tence void; Let us come while we may, That in
glo-ry Shall come thro' His word; And in death we may sing, By the
death on the way: Tell them all, I can die like a Chris-tian.
death we can say: Tell them all, I can die like a Chris-tian.
grace of Death's King: Tell them all, I can die like a Chris-tian.
CHORUS.
O to die like a Chris-tian, Who would not die like a Chris-tian? With Christ by my
side, What-so-ev-er be-tide, Let me die, let me die like a Chris-tian.

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APOCALYPTIC FIGURES.

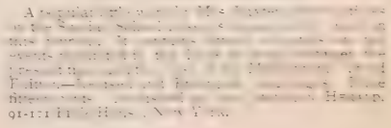
The Imagery of the Book of Revelation Typical of Events in Earth and Sky at the Close of the Dispensation.

BY WILLIAM MAUDE.

(Continued from p. 417.)

IT is a very remarkable circumstance, however, that whereas in the fourth chapter of Revelation, there is no allusion to the Jewish tabernacle or its furniture, yet, in the sixth chapter, on the opening of the fifth seal, the seer tells us, "I saw underneath the altar the souls of them that had been slain for the word of God," &c., and this altar is apparently the altar of sacrifice—corresponding to the brazen altar of the tabernacle—for Alford says, "the peculiar form of the word slain, which follows, seems to imply this." Yet, again, in the eighth chapter, on the opening of the seventh seal, we read: "And another angel came and stood over the altar, having a golden censer, and there was given unto him much incense, that he should add it unto the prayers of all the saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. Here, then, we have reference made to the golden altar, which, in the tabernacle, occupied its position in the holy place, and which is here located "before the throne." A similar allusion to "the golden altar" is made in the ninth chapter, on the sounding of the sixth trumpet; and then, in the eleventh chapter, on the sounding of the seventh trumpet, we meet with the more explicit and comprehensive statement: "And there was opened the temple of God that is in heaven, and there was seen in his temple the ark of his covenant." While, lastly, in the fifteenth chapter, before the pouring out of the seven vials, John says: "And I saw, and the temple of the tabernacle of the testimony in heaven was opened: and there came out of the temple the seven angels that had the seven last plagues, arrayed with precious stones, pure and bright, and girt about their breasts with golden girdles. And one of the four living creatures gave unto the seven angels seven golden bowls full of the wrath of God." And here observe particularly that, though the scene would seem to be the temple, "the living creatures"—and as we learn from chapter 19: 4, the elders and the throne itself—are still simultaneously present. Thus we have mention made—first, of the altar of sacrifice, which, in the tabernacle, stood in the outer court—then of the golden altar, which had its position in the holy place; and, lastly, of the Holy of Holies, with the ark of the covenant within it. And all this, in combination with the scenery of the heavenly vision in the fourth chapter, which remains permanent throughout. How is this to be reconciled? Is the explanation this—which, if true, is surely very beautiful?—that, as the visions of the Divine Judgment proceeded, the scenery of the temple—God's earthly dwelling place—grew up, as in a grand transformation scene around the unearthly, heavenly glories described in the fourth chapter; till, subsequently, the judgments being ended, and their blessed result attained, the "great voice out of the throne" shall be heard, saying: "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell among them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God."

THE LORD'S COMING.



CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing July 14. Matt. 16: 13-20.

WHAT the motto of the Society means to it as a whole, and to each individual member of it, is an appropriate Topic for the week preceding the assembling of the mighty host in annual convention. "For Christ and the Church" are the words inscribed on its banners, and they should be inscribed on every heart. At a time like this, we may wisely pause and ask ourselves what they mean. It is significant that in this nineteenth century there should be such a motto. The personal tie which held a few men around a young Jewish Teacher many centuries ago, had apparently nothing of permanence in it. When he and they passed away, it would be natural that all trace of them should disappear. Yet with every succeeding generation the church reappears and the same process of individual calling takes place. Men come out from the world singly and unite with some branch of the great body; and ever, as one generation passes away, a larger number come to fill the vacant places. And each new accretion has the same source and fount of life. The personal power and vitality of Christ in every new generation reaches out and holds and supports the new members. Men are not born into the church; they come voluntarily by an active choice, and each finds in it the power and vigor that their fathers found in previous generations. So the church, in its life to-day, stands as a testimony to the inexhaustible, life-giving energy of Christ. Its strength consists in the personal union of each individual member to him. The union of each to each has no power but in this. With this view of the church, we get from our motto the one central and fundamental principle of loyalty. The church becomes the symbol of the invisible union with Christ. Apart from him it would be a mere collection of atoms without coherence. From that principle springs the next principle of tolerance. The church is many-sided, separated, partitioned off and of many kinds of development, but it is one in essence. My brother sees the beauty of one aspect of it, finds that the needs of his nature are met by one application of its principles, while I find my strength and comfort in quite another form of development. With all our differences, the product of peculiarities of mental constitution, education and association, we are in union in the one essential of loyalty to Christ. That union dwarfs all differences, and from different points of the compass the roads converge to the great Centre. The radii may be far apart at their extremities, but at the Centre they are near together. But in its aggressive implication the motto has its chief force. The single calling of individuals must go on until the church is lost in the Kingdom. It is for this that the motto stands. The call mus be given widely. Each man living for Christ can utter it in his own circle, and those who will, may carry it into other lands. For Christ and the church we may deny ourselves, may sacrifice rest and pleasure, home and kindred, the world and life itself, and count all well lost in the glorious service.

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KING'S DAUGHTERS ABROAD.

From almost every country on earth, where Christianity has been planted, come reports of noble work done by the Order of King's Daughters. On the European continent, as in England, the silver cross and its meaning are well known, and in Japan and China the the Order has taken root. A very active circle has been organized in Dresden, where a number of American girls are staying. The circle frequently changes its membership as the visitors leave and new ones come, but the work never ceases. Its motto is the significant "Ich Dien" ("I serve"), which so well indicates the mission of the Order. The members are subdivided as to theire particular departments of work, into four committees. One attends to the music of the American Church; a second has charge of the books, decorations, etc.; a third visits any families who may be in sickness or trouble and the fourth has charge of the Sunday School and all work among children. On this page is a portrait, of Miss Neva Vail the leader of the Circle for which, with its campanion portrait of Miss Lottie Moor-

MISS NEVA VAIL.

house, we are indebted to the courtesy of "The Silver Cross."

Miss Moorhouse is the leader of the Violet Circle in the French capital. Followers of Christ find abundant opportunities for service in Paris, both among the poor and the rich and the American girls there who love that service have found that they can do more effective work in the organization of King's Daughters. Many of them are art students and they have turned their talents to account for the benefit of the poor. A meeting is held every week, at which there are painting, sewing and other occupations. The articles made are taken to the hospitals and orphanages or are retained for the annual fair, the proceeds of which are devoted to charity. There is a home for crippled children in Paris, in which the Violet Circle is deeply interested. It has been beautified, almost beyond recognition, by gaily painted screens, wooden panels, etc., and there is a perfect treasury of scrapbooks, in which the little sufferers find endless delight. All these are the products of the deft fingers and bright minds of the members of the Circle, and they report themselves as amply rewarded by the gratitude of the little ones and the satisfaction of rendering service In His Name.

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THE ENGLISH NATIONAL C. E. CONVENTION.

A most successful Convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies of Great Britain was held June 1 to 4. Birmingham was chosen as the meeting place not only on account of its central position, but because Christian Endeavor has attained in that city its most extensive acceptance. The local union comprises nearly seventy societies, with over 3,600 active members About two thousand delegates from all parts of the Kingdom attended the Convention, and were freely entertained by the Birmingham members for the four days. The report showed that the number of societies had increased from 1453 last year to 2445 this year, and the membership to 77,917 active, 32,237 associate and 10,879 honorary. The societies are divided among the denominations thus:—Baptist, 791; Congregational, 733; Presbyterian, 182; Epicopal, 5; Weslevan, 65; Primitive Methodist, 124; Bible Christians, 41; United Methodist Free Church, 175; Methodist New Connexion, 132. The benefit of the Society to the churches was indicated by the record, that of the additions to the churches during the year, 6784 came from Christian Endeavor Societies, and 5789 associate members became active. In Ireland there are from sixty to seventy societies with about three thousand members. The Convention was characterized throughout by the utmost enthusiasm. Pastors of all denominations testified to the help derived from the Society, and heartily recommended it to their brother ministers. The prospect for a large increase in the number of societies during the ensuing year is most encouraging. It was decided to hold the Convention at Bristol next year.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

There are now sixty Young Men's Christian Associations in Japan, with a total membership of over 1300.

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The new quarters of the Young Men's Christian Association of Rome, are at 31 Sea Due Macelle. American travellers who visit the ancient city, are cordially invited to make use of the rooms during their stay. Signor Grampeccote, the President, is pastor of the Waldensian Church.

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All arrangements for the Great Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union at Baltimore, Md., July 18 to 24, are completed. Each State has a church assigned

MISS LOTTIE F. MOORHOUSE.

to its delegates. The great auditorium tent is to be pitched near Druid Hill Park, and there will be seats for ten thousand people.

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Mr. Thomas A. Bailey has resigned the Secretaryship of the Young Men's Christian Association of Cork, Ireland, in order to devote himself to missionary work among the lepers of Dhera Doon, North-West India. His wife accompanies him. They have both done valuable work in the slums of Cork while Mr. Bailey had charge of the Y. M. C. A. there.

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Among the Baptist Endeavorers who will speak at Boston are Rev. Drs. Wayland Hoyt, J. T. Beckley, W. C. Bitting, A. W. H. Hodder, George E. Herr, Henry C. Mabie and A. C. Dixon. The theme of the last named speaker is "Denominational loyalty and Interdenominational fellowship."

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Ninety-two societies and over three thousand members are now enrolled in the Junior Christian Endeavor Local Union of New York City, and new societies are reported at every meeting of the Superintendents. The president has appointed a committee to make arrangements for Juniors who expect to attend the International Convention at Boston. This committee reports that at least six, and possibly several other Junior Societies will be represented there by some of their members.

OUR CHRISTIAN WORKERS

V.—MISS CARRIE MERRES.

HOW much can be done using opportunities they present themsel without waiting means or equipment n be realized by a talk w Miss Carrie Merres. S has only her eveni and her Sundays and her brief sum vacation at her own disposal, having

MISS CARRIE MERRES.

ily claims upon her which require he devote the bulk of her time to secular w yet with this mere remnant of her time has been able to accomplish much in C tian work. In the Missions of New Y her voice is often heard in song and t mony. In the Almshouses, the hospi and in the city institutions on Blackw Island, she is a frequent visitor, and made many friends In each place, eagerly anticipate her visits. Her f shows that neither money, nor educa nor leisure is indispensable to service.

One interesting result of a single which was made by Miss Merres, duri vacation, will serve as a specimen o kind of work that any earnest Chri might do. Her own story of it was recently at the opening of a Mission at Harbor, Me. She said:

"In the summer of 1887 it was my ilege to visit Bar Harbor for the first Squaw Hollow was a place where I sin and shame ran riot, so thither one Sunday afternoon, first asking G to go with me. I went to the Hollow, an greeting was a stick, but I was not d away by that. I spoke to six little ch who were playing about, and gat them around me as I sat on a board across two barrels. I told them abou sus, and I sang them a little hymn. The Sunday thirteen children came, and heads appeared out of the windows me when I began to sing. Every Su some more came, and we held our litt every week while I stayed. I kept t practice when I went there again next and then not alone came the children the parents also to listen. Indians out of their camp when the singing b In the fifth year I had a school of 104 I prayed the Lord to give me helpers. Titus and Miss Cook, both full of lov Christ, joined me in the work which still conducted, as it began, in the ope I went to the mercy seat, praying G open a way so the work could go on winter time, when we were not ther God had given us souls. The praye answered speedily. One morning ne the end of July, shortly before my visit nated, I received a note from Mrs. J to come to her house, and there Mrs. Je Mrs. Schieffelin, Mrs. Kennedy, and New York friends who were there an helped me with funds before, gav means, and in two days we had the ha the rooms for the Superintendent and Not alone have we a Mission Hall, faithful worker and his wife to look the people now in the winter, but we a bright reading room, with a coffee ter, and a trained nurse for the sick. have funds to carry on our work. of Squaw Hollow we moved Sept. 1st into our bright and beautiful hall, whic we called: "In the Hollow of His Hand."

July Days at Mont-Lawn.

Parties of Happy Little Folks Daily arriving — The Ordeal of "Passing the Doctor" before the Start — How Saturday is Spent at Our Children's Home

EACH passing day brings many new additions to the number of the little guests, who are quartered at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, at Mont-Lawn on the Hudson. Just before embarkation on the steamer "Chrystenah" for the sail to the Home, the youthful guests have to undergo the ordeal of "passing the doctor." While waiting their turn for this examination—which occupies only a moment or two in each case—the children are very quiet and well behaved; yet their intense faces show how much they will the ordeal were well over. One artist's camera has very happily caught a group of the young folks while waiting for the doctor. Those who pass, march triumphantly with chatter and laughter to the street car that takes them to the steamer dock, while the few rejected ones are solaced with the kindest words and the prospect of better fortune next time.

At the Home, all worldly cares are forgotten. In the morning, mingling with the merry notes of the robin, and the fragrant freshness of wood and meadow, comes the sound of children's voices. Here and there, dotting the lawn in front of the Home, are gathered little groups, talking earnestly and gaily of plans for the day. The number on the lawn is continually augmented by others who begin to use the "scups," or run happy races over the grass. The faces of all are bright and clean.

Saturday last was a typical day. Promptly as the gong sounded its summons, from all sides came the scampering of many feet toward the place, near the flag, where the line of march was to be formed. Each missionary stood near the children under her care; the line was soon ready. At the head walked the drummer, who handled the sticks right well. At a signal from the missionary in charge, the clear, childish voices broke forth in the stirring lines, "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!" and then they marched down to the dining-room for a tempting breakfast of rolled oats and cream, together with as many slices of bread and butter, and cups of milk as anyone desired. Still singing and marching the children went to their places and when all were seated there was a moment of expectant silence. The missionary in charge touched her bell, paused an instant, and then led the children as they sang the thankful grace of P. P. Bliss:

God is great and God is good,
And we thank him for this food,
By his hand must all be fed.
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

When the probable home-training,—or perhaps, more truthfully, the lack of it—and environments of these children are considered, it becomes a matter of some surprise that they are so tractable and well-behaved. After breakfast comes play time on the lawn, with its glad shouts and happy laughter. In one corner, sheltered somewhat by the sturdy, dark-green spruce trees, is the croquet ground, where the hours pass in many a mirthful if not skilful, game. At half after ten, the gong again sounds, and there is a repetition of the scurrying, hurrying feet, for the children are anxious for the recreation hour.

Entering the chapel they quietly take their seats, and wait expectantly for their "hour." Knowing the familiarity of the children with the songs of the day, and their delight in singing to the echo, those in charge have arranged this hour, when almost the entire entertainment is furnished by the children. Perhaps "America" is the first song—for it is sung once or twice every day—and it is an inspiration to hear the blending of the voices of the descendants of many races in the stirring words:

My country, 'tis of thee;
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing!

Then some child offers or is selected to

WAITING TO "PASS THE DOCTOR."

Applicants for admission to Our Children's Home gathered at the Bible House.

sing, "I won't play in your yard," while all unite in the chorus. This is done with a will and spirit that would surprise, as well as please. To the question, "who can recite?" several hands are raised, and several suitable pieces are spoken to the children by those of their number who have been taught in school: temperance and Christmas are in close relationship, while a short piece learned for Childrens' Day service is followed by the old, well-beloved "Twinkle, twinkle, little star!" which, like all others, is heartily applauded. However, it is in singing that the greatest pleasure lies, for in that all participate. "Sweet Marie" and "Suwanee River" are equal favorites, while the honors are about equally divided between "The Sidewalks of New York," and "Two Little Girls in Blue."

This recreation hour is limited to the length of the manifested interest of the children. Then the return march is made, where, under the direction of the missionary, fun and games complete the morning. Each day several missionaries are chosen to be in especial charge of the lawn, or services, either in the morning or afternoon. To witness the pure enjoyment of the children, their healthful rompings, their hearty, full-voiced praises, sung and spoken, and to observe the real improvement a child undergoes owing to its ten days' visit, would amply compensate all the kind-hearted patrons of the Childrens' Home for their gifts in its behalf. Money could not be spent in a better cause than in giving to these pale-faced little ones the bright eyes and glowing cheeks of health and happiness, even for a few brief summer hours. Already a number of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, having learned from a recent issue that it only costs three dollars to maintain a child ten days at the Home—all traveling and other expenses included—have written us forwarding their voluntary contributions for that purpose. Some benevolently disposed friends generously provide for three or four, and others for half a dozen little guests. Not all can do this; but we cordially invite our friends everywhere to do what they can towards giving these forlorn little mites of humanity an outing. If you cannot give $5 you may be able to give $3, which will make at least one child sufficiently happy to remember your goodness all the rest of the year. But even the smallest offering you send will be welcome, and will be the means of doing much good, especially during the torrid months of July and August. It is a Christ-like act to take one of these miserable, puny slum-children out of the dirt and wretchedness and vice of its surroundings, and transplant it to an atmosphere that is sweet and healthful, where its limbs may be strengthened; where, instead of vile oaths and ribald language, it may listen to words that will refresh the young spirit, and fill it with a strange love and gentleness. Body and soul both helped, and one fragile soul, at least, made brighter and happier by the gift.

Every dollar and every dime contributed by our friends for this humane purpose will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. On another page of this issue will be found the acknowledgments of contributions received during the past week.

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The Little Word, "Doing."

"Never shall I forget," writes Margaret Bottome, "a time of mental perplexity and of doubt when I said, 'It certainly is right to be kind, so I will be kind to those around me.' I did not know I had, by just doing what I did, at least struck the road which would lead me out of my troubles. Oh, that little word doing is a wonderful word. 'If any man will do his will he should know.' It does not say if any man will think, though it is right to think, if any many will argue, if any man will read, but if any man will do. Action alone will take you out of great mental trouble—that and being thankful for something or for somebody."

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KEEP TRYING.

IF boys should get discouraged
At lessons or at work,
And say, "There's no use trying,"
And all hard tasks should shirk,
And keep on shirking, shirking,
Till the boy becomes a man,
I wonder what the world will do
To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict
Gives up at first defeat;
If once repulsed, his courage
Lies shattered at his feet.
The brave heart wins the battle
Because through thick and thin,
He'll not give up as conquered;
He fights, and fights to win.

THE CHILDREN AND THE BIRDS.

WE are gratified to observe that the plea of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for mercy for our feathered songsters, is attracting the liveliest attention in many parts of the Union. Different publications have warmly endorsed the plea, and supplemented it with a sturdy condemnation of those who are engaged in massacring the song-birds, whether out of a sheer love of slaughter, or to supply the demands of a preposterous and wicked fashion.

In a recent article, Isabella C. Barrows has this to say on the subject: "One has but to go through the markets of any city, especially in the South, to see scores and hundreds of song-birds exposed for sale. New England people watch for the blue birds, and herald their arrival in the newspapers, rejoicing at the advent of summer which they prophecy. But the heralds who last year essayed their first flight among the branches of the apple tree, will not all come back this year. An ornithologist walking through the market in Washington, paused to count three hundred blue birds in one stall. The feathers had been stripped off to hide the iniquity from the general public, but the trained eye of the naturalist was not deceived. Such was the welcome they had for these songsters on their northward way! Myriads of song-birds of many species lose their lives every year to gratify the appetite of man. Robins are considered legitimate table birds in some parts of the country, an expert sometimes bagging three thousand in a day. Even the oriole and song sparrow share the same fate, and the bobolink is shot by the thousand wherever the merry little fellow is found. Even the tiny wren is killed for food in some places.

"A few years ago, in the blossoming season, the orchards of the land were filled with myriads of tiny warblers and other migratory birds, so small that they were hardly noticed among the flowers. With their busy little bills they killed countless injurious insects, and their coming was a blessing to the horticulturist. Their disappearance has been followed by fruit diseases of every kind. The same is true of the grain fields."

We wish it were possible to inspire every preacher, teacher, editor, and parent in this land to a bird-protective crusade. Even the sparrows are not beneath our Father's kindly care, and surely his children, who profess to be followers of the gentle Saviour, should endeavor to shield the innocent little tenants of the air, the woods, and the fields, from the ruthless hand of the slayer.

A Pound of Facts

is worth oceans of theories. More infants are successfully raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk than upon any other food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

ALICE MAPLETON'S ORDEAL

A STORY OF NOBLE FORTITUDE UNDER TRIAL.

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by E. CARSWELL.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Planning a Decoration.

NOTHING could have surprised Alice more than the announcement Mr. Jacobs made. She and her mother and the two young men formed an attentive audience as the old man explained his plans in detail. Conscience had evidently been working powerfully upon him. The lamentable condition of his tenants and their neighbors had made his heart heavy, but, like many others, who have grieved to see the miseries of the poor, he had seen no way to remedy them. The improvement visible since Alice had lived in the district, had impressed him. Evidently this wretchedness was not beyond remedy. So much was proved and the Jew had been prompted by what he had seen to do something on his own account. He had gone to work with remarkable intelligence, and with a sympathy for the poor that few suspected him of possessing.

"It vos a meeting-place that you vant, Miss Alice," he said. "The mens at night, the childrens afternoons and holidays, and the womens when they can. A large room Miss Alice vants, and small rooms to have her poor friends altogether. Music, lecture, tea-party, oder thing vot you call gindergartens, vot you will, you there can do. That you can arrange; the room I vill provide. It is a large room everything convenient and all ready. It was a store I was building shoost around the corner. I plan to have flats above and rent em oudt to families; but I change my plan. All above store is for Miss Alice and her friends, free for nothing. That is mein contribution. It is all painted and finished lovely."

Alice jumped to her feet and, as once before in the terrible crisis of her trouble, she astonished the good old man by taking his face between her two hands and imprinting a kiss on his forehead. "You dear, good, thoughtful friend," she said, "however did you think of that? Why, it is the very thing we need. I expected to go around and get subscriptions to hire some place and here you have built us a brand-new hall. Somebody ought to expose you Mr. Jacobs. Nobody knows how good you are."

"Well, you are pleased; that is enough. I don't want exposing. I am Miss Alice's friend, nothing more. When people ask who provides this nice place, then you say, 'a friend of mein.' Now to-morrow, or some day soon, you come to me and I go with you and we see the place all over. Then you say, 'I would like this done,' or, 'I would like that done,' and I send for painter, carpenter, mason, and I have it done shoost as you say. Then you have your teachers, and preachers, and good peoples come and invite all your poor friends and have tea, and tell them all about it. You say, 'this is your place and no one else has a right here. This is for you to come to and have a good time, singing, playing with childrens vat you will.' It will be dedicated so."

"Good! good! good!" cried Alice, clapping her hands and dancing around the room, "Just what I have been thinking about; I wanted to give a dinner to the poor people before I left, and an entertainment for our Band of Hope. We had no place to meet and I could only have six or seven together at a time, and we'll have a W. C. T. U."

"Vell, Miss, de hall is free for everything dot is goot for ever."

"And Mamma, we'll have a kinder garten, and keep it up, and the boys shall pay [illegible]"

"We," said Fred in mock astonishment. [illegible] my part, and Fred will make the speeches and write a dedication poem and recite it for his part."

"Mr. Jacobs," said Alice, "you are a public benefactor, and your hall will do much good. You have been so kind to me that I am going to call you 'Uncle Jacobs' as long as I live."

"Vell, my tear young frient, I would be a leetle careful about dot," said the Jew with a twinkle in his eye, "a good many young shentlemen call me dot now."

Fred and Will burst into laughter, and Alice looked rather surprised.

"You see, Miss Alice, you vas too innocent to onderstand de slang of my business. Ven a young shentleman has spent all his money and in de morning finds dot he has no money to get his breakfast, he says, 'I vill hang up my ulster at my uncle's,' or ven anoder has been on vat ve call a spree, and his frient say, 'vat time is it already?' he say, 'I don't know, my watch is at my uncle's.'"

"Oh, I think I see now," said Alice smiling, "but you shall be my dear old uncle, anyway."

"And I shall be so proud as if I make a tousant dollars," said Mr. Jacobs, rising to go. "Ven can you come and see de hall and tell me how you like him, and anyting you like to have done?"

"I am so anxious to see it that I will come at any time," said Alice. "To-morrow afternoon, if that time suits you."

"I will be dere all afternoon."

"Then we will come at two," said Alice. "I vas glat to hear dat your property vas so much saved. Mr. Mapleton, how long you tink you stay mit us here?"

"Yes," said Will, "we were indeed lucky in being able to recover so much of our property; as to when we shall move depends on circumstances. I would be willing to stay here for my life, as I never was so happy in any other house."

"Vel, dat please me, but of course it cannot be."

"Contentment and cheerfulness," said Mrs. Mapleton, "are what make home; they will make a cottage better than a palace, while discontent and sorrow will make the palace a prison. I remember how small and shabby these rooms appeared to me when I first lived in them, but now they are so bright and cheerful that I really believe I shall be sorry when I leave them."

"Vell, I have spent such a happy evening dat I don't want to go neider, but I must;" and after many hand-shakes and hearty "good-nights," Alice lighted the old man down the stairs.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The New Hall.

The next afternoon Mrs. Mapleton, Alice and Fred went over to see the new hall, and a very pretty room they found it to be. It was finished—wall and ceiling—in hard pine, with light cane seat chairs to match. It had ante rooms and a small room already fitted with shelves for a library.

The main hall would seat from two hundred and fifty to three hundred persons. Nothing had ben forgotten. There were desks for the secretary and treasurer; the stand for the presidig officer, with gavel and water bottle and glass all ready.

Alice clapped her hands with delight as soon as she entered. "This is delightful," she said. "It is a beautiful hall and furnished already for a society to meet."

"Yes," said Mr. Jacobs, "I vent down mid Callaghan to some Sons of Temperance Hall, vere he go to dem meeting, and I see how it vas fixed up, and say, 'dot vill do,' so I have it done dot vay."

"You have shown wonderful taste as well as generosity," said Mrs. Mapleton, "and it is to be free I understand,"

"Vell, yes, to our own peoples and dere friends, but I don't know about vat you call dem generosities; I tink I make some money out of it already."

"How do you propose doing that?" asked Fred.

"Vell, if I can get de mens to come here and not go mid de saloon, den dey have some money already, and I get my rents, and de womans come here and have a goot time, and not spend so much for beer, den dey come and get dere tings and pay me my interest, and buys some more tings; den by and bye dem saloons clear out and better peoples come here to live and de value of my property go up."

"Well," said Fred, "you certainly take a very sensible view of the case, but it is a great inovation on all the systems practised heretofore by landlords with poor and rickety tenement houses. I am afraid they will call you a crank."

"Vell, how did you guess dot so quick? Ha! ha! dot's shust vat dey vas call me already. But if dot is so it is all Miss Alice's fault. I never tink of doing such a ting till I see vat you do for dem people by you kind vays. Den I say mid myself, 'dot is all right,' and now I am glad you like him. But you must open it for me before you go way."

"That we will, with a great deal of pleasure," said Alice.

"Well you draw on me for the money and we gives those peoples a meal they don't often get. Ice cream and cakes and tea and coffee and lemonade, everyding but beer. Don't want any beers ever in this place. Beer is everywhere and it makes me sick to see it. The men and the women have it all the time and it makes em so poor and miserable and quarrelsome. Get everything else and tell the men to send the bills to Jacobs and he pays em right off."

"No, no," said Fred. "That is not the bargain. You are selfish, Mr. Jacobs, you want all the pleasure. You have given the hall; Miss Alice's brother and I must have the feed for our share. We will provide all that."

"Well, well, I don't want to be selfish any more," said Mr. Jacobs. "You pays if you want to, but I am ready if there is any need."

Alice could not rest until the arrangements were commenced; so that evening Louie was sent for, and she with Alice, Fred and Will formed themselves into a committee on entertainment. Mr. Joy was to be invited to preside, and the whole Mary Street Church were to be taken into service. Mrs. Callaghan's aid could be relied on, and the general character of the entertainment was outlined.

The children's share of the entertainment had precedence. Never had so many clean and well-dressed boys and girls been seen in that locality as gathered at the hall at 3 o'clock on the day appointed. Mrs. Callaghan was in her element as she flew from one table to another with the good things.

Never had the children partaken of such a dinner; then the ice cream, the oranges, and nuts, and raisins. Never were they known to disappear with such alarming rapidity. Alice became a little alarmed, and asked Mrs. Callaghan if there was any danger of the children injuring themselves.

"Sure, Miss, some of 'em may be sick to-night, but they will get over it. It's the first time many of 'em ever had all they could eat at onct, and the pains will help 'em to remember the good toime as long as they live."

"Have you had all you want?" Louie asked a boy who sat panting at the table.

"Yes, Miss; wish I hadn't though."

"Why do you wish that?" she asked in surprise?"

"Cause I'd like to begin over agin, Miss."

One little girl with a pinched, pale face, in a patched but clean dress, was seen to take a piece of everything offered, but did not eat. Alice noticed her great hungry-looking eyes and full plate, and spoke to her. "Why don't you eat? I hope you are not sick."

"Please, Miss, I has a little sick brudder, and I thought mebee you'd let me take mine home to him, cos he was a-crying when he couldn't come."

"Bless your dear little heart," said Alice. "Eat all you want, and you shall have a basketful to take home to your brother. Thus assured, it did not take many minutes for the little girl to make up all the lost time.

After dinner the children were entertained with music and song, and some short printed speeches. The Band of Hope was explained, and officers appointed, and ever so many new members enrolled at the close. Each child on leaving the hall received a picture card and a box of candy.

"Dat's de biggest time I ever seed," s[illegible] one boy.

If the whole party of happy children [illegible] been polled, the verdict on the entert[illegible]ment would not have differed in sentin[illegible] from the boy's epigrammatic statement [illegible] had been a very joyful time with them, [illegible] would be a red-letter day in the historie[illegible] their youth.

Louie, Alice, and Mrs. Callaghan w[illegible] sitting together in the little library res[illegible] after their exertions, when Will and F[illegible] came in.

"Well, this is an auspicious beginnin[illegible] said Fred. "I never saw children so ha[illegible] in my life before. Poor old Jacobs lo[illegible] in and was quite overcome. He said to [illegible] he didn't care if he died now, he felt so [illegible] to have done something good before [illegible] went. I wanted to bring him up to mak[illegible] speech, but he wouldn't come. He sai[illegible] had seen the children happy and Miss [illegible] enjoying herself, and that was enough

"I wish I had seen him," said Alice. "[illegible] is so modest, there is no managing hi[illegible] all. I will take care he does not escap[illegible] morrow night at the grown-up peo[illegible] meeting. He must be publicly than[illegible] whether he likes it or not, and the pe[illegible] must know who it is that is doing all [illegible] for them."

There was a knock at the door, an[illegible] was opened a few inches from the out[illegible] and Mr. Callaghan's broad face showe[illegible] the aperture. The face wore a very [illegible] broad smile, and with a meaning look, [illegible] laghan said he wad like a word with [illegible] wife.

"Sure, I don't know what the [illegible] means," said Mrs. Callaghan when [illegible] returned after a brief interview with [illegible] husband in the corridor. "He's full of [illegible] tery about something. There's a wa[illegible] outside with packing cases in it, and [illegible] laghan says they want to bring the[illegible] here. Sure, there's no room to store [illegible] thing here."

"Perhaps Mr. Jacobs thought we sh[illegible] not use this room, and is putting somet[illegible] here till we do use it," said Alice. "We[illegible] manage without it, so we will get out o[illegible] way."

By this time several heavy cases wer[illegible] the pavement, and one after another [illegible] being brought in. Mrs. Mapleton, [illegible] had been busy with the others, had [illegible] been with them in the library, and [illegible] went in search of her, fearing that [illegible] might be tired. She could not find [illegible] and was just concluding that she had [illegible] home, when passing the half-open do[illegible] the library, she caught sight of her m[illegible] within. She was very busy, and se[illegible] very happy. Alice put her head int[illegible] room to say a passing word, when a [illegible] met her gaze that arrested her. One [illegible] packing cases was opened and reveal[illegible] contents. Books of all shapes and [illegible] and styles of binding were packed in it [illegible] on the floor and shelves were piles of [illegible] volumes out of the other cases. O[illegible] floor a pretty red carpet was rolled up [illegible] to be laid down, and there was a new [illegible] ry ladder of the latest design.

"Why, mother, where did you g[illegible] all these?" Alice asked in amazement.

"Oh, Alice, that is a shame. It w[illegible] be a surprise to you all."

"Well, there is no doubt about it be[illegible] a surprise. Come here, Louie, and see [illegible] treasures mamma is handling."

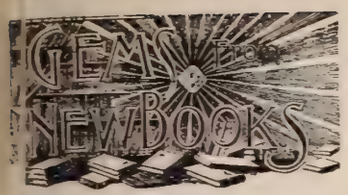
"I may as well tell you the whole [illegible] now you have made your discovery," [illegible] Mrs. Mapleton. "I told Mrs. Wilson [illegible] was going forward, and she was as [illegible] interested as I. She has been much ch[illegible] since her illness, as Louie will testify. [illegible] both wanted to do something ourselv[illegible] have some of the pleasure in the new [illegible] tution, but we did not know what t[illegible] At last, Mrs. Wilson thought of the b[illegible] and then I remembered the empty sh[illegible] So we agreed to furnish the little roo[illegible] fill the shelves as our part of the worl[illegible] had some help in the selection from M[illegible] and another friend, and here is the [illegible] But we did not want anyone to see [illegible] till the shelves were filled and the [illegible] laid."

"But, mamma, you can never [illegible] many books in, and here is a bigge[illegible] than any of them not opened yet."

"Ah, that does not contain books, I [illegible] I suspect that is another surprise, if [illegible] judge from its shape. No one know[illegible] thing about it, but you see it comes fr[illegible] organ-builder's. You must have [illegible] friends than you know, Alice."

"And better than I deserve."

(To be continued.



GARDENS.*

T wide fair gardens, the rich lush fields,
Which no man planted, and no man tills,
The strong seeds drifted, their brave bloom lifted.
r and far o'er the vales and hills:
e bees from their cups of sweetness,
ies above them the wild free wing.
ight and morn from their doors are borne,
dreams of the tunes that blithe hearts sing.

aving gardens, the fragrant gardens
t toss in the sun by the broad highway,
ng together, gorse and heather,
er and golden-rod all the day.
es dark with the wine of slumber,
sies bright with the looks of dawn.
entian blue, and the long year through
flowers that carry the seasons on.

he dear old gardens, the pleasant gardens
Were mother used to potter about,
g and pulling, and sparingly culling,
watching each bud as its flower laughed at:
locks here, and the prince's feather.
Larkspur and primrose, and lilies white.
were the dear old-fashioned gardens
Were we kissed the mother and said
Good-night."

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HE ANSWER TO PRAYER.†

THE deepest answer to prayer is not a voice — not a "yes" or a "no;" it is the support of a hand. This is not the common view. I cry to God in the night, and strain through the silence for a message. I doubt that the answer shall be a never dream that the reply shall be but a consent or a denial. I have the removal of a trouble; I assume it will either be granted or refused. No thinks the Psalmist. His best hope prayer is neither the one nor the other. He ays that God answers his anointed not by a voice, but by a hand—not dibly, but indirectly. There comes from ne lent skies no peal of music; there ds through the outward dark no gleam ory; but into the heart there steals a ge strength, an unaccountable peace. ps it was not felt at once. You were rch of another kind of answer, and not have recognised its coming. It ed to grow up naturally, to be a bit of urself, to have nothing superhuman

was not like an answer to prayer at was so woven with your ordinary Yet, it was God's own messenger, sponse to your cry of yesterday. You to God through one door, and he ered you by another; you opened at ont, and he came in at the back; you to be lifted into heaven, and he gave more power to live on earth; you crav- lody for the ear, and he sent you, in- the saving strength of his right

Man, I accept the answer that given to thee. Thy cup did not pass, y angel came. Thy angel came by ick door, when thou wert weeping at ont. He came before thy tears were . The answer to thy prayer entered heart unseen. It was born in the hour row; it grew up while thy tears were : but when it was full-grown, there great calm. Let me believe that thy is mine. When I pour forth my soul ong crying and tears, let me believe ine answer is already come. I am ing too far to find it. I seek it in the ing of the cloud; I expect it in the ing of the cup; my eye is all on the and I forget the postern door. Let me- member thee — thy Gethsemane, thy ...

is not a new cup I need; it is

Little Knights and Ladies: a charming verses for young people, by Margaret E. full of dainty imagination and just the book asant reading in the home. 143. cloth and ting; illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New publishers.

Searchings in the Silence: A Series of De- al Meditations, by Rev. George Matheson, D.D., of Edinburgh. These meditations are e stray moments of solitude, when the heart upon itself. Pp. 240, cloth covers, price $1. A. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

a new hand. I want something to keep the cup from trembling, yea, from spilling. I want power to hold it calmly, steadily. I want a hand to repress the shaking of my hand. I want none of its drops to fall idly, ineffectually. I want to receive thy cup in thy garden — in the power of thy peace. My prayers shall all be answered when I am answered like thee.

PHILOSOPHIC PITFALLS.*

AT the epoch when childhood gives place to youth, the entire being submits to a transformation; and among the faculties which assume new power, reason holds the first rank. The child is a creature of instinct more than reason. The formation of the judgment is one of the best proofs of the transition of which I speak. The youth examines, he compares, and from this work of elaboration will result new opinions; his judgment will be more vigorous and energetic, his opinions more personal, and they will bear the seal of originality. Very well. Can a man yield himself to this new power awakened within him, this reason under whose conduct he enters upon the domain of science, without danger? Is it a guide to which he may safely abandon himself? I do not fear grave thinking—an elevated and impartial examination which estimates things according to their real value, and neither disdains nor is prejudiced. But this I do fear, and especially for the young: false reason, false science. "A little philosophy," says Bacon, "destroys religion; much restores it." Now, young people know a little of every science, and they have enormous confidence in the little they know. This, indeed, is perfectly natural. They have shaken off the yoke of authority.

To reason, with them, is to give proof of independence. It is nothing wonderful if they assert this independence as they confront the beliefs which have lately dominated them. I know that in this first effervescence of reason there is a kind of intoxication and disorder. We all know that no one is more disdainful of collegians than recent graduates—petty self-esteem, which a little time will soon dissipate. No person is more likely to treat the beliefs of his childhood with disdain than he who has just planted his foot on the domain of science, and for whom his bachelor's diploma is his charter of emancipation. A man knows a little of astronomy, and so he ridicules the Old Testament for not putting the sun in the centre of our planetary system. He knows a little of geology, so he smiles as he reads the first chapter of Genesis. He knows a little of anthropology, so he pities the man who believes that creation can have sprung from a single head. He is a little of a critic, and he is amused with the discrepancies of the Gospels; he knows a little of medicine, so he wonders how one can believe in books which speak of demoniacs and miraculous cures; a little of philosophy, so he balances the argument for and against the existence of God.

*From *The Estrangement of Young People From Christianity*, translated from the French of Eugene Bersier by President J. E. Rankin, D.D., LL.D., of Howard University. A most interesting and instructive little book, suited to the needs of the times. Cloth covers; pp. 58; price 50c. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, London, and Toronto, publishers.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on June 23, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Restoration of Health: "A Troubled Daughter," Philadelphia, that God would stay the progress of disease in a beloved mother on whose care her family are dependent.——"Reader," Indiana, that the journey of a suffering mother may have the desired result in the restoration of her health.——"Reader," Redding, Conn., for strength to go through a trying ordeal, and grace to devote her future life to God's service.——Reader, Iola, Wis., for the recovery of a sick woman whose husband has left town.

For the Conversion of Relatives or Friends: "In Christian Faith," North Chester, Vt. For the conversion of a young man exposed to temptation, also for his parents who are not Christians and for a brother and sister who away from home are neglecting church.——A mother, Salisbury, Md., for a dear son, the only one of his family out of the fold.——"An Anxious Wife."——For a man and his wife who are not saved.——Mrs. A. M. Wilson, Corsicana, Tex., for several friends.——F. M., Nebraska, for a brother and three friends, all of whom are backsliders.——"Mamie." Paterson, N. J., on behalf of her husband who is becoming confirmed in his subjection to the liquor habit, that he may be saved from it and become a true Christian.——"Lady," Chattanooga, Tenn., for the conversion of a talented young man who is drifting into infidelity.——Old Subscriber, Spencerport, for the conversion of a beloved boy who has formed bad habits.——"Johnny."——"For two friends that they be saved and be able to help each other."——"Grandmother," Tacoma, Wash. For a grandson who made a profession of religion, but is now living in sin.——"Subscriber," Waterboro, Me. For some one who has stolen a treasured Bible, that God would mercifully bring him or her to repentance and salvation; also for the conversion of a young man who is very sick.——Old Subscriber, Allegheny Co., Pa. For a dear friend who is drifting away from Christ, that his eyes may be opened to the love of God, and no longer misunderstand the earnest efforts of Christian friends for his good.——"One who has Faith," Wytheville, Va., for a man and his two sons who are backsliders from God, that they may all be restored.——S. J. B., for a man who declares himself unable to believe the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.——"Widow," Hill City, Tenn., for her son, once a Christian, but now a worldling, that God would draw him away from his sins and forgive him.——J. W. G., Cambridge, Mass., for the conversion of two very dear friends.——E. K. S., Dallas, Tex, for an infidel lecturer who has pledged himself to publicly declare himself a believer, if God answers the prayers of faithful women who are praying for his enlightenment.

For Special Blessings. S. E. D. Gardiner, N. Y., whose duty to her parents prevents her following the dictates of her judgment and inclination, that in some way misunderstanding may be cleared away and the path of duty made plain.——I. H. A., Baltimore, Md., for the conversion of self and family and the reclamation of a neighbor.——"In His Name," Wisconsin, that a deserted wife may be enabled to earn a livelihood for herself and a young child and that the erring husband may be brought to see the error of his ways.——"Persecuted One," California, that cruel and false aspersions may be stopped and that complete vindication of character may come and the truth be made known.——Earnest Reader, California, for stronger faith in God and in his love to those who seek him.——E. H., Beaver Falls, Pa., for restoration to God's favor, and for assurance of peace.——M. A. P., Brooklyn, whose request for prayer was presented recently, that the good work now commenced in answer to prayer may soon be perfected.——J. W., St. Louis, Mo., for God's blessing on a new enterprise.——Sorrowing Sister, Green Tree, Pa., that the financial trial now impending over a beloved brother may be averted, and he may be saved from losing his home and position in society.

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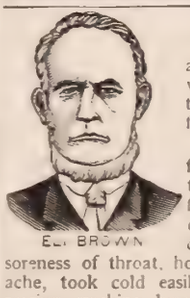

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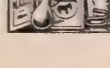

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TO AID THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

DURING the week a number of kind friends among our readers have forwarded contributions in aid of the work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, which we acknowledge below. Some of the letters accompanying the gifts are so cordial and hearty that we cannot forbear making a few extracts:

CLEVELAND, O., July 11, 1895.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: Husband and I, having formerly lived in New York for many years, greatly appreciate the work you are doing among the poor little unfortunates and outcasts of the big city. Dear, wee souls! How I should love to help among them and to bring a gleam of sunshine into their lives, and tell them the story of Jesus' love for the children. As I cannot be with you in person, I send enclosed money order for $5, which would at least give two little ones a ten days' holiday. God bless your noble efforts. Our prayers are with you and the little guests at Mont-Lawn. MRS. A. J. RANSOM.

DETROIT, Mich., June 15, 1895.

DEAR SIR:—We are nine children—two brothers and a sister—whose papa has been reading to us all about the children you have up at the Home. We want to send one little boy up, and dear Mr., we send $3 of our own money. $1.50 from me, ninety cents from Janie, and sixty cents from Eddie. He's a little fellow and he's been saving for Fourth of July, so he gave half what he has in his pyramid bank.

GILBERT S. SMITH.

NEWARK, N. J., June 18, 1896.

I send $1 for the Children's Home. Wish it were more. Oh! how I envy you in the blessed work you are doing among the stray lambs, feeding them, folding them, and teaching them. M. M. (A Widow.)

C. J. B., Albany, N. Y. ($3), writes: "Send one little boy to the Home for ten days on my account. If you will send me his name, I may be able to forward a small package to him to your care." Miss Eliza Griffin, Philadelphia, (75c). "It's only a mite, but it means two and a half days for some wee woman at Mont-Lawn. Some kind heart will give the rest." John P. ——, Brooklyn, N. Y. ($1). "I have four little ones of my own and when I see them at their prayers at night, I often think of the little tenement children, all in white, kneeling by their cots at Mont-Lawn, and to the extent of my poor ability, I want to help you in your work." A Brooklyn lady (A. D. McI.), forwards check for $30.00 with the simple wish: "That it may be made the means of gladdening ten little ones and possibly of sowing the seeds of righteousness in at least one dear heart—who knows? I send it with this prayer."

The following are the amounts received from all sources, during the week:

Previously ackn'd	**$89.25**
F. S., Beauty Dell	25
F. ——	3 00
Mrs. I. Coolidge	1 00
From a Methodist sailor	5 00
W. L. D., Brooklyn	1 00
Cash, Nyack, N. Y.	5 00
A. J. Ransom, Cleveland, O	6 00
Gilbert S. Smith, Detroit	3 00
Theo. W. G., N. Y.	1 00
P. B. B., Hempstead, L. I	3 00
G. H. S., Brooklyn	2 00
B. J. F., "	2 00
Miss M. ——, N. Y.	1 00
A Brooklyn lady (A. D. McI.)	30 00
M. M., Newark, N. J	1 00
W. D. H., N. Y.	2 00
John P. ——, Brooklyn	1 00
C. J. B., Albany, N. Y	3 00
Miss E. Griffin, Phila	75
[illegible], N. Y.	15 00
J. C. F., Yonkers,	3 00
Total	**$178.25**

FARMER BOY'S WORK FOR CHRIST.

In the early part of this century, a young lad lived on a farm near Tubingen, Germany. As he grew up he received a good education. His special delight was the study of geography, and often he wished he might be a captain of a ship and visit foreign lands. One day, in school, the teacher read an essay on missions, and the pupils were desired to express in writing the substance of what had been read. The boy, whose name was John Ludwig Krapf, was greatly impressed, and asked himself: "Shall I go as a missionary to the heathen?" The impression made at this time never left him, and at the age of eighteen he was a student in the Basle Institute for training missionaries. In 1837 he offered himself for mission work. He was accepted and sent to Abyssinia. Mombas was chosen. He and his wife landed there in 1844.

In 1846 Rebmann joined Krapf, and they settled on Rabbai, a Wanika village not far from the coast, as [illegible] Here they built themselves a home, but Krapf believed in advance. He could not sit down quietly at Rabbai, he must travel into the interior. After twelve years' absence, he returned to Germany to urge on the people to give more men and money for this work. He returned to Africa with reinforcements, but [illegible] His own health failing, Krapf left in 1853, and never again was able to return to his beloved work. Rabbai was the only station, and Rebman was left alone.

No more was heard of this mission for twenty years. In 1873, Sir Bartle Frere found Rebman still at Rabbai, working in loneliness, prematurely aged, and almost blind. On his return to England he notified the Church Missionary Society, and advised them to establish a freed slave settlement on the mainland near Mombas. The Church Missionary Society at once undertook this work. The seed sown by the earnest pioneers blossomed grandly after these many years of working and waiting. The freed slave settlement of Frere Town was started, and reinforcements sent to the mission station at Rabbai. In Mombas there are now a number of missionaries, and a hospital built, and medical mission work carried on. Frere Town is a Christian community of six or seven hundred.

A DARING ESCAPE.

A thrilling incident in the Micronesian Islands is reported to the American Board by Miss Hoppin, who has a girls' school at Kusaic. During her last voyage on the missionary ship "Morning Star," a stop was made at Nonouti. Miss Hoppin had on board with her a girl from Nonouti, and her father came on board and asked that his daughter might come ashore and visit her family, promising that she should not be kept, but allowed to return if Miss Hoppin would go ashore with her. This Miss Hoppin did the next day, but no sooner had the father got the girl ashore than he said she could not return. He then gave the girl some tobacco to chew, and ordered her to undress and put on the heathen fringe. All of this she stoutly refused to do, whereupon she was dragged by the hair of the head by her father, crying and sobbing, out of Miss Hoppin's presence. As Miss Hoppin could do nothing to save the girl, she was compelled to leave with a heavy heart. But the girl proved to be of good metal, and resisted all the coaxing and threats of the priest who was called in to subdue her. Biding her time, she escaped in the middle of the night, and after running five or six miles to a village where some of the schoolboys were spending the night ashore with friends, was brought off by them in a canoe to the "Star," much to our surprise and pleasure. The next day we expected trouble from the girl's father, thinking he would come aboard and demand her release, but he did not, evidently regarding her as more than his match.

THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

DO they see me afar from that beautiful shore,
As I live in the light of to-day?
Can they know my meandering of heart and of mind
And of all that I think, do and say?

Oh, thou lov'd and beloved on that beautiful shore!
Where are mansions unbuilded by man,
I long for a glimpse or a word from you there,
To know of His glorified plan.

'Tis there, are the loved in their robes purely white.
And there is the home of the blest,
For those who are cleansed in the blood of the Lamb
Are now in his kingdom of rest.

What then, though this world and our cares have an end.
Our toils and our sorrows be o'er,
For the lamp of God's love will enshroud us with joy.
When at home on the beautiful shore

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A MISSIONARY'S FAMOUS RIDE.

In 1842, the pioneers of civilization in the far northwest were the little band of missionaries who had crossed the Rocky Mountains in 1836 to carry the knowledge of "the white man's God and the white man's Book of heaven" to the Indians of Oregon. "The work of the mission band," writes Rev. S. B. L. Penrose, in the Home Missionary, "is unsurpassed in the missionary annals of the world. The energy of Dr. Whitman and his statesmanlike breadth of view and dauntless courage inspire the student to-day with wonder and admiration. But his service as a missionary is less known than his service as a patriot. The debt of the United States to him cannot be measured. The stars in the American flag are due to him. Oregon, Washington, and Idaho are his gift to the United States. He alone was prophet enough to foresee their value, and hero enough to risk his life to save them. Daniel Webster, at the close of his life, said to a friend of his, a lawyer in New York City, that undoubtedly the saving of the Northwest was due to Dr. M. Whitman.

Whitman's famous ride across the continent has no parallel in the history of the world. Paul Revere's ride and Sheridan's ride are insignificant beside it. Four thousand miles across the continent, through the snows of a winter still memorable for its severity, he made his way from Walilatpulo Washington, on what his dearest friends regarded as a wild goose chase. Clad in furs he reached Washington, on March 3rd, 1843. Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, heard his story, but was unmoved thereby. The plan at the time was to trade Oregon Territory to Great Britain for a cod fishery, and the story of the unknown missionary was heard with incredulity. Whitman went to President Tyler, who was more impressed. The marks of his winter's journey were proofs of the doctor's sincerity, and Tyler said to him that if the accessibility of Oregon to the United States could be demonstrated, if wagons could be taken across the Rocky Mountains, the Territory should not be ceded to Great Britain. The wagon train with Whitman led back that summer, 1843, was the first which ever crossed the continent, 200 wagons, almost 1,000 settlers in all. It blazed a broad trail across the mountains. It opened the Northwest for American emigration. It settled Oregon for the United States. And as the result of that settlement, when the northwest boundary line was determined, in 1846, the United States claimed as its own the territory which, five years before, they would have ceded as worthless and undesirable. The stretch of country which Whitman saved to the United States is equal in area to all of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, and three Connecticuts beside. It belongs to the United States to-day, and not to Great Britain, because of Marcus Whitman the missionary.

But the prophet and hero was to become a true martyr as well. On November 29, 1847, the Indian war-whoop rang around the mission station at Walilatpu. An Indian hatchet flashed, and Whitman fell a victim to the savage cruelty and ignorance of those whom he had come to save. The mission was destroyed. His work was obliterated. For eleven years the land lay desolate, inhabited only by the Indian and the coyote. Then, in 1859, Cushing Eells, who had himself gone as missionary to the Indians in 1838, but had escaped the Indian massacre, came and stood by Whitman's grave. He found that the bones of those who had been massacred, fourteen persons in all, had been gathered together into one great grave. Standing by the grave he thought of Whitman's life and death, and of his services to the United States. The past, the present, and the future came before him. The "power of the Most High" came upon him, and he resolved that, God helping him, he would devote the remainder of his life to establishing a worthy memorial of Marcus Whitman.

HINDU INTOLERANCE.

Recent litigation in India furnishes decisive contradiction to one of the statements made at the Chicago Parliament of Religions. There was no speech at the Parliament that more favorably impressed the Christian public than that of Swami Vivekananda. In a recent issue of this journal Mr. Rutnam showed the misleading character of that speech and now comes the legal report showing that there was one particular in which it was entirely erroneous. Vivekananda declared that one of the chief beauties of Hinduism was its broad and generous spirit of toleration. "I am proud," he said, "to belong to a religion which has taught the world both tolerance and universal acceptance. We believe not only in universal toleration, but we accept all religions as true." Now for a specimen of this boasted tolerance. A case which has just reached a final decision after being heard in several courts in India bears upon the rights of converts to Christianity in the care of their own children. A Hindu and his wife professed conversion, and were baptized some three years ago, together with their two young children. Afterward the wife, under pressure from her relatives, renounced her Christian faith and left her husband. The father sought the custody of his children and the chief court of Mysore has just decided that according to Hindu law a parent loses his right to the custody of his children by reason of his having become a Christian. There cannot be much tolerance in a religion which forbids a Christian having the custody of his own children.

A RAILROAD MAN'S PRAYER.

An old railroad worker was converted, and being present at a meeting at which there were many inquirers, he was asked to lead in prayer. He hesitated a moment, and then with trembling lips, but clear, resounding voice, he said reverently: "O, Lord, now that I have flagged Thee, lift up my feet from the rough road of life and plant them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. Let me use the safety lamp, known as prudence, make all the couplings in the train with the strong link of Thy love, and let my hand-lamp be the Bible. And, Heavenly Father, keep all switches closed that lead off on the sidings, especially those with a blind end. O, Lord, if it be Thy pleasure, have every semaphore block along the line show the white light of hope, that I may make the run of life without stopping. And, Lord, give us the ten commandments for a schedule; and when I have finished the run, on schedule time, pulled into the great dark station of death, may Thou, the Superintendent of the universe, say, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; come and sign the payroll and receive your check for eternal happiness.'"

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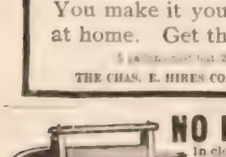

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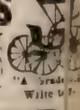

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CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, JULY 10, 1895. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

MISSIONARIES AS LIFE-SAVERS.

Hundreds of Soldiers on the Manchurian Battlefields Saved by Red Cross and Medical Missionaries—A Striking Proof of the Value of Medical Training.

WITHIN the last ten years, the value of medical training as an adjunct to Gospel work has begun to be appreciated in almost every field of missionary effort. It has come to be recognized that no mission work is complete without its medical staff, and in a multitude of instances, it has been demonstrated that the consecrated medical missionary can win his way to the hearts of men where no other means would have sufficed. The experience of such men as Rev. Dr. Nassau at Corisco, West Africa, Dr. Kerr in Canton, China, Dr. Hall in Corea, and the late old John Gilmour in Mongolia, all goes to show the value of medical training in the mission field. It has, moreover, been the consistent policy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to point out to all who contemplate foreign missionary work, that it is well to bear these facts prominently in view.

THE HOSPITAL GUARD.

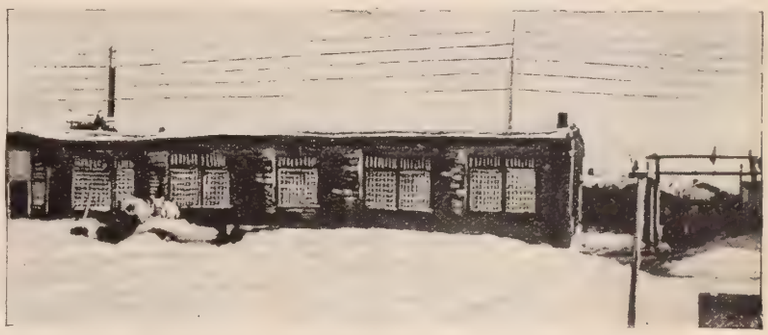
CARRYING A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

In the recent war between China and Japan, and long before the termination of hostilities, permission was granted by the Japanese government to the Protestant missionaries to work in the camps, barracks and hospitals. This was a wonderful and providential opening, and was immediately seized by the missionaries, several of whom found abundant opportunities for the exercise of their medical skill among the sick and wounded.

On the other hand, the same opportunity was not afforded to the missionaries to work among the Chinese troops. The Red Cross Society, however, did most efficient service at many points in Chinese territory. A letter received from Mr. Robert G. Denig, United States Navy, and stationed at New-Chwang, gives some interesting facts concerning the Red Cross work. Mr. Denig writes as follows:

"Had it not been for the disinterested foreigners in New-Chwang and Yin-kow, the Chinese soldiers of the Manchurian armies, under Generals Sung, Chiang and Woo, would have been utterly without medical assistance. Through the efforts of Dr. Young, an English missionary, some $1200 were obtained, some of it from foreign residents of Shanghai, most of it from the Red Cross Society. This money, along with 1500 taels, subscribed by the wealthy Chinese merchants of this place, was devoted to the establishment of hospitals that have all winter been doing good work under the flag of the Geneva Cross. Strictly speaking, they are not Red Cross hospitals, for China has never signed the article of the Geneva convention. However that may be, suffering humanity was never in greater need of medical aid than the so-called Chinese army, for the surgeon or doctor had no place in the organization of the armed forces that were steadily retreating across the frozen plains of Manchuria.

"To the Chinese, a wounded man, a sick man, or one with his feet frozen, is virtually a dead man; to repair him to fight again or to send home is considered a sheer waste of time, money and labor, so much more easy is it to fill his place by a new recruit, physically sound and not yet terror-stricken by the singing of a Japanese bullet. Dr. Daly, the resident physician, Dr. W. F. Arnold, U. S. Navy; Dr. Penny, H. M. S. "Firebrand," and Doctors Christie, Brander, Greig, Gordon, and Grey of the Scotch and Irish Presbyterian Mission, composed the medical staff. To Dr. W. F. Arnold is due the credit of systematizing the work, as he was the principal consulting surgeon. He invented much-needed and practical appliances, yet found time to keep a careful record of each case, and his analysis of this record will make a valuable addition to our knowledge of gun-shot wounds.



AN IMPROVISED MILITARY HOSPITAL AT NEW-CHWANG.

"The missionaries, medical and laymen, were an absolute necessity as interpreters, not only of the language, but of the Chinese character and customs.

"Until the battle of Ta Ping Shan, which occurred on Febr. 24th, not a soldier was removed from the battle field, except by his own efforts and at his own expense. This date is the first instance of the wounded being removed as a military measure. As several hundred were brought, the losses in previous battles can only be conjectured. It was also a sign of growing confidence. Soldiers were put on guard at the hospitals. The Tas Tai, or prefect, of the city, furnished for the first time subsistence, equal to ten cents per day, for each man.

"Many wounded arrived after long neglect, or worse still, after frightful mal-treatment. A certain Mohammedan Chinese quack, who chased the army about on a Bactrian camel, was responsible for much of this. He poured mercury in the wounds to melt the bullet. In one authentic instance a wound was found actually stuffed with the cremated remains of a rat. There have been many instances of wonderful endurance. A man from Kin Chow, (leg fractured with a bullet) hid in a hole four days without bread or water, crawled on his hands and knees eight miles through snow and cold, then walked or was carried the remaining distance of seventy miles. He has been discharged with a sound leg. Following each battle was severe cold, if not a blizzard. Two days after the battle of Tien Chwang Tai (Japanese, Denshodi), I visited the scene and among the hundreds of corpses frozen to the ground were some that clearly indicated they had crawled into hiding and there frozen in their own blood. The battles of Kai Chan and Ta Ping Shan were fought with the thermometer 8° to 12° below zero, and forty per cent. of the wounded were suffering, when brought in, the additional tortures of frozen hands and feet.

"The surgeon in charge here had a hard struggle to perform the necessary amputation against the inborn prejudices of the Chinese. Not a few men deliberately refused to lose a limb, preferring death instead, saying they could not undertake the long journey in the next world in a maimed condition. They would furthermore be entitled to a sort of back seat in Paradise, when they did arrive.

(Contin'd on p. 443.)

A MANCHURIAN MAIL COURIER AT THE GATE OF CUSTOMS.

BUSINESS TROUBLES.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Ezekiel 27: 24: *"These were thy merchants in all sorts of things."*

WE are at the opening door of returning national prosperity. The coming crops, the re-establishment of public confidence, and, above all, the blessing of God, will turn in upon all sections of America the widest, greatest prosperity this country has ever seen. But that door of successes is not yet fully open, and thousands of business men are yet suffering from the distressing times through which we have been passing.

Some of the best men in the land have faltered; men whose hearts are enlisted in every good work, and whose hands have blessed every great charity. The Church of God can afford to extend to them her sympathies, and plead before heaven with all-availing prayer. The schools such men have established, the churches they have built, the asylums and beneficent institutions they have fostered, will be their eulogy long after their banking institutions are forgotten. Such men can never fail. They have their treasures in banks that never break, and will be millionaires forever. But I thought it would be appropriate, to-day, and useful, for me to talk about the trials and temptations of our business men, and try to offer some curative prescriptions.

In the first place, I have to remark that a great many of our business men feel ruinous trials and temptations coming to them from small and limited capital in business. It is everywhere understood that it takes now three or four times as much to do business well as once it did. Once, a few hundred dollars were turned into goods—the merchant would be his own store-sweeper, his own salesman, his own book-keeper; he would manage all the affairs himself, and everything would be net profit. Wonderful changes have come; costly apparatus, extensive advertising, exorbitant store rents, heavy taxation, expensive agencies are only parts of the demand made upon our commercial men: and when they have found themselves in such circumstances with small capital, they have sometimes been tempted to run against the rocks of moral and financial destruction. This temptation of limited capital has ruined men in two ways. Sometimes they have shrunk down under the temptation. They have yielded the battle before the first shot was fired. At the first hard dun they surrendered. Their knees knocked together at the fall of the auctioneer's hammer. They blanched at the financial peril. They did not understand that there is such a thing as heroism in merchandise, and that there are Waterloos of the counter, and that a man can fight no braver battle with the sword than he can with the yard-stick. Their souls melted in them because sugars were up when they wanted to buy, and down when they wanted to sell, and unsaleable goods were on the shelf, and bad debts in their ledger. The gloom of their countenances overshadowed even their dry goods and groceries. Insolvency, coming from limited capital, blasted them. Others have felt it in a different way. They have said: "Here I have been trudging along. I have been trying to be honest all [illegible]. I find it is of no use. Now it is make or break." The small craft that could have stood the stream, is put out beyond the light-house, on the great sea of speculation. He borrows a few thousand dollars from friends who dare not refuse him, and he goes bartering on a large scale. He reasons in this way: "Perhaps I may succeed, and if I don't I will be no worse off than I am now, for a hundred thousand dollars taken from nothing, nothing remains." Stocks are the dice with which he gambles. He bought for a few dollars vast tracts of Western land. Some man at the East, living on a fat homestead, meets this gambler of fortune, and is persuaded to trade off his estate for lots in a Western city with large avenues, and costly palaces, and lake steamers smoking at the wharves, and rail-trains coming down with lightning speed from every direction. There it is, all on paper! The city has never been built, nor the railroads constructed, but everything points that way, and the thing will be done as sure as you live. Well, the man goes on, stopping at no fraud or outrage. In his splendid equipage he dashes past, while the honest laborer looks up, and wipes the sweat from his brow, and says, "I wonder where that man got all his money." After awhile the bubble bursts. Creditors rush in. The law clutches, but finds nothing in its grasp. The men who were swindled say: "I don't know how I could have ever been deceived by that man;" and the pictorials, in handsome wood-cuts, set forth the hero who in ten years had genius enough to fail for $150,000!

And that is the process by which many have been tempted through limitation of capital, to rush into labyrinths from which they could not be extricated. I would not want to chain honest enterprise. I would not want to block up any of the avenues for honest accumulation that open before young men. On the contrary, I would like to cheer them on, and rejoice when they reach the goal; but when there are such multitudes of men going to ruin for this life and the life that is to come, through wrong notions of what are lawful spheres of enterprise, it is the duty of the Church of God, and the ministers of religion, and the friends of all young men, to utter a plain, emphatic, unmistakable protest. These are the influences that drown men in destruction and perdition.

Again: a great many of our business men are tempted to over-anxiety and care. You know that nearly all commercial businesses are overdone in this day. Smitten with the love of quick gain, our cities are crowded with men resolved to be rich at all hazards. They do not care how money comes, if it only comes. Our best merchants are thrown into competition with men of more means and less conscience, and if an opportunity of accumulation be neglected one hour, some one else picks it up. From January to December the struggle goes on. Night gives no quiet to limbs tossing in restlessness, nor to a brain that will not stop thinking. The dreams are harrowed by imaginary loss, and flushed with imaginary gains. Even the Sabbath cannot dam back the tide of anxiety; for this wave of worldliness dashes clear over the Sabbaths, and leaves its foam on Psalms and prayer-books. Men who are living on salaries, or by the cultivation of the soil, cannot understand the wear and tear of the body and mind to which our merchants are subjected, when they do not know but that their livelihood and their business honor are dependent upon the uncertainties of the next hour. This excitement of the brain, this corroding care of the heart, this strain of effort that exhausts the spirit, sends a great many of our best men, in middle-life, into the grave. Their life dashed out against money safes. They go with their store on their backs. They trudge like camels, sweating, from Aleppo to Damascus. They make their life a crucifixion. Standing behind desks and counters, banished from the fresh air, weighed down by carking cares, they are so many suicides. Oh! I wish I could, to-day, rub out some of these lines of care; that I could lift some of the burdens from the heart; that I could give relaxation to some of these worn muscles. It is time for you to begin to take it a little easier. Do your best, and then trust God for the rest. Do not fret. God manages all the affairs of your life, and he manages them for the best. Consider the lilies—they always have robes. Behold the fowls of the air—they always have nests. Take a long breath. Bethink, betimes, that God did not make you for a pack-horse. Dig yourselves out from among the hogsheads and the shelves, and in the light of the holy Sabbath day resolve that you will give to the winds your fears, and your fretfulness, and your distresses. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. Having food and raiment, be therewith content. The merchant came home from the store. There had been a great disaster there. He opened the front door, and said, in the midst of his family circle: "I am ruined. Everything is gone. I am all ruined." His wife said: "I am left;" and the little child threw up its hands and said: "Papa, I am here." The aged grandmother, seated in the room, said: "Then you have all the promises of God beside, John." And he burst into tears, and said: "God forgive me, that I have been so ungrateful. I find I have a great many things left. God forgive me."

Again I remark, that many of our business men are tempted to neglect their home duties. How often it is that the store and the home seem to clash, but there ought not to be any collision. It is often the case that the father is the mere treasurer of the family, a sort of agent to see that they have dry goods and groceries. The work of family government he does not touch. Once or twice in a year he calls the children up on a Sabbath afternoon, when he has a half-hour he does not exactly know what to do with, and in that half-hour he disciplines the children, and chides them and corrects their faults, and gives them a great deal of good advice, and then wonders all the rest of the year that his children do not do better, when they have the wonderful advantage of that semi-annual castigation.

The family table, which ought to be the place for pleasant discussion and cheerfulness, often becomes the place of perilous expedition. If there be any blessing asked at all, it is cut off at both ends, and with the hand on the carving knife. He counts on his fingers, making estimates in the interstices of the repast. The work done, the hat goes to the head, and he starts down the street, and before the family have arisen from the table, he has bound up another bundle of goods, and says to the customer: "Anything more I can do for you to-day, sir?" A man has more responsibilities than those which are discharged by putting competent instructors over his children, and giving them a drawing-master and a music-teacher. The physical culture of the child will not be attended to unless the father looks to it. He must sometimes lose his dignity. He must unlimber his joints. He must sometimes lead them out to their sports and games. The parent who cannot forget the severe duties of life sometimes, to fly the kite, and trundle the hoop, and chase the ball, a[nd] jump the rope with his children, ou[r] never to have been tempted out of a cru[el] and unredeemable solitariness. If [you] want to keep your children away fr[om] places of sin, you can only do it by m[ak]ing your home attractive. You may pre[ach] sermons, and advocate reforms, and [de]nounce wickedness, and yet your child will be captivated by the glittering sal[oon] of sin, unless you can make your hon[e] brighter place than any other place [on] earth to them. Oh! gather all cha[rms] into your house. If you can afford [it], bring books, and pictures, and cheerful [en]tertainments to the household. But, ab[ove] all, teach those children, not by half [an] hour twice a year on the Sabbath-day, [but] day after day; and every day teach th[em] that religion is a great gladness, tha[t] throws chains of gold about the neck, [and] it takes no spring from the foot, no bli[th]ness from the heart, no sparkle from [the] eye, no ring from the laughter; but [that] "her ways are ways of pleasantness, [and] all her paths are peace." I sympat[hize] with the work being done in many of [our] cities, by which beautiful rooms are [set] apart by our Young Men's Christian [As]sociations, and I pray God to prosper t[hem] in all things. But I tell you there is so[me]thing back of that and before that: [we] need more happy, consecrated, cheer[ful] Christian homes everywhere.

Again I remark: that a great man[y] our business men are tempted to put th[e] tainment of money above the value of [the] soul. It is a grand thing to have plenty [of] money. The more you get of it, the [bet]ter, if it come honestly and go useft[ully]. For the lack of it, sickness dies with[out] medicine, and hunger finds its coffin in [the] empty bread tray, and nakedness shi[vers] for lack of clothes and fire. When I he[ar a] man in canting tirade against money [as] Christian man—as though it had no [pos]sible use on earth, and he had no intere[st] it at all, I come almost to think that [the] heaven that would be appropriate for [him] would be an everlasting poor-house. W[ell], my friends, we do admit there is such a thing as the lawful use of money—a pr[ac]table use of money—let us recognize [al]so the fact that money cannot satisfy a m[an's] soul, that it cannot glitter in the dark [val]ley, that it cannot pay our fare across [the] Jordan of death, that it cannot unlock [the] gate of heaven. There are men in all [oc]cupations who seem to act as though [they] thought that a pack of bonds and m[or]gages could be traded off for a title to heaven, and as though gold would be a lawful tender in that place where it is so common that they make pavements of it. Salvation by Christ is the only sa[lva]tion. Treasures in heaven are the only [in]corruptible treasures.

Have you ever ciphered out in the le[dger] of Loss and Gain the sum: "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole w[or]ld and lose his own soul?" However [ri]ch your apparel, the winds of death will [tat]ter it like rags. Homespun and a th[re]bare coat have sometimes been the sha[dow] of coming robes made white in the blo[od] of the Lamb. The pearl of great pri[ce] is worth more than any gem you can [dr]ag from the ocean, than Australian or B[raz]ilian mines strung in one carcanet. [Seek] after God; find his righteousness, and all shall be well here; all shall be well [ev]ereafter.

Some of you remember, the shipwre[ck] of the "Central America." That [ill]-fated steamer had, I think, about five hu[ndred] passengers aboard. Suddenly the st[orm] came, and the surges trampled the [de]cks and swung into the hatches, and there [went] up a hundred-voiced death-shriek. [White] foam on the jaw of the wave. The p[itch]ing of the steamer as though it were [cli]mbing a mountain. The dismal flare of [the] signal rockets. The long cough of [the] steam-pipes. The hiss of extinguished furnaces. The walking of God on [the] wave! The steamer went not down [wi]thout a struggle. As the passengers [ra]llied themselves in rows, to bale or [pu]mp

ssel, hark to the thump of the buckets,
men unused to toil, with blistered hands
d strained muscle, tug for their lives.
here is a sail seen against the sky. The
sh of the distress gun is noticed, its voice
ard not, for it is choked in the louder
oming of the sea. A few passengers
caped; but the steamer gave one great
ch and was gone! So there are some
en who sail on prosperously in life. All's
ell; all's well. But at last, some finan-
l disaster comes: a euroclydon. Down
ey go! The bottom of the commercial sea
strewn with shattered hulks. But be-
use your property goes, do not let your
ul go. Though all else perish, save that;
I have to tell you of a more stupendous
ipwreck than that which I just men-
ned. God launched this world six thou-
nd years ago. It has been going on
der freight of mountains and immortals;
t one day it will stagger at the cry of
e. The timbers of rock will burn, the
ountains flame like masts, and the clouds
e sails in the judgment hurricane. Then
od shall take the passengers off the deck,
d from the berths those who have long
en asleep in Jesus, and he will set them
r beyond the reach of storm and peril.
ut how many shall go down will never be
own, untill it shall be announced one
y in heaven; the shipwreck of a world!
many millions saved! So many milli-
ns drowned! Oh! my dear hearers,
hatever you lose, though your houses go,
ough your lands go, though all your
rthly possessions perish, may God Al-
ighty, through the blood of the everlast-
g covenant, save all your souls.

WORK IN BUENOS AYRES.

Several interesting conversions are re-
rted by Mr. W. C. Morris, who about
x years ago commenced a mission in Bue-
s Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Re-
ublic. It encountered bitter opposition at
st, both from the people who belonged to
e Romish Church, and the people who
longed to no church and feared that the
w religion might curtail the profits of
eir business, which flourished on wicked-
ss. But the mission has survived all op-
osition, and there are now regular servi-
s. They are conducted alternately in
nglish and Spanish, and at the former
ere are usually from 150 to 200 persons
esent. At the Spanish services the audi-
ces vary from 200 to 300. A great deal
house-to-house visiting is done. Mr.
orris says: "One of our members is an
d lady who was drawn toward the Sa-
our at the bedside of her dying son, as
e read and talked and prayed. After his
ath, she began to attend the services. A
tle later, she was delivered from the dark-
ss, and notwithstanding the threats of the
iests, the denunciations and entreaties of
e nuns, and the ridicule of some friends
nd relatives, she left the Church of Rome,
tained a Bible, and prayerfully entered
on the Christian life. Amid very much
ouble, she holds on faithfully. Since her
nversion, five of her relatives have en-
red the way of holiness. Another mem-
r is a little Spanish girl who first came
one to our Spanish Sunday School, and
terward succeeded in bringing her moth-
, who in turn coaxed her husband and
l her family. Now not only does she be-
ng to the Lord, but her father (who was
drunkard and a gambler), mother, and two
others also have been converted."

CHRIST'S.

CHRIST'S! I am Christ's! and let the name
suffice you;
Aye, for me, too, he greatly hath sufficed;
. with no winning words I would entice you;
Paul has no honor and no friend but Christ.
es, without cheer of sister or of daughter—
Yes, without stay of father or of son,
one on the land, and homeless on the water,
Pass I in patience till the work be done.
earts I have won of sister or of brother
Quick on the earth or hidden in the sod
o, every heart awaiteth me, another
Friend in the blameless family of God.
hro' life and death, thro' sorrow and thro'
sinning,
He shall suffice me, for he hath sufficed;
hrist is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Chris'.

—REV. F. W. H. MEYER.

Missionaries as Life-Savers.

(Continued from first page.)

The struggle for existence in China is so great that some chose death to the fight for mere life, minus a leg or an arm. Yet the total percentage of deaths is not large, being only six per cent. of all treated.

"That the Chinese have been gradually forced to the recognition of the hospitals and the good work they have done is, I am convinced, due to the gratitude of the soldiers treated within them, for even Chinese have some appreciation of kindness. On January 13, twenty-six healed patients presented a 'bienga' or tablet inscribed with the four gilt characters:

Jos tchow hwei shung,

one of those beautiful sentiments for which they are noted:

Life returns at the touch of the hand.

"This tablet was carried about the city with the usual accompaniment of drums, gongs, horns and banners followed by the givers. Arriving at the hospital it was placed over the entrance, the band all the while making hideous slow music. The instant the placque was in place innumerable packs of firecrackers were exploded all round the outer walls to prevent evil spirits forever after entering the place. On the left of the inscription were the names of the donor, on the right those of three surgeons. The first, of Dr. Arnold, literally translated, read as follows: 'American, Kingdom, Soldier, Ship, Medicine, Officer, Ah (Arnold), venerable gentleman.'

"The tablet mode of expressing gratitude is a favorite one with these people. Gen. Chiang, who was so grievously defeated at Kai Chan on January 10, presented a similar and far more gorgeous one. Gen. Sung, before he so ignominiously fled from New Chwang, gave the hospitals 500 taels.

PRESENTING A MEMORIAL TABLET TO THE RED CROSS

The Viceroy of Nankin has given the sum of 10,000 taels to the promotion of the Red Cross movement in China. This circumstance is of great importance as it shows one at least of many civilizing influences that will be the outcome of this war."

In his letter, Mr. Denig further adds that Chinese inns—miserable places mostly—are used as hospitals. One of these improvised hospitals, well-nigh half hidden by snow, is given in the photograph on the first page. The inn is usually a long, low structure, with flat, thatched roof and with a spacious court-yard. Some few have glass-windows and a stove. Another illustration shows the clumsy and brutal method of carrying a sick or wounded man to hospital, bundled carelessly in a rude basket, sometimes called a "Manchurian cart," which is slung from a pole, carried on the shoulders of two coolies. It is not an infrequent thing for the bearers to discover that their patient has expired before the hospital is reached. Another photograph is that of a military attache, mounted on a dromedary, and ready to set out on a journey across the snows, probably to the next military post. The bleak Manchurian climate compels the wearing of warm clothing, and the common outer garment is made of sheepskin, which is worn with the wool next to the body. The sentinel at the gate, armed with a stout staff as his only weapon, is a familiar figure.

The Chinese soldier has no bedding, save his clothing, and that is seemingly unlimited. The difficulty of attending to patients in such hospitals, under these peculiar circumstances, may be imagined. All the sanitary conditions are unfavorable, and there is a lack of everything that would aid the physician in his treatment of the sufferers. To hospitals of this character in New-Chwang, there were brought prisoners from the battle-fields of Tai-Lien-Wan, Hai-Chung, Kai-Chan, Kang-Wan-Zai, and Ta-Ping-Shan—about 850 in all. Before the victorious Japanese, the Manchu braves with their banners, gongals, and modern rifles disappeared like snow before the sun. Sixty per cent. of the wounded were shot in the back. There were no sword wounds treated at the New-Chwang hospitals. When the Japanese army advanced to occupy the place, sixty patients escaped from the hospital and fled with the retreating troops. One terrified patient committed suicide by swallowing rude nuggets of silver, such as are used as currency in that part of the Mongol domains.

All the experiences of these Red Cross workers in Manchuria demonstrated the great value of medical training, and furnished additional proof of the desirability of such training forming an essential part of the missionary equipment for service in foreign fields.

A Glance at Missions.

Some Facts which Those who are Sceptical may well Ponder.

DURING an address delivered at the annual meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society in London, Lord Overtoun, the Chairman, gave the following concise yet comprehensive review of Christian missionary progress:

"The Christians of the world have now 7,000 missionaries laboring in the world, with an income of two and a-quarter millions of pounds sterling. These labors have been productive of the most wonderful results, and miracles have been wrought in many lands. The Sandwich Islands, where, in 1778, Captain Cook was murdered, were, within fifty years of the first Gospel preached, entirely Christianized, and the total cost involved was less than half what is now paid for an ironclad. The fierce Bechuanas of South Africa, through the labors of the gentle Dr. Moffat, were transformed into Christians, and now in India there are thirty-five societies engaged in preaching and teaching the Word. In Japan, where twenty-seven years ago there was only one Christian building, there are now ninety-two. The romance of the New Hebrides, as told by that venerable missionary, Dr. Paton, is a story that one never wearies of reading, and now the twenty-three islands there can tell the story of fourteen thousand converts.

"The American missions have labored against vast difficulties in the East. The heroic Mackay laid deep the foundations of the Gospel in Uganda, and in the South of Africa the Gospel has introduced an industrial system, centred at Lovedale, that has wrought a transformation in many parts of Africa.

"The Livingstonia Mission in Central Africa, began as a monument to that great son of Scotland who died in Ilala, on his knees, in 1873, and where, through the preaching of the Word, slavery is destined soon to receive its deathblow, and I trust that open sore of the world, of which Dr. Livingston wrote, healed. At Livingstonia we have now forty schools, and 700 children under teaching. We have twenty-three European missionaries and 130 native teachers and evangelists, also medical missionaries and teaching and industrial missions, and are engaged in starting a training institute for the qualification of native teachers and evangelists, and we have much cause to thank God for the blessing he has given.

"During the nineteen years that we have been working there, seventeen of our laborers have laid down their lives, and unbelievers might ask, 'To what purpose is this waste?' But these men have laid deep the foundations of the Gospel of Christ in their tears and with their blood. Have they died in vain? Or has Christ died in vain? Shall we not seek to press on this work till the Dark Continent is lightened all over by the Gospel?"

OUR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

VI. MRS. L. J. STAPLER.

THERE is mourning in the Indian Territory, and with good reason, over the death of one who loved her people and, like her Master, "loved them unto the end." Mrs. Stapler belonged to the Cherokee nation and was a niece of the famous chief John Ross, who in the division of the na-

MRS. L. J. STAPLER.

tion, was the leader of the party who insisted on the Indians' rights. She was born on the old reservation in Georgia, at New Echota, in August, 1825. Her father was Elijah Hicks, the trusted guide and counsellor of the tribe in their troubles, which culminated in their removal from the State in 1836. She was among the first thousand of the emigration which began in August and did not finally reach their destination until January. By that time nearly two hundred were dead and the tribe settled down in their new home, under a cloud of sorrow and discouragement. The missionaries were faithful to them, and in the school they established, called the Dwight mission, the eleven-year-old Cherokee girl received her first teaching. Afterwards she studied at Lawrenceville, N. J., where she showed exceptional ability and attain a high standard of education. She then went back to her father's home at Tahlequah and lived a helpful life among her own people, aiding her Indian sisters in the Territory.

During a tour, she took under the care of her uncle, John Ross, she visited Washington, Baltimore, and other cities. At Wilmington, Del., they stayed with Mr. Stapler, an excellent Quaker, whose sister was the wife of Chief Ross. Mr. Stapler formed a deep attachment to the young Cherokee girl, and afterwards married her and went to live in the Territory. He was a bright, earnest, faithful Christian, and with his wife took an active interest in all the religious work among the tribe. Their life continued peaceful and prosperous until the outbreak of the war. Then trouble came. The Cherokees, in spite of all Mr. and Mrs. Stapler could do, became restless, and were drawn into the maelstrom of the strife. Four children had by that time come to brighten the Stapler' home, and with these they set out in the early dawn of a spring morning for Fort Scott, Kans., whence they were sent forward to Wilmington, Del., where they remained until the close of the war.

In 1866, Mr. and Mrs. Stapler were once more in the Territory, beginning life over again, as so many were all over the Union. It was hard work, for their property was destroyed, and their capital impaired, but both had energy and industry, and they started with strong faith in God. Nor did they suffer their business cares to curtail their Christian work. Mrs. Stapler became Superintendent of the Sunday School, a position she held uninterruptedly for twenty-seven years. She also organized a Temperance society, which developed into a Women's Christian Temperance Union. Mrs. Stapler was first President of both the local and the Territorial Union, and to the last was an active worker in the cause. She also made regular visits to the prison, and in other ways tried to win souls for Christ. Mr. Stapler died several years ago, but his widow made no abatement in her labors.

NADAB AND ABIHU.

S. S. Lesson for July 21. Lev. 10: 1-11. Golden Text Ps. 19: 13. By Mrs. Baxter.

OUR Golden Text is a prayer: "Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me; then shall I be perfect, and I shall be clear from great transgression." David, who is the author of this Psalm, was a king; the two men, Nadab and Abihu, whose sin is our subject, were priests; kings and priests can sin presumptuous sins against him who is King over all. The very fact that God has committed to any man a place of power and authority over others, increases the responsibility of such an one in the ratio of the power which is committed to him; he of all others must not presume.

Most solemnly had Aaron and his sons, Nadab and Abihu, Eleazar and Ithamar, been consecrated to

The Holy Service

of their office. In comparing Lev. 8 with Ex. 29, we find that in every several particular, God's commandment to Moses given on the mountain before Aaron's sin of the golden calf, was carried out to the letter, even though Aaron had so grievously failed. "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance." In the presence of assembled Israel, these men were brought before the Lord (Lev. 8: 1-5). And Moses washed them with water, and clothed them with the holy garments. Before any can enter upon priestly functions, he must know the cleansing, which only the servant of Jehovah, of whom Moses was a type, can accomplish. He only can "purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, and they offer unto the Lord offerings in righteousness" (Mal. 3: 2, 3). He only can clothe a sinful being with priestly garments, which are made "for glory and for beauty" (Exod. 28: 2). Let no child of God think that in him dwells either glory or beauty; the very goodliness of the flesh is as the flower of the field destined for the fire. Its nature is to degenerate and wither (Ps. 40: 6-8).

"He girded him" is twice mentioned (v. 7). God alone can gird his own to make their way perfect (Ps. 18: 2). And he placed the breastplate upon him. "No other hand but that of Christ, the true Servant of Jehovah, can place on the heart of his priestly ones the spirit of intercession. This is a thing not created or willed by man; it comes from without, and is the gift of God proceeding from his spirit, which helpeth our infirmities and maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered" (Rom 8: 26, 27), and in the breastplate he put the Urim and the Thummim (or the Lights and Perfections, R. V., margin). The heart of Aaron was to be hid in God; no light or perfection from his own emotions must go out of it. God must shine forth from the heart of his priest.

Holy to the Lord.

As Moses had done for Aaron, so he did for Aaron's sons; thus Nadab and Abihu were washed, clothed, girded and anointed, as well as their father.

Called thus so solemnly apart from the people for the Lord, Nadab and Abihu were no more their own; all who looked upon them knew by their appearance that they were set apart for God, to be the holy priests of Israel. Their father's sin and their's had been laid on the Lord's offering, they were the Lord's. Moreover the glory of the Lord had appeared unto them. It was on the eighth day, the seven days of their consecration being at an end, when Moses called Aaron and his sons themselves to offer, now that he had offered for them, a special sacrifice unto the Lord, "for," he said, "to-day the Lord appeareth unto you." It was to be the initiation of Aaron into his priestly work, he must offer a sin offering for himself, and a ram for a burnt offering." Atonement, without renewed and entire consecration, is never contemplated in the Word of God.

If the presence of God does not humble to the dust, if it does not cause us as Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, and John to fall down at his feet as dead, it is because our own presence, our own self-life, has been in the foreground of our thoughts and our affections, and we have not really seen the glory of the Lord. Nadab and Abihu were perhaps intoxicated with the glory of their position as priests, and perhaps gave themselves up to self-glory, so that the enemy of souls got an easy victory over them. None are so in danger as those in high places, none so open to sin presumptuously. Unless we take and keep the lowest place, we are always in danger. If we forget for a moment that we are, in ourselves, accursed people because of our sins; accursed with him who was "made a curse for us" (Gal. 3: 13), we are exposed to the temptation of the adversary. Nadab and Abihu did not keep low, and thus they sinned.

"Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, took each of them his censer, and put fire therein, and laid incense thereon, and

Offered Strange Fire

before the Lord, which he had not commanded them." God had sent his fire down from heaven upon the altar, and God's fire was not to be allowed to go out (Lev. 6: 13). Any other fire was a caricature of his; to kindle it was rank idolatry; the substitution of other fire was blasphemy. This was no common sin. And yet, how often in a meeting for evangelization, or for mutual edification, another fire than the Lord's is kindled! How often have we seen fleshly enthusiasm substituted for the power and presence of the Holy Ghost! How often is the excitement of seeing a great crowd hanging upon his words, and the satisfaction of being appreciated, the fire which kindles eloquence in the heart of many a popular preacher! And yet this is strange fire; it is not the holy sobriety which waits reverently for a word from the Lord, and which will not speak any but his words, his unadulterated message, as Ezekiel learned to do (Ezek. 2: 7). It is a fire which ministers to self-glory and self-satisfaction, and nourishes that which God's fire destroys. There are many who kindle their own fire (Isa. 50: 11), instead of waiting for the Lord's fire, but he says: "This shall ye have of my hand; ye shall lie down in sorrow."

These young men were unpardonable, because of the responsibility of their position. "There went out fire from the Lord and devoured them, and they died before the Lord" (chap 10: 2.) It must have been an awful moment for Aaron, their father; he had deeply sinned in the matter of the golden calf, and God had not only spared him, but called him to the office of high priest. Had he walked closely with God at that time of sin and shame, it might have been that his sons would not have trangressed now, and Aaron learned that God does indeed visit the sins of the fathers upon the children. And he learned a deep lesson, for he who had excused himself about the golden calf, now held his peace, when Moses sternly said to him from the Lord: "I will be sanctified in

Them that Come Nigh to Me,

and before all the people will I be glorified," and he submitted without a word when his first cousins were commanded by Moses to come and carry the corpses of the offenders out of the camp, and when the still more difficult command was given to him and to his remaining sons to shew no sign of mourning lest they also should die; because the anointing of the Lord was upon them. "They did according to the word of Moses." There may be, and almost certainly is, a direct connection between the sin of these young men and the command which immediately follows it. This came direct from the Lord, without Moses' intervention: "Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die; it shall be a statute forever throughout your generations; and that ye may put a difference between holy and unholy, and between clean and unclean; and that ye may teach the children of Israel all the statutes which the Lord hath spoken unto them by the hand of Moses." These young men may have been excited by wine as well as uplifted by their position. Let us learn the solemn lesson of holy sobriety, including but by no means exhausted by abstinence from intoxicants. Let us avoid all in spirit, soul or body which makes self more present to us than our God. "The end of all things is at hand;" there is no time to trifle;" be ye therefore of sound mind and be sober unto prayer."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE mysterious death of Nadab and Abihu has always puzzled Bible students. It is difficult to comprehend from the narrative, the precise nature of their offence. That it was heinous we conclued from the terrible punishment meted out to them; but we are left to deduction for our idea of its exact character. The historian writes as if under the influence of a great horror, about which he would say as little as possible. That it must have been a severe shock to the whole people, we can readily understand. Then, too, their horrible death came at the close of a grand celebration, which made the tragedy all the more conspicuous. This wandering people had set up their place of worship, and it had just been dedicated. A structure of extraordinary beauty it must have been. The minute description given of it, fills us with surprise, as the work of a people just emancipated from slavery, and still without a home. It was small, as it was not intended for a place of meeting. If we accept the general opinion that the cubit was about eighteen inches, the size of the Tabernacle proper was only forty-five feet long, fifteen feet wide, and fifteen feet high. It was composed of planks of the beautiful gray acacia wood, overlaid with gold, each plank fifteen feet long and twenty-seven inches wide. These were set endwise, the lower ends resting in silver sockets, and each plank connected with its neighbor by a species of clamp. The roof was curtains of tapestry. It was surrounded by an enclosed space, measuring fifty feet from the front of the Tabernacle, and fifty from the rear, and thirty on each side, thus giving an area of 11,250 square feet. The whole could be easily taken apart and carried in the caravan from place to place. This beautiful structure was finished and consecrated by solemn ceremonies to the worship of God. The record of the death of the two priests follows immediately on the description of the dedication. The two men went into the tabernacle, carrying their censers, and were struck dead as if by lightning. They were buried ignominously, as they had fallen; and their nearest relatives were forbidden to mourn for them. It was part of the priest's duty to take the censer, a metal receptacle for live coals, and sprinkle on them incense, consisting of aromatic gums, from which smoke richly perfumed rose through apertures in the lid of the censer. The live coals were to be taken from the fire on the altar, which tradition says was kept perpetually burning, from the time it was miraculously kindled in the wilderness, for nine hundred years, until the temple was destroyed. The natural inference from the record is that the two men used fire from another source. Another suggestion is that they went into the Holy Place, into which only the High Priest was permitted to go. That the offence was something showing levity and disrespect of an outrageous character, there can be no doubt. It was probably committed under the influence of liquor, as a command was issued to the priests immediately after the event, prohibiting them from drinking strong drink when going into the service of the Lord.

Do not drink wine. The late Mr. John B. Gough used to relate an incident which came under his own observation at Halifax, N. S. He made the acquaintance of a sergeant in the citadel, a man of considerable intelligence. He had served in many lands and had seen active service in India. No man in the regiment had a better character. There was not a single bad entry on his record in all the score or more years that had passed since he enlisted. It was within six months of the time when he could retire with a pension, and he often talked with Mr. Gough of what he should do and how he should enjoy life, when he took off his uniform for the last time. But some injudicious friend gave him a bottle of wine, and that night, for the first time since he became a soldier, the sergeant was intoxicated. The quiet, respectful man was completely changed. He was quarrelsome, and when his colonel saw him and remonstrated with him, he snatched up a bayonet and made a lunge that would have killed the colonel had he not sprung aside. The sergeant was court-martialed. It would have gone hard with him but for his previous good conduct. But the offence could no be passed over. He was degraded to the ranks and his pension was forfeited. The man declared that he had not the slightest recollection of what he had done, and every one who knew him believed him. His disgrace and the loss of his pension so preyed on his mind that he committed suicide.

Offered strange fire. A story is told by a well-known writer, of a fortune being lost by a joke. An eccentric bachelor had a large number of nephews and nieces who were all anxious to win his favor. He was the only wealthy member of his family and it was expected that his fortune would go in bulk to some one at his death and would not be divided. In the course of a very busy life he had permitted himself but few pleasures. There was one delight, however, he had never denied himself. He would leave his business at any time to listen to an oratorio. He was an enthusiast in music, but it must be music of a solemn and classical type. For any light and frivolous music he had no liking. Indeed, he abhorred it more than people do, who have no taste for music. The first indication of his selection of an heir, came when having heard one of his nieces play the piano, he declared she had the making of a musician in her and he would pay for her to have a first rate musical educalion. The girl was placed under the tuition of the leading pianist of the day and her uncle was profuse in his provision for the cultivation of her talents. Her progress so charmed him that there was but little doubt of her being his heiress. He gave her many a lecture himself as to what was good and what was vicious in music. But the girl had a delight in mischief; and one day, when her uncle was listening to her playing, she broke suddenly into an air from a comic opera and followed it with some of Offenbach's creations. The man looked horror-stricken. He rose and quitted the room. The next day a brief note came from him referring to the performance as "a studied insult," and declining to pay another cent for the girl's further instruction.

Sanctified in them that come near me. Those who undertake to speak in Christ's name either in the pulpit, the Sunday School, or the home circle, ought to have clean lives. Spurgeon used to say that the flavor of some sermons was spoiled by the thought that had been at home in the mind of the preacher at other times. He compared it to the flavor of a glass of water he bought outside the Cathedral of St. Mark at Venice. The water was good, but some purgent acid had been put in the glass by the person who used it last, and its taste clung to the glass and spoiled the water. Every Christian should take care that no unclean thoughts are in his mind, lest he be not a vessel fit for the Master's use.

Aaron held his peace. To lose his first born and his second son, and to lose them in such a way must have been an awful trial to the father's heart; but he did not murmur. There is probably no surer test of a parent's love for God and faith in him than the way he behaves when his children dies. "Hast not thou forgiven God yet?" asked a pious Quaker of a mourning mother whose passionate wailings continued long after her child had been laid in the grave. Luther, bending over his beloved daughter in her dying hour said: "My beloved Magdalen you would willingly remain with your earthly father, but if God calls you, you will also willingly go to your heavenly father," and the child answered, "Yes, dear father, as God pleases." Then on his knees Luther said: "Dearly do I love her, but O, my God, if it be thy will I resign her."

THEIR HEARTS WITH THE CHILDREN.

ıny Kind Letters Received from Friends who want to Give "Some Little One" a Ten Days' Outing at Mont-Lawn.

OUR children at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Home at Mont-Lawn have thus far been singularly blessed with lovely weather. Each day has brought its own pleasures, and to most the time has passed th surprising rapidity. A greater pleas- e even than the delightful trip up the dson River on the "Chrystenah," is to am in the beautiful woodlands that sur- nd the Home. The grounds, as has been d, are wondrously well placed for a ildren's Home, and there are no neighbors be disturbed by the sound or presence of children as they revel in the sunshine and sh air. Almost daily comes the request: "Teacher, please, may I spend the whole mme here with you?"

Hard indeed is it to refuse pleading lips d eyes eloquent with the request.

Sunday is a peculiarly happy day al- ugh the grounds are alive with the busy dies of the active children, to whom to e is to be physically active. Breakfast, hich consists of cocoa, bread and butter, d boiled eggs, is on that day little later than during the eek. The children form in g line and march while they g gleefully:

Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus, anywhere, everywhere, I will fol- low.

After breakfast, groups of our le ones, each with a mission- y as the centre of interest, are tted over the lawn, eagerly ening to some sweet tale suit- le to childish minds and arts, or to the recital of some aphically-told Bible story. metimes the children form a ster of kindred spirits and g the hymns they all know d love so well.

Of one little maid, who came the Home quite forlorn, but o was carefully tended and thed, as was necessary, came e good news recently: "Since e came back from the Home, e seems quite like a new girl. er mother says she does as e is told, and she is constant- singing the hymns she learn- at the Home. And she has ught them to all the children ho live in the same house with r." Such a report not only akes glad the hearts of the issionaries, but spurs each on exert more direct and helpful fluence over the children.

At half-after ten there is a ort Gospel service, when the ildren are carefully taught the sson, together with the "Gold- Text," and other salient feat- es, in preparation for the regular Sunday chool in the afternoon.

Then, Sunday is eagerly anticipated, for r. Klopsch is always present on that day. e joins heartily in the exercises, and atches with enjoyment the evident pleas- e of the children at their dinner. His ming is hailed with delight, for he is a iversal favorite with the children.

Between dinner and four o'clock, there is nother quiet rest time. At four, is held e Sunday-school, of which Dr. Klopsch Superintendent, and to which all are ger to go. Familiar hymns are sung ith power, and the sound is carried far vay to the hills beyond. The lesson is raphically reviewed, and questions are sked to which come rapid and eager re- ies. Some of the answers are very right, and some even crisp with wit. In nging, sometimes the girls sing the first erse, the boys the second, and so they ternate. Or, if a child has a particularly veet voice, the verses are sung as a solo, e children swelling a loud, full chorus. ne lad, who possessed a very sympa- etic voice, sang most tenderly, "I am so lad that Jesus loves me," and the chorus, ng with hearty good voice, fairly made e rafters ring. At the close of this ser- ice, the children march to the dining-room r supper, to which Dr. Klopsch remains. is a great pleasure to see their hearty en- yment of the ample provision placed be- re them. That such plenty has not always been the case with them is frequently illustrated by remarks overheard in passing. Said one little maid to another, "Does you allus have three meals a day here?" (She had arrived on Saturday evening, and feared the good things of Sunday were never to be duplicated until the week had passed away).

"Yes, allus!" was the hearty, happy reply.

These glimpses into dwarfed lives which chance remarks of the children give to one, only make those who see the work and are partakers, in ever so small a way, of the power of giving pleasure to these little ones, more earnest in the endeavor to make this outing a real blessing to the children. All the surroundings are conducive to the development, in their hearts, of a feeling of kindly love towards each other and of reverent gratitude to the Giver of all good, who has sent them such a pleasant and beneficial outing. In the white dormitories, before the sleepy eyes close at nightfall, many a softly-syllabled prayer is uttered in which the Divine blessing is invoked upon those good friends whose kind

THE SAIL UP THE HUDSON ON THE "CHRYSTENAH," TO THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

ness has helped the Home to welcome and give health and pleasure to so many dear little ones.

Many additional letters, containing expressions of the warmest interest in the Children's Home and its work, have been received at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices. Miss K. S., Cohoes, N. Y., ($2) writes: "Receive this as a token of God's favor for the Children's Home." A friend in Anamosa, Ia., ($1), "To help the cause of our blessed Master, for the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn." C. E. K., Phila., ($3), "I felt I would like to pay for one child's outing." Mrs. A. K., Sharpsburgh, Pa., ($3), "If you send out a little girl with the name of 'Violet' we should be glad to know, as that is the name of our only little girl. May God bless you abundantly with the work." Mrs. L. A. B., White Oak, Ont., Can., ($2). "I am glad to know that a few poor children are being made happy, for a short time, at least." Mrs. J., Ann Arbor, Mich., ($1). "I wish it were more." Mrs. L. M. Whittemore, Mass., ($1), "I wish I could add one hundred. I am greatly interested in this Home." Junior Christian Endeavor Society, Cranford, N. J., per J.W. ($10), "Kindly use the enclosed to send three children to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home." Mrs. J. Hazard, New York City, ($6), "In order that a couple of little waifs many have the benefit of a few days' outing this summer. I wish to make some hearts happy by adding my mite." M. J. W., Dover, N. J., ($3), "To give an outing of ten days to some poor child at the Mont-Lawn Home." Mr. Arthur Meachen, Minneapolis, ($1), writes:

After seeing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for June 19, I felt that I must write and congratulate you upon the success THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has attained in the production of so many beautiful pictures, especially those illustrations depicting the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, Nyack, etc. I think such scenes as those must, by God's blessing, fill many Christians with a new inspiration and stimulus and be a means of their going forth with greater Christian activity, and will give them greater zeal in trying to help others and make their lives brighter and more cheerful and to bring them into the everlasting fold of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. God only knows how much the human family need all the sympathy and help heavenward they can get.

H. G. Chase, Waterboro, ($3), writes:

You will find inclosed $3 for the support of one child at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home for ten days and I pray God it may do some poor boy some good and be the means of leading him to Jesus. I am very fond of the little fellows and love them very much. I would like to see them there. The work you are doing in New York is just what I love and sometimes think I must do myself, but I am afraid it is not Jesus calling. I am deeply interested in all you are doing in the Mission and at the Home. May God bless you in your work and permit you to keep on in it for many years.

Dr. Klopsch donated $100 for the purpose of enabling the children at the Home to enjoy a special treat and celebration on the Fourth of July, a circumstance which caused great delight among the young folks on the holiday.

During the month friends have sent in contributions toward the support of the Home for the present season, as follows:

Previously ackn'd	**$178.25**
Louis Klopsch	100 00
J. Galt Smith & Co., N. Y.	25 00
Miss Kate Smith	2 00
Miss F. J. Lee	6 00
In His Name, Warren, Pa.	3 00
——, Anamosa, Ia.	1 00
Mrs. L. Ann Arbor	1 00
A M Humphrey	3 00
Mrs. L. A. Bates	2 00
P H Hagaman	1 00
W J L., Baltimore	3 00
Mrs Arthur Koch	3 00
C E King	3 00
H S G, S. Park, N. J	1 00
C. N. Y.	1 00
Mrs L M Whittemore	1 00
H Kiesermann	5 00
L C Allen	3 00
Annie Meachen	1 00
M Z Westervelt	3 00
H Baedecker	50
Mrs J Hazard	6 00
Junior C E S., Cranford, N. J	10 00
H G Chase	3 00
1st Presbyterian S. S., New York	50 00
In His Name, Cappahosic, Va.	1 25
Miss F E Strong	12 25
Miss Keys	1 00
A cup of cold water in His Name	3 00
Total	**$437.25**

All contributions will be acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Many New Sunday Schools.

Our Sunday School Missionary's Work During the Spring Months — Still "Calling the Children In."

CONCERNING his work during the last three months—the spring of 1895—Rev. G. W. Sharp, our Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest, makes a most interesting report. It will be remembered that his annual report appeared in these columns in March last. Since that time, despite a dull season and unsettled weather, the work under his hands has continued to prosper. He writes:

"I have much to praise God for on account of the flourishing condition of the schools organized this spring as reported by their officers. One writes: 'Our Sunday School is improving very rapidly.' That school has more than doubled its numbers in three weeks. The Superintendent of another writes that he is expecting to organize 'two more classes in a short time.' The Secretary of a third sends an order for more supplies, adding: 'Our school is increasing so fast that we have not enough supplies for it.' When I organized that school, in April, the total attendance was twenty-three. It now reports five teachers and fifty-eight scholars.

"The prosperity of these and other schools organized this spring is the more gratifying, because they were planted when the work was laborious, sometimes very wearying, on account of the frequent rains, rough and muddy roads, and chilly, damp weather.

"In addition to the literature furnished the schools, I distributed an unusually large amount of Gospel tracts, booklets and religious papers in the homes of the people, on the highway, in the fields, on railroad trains, &c. Where I have found churches without pastors, as far as I could, I have labored to have each church secure one; and I thank God, with gratifying success.

"It has been my privilege to address bodies of Christian Workers, by invitation, such as Young Peoples' Meetings, Societies of Christian Endeavor, Women's Missionary Meetings, Temperance Meetings, Sunday School Institutes, Picnics, and Conventions; and to aid and encourage young men in their preparation for the Gospel ministry. I habitually embrace opportunities of encouraging family devotions in the homes of the people where I lodge, by reading the Scriptures, explaining in a few words the way of salvation, and by family prayer; for many households neglect family religion.

"The one leading desire of my heart and prayer to God in this work remains to be mentioned. His glory in the edification of his people, and in the salvation of sinners. I praise Him that I have seen much of His blessing in the comfort of Christianity and in conversions; but I hope to see far more fruit in eternity.

I tender heartfelt thanks to all who have aided in the work, and ask a continuation of prayers that I may be faithful and efficient in it. And as I have not always found time to answer all the precious letters of sympathy and interest I have received, on account of prolonged absences from home, and pressure of work, I express my gratitude for them in this manner.

GEO. W. SHARP,
Christian Herald Missionary for the S. W.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

SUFFERING LETTERS.

WE are apt to think of the letters of the alphabet as irrational and dumb and dead. But it is a great mistake. They are alive, for they breathe, and speak, and grow eloquent, and weep, and laugh, and suffer. You have probably noticed the family characteristics of some of the letters. There are the Gutturals, who have a harsh voice and talk clear down their throats; the Dentals, who have very prominent teeth; the Liquids, who are noted for smooth manners; and the Labials, who have a great deal of lip. But we propose chiefly to speak of their afflictions.

The letter A is perhaps more fearfully knocked about than any of its comrades. It is married to the queerest wives, and chained to the bloodiest Juggernauts, and wrought into the most repelling combinations. Without any compunctions we say A sloven, A thief, A vagabond, A fool. Though from the position of this letter at the head of the alphabet, we might suppose it would have especial honor, it is flung about as though it had no feelings, no ambitions, no deserts. The grammarian tosses it aside as hardly worthy a thought, calling it an indefinite article, and the orator slurs it as he passes. In all the family of letters we think the letter A suffers the most.

Among the acutest alphabetical griefs are those of the letter T. It never has its own way, for it is constantly being crossed. Most writers, as soon as they have set it up, slash it with the sabre stroke of their steel pen and pass on. However knowing and wise it may be, the school-boy is taught to call it a simple consonant. It is born a mute, and is never allowed to speak from cradle to grave. The only compliment it ever receives is when something complete is said to suit us to a T. Whether it will or not, it is compelled to be the first letter at the Theatre, and to have Tobacco in its mouth, and is always in Taboo and Tantalization. So there is a perpetual tax on T.

Now we pass on to lift up our voice for the letter H. Against it many of the English have a particular grudge. They drive it out of House and Home, and knock it off of Horse, and smash its Hat into "at," and pursue and maltreat it from the English Channel to the Tweed, and will not let it indulge in Hope or take a Horn. It is an aspirate, always panting for better treatment. Thackeray and Dickens did much for the letter H, introducing it into many a "Ha! Ha!" and calling on the [illegible] to quit becoming this Highly Honorable, Honest, Humble, Humorous, Homely, and Humanizing letter H.

Another maltreated member of the alphabet is X. It is seldom invited anywhere. It goes to no party, sits at no banquet, achieves no honors. It is allowed to sidle up to no woman's name, save that of Xantippe, the historical scold. Dictionaries that give near sixteen hundred pages to the consideration of other letters, give only one to this. It seems to have been one of the after-thoughts of the language-makers, and is stuck down nearly at the close. We do not wonder that X is always cross.

There is another whose trouble is that it is worn out and worked to death, and that is the letter O. It is the emotional letter, and has more joys and griefs and violences of feeling than all the others together. If people are delighted with a rainbow or a sunrise or a waterfall, they call on O to help them in expression of pleasure. If they are seized of pain, or run upon by sudden loss, or fall into a ditch, or get seasick, they call violently upon O to help them in expression of distress. When people are exhorting or preaching or praying, and get out of ideas or wind, they fill up the empty places with O. This overworked letter is always kept in motion. It gets fagged out in Fourth of July apostrophes. It must go to all trainings, assist at all fires, and mingle in the riot among the O'Flaherties and the O'Briens and the O'Neils, and the more the brickbats fly, the more boisterous the cries of O! O!

With the sufferings of Z we end our chapter. Where we used to be sent when we missed our lesson at school this unfortunate letter always stands—down foot. There is no chance of it ever getting up. In figures of speech it means the last of everything. If in a "Mercantile Agency" a man is marked A because he has his millions, Z would mean "he is not worth a paper of pins." Though we cannot so much as spell Zone or Zenith or Zodiac without it, in common acceptation this letter is down to Zero. We suppose that when the contriver of the alphabet got through making all the other letters, he let his pen drop on the parchment, and it fell with a zigzag motion that turned out to be the immortal Z.

One day all the letters of the alphabet met in convention on a scholar's desk. They discussed their wrongs and rights. H expressed its aspirations. O broke forth in vehement ejaculation. S and C hissed at much that was said. I occupied more time than belonged to it with an egotistic speech. J followed, in personal appearance very much like I, except that she had a longer trail. Z closed the debate.

As they lingered in knots about the door, we saw four of the letters standing in one place in beautiful line; they were—H O M E, while in one of the galleries there were five or six who happened to form an enchanting group; they were—H E A V E N.

SUING A DEMIJOHN.

A PECULIAR breach of promise suit has been brought in England. A maiden appeals to the court for damages, now that a certain innkeeper refuses to take her in marriage after encouraging her to hope. It is proved that he had the delirium tremens in her house several times. She gets a verdict of ten pounds. Why any woman wants to marry the delirium tremens we know not. She deserved congratulation at escape from such a man, instead of ten pounds for the loss of him. No woman can afford to take a man if she has to have delirium tremens thrown into the bargain. A man is very well, but better no man at all than such an accompaniment. Let women be cautious how they marry men with highly spiced breath, the spice put in to hide whiskey odor. Better pay ten pounds to get rid of him than sue him for ten pounds because he does not marry you. If a man makes for himself unhappy connubial relation, he may run away and so get rid of it; but for a woman wrongly affianced there is no escape. The young man may have glossy hair and bright eyes and immaculate broadcloth; but if he drinks, even moderately, make up your mind that before thirty-five he will do one of two things—either stop drinking entirely or else go to perdition, and if he does the latter he will probably take you along with him.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Michigan Reader, Dollar Bay, Mich. Please inform me through the columns of THE MAIL-BAG whether you still offer THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with *The Pathway of Life?*

Yes; by forwarding $2 to this office you will receive the paper for one year and "The Pathway of Life," by Dr. Talmage, as premium.

Mrs. F. Hoskin, Burlington, Colo. Where did the phrase, "Gabriel's Trumpet," originate?

It is not known who first used the phrase, as now written. It probably arose from logically associating Gabriel, the archangel ("Champion of God"), with the special office referred to in 1. Thess. 4: 16 and other passages of like character. All the four archangels are represented as trumpet-bearers.

Perplexity, Conn. How can Christians, who have consecrated themselves and their all to Christ, consistently live and dress in anything but the simplest style, regardless of what fashion may decree; and would not fashion in the sense we commonly use the word come under the head of "the vain pomp and glory of this world?"

While it is clearly wrong and sinful for one professing Christianity to be a devotee of fashion, and given over to vanity, it is also true that there is no good reason why a Christian should dress in garments beneath his or her station in life. In whatever position one is placed in this world, the effort should be made to occupy it to the highest advantage, whether it require the rich robes of a ruler, or the laborer's homespun. Thus we must endeavor to discriminate, and as long as there are inequalities in social life, arising from Divinely permitted causes, just so long must there be distinctions in dress and manner of living. Dressing according to one's station in life, however, is a very different thing from blindly following every new freak of fashion, and indulging all sorts of vanities in apparel.

Mr. Angus R. Blakey, of Charlottesville, Va., writes us this graphic picture of a region where the Gospel is sadly needed:

I was born and reared in Piedmont, Va., and have spent my life there. I have had much to do with the Blue Ridge Mountain people during the last fifty years. There are good Christian people among them. But there are large districts, especially in the upper gorges and ridges, that are extremely poor and very wicked. They are strong and vigorous physically, and intellectually. But vice in multiplied form has characterized these people for generations. Churches have been organized along the base of the mountains, which have had and are having a happy effect upon the people who live along them, and upon a few of the people living higher up; and domestic missionaries have carried on a desultory war against the powers of darkness; but, nevertheless, this mountain population has remained the same, without material improvement. They have no social intercourse with the better people nearest to them. Much of the mountain land is poor, barren and rocky, and the people live in huts scattered thinly over the mountains. The children reared among them, under the examples of parents and associates, grow up to be as bad as their forefathers. It will not do to permit this state of affairs to continue indefinitely. What can be done?

Enquirer, ——. 1. What is the meaning of "forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors?" Are we to forgive every one who owes us, even if they are able to pay and will not; or is it not our duty to ourselves and others to enforce collections where the debtor is well able to pay and will not? 2. Is it wise or right for any young man to pay special attention to any young lady when he has no prospect in sight of income enough to support a wife? Would it not be better and wiser to steer clear from possible entanglements until he has income enough to provide all necessities and some comforts? 3. Is not thirty years of age young enough to marry if circumstances do not permit before?

1. The words are to be construed in a broad and liberal sense. It is not implied that we are to waive our claim to repayment of just obligations, but to forgive where such payment is impossible; not to be vindictive; to forgive equally a debt, a trespass, an offence, as we look to God for forgiveness of the debts or duties we have neglected, and the trespasses and offences we have committed against his holy law. 2. Love frequently overlooks such difficulties, but it is well for a young man to have some certain means of livelihood or income before he proposes marriage, otherwise he may soon realize the truth of the old adage, "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window." 3. It depends wholly on the circumstances of the case.

Subscriber, ——. 1. Who are the Copts? 2. What is their faith and what book of belief do they use?

1. The Copts are a denomination of Christians known as Monophysites—a sect which originated in the year 451 A. D. Some writers derive the name from Coptos, once a great city in upper Egypt, but the best authorities hold that the native Christians of Egypt, as a class, chose the name of Copts when the division occurred in the early Christian Church which resulted in their practical separation from the ecclesiastical court at Constantinople. Their ancestors intermarried with Greeks, Nubians and Abyssinians, so that they are a mixed race. 2. They hold seven sacraments, believe in trine immersion and celebrate the Lord's Supper. Their general religious observances in many respects conform to those of the Greek Church and their three liturgies have been translated from the original Greek. They have the Coptic version of the Scriptures, but it is not in the hands of the people. As their ceremonies conform to their liturgical books and their services conform to David's resolution (Psalm 119: 164) more rigidly than any other Christian sect.

H. C. P., Norfolk, Va. What is the meaning of the phrase Jonah 3: 10, God repented of the evil which he said he would do?

In speaking of God, the Bible writers use the language of men to make themselves understood. The phrase simply means that he refrained from inflicting the punishment he had threatened. The people of Nineveh repented and humbled themselves, and God mercifully withheld the judgments that he had pronounced upon them.

Edward Wright, Chicago, Ill. Am I right in declaring that a man who believes in evolution is and cannot be a Christian?

No, there are very sincere Christians who believe in evolution, some of them earnest ministers. There are comparatively few evolutionists who hold that evolution accounts for the origin of all matter and for life. They hold that evolution is God's way of working, proceeding from lower to higher forms of life. Many regard the beginning of the human race as a distinct creative act, when by imparting new life Adam "became a living soul." (See Gen. 2: 7.)

G. H. C., Page, Neb. Is not sin the same in every one? A man here says that what would be sin in him is not sin in me.

Probably the man was referring to such questionable matters as those of which Paul writes in Romans 14, which come up in every generation. In his day the chief was eating of meat that might have been offered in sacrifice to idols. Paul's rule applies now. If a man's conscience condemns an act, and he, nevertheless, commits it, he sins. But if another man thinks it is right, and commits it, he does not sin. This, of course, applies only to those doubtful matters, and not to those explicitly forbidden.

J. A. Bissell, Pine City, Wash. Is there any way of being sure what parts of the Bible are intended for everyone and what parts for the Jews only?

The same question was raised in Apostolic days, and a Council was called to decide it. You will find the decision in Acts 15: 23-29. The Mosaic laws relating to food, to the feasts and fasts, and other matters, were not, as you will see, considered binding on Christians. The laws applying to the Jews as a nation were thus abrogated. But such books as the Psalms and the Prophecies contain teaching of the most value. The New Testament of course is of universal application.

S. A. D., ——. Was Christ's resurrection a resurrection of his natural body? If so, how are we to understand the statement that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God (1. Cor. 15:

The statement is made by Paul in his argument for the resurrection, and he proceeds to state in the next verse that the living will be changed without dying, implying that in other cases the change is worked at death. The change, whatever it may be, may have been worked on Christ's body at his death. The plain language of the evangelists has no other meaning than that it was his actual body that rose. They saw the wounds in his hands and side. But it was changed from the ordinary body, in that it appeared and vanished at will and entered the room, "the door being shut."

Subscriber, Trayer, Ia. 1. There is a bronze [illegible] in the National Capitol commemorating the events of the life of George Washington. I understand it cost $4 000. Is the door 10 feet high? 2. What is the best encyclopedia for a young man who cannot afford one that costs much money?

1. The door known as the Crawford bronze door, is 14 feet 6 inches high, and 9 feet 6 inches wide, and weighs seven tons. It cost $57,000 and was placed in position at the entrance to the Senate extension in the National Capitol in 1868. It contains eight panels, representing Washington's battles, and is one of the finest specimens of bronze-casting ever made in the United States. 2. The best are the Britannica, Appleton's, Johnson's & Chambers. You can get almost any of them in cheap popular editions nowadays.

L. N., Cloverdale, Colo. It was Episcopal and received the name you mention many years ago through its pastor's liberality in conducting the funeral service of an actor.——Mrs. Jas. Kerr, Paris, Ill. One of the best of its kind.——[illegible] Douglass, Stafford, N. Y. Can any subscribe your paper furnish me with the following copies: Jan. 10, Aug. 17, Nov. 14, and Dec. 19, 1894: March and 22, 1895.——Subscriber, Wilmington, Del.——Denver Subscriber. We have already published the information you ask.——Miss Agnes Cono[illegible] Long Branch, N. J. The copies would be gratefully appreciated at the Bowery Mission.——We cannot supply the information. Write to a book publisher.——Interested One, Chrisman, Ill. Write to Librarian, Astor Library, New York.——Allis E. Urquhill, Glenham, N. Y. Write to American S. S. Union, Philadelphia.——Mrs. Belle Pinney, Mackay, Kan. They must be bright, intelligent, capable, healthy women, of high Christian character, with some previous missionary experience.——Constant Reader, Attleboro, Mass. No such perfectness are neither reverent nor in good taste.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

MADAGASCAR'S PLIGHT.

APPEALS from the commander of the French expedition in Madagascar, to his government, for reinforcements are becoming urgent. It is evident that the climate is proving a more formidable enemy than the Queen's army. The Queen's public prayer for divine aid in resisting the cowardly invaders would appear to have been heard. The season has been exceptionally rainy, and rain in Madagascar means difficulty of transportation and danger of fever and dysentery. Letters from correspondents of the French papers state that two-thirds of the soldiers landed have been sick and the proportion of deaths was very high. Nevertheless, Gen. Duchesne is steadily pushing forward toward the capital. He is, as far as possible, using the rivers for transportation to avoid the moist ground, over which it is difficult to drag his artillery. A number of shallow boats have been constructed and some powerful little tugs are used to take them up the rivers. From the boats it is possible to shell the mud fortresses of the Malagasy, as in the instance of Marovoav, the attack on which is the subject of the illustration on this page. The Malagasy garrisons appear to be astounded at the distance the French guns will reach. The most ominous news yet received is that the husband of the Queen, who is Prime Minister, has a rooted conviction that the French will never reach the capital and opposes the measures of defence that the Queen was advised to adopt. He insists that they are unnecessary and work upon them was stopped by his orders. Col. Shervington, the English officer in command after vainly endeavoring to obtain authority to proceed with the works, resigned the command and his example was followed by other European officers. The Malagasy government will now be left to its own resources and it appears to have no adequate idea of the peril by which it is menaced. To add to the miseries of the situation, there is good ground for suspecting treason in the party that has the ear of the Queen. It is believed that influential men have made terms with the French on their own account and are using their influence with the Queen for her destruction. It is certain that opportunities for checking the French advance, which might have been used effectively by troops acquainted with the conformation of the country, have been neglected, and it is charged that there was a corrupt motive motive for the neglect. The French are also receiving aid from the Sakalavas, the hereditary foes of the Hova dynasty. There is no moral justification for the unprovoked attack of the French on Madagascar. It is an act of wanton aggression by a strong nation on a weak one. The Queen and her people are learning by sad experience the lesson which is too often forgotten by nations as by individuals that neither learning nor culture is sufficient without religion to restrain men from wrongdoing and the disregard of others' rights.

Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people. Prov. 14: 34.

Concealed under Flowers.

United States detectives made a strange discovery in Brooklyn last week. A large number of spurious half dollars have been in circulation lately, and there were reasons for believing that at least some of them were made in Brooklyn, but the counterfeiters and their place of work could not be found. One day last week, however, a clue was furnished. A quiet, apparently respectable man and his wife who lived in a flat, fell under suspicion. Their apartments were searched, but there were no signs of unlawful occupation. The police, however, believed that the couple were members of the counterfeiting gang and decided in the assistance of United States detectives. Another search of the apartments was made. Everything in the rooms was examined, but there was no trace of crime. The furniture and articles around indicated that the occupants lived a quiet, inoffensive life. They appeared to be fond of flowers, for a number of boxes, in which plants were growing, stood on the roof of an extension outside their windows. Even these the detectives regarded with suspicion, and their suspicions were justified. The boxes had false bottoms, and in them were concealed under the soil the tools of their fraudulent occupation. A melting pot with cold metal still in it, phials containing acids and other incriminating article were found, with the plants growing above them. The same principle of concealment is often adopted to disarm suspicion. The church frequently falls under reproach through wicked men making profession of religion to hide their evil deeds.

Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. II. Cor. 11: 14.

A Lawyer Held for Ransom.

A bold crime was perpetrated in Buffalo, N. Y., recently. A lawyer in that city received a letter asking him to negotiate the sale of a house. Shortly afterwards, a tall stranger drove to his home and asked him to go with him to inspect the house. The lawyer complied, and on reaching the house, which was apparently unoccupied, entered it without suspicion. He was no sooner inside than he was seized and gagged and carried into the cellar, where preparations had been made to secure him. Fetters were placed on his wrists and ankles, and he was chained to the wall. He was informed that he would be released only on the payment of a large sum of money. Under the terror of his situation, he signed a promissory note, which, in a letter he wrote to his wife, he directed her to get discounted, and this was carried to his family. They were assured that unless the money was paid, the lawyer would pay the penalty with his life. The family notified the police, and after forty-eight hours' confinement in the cellar, the lawyer was found and released. No arrests were made, but it is reported that the abductors had formerly been clients of the lawyer, for whom he had conducted business which had not terminated to their satisfaction. The abduction was planned to compel him to return the fees he had received in the case. Large sums have frequently been secured by brigands in Europe in that way, but no one supposed such a crime could be perpetrated in an American city. The abductors evidently believed Satan's dictum that "All that a man hath will he give for his life." Most men, in like circumstances, would have yielded as the lawyer did. It is a pity that when eternal life is in question, men who are bound by the chain of their sins are seldom so ready to make sacrifices, to obtain deliverance, when those sacrifices involve the struggle with some enslaving habit, or the surrender of some acquaintance whose influence is pernicious. Yet we have the Divine assurance that

It is better to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell (Mark 9. 43).

FRENCH GUNBOATS BOMBARDING THE FORT OF MAROVOAV.

To Exterminate Mosquitoes.

An interesting experiment is being made in a Long Island summer resort. A clergyman has been making a study of the habits of the mosquito, the neighborhood being an unpleasantly favorable locality for the investigation. He has also had a long correspondence with the Department of Agriculture at Washington with the object of obtaining all available knowledge of the pest. He came to the conclusion that there was a three weeks' interval between the hatching or the swarms and that the favorite places for the operation were the marshes and fresh-water ponds. After several tests, he selected kerosene-oil as the most effective exterminator. With a can of the oil he visited each pond and marsh in the neighborhood and poured a small quantity in the water and sprayed it over the marshes. The result is a marked diminution in the number of mosquitoes and the clergyman thinks that those which are still flying around belong to earlier swarms. He is sanguine of entirely exterminating the pest by continuing his kerosene treatment, which, he is firmly convinced, will prevent the mosquitoes coming to life. Perhaps the time will come when men at the head of our governments and social reformers will act on a similar principle. We should not need near so many penitentiaries and reformatories as we now do if we could reach the places out of which criminals come. The saloon, the gambling house, and the miserable social conditions of the poor are the places where the antidote to evil needs to be applied. In spiritual matters the same law of dealing with evil at its source was laid down by Christ.

Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, thefts, false witness, &c. (Matt. 15: 19.)

A Blind Executrix.

The Register of a Philadelphia court decided a remarkable application a few days ago. The heirs of a recently deceased citizen opposed probate of his will on the ground that a lady whom he had appointed executrix of his will was incompetent owing to blindness. The Register examined the lady, and though there was no doubt as to her blindness, he dismissed the objection and confirmed her appointment. Evidence had been presented to him proving that the lady had abundant business qualifications, and that she had already served in the same capacity in her father's case. He had been the principal owner of a Passenger Railway line, and large interests had been involved in the administration of his will, which the blind lady had managed with remarkable ability, to the perfect satisfaction of all concerned. The Register appears to have thought that integrity and business capacity were the chief requisites for the duties of the position, and as those were proved, the defect of blindness was not important. It is so in spiritual matters. There are many Christians whose defects in education and worldly wisdom cause them to be despised, but if they have faith they have that which is essential,

For we walk by faith, not by sight (II. Cor. 5. 7).

BRIEF NOTES.

In California there are four Japanese Churches, including [illegible] with 145 members, and in Sunday Schools 544, with a contribution of $3,323.

Rev. Dr. MacArthur preached in Salt Lake City, Sunday morning, June 9, and addressed a large Sunday School meeting in the evening. He sailed on June 15 from San Francisco for Honolulu.

Mr. E. J. Glave, one of Mr. H. M. Stanley's junior officers in his African explorations, recently died at the mission station, Underhill, on the Congo. He had crossed Africa from Zanzibar to the Congo.

His Majesty the King of Sweden Laid the foundation-stone recently of the fine building in course of erection for the Stockholm Young Men's Christian Association.

A Montreal Court Has Just Decided that the name of "Methodist" applied by one editor to another is an opprobrious epithet, and has fined the one who used it two hundred dollars.

Dr. Joseph Cook reached San Francisco on his trip around the world, June 6. He spoke on the succeeding Sunday evening in the First Church, and many could not find admittance. His theme was The Signs of the Times.

In Connection with the Vote by which the recent convention of the chiefs of police of the United States and Canada created the office of chaplain, Chief Harrigan, of St. Louis, remarked: "A man who doesn't believe in God ought not to be on the police force."

Rev. E. P. Hammond's book, the "Conversion of Children," has been translated into the Tamil language, which is spoken by 15,000,000 in Southern India, and has also been translated into the Norwegian and other languages.

There is on Exhibition in London a Sabbath-keeping clock, made in Scotland. It stops working from twelve o'clock on Saturday night till twelve on Sunday night, and directly the hands stop, there appear on the face of the clock the words, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Major D. W. Whittle has been Holding united services at Holland, Mich. For three weeks meetings were held nightly, and the last two Sundays, the Major addressed a crowded house of women in the afternoon, and a similar meeting of men in the evening.

Rev. C. H. Perren's Services in the First Baptist Church, of St. Paul, Minn., have been widely blessed. There was a keen interest from the first, deepening as the services continued. The additions to the Church already exceed one hundred, and there are many anxious inquirers.

Dr. Fairbairn, the President of Mansfield College, Oxford, who recently lectured here, has a class [illegible]. His address was attended by a Japanese, a lady professor from the American Girls' College at Constantinople, a Roman Catholic priest from St. Paul, Minn., and a graduate of the University of Chicago.

We Grieve to Learn that Philip Phillips, the Singing Pilgrim, died on June 25. The whole Church of Christ loses in him an earnest worker, and one whose tuneful voice has drawn many wanderers to the fold, and inspired other workers with new energy and courage. His portrait and a sketch of his eventful life appeared in this journal on June 26.

Rev. R. G. Pearson's meetings at Nashville have closed amid general rejoicing. Five churches united in the work and there has been a great harvest of souls. A conspicuous feature of the movement was the number of Christian people who confessed that they had been cold and listless in Christ's service, and who renewed their vows of consecration and service.

A Sad Letter appeared in The London Times recently about the rum traffic in West Africa from Bishop Tugwell, who says: "Gin and rum are being poured into the country in appalling quantities, and that almost without let or hindrance. The advance of the natives in civilization has been wholly checked by this abominable traffic. Whatever may be the case in Europe, in Africa spirits are the destruction of the black man, body and soul."

The Seventh Annual Seaside Conference for Bible study, conducted by Dr. L. W. Munhall, will be held in Educational Hall, Asbury Park, N. J., July 19-29 inclusive. The teachers this year will be (D. V. Bishop William Taylor, of Africa; Professors L. T. Townsend, J. M. Stiffler, Wm. G. Moorehead, and Ernest F. Stroeter; Doctors S. L. Baldwin, William J. and Albert Erdman, and Robert Cameron; Rev. A. C. Dixon, I. C. Scofield, Cornelius Wolfkin, W. W. Clark, and William Needham; Evangelists D. W. Whittle and Thomas Needham; and Mr. F. S. Brockton. The Conference sessions are free to all.

The Census Report Just Issued from the Census Bureau gives interesting statistics of the religious denominations. It appears that there are 142 distinct religious organizations in the United States, besides independent churches and miscellaneous congregations. The total of communicants of all denominations is 21,212,807, who belong to 165,177 organizations or congregations. These congregations have 142,521 edifices, which have sittings for 43,564,863 persons. The value of all church property used exclusively for purposes of worship is $679,630,139. There are 111,036 regular ministers, not including lay preachers.

The Fact Mentioned in this Column last week that the Japanese Christians had decided to dispense with the support of the American Board has caused some concern. It has been decided to send a commission to Japan to ascertain what provisions are being made for aggressive work, and whether it will be advisable to withdraw the Missionaries of the Board now in Japan. The deputation consists of the Hon. William P. Ellison, of the Prudential Committee, the Rev. James L. Barton, one of the Foreign Secretaries of the Board; the Rev. James G. Johnson, Chicago, and the Rev. A. H. Bradford, of Montclair. The report of this Commission will be awaited with [illegible] by the members of the Congregational Church in the United States, the sum [illegible] $[illegible],000 a year has been devoted to missions in Japan.

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY

Margaret E. Sangster.

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS.

WHEN I knew them first, the Maitlands had lived many years behind closed doors, as jealously secluded from intercourse with the townspeople and the public generally, as ever was an Oriental family in harem. There were only women in the house, a mother and four daughters. In the early morning, and in the evening dusk the former slipped out to do the necessary errands, but one seldom saw her at noonday, or in the crowds; she was the single attendant from her home at church services, where she always sat with a thick veil down, screening her face, and occupied a seat close to the entrance, and whence she flitted away, the instant the benediction was pronounced.

This mother was an old and feeble woman when I made her acquaintance, and it was by means of an accident that the pleasure befell me, for a pleasure it speedily grew to be. Thirty-five years had crept, shadow and shine, shine and shadow, over the dial plate of the skies, since with her girls, young then, she had deliberately decided that the life of a recluse would be best for her and for them.

It was not a novel story, that of the thing that had struck them like lightning, blotting out the light of heaven from their hearts, and clouding their paths thenceforward with an enfolding gloom. The only son of the house, their pride and hope, a gay merry-hearted lad, popular and charming in society, had yielded to temptation and embezzled a large sum of money, so large that the stricken women were horrified at the mere sound of the sum total. But, honest to the core, and proud of their unstained name, they would have been not less dismayed and humiliated, had the theft been of a few dollars only, and not of thousands. The iron of shame entered into their very souls, and when the absconding debtor and defaulter fled to some far-away hiding-place in South America, or Asia, nobody had ever known just where, his mother and sisters hid themselves in their home, and simply burrowed there.

The day I first penetrated the guarded Maitland gate, was a fateful one in their history. I had gone to the post-office for my mail; it was at twilight, and a line of people were waiting for letters. Mrs. Maitland, a straight, spare, slender figure, black-robed and veiled, was just in front of me, and as she received her mail, she stepped out of the line, and glancing over the budget which had been handed her, wavered, with sudden faintness, under the smoky, flaring lamp. I caught and steadied her, and, perceiving that she was too weak to walk alone, said in a matter-of-course manner:

"We go in the same direction. Let me help you to your door."

The faintness returned once and again, and by the time we had reached her home, I had to assist Mrs. Maitland in. In the moonlit evening we opened the door in the brick wall and passed between two tall borders of thick-growing box, to that of the house. Four elderly ladies, all trim, slender, and with the curious look of unworldliness and childishness often seen in the faces of those who have lived in communities apart from the world, followed in the wake of the negro Mammy who shuffled up to answer my knock.

[illegible] enough to tell the [illegible] and then I [illegible] and went home. I left the [illegible] Mammy who brought the message, said pleadingly, "Mis' Margaret done obercome at las'!" The young ladies don't know [illegible]

Miss Margaret [illegible] affectionately gave Mrs. Maitland, as she always had done from youth up. I needed no second invitation, but hurrying over the little space between our houses, found Agnes, Henrietta, Luella and Antoinette, gentle, sweet, flower-like, and helpless, hovering around their mother, who waved them all aside, and asked me, a stranger, to listen to her confidence, and give her my advice.

"My dear," she said, looking up from the pillows of her couch, "I had a shock last night. A postmark, a hand I knew, it came suddenly—one who was dead is alive again, I have not told the girls. They think their brother died years ago. I don't know what to do! He is my boy, my son, my baby that I rocked in my arms. He comes back now, because it is safe for him, and I —I am his mother—I love him yet; but, I am not glad, I cannot be glad!

"The money—is paid—" she went on in gasps, "was paid—long ago. We saved it, cent by cent. We starved to pay it, we sold everything except this home. Now, Ferdinand is on his way here, and the girls don't know, and I cannot tell them. God help me! Life is hard!"

"Yes, poor lady, life is hard," I thought, "you never said a truer word. Hard for the sinner, hard for his friends, hardest of all for those who go away, and coming home find their places filled.

"The only thing, dear Mrs. Maitland," I said aloud, "is to tell your daughters at once. Your son has been in a far country. His sisters will be ready to welcome him home. Blood is thicker than water, and one's heart stirs at the thought of a kindred heart-beat, at the ring of a brother's step. Do not be afraid, tell them to-day!"

Even while I spoke there was a commotion at the front door, and without preamble or anouncement of any sort, a tall fresh-colored man walked in, his eyes confident and bright, his bearing breezily eager, his whole air that of a prosperous citizen of the world, with nothing to dash his pleasure.

"Mother!" he said, "Here I am, your bad penny back on your hands. Girls, Luella, Toinette, — Agnes, Henny, you haven't forgotten Fred, I hope?"

Nobody spoke, but the mother cried and held out her arms.

Truly, this was an assured and unrepentant prodigal. I got myself away, the only decent thing to do being to leave the family—alone, but as I went I had a glimpse of Agnes looking white and stern, Luella tremulous, Henrietta wistful, and Toinette, the youngest, absolutely radiant. And the mother's arms were around her big son's neck.

I doubt whether Ferdinand Maitland had ever felt the full enormity of his offense against honor and God. At all events, he returned to a town which had forgotten him and his misdeeds, and in which few people knew the old story, or cared about the hermit-life which the humbled women of the Maitland household had passed for years.

Laughing off Agnes's severity, accepting Toinette's instantly given devotion, Ferdinand Maitland was presently established as the head of the house. He had worked hard, and he brought home money; he had no vices, and he was wilful and masterful, like a man. The old house opened its doors. The family mingled again in the affairs of life. Bit by bit, the arrested development of the sisters yielded to outside influences, and they were seen here and there—they took an interest in what was going on; they ignored their own past. The prodigal son had put on the best robe, and thrown an end of it over his people.

Said Mrs. Maitland to me, one day:

"I don't understand Ferdinand. I pray for him even more now than I did when he first went away. So many years I left him in God's hands, when I thought him dead, I can but leave him still at the foot of the Cross, day by day, for I believe in covenant [illegible] and God [illegible] Ferdinand."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Her Earthly Mission Ended.

Grand Emily Faithfull's Life Serenely Closed—An Apostle of Woman's Work —Her Eventful Career.

LOOKING backward over the last half century, there are few more illustrious names among Christian women than that of Emily Faithfull, who passed away on May 31, at her home in Plymouth Grove, Manchester, England. Emily Faithfull was the youngest daughter of the Rev. Ferdinand Faithfull, who for nearly fifty years was Rector of Headley, Surrey, England, where she was born in 1835. She was presented at Court on her 21st birth-day, and within a few months of that event commenced the great work to which, as long as health permitted, she devoted her life. She soon wearied of the more frivolous amusements of London society; and, having diligently discharged for some months the duties of Secretary to the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, became, at the suggestion of Lord Brougham and Lord Shaftesbury, the moving spirit of a committee of the Social Science Association formed with a similar object. Her essentially practical mind saw clearly that the true remedy for women's wrongs lay in enlarging their field of labor; and the wonderful amelioration in the condition of her poorer sisters which has taken place, both in this country and England, during the past forty years, has been measurably helped by her unceasing activity in the workshop, by lectures, and by literary work. Early in her career, Miss Faithfull started a printing office with female compositors, which proved to be anything but a rash experiment. Her name speedily became known throughout the length and breadth of England.

THE LATE MISS EMILY FAITHFULL.

In 1860 Miss Faithfull collected a band of women, and in spite of great difficulties founded the Victoria Press establishment in Great Coram street, London, in which these women were employed as compositors, and for which she obtained the approval of the Queen. The Victoria Press obtained quite a reputation for the excellence of its work. On one occasion Miss Faithfull said to an interviewer, "It was a proud moment when I found myself appointed 'Printer and Publisher in Ordinary to the Queen,' after doing some work which had given her Majesty great satisfaction." Through jealousy, aroused by the "innovation" of employing women, the machinery was wilfully injured again and again, and there was, consequently, a ruinous waste of capital, but Miss Faithfull persevered until trained women compositors could find employment in other establishments.

In order the better to propagate her views, in May, 1863, she commenced the publication of the "Victoria Magazine," in which she earnestly pleaded the claims of women to remunerative employment. The Empress Frederick headed its list of subscribers and Sir Edwin Arnold penned the dedication for the volume, which Miss Faithfull and other women printers presented to the Princess of Wales on her marriage.

Shortly after this she made her debut as a lecturer. In this character, and always with the same object in view, she achieved a marked success and appeared in the leading literary and philosophic institutions. In her first year she delighted London audiences with her lecture on "The Claims of Women," convincing her hearers that women are entitled to a fair chance of livelihood as well as to the advantage of higher education and the just protection of their own earnings.

Three lecture tours were made in the United States between 1872 and 18[illegible] in the interest of the work to which she had devoted herself. Upon her return from her last tour she published a book, entitled "Three Visits to America," in which she described with considerable power the conditions of various feminine industries. Upon her return to England, she took up her abode at Plymouth Grove, Manchester, where she passed the remainder of her life. A writer, speaking of her study as it appeared several years later, says: "Over the desk there hangs an engraved portrait of the Queen. The inscription, 'To [illegible] Faithfull, from Victoria R. and I., [illegible] commemorates the thirtieth year of her self-imposed labors in promoting the industrial and educational interests of women.

From her Plymouth Grove retreat [illegible] Faithfull for a long time past was a frequent contributor to many leading papers and magazines. Knowing her philanthropic nature, all suits and conditions of men and women persisted in consulting her, both personally and by letter, and the demands for financial aid were many, and rarely was a deserving case refused. She was an industrious worker and lecturer, but of late years asthma prevented her from frequently appearing on the platform. In 1884, English [illegible] men and writers, bishops, judges, peers and philanthropists, joined in a memorial, praying the First Lord of the Treasury to recommend the Queen to bestow a literary pension on Miss Faithfull, in consideration of her distinguished services during the last twenty-five years, both as a writer and a worker on behalf of the education and employment of women. A moderate grant was made from the Royal Bounty Fund in 188[illegible] and two years later she received a Civil Service pension. In September, 1890, she visited, by request, the Queen of Roumania, who was then in England, and detailed to her Majesty the various movements in women's work in England.

Miss Faithfull had in the course of her career the acquaintance and friendship of many noble and progressive women, who in Great Britain and America were striving for social amelioration, and especially of those who were seeking a wider outlet for the education and industrial activities of their sex. Her very presence and her power of acceptable speech were of great service in the pioneer deeds of this movement.

Miss Faithfull's voice was singularly soft and melodious, and even when suffering from illness she always had a friendly word and ready ear for those who sought her aid. The first fruits of her well-directed zeal have been to draw the rich and poor nearer to each other, and to bring social needs and those honestly endeavoring to remedy them face to face. In many [illegible] ways she has been a foremost worker for the best interests of her sex.

Miss Faithfull came of a race of country clergymen, and Christian character was with her almost an inheritance. Her grandfather was Rector of Warfield. Her uncle Francis was one of Lord William Cecil's predecessors at Hatfield, and her father was for nearly half a century the Rector of Headley, near Epsom, where she was born. The memory of her work for women will long be cherished by the Christian women of Europe and America, for her personality and influence were factors, in a moral and industrial sense, whose value cannot be overestimated. It is probable that the working women of England will rear a monument or erect a memorial of some enduring sort to this faithful and noble worker in their behalf.

A MOTHER'S CONVERSION.

MRS. D——, a lady in Garden City, Mo., sends us this most interesting experience:

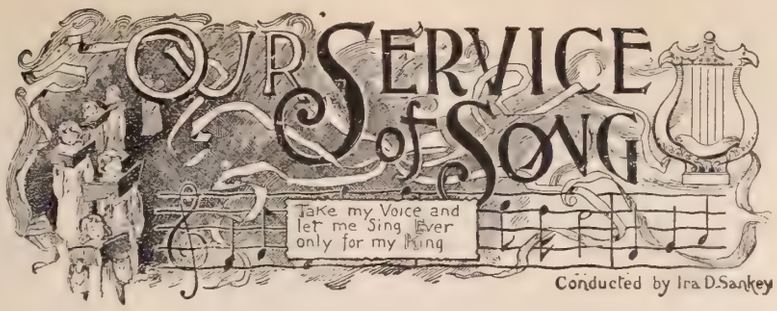
"I want to tell you an incident of several years ago. A lady friend who had just passed through ght trouble, called to see me. She was sing a book of Dwight L. Moody's sermns. I put my name down on her list of sscribers. At that time my heart had nder known sorrow; however, God saw tl heavy cloud gathering over my defence-le head, and the angels covered me with tir wings. The doorbell rang, 'an the lady was told that I was in my room and indisposed. She w paid off and the book left o the parlor table. Several hrs after, as I passed through th house from room to room, g sping hold of first one piece of urniture, then another—for m head was whirling like a t the sudden news of father's a dent, the loss of my beautiful home, (a present from my pr ents), the great loss of mey—all broke in upon my so like a flood. I could not w without some kind of supp. Finally I wandered into th parlor. The piano was all out rung to my ears. I staggled over by the table and the was just what God, in lo had lain there for me, to br g back my reasoning powet I picked up the book and, in half-insane manner, turned th leaves. My eyes rested upo the beginning of a sermon, 'Gd is Love.' I said, 'Don't bieve it. I will see what he h to say.' And so I think if m heart had not found words of rest and solid comfort, I wld have been crazy. I put th words 'God is Love,' in la e letters on the wall, near m table in the dining-room. Ven the children saw what a onderful change had taken pl e they were surprised, for I h been so nervous that I could n bear them to come into my ro n, only one at a time, and th they must whisper.

"In the evening I threw open m shutters, and opened the pno, gathered my children and mher about me, and we all jed in singing, 'Praise God fm whom all blessings flow.' I ew my neighbor to my heart, a as I have moved from one pce to another, I draw sad hrts to me and over in the ighborhood, near Lee's Sumt, thirty miles away, I prested my Moody sermons to a dr neighbor who lost a son al she says, 'Oh, how could have borne my trouble if you H not been with me.'"

PRAYER IN A CRISIS.

A recent letter from Mr. W. J. Upcraft, who is laboring in Western China, contains the following: Living as we have one for the past six months at its the most westerly point occupied by evangelical missionaries in this great province of Sechuan, we have had occasion often to praise the name of our Lord for manifold grace bestowed in guidance, in protection, in supply, and still more for a readiness to hear on the part of the people in this large district. Yachow lies at the extreme western limit of navigation, of the great road that leads from Pekin to Tibet. At our first coming in the heat of the past summer, there was a manifest spirit of opposition, and the uncertain tenure seemed likely to end in our expulsion. On Saturday evening the crisis was reached, and three of us, two westerners and one Chinese, knelt in a darkened room in the new-rented house, to commend ourselves and the work to God's Almighty care, not knowing whither or what might next be. On Sunday the public recognition of the work by the highest Mandarin in the district allayed all opposition, and since then no hand has been raised against us.

Two visits to a point ten days' march further west than Yachow have laid a new district upon our hearts, and as soon as the point is occupied by workers already on their way, we shall be free to go on and seek an entrance there. Ta-chien-lu is the border town and point of entry for trade and travel between China and central Tibet. The home of Chinese traders; the great sea mart, from whence the tea is carried as far as Lhassa; the centre of a great number of Tibetan lamas, traders and farmers, this city offers especial advantages for a dual work—for the Chinese on the one hand, who are very friendly; for the Tibetans on the other, who may be reached in large numbers.



O LORD, REMEMBER ME.

"LORD, REMEMBER ME." *Luke 23:42.*

REV. RICHARD BURNHAM. PHILIP PHILLIPS, MUS. DOC.

1. O Christ, Thou art the sin - ner's Friend: As such I look to Thee;
2. Thou won - drous Ad - vo - cate with God, I yield my - self to Thee;
Now, in the ful - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
While Thou art sit - ting on Thy throne, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
REFRAIN.
Re - mem - ber me, ... re - mem ber me, ... O
Re-mem-ber me, re-mem-ber me,
Re-mem-ber me,
Lord, re - mem - ber me; Now, in the ful - - - - - ness of Thy
Now, in the ful - ness, in the
Now, in the ful - - - - - ness of Thy
love, ... Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.
ful-ness of Thy love,
love, Thy love,

3 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then in Thine all-abounding grace
O Lord, remember me.

4 And when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all fail,
Then, O my dear Redeemer, God,
I pray, remember me.

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LAST SONG OF PHILIP PHILLIPS, WRITTEN APRIL 4, 1895.

PHILIP PHILLIPS' LAST SONG.

The beautiful hymn, "O Lord, Remember Me," which is published in Our Service of Song in the present issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, deserves to be cherished by all lovers of sacred music. It was written by Philip Phillips, "the Singing Pilgrim," while he lay in his last sickness and the proof of the composition was sent to him for revision. But his powers were already failing and he sent the music to Mr. Sankey, with a request that the latter should kindly perform for him the office of revision, which he was glad to be able to do.

THE USE OF PROPHECY.*

The Duty of Studying the Prophecies Incumbent on Intelligent Christians.

BY DEAN BAGOT.

THE Epistle which contains this important injunction was written by St. Peter a short time before his death, or to use his own words, recorded in the 14th verse, shortly before he was to put off the tabernacle of his body. It is therefore to be regarded as his dying charge to the Church of God. It was evidently intended for the whole Church in every place and in every age, for what language could be more general than the address in the first verse?—"Simon Peter, a servant and an apostle of Jesus Christ, to them that have obtained like precious faith with us through the righteousness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." His main object is to insist upon the necessity of progress in the Christian course, and of giving all diligence to acquire those graces which constitute the fruit of the Spirit, and which are the elements of that holiness without which no man can see the Lord.

To encourage the members of the Church in this grand pursuit he refers to the reality and certainty of the Second Advent of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to establish his everlasting kingdom, into which, he says, that if they succeed, in thus making their calling and election sure, "an entrance shall be ministered unto them abundantly" (ver. 10, 11).

Now the Apostle does not allude to any one prophecy in particular, but to the whole expanse and field of prophecy referring to the Second Coming of Jesus Christ. I say to the Second Coming, not to the First, for those that relate to the First Coming had been fulfilled, and had, I may say, become history; but it is to prophecy as such that he here refers, or, as the 16th verse shows, to the testimony of prophecy to the coming of Christ in majesty and glory, which includes what was necessarily future at the time when St. Peter wrote. There are many persons who think that unfulfilled prophecy constitutes so difficult and dangerous a portion of Scripture that it should rather be avoided, lest those who would attempt to study it should wrest it to their own destruction. Others regard it as comparatively unimportant, and say that we should rather attend to the doctrinal and practical portions of the Word of God. And why, let me ask, why were the prophecies given? I verily believe that one of the leading sins of multitudes in the professing Church in our day is the neglect of prophecy. Let such persons attend to what occurs in the commencement of the most difficult prophetic book of Scripture, "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those are written therein" (Rev. 1:3). In fact, those who neglect prophecy have only a mutilated Gospel, or half a Gospel, for the Gospel treats not only of the sufferings of Christ, but also of the glory that should follow; not only of Christ on the cross, but also of Christ on the throne; not only of Christ as the Man of Sorrows, but also of Christ as King of kings and Lord of lords; not only of the First Advent, but also of the Second. Such persons lose half the instruction, half the motives, and half the comfort which God has provided for His people.

*Referring in his second Epistle, to the prophecies the Apostle Peter 1. 19-21 likens them to a lamp shining in a dark place to which he said his readers would do well to give heed.

A CLEAN LIFE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing July 21. Psalm 119: 9-16.

WE have been so effusive in our welcome of the great sinner who has quitted his ways and turned to the Lord, that there has arisen a danger of young men thinking that there is a peculiar value and dignity attaching to the prodigal. We would not change our way in spite of the danger, nor abate by one whit the cordiality of our welcome, for it is meet that we be glad when he that was dead is alive again, and he that was lost is found. But the danger is, nevertheless, a real one and it is increased by the current opinion in society that it is manly to indulge in sin. The sneers worldlings keep for the good young man, their epithets of milksop and similar contemptuous names have been weighty forces in dragging down many a young man into vicious ways. Everything seems to combine to make the downward path easy and attractive, and as the young man is drawn toward it by the impulses of his own nature and the temptations around him, he is liable to be influenced by the specious argument that when he repents and reforms—as of course he means to do—there will be great rejoicing over him, more than if he had never gone astray. It is therefore important to emphasize by every means the fact that sin is always loss, that over and above its guilt, it is detriment and demoralizaion. It taints, maims, and dwarfs the nature of any man who falls into it, and leaves him a poorer, weaker, worse man in every way. Through the mercy of God its guilt is removed and the sinner becomes the child of God, but it is in spite of his sin and not because of it.

The question of the Psalmist, therefore, is the most important any young man can ask at the opening of his active career: Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? He can acquire no knowledge so precious as that. If he can have a clean way, a pure life, he is a better man and more enviable in the end than if he had riches and honors. And the form of the question is an intimation of the kind of danger that besets him.

The way needs cleansing. His feet will inevitably go near the mire. That it shall not pollute him and shall not adhere to him is the utmost he can hope. He must take heed thereto, the Psalmist tells him. There must be active vigilance. Mere passivity is not sufficient. He who would keep the evil out of his heart, even in imagination, must be continually on guard. Like the ground, it will produce noxious weeds without any sowing. The animal nature with which the spiritual is so intimately associated, will gain the predominance if it be not rigorously held under. Woe to the young man whose life is ruled by his body, who is forced to gratify its appetites and desires against the protest of his spirit and conscience. That is the worst kind of anarchy. The dethroned sovereign of his nature may regain its rightful place, but it will be only after a painful and protracted struggle which ought never to have been necessary. Happy and blessed is he who is spared that conflict by a steady maintenance of order and purity in his life from the start and a rigorous subjection of the rebellious passions which enslave and debase.

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THE TENEMENT HOUSE CHAPTER.

We are asked to remind King's Daughters who read this page, of the needs of the Chapter that works among the tenements of New York. This Chapter, while doing a most important work among the poor of the East side of the city, has of late been sadly crippled for money. The Mizpah Christmas Circle of New York has become interested in it and is anxious to start a subscription list for it among the Circles. They head this list with $10.00.

The Tenement House Chapter was organized to represent The Order of the King's Daughters in Tenement House Work, in New York; and it naturally looks to the Order for support. Circles at a distance which would gladly help in the actual work of the Chapter if they were nearer, can, by adding their name to this subscription list, have a personal interest in all that goes on, and will feel when they read of the Clubs, the Fresh Air Work, the Nursing and the Flower Mission, that a certain part of it has been their own work. Subscriptions should be sent to Miss Charlotte A. Waterbury, 77 Madison street, New York, from whom also any desired information may be obtained.

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THE BOSTON CONVENTION.

The date of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the day set for the opening of the great International, Inter-denominational Christian Endeavor Convention in Boston, Mass., the Fourteenth of its line. Our readers know well what that means. Thousands of them can bear witness to the wonderful stimulus, the glorious access of spiritual energy that former conventions have imparted. The Fourteenth Convention is not likely to fall behind its predecessors. Dr. Clark says: "Our fellowship has increased all the world around as never before in all the fourteen years of our history. In many new countries—notably in Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden and Holland—the work has been started, and the Constitution has been translated into a number of additional languages in many lands." Representatives from the greater number of these are expected to be present at this Convention, and will take part in the proceedings.

In point of numbers it is difficult to see how the record of 1894 can be beaten. Yet the growth hitherto from year to year would lead us to anticipate an advance even on the enormous figures of 1894. The Convention of that year which was held at Cleveland, O., numbered nearly 40,000. The first Convention at Portland, Me., in 1882, numbered 200. The rate of progression, therefore, can be easily calculated.

On this page is a picture of Mechanics' Building, the main auditorium of the Convention, and with it the latest portrait of the President of the United Society, Dr. F. E. Clark, who has so changed his appearance by the use of the razor as to be scarcely recognizable to friends who have not seen him for a year or two. From a gentleman who has access to reliable information, we have received the following hints of the characteristics of the great meeting which is to continue until Monday evening next:

The wonderful nature of the Boston Convention may be somewhat understood from the fact that no less than 250 meetings will be held during the five days, and more than 1,000 addresses will be delivered. Only a small portion of these will be in Mechanics' Hall and in the two mammoth tents on Boston Common. The committee conferences, sunrise prayer meeting, State and denominational rallies, will bring up the numbers.

The excellent balance that has been maintained in arranging for all the meetings of the Boston Convention is shown by a glance at the programme for Thursday night. In the Hall, Mr. Moody speaks; in Tent Williston, Dr. Talmage is to be heard; and in Tent Endeavor, Mr. John G. Woolley will occupy the platform.

The universal scope of the Christian Endeavor Society will be strikingly manifested at the Friday night session of the Boston Convention, when representatives from seventeen different countries will deliver addresses. This is to be "Fellowship Night."

PRESIDENT DR. F. E. CLARK.

With all the "Advances," the Convention has not overlooked the matter of music. Besides the vocalists, whose names are not yet announced, the famous Park Sisters, of New York, will play the cornet. The Park Sisters have carried past conventions by storm, and all four of them will be at Boston,. Three especially able musical directors have been secured, Mr. George C. Stebbins, Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. Percy L. Foster, Washington, D. C., and Mr. L. F. Lindsay, St. Louis, Mo.

Arrangements have been made whereby the delegates will go out, in groups of twenty or thereabouts, and conduct devotional prayer meetings in a number of the stores, shops, and factories of Boston, with a view to presenting the glory of "Christ and him crucfied" to those to whom he is a stranger. The services will be carefully arranged in advance, so that with all the thoroughness and precision of a military movement this gospel campaign may cover the city. Mr. Dwight L. Moody, Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., Rev. James L. Hill, D.D., Rev. Charles Rhodes, Philadelphia, Penn., Rev. Chas. L. Oliver, York, Penn., Rev. Francis E. Smiley, Denver, Col., and Mr. C. N. Hunt., Minneapolis, Minn., will have the general charge of these meetings.

One conspicuous change in the Christian Endeavor Convention programme, is that which does away with all Sunday services, thereby rendering Sunday travel unnecessary. This is only one of the many departures that have been made in the Boston Convention from the custom of previous years.

A peculiar feature of the Convention, the like of which has probably never before been witnessed anywhere, will be a remarkable patriotic demonstration on Boston Common, on Saturday afternoon, July 13. The delegates will assemble from each of the three immense auditoriums (and fully fifty thousand delegates are expected), and will march from Mechanics' Hall to Boston Common, where a monster mass meeting will be held. The Governor of the State will deliver an address, and Dr. S. F. Smith, the author of "America," will sing his hymn. And, by the way, Dr. Smith is to write a special Convention hymn for this gathering. A number of prominent reformers will deliver addresses of a citizenship nature, and a chorus of a thousand voices, augmented by an immense orchestra, will sing patriotic songs.

There will be a unique souvenir of this occasion distributed among the delegates. It is a beautifully illuminated card, containing the hymn, "America," and a number of emblematic designs. A thousand copies of this card have been presented to the Boston Committee by Miss Helen M. Cougar, who originally designed the card made for private distribution among her friends.

The missionary interest of the Convention will be very great. This will be one of the leading features of the meeting. More missionaries from foreign lands will have ever before addressed a Christian Endeavor Convention will be present in Boston, and a number of the leaders of missionary thought in the evangelical denominations of our land will make addresses. One entire session both the hall and the two tents will be devoted to the general theme of "The World for Christ." The missionary rally on Saturday afternoon promises to be an exceptionally valuable service for those interested in the subject of missions in a practical way. Thursday afternoon will be given over wholly to meetings of the denominational clans, and hints from the leaders indicate that the rallies will be rich in practical results.

MECHANICS' BUILDING, BOSTON, MASS., THE MAIN AUDITORIUM OF C. E. CONVENTION.

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REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on June 30, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Kindred and Friends: Reader, La Crosse, Wis., on behalf of an unsaved husband and a wife who is a backslider, that both may be drawn to Christ, and be added to rear their children in the faith.——A. E. L., Big Springs, O., for the conversion of an aged father.——"One Who Believes," Elk Neck, Md., for the conversion of a son and an invalid mother.——"In His Name," Warren, Pa., for the conversion of two sons of Christian parents.——"An Interested Daughter," Hagerstown, Maryland, for an intemperate father, whose influence in his family is injurious, that he may be made sober and converted.——M. M., Columbia Falls, Me., on behalf of two unconverted sons, two brothers and a friend.——H. L. ——, that two young ladies who are spiritually blind may learn their need of Christ and seek him.——F. A. N., Geneva, Tex., that God would mercifully touch the heart of a son who is held under the power of drink and has gone away from home, also for husband and daughter, to whom is converted.——A Mother, Bay County, ——, earnestly begs prayers for the conversion of two sons, a daughter, and a son-in-law.——Reader, Linn Co., Mo., for her husband and two children, that they may become true Christians.——A Sister, Martinsburg, W. Va., for the conversion of a friend who is in spiritual darkness.

For Special Blessings. G. C., Mich. That God would give grace to overcome a selfish disposition and fit her for service in his cause.——F. S. P., Philadelphia, Pa., on behalf of a lady distracted with trouble and in danger of committing suicide, that God would give her his peace which passes understanding.——"Reader," Me., who desires to return thanks for the answer to a prayer presented in this column recently that God would open the eyes of several dear friends to the wrong that is here, and that they may be guided into the Light.

For the Restoration of Health. A King's Daughter, for the recovery of her mother who suffers.——Old Subscriber, Auburndale, O., for the recovery of an invalid daughter that she may be able to work for Christ.——"Reader," on behalf of a widow of a missionary that she may have strength to undergo a dangerous operation and be safely through it.——A. F. R., Big Springs, O., has once had her life spared in answer to prayer, that she may again be raised from a bed of sickness to which she has been confined now for more than six months.——"Believer," Morton, Ill., for restoration of sight.——Subscriber, Hamilton, O., for the recovery of a son afflicted with melancholia.——"Reader," Tongtown, Miss., who has been afflicted for six years, that God would mercifully restore her.

The Homes of Damascus.

Some of the Curious Things to be Seen in One of the Oldest Cities in the World.

NOWHERE in the East are there more attractions for the observant and thoughtful traveler than in the ancient city of Damascus. Its quaint buildings, but little changed in the style of their architecture since the days of the patriarchs; its gaily-turbaned men and veiled women; its numerous camels and donkeys; the ever-teeming bazaars and dingy low-ceiled cafes; the shops at whose doors sit the workers in silver and brass and all artistic metals: the silk merchants, carpet-vendors, and dealers in antique taste: the fruit-sellers with their baskets, and the ubiquitous water-carriers all attract the attention and excite the senses. One of these characteristic scenes—a bazaar exclusively occupied by workers in metal, chasers and engravers — is presented in the photograph on this page. The low, panelled doors, and overhanging, latticed windows, the artificers plying their trade outside the open court, and the mingled display of metal jars, inlaid tables, brass lamps, and other articles, piled in apparent confusion, combine to make a picture of industrial activity such as can be found in the East alone.

There are a thousand and one objects of interest in Damascus to be viewed by the tourist. These include the traditional house of Ananias, in which Paul was received after being Divinely smitten with temporary blindness; the great Mohammedan mosque once a Christian church, in which there is a tomb that is said to contain the head of John the Baptist; the place where Naaman, the great Syrian commander-in-chief, deposited the holy soil which he brought back with him when he returned from his visit to the Jordan, clean and whole; the famous "street called Straight," and the great Khans, where travelers from distant parts of the East lodge, with their animals. There are, besides, the booksellers' bazaar where only Mohammedan books are sold, and the bazaars of the boot and saddlers, of the coppersmiths, of the confectioners, (where the famous Damascus fruits are on sale), of the Persians, where pieces of printed goods and carpets are on exhibition; the Jewish Quarter, Saladin's Tomb, Naaman's House, and the Mausoleum of Fatima the Beautiful, daughter of the Prophet. At every step one is reminded that the great age of the city, which is said to have been founded by Uz, the grandson of Noah. Its streets may have been trodden by Abraham. It was here, too, in the synagogue which has long since disappeared that Paul first preached Christ, after his miraculous conversion.

From the hotel where strangers usually lodge the guest can hear the murmur and splash of the Abana, while not far distant is the greater river, the Pharpar. Filthy beyond description as to its streets, Damascus, its environs, is almost a paradise, for the abundant drainage of the two rivers has made the soil rich in verdure, and every species of tropical plant-life, while beyond, stretching to all points of the compass, lies the parched, barren desert.

As in all Eastern cities, the home-life of Damascus is hidden from the public gaze. The eye may not penetrate those walls of heavy whitish-gray stone; but if one is privileged to enter as a guest, the attractions of a Damascene interior may be seen. Some of the houses—nearly all of which have ample court-yards—are rich in decoration, as to walls, ceilings and floors, and the mosaic work and carvings found in many mansions would delight an art connoisseur. The women pass their time either indoors, or in the courts or gardens attached, making occasional visits to the bazaars, the mosques, and the baths, and being at such times attended by a servant and closely veiled. Their lives, with few exceptions, are those of menials or petted dependants, with few opportunities for mental improvement or social relaxation, as it is understood in the Western world. With respect to their religious belief, the population is overwhelmingly Mohammedan, and the muezzins, or officers of religion, call the people to prayer five times a day. Damascus contains probably 15,000 Christians, to 130,000 followers of the Prophet.

A BRASS WORKERS' BAZAAR IN DAMASCUS.

"From a photograph brought from the East by the Proprietor of The Christian Herald."

On a Mohammedan mosque in Damascus, unnoted probably for centuries, there was recently discovered an inscription in ancient Greek characters, which read: "Thy kingdom, oh Christ, is an everlasting kingdom." It is believed to have been engraved by the Crusaders. The inscription is prophetic, for it fortells the future not of Damascus only, but of the entire Moslem world, which is ultimately to be converted to Jesus. The time will yet come, when Damascus will be redeemed, and the city of the patriarchs will yet be possessed by a people who render a loving allegiance to the Saviour of men and live at peace with all the world. In those days, Damascus will again be an Oriental centre of energy and enterprise, of far-reaching industries and happy, prosperous homes.

* * *

Thoughtful Courtesy.

In training a child to courtesy, it is of little use to tell him to be forgetful of himself; but it is of value to tell him to be thoughtful of others. The more a person tries to forget himself, the surer he will be to think of himself. Often, indeed, it is the very effort of a person to forget himself, that makes that person painfully self-conscious, and causes him to seem bashful and embarrassed. But when a child thinks of others, his thoughts go away from himself, and self-forgetfulness is a result, rather than a cause, of his action.

In order to be courteous, a child must have a care to give due deference to others, in his ordinary salutations and greetings, and in his expression of thanks for every kindness or attention shown to him. So far most parents, who give any thought to a matter like this, are ready to go. But true courtesy includes a great deal more than this; and a child needs training accordingly.

* * *

Never too Young to Love Christ.

Rev. Dr. Judson relates this incident, illustrative of the duty of parents to draw their children's hearts to Jesus:

"Mother," a little child once said, "how old must I be before I can be a Christian?" The wise mother answered: "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?" "Why, mother, I always loved you, I do now, and I always shall; but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be." The mother replied: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself at all times wholly to me and my care?" "I always did," she answered; "but tell me what I want to know." And she put her arms around her mother's neck. The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing any older." Her mother said: "You can be a Christian now, darling, without waiting to be older. Don't you want to begin now?" The child whispered: "Yes." And in this simple fashion the greatest of lessons was learned.

* * *

An Imperial Housekeeper.

The Empress of Germany, like all German girls, was brought up to be a practical housekeeper, and it is the Emperor's boast that she can make pastry better than any of his cooks. To the Emperor she has been a devoted wife, and one of his noblest traits is his almost reverent affection for his consort. "I am never so happy," he says, "as when I dine at home alone with my wife." Her children are equally fond of her. She settles all disputes, and they always expect that, before retiring, "mother shall kiss them good night."

THE LORD BOWS DOWN.

OH, the Lord bows down to listen,
And the kingly head bows low;
To the prayers of His earthly children
That forever upward flow.
And the Lord in gladness hearkens,
To the prayer of praise and love,
That roots and branches here on earth,
And blooms in Heaven above.

Yes, the Lord bows low to listen
To the prayer of grief and pain,
When the heart is hurt and broken,
And the tears fall down like rain.
And the Lord gives heed in mercy
To the prayer of sin and shame
It was not to save the righteous;
But for sinners that He came.

Oh, the Lord with love doth listen
To the prayers that upward roll,
From the weary, worn and wretched,
That have naught beside the soul.
Now with blessings sweet He hears them,
And the joyful angels sing:
When the prayers of little children
Float upward, toward the King.

—MARY L. HITCHCOCK.

* * *

CHILDREN'S LOVE OF FLOWERS.

ONE of the most touching features of a summer experience at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, is the love of flowers, which seems to be universal among the little guests. By handfuls, armfuls, and lapfuls they gather them, and make chaplets, posies, and nosegays with a deftness that shows what a natural affinity exists between our little human rose-buds and the blossoms of the garden and field.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle writes lovingly of early floral fancies. She says: "The dandelion was one of the earliest flowers to stir the children's memories, — memories which had lain dormant all winter; in New England it is 'the firstling of the year.' In the days of my childhood, we did not wait for the buttercups to open, to learn whether we 'loved butter;' the soft, dimpled chin of each child was held up, as had been those of other children of past decades, to catch the yellow reflection of the first dandelion.

"When the dandelion had lost her golden locks, and had grown old and gray, the children still plucked the downy heads, the 'clocks,' or snowballs, and holding them by the strong stems which bore aloft these airy seed-vessels, and fortifying the strong young lungs with a deep breath, they blew up the head 'to see whether my mother wants me,' or to learn the time o' the day.

"The ox-eye daisy, brought to New England by Endicott as a garden flower, soon followed the dandelion in bloom, and a fresh necklace could be strung from the starry blossoms, a daisy-chain. The daisy was also used as a medium of divination, by pulling from the floret the white ray-flowers, saying, 'He loves me, he loves me not.' Though the spring violets were dearly loved, we slaughtered them ruthlessly by 'fighting roosters' with them. The projecting spur under the curved stem at the base of the flower was a hook, and when the violets 'clinched' we pulled till the stronger was conqueror.

"There was a certain garden lore connected with insects, not so varied or extensive, probably, as a child would have upon a farm. We said to the snail,

Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you as black as a coal.

"We sang to the lady-bug,

Lady-bug, lady-bug fly away home;
Your house is on fire, your children will burn.

"We caught the grasshoppers and exhorted them,

Grandfather, grandfather gray,
Give me molasses, or I'll throw you away.

"And we sang some songs to the daddy-long-legs which memory has allowed to escape. We believed that earwigs lived for the sole purpose of penetrating our ears, that dragon-flies flew with the sole thought of sewing up our lips. To-day I remember these childish floral loves and rhymes of the country children."

A Good Child

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable and unnecessary.

ALICE MAPLETON'S ORDEAL

A STORY OF NOBLE FORTITUDE UNDER TRIAL.

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by E. CARSWELL.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Congratulations.

THE mystery of the packing case was partly explained, when the ceremony of dedicating the new building took place. Before the dinner was put on the tables, and while the denizens of all the tenement houses in the district sat in waiting expectancy, Mr. Joy, who presided, announced that there would be a little music, as Mr. Drinkwater and his famous quartette were present, and had volunteered to assist in the dedication. Mr. Drinkwater came to the front, a tall man with a sunny face, a humorous twinkle in his eyes, and a high dome-like forehead which stretched back to his crown like the bare crag of some hoary mountain top. Pushing aside a screen, he pointed to a beautiful organ which it had hidden.

"Before we sing," he said, "I want to tell you about this organ, and how it comes to be here. I had some business yesterday at an organ-builder's in your city, and while I was there, I saw a gentleman whom I did not know, looking around the stock. Not being a very bashful man, I soon made his acquaintance, and in the course of the talk I mentioned incidentally that I was coming here this afternoon, and that I was expecting to help along a little with the music. He said that was curious, for he wanted to help along with the music here, too, and that it was that desire that brought him to the place. Finally it came out that he wanted to present the Mission with an organ, and I helped him to choose it. Here it is, and I do not know where there is a better one of its size in the State. That is all the story, except the giver's name, and that is my secret."

"We will get Mr. Drinkwater to give us the name," said Mr. Joy. "We want to know whom to thank for such a handsome gift."

"No, I am pledged," said Mr. Drinkwater. "I may say, however, that the gentleman said the gift was an expression of his esteem for a young lady whom some of you know. Her name is Alice Mapleton."

"Three cheers for Miss Alice," cried some one, and they were given with hearty good will.

Alice was blushing, but her face beamed with happiness, and she smilingly complied when Mr. Drinkwater beckoned her to come and take her seat at the organ. Then the singing began, and was kept up till the dinner was put on the table.

It was a novel, yet pleasant sight, to see the young ladies waiting on the rough-looking men and poorly-dressed women.

We need hardly say that the guests were enjoying themselves, as this dinner was the most costly and elaborate thing they had ever enjoyed in their lives.

Alice was very much puzzled about the organ. "Who could it be?" she said for the twentieth time as she and Louie walked down the room, when Louie stopped suddenly and exclaimed, "Oh, Alice! I believe I know; I do believe it was papa. I remember now that he asked me yesterday what sort of an organ we had. I told him that we had none as yet. And he has been hiding all the evening; I only found out a little [illegible] that he was here. If I was only sure, I do believe I would go and hug him right before all the people."

"Better wait till you get home, Louie. We must set an example of decorum. Now let us help to get things clear, for everyone seems to have finished."

By and by Mr. Joy's stentorian voice was heard, calling the meeting to order.

The quartette sang, "There's a Good T[illegible]."

"That song," said Mr. Joy, "would have been more appropriate if sung an hour or so ago, for the 'good time' arrived and is here. We are having a 'good time,' and we mean to keep it up to the end of the meeting. Now, I want you all to feel perfectly at home; this, remember, is not a charity affair. We are all friends, and we want each one to take part in dedicating this hall to religion, temperance, and progress.

"Mr. Jacobs has with wonderful generosity given it for the benefit of his tenants and their friends. Any society the object of which is the improvement of its members morally, mentally, or physically, will be welcome, and to such the hall will be free.

"This entertainment is given by some kind friends who are about to leave us; they have lived among us for a year or more, and they say we have been kind to them. I know they have been very kind to us. (Cries of "That's so.")

"We are sorry to lose them, but we cannot expect them to stay. They don't really belong to our sphere; but poverty came on them and drove them out of their own circle, and we had the benefit of their society for a time. Now they have recovered their property, they will resume the position which they had previously adorned. We shall not forget them, and we hope they will remember us and come and see us often in this, our beautiful new home. We owe the convenience of being able to invite them, indirectly to them. It was Miss Alice's efforts to be useful that suggested to Mr. Jacobs this means of helpfulness. You all know Mr. Jacobs, and are aware that he has built this place and furnished it at his own expense for our use. (Three cheers for Jacobs.) We mean to show him that we appreciate his kindness, by making a good use of it. There is nothing that will please him so much as to have it occupied every night, and in the day time, too. Now you understand the situation, and we will have some more music."

Mr. Graham who was seated next to Mr. Jacobs was in high spirits.

"You seem to feel pretty goot mine frien'," said the old man.

"Yes, my friend, I was thinking what a change it would make in this wicked world if all professing Christians were like these ladies, all ministers like Joy, and all money-lenders like Jacobs."

"Yes, mine frien', but then you and I would be out of business pretty quick."

"That's so," said the detective with a smile.

One song followed another and the people so evidently enjoyed the unwonted delight, that Mr. Joy looked ruefully at his programme. "Now," said he, as the cheering after one of the pieces subsided, "we want to hear from one or two of our friends. I have one here in charge of a detective who, I think, may have had some trouble in keeping him from escaping, so we will call on him first. Mr. Jacobs, we all want to thank you for this splendid gift to the people of your neighborhood. What have you to say for yourself?"

"There is nothing that I would wish to say, Mr. Chairman," said the good old Jew, speaking slowly and with unusual distinctness. "I did not know I was in custody, though mine frient Graham did sit by me and talk to me. Running away I did not think of, because I felt good to see every one happy. If I had known that I was expected to speak, I should have tried what I could do to slip oudt. But I need not speak much. You thank me—well, I thank you, too. I am happy in this thing, I do it to please myself, to please a young lady that I know, and I do it to help you all. You are Christians, I am a Jew. Well, we get along together. When I see a man drinking and his wife ragged and his children dirty and hungry, I am sorry and the Christian is sorry, too, if he is a good Christian. When we see him quit drinking and try to live better and brighten up, we are both glad. Well, there is no difference between us as to that. I notice that a man drinks more when he is dull and his home is miserable, and I find a certain young lady, a good frient of mine, has been trying to improve all this. I am glad and I say I wish success. Let me help, and so I have this place being built, and I help with that. Here is the place for anybody to come when he is dull and miserable. It is better than the saloon. Miss Alice and her frients will make it what it should be. I don't know how. But it is for you, and she will tell you how to use it. All old Jacobs wants in the way of thanks is that you make use of the place and that it shall be a help to you."

Mr. Joy had been beaming lovingly on the old man all the time he was speaking, and when he was going to his seat he stopped him, and taking his hand before them all, he said: "May the God of Israel, your God and our God, bless you abundantly for your good intentions, and reward you a hundred-fold for your gift. To your race we owe our Bible, and of your race our Lord came. You have been the spiritual teachers of the world for many generations, and we have repaid our obligations to you with scorn and ingratitude. But I venture to say that in this section the Jew will never be evil spoken of. In the presence of your friends I pray sincerely, may God bless you."

Then he consulted his programme and said: "We won't have any of these speeches. Let us hear from anybody who has any suggestion to make about this new enterprise, and how it should be conducted to be of the most use."

This invitation brought out a number of volunteers who each had thought of some good purpose that might be served by the new centre of neighborly feeling, and Mr. Joy made a note of these suggestions for the benefit of the committee. He read them all over to their authors and they were approved.

Just then a great, broad-shouldered, rough looking man, who wore a blue pea jacket with brass buttons, and a red handkerchief around his neck, asked if he might say a word.

"Certainly, my friend," said Mr. Joy, glad to hear from you."

"My name be Huggins," said the man, "I be English and I drives a truck and I be a roughish sort of a man. Well, my friend Wilkins, 'e drives a truck an' 'e be English too. One day, says 'e to me says 'e, 'Bill, the folks in our house be getting teetotal.'

"And says I to him, says I, 'it be a good thing for women and children and men as don't have to work hard, but chaps like you and me as has to be out in all kinds o' weather, we needs our beer,' says I.

"'Then,' says 'e to me, says 'e, 'Mebbe that's so, but I notices the kids be looking better and the women more fixed up than ours be, and I be afeered we aint keeping up wid the percession.'

"Then says I to 'im, says I, 'What be you driving at, Jack?'

"And says 'e, 'suppose we tries it a week, Bill, and see how it goes?'

"'Tries what,' says I.

"'The teetotal,' says 'e.

"Then says I, 'if you can stand it, I can.'

"And says 'e, 'it's a go.' So we shook 'ands on it, and we've stuck to it.

"It was toughish at first, but when I gave my ol' woman my wages on Saturday night I felt better, for says she, 'Is this all for me?'

"And says I, 'Yes.'

"And says she, 'Oh, Bill, it's so good of you, now Susie can go to school again where she aint been for two weeks on account of having no shoes.'

"Then says I to myself, says I, 'Bill, aint you ashamed of yourself, 'ere you've a been swallowing down boots and dresses as your children needed, and a keeping learning out of their heads so as you might guzzle down beer yourself, that don't do you no good. You be a hog,' says I, 'and be ent you ashamed of yourself?' And says I to myself, 'I be.'

"Then on Sunday I sees Jack and says I, 'How goes it old 'fellow?'

"And says 'e to me, 'I tell you, Bill, I've 'ad the best dinner to-day we've 'ad in our 'ouse for a long time, and my wife and the youngsters begin to look better already. She thinks I've 'ad a big rise in wages, and says she, "this week has been like when we was just married 'cause we aint had a row," so I be going to stick to it. What say you?'

"And says I, 'since the ladies has been so kind as to invite us to the big dinner, suppose we go and just out with it before the hull crowd and sign for good.'

"And says 'e, 'if thou'll do the taking I'll be with you and back you up.'

"So, ladies, if you will take two [illegible] fellows on your pledge book, we'll be [illegible] glad to sign it."

"And we shall be delighted to [illegible] you," said Alice.

While Mr. Huggins was speaking [illegible] wife, after her first look of surprise, [illegible] to exchange nods with Mrs. Wilkins. Then Mrs. Wilkins began to clap [illegible] hands, and Mrs. Huggins to cry.

Mr. Joy rose, and with his usual [illegible] inary shout of 'Glory,' said: "That [illegible] best speech I have heard in a long [illegible]. When a man feels that he is doing [illegible] and would like to do better, but keep [illegible] feelings to himself, the devil is not [illegible] afraid, but says to himself, 'I must [illegible] him a little and perhaps change the [illegible], and he will be all right in a few da[illegible] has not the courage to break away [illegible] when a man has the courage to sta[illegible] before his fellow-men and say, 'I [illegible] the wrong and want to be right,' th[illegible] devil gets frightened and jerks th[illegible], but it's too late, the victim is off th[illegible] and escaped. You felt him jerking a[illegible] appetite all the week, I have no doul[illegible] you were almost drawn into the salo[illegible]"

Here the quartette struck up: "[illegible] de middle of de King's highway."

A very touching address was pre[illegible] to Mrs. Mapleton and her daughter, [illegible] working people of the neighborhood.

When Mrs. Mapleton arose to [illegible], there were shouts of applause. She [illegible]:

"I am not accustomed to [illegible] speeches in public. All I can say in [illegible] to your kind words is, that I si[illegible] thank you not only for them, but [illegible] your kindness to my daughter and [illegible] while we have been living among [illegible] carry away with me a treasure I [illegible] own when I came, and which I migh[illegible] have had, if I had not been brough[illegible] the peace of God. That is worth in[illegible] more than I lost. I know its value [illegible] learned it among you. That will m[illegible] experience in this neighborhood [illegible] memory to me as long as I live."

Mrs. Mapleton sat down amid sh[illegible] of applause, some of the women were [illegible], and the dedication closed with a [illegible] song from the quartette.

"It has been one of the happiest [illegible] of my life," said Mrs. Mapleton.

"Vell, I tink it vas a goot day' bees-ness, for I felt petter as if I make a [illegible] dollars," said Mr. Jacobs.

"I never was so tired since th[illegible] was born, and yet I'd like to beg it [illegible] over again," said Mrs. Callaghan.

"We have had a blessed go[illegible] while casting our bread upon the [illegible] now, if we are to have another goo[illegible] and perhaps many, when it returns [illegible] many days," then I think with [illegible] Jacobs, that we have done a good da[illegible] business, and I pray that you who ha[illegible] such noble work to-day, may in [illegible] lose your reward," said Mr. Joy.

Someone sang in a deep, rich [illegible] "Praise God from whom all [illegible] flow," and looking around they [illegible] Mr. Drinkwater's bald head on the o[illegible] of the group and knew whose voice it was.

"I feel very well satisfied with [illegible] ginning," said Alice, "and so I [illegible] think that it is only the beginnin[illegible] good results that are to follow yo[illegible] and good act, Mr. Jacobs, but I d[illegible] knew about that organ, I shall [illegible] until I find out who the generous g[illegible]."

"Why not employ a detecti[illegible] Mapleton," asked Mr. Graham, [illegible] smile.

"Oh, I never thought of that, [illegible] Graham you are just the man."

"I went into the basement and f[illegible] case in which it came," said the c[illegible] "A card was tacked on it, on wh[illegible] written the name of the hall when it was to be left. I removed the card an[illegible] on the other side the business [illegible] well-known merchant, and that it [illegible] be lost, I will present it to his da[illegible] and he handed the card to Louie, [illegible] aloud as far as—"John Wilson, In[illegible]—and then she clapped her hands, [illegible]ing, "Now, was I not right, Ali[illegible] sure it was from him, and I am [illegible] that it was."

"So you had a suspicion as to [illegible] son," said Mr. Graham; "well I [illegible] of that as I have done a very [illegible] sional thing, I will give you the c[illegible] let you bear the responsibility," [illegible] all went off laughing.

(To be Concluded.)

HOW A MISSIONARY DIES.

In a letter to the "Church at Home and Abroad," Mr. M. N. Kerr supplements the brief news of the death of Dr. Good, so long the devoted missionary at Batanga, Western Africa. Mr. Kerr was with him when he died, and he gives a pathetic account of his last hours. At times he lost his mind and seemed to be wandering. Efforts to bring down the temperature by cold baths were only partially successful. After one of them, however, his mind became quite clear, and he realized that he was dying, and gave a message for his wife and son. He begged us most earnestly to push on without fear in the development of the interior stations. He was out exploring the country for a suitable site when he was attacked by the fever which proved fatal. A short time before his death, his mind was specially clear for a few moments. He prayed most earnestly for our mission work, for those of us remaining here and for additional missionaries to man the stations. He closed with a few words of supplication on his own behalf, that he might be prepared for his coming change. No more self-forgetful prayer could have been offered. We, who stood by his bedside, were deeply moved.

The day after Dr. Good's death, hundreds of people came to the station to express their sympathy. They were not moved by mere idle curiosity, but the tears in many eyes revealed that their hearts were touched.

He was buried on the hill at Efulen overlooking the villages for which he labored and prayed. His coffin, made by Mr. Kerr, was carried by representative men of surrounding tribes.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

The following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

Willie Dickerson, Ill.
Mrs. D. Carpenter, Mich.
An Old Subscriber, Spencerport.
Thomas and Emma C. Johnston.
Mrs. L. Williams, N. Y. C.
Edgerton Place Mission Society, Kans.
Mrs. Minnie P. Smith, L. I., N. Y.
Mrs. I. C. Bucket, Md.
Isaac C. Woodside, Bath.
Florence Carleton, Fla.
J. O., Eureka Mills.
L. M. Bates.
Miss Nellie S. Bailey.
Mrs. J. Brice.
Mrs. E. E. Fisher.
Miss E. Burkle.
L. F., West Haven, Ct.
Mr. and Mrs. Hiram F. Clark.
In His Name, Warren, Pa.
A. Friend, Buckhannon, W. Va.
H. S., South Park, N. J.
— South Britain, Ct.
J. A. P., Southampton, Mass.
L. Cullen, Mass.
G. and K. D., Holland, Mich.
Six Daughters of Presb. Church of Cherrytree.
Mrs. Henry Scoville, Middletown.
H. Ingenberg, Neb.
Arthur E. Clifton, Mass.
W. Austin, Ga.
Geo. A. Thornton.
Mrs. J. Thornton.
Rev. W. Griffith.
D. S. Hamilton, N. D.
Wm. Griffling, N. Y.
Mrs. C. Torbit, Mo.
R. Lievers, Cleveland
L. Cullen, Mass.
Miss Minnie Tinley, Kalamazoo.
Mr. and Mrs. H. Borden, Va.
Louise Lancett, Axton.
Florence N. Churchwell, Brooklyn.

All desiring to be enrolled on the list of 100, should send their names and address to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE FOLLY OF REVENGE.

The Arabians have a quaint old story that has a noble lesson in it. A haughty favorite of an Oriental monarch, who was passing along the highway—so runs the story—threw a stone at a poor dervish or priest. The dervish did not dare to throw it back at the man who had assaulted him, for he knew the favorite was very powerful. So he picked up the stone and put it carefully in his pocket, saying to himself, "The time for revenge will come by and by, and then I will repay him for it." Not long afterward, the dervish saw a crowd coming toward him. He hastened to see what was the matter, and found to his astonishment that his enemy, the favorite, who had fallen in disgrace with the king, was being paraded through the principal streets on a camel, exposed to the jests and insults of the populace. The dervish, seeing all this, hastily grasped at the stone in his pocket. But, after considering a moment, he threw the stone away, saying, "The time for revenge never comes; for if our enemy is powerful, revenge is dangerous as well as foolish; and if he is weak and wretched, then revenge is worse than foolish, it is mean and cruel."

A Stitch in Time

Saves nine, says the old proverb, and it is equally true that a little of the right medicine in the Spring or when the first symptoms of trouble appear, will prevent long illness.

Mr. J. F. Wassel, printer and publisher, at Dwight, Ill., says: "I neglected what seemed to be slight ailment until I became so broken down from rhumatism that I had to give up my work and became an invalid. I yielded to my wife's proposition to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I used two bottles and have entirely recovered my wonted strength and activity. I now put in full time at my office and enjoy life like a newly made man. My wife says

Hood's Sarsaparilla

did it and insisted on my writing this letter of gratitude in acknowledgment of the same." Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

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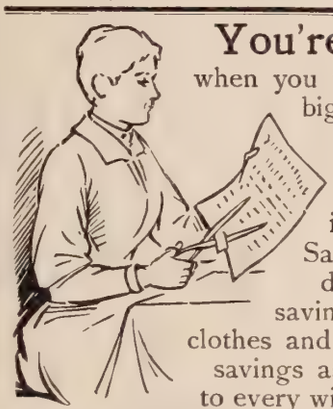
Free Catalogue. Geo. R. Fuller, Box 2117, Rochester, N. Y.



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when you use Pearline. Isn't every saving, big or little, a coupon that's clipped and paid? And where's a more satisfactory way of saving than by washing and cleaning with Pearline? That saves on both sides. Saves exertion and hard work and drudgery for you yourself—while it's saving actual money to your pocket, in clothes and time and health. It's by just such savings as these that genuine coupons come to every wise and thrifty woman. 475

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Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is sold by all druggists on positive guarantee, first bottle benefits, or money refunded.

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Restores Health.

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Comfort Powder is a quick cure. It is the summer medicine box.

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HARTFORD, CONN.
Send four cents in stamps for sample.

$5 00 EVERY DAY! Do you want to represent a large manufacturing company? We will employ a lady or gentleman in every locality at once. No experience required. This is not an advertising scheme but a genuine offer by a responsible concern. No money wanted, simply your name and address. Write today and learn how easily you can make $5 a day. LEONARD MFG. CO. 20 ADAMS STREET GA CHICAGO, ILLS.

Women and Women only

Are most competent to fully appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of CUTICURA SOAP and to discover new uses for it daily. In the form of washes, solutions, etc., for allaying inflammations, irritations, and weaknesses of the mucous membrane, it has proved most grateful.

CUTICURA SOAP appeals to the refined and cultivated everywhere, as the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet and bath.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON

QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—IN COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. **IT CAN NOT FAIL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUPERCEDES ELECTROLYSIS.

Recommended by all who have tested its merits—Used by people of refinement.

Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, **$1.00** per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. ☞Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) Cut this advertisement out.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED. | MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A. Manufacturers of the Highest Grade Hair Preparations. *You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery.*

We Offer $1,000 FOR FAILURE or the SLIGHTEST INJURY. ☞EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

"A handful of dirt may be a houseful of shame." Keep your house clean with **SAPOLIO**

COPCO

TRADE MARK.

Copco is the kind of soap you've often wished for when you have had something dainty to be washed—a bit of embroidery—a piece of silk or lace work—something of uncertain color. There's nothing but cleanliness ever follows the use of Copco—It's the *perfect* soap.

The N. K. Fairbank Company,
Chicago, New York, St. Louis.

Spencerian Steel Pens.

For **THIRTY-FIVE YEARS** have maintained their superiority for

Quality of Metal, Workmanship, Uniformity, Durability.

Sample card, **12 PENS,** different numbers, for all styles of writing, sent on receipt of **4 CENTS** in postage stamps.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.,
450 Broome St., New York.

MONUMENTS.

DON'T buy Marble or Granite until you investigate

WHITE BRONZE.

It is much more artistic and enduring, and much less expensive.

NO Moss-Growing. Cleaning. **NO** Cracking. Crumbling.

Prices to suit all. Work delivered everywhere. Write for designs and information. Costs nothing to investigate.

THE MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO.,
70-80 Howard Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

BEFORE BUYING A NEW HARNESS

Send 2 cent stamp for 80 page Illustrated Catalogue of Custom Handmade Oak Leather Harness, sold direct to consumers at wholesale prices. Why not buy from first hands and save the middleman's profit. You can buy by mail as well as though here in person. Making to order a specialty.
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A new and positive cure has been discovered in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. So great is the faith of the proprietors that it will cure any form of Dyspepsia or indigestion, that they will send a **free trial package** to any sufferer. Full sized package sold by all druggists at 50 cts. Address,
F. A. STUART CO., Marshall, Mich.

WATCHES. Best line, lowest prices. Catalogue free. KIRTLAND BROS. & CO., 62 Fulton street, New York.

GUNS. Mention The Christian Herald.

TRUSS The BEST is none too good. Send for 100-page illustrated book, and learn Which is BEST—and WHY.
L. B. SEELEY & CO., 258 S. 11th St., Philada., Pa.

The delicious fragrance, refreshing coolness and soft beauty imparted to the skin by POZZONI'S POWDER, commends it to all ladies.

TRIUMPH OVER TROUBLE.*

THERE is no power even in disgrace, in prisons, or bondage, or punishment of any sort, to give one trouble, if one is mastered by a great devotion to a noble purpose. There is no power in death, even though it come cruelly and harshly, to destroy this peace. Stephen in the hour of death had the face of an angel, and had comforting visions of his ascended Lord. The stones of the mob, and even the gnashing on him of their teeth, had no power to shut out the glories revealed to him.

On January 10th, 1860, the Pemberton mill, a large cotton factory at Lawrence, Mass., suddenly fell into ruins, burying the operatives in the debris. Some were rescued alive; others would have been, but a broken lantern set the ruins on fire and the rescuers were driven from their work. As they turned away, they distinctly heard some imprisoned girls who had been brought up in the Sunday School singing that precious hymn of William Hunter's,

My heavenly home is bright and fair.

And up from the flaming jaws of death there came the brave chorus,

I'm going home to die no more.

No, we may be sure we carry the source of trouble in our own hearts. Many a man on a throne has been troubled with the bitterest, sorest trouble that man can know. Wise men like Solomon have, in spite of their intelligence and their wisdom, been full of the keenest anguish and trouble. Rich men who lived in palaces, who could fly to the ends of the earth to find enjoyment, and gather luxuries from every clime, have yet committed suicide trying to escape their troubles. Brilliant men, having the ear of the world, poets, orators, statesmen, leaders of great armies, have been mastered by their passions and their lusts, and have fallen like Lucifer from heaven, ending their days in drunkenness and debauch and shame, wallowing in trouble. No, indeed; trouble does not come from things outside of us, but from what is within us. And if you want to give a man peace and cure his trouble, then you must change his heart.

A lady who had passed through the terrors of the Vicksburg siege and had had the awful din of bursting shells and the roar of cannon and turmoil of war ringing in her ears for weeks, wrote to a friend the night after the surrender: "Silence and night are once more united. It seems to me I can hear the silence and feel it, too. It wraps me like a soft garment; how else can I express this peace?" So a man who has been in the midst of the turmoil of passions, who has had the din of rebuking conscience ringing in his ears with warnings and threatenings, who has known regret and remorse, who has heard the roaring of the evil one as he came every day nearer, seeking to devour him, who has sought to do good and yet been led to do evil, when he finally gives over the struggle and surrenders his will and his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, when his sins are forgiven, his passions are curbed, his heart is cleansed and purified, his conscience is void of offense toward God and men—oh, the blessed peace that wraps that soul about like a soft garment!

Rest assured that the time will come

*[illegible]

For Mind Tiredness
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

[illegible]

A New Cure for Asthma

[illegible]

when only the consciousness that you are a poor sinner saved by divine grace will give you peace. Dr. Cuyler says that when the richest man who has died in New York within his memory was on his dying bed, he asked his attendants to sing for him. They sang the old familiar revival hymn, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy." The dying millionaire said to them, in a plaintive tone, "Yes, please sing that again for me. I am poor and needy." Ah! what could fifty millions of railway securities and bank stocks do for him on the verge of eternity?

MY GOD.‡

DEAR Lord, my Guide and Leader be;
I do not turn my face from Thee.

I am His child, He is my God,
And ever will He be my Lord.

I lie at rest upon His arm,
He'll keep me ever safe from harm.

He makes the day, He makes the night,
And does it all as He thinks right.

His face is fair, His garments shine;
Sinner, He wants that heart of thine.

He tries His children all to bless,
He gives them sleep and gives them rest.

He makes the sun and moon to shine,
He does all this, this God of mine.

‡ From *Miriam, a Christ-Child*: the pleasant memoir of a little Christian maid's short life. During her nine brief years on earth, she developed a rare and beautiful Christian character. The verses printed above were her last composition, and now read like a testimony. Pp. 40, cloth binding, price 35c. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

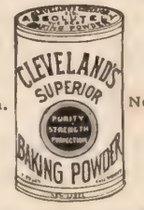
BOOKS RECEIVED.

Churches and Chapels: designs and suggestions for church building committees, architects and builders, etc., by F. E. Kidder, architect. Cloth binding; illustrated: pp. 55; price $1.50. Wm. T. Comstock, New York, publisher.

The Care of the Baby: A manual for mothers and nurses, by J. P. Crozer Griffith, M.D., Chemical Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. 302 pp.; price $1.50. W. B. Saunders, 925 Walnut St., Philadelphia, publisher.

A pure cream of tartar powder.

CLEVELAND'S



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It is pure and wholesome.

It is always sure. No spoiled dough to be thrown away.

It is not a secret nostrum. Its composition is stated on every tin.

Only a *rounded* spoonful is required, not a *heaping* spoonful.

Cleveland Baking Powder Co., New York,
Successor to Cleveland Brothers.

Money Made In One Half Minute.

I have not made less than $16.00 any day since I began selling the Centrifugal Ice Cream Freezers. It is such a wonder. I always have a crowd wanting ice cream. I make from $5.00 to $8.00 a day selling ice cream and from $2.00 to $10.00 a day selling freezers. I can freeze cream elegantly in one half minute and that astonishes people so they all want to sample the cream and then many of them buy freezers as the cream is smooth and contains no lumps. Every freezer is guaranteed to freeze the cream in one half minute. Anyone can sell ice cream and the freezer sells itself. My sister is making from $10.00 to $15.00 a day. Write to W. H. Baird & Co., Sta. A., Pittsburg, Pa., and they will mail you circulars and full particulars free so anyone can go right to work and make lots of money all summer.

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From New York. A DELIGHTFUL TRIP BY SEA to the Ports of TEXAS—GEORGIA—FLORIDA. Direct to Texas. Single and Return to all points in Texas, Louisville, Ky., Arizona, California, Mexico, Georgia and Florida. Write for our 64-Page Pamphlet, mailed free.

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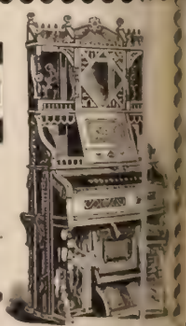

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and Head Noises relieved by using Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums. New scientific invention; different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.

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THE SPRING'S THE THING that makes THE EGAN TRUSS so helpful. A constant and unerring pressure that retains, protects, relieves & CURES RUPTURE

No other like it. A painless and sure remedy for all cases of rupture. Fully guaranteed. 1000's of testimonials and physicians' statements. Used by the government for past 30 years.

Write THE EGAN TRUSS Co.,
27 Huron St., ANN ARBOR, MICH.

A SURPRISED PROFESSOR.

ev. Professor Medley, a distinguished dine, recently related the following incidit: "A short time ago I paid a visit to a aged Christian woman whose life-story I now something of. From ten years old to eventy there had been a perpetual strugg Nothing had she ever known of comf, elegance, luxury; but she had known wi a knowledge deeper than many of us, Jus Christ. I went to see her with some vion of saying a few comforting words. B how grandly did she turn the tables un me! Comfort her! She needed nie of my consolation. Something or o'er in our interview unlocked her heart a unloosened her lips, and she told me, inbrief, the story of her life—a story of mk triumph, mercy, and goodness. I le her rejoicing and thanking God.

If we are in want of 'aids to faith,' and ca find no help in our own poor lives, let us leave our elaborate discussions, our apogetic lectures, our fearfully and wondoully constructed explanations of all things, and visit some home where lives a sc that has taken Christ at his word. All sch ennobled lives, brightened by the p ence of Christ amid the shadow and tri, will ever be found the clearest and mt unanswerable evidence of that peace wch the world cannot give."

New Discovery for Kidneys and Bladder.

can give sufferers from kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back and rheumatism good advice, as hat is to send for free treatment of Alkavis to the C ch Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, N York. Alkavis is a wonderful remedy, and will be ent to you free and postpaid, if you send your nme and address.

u want a medicine that will keep you in good th and build up the weakened system? Then ta Hood's Sarsaparilla, the only true blood purifier nerve tonic and appetizer.

Ha Fever Cured in ne Week.

"Westford, Mass., Jan. 30, 1895

Your Hyomei cured me of hay fever in one week's time. I consider it a duty to te others who suffer. A. HAMLIN."

ooth's Hyomei

The ustralian Dry-Air

Treatment of Hay Fever, Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc., is a new and effective cure for all diseases of the respiratory organs. More ill-health is caused by imperfect respiration than by imperfect digestion. By inhaling Hyomei, the respiratory organs are kept healthy, the blood is purified, and tone and vigor is given t the whole system. **Hyomei** is death to the germs that attack the air passages, and is the result of the latest scientific research. Tens of thousands use it and physicians prescribe it.

"A lessing to Humanity."

"Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1895.

Hyomei is a blessing to humanity, and I add my name to the Pass-It-On Society.

REV. J. M. FARRAR, D.D."

ric Only $1.00.

A pocket inhaler outfit *complete* is sent, charges prepaid, on receipt of $1.00. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

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RIPPLES, Ladies and girls, if you want air or exercise, buy a FAIRY and **TRICYCLE** foot er. CHEAP FOR ALL. Y MFG. CO., Pine St., Elyria, O.

Not a Patent Medicine.

Nervous Prostration.
Mental Depression.
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Mental Failure.

Freligh's Tonic (*A Phosphorized Cerebro-Spinant*)

will cure when everything else has failed. Prescribed and endorsed now, and for ten years past, by over 40,000 Physicians. Sample by mail 25c., ten days' trial. Regular bottle $1 by mail. Small bottle, but 100 doses in each.

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Formula, descriptive pamphlet, full directions, testimonials, etc., to any address.

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Formula on Every Bottle.

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Treble Clef Choir. A collection of sacred and secular music arranged for Women's Voices. By G. F. Root and D. B. Towner. Endorsed by D. L. Moody. 50 cts.

Curriculum. By G. F. Root. The best American Piano Method ever published. Price $2.75.

Don't. By G. F. Root. A friendly attempt to correct some errors in musical terminology. Price 25 cents.

The Teacher's Handbook is a graded catalogue of Songs and Piano Music, especially adapted to teaching purposes. Sent free on application, to any music teacher.

IN PRESS.

A New Course especially prepared for the **Study of Music in Public Schools**, embodying many novel features, and thoroughly up to date in every particular. By John A. Broekhoven and A. J. Gantvoort. Send your name and address if interested, and descriptive matter will be sent as soon as ready.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO.,
CINCINNATI. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

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$200 IN GOLD GIVEN.

R. H. WOODWARD COMPANY, Baltimore, Md., will give $200.00 to anyone who will sell in 3 months, 140 copies of "Home of the Bible," by Marion Harland. A most popular book. Agents often sell ten copies a day. Beautifully illustrated. An Estey Organ, retail price $270.00, given to anyone who will sell 70 copies in 3 months. A splendid opportunity for a Church or Society to secure one of these Organs. A $100.00 bicycle given to anyone who will sell 50 copies in 2 months. A $50.00 gold watch given to anyone who will sell 40 copies in 30 days. This premium is in addition to the regular commission. Complete canvassing outfit 75 cts. Very liberal terms on other books and Bibles. Freight paid, credit given.

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HIGHEST PRAISE

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

By W. A. OGDEN.

A fine collection of new and original Sunday School songs by this popular author, with contributions by other well-known composers. **Price, $30 per 100, half-bound. Single Copy, in paper, sent on receipt of 25 cents, when published.**

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NEW MUSIC

NEW SACRED SONGS. BEYOND THE SHADOWS—duett and chq.—Gabriel-35c. WILL YOU BE THERE—solo and duett—Gabriel—35c JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL—duett—Gabriel 50c

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of household work—that everlasting drudgery that wears out a woman, is relieved by

GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER.

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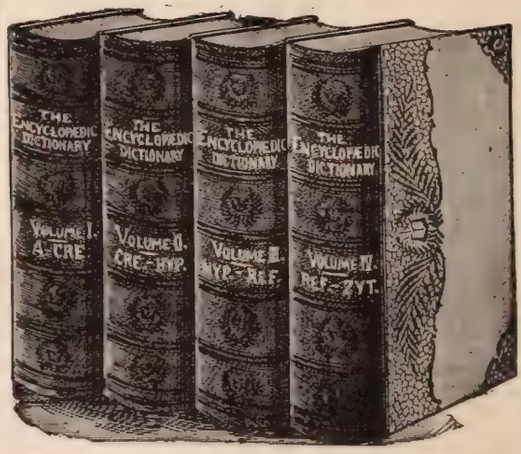

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, JULY 17, 1895. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

Traditional Site of the Mansion of Dives In Jerusalem—The Lesson of the Saviour's Beautiful Parable.

PASSING along the streets of the Holy City, the traveler is interested in many places that are indicated as the authentic scenes of events prominently associated with Bible history. Unquestionably, many are genuine, as the sites have either been identified by means of inscriptions or other evidence. As to the Temple, Hezekiah's Pool, the ancient gates, Mounts Zion and Moriah, the Tomb of Absalom, Gethsemane, Hinnom, the Citadel or Tower of David and many other places within and without the walls, there is practically no dispute. There are others, however—and their number is by no means small—that lack essential proofs to establish their claim to genuineness, and whose identification is done largely in response to the mercenary desire of monks, dragomen and guides to gratify the curiosity of sight-seers and credulous pilgrims, who are only too willing to accept such facts as true. Indeed, so many doubtful "identifications" are presented to the stranger in Jerusalem that it is only with extreme difficulty and after careful inquiry that he is able to discriminate intelligently between the spurious and the true. When it is remembered that the structures of modern Jerusalem overlie the accumulated debris of eighteen hundred years, and that the city of our Saviour's day is from fifty to eighty feet beneath the surface, one cannot do otherwise than doubt many of the identifications and traditions that are so conveniently ready, and which invest almost every street-corner in modern Jerusalem with a history that reaches back beyond the time when the Romans left not a single building standing within the walls.

In the photograph on this page, the reader sees, to the left and in the immediate foreground, the traditional house of Dives, the rich man mentioned in the parable with Lazarus. Although the present building is unquestionably of modern date, the tradition, preserved in every detail, is so closely associated with this structure, that the "house of Dives" has become one of the sights of the Holy City. At the gate of this mansion, the traveler is told, sat the beggar, "desiring the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table," while the dogs came and licked the sores (Luke 16: 19–31.)

THE TRADITIONAL "HOUSE OF DIVES" IN JERUSALEM.

(From a photograph brought from the East by the Proprietor of "The Christian Herald.")

The dramatic sequel to the parable — the beggar in Abraham's bosom, the rich man in torment—was designed as a tremendous rebuke to the self-seeking and hypocritical Pharisees, and the ungodly rich generally.

By the great body of Scripture commentators, the story of Lazarus and Dives is regarded as a parable only—one of those marvelous spiritual illustrations which Jesus so frequently employed while teaching his disciples, or addressing the multitudes. The parable, as an object-lesson in logic, was at once fascinating and convincing, chaining the attention and swaying the mind of the hearer. Moreover, this particular instance is the more notable because it is the only case where a proper name is used by our Lord in a parable. For this reason, some writers have regarded Dives and Lazarus as real personages, and one very old Hebrew tradition gives the name of the rich man as Dobruk. Some interpreters declare Lazarus to have been a well-known mendicant in Jerusalem in Christ's day, and others, claiming still more detail, have even attempted to define his disease. Whether a real or imaginary person, he was one of a class, who, in all ages, have lain prone and helpless at the gate of affluence. Probably a man of Dives' stamp would not object to such beggars in his court, as their presence might be regarded by the world as evidence of his generosity.

Looking at the picture, one can, in imagination, again people the scene with life. The wealthy scribes and the proud Pharisees, both classes contemptuous of all beneath them socially and intellectually, and especially offensive because of their arrogance toward the poor; the crowds of "common people" from the lowest ranks in Jerusalem, who followed the Saviour and gladly drank in his words; the elegant aristocrat and the beggar almost jostling each other, yet with a vast social gulf between—these were the surroundings of the Master when he spoke this immortal parable which is as typical of the relations of the rich and the poor at the present time, as when it came fresh from his lips eighteen centuries ago.

It was not designed to show that Dives was personally responsible for the woes and miseries of his neighbor. The great truth emphasized by the parable is the existence of a social chasm dividing the poor from the rich, a gap too seldom bridged by sympathy and commiseration. The rich have the duties of a larger stewardship to fulfil, and if they fail in these, their condemnation is great in proportion to their neglected opportunities.

All wealth is a trust from the Lord, and rightly administered, it becomes a blessing to the human possessor and all who come into relations with him. Employed in the gratification of personal ambitions and tastes, however cultured or artistic, wealth fails to afford its possessor any enduring satisfaction. Negative goodness is not enough. Our modern Dives may build fine houses, entertain in princely fashion, be a patron of art and letters, and have friends unnumbered; yet if his wealth is unconsecrated, and if he does not realize the responsibility of his stewardship, and

(Continued on page 459.)

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Matt. 12: 31, 32, *"All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men," etc.* Heb. 12: 17, *"He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."*

AS sometimes you gather the whole family around the evening stand to hear some book read, so now we gather—a great Christian family group—to study this text; and now may one and the same Lamp cast its glow on all the circle!

You see from the first passage that I read that there is a sin against the Holy Ghost for which a man is never pardoned. Once having committed it, he is bound hand and foot for the dungeons of despair. Sermons may be preached to him, songs may be sung to him, prayers may be offered in his behalf; but all to no purpose. He is a captive for this world, and a captive for the world that is to come. Do you suppose that there is any one here who has committed that sin? All sins are against the Holy Ghost; but my text speaks of one especially. It is very clear to my own mind that the sin against the Holy Ghost was the ascribing of the works of the Spirit to the agency of the devil in the time of the apostles. Indeed, the Bible distinctly tells us that. In other words, if a man had sight given to him, or if another was raised from the dead, and someone standing there should say, "This man got his sight by Satanic power; the Holy Spirit did not do this; Beelzebub accomplished it:" or, "This man raised from the dead was raised by Satanic influence," the man who said that dropped down under the curse of the text, and had committed the fatal sin against the Holy Ghost,

Now, I do not think it is possible in this day to commit that sin. I think it was possible only in apostolic times. But it is a very terrible thing ever to say anything against the Holy Ghost, and it is a marked fact that our race has been marvelously kept back from that profanity. You hear a man swear by the name of the Eternal God, and by the name of Jesus Christ, but you never heard a man swear by the name of the Holy Ghost. There are those here to-day who fear they are guilty of the unpardonable sin. Have you such anxiety? Then I have to tell you positively that you have not committed that sin, because the very anxiety is a result of the movement of the gracious Spirit, and your anxiety is proof positive, as certainly as anything that can be demonstrated in mathematics, that you have not committed the sin that I have been speaking of. I can look off upon this audience and feel that there is salvation for all. It is not like when they put out with those life-boats from the "Loch Earn" for the "Ville du Havre. They knew there was [illegible] the passengers, but they were going to [illegible] to-day we man the life-boat of the Gospel, and we cry out over the sea, "Room for all!" Oh that the Lord Jesus Christ would, this hour, bring you all out of the flood of sin, and plant you on the deck of the glorious old Gospel craft!

But while I have said I do not think it is possible for us to commit the particular sin spoken of in the first text, I have for my reason of the second text to call your attention to the fact that there are sins which, though they may be pardoned, are in some respects irrevocable; and you can find no place for repentance, though you seek it carefully with tears. Esau had a birthright given him. In olden times it meant not only temporal but spiritual blessing. One day Esau took this birthright and traded it off for something to eat. Oh, the folly! But let us not be too severe upon him, for some of us have committed the same folly. After he had made the trade, he wanted to get it back. Just as though you to-morrow morning should take all your notes and bonds and government securities, and should go into a restaurant, and in a fit of recklessness and hunger throw all those securities on the counter and ask for a plate of food, making that exchange. This was the one Esau made. He sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and he was very sorry about it afterward; but "he found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.

There is an impression in almost every man's mind that somewhere in the future there will be a chance where he can correct all his mistakes. Live as we may, if we only repent in time, God will forgive us, and then all will be as well as though we had never committed sin. My discourse shall come in collision with that theory. I shall show you, my friends, as God will help me, that there is such a thing as unsuccessful repentance; that there are things done wrong that always stay wrong, and for them you may seek some place of repentance, and seek it carefully, but never find it.

Belonging to this class of irrevocable mistakes is the folly of a misspent youth. We may look back to our college days, and think how we neglected chemistry, or geology, or botany, or mathematics. We may be sorry about it all our days. Can we ever get the discipline or the advantage that we would have had had we attended to those duties in early life? A man wakes up at forty years of age and finds that his youth has been wasted, and he strives to get back his early advantages. Does he get them back—the days of boyhood, the days in college, the days under his father's roof? "Oh," he says, "if I could only get those times back again, how I would improve them:" My brother, you will never get them back. They are gone, gone. You may be very sorry about it, and God may forgive, so that you may at last reach heaven; but you will never get over some of the mishaps that have come to your soul as a result of your neglect of early duty. You may try to undo it; you cannot undo it. When you had a boy's arms, and a boy's eyes, and a boy's heart, you ought to have attended to those things. A man says, at fifty years of age, "I do wish I could get over these habits of indolence." When did you get them? At twenty or twenty-five years of age. You cannot shake them off. They will hang to you to the very day of your death. If a young man through a long course of evil conduct undermines his physical health, and then repents of it in after-life, the Lord may pardon him; but that does not bring back good physical condition. I said to a minister of the Gospel, one Sabbath, at the close of the service, "Where are you preaching now?" "Oh," he says, "I am not preaching. I am suffering from the physical effects of early sin. I can't preach now; I am sick." A consecrated man he now is, and he mourns bitterly over early sins; but that does not arrest their bodily effects.

The simple fact is, that men and women often take twenty years of their life to build up influences that require all the rest of their life to break down. Talk about a man beginning life when he is twenty-one years of age; talk about a woman beginning life when she is eighteen years of age! Ah, no! In many respects that is the time they close life. In nine cases out of ten, all the questions of eternity are decided before that. Talk about a majority of men getting their fortunes between thirty and forty! They get or lose fortunes between ten and twenty. When you tell me that a man is just beginning life, I tell you he is just closing it. The next fifty years will not be of as much importance to him as the first twenty.

Now, why do I say this? Is it for the annoyance of those who have only a baleful retrospection? You know that is not my way. I say it for the benefit of young men and women. I want them to understand that eternity is wrapped up in this hour; that the sins of youth we never get over; that you are now fashioning the mould in which your great future is to run; that a minute, instead of being sixty seconds long, is made up of everlasting ages. You see what dignity and importance this gives to the life of all our young folks. Why, in the light of this subject, life is not something to be frittered away, not something to be smirked about, not something to be danced out, but something to be weighed in the balances of eternity. Oh, young man! the sin of yesterday, the sin of to-morrow, will reach over ten thousand years, ay, over the great and unending eternity. You may, after awhile, say, "I am very sorry. Now I have got to be thirty or forty years of age, and I do wish I had never committed those sins." What does that amount to? God may pardon you; but undo those things you never will, you never can.

In this same category of irrevocable mistakes I put all parental neglect. We begin the education of our children too late. By the time they get to be ten or fifteen we wake up to our mistakes, and try to eradicate this bad habit, and change that; but it is too late. That parent who omits, in the first ten years of the child's life, to make an eternal impression for Christ, never makes it. The child will probably go on with all the disadvantages, which might have been avoided by parental faithfulness. Now you see what a mistake that father or mother makes who puts off to late life adherence to Christ. Here is a man who at fifty years of age says to you, "I must be a Christian;" and he yields his heart to God, and sits in the place of prayer to-day a Christian. None of us can doubt it. He goes home, and he says, "Here at fifty years of age I have given my heart to the Saviour. Now I must establish a family altar." What? Where are your children now? One in Boston; another in Cincinnati; another in New Orleans; and you, my brother, at your fiftieth year going to establish your family altar? Very well; better late than never; but alas, alas that you did not do it twenty-five years ago!

When I was in Chamouni, Switzerland, I saw in the window of one of the shops a picture that impressed my mind very much. It was a picture of an accident that occurred on the side of one of the Swiss mountains. A company of travelers, with guides, went up some very steep places—places which but few travelers attempted to go up. They were, as all travelers are there, fastened together with cords at the waist, so that if one slipped, the rope would hold him—the rope fastened to the others. Passing along the most dangerous point, one of the guides slipped, and they all started down the precipice; but after a while one more muscular than the rest struck his heels into the rock and stopped; but the rope broke, and down hundreds and thousands of feet, the others went. And so I see whole families bound together by ties of affection, and in many cases walking on slippery places of worldliness and sin. The father knows it, and the mother knows it, and they are bound all together. After a while they begin to slide down steeper and steeper, and the father becomes alarmed, and he stops, planting his feet on the "Rock of Ages." He stops, but the rope breaks, and those who were once tied fast to him by moral and spiritual influences, go over the precipice. Oh, there is such a thing as coming to Christ soon enough to save ourselves, but not soon enough to save others!

How many parents wake up in the latter part of life to find out the mistake! Some parent says, "I have been too lenient," or "I have been too severe in the discipline of my children. If I had the little ones around me again, how different I would do!" But you will never have them around again. The work is done, the bent to the character is given, the eternity is decided. I say this to young parents—those who are twenty-five or thirty or thirty-five years of age—who have the family altar to-night. How do you suppose that father felt as he leaned over the couch of his dying child, and the expiring son said to him, "Father, you have been very good to me. You have given me a fine education, and you have placed me in a fine social position; you have done everything for me in a worldly sense; but, father, you never told me how to die. Now I am dying, and I am afraid."

In this category of irrevocable mistakes I place, also, the unkindnesses done the departed. When I was a boy, my mother used to say to me sometimes, "Dear, you will be sorry for that when I am gone." And I remember just how she looked sitting there, with cap and spectacles, and the old Bible in her lap; and she never said a truer thing than that, for I have often been sorry since. While we have our friends with us, we say unguarded things that wound the feelings of those to whom we ought to give nothing but kindness. Perhaps the parent, without inquiring in the matter, boxes the child's ears. The little one, who has fallen in the street, comes covered with dust, and, as though the first disaster were not enough, she whips it. After a while the child is taken, or the parent is taken, or the companion is taken, and those who are left say, "Oh, if we could only get back those unkind words, those unkind deeds; if we could only recall them!" But you cannot get them back. You might bow down over the grave of that loved one and cry and cry and cry—the white lips would make no answer. The stars shall be plucked out of their sockets, but these influences shall not be torn away. The world shall die, but there are some wrongs immortal. The moral of which is, take care of your friends while you have them; spare the scolding; be economical of the satire; shut up in a dark cave, from which they shall never swarm forth, all the words that have a sting in them. You will wish you had some day—very soon you will—perhaps to-morrow. Oh yes. While with a firm hand you administer parental discipline, also administer it very gently, lest some day there be a little slab in the cemetery, and on it chiseled "Our Willie," or "Our Child," and though you bow down prone by the grave, and seek a place of repentance and seek it carefully with tears, you cannot find it.

There is another sin that I place in the class of irrevocable mistakes, and that is lost opportunities of getting good. I never come to a Saturday night but I can see during that week that I have missed opportunities of getting good. I never come to my birthday but I can see that I have wasted many chances of getting better. I never go home on Sabbath from the discussion of

religious theme without feeling that I ight have done it in a more successful ay. How is it with you? If you take a ertain number of bushels of wheat and catter them over a certain number of acres land, you expect a harvest in proportion the amount of seed scattered. And I ask ou now, have the sheaves of moral and piritual harvest corresponded with the advantages given? How has it been with ou? You may make resolutions for the uture, but past opportunities are gone. In ie long procession of future years all those ast moments will march; but the archngel's trumpet that wakes the dead will ot wake up for you one of those privileges. sau has sold his birthright, and there is ot wealth enough in the treasure-houses heaven to buy it back again. What does at mean? It means that if you are going get any advantage out of this Sabbath ay, you will have to get it before the hand heels around on the clock to twelve toght. It means that every moment of ir life has two wings, and that it does ot fly, like a hawk, in circles, but in a raight line from eternity to eternity. It eans that though other chariots may eak down, or drag heavily, this one nevdrops the brake, and never ceases to run. means that while at other feasts the cup ay be passed to us and we may reject it, id yet after a while take it, the cup-bearers this feast never give us but one chance the chalice, and, rejecting that, we shall ind no place for repentance, though we ek it carefully with tears."

There is one more class of sins that I put this category of irrevocable sins and that lost opportunities of usefulness. Your siness partner is a proud man. In ordinv circumstances, say to him, "Believe in hrist," and he will say, "You mind your siness, and I'll mind mine." But there is been affliction in the household. His art is tender. He is looking around for mpathy and solace. Now is your time. peak, speak, or forever hold your peace. here is a time in farm-life when you plant e corn and when you sow the seed. Let at go by, and the farmer will wring his nds while other husbandmen are gather-g in the sheaves. You are in a religious eeting, and there is an opportunity for u to speak a word for Christ. You say, must do it." Your cheek flushes with nbarrassment. You rise half way, but ou cower before men whose breath is in eir nostrils, and you sag back, and the pportunity is gone, and all eternity will el the effect of your silence. Try to get ack that opportunity! You cannot find You might as well try to find the fleece at Gideon watched, or take in your hand e dew that came down on the locks of e Bethlehem shepherds, or to find the me of the first robin that went across radise. It is gone; it is gone forever. hen an opportunity for personal repentnce or of doing good passes away, you ay hunt for it; you cannot find it.' You ay fish for it; it will not take the hook. ou may dig for it; you cannot bring it up. emember that there are wrongs and sins at can never be corrected; that our privileges fly not in circles, but in a straight line; at the lightnings have not as swift feet s our privileges when they are gone, and t an opportunity of salvation go by us an ch, the one hundredth part of an inch, e thousandth part of an inch, the milonth part of an inch, and no man can vertake it. Fire-winged seraphim cannot me up with it. The eternal God himself annot catch it.

I stand before those who have a glorious rthright. Esau's was not so rich as ours. Sell it once, and you sell it forever. remember the story of the lad on the Arctic" some years ago—the lad Stewart olland. A vessel crashed into the "Arc-c" in the time of a fog, and it was found hat the ship must go down. Some of the assengers got off in the lifeboats, some ot off on rafts; but three hundred went to he bottom. During all those hours of camity, Stewart Holland stood at the signal gun, and it sounded across the sea, boom! boom! The helmsman forsook his place, the engineer was gone, and some fainted and some prayed and some blasphemed, and the powder was gone, and they could no more set off the signal gun. The lad broke in the magazine and brought out more powder, and again the gun boomed over the sea. Oh, my friends, tossed on the rough seas of life, some have taken the warning, have gone off in the lifeboat, and they are safe; but others are not making any attempt to escape. So I stand at this signal gun of the Gospel, sounding the alarm. Beware! beware! "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." Hear it that your soul may live!

GOSPEL PROGRESS IN COREA.

Bishop Ninde, of the Methodist Church, who recently returned from a missionary tour in China, Japan, and Corea, has this to say about the outlook in the last-named country: "Corea is comparatively a new field, but it is a most promising one. The Christian community there is small in numbers; but the spirit of the Corean people is most kindly, and it would not surprise me to hear before many years that the Coreans were coming over en masse to the Christian faith. It is a remarkable fact that the two most influential men in the Corean cabinet are firm believers in Christianity and warm advocates of its general acceptance in the country. The king in an interview expressed great gratification that so many teachers (missionaries) had come from America to Corea to aid his people in reaching a higher civilization, and hoped that many more would come. These words seemed to me remarkably significant when I remembered that the laws of Corea still make it a capital offense to preach or profess the Christian religion. I was most favorably impressed with the character of the native Christians in Corea. No mission field has found finer examples of Christian integrity, consistency, and courageous, self-sacrificing devotion than I met among our native Christians in Corea. Only a small fraction receive pecuniary aid, either directly or indirectly, from the mission, and in more than one instance that came under my notice, large pecuniary sacrifices have been made for conscience' sake. When Christ makes up his jewels, some of the most shining ones will be gathered from this infant Corean church."

A NEW Y. M. C. A. BRANCH.

The Young Men's Christian Association of New York has the happiness of claiming the magnificent gift of Mr. Samuel Inslee of New York City, having fulfilled the conditions imposed. These were to raise $200,000 before July 1, purchase lots and sign contracts for a new building. It is understood that the $200,000 was given by twenty-six friends of the Association. The Association now becomes owner of the building at 545 Broadway, which Mr. Inslee offered. It is worth over $200,000. The Association's new branch is to be erected on 57th street, west of 8th avenue.

The Rich Man and Lazarus.

(Continued from first page.)

his abundant opportunities of helpfulness, the end will be bitterness and despair. It is to the rich who fail to use their opportunity of doing good, therefore, rather than to the active evil-doer, that the parable of Dives and Lazarus is to be specially applied

None of the Saviour's parables has made a deeper impression on the world than this. Lazarus' woful condition is so universally commiserated that in many languages his name has become a synonym of penury and suffering. Lazzaroni, lazaretto, and lazar-house are terms familiar in southern Europe, and which the church of the middle ages adopted from the Jerusalem beggar. Streets, prisons, and hospitals, convents and religious societies in different lands have received the name of the patient sufferer whom God honored. Famous poets have sung his praises, and books have been written concerning him. In almost every instance Dives has been accepted as the type of the rich men of all the ages who do not live up to their opportunities, and who leave the world no better for their having lived in it.

Repeatedly are we reminded in the Bible that riches are vanity and vexation of spirit; that they bring in their train a multitude of sorrows and inconveniences; that they harden the heart and keep the soul apart from God; that they beget selfishness and inhumanity and forgetfulness of the claims of others; that they cannot bring happiness, and that they are liable to take wings and fly away. But where wealth is administered for the glory of God and the benefit of our fellow-men, enabling its possessor to feed the sick and the hungry, clothe the naked, and the widow and the fatherless, relieve human suffering, and bring comfort to sad human hearts, it will produce a sweet satisfaction which the world cannot give, and the world cannot take away.

THE CONDEMNED CHRISTIAN CHURCH AT FATRA, BLACK SEA.

HOW A HINDU CAME TO CHRIST.

The following encouraging incident is related by a Christian missionary in India: "One of the pleasant experiences of mission life came to Brother S. last week. Some time last November his ayah (nurse) brought a heathen cousin to live with her. She remained there about three months, during which he endeavored to bring her to a knowledge of the truth, and was ably seconded by his ayah's efforts to make the Scriptures plain. Teaching was carried on in the privacy of their own room, but seemingly all in vain. She still kept up daily visits to the pagoda. She left P—— at Conference time and since then until last week was to all appearance lost to Christianity. Last week, when I took Mrs. R. to A.——, she found out that I had been there through our servant, and made known to me her faith in Christ and her desire to be baptized On questioning her, I found out the seed sown in P—— had fallen in good ground, though hidden from the eyes of men. She came to me to be baptized last Thursday. Mr. S—— happened to call and he had the pleasure of baptizing the woman."

The Gospel by the Black Sea.

How a Little Christian Flock in Fatra Lost its Church Home.

FROM the borders of the Black Sea, a region only heard from at long intervals in connection with the work of the Gospel, a most interesting letter comes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, detailing the tribulations of a little congregation of faithful souls in an intolerant district. The letter is given below:

FATRA, TURKEY, May 3, 1895.

This place is by the Black Sea, near the station of Marsovan. The Lord's work commenced in this city some ten years ago, and wonderful progress has been made in a short time. Before 1886, there were a few Protestants here, who sometimes had the opportunity of hearing a sermon. In 1886, the missionaries of Marsovan decided to send one of their theological students to preach here for five months. His work was very successful, for the harvest was ready for the sickle. So they continued to send him here every vacation time thereafter. The brethren here decided to call him as their preacher, and they did so, and he continued the work three years with good results.

In the time of this worker (Mr. Krikor Bombulia), the present building was erected, which they used as a church, boys' and girls' school, and also a dwelling-place for the preacher. (It is shown in the photograph.) On the upper floor is the hall, which was used as church and girls' school room; the boys' school being under the church. On one side of the building is the deep sea, on the opposite side, the street. On either hand are houses occupied by enemies of the Christian work that was being carried on in this humble church.

In 1889, the Greek members of the community desired to hear the Word preached in their own language (the preacher being an Armenian, used the Turkish), and they accordingly called as pastor Mr. Athanasius Longinides. Two years later, (through the influence of the Greeks, as was charged), the brethren who first used the building were prohibited by the government from doing so. The pretext upon which this prohibition was issued was that the building, having been erected as a house, had no lawful permission to be used as a church or school. For more than a year, the little congregation were without a church home. They had neither schoolhouse nor gathering-place. At this trying time, their preacher received a call from Athens, and accepting, he left them absolutely shepherdless. At last they called N. P. Manushersides and that devoted preacher and man of God responded to the invitation. At first the meetings of the brethren were irregular and many were afraid to come. Sunday meetings were held in the open air in the fields, until the chill winds of the approaching winter compelled them to seek shelter. It was boldly decided to resume meetings indoors, until the government should absolutely make such a course impossible. To the surprise and delight of the little congregation, there was no interference by the officials whatsoever, although the fact of the meetings being held was well-known. All were very thankful to God for this respite.

Since these events, the congregation has received word from friends in Constantinople that permission may soon be granted to them to use some other building. Pastor and people do not abandon their beloved church edifice, humble though it be, without a pang. Pastor Manushersides writes that when the photographer set up his camera to make the photograph of the prohibited church for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, there was much excitement among the people dwelling in the neighborhood. Mothers called in their children from the street, saying to them: "Go away! the Protestants will take your photographs; and if they do, without doubt you will become Protestants also." And the children fled in terror.

The Christian pastor and his people are now making an effort to build another church in the central part of this city, which will be sufficient for all their needs. For such a building, 300 liras are required. (A gold lira is equal to $4.40 American money). It is believed that 100 liras may be realized from their interest in the old building, which Constantinople is familiar with the history of the Fatra congregation's troubles and is in hearty sympathy with their efforts.

JOURNEYING TO CANAAN.

S. S. Lesson for July 28. Num. 10: 29-36. Golden Text Num. 10: 29. By Mrs. Baxter.

GOD'S ancient people are a type for us. The things which happened unto them are "by way of figure, and they were written for our admonition upon whom the ends of the world are come" (I. Cor. 10: 1-11, R. V., margin). In their journeyings in the wilderness especially are they a figure for us. The purpose and the plan of their journeys was unique. No map or book of travel, even if such had existed in their time, could have helped them. They were not in their travels as other men whose object is to accomplish, if a business journey, the extent of distance to be traveled in the shortest time, with the least fatigue possible. Nor yet was it like a journey of pleasure, when the object is to take in all that could be of interest, or which would please the eye, or the ear, or gratify the taste or the intellect.

God's Avowed Object

in the journeys of the people was quite another: "The Lord hath led thee these forty years in the wilderness that he might humble thee, to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldst keep his commandments or no" (Deut. 8: 2). Consequently the route chosen, the manner of travel, the time employed, etc., etc., all were consistent with God's purpose for his people. Who could know, but he who knew the heart, the circumstances which would most humble its natural pride? Who could test obedience as he could, who was both the Creator of his creatures and the Giver of his laws?

As soon as the tabernacle was set up, God covered it with the cloud of his holy presence, a shadow by day, but a fire by night, and not only the people of Israel, but also the people of the lands around them, could see that God walked among his people, a living, present God. "And wherever the cloud was taken up from over the tent, then after that, the children of Israel had encamped. At the commandment of the Lord the children of Israel journeyed, and at the commandment of the Lord they encamped, as long as the cloud abode upon the tabernacle, they remained encamped. And when the cloud tarried upon the tabernacle several days, then the children of Israel kept the charge of the Lord and journeyed not." It was indeed a faith life: they knew not whither they should be led, and could make no provision for exigencies which might arise, they must be content that God knew, and they must put to the proof, every day and hour that he was faithful. The bread they ate was miraculously given, the water they drank equally so, their light by night was the presence of God in the fiery pillar, and he himself was their Guide. They were as much removed from the necessity of care or anxiety as though they had been creatures of another world, who were not subject to the same physical necessities for the maintenance of life as we are.

And this is the figure, the object lesson, which he has chosen for us in these last days; in this dispensation of

Worship in the Spirit.

It is our privilege no less than theirs, indeed far more than theirs, to shew forth by our lives, by our real contact with him, that our holy God is a living God, never for a moment absent from his people who put their trust in him. The sin of man is: "They have turned every one to his own way," they have thought they could do better for themselves than God could do for them, and have ignored the great fact that God has created man for himself, and that God does not exist for us. A people in the midst of the nations content to be thus led by the intimate and absolute direction of God, actually dependent upon his daily miracle of sending bread from heaven for them, and whose water supply was equally miraculous, could not but awaken among their neighbors the question, "What God is he who thus guides, thus cares for his people? Is he not, must he not be, the one only true God, and ought we not to worship him?"

Oh how miserably the Church of Christ has failed to come up to her high and heavenly calling! The pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire are not the characteristics by which she can be recognized! Moses said to his God: "Wherein shall it be known here that I and thy people have found grace in thy sight? Is it not in that thou goest with us? So shall we be separated, I and thy people that are upon the face of the earth." (Ex. 33: 16). "They are not of the world even as I am not of the world." (John 17: 16). But also the Church of Christ, like the Jews of old, has desired to be "like all the nations" instead being a separate people, and the Spirit of the Lord has been grieved, so that it is only individuals here and there, and by no means in the church as a body, that the true pilgrim spirit is to be found, and on them only does the presence of the Lord rest, covering them and manifesting God in them, when it is day and all is light, and shining like a fire upon them, and out from them in the night season, when all is dark and they pass through trial and suffering.

As a whole, converted people, the church of Christ, have settled down as though their home were on earth: they have treasure here, honor here, hopes and expectations here. The things of earth affect them, their choices, their studies, in fact the root and spring of their life is here, and their spiritual life is made simply an appendage to their earthly life! Even in their very work for God there is as much taking root down here as if the Lord were not at hand, and as though he had never charged his people to wait for him. In many congregations the words of Jeremiah are true: "The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and

Thy People Love to Have it so."

This is the saddest of all: the general tone of the churches of the day is: "I am rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing." (Thes. 3: 17), instead of mourning over the sin and shame of the church's union with the world, the loss of her pilgrim character, and her consequent powerlessness to bring the world into touch with God!

Moses could say to Hobab, his brother-in-law, whom he met in the wilderness—"We are journeying;" and Hobab could see that the whole nation was on a pilgrimage. But can the Church of Christ say truthfully in our day: "We are journeying unto the place, of which the Lord said: I will give it you?" Does every day find us a step nearer heaven and a grade more heavenly? Is earth left farther behind? Are its ties looser? Are its hopes and expectations—are all the things which it has to offer of less and less value in our eyes because "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." If not, can we wonder that our feeble assertion, "We are journeying" meets with derision and contempt from those who see no pilgrim spirit accompanying the words, and no loosening of the ties of earth which proves that we are in earnest?

But they who really serve a living and true God, and wait for his Son from heaven, do purify themselves even as he is pure (I. John 3: 3); they do watch and pray always, that they may be accounted worthy, to escape all these things which shall come to pass (Luke 21: 36) (in the time of trouble), such can truly say: "We are journeying; we are not at home here." And yet, perhaps, none are so contented with all they meet with here on earth, for they know it is for but a short time. They know the plan of God to conform them to the image of his Son, they trust his leading, and give up all calculations as to whether it might not have been better had they taken another road. He shines through them, the cloud and the fire is easily perceived in those who are true pilgrims. They can say to the worldly ones, and they say it with all their heart, and all their life justifies them in saying it: "Come with us and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT.

THE stay of the people in the neighborhood of Sinai, appears to have been continued about eleven months. Their arrival is timed as the third month. As the year now began with the Passover, we may conclude that this would correspond with June of our year. They were still in the same place when the time for celebrating the second Passover came around. Two months later, or about May, they started again on their march in obedience to the signal that had been appointed. This, the record says, was the rising of the cloud that hovered over the Tabernacle, which, being luminous, was visible night and day and served them as a symbol of their God. It has been suggested that the cloud was produced by the smoke of the sacrifices and that its rising could be arranged by suspending the offerings at any time when Moses desired to move the camp. The record, however, attributes it to divine action and as such it was evidently regarded. During the eleven months' sojourn, a great deal had been done in the way of organization. The Tabernacle had been reared, an order of priesthood appointed, leaders chosen for thousands, for hundred and for tens, who were invested with power to decide minor disputes; and a number of laws were enacted to serve as a nucleus of the code which became the statute law of the nation. It was a very different people that resumed the march from the base of Sinai, from the crowd of fugitive slaves that had rested there in their flight nearly a year before. The mob had become a nation. The people had learned much during their stay. If any of them had regarded their deliverance from the servitude and cruel oppression of Egypt as the beginning of a time of ease and pleasure, and freedom from restraint, they discovered their mistake. The nation had a high mission. It was to be the spiritual teacher of all nations and could be fit for its mission only by painful discipline and by learning self-denial and by the observance of law. The world of our day, eager to eliminate the supernatural from history, is disposed to scoff at the idea of this organization being of divine origin, and of Moses receiving from God the laws in the Mount. But the impartial student, examining the laws and the institutions, and seeing their adaptability to the present circumstances and future development of the nation, does not find the story so difficult to believe. The theory of unaided human origin for this constitution is more incredible. The work finished, so far as it could be at that stage, the great caravan sets out on its march toward Canaan. In the lesson we are introduced to an interesting character. There have been some disputes as to the identity of Hobab; but the most natural theory is that he was the brother of Zipporah, the wife of Moses, and accompanied her with their father Raguel or Jethro to the camp as described in Exodus 18. Moses wanted him to go with them, and assured him that he should participate in whatever good befell the nation, but Hobab declined. Then Moses approached him on another side and pointed out to him how valuable his experience and knowledge of the desert would be to the people. This argument appears to have succeeded, for in Judges 4: 11, the descendants of Hobab are mentioned as part of the nation. Although little is said of the man it is sufficient to command respect. The man who would not adopt a course of life because of what he would gain, but adopted it when he found it gave an opportunity of usefulness, must have been a man of lofty character and a valuable acquisition to the nation. The world in any age has need of such men.

Come thou with us and we will do thee good. Moses did not understand Hobab's character. He was not the kind of man who could be hired by rewards. There are some men who cannot work for pay. They must put all idea of payment out of their minds before they can do good work. The only stimulus that comes to them is love of the work or of the people for whom they work. Ruskin contends that in every department the best work has never been done for hire. "Pay your soldiers as you will," he says, "the entire goodness of the fighting depends always on its being done for nothing; or rather less than nothing, in the expectation of no pay but death. Examine your writers and artists; for ten pounds you have a 'Paradise Lost,' and for a plate of figs a Durer drawing; but for a million of money, neither. Examine your men of science; paid by starvation, Kepler discovers the laws of the orbs of heaven for you; driven out to die in the street, Swammerdam discovers the law of life for you. . . . No pay is, indeed receivable by any true man; but power is receivable by him in the love and faith you give him. So far only as you give him the can he serve you. That is the meaning of the question the Master asks always: 'Believest thou that I am able?'"

Thou mayest be to us instead of eyes. The idea placed the matter in a different light and the man who could not be secured by bribes, was won by the chance of rendering service. "We must get Symonds," said a committee of philanthropic men who were arranging to give work to some poor seamstresses and tailors in an English city. Symonds was the manager of a wholesale clothing firm, a shrewd organizer, and a Christian. It was felt that no man could contribute so much as he to the success of the new enterprise, if he could be secured. The chairman of the committee, a man who had risen from nothing, went to Symonds and having ascertained what his salary then was, bluntly offered him a higher one to transfer his services to the new enterprise. He belived in putting the proposal plainly in business terms. Symonds thanked him, but declined. Later another member of the committee went to see him. He said nothing about salary. "You know the business," he said, "and you know how much distress there is among these people. Now we want to help them intelligently and we do not know how to do it. You know, and you can give effect to our good wishes. Think of the benefit you can confer. Think of the numbers of starving people who will have work if you come." The settled it. The man who could not be tempted away from his situation by money, gladly left it for the new position for the sake of the poor whom he could help.

The ark went before them. The trouble in the journey of our lives is that we too often arrange them ourselves, and pray such blessings as we need, instead of trying to God's guidance. There is an old monkish parable that shows this. The story runs that a hermit was much concerned about the growth of a young olive that he planted near his cave. He thought his tree wanted water, and he prayed to God for rain. The rain came and watered the tree. Then he thought the warm sunlight would do it good, and he prayed for sunshine, and the sun's rays poured upon it. The sapling still looked feeble, and the hermit said it needs frost to brace it. He prayed for frost, and that night the ground was hard. But still the olive did not thrive. Sometime afterward in his journey he saw a strong and beautiful olive tree outside the cave of his brother hermit, and asked him about it. In the same time telling him his experience. "God sent me everything I asked for," he said, "but my tree is dying." The other hermit shook his head. He said, "God knows best what the trees need. I asked him to take care of my tree, and did not presume to tell him how. You see how it thrives."

"OOM PAUL," AND HIS PEOPLE.

ev. Josiah Tyler, Missionary, Records his Impressions of a Visit to the Boer Republic in the Transvaal—An Unprogressive Folk, with Many Good Qualities.

THE Transvaal, which is the richest and most important Dutch possession in South Africa, embraces an area of 125,000 square miles, and is for the most part, high and healthy. Its foreign population is estimated at 60,000, the majority speaking the English language. At least 500,000 natives reside within its borders. Pretoria, the capital, named after Pretorius, President of the first Transvaal Republic, with a population of 12,000, is growing rapidly, and will soon be united by rail with Port Natal, 433 miles distant. The nearest seaport is Delagoa Bay, a Portuguese possession, 240 miles away on the east coast. Pretoria is already united to Cape Town by a Grand Trunk Railroad 1,000 miles long. On great occasions, which call together Dutch redicants (pastors) and communicants in large numbers from incredible distances, such as the Naacht-Maal, or Lord's Supper, the city is in a state of great excitement. Huge wagons, (their bed-rooms as well as coaches) are drawn up in the Public Market Square, and the time not occupied in religious meetings, baptisms, confirmations, etc., is devoted to purchasing supplies for months to come. Peddlers and German Jews have then a busy time. The Dutch are devout in their way, but they do not hesitate to combine business with their devotional gatherings. The large, costly government buildings in the city are on a scale of magnificence that indicates a healthy treasury.

GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, PRETORIA.

Johannesburg, the centre of the gold-mining industry, has a population of 40,000, chiefly English. Had the few Boers living there seven years ago, been told that, by the present time, under their farms, a gold-mine would be worked, yielding 136,000 ounces of the precious metal per month, and that a city would spring up, comparing favorably in architecture with New York or Philadelphia, they would have said: 'not unless a miracle is wrought;" but it is even so. It is interesting to watch the gold-mining operations in this largest "mushroom city" of Africa, the progress of which is limited only by the mechanical capacity to crush and extract the metal, and by the labor involved. In 1889, 675 stamps were at work. In 1890, 865. Now there are over 2000, pounding away at the rich ore. Crushing machinery used is chiefly that of an American firm, and it is made in New York City. In 1893, the precious metal produced in the Transvaal, amounted to about $21,000,000, or one fourth of the world's gold, which is estimated at $105,000,000 a year. Ten years from now, the yield will amount to many millions, and the South African Republic may regulate the world's finances.

Theoretically, the Transvaal is a republic, but practically an oligarchy. The term of presidential service is five years. Burghers qualified to vote, choose an executive council, of which the president is chairman. Officers of the Volksraad, or Senate and House of Representatives combined, must belong to some Protestant church, but any one of sufficient ambition and no religion, can easily adjust that matter.

The revenue comes chiefly from the pockets of the "Uitlanders," or foreigners, who have not obtained the privilege of franchise.

As viewed in the light of the present, the Boers seem to be an anachronism; possibly, but not probably, some great social, intellectual and moral upheaval may lift them out of their dormancy and unprogressiveness, but many of them are apparently as slow to receive the civilization of the world as the native races.

The "Voortrekkers," as Dutch pioneers from the Cape were called, had Huguenot blood in their veins, and contended bravely with gigantic obstacles. In the early part of this century, the British legislation, being repugnant to their tastes, they "trekked" in vast numbers to the north, in quest of a home, where they could worship God and live a Puritanical life. Theal, in his history of "South Africa," gives a graphic account of the perils they encountered and their sublime faith. Alas! that they should thus retrograde!

In 1840 to 1850, the antipathy of Dutch settlers to the English was so great, that in breaking in a refractory ox to the yoke, they called it "England," and beat it unmercifully. An English trader was once asked by a Dutch "vrouw," (wife): "Do you think that any Kaffir will get to heaven?" "Yes," he replied. "Then I do not wish to go there," she said.

A Scotch physician, traveling among the Boers, came at sundown to a dwelling, ten miles from the nearest habitation of white men. He asked for accommodations. "No," said the Boer, "there's the road, go on." "But," said the doctor, "I am your friend, and surely you will not deny me shelter?" "I have no friends here," he replied. "I will show you that I am your friend," replied the doctor, as he took the saddle from his horse. Inquiring about the health of the family, he learned that one of the children was ill, and offered help, taking out at the same time a small box of medicines. The Boer's wife had a pail of water ready to pour on his head, but her wrath was appeased when she found out his profession.

BOER FARMERS, GATHERING TO COMMUNION AT THE DUTCH CHURCH, PRETORIA.

Although hating the English, who, they complain, deprived them of the "fairest portion of South Africa," to Americans, and particularly American clergymen, they were generous and hospitable. Fifty years ago, Rev. Daniel Lindley, a missionary of the American Board, preached to them, taught their children, and won their confidence. While traveling in Boerdom, if I simply mentioned his name, it served as a passport to their homes.

The size of some Dutch farms excited my surprise. I visited one comprising 60,000 acres, well stocked with sheep and cattle, and yet I was told that once when a party of Englishmen were dining with the owner, there were not spoons enough in the house with which to eat the soup. In the average Boer dwelling there is neither beauty nor comfort. Dutch houses generally swarm with children, but for want of education, they grow up devoid of thought, except that which concerns their property in sheep and oxen. Some are miserly, and afraid to put their gold into banks. A Boer once took a large amount to an English bank, and after getting his receipt, inquired: "What have I to pay?" He was told that he would get interest for it, and suddenly suspecting that the business was a fraud, withdrew it and took it home. Another kept about $30,000 in gold in a chest under his bed, his safe-guard being a Winchester rifle that always hung over it. He would not keep bank notes, but exchanged them for gold as soon as possible. It is lamentable that they do not appreciate libraries, museums, lecture halls, and educational privileges, and are not liberal-minded enough to provide for intellectual necessities. Boer simplicity is often astonishing. An Englishman from Natal once went into the Transvaal, with a hundred or more watches for trading. For each watch he obtained a sheep, and soon had a large flock to drive home. On his return, he was told that the watches looked well, but did not keep good time. "Let me have them," said the Englishman, "I will see that they are all made right; when I come again I will return them to you." The fellow obtained both sheep and watches, and then went to "pastures new."

PRESIDENT PAUL KRUGER

Superstition reigns among them as it does among all all uneducated people. Last year an English balloonist was giving an exhibition in Pretoria, unknown to some of the farmers. As he descended in a parachute, a Dutchman going into town with his produce, saw him. Leaving his ox-wagon, he rushed into the city in the greatest excitement, saying: "The devil has descended from the clouds; I saw him with my own eyes!"

The Boers are fond of fat mutton, which they devour in great quantities. It seems to put flesh on their bones and add to their avoirdupois. Taking breakfast once with a farmer, I saw no butter on the table, but plenty of mutton tallow, which was used as a substitute. Coffee drinking is with them a sine qua non of comfort and friendship, an institution of long standing. Upon arriving at their homes, the cup is brought out and frequently replenished. The Vrows drink it without stint, and this with sour milk, "bil tong" (dried beef or venison) and vegetables, makes them uncomfortably obese. Thanks are offered at every meal by the pater familias, and prayers morn and evening with the better class are not neglected. Psalms, drawled with a nasal twang, do not seem conducive to devotion, but perhaps those who do not understand their dialect are not competent judges. Boer fathers generally observe the excellent practice of presenting to each child at birth a lamb or calf, so that when married, the children often take quite a flock to their home. The farmers are good riders, have fine horses, and are excellent marksmen, but in war, have not the dash of trained soldiers. For fighting, they have no special fondness. Burghers often pay large sums to provide substitutes. It is a matter of grief to them that their resources as to game are now so limited. No longer can they bag in a few hours, as formerly, hippopotami, giraffe, koodos, spring-bok, and a variety of birds.

Paul Kruger, or Oom Paul (Uncle Paul), the President of the Transvaal, is a hale, hearty, well-preserved man of sixty-seven years. The older Dutch people are fond of him, and through their influence, he has lately been re-elected. Had Englishmen been allowed to vote, Colonel Joubert, a younger and more progressive man would have been chosen to fill the office. Though not quite so old as the President, or with the varied and dangerous experiences with the vengeful Zulus that some have had, he is a power in the land. The manner in which he conducted the late campaign with a recalcitrant chief in the Upper Transvaal, reflects on him great credit. He stands a good chance of being the next President of the Republic. Kruger has some excellent qualities, but is somewhat narrow-minded. His salary amounts to $40,000 with an extra allowance for "coffee." He has, besides, several farms, from which he can obtain all the mutton, beef, vegetables and fruit he needs for his table, and can live handsomely without touching his salary. Oranges from his farm he sells to a distiller, who converts the fruit into wine. His simple piety often appears in public utterances, as, for instance, at the "Paaderkraal Festival," a season of as much importance in Boerland, as the "Fourth of July" is to the United States. It commemorates emancipation from British rule, and victories in Zululand. The President said: "I hope that in your hearts you comprehend that the work you have come here for, is to praise God for his goodness as shown to us. I perceive that new-comers also have assembled here, and I rejoice at it. God's mercy and goodness have been extended to you, my people; and to you also murderers, you thieves and robbers, for you also are interested in this ceremony."

The President is somewhat brusque, if we may credit reports of him. Dining once with Sir Henry Loch, the Governor of the Cape Colony, champagne was handed to him by the waiter. He gave the servant a look which the narrator said was well-calculated "to send him into his boots." He drank a mixture of water and milk.

Boer environment in the Transvaal is essentially British. Whether that Republic, with its sister, the Orange Free State, will join hands with other South African territories, and form a vast Republic, remains to be seen. Present appearances indicate such a result. One has not inaptly said, "The truest and best development of Boer interests will be found in a cordial co-operation with an enlightened and non-bureaucratic British policy."

JOSIAH TYLER.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

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Jacob Klein, Ill.
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A daughter and sister, Oxford, Pa.
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
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THE OCEAN SCARE.

WE find some trepidation among those who are expecting to visit Europe this summer. Absurd! There never was a safer time to cross the ocean than now. Pilots and captains and stokers were never more careful than they will be this season under the remembrance of former calamities. The safest time to be on the rail-train is just after a collision. Pack your valise (far better than a trunk for going great distances), and go on ship-board cheerily.

The sea is a nurse for a thousand aches and disquietudes. You cannot hear the door-bell there, and no telegrams will chase you, as the submarine wire has no stations midway the Atlantic. There may be dangers on the sea, but there are dangers also on the land. Better not walk down the street, for a wall may drop on you. Better not ride in a carriage, for a horse may run away with you. Better not eat your dinner, for a wicked servant may have dropped some poison in it. If a man wants to hunt up dangers, he can find whole flocks of them, multitudinous as quails starting up at the first snap of his fire-lock. Better get your accounts settled for the next world, and then quit all your apprehensions, and, if you can afford the time and the money, go across the Atlantic, and see the churches, and towers, and institutions which were old when Christopher Columbus was a baby. And, as we may not see you again before you go—good-bye! We will look after things as well as we can while you are gone. Put a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HEPALD in your pocket as a sort of life-preserver, and do not let the mule carrying you up the Mer de Glace drop you off while trying to remove a fly from his ear by the stroke of his hind foot. As you sail down the bay, we shake out after you our newly-ironed white pocket-handerchief. There is a French word with which people generally wish each other a happy voyage, but as our supply of French is limited, we do not wish to draw unnecessarily upon it.

OPEN-AIR SERVICES.

WE are glad at the announcement of so many Sabbath-school conventions and preaching services in the open air. That is right. We may want more religion in-doors, but we most certainly want more religion out-of-doors. Get it started in the woods, and on the beach of the sea, and perhaps the whole atmosphere of the country will get permeated with it. In no other way will our storehouses and shops be evangelized. There are thousands of churches that are stark and cold and [illegible] wide-awakenings. Let us have enough warmth in the air to melt these icebergs. We want a revival deep and strong enough to save the ministers as well as the laity. If men ordained by the laying-on of hands are nervous and fearful they cannot drive amid such lively scenes, let them get down off the driver's box, and warm-hearted laymen take their places. The Lord's chariot has started, and he who will not help draw it shall be run over.

POOR PREACHING.

THERE never was a time when in all denominations of Christians there was so much attractive sermonizing as to-day. A large number of sharp, earnest, consecrated men are now being sent into the ministry. Stupidity, after being regularly ordained, is found to be no more acceptable to the people than before, and the title of Doctorate cannot any longer be substituted for brains. Perhaps, however, there may get to be a surfeit of fine discourses. Indeed, we have so many appliances for making bright and incisive preachers, that we do not know but that after awhile, when we want a sleepy discourse as an anodyne, we shall have to go to the ends of the earth to find one; and dull sermons may be at a premium, congregations of limited means not being able to afford them at all; and so we shall have to fall back on chloral or morphine. Are we not, therefore, doing a humanitarian work when we give to congregations some rules by which, if they want it, they may always have poor preaching?

I.—Keep your minister poor. There is nothing more ruinous than to pay a pastor too much salary. Let every Board of Trustees look over their books and see if they have erred in this direction, and if so, let them cut down the minister's wages. There are churches which pay their pastors seven hundred dollars per annum. What these good men do with so much money we cannot imagine. Our ministers must be taken in. If by occasional fasting for a day our Puritan fathers in New England become so good, what might we not expect of our ministers if we kept them in perpetual fast? No doubt their spiritual capacity would enlarge in proportion to their shrinking at the waistcoat. The average salary of ministers in the United States is about six hundred dollars. Perhaps by some spiritual pile-driver we might send it down to five hundred dollars; then the millennium; for the lion by that time would be so hungry, he would let the lamb lie down inside of him. We would suggest a very economical plan: give your spiritual adviser a smaller income, and make it up by a donation visit. When everything else fails to keep him properly humble, that succeeds. We speak from experience. Thirty years ago we had one, and it has been a means of grace to us ever since.

II. For securing poor preaching, wait on your pastor with frequent committees. Let three men some morning tie their horses at the dominie's gate, and go in and tell him how to preach, and pray, and visit. Tell him all the disagreeable things said about him for six months, and what a great man his predecessor was, how much plainer his wife dressed, and how much better his children behaved. Pastoral committees are not like the small-pox—you can have them more than once—they are more like the mumps, which you may have first on one side and then on the other. If, after a man has had the advantage of being manipulated by three church-committees, he has any pride or spirit left, better give him up as incorrigible.

III. To secure poor preaching, keep the minister on the trot. Scold him when he comes to see you because he did not come before, and tell him how often you were visited by the former pastor. Oh, that blessed predecessor! Strange they did not hold on to the angel when they had him. Keep your minister going. Expect him to respond to every whistle. Have him at all the tea-parties and "the raisings." Stand him in the draught of the door at the funeral—a frequent way of declaring a pulpit vacant. Keep him busy all the week in an out-door miscellaneous work; and if, at the end of that time, he cannot preach a weak discourse, send for us and we will show him how to do it. Of course there are exceptions to all rules, but if the plan of treatment we have proposed be followed, we do not see that any church in city or country should suffer any longer from poor preaching.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

J. A. B. Montpelier, Vt. When and by whom was the French Academy founded?

In 1635–36 by the great Cardinal Richelieu.

Inquirer. ——. Should I be doing right to marry a man who has divorced his wife? He is a member of the church and a man of good moral life.

If the man had Scriptural cause for obtaining a divorce (see Matt. 5: 32), there is nothing in that fact that bars you from marrying him. The offence there indicated cancels the marriage bond, and leaves the wronged partner free to contract another marriage.

Gazelle C——, a young friend in Ionia, Mich., who reads THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, sends us a little poem on "The Stars," the concluding stanza of which is:

Hearts that are filled with the light of God's love,
Shine like the beautiful stars above;
Shine with a light that shall last for aye!
Though bodies may perish and stars decay.

J. M. Minch, Providence, R. I. Who built the railway between Jerusalem and Joppa, recently described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD?

France raised all the capital, Turkey gave the concession, Belgium furnished half the rails and coal, and England the other half, Poland and Switzerland sent the laborers and engineers, Greece furnished cooks and American and German engineers made the surveys.

"Subscriber," Canadian, Tex. Is not the period between the coming of Christ for his people and his coming in judgment to be a thousand years?

If you mean the final judgment of the Last Day, that is the length of the period as we understand the Scriptures. But Christ's coming in judgment on the nations to establish his kingdom and reign will, we believe, be a very short time after his coming to withdraw his waiting people from the earth. Probably three and a half or seven years.

M. A. S., —— Is it impossible to find out the true names of the Wise Men who brought gifts to the infant Christ; the Rich Young Ruler; the Woman of Samaria, and the penitent thief?

Early Christian writers give the names of the wise men as Balthasar, Melchior, and Gaspar, but there is no way of ascertaining what authority they had for the statement. They may be correct or not; there is no advantage in knowing their names. As to the names of the other persons you mention, there is not any tradition having the semblance of authority.

S. M. Slinger, Fruitport, Mich. How did the custom to which Pilate alluded (Matt. 27: 15-17) of releasing a prisoner originate?

In the Roman habit of respecting the religious feelings of conquered peoples and conciliating them when it could be done without yielding their power. The passover was a great Jewish festival and the Roman governors showed a kind of respect for it by remitting the sentence of some prisoner who had transgressed Roman law. The pleasure it gave was enhanced when the culprit's offence was political, as the Jews would be likely to esteem as patriotism an offence which the Romans would treat as rebellion.

Theodore Danielson, Newberry, S. C. A preacher here contends that the soul is not immortal. Is not the contention contrary to scripture?

The doctrine is held by some who are firm believers in the truth of the Bible. They contend that immortality comes only through Christ, and that people who do not savingly believe in Christ do not live forever, but suffer the second death. Several passages appear to contradict the theory. Prominent among them are those that speak of eternal punishment, the parable of Dives and Lazarus and Christ's reply to the penitent thief. Persons holding the doctrine, which is called "the doctrine of conditional immortality," have suggested very ingenious methods of explaining them. One of the most prominent modern advocates of the doctrine was the late Dr. R. W. Dale, who lectured at Yale a few years ago.

Newman Sheldon, Lamont, Ia. 1. Is it not likely that the Church is as much mistaken about the second coming of Christ as the Jews were about his first coming? 2. Was the coin found in the mouth of the fish (Matt. 17: 27) a Roman coin or one miraculously created by Christ for the purpose?

1. The large majority of the Church are very likely to be mistaken. They avoid prophecy as a subject it is unprofitable to study, and therefore can learn nothing about the second advent, as it is only from prophecy that anything can be learned of it. The common mistake now appears to be the converse of that of the Jews. The Jews expected a temporal king, when it was a spiritual king that came; the church expects a spiritual King when the prophecies teach that it is as a temporal King that Christ will reign. 2. As the money was used in the payment of tribute, it would appear to have been an ordinary Roman coin. It is possible, however, that the coin was in itself a miracle. There is nothing on which to base an opinion.

Fred. Baldwin, Harrisburg, Pa. What countries are most in need of missionary work at the present time?

Tibet, Afghanistan, Beloochistan and Turkestan are practically virgin fields, and Arabia, the Soudan, the Congo (both French and Belgian territory), and New Guinea are all greatly in need of workers. China, Korea and Formosa may also be placed in the latter category.

H. F. Morris, Shalersville, O., writes:

In your last number of June 26 is an article entitled, "Getting old Gracefully," and you say, "don't worry because the time comes on when you must go into the next world." It never worries me to think of going into the next world—that is the thought of dying—but the condition after I leave this earth. Ah! that is what worries me. You say that John Knox, Harriet Newell, Mrs. Hemans, and the bright and beautiful Christian stars of earth will be our company there. How can that be? Granted that I have made the very best use of the humble talent I have, still there is a great, wide gulf between them and myself.

I admire a master-mind, but when I look upon the world and see men and women with wonderful capabilities, then realizing that these gifts are attributes of the soul, and consequently will never die, why will not our conditions be the same in the next world—the same great gulf between us? My faith in the Lord is strong enough to smother every doubt, and I believe it will be all right, some way; yet what can cure the aching heart that longs for attainments that can never be reached?

M. V. W., West Philadelphia, sends this letter in behalf of "Dumb Christian" (whose letter appeared in THE MAIL-BAG three weeks ago) and others in like predicament.

I became a Christian before I was twelve years of age. At fifteen, I had never offered prayer before anyone. I was naturally very timid and retiring. God's providence, our home in Philadelphia was broken up and we moved to the country, where I found many who did not attend any church or Sabbath School. My mother gathered the children together and formed a Union Sunday School, which she was superintendent herself. Many Christians of different denominations helped, including the District school-teacher and her brother, who were Friends. My eldest brother was a librarian and my younger brother was in a class. They were neither of them, at that time, Christians. One Sabbath, my mother was too ill to go to Sunday School and I found there was no one to lead the School myself. I did not see how I could. Then came the thought, "I am going to talk with God." I knelt and prayed. Ever since I could pray anywhere, for I feel God's presence so much that I forget the eyes of all others. In talking I have found, "Out of the abuffdance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

E. C. A., Woodstock, Ill. 1. When were the Apocryphal Books added to the Catholic Bible? 2. Was the addition made before the Reformation, and if so, why was it excluded after that time by the Protestants?

Pope Innocent I., early in the fifth century, and Pope Galasius, in the latter part of the same century, each gave catalogues of the books forming the Canon of Scripture, including five books of Solomon, Tobit, and the Books of Maccabees. At the same time some other so-called apocryphal writings were rejected. Previous to this, the doubtful books of the Old Testament had been used publicly in the service of the Church, but with expressed doubts or limitations as to their authority. The Council of Trent, however, included them all except two. 2. Yes; long anterior to the Reformation. The Apocrypha was never known by that name until the Reformation so designated it. The Roman Church itself had virtually discredited it for centuries. The English and German Reformers, influenced by the revival of the study of Hebrew and the recognition of the authority of the Hebrew Canon, collected the doubtful books into a separate group, and in Luther's first edition of the German Bible (1534), they were printed together as Apocrypha. Wycliffe's and Cranmer's Bibles also contained them, printed in this way. Gradually the Apocrypha ceased to be read in the Protestant Churches, or even referred to, and for over three hundred years it has not been included as a part of the Canon of Scripture, or as having any place in the office of Divine worship.

S. M. A., Phila. We have no further information on the subject than already published.——S. McCraw, Springfield, Mo. His name was John Houston, a native of Manhattan, Kans., and he is now engaged in evangelistic work in the South.——Geo. R. Brown, Salisbury, Md. 1. Dr. Talmage is now on a preaching and lecturing tour in the West and Southwest. 2. The words are almost synonomous, "itineracy" meaning the practice of itinerating, and "itinerancy" more specifically the system of rotation in use among the clergy of the Methodist Church.——Reader, Paleo, Kan. 1. We will find the whole poem in a volume entitled, "Shine in Life," published by Putnam & Sons, New York. 2. They are quite suitable for the family reading. 3. To some, such writings may be helpful, to others not. 4. No. 5. No.——J. Smith, Belmont, Neb. In education probably they need teachers.——Hattie McPherson, Wallaceburg, Ont. New York City is sufficient address.——A. Walker, Howell, Mich. It is a delusion. Mrs. Eddy's writings are not in any sense inspired.——Jacobus, Riceville, Ia. "The laborer is worthy of his hire." There is little truth and much exaggeration in these stories.——Reader, Plymouth, Cal. Yes, the offer is still open.——C. W. Smith, Morton, N. Y. You can obtain the books on American birds of J. P. Lippincott, publisher, Pine street, New York.——W. H. Spencer, Richmond, Va. We cannot inform you. Write to a commercial agency.——H. P. Cook, Roxbury, Conn. Get Jamieson, Faussett & Brown's Commentaries from Revell, publisher, 112 5th Ave., New York.——Mrs. H. R. Voth, Kroan, Coconino, Arizona. 1. Yes, he is still living. 2. We have the letter, but prefer to express no opinion upon it

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

JAPAN'S ACQUISITION.

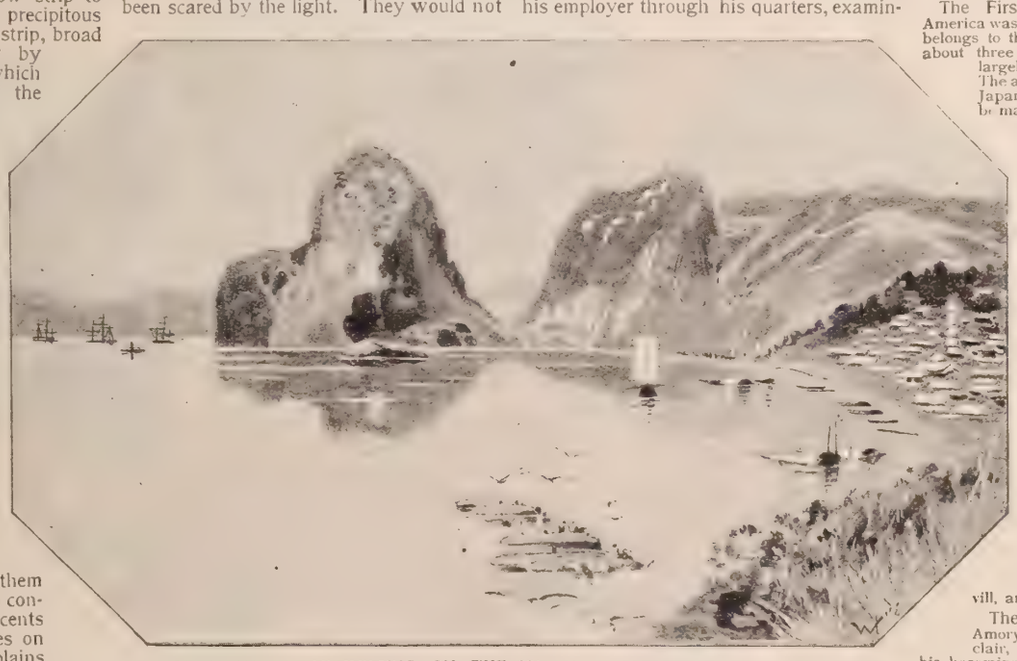
ONLY one territorial acquisition has been won by Japan as the fruit of her magnificent triumph over her ponderous enemy. Yielding with surprising discretion to the bullying demands of Russia, she has abandoned the rights given her by treaty to possessions on the mainland, and contents herself, as best she may, with the island of Formosa, the one increase to her territory. The island lies off the south-east coast of China, from whence it is separated by a strait about ninety miles wide. It is 240 miles long by eighty wide, or about half the size of Ireland. Its physical conformation is peculiar. A high range of mountains runs north and south, making practically two countries of the island. There is the mountain region in the centre, occupied by wild tribes that the Chinese have never been able to subdue; the narrow strip to the east terminating in a high precipitous coast line; and the western strip, broad and alluvial, occupied chiefly by Chinese and other foreigners, which is the most civilized part of the island. Tea and rice plantations abound in the Western strip, and pine-apples and other tropical fruits are cultivated. The chief value of the island, however, is its coal deposits which have already been worked near Kelung, the principal town. Sulphur and petroleum have also been found and it is believed that iron may exist in the mountain districts. It is estimated that there are nearly two million persons on the island belonging to various tribes. The aboriginal inhabitants are supposed to be of Negrito stock. They appear to have been conquered some long past time by Malays, with whom they amalgamated. They are untamable savages, fierce, ignorant and degraded. Between them and the Chinese there has been continual enmity, and their descents from their mountain fastnesses on the peaceful villagers on the plains have been marked by awful butcheries. Their naked bodies are tattooed with records of their achievements, and their appearance with their immensely long arms is scarcely human. The Japanese expect to overcome them, but are aware that the task will be long and arduous. They promptly took possession of their new territory. The Chinese made a feeble resistance, after declaring a republic and making the Chinese governor, President. The Japanese soon put an end to opposition and landed a force on the island which they believe is sufficient to deal with the savages. If the Japanese are right, and they are able to subdue these aboriginal tribes, the Chinese settlers will be better off under the rule than they would have been had the attempt to set up a republic succeeded. If they have not the dignity of governing themselves, they will at any rate be protected from their savage foes. That condition is more desirable, and it is a type of the situation in the spiritual world. The man who attempts to govern his own life is not so safe, nor so useful, as he who has given himself over to the rule of Christ.

It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps (Jer. 10: 23).

Electricity as a Detective.

A Chicago journal reports the ingenious detection of two thieves by the combined aid of electricity and photography. A cigar-dealer found that his stock was disappearing at a rate which did not correspond with his money receipts. He felt sure that he was being robbed, and that the thieves worked in the night. He sat up several nights to watch, but the thieves were evidently aware of his presence and did not come. But the first night that he left his store, the depredations were resumed. He consulted the police but they failed to detect the robbers. Mentioning the matter one day to a friend who is an electrician, the suggestion was made that has led to the solution of the difficulty. A camera was brought in, with a flash-light attachment, and focussed on the case where the cigars were kept. An electric apparatus was fixed so that the opening of the case would close the circuit, and operate the camera. The next morning there were no cigars missing, but on the plate in the camera were the images of two terrified faces, evidently belonging to the thieves, who must have been alarmed by the sudden glare of the flash-light. They had decamped without their booty, but with the portraits as evidence, they were speedily found and arrested. They did not know that their portraits were taken until confronted with them in court, but had simply been scared by the light. They would not have ventured on the robbery had they been warned of the measures adopted for their discovery and identification; but warning is not always sufficient. Men go on in secret sin, although the Bible explicitly warns them that a day of complete exposure is coming.

It is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret. But all things that are reproved are made manifest by the light. (Eph. 5: 12, 13.



THE PROMONTORY OF KELUNG ON THE ISLAND OF FORMOSA, CEDED TO JAPAN.

An Unknown Betrothal.

At a wedding celebrated recently at Atlanta, Ga., a curious fact was disclosed. The bride and bridegroom belong to families which were near neighbors twenty years ago, but have been separated since then. Their parents, and especially their mothers, were warm friends, having known each other from girlhood. They were often together, and the bright little two-year old boy was loved not more tenderly by his own mother than by her friend, who was as much attached to him as to her own one-year old daughter. The boy's mother expressed the hope that when he grew up, he would marry her friend's daughter, and the other lady laughingly wrote a paper, formally betrothing her child to the boy. The separation of the families came not long afterwards. The boy went to school and college in the North, and the girl graduated and became a school-teacher at Atlanta. They did not meet until some law business took the young man to Atlanta about a year ago. He was then twenty years old, and had to be introduced to the teacher when they met, as they were quite unknown to each other. The wedding of the other day is the outcome of the acquaintance then formed. The bride's mother who still lives was present at the ceremony, and told the story of the infantile betrothal. She was very happy, having some of the joy that Christian parents have when the child whom they have consecrated to Christ in its infancy, voluntarily ratifies the act by becoming united to him by a living faith. As Solomon said to such a child:

Thy father and thy mother shall be glad, and she that bear thee shall rejoice (Prov. 23: 25).

A Servant's Recommendation.

A New York lady who has been residing in California relates an experience she had there which somewhat astonished her. She a great deal of difficulty in keeping her housemaid and cook. One day when both servants had left and the family was in the difficulty, which was frequently occurring, of having to do its own work, a bright little Chinaman came and offered to fill both positions. After some hesitation he was engaged on trial. He proved capable and industrious. The meals were well cooked and punctually served, and the kitchen and the rest of the house had never been kept so clean. The man was a perfect treasure and the family was relieved of its recurring embarrassments. He remained over two years and then resigned that he might return to China. On the day he left, he took his employer through his quarters, examining everything and asked if the condition was satisfactory. He was assured that it was and that the lady was sorry to lose his services. He expressed his own satisfaction with the treatmemt he had received and said that he had left a recommendation. The next Chinaman who came explained what his predecessor meant. A curious hieroglyphic on the kitchen wall had directed him to look under the sink. There he found an oblong piece of paper covered with Chinese characters. These he deciphered for the lady's benefit as stating that she "was good allee timee; no scold much; no cheat of wages." It was, the lady said, a novel experience to her to receive a recommendation from a servant. She had been accustomed to give recommendations, not to receive them. But the testimony that obligations to social inferiors have been fulfilled may become more valuable than it is in our present social conditions. There will be a day when nothing will be so important as the testimony that the duties of common charity have been performed; for Christ will say:

Inasmuch as ye did it to these, my brethren, ye did it unto me. (Matt. 25: 40.)

An Old Man's Ecstasy.

A pathetic incident of the recent breaking of the long drought in Kansas is told by a traveler who was in that region at the time the rain came. He was driving across a bridge over a creek that was running bank full after being dry for months, and noticed an old settler sitting on the bank with his feet hanging in the stream, bailing up the water first in one hand and then the other, and letting it trickle back into the creek. The traveler spoke to him, but the old man seemed not to hear at first, and continued to bail up the water as though in a dream. When he did finally hear and look up, his face was wreathed in a happy smile and tears were running down his cheeks. The traveler made some remark in the way of inquiry as to the old man's actions. The old settler bailed up a double handful of water, and with a voice that trembled with the intensity of his realization of all it meant, he rapturously cried: "It's water, friend, it's water!" Probably the old man had never in his life been so glad to see a full stream, but then he had experienced the bitter need of water. It is so with the joy of the newly converted soul. The offer of salvation may have been heard with indifference hundreds of times, but when the need of it is really felt, there is no joy so great as comes from the invitation:

Whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely. (Rev. 22: 17.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Much-disputed question of Nuns as teachers in the public schools of Pennsylvania has been decided by the passage of a law by the Legislature making it illegal for teachers to wear any sectarian dress.

The List of University honors this Year Includes the somewhat unusual item of the degree of Doctor of Laws being confered on a woman. The recipient was Mrs. Alice F. Palmer of Harvard, and the degree was conferred by Union College.

The First Japanese Christian Church in America was recently dedicated in San Francisco. It belongs to the Methodist denomination, and has about three hundred members, who contributed largely toward the building of the edifice. The assistant minister and the organist are Japanese, and the church organization will be managed by the Japanese members, with very little help or interfence by Caucasians.

The School for Christian Workers at Springfield, Mass., reported at its annual meeting that notwithstanding the general complaints of hard times, calls had been received for more than three times the number of workers that the Institution could furnish.

A Society of Applied Christianity has been organized at Flushing, L. I. It proposes to supply defects in the work of churches where doctrine is more prominent than the practical application of Christ's teaching to daily life. It is understood that Prof. George B. Herron of Grinnell College, Ia., is to be the chief adviser of the Society, and that it will have the support of several prominent philanthropists.

A Believers' Conference and Christian Workers' Convention is to be held at Scranton, Pa., commencing this day (July 17) and continuing till July 21. Among the speakers who have promised to attend and take part in the exercises are Rev. A. B. Simpson, Rev. Stephen Merritt, Rev. James Scovill, and Mr. Charles N. Crittenton.

The Strong Disinclination of Dr. Amory Bradford to leave his church at Montclair, N. J., has set at rest the reports of his becoming pastor of Carr's Lane Church in succession to the late Dr. R. W. Dale. The church has invited Rev. J. H. Jowett, of Newcastle, to become its pastor.

The English Women's Total Abstinence Union has issued an appeal to clergymen of all denominations, and to the officers of the churches, urging the use of unfermented wine at the Lord's Supper.

It is a Significant Sign of the Times that a Dispatch received a few days ago by the American Bible Society from its agent in Peru, acknowledges the receipt of a case of Bibles. It had safely passed the Custom House at Callao. It is only four years since Penzotti was imprisoned there for circulating the Bible.

From an English Correspondent we Learn that Gypsy Tillie Evans, who has many friends in this country, has undergone the operation which was ordered some time ago by the physicians, and that she is now well on the way to recovery. Special prayers were offered in her behalf in many of the churches in which she has labored.

The First Chinaman to Enter the Ministry in New York State is Hui Kin, who was ordained on June 30 at University Place Presbyterian Church. He has been educated under the care of the Presbytery, and has been very successful in mission work among his countrymen. He will hold Chinese services in New York, and hopes eventually to organize a church of converted Chinamen.

The Ocean Grove (N. J.) Summer School of Theology opens on August 7, and will hold three sessions each day until Aug. 16. The morning sessions will be devoted to lectures on Philosophic and Systematic Theology and Church History. The afternoons will be occupied with discussing methods of practical work, including Christian Sociology and pastoral labor. In the evening the sessions will be of a more general character, and will be held in the main auditorium, and the themes, although more adapted for lay audiences, will be related to Gospel work. The sessions will close with the Oratorio of the Messiah, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch. Among the speakers will be Judge Tourgee, Bishop John P. Newman; Dr. G. K. Morris, of Boston; Dr. C. J. Little and Dr. Milton S. Terry of the Garrett Biblical Institute; Dr. S. F. Upham of Drew Theogical Seminary, and President J. W. Bashford of Wesleyan University. All inquiries should be addressed to Rev. J. E. Price, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GRACE CORWIN'S PRIVATE MISSION.

GRACE Corwin isn't going abroad. Her father and mother said she might, and Mrs. Van Amburgh, who chaperones the party, wanted her very much, but Grace had conscientious scruples, and would not have so much money spent on her pleasure this year. I wish I had been in her shoes."

Fanny Dean was talking with Ruth Raynor. Grace was the friend of both, and was, in a worldly sense, better off than either, being the only and idolized child of wealthy parents. Judge Corwin lavished indulgences on his fair young daughter, and had never been know to refuse a petition of hers in all her life of twenty charming years.

"Papa," she had stood smiling in the doorway of his den, waiting to be invited in, for it was understood in the household that even the petted child did not intrude on the Judge when he was looking up cases.

"Come in, my darling," he said, holding out, so to speak, the golden sceptre.

She needed no second bidding. In an instant she was seated on his knee, both arms around his neck, her soft peachy cheek and golden hair laid against his grizzled beard.

"Papa, I don't want to go to Europe. I don't; I prefer to stay at home."

"But, Grace, why so fickle? I thought it was understood that you had been studying art with a view to going about picture galleries and cathedrals; that you had planned the whole route with Mrs. Van Amburgh; that your very dearest friends among the girls were, some of them, going, and that it was to be, from start to finish, a first-class lark. I had fuss enough to coax your mother into saying yes to what she thought a wild-goose-chase of a notion, when it was first presented, and now Gracie says she doesn't wish the trip after all. What does she wish? Tell father, sweetheart."

You see these two were very deeply in love with one another, and very full in one another's confidence. It is a pleasant thing for father and daughter thus to enjoy reciprocal and unstinted affection.

"To tell the truth," said Grace, looking her father straight in the face, clear-eyed and fearless, "I want the thousand dollars it would have cost you, papa, and liberty to spend it just as I choose."

"What can you do with a thousand dollars here at home? Mamma provides for your needs here, my daughter."

"Ah, but" said Grace, "I don't want it simply for my own pleasure. I want the money deposited in a bank to my account, with leave to spend it just as I please, the understanding being that I will do nothing wrong, and that you and mamma shall know where every dollar goes. I want to make a great many girls happy with the cost of the trip I don't take this summer."

"What put it into your head, little girl?"

"Well, partly it came from a visit with mamma to the mission she is interested in, away down in the Bowery, and partly from a talk I had with a girl of my own age, in a shop where I was buying some shirt waists yesterday. The girl was very pale and tired, and she made a mistake in waiting on a customer. The floor-walker spoke to her very sharply, and the tears came into her eyes. I talked to her a few moments, and found out that she had a sister ill with pneumonia and has lost her rest; working all day in the shop, and sitting [illegible] Papa, things are not fairly divided in this world, with some having so much and [illegible] I am [illegible] I want to have a private mission of my own, for the next six months."

"You shall do as you choose, my dear," the judge answered at last, kissing her, and smoothing the golden hair of which he was so proud. "Now run away, I must be earning money fast, if my daughter is to give away a whole thousand dollars."

It is strange that even the best men often have a sense that they are a little wasteful, when they bestow liberally in charity or for the church, while they never dream of feeling so if they spend equally large sums on their families or their residences.

Judge Corwin went to the bank, after awhile, and opened an account for Grace with one thousand dollars.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," he said, taking himself to task, as he realized that he did not quite approve of what he was doing.

"It ought to bring in good results, that investment," he said. "It will in one way; Grace will be with us, and now, when she does go over the water, her mother and I will be of the party."

He went home to dinner and handed Grace her bank-book with a real gentleman-of-the-old-school courtly bow.

"There, my dear Miss Corwin, is the amount of your letter of credit for the summer. Make a good use of it, and I will be satisfied."

I am afraid I cannot begin to tell you how much Grace did with that money. She knew a dear old lady who was suffering with cataract. Part of Grace's fund paid a famous oculist to operate on the veiled eye, and its vision was restored. A hundred dollars mysteriously floated in one morning to the breakfast table of a home missionary. Fifty dollars sent singing books and a fine addition to the library of a Sunday School in Maine. A widow, struggling on the tiniest of incomes, was helped to a summer outing for herself and her children. Twenty-five young women were sent to the Seaside Rest for three weeks. Grace found many ways to dispose of her money, and every dollar of it did good, and as she was careful not to let her left hand guess what her right hand did, no harm was done to any one by her beneficence. She received no begging letters. She was imposed on by nobody. She simply enjoyed her private mission, all through one happy summer, and made every spot her consecrated money touched to bloom like a garden of the Lord.

"I think, Kitty dear," said the Judge to his wife, one day, when the two were in their own chamber and conversing confidentially, "I think we might initiate our Grace to advantage. 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth.' I will give away more hereafter and so shall you."

"And Henry," the wife spoke earnestly, "put it in my power, please, to act as independently as Grace has done, these last months. Give me my separate allowance for benevolence. I have never had one, you know."

It was on her husband's lips to say, "You have had my pocket-book at your disposal," but he restrained himself. In his wife's face was a look of repressed eagerness which went to his heart. He simply said,

"Kitty, I am a man under authority, I will do whatever you wish. I ought, long ago, to have thought that there might be a choice for you in our way of managing home finance. Thanks to Grace, we will move on more satisfactorily from this day."

Wives will admit that this result was one of the very best, when Grace's private mission came to balance accounts.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on July 7, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends: "Friend," Maryland, for a widowed daughter who has little children whom she is not teaching to pray. ——A Believer, Bristol, Vt., for two dear friends. —— "Reader," Cherry Camp, W. Va., for a son whose reason is tottering through the liquor habit. ——F. L., Binghamton, N. Y., for a brother, that a change of heart may be worked in him which shall be complete and permanent. —— "A Distressed Mother," Chicago, whose son is being alienated from his family and deceived by his unprincipled wife, that the latter may be converted and turned from her wicked ways, which are involving many in sorrow and apprehension. —— "Wife and Mother," Strong, Me., that her husband and son may be converted. —— "A Worker for Christ," Riverside, Kans., on behalf of a brother-in-law who is opposing Christian work and doing much harm to young people; also for the conversion of a drunkard, the husband of a dear friend. —— "Sister in Jesus," Aiken, S. C., for the conversion of a precious one whose besetting sin is the love of intoxicating drink. —— "Reader," New Castle, Pa., for the conversion of a dear friend, a physician, now suffering from nervous prostration, a good, kind, generous man, but not saved —— "Subscriber," Ohio, for the conversion of three beloved brothers and their wives. —— "B," Vt., for her husband's conversion in spite of his indifference and his expressed dislike of religion; also for a beloved son who lacks the one thing needful. —— "Daughter and Sister," for the salvation of a dear brother and sister, and that her mother and herself may have more grace.

For the Restoration of Health. R. W. C., Rock Cave, W. Va., that God would mercifully restore the use of his side to a friend at Louisville, Ky., who has been ill two years. —— "Believer in Prayer," for the recovery of self and friends from a painful disease. —— "Mother," Ashland, Va., for the restoration of hearing. —— "Believer," Buffalo, that a Christian young man recently become insane, may recover his reason. —— "Lover of Jesus," Lebanon, Ill., that her husband may get some relief from a distressing cough which is wearing his life away. —— Subscriber, Alameda, Cal., that God would hear the prayers of many years for the recovery of hearing. —— "Reader," Evansville, Ind., for recovery from long sickness. —— W. H. F., Atlanta, Ga., for the recovery of hearing and health long since lost.

For Special Blessings. A. M. H., Buckhannon, W. Va., for deliverance and protection for a persecuted family. —— L. G. Grey, that two orphans may be helped of God in their struggle to maintain themselves; also that a persecuted family may be supported and encouraged. —— "Believer," Baltimore, Md., that God would interfere on behalf of a man in financial stress that justice may be done in his case. —— "Bereaved," for God's blessing on a stricken family and for guidance in great trouble. —— "Anxious Parents," Fabius, Ark., that in some way the means may be provided for a worthy son to finish his course in college. —— "Broken-hearted," Kansas City, Mo., to whom everything seems dark, that God would mercifully restore the lost and give more faith. —— "Agonized Mother," Atlanta, Ga., who complains that her own prayers are unanswered and has lost her faith, that God would give her new light and patience in answer to the prayers of others who still have faith and that some token may come to her in her dark lot. —— I. H. N., Philadelphia, Pa., that the blessing mentioned in Psalm 133: 3 may be granted of God. —— "A Despairing Soul," Chicago, Ill., that in some way God would change her environment and surroundings that she might be enabled to lead a virtuous, Christian life and that help might come speedily lest the present pressure of temptation prove too great for her strength.

If we had the name and address of the writer of this letter, perhaps we might be able to interest some Christian friend in her case who might help.

A GROWING MISSION.

The spiritual work of the Harlem People's Mission, at No. 2418, Second avenue, New York, is in a most encouraging condition. Large audiences attend the services, and much good has already been accomplished in a populous part of the city, where the mission field is still far from being fully occupied. The Mission Sunday School is greatly in need of teachers; the school is regularly crowded with street children, but the absence of a number of teachers in the summer months has depleted the list of available workers. About one hundred and fifty children now come regularly every Sunday afternoon. Mr. Joseph Bennet is Superintendent of the school.

A FLORAL PONY-WAGON.

A Festival of Flowers.

One of the Prettiest Spectacles of t Summer Abroad, in which Royal Takes Part.

AN attractive annual eve in many old-world co tries, is "The Festival the Flowers." In Sp and Italy, especial these fetes are look forward to by the pe antry with rare antici tion, and the skill and artistic ingen employed in getting up the floral desi and decorations for the great day itself something remarkable. Gaily decora carriages, wagons, and wheelbarrows, se literally hidden amid blooms and foliz horses and oxen are seen in many-colo floral trappings, and men women and c dren wear wreaths and necklaces of b and blossoms strung together like t beautiful ones woven by the girls of moa, which they cast over the shoulder their guests at feasts. France, Engl and Germany have followed the exar of their more southerly neighbors, floral fetes are now almost regular oc rences every year in those countries. Mexico, the fete of the flowers is one of greatest events of the whole year, and California, where nature is prodigal in gifts of fruits and flowers, these festi have been a great success.

Last month, a floral fete was held at

A DECORATED WHEELING BABY-CHA

Royal Botanic Society's Gardens, Lon which was probably the finest in man spects ever held in England. It was tronized by royalty, and the Prince Princess of Wales with their daughters Dukes and Duchesses of York and and a big assemblage of other very guished people took an active inter Thousands of young people attende fete, and the floral designs and device tered in the competition were varied beautiful. We reproduce on this pa few of the most striking ones (from the don "Illustrated News"), to which p were awarded. There were hundre others almost equally pretty and displa the marvelous effects that can be pro by skilful floral combinations in the h of clever artists.

ANIMALS' FEAR OF EARTHQUA

Not only man, but all the lower ani are stricken with terror when the grou is shaken by earthquake. An observ of animal life has been noting the behavi of animals during a recent earthquak in Europe. A railway guard observed at some minutes before the first shock as felt, an owl, chained to a tool-house, ed as if for help, and horses were obs ed running as if for their lives up a hill before the first shock. Pigeons and h on a tower were observed to fly arou it every time that a shock was near. Sparrows and red-breasts also fluttered out and seemed to overcome their fear of m. The most excited of all were the hens. They trembled before a shock occurred and fell on their knees and sides. The dogs howled the whole night.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon the proprietor, and also upon those who sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

MISSIONARIES PROTECTED.

A little Band of Workers at Ch'en-tu ved From Massacre—Their Station.

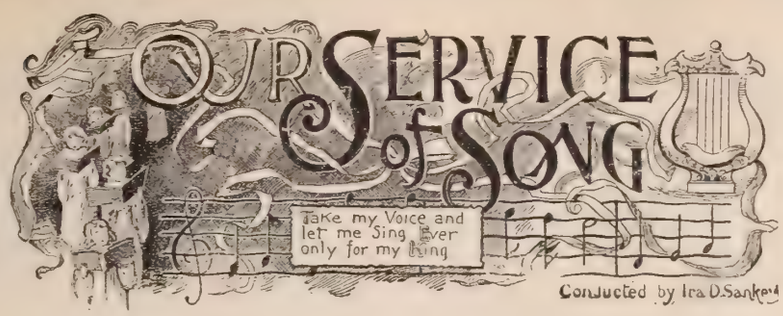
DURING the troublous period immediately following the close of the Chino-Japanese war, Christian missionaries in certain parts of China were in daily peril of massacre at the hands of fanatical mis. News came to this country of a ricat Ch'en-tu, in which it was feared th the missionaries had been slain by the mi but it fortunately happened that, alth gh the mission property wa destroyed, the workers thselves were protected by th Chinese authorities. These fac have already been mentioned briefly in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Wing in "China's Millions," D Herbert Parry gives this interesting description of Ch'en-tu "Ch'en-tu, the chief city of the province of Si-ch'uen, is a lar and busy centre, with a population of possibly about 300,00, lying in the midst of an extensive and very fertile plain everywhere traversed by water-courses. The city is enclosed by a broad wall, which has a circuit of nearly ten miles, and has very extensive suburbs outside its north, south, and eastgates. A royal city in past centuries, the remains of its palaces are still visible. The various trades and crafts occupy the respective quarters, and prominent among these are the silk weavers and silk merchants, the embroiderers, the clothiers, and the Cantonese wax dealers. The people have the general character of quietness, friendliness, and industry, the least peaceful element being, no doubt, the Mahometan and Manchu. We do not know of the city being visited by Protestant preachers earlier than about thirty years ago, when Dr. Jo and another made a short stay. The work of the China Inland Mission was commenced in 1881 by Messrs. Clarke and Ri and their wives. For some years, the house at the north end of the city was the sole evangelical light-centre in this great city, and the whole of the surrounding plain, with its many busy cities, until in 1887 work was begun by Dr. Pruen at the west end, in close proximity to the Manchu quarter; and then, in 1891, at the south end of the city by the American Methodist Mission, and in 1892 in the east section by the Canadian Methodist Mission, followed by temporary residence of the C. M. S. The work of the various missions is still in the preparatory stages, but there is the prospect of largely increasing influence, especially in connection with Medical Mission work.

The progress of the work in our own Mission has been slow and uphill. It has comprised public preaching, Medical Mission work, classes for Bible instruction, book-selling, and day schools, and not least, the quiet work in the guest halls. The present most apparent result of all the seed sowing, represented by the above methods of work, is in the small Christian company of about forty persons, exclusive of a score or so of others.

One of the early members is now a much esteemed evangelist at Lu-chau; another is helping at Kia-ting, a third is evangelist and pastor of the Mei-chau Church, whilst a fourth is valued as a helper in the work at Kwan-hien, and another who has been useful in two cities, received his first years of practical training in Ch'en-tu. The Ch'en-tu Church has now in hand a project which must exercise its spirit of giving for some years to come, namely, the building of a public place of worship outside the mission house, three-fifths of the sum needed, the beginning of a movement against footed to be of native giving. There is also the binding, which deserves and needs our prayerful sympathy. With Ch'en-tu as a centre, we draw on the map a circle having a radius of seventy miles."

HELPFUL BIBLE PASSAGES.

In general it may be said that those portions of the Bible help one most which do most to open his eyes to his real relations to God. How many have read the story of the Pharisee and the publican, for instance, again and again, admiring its tender beauty but without fitting it closely to themselves, until some day as they read over the familiar words again, it flashes upon them that the parable has a personal application. In themselves they see revealed, not without shame, the supercilious spiritual pride of the Pharisee. In themselves, like the publican himself although not yet perceiving the hopefulness of the fact, they become conscious of a guilt unbearable without forgiveness. So sometimes a word, or prophecy, sometimes a psalm, sometimes an utterance by our Lord sometimes an exhortation by an apostle is what we need at the time. It is hard indeed to decide that any part of the Bible helps us most, although of course there are some portions which are more are less incidental to the others and the mission of which is not to help us as they do. The whole Bible, therefore, should be read and studied that we may learn the use and value of its various and different parts.



HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.

(*Isaiah 55: 1.*)

CARRIE E. BRECK, arr. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Ho, ye, ev - ery one that thirst - eth, Come and sat - is - fy your need;....
2. Ho, ye, ev - ery one that thirst - eth, 'Tis the lov - ing Sav-iour's call; ....
3. Ho, ye, ev - ery one that thirst - eth, He is call - ing you to - day;.....
4. Ho, ye, ev - ery one that thirst - eth, Hear the gos - pel trum-pet sound;...

You may drink of liv ing wa - ters, On the bread of life may feed.
To the ban - quet He pro - vid - eth, Come, and wel - come, one and all.
La - bor not for joys that per - ish, Come to Je - sus while you may.
Turn to Him who now is wait - ing, Seek Him while He may be found.

CHORUS.

"Ho, ev - ery one that thirst - eth," With-out mon - ey, come and buy;
O come and buy;

Liv - ing bread and liv - ing wa - ter, Eat and drink and nev - er die.

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CHRIST'S COMING.

An Address at a Prophetic Conference in London.

BY A SCOTCH PROFESSOR.

I THINK there can be little question, amongst any of us (whatever be our opinions) that the hope set before the child of God in this blessed Book of Revelation, is the personal coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; that the Spirit of God would have all eyes looking out for him, all desires unto him.

I believe the Lord's coming to be personal and pre-millennial. There can be no doubt that the Spirit of God in the New Testament sets this before us;—to "look for his Son from heaven;" that "this same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." And the great Apostle of the Gentiles describes the Christian as looking for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body.

He is the blessed hope of the Church. In the New Testament it seems to me that the Apostles themselves expected the return of the Lord in their day. So true is this that we find men nowadays striking at the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, and endeavoring to gather an argument from the fact that although the disciples expected the Lord to come in their day, he did not appear, and that therefore the Scriptures could not be inspired.

Now, I gather a different argument from this, on the ground that it was the will of the Lord that his disciples should live in the constant expectation of his coming, so that whether he came in the morning, in the evening, or at cock-crow, they might be ready to open unto him. It is remarkable that the Apostles always speak of the Lord's coming in the first person. They do not say they, but they say we. "Behold I shew you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed." It has struck me that they had the Lord's own warrant directly for this constant expectation of his personal coming.

So far as I know anything of the coming of the Lord Jesus, it is to me a matter of intense joy. It is delightful that he will come who died for us. We shall embrace those hands, and we shall kiss those feet, and we shall be with him and see him! I cannot brethren, for a moment allow that we should confound the coming of death to the believer with the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ to the believer. Some say that when we are told to watch for the Lord in the morning, at evening, at midnight, or at cock-crow, it may mean the Lord's coming at death, and that for the Christian to die is the same as for the Lord to come.

But there is a vast, splendid, and glorious contrast between the two events. When death comes, death conquers me; when Christ comes, I conquer death. When death comes, this mortal puts on mortality; when Christ comes, this mortal puts on immortality. When death comes, the corruptible puts on corruption (Bury my dead out of my sight); when the Lord Jesus Christ comes, the corruptible shall put on incorruption, and we shall be changed.

THE LORD'S COMING.

A popular little work by Mrs. Baxter, whose articles on the Sunday School Lessons appear every week in this journal. It contains fifteen chapters on the events predicted in the Bible to occur between the present time and the close of the Millennium. Third Edition—Revised and Enlarged. 104 pages. Price fifteen cents. Published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91-101 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN JOURNEY.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing July 28. Matt. 7 : 13, 14; John 14 : 1-6.

MAN'S spiritual life is very like a journey. Bunyan's matchless allegory appeals to every man's own experience. We know that we are never standing still. We are moving in one direction or the other. Doubts as the direction he is taking

PRESIDENT JOHN H. CHAPMAN.

and uncertainties about his destination, often come to the man who is striving to climb upward, who finds the way difficult, and who often falls back. He is like a man rowing against the tide, who seems to be carried back farther than he has propelled his bark forward. But the intention in him, the earnest desire, the repeated effort to attain, count for much, and may help to dispel his doubts. Every man has this possibility before him. He may travel from the natural to the spiritual, or he may turn his back on the spiritual and go into the lower depths of the natural. His nature touches two worlds. On the one side it is akin to the brutes, and on the other it is related to the divine. No one who has intelligently watched his own impulses can have any [illegible] of the fact. The pleasure he derives from any act of kindness, any self-denial for the sake of others, shows him that he has a spiritual nature in him. On the other hand, the present gratification that comes from the pleasures of the table and from any kind of indulgence of the body, shows him his connection with the animal. The question asked of him individually is to which kingdom he will belong. He may [illegible] after the flesh, or after the spirit—but walk he must. If he choose the road to the lower type, the path is easy. He secures his good as he goes along, and it would be absurd to deny that he has enjoyment. But the end of the road is disgusting, is despicable and revolting in a hideous degree. They who live after the flesh [illegible]. They deliberately renounce the privileges of their human nature and become brutes. But if the man choose the path upward? There is no condemnation there, but there is toil and struggle and the price of progress is sleepless vigilance. Then he rows against the stream. He is tried in many ways. Sometimes poverty meets him and tempts him to sin, wronging his soul to supply the needs of the body. Sometimes it is prosperity that tests him, putting in his hands the means of animal gratification, luring him into indolence and luxury. Bereavement, physical suffering, ridicule of friends—every kind of hindrance comes in his way to test his mettle and prove whether he is of the kind that deserves life. He falls and faints with the struggle, but if he belongs to "the fittest who survive," he will die rather than turn back. Even those who would encourage him are discouraged and he who has tried here to help him, can now do so no more. But the only real help that can come is in Christ. To the earnest struggler, Christ holds out his helping hand and utters words of encouragement. Eternal life is assured to every man who will deny himself, take up his cross and follow Christ. He has trodden the same path; he has gone on before; he has gone to prepare a place for those who follow; and he is beckoning them and encouraging them always. There, where he is, is the place prepared for the storm-beaten, buffeted traveler—there at the end of the upward path in the mansions of the Father's house.

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THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

The third of the great conventions of young people assembles this week. The hosts of young Baptists from every section of the country will, by the time this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in the hands of its readers, be on the way to Baltimore, Md., to hold their fifth annual convention. We give on this page a picture of the tent pitched at the entrance to Druid Hill Park, which is to form the chief auditorium and a portrait of Mr. John H. Chapman, the indefatigable and energetic President of the Union. This assembly will surely be the largest the Union has yet held, for it has grown prodigiously since the Convention of a year ago. Mr. Chapman's Western tour and the thorough organization of the Union have resulted in very large additions to the number of societies and to the membership. Much has also probably been gained by the system of study adopted by the American Union. This, instead of following the system of the International Sunday School lessons as does the Christian Endeavor Society, has a line of its own in the Christian Culture Courses, which aims at a definite and comprehensive educational result. The benefits are obvious and the young people have followed the courses with enthusiasm. This Convention will undoubtedly show very marked progress in the system and prove the wisdom of its adoption.

The programme of the sessions so far as it could be arranged before the gathering of the Convention, covers the entire field of the year's work. Thursday morning session is to be devoted to addresses of welcome and responses and the reading of the General Secretary's report. Open parliaments and two addresses are to occupy the afternoon, and the presentation of prize banners and a discussion of Baptist educational methods will be the business of the evening. Friday opens with six sunrise prayer-meetings in as many churches at 6.30. Three hours later the sessions are resumed; officers will be elected and other important business transacted. In the afternoon, twelve separate meetings will be held simultaneously in different churches to consider different phases of the Union's work, prayer-meetings, missions, temperance literature, etc. Each meeting has its own special topic, and thus members will be able to select the one which their committee-affiliation invests with the most interest to them. This is a very ingenious mode of saving time, and as it is not copyright may be worth the attention of other organizations. Friday evening is the great missionary celebration and several eminent speakers are to address the Convention. Saturday's work opens with the six sunrise prayer-meetings. The chief feature of the day will be the rallies of the sections. There are four of these drawn on geographical lines, and each is distinguished by a color. On Sunday, the Convention sermon is to be preached by Rev. P. S. Henson, of Chicago, and in the evening there will be a solemn consecration service and the President's closing address.

Among the speakers who have promised to take part in the Convention are: Dr. A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn; Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, of Toronto; Dr. Roland Grant, of Portland, Ore.; Rev. Frederick L. Anderson, of Rochester, N. Y.; Dr. Johnston Mvers, Prof. Ira M. Price and Dr. P. S. Henson, of Chicago; Rev. Russell Conwell, of Philadelphia; Dr. S. A. Northrop, of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Prof. J. M. Stifler, of Crozer Seminary, and Dr. H. M. Wharton, of Baltimore.

THE BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONVENTION AT BALTIMORE, MD.—THE GREAT TENT.

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Rev. Charles A. Sadleir, formerly secretary of the Winnipeg Young Men's Christian Association, is going as a missionary to the Araunanian Indians in South Chili.

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The Wesleyan Conference of Sydney, N.S.W., has passed a resolution giving official sanction to the Y. P. S. C. E. A constitution has been adopted which, while allowing the Weslevan societies to affiliate with the New South Wales Endeavor Union, provides for their working in harmony with Weslevan rules and usages.

OUR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

VII.—MR. JOSEPH LEWIS.

WHEN a young Christian desires to work for Christ, his thoughts naturally turn to the ministry or to the evangelistic field, and if he is prevented by circumstances from entering either, he is apt to think that he is debarred from Christian

MR. JOSEPH LEWIS OF MILWAUKEE.

usefulness. The life of the Christian worker whose portrait we publish this week, is a practical refutation of that. Mr. Lewis has been able, while engaged in business and while attending to many interests to do effective service for Christ and to win souls for him. For more than twenty years he has followed a line of his own, which was suggested to him by an unexpected blessing, and other blessings have followed in its train. In one of the many accidents which have befallen men Lewis in greater number than the majority of men have experienced, his leg was badly fractured, and he lay for several weeks in a critical condition. Among the friends who called to condole with him was a comparative stranger, a well-to-do business man, who was particularly kind and sympathetic. When Mr. Lewis was recovering, he said that this gentleman had been stricken with serious illness. Remembering his kindness in calling upon him, Mr. Lewis wrote to him to express his sympathy, as he was unable to visit him personally. He was too earnest a Christian to neglect the opportunity of testifying to the value of religion that he wrote so kindly and sincerely that the reader's heart was touched. The result of that letter gave Mr. Lewis a clue to his life-labor. He had in his youth been afflicted with deafness which excluded him from active service, but here was a field in which his deafness was no obstacle. From that time forward, Mr. Lewis has kept his pen busy. The Lord had showed him a way in which he could work for him. Letters beyond power to estimate have been sent out not only to friends and business acquaintances but to strangers. Mr. Lewis thankfully acknowledges the goodness of God in giving the direct appeals to the conviction of sinners. He believes that this line of work may be used more extensively than it is, and he recommends it earnestly to those Christians who are anxious to work for Christ, but do not know how.

Mr. Lewis is an Englishman by birth. He is now in his seventy-second year. He was born at Stroud in Gloucestershire in 1823, and came to this country in 1849, settled in Milwaukee, Wis., where he still resides.

The Family and Home Circle

Mont-Lawn's Happy Fourth.

How our Children Celebrated the Nation Birthday—Even Rain did not Dampen their Ardor—The Pickaninny Band at Our Children's Home.

THE Fourth of July—that day of days to which our little guests at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn have been eagerly looking forward for many weeks, has come and gone, and it has left in their hearts by a ten days' holiday at the Children's Home.

One of the interesting features of the Home life is the gratitude of the children and their parents for their sojourn at Mont-Lawn. Many are the letters that come from those who have enjoyed the ten days' visit there. Some will bear repetition, as illustrating the feelings of the children who came to Mont-Lawn:

DEAR MISS :—You may think I have forgotten you, but I haven't. I am always thinking of you night and day. Oh, I miss you very much. I will not forget the nice times we had together. I often wish I could go up again this summer. . . If I can do nothing better I will be sure to remember you and write to you. . . Mamma says she wants to thank you very much. I came home at 12 o'clock and found them all well. They were glad to hear I had a nice time. I hope you are all well. . . I close with best regards to you." "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble."

This from a unusually bright lad:

MY DEAR FRIEND :—I will write a few lines to you, hoping you are well and are still having a good time. When I come home I cried, for I could not help it. Anything I have I would give if I could spend the Fourth with you and the other teachers and children, for I know you are going to have a good time. I don't think I shall be able to spend another better ten days this summer. JAMES ——.

One of the smaller girls writes:

DEAR MISS :—I got home all right and my mother was glad to see me, and when my father saw me he asked me if I enjoyed myself, and my mother said I got stouter in the face, and my father bought water melons and a great big piece, and now I close my letter and send my best love to all the teachers.

From your loving friend ——.

During the week, a number of our readers have signified their hearty approval of the work of the Home among the children of the slums by sending in their contributions for its support, as follows:

Previously ackn'd	**$137.25**
A lady friend, Cape May	5 00
Mrs [illegible] F Mansfield	[illegible]
P W Barrow	2 60
Mrs S. J. Tibbals	5 00
[illegible] Gearhart	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Mr and Mrs R McKeighan	2 00
Wm S Hart	[illegible]
A Newark Girl	3 00
Mrs A J Goddard	1 00
Joseph F Wild	[illegible]
T K Fassett, Mar	[illegible]
Mrs J Stone	[illegible]
Miss [illegible] Holliday	[illegible]
I H N, Clarkeale, Miss	25
Miss [illegible]	1 [illegible]
Fl[illegible]	15
Mrs Alice A Johnston	1 00
Mrs J T Hoge	3 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	**$490.20**

All contributions will be acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A Hint to the Young Folks.

It is important that children should be taught the value of thoroughness, order, and application. Many young people, through lack of early training, grow up with a fixed habit of doing their work incompletely and leaving loose ends everywhere. "That boy would do tip-top if he had a string long enough," said one neighbor. "I don't see what use he would make of a string," said number two. "Well, if he could tie up all the loose ends that he leaves dangling, tie himself down to his work, tie his pocket-book together, and then tie his tongue so it wouldn't wag so busily, he would be as useful a fellow as we have got in town. But it would take considerable string."

Here is a hint which young people should not fail to profit by. Thoroughness and order are valuable qualities all through life.

THE "PICKANINNY BAND."

DID you ever see a band composed of mere children—a real, live, sure-enough brass band with drum, tuba, cornet, clarinet, trombone, cymbals and all the rest? If you never did, you should have seen the Pickaninny Orphan Band, whose members afforded no little enjoyment at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, on July 4th, as mentioned in another column. If you can imagine fourteen little colored lads of all ages from six to thirteen, each armed with a brass instrument almost as big as himself, and all playing away for dear life with all the vigor of young lungs, but in capital time and tune, then you may have an idea of the Pickaninnies. Two wee chaps act as drum-majors and their time-keeping antics are droll enough to keep an audience amused. The Pickaninnies can play marches, patriotic songs and a fine selection of gospel hymns, and if anybody doesn't believe they can give volume enough he should just listen to one piece and be convinced. The only thing that disturbed them at the Children's Home was when the ice-cream began to be served. The band was playing a march as the cream-bricks were being distributed. Gradually the waiters got nearer and the Pickaninnies became more and more nervous. The playing grew faint and the eyes of the two tiny drum-majors rolled wildly in the direction of the big ice-cream freezer. At last the fourteen magnificent bricks of cream were laid with cakes and spoons in front of the still playing pickaninnies. The band wavered; the tuba blurted, the trombone expired in puffs, the cymbals shook and the smallest drum-major furtively wiped his lips with his sleeve and forgot to twirl his baton. It was well that the critical moment came when the march was nearly over, otherwise it would never have been ended.

THE "PICKANINNY ORPHAN BAND," OF CHARLESTON, S. C., AT MONT-LAWN.

The leader and instructor of this little band is F. A. Wallace, a young man of twenty-four, and himself a capital musician and player. He has taught the boys for eight months, and they can all play well from the music in sheets. Rev. Dr. Jenkins, the founder and superintendent of the Colored Orphan Home, Charleston, S. C., is doing a worthy work among the neglected colored children of that city. He has 536 boys and girls enrolled in his institution and is assisted by nine teachers. The Home, No. 20 Franklin Street, Charleston, can accommodate 1,000. Attached to it are 100 acres of land presented to the Home by Mr. Joseph Wild, of Bay Ridge, N. Y. Dr. Jenkins' aim is to develop self-support as far as possible by the introduction of various industries among the boys and girls under his care.

Laughing Babies

are loved by everybody. Those raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk are conspicuously free from sickness. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address for a copy to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

Herr, Superintendent, consisting of choruses, a greeting to Dr. Klopsch, and several fantastic and bewildering marches by the Pickaninny Orphan Band. Fifty quarts of ice-cream and one hundred and twenty-five luscious pies rested the children awhile, after which, in the intervals of successive showers of rain, a really fine exhibition of fireworks followed. A number of visitors witnessed the display and greatly enjoyed the enthusiasm of the children. On Saturday evening the balance of the fireworks was set off on the Lawn in the presence of a large number of visiting friends of the Home.

The new tent is a source of joy and pride to the children. Large enough to enclose an audience of over 500, it affords ample space for all purpose of general dining-hall and recreation room and affords a cool and pleasant shelter from the sun, shaded as it is by trees on the spacious lawn. It was urged the that a "fly" or cover should be provided for the tent, to assure protection in all weathers, but as the accommodations in the other buildings of the Home are abundant for all purposes in stormy weather, Dr. Klopsch thoughtfully decided that the fifty dollars would be better expended in giving sixteen poor little street waifs a chance to refresh their wasted bodies and brighten

[illegible] exception to the rule, [illegible] the [illegible] measured to pre-arranged fair [illegible] plans. It was therefore decided to provide [illegible] indoor [illegible] the actual [illegible] the [illegible] sunshine-time. [illegible] morning [illegible] serenade [illegible] by [illegible] Pickaninny [illegible] Brass [illegible] troupe [illegible] dozen little [illegible] boys [illegible] Dr. [illegible] Colored [illegible] Orphan [illegible] at [illegible] ston, S. [illegible] with Mr. [illegible] allace as leader and instructor. [illegible] a stirring blast of the signal [illegible] to hundred and fifty tenement boys [illegible] fell in line and marched, singing, [illegible] rge dining tent recently erected. [illegible] bountiful breakfast was spread. [illegible] to the chapel where patriotic, pop[illegible] religious songs were rendered by [illegible] en for an hour, with keen zest [illegible] ment. The forenoon was spent in [illegible] of setting off firecrackers and tor[illegible] At four o'clock dinner was served, [illegible] extra dessert of watermelon.

[illegible] came the regular programme of [illegible] under the able direction of Miss

ALICE MAPLETON'S ORDEAL

A STORY OF NOBLE FORTITUDE UNDER TRIAL.

Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by E. CARSWELL.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A Change of Scene.

IT was a busy life that Alice and her mother were now leading and they clung to the tenement-house in which it had commenced. Alice's plea for just one more week before quitting it had been made more than once and the others had smilingly agreed. Will and Fred were busy, too, and Mrs. Mapleton seconded her daughter. The little circle of humble friends in and around the house had widened naturally. One man had a sister who had been left a widow with little children, and he wished some way of starting her in a little store could be arranged. A woman had a daughter who was working in a box-factory, and after going to a dancing-class in the evening for a couple of weeks, she had not come home and had been away several nights. Her mother was sure she had gone wrong, but was also sure she had a good heart, and if some one with tact talked to her she could be reclaimed. Then a truck-driver had been run over, and his wife wanted some one to go to the hospital to see him. Then a man who had signed the pledge had fallen and must be looked up and restored. In each case Miss Alice was just the lady to be enlisted for service and they were only specimens of many cases in which her aid was sought. Then there were the mothers' meetings at the Hall in the afternoon, the children's meetings in the evening and the grown girls' and young men's meetings at night. Mrs. Mapleton took her share of the duties, and Will laughingly said he believed that soon he and Fred would be so much neglected, that they would get no attention at all but by getting some disease or being hurt by some accident so as to arouse pity. This thing Will insisted could not go on. Instead of his mother and sister withdrawing from the work, they were getting in deeper.

"We will surely begin house-hunting next week," said Alice, when her last request for "just one more week" had been granted. "It seems dreadful to spend on ourselves all the time it will take, when there are so many people who have such urgent need of our time and effort. But it must be done, I suppose. I wish it was over. When we have found the house to suit us, there will be more time to be taken up in furnishing it. Once I should have enjoyed all that, but that was before I knew how much trouble there was in the world that may be relieved."

"That is one trouble that may be avoided in one way," said Will. "I know of a house that might suit. It is already furnished, and I am inclined to believe that mamma would like it. The furniture might not be fashionable enough for you, Alice; but it is substantial, and mamma does not care so much about fashion if the things are good, as they are in this case. It may be bought just as it stands, house and furniture together. That would save trouble."

"I [illegible] people's taste in such matters. Of course it would be nice to be saved the worry of selection and all that, but perhaps the furniture is hideous."

"No, it was selected by very good people, and I think mamma would like it. As [illegible] and Fred will not be likely to stay in it [illegible] as long as she lives, so we must consult her taste. What do you say, mamma, to [illegible]?"

Mrs. Mapleton said she would be glad to go and see the house at any time, but she scarcely thought it was necessary. If Will liked it and thought it would suit, she was sure she would like it. Will seemed pleased with this mark of confidence, and did not press her to go, as Alice thought he should have done. A few days afterwards he quietly said, in a casual way, as if he had been speaking of the purchase of a chair or a table, that the house and furniture were their's and he was having the place cleaned up ready for them to go to. This brought on him a torrent of questions. Where was the house? What was it like? How many rooms were there? Was there a garden? To all queries he had but one answer, "Come and see it."

Curiosity could not be restrained after that announcement. A carriage was sent for and all four entered, Will handing to the driver a slip of paper with the address on it. Fred and Will took great pains to interest Mrs. Mapleton and Alice in conversation during the drive, and so far succeeded that neither of them noticed the direction in which they were going or the locality in which they stopped; they were hurried out of the carriage and up the steps of a brown-stone mansion; the door was opened and a familiar voice said, "Welcome, ladies, to your own nice home again." It was Mrs. Callaghan who spoke. Mrs. Mapleton looked around in amazement. She found herself in her old home, and just as she had left it three years before.

"Am I dreaming or is it real?" she asked.

"It's just waking up that ye are, mum; it's daylight again, and may ye never have to pass another such a night again as the one ye've just come through," said Mrs. Callaghan.

"Welcome home," said Will, as he stooped and kissed his mother who had sunk into a chair completely overcome by her emotions.

"Is it truly ours again, our dear old home?" cried Alice.

She looked around at the beaming faces of Fred and Will and Mrs. Callaghan, and saw her own joy reflected there. "This is the best thing you could have done, Will," she said. "This fills our cup of happiness to the brim. I would rather have this dear old home of my childhood than the most splendid palace in the city."

They entered the parlor, and Mrs. Mapleton said: "Before I ask any explanations, let me return thanks to him who has done so much for us," and kneeling down, she poured out such a prayer of thanksgiving as could not have come from the same heart nor been uttered by the same lips a year ago.

"Now, dear Will, please explain all the mystery—how you recovered the dear old home, and why it is almost exactly as when we left it?"

"Well, mother dear, Fred and I found that Mr. Jackson had been living in the place himself, and had kept it as near as possible in the same condition as when you left it."

"He had some superstitious idea about any change bringing him ill-luck, or else he wanted the place to be homelike if he succeeded in a scheme he had. Anyway, he made no change. He had raised money on it, and the man who held the mortgage foreclosed w[illegible]n our friend got behind the bars. There was some question whether [illegible] and both me and Jackson welcomed my offer to settle the [illegible] house off their hands. Jackson felt under obligations to me for not pressing the charges against him and he helped in the matter; so we have the house at a pretty low price."

"Where is Mr. Jackson gone?" Alice asked. "I wish he were not around here. I think I should faint if I were to see him. His persecution nearly killed me."

"You are not likely to see him again," said Fred. "He leaves for Texas this evening. He has managed to get a share in a ranch out there and means to settle down and lead a straight life. He has made a good beginning this morning by getting married."

"Married!" exclaimed Mrs. Mapleton and Alice simultaneously. "To whom?"

"Someone you don't know. He had proposed to a sister of Louie's — Miss Alfreda Wilson—but he was anxious to back out, and I believe Mr. Wilson was resolutely opposed to the match. The bride was once Mrs. Wilson's maid. Jackson has known her a long time."

"It is poor Nettie," said Alice. "I am so glad. She was faithful to him all through, and he had wronged her cruelly. I hope he will treat her well."

Will had arranged with Mrs. Callaghan to stay the night at the house as the engaging of servants was a task he did not feel confident to undertake. She was quite willing and while she was in the kitchen quarters there was a consultation about her which resulted next day in the following talk:

Mrs. Callaghan had come into the room to clear the table, and Mrs. Mapleton asked her to sit down. "I feel a delicacy about what I want to say," she began, "but I think you will not be offended."

"It aint the loikes o' me, mum, that would be getting offended at what you might say, when I'd know that it was for my own good, that ye'd be saying it."

"Well, you expect your sister from Ireland soon, do you not?" asked Mrs. Mapleton.

"I do, mum. My youngest sister and her husband and two children, and it's glad I'll be to see them, but phat I'll do wid 'em till they get settled is what's bothering me."

"That is just what Alice and I have been thinking about, and we want you to keep the young gentlemen's room just as it is, and our two rooms will give you a parlor and another bed-room, and you must accept from Alice and myself the furniture and things in the rooms, and my son has also settled with Mr. Jacobs the rent for a year, so you will not be put to any extra expense by having more room."

"Shure, ye don't mean it, mum, in real earnest? Shure, it must be me that's dreaming. Haven't I been thinking every hour that I have been working here, 'Oh, if I dared ask the ladies to leave the pretty room as it is for a week or two, how nice I could entertain my sister and her husband.' He's a school master, mum, and I was a bit afeard of having him come. Och! but won't I be the proud woman now!

And there was great rejoicing in the home of the Callaghans that night.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A Double Wedding.

Will and Fred were now established in business at Mr. Mapleton's old stand, under the name of Mapleton & Morgan, wholesale merchants and importers. The old customers came back, and, with the many new ones, they soon had a very large and thriving business.

Great preparations were now going on in the Wilson and Mapleton mansions for the double wedding soon to take place.

After much discussion, it was decided to have the ceremony in Mary Street Church. Alice and Fred were anxious to have it there; Louie and Mrs. Mapleton agreed with them; Will said he did not care where, so long as it was soon and well done; Mrs. Wilson wished a more fashionable church. Alfreda said if they were determined to go down into the slums to be married, they might go, but it would be without her, which remark made some of the others more satisfied with their choice.

Never did the Mary Street Church look more beautiful than on the day of the wedding. The W. C. T. U. of the Church, the Sons of Temperance, and Band of Hope had all taken an interest in the decoration, so that it was a bower of flowers. They hung in festoons from the old fashioned gallery, they were twined round each pillar, and from the altar rail to the pulpit was a mass of palms and choice plants which looked like a solid bank of flowers. Seldom was such a mixed audience [illegible] a society wedding in the city. Ri[illegible] and poor, rough and refined, fashionably ed ladies and poorly dressed worki men, gentlemen in broadcloth and w men in corduroy, women with shaw their heads and babes in their arm newsboys and bare-footed bootblack there. There was no stately sexton [illegible] door to say who should enter an should not, but the young gentleme wearing a rosette of red, white, an who acted as ushers, were courteou for all were welcome.

The Band of Hope was lined up [illegible] column from the sidewalk to the do church, so the bridal party passed t the open ranks; each child held a which they threw in front of the they approached. The front steps a tice of the church were crowded wit ing people. There was a flutter o kerchiefs, and from a heavy truck rated with evergreens and flags, shouted with a loud voice. "No three cheers for the young ladies a tlemen—real good 'uns—hip, hip, h And the crowd did cheer. This Huggins, and his truck was load children from the tenement house.

This was all a surprise to the party, for not a whisper had reach ears of such a demonstration, but t still more astonished when they ent church a regular Chautauqua sal given them, and the hundreds o handkerchiefs waving made it look snow storm, although some of the were not white, but red, blue, and and those who were not provided necesssary article of any color, us hats. Alice and Mrs. Mapleton most affected to tears at this un demonstration of good will.

After the ceremony, Mr. Joy hel hand to detain the congregation. said, "I ask your permission and e that of our young friends, to say It may not be good taste, but I ca glect this opportunity of pointing This rather unusual demonstration arranged by any committee: it premeditated: it is heart-throbs of gratitude, not of one heart, but th the whole neighborhood beating toward the young people whom just united. Why? because th been kind to the poor, sympathi the afflicted, tried to shield the protect the innocent, and rescue t in fact to keep the whole comma "To love God and their neighbo you all learn a lesson from what y seen to-day, and work more dilli the vineyard of the Lord, then you shall be the love and gratitude of and a blessing from him who, was on earth, went about doing g

As the party left the church, Fr the young man who had char Band of Hope, to take his char school-room, where Mrs. Callag waiting to treat the children to str and cream, and as the carriage Mr. Huggin's truck, Will stopped t to him. A piece of green pa slipped into his hand, and Huggi and drove to the Hall to treat his

"Fred," said Alice as they we homeward, "I would rather have of these people than the flattery pliments of the rich and fashional

"So would I, a thousand ti answered.

Just as they were seated in thei Mr. Jacobs came to the door.

"I couldn't let you vent away say, Got bless you!"

"Thank you, Mr. Jacobs," s "And I know he will bless y good you have done."

"And vill you please keep dis to remember de old Jew, and de o and he handed her a package, magnificent bracelet sparkling w and on the inside was engrave rules, and the right always wins

THE END.

LOOK OUT FOR THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF A

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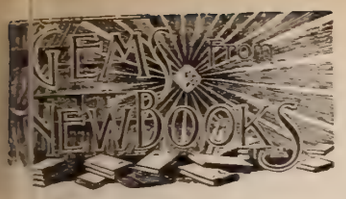

ESQUIMAUX LIFE.*

NO one is so wise as he who cannot speak from personal observation and experience, and I said to myself: "Wherefore is all this waste? What is the use of stocking the Arctic regions with reindeer to keep the miserable natives alive, when it would be much cheaper to bring them all away? There are but about five hundred of them all told, who could be known in half a dozen emigrant ships and shipped to a land fit for human beings to live in. It could be done in a single summer. It would be a holiday business. How much better this than to have to bother our heads every year with some scheme to keep the Esquimaux from starving!"

When I had exploded all this wisdom upon Sheldon Jackson, he took me down with the gentlest way. He did not tell me that my pity was thrown away. Far from it, he threw some brighter colors into the blackness of Esquimaux life, so that that picture was not one of unmixed gloom. As to transporting them to a more temperate climate, I learned that the idea was not original with me, but had occurred to many observers, all of whom had seemed to overlook the fact that it takes two to make a bargain. "Suppose," he said, "that you had your ships all ready, but that when the time came for the natives to embark they would not go! Strange as it may seem to you, they think they have the most beautiful country in the world. With all its coldness and desolation, they love it as we Swiss love their mountains. Now and then one or two Esquimaux are brought to the United States, but how downcast and miserable they look! Our climate is intolerable to them. They pant in the heat like hares, and long to get back to their own temperate' zone! One who came some years since was stricken with consumption, and set out to return, and every morning his first question was, 'Have you been on ice?' If he could only get a glimpse of an iceberg, he could die in peace. People who have such a home feeling are entitled to respect, and we shall not quarrel with them if they prefer their freedom in the cold of ice and snow to our fine cities, with all the blessings—and the curses—of civilization."

I am not so bold as to say that in the diet the Esquimaux, venison will ever take the place of their favorite blubber. Nor is that matter by any means to be despised. Observe, gentlemen explorers of the Arctic circle, do not turn up your noses at the food of the Esquimaux. If you set out for the North Pole, before you get there you will find that this blubber, which sticks in your throat, is not only all you can get, but the only food by which you can exist. The huge mass of blubber and train oil that the Esquimaux takes into his capacious stomach is so much phosphorus that generates intense heat; it is a fire in his bones, that with the reindeer garments that incase him, shields him to bear the intensest cold of the polar regions.

With such protection against the rigid climate, it is not the physical conditions, hards they are, that press most upon the life of the Esquimaux, but the fact that they are under the spell of superstitions that prompt them to the most extreme inhumanity and cruelty. They are believers in witchcraft, and ascribe any sickness or pain to an evil spirit, that must be exorcised, even if it be by murder. Hence, no person is one taken ill, than he or she, be it the poor old father or mother, when most in need of tender care, is dragged out of the igloo into some out-house where he or she will soon perish by cold. Sometimes the parents are put to death by their children. Not that the latter are by disposition cruel, or wanting in natural affection. On the contrary, their government is pa-

* From *Our Western Archipelago*, by Henry M. Field; with illustrations, pp. 250, cloth binding; price $2.00. One of the most delightful books that has yet appeared describing the lakes, rivers, mountains, sea and natural wonders of the northernmost parts of our continent. Charles Scribners Sons, New York, publishers.

triarchal, and educates them, so far as they can have any education, in respect for parents. But life is so hard, that when the vigor of youth and manhood is gone, the aged may well feel that existence is a burden, and wish it to be put to an end. Indeed, it is not uncommon in Arctic Alaska for the old folks to beg to be relieved of their misery.

Such are the pictures of Esquimaux life! The wants of such a people are manifold. They need the commonest necessities; even so little a thing as lucifer matches would furnish the means of light in their dark, underground habitations. But they need something more than these little conveniences of civilization to give light and life to an existence that is so dark and dreary.

In the Arctic circle for a part of the year they see not the light of the sun. But his absence is partly compensated by the increased brilliancy given to the constellations of the Northern Hemisphere, which is all aglow with celestial fires. Dr. Kane used to say, that the most overpowering spectacle in nature is that of the Arctic night. And yet that midnight splendor shines down on one of the most ignorant and degraded populations of the globe; so little can nature alone do for the elevation of man. What those people need is not dazzling displays, but "the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion," which would be a sort of spiritual aurora, lighting up, not only the heavens above, but their humble homes on earth. These three little "lamps"—faith, love, and hope—would do more to brighten their poor lives than all the stars in the Arctic sky.

PLEASURES OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING†

ONE word about the dangers of mountain climbing. They are in reality few—always provided ordinary caution is taken. The percentage of causalties is very small, and the great majority of these can be directly traced to the incompetence or carelessness of the guide or the obstinacy of the climber. Of accidents pure and simple, that no human ingenuity can foresee or prevent, there are comparatively none. Compared, indeed, with football, or even cricket, it is a far less dangerous pastime, while infinitely more elevating and instructive. The most thoughtless and unimpressive nature cannot help being influenced by the grand and sombre majesty of the mountains, by the wondrous stillness of these lonely heights, by the unparalleled beauty of a sunrise on the high Alps as each glistering peak is in turn lit up by the fire of the rising sun; by the glorious panorama of tumbled ice and snow, of frowning rocks, of awful precipices, of pine forests, green alps, blue lakes, chalets, and villages that lie beneath him as he gazes from the summit of the giant he has just conquered. Or who can be insensible to that deep sense of awe that creeps on the soul on leaving the hut at midnight when the stars seem watching over the waste, while on some lofty peak the pale silver of the moon, now hidden, is reflected on the dazzling whiteness of the snow, and nothing breaks the stillness of the night save the occasional crack of the glacier as it moves resistlessly onward, or the cry of the marmot, or the roar of an avalanche?

But writing of such things seem idle; it conveys nothing to those who have never experienced the inexhaustible pleasures of mountaineering. To read merely of them is like unto trying to

> Clov the hungry edge of appetite
> By bare imagination of a feast.

Let cynics scoff, let the disciples of dilettantism declare that views in the Alps are best from the "middle-height," but heed them not. Climb one peak to judge for yourself, and the Alpine Club will probably be the richer for one aspirant the more for the honor of its membership.

† From *How to Visit Switzerland*, a new guide-book to the chief scenes of interest, with the programme of the Grindelwald Conference of 1895. Edited by Rev. Henry S. Lunn, of England: pp. 270; cloth; illustrated. Horace Marshall & Son, Fleet Street, London, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Papers and Addresses of Martin B. Anderson, LL.D., edited by Wm. Morey, Ph.D. 2 vols.; cloth binding, pp. 572; price $2.50 in a box. American Baptist Publication Society, Phila., publishers.

A Minister of the World, by Caroline Atwater Mason. A delightful story of the social and spiritual life of a quaint village. 154 pp.; cloth covers; illustrated; price 75c. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

How Christ came to Church: The Pastor's Dream. A spiritual autobiography, by A. J. Gordon, D.D., with *The Life-Story and the Dream as Interpreting the Man;* by Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D. A book that will be read with special interest by all who are acquainted with the life-work and writings of the late minister; it also presents the portrait on the covers; price 75 cents. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, publishers.

Esdraelon's Lovely Plain.

Bishop Galloway Describes the Prophetic Battlefield of the World.

IN a recent letter from Syria, Bishop Chas. B. Galloway, D.D., tells of an instructive visit to the Plain of Esdraelon. He writes: "The Plain never seemed so beautiful with the patches of green and gold glistening under the sun. Before us rose the great Carmel range, on the topmost peak of which we could see a small Latin church built to mark the place of sacrifice. To that point we proposed to climb, and there eat our noonday meal. Leaving the main road some miles from Nazareth, we turned to the left, crossed the fields, forded the river Kishon, and climbed the mountain. That ascent of Carmel was an experience never to be forgotten. Up the steep, rugged, rocky path, we wended our slow, toilsome way, and at length reached the majestic but dreary summit. At every turn of the winding road, when my eye swept the lovely Plain of Esdraelon, I could see in a vision the great day of trial when all Samaria crowded that mountain to witness the contest between Elijah and the priests of Baal. The king was there and the people by thousands. On the flat surface above, where we spread our lunch, the altar was probably erected, and there the fire descended. Those very rocks where we sat had echoed the prophet's prayer, and felt the heat of the fire that fell from heaven.

"Each of our party seemed, by a common impulse, to get a little apart to himself that he might solemnly and silently meditate upon the marvelous scenes associated with the mount that flamed with fire. A strange awe possessed the soul, and I imagined that our lunch was eaten with a peculiar reverence, while every tone of voice harmonized with a praying spirit and chastened speech. Away to the west, the blue waters of the Mediterranean mirrored the smiling heavens, and near where we sat the man was appointed to stand and watch for the first sign of answer to Elijah's prayer for rain. And when the cloud no larger than a man's hand arose from the sea upon which we were then looking, he gave notice to flee from the coming storm. Before the king's chariot the strong-limbed prophet ran to distant Jezreel which was plainly visible from the summit of the mountain. It is quite impossible to describe the feeling that stirred the soul, and the visions that peopled the brain, as we lingered and meditated on the spot of the prophet's grandest victory. In the solemn stillness we seemed almost to catch the distant echoes of Samaria's thousands, when they saw the flames descend and consume the sacrifice, shouting, 'The Lord he is God! The Lord he is God!'"

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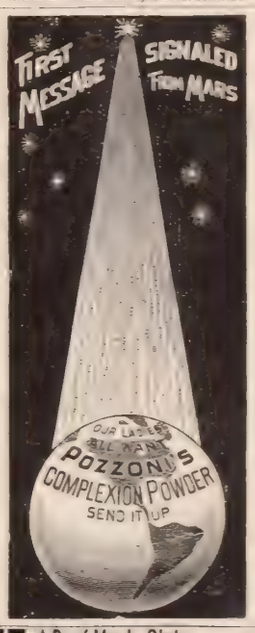

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Ancient Scriptures in Clay.

The Baked Tablets of Babylonia and Assyria and their Relation to the Bible.

IN a remarkably interesting contribution to "The Kingdom," Prof. A. H. Sayce, of Oxford, Eng., tells how some of the books of our Bible were written and preserved. He says:

The clay tablets of Babylonia and Assyria were deposited in the libraries, which were established in the temples of those countries. The papyri of Egypt were preserved in much the same fashion. Some of the libraries were very old, and were continually being added to as time went on. The American Expedition to Babylon has recently been excavating a library at Niffer, which was formed 3,000 B.C., while there are books or tablets in it which come down to the age of the Persian Empire. The oldest Babylonian library of which we know was created by Sargon, who reigned as far back as 3,800 B.C. The standard Babylonian work on astronomy and astrology had been originally compiled for this king, and edition after edition of it was made down to the last days of the Babylonian monarchy. Every library was provided with a large staff of scribes, who were constantly at work copying, or, as we should say, re-editing the older literature. The copies were made with scrupulous care; we are told when there was a fracture in the original, rendering the characters illegible, and also whether the fracture was recent or not; when again the scribe was uncertain about the characters which he was to copy, he either gave all the characters he thought it might represent, or frankly confessed that he could not read it.

In Palestine also there were libraries and scribes like those of Babylonia and Assyria. For the pre-Israelitish period we have the testimony of the Tel el-Amarna tablets, and such Old Testament hints as the name of the city Karjath-Sepher, or "Booktown," called Beth-Sopher, "the Scribe's house," in an Egyptian papyrus. For the age of the Jewish kingdom there is an incidental allusion in the book of Proverbs. There we are told (25: 1), that the chapters which follow contain the "proverbs of Solomon which the men of Hezekiah, King of Judah, copied out." It is evident that the example of Babylon was followed at Jerusalem, and that there too there was a library with a body of scribes employed in re-editing the older literature of the country. In this way the ancient writings of Israel were preserved and handed down. And it is not probable that they were edited with less care than the clay books of Assyria and Babylonia.

The prophetical books are full of references and quotations which indicate an acquaintance with the works of earlier authors. Thus the prophecy against Moab in the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of Isaiah is quoted from an older prophet, and adapted by Isaiah to the circumstances of his own time, as we learn from the correct translation of the concluding verses. This should be: "This is the word that the Lord spoke concerning Moab long ago. But now the Lord hath spoken" again by his servant Isaiah, who declares that the glory of Moab should perish within three years. Another passage in the book of Isaiah (2: 2-4) is found also in his younger contemporary, Micah 4: 1-3. This passage must have been quoted from elsewhere by Isaiah, as it begins with the conjunction "and," and is incomplete at the end. Its source, however, could not have been the prophecies of Micah, as this is forbidden by chronology, and it follows therefore that it must have been quoted by both from a common original.

The books of Kings and Chronicles, again, allude to various works which have now been lost. Among them were the annals of the kingdoms of Judah and Samaria, compiled year by year, as well as historical books like those of the prophets Gad and Nathan, who recorded the events of their own time. The date of compilation of the books of Kings is remarkable. The books end abruptly with the reign of Evil-Merodach, who succeeded his father, Nebuchadnezzar, as king of Babylon. His reign lasted only two years when it was cut short by murder. As his death is not mentioned, the book of Kings must have been finished before it took place, that is to say, in B. C., 561. The Jews at that time were exiles in Babylonia, and the city and temple of Jerusalem had been destroyed. Nevertheless it is evident that the exiles still had access to their old literature.

The Assyrian monuments have explained how this could have been the case. The kings of Assyria and Babylonia made war against men, not against books. The most precious spoil which could be carried off to Assyria from a captured Babylonian city was some old text which the library of Nineveh did not possess. Nebuchadnezzar, as his inscriptions show, was himself a patron of literature, and it is therefore more than probable that when he took Jerusalem he would have carefully removed the library he found there to one of the numerous libraries of his own country. The Babylonians took a good deal of interest in the nations round about them, and some of the tablets they have bequeathed to us contain the names of foreign deities, as well as lists of foreign words with their Babylonian equivalents. As for the literary works of the northern kingdom of Israel, the "men of Hezekiah," who copied out the proverbs of Solomon, would have been glad to secure as many of them as possible. The writings of the northern prophets, Amos and Hosea, must have been preserved in this way

After the return from the exile there was no longer any difficulties in the transmission of the sacred books. The literary age of Greece had already begun, and the Western world was beginning to learn from the Eastern how to read and write, to establish libraries and preserve books. The Jewish community had become a sort of theocracy under the government of the high priest, and its members were interested in handing down intact the Scriptures which they had received. Before long the Hebrew books were translated into Greek for the benefit of the Greeek-speaking Jews of Egypt, and the Old Testament was thus transmitted through two separate channels, the Hebrew text of Palestine and the Greek text of the Septuagint. Eventually in the sixth century of our era the Massorete commenced their work of counting every letter of the sacred volume, and by means of the vowel points and accents, of stereotyping its traditional pronunciation. Meanwhile the Canon of the New Testament had been formed, and the books of which it was composed added to those of the Hebrew Bible.

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The brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When Justice threatens nigh;
The sorrowing of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love,
Be firm, and just and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angels' voices say to thee,
"These things shall never die."

Their Cry is for the Gospel.

South America's Neglected Millions and Their Spiritual Needs.

IMPOSSIBLY there are few thoughtful people in the United States who have even an approximately truthful idea of the vast lack of Christian missionary facilities and workers in South America. Till now, with the exception of a few localities, it has been a neglected continent. It has a population of thirty-three millions, and is nearly two the size of our own Union. It was settled and occupied by emigrants from Europe, but unlike the United States and Canada, its emigrants were mostly Spanish, Portuguese, and French Roman Catholic. Almost all the civilized people are found in a broad band which surrounds the continent. Its climate is hot and moist, tempered by the trade winds, tropical rains, and the evaporation from its large river basins and vegetable matter. Its principal cities are on the highest table-lands. It has the three greatest rivers in the world. The mighty river, Rio de la Plata, with its tributaries, is navigable for 2700 miles; the mighty Amazon, navigable for 2600 miles; the Orinoco, navigable for 1000 miles. There are twenty young governments occupying this land, viz: Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Paraguay, Peru, Chili, Brazil, Uraguay, Venezuela, Ecuador, United States of Colombia, Guiana. All these except Guiana are independent republics, and are not constantly going through revolutions owing to the intrigues of the priests. The fortunes of war resulted in the Dutch possessing Surinam, the French took Cayenne, and the English Berbice, Demerara and Essequibo, which is the middle section, and is known as British Guiana. In January, 1892, a band of Christian workers from Barbadoes opened a mission in Georgetown, Demerara, and in January, 1893 in New Amsterdam, Berbice. The work has been principally among the English-speaking people. British Guiana had a population in 1881 of 252,186; of these there were born in the country 7656 aborigines (Indians), wandering in the almost limitless forests; 14,768 born of emigrants from India, 841 of parents from China; 5047 of parents from Madeira and Azores; 5077 from Africa, and 21,133 from other places. The religions of those from India are Mohammedan and Parsee. Some of them speak the Marathi language, and nearly all the East Indians, Chinese, and South American Indians are heathen.

"I saw while in Demerara," writes a missionary, "a Parsee priest with the worshippers gathered around him listening to his talk. The people are easy of access, working in large gangs on the plantations. We could accommodate a dozen English-speaking missionaries in British Guiana, where they could be fitting themselves by acquiring work and study for India or China. We desire to open stations in the country at once. In Essequibo and Berbice there are several schools among the aboriginal Indians. In Dutch Guiana, Brother Bromet, a converted Jew, has a mission which has accepted the Gospel in its fullness. In Cayenne, which is a French penal settlement, the Catholic religion prevails." So much now for Guiana. Already the "Macedonian cry" has come from Venezuela. This vast territory which is drained by the great river Orinoco is in great destitution. We only know of one missionary, John Mitchell, identified with Mr. Muller, of Bristol, England, who has lately gone to Caracas. Venezuela is more than nine times as large as England and Wales; it has a population of 2,234,385; Bolivar is on the river Orinoco, and has several American and English people doing business there. A mission, under the Christian workers of Barbadoes, will shortly be established there.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

European physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found in Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

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The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

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Mr and Mrs W W Fairbanks	2 50
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Henry G Meyer	1 00
A friend, —,	25
J A C, Summit, N J	50
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For The Christian Herald S. S. Missionary.

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Additional Contributions For The Western Relief Fund.

Miss R E Twining	$1 00
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Steppes Baptist Ch, Newtown, Ut	75
A friend of the needy, Slatington, Pa	50
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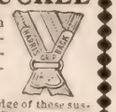

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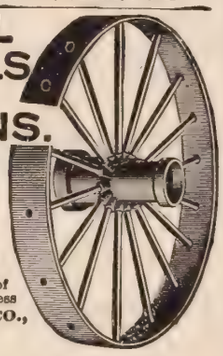

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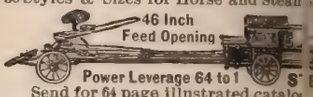

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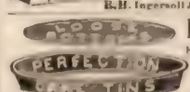

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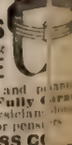

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18 — NUMBER 30.

EV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 24, 1895.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, $1.50.

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JAPAN'S MINISTRY OF MERCY.

Ir Red Cross Work in the Late War with China, a Glorious Recognition of Christian Principles—Our Missionaries Everywhere Encouraged.

IN these days, when the armaments of the great nations of the world are probably more formidable than at any previous period in history, one of the most hopeful signs, indicative of the spread of the Christian principles of humanity and mercy, is found in the almost phenomenal extension of the Red Cross movement. Begun thirty years ago in a humble way, it has

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arantees safety and comfort; and under
aegis is neutral ground. Its gentle offices
are extended alike to friend and foe, white or black, Caucasian or Oriental. Its skilful workers, wholly fearless for themselves and with hearts overflowing with compassion for the suffering, have hovered, like God's own messengers of healing and mercy, over the battlefields of Europe, Asia and America, relieving the bodies and comforting the souls of unnumbered thousands. In our own land, the Red Cross, under the leadership of its noble organizer and President, Miss Clara Barton, has already performed a work which has endeared it to all Americans and won for it the warmest love of every Christian heart that thrills at the call of human suffering.

Foremost among Eastern nations to give its adhesion to the Red Cross, Japan signed the Geneva Treaty in 1886. In that year a delegation of citizens of Tokio waited upon Miss Barton, and, after consultation, decided to adopt the form of organization of the American Committee. In 1889, at a reunion of the Japanese Red Cross ("Seki Jushi") the Mikado, with all the princes of the Imperial house, the Ministers and nobles, were present. The Emperor was chosen as President of the organization. On the breaking out of the war with China, Count Oyama, the Japanese Minister of State, issued a notification to the Mikado's armies urging that the war was not against individuals, and that succor and rescue should be extended even to the enemy's forces, when the latter were disabled by wounds or disease. The Japanese troops were instructed to co-operate at every opportunity, with the Red Cross in treating all the injured on the field with equal kindness and helpfulness.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE RED CROSS HOSPITAL BUILDINGS AT TOKIO.

This humane policy, which would have been creditable even to a professedly Christian nation, was followed by Japan throughout the war. Her Red Cross hospitals were the best arranged and best equipped in all Asia. Never before had Chinese prisoners been so well treated at the hands of an enemy. Native Japanese Red Cross doctors, surgeons, and nurses healed their wounds and cared for them, and they found their captivity an ideal condition by contrast with the hardships of service in the Chinese army. As though seized with a desire to show the utmost magnanimity toward its fallen foe, the entire Japanese nation strove to outdo itself in kindness. Merchant vessels were placed at the disposal of the Red Cross, and filled with physicians and nurses for service at the various ports. The Empress was at the head of the work for women, laboring with her own hands. Red Cross nurses were in all the military hospitals, and the representatives of the organization were at all the principal points of military activity with food for the soldiers, who too often sorely needed it. All Japan, but lately heathen, had learned not only to forgive but to love its enemy. The same Gospel that had placed the Bible in the hands of the Emperor and his Court, and filled the Japanese camps and battleships with missionaries,

(Continued on page 435.)

ENLIGHTENED JAPAN — CHINESE PRISONERS AT THE RED CROSS INFIRMARY.
The smaller photograph shows nurses binding wounds. The larger is a scene of outdoor treatment.

PLAIN PEOPLE.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Romans 16: 14, 15, "Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia."

MATTHEW HENRY, Albert Barnes, Adam Clark, Thomas Scott, and all the commentators pass by these verses without any especial remark. The other twenty people mentioned in the chapter were distinguished for something, and were therefore discussed by the illustrious expositors; but nothing is said about Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia. Where were they born? No one knows. Where did they die? There is no record of their decease. For what were they distinguished? Absolutely for nothing, or the trait of character would have been brought out by the apostle. If they had been very intrepid or opulent, or hirsute, or musical of cadence, or crass of style, or in anywise anomalous, that feature would have been caught by the apostolic camera. But they were good people, because Paul sent to them his high Christian regards. They were ordinary people, moving in ordinary sphere, attending to ordinary duty, and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

What the world wants is a religion for ordinary people. If there be in the United States 65,000,000 people, there are certainly not more than 1,000,000 extraordinary; and then there are 64,000,000 ordinary, and we do well to turn our backs for a little while upon the distinguished and conspicuous people of the Bible and consider in our text the seven ordinary. We spend too much of our time in twisting garlands for remarkables, and building thrones for magnates, and sculpturing warriors, and apotheosizing philanthropists. The rank and file of the Lord's soldiery need especial help.

The vast majority of people to whom this sermon comes will never lead an army, will never write a State constitution, will never electrify a Senate, will never make an important invention, will never introduce a new philosophy, will never decide the fate of a nation. You do not expect to; you do not want to. You will not be a Moses to lead a nation out of bondage. You will not be a Joshua to prolong the daylight until you can shut five kings in a cavern. You will not be a St. John to unroll an Apocalypse. You will not be a Paul to preside over an apostolic college. You will not be a Mary to mother a Christ. You will more probably be Asyncritus, or Phlegon, or Hermas, or Patrobas, or Hermes, or Philologus, or Julia.

Many of you are women at the head of households. This morning you launched the family for Sabbath observance. Your brain decided the apparel, and your judgment was final on all questions of personal attire. Every morning you plan for the day. The culinary department of your household is in your dominion. You decide all questions of diet. All the sanitary regulations of your house are under your supervision. To regulate the food, and the apparel, and the habits, and decide the thousand questions of [illegible] and general health absolutely appalling, if there be no divine alleviation.

It does not help you much to be told that Elizabeth Fry did wonderful things amid the criminals of Newgate. It does not help you much to be told that Mrs. Judson was very brave among the Bornesian cannibals. It does not help you much to be told that Florence Nightingale was very kind to the wounded in the Crimea. It would be better for me to tell you that the divine Friend of Mary and Martha is your Friend, and that he sees all the annoyances and disappointments and abrasions and exasperations of an ordinary housekeeper from morn till night, and from the first day of the year to the last day of the year, and at your call he is ready with help and reinforcement.

They who provide the food of the world decide the health of the world. One of the greatest battles of this century was lost because the commander that morning had a fit of indigestion. You have only to go on some errand amid the taverns and the hotels of the United States and Great Britain to appreciate the fact that a vast multitude of the human race are slaughtered by incompetent cookery. Though a young woman may have taken lessons in music, and may have taken lessons in painting, and lessons in astronomy, she is not well educated unless she has taken lessons in dough! They who decide the apparel of the world and the food of the world, decide the endurance of the world.

An unthinking man may consider it a matter of little importance—the cares of the household and the economies of domestic life—but I tell you the earth is strewn with the martyrs of kitchen and nursery. The health-shattered womanhood of America cries out for a God who can help ordinary women in the ordinary duties of housekeeping. The wearing, grinding, unappreciated work goes on, but the same Christ who stood on the bank of Galilee in the early morning and kindled the fire and had the fish already cleaned and broiling when the sportsmen stepped ashore chilled and hungry, will help every woman to prepare breakfast, whether by her own hand, or the hand of her hired help. The God who made indestructible eulogy of Hannah, who made a coat for Samuel, her son, and carried it to the temple every year, will help every woman in preparing the family wardrobe. The God who opens the Bible with the story of Abraham's entertainment of the three angels on the plains of Mamre will help every woman to provide hospitality, however rare and embarrassing. It is high time that some of the attention we have been giving to the remarkable women of the Bible—remarkable for their virtue or their want of it, or remarkable for their deeds—Deborah and Jezebel, and Herodias and Athaliah, and Dorcas and the Marys, excellent or abandoned—it is high time some of the attention we have been giving to these conspicuous women of the Bible be given to Julia of the text, an ordinary woman amid ordinary circumstances, attending to ordinary duties and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

Then there are all the ordinary business men. They need divine and Christian help. When we begin to talk about business life we shoot right off and talk about men who did business on a large scale, and who sold millions of dollars of goods a year; but the vast majority of business men do not sell a million dollars of goods, nor half a million, nor a quarter of a million, nor the eighth part of a million. Put all the business men of our cities, towns, villages, and neighborhoods side by side, and you will find that they sell less than fifty thousand dollars worth of goods. All these men in ordinary business life want divine help. You see how the wrinkles are printing on the countenace the story of worriment and care. You cannot tell how old a business man is by looking at him. Gray hairs at thirty. A man at forty-five with the stoop of a nonogenarian. No time to attend to improved dentistry, the grinders cease because they are few. Actually dying of old age at forty or fifty, when they ought to be at the meridian. Many of these business men have bodies like a neglected clock to which you come, and you wind it up, and it begins to buzz and roar, and then the hands start around very rapidly, and then the clock strikes five, or ten, or forty, and strikes without any sense, and then suddenly stops. So is the body of that worn-out business man. It is a neglected clock, and though by some summer recreation it may be wound up, still the machinery is all out of gear. The hands turn around with a velocity that excites the astonishment of the world. Men cannot understand the wonderful activity, and there is a roar, and a buzz, and a rattle about these disordered lives, and they strike ten when they ought to strike five, and they strike twelve when they ought to strike six, and they strike forty when they ought to strike nothing, and suddenly they stop. Post-mortem examination reveals the fact that all the springs, and pivots, and weights, and balance-wheels of health are completely deranged. The human clock has simply run down. And at the time when the steady hand ought to be pointing to the industrious hours on a clear and sunlit dial, the whole machinery of body, mind, and earthly capacity stops forever. The cemeteries have thousands of business men who died of old age at thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five.

Now, what is wanted is grace—divine grace for ordinary business men, men who are harnessed from morn till night and all the days of their life—harnessed in business. Not grace to lose a hundred thousand, but grace to lose ten dollars. Not grace to supervise two hundred and fifty employees in a factory, but grace to supervise the book-keeper, and two salesmen, and the small boy that sweeps out the store. Grace to invest not the eighty thousand dollars of net profit, but the twenty-five hundred of clear gain. Grace not to endure the loss of a whole shipload of spices from the Indies, but grace to endure the loss of a paper of collars from the leakage of a displaced shingle on a poor roof. Grace not to endure the tardiness of the American Congress in passing a necessary law, but grace to endure the tardiness of an errand boy stopping to play marbles when he ought to deliver the goods. Such a grace as thousands of business men have to-day—keeping them tranquil whether goods sell or do not sell, whether customers pay or do not pay, whether tariff is up or tariff is down, whether the crops are luxuriant or a dead failure—calm in all circumstances and amid all vicissitudes. That is the kind of grace we want. Millions of men want it, and they may have it for the asking. Some hero or heroine comes to town, and as the procession passes through the street, the business men come out and stand on tiptoe on their store steps and look at some one who in Arctic clime, or in ocean storm, or in day of battle, or in hospital agonies, did the brave thing, not realizing that they, the enthusiastic spectators, have gone through trials in business life that are just as great before God. There are men who have gone through freezing Arctics, and burning torrids, and awful Marengoes of experiences without moving five miles from their doorsteps. Now, what ordinary business men need is to realize that they have the friendship of that Christ who looked after the religious interests of Matthew, the custom-house clerk, and helped Lydia, of Thyatira, to sell the dry-goods, and who opene a bakery and fish-market in the wildernes of Asia Minor to feed the seven thousan who had come out on a religious picnic, an who counts the hairs of your head with a much particularity as though they were t plumes of a coronation, and who took t trouble to stoop down with his finger wri ing on the ground, although the first shu fle of feet obliterated the divine caligraph and who knows just how many locus there were in the Egyptian plague, a knew just how many ravens were necess ry to supply Elijah's pantry by the bro Cherith, and who, as floral commande leads forth all the regiments of primrose foxgloves, daffodils, hyacinths, and lili which pitch their tents of beauty and kin their camp-fires of color all around the he isphere—that that Christ and that G knows the most minute affairs of your bu iness life and however inconsiderable, u derstanding all the affairs of that wom who keeps a thread-and-needle store well as all the affairs of a Rothschild an Stewart.

Then there are all the ordinary farme We talk about agricultural life, and we i mediately shoot off to talk about Cinc natus, the patrican, who went from t plough to a high position, and after he through the dictatorship in twenty-one da went back again to the plough. What couragement is that to ordinary farme The vast majority of them—none of th will be patricians. Perhaps none of th will be Senators. If any of them have tatorships it will be over forty, or fifty, a hundred acres of the old homeste What those men want is grace to k their patience while ploughing with bal oxen, and to keep cheerful amid the drou that destroys the corn crop, and that ables them to restore the garden the after the neighbor's cattle have broken and trampled out the strawberry bed, gone through the Lima-bean patch, eaten up the sweet corn in such large qu tities that they must be kept from the w lest they swell up and die. Grace in cat ing weather that enables them, without precation, to spread out the hay the t time, although again and again and agai has been almost ready for the mow. A gr to doctor the cow with a hollow horn, the sheep with the foot-rot, and the h with the distemper, and to compel the willing acres to yield a livelihood for family, and schooling for the children, little extras to help the older boy in b ness, and something for the daught wedding outfit, and a little surplus for time when the ankles will get stiff w age, and the breath will be a little sh and the swinging of the cradle through hot harvest field will bring on the old ma vertigo. Better close up about Cincinna I know five hundred farmers just as n as he was.

What they want is to know that t have the friendship of that Christ who en drew his similes from the farmer's as when he said: "A sower went forth sow;" as when he built his best par out of the scene of a farmer's boy co back from his wanderings, and the farmhouse shook that night with rural bilee; and who compared himself to a l in the pasture field, and who said the nal God is a farmer, declaring: "My ther is the husbandman."

Those stone masons do not want to h about Christopher Wren, the architect, built St. Paul's Cathedral. It would better to tell them how to carry the ho brick up the ladder without slipping, how on a cold morning with the trow smooth off the mortar and keep cheer and how to be thankful to God for plain food taken from the pail by the r side. Carpenters standing amid the a and the bit, and the plane, and the b axe need to be told that Christ wa carpenter, with his own hand wielding and hammer. Oh, this is a tired w and it is an overworked world, and it i underfed world, and it is a wrung world, and men and women need to k

th there is rest and recuperation in God an in that religion which was not so much intended for extraordinary people as for ordinary people, because there are more of them.

The healing profession has had its Abercrombies, and its Abernethys, and its Valentine Motts, and its Willard Parkers; but the ordinary physicians do the most of the world's medicining, and they need to understand that while taking diagnosis or prognosis, or writing prescription, or compounding medicament, or holding the delicate pulse of a dying child they may have the presence and the dictation of the Almighty Doctor who took the case of the man, and, after he had torn off his garments in foaming dementia, clothed him again, body and mind, and who lifted up the woman who for eighteen years had been bent almost double with the rheumatism into graceful stature, and who turned the scabs of leprosy into rubicund complexion and who rubbed the numbness out of paralysis, and who swung wide open the closed windows of hereditary or accidental blindness, until the morning light came streaming through the fleshly casements, and who knows all the diseases, and all the remedies, and all the herbs, and all the catholicons, and is monarch of pharmacy and therapeutics, and who has sent out ten thousand doctors of whom the world makes record; but to prove that they are angels of mercy, I invoke the thousands of men whose ailments have been assuaged and the thousands of women to whom in cases of pain they have been next to God in benefaction.

Come, now, let us have a religion for ordinary people in professions, in occupations, in agriculture, in the household, in merchandise, in everything. I salute across the centuries Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus, and Julia.

First of all, if you feel that you are ordinary, thank God that you are not extraordinary. I am tired, and sick, and bored almost to death with extraordinary people. They take all their time to tell us how very extraordinary they really are. You know as well as I do, my brother and sister, that the most of the useful work of the world is done by unpretentious people who toil right on—by people who do not get much applaud, and no one seems to say, "that is well done." Phenomena are of but little use. Things that are exceptional cannot be depended on. Better trust the smallest planet that swings on its orbit than ten comets shooting this way and that, imperilling the longevity of worlds attending to their own business. For steady illumination better is a lamp than a rocket. Then, if you feel that you are ordinary, remember that your position invites the less attack.

Conspicuous people — how they have to take it! How they are misrepresented, and abused, and shot at! The higher the hills of a roebuck the easier to track him down. What a delicious thing it must be to be a candidate for President of the United States! It must be so soothing to the nerves!

I came into the possession of the abusive cartoons in the time of Napoleon I., printed while he was yet alive. The retreat of the army from Moscow, that army buried in the snows of Russia, one of the most awful tragedies of the centuries, represented under the figure of a monster called General Frost slaying the French Emperor with a razor of ice. As Satyr and Beelzebub he is represented, page after page, page after page. England cursing him, Spain cursing him, Germany cursing him, Russia cursing him, Europe cursing him, North and South America cursing him. The most remarkable man of his day, and the most abused. All the men in history who now have a halo around their name, on earth wore a crown of horns. Take the few extraordinary railroad men of our time, and see what abuse comes upon them, while thousands of stockholders escape. All the world took after Thomas Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, abused him until he got under the ground. Thousands of stockholders in that company. All the blame on one man! The Central Pacific Railroad—two or three men get all the blame if anything goes wrong. There are 10,000 in that company.

I mention these things to prove it is extraordinary people who get abused while the ordinary escape. The weather of life is not so severe on the plain as it is on the high peaks. The world never forgives a man who knows, or gains, or does more than it can know, or gain, or do. Parents sometimes give confectionery to their children as an inducement to take bitter medicine, and the world's sugar-plum precedes the world's aqua-fortis. The mob cried in regard to Christ, "Crucify him, crucify him!" and they had to say it twice to be understood, for they were so hoarse, and they got their hoarseness by crying a little while before at the top of their voice, "Hosanna!" The river Rhone is foul when it enters Lake Leman, but crystalline when it comes out on the other side. But there are men who have entered the bright lake of worldly prosperity crystalline and came out terribly riled. If, therefore, you feel that you are ordinary, thank God for the tranquillity of your position.

Then remember, if you have only what is called an ordinary home, that the great deliverers of the world have all come from such a home. And there may be seated, reading at your evening stand, a child who shall be potent for the ages. Just unroll the scroll of men mighty in Church and State, and you will find they nearly all came from log cabin or poor homes. Genius almost always runs out in the third or fourth generation. You cannot find in all history an instance where the fourth generation of extraordinary people amount to anything. Columbus from a weaver's hut, Demosthenes from a cutler's cellar, Bloomfield and Missionary Carey from a shoemaker's bench, Arkwright from a barber's shop, and He, whose name is high over all from a manger.

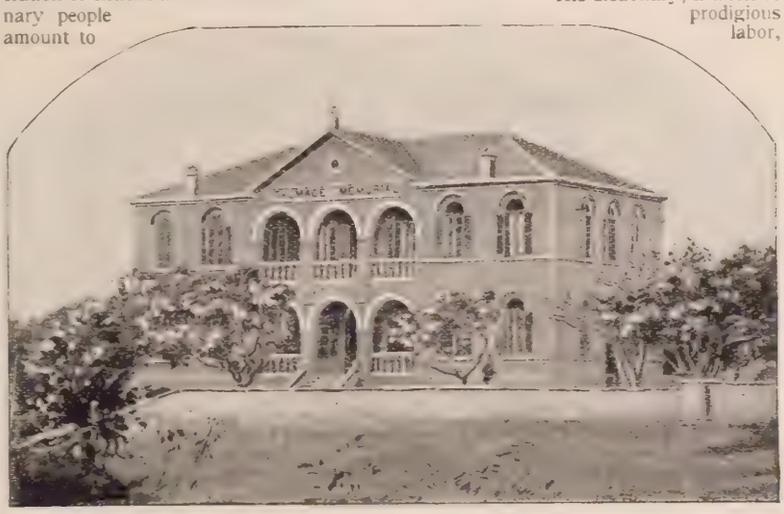
Let us all be content with such things as we have. God is just as good in what he keeps away from us as in what he gives us. Even a knot may be useful if it is at the end of a thread.

At an anniversary of a deaf and dumb asylum one of the children wrote upon the blackboard words as sublime as the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the "Divina Commedia" all compressed in one paragraph. The examiner, in the signs of the mute language, asked her, "Who made the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The examiner asked her, "For what purpose did Christ come into the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The examiner said to her, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I hear and speak?" She wrote upon the blackboard, "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Oh, that we might be baptized with a contented spirit! The spider draws poison out of a flower, the bee gets honey out of a thistle; but happiness is a heavenly ellxir, and the contented spirit extracts it not from the rhododendron of the hills, but from the lily of the valley.

The Talmage Memorial.

An Educational Building at Amoy, China, as a Memorial to the late Dr. John Van Nest Talmage.

THE benediction on the dead worker that "his works do follow him," is often observed with a literalness that savors of ingratitude. All the work that he has done is forgotten and follows him into the silence and forgetfulness of the grave. Men take up the tools that fell from his dead hands and go on with the building, and the name of him who laid the foundation and labored in the trenches, is not spoken. It is gratifying to find that this is not to be so with the grand work to which the late Dr. John Van Nest Talmage, the elder brother of the Editor of this journal, gave forty years of his life. The building, a picture of which appears on this page, is to bear his name and be a reminder to all who come after him of the consecrated service which he joyfully rendered to the cause of Christ in China. It is peculiarly appropriate as a memorial to him. Probably there is no form that would have pleased him so much had he known of it in his lifetime. It is a new school building for the Academical Department of the Amoy Mission, a branch of the work in which Dr. Talmage took a special interest. For months after his career as a missionary closed, he labored at home to promote the work of education and to add new facilities to the teacher's equipment. His dictionary, a work of prodigious labor,



MEMORIAL AT AMOY CHINA, TO THE LATE DR. JOHN V. N. TALMAGE.

occupied his time almost to the last hours of his life and it was only when he had read the last proofs, that like aged Simeon, he could bring himself to say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." The book represented the leisure moments of twenty years, which had been given to it instead of to relaxation. He realized how much depended on Christian education and counted the time he gave to advance it well given. It is therefore fitting that the memorial to him on the field of his labors should be identified with education.

Mr. Pitcher sends from Amoy to the "Christian Intelligencer" a description of the new building, which shows it to be worthy of the mission and the noble worker whose name it bears. It stands, he says, on "the Little Eastern Mountain" of Kolongsu, and is conspicuous by its elevated position and by its graceful and substantial proportions. It is plain and massive, as was necessary in a district of high winds, and where there are typhoons occasionally. The foundations are laid in the bed-rock, and the walls range from two feet thick at the basement, to fourteen inches in the top story. The materials are brick and granite.

On the upper face of the building, in conspicuous letters, are the words, "Talmage Memorial," and underneath, in Chinese characters, the inscription, "Seeking the Fountain"—"Hall of Learning."

OUR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

VIII.—CLARA D. ARMSTRONG.

ONE of the most useful institutions in St. Joseph, Mo., is the modest little building on the corner of Fourth and Messanie streets, which is known as the Faith Home. It is hospitable in the widest sense. Any woman finding herself homeless on the streets through the cruelty of a drunken husband, the unmercifulness of a landlord, or any other cause, can find a bed

CLARA D. ARMSTRONG.

and the comforts of home in the Faith Home. Like many other useful institutions, the Faith Home of St. Joseph does not owe its origin to any millionaire or munificent philanthropist, but to the humble efforts of a Christian woman.

Mrs. Clara D. Armstrong is the founder of the Faith Home, and on her falls all the burden of its needs. She honestly confesses that she does not know how the expenses have been paid, except that when the daily need came, she has taken it to God in prayer, and in some way, from some source the money has been provided. The work has been carried on from day to day, and the day's supplies have been sufficient for the needs. When the need has increased and the home has had more hungry mouths to fill than usual, the receipts have been larger, so that Mrs. Armstrong never has any hesitation in receiving her guests, or any apprehension about her ability to provide for them. Her strong faith, which has grown with her experience, had a remarkable origin. In her girlhood, she was pronounced by physicians to be the victim of pulmonary disease, and for years it was expected that she would go to an early grave. But she lived, and when her father, Judge William B. Almond, of Platte City, Mo., died, leaving her and her mother in needy circumstances, the delicate girl, by her exertions, was able to provide a comfortable living for both. In 1876, her marriage to Mr. William H. Armstrong, a wealthy citizen of Glasgow, Mo., relieved her of the necessity of continuous toil for bread, but it brought with it a return of physical suffering, and for some years she was a confirmed invalid. From the time of her conversion, at the age of sixteen, she had been a diligent student of God's Word, and she was led in these days of suffering to consecrate herself afresh to God and to pledge her future life to his service whether in health or sickness. She was suddenly restored to health and she prepared herself to fulfil her pledge.

One of her first efforts was a work among the factory-girls of St. Joseph, which was greatly blessed. Out of this work has now developed a Young Women's Christian Association. In many other ways Mrs. Armstrong labored, both there and in Texas, where for a year or two she and her husband lived, to reach the poor and help them materially and spiritually. The first idea of a Faith Home came out of a peculiarly sad case that Mrs. Armstrong witnessed. The little house was immediately rented; a noble and generous lady not only put her furniture into it, but went to live there herself, and became a servant or minister to its occupants, and Mrs. Armstrong with this kindly helper has carried on the work to this day.

THE REPORT OF THE SPIES.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 4. Num. 17-20, 23-33. Golden Text Num. 14: 9. By Mrs. Baxter.

HAD this account in the book of Numbers been all which Holy Scripture told us of the spies, we might have concluded that it was a thing that proceeded from the Lord, however difficult we might have found it to reconcile the embassy of the spies with the life of absolute dependence upon God which was the calling of Israel in the wilderness. But the account given by Moses in Deut 1. leaves no doubt upon our minds that the sending of the spies

Originated with the People,

and not with God. How could we understand that he who had undertaken to bring them into the land of promise, and who had declared to them that it was a good and a large . . . a land flowing with milk and honey" (Ex. 3: 8), should command them to send spies before them to discover whether it was as he had said or not?

In Deut. 1. we have the clue. The children of Israel were come to Kadesh-barnea, the Southeast boundary of the land which God had promised to give them, and Moses relates: "I said unto you, Ye are come unto the hill country of the Amorites, which the Lord our God giveth unto us. Behold the Lord thy God hath set the land before thee; go up, take possession, as the Lord, the God of thy fathers, hath spoken to thee: fear not, neither be discouraged." (Deut. 1: 20, 21.) The answer of the people was the suggestion to send spies, and Moses' comment upon it is: "And the thing pleased me well." Up to this point the Lord's name is not mentioned in the matter. It was unusual for Moses to do anything until he had received clear direction from God, it was indeed exceptional that he should act under pressure from the people. When in Samuel's time the people asked for a king, the prophet knew well that such a desire on their part was not of God, and he keenly felt the dishonor cast upon the Lord, who was their King. Yet, when God came down to the weakness of his unbelieving people, Samuel received the command to anoint Saul and he obeyed, although it was under protest. The case of Moses was only parallel as far as God was concerned. He came down to the weakness and unbelief of his people and gave as his command that which had first been their suggestion. The event proved how unsatisfactory is all which originates with man. But O how patient is our God! Here was the only people which, as a people, knew him on the face of the earth; and, before they ventured to enter upon the possession of the inheritance which his fatherly love had provided for them, they must send representatives to investigate

Whether it was Worth Having

They had head-men, princes, whom God commanded them to send. But man's princes are not always God's kingly ones. Moses, whose order of proceeding usually was to get direction from God, and then to come with his command and his authority to the people, in this instance reversed the order. He listened to the people, and then, probably as a second thought, brought God into it. It is so unlike the man who "endured as seeing him who is invisible," even to send the twelve princes to the mountain to see the land, "whether it was good or bad," and the people: "whether they be strong or weak," "few or many." Nothing to: Will the Almighty God on their side who had wrought wonders in Egypt, what material is there the strength or numbers of the people? "And what cities they be that they dwell in, whether in camps or in strongholds." Surely it was unbelief which prompted such an investigation! The fall of Jericho in Joshua's time, by the mighty power of God, manifested the utter uselessness of all the investigations of the spies. If God was going to fight for them in his almightiness, they needed not to make preparation as though they had to undertake the overthrow and the dislodgment of their enemies. "And be ye of good courage," he adds, "and bring of the fruit of the land."

The spies departed and searched the land from the south border to the extreme north and came back, bearing slung between two of them one colossal bunch of grapes, as a specimen of the fruit of the land. And they gave in their report, justifying all which their God had told them of the extreme fruitfulness of the land: "Surely it floweth with milk and honey, and this is the fruit of it. Howbeit," they added, "the people that dwell in the land are strong, and the cities are fenced and very great, and moreover we saw the children of Anak there." The position was a false one. When God has clearly pointed out a path for his children, he is the Guarantee that such a path is possible, and we only get into endless difficulties, if we undertake the survey of the situation. We need no spies when "the ark of the covenant of the Lord" goes on before to search out a resting place. Our heavenly Father is too true a Father to leave his children in danger. He may lead us into apparent impossibilities, but only in order that his deliverance in those very circumstances may make us more deeply acquainted with him. Caleb understood his God, and said when the majority of the spies enlarged on the difficulties to be encountered: "Let us go up at once to possess it, for we are well able to overcome it." Caleb was a true prince; seeing God above them, and equal to all, he had circumstances and difficulties under his feet, he did not see them in relation to himself. Whether he could or could not conquer the inhabitants of the land and their fenced cities was a matter of no consideration to this man of faith. God would not deceive his people, and all things were possible to him.

As is generally the case, the people went with the majority, who contradicted Caleb and said: "We are not able to go up against the people for they are stronger than we." And while all they said was true, yet, leaving out of the question, as they did, all which God had said and promised, they brought up an

Evil Report of the Land

which they had spied out unto the children of Israel, and led them to be disappointed with the provision which their heavenly Father had made for them. Instead of going trustfully and joyfully forward, the whole congregation "lifted up their voice and cried." (Num. 14: 1.) Everything looked dark; they bitterly reproached Moses and Aaron for bringing them out of Egypt, and they saw nothing before them but destruction and ruin for themselves and for their families. They actually went the length of consulting together whether they should not make a captain who should lead them back to Egypt!

Now Moses took again the place which was so familiar to him in every moment of perplexity. Instead of thinking for himself as he did about the sending of the spies, and considering whether it pleased him, he now thinks only of how to get the mind of God: he and Aaron fall down upon their faces before all the assembly of the people of Israel. And Joshua and Caleb, the two faithful spies, while Moses and Aaron dealt with God, bore their faithful testimony to the people. Without contradicting the power of their enemies, those men of God see God's side, the richness of his provision, the faithfulness of his promise and they say of the people of the land: "They are bread for us; their defence is removed from over them, and the Lord is with us: fear them not." (Num. 13: 9, R.V.)

"The Lord is at hand:" the time is short. Every child of God is bringing up to the worldly and unsaved around them some report of the land. God and his Word are judged by every witness that he has. What report are we bringing up? What opinion of God do our lives spread among those who watch us from day to day? Do they see us constantly more than conquerors over our difficulties, through him that hath loved us? Or are we by our unbelief giving others to understand that it does not answer to serve God? The spies were persecuted, and God appeared on the scene. But he spoke to none but Moses: "How long will this people despise me? And how long will they not believe in me for all the signs which I have wrought among them?" (ver. 11, 12.)

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

BEARING THE GRAPES OF ESCOL.

THE journey of the Israelites from Sinai brought them to Kadesh Barnea, now called Ain Qades, on the southern border of Palestine. Fifteen months had passed since they left Egypt. They had passed through a wretched country, the ground covered with sharp flints, and no herbage but a low scrub. In this day, and probably at that time, there was little water there, and that of a nauseous kind. Between them and the country they were going to was a low range of hills. They had but to climb these, and the Promised Land was before them. At this juncture the people seem to have lost faith in the guidance they had followed hitherto. They proposed to send representatives to examine the land and report upon it. One man from each tribe was chosen, and having received instructions from Moses, they set out. Various points about the narrative indicate that they did not go in a body, but separated into two or more parties, and that one party went much farther than the other, penetrating into Galilee. There is a culminating story from them, as if they returned singly or in groups and not all together. Caleb, who reported favorably and was eager for an immediate invasion, appears to have stood alone at first, and Joshua, arriving later, conformed his report, Reading with this theory in mind, it would seem that the other early arrivals agreed with Caleb about the fertility of the land, but disagreed as to the capacity of Israel to overcome its defenders. But later, there were some who gave an unfavorable report of the land itself, and said it was a land that ate up its inhabitants; that is, it would not support them. This was probably the party that explored Galilee. The majority reported unfavorably and the people lost heart. It is strange they should have done so. The situation was not near so desperate as their condition in Egypt had been, and God had delivered them from that. The attempt to combine reason with faith did not succeed, and it never does.

Be ye of good courage. This was the injunction of Moses. In Deuteronomy we are told the arguments he used with the people to arouse their faith and strengthen their courage. The chief one was that God, whose interventions on their behalf they remembered well, would be a support to them in the supreme conflict. In the battle of Crescy, Prince Edward bore the brunt of the French attack. He sent a messenger to his father, the king, for reinforcements. The king was on a height from which he could see the battle, and when he received his son's message, he said to the messenger: "Go tell my son that I am not so experienced a commander as not to kn when help is needed, and he knows I not so careless a father as not to sen when the need comes." He wanted son to fight on, trusting that his fat knew the situation and would come to succor if there was need for it.

The people are stronger than we. The sp who reported thus did not take into acco the power of God which was on the side Israel. Sometimes people now lose he when they are assailed by the enemies God or by temptations and, knowing th own weakness, they fear they will f They forget that when they make the str gle God will see and come to their help ing them a strength above their own. A g man in France who was sorely tried and had to fight a continual battle against te tation went to his bishop in great distr He said: "I have prayed earnestly God does not answer. He does not t the temptation away and I fear I shall f The bishop looked kindly at him and s "The King of France has two fortres Montleberry which is far inland an quite safe; and La Rochelle on the fron which is exposed and is always liable t tack. There is a General in comman each. Which of the two does the k most esteem?" The man answered, of La Rochelle, who is tried most." bishop smiled as he said, "Go thy way be content with the favor of thy Ma who has not relieved thee of thy d though thou didst ask him to do so."

We saw the children of Anak there. who are disposed to become Christ are often afraid to do so because of the ridicule of their companions. They dread this or that big boy will do or say. Bu tells us that his pilgrim met two me his way, one of whom was named Ti ous and the other Mistrust. They running, and Christian accosted them ling them they were running the w way. Mistrust answered that they seen just before them a couple of lio the way and begged Christian not to ture. But he went on. He, too, saw lions, but found that they were chain that they could not get at him. F er on he came to a valley at the en which there were blood, bones, ashes mangled bodies of men, even of pilg who had gone that way formerly, an cause thereof was seen in a cave, w two giants—Pope and Pagan—dwell whose power the men whose bone there had been put to death. But Chri would not turn back. He went on took no harm for he found "that P had been dead many a day, and as fo other, though he was still alive, he w crazy and stiff in his joints that he do little more than sit at his cave's m grinning at pilgrims and biting his because he could not get at them."

Let us go up at once and possess it. was the advice of Caleb. He did not tradict the statement of his colleagues the strength of the people in possessio probably he had seen the terrible so Anak who had so frightened them; b he had courage. When Luther was sum ed to Worms by the Emperor, his fr urged him not to go. They told him he would be burned as Huss had bee Luther never wavered. They warnec that his enemies were implacable and erful, but he declared he would go th they were a hundredfold as many as were. "God will be on my side," he d When he entered the city a valiant kn whose face was seamed and scarred wounds received in battle and whose was maimed, laid his hand kindly o reformer's shoulder, and said: "Th going to make a nobler stand than o any other has ever made in the bloodi our battles. But if thy cause is jus thou art sure of it, go forward in G name, and fear nothing. God will n sake thee." And Luther went.

This is the fruit of it. An infidel said to a Christian: "I understand, Sir, th expect to go to heaven when you die you tell me what kind of a place h is?" The Christian smiled sadly questioner. "I am afraid," he sa could not do so in a way that you understand. But I expect to go ther be happy there, because I have eaten of the fruit that grows there." The said, "Pray what may that be?" "It many kinds," said the Christian, w at the time was sick, nigh unto d "but just now the kind I enjoy is such peace as nothing else could give

TENEMENT-HOUSE CHILDREN.

here the Rescue Work of "The Christian Herald" Fresh Air Fund Reaches—Young Dwellers in Dark Alleys and Foul Rookeries where Vice, Poverty, and Ignorance Herd Together—Scenes of Degradation—Need of United Christ-like Aid.

SUFFER the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not," said the gentle Saviour rebukingly to the men of Judea, and he added, "for of such is the

A WEE MAID ON A ROTTEN MATTRESS."

kingdom of heaven." The same divine injunction that was applied to the chubby little rustics of the country villages of Palestine, toddling at their mothers' knees, applies equally to children the world over. Nowhere, probably, is such an inspiring illustration more urgently needed than in New York City, with its child-population of over half a million souls. Faithful servants of the Master, obedient to his wish, are conducting a precious work among the little ones in many parts of the great metropolis; but the field is far too vast for their energies. There are tens of thousands of children still outside the range of their influence and for whom, thus far, it cannot truthfully be claimed that anything has been accomplished toward bringing them to a knowledge of the Saviour, whose great heart and boundless love went out to the tender and the young.

Those neglected ones are the children of the slums—the tiny waifs, orphans, and outcasts who burrow in the very poorest and dirtiest sections of the city, living sometimes in cellars, or in the furthest removed floors of some crazy tenement, or sometimes in a recess under a dock, for the want of a better home.

A tour with any of our missionaries engaged in the Fresh Air work reveals many strange phases of life in the homes of the very poor. Some of these are depicted in our illustrations; but we would fill many pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to adequately describe the half of what is encountered in a single day's observation.

Our artist has caught with the truthful camera, glimpses of a few of the scenes of misery and destitution that mark the hovels of the great city. Gaunt, unkempt children whose clothing are chiefly rags and whose shoeless feet are calloused by contact with the hot pavements, and dirty ash-barrels, play around the alleys or in the streets, glad to be anywhere else than in the wretched, evil-smelling tenement holes, called rooms by courtesy. One wee Italian maiden sat on an old rotten mattress in the middle of the street, a picture of perfect contentment in the midst of filth and confusion, and no one seemed to care. In some of those places, especially in the Italian quarter, it is not uncommon to find ten or twelve persons, children and adults, and both sexes huddled together that privacy is out of the question and morals are consequently at a low ebb. Add to this, the loose companionship of the streets, and the absence of all moral training, and it is hardly to be wondered at that thousands of the neglected little lads, long before reaching manhood, drift into crime and go to the reformatory or the "pen," while the young girls gravitate to a fate even more degraded and pitiful.

What a future for the little innocents! Yet the terrible Minotaur of the slums demands his yearly tribute of children. Happy the tenement child who has honest, industrious Christian parents; but alas for those thousands who are swallowed up in the vortex, without a hand extended to rescue them from our human shambles. Boys who might become useful, Christian men, and girls who, in their impressionable natures, have the material for noble women, are left to lead the lives of tatterdemalions, in rags and dirt and ignorance, in a Christian land.

There are 50,000 other children, just like those in the interesting group in Stanton Street, which our artist has pictured so faithfully, and who lined up timidly in front of his camera. They are to be found in many localities on the East-side, in Hester, Norfolk, and Attorney streets, in the East Broadway alleys, on Mott street, Mulberry street and South Fifth avenue, "Little Italy," "Poverty Gap," "Cherry Hill," "Battle Row," and similar localities, prolific of poverty, ignorance and crime. Our slums are the worst and most densely populated in the world. And it is their child-dwellers—poor little rejected ones, like those we have described—who are reached by the Fresh Air work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home. To such as these, a ten days' sojourn amid the fields with free air and wide, blue sky, means more of heaven than they have ever imagined. In that brief time, seed may be sown in the young hearts that will blossom into rich fruit in the after years.

"IN THAT VILE AIR, THE CHILDREN WERE GAUNT, SALLOW AND STARVED-LOOKING"

Those reached by the missionaries of our Fresh Air Work, represent many nationalities, including Americans, Germans, Irish, Jews, Poles, Russians, Roumanians, and Italians. It would be hard to paint the ramshackle buildings they live in, the decrepit stairways, threatening life and limb, the coating of mud on the floors, the broken plaster, the artistically-stuffed broken windows, or perhaps a room with no windows at all. That little children can live in such places almost passes belief. Yet in the district occupied by many of the "sweat-shops" in which cheap garments are made on the East-side, there are no less than 46,000 children—Russians, Poles and Roumanians. Poor though he may be, the patriarchal life of the Jewish father protects his children more than any other, and the very lowest level of degradation is never reached in Jewish homes.

Death mows down the children of the slums remorselessly. In three typical tenement blocks, the mortality rates were 325.00, 106.38, and 86.00 per 1000. In one ward, the child death-rate was 150.52 and in another 119.02. This fearful sacrifice of human life is due to a multitude of causes: the intense heat of mid-summer, and foul rooms and sewerage the year round among the number. Ragged, dirty, crawling with vermin, many little creatures grow up more like wild beasts than human beings. One sees among them a painfully large number of wan, weazened faces and poor, shrunken limbs. Their lot is always a sad one. It usually happens that, glad to escape outdoors at all hazards, their daily playground is the street or some dingy alley or slippery yard which no ray of sunlight ever penetrates. There, in an atmosphere too often heavy with the sounds of fighting, cursing, and swearing, amid poverty and hard knocks, the boys and girls of the slums pass their childhood. Unhappy beings, born to toil and trouble; how shall they ever know of this kind Jesus who loved the little children, unless some hand is reached out to them to draw them to Himself?

Among such a multitude of children, whom to take and whom to leave it is hard to decide. Here, in a single alley in Hester Street, dark and foul-smelling, but amazingly populous, are over a hundred children, only a few of whom have been taken by the camera. And such children! Gaunt, sallow and starved-looking, their clothes little better than bundles of rags, held together no one knows how, their feet bare and dirty, face begrimed and hair matted with filth and neglect, it is difficult to believe that these wretched little mites of humanity live in a civilized, Christian land. Babies so frail-looking that it seems absurd to expect them to ever grow up; girls with faces already aged and peaked, and who know too much of the world and its miseries; and boys who give promise of a manhood one does not love to contemplate. Just such a group was taken to our Children's Home a few days ago. First they were well washed and cleaned, and their hair cut, and then all were inspected by the doctor. A few were rejected for obvious reasons, but the majority were sent to Mont-Lawn, where in a few days such a transformation was effected as seemed almost a marvel! Fresh air, freedom, good wholesome food, and kind treatment were new experiences. The young guests soon learned, as hundreds of others had learned before them, that the good God had put it into the hearts of his people to send for them, and to help them as they felt they were being helped. Their little prayers (some had never prayed before) were fervent and touching, for they felt that they were addressing the Great Friend of the children—especially of such as they themselves are. Such impressions, deepened by the hearty religious atmosphere of the Home, are never forgotten. They affect the entire life.

"THEY LINED UP IN FRONT OF HIS CAMERA."

Some of the children our workers encounter have parents who care little what becomes of their offspring as long as their own animal wants are satisfied. Others are absolute waifs and outcasts, sleeping around on stairways, in cellars, and in wagons, or where they may. A few, though hardly yet in their teens, have taken the first steps in crime, and under the tuition of some low thief, now too old or decrepit to ply his trade himself, are being taught to pick pockets for a living. And this is but a realistic picture of the experience of thousands of other children in New York City. Dwarfed and stunted in body, mind, and soul, their unrelieved lot is poverty and want, suffering, and death. They come and go like puny shadows on the dial of time. Not their's the sweet pleasure of romping in the green fields, or resting in the cool woods. They may never hear the song of birds nor breathe the sweet incense of the flowers. Here and there among them, a few fortunate ones are reached by kind, benevolent souls, who take them out of their surroundings for a time, and let them know something of the great book of nature. Their young hearts respond quickly to such kindness, even if they cannot quite understand the motives that prompted it.

But what of the uncounted thousands who have no such happiness as this? Some one has written, no doubt with truthfulness, mingled with a philanthropic enthusiasm, that "there are twenty thousand poor children in New York who do not know when it is Christmas." It is quite as accurate to say that there are at least five times that number belonging to the class we have described, who know nothing of any holiday whatsoever; to whom the summer brings misery and pain, instead of recreation and enjoyment: whose little lives are for the most part a sharp battle with chronic hunger and daily suffering.

It is this class that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Fresh Air workers seek out in the purlieus of the great city and take to our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn. Two thousand children have already been sheltered and instructed at the Home since it was opened last summer. Since the beginning of the present season, the arrivals of

Continued on page 475.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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DESTRUCTIVE BOOKISHNESS.

AMID this deluge of books many people are being drowned. They know not which way to turn. Every one you meet has a book or two to suggest, and the papers have whole columns of literary commendations and condemnations. The question what to read is much discussed, but not so much the question what not to read.

Better stand off from all those books which were made not because the author had anything to say, but because the publisher and the author wanted to make a commercial success. Such books are generally of large type, profuse illustration, and showy binding. They must have so many words, so many pages, so many pictures. You are aware from the appearance of the book that it was merely made to sell. We believe, however, that a book will be of little practical service to you unless the author was compelled by an inward consciousness of duty to print it. The book into which an honest and earnest author throws his whole soul is the one that will magnetize, lift, and vivify you. Avoid that book which has the appearance of literary jobbing.

We also advise that you take only small doses of love story. The majority of novels are made to set forth desperate love scrapes. It is well enough for a man to read sufficient of this literature to keep him from being awkward when he himself becomes a party to some affair of the heart. But much reading of love stories makes one soft, insipid, absent minded, and useless. The probability is that when you fall into love, you will not fall into it according to the cheap novels. Excessive reading of love stories will make you a fool before you know it.

We further advise you not to read a book merely because some one else likes it. Do not waste your time on Shakespeare, if you have no taste for poetry or the drama, merely because so many like Shakespeare, nor pass a long time with Sir William Hamilton, when metaphysics are repulsive to you, though your literary friends are enraptured with the great-headed Scotchman. When you read a book by the page, every [illegible] that book and take something else. There is no reason in you dousing your plate with [illegible] taste for the saccharine. There comes ever and anon a fashion of certain styles of reading. Be not overborne by the pressure. For a while there was prevailing a Tupperian epidemic, and we all went to writing poor blank verses. Then there came a Carlylian epidemic, and we all wrote turgid, involved, twisted, and break-neck sentences, each noun with as many verbs as Brigham Young had wives, and as little acquainted with them. Then came the Renanish epidemic, and the attempt everywhere was made to mingle romance and religion, with frequent punches at religion, and we prided ourselves in being sceptical.

Be independent in your literary tastes. Make up your mind what it is best for you to read, and read it. Master a few good books. Life is short, and books are many. Instead of having your mind a garret crowded with rubbish, make a parlor with rich furniture beautifully arranged, into which you would not be ashamed to have the whole world enter.

THE LAST OF MICHAEL.

THE coroner's jury have come in. Facts: a row on Sixth avenue. Michael wants a drink. The bartender refuses to let him have it. Michael wants a drink so much he leaps over the bar to get it. Bartender takes up a bottle, and with it breaks Michael's head. The verdict of the coroner's jury so declares it. But this is not a peculiar case. The bottle is breaking more heads to-day than is any weapon. We talk not of the hearts but of the heads. Our literary and newspaper men are so pressed of hard work, and kept up so late nights, and so exhausted of nervous energy, that many of them are taking artificial stimulus to keep up. They show it in their eyes and cheek, and some of them in the inflammation of the end of their nose. They are gradually going down. Every year are able to do less and less. After awhile they will disappear, and the doctors will apply a high-sounding Latin term to the style of their decease. But all the world will know that they were killed by the same weapon that slew Michael. Struck across the head with a bottle!

BIG GUNS.

THE Church is yet to learn that its chief work is to be done by consecrated men of ordinary calibre. Great speeches never marshalled a host. An eminent Scotch divine getting into the pulpit after a week's elaboration of a learned discourse, forgot it entirely, and was compelled to give a plain talk which, under God, swept half his audience into the kingdom. There is an absurd call in the Church to-day for what are called "big guns," and but little appreciation of well-loaded rifles. The "Swamp Angel" in the last war was a failure. It proposed to do great things, but after awhile they found it was cracked and were afraid to use it lest it should blow up. So while men of but small capacity are doing their work well, and make no fuss about it, we have a few "big guns" half cracked with conceit about themselves, and they blow up just when they are wanted for important service. The nuisance of the Church to-day is ecclesiastical "swamp angels." Dr. Chalmers' astronomical sermons "make us see stars," but we suppose there were, at the time of their delivery, uncelebrated ministers of Christ in Scotland, who were bringing more souls to the Saviour. Patrick Henry's speech did good in the Virginia legislature, and was of service in giving us, when boys, something to practice on at the country school-house, till the dinner-pails along the wall shook with the cry of "Liberty or Death;" but there were men who could hardly say a word in public who did as much service when in Independence Hall they put their name to the document that declared our national deliverance. We must all lay hold of the work. If the raging conflagration of sin is to be put out, it will not be by one fireman standing with big horn, making a great racket, but by men, women, and boys, bringing what water they can, some in hogsheads, some in pails, and some in small dippers, every one doing what he or she can, God helping all the time. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

Tenement-House Children.

Continued from preceding page.

children at the Home have been as follows:

June 8	30	June 28	17
" 9	40	" 29	17
" 11	40	July 1	30
" 12	15	" 2	29
" 13	11	" 3	03
" 14	11	" 5	29
" 15	13	" 6	20
" 18	53	" 8	14
" 19	13	" 9	33
" 20	17	" 10	22
" 21	18	" 11	28
" 22	20	" 12	34
" 24	19	" 13	55
" 25	17	" 15	52
" 26	13	" 16	30
" 27	23	" 17	30

Total	832
Vacation finished	605
Leaving now at the Home	227

Of which 125 are boys, and 102 girls.

It costs $3 to give a child a ten days' outing at the Home, and this sum includes all traveling expenses both ways, good, wholesome, strengthening food in abundance, and such ordinary articles of clothing as the little one may be really in need of.

Arrangements have already been made at Mont-Lawn to receive 2500 children this summer. This will involve an expenditure of $7500, some portion of which has already been contributed by friends of the work. We invite the cordial co-operation of every reader of this journal, who is interested in the moral rescue of these poor friendless children of the slums, as well as in their physical well-being. A single contribution, however small, if given in the true spirit of Christ-like benevolence, may be blessed as the means not only of brightening some sad young life, but of producing results that will last through eternity. The rescue of even one child from misery and degradation is a priceless privilege, and worth the effort of a lifetime. We want all to help us to save the children—to lift them, even for a little while, out of the misery that surrounds their daily lives, and give them a chance to breathe pure air, and to romp among green fields far away from the smoke, noise, filth and heat of the city; to help them to escape from vicious and besotted surroundings, and the drunkenness, profanity, and repulsiveness of the slums; from the evil companionships, the low jest and the coarse sneer, and to hear, in the little chapel at Mont-Lawn, the sweet story of the Boy of Nazareth told over again, with all the love and affection for little children that comes in the telling. We wish every poor tenement child in New York could be withdrawn to this shady retreat for a ten days' outing, and with the help of as many of our friends as we sincerely hope to enlist, many hundreds more may be sent to Mont-Lawn this year than last. Every gift will be acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Contributions During the Week.

The following contributions have been received during the week for The Children's Home:

Previously Acknowledged	$490.20
J. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.	3 00
Mrs. S. A. Williams	1 00
A friend of the young folks, New Boston, N. H.	2 00
E. L. M., St. Albans, Vt.	1 00
Mrs. E. H. Lane	3 00
R. W. Jones	1 00
Mrs. Margaret Newing	50
In memory of Lutie Conover	50
A friend of the friendless	3 00
Annie Martin	1 00
Subr. Morrison, Ill.	1 00
J. H. G. S., Merchantville, N. J.	3 00
In His Name	12 00
M. D. S., Balto., Md.	1 00
E. E. & I. M. S., Milford Centre, O.	1 00
Mrs. A. A. Brush	3 00
A friend, Chauncey, N. Y.	1 00
Pearl C. Higby	2 25
I. H. N.	50
W. H. D., Sunsbury	1 00
"Nobody cares"	1 00
Friend, Kalamazoo, Mich.	1 00
From one who loves children, Breakabeen, N. Y.	1 00
Mrs. A. M. Waterbury	3 00
Mrs. C. H. Jorsten	3 00
Friend, Broad Brook, Ct.	1 00
J. A. Long-street	3 00
E. C. Smith	3 00
Mrs. John C. Wright	1 00
Mrs. E. B. Little	6 00
Mrs. J. G. R., Mount Joy, Pa.	3 00
P. D., Mattsville, Ind.	30
Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Goodhold	3 00
Mrs. E. B. Strong	21 00
Harriet L. Strong	21 00
Mr. & Mrs. — Eaton Rapids, Mich.	3 00
Mrs. S. J. B.	10 00
Dr. & Mrs. E. M. Johnson	5 00
S. M. Hopkins	3 00
C. P., Baltimore Co., Md.	5 00
L. S. V.	15 00
Circle of Kings Daughters, Kennett Sq., Pa.	3 00
In His Name, Warren, Pa.	3 00
In His Name, Phila., Pa.	3 00
H. G. Meyer	5 00
— Lowell, Mass.	6 00
T. J. Addinsell	1 00
Manchester Mr. Bible School	4 25
Mrs. C. L. Evans	3 00
Mattie Rogers	3 00
I. H. N. Bath	3 00
A friend, Granville, O.	6 00
Several friends, Catskill, N. Y.	6 25
Gladys M. Pearman	1 00
Total	$693.75

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Anxious Inquirer. Is there a book in print to... fully answering Col. R. G. Ingersoll's cha... against the truth of the Bible?

Dr. Talmage has delivered a series of ... mons in refutation of Ingersoll's infidel... Write to Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, ... York City.

Mr. Jacob Klein, Galton, Ill., writes, in ... swer to Mrs. Chas. Brown, Owen's Sou... Ont., Can., that the hymn "Eternity, Et... ty," to which she refers, can be found in "C... hard's Meditations," published by J. N. K... Baltimore, Md. The hymn was written ... Wulfer, who died in 1685.

M. E. Miller, Bay Ridge, N. Y. What is the p... lation of Africa, its area, and its religious ... plexion?

Population 210,000,000 estimated; area ... 550,000 square miles; religion: heathen or ... classified 100,000,000; Copts, Abyssinians ... Oriental Christians, 5,000,000; Protesta... 1,000,000; Moslems, 85,000,000; Catholics ... 000,000. These are estimates, as it is im... sible to give more exact figures.

Miss L. F. Jones, Covington, Ky. Was not the... ent Empress of China the daughter of poo... ents?

No; the Dowager Empress was the dau... ter of a poor farmer. Her family being ne... destitute, she pleaded with her father to ... her as a slave, so that they might have br... He finally consented and she was bought ... great general, who took her to the ca... adopted and educated her. She was a ... ward presented to the Emperor, who wa... charmed that he made her his wife.

Subscriber, St. Johnsbury, Vt. Are the Armen... Roman Catholics, or are they a spiritual C... tian people, or only brought up in a certain ...

The Armenian Church agrees in some es... tials with the Greek and other Ori... churches. They hold the seven sacramen... of the Latin Church, baptize both by immer... and sprinkling, reject purgatory, yet pra... for the dead, worship saints to excess, and ... ploy confession and penance. Their creed d... ritual are a combination of those of the Ro... Church and the Greek.

R. S. W., Oakland, Ia. How many, and whe... the references to Christ's appearances aft... crucifixion? Who were present at each ap... ance?

You will find the complete list, with all ... parallel passages indicated, on page 128 o... "Harmony of the Gospels" in the append... the International Teachers' Reference Bibl...

Mary L. A., Brooklyn, N. Y., and several ... Does the prohibition of women speaking ... churches (1 Cor. 14: 34, 35) apply to Chr... Endeavor meetings when they are held ... church?

We have already answered many time... quiries about this passage, but as so ... y correspondents are writing about it, it m... well to repeat the substance of what has ... said before. The condition of society at ... inth at the time Paul wrote was such th... women had taken a prominent part in the s... vices of the new church, a scandal would ... been caused which would have been very d... rimental to its interests. The prohibition o... appears to refer to women putting ques... prompted by curiosity and not of pra... utility. Paul directs them to ask such q... stions of their husbands at home, so as n... to waste the time of the church. A woman d... ing a Christian Endeavor, or any other m... ting in a Church, need be under no apprehe... on that she is transgressing the Apostolic ... mand.

Reader. 1. What help would I be if I joined the... trons of "The Bowery Mission"? 2. W... meant by the "Revised Version"? 3. Wi... the first and second commandments, if the... is "Thou shalt not take the name of the L... God in vain," etc., as I have noticed in o... your recent Sunday School lessons?

1. The patrons of the Bowery Missio... are those who, feeling in their hearts that ... would love to assist in such a work, s... fy their co-operation and interest by help... with their prayers, and with an offering o... a year to extend the work of the Mission. 2. It is a revision of the old King James version ... a corps of very able translators, including ... most eminent theological scholars on tw... continents. 3. The first asserts the sole sup... macy of God; the second is directed again... image worship, or idolatry, and the th... against the sin of blasphemy, and inferen... ally against all profanity.

D. H. Rupp, Charleston, Ills. Write to Fl... H. Revell Co., publishers, N. Y.——Percy F. ... Valdosta, Ga. 1. Quite right. 2. When th... that they have experienced a spiritual rebir... that they are accepted of God.——Reader, ... ville, Ind. No, neither is now in existence.... E. R. Lane, Fort Barnwell, N. C. Christian s... is not accepted by orthodox Christians. M... dy's doctrines are approved by only a few, ... almost universally rejected by the Christian ... at large as unscriptural and visionary.—... Shaw, Frossal, Mich. Yes; the advice w... clear and unequivocal. To do otherwise would ... incur serious moral danger.——C. A. S., Port ... ington, Wis. We believe it would not pay to ... take such a work.——E. E. Baker, Garden C... D. Write to Century Publishing Co., New Y... the biography.——E. T. Hewitt, Turke Boyo... We have no clue to either.——E. T. L., New ... Ct. It appeared on the third Sunday in May ... K. 1. About 800, including dialects. 2. ... Eighty-three miles.——Family Lee: by Jesse ... to American Bible Society, N. Y., for full infor...

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

FANATICISM AT JEDDAH.

AN outbreak of Mohammedan fanaticism occurred recently at Jeddah, which resulted in the murder of the British Vice-consul at that port and the severe injury of the consuls of Great Britain and Russia and the consular Secretary of France. The rioters are believed to have been Bedouins. It appears that the Europeans had been out for a stroll and had stopped to rest half a mile from the city. They were sitting conversing together, when a number of Asiatics came along and surrounded them. Without any warning they fired upon the Europeans at a distance of four yards and then rushed upon them with knives. The Vice-consul was too badly wounded to move and he was stabbed to death. The others effected their escape. A riot followed, in which the Cholera Hospital was destroyed. It is believed that the outbreak was due to the new sanitary regulations adopted at Jeddah to prevent the spread of cholera. Jeddah is a port on the Red Sea about half way between Aden and Suez, sixty-five miles from Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed. The pilgrims to Mecca usually embark there, and at this season of the year there are often a hundred thousand of them in the city. As these pilgrimages have often been the starting point of the plague, an investigation was started some time ago to ascertain what measures could be taken to prevent the outbreak of the disease and its germs being carried by the pilgrims to the districts where they lived. A convention which sat at Paris arrived at the unanimous conclusion that the disease had its origin in the filthy condition of the wells and water-tanks around Mecca and on the shores of the Red Sea. They were open to air and the tanks served as bathing places as well as for the supply of drinking water. The wells were deepened and covered over, regular bathing places were provided, and no one was allowed to bathe in the tanks from which the drinking water was supplied. The pilgrims who had been accustomed to dip their filthy skin-bottles into the wells have this year had pure water measured out to them and were not allowed to draw it themselves. As the wells are accounted holy, some dissatisfaction was expected, and this murderous outrage is doubtless due to it. The pilgrims regarded as an unwarrantable restriction of their liberty, the regulations designed to save their lives and the lives of thousands to whom they might communicate the disease. We wonder at their suicidal stupidity, but it is only of late years that we have ourselves learned the importance of such regulations. Even now, we have not generally carried the principle beyond the realm of physical conditions. There is often bitter resentment when an attempt is made to enforce regulations tending to moral cleanliness, and to restrain men from vices which lead to eternal death and disseminate widespread contamination.

As righteousness tendeth to life, so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death. (Prov. 11: 19.)

An Engineer's Chagrin.

The reporter of a Los Angeles journal relates a thrilling experience of one of the most skillful engineers on the Pacific Coast. He was assigned to the Overland Express that was to leave Tucson, Arizona, at midnight. The night was dark and stormy and somehow everything seemed to go wrong. The fireman was slower than usual getting his coal on the tender: the stoker had neglected the oil valves and the engineer never made steam so slowly. The engineer realized as he drew out of the depot nearly an hour behind time, that he would have to get all the speed out of his locomotive that could be done, if he was to reach his destination on time. He was the more concerned to do this because he was told that the General Superintendent of the road was on the train. He had frequently had other officers behind him but never before the superintendent. But to his chagrin the "ill-luck" at starting continued. No sooner had he put on full steam than one of the pumps failed to work and the other seemed clogged. So far from making up time, the train was running behind. At Big Wells the engineer found the water in the boiler was so low that the pump must be fixed before he could climb the heavy grade ahead. Twenty minutes were lost in getting it in working order. The work was finished and the train was just starting when the sharp whistle of a locomotive was heard, and, looking up, the engineer saw a special tourist excursion train from Southern California approaching on the track over which he was going. The telegraph operator had neglected to warn him of the train, and if it had not been for the series of vexatious delays, there would have been an appalling collision. From that time to the end of the journey everything worked smoothly and the train reached its destination on time. The engineer says he shall never get angry at a cranky locomotive again; it makes him sick to think of what would have happened had that locomotive behaved that night as well as it usually did, and as it did after the danger was past. The time will come when the Christian will find that all his vexations and trials which are now so hard to bear were really, like the engineer's series of vexations, blessings in disguise.

We know that all things work together for good to them that love God. (Rom. 8: 28.)

A STREET IN JEDDAH. THE SCENE OF THE RECENT OUTBREAK.

Fruitless Self-Sacrifice.

An extraordinary romance has just been brought to light through a pardon issued by the Governor of Nebraska. Two brothers, named respectively Charles and Joe Davis, were implicated in a fraudulent transfer of property. At the trial, when they were convicted, it was proved that Joe, the younger brother had not understood the transaction, and was at the most guilty of indiscretion. He was therefore sentenced to pay a small fine and be imprisoned until it was paid. Charles, the elder brother, was sentenced to three years imprisonment. He was greatly distressed by the thought of what his wife and family must suffer while he was in jail. Joe was in the same cell at Omaha with him and he made the proposal that as he was unmarried, and the three years imprisonment would entail no suffering on any one but himself, that he should assume the name of Charles and bear his sentence. Charles objected, but his generous brother insisted, and when the officers came to take the prisoners to the Lincoln jail and Charles's name was called, Joe stepped out of the cell and was taken away. There was no opportunity to acquaint Charles's wife with the plan for her benefit, and she inadvertently thwarted it. She went to the jail to see her husband before his removal to Lincoln and was told that he had been sent away the day before. She was much distressed, and the officers asked her if she would like to see her husband's brother, who was still there. When she was taken to the cell, she gave a scream of delight, greeted the prisoner by his name and threw her arms around his neck. The officers perceived what had been done and proceeded to rectify the error by sending Charles to Lincoln. The Governor has ordered Joe to be released, and Charles remains to serve the sentence imposed upon him. The guilty man must pay the penalty in spite of his generous brother's effort to save him. So, many men will pay the penalty of their sins in spite of Christ's having suffered, the just for the unjust; but that is not due to any inadvertence of their own or others, but because they despise the salvation he has earned for them and do not claim it.

Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life. John 5: 40.

Rags Becoming Paper.

An article in a scientific journal describing the process of paper-making, contains an interesting account of the methods employed to cleanse the rags out of which the best paper is made. There is more difficulty in washing a pile of rags than in washing the garments in a whole condition. It is necessary to use chemicals to rid them of the dirt, and these chemicals not only affect the quality of the paper when the rags have been transformed into that material, but they affect the ink when the paper is written upon. It often happens that of two letters written with the same ink, the writing of one loses its color quicker than the other, because the paper in that case was made of rags which had been heavily soaked with acids. Thus, although dirty rags can be turned into snow-white paper, they will not make paper so good as that which is made of clean rags. As the transformation of rags into paper is often used to illustrate the change that conversion makes in a man, it is well to remember that the degree of foulness is a factor in the illustration. The grace of God saves the converted man from the guilt and punishment of his sin, but it does not make of him so good, or so useful a man as he would have been, if he had not committed it. He suffers loss. The father of the prodigal forgave him, but he said to the brother, "All that I have is thine."

Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one. Job 14: 4.

Vesuvius in Eruption.

A cablegram from Naples says that Vesuvius is again sending forth ashes and lava. On July 8, crowds of people from all parts of Italy were flocking to the scene to witness the wonderful sight of the eruption. There was an immense emission of ashes as on the preceding days, and tons of lava were pouring down the sides of the volcano. Will Carleton who visited the scene recently, describing it in his journal "Every Where," says: "This valley of the shadow of possible death is the most thickly settled district in Europe. Should there come from the slumbering mountain another such terrible fire-storm as overwhelmed Pompeii, it would mean death to thousands and perhaps tens of thousands of people. Only twenty-three years ago, nearly a score of tourists were destroyed by a sudden torrent of flood and flame that burst from the mountain. . . . The homes of half a million people are clustered at the base of the mountain, and they show no fear of the destruction that overtook Pompeii and Herculaneum." As such another eruption may never come, there is not so much to be surprised at in the phlegmatic disposition of the people, when we remember that the certain destruction that the Word of God assures us is coming on all who live in sin, so seldom causes apprehension, or leads them to seek safety from the wrath to come.

The earth also and the works therein shall be burned up. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be? II. Peter 3: 10, 11.

BRIEF NOTES.

We Invite the Co-operation of Our Subscribers in the extension of our subscription list, and in order to introduce this journal into many new homes, we will, on receipt of only one dollar, send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for six months to any address in the United States or Canada, and one copy of any one of the following premiums, all charges prepaid:

International Ruby Bible, which retails at $2.
From Manger to Throne.
Gospel Hymns, from One to Six, complete.
The Pathway of Life.

This offer will not apply to renewals, being intended exclusively as an inducement for new subscribers to try THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. No renewals will be accepted on these terms, nor will any new subscribers intended to take the place of renewals, share in this offer. Please tell your friends about it, and invite them to join our ranks. All new subscriptions sent in under this proposition must positively be mailed before August 15th, when this offer will be withdrawn.

Our Stock of Emerald Bibles (with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at $3), is entirely exhausted, and consequently we cannot supply any more of them to intending new subscribers or renewals. Of the other premiums, "The Ruby International Bible," "From Manger to Throne," "The Pathway of Life," and "Gospel Hymns from One to Six Complete," we have a sufficient quantity left to meet current demands, and will give due notice should the present supply run out.

Mrs. Amanda Smith Has Been holding large meetings in London. She expected to sail for home on July 6.

A Recent Convert at a meeting of the Salvation Army at Seattle, Wash., confessed that he was an escaped convict. He said he had sixteen years to serve, and under the influence of his new convictions he gave himself up to the officers, and went back to Leavenworth to serve his time.

Prince Dimitri Khilkov, a rich Russian nobleman, has followed Tolstoi's example and divided his estates among his peasants, reserving only seven acres to himself, which he cultivates to support his family. He teaches the peasants.

The Russian Government has finally removed the prohibition against Moody and Sankey's hymns, which has been in force since June 24, 1886. The official censor considered the hymn, "Hold the Fort, for I am Coming," capable of being used with a political meaning.

The American Institute of Christian Philosophy has decided to discontinue the publication of "Christian Thought," and the members will receive instead of it the annual volume of lectures delivered under the Charles F. Deems Memorial Lectureship at the University of the City of New York, through the fund raised in memory of its late President. The lectures of the Institute at Chautauqua this year were upon Sociology from the Standpoint of Christianity.

The Thirteenth General Bible Conference for Christian workers will be held at Northfield Aug. 3-15. The following speakers among others will take part: Prebendary H. W. Webb-Peploe, of London; Dr. Andrew Murray, of South Africa; Major D. W. Whittle, Revs. R. A. Torrey, A. T. Pierson, and H. C. Mabie. Board may be obtained at $2.50 a day by writing Mr. A. G. Moody, East Northfield, Mass. The music will be under the charge of Mr. George C. Stebbins and Mr. Ira D. Sankey.

Bishop Potter of New York is now Working as a mission pastor in the city. Instead of taking a vacation in Europe, or some mountain or seaside resort, he has taken up his quarters for a month at the Mission, 130 Stanton street, one of the most densely populated neighborhoods of the East side. The clergyman who usually has charge of it will take a month's vacation. The Bishop will live and sleep at the mission, will conduct all the services and perform all the visiting and other duties which devolve upon the clergyman in charge.

The Report Recently Issued by the Census Bureau shows that there are five denominations which have more than 1,000,000 members each and ten others with a membership over 50,000. The leading denominations are: Catholics, 6,250,000; Methodists, 4,600,000; Baptists, 3,725,000; Presbyterians, 1,278,932; Lutherans, [illegible]; Protestant Episcopal, [illegible]. Outside of [illegible] Russians the Reformed exceed the Orthodox by 15,000. The Salvation Army has a membership of 27,742.

Transformed by Grace.

Ellen G——, Once Outcast and Criminal, now Conducting a Successful Rescue Work in Washington—The Story of Mrs. S ——'s Conversion.

MIRACLES of grace may be found on every side, if we will but look for them On a dark, stormy night in May, 1893, a woman of hard features and wretched raiment, came into a meeting of the Central Union Mission, Washington, D.C., and quietly took a seat. The services were in progress and the singing, the prayers, the brief Gospel-talk and the testimonies were proceeded with. While the rain was pouring down outdoors, there was much joy among the converts and workers as they told of the goodness of God and how he had come to them and cleansed their sins. Presently the leader asked, "How many have come in here to get saved?" Several raised their hands, but the woman of hard features and harder clothing rose to her feet and said in a harsh but earnest tone:

"Pray for me! Pray for me!"

Then falling upon her knees, she exclaimed: "Oh! Jesus, save me, save me! You know what a wretched woman I have been and I am so tired of it. Oh! save me, save me!"

Every heart was deeply moved by the agonizing petitions of this penitent woman and she was speedily surrounded by sympathetic workers who pleaded the promises of God, that, as he had promised to forgive all who confessed their sins, acccordingly he would forgive her. The other seekers were not forgotten, and as a result of the service, before its close four persons accepted Christ that night, among them our friend of the hard features and homely garments. She was sent up-stairs to the night shelter for women where she remained for several weeks, giving daily testimony by her acts and words that she had passed from death unto life.

The story of her life was a sad one. Her home was in Ireland. When quite young she loved a man who ruined her. Then she came to America, and to Washington, where she fell in with depraved men and women. She conducted during the war three houses of vice, making a great deal of money, keeping her own team and carriage, and dressing in silks and diamonds. But sin was bound to do its legitimate work and after a time the love of liquor and snuff destroyed her ability to attend to affairs, and those about her began to rob her, and soon she found herself in poverty and worse than that, a slave to the cup. Her life for nearly twenty-five years previous to her coming to the Mission had been that of drinking whisky and fighting policemen when out of jail and the balance of the time behind prison walls. When drunk she was a desperate woman and no policeman attempted to arrest her alone. She would fight, and bite, and kick, until overpowered by two or more officers, by whom she was sometimes cruelly beaten.

An awful life it was, and when, one Sunday afternoon, a band of workers from the [illegible] and told the inmates that Jesus loved them and wanted to give them a better life, she made up her mind that if she lived to get out, she was going to the Mission to get saved. The result of her coming has been told. After her conversion, she lived for a time at the Mission and then found employment outside. Most of the time she lived in communion with her Saviour, but occasionally she made somewhat crooked paths. About a year after her conversion she decided to do something definite for the women with whom she had been associated in sin for so many years, and after carefully considering the matter, she opened a Rescue Home for women in a small brick house down in "Louse Alley" (recently named "Shea's Court), a section notorious for its crime, where nearly every house was either a brothel or a drinking-place of the lowest description, and where the police made frequent raids.

She put out a sign "Ellen G—— Rescue Home," and a band of workers from the Central Union Mission held meetings there three nights each week. Soon women whose lives had been similar to that of Ellen, came and sought refuge, and in some cases were grandly converted and began to live upright, industrious Christian lives. Ellen supported her home by making gingham aprons for kitchen use. A sewing machine was presented to her and she would purchase a bolt of gingham, and with the assistance of the women who were her guests she made and sold large quantities of those aprons. Some gifts also came to her, especially when it was ascertained that she was pressed for funds.

Residing in the same neighborhood, but out upon an avenue, was a family named S——. The man and his wife while carrying on a grocery store also conducted a low groggery for many years without license, and had thereby amassed large means and were the owners of nearly all the property in their vicinity. Their tenants were of the lowest and most degraded type of society and furnished just the patronage required for their "speak-easy" business.

For years the police had been making war upon this family and their unlicensed bar, but without successfully closing it. During this warfare, Mrs. S. killed one policeman and wounded another. Mr. S. was frequently arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to short terms of imprisonment; but Mrs. S. would carry on the business during his absence.

One Sunday morning about eight months ago, while the Mission workers were holding a Gospel service at Ellen's Rescue Home, a stout, well-dressed woman entered and took a seat. When the request was made for any who desired prayer to raise their hand, this woman responded and stated to a worker that she was tired of the life she had been living and earnestly cried for peace and pardon. God came and forgave her sins and started her on a new life. It was the aforesaid Mrs. S., the law-breaker of many years, the terror of the police, the one individual whom the municipal authorities appeared powerless to control. Grace accomplished in a moment what the police force had failed to do in years of effort, and from the day of her conversion not a drop of liquor or beer could have been had from her for love or money! She began to attend the Mission meetings, and to testify how Jesus had saved her. Finally she let the Mission directors have a house belonging to her to use as a branch mission and now Gospel work is being vigorously carried on night after night in the very room where she killed the policeman. Not alone has the character of this woman been changed and her liquor saloon closed, but the entire community is undergoing a transformation that only grace can produce. Men and women who for years had been violating divine and human law respecting the home and family have been married and converted. Persistent evil-doers who would not yield to the Saviour's invitation have moved away, and a better class of people are coming in.

Truly this has been a wonderful work during the past year, and the whole city has been mightily moved by it. The night of the dedication of the branch mission near the home of the S's, a thousand persons attended, attracted by the remarkable history of this woman who, while an outcast for twenty years, or more, had been used by the Spirit of God in moving a large community and in bringing to a close a work of iniquity that the authorities had utterly failed to stop.

Surely every child of God should be encouraged to go forward in earnest and aggressive work. God will use us if we will let him. Ellen gave herself to this work and only eternity will reveal all that God has accomplished through her. Ellen is now on a visit to the home of her childhood in Ireland. She felt that she must go back and tell her aged father about Jesus and his power to save. During her absence the work goes on and many are being saved.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are [illegible] in connection may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of [illegible] of God's people.

MRS. LORRIMER'S THURSDAYS.

THE Lorrimers lived in town only half the year. The other half, the beautiful half which brought summer roses, berries, and fruits, autumn grapes and golden-rod, they spent at their place in the country, a lovely, great house, gleaming like a palace in the midst of its three hundred cultivated acres. The house stood on an eminence, and commanded a fine view of a spacious domain, rolling hills, green fields, and dimpling vales.

A little below the house, across an old-fashioned grandmother's garden, where southernwood and larkspurs, lady-slippers and prince's feathers bloomed thick and sweet, surrounded by a border of closely-clipped boxwood, there was a pleasant, roomy cottage, always the summer through kept in perfect order. White curtains tied back with yellow satin ribbons draped the windows, a gay rag carpet and some bright tufted home-made rugs covered the floors. There were books on shelves low enough for children's hands to reach them; tables stood about; rocking-chairs were plenty, and several very beautiful pictures on the walls added the last touch of refinement and elegance to the inviting parlors. In the kitchen there were cups, saucers, plates, cooking utensils, and a most convenient range, and the two bed-rooms were lacking in no comfort that a guest might covet.

Once a week, from June until November, the Lorrimers entertained guests at this "Cozy Nook." "Peace be to this house," was inscribed in carved letters above its door, and the friends who came there found it truly an abode of peace. Thursday was set apart for them. On Thursday morning carriages met them at the station, three miles away, and brought them over roads which skirted Paradise to the flowery garden and the bright parlor with the rocking chairs, and the sunshine streaming in at the windows. The hostess met and greeted them at the door, her daughters kissed and made much of their babies, and showed the mothers where to put them to sleep, and where to find brimming pitchers of milk, and great home-baked loaves of bread, and then left them to a day of perfect freedom and unrestrained enjoyment.

In the most crowded portion of Avenue A, one day in mid-summer, a young mother sat on a door-step nursing her teething baby. This is not an uncommon sight in Avenue A. Tenement neighborhoods must turn themselves inside out in summer. The only chance for the babies is on the pavement, where God's air sweeps, and God's sky looks down, though sometimes it is as if people had only a breath of one, and a glimpse of the other. Babies and mothers fringe every door-way in that thronging locality. But Mrs. MacMonigle was not so sturdy looking as some of the young matrons near her. She had not yet gained strength, though her baby was eight months old, and she looked pale, feeble, and dragged out, as nursing mothers sometimes do. This morning she was completely discouraged; down, she felt sure that she was never going to be herself again, and as for baby, it seemed to her that he was going to die. His thin, old-mannish little face, pointed at the chin, its big blue eyes gazing pitifully above the pallid, wrinkled little cheeks, his flabby flesh, and his fret-fret of a weak cry, confirmed his mother's fear. Tom MacMonigle, husband of one and father of the other, had gone to his work that day with a very heavy heart. He worked hard, did not drink, and brought home all his wages every Saturday night, pouring bills and coins loyally into Mary's lap, and, oh! how he loved the small ailing Tom, the baby, who was pining visibly before his eyes. But he had no way of sending mother and child to the country, and it was the country they were in need. The postman came along, darting in out of shops and door-ways, but M. MacMonigle did not look up. The p[illegible] man seldom brought her a letter, not oft[illegible]er than two or three times a year, when [illegible] old mother at home got somebody to w[illegible] for her to the daughter over the sea.

"Mrs. Thomas MacMonigle," said [illegible] postman. Mary looked up.

"I am Mrs. MacMonigle," she said.

"Then this is for you." And he han[illegible] her a letter, a square letter, in a cre[illegible] tinted envelope, daintily fragrant, and s[illegible]ed with violet colored wax. Such a l[illegible] might have been sent to Queen Victo[illegible]. Mary surveyed it with eyes that g[illegible] bright and a flushing cheek. She hus[illegible] the baby tenderly, and opened her le[illegible]. This is what it had to say:

"EDEN-SIDE, July 20, 9

DEAR MRS. MACMONIGLE:—You [illegible] not know me, but I know you. Your fri[illegible]. Miss Morefield, has told me all about [illegible] and your baby. I want you to come [illegible] pay me a visit, and will expect you [illegible] Thursday morning at ten o'clock. Tic[illegible] are enclosed for the trip and return, an[illegible] wish you to come prepared to stay [illegible] weeks at Cozy Nook. No doubt [illegible] Morefield has told you what a pretty p[illegible] it is. I am sure the air will help you [illegible] the boy. Mr. MacMonigle will please [illegible] one of the tickets, as I expect him to [illegible] you on his Saturday half-holiday an[illegible] stay over Sunday. If he likes it well eno[illegible] to come back again on the next Sunda[illegible] have tickets here, and will give him on[illegible] my guests belong to me from the mor[illegible] they leave home for my house.

"I have heard what a dear baby [illegible] have, and I want you very much to ac[illegible] this invitation, which I give to you 'In is Name.' Cordially yours,

KATHARINE MORRIS LORRIMER

Miss Morefield happened to come bus[illegible] in a half hour later. She found the l[illegible] asleep, and Mary tidying up her two ro[illegible], and getting ready to wash her other fr[illegible], and to put the baby's little wardrobe i[illegible]der. The invitation had given her the g[illegible]est pleasure. Mary MacMonigle had [illegible] seen the country since her marriage. [illegible]d the fame of "Cozy Nook" had reache[illegible]er long ago.

"Of course," said Miss Morefield, "[illegible] husband will go both Saturdays. A d[illegible] friends are asked for Thursday of [illegible] week, just for the day, but nobody to [illegible]y over the fortnight except two young la[illegible]s, who have their vacation from a fac[illegible]ry down-town, nice girls who belong t[illegible]ur club, and whom I am very fond of. [illegible]ir brother is to go down, or up I ought to [illegible]y, for the Sundays, so your husband will [illegible]ve a man to talk with. Now, here are [illegible]per and pen in my satchel. Just write to [illegible]s. Lorrimer and tell her you will all be [illegible]e, and I will post your answer."

Of the delights of that fortnight I [illegible]ve not room to speak. Mrs. Lorrimer foun[illegible]he MacMonigles a very pleasant and con[illegible]erate family, and she was glad to add [illegible]m to her list of friends. They were h[illegible]ed and heartened by contact with the L[illegible]rmers, and life looked less hard, and [illegible]les grew sweeter. Mrs. MacMonigle kept [illegible]se better when she came home.

Good meat, fresh vegetables, exc[illegible] coffee and tea, and milk in abundance [illegible]re provided for Cozy Nook by the L[illegible]s, but she allowed her guests to do their [illegible]wn cooking and housekeeping, much to [illegible]eir satisfaction.

When richer and poorer children [illegible]he same Divine Father oftener exchange [illegible]ch courtesies, and enter into relations so l[illegible]ng and kind, we shall hear less about c[illegible]ain forms of trouble, which now and the[illegible]ert the body politic. For we are all me[illegible]ers one of another, and we ought to bea[illegible]one another's burdens, and so fulfil the la[illegible]of Christ. MARGARET E. SANGST[illegible]

JAPAN'S RELIGIOUS FUTURE.

WRITING from Japan, Rev. Ed. S. Nicholas reviews the results of the late war and sketches the religious outlook of that country. He says:

"I believe the future of Christianity in Japan is assured. But, judging the temper of the island kingdom from what she has done in the past, it would seem the church will be largely built up from elements already on her soil. She has exhibited a capacity truly wonderful for assimilating the best Occidental thought and civilization. It can hardly be possible that ultimately she will discard Christianity. Thirty years ago her territory was thought to be the most hopeless of mission fields; but since the great policy of exclusion has broken down her mission history has been exceptional. The class of converts is remarkable. Dr. George Knox says: 'The first converts were from the higher middle classes, —young men, patriots, scholars, to lead their countrymen. The Christians have maintained a high position in the Imperial Diet,—even in the Imperial ministry; in the university, as judges, editors, authors, orators—in all the higher walks of life. Already the Japanese take the lead in the schools, in the churches, in ecclesiastical bodies as pastors and evangelists. Already the church is well nigh wholly Japanese, and it resents the direction and guidance of the foreigner. Nevertheless, there is friction in the great educational and evangelistic centres. Some of our best Japanese friends and kindest critics tell us that a readjustment of mission forces is necessary. They do not want us to go. They gratefully recognize the work we have done in former years, but feel they are 'no longer children.' Leadership in educational, evangelistic, and translation work has been gained by them. Moreover, the nation now stands as the intellectual and political equal of any of the nations of the West.

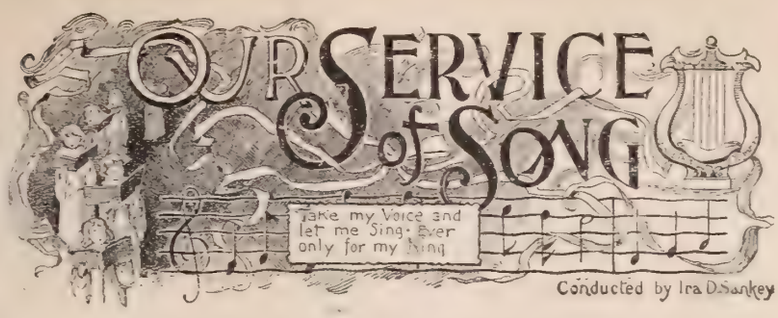
"So it seems natural that there should be some readjustment of mission forces. What readjustment can be made that will admit this changed relation and at the same time, will be just to the missionaries who have spent their best strength in the for Japan? This is the problem of mission forces in Japan. The need of Christian missions is not ended. Assistance should be given for some time to come; but the character of the work must hereafter be of a high order. It will demand the highest thought of the ablest, strongest men. The tendency to fall into agnosticism will be greatly augmented by this war. Victory will add self-confidence and self-consciousness of superiority. This tendency must be met by the strongest, deepest philosophy of Christ. Shintoism and Buddhism, native religions, must be met by their own weapons. The appeal for Christ must be made to the rising intellect and awakened sensibilities of the new Japan."

AN AFRICAN COLLEGE.

An interesting work has been carried on for twenty-one years at Wellington, South Africa. Its object is to give thorough missionary training to ladies intending to devote themselves to missionary work in the interior. It originated in the desire of a number of Christian people in South Africa to erect some kind of memorial to their ancestors who were French Huguenots. More than two hundred years ago, alarmed by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, knowing that their lives were not safe, families fled from France to Holland, and thence, at the suggestion of the Dutch East India Company, migrated to South Africa, where they founded a colony to worship God according to their conscience. They prospered, and their descendants, though now generally speaking English or Dutch, rather than French, still adhere to the Protestant faith and have the same kind of reverence for the Huguenot founders of the colony that we have for the Pilgrim Fathers.

The project of raising some memorial to these worthies was long discussed and after a time advice as to the form it should take was asked of the famous preacher and author, Rev. Andrew Murray, of Wellington. He happened to have been reading the marvellous life of Mary Lyon and was deeply interested in the Holyoke work. He suggested that such an institution as the Massachusetts Holyoke would be the best memorial that could be erected. His advice was accepted; the building was erected and called Huguenot Seminary. To ensure an identity in principle and method application for directors was sent to Holyoke. There were two volunteers in the persons of Miss Abbie P. Ferguson and Miss Anna E. Bliss. The Seminary was dedicated and has been entirely successful. As the work grew, three branches were established in South Africa, and a fourth is in contemplation. The mother Seminary is to become a regular college with new buildings. During the twenty-one years of its existence it has sent out five hundred teachers and forty missionaries and large classes are now training there. A most significant and suggestive fact is that these ladies, being born in Africa, are acclimatized and there are fewer deaths at the mission stations where they reside, than at any other white people's stations. It has become well known that at the dangerous points where the deadly fever plays havoc with the missionaries' lives, the white ladies from Huguenot Seminary seldom fall victims.

We are glad to learn that the college is finding no difficulty in raising the $100,000 which it proposes to spend in new buildings and endowments. The Government has given one-fourth the amount, Sir Cecil Rhodes, the Governor, has given $2500, and several other large gifts have been received from private friends. Mr. Charles Hopkins, of 120 Broadway, New York, who is the financial representative of the college in this country, reports a very strong sympathy manifested by the American public. One lady has undertaken to give $400 a year to the funds and a gentleman in Massachusetts has promised $5000. The continued prosperity of the institution seems assured and this is all the more gratifying because it has in it the promise of checking the appalling loss of life which is so distressing a feature of missionary work in Africa.



GLORY BREAKS BEYOND.

"JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."—*Psa. 30:5.*

M. FRASER. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. We wait for light, for bright - ness, We shall not wait in vain;
2. We wait the glo - rious dawn - ing, The new, the bright - er day;
3. We wait His word of prom - ise, A word that can - not fail;

For glo - ry breaks be - yond the gloom, Clear, shin - ing af - ter rain.
We wait un - til the shad - ows have For ev - er fled a - way.
And hope is like an an - chor cast, All firm with - in the vail.

CHORUS.

Glo - - ry, glo - - ry breaks be - yond the gloom, Thro'
Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry

Christ, our Sav - iour, we shall tri - umph o - ver death and the tomb.

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THE MISSING ONES.

Reasons for Expecting that Christ's Waiting People will be Removed Before His Coming in Judgment.

BY PROF. JOHN BAYFORD, F.S.A.

BEFORE the Lord proceeds to execute judgment, at the second coming of Christ, he will gather his waiting people unto himself. The types of Noah and of Lot, which are specially referred to by the Lord Jesus as illustrative of the second coming, convey the most explicit intimation of this truth. "The Lord commanded Noah to come into the ark, and on the self-same day he entered, and Shem, and Ham, and Japhet," etc. "And the Lord shut him in"—and then the flood came.

And so also before the destruction of the cities of the plain, the angel said unto Lot, "Arise, take thy wife and thy two daughters which are here, lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city. And as he lingered, they laid hold upon their hands, and brought them forth." Lot prayed that he might be allowed to remain in safety at Zoar, which was granted to him; and the angel added, "Haste thee, escape thither; for I cannot do anything till thou be come thither."

In the account given in Ezekiel 9, of the angels with their slaughter weapons who were commissioned to destroy, the man clothed with linen, with a writer's inkhorn by his side, was commanded first to mark the chosen ones, that they might be spared from the vengeance. When the Lord smote all the first-born of Egypt, he passed over the door, which had the blood of the lamb upon the lintel and the side-posts, and would not suffer the destroyer to smite them: and it was specially commanded them on that night that none of them should go out at the door of his house until the morning.

Hence it might be deduced that in a manner as pointed out by these types will the Church be brought into safety before the vengeance is poured out upon the ungodly. But the Church is not left to collect this important and consolatory truth from types. Isaiah 21, represents the Lord speaking thus to his people in that day: "Come my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself, as it were, for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast: for behold, the Lord cometh out of his place, to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity."

Psalm 57: 1. speaks to the same effect in clear reference to the Church: and the Lord Jesus, when he was about to go away, told his disciples that "he would come again, and receive them to himself, and that then their hearts should rejoice." Paul says, "He shall appear a second time without sin unto salvation," and in that day he shall give "a crown of righteousness to all them that love his appearing."

The apostle Paul, speaking of the second advent in 1. Thess. 4, thus explains the events of that day: "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first, then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." This Scripture is explained further by 1.Cor. 15: 51. "We shall not all sleep,"—not every individual member of the Church of Christ shall sleep the sleep of death, "but we shall all be changed," each one without exception. For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we (who are alive and remain) shall be changed. And then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory;" for then (as in Rev. 21: 4), "there shall be no more death."

(To be continued.)

A CLEAN HEART.

An Address Delivered to the Boys and Girls at "The Christian Herald" Children's Home, at Nyack, N. Y., by Dr. Louis Klopsch, Sunday, July 21st.

I NEED not tell you that the Bible, this blessed Book of God, is true when it says, "The heart of man is deceitful above all things." We all know from sad experience, however young we may be, that there is something in our hearts, before God changes them, that inclines us to wickedness. We are disobedient, unkind, stubborn, selfish and untruthful, even when we do not want to be, and then something within us that we call conscience, tells us how wrong it is and causes us to feel sorry and be ashamed, and to wish we had not acted so. We resolve, and right earnestly and honestly, too, that we will never, never do it again, and yet before we know it, we are as bad as ever and perhaps even worse. Then we get somewhat discouraged, and begin to wonder whether there is any use in trying to be good, and if after all we can help being bad. And indeed, it is very discouraging to attempt a thing again and again with good and brave intentions and yet not succeed, but we must not give up as long as we have a fighting chance. Perhaps, if we try some other plan, we may do better.

Some time ago, one of the large ocean steamers ran ashore near Sandy Hook. It got stuck in the sand. The owners telegraphed to New York for a lot of very powerful tugs to pull her off and get her afloat. Well, they puffed and pulled and pulled and puffed until the heavy hawsers began to snap, but she would not budge, and it looked very much as though the big ship would have to stick there until the heavy waves dashing against her finally would break her to pieces. The crew and the owners were

"THE TUGS PUFFED AND PULLED."

very much discouraged, when an old sea captain, who had a good deal of experience, told them not to lose heart, for when the tide rose in the morning it would lift the big ship right out of her trouble and float her with ease. And sure enough the tide did rise and it did raise the ship, and away she sailed triumphantly with flying colors.

Your troubles, boys and girls, are nothing new. You are just as earnest and just as anxious as the owners of the ship were, and again, like them you are wasting a great deal of energy to do that which God only can do for you, and which he is very willing to do, if you will only ask him. "Not by might and not by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

Sin and its Slaves.

But before I tell you how he can and will do it, let me first tell you that it is sin in your heart which makes you wicked and causes you to be bad. Sin is disobedience to God. We disobey God once or twice, and because he is kind and long-suffering and does not punish us right then and there, we permit sin to grow in our hearts until it gets so strong that it masters us, and we become its slaves. Here are a few stories that will illustrate how terrible sin is and how eager we should be to get rid of it before it ruins us.

Passing along the streets of Saratoga last summer, I noticed on a lawn a liberal sprinkling of very pretty blue flowers. I called the attention of a gentlemen with [illegible] and he, looking at it said, "That lawn will [illegible]." I was surprised, and asked him why he thought so. "Well," said he, "those blue flowers are weeds. A friend of mine who has a very beautiful, smooth, velvety lawn, thinking that a little circle of them would lend variety to it, and thus make it more pleasant to the eye, planted some in the middle of it. That was three years ago. To-day that lawn is so full of these weeds that you cannot see the grass through them. They grow faster than he can weed them out, and now he will have to order the lawn torn up and carted off and put new sod in its place, or he will never have any grass."

A Wicked Son's Experience.

Mr. Moody tells a story just like this, except that instead of happening to a lawn it happened to a boy with bright hopes and noble ambition, blasting all and ruining his life here and his hopes of a blissful hereafter, and all because he permitted the death-

"THAT LAWN WILL NEVER BE ANY GOOD."

dealing, all-destroying weed, sin, to grow up on the lawn of his heart. He was very young. He was an only child. His father and mother thought everything of him and did all they could for him. But he fell into bad ways. He took up with evil characters, and finally got to running with thieves. He didn't let his parents know about it. By and by the gang he was with broke into a house, and he with them. He was caught in the act, taken to court, tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary for ten years. He worked on and on in the convict's cell, till at last his term was out, and at once he started for home. And when he came back to the town he walked down the street where his father and mother used to live. He went to the house and rapped. A stranger came to the door and stared him in the face. "No, there's no such person lives here, and where your parents are I don't know," was the only welcome he received. Then he turned through the gate and went down the street, asking even the children that he met about his folks, where they were living, and if they were well. But everybody looked blank. Ten years had rolled by, and though that seemed perhaps a short time, how many changes had taken place! There, where he was born and brought up, he was now a stranger. At last he found a couple of townsmen who remembered his father and mother, but they told him the old house had been deserted long years ago, that he had been gone but a few months before his father was taken ill, and very soon after died broken-hearted, and that his mother had gone out of her mind. He went to the mad-house where his mother was, and went up to her and said, "Mother, mother, don't you know me? I am your son." But she raved and slapped him on the face and shrieked, "You are not my son," and then raved again and tore her hair. He left the asylum more dead than alive, so completely broken-hearted that he died in a few months. Yes, the fruit was long growing, but at the last it ripened to the harvest with the speed of a whirlwind.

"Respectable" Sinners.

Of course, we are not all so openly bad as this boy was. We sometimes manage to keep very respectable, and tell stories which we think are not found out, and do things which we know to be wrong, but as nobody sees us doing them, we do not feel quite so badly, and imagine that we are not nearly so wicked as others. But, Oh, what a dreadful mistake! Even though father and mother, brother and sister or friend do not see what little hypocrites we are, there is One from whom we cannot [illegible] the thoughts of our hearts. "Thou, God, seest me," says the Bible, and it is just as true now as the day it was first written.

There was once a man who kept a shop in a country town, and who missed something or other nearly every day, but found it impossible to catch the thief. He found the shutters all fastened and the doors locked in the morning, and the store generally looked just as he had left it at night, but this thing or that thing, which the storekeeper was sure had been there on the previous evening, happened to be missing. After many ineffectual attempts to trace the thief, the owner of the store one evening, after he had put up the shutters as usual, took some flour and carefully whitened the whole floor with it. Then he turned out the gas, and after locking the front door, he went home. At night the burglar appeared. He opened the front door with a duplicate key, and went into the store. He shut the door behind him. He did not light the gas, because he knew just where everything stood in the store, and after selecting that which he wished to take, he pushed back the latch of the rear door, slipped out, snapping the lock after him, and was gone. In the morning when the store-keeper arrived, as soon as he opened the front door he saw the imprint of a man's boot on the snowy whiteness of the floor. He noticed that the man had left by the rear door. He followed up the footprints, climbing the fence which the burglar had climbed, and pursuing him, by the trail which the flour that had adhered to the burglar's boots left on the ground, into his house, and up into the very room, and confronted the thief, who happened to be a young man never before even suspected of dishonesty, with the evidence of his guilt, forcing him to confession, and bringing him to trial and prison. Thus, though not immediately discovered, sooner or later our misdoings will see the light of the sun, and Oh, how mean we will feel when all is known, and we have to confess the wrong we did to our parents or friends whom we dearly love, and whose good opinion we are now so anxious to retain, that we do all we can to hide and cover up our wickedness.

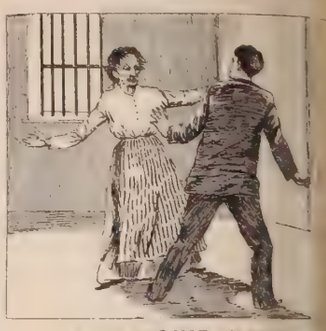
Sin Cannot Be Hid.

Again the good Book says, "Be sure your sins will find you out," and try as we may to conceal our sins, our conscience will some time or other betray us and so give another proof that the Bible is true.

A minister was standing one morning in the grave-yard while the grave-digger was preparing for the reception of a body that was to be buried there that afternoon. As he dug down and down and threw the ground up at the side, his shovel brought up with the clods of earth a skull, and the clergyman, taking the ghastly skeleton into his hand, noticed that a nail had been driven into it, and that now the nail was rusty. Saying nothing to the grave-digger of his discovery, he asked him to whom that skull had once belonged. The grave-digger replied that the man who once owned that skull was a Mr. Wilson who had died very suddenly about ten years ago. It

"HE SAW THE IMPRINT OF A MAN'S BOOT."

was thought at the time that he had died in an epileptic fit, and his wife afterwards caused considerable gossip by marrying in less than two months after his death. The clergyman withdrew the nail from the skull and, putting it in his vest pocket, he asked the grave-digger where the re-married widow now lived. Having learned that her name was now Mrs. Mortimer and that she and her husband lived up the street a little distance, he bade the man good morning and started off in the direction of the house. Reaching this, he saw Mrs. Mortimer, and in conversation asked her whether it had ever been settled of what disease her former husband had died, and finally producing the nail from his vest pocket he said to her, looking her squarely in the eye, "Ma[illegible], do you recognize this nail?" Her face [illegible]dened, her limbs trembled, and almost ing into the clergyman's arms, she the there confessed her crime. She was bro to trial, convicted, sentenced, and fi hung. Though ten years had elapsed ce the commission of the crime, the off ler



"YOU ARE NOT MY SON."

was at last brought to justice. S sooner or later "your sin will find you

Where Help May Be Found.

Sin is an awful thing, a terrible t and we cannot get rid of it too soon. Oh, how can we do it? We have tr often, and thought we had succe only to find at last that it was still and just as active as ever. Well, l boys and girls, and I will tell you h can be done. Just as the man whose was spoiled had to tear it up an and put in new sod, so we must g of our wicked and sinful heart, and new and clean one if we wish to be girls and boys and grow up to be men and women, serving God here so faithfully and so well, that when w through with this life we may live wit forever in that beautiful home he has to prepare for those who are washe forgiven.

There is only one who can give u new heart, and that is our Father in en. If we go to him in earnest, he prayer, and tell him that we are really sorry for all our sins, that we long forgiven, and that if he will give u new heart we will evermore live fo and serve him the rest of our lives shall surely hear within us a quiet vo though a whisper from heaven, sayin new heart will I give you and a new will I put within you."

As the strong tugs with their hawsers and all their puffing and p could not liberate the great ocean st that had run aground, but had to le to the tide to come in and raise and fl so all our efforts, however earnest o repeated, must be in vain, unless we ge to help us and to give us what we more than anything else, this clean and this new spirit. And then when w in our hearts that God has answere prayer, we must begin to live for hi avoid everything that is wrong. We keep away from evil and temptation would from the open jaws of an un lion, and live this new life in obed love, unselfishness and truthfulness every day we must ask the help o Holy Spirit so to live that when at las calls us home we may go to that bea city above and be forever with him.

CHINA IN SURLY MOOD.

A missionary who formerly labor China gives this explanation of the tility now shown toward the mission.

A Shanghai telegram says that th tacks on Europeans in China are th come of a conspiracy on the part of a ber of mandarins who have been dis ed by their conduct during the w divert the odium of their defeat by the anese from their own shoulders to th the foreigners. Telegrams from thes tricts are apparently being delayed t work of destruction aimed at is comp But as the British Minister at Pe holding the Chinese officials respo for some of the outrages, and a gunboat has gone up the Yang-tse there will probably be some care exe as to how far the outrages are ca Poor China, it is so large, so ill conn so ill governed, that it hardly knows has happened to it, much less what ing done with it. Its awakening is a both sorrowful and hopeful.

Last African Housewives.

Some of the Domestic Tasks of the Dark-skinned Mothers and Daughters.

SINCE the introduction of white settlers in the great section of Southeast Africa, known as Zambesia, much interesting information has been obtained about a large part of the "Dark Continent" [illegible] to almost unknown. It was discovered too, with some surprise, that there were many tribes which far from being absolutely savage, had a sort of patriarchal government and a rude civilization of their own. They dwelt in neat villages of clay and thatched huts, kept domestic animals, cooked their food in rude earthen pots, and understood many of the points of a simple code, suited to their conditions and surroundings. During her travels among the native tribes of East Africa, Mrs. French Sheldon made many interesting discoveries, showing the natives to be proficient in various supplementary industries, and even working in iron and silver, chain-making, pottery, and the weaving of a coarse but durable cloth from vegetable fibres. The dress of both sexes, however, was simple, being confined chiefly to necklaces and a loose skirt covering the loins.

The illustration on this page, forwarded by Rev. Mr. Richards (the pioneer American missionary in the Zambesia country), shows two women of the Limpopo district [illegible] engaged in grinding corn for domestic use. The process is simple, but laborious, the grain being crushed between two stones, and the gourds filled with the bruised corn, ready for cooking in the form of flat cakes. A peculiarity of the natives of that section is a singular style of dressing the hair, which, by the use of gums, is made to stand erect, as stiff as wire. One may imagine the discomfort of such a coiffure, to say nothing of other inconveniences. Clean-skinned and intelligent-looking, these natives are good specimens of the more industrious tribes, who, rather than indulge in perpetual warfare, like the Masai or Somali, prefer to live at peace with their neighbors and to follow agricultural pursuits in their own villages, where cultivated patches of grains, bananas, and grain, added to the wild products of the woods, afford abundant subsistence. Most of the houses are circular, without either chimney or window, and look more like gigantic hay-ricks or bee-hives than dwellings for human beings; yet they are comparatively clean, and doubtless comfortable. A village usually consists of a score or more of the huts, with "kraal," or enclosure for cattle, in the centre, and possibly a "meeting-place," or clerical structure of thatch, raised upon poles and open at the sides, in which the village patriarchs can gather and discuss matters relating to tribal government, or sit in judgment upon offenders.

Music, singing, dancing, eating and work constitute the routine of an African native village. As is generally the case in primitive communities, the larger share of the work falls upon the woman. She cultivates the fields, cooks the food, and even builds the houses, while her lord and master hunts, fishes, or "palavers" with other men of their visits neighboring villages.

Worship is spasmodic and is conducted under the direction of the priest or "witch-doctor," who is also physician and soothsayer in general to the little community. Gradually the ancient heathen beliefs are giving way before the blessed Gospel of Jesus, and the light is now shining in many an African village that till now had lain in darkness. With the opening of the Zambesia country and Matebeleland to commerce, a clear path has been made for the missionary, and many stations are already planted in those sections of Africa while others are projected. More workers are needed, however, for the harvest is plenteous, but as yet the laborers are few in proportion to the work to be done before the tribes of East Africa are brought into the Gospel fold.

Nazareth Housewives.

Bishop Galloway, who has been traveling in the East, thus writes his impressions of the women of Nazareth:

The inhabitants are largely Christians, with not a Jew in the place, and are almost fair enough to be mistaken for Europeans. The women, who appear everywhere unveiled, are much handsomer than those seen elsewhere in Palestine. In the late afternoon of each day, scores and hundreds of them may be seen at the Virgin's Fountain in the northern end of the village, filling their large water-jars, and merrily chatting over the latest social event. Many of them are gaudily dressed, and nearly all evidenced great rivalry of skill in balancing and carrying these immense and well-filled water-jars. Among women as men, every section, if not every community, has its special rivalry. Here it seems to be feminine expertness and grace in carrying water-jars. And rather remarkable are some of their feats. We saw them place a pad of wet cloth on the head, lift upon it the long, heavy jar containing three or four gallons of water, fix it at an angle of fifteen degrees, and walk off with a merry twinkle in the eyes, as if to say, "Fair daughter of Nazareth, beat this if you can." And if young and handsome, she hopes to catch the admiring gaze of some "lord of the hills."

A Lesson in Politeness.

There are few qualities more attractive in children than politeness. It is told of a family who lived in a mountainous district, that the members were so polite that their mountaineer neighbors called them "the civil family." Their children were taught decorum and behavior at a Sunday School for adults and children which was founded and supported by a lady in the neighborhood.

By this lady and her daughters they were taught out of the Word of God, and in this way they learned manners. The father became very ill and wished to see the lady, so he sent one of his boys to bring her. The lad walked before to show the way through the muddy lanes. At one place where the water had come over the path, the boy dropped his stout shoes in it. "Little boy," called out the lady, "You have dropped your shoes in the water." "They are for you, ma'am, to step on," was the reply. Here was a little rural Sir Walter Raleigh, who showed an example of beautiful, instinctive politeness.

Mothers as Moral Guides.

Besides the physical training of children, writes Mrs. M. E. Goodman, the mother has also the care of their moral training. Almost before she dreams of it, the little eating and breathing machine which she has fondled much like an animated doll, begins to manifest a will of its own, and the mother is puzzled to know when to begin to train her baby to obey the right.

She who permits her little one to slap her angrily because he is not pleased, may depend upon it if she does not show him the error then and win obedience, she will not be able to do so in years to come. As the child grows a little older, lay down as the first principle of your discipline, that you must be obeyed, and it will save you and the child much pain later on, and result in lifelong good for the little one. If we had the habit of obedience thoroughly secured at home we should have less trouble with the discipline of schools, and less violation of the laws of God and man. To so educate the conscience of the child that he knows what is right and loves to do it, is the one great attainment or moral training. In this way only can he be taught to speak the truth, not to covet or steal, to be tender and merciful and loving. "Do what is right" should be the ultimate appeal.

AFRICAN HOUSEWIVES GRINDING AT THE MILL.

A Famous Woman on the Bible.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, one of the best known of American authors and a devout Christian, recently wrote this declaration of her faith: "I believe in God my Father and Preserver. I believe in Jesus Christ my Redeemer. I believe in the Holy Ghost my Enlightener and Consoler. I believe in the forgiveness of sins, in the resurrection of the body and in the life everlasting. I believe in the Holy Bible, from its first letter to its last, as the Word of God to me.

"At my side lies a Bible over 300 years old, filled with annotations and confirmations of my ancestors, who not only read it, but thought it worth their while to fight for the right to do so. I would do the same to-day if an occasion demanded it. I want no 'revised' Bible. I want no 'Woman's' Bible. The Bible of the martyrs and confessors of our faith is sufficient. It has never deceived and never failed me. It has been sufficient for life; I doubt not it will be sufficient for the hour and article of death."

BABY'S FEET.

BABY sits with wondering eyes,
As her little feet she spies.
Pretty feet, how fair are they!
Will they ever go astray?

Nimble feet, they soon will be,
Dancing, tripping merrily.
Childhood runneth everywhere,
Knowing neither grief nor care.

Womanhood she soon will reach;
Life its lessons hard will teach.
And her feet will weary be,
In this vale of mystery.

Motherhood will dawn on her:
She, in turn a worshipper,
With a mother's heart will say,
Will they ever go astray?

Will the little feet I see—
Cherub feet they are to me—
Tread the ways of sin and care?
Thorny paths are everywhere.

Baby dear, you are to me
Just a perfect mystery!
Happiest days I ever knew
Are the days I spend with you.

E. L. BANGS in *Home and Country*.

ROYAL FAVORITE DISHES.

SOMEBODY has recently been investigating, no doubt with much trouble, the epicurean tastes of Old-World royalty, past and present. We are told that Queen Victoria drinks white sherry from a very beautiful gold cup, with her soup; that Prince Albert loved boiled beef, and pickled cucumbers, and "barons of beef," and that the cook's name is called out as each dish is brought on the royal table at Windsor (an ancient custom, established for the purpose of bestowing praise or blame, as occasion might require.) As a contrast to Victoria, Queen Margaret of Italy is specially fond of olives and cakes fried in oil. It frequently happens that at her royal table, none but Italian dishes are served, spaghetti, garlic, onions, and oil forming the chief components of the meal. Both King and Queen are passionately fond of "fritte"—a peculiar compound, which none but Italians understand, and which includes chicken-livers, calves-brains, and cocks-combs. Russian and Austrian royalty resemble each other in their love of coffee. The Austrian Emperor delights in spætzle (which resembles macaroni), while the Empress is fond of sweets of all kinds. Their table is served with hot and cold meats, fruits, and the juices of raw beefsteaks. The Grand Duchess of Baden is a famous maker of lentil soup and loves sweetmeats. King Oscar of Sweden likes to have the national dish—raw salmon, preserved in earth—on his table at almost every meal, and a soup composed of boiled barley and whipped cream. Once a week the remainder of the meat served at the Swedish royal table is made into hash which is fried in oil and served on silver platters, the borders garnished with fried eggs.

With all their dainties, their expensive dishes, and costly dinner ware, it is doubtful whether any of these royalties has one whit more, if indeed as much, enjoyment of meals as the industrious American artisan or farmer, whose body has not been enfeebled by social dissipation or indulgence, and whose table contains a sufficiency of simple, yet wholesome food. Wars, contentions, and policies trouble him not, and not in an entire generation may his religion or his home be threatened. He can truthfully say that his home is, to him at least, a dearer place than the palace of a king (Prov. 15: 16, 17), and he knows that if he cannot share the expensive pleasures of the rich, he is compensated by being free from the cares that make life a burden to many in high station.

The Second Summer.

many mothers [illegible]. [illegible] in a child's life [illegible] generally. It [illegible] baby [illegible] well [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] Food. Eagle Brand Condensed Milk [illegible] [illegible] regard it.

...NADJA;...

A Tale of the Russian Steppes.*

BY OLIVER M. NORRIS.

THE VILLAGE "POPE" DENOUNCES THE STUNDISTS.

CHAPTER I.

A Village in the Ukraine.

SLAVO, when you enter it, is like almost every South Russian village, a huddled crowd of squat and dirty huts, either of mud or plastered planks, the whitewash peeling off, the roofs green and decaying. The roads are dull, broad, and unbroken, filled with malodorous refuse, in which the children, the pigs, and the dogs wallow.

There are old men and "babui" sitting at the doors, the men mostly in red shirts, loose trousers, and high boots of coarse construction; the women in brightly colored head-kerchiefs and short petticoats. Everywhere there is a tumble-down appearance, as though nobody had any encouragement to erect again anthing that had happened to fall. No one seems to be either richer or poorer than another. If by any chance a peasant happens to make a little money, it is by hard parsimony, and not by enterprise; he hoards, but never invests. He is inert, lazy, full of dreams, and far too poetical to understand the joys and activities of business. In the early spring he bestows some little attention on his fields, and during harvest he works like a galley-slave; but all the while he is thinking of his holidays and of dancing, and of the grand opportunities of getting drunk which a bounteous harvest will give him.

If you happen to pass a Sunday in Slavo you will see the religion of the people. The villagers saunter up to the church with the lax joints of the reposing toiler and crowd around the doors, and murmur together the small talk of the village, crossing themselves devoutly and repeatedly as the bell above warns them when some particularly impressive portion of the service is being said.

The more devout are inside with the women. Here all is pathetic and full of significance. Women with eyes red from weeping are clustered round the altar of the Virgin, and either holding lighted guttering tapers in their hands or sticking them in the little receptacles before the saint's pale face. They are praying, generally begging for the life of the sickened health of some one very dear to them, and feeling that Mary knows what is the cost of bitter tears shed over a bier.

By counting the tapers you can tell almost exactly the number of poor souls lying in the village in extremity or in pain. And when the priest in his brocade robes [illegible], and in the deepest of bass voices, they all troop out, and a few beggars round the church door receive great lumps of rye bread, for no true Russian ever turns empty away a "guest of God," as he beautifully calls the poor outcasts who tramp so forlornly from village to village.

Slavo lies some sixty miles from the city of Kief, lower down the mighty river which has played so prominent a role in the history of Russia. A white ribbon of road across the steppe from Kief leads to the village which tops the high bank on the opposite side of the stream, here flowing among poplars and stunted alders and great expanses of reeds. The road ceases at a long low belt of sand opposite the village, covered by the stream in the floods of spring, and a rude ferry takes the traveler across the river where he is landed among sedge and scrub just below the village. The gently sloping bank, of which Slavo crowns the top, is cut down by picturesque little gullies filled with brushwood. In the centre of the long straggling village stands the church, a low cruciform building crudely white-washed, with high sunlit bell-tower, and green star-spangled cupola which glitters afar off under the sun.

You ascend to the village and look down on the Dnieper, wide, calm, and strong, sweeping along in majestic curves and reaches, and away across it to the illimitable steppe and the hazy horizon. In early April it is all green and peaceful, the air is exquisitely clear, there is a strange sense of expanse in the wide plain and the blue sky vaulted over it. But if it be toward the end of summer that one enters Slavo, you look upon a totally changed scene. The air is hot and dry; the parched earth gapes under the sun; the steppe which in April is broidered with flowers, is now bare or clothed only with withered weed, and the whole land has a tawny torrid look. You feel at once the character of the mighty wilderness that stretches from here all the way with scarcely a break right to the Wall of China and the snowy barriers of the Thian Shan.

It would be giving only an imperfect idea of Slavo if we stopped here. On that side of the village remotest from the river there are scattered about some thirty or forty houses whose appearance denotes that the dwellers in them are men and women of an altogether different stamp to the rest of the villagers. They are in perfect repair, with walls freshly white-washed, and roofs freshly thatched. In place of the midden before the door there are brightly-painted railings, and at the houses where one had hitherto seen only a filthy yard and untidy and ruinous outhouses, are neat little vegetable gardens and trim haggards. Instead of the loose red shirt, the unkempt beard, and dirt-grimed faces of the ordinary villagers, the owners of these cottages are dressed in the neat costume of western peasants; they are for the most part clean-shaven, and they are scrupulously tidy and clean.

The villagers in the red shirts look upon these people as little better than heathens, and although they feel that their influence is slowly permeating the village, it remains quite incomprehensible how they can exist without getting drunk occasionally, without smoking, without attending church, without icons, as the holy pictures are called, without attaching any importance to the prazdniki, or numerous festivals of the church.

"Our fathers," the villagers would say, "lived as we are living, dressed as we dress, ploughed as we plough, got drunk, danced, prayed as we do; why should we change all this, and eschew our pleasures, and dress like Germans, and sing hymns, and read books?"

"Ah," the village pope would say, talking things over with some selected members of his flock, "Ah, these Stundists will ruin the country. Why should we think ourselves wiser than our fathers? Where will all this stir lead to? These wretched heretics have sundered themselves from our holy church; they scorn our icons and our crosses which we have adored from childhood, which the Tsar himself adores; they follow the customs of the Germans, who are heretics. I entered Kulmenko's cottage yesterday, and when I would have bowed and crossed myself before the icon, I saw before me a picture of the heretic Luther."

Every one shook his head sorrowfully, and they all went off to Haim Rosenberg's kabak to assuage their grief with vodka.

Beneath these prejudiced words of the village priest we get a glimpse of the truth.

Ten years before this an old laborer who had lived all his life in Slavo, had returned to his home after a year spent in a German colony in the south. He had left his village a beggar, and had wandered far away to the shores of the Euxine, doing odd jobs of work to keep body and soul together. He had been the village reprobate and drunkard; he had clothed himself for years in the same filthy rags; his wife and children had led the life of dogs. Everyone felt relieved when it was discovered that he had left Slavo. No one knew whither he had gone, and everyone was surprised when one summer evening he returned. He had been away among the Germans, he said simply, and they had given him work, and had taught his stiff fingers to write a little, and had given him a Book, a beautiful Book, which he had learned to read, and he had seen from the Book what a great sinner he had been, and how good God was. He could stay away no longer, but had come back to his home, and, God helping him, he would lead a new life, and look forward to a happy remainder of days This old man was Ivan Kulmenko.

Like all true disciples the world over he began at once to tell to others the message that had brought such comfort to his own soul, that had wrought such a change in his life. The village drunkard had become the village model. The peasants flocked to his cottage, now transformed to a neat and cheerful abode, and gazed with admiration at the shining walls and the neat thatch and the springing flowers and vegetables, at the smiling wife and healthy boy, the crude prints of Luther and at his books, and clean clothes, and white shirts. Some shook their heads and predicted that misfortune must surely fall on the head of this old innovator; others, the younger men, were stirred to emulation, and took away many a useful hint.

But it was on Sundays that old Kulmenko had most visitors. It got abroad that as many as liked could come to his cottage on Sunday evenings, and be welcome. His wife made tea and baked famous "pirogi," and when these were dispatched the old man would stand before all the people, and show them how the Germans worshipped God. He had brought home with him some rough Russian translations of German hymns, and in his memory he had stored away fragments of the hymns German colonists sang. Kulmenko used to piece the tunes and words together, and render the result to his hearers. But no one saw anything ludicrous in the scene; they were impressed and awed by words the like of which they had never before listened to; and before long they sang the rudely improvised hymns better than Kulmenko himself. But it was not so much the hymns as the New Testament that impressed them. At one sitting old Ivan would read a whole Gospel, and they would all look sad when he read that Jesus wept, and would break into floods of tears when he recited the awful and pathetic story of the Cross and Passion. A few Testaments that Kulmenko had brought home with him found their way among the people, and were eagerly read. Hardly a year had passed before a little band of disciples were gathered around the old man. They hung on his words; they prayed sang and read their Gospels; they escl the village drink-shop, and ignore ridicule of the Hebrew who kept it, the orthodox villagers who could on in the great change that had been wr some sort of madness which must end in catastrophe.

But the Stundists continued to mee after year, and slowly and surely added to their influence and nur When their position had been firmly lished, not only in Slavo, but in m neighboring village as well, old Kuli died, but he had appointed Mikha son, as his successor. When our opens it was Mikhail who led the ists of Slavo,

Such was the village of the Ukra the early spring of the year 1877.

CHAPTER II.

A Court Lady.

If Slavo and the southern steppe pleasant in the spring sunshine, if was there putting on her vernal gar of green in those early days of Ap huge northern capital still remained s ed in its deep winter covering of sno great rivers and canals which every intersect the city were still frozen. Th straight Nevsky Prospect, the Regen of St. Petersburg, looked its best, roadway was in magnificent condit sleighing, and everyone who knows sian city knows that when the sleig out the city is at its gayest.

It was getting late in the afterno lofty spires of the admiralty, and polas of a hundred churches glo the red rays of the sinking sun; so long granite colonnades of the Ca of Our Lady of Kazan, and tho of windows as well flamed back the of the West. Pedestrians in a thic stream, and wrapped in furs, sa along the northern side of the nobl where the principal shops are, an the Court quay by the Neva in fron huge red Winter Palace. It was a throng. No sign of want or poverty ed itself. The want and the pover hidden away in the thousands of lo rooms in the back streets.

Not far from the Admiralty end famous thoroughfare of the Nevsky a huge, palacelike structure faced with florid designs in stucco. Yo at a glance that a rich man had and that he had employed an artis tastes were vulgar and ostentatiou plaster garlands of tropical fruits a ers around the windows, and the and naked cupids supporting the incongruous among the frosts and f Petersburg. A long line of sleighs wa up before the palace, and every n then sleighs would dash up to the with jingle of silver bells, and disch furred officers or civilians. One c their ribbons and orders, their med gold lace, as with more than femine display they twitched the furs to to let the pedestrians get a glimpse quality. Counts and princes, gene state-councillors, and actual pri cillors, important chinovinki and departments came dashing up, so ladies accompanying them, but alone, for the ladies had arrived ear meek crowd around the gateway in line by policemen who stood a lute as the greater notabilities pa

The occasion of all the bustle wa the Countess Olga Navrotska's r receptions. These were among t famous of the social celebrations in ersburg, and invitations to atten were in far greater request than co to attend Court balls. At the lat was the probability of meeting and women, people who, although enough in their own particular p and who may have rendered in service to the Empire, were neve people without distinction in society fathers and mothers were nobod whose French smacked of the public but at Countess Olga's, while one the distinguished honor of meeting personages — grand dukes, and serenities—one need never feel that vantage would be taken of your pre palm off on you some person of bubl tation who had only his abilities or services to recommend him. Th leading members of the most e Russian aristocracy who were no the Countess's magnificent rooms.

(To be Continued.)

Japan's Ministry of Mercy.

Continued from first page.

inspired the island nation to a course that has won for it the admiration of all Christendom and the esteem even of its antagonistic enemies.

Though the courtesy of the Japanese consul in New York and also of Mr. Kato, a native Christian missionary to Tokio, now visiting the United States, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is enabled to present in the current issue several excellent photographic illustrations, descriptive of the work of the Red Cross in Japan. Its first active service of importance was during the insurrection of 1877, which lasted eight months. It was then known as the "Hakuaisha" (Society of Benevolence), and had already been affiliated to the greater organization. When "The Red Cross Society of Japan" was finally formed, the Emperor and Empress granted it an annual subsidy of 100,000 yen (a yen is 99½ cents), and large personal and gifts for the erection of hospitals. Princess Arisugawa, a royal lady, Princess Komatsu, with several other princesses and a large number of ladies of distinguished family, meanwhile formed a band of nurses. After that point was reached the development was rapid, and at the present time the total membership of Japan is probably not less than 100,000 souls. Almost every prominent person is connected with it. Altogether the society has received in gifts from the people between 200,000 and 300,000 yen, the purpose of increasing its efficiency. Splendid work in Corea and China, and even in Manchuria, was recently detailed in these columns. Writing to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Miss Clara Barton, President of the American Red Cross, pays this generous tribute to the new Eastern power which has taken so advanced a position in practical illustration of once of the essential principles of Christianity:

"... the most conspicuous Red Cross nations in ... Japan is easily in the world with the ... Red Cross. Its Emperor and Empress ... not only at the head of the national society, directing all its hospital and ... and astonishing the world in its efficiency.

... it yet be claimed that Japan is a Christian country. Many years may yet ... before the Saviour of men comes to be ... and acknowledged throughout the length and breadth of the island empire. ... its ancient gods and false tradition ... overthrown. But Japan is ... into the light, and the consecrated ... the godly men and women who ... the heat of the early missionary ... are now beginning to produce ... encourage all Christendom. The ... truth in Japan reveals wonderful ... and discloses still greater opportunities for the Master's devoted workers ... that progressive people who ... stined to yet to become a shining ... for Christ and a "Light in the ..."

MURDER AVERTED.

... "Missionary Signal," M. S. Newton ... living "Incidents in a Busy Life," ... preaching in the neighborhood of ... Illinois, and says: "Among the ... who professed faith in that place was ... lady whose father was a Roman Catholic. He swore vengeance, and threatened to kill me. We heard that he intended coming to the place of meeting on Sabbath morning. That poor girl sat near a window, peering anxiously through it, and looking for the approach of her angry father. I shall never forget that service. Those who knew the man believed that he would carry out his threat. The service closed, but the man did not appear. But now the sequel. The man had loaded his double-barrelled shot-gun, and started for the place of execution. He had from five to seven miles to come, and, mistaking the location of the schoolhouse, he wandered from the road, and reached the residence of one of the brethren, to whom he revealed his purpose. This brother engaged the man in conversation, and diverted his attention until he knew the services were over. Then the angry man started for home, swearing that he would yet carry out his threat into execution—but he never did so. I have always seen the hand of my dear heavenly Father in this remarkable deliverance; and the great truth of the Father's tenderness, love, and protection toward his own, has again been verified and emphasized."

CROWS CONVICT A DRUNDARD.

Rev. John Batchelor, a missionary at Sapporo, Japan, writes this interesting account of the strange reclamation of an Ainu drunkard: "You will have heard, no doubt, that the Ainus are very great drunkards. This is only too true. I know very few indeed who will not get intoxicated whenever they can. A few of them have, I am happy to tell you, become total abstainers. But I want to tell you especially of one man who was made a teetotaler by crows! He lives at Apashui. He was such a drunkard that no one would give him any work to do and he left his wife and children to live the best way they could. One day this man got so intoxicated that he could not find his way to his hut, but lay down and fell fast asleep on the sea shore. While in this state, the crows came and pecked at his cheeks and forehead and also tried to peck his eyes out. When he awoke he found his face, hands and head covered with wounds and bruises and blood. This frightened him so much that he became a total abstainer. He is now in much better health and gets plenty of work to do, and his wife and children have more food and better clothing. No doubt the crows thought he was dead when they attacked him and expected to have a good feast by picking his bones."

PREACHING TO A MILLIONAIRE.

Christian men sometimes refrain from personal appeals through fear of giving offence, when as a matter of fact the person whom they are afraid of offending, would be grateful for the interest such appeals would imply. Mr. Matthew Burnett says: "Some time ago, when traveling between Hobart, the capital of Tasmania, and Otago in New Zealand, I shared my cabin with one of the wealthiest men in Victoria. This gentleman was extremely kind to me: and as he was not at all well, I had it in my power to repay these kindnesses by little attentions to him. We became such friends that when we reached our destination he invited me to be his guest at the principal hotel there. Before we parted—for I had to continue my journey—I felt impelled to speak to him about his precious soul. He had told me, in the course of our conversations on board ship, that if his life were spared, he hoped, in the course of time, to be worth five millions sterling. I asked, 'If you attain to the realization of your ambition, and become a five-fold millionaire, yet miss your way to heaven, what will it avail you?' He stood for a moment speechless, his lips quivered, and he said, 'Mr. Burnett, you are the first man who has ever spoken to me so pointedly on the greatest of all subjects—my soul's salvation! I thank you very much indeed: I shall never forget meeting with you, and the loving, sympathetic way in which you have spoken to me about matters of such importance.' He was evidently affected, and I have since received from him substantial proofs of his grateful appreciation of my concern for his highest interests."

The Tobacco Habit

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to one or two uses of Pearline will have to be talked to. Why is she throwing away all the gain and help that she can get from it in other ways? If you have proved to yourself that Pearline washes clothes, for instance, in the easiest, quickest, safest way, you ought to be ready to believe that Pearline is the best for washing and cleaning everything. That's the truth, anyway. Try it and see. Into every drop of water that's to be used for cleansing anything, put some Pearline. 476

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"Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1895.

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The Great Convention.

TWO weeks ago an outline was published in this journal of the proceedings of the great International Convention of the Christian Endeavor Society which opened at Boston, Mass., on July 10. The convention proved to be all that was then expected of it. By noon of July 12 the Accommodation Committee had registered 49,562 delegates from every part of the country; from Great Britain, Australia, India, Persia, Japan and many other countries. In all its history Boston has never seen so large a convention. It is a significant sign of the times that nearly fifty thousand persons should be drawn together in one place by a common love of Christ and desire to work efficiently in his service. It indicates, not only the power of religion in the world, but an increase in the Christian love which can rise superior to denominational differences. The significance of the assembly is all the greater when we remember that this fifty thousand was merely a representation. The General Secretary's report showed that the aggregate membership of the Christian Endeavor Societies of the world is now 2,473,740. The number of societies is 41,229.

One of the most important acts of the convention was the formation of a world union. This was a suggestion of the President of the New South Wales Union, Rev. W. J. L. Closs. It was broached at the great meeting in Mechanics' Hall on Friday afternoon at which nearly three thousand delegates were present. Dr. Clark described the suggestion of Mr. Closs and said that the idea of a world's union has already been presented to leaders in the Christion Endeavor work in different countries, and had already been acted upon in some, and there was a general feeling in favor of a federation of the world's Christian Endeavorers.

Mr. Closs then read a rough draft for a constitution which provided that the World's Christian Endeavor Union should be composed of individuals, not societies or unions; that a $1 fee should make one a life member: there should be no more dues or fees, and that there should be no salaried office. Triennial conventions or meetings should be held. It was unanimously voted to form a World's Christian Endeavor Union, and a committee of five was appointed with Mr. Closs as Chairman with power to draw up a constitution. Mr. Closs then proposed that the meeting elect Dr. Clark President, and this was done unanimously. Dr. Clark accepted the office for one year, and suggested that the first general meeting be held in Washington next year with the United Society Convention, and this suggestion was adopted.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on July 14, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. P. H. [illegible] ——"Mother," Moorestown, Pa., for a son, that he may have strength to ——"sister in Jesus," Buffalo, N. Y., for a brother in sore need of help, that God would ——J. A. M., Prospect Ferry, Maine, ——"Reader," Wis., for the conversion of a man and his brother-in-law, the latter of whom once made a profession of faith in Christ.——I. B. C., Maxim Mills, Ky., for a dear boy who has left his home, that he may be converted and restored to his parents.——Old Subscriber, Middlebush, N. J., that God would touch the heart of a man who does not realize his need of a Saviour.

For Restoration to Health. "Reader," Hudson, Mass. For a dear friend for whom a request for prayers was sent recently, that the improvement which has taken place may continue, and he be completely restored.——"Old Subscriber," Middlebush, N. J. For a Christian girl who has been ill now five months.——"Believer in Prayer," Myrtle, Miss., for a dear sister's recovery from a painful disease.——Old Subscriber, Carthage, N. Y., that God would mercifully give health and strength.——L. M. M., Dayton, Kans., for restoration of health in mind and body and for strength to resist temptation.——"Believer in Prayer," New York, who has been a great sufferer from rheumatism, that God would bless the means now being used to recovery.

For Special Blessing. P. C. H., Constableville, N. Y., that God would give strength to do right to one who strives hard, but often fails.——"Sister in Christ," Brooklyn, N. Y. That a friend who has gone away, and has not kept his promises to write, may be kept from all danger and sin and may be led to Christ, and that anxiety on his account may be relieved.——"One in sore Trouble," that deliverance may come from the financial distress which was caused by the fraudulent dealing of a trusted friend.——I. M., Plattsburgh, N. Y., who has suffered acutely through separation from a beloved one, which has continued now two years, that in some way the obstacles to reunion may be removed.——A. E. N., Nashville, Tenn., that funds urgently needed for the payment of just obligations may be supplied in time to avert calamity.

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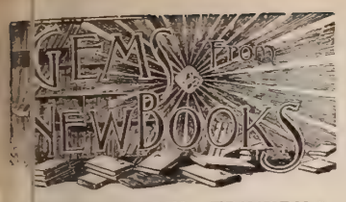

A GREAT GOSPEL TRIUMPH.*

WHAT are the results of three-quarters of a century of Christian work in Madagascar? Has it become in any full sense of the term a Christian land? The London Missionary Society began its work at Tamatave in the year 1818, and two years later the first missionary of the society arrived in Antananarivo. From the statistics of the year 1894 we find that it has thirty-eight missionaries in Madagascar. These have under their care 1328 congregations (about 800 of which are in Imerina, with an aggregate of 280,000 adherents, 53,000 of whom are church members. There are nearly 1000 day schools, containing 44,000 children. There are 1061 native pastors, very few of whom, however, are college-trained men, and 5879 preachers. The churches raise and use for local purposes about £7000 per annum.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel sent missionaries to Tamatave in 1864 and in 1872 began to work in the capital. In 1874 it sent out Bishop Kestell-Cornish, who still remains at the head of the Anglican mission, and has a large stone cathedral in the centre of the capital. The European agents of the society now number eight or ten, and the total number of congregations under their care is twenty-seven, with a total of about 10,000 adherents, 1000 of whom are communicants. There are probably 2000 or 3000 scholars in the schools under the care of this society.

The Norwegian Missionary Society sent out its missionaries, Messrs. Engh and Rise, in the year 1866. Since that date its work has been greatly extended and developed, until now it has a larger number of missionaries than any other Protestant society. The last report gives the number of Norwegian missionaries as forty-four, with whom are associated sixty native ordained ministers, having charge of 50,000 or 60,000 adherents, 28,000 of whom are communicants. The number of children in the Norwegian schools is about 30,000.

The Society of Friends sent out to Madagascar in 1867 Mr. Joseph S. Sewell and Mr. and Mrs. Street. In the early years the work of the Friends was mainly educational, but it has gradually become more extensive, and now embraces all the ordinary departments of missionary work. The present number of missionaries belonging to the Friends' Foreign Mission Association working in Madagascar is about fifteen. Under their care they have 149 congregations, with 25,000 adherents, and 25 communicants. The Friends admitted exercise a powerful influence, and do much to mould public opinion on all questions affecting the moral and spiritual well-being of the people.

Summarising, we may say that there are about 107 foreign Protestant missionaries on this island, having under their care 2004 congregations, with a total of 375,000 adherents, more than 96,000 of whom are communicants; and the Protestant schools contain 120,000 children.

To these we must add the statistics of the Roman Catholic mission. This comprises about 100,000 adherents, who are under the care of 113 foreign missionary agents. The children in the Roman Catholic schools are said to number 15,000.

All this reach a total of more than 400,000 Christians; and if we reckon the population of the island at 4,000,000, this will give one-tenth as the proportion of the Christian to the heathen population. It can never be too plainly or two frequently impressed upon the attention of the friends of missions that nine-tenths of the people of Madagascar remain heathen, and that of the remaining one-tenth who have accepted our religion, many are Christians only in name.

*For *Madagascar of To-day*, a sketch of the history, by Rev. W. E. Cousins, missionary, L. M. S. 250 pp., illustrated; price $1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, and Toronto, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Colleges in America; by John Marshall Barker, Ph. D., a comprehensive little work, full of useful and valuable information. pp. 265; cloth binding, Cleveland Printing Co., Cleveland, O., publishers.

Pantaepha; an outline study of the Books of the Bible. An attractive object lesson, designed specially for the young; in a box. W. Wheaton Smith, Detroit, Mich., publisher.

Scepticisms Assailed. By Britton H. Taylor of the New York Bar. A lawyer's exposure of the foes of religion. Pp. 400; price $2.50. Published by the Wood Publishing Co., 45 Rose street, New York.

A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Deuteronomy. By Rev. S. R. Driver, D.D., a volume of a New International Series of works on the Bible by the most eminent scholars on both sides the Atlantic. Pp. 433; price $3. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Ships by Day. A novel, by Rev. Edwin A. Wyman, D.D., Ph.D. Pp. 451; Price $1.50. Published by James H. Earle, 178 Washington st., Boston, Mass.

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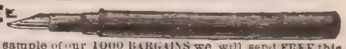
FREE 

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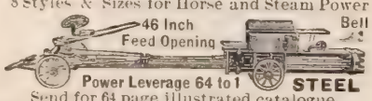

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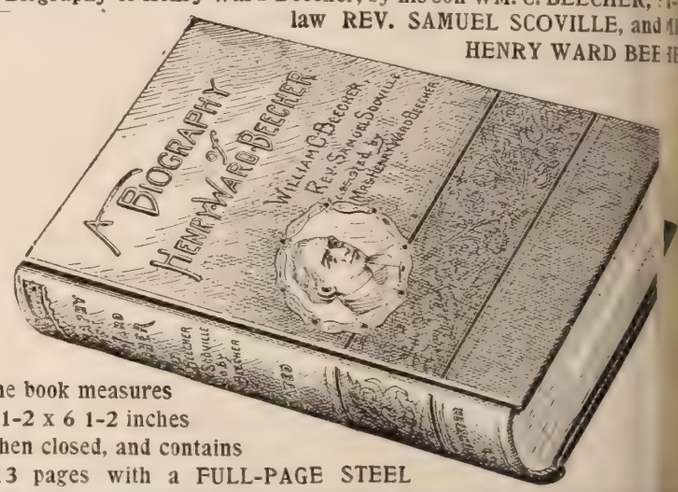

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN!

It scends from Tenement Alleys and Appeals to Human Sympathy Everywhere—Our Fresh Air Fund as a Moral Helper—Another Visit with a Missionary Worker—Two Hundred More Little Unfortunates Sent to Our Children's Home.

A FLOOD of sympathetic letters has poured in upon us during the past week, from many of our readers who have at heart the cause of the suffering and neglected tenement children of New York. Many of the writers, not content with a mere expression of interest in the work now being conducted in the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, have decided to give personally represented in it, and with this object in view, have forwarded their contributions. Each contributor of three dollars and upward has now the pleasure of knowing that the gift has been the means of taking some child out from among its wretched surroundings and giving it ten days of pure, healthful enjoyment, far from heated sidewalks, stifling rooms and disease-laden atmosphere, and where, instead of the evil companionship of the streets, it will come under influences that will teach the young heart to turn toward its Maker, as the flowers open to the sun.

But the work among the neglected children of the tenements has only begun. Behind the nine hundred little guests, whose lives have been made brighter and better by a stay at our Children's Home this season, are thousands of others equally in need of a helping hand. Poor, pale, underfed and altogether miserable wee mites of humanity, the summer's deadly heat, in conjunction with unwholesome surroundings, is already working havoc among them and the child death-roll, these torrid weeks, is appalling. Every week in summer, hundreds of these children of misfortune die, most of them miserably, in the slums where they were born. Many — very many—never knew what it was to have a full meal; still more never went outside the great city—many never even beyond the boundaries of the dingy alley wherein they first saw the light.

It is to help save these little lives, to strengthen the frail bodies and give the young hearts a taste of the sunshine of human kindness, that our Fresh Air Fund was established. We most earnestly wish to have all our readers represented in this great work of benevolence among the children of the poor.

Our illustrations on this page are from actual photographs taken from life. Accompanied by Miss Delaney, a city missionary, Mr. W. L. Hudson, of our artist staff, visited the homes he has pictured among the very poorest sections of the East-side, and there witnessed scenes of destitution beyond the power of any pencil fully to portray. Yet many hundreds of similar cases of destitution and suffering are to be found in the same section. In one tenement-house on Water street which was visited, there are five floors, and four families on a floor. Each family pays from $5 to $6 a month rent for a room, in which they do their cooking, living in it and a little, dark bed-room adjoining. On the top floor in one apartment was a mother with a baby in her arms about two weeks old. The child was scarcely covered with clothes. The husband was out looking for work; there were six or seven small children around the room. Two or three neighbors were there at the time. This wretched home had nothing but bare floors. There was a "boiler" full of wash-clothes on the stove, and the temperature in the room was simply terrible. As the day was rainy, the children could not play on the streets; therefore they were all huddled in this room together, the very picture of misery! To this home, the Fresh Air Fund came with its invitation like a message from heaven.

NEARLY NAKED AND SHOELESS.

Going down to the floor below, the visitors found a woman in another bare room. When the missionary asked if she had any children, she replied: "Yes, I have children. They are out in the streets." And she called them in. She added gloomily: "I have no shoes or clothes to wear; neither have the children." A neighbor came in and kindly said she would lend her shoes if she would take the children to the Bible House to be sent to our Children's Home, and the missionary said she would see that they got shoes and clothes. Smiles had taken the place of gloom in this poor, bare home, before the visitors left.

In the corner of one room was an old woman sitting on the floor, amid all the dirt. She was blind and was peeling potatoes. She would go over them twice. She had been sick, and mistaking the artist for a physician, asked him to stop and prescribe for her. A little girl was lying sick on a couch. She had eaten nothing for two or three days; the family had nothing for their meals but coffee and rye bread. There were grandmother, mother,

(Continued on page 491.)

THE SUFFERING CHILDREN OF THE POOR—OUR FRESH AIR FUND MISSIONARY VISITS AN EAST-SIDE TENEMENT.

(From a Photograph taken specially for "The Christian Herald.")

THE ALL-SEEING.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Psalm 94 : 9,

"He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

THE imperial organ of the human system is the eye. All up and down the Bible God honors it, extols it, illustrates it, or arraigns it. Five hundred and thirty-four times it is mentioned in the Bible. Omnipresence—"the eyes of the Lord are in every place." Divine care—"as the apple of the eye." The clouds—"the eyelids of the morning." Irreverence—"the eye that mocketh at its father." Pride—"Oh, how lofty are their eyes!" Inattention—"the fool's eye in the ends of the earth." Divine inspection—"wheels full of eyes." Suddenness—"in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump." Olivetic sermon—"the light of the body is the eye." This morning's text—"He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" The surgeons, the doctors, the anatomists and the physiologists understand much of the glories of the two great lights of the human face; but the vast multitudes go on from cradle to grave without any appreciation of the two great masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. If God had lacked anything of infinite wisdom, he would have failed in creating the human eye. We wander through the earth trying to see wonderful sights, but the most wonderful sight that we ever see is not so wonderful as the instruments through which we see it. It has been a strange thing to me for forty years that some scientist, with enough eloquence and magnetism, did not go through the country with illustrated lectures on canvas thirty feet square, to startle, and thrill, and overwhelm Christendom with the marvels of the human eye. We want the eye taken from all its technicalities, and some one who shall lay aside all talk about the pterygomaxillary fissures, and the sclerotica, and the chiasma of the optic nerve, and in common parlance, which you and I and everybody can understand, present the subject. We have learned men who have been telling us what our origin is and what we were. Oh! if some one should come forth from the dissecting-table and from the class-room of the university and take the platform, and, asking the help of the Creator, demonstrate the wonders of what we are!

If I refer to the physiological facts suggested by the former part of my text, it is only to bring out in a plainer way the theological lessons of the latter part of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" I suppose my text referred to the human eye, since it excels all others in structure and in adaptation. The eyes of fish, and reptiles, and moles, and bats, are very simple things, because they have not much to do. There are insects with a hundred eyes, but the hundred eyes have less faculty than the human eyes. The black beetle swimming the summer pond has two eyes under water and two eyes above the water, but the four insectile are not equal to the two human. Man, placed at the head of all living creatures, must have [illegible] the fish in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky have only an undeveloped organ of sight, an [illegible] by the eye, which, if through some crevice of the mountain they should get into the sunlight, might be developed into positive eyesight. In the first chapter of Genesis we find that God, without any consultation, created the light, created the trees, created the fish, created the fowl, but when he was about to make man he called a convention of Divinity, as though to imply that all the powers of Godhead were to be enlisted in the achievement. "Let us make man." Put a whole ton of emphasis on that word "us." "Let us make man." And if God called a convention of Divinity to create man, I think the two great questions in that conference were how to create a soul and how to make an appropriate window for that emperor to look out of.

See how God honored the eye before he created it. He cried, until chaos was irradiated with the utterance, "Let there be light!" In other words, before he introduced man into this temple of the world he illuminated it, prepared it for the eyesight. And so, after the last human eye has been destroyed in the final demolition of the world, stars are to fall, and the sun is to cease its shining, and the moon is to turn into blood. In other words, after the human eyes are no more to be profited by their shining, the chandeliers of heaven are to be turned out. God, to educate and to bless and to help the human eye, set in the mantel of heaven two lamps—a gold lamp and a silver lamp—the one for the day and the other for the night. To show how God honors the eye, look at the two halls built tor the residence of the eyes, seven bones making the wall for each eye, the seven bones curiously wrought together. Kingly palace of ivory is considered rich, but the halls for the residence of the human eye are richer by so much as human bone is more sacred than elephantine tusk. See how God honored the eyes when he made a roof for them, so that the sweat of toil should not smart them; and the rain dashing against the forehead should not drip into them; the eyebrows not bending over the eye, but reaching to the right and to the left, so that the rain and the sweat should be compelled to drop upon the cheek, instead of falling into this divinely protected human eyesight. See how God honored the eye in the fact presented by anatomists and physiologists that there are eight hundred contrivances in every eye. For window-shutters, the eyelids opening and closing thirty thousand times a day. The eyelashes so constructed that they have their selection as to what shall be admitted, saying to the dust, "Stay out," and saying to the light, "Come in." For inside curtains the iris, or pupil of the eye, according as the light is greater or less, contracting or dilating. The eye of the owl is blind in the daytime, the eyes of some creatures are blind at night, but the human eye so marvelously constructed can see both by day and by night. Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eye so marvelously constructed has one muscle to lift the eye, and another muscle to lower the eye, and another muscle to roll it to the right, and another muscle to roll it to the left, and another muscle passing through a pulley to turn it round and round—an elaborate gearing of six muscles as perfect as God could make them. There also is the retina, gathering the rays of light and passing the visual impression along the optic nerve, about the thickness of the lampwick—passing the visual impression on to the sensorium, and on into the soul. What a delicate lens, what an exquisite screen, what soft cushions, what wonderful chemistry of the human eye! The eye washed by a slow stream of moisture whether we sleep or wake, rolling imperceptibly over the pebble of the eye and emptying into a bone of the nostril. A contrivance so wonderful that it can see the sun, ninety-five million miles away, and the point of a pin. Telescope and microscope in the same contrivance. The astronomer swings and moves this way and that, and adjusts and readjusts the telescope until he gets it to the right focus; the microscopist moves this way and that, and adjusts and readjusts the magnifying glass until it is prepared to do its work; but the human eye, without a touch, beholds the star and the smallest insect. The traveler among the Alps, with one glance taking in Mont Blanc and the face of his watch to see whether he has time to climb it.

Oh! this wonderful camera obscura which you and I carry about with us, so to-day we can take in our friends, so from the top of Mount Washington we can take in New England, so at night we can sweep into our vision the constellations from horizon to horizon. So delicate, so semi-infinite, and yet the light coming ninety-five millions of miles at the rate of two hundred thousand miles a second is obliged to halt at the gate of the eye, waiting for admission until the portcullis be lifted. Something hurled ninety-five millions of miles and striking an instrument which has not the agitation of even winking under the power of the stroke. There, also, is the merciful arrangement of the tear gland, by which the eye is washed, and from which rolls the tide which brings the relief that comes in tears when some bereavement or great loss strikes us. The tear not an augmentation of sorrow, but the breaking up of the Arctic of frozen grief in the warm gulf stream of consolation. Incapacity to weep is madness or death. Thank God for the tear glands, and that the crystal gates are so easily opened. Oh! the wonderful hydraulic apparatus of the human eye. Divinely constructed vision! Two lighthouses at the harbor of the immortal soul, under the shining of which the world sails in and drops anchor. What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye! The tongue is speechless and a clumsy instrument of expression as compared with it. Have you not seen it flash with indignation or kindle with enthusiasm, or expand with devotion, or melt with sympathy, or stare with fright, or leer with villainy, or droop with sadness, or pale with envy, or fire with revenge, or twinkle with mirth, or beam with love? It is tragedy and comedy and pastoral and lyric in turn. Have you not seen its uplifted brow of surprise, or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain? If the eye say one thing and the lips say another thing, you believe the eye rather than the lips. The eyes of Archibald Alexander and Charles G. Finney were the mightiest part of their sermon. George Whitefield enthralled great assemblages with his eyes, though they were crippled with strabismus. Many a military chieftain has with a look hurled a regiment to victory or to death. Martin Luther turned his great eye on an assassin who came to take his life, and the villain fled. Under the glance of the human eye, the tiger, with five times a man's strength, snarls back into the African jungle. But those best appreciate the value of the eye who have lost it. The Emperor Adrian by accident put out the eye of his servant, and he said to his servant: "What shall I pay you in, money or in lands? Anything you ask me; I am so sorry I put your eye out." But the servant refused to put any financial estimate on the value of the eye, and when the Emperor urged and urged again the matter, he said: "Oh, Emperor, I want nothing but my lost eye." Alas for those for whom a thick and impenetrable vail is drawn across the face of the heavens and the face of one's own kindred. That is a pathetic scene when a blind man lights a torch at night and was found passing along the highway, and some one said, "Why do you carry that torch when you can't see?" "Ah!" said he, "I can't see, but I carry this torch that others may see me and pity my helplessness and not run me down." Samson, the giant, with his eyes put out by the Philistines, is more helpless than the smallest dwarf with vision undamaged. All the sympathies of Christ were stirred when he saw Bartimeus with darkened retina. And the only salve he ever made that we read of was a mixture of dust and saliva and prayer, with which he cured the eyes of a man blind from his nativity. The value of the eye is shown as much by its catastrophe as by its healthful action. Ask the man who for twenty years has not seen the sunrise. Ask the man who for half a century has not seen the face of a friend. Ask in the hospital the victim of ophthalmia. Ask the man whose eyesight perished in a powder blast. Ask the Bartimeus who never met a Christ, or the man born blind what is to die blind. Ask him. This morning in my imperfect way, I have only hinted at the splendors, the glories, the wonders of the divine revelations, the apocalypses of the human eye, and I stagger back from the awful portals of the physiological miracle which must have taxed the ingenuity of God, to cry out in your ears the words of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" Shall Herschel not know as much as his telescope? Shall Fraunhofer not know as much as his spectroscope? Shall Swammerdan not know as much as his microscope? Shall Dr. Hooke not know as much as his micrometer? Shall the thing formed know more than its master? He that formed the eye, shall he not see?

The recoil of this question is tremendous. We stand at the centre of a vast circumference of observation. No privacy. Eyes, eyes of cherubim, eyes of seraphim, eyes of archangel, eyes of God. We may be able to see the inhabitants of other worlds, but perhaps they may be able to see us. We have not optical instruments strong enough to descry them; perhaps they have optical instruments strong enough to descry us. The mole cannot see the eagle mid-sky, but the eagle mid-sky can see the mole in the grass. We are able to see mountains and caverns of another world; but perhaps the inhabitants of other worlds can see the towers of our cities, the flash of our seas, the marching of our processions, the white robes of our weddings, the black scarfs of our obsequies.

It passes out from the guess into the positive when we are told in the Bible that the inhabitants of other worlds do come as convoy to this. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation? But human inspection, and angelic inspection, and stellar inspection, and lunar inspection, and solar inspection are tame compared with the thought of divine inspection. "You converted me twenty years ago," said a sick man to my father. "How so?" said my father. "Twenty years ago," said the other, "in the old school-house prayer-meeting at Bound Brook you said in your prayer, 'Thou, God, seest me,' and I had no peace under the eye of God until I became a Christian." Hear it. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place." "His eyelids try the children of men." "His eyes were as a flame of fire." "I will guide thee with mine eye." Oh, the eye of God, so full of purity, so full of power, so full of love, so full of indignation, so full of compassion, so full of mercy! How it peers through the darkness! How it outshines the day! How it glares upon the offender! How it burns on the penitent soul! Talk about the human eye as being indescribably wonderful—how much more wonderful the great, searching, overwhelming eye of God! All eternity past and all eternity to come on that retina.

he eyes with which we look into each o'er's face to-day suggest it. It stands w'tten twice on your face and twice on me, unless through casualty one or both h e been obliterated. "He that formed the e, shall he not see?" Oh, the eye of God! I ees our sorrows to assuage them, sees our p plexities to disentangle them, sees our w ts to sympathize with them. If we fight h back, the eye of an antagonist. If we a his grace, the eye of an everlasting fr d. You often find in a book or manu- s pt a star calling your attention to a foot- n , or explanation. That star the printer c s an asterisk. But all the stars of the n t are asterisks calling your attention to G , an all-observing God. Our every n e a divine handwriting. Our every mus- cl pulley divinely swung. Our every bone s ptured with divine suggestion. Our e y eye a reflection of the divine eye. G above us, and God beneath us, and G before us, and God behind us, and G within us. What a stupendous thing l ve! What a stupendous thing to die! N such thing as hidden transgression. A d natic advocate in olden times, at night i court room, persuaded of the innocence o his client charged with murder, and of t guilt of the witness who was trying to s ar the poor man's life away—that advo- c took up two bright lamps and thrust th m close up to the face of the witness, and c d: "May it please the court and gentlemen o the jury, behold the murderer!" and the m , practically under that awful glare, c fessed that he was the criminal instead o the man arraigned at the bar. Oh, m finds our most hidden sin is under a b hter light than that; it is under the b ning eye of God. He is not a blind g t stumbling through the heavens. He i s not a blind monarch feeling for the step o his chariot. Are you wronged? He sees it Are you poor? He sees it. Have you d mestic perturbation of which the world k ws nothing? He sees it. "Oh," you s , "my affairs are so insignificant I can't r lize that God sees me and sees my af- f s." Can you see the point of a pin? C n you see the eye of a needle? Can you s a mote in the sunbeam? And has God g en you that power of minute observation a does he not possess it himself? "He t t formed the eye, shall he not see?"

But you say, "God is in one world and I a in another world; He seems so far off f m me, I don't really think he sees what i going on in my life." Can you see the s ninety-five million miles away, and do y not think God has as prolonged visi- i ? But you say, "There are phases of r life, and there are colors—shades of c lor—in my annoyances and my vexations b t I don't think God can understand." D es not God gather up all the colors, and a the shades of color in the rainbow? And c you suppose there is any phase or any s de in your life he has not gathered up in h own heart? Besides that, I want to tell y u it will soon all be over, this struggle. A at eye of yours so exquisitely fashioned a strung, and hinged and roofed, will be- f long be closed in the last slumber. L ving hands will smooth down the silken f ages. So he giveth his beloved sheep. egend of St. Frotobert is that his mother s blind and he was so sorely pitiful for misfortune that one day in sympathy he s ed her eyes, and by miracle she saw ev- y thing. But it is not a legend when I tell y u that all the blind eyes of the Christian a d under the kiss of the resurrection m rn shall gloriously open. Oh! what a y that will be for those who went grop- g through this world under perpetual ob- u ration, or were dependent on the hand a friend, or with an uncertain staff felt t eir way; and for the aged of dim sight t out whom it may be said that "they w nich look out of the windows are darken- " when eternal daybreak comes in. What a beautiful epitaph that was for a tomb- s one in a European cemetery: "Here re s ses in God, Katrina, a saint, eighty-five y ars of age and blind. The light was re- s ored to her May 10th, 1840."

The Cry of the Children!

(Continued from first page.

father, and three children living in those two wretched rooms. Being asked where they all slept, the old woman said that she and the mother of the children slept in the bedroom, the children slept on the rags which were on the floor in the corner; the sick child slept on the couch, and the father on an old, dirty mattress on the fire-escape. He is employed on the docks, gets up at one o'clock at night, and works until nine o'clock, and then goes home and sleeps awhile. He says he gets an average of three hours' sleep a day. They were washing, there, too. The children looked weak and emaciated, and their thin, sharp faces had in them no trace of the joyous animation of childhood. Here also, the prospect of a visit to Mont-Lawn was hailed with real joy.

Another room was entered, and was

IN "SINGLE ALLEY," CHERRY STREET.

found foul beyond description. The floor was covered with rags, the table was filled with old dishes and cans, the stove was covered with kettles, holding water and soups, and rags were piled in the corners of the room. Even the window-panes were broken. In this room were a mother and a three-weeks'-old baby, a little, sad, hollow-cheeked thing, two little girls, about six and nine years old, and a boy about eleven. They had no shoes on, had dirty faces and matted hair, and clothes mostly in tatters. The poor mother had the care of all the children and had no time to clean them. She said, "I am ashamed to receive you in this place, but this baby is sick, and I have her in my arms all the time." She promised she would have the place cleaner before the visitors came again. What would not a ten days' outing do for such little ones as these?

There was only one family in that house that had no children. The woman said, "Thank God I have none, for they are a curse to us here!" An awful admission, and one full of significance.

The floor below was next visited and a door opened to the knock. This was evidently a rag-picker's home. A man was lying on a board which lay across two chairs. He had three children; they were downstairs, he said, and his wife was out working. They all slept on the rags except the father, who slept on a bench, and the mother slept in the bedroom which was full of rags and truck picked up on the streets. Three more candidates for the Children's Home—all in need of fresh air, good food and better influences, if ever children, needed them.

In Hamilton Street, passing through a house, the visitors came to an inside court, which formed an entrance to several houses. Down a few steps below the level of the ground are living rooms rented out to families. They are just like cellars. It is necessary to keep the gas or lamps lighted all the time in these places as they are so very dark. In one lives a widow with five children, whom she supports by taking in washing. One little boy was eating dinner, which consisted of coffee and a crust of bread. A little baby was sitting down in the dark by the table. It was a sickly-looking child about six months old. All the children were barefooted. Two neighbors who were in were also shoeless.

This widow said she had not been out of the city for a long time; she did not expect to go out; she did not expect the children to go; "it is too much trouble to get them ready." They had nothing to wear and they were "just as well off to stay there as to go away." One of the children followed the visitor out to the street and pleaded with the missionary to send him to the country.

As the two visitors left the neighborhood, about twenty children followed them for a considerable distance begging the missionary pathetically to take them to the country. One little boy came up and said, "Can't you please send me, please mum?" Another quickly added, "An' I want to go, too." "I only wish I could send you all," was the kindly answer of the missionary, whose heart went out to the poor, neglected little ones, so forlorn and unhappily-looking by contrast with the 240 children who romped about the great lawn at our Children's Home last week, and marched proudly and happily in regular ranks into the little chapel, where Dr. Klopsch speaks to them every Sunday afternoon. From this section of the East-side, seventeen children were sent to Mont-Lawn within the next few days.

Every day brings experiences similar to that related above. In almost every instance, the story that is told is an inexpressibly sad one, when we consider the prospects of the young children. "Children!" echoed one poor woman who was visited; "Ay, thank God! I have; but they are all gone, and won't have to suffer here, as I see those around me suffering." And just at present, in the heat of mid summer, with the ambulance bells steadily clanging in the tenement districts, and the cheap undertakers busy among the poor, it certainly would seem that the "children of misfortune" have more of suffering than the rest of the world knows of.

To those readers who have never visited New York, the realistic glimpses of tenement life afforded by the photographic illustrations, will convey some idea of the surroundings of the children of the slums. "Single Alley" in Cherry Street, is the breeding-place of juvenile gangs of boys who are neglected almost from infancy. The group in the photograph is one that is characteristic of the neighborhood. "An East-side court in midsummer" is one of those foul-smelling, super-heated places where the little ones almost bake in the sun. Such are a few of the multitudinous

AN EAST-SIDE COURT IN MID-SUMMER

phases of childlife among the tenements of the metropolis.

Among the letters received during the week were many containing most encouraging words for the work. Nearly all the writers, in sending their mite by way of contribution, speak of the great need of such a work among the neglected children as that now conducted at Mont-Lawn bringing them under pure, moral influences and into an atmosphere that benefits them throughout their entire lives. In sending $3, S. M. H., Vineland, N. J., writes:

Would it were three times three; but it may be the means of gladdening one little heart. God bless you and your work is my earnest prayer. How I should love to look in upon your little ones.

Mrs. H. E. S., Woodbury, N. J., writes: (with $42):

From E. B. S., $21, for seven little waifs to be made happy at Mont-Lawn, and $21 from myself for seven more. May the donations be large enough to give every poor child a taste of country life.

PLAYING IN A HORSE TROUGH.

Miss Annie M—, Wylam, Ala., ($1) writes:

I have been made to feel happy while reading of the children at Mont-Lawn, and add my little mite to help, trusting that God may bless this noble work.

"I'm pleased to give one little city waif ten days of rural life," writes another friend, with her gift of $3 for that purpose.

A little boy at Sharon, O., (Lill) sends 10c., and a sweet Christian girl at Clarksdale, Miss., sends 25c., to "help send some child to the Home for a ten days' outing."

Mr. W. S. H—, New York City, writes:

Our dear mother, at four score and four, went home last November. No part of your paper interested her as much as the accounts of the Children's Home, and in memory of that interest I enclose $5 to provide one child a ten days' stay at Mont-Lawn.

Miss S. J. T—, Poughkeepsie, sends $5 to provide an outing for some little girl named "Florence" or "Jennie." "Probably not one-fourth of the needy and neglected ones are reached in the great metropolis," writes P. M. B., Ringtown, Pa., ($2). "I hope the work will go on until all the very poor children are reached. I hope many will come to your aid, so that you can still enlarge the work."

E. H. L., Pittston, Pa., ($3) writes:

I have a little niece who comes to see me often, and when I look into her sweet, smiling, uplifted face, and I see the roses of health on her cheeks, I cannot but thank God for such a treasure, and it was the country air that did it. My heart goes out toward the work you are doing for the little ones of your city.

Mrs. E. B. Little, Morris, N. Y., writes:

I thank the Father of all mercies that he has led you to do it, and pray that many of them may be led to Christ. I think it is, it must be, a soul-saving work you are doing. Enclosed please find six dollars to send two more little ones into the country.

The following sums have been received during the week for the work of the Children's Home.

Previously Acknowledged	**$693.75**
Mrs J H Norton	25
J Runyon	3 00
Eva E Taft	3 00
Mrs S E Emory	3 00
One of the C. H.'S constant readers, E., Wis	1 00
Louisa J Burlin	75
H Kindermann	5 00
Annie Bradfield	5 00
A young believer Milford, Pa	1 00
Mrs Timpson	5 00
Miss M Tucker	3 00
Geo Sisson	3 00
C W Charles	3 00
Mrs E P	5 00
In His Name, Dubuque, Ia	5 00
A Subscr, Brady Island, Neb	3 00
One of the King's Daughters, Pittsfield, Mass	3 00
Mrs Eunice Cooley	5 00
Proceeds of a fair, Ocean Grove, N J	3 36
A little girl 11 years old, Gravelpoint, Mo	50
Friend in Pa	6 00
H Mary Rose	1 00
Maria E Vinton	3 00
Mrs E B Parsons	1 00
"All of us," Easton, Pa	3 00
Alice D Holmdel, N J	6 00
G & M Paul	2 00
A W Miller	2 00
"Sunbeam Circle," Derby, Conn	3 00
A J —, Lancaster, N H	1 00
Edna and little Dorothy, City Island, N Y	1 00
M Haase	6 00
R J Quall	5 00
Pilgrim Church S S, Canaan, Ct	16 70
Mrs A Bail	3 00
Friend, Binghamton, N Y	3 00
Reader, Palatka, Fla	1 00
Lizzie and Neil Munro	1 00
Mrs Lucy Daly	1 00
—, Blowing Rock, N C	1 00
A well-wisher, Bird Island, Minn	3 00
S J Allen	6 00
Wm Karsteller	2 00
L H M, New York City	2 00
Mrs Facnie Lenma	1 00
Willing Helper, No Rector	1 00
Sam'l Thatcher	1 00
A friend of the children, Lynn, N S	3 00
W Strohmerer	1 00
A friend, Columbia, La	2 00
W K Desh	1 00
Emma U H	1 00
Eliza Belcher	1 00
E M Perrin	5 00
Emma E Allen	5 75
In His Name	1 00
M S, Bloomingdale, Ga	1 00
Adelaide W, Lorain, O	3 00
Total	**$888.86**

All contributions in aid of the Children's Home will be acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 11. Num. 11: 4-9. Golden Text John 3: 14. By Mrs. Baxter.

THE judgment of God upon the generation of his people who had believed the evil report of the spies, instead of believing him, had been executed. Forty years long they had wandered, and their carcases were wasted in the wilderness (Num. 14: 33), and "all the generation that had done evil in the sight of the Lord was consumed." But so depraved is our fallen, human nature, that we become accustomed to judgment if we are not living in constant communion with God, and it ceases to have the terror for us that it had at first. The same people who, with the taste of the God-sent manna in their mouths, were so doubtful about God's promises of a land flowing with milk and honey, that they must need send spies to find out whether the Word of their God was to be trusted, were not as a people altered or improved by the terrible judgment of a life-long wandering, the issue of which was to be only a death in the wilderness. The same people twenty years later sinned in the matter of Korah.

It is a bad sign when a child of God takes either mercy or judgment as a matter of course. If we are too much accustomed to our mercies to recognize and to give thanks for them, they have ceased to be a blessing to us. Nothing can be a blessing which does not bring us closer to our God. Our trials are a blessing no longer when we take them as a matter of course, just as a fatalist would, without recognizing God in them. A true man of faith never leaves God out of his reckoning. Whatever happens, his first thought is: "What does God mean by this? Once again the people of Israel were put to the test by thirst: perhaps those who had known and experienced God's intervention at Marah and at Rephidim may have died in the wilderness. But their children, who would certainly have known of God's works from their fathers, took up the old strain of unbelief, strove with Moses, and said, "Would God that we had died when our brethren died before the Lord. And why have ye brought the assembly of the Lord into the wilderness that we should die there, we and our cattle? And wherefore have ye made us come up out of Egypt, to bring us into this evil place? It is no place of seed or of figs, or of vines, or of pomegranates; neither is there any water to drink."

Aaron had died, and subsequently God had given the people victory over Arad, the Canaanitish king. Now their way for some distance backwards to compass the land of Edom, and, doubting the wisdom of him who had undertaken to be their Guide, "the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way." Unbelief and impatience are twin sins, we are not impatient when we are fully convinced that God is making no mistake, and that all things are working together for our good. He whose mind is stayed on God knows what perfect peace means, even in impossible circumstances, when he cannot see one step before him. If it is even the valley of the shadow of death he fears no evil, God is with him as a good, a tried Shepherd, and his rod and his staff comfort him.

"And the people spake against God and Moses. Herein their command was disobedient. Words, although in their hearts there was rebellion against God. Now they have reached the summit of their murmuring, and complain of their great and many blessings: "Wherefore have ye brought us out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? For there is neither bread, neither is there any water, and our soul loatheth this light bread." (Num. 21: 5.) This latter was a direct attack upon the Lord himself—an insult to their heavenly Father. It was true that he had promised their fathers a land flowing with milk and honey, but their unbelief and grievous sins had shown that they were unfit to be trusted with such an inheritance. And now their children, whom God had watched over, nourished, and preserved, in so wondrous a way, cast in his teeth the very blessings which he was miraculously showering upon them, and they say: "Our soul loatheth this light bread." Are we any better than they if we murmur at the lot God has given us in this wilderness world? If we complain that we do not have a richer portion in this life, where is the difference between this unfaithful people and ourselves, except it be that our light is infinitely greater than theirs, and so is our responsibility? The Lord sent fiery serpents among them. They had taken the way of that old serpent, the devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world, and had doubted and criticised God. Now they must have closer acquaintance with the serpents until their poisoned fangs had wrought death and destruction to a frightful degree among them. "They bit the people and much of the people of Israel died." Unbelief and murmuring bring forth death. All the powers of our physical and mental being break down under the strain of a continual and ineffectual struggle against what God permits. Self-pity always blames God for what we suffer; it implies we could have done better for ourselves than he can do for us. It undermines the health of the brain and nerves, it often causes neuralgia and nerve pain as well as other physical evils which proceed from overstrain; and it is yet far more harmful to the spirit. All is possible to him who keeps step with God and who walks with him.

Death was doing its deadly work in the camp of Israel, and at last the people begin to thing of their God, they come to Moses and say: "We have sinned because we have spoken against the Lord and against thee; pray unto the Lord that he take away the serpents from us." (verse 1, R. V.) Perhaps the people were never brought lower than at this time. The more broken a sinner is the lower he is brought down, the more he sees things in their true light. The confession was a full one, no attempt at excuse or at extenuation; and the request which yet the people could not make for themselves, was definite and unqualified; they knew enough of their God to be sure it would be answered. But God's plans of working, and the instruments he uses, are ever-varying as he has new and different lessons to teach his children. He said to Moses, "Make thee a fiery serpent, and put it on a pole, and it shall come to pass that everyone that is bitten, when he seeth it shall live."

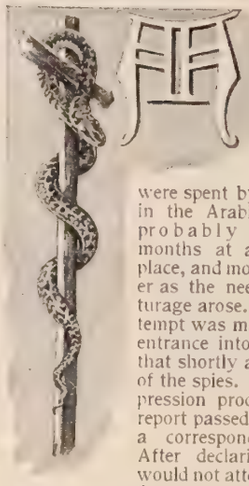
Oh how little the children of Israel understood the sign so fully explained by the Lord Jesus (John 3: 14), and fulfilled in his death for sinners! But one thing they did understand, they must look away from the serpents and the serpents' bites which were working death, right up to God's serpent if they would live. They had quarrelled with God's way for them and God's provision, and he had shown them what the earth they clung to brought forth to them, when they were unshielded by him. Now there was no resource left to them but to look up to look to the serpent of brass: a look away was death. And the event proved that God did not deceive his people: "it came to pass if a serpent had bitten any man, when he looked to the serpent of brass he lived."

Self is death, Christ is life. All which is of self leads to misery, sorrow, trouble, unrest, sin; all which is of Christ brings peace, forgetfulness, at the same moment; looking to ourselves is looking away from Jesus, and looking to him is looking away from ourselves. Just as to look at the serpent's bite was to look away from the serpent of brass, and vice versa. We can only run the race set before us looking unto, taking in, and understanding Jesus, the Author and Perfector of our faith. As we learn Christ, we trust his dealings with us, and no longer loathe "the light bread" which he provides, or are impatient with the way by which he leads us.

The serpent's bite is no uncommon thing. Not only every sin, but all the heart-burnings, jealousies, envies and bitterness, which goad so many, even of God's children, come from the bite of the serpent. To look at our troubles does not lessen them; to look at ourselves and our resources, to meet and to endure them is no better. They do not come by chance; and howsoever the venom originated a mighty hand permitted, and can overule it.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



MANY years elapsed between the events of last week's lesson and the incident to be considered this week. They were spent by the Israelites in the Arabian peninsula, probably camping for months at a time at one place, and moving to another as the need of new pasturage arose. Only one attempt was made to force an entrance into Canaan, and that shortly after the return of the spies. When the depression produced by their report passed off, there was a corresponding reaction. After declaring that they would not attempt to invade the country, and threatening to stone Joshua and Caleb for urging them to do so; after predicting that they should perish of starvation in the desert, and discussing a proposal to elect a leader and return to servitude in Egypt where they were at least sure of food, they suddenly plucked up courage and resolved to attack the enemy. It was a hasty, ill-advised project; Moses opposed it and would have nothing to do with it. As they were warned, it ended disastrously. A strong force of Amalekites and Canaanites charged on the invaders and drove them ignominiously back. That generation did no more fighting. The remainder of their lives was spent in desert wanderings. At the end of about thirty-seven years, of all those who were over twenty years of age at the Exodus, only three were left alive—Moses, Joshua and Caleb. A new generation had grown up, and had doubtless been drilled with a view to the task they were to undertake. At last, the long-looked-for order to march was given. The direct route lay through the country inhabited by the Edomites, descendants of Esau. Moses asked permission to march through it, but was refused. It was decided, therefore, to go around the country, marching eastward along the southern border of Edom and then northward along its eastern border as far as the land of Moab, opposite the Dead Sea. Anything more dreary than the country they traversed cannot easily be imagined. For nearly a hundred miles the route lay across a level plain blackened with pebbles of basalt and flints with occasional patches of clear sand and here and there a few streaks of yellowish grass. The traveler at this day is not surprised to read the statement that "the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way." Constant vigilance would be necessary against the enemy who might attack such a caravan with crushing effect in such a country. Snakes of many kinds, including the deadly cobra, still infest the district and there is a worm, which is found in the standing water, that is almost as dangerous. Its bite produces fierce inflammation. Sir Risdon Bennett says that in 1877 of 4000 Turkish soldiers in Arabia 2500 fell victims to this worm. Either the worm or the snakes worked fearful ravages on the Israelitish caravan. True to his principle of seeing the hand of God in everything, the inspired historian says that God sent the serpents. He also, on appeal being made to him, provided the remedy which is the subject of the lesson.

And they journeyed. An eminent divine draws an ingenious parallel between the experience of the Israelites and the Christian life. The life of sin he compares to the servitude in Egypt; conversion, to the Exodus, and the trials and worries and temptations of the Christian's course in the world to the wandering in the desert. He points out that the converted person, like the Israelite, expects happiness and joy to come immediately after deliverance, but usually there is a course of discipline, more or less painful, to come first. The difference is that the men did not reach the promised land, while the Christian's inheritance is secure.

The Lord sent fiery serpents. A lady seeing some marks on the shoulders of a beautiful boy, and learning that they were the results of a severe beating administered by his father, expostulated with him, and shortly afterward, he was at her house. "He is much too pretty a child," she said, "to be treated so severely." The father looked at her sadly. "Madam," he said, "if you could see my heart you would see that I suffered more than the child did by the beating I gave him. He is not only handsome, but he has great promise. He will, if he lives, do much good or harm, and it depends on how I treat him which it shall be. I want him to grow up a good man, and I beat him for telling a lie." The Israelites were to do a great work for God, and they were taught by sharp lesson.

They bit the people. A gentleman in India, in reaching a book from the shelves of his library felt a sharp puncture on the hand. He thought it might be done by a pin or a nail, and was not worried about it. But in a short time the hand began to swell and then the arm, and before night he was dead. Search was made in the library and a snake was found among the books on one of the shelves. The cause of death was understood then. The serpent had bitten him. There are many spiritual and moral deaths caused by serpents among the books. Some books are so hateful that they are more fatal than the bite of a serpent.

We have sinned. A story is told by a famous writer of meeting a man far out on the Western prairie who declared himself an Episcopalian. On being questioned, he admitted that he had not been baptized or confirmed, or had been in a church more than twice or thrice in his life. "Then why do you call yourself an Episcopalian?" he was asked. The man said that he was residing some days in New York many years before, and one Sunday morning he strolled into a church. He listened to the service and heard the words: "We have done the things we ought not to have done, and we have left undone the things we ought to have done, and there is no spiritual health in us." The hearer's heart was touched. He said, "these people are like me; that is just my case." As he came out, he inquired what the people were who attended that church, and was told that they were Episcopalians. From that time on he declared himself an Episcopalian. His visitor said if the propriety of the confession was a qualification for membership in the church, that church would be the holiest on earth.

Every one that is bitten. Spurgeon used to say that it was the idea of "a life for a look" that saved his soul. He was trying to do fifty things to secure salvation. He wanted so much to be saved from sin and from perdition. He went one snowy day into a Primitive Methodist Church, not being able on account of the weather to go to the church he usually attended, and there heard a plain, simple sermon from a man whose name he did not know, and whom he never saw again. That man said that whosoever looked to Christ would be saved. A life for a look. Spurgeon did look, and ever after that peace came to him and new life.

When he beheld the serpent of brass he lived. Jesus himself used this incident as an illustration of his work. (See John 3: 14.) It was distinctly "a faith cure." The stricken Israelite might naturally have said, "I do not see how looking at the brass serpent can cure me." Yet that was the way he was cured. So people say now, "I do not see how believing on Christ can make me pure;" yet we know that it is the way to purity of life. Those who look to him with such a look as the bitten Israelite turned on the brazen serpent, get eternal life.

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY

Margaret E. Sangster.

SAVED.

A SCOWLING woman slammed the door in Elizabeth's face, the first time she tried to visit the McDale family. "Keep out of my premises," the virago shouted, "or I'll make it worse for you!"

Elizabeth retreated, baffled for the time, but not frightened. Her heart was filled with a great compassion. The glimpse into the McDale home, in the brief instant the door had been ajar for parley, had shown her misery and destitution. A bare room, broken chairs, dirt, squalor, and drink, this summed up the McDales. Father and mother, both inebriates, boys going to ruin, the one little girl already familiar with vice and growing up to be its victim.

Elizabeth had heard that the McDales were considered almost hopeless, and this was why she undertook them. Her husband said that nothing appealed to Elizabeth like out-and-out badness.

She waited a week, and then she called again. This time she was more fortunate. The conservatory was in bloom with roses and carnations, and a window on one side of it was a perfect glory of scarlet geraniums. Elizabeth selected a fine plant, packed it with her, wrapped carefully in paper and tissue paper, and, seeing the little girl (Jessie was her name), playing in front of the McDale's house, she said:

"Dear, I brought you this flower. You have a beautiful sunny window-sill, and it will look very nice there. Give it plenty of water, and it will keep on giving you flowers."

Then she went away.

It happened that Margaret McDale, Jessie's mother, was the daughter of an old-time gardener, and, low though her life had fallen, she still dearly loved flowers. Elizabeth waited another week, and then one morning she rapped again at the door,—this time with a pot of white heather in her hands. If she had known that the heather meant all Margaret's childhood.

Mrs. McDale opened the door wide, and said, hospitably: "Walk in!" The heather had a charm; it finished what the geranium had begun. Elizabeth had effected an entrance, and, once in the house, nobody could resist Elizabeth.

She called often after that, but seldom brought a gift with her. One day she found Mrs. McDale awkwardly trying to mend a pair of "her man's" trousers. Clumsily the hard hands fumbled with the shears and the needle: a look of despair was on the dark-browed face.

"I was a factory-girl when I married Jim," she said, "I never learned how to sew."

"Let me help you, Mrs. McDale," said Elizabeth.

The work was not very attractive, but it was Elizabeth's opportunity. She showed her friend how to set the patch in the knee, and how to press the edges, so that it hardly showed. And then she offered to help her with other mending, and came two or three times a week with her needles and thread and thimble, and she and Mrs. McDale sewed and chatted like comrades, and between them they made Jessie a beautiful new frock.

It was rather a come-down to Elizabeth, soon after this, to call one afternoon, and find that the curse of the McDales was in full activity again. The woman, who had been plucking up courage, and growing neat and clean, had fallen under the dominion of her old temptation. Sodden and stupid she lay on her bed, sleeping the sleep of the drunken, that somehow seems so much more shocking and so much more utterly depraved and degraded, than that of the drunken man.

"Your poor mother is sick," said Elizabeth, while Jessie's scornful and elfish laughter was checked, as she saw the tears in the lady's eyes. And Elizabeth took off her hat and hung it on a nail, rolled up her sleeves, tucked up her skirts, swept and scrubbed and cleaned the house, and cooked a meal for the children, while the poor mother slept like the dead, as only the dead-drunk sleep.

Bye-and-bye, Mrs. McDale stirred uneasily, struggled to rise, fell back on her pillow. Presently, with a basin of water and a soft sponge, Elizabeth was at her side, washing her face, and smoothing away her tumbled hair, then, bringing her a cup of steaming hot-coffee, and a bit of golden-brown toast, she insisted on her eating and drinking.

"I am so sorry you have been ill and suffering," she said, "If it happens again, that you have a bad attack like this, send for me at any hour night or day, and I will come!"

The McDales were like most of us, susceptible to kind words and gentle treatment. Being believed in was something altogether new, in their experience, and, little by little, they yielded to the tender and friendly kindness which refused to hold them aloof. Elizabeth invited them all to dinner, and set the table with her prettiest China and her finest linen. She even took the boys and Jessie to see a panorama; they sat with her in the front row, and held up their heads with pride. Elizabeth's husband found places for two of the big boys, and an apprenticeship to a trade for a third.

Next, the McDale house began to look better. All the chairs were glued, the floor was clean, the stove shone like a looking-glass, the geranium and the white heather had a bright window in which to display their bloom. Is not cleanliness neighbor to godliness?

One day, the foreman in the moulding shop, where James McDale was employed, remarked to his principal, the great iron merchant, "There isn't a better hand in the works than Jim McDale when he's sober, and he's been sober now, for six months. Anyway, he's making good money, and his family are doing well, and they seem to have turned over a new leaf."

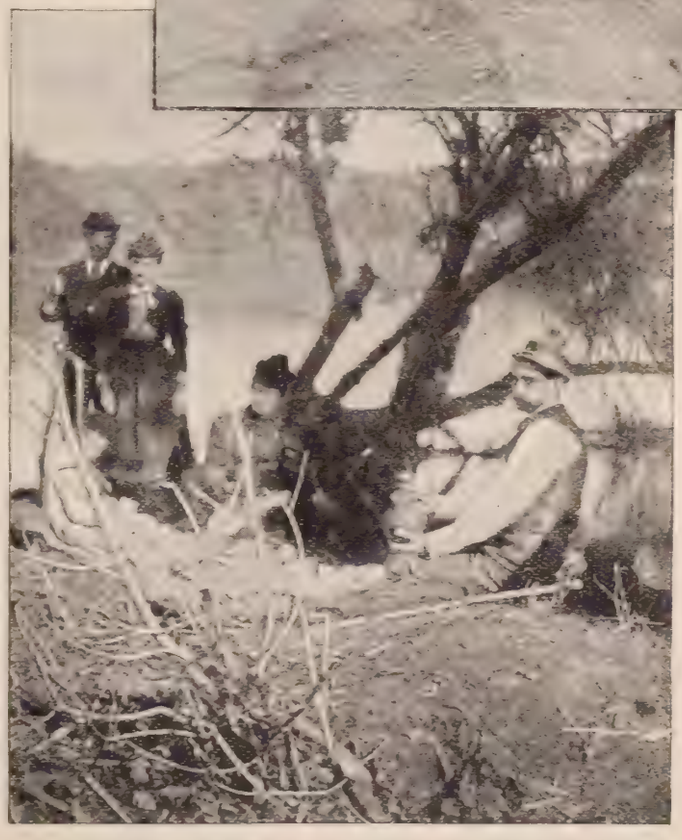
The merchant knew Elizabeth and her husband. He had met them, the evening before this talk of the foreman, at a splendid reception. There the lady was all in sheen and glimmer of snowy satin. The man remembered what a vision of beauty and serenity she had been, the most queenly woman in the brilliant assembly, and he knew, too, that the motto of her life was complete consecration. "God bless Saint Elizabeth!" he said reverently.

And the foreman who had seen and heard something of Elizabeth's quiet and blessed work, said, as reverently, "Amen."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

A NATIVE GROUP.



TOURISTS RESTING ON THE BANKS OF THE JORDAN.

Palestine's Changes.

FACILITIES for visiting the Holy Land are rapidly multiplying and every year witnesses a large increase in the number of European and American travelers to Palestine. There have been many notable changes in the line of progress in Syria in the last half dozen years. Its railways are being pushed forward to completion and colonies of new arrivals, who intend to be permanent settlers, are beginning to dot the face of the map of ancient Israel. Within a very recent date a number of new colonies have been planted in Palestine, their members consisting of Hebrews, mainly from Europe. They have a representative publication in Jerusalem, called "Mich Foh Merez Israel," which gives accounts of the progress of the colonies. In a recent issue it said: "The number of Jewish laborers in the colony of Sichron Jacob, ten miles from Haifa, is seventy-one. Most of these laborers migrated to Palestine eight years ago. The monthly aid received by each person from the administration of Baron Edmund de Rothschild is twelve francs per head. Good news comes from Upper Galilee, where the silk industry progresses and affords steady work to fifty people, besides giving work to many families in Zefath, for learning how to weave is acquired in a short time. In order to get water-power to the manufacturers two brooks are going to be connected. The government has allowed the American Shevj Zion (Returners to Zion) Society to colonize its members in the Holy Land."

Our illustrations on on this page are no doubt familiar ones to those who have visited Palestine. The curious group of inquisitive natives is one that may be encountered at almost any of the Syrian towns and villages,—a knot of villagers assembled to gratify their curiosity and inquisitiveness by gazing at the strangers. Swarthy faces in the queerest of head-dresses, and garments that are a cross between army blankets and gunny sacks. Men, women, and children have the same irrepressible yearning to know something about the West and its people. The native dress gives the group a somwhat picturesque appearance; but the reality, bright and vivid with color, is far more picturesque than can well be described here. In his famous book, "From Manger to Throne," Rev. Dr. Talmage has eloquently described the life and manners of the modern Syrian people and these photographic portraitures will be recognized by all who have read what he has written on the subject. Such groups may be met around Bethlehem, Jericho and Nazareth, or on almost any highway between Damascus and Gaza, Joppa and Jerusalem.

The valley of the Jordan is a focus of observation from many eminences in Palestine, and the sacred river itself is a centre of attraction for travelers generally. Guides and dragomen usually contrive that the route of the pilgrim-visitor shall take him along its banks near some historic spot, rendered dear by Biblical memories. In one of the illustrations a group is resting in a shady grove by the Jordan. Hardly a single foot of its banks have been left unexplored. It shallow beaches or overhanging sides; its smooth, glassy flow where the river widens, or the turbulent torrent that goes surging through the narrow gorges and ravines in its course to the Dead Sea, have been visited by countless thousands of the devout from all parts of the world. Yet to-day the Jordan is as great an attraction for believers as it ever has been in the past, and it will doubtless continue to be so while time endures. It is to the Christian a type of the great river of death that flows between him and the shores of the heavenly kingdom.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE IRREGULARLY ORDAINED.

IF this world is to be saved to the Lord, the chief part of the work—we are deliberate in what we say—will not be done by the regularly-ordained ministry. Their work is vastly important, and laymen cannot do it any more than ministers of Christ can do the work of laymen. We must have West Point for the drilling of soldiers and the preparation of officers for the field.

Suppose a foreign enemy should attack us, and we must have soldiers in two or three weeks, would we depend upon West Point for all our strength? No! The drum would be sounded and the flags hoisted and the people would come forward, and very quickly an army would be sent to the field. Now, our theological seminaries are religious West Points, where men are drilled for a specific work that no other kind of men can do. But let recruiting stations be opened. Let men who feel that they have Christ in their hearts go out and tell the story, whether presbyteries and conferences and associations and consociations favor such a manœuvre or not, and leave the result with God.

There never was anything yet accomplished for God and the Church unless all the batteries of the "world, the flesh, and the devil," were opened against it. If the work of God is to be revived, there will be carping and criticism, there will be venomous and violent opposition. But what is all opposition, when men stand up in the love and strength of Christ to do their duty? What are all the powers of hell arrayed against the truth as in Christ Jesus, —the plain, simple truth of the Gospel of the Son of God? One shall put ten thousand to flight.

But are there no real objections to an awakening created by such evangelism? Some have said, "Let the work of evangelizing our cities be done by the regularly-ordained ministry." Why, the work has not been done in that way, and never will be done in that way. There are multitudes [illegible] God, who never have been there, and never will be there unless a supernatural influence brings them. You talk about men living far away from church; there are people in our Christian cities who live five thousand miles away from church. In other words, between them and the house of God there is an illimitable desert that they cannot get over. If the people will [illegible] the Gospel, then let men carry the Gospel to them.

Let it be extended by the voice of evangelists, by the voice of Sabbath School teachers, and by the voice of men and women who have had no ordination, but the laying on of hands of the Lord God Almighty.

BEVERAGE FOR HORSES.

THE papers tell us of a sportsman who gave brandy to his horse in order to get it up to proper speed for the race. The stimulus was said to have worked well. Can it be that alcohol, having ruined the human race, is about to invade the brute creation, and that horses, in order to improve their speed, and oxen, in order to augment their draught, and hunting-dogs, in order to endure fatigue, are to have intoxicating stimulant? O spare the brutes! Do not let us have drunken horses, and oxen with delirium tremens, and dogs staggering to their kennel. We do not doubt that temporary strength might be given to beasts of burden by these artificial means, but the stock would depreciate. Neither man nor beast can endure alcoholic captivity.

"No danger," you say, "that animals will become habituated to this evil." Be not mistaken. Let it once be generally found out, as it will be, that strong drink will give unnatural strength to our dumb animals, and farmers and sportsmen will be employing such aid; horses and cattle will learn to like it as well as the human race, to whom intoxicating liquors are at first repulsive, but many of whom have learned to want it; and horses will neigh for it as for water, and the dog will bark in excitement at the sight of a demijohn.

Heaven spare the brutes from this threatened invasion!

A GOSPEL OF FOG.

A CORRESPONDENT writes of a so-called religious service in London. He says that the preacher read well-selected passages from a Buddhist parable, some sentences from Zoroaster, and extracts from the Hebrew Psalms. This was followed by a monologue (instead of a prayer), delivered with open eyes. The sermon was on "William Blake and Mysticism." The correspondent came away feeling proud of our American representative in London.

Our contemporary duly records all this with gravity, and yet to us the story is irresistibly ludicrous. If the preacher had in his audience that day any troubled souls, how they must have been comforted by Zoroaster and the Buddhist parable. We are glad that the preacher kept his eyes open when he was going through his monologue, because then he could see how the thing was taking. We wonder how high he lifted himself up by the straps of his own boots. But if all else failed, we think his sermon on "Mysticism" must have cleared things up. A few more such high-toned religious services and we shall have the millennium. That preacher and Zoroaster beat the London fogs.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

AS a class we like newspaper men. There is a genial touch in their elbows and a hearty shake in their hands. Some of them fall from grace and get caught under the cylinders of the printing-press and ground to powder: but those whom we happen to know have elevated taste, and means of glorifying it; good appetites and enough to appease them; capacity to sleep well at nights, and a soft pillow to help them.

We enjoy the editorial room chiefly because of its opportunities. If the pen be made of the right metal, and the ink compounded of the right chemicals, the sphere of usefulness seems unbounded. The consecrated printing-press is to be the mightiest agency for saving the world. Editors as certainly need hands of ordination on their heads as clergymen. Our liturgies need another paragraph inserted large enough to pray for all newspaperdom. We need a broom strong enough to sweep out [illegible] the pilfering editorial and the harmful advertisements, the unchaste pictorials, the ecclesiastical disputations, the learned flunkevism, and courage to introduce all that is inspiring and elevated.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

B. Wright, Ridgely, Tenn. 1. Is the leprosy of modern China identical with the leprosy of the Bible? 2. Has the leprosy of the Bible ever been cured?

1. Practically so. There are variations of the disease in different climates, but the general characteristics are the same. 2. Never, save miraculously, so far as known.

J. S. Rutter, Schuylkill Falls, Pa., writes:

In this week's issue, I notice a question by H. F. Morris, referring to "getting old gracefully." He closes by asking what can cure the aching heart that longs for attainments that can never be reached. A little more faith and a complete surrender of self-will settle the vexed question. He who finds in Christ his all in all will be satisfied in youth and serene in old age.

Earnest Inquirer, Blowing Rock, N. C. Are we bound to forgive a man who has publicly wronged us before he makes a public confession of his sin, and makes all the reparation in his power?

It is the man's duty to make such public acknowledgment and reparation, but his performance of it is a matter resting between himself and God. The duty of forgiveness is not contingent upon that. "If he come to thee and say, I repent, forgive him." (See Luke 17: 4.)

C. N., Morning Sun, Ia. 1. Is there a Thibet Mission? If so, by whom was it opened? 2. Who was the young lady that went to Siberia as a missionary to the Lepers?

1. Missions are not permitted in Thibet, although at different times, brave and partially successful missionary work has been performed there. The Moravian brethren occupy several border stations in Little Thibet, and are awaiting an opportunity to enter the country. The Independent Mission, founded by Miss Annie Taylor, is similarly situated, and its missionaries are preparing the ground by sending portions of Scripture, translated into Thibetan, with the co-operation of merchants and caravans. 2. Her name was Miss Kate Marsden.

Inquirer, Kansas City, Mo. Does the misconduct of a wife prior to her marriage justify her husband in proceeding against her for a divorce when he discovers it, even though she may have been virtuous since her marriage?

There are many circumstances which we would need to know before answering the question categorically. We can conceive of cases of the kind in which the husband would be perfectly justified in securing a divorce. In others we would rather urge him to forgive the concealment, and help the wife to lead a good life. She has done her husband a grievous wrong in marrying him without disclosing her shameful past; but it is the spirit of Christianity to show mercy and to forgive. Probably his magnanimity would be a means of good to her and would lead to her salvation, while severity would involve her ruin.

L. D., Jersey City, N. J. Are Congregational ministers amenable to any governing body? If one preaches heretical doctrine, is there no assembly or conference before which he can be tried?

No, the theory of Congregationalism is the complete independence of the individual church. There are Associations, in which churches and ministers unite for fellowship and friendly conference, but they have no legislative or judicial power. They might, by a vote exclude a minister from membership, and such a vote would affect his standing and might cause other churches to hesitate about inviting him to preach, or to become their pastor, but the Association could not prevent his preaching or suspend him from the ministry. Each church is a little republic recognizing no right in any one outside its own membership to control it or its pastor.

Querist S. K. 1. What was the day of Pentecost, and where in the Scriptures is it found? 2. Do you think it wrong for a teacher to take pay for the holidays (legal holidays) that are given? Is it right for her to make them up at the end of the term?

1. Pentecost, variously known as the Feast of Weeks, of First-fruits, and of the Harvest, was the second of the three great annual festivals of the Jewish Church. At Pentecost all males were required to appear before the Lord. See Ex. 23: 15; Lev. 23: 15; Num. 28: 26-31; Deut. 16: 9-12. It fell on the sixth day of Sivan, and lasted one day. See also Acts, 2d chapter. 2. A teacher (we assume you mean a teacher in the schools) has as good a right to her holidays as any other worker. It is not the custom among employers to deduct wages on account of legal holidays, and it would be quite an unusual thing for an employee to be asked to perform extra labor to make up time lost in legal holidays.

E. J. C., Southington, Conn. 1. Is it possible for a person who on his deathbed believes he will be saved, to be deceiving himself? 2. Why was the fig-tree cursed when the season of fruit had not come? 3. If a true Christian in great pain has a desire for self-destruction, is it proof that his mind is unsound?

1. A man may deceive himself on his deathbed as easily as at another time. He is less likely then to attempt to deceive others. The mind is sometimes weaker than in health. Many Christians who would assuredly be saved have fallen into despair at last. The converse is also true. Some who expect to be saved have no just ground for their hope. 2. The tree was probably one of those mentioned in many which blossomed out of season and never bore good fruit. The fruit of a fig-tree appears always before the leaves. When, therefore, our Lord saw leaves on the tree at that unusual season, he would naturally expect to find figs. The cursing of the tree was merely an object lesson to impress on the disciples the evil of pretence. It was a type of the Jewish nation which had no real godliness while professing much. 3. Such a desire in a true Christian would indicate that the mind was temporarily unbalanced, and the man not responsible for his actions.

W. H. Moore, Austin, Tex. 1. Where is Nabopolassar, Nebuchadnezzar's father's name, found in the Bible? 2. Also, where can you find, to be sure your sin will find you out?"

It is not found in the Bible, but in the "Canon of Ptolemy," a valuable astronomical, geographical and chronological work, which contains the succession of Babylonian monarchs from 747 B. C. to 331 B. C. Ptolemy's statements concerning Nabopolassar, who inaugurated a new era in Babylonian history, are confirmed by Abydenus and Berosus, sources of whose writings have also been preserved. 2. See Numbers 32: 23.

Christian, New Haven, Conn. A young man who has spent much time in vocal training wishes to join some evangelist to assist as soloist for pecuniary gain, but to be using his talent for Jesus. Can you, through your columns, give information as to whether such work is [illegible] and how to become acquainted with any who might desire such services?

In the case of a majority of the successful evangelistic singers, it has not been necessary for them to exert themselves to secure such a connection. They sang so well and so acceptably in their own churches and Sunday schools, that evangelists began to send for them. We are assured by the most prominent of evangelistic singers that there is plenty of work for all who are even fairly good singers, and that talent of that description is in demand.

K. Clapp, Logan, Kan., writes, apropos of the letter of "Dumb Christian."

At thirteen I was baptized and joined the Church and tried to have faith that Christ saved me, but no change of heart such as others had experienced. I never received any light as to what was wrong with me until seven years afterward. It had always been impossible for me to talk of religion to my brothers, sisters and associates.

A dear old Christian lady explained to me where the trouble lay, and I determined in my heart, God helping me, I would talk, and submit my will to Him. As I began to take up the cross light began to stream in, and it grew brighter and brighter, until one evening it was like a great burst. The Book says, "faith without works is dead," and all those years I had only a dead faith. So many try to have faith when something must be cleared up in the heart before faith can save. "He that is ashamed of me and my words, of him will I be ashamed before my father and his angels."

M. E. J., Nevada, Iowa, writes:

In OUR MAIL-BAG of June 19, I noticed the letter under the head of "Dumb Christian." I think I ought to give my own experience. I was always an exceedingly timid nature, but from the time my conversion God helped me to take part in meeting. He did not let the people come up before me, but just my duty. But it was almost impossible for me to talk with anyone concerning my own personal experience. I supposed this was timidity. I was taken sick and was an invalid for some years. In the sick room I was much exercised concerning my spiritual condition. I decided that I was a Christian, but was still unwilling to talk. Then was led to see that if I was not a Christian, and was unwilling to say so, then my condition was alarming. I then decided that I must speak of it, looking to God for help. I did. Having spoken to one, I then could have told everybody, and then God made it known to me when I humbled myself that it was pride of heart that had hindered me from talking, and that Satan put it there. Sometimes persons came to my sick room whom I felt it my duty to talk with concerning their own salvation. While interesting them salvation, it was very difficult for me to pass with them, and I allowed some important opportunities to pass. I heard this text read: "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed," John 8: 16. I felt to make it my prayer for some time that the Son would make me free, that this I could talk freely on the subject of religion.

Jennie Wilson, Clarnida, Ia. We do not know of any series of articles on the subject.——[illegible] Taunton, Mass. No more are needed.——Subscriber. Yes; stamps will be received.——Old Reader, Weissert, Neb. Write to Cook & Sons, Tourist Agents, Broadway, New York, for all information regarding cost of trip to Palestine. All the questions you ask you will find answered in Talmage's book, *From Manger to Throne*, which is given as a premium to subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at $2.——Mrs. Henry Brock, Newburyport, Mass. No, he never did.——Subscriber. God knoweth the heart. The church will not receive into its members any of the practices of which you write.——Inquiring Subscriber. Concerning the dates you mention we should certainly draw a line at the second and the last three or four.——[illegible] Tiddle, Cal. No, his infidelity was shaken, but he was an unbeliever.——James Bonar, Kewanee, Ill. St. John's age is uncertain, but he is supposed by Irenæus and Eusebius, to have been between 90 and 95 of the Dionysian era, and by Epiphanius and others to have died between 100 and 120, and to have agreed that he reached a great age. 2. He changed.——Inquirer, Graduate State Normal School, Ill. We know of no other.——Mrs. C. T. Parkhurst, Howardsville, Va. It is not mentioned in the Bible.——Mrs. D. A. Hall, Milan Corners, Wis. Write to Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers, New York.——H. C. Leppert, Champaign, Ill. Thank you. Success has been in India and Africa. Statistics do not show what you want.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE MURDERED STATESMAN.

ALL Europe has been shocked by the assassination of M. Stambuloff, the ex Premier of Bulgaria. On July 15, he was attacked on a street of Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, by four men who shot and killed him. He was carried to his home, where he died July 18. His career has been an extraordinary one. He was first heard of outside the Bulgarian principality, in 1876, when he was one of the leaders of the liberal party. He was then thirty-three years of age. He had fought as a volunteer in the Russian army for the independence of his country and had been concerned in several of the plots for wresting it from Turkey. When the Berlin Conference, in 1878, formally decreed Bulgaria's independence, it was understood that the young state would be under the influence and tutelage of Russia. But Stambuloff aimed to make it a strong state, independent alike of Russia and Turkey. That Russia would oppose such an attempt was not to be expected. Alexander, the first Prince, was driven from his throne, and when Ferdinand of Coburg, the grandson of Louis Philippe, was invited, chiefly through Stambuloff's influence, to occupy his place, Russia sullenly refused to recognize him. Ferdinand has reigned for eight years without the sanction of Russia, but it was Stambuloff who really ruled the nation. He strove to make it an orderly, law-abiding country, and he speedily discovered that he had undertaken a stupendous task. Under Turkish rule the land had become infested with brigands and thieves who operated under the guise of patriotism. Stambuloff set to work to rid the country of them and proceeded like a despot, with small respect for legal forms. When he had a disturber of the public peace in his hands he showed no mercy, and if he found that the man was receiving Russian pay, Stambuloff was the more resolute in putting him to death. Russia at length realized that so long as Stambuloff was in power, Bulgaria would never become a vassal province. He was prepared to conciliate her and was anxious to secure her good will, but would not purchase it at the cost of his country's independence. Prince Ferdinand had no principles of the kind. He is not a Bulgarian, and so is not troubled about patriotism. He wanted Russian recognition, and there was little doubt that Stambuloff was sacrificed to obtain it. The statesman was deposed of his office about a year ago, and charges of maladministration were formulated against him. But there was always the possibility of his return to power, and that possibility could be removed only by his death. There was no need to move actively against him. During his administration he made many personal enemies who would be glad to kill him if there was any assurance that they would not be punished. Apparently the time came when they thought it was safe to do the murder and Stambuloff was slain. His death was the penalty he paid for his greatness and patriotism. But it was also a penalty of his own despotic acts. His enemies have applied to him his own methods. More than once he had caused life to be taken without legal justification, when he thought the interests of his country would be served by capital punishment. Now his own life is taken with the same disregard of law. The apostle's words have come true in another case than the one in which he used them: "As many as have sinned without law shall also perish without law." Rom. 2 : 12

An Involuntary Voyage.

A little craft arrived at New York on July 12, after a perilous voyage. On board were only a man and his wife and their two children, one of whom is seven years old, and the other an infant. They came from Bermuda. The man is a fisherman. Illnesses have been hard with him for some months past and he determined to remove to St. David's, another island of the Bermuda group, where he understood there were fewer fishermen and more fish. He put his few belongings on board his little fishing-boat and steered for St. David's. The boat is of the ordinary type, only twenty-five feet long, and has no cabin. He ought to have reached his destination early the following morning, but when the sun rose there was no land in sight. He had very slight knowledge of navigation, and could not imagine where he was. There was no way of finding out, so he concluded to keep on the same course, in the hope of falling in with some ship. It was not until July 5, that he came within speaking distance of any vessel. He had then been three weeks out of sight of land, the little stock of water and provisions he had on board was exhausted, and he had passed through a gale in which it took all his seamanship to keep his tiny craft from going to the bottom. His wife and children had borne up bravely, but they were suffering from exposure and deficiency of food. He was a hundred miles south of the Delaware capes when he was seen from a steamer. The captain told him his position, gave him food and water, and told him what course to steer to reach New York. One week later he entered port safely, having made a voyage of seven hundred miles, and been a month afloat, instead of the short voyage, occupying a few hours, that he intended to make when he set out. How often must he have regretted during the perils of that voyage that he had trusted to his own efforts to find his destination, and did not take compass or chart with him! There are many who start on the more dangerous voyage of life similarly ill-equipped, though guidance is freely offered to all who seek it.

THE LATE M. STAMBULOFF, EX-PREMIER OF BULGARIA.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. (Prov. 3 : 5, 6).

A Canine Hero.

A pathetic incident in connection with a burglary in New York, has just come to light. A gold-beater, whose offices are in Park Row, found on coming to work a few days ago, that burglars had been at work on his safes. The combination plates had been wrenched off and holes drilled for the insertion of blasting powder. Something appeared to have frightened the criminals, for they had decamped so hastily that they did not wait to gather up their tools. The gold-beater found drills and wrenches and other implements scattered on the floor, just as the burglars had dropped them when they were disturbed. In front of one of the safes was the dead body of the gold-beater's dog. It showed marks of a terrible struggle. The dog had evidently fought fiercely and had turned at bay at the last in front of one of the safes, and had died defending it. The contents of the safe were worth a large sum, as besides money there was a quantity of gold for use in the business, stored there. The owner will have the dog's skin stuffed and placed over the safe he defended. He can truthfully inscribe under it as an epitaph, that the dog was faithful to his trust until death. This would be a better world if the same epitaph could be as truthfully inscribed on the tombstone of every man. It is not often in these days that men are called on to die for Christ; but sometimes there come crises in which fidelity to Christian principle involves the loss of fortune, worldly possessions and social obloquy. But these are as nothing compared with the reward God promises to those who keep their integrity.

Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life. (Rev. 2 : 10.)

Mistaken Identification.

A woman's trick has involved several persons in misery, according to the Wisconsin correspondent of the "New York Times." It appears that at Iron City, Wis., there was a family consisting of a man and his wife and three children, one of whom was an infant. They did not lead a very happy life, owing to the temper of the wife, which was capricious and violent. Last September there was an outbreak that was worse than usual, and the woman announced that she would go away and stay with some friends at Hinckley, Minn. She left, taking her baby with her. Soon afterward, the forest fires broke out, devastating Hinckley, and her husband saw among the names of the dead those of the people with whom she said she would make her home. He went to Hinckley, located the ruins of the house, and found near them the body of a woman and child, which were burned beyond recognition. He believed them to be the bodies of his wife and child and had them decently interred. He removed with his two children to Canada, and early this year married a young lady who had been kind to the children and who made him an affectionate wife. They were living happily, when to their consternation, the man's first wife appeared. She had not been at Hinckley, but at the home of her mother at St. Paul and had stayed there, not communicating with her husband, expecting that he would be distressed and brought to a condition of subjection by her absence. The second marriage, of course, is not valid, and the young wife and her family are in deep distress. The husband also is heartbroken over the misery he has inadvertently caused them. The woman herself who caused the trouble, doubtless also deplores the consequences of her escapade, but there is no way of undoing the wrong. That is the saddest feature of all evil, that wrong-doers cause suffering to others beside themselves, and often it is irretrievable.

None of us liveth to himself. (Rom. 14 : 7).

A Tramping Heir.

A lawyer from Chicago has just succeeded in discovering an heir to a fortune. He found him in a California poor-house. More than forty years ago, he had some acquaintance with the man, but has not seen him since until now. Ten years ago, the lawyer heard that inquiries were being made for his old friend under the stereotyped formula, that if he would come forward, he would hear of something to his advantage. He tried to find the man, but could not. Recently he saw a notice that an estate in England was about to be divided among the heirs, of whom his friend was one, and a warning that if he did not present himself before a certain date, he would be excluded from participation. The lawyer then made another and more energetic effort to find him and has succeeded. He traced him to California, and finally found him in a poor house in Los Angeles County. For twenty years past, the old man has been in dire poverty, and for more than ten years has been living the life of a tramp. He came to this country from England fifty years ago. He was a young man then, and made a good income, but he lost his savings in speculation, and afterwards he lost heart and energy. The share of the estate that now falls to him is valued at $75,000. He might have received it ten years ago, if he had known that he was entitled to it. Now that he does know, there will be no delay in his claiming it. He will not act as too many people do who hear from the pulpit of the heavenly inheritance that has been purchased for them, but who never make any effort to gain possession of it.

The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it. (Heb. 4 : 2).

BRIEF NOTES.

The New York State Camp at Peekskill is again this year having the services of the Y. M. C. A. A service of song is held every evening shortly before tatoo, in addition to the other services, and it is well attended.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has just issued its annual report. Its receipts for the year were $1,[illegible] which is [illegible] of the preceding year by $4[illegible]. The number of volumes issued during the year was 3,837,222, of which 2,185,656 were in foreign lands.

A Recent Scientific Traveler in Palestine publishes as the result of his observations, that the Sea of Galilee which is 800 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, is fast becoming like the Dead Sea, with dense water and salt formations on its banks. The traveler believes that the bottom of the sea is sinking and that greater changes in it are impending.

Dr. Arthur Brooks, Rector of the Church of the Incarnation, New York, and a brother of the late Bishop Phillips Brooks, died at sea while on his voyage home. He went to Europe to recuperate, but became worse, and hastened his return in the hope that he might not die until he was among his own people. He was highly esteemed by a large circle of friends.

Mr. John Burnett, of Emporium, Pa., writes us that a wonderful work of grace is in progress in that town. It began with services held by Mr. T. H. Osborn in the M. E. Church of which Dr. Deavor is pastor. Three hundred persons joined the church on probation during the progress of the services, and on July 7 another addition of seventy-nine was made to the membership.

The American Bible Society's Seventy-ninth annual report shows that a million and a half volumes were circulated during the year. The work in China and Japan has been far larger than in any previous year, the opportunity for distribution furnished by the armies in the field having been greater. The home field has not been neglected. Over 34,000 families have been supplied with the Bible.

Dr. Joseph J. Lampe, of New York, who became conspicuous in the presentation of Dr. Briggs, has been elected to the chair of Biblical Theology in the Omaha Theological Seminary. Dr. Lampe has not yet signified his acceptance of the office, but it is hoped that he will do so, as his talents and attainments are of that order which will be appreciated in a Western Seminary, and his orthodoxy will inspire confidence in the Assembly.

The Baptist Conference for Bible Study has now fully organized by the election of Rev. T. M. Eliass President and Rev. T. D. Hervas, Secretary. It has been decided to hold a public conference next November in the Central Baptist Church, Bridge Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. [illegible] may be obtained by writing to Geo. B. Forrester, Esq., 382 Bridge Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. [illegible] of enrollment and subscriptions for expenses of the Conference.

Mrs. A. S. Elseffer, Secretary of the New York Flower Mission, writes us that arrangements have been made for the reception of gifts of fruit, flowers, and jellies at 104 East Twentieth street on Mondays and Thursdays during the summer. The mission has a number of [illegible] on its list to whom it distributes the gifts sent to it. They are very welcome, and the mission would be glad to extend its work if more gifts came. Newspapers are not needed. The express companies will carry parcels free if they do not exceed twenty pounds weight.

An Effort which has Proved Very Helpful to poor people has been made by St. Bartholomew's Church in New York. It has established at 211 East Forty-second street a free employment bureau. It is conducted with the utmost care, and persons seeking employment [illegible] frank as to their past record. This fact gives employers confidence in its operations, and persons recommended by it are accepted readily. It has found places for 250 persons a month on an average since it was opened, and its work has been a real help to needy persons seeking employment.

Dr. E. W. Gilman, of the American Bible Society, has received the disquieting news that six native colporteurs have been arrested in China on suspicion of being Japanese spies. They had been sent on a book-selling tour through Northern Kianysu and Nganhui. The American consul succeeded in getting them released, but the general feeling against [illegible] in Szechuen province where the missions have been completely wrecked. Repeated and urgent appeals for help are coming from missionaries in imminent [illegible]

Little Lian of Amoy.

The Story of a Young Chinese Convert, as Related by Miss K. M. Talmage.

THE following pathetic incident of mission life in China comes from Miss K. M. Talmage, who is laboring for Christ at Amoy, where her late father preached and taught for forty five years:

One of the most pitiful cases I have seen of late was that of a little girl whose name was Lian, or Lily, as we should call her in America. I have seen a good deal of her for a year past, and her sad lot interested me deeply. She was given away when a very little child, so she does not know anything about her parents. She was adopted into the family to be a slave, and was made to work, probably being neither well fed nor kindly treated. When quite small, she developed hip disease. She was taken to a hospital for treatment, but not cured. Then she was sold into another family, and four dollars were paid for earnest money. There she was made to do a good deal of washing, and had to stand much in the wet, which brought on a return of her disease. The woman who paid the four dollars, finding she was going to be ill, returned her to her former owners.

Some two or more years ago I was spoken to about little Lian for the first time. A woman told me that a heathen family had a little girl whom they would like to give to me. I asked the age of the child, and was told that she was twelve. At once I knew that there must be something wrong with the child to make the family willing to give her away without receiving money for her. I found her to be a little cripple, not able to do much, and so her owners wished to be rid of her. When I went to her home I found her sitting on a low bench before a low table, making the paper that is most used in idol worship, painting on the gilt with a brush.

The woman whom she called mother said: "Ko-niu, you can have Lian, and she can worship God." I felt very sorry for the child, to see how her life was made miserable, not only by physical pain, but by being told how much she was in the way, and how useless she was. I told the woman how very wrong it was to treat a suffering child that way; that the child was hers, and she should love and care for her. She said a great deal about being poor and being unable to support her, and said over and over again that she wished to give her to me. For the sake of the child I at last promised to have her taken to the hospital, and to see that she was provided for while there, but said that when the hospital closed in the summer, she must let her come home. The mother was not very well pleased with the last part of the contract, but as she saw I was firm, she gave a very unwilling consent. She meant to break the contract after the child was off her hands.

So little Lian was taken to the hospital where I had been matron, when I came from home. She was there a long time and has suffered so much. Sometimes she was so much better that we were in hopes she might get well enough to go to school, but she grew worse again. One day, after she had been lying on her bed for some weeks with fever and pain, I said to her, "Are you not very tired? Your body must be very sore and ache a good deal lying on that hard bed." She looked up and smiled and said, "How did you know that?" She had not complained to me at all. One day I saw her alone and she looked very ill, so I said, "If Jesus wishes to take you home to heaven, instead of making you well, will you be happy to go?" She said, "Yes, I am very happy to go," and seemed to be very peaceful. Lian learned a good many hymns and a great deal about Jesus. She was always in the room when we spoke to the patients on dispensing days so, though often too tired to listen, still she could not help but learn something, hearing of Jesus week after week.

The woman hired to take care of her was not very faithful to her trust, so after the summer vacation, the mother was hired to look after her. At first she came only for the money and was not very kind to the child. But being in the hospital and hearing the Gospel message week after week, she, too, seemed much interested, and the good seed began to take root in her heart. She seemed to grow kinder and more loving to the child. Often when I was speaking to the women she would say, "Every word is true!" and tell the women that it was through the love of God that Lian was cared for, or that there was a hospital where they could come to be healed.

She said that when she spoke of making idolatrous paper again, Lian told her that it would not be right at all, so she was not doing it any more. She attended church quite regularly while at the hospital, and since Lian's death I hear she has been very regular in her attendance.

About five or six weeks ago on returning from a trip of three weeks to visit some station, I found Lian looking very ill. The disease had gone to her lungs. I went to see her on one Sunday and had a meeting with all the in-patients.

We read about the glories of heaven from Revelation. The women all seemed much interested. And it was not many days before our little Lian went to join the number who stand before the throne clothed in white robes, having washed them white in the blood of the Lamb.

A GIRL SERVANT IN CHINA.

A TRIUMPH OF MISSIONS.

It is doubtful whether in the whole history of Foreign Missionary work a record can be found to parallel in rapidity and prosperity the record just made public of the Malaysian Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Malay Peninsula has long been regarded as a most unpromising field for Christianity. It is a long straggling strip of land, extending like a long finger from Siam, and almost touching the equator. Its people and its customs combined to discourage missionary effort, and one and another has turned away from it in despair. But the seed has been planted and the story of the planting is worth studying.

The Malaysian Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church has been in existence only ten years. When Bishop Thoburn brought Rev. W. F. Oldham to Singapore from the Bengal Conference in February, 1885, he brought no salary with him. Self-support and trust in God were the watchwords of the Mission from the first, and this perhaps is the secret of its success. After holding a series of meetings and organizing a church of about ten members from those who were thus gathered in, the bishop sailed again for India, and left Singapore's first Methodist preacher without any visible means of subsistence. Dr. Oldham at once began to support himself by teaching, and he shortly opened a school, which has had a wonderful development, and is said to be now the largest mission school in the far east, the average daily attendance being over 500.

For the first few years the whole life of the Mission centred around this school. The scholars were mainly from the well-to-do class of "Straits-born" Chinese, and it was through the liberality of the parents and other patrons of the school that the first school-house was built, in which the missionaries and boarding-school boys and one or two teachers all lived under one roof. At the beginning of 1888, three years after the arrival of Dr Oldham, the school was paying the salaries of two additional married missionaries, who had just arrived on the field. These new workers taught in the school all day, and studied the native languages as best they could in their spare time.

The spiritual work among the English-speaking population of Singapore had in the meanwhile been granted such success that there was a fully-organized church prepared to support its own pastor, and a minister was sent out in the following year for this congregation, which to the present time continues to support a pastor.

During the first four years little or no direct evangelistic work was done among the natives, but in 1890 thirty-one adult Chinaman were recorded as members of the church. The total membership of the Malaysia Mission is now 413, of which number about 100 are Europeans and Eurasians, about eighty are Tamils, thirty-one are Malays and Malay-speaking Chinese, and nearly all of the remaining 200 are of the laboring class of Chinamen.

The staff of the Mission now consists of three lady missionaries, (deaconesses), ten wives of missionaries, and fifteen male missionaries who are members of Conference; and out of these twenty-eight workers at least sixteen are already sufficiently acquainted with one or more of the native languages to preach and do other direct evangelistic work among the natives. There are now five native preachers regularly employed, and two or three natives are studying for the ministry. Two new mission stations have been opened during the five years, namely: Penang, where three married missionaries are now at work, and Ipoh, in the native state of Perak, where one married missionary is stationed; two other stations in the vicinity of Penang will be opened during the year if possible. No less than sixteen day schools are now reported, and the number of scholars has increased from 510 to 1668. The number of Sunday Schools has increased with even greater rapidity, fifteen new schools having been added to the one existing five years and the number of Sunday School scholars has increased from 100 to 556.

Another institution called the Deaconess Home is a wonderful centre of Christian influence; twenty-nine native girls have been boarded at the Home during the year. The boys' orphanage is a similar institution for the young people of the opposite sex. It was commenced two years ago, and twenty-three boys are now accommodated. The Soldiers' Home has also been in existence for two years. It is doing a most successful work, and, being supported by local contributions, is in no way chargeable to the Mission funds. As we read the record we say in wonder, "What hath God wrought?"

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CITY.

London's present population is in excess of 4,211,743, which are the figures of the last census. Forty-four per cent. are engaged in personal labor of some sort. Of these workers of both sexes in round numbers, 190,000 are described as professional, 301,000 as domestic, 340,000 as commercial, and 1,000 as industrial, the total occupied classes numbering nearly 2,000,000. Of the industrials, builders and carpenters account for 115,000, mechanics and laborers for 116,000 and "dress" for more than 200,000, about seventy per cent. of whom are women.

OUR CHRISTIAN WORKERS

IX.—MISS L. M. LAWSON.

AMORE undesirable p of property than the Barracks at Atlanta, could not have found in the city, years ago. It wa building erected du the Civil War for temporary accommodation of the soldi. Repairs of all kinds were needed to kee

MISS L. M. LAWSON.

standing, and paint and whitewash ev where to make it habitable by decent ple. But there were two advantages a the property that commended it to Mis M. Lawson, who ultimately became purchaser of it. The house was cheap it was large and roomy. Furniture supplies were given by Miss Laws friends, and in March, 1890, the house came, "The Leonard Street Orph Home." The beneficiaries were little ored orphan girls. In a city like Atl a hotel of that kind would not be likel have any lack of guests. Poor as house was, and small as were the mea comfort within it, the place was a haven of rest and a home of delight t poor orphans for whom it was prov Miss Lawson soon had all the children der her care that could be accommodat

For five years this Home has been a hive of industry. The little girls have the school advantages of Spelman Se ary, one of the best girls' schools in South, and they have learned in the h sewing, knitting, cooking and ge housework. More important than all the main object Miss Lawson had in in establishing the Home, they hav ceived Christian training. Miss La was anxious that they should not on be intelligent, but truthful, virtuous and p Her effort was to bring them up as parents might be expected to train thei spring and she has a firm belief that they become Christian girls, truly con ed to God, there is no real ground for fidenee in their future. Religious teac has, therefore, been as prominent as in trial training in her programme and it has been remarkably blest of God.

Few ladies could have brought to a task qualities and experience so well to qualify one for its performance. Lawson is a grand-daughter of the fa Loring Williams, who was Brainerd' sociate in his mission work among th dians. In her youthful days she wa of the earnest band of ladies who la among the miners of Utah under the pices of the New West Education So During her labors there, the hardshi the life among the snows and storms mountains impaired her health forcin at last to seek refuge in a Southern c for the rebuilding of her constitution. went to Chattanooga, Tenn., whe some time she had charge of a hom colored children. There she learned sore was the need of a home for c orphans, and it lay on her heart t could bear it no longer. Her small sa seemed to her an offering to be conse to Christ through the little ones, and s home was established. It costs from to a hundred dollars a month to fee clothe the children, and hitherto the who know the value of the Home, supplied the funds for its support.

A SLUM-CHILD'S PRAYER.

THE evening sky was cloudless; between the tall chimneys on the roof a big star was looking down into the court on the group of boys and girls at one end who shouting the latest street and on the little girl at the other end, was sitting on a doorstep, her elbows knees, resting her white face on her The child was looking back at the etween the chimney pots and praying, ering softly to herself—

ease, God A'mighty, childerin all to go away in the coun- Amen."

zie! Lizzie!" A call ed the child. She got up an quickly upstairs.

es, mother—acomin'."

'hat are yer adoin' there downstep?"

Lzie looked up into her er's bloated face with a ened look in her black

'were apravin'."

'hat? A prayin' are yer? ut 'ur?"

ster said we was to ask send some one to take ay in the country."

Jones gave a loud "W'ats childerin a-com- ?" she said. Then, turn- o Lizzie, "Leave off yer ' an' cut across to the sa- is fast as yer legs 'll carry r a pint."

Lzie took the can and trot- ff downstairs. The big as still looking down in- e court. "Please, God, forget," she whispered, e pushed back the swing- oor of the shop. When arted off home again, she she would have to stay rs when she got back, and now she could not pray in oom when mother was ng, as she was to-night, e lifted her thin face to the ar above. "Please, God ghty, me nor John nor ba- or none of us has ever he fields, an' we wants to wers, so please don't for-

ish! She tripped over the tone; every drop of the was spilt. "Mother 'll me!" wailed the child, got up and crept home. Jones was waiting. her, I couldn't help it. I over the kerb stone.'

er varmint:" cried the wo- "I'll kill yer. Take that, at." And she kicked and the child till she was less.

h, mother," pleaded the "I couldn't help it. I was in'."

hen I'll teach yer to pray spill yer mother's beer. be off to bed an' don't yer ugly face agin ter-

Lzie crept into bed and turned her tear-stained face to the all. She was smarting all ove with the blows and kicks her other had given her.

od," she muttered rever- ent, between her sobs, "please God don't forget about the coury, please, please," she whispered softly, with a faith wo erful and child-like, and with the pe- tio on her lips she fell asleep.

MONSTROUS FOSSIL FISH.

One of the recent discoveries made by sci ists in the ocean's bed are sufficient to nce those critics who affect to despise the lief that in ancient times there were gig tic fishes as well as land animals. Pro Charles F. Holder writes on this sub- jec "There once was a time when every- thi seemed to attain gigantic size. There we sea serpents as long and longer than the hales of to-day. Sharks one hundred fee ong; crab-like creatures as long as ma as the wonderful pterygotus, and, mo remarkable than all, the shells that to-day are, as a rule, small and delicate, and used in the main as ornaments and curiosities, that in some instances attained gigantic proportions. A diver, in walking along at the sea bottom, would have seen suddenly looming up before him in the distance an object like a gigantic telescope, yet poised in the midwater. At one end projected long arms that waved to and fro, or resembled the pliable spokes of a wheel without a tire. This strange creature was possibly twenty feet in length, and according to Dr. Newbury, the eminent geologist, must have weighed several tons. It was the giant of all shells, the orthoceras titan—truly a titantic monster.

"Some years ago some workmen in the Middle states came upon a number of these shells buried in an ancient beach. The discoverers thought they were cart-wheels, and a local paper facetiously announced the discovery of a fossil chariot wheel, spokes and all. The great shell was as high as some of the boys who stood by, being four feet and a half in height, and resembling a rude wheel. In an attempt to discover the nature of the find it was cut in two, with a stone saw, thus exposing the partitions, which were filled with earth. One of these stone shells weighed several hundred pounds, and, when alive, must have been a singular object, as inverted, in all probability, it moved along the bottom, dragged by its many-armed occupant."

HOMEWARD BOUND.

"A CITY WHICH HATH FOUNDATIONS."—*Heb. 11. 10.*

L. E. JONES, arr. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Homeward bound, homeward bound by the blest nar - row way, That leads to the
2. Homeward bound, homeward bound to the home of the soul, Where wild storm - y
3. Homeward bound, homeward bound to that coun - try so fair, Where wea - ry ones
land that is bright-er than day; Though the shadows are fall-ing, and eve - ning is nigh,
bil - lows of earth nev - er roll; Where the Lord of all glo - ry is ev er the Light,
nev - er know sor - row and care; Where the burdens and cross-es of earth are laid down,
Yet the rays from the cross point the way to the sky, To the cit - y of gold
Where the ran-som'd shall walk in their gar-ments of white, With the friends on that shore
And the vic - tors re-ceive from their Sav - iour a crown, Where the glo - ri - fied sing
with its glo - ry un - told; Homeward bound, homeward bound, Home - ward bound.
we shall part nev - er - more; Homeward bound, homeward bound, Home - ward bound.
at the feet of their King; Homeward bound, homeward bound, Home - ward bound.
Homeward bound, homeward bound.

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THE MISSING ONES.

Reasons for Expecting that Christ's Waiting People will be Removed Before His Coming in Judgment.

BY PROF. JOHN BAYFORD, F.S.A.

Continued from page 481.

IT was doubtless in reference to the truth of the resurrection and the rapture that the Lord Jesus made use of those remarkable words at the grave of Lazarus, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die"—in other words if paraphrased, "the believer, though his life be departed, and he sleep the sleep of death, shall be made alive, notwithstanding, according to my word; for I will raise him up at the last day: and he who believeth in me, and remaineth alive at my coming, shall be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and shall not pass through death. His vile body shall be changed at once, that it may be fashioned like unto my glorious body, according to the working whereby I am able to subdue all things unto myself."

The Scriptures by no means intimate that all then on earth, who shall ultimately be saved, shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, upon the manifestation of his second advent. A special reward is spoken of, in that day, to be given to "all them that love his appearing," (II. Tim. 4: 8)—"To them that look for him." (Heb. 11: 28)—"To them that may be accounted worthy to escape the things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man." (Luke 21: 36)—"To those servants whom their Lord when he cometh shall find watching." (Luke 12: 37).

What can be inferred from these and many similar passages, but that some servants will not be found watching? that some of the Lord's people will be found sowing to the flesh; and that some, thinking that the Lord "delayeth his coming," when he doth indeed come, will be found in the very act of smiting their fellow servants, and eating and drinking with the drunken? (See Matt. 24: 48.)

It is no explanation of these Scriptures to assert, as some have done, that the persons here spoken of cannot be of the Lord's people; they are called his servants in express terms—there are spoken of as being of his household; and further, in reply to Peter's question in Luke 12: 41, our Lord answers that these things are said expressly to his followers, his disciples; adding, as in v. 45 and 46, that the Lord of that evil servant, who thus transgresses, will come upon that servant when he is not aware, and will cut him off (see margin), and will appoint him his portion with the unbelievers. This servant is not an unbeliever, yet he hath his portion appointed unto him, even with them.

The word of the Lord, notwithstanding, abideth forever, and it is written, "he that believeth shall be saved;" and it is again written, in reference to that day, "And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Acts 2: 21). May it not, therefore, be inferred, upon a comparison of these Scriptures, that they who are not found watching and walking worthy, will not be allowed to attain the blessed privilege of being caught up to meet the Lord in the air, but will be left in their mortal bodies on the earth, to take their portion with the world for a season, and going through the tribulation of Antichrist, until it shall please the Lord to deliver them?

A FAR-SIGHTED RELIGION.

Preached in Hanson Place M. E. Church, Brooklyn, by Dr. Louis Albert Banks.

Text: "*He that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off.*" II. Pet. 1: 9.

THE interest of our study naturally centres in what is contained in "these things"—for they are the lenses through which we are to obtain far-off views of life and destiny. We have them stated for us with great simplicity in the verses which precede our text. It is interesting to note the suggestion that it is the diligent soul that will be able to use these spiritual glasses. Sleepy eyes never see anything. The victors of life are those who consecrate themselves to earnestness and diligence. The greatest successes are first won in the inner man. The most important battles are first fought on the battle-field of the soul.

> There is a solemn battle-field
> In every human breast,
> Where two opposing forces meet,
> And where they seldom rest.
> That field is veiled from mortal sight—
> 'Tis only seen by One
> Who knows alone where victory lies
> When each day's fight is done.

The first great lens of the Christian soul is faith—a faith like that which Abraham had, who, though he dwelt in a desert, lived in constant view of "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." As Thomas King once eloquently declared, such a faith gilds the horizon of our being with a heavenly glory.

The statement of our text is daily verified in the case of those who, in the absence of this faith, experience a pitiable blankness and barrenness of soul. In the absence of faith, the body weighs us down; we are helpless prisoners in it. We forget our native realm and come easily to believe that the grave is the goal of life. Every argument that can be brought for immortality is of little avail. Even the resurrection of Christ is a wonderful story, merely, to a thorough sensualist whose aspirations have never reached beyond pleasure and the present; whose meditations, sent forth like doves from the floating ark of life, have never brought back a green and budding promise of that solid land.

To feel a conviction of immortality, we must live for it. Let any one firmly believe that the soul is permanent, and live from that belief, and soon existence will seem permanent, too,—the world becomes the veil of a brighter glory that lies behind it: the condemnation of unbelief is lifted off, since the mind conscious of its own rooted being does not wait for immortality, "but is passed from death unto life."

Such a faith renews the youth of the one who obtains his visions of life through it. "They tell me I am growing old," said the great Scotch preacher, Dr. Guthrie, "because my hair is silvered, and there are crow's feet upon my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as of yore; but they are mistaken; that is not I. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not I. This is the house in which I live; but I am young—younger now than I ever was be-

Virtue is the next lens which Peter mentions in his conditions of a far-sighted soul. We are to understand by this word virtue, moral goodness, a conforming of our lives to the requirements of the moral law. The man whose habit it is to live like that will acquire what may be called a moral sense, which gives not only a clear vision of what is right and wrong, but enables the virtuous soul to peer through the fog and sophistry of worldly standards, and know intuitively that which is right. It is a very common thing for young peo-

ous sweets of sin to imagine that they are very sharp and shrewd, but we may be sure that it is only the truly virtuous soul that is clear-headed. A world-wide traveler relates that he was sitting one day at table at a restaurant in Paris, when he was unintentionally the hearer of a conversation in a language it was supposed by the speakers he did not understand. A young fellow from London was telling his French tutor of the "very remarkable" conquest he had made upon the boulevards. The "simple youth," as Solomon calls him, was so charmed with his success in so unexpected a quarter, that he poured into the ear of his friend such a romance as might, he believed, constitute the plot of a modern novel. What was his evident surprise to hear from the Parisian, as he pushed back his plate in unconcealed weariness, "My young friend, I have heard all of that more than a thousand times. And one could see by the change that came over the countenance of the "young man devoid of understanding," that he had learned that instead of being a charmer, he was simply a dupe. And any one hearing me to-night who imagines that somehow he can cheat God, and sow to the wind and not reap the whirlwind, may be assured that when he is called upon to pay the cost of his sin, as he undoubtedly will be, he will find the bitterest ingredient in the penalty to be the patent proof that, instead of being a world-conqueror he is only one more fool added to the long row.

Among the Japanese the god of thunder is represented by the most frightful features that can be devised for the countenance of any being at all resembling man. And to this creature the name Ema is given. It is a proverb in the Sunrise Kingdom that "when the sinner comes to settle, he will see Ema's face." It is only the straightforward, genuine soul that can confront all emergencies and fear nothing. How pitiable is all affectation compared to real genuineness of character!

Henry Clay used to relate a story which to his mind illustrated the surpassing tact and natural good manners of American women: During a presidential campaign, after he had addressed a mass-meeting in a Kentucky town, one of the neighboring farmers invited him to a dinner at an early date to meet some of the leading Whigs of the country. When the day arrived, Mr. Clay rode up to the farm-house and was surprised to see no stir of preparation, for the hospitable Kentuckians usually found no banquet too rich for their beloved leader. The farmer's wife, in a home-spun gown and white apron, was feeding the chickens. She turned, startled, then approached him smiling.

"It is Mr. Clay! Come in. My husband will be here in a moment."

She led him directly into her clean, cheerful kitchen, and blew the horn to summon her husband and sons, giving them a warning look as they entered.

"I knew," Mr. Clay said, "there was a blunder somewhere. But there was no hint of it in my hostess' manner, as she soon after composedly placed the single dish of food on the table, and invited us to be seated. The dish was pig's jowl and cabbage, and was exceedingly well cooked. I never enjoyed a meal more, or listened to better talk. When the dinner was over, and I was preparing to mount my horse, the farmer's wife came out.

"'You will dine with us to-morrow, and meet the politicians as you promised, Mr. Clay?' she said. 'We are so honored and grateful by you coming to us alone to-day.'"

The next day a large company of men sat down to a royal dinner. "But," said Henry Clay, "I enjoyed the jowl and cabbage most. It had the flavor of the finest hospitality."

That was a social triumph of the true lady. She had self-composure because she had self-respect and was sure of her ground. Real virtue and goodness is like that. It is in the blood and fibre of the very being. There is a certain self-respect of righteousness, a calmness and a composure, a clear-eyedness of virtue that can never be possessed except by the soul conscious of its genuineness in God's sight.

The Apostle points out here two other lenses—knowledge and temperance—that ought to be born in every one of us by the every-day experience and observation of our lives. As another well says, we ought to be glad, as the years fly and the white hairs and the wrinkles come, that we can win the precious gift of experience from life's treasury, and correct by it our false standards and narrow prejudices. The experiences of life which we are passing through are only of value to us because of the knowledge we are able to obtain and make our own as we pass along the journey. If we are really growing with the years, we shall know it by the deepening of the channel of experience, the rich treasures of knowledge we have gathered, and the temperance and moderation which we have gained in life's school. One may be as old as Methuselah, but if he has gained no knowledge as he has gone along the way, he is yet blind and cannot see afar off. As Dr. Barrows so beautifully says: "It matters not how rudely the winds of fate may shake the time tree, sweeping down the fairest leaves and buds, if we find something within us unshaken, and have made our profit out of every loss as well as every gain. The main thing, in fact the only thing—is to deepen the channel of experience year by year, as we march on, pitching our tent, building our campfire, and leaving behind us graves and broken hopes, and shattered fortunes, tears, sighs, memories sad and sweet—all that part of us that perishes as we die daily, yet live eternally to God."

Patience is another lens through which we are to behold the beautiful visions that are afar off. There is no nobler grace than patience. How many of us come to sorrow through our impatience! Mrs. Browning tells in a poem the story of a little flower that prayed that it might come out before the other flowers, and be in advance of the spring, and said: "How all nature will hail me, how the birds will sing at my advent, how the sun will shine upon me, how the air will stoop and kiss my petals!" And the prayer was granted, and it came before its time, and the snow looked scornfully on it, and said, "Who are you that is like a bit of the snow?" and there were no birds to sing, and the sun hid itself, and the rain was cold and bitter, and the impatient little flower that begged to be born before its time, died before its time. Patience is serene and beautiful, whether in the palace or the hovel. Bishop Horne says of patience: "Behold her appearance and attire! Her countenance is calm and serene as the face of heaven, unspotted by the shadow of a cloud; and no wrinkle of grief or anger is seen in her forehead. Her eyes are as the eyes of doves for meekness, and on her eyebrows sit cheerfulness and joy. Her mouth is lovely in silence; her complexion and color, that of innocence and security; she is clothed in the robes of the martyrs, and in her hands she holds a sceptre in the form of a cross. She is not in the whirlwind and stormy tempest of passion, but her throne is the humble and contrite heart, and her kingdom is the kingdom of peace."

The next lens in this Christian observatory is godliness. And this is true whether we take the word to mean that we shall endeavor to become like God, or whether we shall come to meditate upon him and see him in all things, great or small, in the world about us. Many a fog-cloud is cleared away when we can see God in everything, when we can sing with the poet:

> "I say it over and over, and yet again to-day;
> It rests my heart as surely as it did yesterday:
> 'It is the Lord's appointment!'
> Whatever my work may be,
> I am sure in my heart of hearts,
> He has offered it for me.
>
> "I must say it over and over, and again to-day,
> For my work is somewhat different from yesterday:
> 'It is the Lord's appointment!'
> It quiets my restless will
> Like a wise and tender mother,
> And my heart and will are still.
>
> "I will say it over and over, this and every day,
> Whatsoever the Master orders, come what may:
> 'It is the Lord's appointment!'
> For only His love can see
> What is wisest best and right,
> What is truly good for me."

If we rightly appreciate our own relation to God it is easy to look through the next lens, which is brotherly kindness. If you want to find a glass that will show you into the secret depths of the human heart, this is the one to use. Bishop Weaver tells the story of a young lawyer who ... ited a hospital, and sat down by a cot ... talked kindly to a poor, miserable wr... The man drew the bed-clothes over his ... and wept as if his heart would break. W... he could speak he said, "You are the ... man that has spoken a kind word to ... and I can't stand it." Men may t... and talk as they please, but observ... and experience will teach any man of ... mon sense, that the nearest, most ... path to the human heart is brotherly ... ness. John Boyle O'Reilly sings:

> "'What is the real good?'
> I asked in a musing mood.
>
> 'Order,' said the court;
> Knowledge, said the school;
> Truth, said the wise man;
> Pleasure, said the fool;
> Beauty, said the page;
> Freedom, said the dreamer;
> Home, said the sage;
> Fame, said the soldier;
> Equity, the seer;—
> Spake my heart full sadly:
> 'The answer is not here.'
>
> "Then within my bosom
> Softly this I heard:
> 'Each heart holds the secret:
> Kindness is the word.'"

How much we lose in spiritual visi... illuminating the hearts of those we ... through failing to express at a time ... it is needed, the brotherly kindness th... often feel! Bishop Henry C. Potter ... that several years ago a number of ... guished men gathered in Calvary Ch... New York City, to bear their testi... to the life and influence of Dr. E... Washburn. One after another—P... Brooks and others like him—rose in ... places in the crowded church study ... what they owed to the genius, the ... spirit, the unswerving loyalty to dut... splendid courage, the rare scholarshi... philosophic insight, the prophetic utte... of Edward Washburn. At last the ... mony was done. At the door all th... there had stood a slender woman, wh... been during his life nearest to him of ... they had been speaking. "I never ... forget her face," says Bishop Potter ... passion of it and the pathos of it, n... power, tender but reproachful, with ... she spoke, when at length we were ... 'Oh, if you all loved Edward so, ... didn't you tell him of it while he live ..."

One who has mastered the sp... brotherly kindness has already ... through the lens of love—love to ... and love to man. Paul says: "W... him because he first loved us." It ... knowledge of God's love that wins ... Without that precious knowledge w... sing, tremblingly:

> "Oh, how I fear thee, living God,
> With deepest, tenderest fear,
> And worship thee with humble hope,
> And penitential tears!"

But when we see God's loving he... are able to sing with joy:—

> "Yet do I love thee, too, O Lord!
> Almighty as thou art,
> For thou hast stooped to ask of me
> The love of my poor heart."

If we accustom ourselves to the ... these glorious glasses that belong ... observatory of the soul, our hearts ... beat in sympathy with Dr. A. J. G... who has so recently ceased to sing o... that he might join the singers on hig...

> "I shall see the King in His beauty
> In the land that is far away,
> When the shadows at length have l...
> And the darkness has turned to ...
>
> "To behold the Chief of ten thousa...
> Ah! My soul, this were joy enoug...
> 'Twill suffice for the bliss of heaven
> That the Lamb is the light thereof.

FAREWELL TO A CHRISTIAN SU...ER.

Sometime during Philip Phillips' l... illnes, and when it was clear that the S... Pilgrim was going home very soon ... Dr. Talmage sent him from the We... characteristic and cheering note of g... and farewell:

LINCOLN, NEB., June ...

MY FRIEND OF MANY YEARS, PHILIP PH... hear you are going home. I congratul... When you get home kiss for me the scarred ... him who was slain to redeem us. When ... any of my kindred tell them that I expect ... them through grace that saves the chief of ... Cheer up! Cheer up! It will not be a ... between your weary pillow and the City of ... As you go in among the ransomed to resu... work of Christian song reserve for me a ... by the door. Multitudes who were bles... your singing all around the world, will ... shining gate to welcome you. Good-by! ... good-by!

T. DEWITT TA...

Feudal Homes of Japan.

What are Highly Picturesque and Contrast Strangely with European Castles.

JAPANESE is a real lover of nature. If cultured and rich, he does not expend energies and fortune, as too many wealthy occidentals do, in adding dwelling to dwelling and estate to estate, and count- [illegible] em as his chief possessions. A gen- [illegible] of the island empire would be far [illegible] kely to acquire a pretty country seat, [illegible] abomy house and grounds [illegible] where in the vicinity of [illegible] and there, amid his [illegible] rds and green- [illegible] and lily-car- [illegible] ponds, enter- [illegible] s friends with [illegible] pitality which [illegible] beyond that of [illegible] other Oriental [illegible] Trees, flower- [illegible] rubs, and an [illegible] ite variety of [illegible] ng plants are [illegible] his chief [illegible] ures, and he [illegible] rather become [illegible] vner of some [illegible] ld very beauti- [illegible] wer than add [illegible] wealth in [illegible] and stone.

[illegible] it must not be [illegible] posed that the [illegible] ese are insen- [illegible] to the beauties [illegible] ahitecture. In- [illegible] many of the [illegible] structures of [illegible] ter class com- [illegible] ell in grace- [illegible] s of design and [illegible] y of execution, [illegible] not in sheer [illegible], with those [illegible] estern coun- [illegible] although the [illegible] st in style [illegible] always is [illegible] defined. Na- [illegible] Castle (which is shown in the illus- [illegible] may be said to belong prop- [illegible] the era of feudalism, which closed [illegible]. Each feudal chief based his claim [illegible] minence on two grounds: martial [illegible] ss and industrial progress. These [illegible] dwelt in fine buildings suited to their [illegible] social and political position; they [illegible] he patrons of architecture and the [illegible] enerally, as well as the direct pro- [illegible] and supporters of a line of indus- [illegible] r which the country had become fa- [illegible].

[illegible] largely due to the fostering influ- [illegible] exercised over native talent that [illegible] orative industries, and especially its [illegible] c art, have made Japan famous [illegible] hout the world. Some of the deco- [illegible] work, interior and exterior, to be [illegible] in many of the old daimyo resi- [illegible], is a marvel of richness, grotesque- [illegible] nd painstaking labor.

[illegible] ough the daimyos, as a class, no [illegible] exist, the post of art and industrial [illegible] is not left unfilled. Every Japanese [illegible] man is a connoisseur, and delights in [illegible] enting his home with the rarest pro- [illegible] ns of his countrymen's genius in deli- [illegible] ases, plaques, censers, etc., while his [illegible] usually takes equal pleasure in her col- [illegible] th of native gold and silver enamels, [illegible] and embroideries. Her social and [illegible] tic position is higher than that of other Oriental women, and she has a large share in the interests and pursuits of her husband outside the home. At home — whether in castle or humbler abode—she is addressed as "the honorable lady of the house," and is accorded every consideration. Her great consuming question, at the present moment, is dress—whether it is not wiser to adopt the costume of the women of the West and lay aside forever the simple and beautiful garments that have been worn from time immemorial by the wives and mothers of her own land.

Nagoya Castle, the fortress of the important city of Nagoya, is really a relic of old Japan. It is nearly three hundred years old. Occupied by a garrison, its fortress, gates and moats have remained unchanged for many generations. There is a great parade-ground beyond the deep inner moat, and military barracks and offices, with neat little sentries in white duck coats and trousers, who guard the heavy, iron-bound gateways. The citadel has a donjon tower rising five stories in height, and surmounted by two golden dolphins, that were made by Japanese artificers over two centuries ago, and are valued at $80,000 each. Our photograph shows the central "keep" of the citadel, the base of which covers nearly half an acre, while the top whereon the dolphins form a striking finial, is reduced almost to the narrow proportions of a pyramid's apex. Nagoya pottery and porcelain are famous everywhere. There are many features of interest in the city that make it well worth a visit, although it lies somewhat out of the line of ordinary travel.

THE CASTLE OF NAGOYA, JAPAN.

⁂

How to Enjoy Good Sleep.

Many people contort their faces during sleep into bad shapes, and thus form lines and wrinkles that remain during the waking hours. Going to bed in a depressed state of mind causes the corners of the mouth to be drawn down, and gives a sad expression. In going to sleep, think of pleasant things, of your many blessings, the goodness of God, of the joys of life, the blessings of home, friends, parents or children. Under no circumstances let the sun go down on your wrath, or on any other evil thought. If you have enemies, forgive them—even love them. Love is the great beautifier of the face.

⁂

A Grandmother's Tribute.

These lines were written by Mrs. M. E. H., of Toledo, O., a septuagenarian reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, on the occasion of the graduation of her grandson, the day being also his birthday:

Another milestone now you pass,
Another as you leave your class,
A time to pause, a time to plan,
As on life's weal, or woe, you scan;
A garden fresh, with skill prepare,
Good soil keep in, old roots dig out,
And fertilize without a doubt.
That with strong will, and God's help, too,
A fairer crop will come to view;
The fungus scale and weeds not right,
Just buried now, and out of sight.
Must be kept down with vigorous care,
And for improvement now prepare,
Till seeds of truth, dropped long ago,
Shall in their place have time to grow.
Love, kindness, charity take the lead,
To help mankind in every need;
When this you do, give Christ your heart,
And there secure the better part.

⁂

A South Sea Island Bridal.

Writing from a mission station on one of the South Sea Islands, Rev. Oscar Michelson, a missionary, gives this description of a native convert's wedding: "The day of the wedding was fixed, and Mrs. Michelson, determined to have her favorite servant nicely dressed, decided to make a "princesse robe" for her. She picked out the prettiest piece of pink print we had in the house and set to work. About one o'clock it was finished, trimmed with lace, and fixed up with roses and a scented handkerchief, and she had a wreath of jessamine and other flowers on her head. Indeed, she was the first native woman I have ever seen who has reminded me of a bride. Such a passage as Rev. 21: 2 has no meaning for them—'a bride adorned for her husband.' Knowing there was some feeling at the village, I was afraid there would be a small meeting. I was delighted, therefore, when I saw a congregation of 220. After the ceremony the whole party came up and had curry and rice. They then went down to the village, where a liberal dinner of roast pork and yam had been prepared by Tinaqua. We sent down tea and bread for all."

⁂

A Hint to Bird-Lovers.

The lives of countless numbers of beautiful native birds would be spared if our country people could be induced to see their own interest in protecting their best friends, the "winged wardens" of their farms and gardens. In England, and especially in Germany, Norway and Sweden, and also in Japan, birds are found everywhere, and are regarded by the people as valuable gifts of nature to man. Shrubs, trees and vines are often planted for the sole purpose of providing nesting-places for certain species. The laws for the protection of birds are stringently enforced by the proper officers. In our own country we should follow this example.

⁂

THE HUMBLE HERO.

To be a hero must you do some deed
With which your name shall ring the world around?
With blade uplifted must you dare to lead
Where armies reel on slopes with lightning crowned?

Or must you set for polar seas your sails,
And chart the arctic's silent realms of snow?
Or drag your barge through virgin streams in pales
Of undiscovered lands? I tell you no!

Who is earth's greatest hero? He that bears
Deep buried in his kingly heart his lot
Of suffering; and, if need be, he that dares
Lay down his life for right, and falters not!

⁂

CHILDREN AND THE BIBLE.

MANY parents find it difficult to interest their little ones in the Bible as fully as they would wish. It will be found a good plan to make a practice of asking the children, after church, something of the Scripture that has been read, the sermon and the hymns which have been sung. A general conversation with the little folks, upon the subject, not critical nor flippant, forms the best occasion for instituting these inquiries, which need not be, indeed would much better not be, direct. It is an unpleasant thought that we ever listen, or that our children can listen, to the sacred words of the Book which we prize most on earth, without comprehending their meaning, or even remembering what they were. There must be something wrong if this state of things is allowed to continue.

It will be found greatly to stimulate the interest of the whole family in the morning Scripture reading, (suggests the "Bible Reader,") if brief comments and explanations are judiciously made from time to time by the older members of the family. It goes without saying that reading in turn by all is more likely to maintain interest than the reading of the whole lesson by any one, while the time consumed in the two methods will not, if the children have been properly trained, differ materially. Everybody enjoys most those exercises in which he has some part himself, unless he is hopelessly lazy or diffident, or has paid for his entertainment. In any case, care should be taken to see that no member of our families habitually listens to the reading of anything, especially the Bible, without paying strict attention to it.

⁂

A Father's Inquiry.

A reader in Chicago sends us this note:

Below I copy an autograph verse, written by my father some years ago, but which I have just discovered. It has an earnest appeal which I thought might be interesting to readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It was signed, "Your Anxious Father":

No autographs in heaven!
Yet sinners' names are there!
To Christ the power is given
To write them, bold and fair.
But hark! The Roll is calling
For names, that one-by-one,
From two earth-realms are falling:
Of which are you? Which one?

Starved to Death

in the midst of plenty. Unfortunate, yet we hear of it. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

...NADJA;...

A Tale of the Russian Steppes.*

BY OLIVER M. NORRIS.

SERGEI AND THE STUNDIST'S SON.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

A Court Lady.

NO roof in the Russian capital covered that night a more distinguished company than the brilliant throng at the reception of the Countess Olga Navrotska. Anticipated before they occurred, talked of after they were past, these monthly receptions were events of almost national importance.

It was now twilight, and the great marble staircase and the suite of reception rooms were brilliantly lighted. Everything that wealth could purchase was here in lavish profusion. If the gorgeous "salons" were decorated with a splendor more barbaric than one finds in London or Paris, if more prominence was given to rich gildings, and crystal, and silken hangings than would suit the severer taste of the West, it must be remembered that in these matters, as in many another, Russia is the most westerly of Eastern countries, rather than the most easterly of Western.

But the great defect that one could not help noticing in these brilliant rooms was the utter want of homeliness. They were rooms for parades, with no sign of the taste of the owner, bare of nick-nacks and the little mementoes of travel, and friendship, and love. Away in a remote corner of the huge house there were two or three little rooms, dainty and homelike enough where the Countess lived. These grand "salons" were where she acted. On those she lavished taste and love, and the keenest sense of beauty. Art work and photographs, "bric-a-brac," to each article of which a story was attached, souvenirs of friends, books—all in the happy confusion, the orderly disorder that she loved. There she was mistress, and was at home. Perhaps she was no less at home on parade, as she called it, but she left the management of that half of her life to her majordomo and the upholsterers, affecting little interest in it, and feeling absolutely none.

Her life hitherto had been a varied one. Brought up in the strictest seclusion during her girlhood, in a school rigorously reserved for the daughters of nobles, she left it to become the wife of one of the wealthiest landowners in the Empire, Count Lyov Navrotsky. The Count was no longer young, and had formed objectionable tastes in his youth which he adhered to during his married life. Paris and Monte Carlo were his havens of rest when he grew tired of St. Petersburg and its monotonous distractions, and thither he took his girl-wife, [illegible] she had never even dreamt of, but the vacuity and vanity of which she was not slow to discover. No such feeling as love ever entered the hearts of either of them.

He was proud of his brilliant young wife, and of her dark, radiant beauty. He felt gratified when he looked at his magnificent rubies twined in her black hair. He was pleased that she could speak so many languages, that her music ravished the hearts of all hearers, and that she dressed to the envy of Frenchwomen. He liked to remember one starlit night when she sang a Russian ballad, accompanying herself on the piano, and as the sounds floated out into the hotel gardens how the crowd of wealthy pleasure-seekers flocked round the open casement in honest admiration of "la belle comtesse" and her perfect art. She had met hundreds of men who were only names to her, and who had repelled her by their openly-avowed admiration. She entertained a high ideal as to what a perfect gentleman should be, and her husband nearly reached it sometimes. He was gentle, generous, forgiving, a "bon vivant" it is true, but so were all men, she thought. He was perfectly dressed, and perfect in manners. He had been, moreover, a distinguished soldier, and Countess Olga, brought up in the society of soldiers' daughters, believed that no nobler profession than a soldier's could possibly exist. She kept his medals bright with her own hands, and when he went to Court, or otherwise had occasion to wear them, she fastened them on his breast with her own fair fingers, always touching with her lips the silver St. George's Cross which the Emperor himself had bestowed on the Count for signal bravery on the field of battle. But of the strong, deep stream of love there was no vestige, and the strangest part of this was that neither the Countess nor her husband knew of its absence, or felt the want of it.

They were married for two years when a chill caught by the Count in the uncertain climate of the Riviera brought on a series of disorders from which he never recovered. He returned to St. Petersburg, and for over a year he was nursed by his wife with an exemplary patience and skill beyond praise. He always did his best to alleviate the stress upon her, and, although at times suffering intolerable pain, he seldom uttered a petulant word or gave way to the carping querulousness of the sick. Indeed, in those last days, there was a light in his eyes, and an added tenderness in his voice which the young widow afterward often recalled with tears in her own eyes; and in her heart she believed that the worn out old soldier, the battered old roue, at last, and when it was too late, loved her with all his soul.

The Countess Olga was far too distinguished a person, and far too much in request both at Court and in her own circle of society, to be allowed to remain long in retirement; but when she appeared again it was noticed that although her beauty remained unimpaired, had indeed matured and developed, there was no longer any of that freshness and spring of girlhood which had charmed so many. Her capacity for happiness was in no sense diminished, but an added seriousness rather indicated that her visions of what true happiness was had become loftier and more refined, and that, alas! these visions were subjected to eternal disappointment. If the qualities of kindness, sympathy, tenderness, and goodness were there in richer measure than ever, they could not altogether conceal, indeed, they rather tended to place in bolder relief, the flaws that had also developed—want of purpose and self-government, greed for the praise of her fellows, inordinate, if pardonable, desire to be among those who are renowned. It was in this last characteristic that she drew apart from her surroundings, from men and women who had no ambition, no daring, no capacity for suffering, who had a holy horror either of rising above or sinking below the dead level of uniformity both of deed and thought that marked their narrow and selfish clique.

She stood in her drawing-room this April afternoon, among the throng of titled and dignified-looking nonentities, cool, self-possessed, restrained, appraising most of those around her at their true value, tolerant of their shortcomings it is true, but never failing to discern them.

There is a small and elderly gentleman in black buzzing beside her with a rose-colored order around his neck, and from time to time she listens, half amused, to his brisk, bird-like chirpings. The man's heart is utterly callous, without a particle of sensitiveness; he is obstinate as a mule, and hard and harsh. But he is making court to her by trying to enlist her sympathies for some great humanitarian scheme for feeding the poor of St. Petersburg with one solid meal of porridge a day. He has no feeling for the poor, he knows his scheme will come to nothing, but he is anxious for his hostess's approval, and collapses altogether when she says that she has far too much respect for the poor to make them dependent on the rich, or to expect much from their generosity.

So the little man flutters away, and, to an ancient lady at the other end of the room, expresses his grave doubts that Countess Olga is tainted with many pernicious novelties. But a fat, good-natured colonel of the Guards had overheard the Countess's remark, and asked her in simple terms what she would do if the people could find no work and were starving?

"Ah!" she replied, "I fear I would do nothing. I never have done anything. People have been starving since long before I was born. My own villagers are in want in a hundred ways, and what have I done? What can I do?"

"But we know to the contrary," said the smiling colonel. "We know your village is a model village, and that you gave away thousands to the poor."

"If I give my steward a thousand roubles, and ask him to distribute them among the deserving poor, for you will observe that it is only the deserving poor we help, the poor who give their humble duty and poor flattery in exchange for our alms—is this helping them in any true and just way? Do you know, Colonel, I would rather nurse a poor, working woman's baby for five minutes, and feel the pleasure of that act, than hand her five roubles? The money would corrupt her, harden her, make her greedy and calculating; if I take her child for a few minutes she feels that I'm a woman like herself, and she cries and is soft, and full of hope and courage."

The Countess broke into laughter at the perplexed face before her.

"Yes, yes, Colonel," she said, "I know you are thinking me very revolutionary and all that. I would not really dream of nursing the dirty little things; but I'm laughing at the idea of seeing you start on a career of reform on my lines. Think it over, and when you next go home, try your hand on the babies."

She walked over to where a tall man in a general's uniform stood. He was General Alekhin, her father's cousin, and for forty years his companion in arms. He had sharp features and watery eyes, and lines about his mouth and eyes that care and dissipation had deeply graven. She put her hand in his arm, and together they crossed the salon to an outer room where the guests were already departing. Privy councillors and great officers of state, and dames of high degree gradually filed past their hostess with a few lightly spoken words of farewell, and out into the brilliant starlit evening where the hubbub and stir of departure had collected the same inane crowd of sightseers that had witnessed the arrivals. The General was the last to leave, and when he was gone, Countess Olga Navrotska retired to her own room, flung off her rubies and her magnificent attire, and sat long in deep thought that ended in nothing more effectual than tears.

CHAPTER III.

Two Dragons and their Uncle.

General Alekhin was a man who had spent his sixty odd years of life in doing nothing. Born to a fine estate, with undoubted powers, and plunged in early life into the vortices of fashion and affairs he had had unrivalled opportunities of making a name for himself, and of benefiting in great degree either the circle in which he habitually moved or the numerous people depending on him. But he preferred to remain a fine gentleman, a man about town, a flutterer about the court. He had held light and ornamental positions, living always full in the eyes of the public that had entailed enormous expenditure on him. Before he had reached his prime he was plunged in the gravest financial difficulties.

From that time began his rapid fall. The taste of the bitterness of life was not [illegible] to his moral nature, and he began to oscillate between wild outbreaks of frenzied pleasure-seeking and dark periods of [illegible] sive introspection.

He knew he was a failure, the most [illegible] rible of all knowledge, and all that he [illegible] sensible of now was the hardly varying record of his own sin and folly. Thumbing over this most dismal of all records he had few illusions left about himself, and at the end of his days, the sight of [illegible] ures in which he could not or dared not take part moved him at times to a species of madness.

He would frequently fly to the consolation of religion, and more than once put on a penitential hair shirt in the very [illegible] morning and went to a holy monk [illegible] tablished reputation for sanctity, to confess his sins and seek pardon. There were periods when the terror of an avenging deity was so present with him that he would lock himself into his room for days, and [illegible] superstitious notion was low enough [illegible] absurd enough to practise to avert the [illegible] an angry God. He had not married early life, holding women in contempt and hating the restraints which marriage should impose.

But even in middle life he might have got over these objections. Like so many of his set he might have settled down to the dull decorum of the life of his married friends, and varied it with the usual [illegible] intrigues, had there not been the terrible memory of a terrible sin of years ago that haunted him, and which always quenched his gaiety even its wildest outbursts.

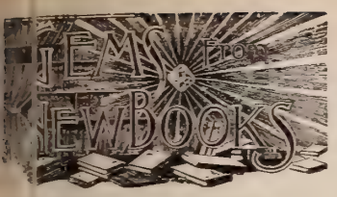
No one knew about that past but [illegible] and his confessor, but this did not help him to bear the burden of it with greater ease, and often in the panic of his fits of [illegible] ance he felt tempted to tell the world what he had done, and then to skulk away from the world forever, and hide his head [illegible] silent monastery where his friend the only would minister to his soul's comfort [illegible] short remainder of his days.

In all the turmoil and trouble of his [illegible] in all his alternations of forced gaiety and profound gloom, he had kept a tender place of affection for his two nephews, the [illegible] of a long-deceased brother. If he had only an ordinary liking for Sergei the younger, he lavished on his brother Vladimir [illegible] warmth of love which his seared and withered heart contained. He was living in the old house of his father's at Lavor when the two boys were brought [illegible] by their dying mother. He had [illegible] to be saddled with these encumbrances, for he could not but feel that he was poor mentor to youth, and that he would [illegible] next to impossible to fill the duties of a conscientious guardian. But he promised to take care of them, to educate and [illegible] them on the world.

With Sergei his task was easy enough. From the first the boy was strong, reliant, independent, and although [illegible] youthful escapades were numerous, serious enough, they were never vicious mean. The German tutor on whom devolved most of the responsibilities of [illegible] dianship took to him at once and [illegible] him much of his disinclination to [illegible] because of his frank genial ways [illegible] entire freedom from everything that was false. The great handsome fair-haired [illegible] was adored by the villagers. He [illegible] every one's cottage and strip of land, [illegible] many horses and dogs each peasant possessed; and on his idle days, and [illegible] were frequent, he wrestled, swam [illegible] and hunted rats with the village boys, [illegible] taining a deep insight into the life [illegible] place, and loving with all his simple [illegible] everything that was pure, and natural, [illegible] true among those humble friends.

Young Mikhail Kulmenko, the [illegible] ist's son, was his chief companion, [illegible] serious-minded and refined youth, [illegible] there were times when these two would separate themselves from the rest of their companions, and in long walks over the breezy steppe, or down among the trees fringing the river, would hold converse on things that lifted their young hearts [illegible] above earth.

(To be continued.)



THE OREGON MASSACRE.*

THE leader of the Whitman massacre was the half-breed, Joe Lewis, whose greatest accomplishment was lying. He seems to have brought the conspiracy up to the killing point by his falsehoods. He was a half Canadian, and came to Oregon in company with a band of priests, and strangely enough dropped down upon Dr. Whitman, and by him was clothed and fed for many months. The Doctor learned his real character, and how he was trying to breed distrust among the Indians. Dr. Whitman got him the position of teamster in a wagon train for the Willamette, and expressed a hope that he was leaving him. But Joe deserted his post and returned to Waillatpui, and as events showed was guided by some unseen power in carrying out of the plans of the murderers.

The Rev. H. H. Spalding, in a letter to the papers of Mrs. Whitman, dated April 18, 1848, gives a clear, concise account of the great tragedy. He says: "They were cruelly butchered by their own, up to the last moment, beloved Indians, for whom their own Christian hearts had prayed for years, and their unwearied hands had ministered to their every want in sickness and distress, and had bestowed numbered blessings; who claimed to be, and were considered, in a high state of civilization and Christianity. They were, by these, urged on to the dreadful deed by the influences, which we have felt coming on us like a devastating flood for the last three or four years.

The massacre took place on the fatal 29th of November, 1847, commencing at about one. Fourteen persons were murdered first and last; nine the first day. Five escaped from the Station, three in a most wonderful manner, one of whom was the traveling writer, with whom, I know, will unite in praising God for deliverance to one.

Forty women and children fell captives into the hands of the murderers, among whom was our own beloved daughter, Eliza, ten years old. Three of the captive children were killed, left without parental care, two being your dear Narcissa's adopted children. The young women were dragged from the house by night and beastly treated. Three of them were forced to become wives of the murderers of their parents, who boasted of the deed, to taunt their victims. Monday morning the Doctor asked the burial of an Indian; returned to the house and was reading; several Indians, as usual, were in the house; one sat behind him to attract his attention by asking for medicine; another came behind him with a tomahawk concealed under his blanket and with two blows in the back of the head brought him to the floor senseless, but not lifeless; soon after, Tetalus, a candidate for admission in our church who was receiving unnumbered days every day from Brother and Sister Whitman, came in and took particular pains to cut and beat his face and cut his throat but he still lingered till near night. As soon as the firing commenced at the fireplaces, Mrs. Hayes ran in and assisted Sister Whitman in taking the Doctor from the kitchen to the sitting-room and seated him upon the settee. This was before his face was cut. His dear wife bent over him and mingled her flowing tears with his precious blood. It was all she could do. They were her last tears. To the question she said, he would reply 'no' in this case, probably not sensible.

John Sager, who was sitting by the door when he received the first blow, with a pistol, but his arm was seized, the pistol fell among Indians, and his head was split to pieces. He lingered till near night. Rogers, attacked at the water, escaped with a broken arm and wound in the head, and rushing into the house, shut the door. The Indians seemed to have left the house now to assist in murdering others. Mr. Kimball, with a broken arm, rushed in; both secreted themselves upstairs.

"Sister Whitman in anguish, now bending over her dying husband and now over the sick, now comforting the flying, screaming children, was passing by the window, when she received the first shot in the right breast, and fell to the floor. She immediately rose and kneeled by the settee on which lay her bleeding husband, and in humble prayer commended her soul to God, and prayed for her dear children who were about to be made a second time orphans and to fall into the hands of her direct murderers. I am certain she prayed for her murderers, too.

"Every corner of the room was crowded with Indians having their guns ready to fire. The children had been brought down and huddled together to be shot. Eliza was one. Here they had stood for a long time surrounded by guns pointed at their breasts. She often heard the cry, 'Shall we shoot?' and her blood became cold, she says, and she fell upon the floor. But now the order was given, 'Do not shoot the children,' as the settee passed by the children, over the bleeding, dying body of John.

"Fatal moment! The settee was advanced about its length from the door, when the guns were discharged from without and within, the powder actually burning the faces of the children. Brother Rogers raised his hand and cried out, and fell upon his face, pierced with many balls. But he fell not alone. An equal number of the deadly weapons were leveled at the settee and the discharge had been deadly. She groaned, and lingered for some time in great agony."

*From *Foreman Jennie*, a capital Christian Endeavor story, by Prof. Ames R. Wells. Illustrated; pp. 268; price $1.25. W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston, publishers.

Dr. Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon, by Rev. Myron Eells, M.D., LL.D., with introduction by Rev. Eric W. Gunsaulus, D.D., LL.D.; illustrated. One of the most interesting books of missionary experience in the Northwest that has yet appeared. Cloth covers; gilt top; price $1.75. Star Publishing Co., Chicago, publishers.

A HELPFUL TALK.*

"I WANT many things, more money, and greater skill, and knowledge, and influence; but this is only laudable ambition, Mr. Strong," said Jack.

"As far as it is, it is all right, and will strengthen you. But I am greatly mistaken if this desire for what you have not does not often make you discontented and unhappy, envious of men and rebellious against God, and so incapable of doing your best work for God and men. Now, try to conquer this great weakness. Try to trust always in God, and to accept with absolute joy and satisfaction the measure of success God grants to your earnest efforts; try to keep this up even for a week, and you will find that you cannot do it without Christ."

"Excuse me, Mr. Strong, but you have used a phrase that I often hear on the lips of ministers, and it always seemed to me a bit of mysticism." (Jack was proud of that word, "mysticism." It compressed into small space a world of sarcastic argument.) "Just what do you mean when you speak of doing things 'with Christ' and 'without Christ?'"

"Mr. Edways, do you see Christ standing there?"

The tone was so vivid, the gesture so earnest, the look so genuine and expectant, that Jack was startled, and followed the outstretched hand as if some vision were before him.

Then Jack, ashamed of this bit of weakness, answered boldly, "Mr. Strong, I am not a girl, to be scared, or a spiritualist, to be credulous."

"Did he not promise when he rose, to return and be with men forever? Do you not admit omnipresence to be a necessary attribute of deity?"

Jack assented.

"Ah, you believe with the head alone. If Christ is omnipresent, he is here. Right by your side. He will pass out that door with you. He will stand by your bedside to-night. He will be your first greeting to-morrow morning. He will go to your work with you after breakfast, and to the restaurant when you lunch. Too literal? Why, if omnipresence is not taken literally, how can it be taken? Now, you are living as if this Presence were not with you, and I am living ever conscious of him, seeing him as clearly as with physical vision, talking with him, getting answers from him every time I question him, and helped by him at every turn. Do you see the difference between doing things with Christ and without him?"

"I see your meaning; but, Mr. Strong, your words seem as unreal as dreams."

"Alas, comrade, I cannot make this blessed experience real to you. No one can but yourself. Arguing never led a man to Christ. You have many noble qualities. You are strong, and honest, and industrious, and intelligent. I know more of your life than you think. But I want you to stop thinking about what you have, and begin to long for what you have not—this Presence. It is as sad to miss heaven by not taking the step up as by taking the step down. Study the Life. Try to be like Christ. Lift him up before you in your eager thoughts, and see if he does not fulfil his promise, and draw you to himself."

Jack carried away from that frank talk just the feeling Paul Strong had hoped to inspire—the beginning of a distrust in his own powers, his own ability to see truth, the beginning of a longing that truth—he who is Truth—might be shown to him. And this longing received its satisfaction in a fearful experience.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Whisperings of the Spirit, by Amanda P. Michener and *My Heart Life*, by Annie F. Michener. Two collections of poems bound in one volume. Pp. 360; published by J. B. Lippencott Co., Philadelphia.

Ninth Biennial Report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture for 1893 and 1894. Edwin H. Snow, Topeka, State Printer.

Little Lady Valentine, by Mrs. George A. Paul; a dainty little story for young folks. Pp. 66, illuminated covers, price 50c. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publisher.

Dishonesty and Caste, by Ethel Davis: an interesting volume of the economic class. Pp. 118, cloth covers, price 60c. Home Science Publishing Co., Boston, publishers.

Veterans

Of the war often need the toning, strengthening effects to be found in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this:

"My husband has suffered for years with catarrh, rheumatism, and chronic diarrhœa contracted in the war. In the fall he had the grip and came near death's door. He could not eat or sleep and was much emaciated. One bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla did him so much good that he kept on taking it. He now has a good appetite and has gained in flesh. I think it saved my husband's life. I shall not be without it in my house hereafter. I know Hood's Sarsaparilla will do what is claimed for it." AMANDA CASTETTER, Mt. Jackson, Ind

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye to-day,

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headaches. 25c.

Consumption Cured.

"DEAR MR. CONGREVE:
"As a rule I have no faith in advertised remedies, and very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation.
Yours heartily,
(Rev'd) C. H. Spurgeon.

Congreve's Balsamic Elixir

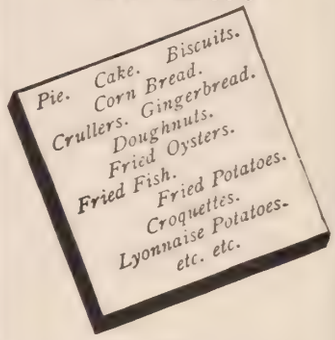
FOR

Consumption, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis,

Acts like a charm in ordinary **Coughs, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough.** Send 25 cents for **Book** on **Consumption**, containing accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases. *Any one of which may be like yours*, or the Book will be sent free with trial bottle for $1.00. Larger sizes, $1.75, $3.75, $7.

GEO. T. CONGREVE,
367 Canal St., New York,
and London, England.

Good Things To Eat



must be put aside by many, because of the misery of dyspepsia, which follows in the majority of cases the eating of food in the preparation of which lard is used. The above dishes, when prepared with

Cottolene

will not offend the most sensitive stomach. It is a clean, sweet preparation doing the work of lard without its ill effects. The *genuine* Cottolene is put up in one, three and five pound tins with trade mark—steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Montreal.

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POZZONI'S POWDER

advertised for many years, but have you ever tried it?—If not,—you do not know what an **IDEAL COMPLEXION POWDER IS.**

POZZONI'S

besides being an **acknowledged** beautifier, has many refreshing uses. It prevents chafing, sun-burn, wind-tan, lessens perspiration, etc.; in fact it is a most delicate and desirable protection to the face during hot weather.

It is sold everywhere.

We guarantee

Heiskell's Ointment

to quickly and permanently cure **Eczema, Scald-Head, Barber's Itch** or **Tetter** without the aid of internal medicine.
50c. per box at Druggists or by mail.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO.,
531 Commerce St., PHILADELPHIA.

DYSPEPSIA! NEW CURE!
A new and positive cure has been discovered in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. So great is the faith of the proprietors that it will cure any form of Dyspepsia or indigestion, that they will send a **free trial package** to any sufferer. Full sized package sold by all druggists at 50 cts. Address,
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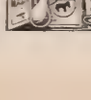
BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE.

The Family Wash Blue. ALWAYS RELIABLE.
For Sale by Grocers.
D. S. WILTBERGER, 233 N. 2d St., Phila., Pa.



WONDER CABINET **FREE.** Mammoth Puzzle, Fairy Bottle, Pocket Camera, Latest Wire Puzzle, Secret Photos, Total Value 60c. Sent Free with immense catalogue of 1,000 Bargains for 10c., for postage.
INGERSOLL & BRO. 65 Cortlandt Street N. Y.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on July 21, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

On Behalf of Relatives and Friends: "One who Believes."—Boston, Mass., for the conversion of a wayward husband.——"A Follower," for the conversion of her husband and son.——A Sister in Christ, New Hampton, for a father who is drifting into infidelity, and in danger of losing his mental balance; and for a mother in need of grace to bear patiently and lighten her heavy share.——"Believer in Prayer," for the conversion of a brother-in-law who is very worldly.——Reader, Racine, Wis., for a grandson who is out of Christ.——"Believer," Illinois, for the conversion of and nephews.——"Believer in Prayer," Pittsburg, Pa., for the conversion of husband, son, daughter, and son-in-law, all of whom are indifferent to the claims of Christ.——C. I. P., Howardville, N. Y., for husband and daughter, both of whom have wandered away from the Saviour.——"A Mother," Brattleboro, Vt., for a dear son who is away from home and is neglecting church.——Wife and Sister, New York, for husband and two brothers, all drinking men.——Anxious Wife, Ark., for the conversion of self and husband.——E. N., Indianapolis, Ind., for the conversion of husband, son, and mother-in-law.——Subscriber, for the salvation of a brother who has fallen under the power of drink; also for a mother seventy-five years old and unsaved; also for an afflicted daughter.——L. G. B., Lynn, Mass., for a girl in the Sunday School, that she may see the awful nature of her spiritual life as God sees it, and may turn to Jesus for salvation.——"In Jesus' Name," Mount Vista, Cal., for the conversion of a young man of good moral life who does not realize his need of salvation.——"Anon," for a gentleman and his wife who are in some need of converting grace.

For Restoration of Health. "Constant Reader," Wis., that a sister who is sick in body and mind may be healed.——J. G. D., Philadelphia, on whose exertions an aged mother and two children depend for support, that God would in mercy remove the affliction now crushing her and give her back her strength to labor for her loved ones.——K. L. W., Penn., for the recovery of an only sister from nervous prostration.——F., West Rutland, Vt., for the restoration of health.——Sufferer, Whitley, Ont., who is suffering from neuralgia, that God would mercifully give relief from agony.——L. J., W., Boston, Mass., that a Christian woman partially paralyzed and under great spiritual depression, may recover her health and gain new faith and joy.——W. C., Elliott's Corners, Ont., Can., for recovery from sickness that her little children may not be left motherless before they are able to earn their living.——A. R. B., Bristol, Con., who has been raised from a bed of sickness in answer to prayer, that strength may be given for daily labor.

For Special Blessings. Afflicted Christian, Palisades, for grace to overcome a besetting sin and opportunity to serve God in the ministry.——"Follower," for strength to stand firm under present trying circumstances.——"Faith," Brighton, N. Y., for financial help in conduct of business.——"Constant Reader," Racine, Wis., for a Christian son in need of help that he may be enabled to pay his just debts.——W. T., Tiptonville, Tenn., for God's blessing on a series of revival meetings to be held this week in the county, that God would bring many souls into his kingdom.——K. L. W., M—— City, Pa., that an only child, now estranged, may be restored to the family and be reconciled also that an operation about to be performed may be successful.——"Subscriber," that God would supply the wants of a very needy family and that a great sufferer may have the means to secure the aid of a competent physician.——C. L. M., Fort Plain, N. Y., that funds may be supplied sufficient to enable him to complete his education.——Minister of the Gospel, Utica, N.Y., that his wife whose faith is shaken through severe physical pain may be enabled to regain her assurance of salvation; also that God would support him, his provision for his old age having been swept away by the failure of a financial institution.——"Widow in Sorrow," that she may be enabled to pay debts incurred through sickness and that the way may be opened to support her family and to live in some place where they can have the consolation and help of religious services.

AN IDOL'S BATH.

A missionary in India relates the following interesting incident: "Shortly after our arrival at Trichinopoly, we drove to the great Trichinopoly rock. This is a strange, rounded cliff, either of granite or of red sandstone, rising 600 feet in the centre of the town. Near the top of the rock a great Hindoo temple is built of blocks of granite, decorated here and there with domes and gay coloring. A broad flight of steps, nearly 500 in number, led to the summit, and at every landing there are shrines with hideous and contemptible idols in them. Into the temple itself no English person is allowed to go. As we got to the entrance to the great steps, we heard the noise of heathen music coming down the street, and found that the daily morning ceremony of fetching water from the sacred river to bathe the idols was being performed. Two Brahmin priests came first, bearing great vessels crowned with green, and then the temple elephant, decorated with bells. A few people followed; the procession almost brushed past us in the narrow entry. The priests hastened up with the water, the elephant flapped his great ears and curled his trunk, and stood patiently aside. Oh, the wondrous patience of our holy God! If these iniquitous temples mean so much to us, what must they mean to Him? Yet His patience with the heathen is as nothing compared to his patience with us; we are put 'in trust with the Gospel,' and yet we scarcely stir ourselves to exercise our trust. God forgive us!"

THE ETERNAL HOME.

ALONE! To land alone upon that shore!
With none in sight that we have seen before,
Things of a different hue,
And the sounds all new,
And fragrance so sweet the soul may faint.
Alone! Oh, that first hour of being a saint!

Alone! To land upon that shore
On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar.
Perhaps no shape of ground,
Perhaps no sight or sound.
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange—
But to begin alone that mighty change!

Alone! The God we love is on that shore,
Love not enough, yet whom we love far more
And whom we've loved all through,
And with a love more true
Than other loves—yet now shall love him more:
True love of him begins upon that shore!

So not alone we land upon that shore:
'Twill be as as though we had been there before.
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some retiring dove,
And be at home at once with our Eternal Love.

—F. W. FABER.

Columbia Bicycle

advertising has for months been conspicuous by its absence. 1895 Columbias at $100—finest, easiest-running bicycles ever produced at any price—have been doing their own advertising.

For the first time this year we can assure reasonably prompt delivery of regularly equipped Columbias and Hartfords.

You See Them Everywhere

Pope Manufacturing Co.

General Offices and Factories, Hartford, Conn.

BRANCH STORES: Boston, New York, Chicago, Providence, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Washington, San Francisco.

HIGHEST PRAISE

By W. A. OGDEN. The **LATEST** and **BEST** collection of **NEW SONGS** for **SABBATH SCHOOLS.** $30 per 100; by mail, 35c. each. Sample copy sent on receipt of 25c.

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

76 East 9th St., New York. 215 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

20th Edition—Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps.)

THE HUMAN HAIR,

Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy

By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S., London.

D. G. LONG & CO., 613 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Every one should read this little book." *Athenæum*

FRANKLIN COLLEGE, New Athens, O.

Began 71st year Sept. 2. Board, tuition, Furnished room, 4 weeks, $8.50 to $3 a week. 8 courses; no saloons. Cheap, safe. Largest attendance yet. Catalog free. W. A. WILLIAMS, D. D., Pres.

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From New York. A DELIGHTFUL TRIP BY SEA to the Ports of TEXAS—GEORGIA—FLORIDA. Through Tickets, Single and Return, to all points in Texas, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, California, Mexico, &c., Georgia and Florida. Write for our 64-Page Prospectus, mailed free.

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6th Avenue, 20th to 21st Street, NEW YORK.

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Fine Millinery, Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, China Glassware, Furniture, House Furnishings, etc.

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Send for our Catalogue.

We are now booking names for our Fall and Winter Illustrated Catalogue, Mailed Free to out-of-town residents. We advise you to send your name now, as the demand always exceeds the supply.

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The Largest Manufacturers of

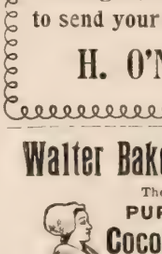
PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS and CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received

HIGHEST AWARDS

from the great

Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.



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WHITE BRONZE.

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NO Moss-Growing. Cleaning. **NO Cracking. Crumbling.**

Prices to suit all. Work delivered everywhere. Write for designs and information. Costs nothing to investigate.

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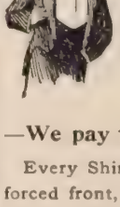
Wants **HARTMANN'S W. W's.** for Home Use, Traveling, etc.; Invaluable and Indispensable; Soft Light, Antiseptic, Deodorant, and sold at less than cost of washing. For sale at all Dry Goods and Drug Stores. Send for Circulars; agents wanted; sample 6 cents. **HYGIENIC WOOD WOOL CO.,**

56 Broadway, New York.

The "Great Wonder" Shirts

—FOR MEN AND BOYS—



unlaundered, made of fine quality linen and muslin in our own carefully supervised workrooms, every way excellent. These Shirts—at the surprisingly low price of

63 Cents

—We pay the postage—

Every Shirt is full size, has a reinforced front, patent back facing to fit accurately, excellently made, and is sure to give satisfaction. In fact, I know of no Shirt in the market at near the price, that can compare with it.

If not satisfactory, money will be promptly refunded.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER.

Dry Goods, PHIL.

CAUTION.

Spoons and forks not our make frequently sold as "Rogers." Our trade mark is **1847 Rogers Bros.** We guarantees original genuine goods, and plate that wears, on nickel-silver. Look out for imitations.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.

Good News for Asthmatics.

We are very glad to be able to publish, for the Congo river, West Africa, is now in touch of sufferers from Asthma. As we before announced that new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases, free of cost, to sufferers.

That tired, languid feeling indicates a lack of vitality in the "current of life." Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true blood purifier, vitalizing and enriching the blood.

A COLLEGE EXPEDITION.

From the Madura Mission in India comes an interesting description of a preaching expedition of the students of the Pasumalai Theological Training College. Rev. J. P. Jones set out as soon as the harvest was over and the people would have leisure to attend services, on a journey through the country, taking with him his students, who were quite willing to close their books and take an open-air excursion. "We took fourteents," he says, "and there were twenty-three of us. We set up the tents seven times, and made a stay of several days each time. The distance from one camp to the other was generally about eight miles. Each company's ground was in the centre of a group of villages. We divided into five parties, and every day at 6 A.M. the parties started in different directions as previously agreed upon, each party being assigned to one village. Before midday I would return. The afternoon was spent in Bible-reading and prayer, and in the evening we had a magic-lantern service for all who would come to the camp. Each of the five parties gave invitations at the villages visited in the morning. The people crowded to them from neighboring villages, giving us large and very attentive audiences, the truth being pressed home to them through eye and ear. These services we have had every night. You can easily imagine that in this way our days were full of hard work. Indeed, I doubt whether I ever saw a more tired party than we were at the end of this itineracy. We thus have moved, and covered thoroughly, an area of some 200 square miles, visiting 252 separate villages, some of them several times, holding 648 meetings, and addressing about 30,000 souls."

MISSION WORK IN GABOON.

Writing to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from the Protestant Mission, Liberville, Gaboon, Congo Francaise, Rev. Robt. H. Nassau (the story of whose life-work in Africa appeared in these columns some time ago) says: "It will please you if I refer to an incident—which you printed in your issue of Dec. 27th, 1893,—about a native catechumen and her catechism. It was perfectly true, unvarnished tale. Its sequel, that a year later, she came here with her husband—whose house is near this mission-house. She diligently attended not only the Sabbath services, weekly prayer-meetings and weekly inquiry class, but also a Bible-woman's weekly school. I baptized her last year, with a good confession. What a light there is over her face now! Our artist in that picture happened to get pretty exactly her dress, and wasn't very far from her face. She looks younger now and wears more dress. This very day I found her sitting in the church (I do not keep the door locked; it is open for entrance). She was reading in the New Testament the uniform School lesson for next Sabbath, John: 35-49. She seems to be a very happy woman. My work in this old (fifty-two years since this station was planted), and somewhat difficult station is just now encouraging, by some hopeful ingathering of fewer educated wanderers, and an increased attention at church services by young men and women—really gentlemen and ladies—former pupils of this school. I told my church members lately in a prayer-meeting that, while I did not cease to pray for them and for the adjacent heathen, I was more especially praying for the wanderers and for the children in the congregation."

PROFLIGATE RECLAIMED.

In the course of a letter to the "Missionary Herald," Mr. Fowle, the American Board's Missionary at Cæsarea mentions an interesting case of conversion at that place. It was that of a young man of perhaps twenty-three years of age, who himself confesses that there is no form of wickedness in which he has not become proficient. He had become a burden to his friends and a terror to all, but in some way, we did not learn how, about three years ago, he heard or read in Ezekiel that if a man turn from his evil ways he shall live. The wickedness itself had brought its own disgust, and he turned unto the Lord for pardon. The change in life and character, according to his own testimony and that of others, was simply marvelous, and he is now doing all he can to atone for the evil of the past. When asked what he would do if the church thought best not to receive him just now, he replied pleasantly and promptly: 'I'll wait until they do. In the meantime I'll throw my one stone.' This was a reference to the answer given not long before to an inquiry about the prophecy of the valleys being filled. (Luke 3: 5.) The missionary had said that a valley might be filled if every man threw in but one stone. The man simply meant that whether he was received or not, he would do what he could for Christ's canse.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

Mrs. David Simpson, Pa.
A family being led by Jesus.
R. W. Jones, Iowa.
Miss Lydia B. Holmes.
Melissa Haswell.
——, Eden, Ont., Can.
Mrs. E. S. Adams, Kans.
One of the C. H.'s constant readers, E., Wis.
Geo. W. Sharp.
Friend in Pa.
Mrs. Annis Storm.
Mrs. Lydia E. Wheeler.
C. A. G., Hazleton, Pa.
Mrs. A. A. Fordham.
Miss M. Cole.
A Mother, Lowell, Mass.
W. K. Desh.
"Nobody cares," East Shelburne, Mass.
Mrs. M. E. Hartzell.
John T. Clegg.
James Bonar.

All desiring to be enrolled on the list of patrons, should send their names and addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

"JESUS ONLY."

(Matt. 17: 8.)

"JESUS only" is my need;
"Jesus only" is my creed;
"Jesus only" is my life;
"Jesus only" saves from strife.

"Jesus only" brings me joy,
Blissfulness without alloy;
"Jesus only" is my trust,
Loving to the uttermost.

"Jesus only" would I preach;
"Jesus only" would I teach;
"Jesus only" saves from hell;
Trust Him and thou doest well.

"Jesus only" from above,
Fills my soul with peace and love;
"Jesus only" is the way
To heaven's joys and endless days.

Rochelle, Ill. —CHAS. W. McCROSSAN.

Beecham's pills for constipation 10¢ and 25¢. Get the book at your druggist's and go by it.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

CONSTIPATION CURED BY SMITH'S BILE BEANS. Send 25c. for 1 bottle, or $1 for 5, and if not entirely satisfactory we will refund the money.
They never fail. Read this testimonial
MESSRS. J. F. SMITH & CO.—I transmit herewith postal note for $1. Please send to my address five bottles Bile Beans. I have been suffering from constipation 18 or 19 years, and they are the best remedy I have found yet. H. CLAY WOOD, Paymaster U. S. Steamer "Yantic," Newport, R.I.
J. F. SMITH & CO., 255 Greenwich St., N.Y.

BEFORE BUYING A NEW HARNESS Send 2 cent stamp for 80 page Illustrated Catalogue of Custom Handmade Oak Leather Harness, sold direct to consumers at wholesale prices. Why not buy from first hands and save the middleman's profit. You can buy by mail as well as though here in person. Making to order a specialty.
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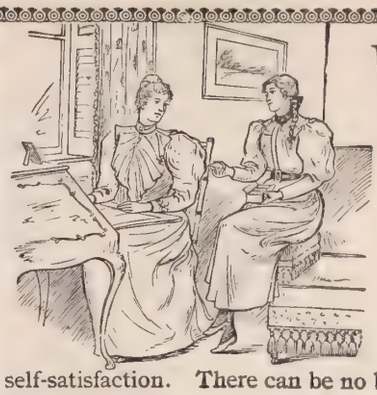
WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP
For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion, the result of 20 years experience treating the skin. A book on dermatology with every cake. Druggists sell it.
John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 127 W. 42d St., N. Y. City. Send 10c. for sample soap and 150 page book.

Busy Women should use— WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE.

Are you Nervous?
Try Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Dr. C. GROPPNER, Holyoke, Mass., says: "I am prescribing it in nervous diseases, with the best result. It makes a delicious drink."

Few are—Kidney & Bladder Diseases.
If you are a sufferer from kidney or bladder disease, pain in back, or rheumatism, you should send for the new botanic discovery Alkavis, which will be sent you free by mail postpaid, by the Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York. Alkavis is certainly a wonderful remedy, and you should try it, as it is offered you free.



Write a Letter.

If your dealer sends you any other soap for Copco, send it back and write him a letter. He has an eye to business—you should have an eye to self-satisfaction. There can be no better soap than

COPCO
TRADE MARK.

in quality, in purity or efficiency. It's the best soap the best soapmakers know how to make. The price is but 5 cents. Don't decide that it's too cheap to be good—try it! You've often paid double the price for poorer soap.
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, New York, St. Louis.

A Healthy, Clear Skin
Is not only a great comfort, but is a recognized point of beauty. We have thousands of letters saying it can be
Secured, Retained, By
using Comfort Powder. When used often, pimples and other inflammations disappear. Tan, Sunburn and Roughness from exposure at once relieved by
Comfort Powder
The Comfort Powder Co., Hartford, Ct. 25c. and 50c. a box.
All Druggists Sell It.

THE GREAT CHURCH LIGHT REFLECTORS FOR OIL, GAS OR ELECTRIC LIGHT
I. P. FRINK, 551 PEARL ST. N.Y.

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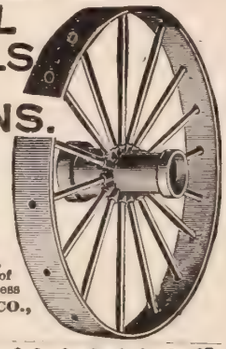

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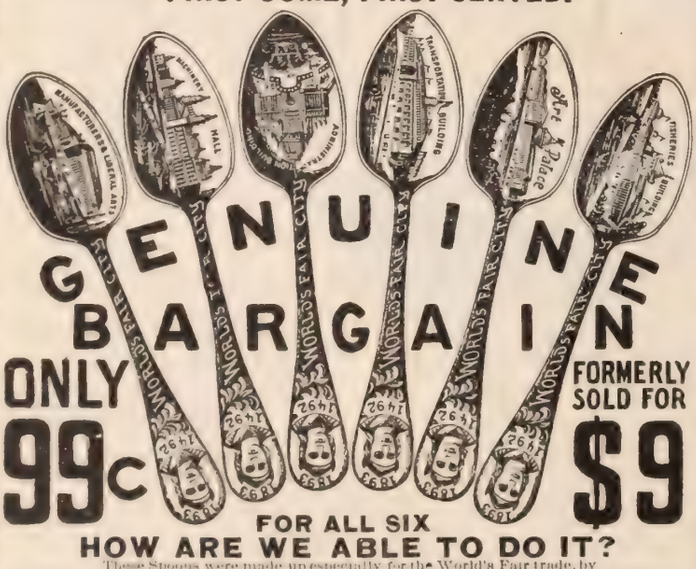

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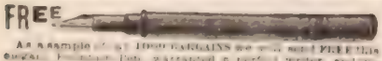
FREE 

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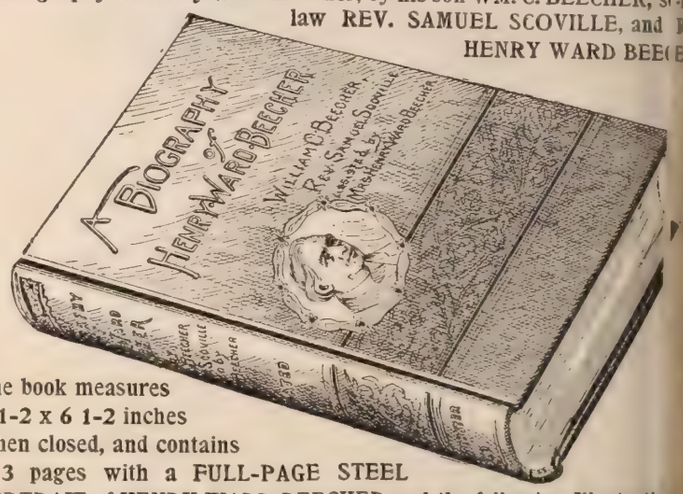

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18. NUMBER 32.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 7, 1895.

PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

GLADDENED 2602 LITTLE WAIFS.

What has been Accomplished by Our Fresh Air Fund thus Far—Tenement Children Pleading to be Taken to Mont-Lawn—A Sunday Talk to the Children.

EVERY passing week sees an increase in the work of our Fresh Air Fund, and a larger number of tenement children transferred from city alleys and slums to the fresh, cool, green meadows and daisied fields at Mont-Lawn. Last week was the busiest of all, both at the Children's Home and in the city where our mission workers and the pastors, Sunday School teachers and others who are cooperating with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been indefatigable in their work of tenement salvation. This augmentation of effort at the present time is for the purpose of saving as many tenement children as possible from sickness, for August is a month peculiarly hard upon the tenement dwellers, and usually marks a dreadful period of mortality among them, through the diseases to which the children of the very poor and the neglected waifs are rendered especially liable by the unwholesome surroundings. It certainly is anything but a pleasant experience to visit these localities in midsummer; but the Christian missionary, bound on the Master's service knows nothing of personal discomfort. It isn't difficult to find localities where there are hundreds of children absolutely dying for the lack of fresh air and wholesome food—dying by inches, their lean bodies and sad, expressionless faces telling all too plainly the story of an inheritance of suffering and neglect. Wherever one of these weaklings can be brought to the Home, it is done without delay, and the result is always a happy change in the child who returns to the city strengthened, encouraged, and with a much better prospect of living.

Ever since the founding of our Children's Home up to the present time, 2602 little guests have been received, fed, sheltered and instructed there. It is conducted on the plainest plan imaginable, and the neediest and poorest children are made welcome, no distinction being recognized on account of nationality or religious antecedents. The motto of the Fresh-Air Fund is simply to do all the good it can to all the children it can reach, who have no other means of being helped. And any one who ever went among the dwellings of the very poor, must come back from such an experience convinced that there is no greater or more urgent problem before the Christian world than how to give those little ones the breath of air that means life and health, and also to implant in their young hearts the germ of that more precious life that comes to all who know and love the Divine Friend of the children—the lowly Jesus. Surely Christians, when they recall the fact that their Master's childhood was one of poverty and mean surroundings, should have a specially compassionate corner in their hearts for the poor children.

TENEMENT CHILDREN PLEADING TO BE TAKEN TO MONT-LAWN.

From a Photograph taken of a rear Courtyard in Hamilton Street, New York City.

We do not believe it is possible to estimate, even approximately, the great amount of good that has already been accomplished through the Fresh-Air Fund this season. Words cannot weigh the value of the happiness it has brought to hundreds of homes, and the vigor and buoyancy it has imparted to a host of frail and delicate little bodies. Greatest of all, perhaps, is the spiritual outcome of the work. It has opened the doors of dissipated and drunken homes to moral influences, and in helping the child has also bettered the parents. In more than one instance, families seem to have begun a new life since their little son or daughter came back to them fresh from the influences of the Home at Mont-Lawn and told them of the kindness of the good missionaries, and the prayers that the young guests learned to say night and morning and the beautiful hymns. Thus the children themselves become unconscious evangels of truth to their own parents and home is happy indeed.

Somewhat in line with this phase of Christian experience was the address delivered at the Sunday School session to the children who met in the little chapel at Mont-Lawn last Sunday afternoon. The speaker displayed on the desk as an object lesson, a seven-branched candlestick, in which had been placed wax candles: a small pink one, a white one, a yellow, two larger pink and two plain white. A candle needs the application of fire to be of any use, the speaker explained. The kind of candlestick is immaterial, and the kind of candle is not important either, so long as it will burn. A small candle too, he remarked, can light a big one just as well as a large candle could. The human heart needs the touch of Christ to kindle it to light and acceptable service. Thus, though it be but the heart of a little child, it may be instrumental in bringing some other heart—perhaps that of an older person—to Jesus, by touching and lighting it in turn.

A New York broker, continued the speaker by way of illustration, had become a slave to drink. Try as he would, he could not overcome the evil habit, which assailed him every evening. He resisted as long as possible, but the struggle usually ended in the man leaving home after dinner and returning at a late hour intoxicated. In his sober moments he deplored this sinful weakness, and in conversation with his wife declared he would do anything to overcome it. His words set his little daughter to thinking. She was only a child of ten, but she had learned to know Jesus and she loved to serve him. She had heard her Sunday School teacher say, in his address to the school shortly before, that Christ was able to keep us from falling. With the quick perception of a young mind, it occurred to her that her papa could be saved from that terrible thing that worried him and mamma so much. So, after turning it over in her mind a little longer, she resolved to speak to her father about it at the breakfast table next morning. But at breakfast time, her courage disappeared; she couldn't open her lips to frame the words, as she had intended. Next morning and the next and the next, the failure was repeated. It worried her greatly. At last a new idea came to her relief: she would write her papa a letter, telling him how he could find the help he needed. When the letter was finished, then there arose the question how it was to be delivered, and the little maid was as sorely distressed as before. The difficulty was solved, however, when she decided to write him a big card and leave it in his dressing-room. This is what she wrote:

DEAR PAPA: JESUS CAN CURE YOU. JENNIE.

She set it up in a corner of his dressing-case, and as the room was dark, she placed in front of the writing a small pink Christ-

Continued on page 507.

MAN OVERBOARD.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Jonah 1: 6, *"So the shipmaster came to him, and said unto him, What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not."*

GOD told Jonah to go to Nineveh on an unpleasant errand. He would not go. He thought to get away from his duty by putting to sea. With pack under his arm, I find him on his way to Joppa, a sea-port. He goes down among the shipping, and says to the men lying around on the docks, "Which of these vessels sails to-day?" The sailors answer, "Yonder is a vessel going to Tarshish. I think, if you hurry, you may get on board her." Jonah steps on board the rough craft, asks how much the fare is, and pays it. Anchor is weighed, sails are hoisted, and the rigging begins to rattle in the strong breeze of the Mediterranean. Joppa is an exposed harbor, and it does not take long for the vessel to get out on the broad sea. The sailors like what they call a "spanking breeze," and the plunge of the vessel from the crest of a tall wave is exhilarating to those at home on the deep. But the strong breeze becomes a gale, the gale a hurricane. The affrighted passengers ask the captain if he ever saw anything like this before. "Oh yes," he says; "this is nothing." Mariners are slow to admit danger to landsmen. But, after a while, crash goes the mast, and the vessel pitches so far "a-beam's-end" there is a fear she will not be righted. The captain answers few questions, and orders the throwing out of boxes and bundles, and of so much of the cargo as they can get at. The captain at last confesses there is but little hope, and tells the passengers that they had better go to praying. It is seldom that a sea-captain is an atheist. He knows that there is a God, for he has seen him at every point of latitude between Sandy Hook and Queenstown. Captain Moody, commanding the "Cuba," of the Cunard line, at Sunday service led the music and sang like a Methodist. The captain of this Mediterranean craft, having set the passengers to praying, goes around examining the vessel at every point. He descends into the cabin to see whether in the strong wrestling of the waves, the vessel had sprung aleak, and he finds Jonah asleep. Jonah had had a wearisome tramp, and had spent many sleepless nights about questions of duty, and he is so sound asleep that all the thunder of the storm and the screaming of the passengers do not disturb him. The captain loses hold of him, and begins to shake him out of his unconsciousness with the cry, "Don't you see that we are all going to the bottom? Wake up and go to praying, if you have any God to go to. What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." The rest of the story I will not recapitulate, for you know it well. To appease the sea, they threw Jonah overboard.

Learn that the devil takes a man's money and then sets him down in a poor landing-place. The Bible says he paid his fare to Tarshish. But see him get out. The sailors bring him to the side of the ship, lift him over "the guards," and let him drop with a loud splash into the waves. He paid his fare all the way to Tarshish, but did not get the worth of his money. Neither does any one who turns his back on his duty and does that which is not right.

There is a young man who, during the past year, has spent a large part of his salary in carousal. What has he gained by it? A soiled reputation, a half-starved purse, a dissipated look, a petulant temper, a disturbed conscience. The manacles of one or two bad habits that are pressing tighter and tighter will keep on until they wear to the bone. You paid your fare to Tarshish, but you have been set down in the midst of a sea of disquietude and perplexity.

One hundred dollars for Sunday horse-hire!

One hundred dollars for wine-suppers!

One hundred dollars for cigars!

One hundred dollars for frolics that shall be nameless!

Making four hundred dollars for his damnation!

Instead of being in Tarshish now, he is in the middle of the Mediterranean.

Here is a literary man, tired of the faith of his fathers, who resolves to launch out into what is called Free-Thinking. He buys Theodore Parker's works for twelve dollars; Renan's Life of Christ for one dollar and fifty cents; Andrew Jackson Davis's works for twenty dollars. Goes to hear infidels talk at the clubs, and to see spiritualism at the table-rapping. Talks glibly of David, the Psalmist, as an old libertine; of Paul as a wild enthusiast; and of Christ as a decent kind of a man—a little weak in some respects, but almost as good as himself. Talks smilingly of Sunday as a good day to put a little extra blacking on one's boots; and of Christians as, for the most part, hypocrites; and of eternity as "the great to be," "the everlasting now," or "the infinite what is it." Some day he gets his feet very wet, and finds himself that night chilly. The next morning has a hot mouth, and is headachy. Sends word over to the store that he will not be there to-day. Bathes his feet; has mustard-plasters; calls the doctor. The medical man says aside, "This is going to be a bad case of congestion of the lungs." Voice fails. Children must be kept downstairs, or sent to the neighbors, to keep the house quiet. You say, "Send for the minister." But no: he does not believe in ministers. You say, "Read the Bible to him." No; he does not believe in the Bible. A lawyer comes in, and, sitting by his bedside, writes a document that begins, "In the name of God, Amen. I, being of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament." It is certain where the sick man's body will be in less than a week. It is quite certain who will get his property. But what will become of his soul? It will go into "the great to be," or "the everlasting now," or "the infinite what is it." His soul is in deep waters, and the wind is "blowing great guns." Death cries, "Overboard with the unbeliever!" A splash! He goes to the bottom. He paid five dollars for his ticket to Tarshish when he bought the infidel books. He landed in perdition!

Every farthing you spend in sin Satan will swindle you out of. He promises you shall have thirty per cent. or a great dividend. He lies. He will sink all the capital. You may pay full fare to some sinful success, but you will never get to Tarshish.

Learn how soundly men will sleep in the midst of danger. The worst sinner on shipboard, considering the light he had, was Jonah. He was a member of the Church, while they were heathen. The sailors were engaged in their lawful calling, following the sea. The merchants on board, I suppose, were going down to Tarshish to barter; but Jonah, notwithstanding his Christian profession, was flying from duty. He was sound asleep in the cabin. He has been motionless for hours—his arms and feet in the same posture as when he lay down—his breast heaving with deep respiration. Oh! how could he sleep! What if the ship struck a rock! what if it sprang aleak! what if the clumsy Oriental craft should capsize! What would become of Jonah?

So men sleep soundly now amid perils infinite. In almost every place, I suppose, the Mediterranean might be sounded, but no line is long enough to fathom the profound beneath every impenitent man. Plunging a thousand fathoms down, you cannot touch bottom. Eternity beneath him, before him, around him! Rocks close by, and whirlpools, and hot-breathed Levanters; yet sound asleep! We try to wake him up, but fail. The great surges of warning break over the hurricane-deck—the gong of warning sounds through the cabin—the bell rings. "Awake!" cry a hundred voices; yet sound asleep in the cabin.

In the year 1775, the captain of a Greenland whaling vessel found himself at night surrounded by icebergs, and "lay to" until morning, expecting every moment to be ground to pieces. In the morning he looked about, and saw a ship near by. He hailed it. No answer. Getting into a boat with some of the crew, he pushed out for the mysterious craft. Getting near by, he saw through the port-hole a man at a stand, as though keeping a log-book. He hailed him. No answer. He went on board the vessel, and found the man sitting at the log-book, frozen to death. The log-book was dated 1762, showing that the vessel had been wandering for thirteen years among the ice. The sailors were found frozen among the hammocks, and others in the cabin. For thirteen years this ship had been carrying its burden of corpses.

So from this Gospel craft to-day, I descry voyagers for eternity. I cry, "Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" No answer. They float about, tossed and ground by the icebergs of sin, hoisting no sail for heaven. I go on board. I find all asleep. It is a frozen sleep. O that my Lord Jesus would come aboard, and lay hold of the wheel, and steer the craft down into the warm Gulf Stream of his mercy! Awake, thou that sleepest! Arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life.

Again: Notice that men are aroused by the most unexpected means. If Jonah had been told one year before that a heathen sea-captain would ever awaken him to a sense of danger, he would have scoffed at the idea; but here it is done. So now, men in strangest ways are aroused from spiritual stupor. A profane man is brought to conviction by the shocking blasphemy of a comrade. A man attending church, and hearing a sermon from the text, "The ox knoweth his owner," etc., goes home unimpressed; but, crossing his barn-yard, an ox comes up and licks his hand, and he says, "There it is now—'the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib,' but I do not know God." The careless remark of a teamster has led a man to thoughtfulness and heaven. The child's remark, "Father, they have prayers at uncle's house—why don't we have them?" has brought salvation to the dwelling.

By strangest way and in the most unexpected manner men are awakened. The gardener of the Countess of Huntingdon was convicted of sin by hearing the Countess on the opposite side of the wall talk about Jesus. John Hardoak was aroused by a dream in which he saw the last day and the judge sitting, and heard his own name called with terrible emphasis: "John Hardoak, come to judgment!" The Lord has a thousand ways of waking a Jonah. Would that the messengers of mercy might now find their way down into the sides of the ship, and that many who are unconsciously rocking in the awful tempest of their sin might hear the warning, "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, and call upon thy God!"

Again: Learn that a man may wake up too late. If, instead of sleeping, Jonah had been on his knees confessing his sin from the time he went on board the craft, I think that God would have saved him from being thrown overboard. But he woke up too late. The tempest is in full blast. All the sea, in convulsion, is lashing itself, and nothing will stop it now but the overthrow of Jonah.

So men sometimes wake up too late. The last hour has come. The man has no more idea of dying than I have of dropping down this moment. The rigging is all white with the foam of death. How chill the night is! I must die," he says, "yet not ready. I must push out upon the awful sea, but have nothing with which to pay my fare. The white caps! The lee-ness! The hurricane! How long have I been sleeping? Whole days, and months, and years. I am quite awake now. I see everything, but it is too late." Invisible hands take him up. He struggles to get loose. In vain. They bring his soul to the verge. They let it down over the gulf. The winds howl. The sea opens its roaring jaws to swallow. He has gone forever. And while the canvas cracked and the yards rattled, and the ropes thumped, the sea took up the funeral dirge, playing in open diapason of midnight storm, "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh."

Now, lest any of you should make a mistake, I address you in the words of the Mediterranean sea-captain: "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." If you have a God, you had better call upon him. Do you say, "I have no God?" Then you had better call upon your father's God. When your father was in trouble, who did he call? You heard him, in his old days, tell of some terrible exposure in a snow-storm at sea, or in battle, or among midnight marauders, and how he escaped. Perhaps forty years before you were born, your father made sweet acquaintance with God. There is something in the worn pages of the book he used to read which makes you know your father had a God. In the old, serious books lying around the house there are passages marked with a lead-pencil, passages that make you think your father was not a godless man, but that, on some dark day when he lay in the back room dying, he was ready—all ready. But perhaps your father was a bad man—profane and a blasphemer, and you never think of him now without a shudder. He worshiped the world or his own appetites. If so, then, I beg of you, call upon your father's God, but call on your mother's God. I think she was good. You remember when your father came home drunk late one night, how patient your mother was! You often heard her pray. She used to sit for the hour meditating, as though she were thinking of some good, warm place where it never gets cold, and where the breath does not fail, and staggering steps never come. You remember her now, as she sat with her Bible and spectacles, reading her Bible on Sabbath afternoons. What good advice she gave

give you! How black and terrible the hole in the ground looked to you when, with two ropes, they let her down to rest in the grave-yard! Ah! I think from your looks that I am on the right track. Awake, O sleeper, and call upon thy mother's God.

But perhaps both your father and mother were depraved. Perhaps your cradle was rocked by sin and shame, and it is a wonder that from such a starting you have come to respectability. Then don't call upon the God of either of your parents, I beg you.

But you have children. You know God kissed those bright eyes, and rounded those healthy limbs, and set beating within their breast an immortality. Perhaps in the belief that somehow it would be for the best you have taught them to say an evening prayer, and when they kneel beside you, and fold their little hands, and look up, their faces all innocence and love, you know that there is a God somewhere about in the room.

I think I am on the right track at last. Awake, O sleeper, and call upon the God of the children. May he set these little ones to pray at thy heart until they charm back to the same God to whom to-night they will say their little prayers!

But alas! alas! some of these men and women are unmoved by the fact that their fathers had a God, that their mother had a God and their children have a God, but they have no God. All pious example to them is nothing. All the divine goodness is nothing. All warning for nothing. They are sound asleep in the side of the ship through the sea and sky are in mad unrest.

Many years ago, a man, leaving his family in Massachusetts, sailed from Boston to China to trade there. On the coast of China, in the midst of a night of storm, he made shipwreck. The adventurer was washed up on the beach senseless—all his money gone. He had to beg in the streets of Canton to keep from starving. For two years here was no communication between him and family. They supposed him dead. He knew not but that his family were dead. He had gone out as a captain. He was too proud to come back as a private sailor. But after awhile he choked down his pride and sailed for Boston. Arriving there he took an evening train for the center of the State, where he had left his family. Taking the stage from the depot, and driving a score of miles, he got home. He paused at, going up in front of the cottage where the bright moonlight, the place looked to him like heaven. He rapped on the window, and the affrighted servant let him in. He went to the room where his wife and children were sleeping. He did not dare to wake them for fear of the shock. Bending over and kissing his child's cheek, a tear fell upon the little face, and she wakened, and he said, Mary!" and she knew his voice, and there was an indescribable scene of welcome, and then, and thanksgiving to God.

To-day I know that many of you are seasick and driven by sin in a worse storm than that which came down on the coast of China, and yet I pray God that you may, like the sailor, live to get home. In the house of many mansions your friends are waiting to meet you. They are wondering why you do not come. Escaped from the shipwrecks of earth, may you at at last go in! It will be a bright night—a very bright night as you put your thumb on the latch of your door. Once in, you will find the old family faces sweeter than when you last saw them, and there it will be found that the God who was your father's God, and your mother's God, and your children's God, is your own most blessed Redeemer, to whom be glory and dominion throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose services, articles, or labors for Christ, are found in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Gladdened 2602 Little Waifs.

(Continued from first page.)

mas candle and lighted it. When the miserable father came home that night, and went to his room, he saw through hazy and bleared eyes, the little candle, and behind it, the writing. He managed to read it, and recognized the handwriting; the meaning sank into his brain and he sat down trembling and gazing at the words: "Jesus can cure you." Sobbing like a child, he sat there for hours, his lips giving utterance to a prayer in which the name of his little daughter was joined with that of the Saviour she loved so dearly and to whom she had pointed the erring parent. The lesson was complete, the cure effectual; and from that day to this, the once drunken father has found grace and strength to resist the temptation that had threatened to ruin both soul and body. And so the little candle, being itself aflame with love for Christ, lighted up the larger candle in turn, and a little child brought her own parent into the light of Jesus' love.

Our artist, in the present issue, has sketched a scene in a court-yard in the rear of a Hamilton street tenement, during the visit of one of our Fresh Air Fund missionaries. The rear house is an old tumble-down two-story rookery, sandwiched in among tall flats of the poorest class. Children swarm in and out of the dingy, foul-smelling rooms and through the dark and slippery hallways, as thick as bees in a hive. Staircases that threaten the life and limbs of the unwary stranger, and floors so broken that a trip is avoided only by skillful management, show that the building has about reached the last stage that precedes demolition.

When the missionary, who had gladdened the hearts of at least a dozen little ones (and also, incidentally, of several mothers), by taking their names for an outing, tried to walk across the loose and broken flagstones of the little court-yard, she found her progress impeded. Some half-dozen youngsters, all dirty and ragged as they were, hearing that the "good lady" had come from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, resolved to make an effort to get her to give them a promise of an outing. Poor little creatures! How her heart melted as she looked at them, standing before her there, on the bare stones, with tearful, pleading eyes and faltering lips, half-sobbing their entreaty to be taken "to the country."

"Won't yez take me 'n little Ted? He's me little brudder," said a girl of about eight, as she clung to the missionary's arm. Teddy in turn hung on to his sister's skirts, and howled by way of supplementing her petition. "Ah, do mum," the girl pleaded. "Ted an' me has never bin nowheres—no never!"

A little, bare-footed lad of nine, slender and pale-faced, next made appeal:

"Mam told yer I didn't have no close, but I got this," pointing to a nondescript blouse that had probably been the cast-off of some much younger child. "Can't I go up there to the place where you takes the children?" he asked eagerly. "I wanter have fun on the grass, I do, 'cause they aint no grass growin' here," and the dirty little toes kicked at the bare stones.

Attracted by the colloquy, other children, coming from nobody knows where, appeared on the rickety steps that led to the second floor. Simultaneously, adult faces could be seen at the doorways and windows. A boy of sixteen, who had been splitting kindling-wood, paused in his work and listened longingly. Poor lad! the younger ones might have a chance, but his age barred him out for consideration at the Children's Home. Still, he seemed to take a deep and unselfish interest in the result of the application by the others, and when the visitor, before finally disengaging herself, had given at least another half-dozen promises to the young applicants, no one showed more real delight than he. The missionary was glad to escape the hubbub that at once ensued when she left the court.

Many kind letters, containing substantial tokens of interest in the Fresh Air work among the tenement children, have been received during the week. One donor, Mrs. J. F. Timmerman, of Wilton, N. H., sent to Mont-Lawn a package containing one and a half dozen children's dresses and eight children's jackets—timely gifts which will bring joy and delight to the hearts of twenty-six little ones. "I think it is God's work," writes "An Invalid," Springfield, Mass., ($3), "and may he bless all the children." J. E. J., Wassaic, N. Y., ($3) says:

I wish to add one ray of sunshine to someone who does not know the pleasures of the country. My heart is full of love for them all, but my purse is small although I take pleasure in the thought of being able to do a little. My prayers will follow that it may bring unbounded happiness to some child.

This touching letter comes from Mr. and Mrs. J. W. D., Indianapolis, Ind.:

We have been constant subscribers for years and received many words of comfort from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD since we have been taking it. We lost our only dear little seven-year-old daughter, and in her name and the name of her Saviour, we send $3, for some poor child to have a ten days' outing at your Home.

There could be no more pleasing or fitting memorial than this. "It is a great privilege to help, in the smallest degree, in such a work," writes a friend, who, with a number of others, judges that the best and most practical way to exercise this privilege is to personally provide for one little waif's outing. With all of them it is a labor of love.

Mrs. S. E. Emory, Mineola, L. I. ($3) writes this very touching note:

I pray God that it may do some poor boy some good and be the means of leading him to Jesus. I send it in the name of little Dannie Youngs, who left us about two years ago.

Here is a brief letter which contains an eloquent story of one little maid's love and devotion to the work of the Master:

Enclosed you will find $3.36, which I made by having a fair on the lawn of the Alaska Hotel. I would like it to go for the Fresh Air Fund.

Ocean Grove, N. J. MARGARET BROWN.

Stella W., aged eleven, sends 50c. from Gravelpoint, Tex., to help make some poor child happy at Mont-Lawn. Stella writes:

We are wonderfully interested in reading the articles in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and wish we had more to give. But we live on Ozark's rocky hills and are poor. We have welcomed THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in our home for many years. I earned thirty cents of this myself.

This brief note from Holmdel, N. J., (which came accompanied by a check for $6), will be read with sympathy by many parents who know what it is to have a child sick nigh unto death:

A "thank-offering" for the health of our own darling "Kenneth," and that two waifs may breathe the pure air of Mont-Lawn.

From Derby, Conn., comes this pleasant note:

A class of little girls in the Derby Neck Mission School, known as "The Sunbeam Circle," having become interested in the Children's Home at Nyack, and feeling a stong desire to help some little one, have for some time past been trying to earn something for that purpose. They have earned three dollars which please find enclosed with their best wishes. They are very anxious to know if you receive it all right.

The following sums have been received during the week for the work of the Children's Home:

Previously Acknowledged	**$882.86**
R S N, Cohasset	3 00
The Widow's Mite, Bay View	1 00
Katie H Schultz	12 00
Mrs Rosa A Isbell	1 00
In His Name, Woodside	1 00
X Y Z, Roon	5 00
Harry Kennedy	3 60
H M K, Pa	3 00
Mrs W G Jones	1 00
Mrs H Blauvelt, N Y	3 00
Bruvold, Nels, P	3 00
A L O A, Chicago	6 00
A King's Daughter, Mt Vernon	1 00
W J L, Baltimore	3 00
Himely Children, Far Rockaway	3 00
Elmer Verrill	60
H C Duckett	80
H S Thomson	10 10
Mrs J M Lewis	50
Mrs J R M	1 50
Mrs Caroline J Bridgman	3 00
Miss Allie Smith	2 00
A C Gretchins	6 00
A Friend In His Name, Muscatine	2 00
Mrs W. B Chapman	1 00
Mrs Earnest Melhuish	1 00
Two Sisters, Shinglehouse	3 00
Mrs L Atwood	3 00
Mrs F I Wood	3 00
S——, Washington	1 00
Collins M Way	3 00
A Friend, West Derry	3 00
Mrs E Cordelia Shirtliff	3 00
Wm H Hamilton	3 00
Mrs E R James	1 00
F H S, Holyoke	3 00
X X, Astabuld	2 00
Teacher, Salisbury	3 00
Friend, Nyack	1 00
G H and O H	1 00
Invalid, Springfield	3 00
J E G, Somerville	3 00
Little Mary, Smyrna	1 00
The Children's Friend, Wassaic	3 00
Lady from Iowa	10
Reader, Andrew	5 00
Friend, Waterloo	3 00
Emma C Heese	1 00
——, Anaheim, Cal	6 00
Mrs H. I H N, Wilmington	1 50
Mrs M. I H N, "	1 50
A Friend, Chillicothe	5 00
Mattie Ketterer	3 00
J M Dungan	3 00
C. R. Gearhart	5 00
Mother of Natick, Mass	3 00
Alex H Clark	3 00
Thos McCalmon	3 00
Mr and Mrs C H C. Brockton	3 00
G C I, Jr., Brooklyn	2 00
Mrs G W Bennett	3 00
Subscriber, Haydenville	2 00
Subscriber, Charlottsville	5 00
In Jesus' Name, Cherryville	3 00
Friend, Brooklyn	2 00
Total	**$1,066.46**

OUR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

X.—JACOB SHULL.

DURING the recent distress in Kansas there were abundant opportunities for the exercise of the philanthropic principles of Christianity. People in the stricken State like those in Nebraska, Colorado, and Oklahoma, learned during that time that Christians were followers not only of Jesus the Saviour of sinners, but of Jesus who fed the multitude and had compassion on the hungry. The readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gave of their savings and denuded their ward

JACOB SHULL.

robes to feed the destitute and clothe the naked, and the proprietor of the paper personally went to the distressed districts to superintend the work of distribution. The motive for this benevolence on all hands had its origin in Christianity, and the same motive was active in every heart that had truly entered into the spirit of the Master. There was one conspicuous instance of this in the man whose portrait appears in this column. Mr. Shull was at that time living at Manhattan, Kans., and was well known there as an earnest Christian worker, whose time and labor were freely given to Christ's service. He was a carpenter by trade, and had come from Ohio to Kansas some twelve years before, when, the necessity for his continuous manual labor having ceased, he brought his sons to settle on farms in the great Western State, and to spend the remainder of his days in doing good. The distress around him last winter proved that his Christian profession was no mere surface veneer. At any time of the day or night he was accessible to the needy. His neighbors saw him going from house to house in the poorer quarters, ascertaining what was the actual condition of families whose self respect restrained them from making known their need, and they saw him traveling over the same route afterwards laden with clothing, warm bedclothes, or food, to relieve the necessities he had discovered. He made no parade about what he did, but regarding it as merely a matter of duty, he went about it quietly, but untiringly.

This labor was only another form of the Christian activity with which his past life had been full. He began to work for Christ when he was but little over sixteen years of age, when with his father he removed from his native town in Perry County, Pennsylvania, to Crawford County, Ohio. It was early days to be working for a living, but Mr. Shull's circumstances required it, and he had made good use of the opportunity for learning that had come in his way. He opened an evening school for boys less fortunate than himself, and on Sundays he was teaching again, but whether on weekdays or Sundays, his pupils were always urged to give their hearts to God. All his teaching had that for its object, and God blessed his labors. Mr. Shull holds a license of the Methodist Episcopal Church to preach, but he has not limited his efforts to that church. The Congregational Missionary Association and the American Bible Society have both had the benefit of his labors.

THE NEW HOME IN CANAAN.

S. S. Lesson for August 18th. Deut. 6: 3-15. Golden Text: Deut. 8: 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE children of Israel were approaching the longed for end of their forty-years' wanderings. It was in the eleventh month of the fortieth year (Deut. 1: 3), that Moses addressed the whole assembly of Israel, reminded them of their past history, and repeated to them the laws which God had given them as his peculiar people. He had just completed the history of Sinai (Deut 5) with a repetition of the commandments, and he made his own comment (ver. 32,33) "Ye shall observe to do therefore as the Lord your God commanded to teach you: ye shall not turn aside to the right hand or to the left. Ye shall walk in all the way which the Lord your God hath commanded you, that ye may live, and that it may be well with you, and that ye may prolong your days in the land which ye possess." "All the way." Incomplete obedience is disobedience.

The children of Israel were entering on a new state of things. It was all the difference between school and home life. In the wilderness, all their wants had been provided for them, their way had been made for them, no responsibility had been upon them, but to trust and obey God. And as all of them were in the same circumstances, the faith and obedience of each helped the other. But it was a state of national childhood. The heir, so long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all: but he is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the father. The time appointed of the Father was come, and the house of Jacob were to "possess their possessions," which, however, they have never fully come into. They were about to set foot in the promised land, It was to be conquered by them and to be their inheritance. But they must first understand the mind and purpose of their God in giving it to them. When he had sent Moses to Pharaoh, king of Egypt, his claim, reiterated again and again, was: "Let my people go

That they May Serve Me."

(Ex. 7: 16; 8: 8–20; 9: 13.) If this object of their deliverance had been enforced with Pharaoh, it was but just that his people themselves, being delivered from Egypt, should fully understand that their deliverance was not for their own selfish enjoyment and satisfaction, but that they serve God. Consequently Moses, standing as God's interpreter, knowing his ways, appeals to the assembled people: "Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Jehovah: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." As God, as King, as Father, Jehovah required all, from the inmost purposes of that hidden man of the heart where God can dwell, through all the soul with its intellect and its emotions, to the world of action expressed by "thy might," Jehovah made his supreme claim, and demanded unmixed worship, undivided allegiance, and supreme devotion; and all was to be the outcome of love.

But how should fallen creatures, born in sin, the sin of self-love, which is the soil in which all other sin grows, attain to such a requirement as this? It was impossible and beyond them. "By the law is the knowledge of sin," but not the power to live a holy life. The law could not do it: it was weak through the flesh. And yet the Holy One must not,

Could not, lower his Standard!

Less than perfection the perfect [illegible] not be. And as through the ages [illegible] has been the sad but true story: "No man keepeth the law." The terrible yoke of bondage to a holy law which the inward man acknowledged to be "holy and good," (Rom. 7: 12), yet impossible to fallen man, was only broken by him who fulfilled all its requirements. Jesus only did to the full love the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul and with all his strength. And having done so, he undertook to expiate in his own Person every sin of every sinner against that law, and by making room for them to take the same place which he took at the Cross when he was made a curse for us, he also made it possible for man to obey the law written in his heart. Christ's death, while it was the atonement for our disobedience, was never meant to excuse our disobedience or to make Christ "a minister of sin." (Gal. 2: 17.)

Through the sacrifices Israel might look forward to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," and find forgiveness, as David, Isaiah, and many of the Old Testament saints did. And they had the written Word, at any rate the books of Moses, who commanded them: "And these words which I command thee this day shall be upon thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shall talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. What is the ordinary conversation even of converted people at the table, in their journeys; the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night? Is it the Word of God? One has to go a long way to find Christians who make the Bible their constant companion. But there are choice souls who live in the atmosphere of heaven; God's Word is their very near companion, and the moments spent in their company are precious times when God himself draws nigh. How often, when Christians meet together, the

Time is Wasted!

Unkind remarks about other people, anxious plans about work, glowing accounts of their own doings, take up the time, which should be part of the service of the Lord, for which he has delivered us from more than Egyptian bondage.

The people of Israel, in being delivered from their school-time, and the immediate and detailed direction for their every step in the wilderness, needed all the more to have a constant Guide to refer to, and the Word was that Guide. Moses directed: "And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and for frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the door-posts of thine house, and upon thy gates." It was an easy thing for some of the Jews to obey these words in the letter, and not in the spirit. But the same men, in our Lord's time who made broad their phylacteries (these very frontlets between their eyes), and enlarged the border of blue upon their garments, were condemned by Christ as hypocrites and he asked of them: "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" The Word of God is meant to enter in and possess the heart: "Thy law is within my heart."

A man who lives to serve God begins by trusting him fully. Such an one does not, and cannot forget the past. It is what his God has been to him which colors his life in the present and in the future. He has settled the matter that he exists for God, not God for him. If he does eat and is full, he blesses the Lord his God and takes heed not to forget; his heart is not lifted up so that he should forget his God. (Deut. 8: 10, 14.) Prosperity does not injure a man who [illegible] possesses that it is his own. (Acts 4: 32). Success cannot injure a man while, with Paul, he keeps his place as "crucified with Christ." With him, numbered among transgressors, and counting himself the chief of sinners: he lives to serve God.

If such a man meets with trial, he has had a good look at the other side of the testing matter: he has seen not only how the thing touches him, but also what was God's purpose in it, and instead of grumbling, he wonders at the grace which educates him. He can understand the love which suffered his people of old to hunger, and then fed them with manna which they knew not nor did their fathers know. (Deut. 8: 3.) He has got the clue of the situation. His heavenly Father is moving him and humbling him to know what is in his heart, and learns that man does not live by bread only, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE FRONTLET BETWEEN THE EYES.

THE book of Deuteronomy, from which the lesson is taken, is practically a repetition or recapitulation of the law of Israel. It is cast in the form of three discourses which Moses is represented as delivering in the plains on the East of the Jordan during the last months of his life. The first discourse ends with the fourteenth verse of the fourth chapter and is historical in character. The second, which is the main discourse, occupies the chapters from the fifth to the twenty-sixth inclusive and recapitulates with some divergences and modifications the laws previously given in the earlier books. The third discourse, in which the elders of the people are joined, occupies the next four chapters and is a kind of peroration, enforcing in an impressive manner the lessons of the previous discourses, and containing an earnest appeal to the people to obey, and with warnings and encouragements. The remainder of the book contains the Song of Moses, the final commission to Joshua and the account of the death of Moses. Whether Moses actually wrote these discourses with his own hand, or whether some one else reported them as he delivered them, or at a later date, is a matter of dispute. It is obvious that, in any case, some parts must be the work of another hand, as they refer to a condition of national life that did not exist at the time of Moses' death. The suggestion has been made, with much to be said in its favor, that Deuteronomy is the book referred to in II. Kings 22: 10, which Hilkiah found in the House of the Lord. If so, the Mosaic discourses had in the long interval been edited by some unknown prophet who gave them a more modern form with the sad applications that would be furnished by the history of Israel.

For a sign upon thine hand . . . as frontlets between thine eyes. This law was not to be kept for state occasions, but was to enter into daily, individual and family life The Jews put a literal meaning on the passage, which it is always much easier to do than to obey the spiritual meaning. They inscribed fifteen verses of the law (Deut. 6: 4–9, and 11: 13–21) on pieces of parchment. They were put in little cases or cylinders as shown in the illustrations. They were bound with leathern thongs on the forehead and the hollow of the elbow, and were fixed on the right hand doorpost of their houses. These, it is believed, were the phylacteries to which Christ referred (Matt. 23: 5) which were worn for ostentation. This was not so irksome to a Pharisee as having the law in his heart to control his wicked propensities.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God. Some one has asked whether the verb, to love, has an imperative mood. Can one love when ordered to do so? Does not love arise in the heart of its own accord, refusing all compulsion? This passage implies that love can be aroused and cor
"I cannot love a person I have
seen," said a girl whose mother was
her to love God. Not long afterw
mother took her daughter with he
on a friend whose husband had bee
years in China. He was expecte
soon and the lady and her daught
eagerly looking forward to his
"You have never seen your fathe
you?" the visitor asked the

THE PHYLACTERY.

"Ne
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"Oh, yes," the child answered
prise. "It would be strange i
not. He used to write me letters
before I could read them, and he
loving messages through mamm
that, and he always remembers n
day and sends me nice things oft
loves me and I love him." The
was all that was needed. The
own child listened and understoc
command, "Thou shalt love the
God," was not so unreasonable in
of the other child's experience.

These words . . . shall be in thi
A famous writer, speaking to child
You have seen the great reservoir
ed by our water companies, in w
water to supply hundreds of str
thousands of houses is kept. N
heart is the reservoir of man, an
is allowed to flow in its proper
That life may flow through differ
—the mouth, the hand, the eye;
all the tissues of hand, of eye, of
their source from the great fountai
tral reservoir—the heart; and he
is great necessity for keeping this
the heart, in a proper state and c
since otherwise, that which flows
the pipes must be tainted and corr

Beware lest thou forget the Lord.
ist in Scotland was surprised as h
along a road with beautiful meado
each side, to see a girl run down t
a hill and close a gate that stoppe
ing any farther. As he cam
shut gate, the girl said, "You
to pay anything to go through;
only to say, 'Please allow me to go
and I will open the gate." The t
the words, and the child immedia
ed the gate, and he passed throug
swer to his question, the child tol
the road belonged to the Laird
could not alienate his property, b
opened the road for the public co
He wished every one to have free
so he had the gate put there, and
were required to ask permissio
only that his right might be reco

Thou shalt fear the Lord. This
seems a contradiction of the form
love him; but th
not inconsistent.
successful of a
masters was D
of Rugby. His
most worshipp
he had the facult
ning their love
erence. One of
became eminen
life, gave an
a friend whic
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be combined.
was an older
had entered the
was a midshipm
his vessel was

SIGN UPON THE HAND.

he went to Rugby to bid his fr
by. They went into the town t
dined at a hotel. When the ho
ing the gates came, the Rugby
say farewell. "Stay all night,"
sailor boy, "it will be two years
meet again." The Rugby boy
head. "I dare not," he said, "it
the rules and the Doctor is ve
lar." The sailor smiled. "You
a whipping, I suppose; but we
good time that will be worth a
Oh, no," said the other, "I am
of the whipping; but I hate to
tor. He trusts us and he would
and hurt if any of us deceived h
fied him. He is the best of men a
not annoy him for the world."

FOR CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

Many Great Churchmen and Moral Reformers now Assembled at Grindelwald in the Swiss Alps—A Growing Movement, Looking to Helpful Unity and Co-operative Action Among the Christian Churches Throughout the World.

SWITZERLAND has ever been known as a land of religious, as well as po-

REV. DR. HENRY S. LUNN.

litical progress. In the past, it has furnished martyrs for the Christian cause, and freely poured out its blood and treasure in defence of the Cross. There are valleys, nestling under those mountains' perennial snow, that have not their legends stories of heroic suffering for conscience sake, and the glorious freedom the Swiss Republic now enjoys has been dearly purchased. It is eminently fitting, therefore, that one of the loveliest of the Swiss valleys, should have been the place selected for the assembling of a succession of conventions, which may be destined to influence the religious complexion of a very considerable section of the Christian world. Few spots in Europe are more charming than the little group of hamlets in the Swiss valley of Grindelwald. Green and lovely at its altitude of nearly 3,500 feet above the level of the sea. In the entire district there is a population of about 3,000, nearly all with the exception of a few guides, waiters and hotel proprietors, being occupied in the summer and autumn with the visitors who flock to the valley by the thousand. Indeed, the Grindelwald valley is one of the most picturesque localities in Switzerland, and in the summer time it is the favorite resort of many of the most distinguished men and women of Europe. Within a short distance, the Wetterhorn piercing the blue sky, a mighty mass, the loftiest peak 12,165 feet high and capped by eternal snows, while the Lauterbrunnen gorge, the Upper and Lower Grindelwald glaciers, the dangerous Eismeer (or "Sea of Ice"), and the Little Scheidegg are all comfortably near at hand. Within a short distance, the eyes of the traveler are feasted with the magnificent panorama of the mighty giants of the Oberland, the Eiger Wetterhorn, Monch, Jungfrau, Silberhorn, Schreckhorn, Mittaghorn, Zaesenberghorn, Lauteraarhorn, Faulhorn and Breithorn, on whose smooth and treacherous surfaces, deep gorges, jagged crevasses, many a venturesome climber has found his fate. Those mountains of the sky range in altitude from 10,000 to 14,000 feet. They have looked serenely upon many a stirring scene in the lovely valleys below, but never, in recent times at least, on more august assemblages than those that have gathered in the Grindelwald every summer since 1892.

Concerning the origin of the Grindelwald Conference, Dr. Lunn, the distinguished divine and author who founded it, gives this interesting history: In 1891 the project of a Reunion Touring Party was first suggested, in connection with the membership of the Contemporary Club. It was thought possible to combine in a party visiting some quiet spot upon the Continent, a number of prominent people whose views on religious and philosophical matters would be helpful to each other. When the first Grindelwald party went out in January, 1892, it numbered twenty-eight in all, and included clergymen of various denominations. So satisfactory was the result that, in the fall of that year, a very notable gathering was held and the first of the series of Conferences took place. Nearly one thousand persons attended the Reunion meetings which lasted several days. Among those who took a prominent part in the proceedings were the Bishop of Worcester, Bishop of Ripon, Pere Hyacinthe and many others well known in ecclesiastical and evangelical circles. It was quickly found that a feeling prevailed in favor of the union of the churches on helpful lines of Christian work and in all the essentials of Christian belief, without impairing the integrity of denominational lines. Still greater was the public interest in the Reunion of the following year, when Archdeacon Farrar, Prof.

THE GRINDELWALD VALLEY.—LEADERS AT THE CONFERENCE OF 1895.
1. Miss Hallie Q. Brown. 2. Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows. 3. Miss Frances Willard. 4. Rev. A. H. Bradford. 5. Rev. H. P. Hughes. 6. Mrs. Josephine Butler. 7. Rev. C. A. Berry.

Mahaffy the eminent archæologist, Rev. J. E. Hanauer, and Mr. F. J. Bliss, with others almost equally famous in the ecclesiastical and scientific world, attended the gathering. In 1894, the attendance had risen to nearly three thousand, and a very large number of the churches of Great Britain had begun to display an active interest in this practical work. The Conference of that year itself showed a distinct advance upon its predecessor in the character of its discussions. The Church of England was ably represented by men of as diverse theological opinions as the Deans of Bristol and Norwich, representing the evangelical section; Professor H. C. Shuttleworth, a Broad Churchman; the late Prebendary Grier, Canon Hammond, the Rev. W. S. Swayne, members of the English Church Union, whilst Dr. Newman Hall, the Non-conformist veteran, Professor Lindsay, Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, Dr. Charles Berry, Mr. W. T. Stead, and others represented the non-episcopal communities. Almost every Christian denomination was represented in the discussions.

Grindelwald is again crowded and the quiet Swiss valley, as we write, is once more the scence of amicable disputation concerning the best ways and means to advance the Kingdom of Christ. On the forenoon of Sunday, June 23, the proceedings were opened with a discourse at the Grindelwald church on "Temperance and Social Problems," by Rev. Egerton R. Young of Canada. Mr. Young's pioneer missionary work in Canada will be remembered by many of our readers, as a graphic account of it appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Other speakers during June included Mrs. Hoffman of Kansas City, Mo., Miss Hallie Q. Brown of Wilberforce College, O., Lady Henry Somerset, Miss Frances Willard and Mrs. Josephine Butler. In July was opened what is known as the "European Chautauqua," which embraced addresses, lectures and sermons by Dr. John Hunter, Prof. J. L. Robinson, Rev. Dr. Lunn, Mrs. Ormiston Chant (the lady who led the popular movement for "personal purity" in London two years ago), Rev. John Watson of Liverpool (better know as "Ian Maclaren," the famous author), Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, well known to American audiences, and also many others. During the present month, social problems will largely occupy the attention of the Conference. Among the subjects announced are: "The Churches' Care of Young Men"; "The Duty of the Press as to Gambling, Christianity and Socialism," and "Lessons from the World's Parliament of Religions;" among the distinguished speakers being Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows, of Chicago, ex-President of the World's Fair Religious Congress, Rev. George Dana Boardman, of Philadelphia, Rev. Amory H. Bradford, of Montclair, N. J., Rev. Charles A. Berry, of Liverpool, and Rev. Paul Sabatier, of Paris. In September, the venerable Archdeacon Wilson, of London, the Bishop of Worcester, Archdeacon of Manchester, Principal Story, Moderator of the Church of Scotland, Rev. Alexander Oliver, Moderator of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, Rev. R. Rutch, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of England, Rev. Dr. Rees, Chairman of the Congregational Union, Rev. J. G. Greenhough, Chairman Baptist Union, Rev. J. W. Pope, ex-President Wesleyan Methodist Conference, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, President Free Church Congress, and a number of other famous churchmen will discuss the questions of "Church Reunion," "Presbyterian Reunion," "The Pentecostal Baptism, the Secret of Unity," etc. It is expected that the closing week will be devoted to the consideration of "International Peace."

Regarded as a whole, the growth of the Grindelwald Conferences in point of num-

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

bers and in the variety of denominational interests involved, is one of the most significant signs of the times indicative of the growing tendency to helpful unity and co-operative action among the Christian Churches of the world. Its discussions have not failed to give prominence and emphasis to the essential doctrines of the Christian faith—the Incarnation and the Atonement. Hardly a question affecting the moral and social progress of mankind, has been left untouched. Moreover, all the proceedings have been conducted in a spirit none the less earnest and devout, because exceedingly amiable and liberal. It may be truly said that such assemblages are among the greatest aids to Christian progress and cannot fail to be productive of blessing to all the interests concerned.

Among those who are taking a leading part in the Conference this year are several whose names are already familiar to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Miss Frances Willard is the founder and president of the W. C. T. U., and has passed the greater part of her life in active Christian and temperance work. Her career is too well known to need recital here. Lady Henry Somerset is one of whom it may be truthfully said that she has put a cable of love and loyalty between the women of Britain and those of distant lands. Her great wealth is used as a sacred trust for the uplifting and succoring of fallen humanity and the furthering of every Christian work. Miss Hallie Q. Brown has conducted an important educational work in connection with the Wilberforce University, Ohio. Mrs. Josephine Butler has long been one of the foremost leaders in the Social Purity movement in England.

The other portraits presented in this issue are those of pastors and reformers of international reputation. Rev. Henry S. Lunn, of London, the founder of the Grindelwald Conference, is the editor of "The Review of the Churches," and although one of the youngest in the group, has already for a number of years been recognized as among the ablest writers and thinkers on the topics that are paramount to all who have at heart the social progress and spiritual advancement of the human race.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE. G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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SHELLS FROM THE BEACH.

WE write with a long quill that reaches from East Hampton, Long Island, to our editorial rooms in New York. Our summer house is a cottage overlooking the sea. Seventeen vessels in sight—schooners, clippers, hermaphrodite brigs, steamers, great craft and small. Wonder where they come from and where they are going to and who is aboard. Just enough clover tops to sweeten the briny air into the most delightful tonic. We do not know the geological history of this place, but imagine that the rest of Long Island is the discourse of which East Hampton is the peroration. There are enough bluffs to relieve the dead level, enough grass to clothe the hills, enough trees to drop the shadow, enough society to keep one from inanity, and enough quietude to soothe twelve months of perturbation. The sea hums us to sleep at night and fills our dreams with intimations of the land where the harmony is like "the sweet voice of many waters." In smooth weather the billows take a minor key; but when the storm gives them the pitch, they break forth with the clash and uproar of an orchestra that fills the heavens and makes the beach tremble. Strange that that which rolls perpetually and never rests itself, should be a psalm of rest to others. With these sands of the beach we help fill the hour-glass of life. Every moment of the day there comes in over the waves a flotilla of joy and rest and health, and our piazza is the wharf where the stevedores unburden their cargo. We have sunrise with her bannered hosts in cloth of gold, and moonrise with her innumerable helmets and shields and swords and ensigns of silver; the morning and the night, the two buttresses from which are swung a bridge of cloud suspended on strands of sunbeam, all the glories of the sky passing to and fro with airy feet in silent procession.

We have wandered far and wide, but found no such place to rest in. We can live here forty-eight hours in one day, and at night get a Rip Van Winkle sleep, waking [illegible] feeling our gun rusty or our dog dead.

The place was settled in 1648, and that is so long ago that it will probably never be unsettled. The Puritans took possession of it first, and have always held it for the Sabbath, for the Bible, and for God. Much maligned Puritans! The world will stop deriding them after a while, and the caricatures of their earnest [illegible] will want to claim them as ancestors; but it will be too late then, for now the latter-day critics about the Puritans now, we will not believe them when they want to get into the illustrious genealogical line.

East Hampton has always been a place of good morals. One of the earliest Puritan regulations of this place was that licensed liquor-sellers should not sell to the young, and that half a pint only should be given to four men! An amount so small that most drinkers would consider it only a tantalization. A woman here, in those days, was sentenced "to pay a fine of fifteen dollars, or to stand one hour with a cleft stick upon her tongue, for saying that her husband had brought her to a place where there was neither Gospel or magistracy." She deserved punishment of some kind, but they ought to have let her off with a fine, for no woman's tongue ought to be interfered with. When in olden time a Yankee peddler with the measles went to church here on the Sabbath for the purpose of selling his nick-nacks, his behavior was considered so perfidious that before the peddler left town the next morning the young men gave him a free ride on what seems to us an uncomfortable and insufficient vehicle, namely a rail, and then dropped him into the duck-pond. But such conduct was not sanctioned by the better people of the place. Nothing could be more unwholesome for a man with the measles than a plunge in a duck-pond, and so the peddler recovered one thousand dollars damage. So you see that every form of misdemeanor was sternly put down. Think of the high state of morals and religion which induced this people, at an early date, at a political town meeting, to adopt this decree: "We do sociate and conjoin ourselves and successors to be one town or corporation, and do for ourselves and our successors, and such as shall be adjoined to us at any time hereafter, enter into combination and confederation together to maintain and preserve the purity of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ which we now possess."

The pledge of that day has been fully kept; and for sobriety, industry, abhorrence of evil and adherence to the unmixed Gospel, we know not the equal of this place.

That document of two centuries ago reads strangely behind the times, but it will be some hundreds of years yet before other communities come up to the point where that document stops. All our laws and institutions are yet to be Christianized. The Puritans took possession of this land in the name of Christ, and it belongs to him, and if people do not like that religion, let them go somewhere else. They can find many lands where there is no Christian religion to bother them. Let them emigrate to Greenland, and we will provide them with mittens; or to the South Sea Islands, and we will send them ice-coolers. This land is for Christ. Our legislatures and congresses shall yet pass laws as radically evangelical as the venerable document above referred to. East Hampton, instead of being two hundred years behind, is two hundred years ahead. Glorious place to summer! With an Atlantic Ocean in which to wash, and a great-hearted, practical, sympathetic Gospel to take care of all the future, who could not be happy in East Hampton? The strong see breeze ruffles the sheet upon which we write, and the "white caps" are tossing up as if in greeting to him who walks the pavements of emerald and opal:

> Watt, waft, ye winds, his story,
> And you, ye waters, roll,
> Till like a sea of glory,
> It spreads from pole to pole.

DULNESS AS HETERODOXY.

THE most dangerous foes of Christianity are not the men who openly assault the faith of the Bible. It is so evident to all Christian people that such men are on the wrong side, that their influence is comparatively limited. But it is the indifference and the dulness on the part of those who profess Christianity that do the worst damage. When, in pulpit, or prayer-meeting, or religious newspaper, a man sneers at God and the soul, with eyes half shut, and a manner in which there is no thrill, he practically denies the tremendous truth of the Gospel. If one ought ever to sparkle and flame, it is when he touches the questions of the soul. There can be no good apology for a dull prayer-meeting talk. If, therefore, a man have a heavy article on some Christian theme, let him first carefully correct the spelling, then punctuate it, then page it, then fold it up, then burn it. How dare you stand up there in meeting with somnolent manner, slandering our religion. Sit down! Let some man with a soul on fire take the time. How many religious meetings have two or three exhorters who act like icicles, and only get enough thawed out during the service, to drip, drip, drip in cold talk.

Do not stand there taking up the time, telling us what a sinner you are: we all knew that long ago; but tell us of some victory gained, of some glimpse of the pinnacles that you caught from the mountain-top. Hide not that one tear of emotion in promiscuous use of pocket-handkerchief, as if you merely had a cold in your head, and could not be betrayed into any emotion at all. We need more brightness and elasticity in our Christian work. If holiness be "on the bells of the horses," we care not how much the horses prance. The more speed, and the more spring, the more music. Let not professed profundity be any excuse for dulness in religion. Because a subject is deep, there is no reason why it should be obscure; yon can see the bottom of Lake Winnepiseogee thirty feet down. Mists about a religious theme are no evidence of learnedness. We cannot worship a London fog. The most damaging attack upon Christianity to-day is the stolidity and half-heartedness of many who profess to accept it.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

A. C. Gill, Double Bazan, Tex. Christ was sold for thirty pieces of silver. How many dollars were they equal to in United States money?

Assuming, with most commentators, that they were shekels, the "stater siclus" or shekel of the sanctuary (current in Josephus' time), was equal to about 55 cents.

F. Lawler, Dayton, O. Is it true that the sale of crosses, beads, and other trinkets such as the Romish church favors, is a source of great revenue at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Palestine?

It is. Thousands of pilgrims buy them to carry home, some as souvenirs of their visit, others as objects of veneration. So many of the poorer classes of pilgrims purchased these articles that a law was enacted requiring all pilgrims entering Joppa to leave a deposit there sufficient to cover the cost of their steamer journey home, otherwise they would spend all in trinkets.

Inquirer. 1. To whom do I owe greater love and gratitude, to my husband, who is very kind, or to the one who raised me and who has been very kind also? 2. Is it right for a woman, who professes to be a Christian, to wish one whom she considers an enemy, in hell? What will be the result if she dies without asking that person to forgive?

1. Your heart will tell you which you love best, and which best deserves it. Both are entitled to your affection; but the love of a true wife for her husband is stronger than filial love. 2. It would be a very poor Christian—or rather no Christian at all—who permitted such a wish to find a place in her heart. We must forgive even our enemies freely as we ourselves hope to be forgiven of God.

Mrs. B., Anapolis, Neb., writes:

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is my only means of grace, for I live many miles from any place of worship. We once had a nice Sabbath School, of which I was superintendent, but times have changed. Most of the American people have left and others have taken possession. They have their own school, Sabbath school, and church. I hardly hear a sermon preached once a year and when I read in your excellent paper of the good that many are doing, my heart yearns for activity. Yet, perhaps I am doing God's work by "staying by the stuff," as well as he that "goeth down to the battle."

Reader, Pittsburg, Pa. Who was St. Augustine? What are his writings or books, and can they be bought, and where? What do they mean when they speak of his Confession?

Aurelius Augustinus was a native of Numidia, born in 354 A. D. His mother, Monica, was a Christian of great piety. Augustine became Bishop of Hippo and a famous teacher in the Church. His writings are venerated as among the earliest and most spiritual of Christian works. His "Confessions" are spiritual experiences and reflections with a great deal that is autobiographical. He wrote many other books beside. You may be able to procure them through any prominent publishing house.

Subscriber, Brent, Ky. Is there any means of ascertaining what was the mode of baptism practiced by the Apostles and their immediate successors?

The Didache, or Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, instructs the teacher to baptize in living (that is, running) water. "But if it continues," "If thou hast not living water, baptize in other water; and if thou canst not in cold, then in warm. But if thou hast neither, pour water upon the head thrice, unto the name of Father, Son and Holy Spirit." From this it would appear that immersion was preferred, but pouring might be practiced if immersion was not convenient.

Reader, Dallas, Texas. Am I not right in considering that a person who died here recently is now in perdition, seeing that he was never baptized? He led a moral life and attended church of different denominations but was not a member of any, and he told me not long before his death that he had not been baptized.

It is not well to dogmatize about the condition of a soul that has passed out of the world. We may wisely leave all such matters to God. If the person in question believed on Christ and trusted him for salvation, you may be sure he would be saved though he was not baptized. We cannot but wonder that such a believer should be indifferent about any command of his Lord, or should neglect the observance of baptism; but we do not believe that his doing so would involve him in eternal punishment. It is very unlikely that the penitent thief had ever been baptized, yet he received Christ's assurance of salvation.

"Reader," Scranton, Pa. Is there any other case than the one in Hebrews 12: 16, 17 of Esau's repentance? What is meant by his finding no place for it, and its application to us?

Only the record in Genesis. He had [illegible] himself out from the privileges of his birthright by his own act. He had valued them so little as to give them up rather than suffer hunger. Its present application is to persons who easily yield to temptation, and who sin against God rather than suffer hardship. Apers who will tell a lie to get out of a trouble is [illegible] whom it applies.

M. Mart, Pipe Creek, Md. Is it right to join a church without being converted? A clergyman [illegible] near here is teaching that if a person be a member of the church and is baptized he will be saved.

Membership of a church cannot save any one. The church should be composed of persons who have been born again, and who join by joining the church to confess Christ before the world. To join a church is in implied assent al of faith in Christ, and if at the time of the act the person has not exercised that faith and is not converted, he is misrepresenting his condition.

R. W. J., Lake Creek, Ill. What is meant by the limitation to the promise (1. John 5: 14), "if we ask anything according to his will, he hears us"? If it is his will, shall we not get it without [illegible]

There is direct encouragement in many places in the Bible to pray for such things as are needed. Luke 18: 1-8 is a very emphatic assurance from our Lord's own lips of the [illegible] of such prayers. The limitation is only such as a human parent would make. There are some requests that a father would deny [illegible] however much he loved him, and often must he loved him. God acts in the same way. Some Christians have had reason to [illegible] that God gave them their desire.

A. Baker, Westgate, Ia. 1. An infidel lecturer stated some time ago that no minister dare tell his people what he thought of the Bible. Is there any basis for such a charge? 2. What is the meaning of the statement in II. Chronicles 18: 22, that the Lord put a lying spirit in the mouth of certain prophets?

1. Ministers are continually telling their people what they think of the Bible. [illegible] they study it and the longer they preach it the more they love it and recommend it to others. The statement of the lecturer is a slander. There are some doubters in the pulpits, but as a rule they publish their doubts rather than conceal them. 2. The words of Micaiah, who was in danger of his life. When informed that the prophets unanimously had advised war in the name of the Lord he did not venture to dispute the fact that he was being sent of God, but represented himself as having been duped. It was the resort of a timid and politic man.

Reader, California. 1. Yes, send [illegible] it will be mailed to you. 2. There are [illegible] that cannot be explained in this life and will await God's own time to disclose their meaning. Mrs. A. M. Latham, Onancock, Va., will [illegible] scriber" the numbers asked for if still [illegible] E. U. B. The same principle is found in many other vegetable products.——Mrs. Douglass, Newcastle, Pa. Very probable.——R. M. H., Kansas. 2. Write to the Sunday School Union, Boston, Mass. [illegible] no authentic information on the subject. Litty, Bethel Corners, N. Y. Write to the Consul at Berne, Switzerland, giving all information you possess and enclosing the letter. He will doubtless be able to advise you factorily.——Jos. C. Ray, Lindsay, Can. [illegible] habilty you can. Write to the makers of strument for book of instructions.——Jar Hazelhurst, Ga. Yes; for many years unity among the churches on all essentials ty in plans for Christian work has been gaining ground.——N. P., Lisbon Falls. notism is now so generally recognized worn-out craze of magnetism and mesmerism a new name that it is hardly capable of ously considered except by the ignorant credulous.——Correct. Orthodox. Spurgeon not considered orthodox.——Mary C. Austin, Tex. 1. It does not appear in [illegible] regular collections. 2. Yes; she is his [illegible] P. P., Allen, Neb. Write to Librarian, A [illegible] N. Y. for information about the book. Mint, Washington, D. C., regarding the

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

NEW POMPEIIAN DISCOVERIES.

No less interesting than preceding discoveries are the relics of Pompeii which have just been brought to light by the excavators. A complete villa in the suburbs of the entombed city was found recently and the ashes and volcanic mud which have covered it for more than eighteen centuries have now been removed. The villa evidently belonged to a grandee of great wealth and artistic taste. A picture of the peristyle, or drawing-room, of the villa appears on this page, with the reproduction of a photograph of a piece of sculpture on one of the marble columns. The use of marble of itself indicates the high standing of the owner of the villa, as marble was very rarely employed in the buildings of Pompeii; but in this mansion there is a profusion of it. The ruins, with the descriptions of the houses of that date which Horace gives, enable us to realize how the villa must have looked in the days of its glory. The centre had a roof, and the blue sky of Italy stretched above it, the turf and flower-beds carpeted the court, surrounded with its stately colonnade, while the roof resting on them backward to the outer walls, gave shade and shelter. Here and there were exquisitely sculptured lavers, fountains and statuary on pedestals, and on the walls paintings of marvellous beauty. The sculpture of which we have a picture was probably intended to represent the god Janus, worshipped by the Romans as the beginning of everything, a custom still surviving in the name of the first month of our year. The skilful combination of the male and female heads, the arrangement of the hair and beard and the delicate formation of the eyes, all show that the sculpture was the work of a master. Works of almost equal merit were found in considerable number in the same room. The place must have been a rare spectacle of luxury and beauty on that night in August, 79, when Vesuvius suddenly vomited forth the flames and mud which buried the city with its neighbors Herculaneum and Stabiæ—one funeral pall. Where its owner and his family were on that fatal night none can tell. Of the thirty thousand inhabitants of Pompeii many were at the theatre, about two hundred were at the temple of Juno and their skeletons were found there a few years ago, while probably still larger number of the citizens were in their homes. Doubtless many attempted to escape but were buried in the awful downfall which stifled them. History presents no parallel to the catastrophe, save that which befell Sodom and Gomorrah. It is remarkable that Pompeii should have resembled them not only in the nature of its destruction, but in the abominable vices which brought destruction upon them. The fact of this two-fold resemblance is not denied by persons who regard it merely as a coincidence. To the Christian it is a fulfilment of warning as to sins of that kind.

SCULPTURE FOUND AT POMPEII.

Let no man deceive you with vain words: for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience. (Eph. 5: 6.)

A Disappointed Wanderer.

There is a man in grievous trouble at Greenville, O. A dispatch from that town, to a Cincinnati journal, says, that a romance like the poet's story of Enoch Arden has just occurred there. Ten years ago a business man disappeared mysteriously. He was only twenty-five years old, but two years previously he had married the belle of the town, and they had one child, a bright beautiful little girl. He was sought every where but no trace of him could be found. His affairs were in an embarrassed condition, and the deserted young wife was utterly penniless. She set resolutely to work and succeeded in making a living for herself and her little daughter. As the years passed and no word or sign came from her missing husband, she reluctantly came to the conclusion that he had committed suicide. Two years ago she listened to the pleadings of a suitor for her hand, to whom, so long as she had the faintest hope of her husband's return, she had turned a deaf ear. But when she gave up that hope, she accepted him. A divorce was necessary as a legal formality and having secured it, she was married. On July 22, she had occasion to go to the railroad depot and there to her consternation she met her first husband who had just alighted from an incoming train. He had spent the ten years of his absence in Mexico, working hard at first and speculating in mining stock when he had saved a capital. He had become rich and had returned to claim his wife, bringing a large fortune with him. He bitterly deplores now that he did not communicate with his wife, but says that all his attention was concentrated on money-getting and he always intended to return to her when he had made his fortune. He has made the fortune on which he set his heart; but there is no man in the State more miserable than he. There are some who act in the same way toward Christ, deserting him and plunging into the world's business, neglecting prayer and the church that they may give all their thoughts to attaining worldly success, but intending to make all right before they die, by repentance, forgetting that the opposite course is the rule of the kingdom.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you. (Matt. 6: 33.)

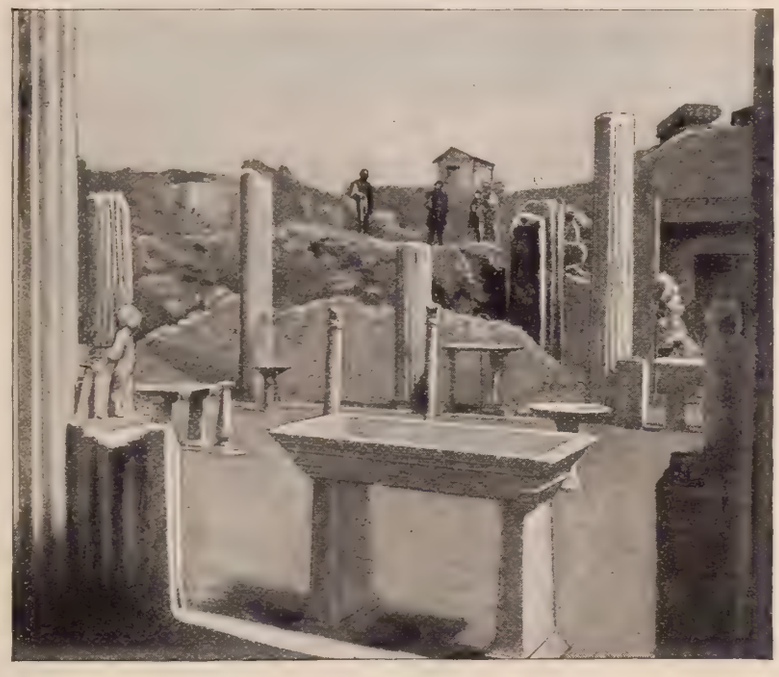
To Save the Ships.

Inquiries have been made by the Naval Department since the naval engagements of the Japanese and Chinese war, with the view of providing against a danger which affected the issue of the fight on the Yalu River. This was the fact, that when some of the Chinese vessels caught fire, there seemed no way of extinguishing the flames but to detach other vessels from the fight to go and put out the fire. The inquiries of Secretary Herbert resulted in the offer of a company to make all the wood used in the construction of vessels, absolutely fireproof. After a series of tests the offer was accepted, and the new battle-ship "Iowa" and the cruiser "Brooklyn," now being built, will have no wood in them but such as has been treated by the process. It is expected that if these prove satisfactory, all vessels built for the Navy in future will be under a like contract. The process consists in forcing into the wood sulphate and phosphate of ammonia by hydraulic or electrical pressure. The tests were invariably successful. A piece of ash which had been treated by the process was left in a fierce fire for twenty minutes, and when taken out was but slightly charred. A log of yellow pine also successfully resisted the fire. The company claims that any wood once treated, can never afterward be burned. If its claim is substantiated, there will be an extensive demand for the process for battle-ships of all nationalities. It is much to be wished that young people who are going into the battle of life would seek a like protection. The fierce fires of temptation can never hurt any whose souls are filled and permeated with divine grace.

My grace is sufficient for thee. (II. Cor. 12: 9.)

Profit from an Enemy.

A struggling enterprise in Utah has suddenly become prosperous by an ingenious adaptation. A mining company has for several years been embarrassed by a succession of floods. Its operations were frequently entirely suspended until the water that flowed into the mine, in spite of all their endeavors to prevent it, could be got rid of. A short time ago a proposition to abandon the enterprise was seriously considered, as the cost of drainage and pumping was nearly equal to the proceeds of the mine. Recently, however, their engineer adopted new tactics. He determined to use the water instead of trying to keep it out. He increased the opening through which it entered and constructed a flume five feet wide which carried the water to a rivetted pipe three feet in diameter. A hundred and twenty feet below the end of the pipe, he has set up a water wheel, on which the water gives a pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch. The power thus secured, is used to generate electricity and the company now gets a current which not only lights the mine and its mills, but runs several motors and saves an enormous expenditure of money. The Company now no longer dreads the influx of the water but welcomes it as a source of profit. So it has often been in the Christian's spiritual experience. Events which seemed on the surface to be disastrous have under the overruling Providence of God turned out to be blessings; and among the "All things" which work together for good to them that love him. Many have come at the close of their lives to speak of their losses and trials as Paul spoke of his imprisonment:



LOWER FLOOR OF A PATRICIAN'S HOUSE RECENTLY UNCOVERED AT POMPEII.

The things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel. (Phil. 1: 12.)

BRIEF NOTES.

We Invite the Co-operation of Our Subscribers in the extension of our subscription list, and in order to introduce this journal into many new homes, we will, on receipt of only one dollar, send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for six months to any address in the United States or Canada, and one copy of any one of the following premiums, all charges prepaid:

International Ruby Bible, which retails at $2.
From Manger to Throne.
Gospel Hymns, from One to Six, complete.
The Pathway of Life.

This offer will not apply to renewals, being intended exclusively as an inducement for new subscribers to try THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. No renewals will be accepted on these terms, nor will any new subscribers intended to take the place of renewals, share in this offer. Please tell your friends about it, and invite them to join our ranks. All new subscriptions sent in under this proposition must positively be mailed before August 15th, when this offer will be withdrawn.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter Encouraged the workers at the Bowery Mission on July 28 by a visit at the afternoon service. The Bishop's visit was unexpected, but he was heartily welcomed, and was persuaded to give a brief address. The Bishop found there an audience even more urgently in need of religious aid than that which gathers round him at the mission in Forsyth street, where he has been laboring for a month past, while the clergyman in charge took a vacation.

The Estimated Expenditure of the French Government for the wicked and cowardly invasion of Madagascar, is larger than the sum that the Missionary Societies have been able to expend for Gospel work there in fifty years.

Dr. H. H. Jessup Sailed for his Sphere of labor in Syria from New York, July 20 after his brief furlough. Mrs. Jessup accompanied him and they took with them their two daughters and a niece who will help in the Mission work.

William F. Bischoff is at Present Actively and successfully reaching the unsaved masses in Springfield, Ill., his native city. The evangelist is in charge of a Gospel tent which is moved from place to place in all the needy localities of the town.

A Marked Awakening has Occurred at Independence, Iowa as a result of the evangelistic meetings held there under the direction of Mr. M. B. Williams and his singer, Mr. Charles Alexander. Four of the churches united in these services and all have received accessions.

As an Evidence of Temperance Progress in England, it is stated that the Duke of Westminster, who had on his estates a few years ago forty-eight saloons, has closed thirty-seven of them and has rented them to persons who will carry on other kinds of business in them.

Mr. D. L. Moody Preached on July 28 to an immense audience at Convention Hall, Saratoga. The occasion was the anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association. Bishop John P. Newman, Dr. Smith of Baltimore, and many other distinguished clergymen were among Mr. Moody's hearers.

The Blessing of God on the Work at the Bowery Mission, New York, has been signally manifested. Since THE CHRISTIAN HERALD took charge in April last, no less than 1708 men have been led there to profess faith in Christ and a determination in his strength to renounce sin and strive after holiness.

Rev. Edward Beecher, an Elder Brother of the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, died July 28. He was in his ninety-second year. In the course of his ministerial career he was pastor of Park Street Congregational Church, Boston, and later of Salem Church in the same city. His last pastorate was at Galesburg, Ill., where he labored for eighteen years.

A Writer in a Roman Catholic Journal Published in Germany calls public attention to the fact that the Catholic Church in some important districts is losing its hold on the people. As a specimen case he mentions Baden, which is a Catholic stronghold. He says that the increase of Protestants since the census, twenty years ago, is 106 510, while the increase of Catholics during the same period is only 85,000.

Dr. Edward Judson Has Been Holding special services in his church in Washington Square, New York. With the aid of a stereopticon showing scenes in Palestine, he has lectured on "The Story of the Cross." Although the heat has driven every one out of town who could leave, Dr. Judson's services have been densely crowded and much good has been done.

The Foreign Missionary Work of the Christian Alliance, of which Rev. A. B. Simpson is President, is now nearing the close of its seventh year of labor. The accounts for the year are not made up, but at the beginning of the year the total amount expended during the previous six years had reached the grand total of $341,000. The income for the first year was $5 000; the second year $10,000; the third year $20,000; the fourth year $75,000; the fifth year $106,000; and the sixth year $125,000. When it is remembered that this work has no denominational backing this record is surprising.

Rev. John Lee, of Chicago, Supported by other Methodist ministers of that city, has after persistent effort succeeded in gaining the attention of the Roman Catholic Pontiff, through Cardinal Gibbons, to the injustice of the present laws in Peru, Ecuador and Bolivia. No marriages are legal in those lands but such as are solemnized by Catholic clergy and they will not marry Protestants. There is consequently no alternative for Protestants unable to leave the country, but that of remaining unmarried or abjuring their faith. Mr. Lee asked the Pope to use his influence, which is all-powerful in the countries mentioned, to secure the religious liberty which he commends in this country. Mr. Lee has received an assurance that the Cardinal-secretary will look into the matter.

ZULU "WITCH-DOCTORS."

ALTHOUGH more intelligent than any other African race, the Zulus are firm believers in witchcraft and are very superstitious. The Matabeles, a branch of the Zulu race, are like them in this. Dr. Josiah Tyler, who spent forty years among them, describes the manners and functions of the doctors as disgusting in the last degree. That they may become thoroughly acquainted with their art, they endure a great amount of self-sacrifice. They leave their homes, isolate themselves from their fellows, live and sleep in solitary places, fraternize with wild animals, endure hunger and cold and talk to the moon until they become almost, if not quite, lunatic. Their clothing is hideous, consisting of skins of crocodiles and pythons, with the teeth of wild cats and fetishes of various kinds about their necks, the bladders of birds and wild beasts on their heads and a long leopard's skin dangling about their loins. One of their functions is called "smelling out." It consists in discovering witches who are supposed to have caused illness or other misfortunes. They go through a hideous performance, and finally indicate some unhappy creature as the wrong-doer, who falls a victim to the vengeance of the people. Dr. Tyler says that even after the Zulus have become Christians, they are only with difficulty kept from calling in the witch-doctor in a crisis.

An Enemy Converted.

Two attempts were made by the China Inland Mission to get a foothold at Ninghai. Seven years ago, the first was made and there was then not a Christian in the place. Mr. Charles H. Judd and his wife settled there and they were attacked and driven away with so much violence that Mrs. Judd was confined to her bed for several weeks after reaching a place of refuge. "A third time," says Mrs. Judd, "we returned. We were cursed and pelted with stones. But this time God gave us two converts. Who were they? One was a poor, half-blind, lame beggar, and the other was a military officer. The military officer was the leading man who tried to turn us out the first time, and kept the soldiers in his house to batter our doors. But God turned that man into a disciple of Jesus Christ. If I had gone through the city in order to select the vilest and most disgraceful man that could be found, and the greatest ruffian, I should certainly have picked out that man. And now he adorns the doctrines of God our Saviour. I do not know a man in any land in whom I have seen a greater change. He is not a great speaker, but is wonderfully changed in character."

Chinese Cruelty.

The better need of China for more extended Gospel preaching is shown by the following extract from Dr. Graves's "Forty Years in China," shortly to be published by R. H. Woodward Company, Baltimore, Md.: The Chinese are a stubborn and untruthful race, and their officers no doubt find great difficulty in extorting the truth in any case which comes before them. As with us, a criminal will usually plead "not guilty," however conscious he may be that he has committed the offense, so, among the Chinese, the accused will stoutly deny that he is guilty of the crime charged. The great object of the judge is to get him to confess. The Chinese proverb is, "If you are charged with stealing a well, you must confess." The magistrate must either entangle him in his talk so as to get the equivalent of a confession, or he must extort the confession through bodily suffering. When annoyed at the pertinacity or boldness of the prisoner, the judge may order all kinds of cruel tortures in order to force the man to acknowledge his guilt. Giving men hundreds of strokes, beating them until the flesh is lacerated, putting on thumb-screws, and other horrid cruelties are frequently practiced on a helpless prisoner. It is not strange that a foreigner, seeing the cruelties of a Chinese court, exclaimed: "Thank God, there is a hell where these wretches who, clothed with brief authority, inflict such pain on their helpless fellow-men, will receive the due reward for their cruelty." He might have added: "Thank God that there is grace which can change even such hard hearts." Prisoners are subjected to untold privations and suffering by their keepers, in order to extort money from them, or compel their friends to pay the keepers to remit their cruelties. Any one who has visited the dark, dirty dungeons of a Chinese prison will feel that even the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. The Chinese delight in cruelty. It was the beheading and mutilating of the Japanese prisoners at Port Arthur, that excited these men to commit the massacre at that stronghold. I was once traveling with a Chinese officer, who was describing the capture of a rebel officer at Nankin. He seemed to gloat over the sufferings he inflicted on his unfortunate prisoner. He told how he strung him up and shot and stabbed him, and said, "If you want to die, I won't let you die; if you want to live, I won't let you live." This, I am persuaded, is no exception to the sentiments the Chinese soldiers usually cherish towards their enemies who are so unfortunate as to fall into their hands.

Brahmin and Mohammedan Wed.

A strange wedding which many would regard as impossible was solemnized recently in Bombay. The bridegroom was a Brahmin and the bride a Mohammedan and both had become sincere believers in Christ. The bridegroom, Samuel Subha Rao was brought to Christ seven years ago under the teaching of Miss Reade, of the South Arcot Mission. After his baptism his relatives brought a suit against Miss Reade for the loss of their son as they considered his conversion equivalent to his death. It involved her in a long and troublesome trial. This young man has now received his theological education. Returning to Miss Reade after his ordination, he became her valuable assistant in preaching the Gospel throughout the district. In the meanwhile there had been another conversion in Miss Reade's school. This was a Mohammedan girl named Rokia Bi, and she, too, had been educated with especial view to mission service. When a few months ago, Samuel asked for marriage with Rokia Bi the thing was felt to be from the Lord. As the Brahmin bridegroom and Mohammedan bride were united in Christian marriage in the presence of the little company, including Christians who had come out from various races and castes, one realized how true it is that "in Christ Jesus" we are all one. Samuel S. Rao hopes to take his bride to visit his father and mother, who, after years of lamentation over a lost son, now realize that he is worthy of esteem. In coming into the inheritance of the Kingdom of Heaven Samuel, of course, lost his rights and privileges as the eldest son, they passing to his little brother, while in his present marriage he has withstood most tempting offers, preferring a "woman who feareth the Lord" to wordly advantages with one who lacks this. This young couple, may have a thorny path to tread but their hearts are strong and true.

A ZULU PRIEST OR "WITCH-DOCTOR" AT HIS INCANTATIONS.

The New Piano at Willard's.

ON all sides of the rough, rugged pathway rose splendid mountains, timbered to the top, and here and there we tramped over grand table-lands, watered by broad streams or intersected by foaming brooks. "I love this wild country," said Jessie Pratt, "but I would not want to live here; it is too lonely, there is too much privation. You see how quiet these mountaineers look, how grave and self-contained, and the women—they are so patient, they all look hard-working, and as if they had been repressed. No," continued Jessie, "I wouldn't like to live here."

"A schoolmate of mine," said I, "has had her home in a desolate little corner of those hills for many years. Not that the place is desolate to her; she has a fine family of boys and girls, and a neighborhood has grown around her home. But Mabel married a minister, and his work led him to the mountains; her heart was in his work, and she desired to share it, so she has been useful and happy, though not able to have the luxuries of earlier days."

"Has she a piano?" suddenly inquired Jessie.

"She has a new piano," I answered triumphantly, "a Baby Grand, sent her by the alumnae of her old college, who are very proud that one of their number, living in so remote a nook, has herself prepared three sons for college, and sent her daughter to the Alma Mater of which Mabel was once a distinguished pupil. That girl came up last year from the little manse in these highlands, passed her entrance examinations without a condition, and at once took a high rank in her class. We, old girls, remembering Mabel, felt a thrill of delight. We delicately investigated, found that Sadie had been taught music at home by her mother, and that the old piano was worn out, a perfect tin pan. So we contributed, some of us could give liberally, and all gave something, and we sent the fine piano to Willard's Landing. We will see it this evening, as we are going there for supper, and to spend the night.'

Jessie clapped her hands.

"And I will play Schubert and Chopin and Wagner for your friend, and she will feel a whiff of the old world of her youth."

"She will probably play Chopin and Schubert for you, Jessie. Sadie said her mother had never given up her piano practice, and you must not run away with the notion that culture and refinement are monopolized by towns."

As I spoke, my friend touched my arm. I turned, to see a procession of young lasses in calico dresses and sunbonnets, walking along the grassy edge of the highway. They were slender, slim creatures, graceful and shy-looking, reminding me of fawns, and they nodded and smiled in a a reserved far-away fashion, as I greeted them. All were bare-footed, and they carried their shoes and stockings in their hands.

"May I ask where you are going, young ladies?" I felt some curiosity, for it was evident their errand was one of recreation.

"To Willard's," replied the oldest of the group. "Mrs. Marchmont has a new piano, and she's asked us over to enjoy it. We're so glad that a splendid piano like those people have in the great cities has come to this place." She spoke timidly, but my sympathy inspired her with confidence.

"How far have you come?" I inquired.

"Seven miles," was the answer. "We live at the Bend, eight miles from Willard's."

"And you don't mind the walk?"

"Oh no! we like it. The road is rough, but why should we care when there's welcome and music at the end of it."

Often since that day, friends, when I have had a bit of rough road to go over I've thought of that pathetic little speech. At present of weariness and hardship with shelter and love, warmth and greeting, a welcome and music at the end of the way.

A little farther on and the ground suddenly dipped, and at our feet, as in the bottom of a bowl, lay the village in the valley, my old friend's home. The wayside friends stopped, bathed their feet in the brook and dried them with towels they produced from the bags in which they had brought their luncheons. Then they put on their boots and stockings, brushed their hair, and treed on. We jogged along slowly, our sure-footed mare not wishing to be hurried, and soon we reached Mabel Marchmont's home, a long, low frame building with verandas and vines, a place which had the home look very strongly indicated in its cleanliness and thorough air of comfort.

"I am so glad you are here to meet some of my friends," said the mistress of the little home. "We are having a house-warming for the new piano, and it is beautiful. I have been so famished to have good music in my home, that I am beside myself with joy and gratitude, and it wouldn't be complete if we did not make it a festival and call in our neighbors. Do you remember Dr. Holme's poem about the girl who had never seen a piano, and when she first heard one exclaimed, 'O let it out and please let out the bird!'"

Mabel talked as we ate her generous dinner, chicken fricassee and cream biscuits, apple pie and preserves, and real country fare deliciously cooked and nicely served, and Jessie and I looked at her. She was thin and worn, all the plumpness and baby dimples were gone, there were angular and sharp lines and wrinkles even in her face, but the beautiful eyes were alight with the beautiful soul, her voice was low and sweet, and her laugh as merry and spontaneous. Books and papers and never-ceasing work for Christ had kept her young and fresh. I bracket them together, for the books she read were in the line of religious work, and the atmosphere of her house was that of a Christian. We had our feast of music, but the best of it was neither Mabel's nor Jessie's playing; it was just being all separated, when the simple-hearted girls who had walked bare-footed those seven miles, joined hands and sang in clear, sweet tones, "Lead, kindly Light!"

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A CHINESE BOY'S FAITH.

His Death-bed a Beautiful Scene of Christian Confidence—"I See my Saviour's Face!"

IN a recent issue of "The Quarterly Token," (a missionary publication), the following very beautiful Christian experience of a Chinese boy is recorded:

"Chung To begged his father not to send for a doctor or to spend any money on medicine, for, he said, 'God's time for me to go to my house has come.' 'This is your house,' said the father. 'No, it is not, it belongs to other people; my house is in heaven.' His mother said, 'You have only been sick a few days, and why do you talk thus?' When he replied, 'I have seen two men dressed in white that I saw a few weeks ago on the hill; one was like my Saviour and the other was an angel, and I think I shall go in a few days.'

"On the fifth day of his sickness his brother asked him how he felt. He replied, 'I have had no sip for five days or nights and my body is very, very thin; I think I shall go home on the 16th of June.' His brother said, 'Where is your house?' He replied, 'Not here—this is not God—it is only for a time—my house is in heaven with my Father.'

"His aunt asked him one day how he was, and said, 'I hope soon you will soon be well and able to help your father and mother again.' 'No,' he replied, 'God's commandment and will is better than man's.' His mother on seeing the change in his features cried, and said, 'I am afraid you will die, and what shall I do!' 'Mother, do not, I told you before not to spend any money on doctors. There are three other brothers able to help you; why are you distressed? You should trust all to God; you know his salvation; you must be firm, pure, obey God's commandments, and then you will be able to come to me and see the face of Jesus with me.' The mother said 'Do pray and ask God to spare you to me longer.' The boy answered, 'I can only pray, "Thy will be done."'

"On the evening of the 5th of June he called all his relations and neighbors in and said, 'I am going home, don't be sad; God calls me. You must believe in Christ, always carry his cross, follow him and keep his Sundays. Pray for me now.'

"That evening he was unconscious and seemed in great agony. When he became conscious his mother said, 'I called you just now and you did not answer.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I have gone, but you wanted me to stay, so I was delayed one day more. To-morrow I certainly go. You need not cry; only pray. If you cry like the heaven do, it will not benefit you. I for a time leave you; if you follow Christ, you will come to me.' He turned to his brother and said, 'I am going first, you must be careful to follow Christ and come to be with me.'

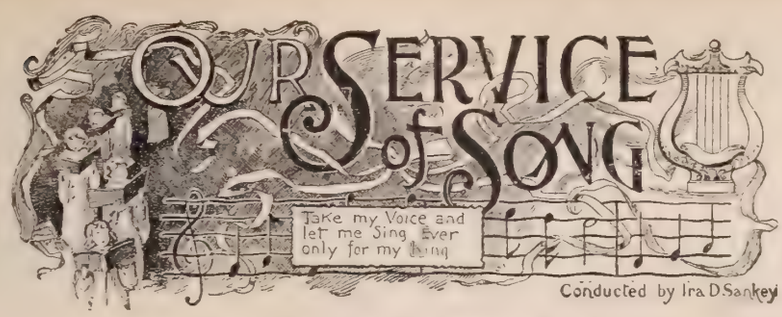
"The next day he called all to come, and said, 'You must all do one thing—sing and pray.' He opened his eyes wide, and turning to his mother he fixed them on her, and said, 'The chair has come with several angels to call me; I see a part of my Saviour's face. He is ready to receive me.' Having smiled and departed."

A JEW'S CONVERSION.

One of the most successful efforts to reach God's chosen people is the Barbican Mission to the Jews. Its leader, Herr C. Tarpshytz, thus describes the conversion of a young Israelite: The son of a landed proprietor in Austria, while still young, lapsed into reckless courses. He came in our way, and we introduced the Gospel to his notice. He laughed, and had no better name than "rubbish" for the glad tidings of salvation. Parting from him, we said: "Be sure of one thing—God is not mocked." Shortly afterwards the young man fell ill, and was conveyed to a large hospital. His case was serious; in fact, the doctors pronounced it hopeless.

With death staring him in the face, the once wild youth became serious; as he reviewed his past life, he was in despair. Over and above these feelings, he was haunted with our warning words, "God is not mocked," and he began to pray. He was dismayed as he asked the question, "How can I meet God?" and he implored the Almighty to give him time in which to prepare for eternal judgment. The chaplain of the hospital spoke kindly to him, and prayed with him. After three or four days of feverish delirium, to the surprise of all, the young man recovered.

He looked upon this as of God's peculiar mercy, and in order to his repentance. He visited us as an inquirer, and was instructed in the way of salvation. He accepted Jesus as his Saviour, and confessed him in baptism. In due course he wrote to his friends, telling them of the grace of God. By way of response, he was covered with curses, and cast adrift in the world. He received grace to stand fast in his profession; he was taken in hand by the Mission, and is doing well.



SWELL THE ANTHEM.

"SING TO GOD, SING PRAISES."—*Ps. 68: 4.*

NATHAN STRONG. C. C. CASE.

1. Swell the an - them, raise the song, Prais - es to our God be - long;
2. Bless - ings from His lib - 'ral hand, Flow a - round this hap - py land;
3. Hark! the voice of na - ture sings, Prais - es to the King of kings;

Saints and an - gels join to sing, Prais - es to the heav'n - ly King.
Kept by Him, no foes an - noy, Peace and free - dom we en - joy.
Let us join the cho - ral song, And the grate - ful notes pro - long.

CHORUS.

Swell the an - - them, raise the song,..... Prais-es high..... to God be -

Swell the anthem, raise the song, Praises high

long;..... Swell the an - them, raise the song, Prais-es high to God be - long.

to God belong;

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THE MISSING ONES.

Reasons for Expecting that Christ's Waiting People will be Removed Before His Coming in Judgment.

BY PROF. JOHN BAYFORD, F.S.A.

Continued from page 497.

THE parable of the Virgins confirms the view we have taken on this subject. All the ten virgins went forth to meet the bridegroom, and while he tarried they all slumbered and slept. Upon the cry at midnight, that they should go out to meet him, the foolish ones found, too late, that they had no oil for their lamps, and while the went to buy, the bridegroom came, and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage, and the door was shut. The others came afterwards, and said, Lord, open unto us, but he answered, "I know you not."

In Luke 13 will be found a corresponding Scripture, in the reply which our Lord gives to the inquiry, "Are there few that be saved?" He cautions them to strive to enter in at the strait gate, for "many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able, when once the master of the house is risen up and hath shut to the door." He adds, they shall then begin to stand without and to knock, saying, Lord, open unto us. But he shall tell them that he knows them not—they shall urge, that they have eaten and drunk in his presence, and that he has taught in their streets; "but he shall say, I tell you, I know not whence you are, depart from me ye workers of iniquity."

Surely these are they, who have not kept their garments; and are not found walking worthy.

The next two verses make it evident, that the time of the second advent is particularly spoken of in this passage, for they who thus stand without, are described as seeing Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, whilst they are themselves thrust out; and whilst many come from the east, and the west, and the north, and the south, and sit down in the kingdom of God.

If the gospels and epistles are carefully examined, it will be found, that exhortations unto good works are generally given with some reference to the second advent, and as if conveying a special promise to them whose walk shall be approved at that time. In the Epistle to the Ephesians 9: 1, Paul exhorts, "I beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation, wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness," etc.

Continuing the subject, he adds in the next chapter, "Walk in love, as Christ hath loved us; and then, speaking of some particular sins, he says, (ver. 6), "Let no man deceive you with vain words, for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience: Be not ye therefore partakers with them." Does not this afford a plain intimation, that they who believe in Jesus, and confess his name, shall not escape without stripes, if they follow after their own devices, and are so found when he cometh? So in Colossians 3 the apostle says, "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory. Mortify, therefore, your members which are upon the earth." Is not, then, this mortification necessary?

THE LORD'S COMING.

A popular little work by Mrs. Baxter, whose articles on the Sunday School Lessons appear every week in this journal. It contains fifteen chapters on the events predicted in the Bible to occur between the present time and the close of the Millennium. Third Edition—Revised and Enlarged. 104 pages. Price fifteen cents. Published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91-101 Bible House, New York.

THE PALACE OF LIFE.

A Parable for Young People — By Rev. Alexander MacLeod, D.D.*

IN the days of the Emperor Agathos many wonderful things took place. It is one of the least of these I am about to relate.

Two children, a boy and a girl, were wading one day in the little brook which ran past the village in which they lived. On the other side of the brook, as far as the eye could see, was the highway, and everybody who passed could be seen by the children. And indeed this was a great part of their joy, that so many things were to be seen. They saw carts laden with harvest-store going to the mill, and soldiers marching to the city, and students traveling to the university, and a wedding party going to the church, and a funeral to the churchyard. But there was one sight greater than all these they were that day to see. Far away in the distance it rose before them, first as a cloud of dust, then as the swift glancing of wheels and horses' feet in the sunlight, then as a blaze of scarlet and gold. It was the Emperor Agathos riding through his land.

To the surprise of the children, the horses stopped, and the Emperor commanded the two to cross the brook and come up into his carriage. In an instant they were sitting on the rug at his feet. The carriage began to move. A cloud of dust whirled up behind them, and they felt themselves swept along as if they had wings. Many a stolen glance they took on this side and on that—for at first they were a little afraid. The highway still skirts the bank of the stream; but it was now broader and deeper, and great bridges crossed it every here and there. They passed houses, and woods, and gardens, and pasture fields filled with cattle. But at last, when they had ridden many a long mile, and the sun was beginning to dip down into the west, they came to a beautiful hill with a crystal palace at the base. Under the rays of the setting sun, and reflecting the golden colors of the sky, it shone like an immense diamond.

"This is your home, henceforth," said the Emperor, pointing to the palace. The children noticed that the approach was by a bridge which crossed the stream, in whose shallow waters they had waded in the morning, along whose ever-deepening and widening banks they had driven all the day.

"This is your house," the Emperor said again, as he drove up to the huge doorway. It was a succession of arches, one within another, carved in crystal into the form of leaves and fruit and creeping things. And as the sunlight touched it, the whole seemed, to the eye of the children, like one deep arch made of colored lamps and glittering stars.

But when they reached the door, they observed in immense letters above it the words, "No Returning," and they thought of the village in which they had spent so many happy days, and of their parents, and were both afraid and sad.

The door opened with a soft noise, like the sound of a flute far out on the sea. And the two children crossed the threshold and went in. But they never could tell what happened next, nor when the Emperor left them, nor who received them. The morning sun was shining through the walls of the palace when they began to observe again.

The first thing which struck them was the size of the palace. The walls inside seemed to reach up as high as the clouds, and stretch out as far as the eye could see. All up and down the walls were the most lovely pictures of cattle and woods, and birds and beasts, and fields of wheat and barley. The butterflies were almost flying, and they came to think in a little while that the birds really sang. A brook, just the picture of the brook in which they had been [illegible] along the floor, and along the bank of it was a highway. The floor was carpeted with real grass, and clover, and buttercups, and daisies. It was one of the wonders of the place that the picture fruit-trees had real fruit on them, which the two children were allowed to gather and eat.

But what pleased them most was the discovery that their parents lived in the house, and their brothers and sisters as well. And they saw children going to school just as in their native village; and by-and-by they found themselves joining these children and sitting in school too. The days passed very pleasantly in this splendid new home. Sometimes the two children would clap their hands and dance for joy. But they could not help noticing after a while that the door by which they had come in was far behind them. They were also aware of a difference in other things; but they could not tell what that was. And then they saw right before them another door, and above it the same words they had seen outside.

One day, when the school-tasks were over and they were tired of playing with other children, curiosity drew them to the second door, which opened softly at their approach. They heard the hum of busy crowds, the click of shuttles, the ring of hammers, the beat of drums. They would fain have entered, but they were so tired out with play that, while they were listening and peeping in, they fell asleep.

When they awoke it was morning, and they found that they had been carried in. They looked round—the very first thing they did—for their parents; but neither the boy's nor the girl's could be seen. Then they began to cry, and turned to go back to them through the door. Alas! the door would not open. The great words glowed down on them like fire—"No Returning." They cried a good long while together. But when they dried their tears and looked at each other they saw that they were no longer children.

This new room of the palace was different, and yet not much different, from the one they had left. If anything, it was larger. The fruit was higher up on the trees. The trees were farther away. The songs of the birds were not so clear. But still there was a wondrous beauty all round the place. It was from the centre the noise of hammers and shuttles had come which they heard the evening before. There, a crowd of grimy men were working at forges: here, another crowd, pale-faced and clean, and women as well as men, were weaving cloth in looms. Standing about in the spaces between, some were buying and selling, others were building houses and laying out gardens. And at a distance squares of soldiers were wheeling and marching about on an open plain.

While they were looking at all these wonders a man come up to them and led them to two empty looms and said: "You are now in the work-room of the palace. Those looms are for you. You shall be taught to work them. And henceforth you shall be expected to work. Whatever your hands find to do, do it with all your might. And do it while the sun is shining. If you work faithfully you shall receive a crown." Then he placed them on the seats of the looms and left them. Then one looked to the other and said: "How like his smile was to the Emperor." Then they began to weave.

Their webs were of many colors. And as the webs unfolded, beautiful figures came out in the cloth. And the young workers were delighted with the beauty, and set themselves to work with their whole heart—at first slowly, till their hands and fingers got used to the work, then swiftly. And at last they began to sing at their work.

As their hands grew in skill, the two companions wrought together with the greatest spirit. They sometimes recalled the former days and their parents, and were a little sad. But that gave place to interest in their work. The webs were becoming more and more beautiful in pattern, and it was a continual joy to those young workers to see flowers and birds and beasts and the most wonderful shapes, flowing out in the webs they wove.

But a change came over all this, as over everything which had gone before. That joy in working did not last very long. The heart of the young man longed towards his companion more than to his work. He became negligent and careless. He could not weave for doing little kindnesses to her and listening to her songs. And one day, when the looms were standing silent, and she was singing one of her songs, the air about them seemed to grow thick, and there was a noise of distant thunder in the sky. And then, flash after flash of lightning coming nearer—every flash darted down from the clouds—the young man's web caught fire, and flew up in a thousand sparks. And when he looked to the other loom, his dear companion was fallen forward on the beam, and white as death. To all appearance she was dead. A company of mute women came in and carried her away. And the young man saw her no more. What happened after that he could never tell. His senses left him for a time. But when he came to himself, he found his loom close to a door like the two he had passed through before. Sick at heart for the loss of his companion, he was only too eager to press it open, and pass into the third room.

But not so pleasantly as the other two did this third door swing open. And not into so fair a room was the sorrowful young man admitted. The walls were the same, but not so high, and the pictures on the walls were faded, and the carpet of grass was not so green, and even the stream went sluggishly, and was not so pure as before. The air was colder, too. The workplaces were nearer, and busier, and more dreary. In the evening he felt tired in a way he had never felt before. But, most sorrowful of all, he had no companion to cheer him in his sorrows, and the friends of his youth had all disappeared.

It was in this room, however, that he began to dream every night of riding once more with the Great Emperor in his carriage. He seemed to be a little child again, and sitting at the Emperor's feet, and looking up at his smile. And every time he dreamed, he heard the Emperor say to him: "Be not afraid," or. "At evening time it shall be light," or, "He that maketh the Most High his habitation no evil shall befall him, nor any plague come near his dwelling," or some other words as comforting as these. All next day, as he sat plying his shuttle, he would think of the words he had heard in his dream, and of the smile of the Emperor, and be glad.

But there was one thing he began to notice with sadness. Every morning he found the loom shifted forward from where it had stood the day before. And he soon saw not far off, that a door like those he had passed through already, was right in the face of his path.

And by-and-by this fourth door was reached; but it was not now as at the former doors. He who was to pass, indeed, was no longer young. His hair was grey, his step was a little feeble. And when the door opened, it was with a creaking noise; and when it closed behind, it was with a heavy sound. And he stood alone in the fourth and last hall of the great palace.

I do not care to describe it. The glory of the former walls was departed. Everything was faded. The very heavens seemed further off. And within view, from the very entrance, was the egress door, dismal with iron bands and nails. Through its open chinks swept in a biting wind. And now and again there came a sound through the chinks like the sound of water — like the rushing of a river swift and deep outside. A few old people were working here and there at looms. But every day these became fewer and fewer. One after another went forward and passed out through that door. And sometimes it was a terrible sight, when through the open door, a glimpse was now and again caught of the river outside, and of great rocky banks burying it in awful shadows.

At last it came to the turn of him, whose history we have followed so long. The door opened, and he stood on the threshhold, and saw with his own eyes the swift and awful flood. And in a moment he was in its depths. But in a moment also he knew that another was by his side. A head clothed with sunlight shed light across the entire stream. An arm strong as the everlasting hills sustained him, as he struggled with the tide, and bore him safely to the other bank. And then, as the water passed out of his eyes, and he could look at his helper, he beheld that it was no other than the Great Emperor who had asked him up into his carriage when he was a little child.

But the most wonderful thing of all was this. So soon as he touched the other bank his youth came back to him again. And he saw before him another palace, crystal, golden, on the side of the hill. And far upward, another and another still, to the top. And at the top, towers and pinnacles of pearl and amethyst glowing in the sun.

And a door opened with a sound like sweet music, above which was carved the words: "They shall go no more out." And he passed into a hall more glorious than my words can describe. His parents were there to welcome. And his lost companion was by their side. And, most delightful of all the good Emperor Agathos smiling on him more kindly than before. And in that hour he learned that the Emperor had been leading him, by a way he knew not, to his eternal home; and that childhood, and youth, and suffering, and old age were but different rooms in the Great Palace of Life, and the first stations in man's everlasting progress.

Cross-Bearing.

An Address to Boys and Girls in the Reformed Church, Mott Haven, N. Y., by Rev. G. Edwin Talmage—Text, Matt. 16: 24, "Take up His Cross."

WHAT is a cross? You may ask—we hear the word very often—what does it mean? When the murderers to be [illegible] in New York State have to use electricity, [illegible] many of the States still hang a man by his neck till he be dead, but in mercy they first break his neck, so he will have almost no pain. Two thousand years ago the Romans when they put a murderer to death, if he were only a slave, crucified him, that is they fastened him to a tree or to two pieces of wood arranged (not with a rope, lest he choke to death and die too soon, but with nails through his hands and feet, and sometimes a man did not die for three or four or five days, but all the while he was thirsty and in pain and beside, everybody would look and point at him and say: "He is a miserable slave; he was a murderer; see him!" This is a horrible picture, but I tell you the horrible fact, that Jesus Christ, who never did wrong, who was a prince and not a slave, who was the Son of God, was taken by wicked men and crucified and slain, suffering just what I have described, and that is what we mean by the "Cross of Christ." Now, every one who will become a Christian must "take up his Cross," as our text says.

There are four ways in which people think they are doing this very thing. Let us see:

We might have a large gilded cross on the front of our church, and we might say the whole church was bearing that cross. I do not see any objection to that way of telling people that we believe in "Christ and him crucified," but it is not bearing Christ's Cross at all. It does not hurt us, we like it. The Cross must hurt.

A great many people wear a cross as an ornament. It is made of iron or silver or gold or jewels. Now, we are glad that so many people show by what they wear that the Cross upon which slaves die has been made glorious by Christ. But it is not wearing the cross as Christ tells us, if we put it on with our Sunday clothes or our party dresses and we like it, it is pretty, but it does not hurt. The Cross must hurt.

Another way is to wear the cross on one's back. Do you know what I mean? Not like the others at all, I mean this: that boy never plays truant, even though there be skating, and the other boys know it. He has a cross on his back.

That girl is never unruly, she is always quiet and thoughtful, perhaps losing a little fun by it. They all know it. She has a cross on her back.

That boy does not play some game, he does not go to some places that others do, because he tries to be a Christian. He has a cross on his back.

That girl gives up pleasure to help her mother. It is hard sometimes. She bears a cross and others see it. This is right way to wear it. It hurts and the cross must hurt.

The fourth way is on the heart. Nobody can see that. Do you know how? You have a nice home. Christ gave up for you. Think of that! You do your own will. Christ gave up pleasure for you. Think of that! You are tempted to tell a wrong story, to take something that does not belong to you, to rebel against father's or mother's orders. Nail it right there to the cross on your heart so it cannot move, and you will not do wrong. A bad word or evil thought comes to you. Nail it to the cross; kill it so that it may not come [illegible]

If you will be a Christian, you must take up a cross. You might wear it for ornament, you can have it on your heart. You must wear it on your heart, where it hurts, and the cross always hurts.

Flating Houses of the Nile.

Th are the "Dahabiyehs," and are t Model of the Modern House-Boat.

THERE is nothing new under the sun," says the proverb, and it would certainly seem at times as if the assertion were well borne out by the facts. So intricate and ingenious has the mind of an been in all ages, and so fertile in all des es, that it is now exceedingly difficult to cide just where originality leaves off an servile imitation begins. To ancient Egt, Greece, and Rome, all later generatio have been largely indebted, for those grit nations not only showed posterity ho to conquer and to rule, but an infinite nuber of other things of alst equal importance. Thi many of the most serceable of our modern inttions have proved on investigation to be based on model or suggestion coeived by some original brh ages ago.

ouse-boats are a growing raze among people of mes who are fond of ea methods of traveling. Inhe of those simple and coparatively inexpensive fls,—a good-sized, flat-bomed boat, practically ur psizable and with a ke—a party can enjoy an ide tour along the rivers or among the lakes, either sang or being towed by da stopping at pleasure an always anchoring in soe safe cove for shelter an rest by sundown. The are on the Mississippi and other large American rs many house-boats of the cheaper order, and a fe of a superior class, wse roomy cabins and re y homelike surroundin make them pleasant pes to live in during the hest weeks of the year. O the Thames, the Severn the Clyde, the Seine, th Main and the Danube, hseboats are no longer rarded as a novelty. Ty may cost anywhere fr $500 upward to a fone. One very cosy an successful houseboat on he Hudson, cost $600, af one on the Thames, owned by a ri nobleman, was built at an expenditure o 16,000. But simpler than most others, y none the less satisfactory because of its c parative cheapness, is the Egyptian hse-boat or "dahabiyeh," which is the tyical boat of the river Nile. The dahbiyeh has been in vogue in Egypt from tie immemorial, and is really the ancient mdel upon which the modern house-boat h been constructed. It can be propelled b both sails and oars and is so smooth, e editious and comfortable that travelers u ally prefer it to the Nile steamers.

Nearly all the Nile dahabiyehs are owned b private individuals who, during the tourist season, carry excursionists for hire, and mainly, where time is not a special consideration and the visitors want to see the wnders of the most ancient country on eth, there is no better way of doing this tin by floating down the yellow tide in a wll built, well equipped and well manned hse-boat. It is usual to hire your dahabeh at Cairo, and until your journey is ded you are to all intents and purposes e captain of the craft, directing everything from the length and frequency of the stoppages to the character of the meals. As for helm and compass, it may almost be safely averred that the dahabiyeh navigates itself. During the long, brilliant days of floating down the historic waterway, and of visits to the grandest ruins and most stupendous temples the world has ever known, the equipment is perfect. There is no more delightful way to pass a few weeks of holiday than in one of those Nile houseboats; and if the party be under the guidance of a careful and intelligent dragoman, the minds of all may be stored with a wealth of information concerning the ancient land of the Pharaohs that can never be derived from books alone. With the many and ever-increasing facilities for travel that exist in our day, there have come great possibilities; but when all methods are contrasted, it will be found that few, if any, possess so many pleasant advantages as are afforded by those quaint and picturesque-looking craft shown in the illustration.

DAHABIYEHS OR HOUSE-BOATS ON THE RIVER NILE, EGYPT.

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A Miniature "Happy Family."

Here is a capital suggestion for those young folks who are lovers of nature and wish to make a collection that will afford no little pleasure and instruction: Take a wooden box—a shallow soap-box will do. It should be about four inches deep, and make a cover for it of close wire netting. This might be tacked to laths, and made to fit on as snugly as the cover of a match-box does, and yet be easily removed. Now plant in the bottom of your box some mosses, and a piece of turf, drop in some pebbles, bits of twigs, etc., and keep it well watered with a watering-pot. Do you not think it will make a safe and happy home for all the curious little living creatures whose habits you would like to study — crickets, and grasshoppers, and katydids, and tree-toads, and fire-flies, and dragon-flies, and caterpillars, and the cocoons, out of which will come gorgeous-winged moths and butterflies? Feed them sugar and little morsels of sweet cake or bread occasionally—just a little. If any of your little captives seem unhappy, you can easily let them go, and you will soon learn how to feed those which require food which they cannot find in their cage. When they have reached their fullest development, take the box containing your Happy Family to the field or the woods and open one side of it, permitting them to go free at will.

An experiment of this character begets in the childish heart, a love of nature and a kindness for even the smallest insect that walks or flies.

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Christ in the Home.

It is related that a little girl once went on an errand to an elegant house. The lady was proud of her home and she showed Jennie the carpets, pictures, ornaments, and flowers, and asked: "Don't you think they are lovely?"

"They are pretty," said Jennie. "What a beautiful home for Jesus to visit! Does he ever come here?"

"Why, no," said the lady.

"Don't you ever ask him?" asked Jennie. "We have only a room and a bedroom, and we have no carpets or pretty things, but Jesus comes and makes us very happy."

The lady told her husband what Jennie had said, and he replied: "I have often thought that we ought to thank God for his goodness and ask him to come and live with us."

They became Christians, and Jesus came to live with them and made them happy, as he does every home to which he comes.

What a pity that any of our homes should be without him!

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President Faure and the Dolls.

The present President of France has inaugurated a boom in dolls. Ever since his election he has devoted two mornings a week to visiting hospitals. Instead of marching through the various wards escorted by the hospital officials, he goes from bed to bed, shaking hands with the patients, inquires into their condition, and encourages them with cheering words. It is said that he tarries longest by the bedside of little children. He always asks them what he can do to make them forget their pain, and the answer is almost invariably, "Une poupee." The result is that, on the following morning, there arrive at the children's ward of the hospital boxes containing dolls. As M. Faure has now given away over a thousand dolls in this way, it will be seen what a philanthropist he is in deeds as well as in words. Of course his example has been followed by his imitators and by other well-doers in the French capital.

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"Bible Boys" and "Bible Men" the Best.

"My Bible reading boys are the best in the school," remarked the principal of an educational institution. "I am in the habit," wrote a sea captain, "of reading the Scriptures to my crew. I have suffered much lately at sea, having been dismasted, and had all my boats washed away, a little to the eastward of Cape Clear. I then had an opportunity of seeing who was rustworthy: and I found the most u principled men the most useless and the greatest cowards in this awful gale, and the Bible men altogether the reverse, most useful and courageous." It is true, no matter where they are placed, that those who study God's Word and strive to honor him by faithful service, are themselves honored in turn by their fellow-men.

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WASHINGTON AND THE CHILDREN.

A CERTAIN Connecticut family preserves this well-founded tradition, which is related by Ruth Hall. More than one hundred years ago, one night, the old mansion was alight with candles and crackling wood-fires, the long table was spread with glittering silver, and loaded down with good things for a guest whom all delighted to honor, was invited to dinner. Those who had been bidden meet him assembled in the stately drawing room. The host and hostess were there, but where was the principal guest? The appointed hour came and passed; servants were questioned and replied that he had been admitted at the great Dutch door an hour ago. It was a mystery where he had tarried. At length the host excused himself to the others, and started upstairs to, if necessary, bring the strangely behaving soldier—he was a soldier—from the dressing room assigned to him. The way to this apartment lay past the nursery. The sound of singing came from the children's quarters, and in a voice well-known to their father. He threw open the door. There sat the missing man, a baby astride his foot. He was "riding a child to Boston," as the peculiar pastime is still called, and singing lustily, to the delight of another little fellow close beside him. The situation was explained, laughingly, to the guest. With many apologies, he rose to go to the waiting feast below stairs. "Say 'Good-night and thank you' to General George Washington," said the father to his children. "Good-night and thank you, General George Washington!" they called out as the leader of the American armies patted their heads and then followed his host downstairs.

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A Mother's Care for her Daughter.

When the present Empress of Austria chose a tutor for her daughter she sent for a certain bishop, and told him that she had decided to entrust the archduchess's education to him. "Teach her," she said, "to be a true Christian. This is the highest education. We are all in sore need of religious support to go through this life."

Recalled Stormy Times.

"Well, that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."

...NADJA;...

A Tale of the Russian Steppes.*

BY OLIVER M. NORRIS.

THE HAPPINESS OF HALF THE VILLAGE WAS IN HIS KEEPING.

CHAPTER III.— *Continued.*

The Two Dragoons.

PERHAPS no greater contrast could well be imagined than the careers of these two brothers, Sergei and Vladimir, beginning, as it were, from the same starting-point. Vladimir, the elder of the two by a year, had from the first the affection of the General in a far greater degree than his brother. His every whim was gratified. During their boyhood Sergei would be left in Slavo while he was selected to accompany the General on his visits to the capital, and uncle and nephew used to perambulate the toy-shops and confectioners, making lavish purchases of the articles dear to the hearts of boys. But the purchases were for Vladimir; Sergei was always left out in the cold. Often enough such tactless management led to quarrel and combat between the boys, and as Vladimir usually came off second best in these trials of strength, he would run to his uncle with bitter complaints and untrue stories of their cause. Sergei accepted his punishment in silence and bore no malice.

Vladimir avoided intimacy with the young men of the village, never participated in any of their sports, and seldom visited their cottages. He scorned them and their ways with the inbred feeling of the aristocrat, and he boasted his ignorance of their names.

If Sergei was slovenly in his methods of study, Vladimir was all that the German tutor desired. The youth indeed had early determined to get on in the world. All his studies were directed with this object in view, and in his now rarer visits to St. Petersburg, he precociously did all in his power to ingratiate himself with those who might be of service to him hereafter. But it was at home in Slavo that the development of his character was most clearly displayed.

It would not be accurate to say that he was altogether companionless in the village. The village Jew, Haim Rosenberg, was a friend of his, so was Piotr Sozontieff, the "Old Ritualist," in charge of the ferry. The Jew was the curse of the village, helped to be a curse by the improvidence and intemperance of the villagers. He kept the grog-shop and sold poisonous "vodka." The happiness or the misery of half the village was in his keeping, for there was hardly a peasant in Slavo, except the Stundists, who was not more or less in his debt. The wily Hebrew took swift advantage of their embarrassment, and lent them money at ruinous rates of interest; and as the interest was seldom paid, mortgages and foreclosures were matters of frequent occurrence. Haim had no morals and no pity. He encouraged the village children to bring him poultry, fruit, grain and eggs which they would pilfer from their parents, and for these he would reward the boys with bad cigarettes, and the girls with trumpery bits of bright ribbon. The conscience of every child he came in contact with was deadened, and they contracted habits, some of which would cling to them through life.

It was not, however, in his capacity of saloon-keeper that young Vladimir visited Haim. In some way or another the youth had contracted a passion for card-playing, probably from seeing the General so addicted to it, and as the Jew was the only person in the village who cared to risk his money, the grog-shop became his usual morning haunt. At first he won, but gradually the luck changed, and he lost heavily, and continued to lose. He soon got rid of his ready money, and then promises and post obits passed rapidly into the Jew's hands. It ended in Vladimir being overwhelmed with debt, and not knowing where to turn to find money in satisfaction of his remorseless creditor's demands.

But in addition to Haim's "kabak," Vladimir apparently found congenial society down at the ferry in the cottage of the "Old Ritualist." Between Vladimir and the ferryman there was nothing in common, unless, perhaps, it was a mutual hatred of the Stundists. This, however, had nothing to do with the young man's reason for haunting the riverside. Sozontieff had a daughter who was beyond comparison the prettiest girl in the village, and for her Vladimir had conceived a most violent attachment. She was bright and intelligent, and probably the only girl for miles round who could read and write. Pretending to be interested in the Old Ritualist's tales about his sect, and the persecutions its members had suffered, Vladimir would sit for hours in the old tumble-down "izba," and watch the fair girl as she went about her household duties. He met her often along the river, and charmed with his handsome dark face and glib tongue, she gave him ever fresh opportunities of seeing her. He read amatory French poetry and translated it into Russian for her, but she was only amused at this; he brought her roses from the General's garden, and little trinkets that had been his dead mother's—the roses touched her, and she hid them away from her father's eyes, and looked at them sometimes, wondering what the young "barin" meant.

Sozontieff, deep in the mysteries of his religion, never saw what was going on, and never suspected that Vladimir would condescend to notice his daughter, or that she would so far forget her station and her father's honor as to give heed to his addresses. When the time at last came that Vladimir was to proceed to the military school, which he did a year before his brother, he took the girl to a secluded spot along the river, and vowed eternal fidelity to her, promising to visit Slavo often, to write often, and when he had finished the academy to marry her. She smiled, pleased, but was not sure if she believed him.

Vladimir's career in St. Petersburg was as unprincipled as he dared to make it. When Haim Rosenberg could not or would not send him money there were others of Haim's class who were only too ready to come to his assistance. Of course the young cadet sank deeper and deeper into the mire. But he was far too astute to fall in the eyes of his world. His tutors and most of his companions looked on him as a hardworking and studious fellow who was a model of all the virtues; and the best houses in St. Petersburg were open to the handsome, modest-looking youth who was so attached to his profession, and before whom so fair a prospect was opening. At last he joined his regiment—the same to which Sergei was afterwards attached, and launched out into the world.

He was young only in years. He was able, unprincipled, dexterous, and had an insight into men and their motives learnt in the worst possible schools. He swindled the old General in money matters, he even managed to swindle the Jews. He seemed to fear nobody, and he believed nothing, laughing at the tremendous riddle of life that people puzzled over.

The General felt proud of him, proud of his hard, false, glittering nephew. Every winter Vladimir visited Slavo when he was on his way south to the General's villa on the southern coast of the Crimea. He would then renew his ardent love-making to Sozontieff's daughter, who had begun to long for his coming. She often wondered why he let the years run on without making good his plighted word, but he only renewed his promises, sealing them with fresh oaths. For a day or two at a time he could tolerate Slavo, but he was always glad at last to hasten away from the bare steppe village, and take refuge among the cypress and myrtle groves of the south, where there were pleasant garden parties, and music, and warmth, and rich wines, and charm-

*Translated by arrangement with Frederick H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto.

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Appetite Improved

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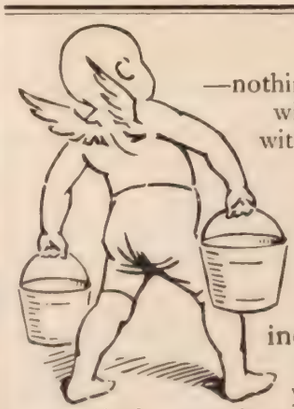

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invalid women who fascinated him a made love to him. He would swagger a ut the long esplanade at Yalta, dressed i his new uniform, laughing, brilliant, h dsome, and the poor ferryman's daugh- would sit for hours at the old, cold tryst- ir-place among the shivering reeds, weep- ir her eyes out.

CHAPTER IV.

The Countess's Ideals.

On the eve of Olga Navrotska's recep- , Vladimir arrived in town from the Crnea, where he had been spending the w ter. Although St. Petersburg is at it gayest in winter, Vladimir hated the fst and snow, it ate into his bones, so h took his winter's pleasuring in the s th. As he drove to his uncle's apart- nts he was disgusted to find deep snow s on the ground, and a warmth in the a that foreboded a thaw and slushy sets. He allowed himself to be vexed by tse trifles. He kept thinking, besides, o is winter's card-playing, and the heavy lses he had incurred; and the more he thught of this the more difficult it seemed t find a way out of his perplexities. He w s, therefore, not in the happiest of hu- rs when ushered into the General's prese e to receive the usual kiss which was th old man's way of greeting him.

"You're welcome back to Petersburg, dr boy," said the General. "The winter h seemed doubly long without you. Are y better and stronger? You're not look- in at all well. I hope you took my advice a ut the white Vorontsovka. I assure y it's only vinegar. Stick to the red, t e's blood in that. Did you look up Mlame Voronin and Princess Gagarine? Th're splendid women. How's old Boris Vsilitch? His girl must be rather pretty n ?" And so on, through a string of f ish, empty questions. The General in- q ed about old friends and old haunts, a about Vladimir's doings. The young m vouchsafed only the most laconic of a wers, and his anxious relative could n but notice that something was wrong.

"Cheer up, Vladimir, you're back now, a I fancy you'll have a gay spring. I have just got home from a reception at Ga Navrotska's. Ah, that's a woman! S was asking about you, and what you i nded doing. She's interested in you, b eve me. She thought you should not a ent yourself so long from your duties in Petersburg, and that Yalta was relaxing. Vodia, my boy, we have talked about th before; let us talk about it again. She h millions. You have only to ask her a she's yours,"

"Look here, uncle, do you really think I h e any chance there? We're very in- tiate, and all that, but somehow she only le me dance with her, and talk about the m t ordinary things in a way that any- b y might hear. As soon as I get serious sh laughs, and I have been very serious wh her at times. I have a notion she c s more for Sergei than for me, although m respected and much-beloved brother is fatoo great an ass to have noticed it."

"Well, take my advice, Valodia, try y r hand and you'll win. You know the Fnch proverb. Go to-morrow and pay y r first call; go early and you'll get a chce with her alone. If you play your c ds well you'll win."

"I had intended going to-morrow. I mt really do something. I'm smothered in verdue bills. I can't breathe. Jews a Christians, Armenians and Tartars, th're all at me at once; and that rascal Hm—I suppose you know he has opened a exchange office in Kief?—threatens to e pose me if I don't pay him a couple of th sand at once. I suppose there's no use tr ng to get anything out of you?"

"Not the least, dear boy; very sorry. I'm swept out. Yes, you had better go and th k it over. Don't go whining and cry- in to her, but do it boldly. Carry the ot osts with a dash, my boy, and the for- trs will not hold out a minute. God bless y ! Good-night, good-night!" The Gen- e resumed his funny French novel which w to be exchanged in an hour's time for a manual of devotion, and Vladimir drove h e to think it out.

He did a good deal of thinking that night. The Countess Olga and her millions were a first uppermost in his mind, and he th ght that even without her millions she w quite out of his reach. Sergei has a chce there, he thought. Still, his uncle w a sharp old fellow, and knew all about w men. And then he thought of the fine s ny times in Yalta, and the pleasant little supper, and the red and white Vorontsovka, and the invalid women who fascinated him. And then his thoughts wandered to Slavo, although he tried hard to keep them on Olga Navrotska, or on the pleasures of Yalta. He even preferred to think of his threatening Jew creditor. But he would always involuntarily hark back to Slavo, and to the house at the ferry. He felt that there was trouble brewing, and the image of the girl haunted him, and the stern stormy eyes of her father haunted him, and the face of the young Stundist preacher who, he thought, loved the girl, haunted him.

It was a restless night, full of terrible visions that could not be driven away. Ah, that girl! If he could only get her out of his mind. But she was there when he rose next day, and her image seemed stamped with a fearful and indelible pressure on his brain. He wondered if there were such things as premonitions or presentiments.

Still he dressed himself carefully in his newest uniform, and set out to visit the Countess, and if opportunity offered to begin the assault which according to the General was to end in a speedy surrender of her heart and her millions. He was received with the utmost cordiality, for the Countess liked him as a man of the world who was always bright and intelligent, and who could talk reasonably, sometimes profoundly, on a variety of interesting topics. She knew little or nothing of the shady side of his character, of his moral turpitude, of the things which besmirched his honor.

If she guessed anything she never once showed it, and to all outward appearance was more than pleased to see him.

"Why, Vladimir Alexeitch, is it you? We have been expecting you for so long. I do hope you are better?"

Vladimir always made a point of his indifferent health in his dealings with women. He had a notion that it interested them in him. A man in poor health, yet sacrificing himself to duty and to the service of the Tsar—that was his idea.

"Yes, thanks, I feel much stronger. The sea-air revived me greatly after last summer's hard work. But I was so anxious to get back. I always feel when I'm away that my friends are in danger of forgetting me."

That is a poor compliment you pay yourself, Vladimir Alexeitch."

"Yes, Countess, I know, but I feel that friendship is a thing that wants coaxing and nourishing. Absence starves it, shrivels it up. Perhaps there may be exceptions or you would not shake your head. I know well, Countess, that you are not a friend who is hot to-day and cold to-morrow. You are so true that everything and every one who comes in contact with you is sanctified and refined."

"Why, Vladimir Alexeitch, I declare you are beginning to take most serious views of things. You'll be ill again if you do. Foor Colonel Pevtsoff told me last night that he's so fat and strong because he never worries about things."

"Countess, I am serious to-day. I have come here so early because I wish to speak to you alone. I have known you for years, and every day that passes makes me feel that I must know you better. I love you, Countess; I love you with my whole heart. Forgive me. I know I'm not worthy of you but I'll try to become worthy."

"Stop, stop," laughingly interrupted the Countess. "Isn't this all very new and sudden? Hadn't we better change the subject? Have you really thought about this for a very long time? I must say you have been wonderfully successful in dissembling your passion."

To be Continued.

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GUNS. Mention The Christian Herald.

"THE LORD IS AT HAND."

Phil. 4: 5.

THE cry of the watchers long since has been heard,
Dan. 4: 13.
The cry made at midnight by heralds of God: Isa. 21: 12.
The Bridegroom is coming, talk not of delay. Matt. 25: 6.
For the night is far spent, at hand is the day. Rom. 13: 12.

This cry is to children of light and of day; 1.Thes.5:5
To gird on the armor, pursuing his way: 1.Thes. 5: 8.
The Bridegroom he cometh, to take us all home; John 14: 3.
May longing desire prompt the answer, "Lord, come!" Rev. 22: 20

The summons to meet him will rouse from the dust, 1. Thes. 4: 16.
Those sleeping in Jesus the Faithful and Just; 1. John 1: 9.
When children of light, caught up to the Lord, 1. Thes. 4: 17.
Will meet him they love, who is true to his word. 1. John 5: 20.

The mortal shall then immortality wear, 1.Cor.15: 54.
Be changed in his image, his likeness to bear. Phil. 3: 20, 21.
And see him, whom, having not seen, we now love, 1. John 3: 2.
To worship, and praise him, dwell with him above. Rev. 21: 3.

Ye children of earth, who hear now his word; John 5: 25.
Refuse not the offers of grace from the Lord; John 3: 36.
While judgment awaiteth; be wise now to-day; II. Cor. 6: 2.
And return to the Lord; seek him while you may. Isa. 55: 6, 7.

The stork, and the swallows, the turtle, the crane, Jer. 8: 7.
The time of their coming observe in their train:
Oh! where is your wisdom? ye dwellers of earth, Jer. 8: 8, 9.
And what will ye do in the day of his wrath? Rev. 6: 17.

No hope for you then, the time will be o'er, Jer. 8: 20.
Oh! to-day hear his voice, he still pleads as of yore; II. Cor. 5: 20.
He waits to be gracious, he yearneth o'er thee, Isa. 30: 18.
To give thee his pardon, so full and so free. Isa. 43: 25.

Redemption was purchased on Calvary's tree, Eph. 1: 7.
By the Son of his love for you and for me, Col. 1: 13.
For all who believe, and obey now his voice, Acts 13: 39.
Find life, full salvation, and in him rejoice. John 20: 31.

Alexandria, Egypt, March 4, '95. —L. H. S.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

Many people have been distressed by the unpardonable sin and they have suffered agony in consequence. Their distress is needless; it is a proof that they have not committed the sin. The following incident shows how many act and feel when the Holy Spirit does really leave them to themselves. It occurred at a revival meeting. One of the Christians present noticed a man sitting in stolid indifference and he went to him and urged him to give his heart to God. He replied, "It is useless; God would not pardon me." "Why?" "I do not wish it, for one thing." The terrors of dying unforgiven were explained to him, but he said, "Yes, I know it all, and I wonder I am so insensible, but simply don't care." All effort to arouse him to a sense of his danger was futile. The man sighed as he said, "I wish I had the desire for salvation, and I came here hoping it would be expressed, but I have none." The minister who talked with him, afterward learned that the man had once professed in a revival to be converted, and had fallen away. He had set the seal to his doom by ridiculing conversion in worldly company. He had been in the habit of declaring that "he had tested the so-called influence of the Holy Spirit, and had found it a fraud." "I believe," said the minister who tells the story, "that God punished him by leaving him alone. He could not repent, because God would not give him power to do so."

AFRAID OF PRAYER.

A tribute to the power of prayer is reported from India. "The Church at Home and Abroad" says: A woman in South India came one day to Rev. Mr. Lewis and said: "I want you to order your catechist to pray for me no more." Three of the woman's children had been converted to Christianity, and she was much alarmed lest she, too, should become a Christian. "Only yesterday morning," said she, "when I was offering up my poojah (worship to the idols), they seemed to say: 'It is no use your worshipping these things, they are not God, they cannot help or save you.' That, she felt, was in answer to the prayer that had been offered on her behalf, and she said: "Some day I may wake up and find I am obliged to be a Christian against my will."

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

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Mrs. Hill.
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Mrs. C. D. Smith.
H. Carroll, Iowa.

All desiring to be enrolled on the list of patrons, should send their names and addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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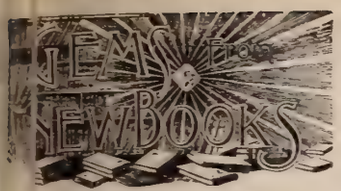

FOUR TRIAL SCENES.*

THE vivid pictures of distress and rescue [in Psalm 107] begin, indeed, with one which may fairly be supposed to have been suggested by the incidents of the return from exile; and the second of these that of the liberated prisoners, is possibly colored by similar reminiscences; but the great restoration is only the starting point, and the bulk of the Psalm goes far afield. Its instances of Divine deliverance, though cast into narrative form, describe not specific acts, but God's universal way of working. Wherever there are need and trust, there will be triumph and

The first scene, that of a caravan lost in the desert, is probably suggested by the previous record of the return of the redeemed to Jehovah, but is not to be taken as referring only to that. It is a perfectly genuine sketch of a frequent incident of travel. It is remarkable trace of a society very unlike modern life, that two of the four instances of distress are due to the perils of journeying. By land and by sea men took their lives in their hands when they left their homes. Two points are signalized in this description—the first the loss of the way, the second, the wanderers' hunger and thirst. Vainly the travelers look for some elevation

[illegible] whence the lightened spirit sees
at sha[illegible]ry at Palm Trees.

No place where men dwell appears in the wide expanse of pathless wilderness. The Psalmist does not think of a particular city, but any inhabited spot where rest and help might be found. The water-skins are empty; food is finished; hopelessness follows physical exhaustion, and gloom fills their souls. The travelers are driven to God by their distress, and his answer is complete and immediate.

The second scene, that of captives, probably retains some allusion to Babylon, but an even fainter one than in the preceding strophe. It has several quotations and references to Isaiah. The gloom of the prison-house; the combination of darkness and the shade of deepest gloom and the cause of the captivity as rebellion against God's counsel and word are described in language closely resembling Isaiah. The Psalmist thinks that such bondage and deliverance on repentance and prayer are standing facts in Providence both as regards nations and individuals.

Sickness, which yields a third type of suffering, is a commoner experience than the two preceding, It paints with impressive simplicity the failing appetite and consequently ebbing strength. The grim portals which death keeps the keys, have already received the sick men; but before they pass into the shadow they cry to Jehovah, and, like the other men in distress, he too are heard, feeble as their sick cry may be.

Another travel-scene follows. The storm at sea is painted as a landsman would do it; but no landsman who had seen from a safe place who what he so vividly describes. He is impressed with the strange things that bold men who venture to sea must meet, away out there beyond the point where sea and sky touch. With sure poetic instinct, he spends no time on trivial details, but dashes on his canvas the salient features of the storm,—the sudden springing up of the gale, the swift response of the waves rolling in gigantic, with new force in the mass and a new voice in their breaking; the pitching of the remarks on Psalm 107 in the third volume of Psalms in *The Expositor's Bible*, by Dr Alexander Maclaren. Pp. 451. price $1.50. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son 51 E. 10th st., New York.

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craft now on the crest, now in the trough; the terror of the helpless crew; the loss of steering power; the heavy rolling of the unmanageable, clumsy ship and the desperation of the sailors whose wisdom or skill comes to nothing. Their cry to Jehovah is heard above the shriek of the storm and the tempest falls as suddenly as it rose. God the Guide, the Emancipator, the Healer is also the Stiller of the storm.

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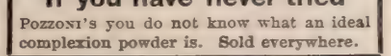

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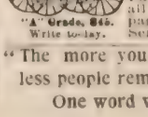

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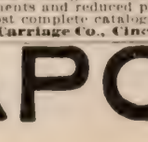

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLME 18. NUMBER 33.

REV. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 14, 1895.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
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HEROD'S PRISON-HOUSE.

radional Site of the Tower of Antonia, whence the Saviour May Have Been Led to I on Calvary — A wicked King's beautiful Fortress-Palace — The House of Pilate Paul's imprisonment in the Fortress Recalled.

VERY incident in the earthly life of Jesus is dear to the hearts of his faithful followers. From the Manger in Bethlehem, where the Divine Babe first smiled at the light and received the adoration of e Magi, to the bleak and fateful Calvary, e he hung on the Cross, there is not a ord, an action of his, that has not ndered by hosts of loving disciples out the ld. In e swift ss of ered dly, no ent as- ted ar- at- more ply in hose re- by stra- this —the of and ower onia ne ce of sign- efore man nor: er, a nd mind- the fings, unts will- s en- r the nder the n Ro- rsol- It is pris- ere- hat a ably more rest in- est sold After ate's be- l, he ed, it sil, to he ise of the High Priest, which stood only short distance from the Tower of Antonia. On the following morning, after appearing before the Sanhedrim, which met in the "Council House" of the Temple, he was taken to the Praetorium and arraigned before Pilate. Able commentators believe that the Praetorium was in the Antonia Tower, where the troops were quartered, and there also the government prison was located. When Pilate gave him up to be crucified, Jesus was led to the place where the prisoners were kept. Even at this day, it is an unsettled question whether the Tower of Antonia or a craggy rock between the upper city and the lower, which had been turned into a dungeon for condemned prisoners, was the last prison-house of Jesus. The probabilities, many believe, point to the former, and this is the view adopted by Robinson Lees in his recent book on Jerusalem, issued after the most careful and painstaking investigation, and consulting all available authorities. Bishop Blyth, the Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, endorses this conclusion. It is, besides, sustained by local tradition. If this claim be well-founded, then the Tower of Antonia was the last earthly shelter afforded the condemned Saviour, and from its strong jail he walked forth to die for the sins of the world.

TRADITIONAL SITE OF THE TOWER OF ANTONIA, JERUSALEM.
The smaller Photograph shows the "House of Pilate."—Both are from original Photographs.

Paul also, the greatest of the apostles, suffered imprisonment in the same fortress, which is designated (in Acts 21: 37), as a castle. It is beyond question that, during the long period of persecution of the Christians, this dark and forbidding prison has shut out from light and liberty many a hero and martyr for the truth. The fortress, in Herod's day, stood where a Mohammedan minaret now stands. In all probability, none of the original structure now remains, although the identification of the site is generally accepted as conclusive and the building shown in the photograph may even have been reared from the ruins of its predecessor.

Another venerable structure, now in decay, and which is a continuation of the line of buildings from the Tower of Antonia, is shown in the smaller illustration. It is declared by tradition to stand on the true site of the house of Pilate.

Although many of the legends and traditions told to travelers in Jerusalem are such as to excite reasonable doubt, the identification in the present instance is one of the few that have been very generally accepted as reliable.

Gazing on these scenes, one can, in imagination, re-people them with living pictures, for they bring to the mind of the Christian the perfidious weakness of the man who delivered Jesus to death, and the contumely and ignominy our blessed Saviour endured before the great tragedy of his earthly mission was finished on Calvary.

Antonia's Tower or castle is one of the most distinctive relics of a period when Jerusalem was at the height of its greatness and prosperity, and it holds a prominent place in both sacred and secular history. Of the towers of Hippicus, Phasaelus, and Mariamne, hardly a trace remains, and the only other well-authenticated fortress which still stands is the Tower of David.

Josephus relates that after Simon Maccabeus had captured a fort which had been garrisoned by the Syrians, the foe annoyed the Temple worshippers with their arrows. To prevent this, the Jewish general exhorted the people to level the mountain so that the Temple should be higher than the citadel, and at this task they worked three years day and night without intermission.

A fortress known as Baris ("the Tower") was erected further back, beyond the range of the bowmen. It was, in those days, a citadel of extraordinary strength. According to the Jewish chronicles, its foundations were laid by "the Kings of the Asmonean race," who were also high priests long before Herod, and in it were deposited the vestments which the high priest wore when he offered the sacrifice. This fortress Herod reconstructed and repaired at an immense cost, and named it "in honor of Antony." It was situated on the north side of the Temple area, and beside being an important military stronghold, was fitted up in a style becoming an imperial palace. Its walls were 40 cubits high, and it was divided into many suites of apartments, some of regal magnificence, with broad halls, galleries and baths. It contained a spacious military barracks, and the presence of a large garrison, in addition to the number of other occupants, made it seem like a community by itself. At each of the four corners was a tower, three of them fifty cubits, and the fourth nearly seventy cubits, thus overlooking the entire Temple area, with its courts. Besides, there was direct communication between the fortress and the northern and western porticos of the Temple area, by broad flights of stairs, enabling the garrison at any time to enter the courts of the Temple and quell any tumult. A deep trench on the north made a surprise by an enemy from that direction impossible. After the lapse of nearly twenty centuries, the streets along the fosse of the Tower of Antonia are still visible, with the marks of chariot wheels, and even the lines that indicate where the Roman soldiery, composing the garrison, used to hold their athletic games.

DR. TALMAGE'S BEREAVEMENT.

His Faithful Wife Passes Away After a Protracted Illness -The Close of a Useful and Beautiful Christian Life.

A GREAT sorrow has fallen upon the editor of this journal and his immediate family. Mrs. Talmage, for thirty-two years the devoted wife of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., and a lady beloved by a very wide circle of friends in many states, passed peacefully away on Monday, August 5, at Dansville, N. Y., where she had been receiving medical treatment for a nervous affliction. She had been an invalid for nearly a year. Her illness practically dated from the Brooklyn Tabernacle fire in May, 1894, when it is thought she sustained a shock that was aggravated by an attack of Roman fever the same summer. Nervous prostration was followed by a physical breakdown so complete as to leave hardly a hope of recovery. Still, with true Christian fortitude, she kept up bravely until a short time before the end, and would not permit her husband and children to sacrifice all other interests, that they might remain by her bedside. Toward the last, however, when even her physicians could no longer hold out any reasonable hope of cure, she summoned her husband and children to her sick-room. Dr. Talmage, who loved his wife with a true and intense devotion, at once abandoned all his lecturing and preaching engagements in the West and hastened to her bedside, where the whole family were gathered about the dying mother. At sunrise on Monday, the waiting soul was liberated, and the father and his children gazed upon the lifeless form of the dear one lying white and still before them.

Probably no woman was ever more deserving of the love and gratitude of husband and children than Susan Whittemore Talmage. She was born in New York City, where her father was a prosperous banker and bank president. The family residence was afterward moved to Greenpoint. The education of the young daughter, Susan Curtis Whittemore, was a thorough one, and her teachers found her deserving of their best efforts. Clara Louise Kellogg, the famous singer, was one of her classmates.

On May 7, 1863, Miss Whittemore was married to T. De Witt Talmage in the building where they had first met a few months before, the Greenpoint Dutch Reformed Church, of which Rev. Goyn Talmage, brother of Dr. Talmage, was then pastor. At that time, the bridegroom was but little known outside of his own field; reputation had not yet come, and thus Mrs. Talmage started with her husband at almost the foot of the ladder of fame which, with her loving aid, he soon began to climb so quickly. And few wives proved such helpmeets to their husbands as has Mrs. Talmage. She fulfilled the best idea of a helpful wife. All the appointments of the Talmage home in South Oxford street, Brooklyn, reflected the excellent taste of the woman who presided so long over it. Everything showed the perfect housekeeper. The rear apartment of the second floor was Mrs. Talmage's working-room. It was tastefully furnished, but more with an eye to utility than ornamentation. In this room she spent most of her time. All the mail that was left at the house for Dr. Talmage was taken into this room and usually opened by her. It was not an unusual thing for the postman to deliver between one and two hundred letters a day, all of which passed through her hands. Business letters were answered by her, and all letters that did not call for his personal attention were attended to by her, so that his valuable time [illegible].

Besides, she had a multitude of callers. All kinds of people had to be seen, innumerable appointments made and kept, the details of a score or more churches and other matters adjusted. In addition to all these were the household cares of a large house and a family of growing children.

Mrs. Talmage was thus distinctly her husband's right hand, and all the details of [illegible] She was a thorough business woman, having rare executive ability, and capable of easily handling a number of things at the same time. Much of her husband's daily work was planned and laid out by her. She made his pastoral and social engagements, and all his lecturing interests were in her hands. She knew his capacities even better than he. Whenever a journey was to be made, it was she who laid out the route, procured the tickets and staterooms, and attended to all the details. Few public men were saved so many annoyances as was Dr. Talmage by his wife's kindly foresight and ability. But, even if she had never shared her husband's life work, she would still have been one of the busiest of women.

Mrs. Talmage was sympathetic by nature. Like her husband, she saw the cheerful side of life. Cheerful, active, vigorous, she was till within a year ago in the prime of life, and of full figure. Her face was youthful because she kept her heart young and her hands busy. She was always tasteful in her wardrobe, but never showy.

Both Mrs. Talmage's parents died several years ago. One brother still lives among the scenes of her early home in Greenpoint, prosperous and well-doing. Two sisters of Mrs. Talmage live together but a few blocks from the Talmage home in Brooklyn—as close in spirit and relations to the pastor's family as if they were material parts of it. Five children have resulted from the marriage. The eldest daughter, May Mortimer, married Mr. Mangam, a young New York business man, a few years ago. The second daughter, Edith Elwood, also made a most desirable and happy marriage. Jeanie Gasherie and Maude Demorest are the other two daughters. The only son by the marriage is Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, now pastor of a prominent Presbyterian Church in Pittsburg. In him are centred the hopes of thousands that the light of the Talmage genius will not die out with the father.

THE LATE MRS. TALMAGE.

Mrs. Talmage was well known to many, both in America and Europe. On several occasions she had crossed the Atlantic with her husband. When he made his famous tour to Palestine and Egypt in 1889, Mrs. Talmage accompanied him and visited the sacred places. Again in 1892, when he went to Russia with Dr. Klopsch to relieve the famine-stricken peasants, Mrs. Talmage shared a large part of the journey, which was not altogether without its perils.

In all his professional plans, and his pastoral activities, she bore no inconsiderable share, rendering valuable assistance by her quick womanly appreciation and sympathy and her fine business capacity—the latter a quality that proved of the greatest service to Dr. Talmage throughout his whole career. Although engaged in many charities, she was singularly unostentatious in such matters, and was one of whom it could be truthfully said that she did not let her left hand know what her right hand did. There are thousands who recall her liberal-handedness during the famine-winter of 1892-93, when she personally arranged for the daily distribution to hundreds of destitute families in Brooklyn of meat and loaves. In this most practical charity, Dr. Talmage himself heartily joined. It cost much money, time, and effort, but the good done by her quietly and almost privately during those weeks, cannot be computed in figures. Among the most sincere mourners over her departure will be the poor who have been secretly helped by a beneficence undiscovered to the world.

Mrs. Talmage was the second wife of Dr. Talmage (his first wife having been a Miss Mary Avery of Brooklyn). To her remarkable artistic and sociable abilities during the thirty-two years of married life, has been due much of the success that has marked her husband's career. Yet for mere worldly honors neither cared much. "My home is my altar, my family is my inspiration," said Dr. Talmage to a friend to whom he was explaining his strong domestic attachments. And, not once but many times, has he told in tones of warmest love and admiration, how much he owed to this true and noble helpmate who had been next to divine inspiration, his greatest impulse and incentive to high achievement.

In these hours of trouble and sorrow, the hearts of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will go out in sympathy toward him who has so often, and not vainly, administered consolation to the suffering. The space that is usually devoted to this simple account of his bereavement. It was his wont, at such times, to speak words of golden consolation to other hearts that bled, and at rare intervals to reveal his own innermost heart to his friends. In one memorable sermon, preached on Jan. 6, 1881, after the death of his eldest son, we recall these characteristic and striking passages:

I know of no way of getting the wheat out of the ear except by threshing it. I know of no way of purifying the gold except by putting it in the crucible. Go among those men and women who have accomplished most for God—go anywhere, and you will find they have had the baptism of tears. Oh, there is something beautiful about baptism on sacramental day, when the water is sprinkled on the face of the child: but there is a more solemn baptism than that, and that is the baptism of tears. Just look at the consolation which comes to God's children. See how often those things which seem to have been full of disaster turned out to be full of blessing. See the difference between the experience of those who trust in this world and those who trust in God.

* * *

When it is time for me to go, I want to be ready—my wordly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, in that last hour I want to be sure of their forgiveness. If there are hands stretched out from this world to hold me back, there will be hands stretched out from the other world to draw me on. Then, Lord Jesus, help me on and help me up. Unfearing and undoubting, may I step right out into the light and be able to look back to friends and kindred who would detain me, saying, "Let me go, let me go, the day breaketh!" I would not dare to trust myself very far in this reference or allusion. When we were riding to Greenwood, I said, "I cannot understand this composure which I feel, and this strange peace," and it was suggested then and there: "There is a vast multitude of people praying for us." That solved it.

* * *

I testify of the comforting grace of God. Religion is a tremendous reality. God will wipe away all tears from our eyes. There shall be no more sorrow or sighing; neither shall there be any more pain.

The remains were brought to Brooklyn and the funeral services were held in that city on Wednesday, Aug. 7. Thousands of telegrams have been received by Dr. Talmage, expressing the deepest sympathy with him in his great bereavement.

OUR CHRISTIAN WORKER.

XI.—MRS. S. B. CHANEY.

THERE are many young people in all parts of the country who will be glad to see in this column the portrait of the venerable lady familiarly known to [illegible] as "Grandma" Chaney. For many years this [illegible] mother in Israel has been known by [illegible] to the young folks in the Sunday Schools who have received her letters and lear[illegible]

MRS. S. B. CHANEY

venerate the earnest piety they m[illegible]. Mrs. Chaney is now in her eighty-ninth year. She first saw the light in [illegible] county, Mississippi, in the early part of this year, 1807. At that time there were not many churches in that region. In her early years the only church accessible was known as "The Ironside or Hard-Shell Baptists," and toward that church the young girl's family was not attracted. She grew up as most of the girls of her neighborhood, without religious training, and when in her nineteenth year she became a wife. [illegible] she nor her husband had given any thought to their eternal interest. Not long afterwards, however, a Methodist preacher appeared in the district and began to teach. Why he should come to that outlying section and what he could hope to gain by holding his services the people could not conceive. But he did come, as many another of his church was at that time going forth on the same mission.

It was a hard, rough life and there was no visible reward for the toilsome effort. But the love of Christ was in the man's heart, and he longed to impart to others the blessing which made his service joy to him, and was in itself a reward for all his labor. Among his hearers were the newly-married couple, and one of [illegible] converts was the young husband. The preacher organized a church eventually, and having to use the material ready to his hand, he put his young convert in charge of the prayer meeting. Mr. Chaney accepted the office, and his lack of experience was no bar to the success of the moment. He was in earnest and his earnestness was contagious. By and bye, as the preacher came only once a month, Mr. Chaney added a few comments of his own to the chapter he read at the prayer-meeting. They were not profoundly theological, but they came from the depths of personal experience and they told. The word being blessed, Mr. Chaney was blessed in it and became a duly licensed preacher. His wife was converted, to his great joy, and together they entered on a life of active usefulness. There are many opportunities in such communities for doing good, where, as in the case of our friends, there is a disposition to use them. In spite of her large family, twelve olive branches having grown around the parental stem, Mrs. Chaney found time for active Christian work. She has now a large circle of grandchildren and great-grandchildren, but the habits of her Christian life still characterize her. Even since she has attained the dignity of an octogenarian, her hand and heart are not idle. A letter to some child and a little pincushion made in the old-fashioned work are continually being sent out. The pincushion is treasured as a relic, and the letter of kindly advice is read and re-read by the young recipients. Physical infirmities preclude other ways of usefulness; this is open and she uses it as in the past she used others.

Mrs. Jamal's Syrian Girls.

Some of the Cheering Results of her Training—Class work in Jerusalem—An Encouraging Letter.

MANY of our readers who have been deeply interested in the Christian training work conducted among Syrian girls in Jerusalem by Mrs. Jamal, will take pleasure in reading this most encouraging letter just received, which makes full report of the progress of her work. The writer's unacquaintance with English accounts for many peculiarities of expression:

JERUSALEM, July 16, 1895.

I feel it is my duty to put before THE CHRISTIAN HERALD helpers of my work some account of its good results. God has remarkably blessed it, as made evident by the great change in many of the girls and in their good behavior. This I myself have both heard and seen in my frequent visits to the girls' houses in times of health and sickness.

Once, on a visit to one of my girls who was ill, on entering the room, I found another girl of my class attending her. I was greatly pleased to see this good display of feeling and love towards the sick one. They did not know each other before, except by meeting in the class, and they were not of the same creed. The mother—a widow—reported to me that she was pleased and thankful over the results of the teaching, which has become rooted in her daughters' hearts. They love to sing and repeat the hymns they learn at the training class, and the neighbors are quite amazed at their changed behavior and their example to others. On another visit to a girl when I was seated with the mother, some of the neighbors came in. After the native salutation, they gave me a very good report, saying that "our daughter no longer uses worldly songs, while busy with the housework; she uses now the beautiful sacred songs you have taught her and we do not mind her using vulgar words to her poor mother, but she helps her in a very obedient way."

One mother called on me one day all with a joyful face gave a good report of her daughter. She had left her bad habit of playing cards with the neighbors since she began coming to the class, and "now she takes her work and sits with the neighbors and tells them of the Bible stories she hears when in the class." She concluded her talk by fervently saying, "May God prolong the life of every well-wisher."

I was informed by a member of our church, that once, while on his way to Bethlehem, he was in a carriage with a mother and her two daughters. He began to sing a hymn. The two girls joined him in singing, and the man was astonished. He asked "Where have you learned to sing this?" They replied, "We have learned not only this hymn but others at Mrs. Jamal's class."

I can assure you that this gave great joy to my heart, and encourages me more and more to hold up this work, which is "In His Name."

Many girls of my class have improved in their hand-work as well as at housework, and are now of great help to themselves and to their parents, and leading a happy and useful spiritual life. I have already some Oriental fancy-work done by my class in different varieties, which I am sure will be highly appreciated as a souvenir from Jerusalem. They would furnish a full table in a bazaar. They include gold embroidery on silk staff and velvet; silk embroidery on Indian silk, used for different kinds of antimacassars; Arabic verses for book-marks; Syrian veils with needlework fringe, &c., &c. The sale of these articles will provide money for hiring two rooms close to where I live, as my house is too small to take in twenty-seven girls. I now intend to divide them in two classes under my own supervision; one will be attended by my eldest daughter, Hannah, and the second by my second daughter, Adele. It gives me pleasure to see how friendly all get when meeting together in the class. If a girl is absent for a matter of illness, on her return they salute her and express their love and sympathy. They also use the word "sister" when calling each other, because I have tried to put it in their heads that we are all the daughters of a King, and have one Saviour for us all, although we may have been of different creeds, and we also have to love one another, as by doing so we will be true children of our Lord and King.

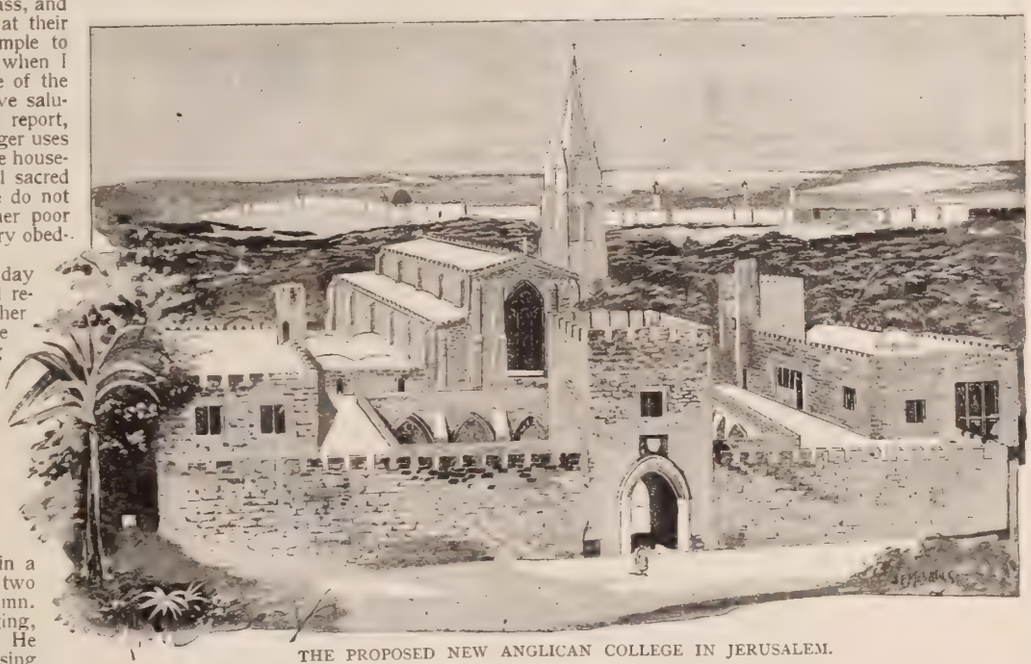
Many more mothers have applied for their daughters' admission to the class, which compelled me to accept, in addition to the fourteen girls you previously mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, thirteen more girls since May 1st. Seven of these are Moslems, poor and in great need of education. When accepting the new girls, and arranging their seats very close to each other in my cozy hall, I found that seven of them had no room to be seated, so I formed an extra class and gave them a place in my bed-room, under the care of my second daughter, Adele. She takes charge of them after we meet for our morning prayers. Very respectfully yours,

REBECCA JAMAL.

To Worship in Jerusalem.

The Proposed New Anglican College in the Holy City—A Boon to Sojourners.

AFTER may delays, work will now be pushed forward on the new Anglican College in Jerusalem. Mr. George Jeffrey, of Cairo, is the architect. The buildings will include an official residence for the Anglican Bishop, with such necessary offices as are required, and a good library. A prominent feature of the group of buildings is the Bishop's Chapel, which is large and dignified. The most interesting building in the group will be the Clergy House, which will afford residence for such clergy as will give help in intercourse with other churches, and in training native clergy and teachers for Christian work. Certain rooms are included which will serve as a "hospice" for receiving those who visit the Holy City for devotional or literary purposes, or who may be desirous of spending some months in Palestine, at a very small expense, before taking holy orders in England. To such the help of the college staff will, it is hoped, offer all the advantages of a European theological college.



THE PROPOSED NEW ANGLICAN COLLEGE IN JERUSALEM.

The increase of English residents outside the walls of Jerusalem has made it necessary that there should be church accommodation beyond that of the small and distant mission church within the walls; and for these as well as for travelers, the Bishop's chapel has for some time been of much service. The whole cost of the College buildings will be about $75,000. A site has been secured, for which $16,500 was paid, and the chapel has already been raised about twelve feet above the foundations. The chapel will cost about $35,000; the other buildings about $15,000 each, and the enclosure and outhouses will absorb the balance. A firman has been received from the Sultan covering the erection of the buildings and duly recognizing them.

TWO CEYLON BOYS.

THE heroism of two brave little lads in Ceylon is described by Mrs. Margaret W. Leitch in one of her letters to the London "Christian." It appears from her statement that the two boys, aged thirteen and fourteen respectively, had been pupils at the mission school in the village of Usan, and had learned more than secular knowledge. "They told us," says Miss Leitch, "that they had ceased to worship idols, or to perform any of the Hindoo ceremonies, and that they had for some time been regularly praying and reading the Bible daily, and keeping the Sabbath holy, and attending the Sabbath School and the preaching services. They were also accustomed now and then, when their gardens and fields had all been watered, and the work of the day was done, to go to the house of the teacher, and, together with some other young people who had also become interested in Christianity, to spend a little time in Bible study and prayer and the singing of Christian hymns.

'One day there was a festival held in connection with one of the Hindoo temples, a temple to the god Kantha-swamy, near their house. All the people of the village were going to attend in order to make offerings, enjoy the excitement, and listen to the music; and the other village boys asked these three boys to go along with them, but, to the surprise of all, the boys absolutely refused to go.

"As the annual festival of the village temple is the great excitement of the year for the people of that village, it can be easily understood that, when they refused, those who had asked them were very much astonished, and asked their reasons for such singular behavior. The boys replied that they had come to believe there was one true God, and that idols were only pieces of brass, wood, or stone.

"This conversation was reported by the village children to their parents, and they in turn reported it to the manager of the temple, who, when he heard it, was very angry indeed, for he saw that if people began to believe that idols had no power, they would soon cease to worship them, and then he and his priests would lose all the money and the offerings which now the poor people were giving so freely, and on which he and others were living in great comfort.

"So the manager of the temple went in a great rage to the father and mother of these boys, and said that unless they discontinued going to the Christian meetings, and unless they came to the temple and worshipped the idol, he would call a meeting of the high caste people to outcast the whole family. If the family, which was one of the Verlalah caste (cultivator caste), should be outcast, they would not be able afterward to enter the houses of their neighbors, or have any social intercourse with them or with their relatives, or secure any help from them in times of sickness or misfortune, neither would they be allowed to draw water from any of the village wells. The result would be not only that they would be disgraced in the eyes of all, except the handful of native Christians, but they would suffer very serious inconvenience and loss."

The father of the boys seems, from Miss Leitch's story, to have been very indignant and to have done all in his power to compel the boys to abjure Christianity. Finding that he would never succeed he grew desperate and one dark night flung both off the verandah into the darkness bidding them never return. He expected to see them come back humbly begging forgiveness, but they did not go back. Instead they went to Miss Leitch and asked to be received at the Mission. The father, suspecting where they had gone, followed them next morning, and demanded to be allowed to take them home at once. The missionaries quieted him, and told him that his sons wished to live as Christians, not because they wished to disobey him, but because they really believed that Christ was the true Saviour, and thought it their duty to follow him. "We told him," Miss Leitch continues, "that we believed that his sons were acting conscientiously, and we hoped that he would allow them to be true to their convictions. He made no reply but to ask to see his sons. They had drawn near to my sister, as if seeking protection, she had gently put an arm around each, as if to assure them that they would not be forsaken.

"When the father came near the group, the boys trembled at his approach, and drew back a step or two, but the father took the right hand of each of his sons, and turning to my sister, put their hands in hers, and said very earnestly, 'I give these boys to you; they are henceforth your sons, and you are henceforth their mother; do with them as you will.' We were all deeply touched by this unexpected action.

"Instantly my sister, reaching out, grasped the hand of their father, placed the hands of the sons within it, and then, holding all in her own clasp, said, 'They are your sons, but they are my brothers, and I will be a sister to them and to you for Christ's sake.' The boys wept aloud; tears were rolling down the father's cheeks, and we also felt our eyes grow dim with emotion. Standing thus, the hands of all four clasped together, my sister offered a brief prayer, asking God to bless the father and mother, and lead them to the light of his love and praying that a special blessing might rest upon the young disciples.

"After a little more conversation the father returned to his home, apparently comforted and contented, and the boys turned to us with grateful faces, and from that hour we have felt toward them as toward little brothers."

WILL YOU NOT COME?

YOU know of the wonderful Saviour,
You know of his wonderful love;
You know of his wonderful kingdom,
You know of the mansions above.
But do you belong to that Saviour
And give him a love that is true?
And do you belong to his kingdom
And is there a mansion for you?

How much you have heard of the Saviour,
And long the sweet story have known,
How Jesus left glory and heaven,
To seek and to ransom his own.
But have you accepted his mercy?
And have you the story believed?
And have you in penitence listened?
And have you his pardon received?

The Saviour so lovingly calls you—
How can you his tenderness slight?
Come, enter now into his kingdom,
Begin to serve Jesus to-night.
His love will abundantly pardon,
Tho' wayward and sinful you've been,
The door of salvation is open—
Oh, penitent sinner, come in.

Vineland, N. J. —MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

CROSSING THE JORDAN.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 25. Josh. 3 : 5-17. Golden Text Isa. 43 : 2. By Mrs. Baxter.

"GIVE ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock," sang the Psalmist (Ps. 80 : 1). With such a Shepherd sang David, "I shall not want."

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days on my life" (Ps. 23 : 1, 6). The path on which such a Shepherd may lead is of little consequence; the difficulties, even the impossibilities of the way, only bring out more fully the love and faithfulness as well as the resources of a Shepherd such as ours.

Moses, whom God had sent to lead his people, under his direction, was dead; God had buried him in an unknown sepulchre (Deut. 34 : 5, 6). Now, by the command of God, Joshua had taken his place. But the Shepherd of Israel had become his Guarantee, for he had said to Joshua: "As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." "Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of good courage; be not affrighted, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee withersoever thou goest" (Josh. 1: 5,9). And now Joshua was come to the supreme moment when the children of Israel were to cease their wanderings, and for the first time to tread upon the soil hallowed to them by the promises of their God. But between the people and the land lay the river Jordan, and the same people who had formerly to go through the test of their faith in the passage of the Red Sea when they left their bondage in Egypt, must now also, in leaving the wilderness, have

A New Test of Faith

in the passage of the Jordan. Joshua knew how much depended upon this, and he "rose up early in the morning, and they removed from Shittim, and came to Jordan, he and all the children of Israel, and they lodged there before they passed over" (Josh 3 : 1). God is never in a hurry, and the most important crises in our life are those which most need quiet and solemn preparation. Before finally leaving the wilderness and passing over the boundary river, the people must abide "three days." These were days of learning; the people had fallen into many sins in the wilderness, they had made many and grievous mistakes. Now they must learn, before God would trust them to enter upon the land of promise, to wait before they took any step forward, until the ark of the covenant of their God was well on before them: "When ye see the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God, and the priests, the Levites bearing it, then ye shall remove from your place and go after it. And they were days of consecration. Sanctify yourselves, for to-morrow the Lord will do wonders among you." The priests must lead the way. Oh, how little is it generally understood that God always makes his priestly ones, who bear the people upon their hearts, go on before them! Man thinks the most active in work to be the true leaders; but, in fact, every real and lasting work of God has been prepared by the prayers of those whom he has bound to the ark of his covenant, and who understand his way and his purposes.

"Yet there shall be a space between you and it; about two thousand cubits by measure: come not near unto it, that ye may know the way by which ye must go; for ye have not passed this way heretofore." No sudden rush to occupy the path as soon as the way is known; quiet, sobriety, consideration always mark those who are diligent to discover and to walk in the ways of their God. There must be a "space" for considering whether a way which is apparently of God is not, after all, a human way. We must know the way, not suppose, nor guess, but know. God has given us his Spirit on purpose that we may have sure and definite direction. Only "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God" (Rom. 8 : 14, R. V.). He does not want any of his children to walk in an uncertain path. Again and again we come to points in our lives where we "have not gone this way heretofore;" all our old experiences are at fault; no human being can help us—there are things in our circumstances which either ought not to be or cannot be explained to another. We are shut up to God. These are often the most precious moments of our whole life.

God encouraged Joshua that he might encourage the priests: "This day will I begin to magnify thee in the sight of all Israel, that they may know that as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee. And thou shalt command the priests." We only have power over others as God has our full attention. God's command to the priests through Joshua is significant. As soon as they should come to the brink of the waters of Jordan, they were to stand still, although the river was fuller, and therefore swifter, and their danger apparently greater than at any other season. If the priest cannot trust God with what looks like danger, how shall the people take courage?

TRAVELERS FORDING THE JORDAN.

And now only can Joshua speak to the people: a step of faith is before them: they have failed the Lord often in the past, will they rise up to the occasion at this important crisis? Forty years before their fathers had come almost as near as they were now to the promised land, and had failed their God at the last moment by believing the evil report of the ten spies; trusting man rather than God: would their children fail him now?

"Come Hither and Hear

the words of the Lord your God." This was an absolute necessity. The evil heart of unbelief which belongs to every man by nature is prone to draw near to man, and to remain at a distance from God. "Hereby ye shall know that the living God is among you, and that he will without fail drive out your enemies from before you . . when the priests that bear the ark of the Lord of all the earth shall rest in the waters of Jordan, that the waters of Jordan shall be cut off, even the waters that come down from above, and they shall stand in one heap."

This was the word of the living God, would the people believe it? Would the priests be true to him? The people left their tents. Perhaps many anxious eyes watched the group of priests which bare the ark of the covenant. Many a heart may have beat quick as, with one movement forward, the feet of the priests entered the overflowing waters and they covered them. But the word of the Lord was fulfilled; the priestly barrier clave in two the flooded river, and in a few moments the lower waters had passed away towards the Dead Sea and the upper waters gathered into a fluid heap, held together by the power of the Most High, and not one drop could flow down where the presence of the ark of God forbade. The people saw it. The priests, who were partakers of the same flesh and blood, could stand still and fear no danger from the restrained waters, and where the priests could venture they also could venture: "the people passed over right against Jericho. And the priests? No sooner had they trusted their God and ventured into the river's brink, than the very water which had covered their feet, instead of rushing on as before, left their feet and the ground they stood upon dry: "The priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of the Jordan, and all Israel passed over on dry ground, until all the nation were passed clean over Jordan."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE book of Joshua introduces the great leader with characteristic modesty. He is called the minister or servant of Moses, the servant of the Lord. It is not always that the successor of any leader shows so much humility when stepping into the place of his chief. Previous to this, Joshua had done conspicuous service. He had represented his tribe on the dangerous service of exploring the country, and he had commanded the army in the battle with the Amalekites. He was descended from Joseph, being tenth in descent from Ephraim, Joseph's younger son. His family was evidently an influential one in the tribe, for in the march though the wilderness, Elishama, Joshua's grandfather, walked at the head of Ephraim's host of 40,500 warriors. Joshua was thirty-seven years younger than Moses, and was apparently over eighty years old when he succeeded him. It was a difficult position to occupy, and might easily have given rise to jealousy and rebellion. But the people were informed that God had chosen him, and they loyally accepted the appointment. The people had reached the place called Shittim, now known as Keferein, on their march northward, when Moses bade them farewell and disappeared. Joshua was notified that this disappearance was not like those of past times, but was permanent. Moses was dead and it was his duty to lead the people into the land. How the communication was made we are not told, but that it came from God, Joshua had no doubt. In the same way he was instructed to march westward into Palestine. The time was the latter part of March, or the beginning of April, nearly forty years after the departure from Egypt. Between the camp and the land flowed the River Jordan, a stream ordinarily about a hundred feet wide, but at this season, swollen by the spring floods to a width of five hundred feet. The Canaanites probably regarded this river as a sufficient defence, knowing that it could not be forded in its present condition. Otherwise, with a strong city like Jericho only five miles away, a guard would surely have been set to oppose the crossing. The miracle was doubtless worked by natural means. As the Revised Version puts it, the waters "rose up in a heap, a great way off at Adam." Where this place was, cannot now be known, but it was probably at a narrow gorge fifteen miles higher, where the fall of a rock or a landslide would dam up the river and cau the formation of a temporary lake above leaving the bed of the river dry below. T miracle consisted in such an event occurrir at the time required and continuing un the great host of two million persons w sale on the other side.

The Lord said unto Joshua. We are n told how God spoke to Joshua, whether audible voice or by creating impressions his mind. He has many ways of commu icating with his people. A city missiona was visiting in one of the large teneme houses, and turned into a room on eighth floor just under the roof. There found an old woman sitting alone. room was poorly furnished. Nothing w there but a bed, one chair, and a tab But the old woman gave him a brigl cheerful look as she raised her eyes fr the Bible as he entered. "Aren't you lone here?" he asked. "No, no," she sai "What do you do all these long evenin by yourself?" "Oh," she said, "I ha my New Testament, and I just sit here tal ing with Jesus."

When ye are come to the brink. The ro lay through the torrent. The people w to march as if there were no river bef them. Their duty was not to reason to obey. That is the way God expects to act in life. If we obey he will take c of consequences. There is a traditi among the Indians that Manatou was tra eling in the invisible world and that came upon a hedge of thorns, and af awhile he saw wild beasts glare upon h from the thicket, and after awhile he s an impassable river, but he would not t back. As he went on he found each stacle disappear as he came to it. T thorns were but shadows; the wild bea were chained; the river proved only phantom.

I will begin to magnify thee. That is ways a trying process. When the bo life begins to magnify into youth, and youth's into manhood, and the man's i full maturity, there is always difficulty a danger. They are new paths, and as G said at this time, they have not passed t way heretofore. A lady who was called a very illustrious position, and knew no ing of its duties, and had no experience guide her, went to one who in childh had been her governess, and telling her fears, burst into tears. "Do not be d couraged," said the governess, "you comprehend your difficulties when you near them. Attend to what you know, a the rest will grow light as you study i The lady found that to one earnestly des ing to do right, light always comes, no m ter how new the situation may be.

I will be with thee. Joshua had witne ed enough of God's power since leavi Egypt to appreciate the value of that pro ise. There were giants and powerful ar ies to overcome and walled cities to be c tured and this Jordan to cross, but if G would be with him there was no ca to fear, for God had delivered the p ple from Pharaoh and brought th through the Red Sea. When Felix of No was hotly pursued by his enemies who h sworn to murder him, he took refuge i cave. Two spiders spun a web over mouth of it. When the murderers w about to enter the cave, they saw the c web and one said, "See, he cannot there," and they passed on. Then said saint, "Where God, is the spider's web i better protection than a wall; but where is not, a wall is weaker than a spider's wet

Behold the Ark of the Covenant. This w a new kind of guidance. At the Red S they had the pillar of cloud. Now they h the chest containing the law. The char marked a stage of development. A tr was approaching New York in which grave, elderly man was seated in earn conversation with a bright young man, parently a clerk. "I will come aboard w you," said the elderly man, "and stay til the vessel leaves." The younger m said, "Thank you, you are very kind, you have always been. I wish you w going with me. I distrust my own ju ment. I shall often wish you were n me that I might consult you." The el smiled. He said: "I want you to beco a thorough business man, and to condu this foreign branch of the house on same principles as the one here at home. will prosper in your young hands if you member your training. Your intellige must be used. You have your letter of structions. You are not a boy any long You are a business man. Now let us what you can do."

OUR FRESH-AIR FUND GROWING.

er 200 More Poor Tenement Children Sent to Mont-Lawn During the Week—A Visit to an East-side Quarter where the Little Ones literally Gasp for Air.

IN these torrid days, with the mercury sizzling in the nineties and the whole community suffering more or less from excessive heat, it is comforting to reflect that the work among the poor tement children goes on apace. This is r Fresh Air Fund's season of maximum tivity. Every week-day afternoon now ss a large group of poorly-clad boys and gls—but washed and brushed clean for occasion — assembled at the Bible use to "pass the Doctor," and, if accted, be taken to our Children's Home. gust in New York is a month always be dreaded. This year it has been peculily severe upon the very young in tenent houses. Alternating spells of intense ht and sudden, wet chills, have raised the rtality rate frightfully among the chilcn of the poor.

n a recent visit by one of the missionary rkers in the Rivington Street district, as llentered a narrow court, he counted no ls than five fire-escapes, all beside each der, and all occupied by mothers and chilcn. Some of the little ones—mere babies iarms—were gasping for air, and looked alt their puny lives might go out like the ff of a candle. Others,—slim, wee tdlers, — clung to the iron railing al looked wistfully down into the superlited court below, from which a furnace-le air was rising. Poor little creatures! No tes, nor grass, not even the leaf of a fiver or a green thing in sight; nothing t the hot, white, pitiless sky, the hotter pom indoors and the hottest of all in the cirt below! What a life for innocent cildren to lead!

Out of that group of tenements over tenty children of proper age were gathered for the Home. It would be impossible to pture the keen delight of the mothers, ven they were told that their darlings uld have the benefit of a ten days' ding among the fields and flowers, with od fresh milk and abundant food and de. Such a prospect seemed like the culmination of all their dreams, for, like most thers, no matter how poor or wretched ty may be, their first thoughts were alys for their children, the last for themves.

Over two hundred more little tenement ys and girls went to the Home at Montlawn during the week. At our Children's me, the uplifting and elevating inences of the ten days' visit are more notable in some cases than in others. One tle girl responded to the name of Tillie; thy and ragged, she was, and also stupid d sly. She was a constant source of noyance and trial to the missionary in ose charge she was. Clean dresses were tquently given her, but in a half-hour the ne repulsive state of dirt was most apprent. Never before was seen a child who s fully illustrated the fact that she was "of e earth, earthy." However, knowing mething of the depths of poverty of the ce she called home, the effort to teach l was continued, even to the end of her it. A few weeks after her return to the y, these good tidings came:

illie W—— is a changed girl since she came me. She tries to be neat and to keep her face an, and she obeys her mother, something which never used to do. In addition to this, she has ght the other children of the house where she the songs she learned at Mont-Lawn, and she, self, goes around singing all day.

Almost every day some word is received the benefit, morally and physically, of stay at the Home.

One of the guests was an Italian lad, ned Philips. His first night won for him distinction of "the worst boy in the me." Quick, restive under authority, ver having been accustomed to obedice, he was a constant source of trial. In day or so, Phillip was conquered. Perction is, of course, impossible to even hope , but the constant effort to "be good" as most apparent. His face would grow rk with quickly-roused passions, and hand would be raised to strike, but he d learned the lesson of self-control, and ran away until his fit of temper subsided.

Among the letters received during the week from friends of the work, are some from which we quote:

"It is only a mite (fifty cents), but I would willingly send as many dollars if I could, but Jesus knows all about the struggle for bread for our own dear ones," writes P. D., Mattsville, Ind.

From H. G. Meyer, La Fayette, Ind., comes this beautiful letter:

$5 00—as a help to gladden the hearts of some children at Mont-Lawn, praying the Master may bless these means for ultimate conversion to Christianity. One of the greatest blessings of my life has been to have a Christian mother: the prayer learned from her loving lips in the Fatherland over fifty years ago has been a pillar of fire by night and a pillar of cloud by day. She often lent to the Lord for she had pity upon the poor. (Prov. 19: 17.) If I have been kind and tender-hearted at times in my life I give mother the credit that by her faith and prayer, by her unfaltering trust on land and sea, in an overruling Providence my heart and hand have been opened. While God will bless me with intelligence this motherly example will live.

THE TENEMENT WAIFS- SCENE IN A COURT OFF RIVINGTON STREET.

Mr. J.W. Hawks, Manchester, Me., says:

I was so much interested in your account of the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, that I invited the Bible school to send one missionary collection to you to aid in sending poor children to the Home. Enclosed please find money order for $4.25 payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, from "Manchester, Me., Bible School." May God bless you in your noble work.

"Enclosed please find $3 to make one little child happy ten days: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these'" is the letter of Mrs. Mollie Rogers, of Taylorville, Ill.

"What a glorious work it is! I enclose enough for two little ones for a few days' outing," writes a sympathetic friend, Granville, Ohio.

Miss Pearl Higby, Constableville, N. Y., writes:

I had some money saved up, and when I was reading about the Home for Children at Mont-Lawn, it seemed as if God told me to send some to you for them. I thought $3. too little to send, so I spent seventy-five cents of it, and then I read in the last CHRISTIAN HERALD of Miss E. Griffin, who sent seventy-five cents (just the amount I spent) and three dollars would send one little darling to the Home for ten days. So now I send my little offering ($2.25) to help bear out hers, so that now Miss Griffin and I together, with God's help, have sent enough money for another little girl or boy to come to your home.

Mrs. A. M. Waterbury, Cortland, N. Y., writes:

You are doing so much good constantly that I want a little part in it—so I enclose herein $3 to cover the expense of taking some one little waif out to your Mont-Lawn Home for ten days' outing.

I. H. N., Valton, Wis., says:

I send a mite 50c., to help some poor little city lassie to enjoy a ten days' outing in the free, broad country at Mont-Lawn. I should like taking care of the dear children and seeing them enjoy life at the Home.

Mrs. L.H.A., Newton, N. J. ($3), writes:

I was interested in the account of the Children's Summer Home. To save the children is to save the nation in the future. You will please find inclosed a check for five dollars, three of which I give for the expenses of the Children's Home.

Here is one of many similar letters received from those among the children who can write, after departure from Mont-Lawn:

Dear Dr. Klopsch—I was so sorry when my name was called to go home. I felt very sad to leave my dear friends. How kind you were to let me go to Nyack, where the cool breezes of the Hudson blew across my face. Oh! how I do wish I could go again. If I was old enough to work, I would repay you for all your kindness to me, and letting me go for those ten days. But all I can do, while I am young, is to thank you sincerely. If I could go this year again I would help the teacher making beds, and help her all I can, and would thank you very much. Your loving friend. CLARA CROON.

"I am so glad there is such a nice place for the poor children to go to, these hot months," writes a "Young Believer," Milford, Pa., with a gift. "It seems a blessed thought that the $3 enclosed will help to make some little one happy for ten days," says Mr. George Sisson of La Plume, Pa. "This is from my wife and myself to help some waif enjoy an outing and to hear of our blessed Saviour," is the language of a good friend in Dubuque, Ia., who sends the work a contribution "In His Name."

The Pilgrim Church Sunday School, Canaan, Conn., has generously contributed its last three months' collections ($16) for the Fresh Air Work at the Children's Home. Little Delitte and Florence Weedon, who live away up in the breezy atmosphere on top of the Blue Ridge Mountains, North Carolina, send $1 to help some tenement child to the breezy slopes of Mont-Lawn. "One who loves little Children" sends a gift from New York City.

This hearty little note comes (with $3) from a class of wee Sunday School boys at Easton, Pennsylvania:

We want to send a boy to your beautiful Children's Home for ten days at Mont-Lawn. If we could know his name, we would try to help him to go next year.

Contributions to the Work.

The following sums have been received during the week for the work of the Children's Home:

Previously Acknowledged	**$1,066.46**
Friend, Ala	5 00
Jennie Heap	3 00
Mrs E M Yow	3 00
Floyd G Winkler	3 00
Mrs R B Seager	3 00
Boys' Primary Class, Pres S S, Leavenworth	3 00
Subscriber, Adairville	3 00
Jane M Watters	3 00
Friend, East Haven	1 00
Friend, Windham Co	5 00
In His Name, St Thomas	9 00
Subscriber, Sinking Valley	1 00
Zelia, Balto	3 00
D T, Oak Hill	1 00
R. B Maxwell	1 00
Ella R, Nella and Edw Vason	3 00
Miss Jennie Finley	1 00
Mrs B Hegeman	15 00
A P Bjerregard	3 00
H D Hapgood	35
In His Name, Princeton	2 00
S De Noyelles	1 50
Emily Coe	1 50
An Old Subscriber	3 00
Jean Cunard Stabb	25
A R G Edwards	1 00
Elma Scott	1 00
Friend of the friendless children, Hay Creek	50
M L H, Pella	1 50
Boys S S Class, Freehold	3 00
Mary J Gates	10 00
Mrs Mary Williams	5 00
In His Name, East Orange	1 00
James Bogert	5 00
E L Ludlow	25 00
Mrs Alex M Bruen	24 00
G M C V, New Jersey	3 00
Mrs T J Pressly	5 00
A Friend, Burkeville	1 00
Two Sisters, York	10 00
J A B, Bridgewater	3 00
Friend, Manchester	6 00
Mrs Westell Russell	3 00
L M, Maine	1 00
C M, Nash	2 00
——, York Harbor	6 00
S S, Lewiston	6 00
A Reader, Pawtucket	2 00
Mrs Hiram Cobb	1 00
M E Juniors, Mexico	10 00
A Friend, Bath	2 00
Mrs M N Wood	3 00
Ada Watkins	1 00
Mr & Mrs Watkins	2 00
A Sister in the Lord, Jacksonville	2 00
R L & M E Beevers	6 00
Proceeds of an Entertainment, Vine Cottage, Milton-on-the Hudson	7 28
A Alberta Estes	20
J G Glendming	50
Mrs Wm Beaty	3 00
F E H, Catskill	3 00
——, New York City	1 00
C L F "	1 00
F G, Morrisville	2 00
In His Name	5 00
——, Savona	21 00
Friends, Aspen	3 00
Mrs W, Bristol	3 00
——, Ocean Grove	5 00
Friends, Medina	3 00
Helen A Cook	1 00
Mrs William A Pembrook	10 00
One of His Own, Phila	3 00
B F Smith	6 00
Mrs F W Foye	3 00
J M Gillespie	3 00
Mrs J R, So Trenton	5 00
Mrs J C Keyes	1 00
D C Steiner	10 00
Mrs D M Perkins	3 00
Mrs A A P Caverly	3 00
In His Name, Kansas City	1 00
A Mother in Mass	1 00
A thank offering to Jesus, Baltimore	1 00
Friend, Bellvale	3 00
W A S, Ealing, Eng	5 00
For Christ's Sake, Northville	1 00
Mrs E B Strong	16 60
L M T, Johnstown	3 00
Henry Shepherd	3 00
A Hegeman	3 00
Harriet E Strong	15 50
In His Name, New York City	25
In Memory of Mrs Mary R Meeker	1 00
Willie Selbie	3 00
Mrs Selbie	3 00
Mrs H G Scoville	1 00
M. R.	6 00
Lucile A Cary and brother	1 25
Mrs J Musil	1 00
T J L and C A R, N Y City	6 00
Mrs L M Parmalee	1 00
A Friend, Dixboro	3 00
A and M S, New Brunswick	10 00
A Wisconsin girl	50
E & S W, Chanute	5 00
S S class of boys, Bridgeport	3 00
F Parker	3 00
A friend of the children, Huntingdon	1 00
Friend of the poor, Easton	1 00
J A P, Sea Bright	10 00
A child of the King, Allentown	3 00
Mrs G W Ostrander	3 00
G L M, Brooklyn	3 00
Grace U Davis	3 00
A B, Mass	3 00
From one among many	3 00
C E W, Jamestown	1 00
Total	**$1533 54**

All contributions in aid of the Children's Home will be acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
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Associate Editors.

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Letters should be addressed

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THE HOME GATHERING.

AT our best estate, we are only pilgrims and strangers here. Heaven is our home. Death will never knock at the door of that mansion, and in all the country there is not a single grave. How glad parents are in holiday to gather their children home again! But I have noticed that there is almost always a son or a daughter absent—absent from home, perhaps absent from the country, perhaps absent from the world. Oh, how glad our heavenly Father will be when he gets all his children home with him in heaven! And how delightful it will be for our brothers and sisters to meet after long separation! Once they parted at the door of the tomb; now they meet at the door of immortality. Once they saw only through a glass darkly; now it is face to face; corruption, incorruption; mortality, immortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and troubles? Overwhelmed in the Red Sea of Death while they passed through dry-shod.

Gates of pearl, capstones of amethyst, thrones of dominion, do not stir my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there, let earthly sorrows howl like storms and roll like seas. Home! Let thrones rot and empires wither. Home! Let the world die in earthquake struggle, and be buried amid procession of planets and dirge of spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll in irresistible sweep. Home! No sorrow, no crying, no tears, no death. But home, sweet home! home, beautiful home! everlasting home! home with each other, home with God!

One night, lying on my lounge, when very tired, my children all around about me in full romp, and hilarity, and laughter—on the lounge, half awake and half asleep, I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there, and I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said: "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb, and again delve in the mine or swelter at the forge? but they never put off the holiday attire.

And I wandered in the suburbs of the city by night; the chariots kissed the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful cities, the young white the dead might most tastefully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum or a monument or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship, and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" And the answer was made me: "We have no poor in this country." And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold: but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear, and I was bewildered, and I sat down under the branches of a great tree, and I said: "Where am I? And whence comes all this scene?"

And then out from among the leaves, and up the flowery paths, and across the bright streams there came a beautiful group, thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices; but then they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel such as I had never before witnessed that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they clapped their hands and shouted "Welcome, welcome!" the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven. And I looked around, and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded "All here!" And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing: "Home home, home, home!"

THE NEED OF LANTERNS.

THIS is a dark world to many people, a world of chills, a world of fog, a world of wet blankets. Nine-tenths of the men we meet need encouragement. Your work is so urgent that you have no time to stop and speak to the people; but every day you meet scores, perhaps hundreds and thousands of persons, upon whom you might have direct or immediate influence. "How? how?" you cry out. We answer: by the grace of physiognomy. There is nothing more catching than a face with a lantern behind it, shining clear through. We have no admiration for a face with a dry smile, meaning no more than the grin of a false face. But a smile written by the hand of God as an index or table of contents to the whole volumes of good feeling within, is a benediction. You say: "My face is hard and lacking in mobility, and my benignant feelings are not observable in the facial proportions. We do not believe you. Freshness and geniality of soul are so subtle that they will, at some eye or mouth corner, leak out. Set behind your face a feeling of gratitude to God and kindliness toward man, and you will every day preach a sermon long as the streets you walk. The reason that there are so many sour faces, so many frowning faces, so many dull faces, is because men consent to be acrid and petulant and stupid. The way to improve your face is to improve your disposition. Attractiveness of physiognomy does not depend on regularity of feature. We know many persons whose brows are shaggy, and whose eyes are oblique, and whose noses are ominously longitudinal, and the mouth straggles along in unusual and unexpected directions; and yet they are men and women of so much soul that we love to look upon them, and their presence is an evangelism. They get married sooner than the painted doll-babies that call themselves young ladies, and make home happy long after the curls have turned gray and the foot of the dance has turned into a rheumatic shuffle.

PRESENT EVILS.

MEN like to hear the frailties and faults of others chastised. With what blandness and placidity they sit and hear the religious teacher excoriate the ambition of Ahab, the treachery of Judas, the treason of Athalih, and the wickedness of the Amalekites. Indeed, I have sometimes felt sorry for the Amalekites, for in all ages, and on all occasions, they are smitten, denounced, and pursued. They have had their full share of censure and excoriation. It is high time that in our addresses in pulpits, and in domestic circles, we turn our attention to the driving out of these worse Amalekites which are swarming in society to-day, thicker than in the olden time. The ancient Amalekites lived for one or two hundred years; but these are not weakened after a thousand years. Those traversed only a few leagues of land; these stalk the earth and ford the sea. Those had each a sword or spear; these fight with a million swords, and strike with a million stings, and smite with a million catastrophes. Those were conquered with human weapons; but to overcome these we must bring out God's great field-pieces, and employ an enginery that can sweep from eternity to eternity.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

If any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, desiring to do missionary work with the paper after reading it, will send name and address on a postal, stating the fact, we will at once forward to such reader the address of a missionary, evangelist or Christian worker in some foreign field, to whom the reader can send the paper direct, at a trifling cost of two cents. Here is an opportunity for quiet Christian work that should not be missed.

E. M. Lutz, Mazon, Ill. I have a volume of sermons by Thomas Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man, published in 1785. Who was he?

Bishop Wilson was a famous Church of England divine, who, before he became bishop, was domestic chaplain to the Earl of Derby. He was remarkable for his humility, his conscientiousness and devotion to Christian duty, more than for his forensic or literary gifts. He died in 1755 and the volume you possess must therefore have appeared thirty years after his death.

Miss S. J. Tibbols, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Can Montefiore be seen from the Hudson river?

Yes, it is clearly in sight from steamers passing between Tarrytown and Sing Sing. If, when opposite Scarborough, you will look over to the western bank, you will easily see the white observatory tower, which is the landmark of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home.

Anxious Reader. How can I study the Bible to the best advantage? Often, while reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I am inspired by the sermon and by the story of the work done in the missions, and I feel that some day I, too, might become a mission worker. I am a young wife, just going to begin housekeeping. I want to have a more complete insight into the Bible so that I may be a better home Christian.

Read your Bible daily and strive, with prayer, to put as much of the life of Christ into your daily life as you can. Get the "Helps to the Study of the Bible," which you will find bound in with the International Teachers' Bible, many thousands of which have been sent out to subscribers of this paper; you will find them a most valuable aid. It will also help you materially to take an active part in all church and Sunday School work, and to have a class if possible.

L. C., Burlingham, Kans. Is it possible for a person to be a Christian who cannot remember having experienced a change of heart?

Many persons whose lives and spirit preclude any doubt of their being sincere Christians, have no remembrance of a time of transition. It is possible when children have been reared from infancy in the knowledge of God, and have never gone astray into open sin, for the change to be so gradual as to be imperceptible. But even with them there is generally a consciousness of progress, showing that a change has occurred. The younger a person is when he becomes a member of Christ's kingdom, the less likely he is to remember the time of entrance; but usually such persons are the best and most devoted Christians.

Reader, Blake, Ont. There is a sect here calling themselves "Brethren" who denounce churches and ministers. What is their origin and what are the doctrines they hold?

The Brethren (often called Plymouth Brethren), originated in a movement led by an Irish Episcopal clergyman named John Darby. He left the church, believing that all systems and forms and church organizations were contrary to God's will and that no person ought to be ordained to preach. His followers used to meet at Plymouth, England, in 1830 to celebrate the Lord's Supper every Sunday, and to sing and pray and listen to exhortation in an informal way. Their number increased rapidly and they are found in all lands. Mr. George Miller, the celebrated friend of the orphans, belongs to the Brethren. They hold no creed but they commonly believe the doctrines held by other evangelical churches.

M. E. W., Brookfield, Conn. Is there any authentic history outside from the Bible of the crucifixion of Christ, with an account of the earthquake and the darkness that prevailed over all the land from the sixth to the ninth hour?

Yes, the crucifixion is related in that part of the ancient Jewish Talmud which was called Toledoth Yeshu Ha Nossri (the "Generation of Jesus the Nazarene.") It is there stated that he was hanged at the direction of the Jewish sages and that the body was taken down at sunset and buried outside the city. The Talmudic account makes no mention of earthquake or darkness, nor would it be likely to do so under any circumstances, being written to depreciate Jesus and his works. The Toledoth Yeshu was expunged from the Talmud in 1630 by order of the Jewish assembly at Jaslov, in Little Poland and all mention of Christ was directed to be suppressed in copies of the Talmud thereafter. This accounts for the absence in the modern editions of any mention of Jesus or his work.

R. H. B., Danville. Does prayer change God's plans? One instance of such a change as a result of prayer is certainly on record in the case of Hezekiah's sickness. II. Kings 20.

We do not know that there was any change of plan in that case. God who knows all things from the beginning knew what Hezekiah would do. We have no means of understanding the divine procedure in the matter, nor is there profit to do so profitable. Christ bade men pray and encouraged them to expect answers to their prayers and that should be sufficient for us. He would not have done so if prayer were useless.

Subscriber, Alinapee, Wis. 1. Did the remark of Caiphas about one man dying for the people (John 11: 50), imply a belief in the Atonement? 2. In what way can the men of Nineveh and the Queen of the South be judges of a generation (Matt. 12: 41, 42)? 3. To whom did Christ refer in speaking (Luke 15: 7) of just persons who need no repentance?

1. No, he thought that the disposition of the people to proclaim Christ a King would embroil the nation with their Roman masters and lead to harsh measures. He thought it better that Christ should die than that many lives should be lost in a rebellion. The evangelist intimates that the words bear another meaning and were fulfilled in a different sense. 2. Not as judges at all, but as showing a better spirit. Their conduct, by its contrition and sincerity was a condemnation of people who showed neither. 3. To the Pharisees who held that opinion of themselves. [Your other questions, sent by other readers, have been answered recently in this column.]

Constant Reader, Storrs, Conn. Is there not a contradiction between Job 19: 26 and 1 Cor. 15: 20? The patriarch and the Apostle seem to hold opposing opinions on the subject.

There is not the difference that appears on the surface. Job expected that even his body was destroyed, yet he would see God; and Paul had the same expectation. Neither thought that death would be the end. Job's expression is translated differently and more correctly in the Revised Version as "from my flesh" and the marginal rendering is still more accuracy, "without my flesh." Paul is arguing for a life beyond the grave, and is dealing with opponents who contended that there could be no existence without the body. His analogy of the wheat agrees with the idea of the continuance of life in spite of the destruction of the body. All that we know of the body of Christ after the resurrection implies that the spiritual body will resemble the natural body in appearance, but have greater powers and functions and differ from it in many ways.

Mrs. C. F. Easton, Chester Cross Road, writes a plea for the birds, in which she says this suggestion:

Will some kind woman of every town or neighborhood to which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD finds its way circulate a petition for signatures, and forward the same to the Legislature, asking that a fine of $5 be imposed upon any person over twelve years of age, known to have slaughtered one of the birds mention for ornamental purposes; or to have killed one of the same for malicious sport; or to have killed any bird in size smaller than the full-grown ruffed ridge pigeon or quail for food. We plead that teachers instruct the youth regarding the importance of preserving bird-life. We plead that the humane loving citizens of Free America do cease to feed upon bluebirds, robins, wrens and nighthawks, and all such wickedness, and feast upon the "pests." That they do all in their power to extend liberty to the lovely songsters now in captivity. It has been affirmed that the number of insects increase in proportion to the decrease of birds. They multiply would. Which is pleasanter:—to be compelled spraying the trees with some obnoxious fluid after shower, or to hear the songs of birds in the branches

Louisa D. Starkey, Maxwell, Ont. The [illegible] current is cold but the shallower water [illegible] banks is sufficiently warm for the purpose.—[illegible] ular Reader, Algiers. It is published in [illegible]——M. P. Averyt, Bradley, Ind. Ter. No [illegible] not; you have got two narratives mixed. [illegible] in a cave while hiding from his enemies (see [illegible] 22: 1), but it was Robert Bruce, the fugitive [illegible] King, who was the legendary hero of the Spi[illegible] venture.——J. A. Oresham, Seattle, Wash. [illegible] don polyglot edition Bagster's, contains in [illegible] ume, the Hebrew text, Samaritan Pentateuch, [illegible] agint, Vulgate, and Syriac Versions, the Greek [illegible] of the New Testament, together with Luther's [illegible] man Version, Diodatis' Italian, Ostewald's [illegible] Scio's Spanish and the English Authorized Ver[illegible] There is also a German polyglot edition [illegible] Stier and Theile and a Hexaglot by R. de [illegible] published in London. You can order these [illegible] leading bookseller in your neighborhood.——[illegible] ry Gardner, Philadelphia. It appeared in [illegible] his earliest publications called "The Sing[illegible] grim."—— Subscriber Sterling, Kan. Conti[illegible] reverently observe the Sabbath, as your conscience directs and as God's laws command. When the day of rest and worship is turned into an [illegible] of social relaxation, its sacred character is lost [illegible] of and it is an easy step to dissipation and [illegible] startling neglect of Sabbath observance which is painfully characteristic of some cities on the Continent of Europe.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE INDIAN TROUBLE.

REPORTS of a massacre of settlers in Wyoming by Bannock and Shoshone Indians, which were in circulation recently, prove to have been false. There has been trouble, but up to the date of writing the only persons killed have been the Indians. The Bannocks are a small tribe. Those on the Fort Hall Reservation last year numbered only 772, and of those the males over eighteen years old were only 132 in number. They live by hunting and have not yet attempted any kind of land cultivation. They hold treaty with the United States Government giving them, the right to hunt on unoccupied lands so long as any game could be found there. The treaty was made while Wyoming was still a territory. Since it became a State the Legislature has passed laws prohibiting the killing of game in the State at certain periods. Whether the Bannocks were ignorant of these laws, or choosing of them, deemed their treaty rights paramount over the acts of a State Legislature does not appear. In either case they continued hunting and seventeen of them were caught in the act at Jackson's Hole, a valley south of the Yellowstone Park. The posse that arrested them allege that the Indians attempted to escape from custody and the posse shot them down. The news of the killing aroused the surviving Bannocks, their women and children were sent away as in preparation for a war, signal fires were seen blazing on the hills and parties of armed Shoshones were met on their way to the Bannock camp. The settlers naturally expected that the Indians meant to avenge the death of their brothers and they erected a fortification and appealed to the Governor for troops. The Governor having the militia appealed to the United States Government. Gen. Coppinger, commanding the Department of the Platte, was at once ordered to the scene of expected disturbance, with a force sufficient to suppress any rising there might be. He reached Jackson's Hole on Aug. 2, but found all quiet and no Indians in the neighborhood. It is hoped that the presence of United States troops may prevent a rising and that there may be no further bloodshed. It would be a grievous calamity if the Government is dragged into another Indian war by what is deplorable, and apparently unnecessary slaughter of the Bannock prisoners. The Indians have already suffered terribly at the hands of the white men, but if they attempt to avenge their wrongs they will give a pretext for an exterminating war. There is need for earnest prayer by the Christians of the nation that such a conflict may be averted, lest more lives be sacrificed and another addition be made to the long list of outrages on this much wronged race for which we as a people must be held responsible.

When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them: he forgetteth not the cry of the humble. (Ps. 9: 12.

Tore Up the Bridal Wreath.

The guests invited to witness a wedding at Bridgeport, Conn., recently, carried away souvenirs of a vexatious disappointment. The bride and bridegroom were popular in the town, and when the carriages were drawn up in front of the bride's home to take the party to church, quite a crowd assembled to see them start. They were surprised to see the bridegroom come hurriedly out of the basement, enter a carriage and drive away alone. Shortly afterwards another man came out and he, too, drove off alone. It was learned that he had gone in search of the bridegroom. He found him at the railroad station and after some expostulation, brought him back to the house. But there was no wedding. When the bride learned that her intended husband had run away and had been brought back only by compulsion, she refused to marry him, and soon afterward he went away. The bride insisted that the festivities should go on just as if the wedding had taken place. Taking the bridal wreath off her head she tore it to pieces and gave the flowers as souvenirs to her friends. If the girls preserve them they will be reminded that there are men who make professions in private of affection and fidelity, who yet shrink from a public attestation, that will involve duties and obligations. The number of those who act in that way, where marriage is concerned, is small compared with those who want to have the benefits of Christ's salvation without incurring the obligations which come from an open profession of Christ before men.

If any man will come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me. (Luke 9:23.)

An Objectionable Flag.

The Portland "Oregonian" gives a curious explanation of a strike which occurred at the docks of that city recently. A steamer named the "Sierra Parima" arrived at her pier and the longshoremen began the work of unloading her cargo. The day following the arrival of the steamer was the birthday of the Captain's wife, who came on board to spend the day. In her honor the Captain ordered his ship decorated. All the flags she was entitled to carry were run up. Over all was the national ensign; then came the name of the ship in the flags of the code; and below, the flag of the house. The vessel looked bright and gay and was the observed of all observers on the docks. But when the longshoremen came to resume their work there was trouble. The mate went below and told the Captain that all the longshoremen had struck. The Captain went on deck to ascertain the cause and was told that he would have to haul down one of the flags before a man of them would touch a thing on board. It was a bright, yellow flag and represented one letter in the vessel's name. The men said they would not work under the Orange flag, and as the Captain would not haul it down, work was suspended for a whole day. The men were Irishmen, of course, to whom an orange flag was an abomination, being a symbol of a cause they hate. They were simply dock-laborers and the Captain probably thought that they would do the work they were paid to do, regardless of the flags flying over their heads. They could not, however, forget that they were Irishmen, and whatever the Orange flag might mean in the code, they would not work under the emblem of their country's humiliation. Their prejudice was foolish, but it is much to be wished that the spirit on which it was based was more active among Christians. The Christian in business ought never to forget that he is a Christian, and the prospect of gain ought never to tempt him to do anything dishonoring to his Master.

Abstain from all appearance of evil. (1 Thess. 5:22.)

A Priceless Document.

A reporter of a Washington journal recently had the privilege of examining the original Constitution of the United States. The original draft of the Declaration of Independence was preserved as well as the fair copy; but there is no draft of the Constitution known to be in existence. The engrossed pen copy with the signatures attached is carefully preserved in a steel safe in the government library at Washington. The safe is massive and strong and is prettily decorated in grey and gold. A combination lock protects the priceless document within. The Constitution covers four large sheets of parchment with the words written out in the quaint spelling in vogue in the latter part of the last century. The first words, "We, the people," are engrossed in very large black letters, and stand out in bold relief. On the last page are the signatures of the deputies from the various States, headed by the signature of George Washington, who signs as deputy from Virginia. The ink has faded a little in the hundred and eight years that have elapsed since the document came from the engrosser's hands and was signed, but not so much as to detract from its legibility. It was taken from its resting-place for a photograph to be made of it for the Atlanta Exposition, as the original document was accounted too precious to be allowed to pass out of the hands of the Government. It is well that so much care is taken of it, for every patriotic citizen would be sorry if by any accident it was destroyed or injured. Yet its destruction would not impair the stability of our institutions. We are so familiar with its provisions that any violation of them would be instantly detected and spurned. It would be well if the law of God were similarly so written in our hearts that no violation of it could come into our lives, and temptations were rejected, as unhesitatingly as we reject unconstitutional legislation.

THE INDIAN TROUBLES IN WYOMING—A BANNOCK CAMP.

Blessed is the man in whose heart are the highways to Zion. (Ps. 84: 5, R.V.)

An Embarrassing Falsehood.

A traveler in a Western State recently found himself in an unpleasant predicament as the result of a falsehood. A Western journal says that a man who boarded a crowded train noticed a seat which was occupied by a number of packages. He asked the man who sat near them if he would clear the seat for him. The man replied that the things were not his, but belonged to a person who had gone into the smoking-car and would be back presently to occupy the seat. "I guess I'll sit in it till he comes," said the newcomer, and he proceeded to empty the seat, putting some of the packages in the rack and the remainder on the floor. The man in the adjoining seat glared but made no objection. As a matter of fact, he owned the packages, and the man in the smoking-car was a myth he invented to retain the seat for himself. When he reached his destination he began to collect the packages, but the other interposed. He said, "I consider it my duty to protect this property. You said they were not yours, and you have no right to take them." The man became abusive and the conductor was called, who, after hearing both statements, took the packages into his own keeping and informed the man who claimed them that he would have to go to the baggage office of the company the next day and prove his ownership. The inconvenience and delay, it may be hoped, taught him a lesson which some people seem to be unable to learn but by experience, although long ago the wise king warned all who expect to profit by lying, how fleeting are the advantages derived from it.

A lying tongue is but for a moment. (Prov. 12: 19.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Arrangements are Being Made for a National Conference on Prophecy, which will be held at Allegheny City, Pa., towards the end of October.

Mr. Norwood, the agent of the American Bible Society in Venezuela, reports exceptionally large sales of the Scriptures by his colporteurs in parts of the country which have never before been visited by any Bible Society agent.

The Cross and Crown Association of Philadelphia, has followed the example of the Central Union Mission of Washington, in using a Gospel-wagon. A wagon has been secured and the police department has given a permit for meetings in any part of the city.

The Christian Alliance Convention at Old Orchard, Me., is believed to have been the largest in the history of the Alliance. A telegram to the "New York Herald" says that not less than fifteen thousand persons were in the camp ground during the sessions of the Convention.

Evangelist E. P. Telford Has Been Holding extraordinary meetings in the Eastern District of London. The Great Assembly Hall was filled every night for five weeks, and there were many conversions. Mr. Telford has arranged to hold meetings next in Bristol, Cardiff, and Leeds.

The Presbytery of Otsego, N. Y., has Granted a license to Frank B. Seeley, a student of Union Theological Seminary, thus ignoring the instructions which the General Assembly gave to the Presbytery of New York. The Otsego Presbytery contends that the instructions concerned the New York Presbytery only. Its action is to be brought before the Synod for judicial decision.

The Assembly of the Goodwill Homes for Boys began at Fairfield, Me., July 24. There is an encampment, and the cottages are mostly given up to guests. Music, study, and sports occupy the time for several days, and many distinguished specialists are engaged for the occasion. A site has been selected for similar Homes for Girls about a mile from the Boys' Homes.

Twenty-four Young Men are Ready to be sent to the Foreign Mission field, and the Presbyterian Board, after examination, has accepted them. It is now feared, however, that the Board's funds will not allow them to send more than twelve this year. The others must wait a year, although there is urgent need for them in several fields.

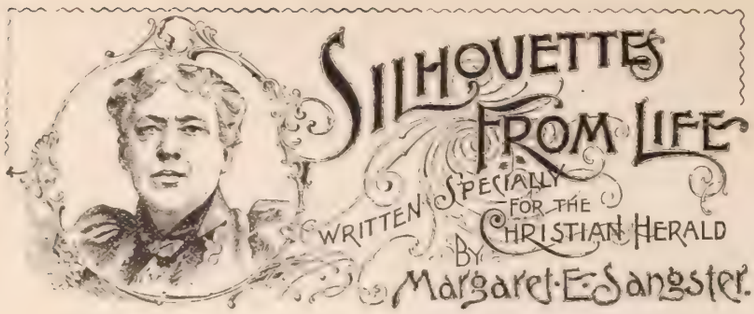
Major Cole's Services at Fort Scott, Kans., closed with an enormous meeting at which over three thousand persons were present. The number of additions to the churches of the town through God's blessing on the meetings is 818. The eleven pastors of the churches which united in the movement passed a series of resolutions expressing their devout thankfulness for the blessing that has attended the evangelist's work.

A Significant Opposition to the Movement for extending the suffrage to women has appeared in England. It is led by the "Wine and Spirit Review," a journal devoted to the interests of liquor dealers. It frankly states that its reason for opposing female suffrage is that nine women out of ten are opposed to the saloon. The struggle to keep women from the polls thus becomes on the part of the liquor dealers a war of self preservation.

The Purchase by the Order of Deaconesses of a tract of land for a hospital is reported by the Chicago "Interior." It says that the Order, of which Mrs. J. Springer of Chicago, is president, has purchased Midway Park, lying between Bloomington and Normal Park, which has been used heretofore for Chautauqua assemblies. They expect to erect immediately a hospital that will, when completed, cost $30,000.

Captain Bundy has at last Decided to Sell his famous boat "Glad Tidings," and make his home on shore. The vessel has been well-known on Lake Michigan for many years. Its lockers were full of Bibles and tracts, and the services on board led by his sweet-toned organ were used of God to the conversion of many souls. Captain Bundy is over sixty years old, but he hopes to do a great deal more work for Christ yet.

Miss Jane Addams, the Chief Worker at the College Settlement of Hull House, Chicago, has arranged for a summer school for the benefit of her young friends around the Settlement. The Trustees of Rockford College have given her the free use of the college building in order that the pleasures of a vacation may be combined with the advantages of study. Miss Addams hopes that the liberality of the Rockford Trustees will be an example that other colleges will follow.



THE TRIBE OF REUBEN.

I.

THE tribe of Reuben lived in a straggling and uncomfortable fashion over on Dead Man's Flats. These low-lying stretches of swamp land were the pregnant nests of fever and malaria; diphtheritic and typhoidal germs were incubated there, and on their edge a few wretched cabins clung hesitatingly, with sometimes a pig-pen abutting them, and sometimes a hen-roost, though the dwellers on Dead Man's Flats were famous rather for stealing poultry and anything else they could lay their hands on, than for honest thrift or care of any property belonging to them. Children swarmed in these cabins, some puny and starved-looking, others sturdy and strong, notwithstanding their miserable environment; pallid women with their hair done up in severe knots and their skirts kilted above slipshod feet, shuffled about doing their work, what there was of it, and men in shirt-sleeves with short pipes puffing vile tobacco, sat in the doorways and drowsed, or stood about and swore.

Near by, comparatively, on a rise of ground, stood a paper-mill, in which most of the men and boys, and the younger girls of the D. M. Flats, as they were called for shortness, earned such livings as they could. The livings would have been better had there been no gin-shops or "hotels" in the borough, and some of the poor bits of homes would have been brighter, if father had let beer alone.

On a higher level than the paper-mill stretched a fertile plain, where pleasant homes stood amid blooming flower patches, and away beyond this again were rounding hills and dimpling valleys, dotted with farms and twinkling at night with starry lamp-light from many bright windows.

In a household where both money and love were plenty, a household rich, therefore, and exceedingly blessed, a conference was being held one sultry morning over another and different household on Dead Man's Flats.

"I am tired of being pillaged in this way," said Judge Rainsforth, with great sternness. "Here are my leghorns stolen again; our chickens and eggs are carried off under our very eyes, and the thief can belong only to that abominable, good-for-nothing tribe of Reuben. I shall set detectives on their track at once, and the first one that is caught shall go to jail, I promise you. Now, don't plead for them, Mary," addressing his wife, "I am out of patience with this weak condoning of crime. The family of Reuben Shreves are a disgrace to the community."

"The existence of such a hole as Dead Man's Flats is a disgrace to the community," said the wife, "but while it is there, we must expect to suffer from such prowlers as the Shreves tribe. I cannot imagine, John, why you accuse me of weakness. You are the soft-hearted member of this concern. I would gladly send all the little Shreves to an institution, put the father and mother in the penitentiary, and send the old grandmother to an almshouse for the rest of her life."

The Judge laughed. "Isn't that like a woman, now? Never anything half way with your sex. You're a queer lot, Mary. Meanwhile, I have lost my leghorns, and I must [illegible] a person familiar with the premises and friendly with Rex, who is getting to be superannuated. I intend to invest in a spring-gun and a ferocious watch-dog. This robbery shall have a stop put to it, or my name's not John P. Rainsforth. Hello, Pet, what's the matter? What have you to propose, darling?"

Kate Rainsforth, generally known in the family as "Pet," had a petition to urge.

"Papa," she said, her silvery voice vibrating, her dark eyes shining, both little hands clasped on his arm, "Let me try what I can do for those poor people. They need the Christian religion down there. They need a friend. Give me leave to try what I can do for the Shreves."

"Kate," the Judge answered gravely, "that family is not fit to tie your shoes. You are too good, too dainty, too pure to breathe such air as their's. I don't like to deny you anything, but I cannot have you getting typhoid fever in Dead Man's Flats."

"I will use every precaution; I will be more than careful. I will do my very best to keep well. But, before any more of the Shreves are shut up in jail, do let some of us see what we can devise to awaken their self-respect."

Judge Rainsforth gave in, as he always did when Pet begged a favor. Her mother, who always did the same, contented herself with saying that Pet must wear camphor gum in the bosom of her frock, and take a bath immediately on her return from her expeditions, and she would interfere to put an end to the folly, the moment she saw any symptoms of danger in Pet's condition.

Pet kissed both parents, ran up stairs to her beautiful room, knelt down and said her prayers.

"I'm surprised, Papa Rainsforth," said the mother," that you did not withhold your consent from Pet's preposterous request. You ought to have said 'No,' at once. But you never have any backbone when it comes to a struggle with Pet."

"And I," said the husband, "am simply amazed, Mamma Rainsforth, that you cannot control your own only daughter. I looked at you, expecting you to shake your head, or make some sign, but you wore the expression of the sphynx. I don't believe in giving Pet her head, but what can I do, when she comes with that soft, sweet, coaxing way of hers? If she were a boy, she'd fare very differently, but a man must indulge his young daughter, as a matter of course. The government of this family depends on you, Mary Josephine, and you know it."

The Judge passed a caressing hand over his wife's brown hair, and kissed her smooth forehead. She blushed and laughed like a girl.

"We're a foolish pair, Jack," she answered, gazing fondly at the strong, fine face bent above her. "God grant our folly may not injure Pet."

"Pet is in God's hand," said the judge. "She is right, too. Dead Man's Flats is a menace to everything good, and a hot bed for everything bad in this county, and somehow we ought to change its conditions. Its a big undertaking though, and Pet's little hands won't accomplish much. I tell you she's a brave girl to tackle that tribe of Reuben."

"I was afraid she'd ask to go and live in Rivington Street, New York, at the College Settlement, or at Hull House, in Chicago," said the mother," and I'd rather keep my bonny maid at home with me for awhile. I'll watch over and help her, John all I can, and so I am sure you will—bless her heart!"

"Bless her heart and her mother's heart, to be sure I will," said the judge.

Meanwhile Pet was making her plans.

(To be Concluded next week.)

ENGLAND'S FUTURE KING—PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.

ENGLAND'S FUTURE KING.

The royal baby, whose portrait appears on this page, will probably, if his life be spared, some day become King of England. He is the great-grandson of Queen Victoria, the grandson of the Prince of Wales, and the son of the Duke and Duchess of York. Prince Edward of York, (as the monarch in embryo has been named), is only a little over a year old and is consequently the youngest child in Europe with the prospect of a throne. What changes may take place in Europe before the royal babe reaches manhood, and what character and fitness for the duties of government he may develop are matters which the future alone can disclose.

MEDICAL WORK IN JERUSALEM.

One of the most worthy and deserving Christian philanthropies in Jerusalem is the Marienstift Children's Hospital, whose excellent undenominational work has already been referred to at different times in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Dr. M. Sandreczky, Medical Director of the Marienstift, in a recently issued report of the work of that institution, states that 413 children were admitted during 1894 for skilled medical treatment. Many were suffering from the prevalent affliction known as Egyptian ophthalmia (an eye disease which frequently results in total blindness), while others were prostrated by fevers and the diseases peculiar to childhood in that part of the world. Among the little patient were Mohammedans and Christians, and all were treated with equal care and solicitude. Concerning a Moslem patient, Dr. Sandreczky writes:

"He was the son of a man of rank in Hebron, who had however committed many crimes and been long in prison. He was related to our nurse who had been converted to Christianity, but he more than once wanted to kill her, so that, when he came with his little son, she begged that he might not be admitted, as her life would not be safe. We calmed her, and spoke seriously to the father, who swore by the Prophet and all the saints, that he would behave himself well, and after his son was cured, we found that the notorious and dreaded wolf had been changed into a tame lamb, and vowed eternal gratitude to us. God grant that the proof, that we Christians love our enemies, and do good to them after the example of Our Lord and Master, may have an abiding influence upon and bear lasting fruit in the life of this Mohammedan, who has grown gray in his life of sin."

THE CHOPPED BIBLE.

A few years ago (a clerical [illegible] in Vermont writes), a ma[illegible] was traveling through New [illegible] land, selling Bibles. Pass[illegible] by a certain house he not[illegible] a woman in the yard hangi[illegible] out clothes. He approached [illegible] and showing his wares, soon sold her [illegible] Testament. Just as the bargain was closed, her husband appeared, and [illegible] the book from the hand of his w[illegible] inquired what she had been buying. On being told, he remonstrated with he[illegible] saying that she ought not to have boug[illegible] a book, as they had no use for it wh[illegible]ver. "However," he added, "you know [illegible] wife, we always divide everything, so I [illegible] guess we will divide this," and suiting the [illegible]tion to the word, he laid the book upon th[illegible] wood block and deliberately chopped it in[illegible] two pieces.

Putting one part in his pocket [illegible] gave the other to his wife, and went out [illegible] the barn to do his chores. After dinner [illegible] went off to the woods to chop, saying [illegible]thing more about the book. In the course [illegible] the afternoon he became weary and sa[illegible] down to rest. Putting his hand in his [illegible]cket, he felt the Bible which he had entir[illegible] forgotten. He took it out and began t[illegible] examine it. As it happened, the book h[illegible] been divided at the fifteenth chapter of [illegible]ke's Gospel, and the last page of his h[illegible] contained the story of the prodigal so[illegible] He began to read it, and never having [illegible]en it before, he soon became much interes[illegible]d in the story, but unfortunately when [illegible] arrived at the point where the prodig[illegible] says "I will arise and go to my fath[illegible]" he reached the foot of the page, and th[illegible]d of his portion of the book. All the af[illegible]noon he could think of nothing else but th[illegible] prodigal. He determined to get the oth[illegible] part of the book when he arrived home. I[illegible] ish the story, but he was too proud [illegible] his wife for it, so he quietly hur[illegible]t the house over, hoping to discover [illegible] His search, however, was vain. At len[illegible], as the evening wore on, his curiosity [illegible]t the better of his pride, and finally I said, "Wife, I've been reading a story [illegible] that book you bought this morning, a[illegible] you half ended just at the most interesti[illegible] part of the story. Won't you let me s[illegible] half?"

The other part was quickly p[illegible]ed, and before he slept he knew by ex[illegible] what it was to say, "I will arise a[illegible] go to my Father."

NOBLE GIFTS TO EDUCATI[illegible].

Ours is essentially a civilizing [illegible] an educating age. There is probably [illegible] finer record in the line of secular philan[illegible]ropies than that of the American men and [illegible]omen who have voluntarily founded and [illegible]stablished many of those splendid edu[illegible]tional institutions that are making the te[illegible]chers of Europe wonder. In the last twe[illegible]ty-five years $75,000,000 of money made i[illegible] America has been given to help in the [illegible]se of education. George Peabody left [illegible],000,000 of his estate to the cause of ed[illegible]ucation. Isaac Rich, $2,000,000 to Boston [illegible]niversity; John Hopkins, $3,140,000 to [illegible]nd university in Baltimore which b[illegible]s his name; Asa Packard gave $3,000,0[illegible] to Lehigh University; D. B. Fayerweat[illegible]her left a bequest of nearly $3,000,000 to [illegible]various colleges; Cornelius Vanderbilt g[illegible]ave $[illegible],000,000 to the Vanderbilt Universit[illegible]y. John C. Green gave $1,500,000 to Prince[illegible]ton College; Asa Stone, $600,000 to Adelb[illegible]ert College. G. I. Seney, $450,000 to Wi[illegible]leyan University; Matthew Vassar, $[illegible]800,000 to Vassar College for Women; J. D. [illegible]Rockefeller's gifts to the Chicago Univer[illegible]sity aggregate $4,500,000; and Leland St[illegible]anford's estate will yield from $15,000,000 [illegible]to $20,000,000 for the University that bears [illegible]his name on the Pacific coast. Dr. [illegible]Harper, of Chicago, has given away v[illegible]ast sums during the past six years, in helpin[illegible]g worthy institutions.

MEDITATION.

WHAT is this little life we all so co[illegible]t
But waves of bitterness who[illegible] cre[illegible]
are tears;
Why should we—men and wome[illegible]n
Eager to sail thereon through wea[illegible]
Eager to battle with the threatening
All the rough dangers of the sea to[illegible]
Knowing no careless rest on peacef[illegible]
Until our little bark is safe in port.

God grant the harbor lights may all [illegible]
That we may see our way betweer[illegible] peac[illegible]
piers:
Each wearied boatman, safe at last [illegible]
Drift in the peace of the eternal ve[illegible]

Muskegon, Mich. —E. HELVN [illegible]

AT THE GATE OF TIBET.

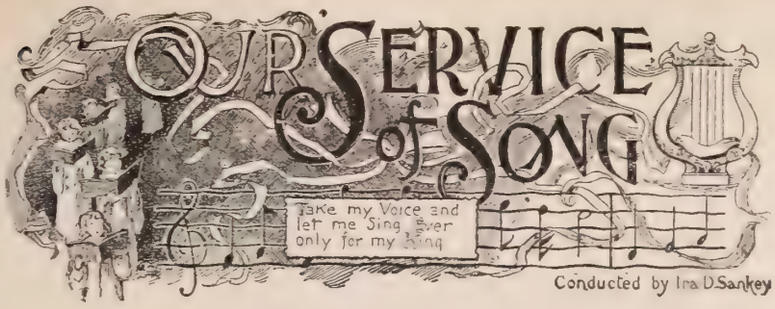
The Bearers of the Gospel Message Patiently Awaiting the Government's Withheld Permission to enter Tibet.

NEARLY two years ago we published the story of Miss Annie Taylor and told of her project for carrying the Gospel into Tibet, one of the last lands to hear the story of salvation through Christ. The party of brave men and women who went out in response to Miss Taylor's appeal was halted at the frontier. There they remained, at last accounts, preparing themselves by the study of the language, for effective work as soon as the government gave its consent to their entering the country. A Christian traveller in Northern India, recently visited them at Kalimpong, on the Indian side of the frontier, and sends us an English publication the following account of his reception:

"I found the party in a modest house, still growing above their hands, with the skilled assistance of some of their number, and among them, Phuntstiog, a striking Tibetan Christian, one of the converts at the Sikh mission, who, as well as their regular teacher, is coaching them in pronunciation. When I spoke of plans for the future, Mr. Polhill-Turner said: 'If you mention our mission anywhere, will you ask the earnest prayers of God's people that we may be guided whether to remain here or go round by the Chinese frontier. As far as we can see, this will be our wisest step in autumn if the country is not opened by that time; for there is not sufficient work to keep us here after we have made a start on the language, in comparison with the crying needs elsewhere. But I fear that if we go to work at Chinese, too, our men will remain among the Chinese on the border. If any of those who have difficulty in learning Chinese—which would be indispensable there—would love to remain here, and our present studies will show which are which. No definite plan of action is, however, yet before us and God, when he wills, will open the way."

"I was interested ro learn from the Roman Catholic missionaries at Darjiling of the sustained but unsuccessful efforts of Pere Desgoudins to enter Tibet. For ten years or more he has been working on a Tibetan dictionary, which he is now bringing through the press in Hong Kong. At Gaya, the birth-place of Buddhism, near Patna, I met with Pharmapala, the Buddhist apostle, who went to Chicago. He also had his face set Tibetwards, with a view to reforming the exceedingly corrupt form of Buddhism—rather Lamaism—which prevails there; yet even he cannot obtain admittance from this side, and contemplates an attack via China, after a session through that lethargic empire. In Almora I found Mr. Agnew, an independent worker, arranging to pass to and fro, in native garb, with caravans, a feat he has already successfully performed. In our prayers for Tibet we must not forget the Moravians, so long in the field at various outposts waiting to get in.

"Miss Taylor herself is still to the front at Chatong, some twenty miles further on as the crow flies, but some five-and-forty, or three days' climb, by the winding road. Apart from her work among the natives, she is the only chaplain for the British garrison. Her zeal and courage need no commendation, and no one need fear that her labor will be in vain. Having found the administration of a mission composed chiefly of men a more difficult matter than was anticipated, Miss Taylor is now asking for one or two ladies to take their stand by her side and prepare to push forward among the women. It was a great disappointment to find that time would not permit me to pay this noble pioneer a visit, but I take the opportunity of earnestly commending her and her work to the prayers of Christians.



A CHILD OF JESUS.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. A. OGDEN.

1. To do my du - ty day by day, In the name of the King of kings, I'll strive by faith, I'll
2. To speak a lov - ing word of cheer, In the name of the King of kings, Shall be my greatest
3. To guard my tongue from speaking ill, In the name of the King of kings, I'll try to do my
4. I'll strive some earn-est deed to do, In the name of the King of kings, To keep my spir - it
watch and pray, In the name of the King of kings. A child of Je - sus I would be, For
pleas - ure here, In the name of the King of kings. A child of Je - sus I would be, For
Mas - ter's will, In the name of the King of kings. A child of Je - sus I would be, For
ev - er true, In the name of the King of kings. A child of Je - sus I would be, For
f.
FINE.
oh, He gave His life for me! I want to serve Him faith-ful-ly, And hon-or the King of kings.
D. S.—I want to serve Him faith-ful-ly, And hon-or the King of kings.
Chorus.
D. S.
And hon - or the King of kings, . . . And hon - or the King of kings, of kings,

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From "HIGHEST PRAISE" for Sabbath Schools, by per. of the publishers.

A DAISY'S MESSAGE.

A RING of snow with a heart of gold,
A daisy peeped from a bottle old,
With a twisted neck, and a broken head
On a narrow shelf by a sick child's bed.

The room was dark, 'twas a third floor back,
For rents were high and the work was slack,
And the poor must pay for a ray of light.
Though that, I ween, should be theirs of right.

The daisy smiled on a sleeping face,
Wan with disease but of wondrous grace;
The child awoke and a glad surprise
Flushed her fair cheek while it dimmed her eyes.

"O daisy, dear," she tenderly said.
"Do you have pain in your golden head?
Your fringe of snow, does it ever get black?
And do you sometimes have pain in your back?

"Where, did you come from, daisy, sweet?
Not, I am sure, from the grimy street.
But from where the waves wear caps of white,
While the breeze blows sweet by day and night.

"Did you say good-bye to the clover red,
To 'Forget-me-not' did you nod your head?
Did the bob-o-link sing you a matin song,
And the thrush a vesper, sweet and long?

"Dear flower, how did you come to me
From the daisy snow-banks of the lea?
From the meadow sweet to a tenement-room,
Oh, daisy, dear, how, how could you come?"

* * * *

Then came from the hall a Daughter fair
Of the King divine, who had listened there,
While she kissed her lips, she sweetly smiled
On the blushing face of the timid child.

Then she for the flower spoke, "My dear,
A hand of love brought the daisy here.
Hands that were little, but brown and strong,
The field-flowers gathered amid glad song.

"The childish heart of the country sweet,
Thought of the child of the crowded street,
Prayed: 'Oh Father, send flowers of joy
To the weary heart of some girl or boy.'

"Then gathered the bloom from hill and dale,
From mountain crest and lonely vale,
Clover, buttercup, daisy, wild-rose,
All in Dame Nature's garden that blows.

"But, love, 'twas the Heavenly Father, ours,
Who sent the child forth to gather flowers,
Though a teacher wise, with a tender heart,
In the gracious mission had a part."

A loving hand brought the daisy here,
A loving heart plucked the flowers there,
And the daisy speaks from God above,
And His children here, one message—Love.

New York. —HORACE W. BYRNES.

IN HIS NAME.

WHEN the path lies dark before me
And I cannot see my way,
Clouds of sin and sorrow gather,
Shutting out the light of day.
Then I to the throne of mercy,
All my sins and sorrows take;
There I plead his precious promise,
In His name and for His sake.
For the name of Jesus, ever
Gives us access to the throne;
And the Father owns and blesses,
When we trust in Him alone. —E. E. B.

WANDERING FEET.

THE dear little feet wander often
Perhaps from the pathway of right,
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morning till night.
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, as thanks your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!
For some day their noise will not vex you,
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for the sweet childish voices,
For a sweet childish face at the door.
And to press a child's face to your bosom,
You'd give all the world just for this;
For the comfort 't will bring in your sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

THE EXILES' RETURN.

Prophetic Significance of the Increasing Tide of Migration to Palestine.

BY VEN. J. HUGHES GAMES, D. C. L.

THE Lord gives us the distinct promise that when he builds up Zion he will appear in his glory (Ps. 102: 16). In these words we have the rebuilding of Zion, or the restoration of the Jewish people to their own land, intimately connected with the appearing in glory of the Lord Jesus Christ. Nothing is clearer in the sure word of phophecy than that, after the long scattering of the Jews, and the down-treading of Jerusalem by the Gentiles, the chosen people are to return to their land, their city to be rebuilt on a scale of greater magnificence than before, and the theocratic kingdom to be restored to them. There are numerous predictions to this effect, as for instance Hosea 3: 4; Jer. 30: 3; 31: 10; 31: 38; Isa. 11: 11, 12; Ezekiel 37: 21; Amos 9: 11, 12, 15; Micah 4: 6, 7; Isaiah 2: 2, 3.

Now, the interval between the taking away of the kingdom from Israel, until its future restoration under its lawful king, is filled up by a parenthetical dispensation called "the times of the Gentiles"—"And Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled" (Luke 21: 24). When those times are fulfilled, Gentile usurpation is to cease, and the Jews will be once more in possession of their land and holy city. During this period, the Church of God is being called out of the Gentiles; as James said, in the first council at Jerusalem, "Simeon hath declared how God at the first did visit the Gentiles, to take out of them a people for his name." "After this I will return, and will build again the tabernacle of David, which is fallen down; and I will build again the ruins thereof, and I will set it up." (Acts xv: 14, 16.)

The "times of the Gentiles," were to continue according to the vision of Daniel, seven times, which according to the generally accepted principles of prophetic chronology, would be 2,520 years. From whatever date they are counted, it is evident that they are rapidly running out; and when they are completed, "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles" no more. God's "time to favor" Zion, "yea, the set time, is" (nearly) "come." (Ps. 102: 13.) And these "times of the Gentiles" are to be followed by "the times of the blessed and only Potentate," when the usurped domination of the world-powers will be succeeded by the rule and reign of the lawful King Messiah.

The following are a few indications that in the providence of God preparations for this consummation have already commenced:

1. The increased interest taken in the conversion and religious welfare of the Jews.

2. The prominence of Jews among the nations. A large proportion of the cultured classes in Germany, Austria, and Russia are Jews. Mr. Arnold White says that the newspaper press of Europe is largely in Jewish hands and produced by Jewish brains. In commercial business and on Stock Exchanges they are pre-eminent. A considerable proportion of the moneyed capital of the world belongs to Jews.

3. A great and growing interest is taken in the exploration of Palestine. "Thy servants take pleasure in her stones and favor the dust thereof." (Ps. 102: 13.)

The Palestine Exploration Society, which commenced operations in 1872, has carefully explored the whole country, and marked out the various localities, hills and valleys, towns and villages, ruins, mounds, and heaps of stone, on a map or scale of one inch to a mile. Excavations in Jerusalem have disclosed many of the stones of Solomon's and Herod's temples, and of Solomon's palace, and also the ruins of bridges connecting Mount Zion with the hill on which the western part of the city was built.

(To be continued.)

A CHILD'S SWORD.

A Sermonette for Children Preached in Dudley Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass., by Pastor A. S. Gumbart.

I WANT to talk to you this morning about swords. Not such a sword as soldiers use in battle, but such swords as every one of us must have if we hope to fight the battles of life in such a way that when at last the battle is over we may feel that by the grace of God we have fought a good fight. Let us see what battles we have to fight and what kind of sword is best calculated to give us the victory:

There are temptations outside of ourselves which need to be fought. The world is full of temptations to do wrong. If these temptations only made their power felt after we had grown to be men and women, and we could have our youth and early manhood and womanhood in which to prepare to fight against these temptations, it would indeed be a blessing, but the sad fact is that a boy or girl is hardly old enough to learn anything when the Evil One is on hand to teach them wicked things, so that by the time the boy becomes a man, it is often the case that he has already acquired such bad habits, such strong desire for wrong things that he is crippled in mind, body and soul at the very time when he should have a healthy body, a strong mind and a pure soul. And one of the worst things about it is that the temptations which attack the soul so often come in deceptive form. You know the Bible says that even Satan sometimes comes clothed as an angel of light; and so it comes to pass that unless young people will heed the warnings they receive from those who have had experience, and who have the welfare of the young people at heart, they are likely to be led astray.

There are evil dispositions in our own hearts which need to be fought. The only evidence we need in order to know that we have sin in our hearts, is to get acquainted with ourselves. We do not need to wait until we are men and women before we shall be able to find evidences that something besides good is found in the human heart. Before the child is old enough to know the difference between right and wrong, or even that there is any right and wrong, we find it showing unmistakable signs of bad temper, of selfishness and jealousy. Why, the little baby shows fight before it is able to sit up alone. Now, this evil disposition in us must be kept under, we must fight against it; and in this struggle you cannot begin too soon. Evil things spring up in our hearts like weeds in a garden and unless there is constant watchfulness and uprooting we shall soon have more weeds than flowers. Wicked deeds are born in our hearts in the form of wicked thoughts, and unless we kill the wicked thought it may some day grow to be a wicked passion which holds us as with a giant's grasp.

Now what kind of swords are we to use in this battle? There must be the sword of earnest determination to live for God. It is easy even for a child to know what kind of life is pleasing to God, but it is not always easy to live up to what we know to be God's will, but where there is an earnest determination, we may count on God's help. We must always remember, however, that God expects us to put into this fight against the evil which besets us the very best that is in us. A good soldier is just as needful as a good sword, if we expect to fight to win. It is something like this: a boy may have a good teacher, and a good text-book, but unless the boy puts into his study the very best qualities of mind and soul, neither text-book nor teacher can do him much good. So in fighting against the evils of the world, we have God for our Helper, the Holy Spirit for our Teacher, and the Bible for our text-book, but these will do us little good unless we [illegible] the spirit of earnest determination to live for God.

The sword of prayer is necessary. Next to the study of the Bible for the purpose of discovering what God requires of us, the habit of seeking God in prayer will help us to overcome our foes. Prayer does this in many ways: First, it puts us in line with what God requires of us. God teaches us to pray, and there is always untold good that comes to us when we do what God directs us to do. Second, prayer helps us because it secures the help of God. Third, prayer helps us because it imparts to us a right disposition. A prayerful heart is more likely than any other to destroy wicked thoughts and sinful desires. Fourth, prayer helps us because it makes us strong through the faith that God is on our side. A boy or girl who feels that God is with them, will be more courageous in standing by what they know to be right and true. All the truly great and good men of the world have been men of prayer.

I want to call your attention to the best sword ever made for our use. You know that Damascus, the city near to which the Apostle Paul was converted, has been renowned for centuries for the fine quality of swords manufactured there. So when you hear or read of Damascus blades, you will remember the lessons of this morning. But Paul tells of another kind of sword which he advises all Christians to use—it is the Bible, which Paul calls "the sword of the Spirit." This does not mean the sword which the Holy Spirit himself uses, but the sword which the Holy Spirit has made. He has inspired it and given it to us for our use. We must study the Bible, become familiar with its teachings, and apply them to our daily lives. If, for example, we find ourselves drawn into a quarrel, if we know our Bibles we will remember that Jesus has said, "Blessed are the peace-makers," and acting according to this teaching, we have slain our evil thoughts with the sword of the Spirit. David tried to fight Goliath, the giant, with the sword of Saul, but he found that he could not use it, and laid it aside; but here in the Bible we find a sword which every boy and girl can use, and the longer you use it the better you will be able to use it. Some swords are only made for show. I have seen many beautiful swords made of gold and silver, and inlaid with all manner of precious stones, but they were only for show; but the Bible is not a sword made for show only, but for use—use it, and God bless you.

REV. C. H. MEAD.

The New Field Secretary of the National Temperance Society.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

G. B. S. D., Wakefield.
H. A. D., Cincinnatus, N. Y.
Mrs. J. R., So. Trenton, N. J.
Mrs. J. C. Keaves, Wis.
L. H., Charleston, Pa.
A Christian Mother, Lind, Wis.
Mrs. A. A. Caverly.
A Family Being Led by Jesus

All desiring to be enrolled on the list of patrons, should send their names and addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

SCIENCE'S DEBT TO MISSIONS.

In setting forth the debt of science to Missions, Archdeacon Farrar offered these interrogatories by way of suggestion. Is it nothing that through their labor in the translation of the Bible, the German philologist in his study may have before him the vocabulary of 250 languages? Who created the science of anthropology? The missionaries. Who rendered possible the deeply important science of comparative religion? The missionaries. Who discovered the great chain of lakes in Central Africa, on which will turn its future destiny? The missionaries. Who have been the chief explorers of Oceanica, America and Asia? The missionaries. Who discovered the famous Nestorian monument in Singar Fu? A missionary. Who discovered the still more famous Moabite stone? A church missionary. Who discovered the Hittite inscription? A Presbyterian missionary."

THE NEW SECRETARY.

Rev. C. H. Mead Succeeds the Late Mr. John N. Stearns as Secretary of the National Temperance Society.

THOUSANDS of temperance workers in various sections of the country will hail with pleasure the news that the genial singer, writer, evangelist, and all-around lovable man, Rev. C. H. Mead, has yielded to the persuasions of his friends, and accepted the office of Field Secretary of the National Temperance Society. It was a matter of no little difficulty to find a man capable of filling the place which had been filled so long and so well by the late John N. Stearns. The energy, ability, and devotion Mr. Stearns had put in his work made it no easy undertaking for any conscientious man to succeed him. Those who knew the work of the Society and understood how much depended on the efficiency of the Secretary, were those most concerned about the selection; but there was general satisfaction when it became known that the office had been tendered to Mr. Mead. It was felt that in his hands there would be no slackening of effort, and no lack of the tact and courtesy indispensable in the successful conduct of the Society's affairs. But Mr. Mead was reluctant to accept the proffered honor. He loved his own work, was familiar with all its details, and was successful in it. It seemed to him unwise to give it up to undertake so onerous an office as that of Secretary. Left to himself he would undoubtedly have declined the offer. But pressure was brought to bear upon him on two sides. Influential officers and friends of the Society urged his acceptance as a duty, and personal friends who knew his calibre, made light of his modest doubts of his own powers. Eventually he has been brought to recognize the work as a call of duty, and when Mr. Mead looks upon anything as a duty, there is no further question as to his course. Arrangements have been made to relieve him of some of the routine work of the office, so as to leave him free to pursue the line in which he is an acknowledged master—that of platform speaking. With this understanding Mr. Mead has accepted the office, to the unqualified gratification of a host of friends of the Society in New York and other cities.

Mr. Mead needs no introduction to the readers of this journal. He is known to them by his charming sketches of life and character which have appeared at intervals much longer than we or our readers liked, but which could not be shorter while he had so many calls on his time. "Show Your Colors," "Uncle Ben," "His Ro[illegible] Highness," "The Song and the Sta[illegible] and many other sketches are fresh in [illegible] memory. They were written with a l[illegible]ing hand and with that tender sympa[illegible] with the frailties of human nature wi[illegible] only the Christian man really feels. Wh[illegible] the ordinary observer might see only [illegible] wretched drunkard or a poor street urc[illegible] ragged and dirty, Mr. Mead seemed to [illegible] under the repulsive exterior the soul [illegible] brother, one with whom life had g[illegible] hard and who under more propitious [illegible] cumstances would have led a better life. [illegible] pleasant, cheery greeting and a few s[illegible] pathetic words in Mr. Mead's genial m[illegible] ner would elicit the poor creature's st[illegible] which, told again in his own racy wo[illegible] aroused the sympathy in others that he [illegible] felt for his grimy, degraded brother. [illegible] the kindly heart in the man, which t[illegible] sketches evince that has enabled Mr. M[illegible] to reach so many who seemed bey[illegible] reach and to raise them. One instance [illegible] that kindliness our readers may remem[illegible] It was suggested by one of his South[illegible] experiences. He was at the post office [illegible] Southern town and saw a number of [illegible] ored people coming to inquire if there [illegible] any letters for them. He learned that t[illegible] came because they knew white people [illegible] for their mail. Some of them had [illegible] calling regularly for years and had n[illegible] received a letter. Mr. Mead realized [illegible] much pleasure it would give them t[illegible] ceive a letter at last. He obtained t[illegible] names from the Postmaster and as [illegible] travelled away from the town he began [illegible] letter-writing to the old colored people. [illegible] letters were mailed on his arrival in [illegible] York, bright, cheery, encouraging le[illegible] that could not fail to touch the heart [illegible] the readers. So much good resulted [illegible] Mr. Mead extended his operations to o[illegible] towns, and his self-imposed labor has g[illegible] him almost as much pleasure as it [illegible] the recipients of his epistles.

We are glad to learn that his new du[illegible] will not curtail Mr. Mead's platform [illegible] fulness. There he is at home and t[illegible] who have once heard him speak k[illegible] when he rises that a treat is coming. E[illegible] the children hang upon his words, for [illegible] most familiar subject becomes brighte[illegible] he handles it. Not long ago he ha[illegible] speak to some children on the subjec[illegible] the day, which was the combat of D[illegible] and Goliath. "I have always ha[illegible] special liking for David among the [illegible] characters," he said, "because he w[illegible] singer. I love singing. I can imagin[illegible] country lad singing as he chose his sto[illegible] good round, smooth pebbles from [illegible] brook. I think he must have sang, 'T[illegible] Lord is my light and my salvation: wh[illegible] shall I fear?' and as he went toward [illegible] big, bragging warrior he would sing, 'T[illegible] Lord is the strength of my life: of wh[illegible] shall I be afraid?' Then the stone [illegible] flying through the air. I don't know [illegible] the giant said when it hit him on the [illegible] head. I expect he had not been sin[illegible] any words like David's. Perhaps [illegible] had time to say anything he said, 'St[illegible] a thing as that never entered my head [illegible] fore.'" No bright boy in the aud[illegible] would miss a point like that, and Mr. [illegible] saw what he likes to see on the faces o[illegible] his hearers, whether children or grown pe[illegible]e, a smile of intelligence. Tears come [illegible] under his addresses, but they are tea[illegible] of sympathy that the speaker knows ho[illegible] to direct into practical channels. We be[illegible]e that Mr. Mead will make an exc[illegible]t Secretary and we congratulate the So[illegible]y on having secured him. In his cas[illegible]he office has certainly sought the man.

ETERNITY.

ETERNITY! Eternity!
How long thou art, Eternity!
Oh man, full oft thy thought should fill
Upon the pains of sin and hell,
And on the glories of the pure,
That both beyond all time endure,
Ponder, O man, Eternity.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long thou art, Eternity!
Who marks thee well would say to G[illegible]
Here, judge, burn, smite me with th[illegible]
Here let me all thy justice bear;
When time of grace is past, then spa[illegible]
Ponder, O man, Eternity.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long thou art, Eternity!
Lo, I, Eternity warn thee,
O man, that thou oft think on me,
To sinners, punishment and pain,
To them that love their God, rich ga[illegible]
Ponder, O man, Eternity.

—WULFER.

Indian Homes of the Dead.

The Strange Burial Houses of the Native Alaskans.

THERE are many singular customs prevalent among the Alaska Indians, showing them to have inherited from their forefathers traits that are not found generally among Indian tribes. The totems or family crests that abound in the villages, are not only the emblems of the different clans and their characteristics, but are objects of worship as well, having a dim resemblance to the ancestor-worship of China and Japan. Totem-worship is regarded as marking a higher level of religious advancement than the worship of the fetish as it is found in some parts of the globe, and is probably a survival to some extent of tree and animal worship.

The Indian loves his country and his kindred with an intensity that is rarely paralleled. His affection passed beyond the grave, and is an evidence of his belief in a future existence. With great pride and loving tenderness, the Alaskan natives give sepulchre to their dead in small neat houses that dot the pine-clad hillsides, giving the impression of a scattered village. Here and there a tall totem, with the carved figure of bird or beast lends prominence and height to the surroundings. Even after adopting the Christian faith, these Indians retain their mortuary customs, and this is especially the case among the interior tribes who practice witchcraft; shamanism (the belief that the whole earth is full of and controlled by good and bad spirits), and exorcism. They seldom bury their dead, and the desire for preservation of the body is universal. Thus their cemeteries become an aggregation of mortuary houses, in which the departed are laid with great care, covered by skins or blankets. In that intensely cold climate, the bodies are preserved for an almost indefinite period. In the hut, along with the bodies are deposited his weapons, or, if a woman, some pieces of cloth and household utensils.

Strangely enough, after the lavish display of pride and affection, the place of the dead is shunned and never visited. It is tabooed, and any Alaskan infringing this unwritten social law would be severely dealt with.

Gospel work is progressing encouragingly in Alaska, despite many drawbacks. The Presbyterian and Swedish Missions are well established and have planted many thriving stations. Rev. Sheldon Jackson, United States Commissioner of Education for Alaska, has given most encouraging reports of the religious and intellectual advancement of the people. A number of natives have already been trained as missionary teachers among their own kindred. The future is bright with promise of the overthrow of the old heathen superstitions and the establishment throughout that vast territory of the glorious Gospel.

***

To onquer Evil Temper.

Bear your own burdens and shoulder your own imperfections. Don't try to lay your shortcomings at the door of Omnipotence and say, with some: "I am just as the Lord made me; sour or pleasant. I can't help my temper." It is not true that the Lord endowed any man with a temper of horsewhips or a tongue of flails, and if you will make a prayerful effort to overcome these shortcomings, asking Divine help in the matter, you will soon be free. Above all, take Jesus into your daily life and you will soon be rid forever of those disagreeable qualities that make existence a burden to self and to others as well.

***

Don't Hurry too Much.

There is such a thing as too much hurry—a haste that spoils everything and is cruel to other hearts. Let us take time for the good-bye kiss. We shall go to the day's work with a sweeter spirit for it. Let us take time to speak kind words to those we love. By-and-by, when they can no longer hear us, our foolishness will seem more wise than our best wisdom. Let us take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies which we often omit because they are small, will some day look larger to us than the wealth which we have coveted or the fame for which we have struggled. Let us take time to get acquainted with our families. The wealth you are accumulating may be a doubtful blessing to the son who is a stranger to you. Your beautifully kept house, busy mother, can never be a home to the daughter whom you have no time to caress.

***

Giving Joy to a Child.

"Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child," wrote Douglas Jerrold," for there is no saying when and where it may bloom again. I remember when I, a barefooted lad, stood at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in my native village, while with longing eyes I gazed on the flowers blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a woodcutter by trade, and spent the whole week in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to put into his coat when he went to church. He saw me, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations he gave it to me. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps I ran home. The carnation has long since withered; but now it blooms afresh." And thus does every little kindness done to the children, come back to us with interest, if not in this life, then in that which is to come.

***

Little Things and Little People.

What a vast number of little things there are in the universe! The stars seem small to us because they are far away. But they are really among the very big things. When you look at the moon through a telescope, you see that it is a great big world, with great mountains and vast oceans covering its surface. And when you look through a microscope you can see some of the very little things in the world—things that are too small to be seen by the naked eye.

Take a small drop of water out of a pond and put it under a microscope, and you will find that it has become a pond in itself, full of strange creatures, swimming about in all directions. Where did they come from? The same God who made the sun, moon and stars, and the great mountains made these little things, and "not one of them is forgotten before God." And if God cares for the little things, he cares also for the little people. He cares for the children, as well as for the parents, and for the helpless infant as well as for the grown man or woman.

BURIAL HOUSES OF THE ALASKANS, NEAR THE TOWN OF JUNEAU.

***

Small Courtesies.

One evening lately, writes Margaret Sangster, I entered a room where several young people, with books and work, were sitting around the lamp. The young man with the lexicon and the grammar on the table before him was the busiest of the group, but he instantly arose and remained standing until I had taken my seat. The little action was automatic: the habit of this family is to practice small courtesies, and the boys have been trained since childhood to pay deference to women. They always rise whenever a lady, their mother, sister, friend, or the guest of the house, comes into the room where they are at work; they place chairs gallantly and gracefully for ladies at the dinner table, they take off their hats when they meet their mother on the street, and they never kiss her with a hat on; in saying good morning or good evening to her, it is with hat in hand. Her bundles are carried, her way is made easy, a beautiful politeness waits for her word in the domestic discussions, and refrains from interrupting her, even in the most heated argument.

Neither mother nor sister goes out after dark without an escort. One of the boys can always go out of his way to see her safely to a friend's door, or to the meeting which she wishes to attend. Most winning and sweet are the equally charming manners of the girls in the home I speak of.

The fact is, life would be a far more agreeable thing for many of us if home politeness were more assiduously cultivated. We know how brutal the frankness of home can sometimes be; how sensitive natures bleed and suffer because of the wholly inexcusable candor of criticism which takes to itself license in the safe privacy of the domestic circle.

We vex our own
With [illegible]
Though we love our own
The best.

***

HOW HINDOO WIVES MOURN.

NEURALGIA and partial blindness are so common among the women of India, writes F. J. Martin, a missionary in the Muktsar district, that it excites no surprise. Indeed, one would be rather surprised to see a woman in middle life who had entire possession of both her orbs. As a rule, one eye is gone, or both are red, bleared and tearful; the eyelashes have turned inwards, and have scratched the cornea till it is opaque and nearly sightless, and past healing; or a cataract has formed in one or both eyes.

On inquiring the cause of all this, the usual reply is that she has lost a child—a son—and has cried till she has literally cried her eyes out. There is no exaggeration in this. That is probably what has actually occurred. It is always a son, sometimes a husband, but a daughter—I never heard of a woman crying seriously for the loss of a daughter.

In one case, both eyes had been sacrificed for neither son nor husband, but, by way of variety, for a buffalo. Buffalos are prized above cows for their milk. They give more milk and of a richer quality, though with something of a tallowy taste. Gurmukhsingh informed me that he had lost a valuable buffalo, for which he had paid the extravagant sum of seven times twenty rupees (that is the way the Jats say a hundred and forty), and that his wife had been inconsolable ever since. The women of the neighborhood would come in to remind her of her loss, exaggerate it as far as possible, assure her that she had incurred the envy or the wrath of the gods, that more calamities were sure to follow, but be that as it might, she was in the power of "Pararrubbit" (fate), and finally their advice was that she should cry about it as long and loud as possible. In fact, in the discharge of this duty they were prepared to assist her. So the dames of Mrs. Gurmukh's acquaintance came one and all, both young and old, some with one eye, and some with the remains of two, and some with terrific squints, and baring their heads, proceeded to form a circle with their hostess in the centre. Then all, with one accord, continued to shriek piteously for the space of two hours, while they beat their thighs and temples alternately with both hands. This is the customary mode of public mourning, though usually practiced only on the death of a husband or a son. A woman, to show her excessive grief, will frequently go on day after day for a month, inflicting blows on her temples in the manner described till blood flows, and severe inflammation is excited in the eyes, accompanied by intolerable headache. And now follows ulceration of the cornea, followed, after months of suffering, by cicatrices and opacities, and frequently as not by cataract and all but total blindness. And all this for the sake of, not genuine grief, for grief does not manifest itself by noise, but for the sake of making an impression of mourning on the neighbors. And though all the neighbors know it is sheer hypocrisy, yet each and all will, in her turn, do the same thing, imagining she is imposing on the rest.

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...NADJA;...

A Tale of the Russian Steppes.*

BY OLIVER M. NORRIS.

THE INTERRUPTED STUNDIST MEETING.

CHAPTER IV— *Continued.*

The Countess's Ideals.

THE laugh of the Countess disconcerted Vladimir. It was hard to have his protestations ridiculed. He looked at her reproachfully and asked, "Countess, why should you laugh at me?"

"I laugh at you, Vladimir Alexeitch, because you are so amusing. Now don't try to hoodwink me by protestation. Let me speak, please. You don't love me—if you do it has come on far too suddenly, and you should think it over again. I don't love you, and I'm not going to marry you until I do. I dare say you are a good enough and a clever enough sort of man, but somehow, Vladimir Alexeitch you don't come up to my ideal of what my husband must be. Mind you, I have thought of marrying again."

"Perhaps you would tell me what it is you think I lack. If I only knew I would work like a slave to obtain it."

"Well, Vladimir Alexeitch, I know more about you than you think I do. Don't start in that way. I'll tell nobody; I won't even tell you. You wish to know what it is you lack. That also I will not say; but I'll tell you what that particular man must have and must be who gets my consent to be his wife. Vladimir Alexeitch, he must be a man. Do you know what that means? Not a male person, remember, but a man. He must be great, strong, generous; a noble, strong, generous soldier and servant of our Tsar and our fatherland. Generous and true he must be, Vladimir Alexeitch. I always know a true man when I see him. Don't look so glum, my friend; I did not say you were not true. Then my husband must be self-sacrificing, be willing to sacrifice himself, his rest, his comfort, his luxuries for the sake of others. And he must have the power to make me what he is himself. I would rather die, Vladimir Alexeitch, than have a husband who would drag me down to his own level. He must raise me to his. And he must support me in my life, and he must sympathize with me, and if he is a man like this I'll love him—oh, I'll love him as—as—as no man was ever loved before."

Vladimir was pale and silent, and he sat gloomily watching the carpet and nervously twiddling his sword knot. The Countess was flushed, her eyes sparkled with a brilliant light. She rose to her feet.

"The husband that I marry, Vladimir Alexeitch must love the people—the poor, the oppressed people. He will call them in his heart brothers and sisters. Vladimir Alexeitch, you have lived for years in Slavo. I know Slavo very well. You know how often I go across from Krasnaya-Balka. Have you made the people there love you? Do you love them? Have they ever done you a wrong? Have you ever done any of them a wrong?"

Vladimir rose and his face became livid. "Countess, what do you mean? A wrong? No, certainly not. I have done them no wrong. What wrong?" His voice was thin, and he kept his eyes away from the radiant face before him.

"Well, Vladimir Alexeitch, you know best. But you have some of the noblest people in the world in Slavo. Do you know young Kulmenko? No?"

"I hardly know the fellow by sight even," stammered Vladimir.

"Well, I'll pass that. What was I saying? Yes, my husband will esteem it an honor to know men like Kulmenko and his friends, men whom, I dare say, you heartily despise. And he must sympathize with them, and help them, and protect them. There's the bell ringing, and that means visitors. Just a last word. Never utter a syllable to me about love until you feel in your own heart that you are a better man, a truer man, a more generous man, loving your brothers and sisters as you love yourself. When you are conscious of something like this, and if you then feel as you say you do now, come to me, and we'll talk matters over together."

She held out her hand and Vladimir took it, raising his troubled eyes for a moment to her face. He stooped and touched her fingers with his lips.

CHAPTER V.

A Village Autocrat.

On the Saturday night succeeding the events related in the last chapter, Mikhail Kulmenko, the young Stundist of Slavo, was passing quickly from house to house delivering a message to his Stundist friends. He had heard that the local commissary of police, the inveterate foe of the sect, who used the authority with which he was clothed to persecute them, unknown to the Czar, was absent from Slavo and would not return for a few days. It was a good opportunity for a meeting. The only way of calling one was to personally visit every member. There was no bell to ring, and if there had been, it would have been imprudent to ring it, for the commissary had strictly forbidden all Stundist meetings, and they were therefore held in secrecy. Mikhail was tramping about the village till a late hour, leaving at every house he visited word that a meeting for prayer and preaching would be held at his house the next morning at six o'clock. He added that they need not fear to come, as the dreaded "Uriadnik" was far away.

And so the next morning at the appointed hour there was near a hundred men, women, and children crowded into the three connecting rooms of the preacher's cottage. There were seats enough for the women and children, and there was standing-room for the men. An earnest, solemn gravity sat on every face. These men and women knew the meaning of the word persecution; the smell of its fires had passed upon them. They had borne its assault, and were prepared to bear it again.

Kulmenko opened the meeting with a brief prayer, begging for grace and strength, for wisdom and patience. He prayed, too, for their beloved land and for its mighty ruler, and for all in authority. A hearty "Amen" followed from many lips as the preacher rose from his knees. Then there was the singing of a hymn in soft, low strains, the music and the words translated and adapted from the German by Kulmenko himself.

It was like a family gathering more than a public service. These men and women knew each other well and their common peril had drawn them near to each other in a common affection. Kulmenko himself observed no formality. He asked Vassily Pavlitch to speak to the brethren, saying that he had recent troubles which hung heavily on his spirit, and would be glad if his brother in Christ would speak as the Spirit of the Lord moved him. But Vassily Pavlitch was not the man to speak when the gifted young preacher was present. He said they were all in trouble, and would hear brother Michail's talk gladly whatever it might be. So Kulmenko opened his New Testament and read a chapter from the Gospels.

But there was to be no preaching that morning. Kulmenko had not uttered many words of his discourse, when Vassily Pavlitch, whose seat commanded a view of the hill-road from the cottage-window, interrupted the speaker by a cry that their beloved friend, Panitch Sergei, was coming down the path.

The meeting was all at once thrown into a condition of ebullient delight. The children caught the contagion and clapped their hands—they all knew or had heard of Sergei. Mikhail was running up the long hill to meet him, and his old mother had fled to the kitchen to boil the "samovar" for tea, and round the door crowded the smiling throng of villagers waiting the coming of their young master whom they loved so dearly. He had been long absent from Slavo, and now that he was in their midst again they sought to show him how dear he was to them.

"Little Panitch, you make my heart glad! Little brother, you make my eyes dance!"

Sergei was anything but little. He was a great stalwart man with magnificent shoulders and a stride and bearing like a knight in chivalry. But the villagers called him "little" because they loved him, and because they had caressed him when he was a child. And now when he stood in the centre of Mikhail's room, head and shoulders above any of them, one touched his tunic and another stroked his back, while the boys examined his gilt buttons, looking wonderingly at the huge sabre at his side and the spurs that jingled as he moved his feet.

"I'm sorry, friends, if I have interrupted the service," began Sergei, "but I got here last night from Petersburg with my uncle and my brother, and as I was looking out of my window this morning I saw you all come to Mikhail's. I knew there was a meeting, and I came down to see you all together."

"We're all glad to see you, Panitch," said Mikhail, "and I was just beginning the sermon when Vassily Pavlitch noticed you coming down the hill. Won't you say something instead?"

"Not now, brother—not now." Sergei's face grew serious. "I have tremendous news to tell you. War is declared!"

"War!" exclaimed the peasants in chorus. "War! What for? Against whom?"

"Another war?" gasped out an old man in the corner. "I know what war is. I was in the Crimea. Is it the English and French again?"

"No," Sergei replied, "the Turks. I don't know much about it myself, but I heard people talking in Petersburg, and I read a little about it in the newspapers. It seems the Turks have been treating their Christian subjects very badly. Some of the things I heard, I can hardly belive. Villages are burnt down, and the miserable

Continued on page 533

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Erysipelas

Has been my affliction from childhood. caused by impure blood and every spri sure to have a long spell and my gener would give way. Doctors did me l good and I became despondent. Las erysipelas settled in my eyes and I be tally blind for several weeks. Hood's parilla was recommended and after ta bottle my sight gradually returned, became purified and I was restored health. With Hood's Sarsaparilla on armed to meet any foe." MISS LU 144 Market St., Memphis, Tenn.

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THE DOCTOR'S COLUMN.

W. L. G., Phila.—Have a very weak and am also excessively nervous. What advise?

Take Gastrine, in teaspoonful do times daily, after meals. Once o week take a teaspoonful of Nathroli in a half a tumbler of hot water, hour before breakfast. Cerebrine, in doses, three times daily.

C. L. H., Fort Worth—What can you for asthma?

Take Thyroidine, extract of th gland, in three-drop doses, twice the tongue.

Dolly, New York.—What can I use for skin on the hands.

Take Thyroidine, extract of th gland, in three-drop doses, three tin on the tongue.

Mrs. J. N. A., Canaseraga, N. Y.— please prescribe a remedy for flashes lowed by profuse perspiration, also ex vousness?

Take Cerebrine, extract of the bra drop doses, three times daily, on th Once or twice a week take a dose c lithic Salts. Buffalo Druggists.

G. N. G., Buffalo, N. Y.—Sta toms of kidney trouble. Cardine, the heart, is probably indicated.

W. T. PARKER, M. D.
Med. Dept., Col. Chem. Co.

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From the Spinal Cord. CARDINE, from the
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...igians in trying to get away from their
...mi cottages are shot down by the
...shi-azouks, or knocked on the head by
...rkish police. The unfortunate Christians
...e in terror of their lives, and I hear they
...e not allowed to worship in peace."

..."Why not?" asked a boy who had been
...attentive listener, "are they Stundists?"

...It was an awkward question, but
...rgei arried it.

..."No 'go'oubtchick,' but they have a
...rfect right to worship God as they think
...although the rulers of the country are
...a different faith. The Turks are Mo-
...mans."

..."Th so have we a right," said the boy
...th flushed cheeks. "Why are we not al-
...wed to worship God as we think fit?
...ur rulers are not Mohammedans."

..."Bo boy, don't be rash," broke in the
...w voice of the boy's mother; "these are
...tters you don't understand."

..."An will Panitch also go to the war?"
...ked assily Pavlitch. "Will he also
...e a hare in this war of freedom? If
...itch goes I will go also." Vassily was
...oldman, and everyone smiled at his
...ern and enthusiasm.

..."Yes replied Sergei, "my regiment is
...ered to the front, and we have come
...wn he for a few days while the men
...get ng ready. We'll join them in Kief
...in two."

..."Tell s how war was declared," broke
...he acher's quiet voice.

...e resumed—

..."Well ur Lord the Emperor tried by every
...ans his power to obtain justice and
...ty f the Bulgarians, and for the other
...istia s under the rule of the Turks, but
...as a no use. Things got worse instead
...ette The whole of Russia began talk-
...ang ot wild with rage that people of
...sam faith as themselves should be so
...lly led by Mohammedans."

...He h wanted to speak again, but was
...ced by his mother. Everyone knew,
...ever what he would say.

...Andrio our Lord the Emperor, God
...t h, was moved to declare war
...gainst he Turks, and everybody in Pet-
...rgrad Moscow and the town is mad
...delight. I don't suppose very many
...peasants know yet awhile, although
...will have to do all the fighting. Still
...while a glorious war if any war can
...orify, and I for one pray God bless the
...Czar. God bless the Czar's armies."

..."God ess him! God bless him!" mur-
...red the Stundists in unison and with
...upl eir eyes.

...It was as all startling news for the vil-
...ge, a olt out of the blue. They hated
...was posed to Christ's teachings. They
...ew hat nations ought to and could
...settle th disputes without appealing to
...arbitration of the sword. They knew
...what war meant of loss and misery to
...themselv. Some of their young men
...knew would be probably drafted into
...the ent ordered to the front; some of
...them would perhaps die awful deaths, and
...the people at home would mourn them for
...years. at never think there was any glory
...in the dth of their boys to compensate
...them for heir loss; the fields would not be
...tilled as they ought to be; there would
...be strife and unrest among the people;
...and ey would be the cruel and vindictive
...outrages ways cultivated by a nation at
...war. The were the simple considerations
...that took hold of their minds, and that
...they all over together.

...Sergei's mother came in with the "sam-
...ovar." ergei was taking his leave, but
...they induce him to stay and take a
...cup of , so the little gathering, instead
...of which Mikhail to resume his interrupt-
...ed talk stood around in groups, some of
...them with a glass of tea in one hand and a
...cigar in the other. They discussed
...the coming war, feeling sad and heavy-
...hearted.

...They d come to the conclusion that
...their ght almost be called a just one,
...that they would be right in doing with
...the might all that they could in defense of
...their Christian brethern in Bulgaria, when
...they d hammering at the door startled them.
...They s sudden and unexpected that a
...cry ar eamed.

..."Who there?" demanded Mikhail.

..."Ivan iadnik.' Open in the Emperor's
...name! at do you mean by crowding to-
...gether e at this time of the morning?
...Hey!"

...Mikha opened the door and a burly,
...red-h an, who had evidently been
...drinking leep, staggered in, followed by
...the tarsha, or village elder.

"So you thought I was gone, did you? I got back, you see, just in time. Praying again in unlawful hours and in unlicensed houses. This is honoring God and the Czar, eh? Ha, ha! Take that." He struck Mikhail a heavy blow between the eyes, and the young man staggered back to the wall.

The cowed peasants rushed out in a tumult crying and terror-stricken, children and their parents tumbling over one another in the narrow doorway. The two ruffians then began to fling the benches, chairs, and crockery out of the window and door—Mikhail and his mother in vain imploring them to desist. When they had sufficiently wreaked their vengeance, the two executive officers reeled out of the house, roaring with laughter at the memory of the terror-stricken faces of the Stundists.

When they were gone Mikhail and his mother collected the broken furniture and things, and patiently sought to put the house to rights again. "That's the fourth time," the old woman moaned, and buried her face in her apron. Mikhail watched the departing officers of the law.

(To be Continued.)

Good Causes Helped.

The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

For the Bethesda Home for Friendless Women.

Previously ack'd.	$421 93
I H N, Elkhart, Ind.	1 00
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A J. Lancaster, N H	1 00
Mrs J S Godwin	1 00
Mrs A Ketcham	1 00
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Vada DeWitt	1 00
Ida M DeWitt	2 00
J W, Toledo, O	1 00
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Mrs John A Moore	2 00
In His Name, Beverly	5 00
J A P, Haydenville, Mass	1 00
E L, Conquest, N Y.	1 00
John M Collins	50
M Browning	85
Total	**$66.45**

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F Pelle & friends	10 00
Friends in England	3 00
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IN THESE DAYS.

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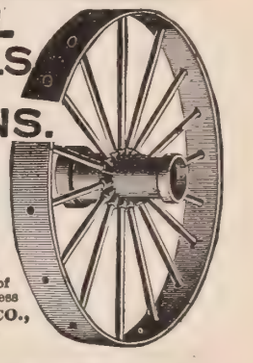

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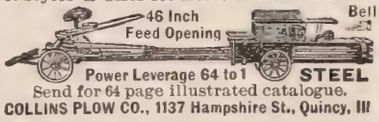

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THE Church's membership and wealth are sufficient to furnish and maintain an army of missionaries of such numbers as to provide a missionary for every two thousand persons in non-Christian lands. The Church's ability to do this is undoubted, but the probability of its doing it is scarcely conceivable. The undertaking to furnish the one billion people in non-Christian lands with even one-third as large a proportionate force of missionaries, including women and other lay agents, as there are ordained ministers in the United States calls for an army of five hundred thousand, or one in eighty of the forty million evangelical communicants of Christendom. After one hundred years' agitation of the foreign mission cause, we are furnishing only about ten thousand, or one in four thousand of the Church's membership for its foreign work. We are certainly not likely to increase the force fifty-fold within a generation or even a century. Again, the financial outlay involved in the support of so vast a force would exceed six hundred millions annually, or upward of twelve hundred dollars a year per missionary. While this vast sum is far within the Church's resources, it so far exceeds its present annual contributions as to leave little doubt as to the response that would be made to such a demand. It was only with the greatest difficulty that the nearly forty million church members in Europe and America were persuaded to dole out the pittance of fourteen million dollars for the support of foreign work for 1894—less than thirty-five cents per capita for a year; less than one mill a day.

Inasmuch as it is clearly beyond the bounds of probability that the church will furnish the rank and file of an army of foreign missionaries adequate to the speedy preaching and teaching of the gospel to every creature, it is probable that it can be relied upon for a force of at least thirty thousand leaders for the enterprise. These leaders, wisely distributed, would afford a station manned by a half-dozen missionaries at the centre of every group of two hundred thousand people; and there is no doubt that this force, assisted by the newly Christianized people associated with it, can fully explain to every creature the meaning of the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus. Nor can the financial outlay involved in supporting this force be considered an insuperable obstacle. So far from being extravagant, it is not even generous. Thirty thousand missionaries can be supported at a cost of thirty-six millions of dollars annually—less than ninety cents a year, or a quarter of a cent a day, from each church member. If, therefore, eighty church members may not be expected to send and support one of their number at a cost of five cents a day, surely every group of thirteen hundred may be looked to for the support of one of their number at a cost of a quarter of a cent a day each. This really seems to be the only solution to the problem. If it is only one of many solutions, it deserves candid investigation; if it is the only solution, it demands the most prayerful consideration of every student of missionary problems, of every foreign missionary, of every financial supporter of the missionary cause, of every one who ever prays, "Thy kingdom come."

[illegible] a move[illegible] evangelization, by Luther D. Wishard. Pp. 97; cloth [illegible] Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, and Toronto, publishers.

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BREAK the loaf with trembling finger,
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Oh, my soul, with deep emotion
View this proof of Christ's devotion.

Drink the cup with feelings saddened,
Drink it, too, with spirit gladdened;
Sad because the Lord hath sorrowed,
Glad because of hope thus borrowed.

Do you smile, be rather careful
That the soul be deeply prayerful;
Pray for sins you have committed,
Pray that they may be remitted.

By this bond of sacred union,
Hold with Christ a sweet communion;
Never break this tie asunder,
Which e'en makes the angels wonder.

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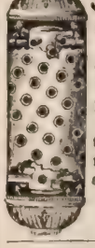

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MURDERED MISSIONARIES.

Seeking News from Shanghai of the Massacre of English Missionaries in China.

DISTRESSING cable reports were received on Aug. 3d, of an attack on English missionaries which had occurred on July 31, at Kucheng, in the Province of Kansu-Sinkiang, China. The news had been delayed in reaching Shanghai and was in a mutilated state when it did arrive. But there is only too strong reason for believing that at least ten lives have been sacrificed. Of these were four English ladies connected with the Zenana Mission, Dr. and Mrs. Stewart, of the Church Missionary Society, two lady missionaries of the same Society, and two children of Dr. and Mrs. Stewart. It was at first reported that the victims included Miss Hartwell, of Dover, N. H., who was with M. C. Wilcox and Dr. Gregory, who are at the Methodist Episcopal Mission at Kucheng, but a later cablegram gave assurances of her safety. No details are at hand as to the time of writing of the cause of the massacre.

The Shanghai dispatch says that the Chinese mandarins attribute the crime to the work of secret societies, but the Europeans openly regard their charge as an evasion, and believe that the authorities connived at the outrage. The dispatch received by the "London Times" says that the missionary sanitarium at Whasang, near Kucheng, was attacked and five women were killed, and two women and two children were wounded. Some others are missing. Later reports, the dispatch adds, "state that ten persons were killed. The Rev. Dr. Stewart and his wife and one child were burned to death in their house. Miss Marshall, and two Misses Saunders, the two Misses Gidon and Miss Newcombe were murdered with spears and swords. Miss Codrington was seriously wounded about the head. The experiences of the survivors were terrible. They say that death was the least part of the sufferings of the butchered women."

The indignation in Shanghai is intense. Nevertheless, the many war-ships in the harbor are idle. A mass-meeting has been arranged to protest against the lack of energy on the part of the authorities and to urge that reparation be made and that the guilty persons be punished.

Dr. S. L. Baldwin, of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society, says that Kucheng is a city of about forty or fifty thousand inhabitants. The place is only accessible by sedan chairs and after a long ride of about ninety miles from Foo Chow. To reach it you go by boat to a point sixty miles distant, Chui Kau, from which place you take the sedan chairs. Then the trip over mountain ranges that are wild, rocky and exceedingly dangerous. The missions of the English and of the M. E. Church are both located on the outskirts of the city and about half a mile apart.

An English journal has received a dispatch from Hong Kong, saying that the mob set fire to the house of the missionaries and killed eight women, one child and the husband of one of the women. Several Christians were wounded, two of them probably fatally. All the foreigners who were killed were British, the Americans escaping. The members of the attacking party belonged to a Chinese sect called the Vegetarian Society. The outrage was entirely unprovoked. The Rev. H. S. Phillips of the English Church Missionary Society, witnessed the atrocities at Whasang, but was powerless to prevent them. The rioters, who numbered fifty, were led by a man carrying a red flag. It seems that the massacre was carefully planned. The same dispatch states that the American mission at Shashi, near Hankow, on the Yang-tse-Kiang River, has been destroyed and its former occupants are fugitives.

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REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Aug. 4, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends: "Mother," Keene, N. H. That her only son and his wife may be brought to Christ.——M. S. G., Jesus: Dale, Va., for a poor widow who is training her seven children under great difficulty, in habits of [illegible] poverty, but who does not know what it is to have them for Christ: also for a gifted young lawyer far from his boyhood's home, who lacks the one thing needful.——"One who Believes," on behalf of a husband and three children for whose conversion she has long been praying: also, for a dear friend whose way seems hedged up, that God would mercifully give guidance and protection.——A. O., Ohio, that God's converting grace might reach a hardened, impenitent man; also, for the salvation of a niece.——"Subscriber," S. Dak. That a wicked man may be converted, and that those depending on him may be preserved from going the downward road.——"Mother," St. Louis, Mo. That an erring son may be brought to Christ.——"Anxious Mother," Jackson, That a son who recently lost his wife, and in his trouble has become addicted to drink, may no longer be a backslider, but turn to God for comfort and forgiveness.——"Anxious Mother," Doylestown, that her husband, in danger of becoming a confirmed drunkard, may be saved, and that her six little ones may grow up to love the Lord.——"One who wishes," etc., Battle Creek, Mich., for her aged husband who does not believe in religion.——"Subscriber," Lydia, O., that the eyes of a loved one may be opened to the error of his ways, and that he may be saved from a drunkard's grave.——"Old Subscriber," that her husband may be saved from a besetting sin, and be brought back to the Saviour, whom he has forsaken.——"Reader," Nevada City, for the conversion of a man upwards of seventy years old, who has no concern for his own salvation; also that two beloved little girls may be led to give their hearts to Christ.——"A Mother," Manchester, Iowa, that her husband may be a more devoted Christian, and her children may be saved.——H. R. B., Asbury Park, N. J., for the conversion of husband and son.——"Anxious Mother," on behalf of a son exposed to many temptations, and of a weak, yielding nature, that God would mercifully deliver him and make him his own child.——"Reader," Rockford, Ill., for the reclamation and salvation of an intemperate son.——C. B., Allegheny, Pa., for the conversion of a sister-in-law.——"Anxious One," that God would save husband, father, and brother, taking away their desire for intoxicating liquor and saving their souls.——Believer, Williamsport, Pa., for the conversion of a man who was once a professing Christian, but has now become a slave of drink.

For the Restoration of Health. Reader, Quitsnan, Miss., for the recovery of a dear mother now prostrate with fever.——Subscriber, S. Dak., that wonted health may be restored.——A. N. A., Jamaica Plain, Mass., for recovery from a long prostrating illness.——T. J. S., Washington, D. C., who has been a sufferer now for forty weeks, that God would restore her health if it be his will.——B. A. B., Monona, Ia., for some relief from the agony of neuralgia that is wearing life away.——N. B., a sufferer for two years, asks prayer for recovery that she may not continue a useless burden on kind friends.——M. H. P., Art., Ind., who, with her mother, is heavily afflicted, that God would restore both of them to health and strength.——Constant Reader, Dryden, N. Y., that a sister suffering under mental derangement may recover her reason.——H. B. T., Walter, Ala., that God would recover him from a protracted illness.

For Special Blessings. "Believer," etc. That a just man anxious to pay his debts honestly, may succeed in disposing of property to obtain the necessary funds.——"One who wishes to be saved," that God would mercifully give the Holy Spirit to enlighten and convert.——A. W. K., Nunda, N. Y. That a grievous financial burden may be lifted and a way opened to an honest livelihood.——"One who believes in prayer, and is anxious to serve the Lord," that timidity and backwardness may no longer obstruct the efforts hitherto made.——"One in Trouble," that God would remind some who are acting unkindly of past obligations, and lead them to open their doors to the homeless.——"Interested Subscriber," Hagerstown, Md., that God would give grace to those whose prayers he answers to make public confession of his loving kindness.——H. R. B., Asbury Park, N. J., that God would send the financial help so urgently needed.

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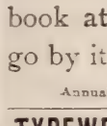

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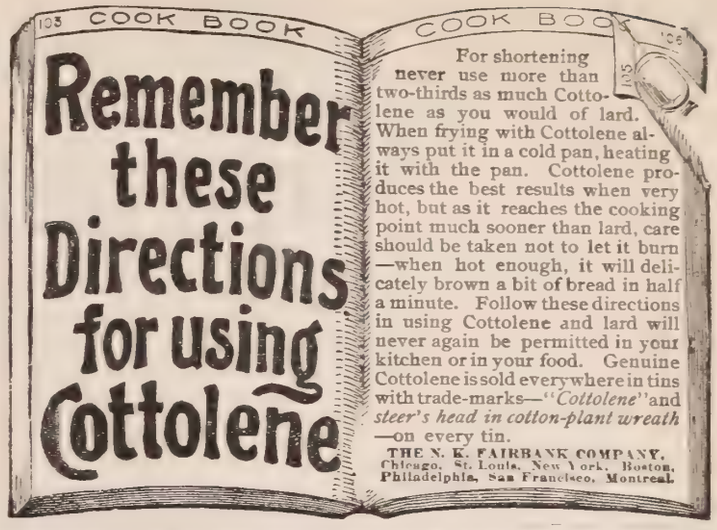
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COOK BOOK 108
Remember these Directions for using Cottolene
For shortening never use more than two-thirds as much Cottolene as you would of lard. When frying with Cottolene always put it in a cold pan, heating it with the pan. Cottolene produces the best results when very hot, but as it reaches the cooking point much sooner than lard, care should be taken not to let it burn—when hot enough, it will delicately brown a bit of bread in half a minute. Follow these directions in using Cottolene and lard will never again be permitted in your kitchen or in your food. Genuine Cottolene is sold everywhere in tins with trade-marks—"Cottolene" and steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin.
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In the Preparation of Artificial Food for Infants.

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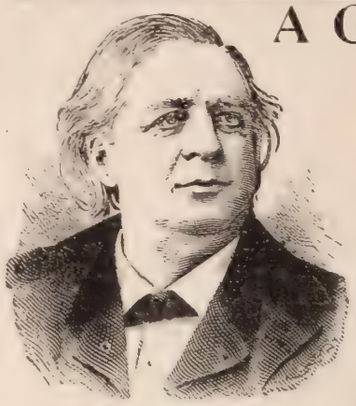

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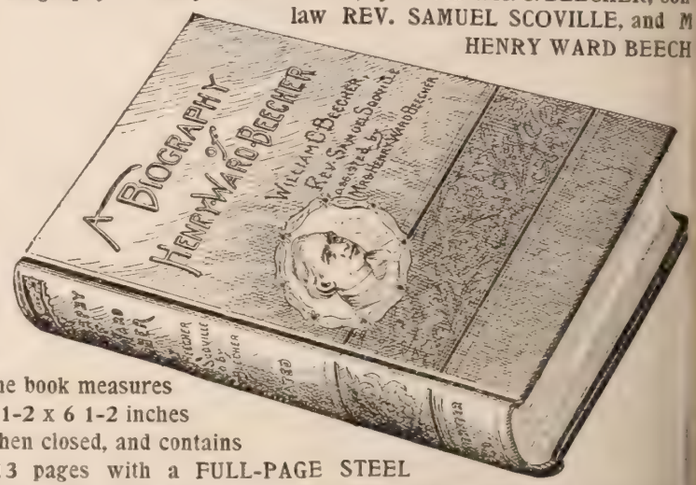

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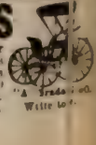

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RESCUING THE WANDERERS.

T Wonderful Work Done by the Central Union Mission, at Washington, D.C., in the Rescue of the Lost—The Mission and the Workers.

MAJOR GEO. A. HILTON.

CHAIRMAN E. D. BAILEY.

WHATEVER may be the tastes and peculiarities of a visitor to the National Capital, he will find in Washington something to please and interest him. Whether he delights in politics, in his- . in art, or in some other of the many fi s to which he is attracted by natural l lection, education or association, \shington affords gratification in his pe- r field. It is fitting therefore that the m . in whose life religion occupies the c place, should also find in Washington s thing that will fill his soul with joy a stimulate him to emulation in his own n aborhood. He will certainly find this it visits the great building in Louisiana a ue in which the Central Union Mission

THE CENTRAL UNION MISSION'S GOSPEL WAGON — MR. GEO. W. WHEELER.

nights home. Dr. Louis Klopsch, the pro- pr of this journal, spent some time th during a recent visit to Washington, ar was astonished at the energy, devo- ti wonderful organization and conse- crated Christian self-sacrifice that he witnessed there. The scene and the work are truly phenomena that should interest the student of human nature. There are meetings in which the ruined gambler, the roue, the drunkard, and even the convict may be seen. Audiences in which the miserable victims of almost every kind of moral leprosy are represented. Later on, about midnight, there will be another meeting for those victims of vice who cower in hiding in the day, and riot in the night. Going from one person to another, listening to stories of sin and sorrow and shame, are sympathetic men who not only listen to the sorrowful tale, but tell the victim how he may recover himself and pour into his ear encouragement and assurance of victory. It is Christ-like work this of raising the fallen and speaking peace to the troubled. The Master delighted in it, and these men follow in his footsteps. Nor do they wait to be sought. There are some who during the evening have been out on excursions to various parts of the city, in a Gospel Wagon, in which is an organ; there has been singing of Gospel songs, and they have been giving the Gospel invitation to the crowds who gather around the strange vehicle, from the crowded alleys and tenement houses, and from the parks and loafing places of the city. They lead busy lives, these men, who thus labor in Christ's own way. The day is occupied with business of one kind or another, requiring their best thought and their close attention. Some hold responsible positions in the civil service, others are in banks and stores; they are cultured, highly educated men, respected and honored by their associates for their intelligence and efficiency. When the hour for quitting work comes, a thousand

(*Continued on page 541.*)

COMFORT.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Revelation 7 : 17.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

RIDING across a Western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine; and I thought, What a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born, and as to the place of their grave.

Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and mules, and made a great ado about his grief; but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. Alas! me! they are falling all the time. In summer, you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away; but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around about you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears! Tears!

What is the use of them, anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well, and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live?—the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths. Why not have the harvests [illegible] Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation; but, come now, and bring all you dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts; but he misses the best ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is: it is agony in solution. Hear then, while I discourse of the uses of trouble.

First. It is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Sometimes [illegible] If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no [illegible]

We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me!" You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris, and tell him to hasten off to the picture-galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "What is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubens and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet." No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here, God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall he do it? He cannot afford to deface his horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water-lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of his own world. How, then, are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in.

After a man has had a good deal of trouble, he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it.

If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah! he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who live there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is soon to immigrate; the country in which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and mansions built.

Yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after awhile you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his Father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and heaven worth more.

Again, it is the use of trouble to make us feel our dependence upon God. Men think that they can do anything until God shows them they can do nothing at all. We lay our great plans, and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets out great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if she might drive. I said, "Certainly." I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after awhile we met a team and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me, and said, "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children; and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after a while we meet some obstacle, and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah! my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

After a man has had trouble, prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two or three occasions that I remember. Once, on the Cincinnati express train, going at forty miles the hour, the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep; and the men who, a few minutes before, had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope, and got up on the backs of the seats, and cried out, "Oh God, save us!" There was another time, about eight hundred miles out at sea, on a foundering steamer, after the last lifeboat had been split finer than kindlingwood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend, say, "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard?" What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of it. Oh! I tell you, a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of, that we catch hold of God only. Why, you do not know who the Lord is! He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which he emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. But a Father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life. I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotelkeeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is, "If you don't pay up Saturday night you'll be removed to the hospital."

The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes, and he is moved to the hospital.

Getting there, he is frenzied with grief; and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage-stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. [illegible] says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent for everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" [illegible] bundles him up, takes him home, and nurses him well very soon. Now, some of [illegible] treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel; you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help, then you go to God. You say: "O Lord, I come to thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not come for me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." I like to throw us back upon God that we have this ministry of tears.

Again, it is the use of trouble to educate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled on their hands, feet, and head; and by this sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother, seventy years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe. Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At twelve o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been sailing in that dark valley twenty years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one is at the door, wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters and pouring out bitter drops and making up hot pillows and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Doctors Abercrombie and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we not remember how, in the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it?

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistle? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting Psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum, and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic or semi-blank verse; but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people! I would rather be the means of comforting one perturbed spirit to-day, than to play a tune that would set all the feet of mirth reeling in the dance.

I am an herb doctor. I put into the caldron the Root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness. Then I put in the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the Tree of Life, and the Branch that was thrown into the bitterness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron the fire made out of the wood of the cross and

drop of that potion will cure the worst kness that ever afflicted a human soul. ry and Martha shall receive their Lazas from the tomb. The damsel shall rise. d on the darkness shall break the morn-. and God will wipe all tears from their es.

Jesus had enough trial to make him mpathetic with all trial. The shortest rse in the Bible tells the story: "Jesus pt." The scar on the back of his either nd, the scar on the arch of either foot, row of scars along the line of the hair, ll keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that eat Weeper is just the one to silence all nly trouble, wipe out all stains of earth-grief. Gentle! Why, his step is softer n the step of the dew. It will not be a ant bidding you to hush up your crying. ill be a Father who will take you on left arm, his face beaming into yours, ile with the soft tips of the fingers of the ht hand he shall wipe away all tears m your eyes.

Friends, if we could get any appreciation what God has in reserve for us, it would e us so homesick we would be unfit our every-day work. Professor Leon-, formerly of Iowa University, put in hands a meteoric stone, a stone thrown from some other world to this. How ggestive it was to me! And I have to you the best representations we have of ven are only aerolites flung off from t world which rolls on, bearing the mul-ides of the redeemed. We analyze these olites, and find them crystallizations of rs. No wonder, flung off from heaven! od shall wipe away all tears from their es."

Have you any appreciation of the good d glorious times your friends are having heaven? How different it is when they news there of a Christian's death from at it is here! It is the difference be-een embarkation and coming into port. erything depends upon which side of the er you stand when you hear of a Chris-'s death. If you stand on this side of river, you mourn that they go. If you nd on the other side of the river, you re-e that they come. Oh, the difference ween a funeral on earth and a jubilee in aven—between requiem here and triumph re—parting here and reunion there! gether! Have you thought of it? They together. Not one of your departed nds in one land and another in another d; but together, in different rooms of same house—the house of many man-ns. Together!

never more appreciated that thought n when we laid away in her last slumber sister Sarah. Standing there in the age cemetery, I looked around and said: here is father, there is mother, there is ndfather, there is grandmother, there whole circles of kindred;" and I thought myself, "Together in the grave—togeth-n glory." I am so impressed with the ught that I do not think it is any fanat-m when some one is going from this rd to the next if you make them the rer of dispatches to your friends who gone, saying: "Give my love to my rents, give my love to my children, give love to my old comrades who are in ry, and tell them I am trying to fight good fight of faith, and I will join them r awhile." I believe the message will be ivered: and I believe it will increase the dness of those who are before the throne. gether are they, all their tears gone.

My friends, take this good-cheer home th you. These tears of bereavement that rse your cheek, and of persecution, and trial, are not always to be there. The therly hand of God will wipe them all ay. What is the use, on the way to h a consummation—what is the use of tting about anything? Oh, what an ex-aration it ought to be in Christian work! e you the pinnacles against the sky? It the city of our God, and we are ap-oaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the rs that remain for us!

put this balsam on the wounds of your art. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

Then we shall march up the heavenly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

The Study of Antiquity.

Famous Greek Schools that Conduct Investigations and Explorations.

THERE are in the city of Athens no less than five schools for the exploration and study of Grecian antiquities, supported respectively by the French, the Germans, the Americans, the English, and the Greeks themselves. These schools are designed to complete the education of Greek scholars by the study of Hellenic thought and genius amid the topographical and architectural conditions in which they were developed, and to direct in the excavations to uncover additional remains of Grecian art and civilization. The prosecution of these purposes requires a considerable annual expenditure of money. The French school seems to be the best furnished with financial resources, having an annual revenue of $15,000. The German school has $12,000, and the American $10,000.

It is a curious fact that the English school, supported by a cosmopolitan nation, whose scholars have had part in nearly all the excavations of the world, has the smallest financial support of any. The British school of last year had an income of less than $2,500. Outside the regular revenues, the French and German have been favored with large grants to promote special explorations. On the explorations at Delos the French Chambers have expended, in the aggregate, $145,000; while the Germans have expended on the excavations at Olympia $200,000, with superb results. The Americans, with very much smaller financial resources, have done commendable work at Platæa, Argos, Sikyan, Sparta, Icaria, and during the past year at the Heræum, and at Eretria in Eubœa. The British school, on the other hand, has had no funds for the work of exploration. But the English leaders have determined to improve their record. A meeting was recently called in London by the Prince of Wales to increase the funds of the English school, which resulted favorably. By the combined efforts of the schools the explorations in the old Greek territory may be expected to go forward with greater vigor and even better results than in the past.

BISHOP POTTER AT THE CATHEDRAL MISSION, STANTON STREET, NEW YORK.

THE GOSPEL AND THE SLOVAKS.

WRITING from Braddock, Pa., to "The Home Missionary," Miss Anna Hodous gives some interesting details of mission work among the Slovaks or Hungarian laborers in that section of the Union. She says: "I was sent to Braddock as a Bible reader, four years ago. In the following October, Rev. John Jelinek, the first preacher to the Slovaks, came there, and we two, single-handed, strove to win one hundred thousand Slovaks. After careful search through Braddock, I found two Bibles, which, however, were not read. My first visit to these Slovak homes was not very encouraging. They lived in crowded, scantily furnished rooms, each family having as high as twenty boarders. Drinking, card-playing and fighting was a daily recreation; Sunday a regular feast day, which ended with full police stations. At Duquesne, one of our out-stations, a member of our church noticed several men who, Sunday after Sunday, played cards; he took his Bible and spoke to them. The result was that one of the men offered his large room for meeting. A wonderful change followed: cards were replaced by Bible; quarrels, discussions, and drinking ceased. The man who offered his house for our services was their leader in sin, but was first to accept Christ. Before his conversion he visited his priest, taking a Bible with him. They had a long interview, at the end of which the priest told him, 'Lock your Bible in the trunk; that is only for educated people; beside, neither I nor you will be a saint.' I wish that I could tell of the sorrow of this man. For years he had been serving in houses of different church dignitaries, and, as he expressed it, not one ever asked him, 'Son, do you pray?' and now when he found the treasure he was told to lock it. Every one of our eighty-eight members used liquor — many excessively; now all are strict abstainers. Our homes are changed to clean, pleasant places where the Bible is a chief attraction. The small Braddock work had spread, beside the Duquesne and McKeesport station, to Johnstown, where Miss Bochek works, to South Norwalk, Conn., and to Europe. The two Bibles increased to 1,745, with 961 Testaments and over 1,000,000 pages of tracts. We have many proofs which show that God approves of our work."

TRUSTING, WAITING, DOING.

LET us trust our Lord and Master,
Put our hand in his each day,
As His path appointed opens.
Walk where He shall show the way.
O'er sharp thorns, or flower-bordered,
Crooked, straight, where trials come,
Knowing sure, that evening brings us
Sleep and peace, the rest of home.

Patient wait the silent working
Of God's purpose, oft concealed,
Till in His good time and pleasure,
His own plan shall be revealed.
Sweet it is to know He careth
For us in life's tangled way;
Watches still with love unceasing,
Through a dark and cloudy day.

Seek in all things close to follow
In the footsteps of the Lord,
Seek to know His will and do it,
Listening for His gracious word.
Opportunity, oft golden,
Each new laden day may bring
Large or small, still use for others,
In the service of our King.

So to grow in strength and beauty,
Of his likeness, pure, divine,
That the spirit of the Master
From our lives may clearly shine.
Still in all good works abounding
As we onward, upward go,
Glorify our heavenly Father,
Unto whom all things we owe.

—PHEBE A. HOLDER.

A Bishop in the Slums.

Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter's Midsummer Work Among the East-side Poor of New York.

FOR several weeks past, Bishop Potter of the Diocese of New York, one of the leading dignitaries of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, has forsaken his palatial home in Washington Square and taken up his residence at the Cathedral Mission in Stanton street, in the heart of one of the poorest and most populous sections of the great East-side of New York. During that time Bishop Potter has performed all the duties that ordinarily fall to the lot of a humble mission rector, the regular incumbent having been granted a month's leave of absence.

It is a novel experience for a high dignitary of the Episcopal Church to take up voluntarily the burden of a city missionary's work, but Bishop Potter made the change in order that he might learn by actual personal experience the nature and needs of the East-side mission field. He is, moreover, a clergyman of broad and liberal views, and believes that the Cathedral Mission should be the means of exemplifying the principle that the Episcopal Church is for the poor as well as the rich.

In the territory of the Cathedral Mission, there is a population composed of many nationalities. Russian and Polish Jews and Germans predominating, and it is of these races that the Mission congregations are mainly composed. In the square mile of which the Mission building is the centre, there are over 350,000 souls, making it the most densely-peopled section of its size in any city in the world. The work of the Mission includes regular services, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays, besides the supervision of an employment bureau, a free dispensary and medical corps, baths, gymnasium, kindergarten, men's clubs, mothers' meetings, King's Daughters, friendly societies and other organizations. There is also considerable Fresh-Air work among the East-side children. During his stay at the Mission which has just ended, the Bishop lived in the Mission House, entirely apart from his family who are now in the country. His rooms were a small, very plainly furnished suite, immediately adjoining the church, and which have not been used in the last three years. The little apartment which he has used as an office, has windows looking out upon the tenements of Stanton Street. Here he has received scores of visitors every day, personally giving attention to all their wants, and coming into active contact with every phase of the Mission's work among the poor. He has also made a large number of pastoral visits among the poor and sick, and has found out by personal observation much that will be helpful to him in his higher office, with regard to the moral and social condition of the Mission neighborhood.

It is hardly necessary to say that the services of the Mission were unusually crowded during the Bishop's stay in Stanton street. His last Sunday was signalized by a special song service, in which a number of trained boy choristers from the East-side took part. The effect of Bishop Potter's sojourn at the Mission has been to direct public attention anew to the great need of that section of New York and the example he has given of active personal interest, in a most Christian and loving spirit, cannot fail to be beneficial and encouraging to all engaged in work of this character. Bishop Potter strongly deprecates any idea of sensationalism in his new experience. He has not taken a step without precedent, for the Archbishop of Canterbury, the primate of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has frequently gone into omnibus yards in England on Sundays, and preached to the men there from the steps of a coach.

Bishop Potter is said to have stated that he had been impressed with the conviction that the Church was not reaching the very poor as efficiently as it should, and that he desired to learn for himself, what was necessary to be done to reach down to the dwellers in the tenements. Doubtless, his recent experience will prove serviceable in the formation of any new plans for Gospel work among those multitudes who form the principal population of the crowded East-side of New York.

THE FALL OF JERICHO.

S.S. Lesson for Sept. 1. Josh. 6: 8-20. Golden Text, Heb. 11: 30. By Mrs. Baxter.

GOD speaks of Israel as "the people which I formed for myself, that they might [illegible]." Isa. 43: 21. His purpose in calling them was that he might, through them, act upon the nations. Thus we see he dealt with Joshua, so that through him he might act upon the priests, through the priests upon the people, so that through the people, "all the peoples of the earth may know the hand of the Lord, that it is mighty; that they may fear the Lord your God forever." (Josh. 4: 24). The tidings of the miraculous passage of the Jordan reached the ears of the neighboring peoples and "their heart melted, neither was there spirit in them any more." Israel was already in the land; but before the people might enter upon a permanent possession of it they should keep the passover. The [illegible] of their deliverance from bondage and their exemption from the death which came upon Egypt, and upon the Egyptians, their oppressors. It was only as blood-bought ones that they might eat the old corn of the land, and their wilderness provision of manna might cease. They were already entered upon a new order of things, and all that was temporary and provisional must pass away. As we enter really into the death of Christ, as we take up our position as being crucified with him, we too leave the transitory and provisional in our experience, and the light of eternity, the power of an endless life, takes fuller possession of us. Rooted on the ground of God's Word, which is our land of promise, we are no longer wandering aimlessly through a wilderness of experiences, not knowing to-day whether we may have to retrace our steps to-morrow; we know no what all things are ours (1.Cor. 3: 21), we know that "all things work together for good to them that love God," (Rom. 8: 28), and that every step God leads us is our truly conquered ground.

But Joshua himself also must learn a lesson, before Israel, God's inheritance could enter fully upon Canaan, their inheritance. He had learned under Moses who it was that really ruled and provided for the people, and he had had before him the example of a man who walked always in close communion with God, and whose habit of life was to wait upon him continually. But Joshua had yet to learn how literally God's Word should be fulfilled: "The Lord your God is he that goeth with you, to fight for you against your enemies, to save you." (Deut. 20: 4). Joshua had to lead the people in a warfare, totally unlike that of any of the surrounding nations; certain conditions fulfilled, victory was sure: but the warfare was to be of faith, having no regard to the comparative strength of themselves or their enemies. Such warfare required absolute obedience and unquestioning confidence in him who promised unvaried victory so long as his conditions were complied with, and who was perfectly [illegible]

As [illegible] been offered by the Canaanites; Israel was yet encamped on the Canaan side of Jordan by Jericho when a man with a sword drawn in his hand suddenly appeared to Joshua. With the natural impulse which his sense of responsibility gave him, Joshua inquired, "Art thou for us, or for our [illegible]"

Captain of the Host

of the Lord am I now come," said the stranger. "What saith my Lord unto his servant?" said the prostrate, worshipping [illegible] "Put off thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy." And Joshua did so. No sooner was he put in charge than he must renounce all which could glorify the flesh, or exalt himself; he must work constantly under orders, without intruding his own presence into the council of war, by letting so much as the sound of his footfall be heard, where Jehovah was Commander-in-chief. Joshua understood and obeyed. Was it a hardship for him thus to be nothing, under such a Leader? Is it a hardship for us that God should gain victories in and over us, which bring no shadow of credit to us? Now the Lord could go forward; he had a man on his side who could be a willing, ready instrument, and who could consent to whatever measures should be set on foot by his unerring wisdom. But God's ways are not as our ways, and his warfare is not as man's warfare; therefore Joshua's preparation was in the school of faith, not the art of human warfare.

Jericho, the first city to which the children of Israel came in their march forward, "was straitly shut up because of the children of Israel; none went out and none came in." This was one of the cities walled and very great which had alarmed the ten spies: how could it be taken? Joshua was not alarmed; the responsibility of the war was his no more—it was not for him to make the first move. God was true to his servant; he called him, in the first place, to believe: "I have given unto thine hand Jericho, and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valor. Victory was certain, but Joshua must now act faith, and lead the people to do the same. The hearts of men in those days were the same as now. It cost people as much, then as now, to be peculiar, to do what might be misunderstood and appear foolish in the sight of others. When God unfolded his scheme to Joshua, it might have been far from easy if he had thought of how he should persuade the people to walk round the city six days, without doing one single thing in the way of attack. It would look so puerile, like playing at war.

But Joshua had God's Word on his side, "I have given thee Jericho," and immediately behind him was the experience of God's faithfulness in the passage of the Jordan. God had then magnified him in the sight of Israel, and, looking away from the difficulties, he obeyed his Divine Commander, and conveyed his commands to the priests. The same God who had manifested his power over Jordan was mighty to make the walls of Jericho fall, and the priests, who had trusted him at Jordan, now took their ram's horns and led the march of faith around the city. Immediately after the priests followed the ark of the covenant, with the cloud of the presence of Jehovah upon it, and then the people, in solemn and unbroken silence. Joshua had commanded them, saying, "Ye shall not shout, nor let your voice be heard, neither shall any word proceed out of your mouth, until the day I bid you shout." (ver. 10.) This is the attitude of faith, praise to God—silence to man becomes us: the ark of the covenant is with us as our guarantee: we do not need to discuss, but only to obey.

The inhabitants of Jericho might well think this mode of warfare was singular, but the very silence of the people, together with their recent deliverance at the Jordan, would speak more powerfully of the presence of their mighty God than anything else could have done. Some might ask: "Why should six days have been occupied with so useless a proceeding as simply walking around the walls, and blowing [illegible] God [illegible] our faith. Human nature is always in a hurry. "Your time is always ready." [illegible] of the long suffering of the Lord was salvation (II. Pet. 10: 15), to some of the citizens of Jericho? Perhaps others besides Rahab, the harlot, may have learned to acknowledge the only true God, during these days of suspense for Jericho, and of waiting upon the Lord on the part of Israel?

Each day the march around the city was in the early morning, but the seventh day it was seven times, the people knew now that the moment of victory was at hand. And the seventh time, when the priests blew with the trumpets, Joshua gave the signal, and although no breach had been made in the walls and not one of their enemies had sustained the slightest injury, the people believed their God and shouted with one voice the shout of victory, and the mighty walls cracked with a thundering sound and fell inwards. Not a stone fell on the outside, where the God-led assailants were, so that they could mount with ease the fallen masonry, and "go up every man straight before him." (Ver. 5.)

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

PRIESTS WITH RAM'S HORNS.

EMERGING from the bed of the Jordan, the people pitched their camp at Gilgal, about a mile from the bank of the stream. That they should have been able to do so, unmolested, is astonishing, when we remember that there was no doubt as to their purpose. They were invaders; and the people of the country who were powerful and warlike, recognized them as such. An explanation of their inactivity may be found in the revelation which Rahab made to the spies. (Josh. 2: 11). She said that a great fear of the Israelites had fallen on the Canaanites, "neither did there remain any more courage in any man." It was characteristic of the Israelitish nation that although encamped in an enemy's country, liable to attack at any moment, they deliberately incapacitated themselves for fighting, that they might put themselves right with God. The covenant rite, which had been neglected since leaving Egypt, was observed. Having been delayed so long, it would seem a time very ill-chosen to observe it. Their prompt obedience was as striking a proof of their faith and their confidence in God's protection, as any they had given, even at the passage of the Red Sea. The time for celebrating the Passover had come around and it was kept doubtless with great joy and solemnity. The majority of these people had been born in the wilderness and knew of the deliverance from Egypt only by hearsay and the others had only the dim recollection of childhood. But the passage of the Jordan was recent and the festival would suggest the inspiring reflection that in the difficulties before them, they would have the help of the God of their fathers. The first military triumph was to be one of a [illegible] character. The people were to learn that God's power, exercised in their behalf, was of more moment than all they could do by military prowess. Jericho must be taken and destroyed. The people could not afford to leave so strong a fortress in their rear, as they went forward to subdue the country. Yet without siege equipment, how was the stronghold to be reduced. The walls were so thick that houses were built upon them and there was doubtless a strong garrison within. Again their faith was to be tried. They must do a seemingly foolish and ineffective thing to overcome the city. Simply march around it and shout. Judged by human reason, that was no way to capt[illegible] the city. But neither had looking a[illegible] brazen serpent been a reasonable way [illegible] curing snakebite. Yet that had pro[illegible] effective and this might, too. The pe[illegible] obeyed, and the history records the trium[illegible] ant result.

The wall fell down flat. What me[illegible] God used for the purpose no one knows [illegible] may have been an earthquake. All natu[illegible] forces are at his command, and there [illegible] some very mighty ones which even [illegible] this day have not been discovered. [illegible] have faint clues to them, but nothing m[illegible] One of these, called "the key-note" [illegible] structures, is very interesting. Dr. Pelou[illegible], quoting Prof. Lovering, of Cambri[illegible], mentions several facts about it. "An [illegible] bridge," he says, "was being built at C[illegible] brooke Dale, when a violinist who [illegible] watched the work for some time, decl[illegible] that he could 'fiddle the bridge down.' [illegible] workmen made fun of him, and bade [illegible] fiddle away. He played until he struc[illegible] particular chord, when there was a dist[illegible] vibration in the bridge. He continued; [illegible] ing, leading up at regular intervals to [illegible] chord, until the bridge oscillated so viol[illegible]tly that the workmen became alarmed [illegible] drove him away. Another instance occu[illegible] in one of the mills at Lowell, Mass. [illegible] day the building was so shaken that ev[illegible] one was frightened. The oscillation [illegible] so great that a pail of water was ne[illegible] emptied as the water tipped from sid[illegible] side. The machinery was not going fa[illegible] than usual, yet the building never swa[illegible] so violently. In fact, when the machi[illegible] went faster or slower, the building [illegible] steady. Experiments were made to st[illegible] the movement, and it was found that a [illegible]tain speed always affected the buildin[illegible] that way. The simple remedy was ado[illegible] of always running either faster or slow[illegible] to throw the rhythmic movement out of [illegible] with the building." Every soldier kn[illegible] that in crossing a bridge a regiment [illegible] break step and go in open column, les[illegible] measured cadence of the step of the [illegible] pact column bring down the bridge. E[illegible] neers say that a bridge over which a c[illegible] of men and cattle and wagons may [illegible] safely, would not be safe for sixty [illegible] marching with measured tread. The s[illegible] pension Bridge at Angiers, France, [illegible] brought down in this way. Repeated [illegible] ers were given to the troops to break [illegible] sections, but old habits were too stron[illegible] or the orders were not understood. They [illegible] tinued in marching order, and the b[illegible] fell. Another clue to the same ta[illegible] is quoted in "Harper's Young People." A [illegible] with a peculiar tone of voice was sin[illegible], when the globe of the chandelier imm[illegible]iately in front of her was shattered as [illegible] uttered a high note. None of the [illegible] globes in the chandelier was broken. [illegible] experiment was tried of holding a [illegible] tumbler in front of her mouth, and it [illegible] when the peculiar trilling note was utt[illegible]. All this shows that there is some co[illegible]tion between sound and force that w[illegible] do not yet understand. When this law is [illegible] covered, it may be found that the Isra[illegible] were divinely guided to the key-note o[illegible] walls of Jericho.

They compassed the city and returned. [illegible]thing more inadequate to the end t[illegible] be achieved could not be imagined. Reas[illegible]able men in the Israelitish army, like t[illegible] inside Jericho must have laughed to s[illegible] this way of capturing the city. Ju[illegible] to walk around it and blow a trumpet [illegible] shout—who ever heard of a city being [illegible] quered in that way? Yet it is remarkable how many great results have come [illegible] small and almost contemptible means. [illegible] Blaikie cites a few of them. He says: "no [illegible] would have supposed that the fisherm[illegible] of Galilee would in the end triumph over [illegible] the might of kings and rulers; [illegible] learning and intellect of the philoso[illegible], and over all the prejudices and passio[illegible] of the multitude? Who could have th[illegible] that the distress of a blind-hearted me[illegible] student in London for a crowd of [illegible] "who didn't live nowhere," and whose [illegible] faces as they lay on a cold night on the [illegible] of a shed, stirred in him an irresistible [illegible] passion would give birth to one of the [illegible] velsof philanthropy—Dr. Barnardo's [illegible] ty institution caring for four thousand [illegible] titute children? When Carey on his [illegible] maker's stool planned for the evange[illegible]tion of India, there was as great a gul[illegible] tween the end and the apparent mea[illegible] these was when the capture of Jerich[illegible] planned. It is not by human might [illegible] the greatest things in the world's hi[illegible] have been achieved.

Rescuing the Wanderers.

Continued from first page.)

ractive places beckon them with offers amusement and pleasure. Fashionable, stocratic homes would open to them hos- able doors; the most exclusive clubs uld welcome them to membership; the ncert, the ball-room, and the theatre are en to them; but turning their backs on

THE LATE MR. J. H. HITCHCOCK.

they go to the Mission or the Mission agon to try to save souls. It would be icult to explain their conduct if we did know how much men have done and l do, when they can say, "The love of rist constraineth us."

The mission originated in the sympa- tic consideration by a few Christian ng men of the peculiarities of Washing- life. The Capital has a magnetic at- ction which is felt in the farthest cor- s of our broad land. Congressional siness draws many; the hope of secur- Government employment attracts ers; the desire to associate with people ose talents, wealth or political power e put them in the front rank of Amer- n life, influences others. Far away from ir country homes for a longer or shorter iod, free from the restraining influence the small town where every one knows m, they are an easy prey to the enemies heir souls. Washington, consequently, nerally contains within its borders at given time, a larger number of social ecks than any other city of the Union. ere are over twenty thousand cases an- ally in its police courts, and five thou- d annually in its jails. And they are the greater part men especially worth ing. Men of culture and good family among them, men who might do much Christ in the world if they would give h their service instead of giving it to . These facts were well known to every dent of Washington, and it was also wn that the churches, where alone re was any hope of rescuing such social elicts, were carefully avoided by them. ew young men—less than a dozen— ing over the situation near the end of year 1884, and deploring the evil, deter- ed to make some effort to remedy it. y thought they could not do much, but resolved to do what they could. y found a room in Pennsylvania Ave- that would hold about seventy-five sons, and they rented it for a meeting, hich special effort should be made to ich the Gospel to the worst of sinners. y also arranged to hold street meetings r the place, to invite people into the n. That was the beginning of the ement—the little seed which God sed and which is now grown to so it a tree—a veritable tree of life for the ing of the nations.

he briefest summary of the stages of elopment is all that is possible in the e at our command. The first public ting was held on January 25, 1885. ing the very first week, the hearts of workers were cheered by seeing fruit n their labors. A notorious gambler converted in the little mission room—a who gave such clear evidence of the ity of his conversion that no one would bt it. He has since led for ten years exemplary Christian life, the first of a t host to whom the mission has been a itual birth-place. During the year 1885, the meetings in the room and on the street were continued. Fifteen persons were known to have been brought in from the open-air services and the workers rejoiced that God was using their humble efforts for the conversion of sinners. The room soon became too small to accommodate the people who attended the meetings, especially on Sunday evenings, and a Dime Museum was rented for those services. The summer of 1886 saw the beginning of the Gospel-Wagon movement, which has been a wonderful source of good. It was only an old omnibus that was used. Three meetings were held in different parts of the city every Sunday afternoon with most gratifying results. In one section seventy-five persons, mostly heads of families, were converted, and a branch of the Mission known as "Providence Hall" was started. In the spring of 1887 a Gospel Wagon was built at a cost of $775. Branches of the Mission have been organized in different sections of the city, cottage prayer-meetings held in the homes of converts, tents erected, homes, hospitals and lodging-houses visited, until the Central Union Mission has become in fact the city evangelization society of Washington. From the first it stood as the representative of the Churches, and this most cordial relation has never been disturbed. In January, 1887, a larger hall was secured at 930 Pennsylvania avenue for headquarters. The Mission soon outgrew this, and on November 1, 1892, the property formerly occupied by the city post-office, on Louisiana avenue, was purchased at a cost of $56,000. It was occupied January 1, 1893, while the repairs and remodeling were in progress. Almost every line of work known to Christian enterprise is being successfully carried on under the

THE HOME OF THE CENTRAL UNION MISSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

blessing of God, with the approval and co-operation of the Churches. There is a debt of $16,000 in notes of $250 each, which may be paid at any time, and a trust of $30,000. The work of the Mission is growing rapidly and the future is full of promise.

The valuable work done by the Mission has won the hearty approval of the churches of the city of all evangelical denominations. From all quarters have come gifts to enable it to extend and develop the work, and as the Directors and chief workers receive no salaries from the Mission, the gifts go directly and intact into effective operation. The Mission and its branches now occupy fourteen building in various sections of the city, and last year the number of meetings was 2,170, at which there was an aggregate attendance of 243,941 persons. Of these, no less than 1,740 made profession of faith last year, making a total of over seven thousand who have come forward to declare themselves on the Lord's side since the Mission was opened. An extensive philanthropic work is carried on in addition to the strictly evangelical services. Free lodgings, gifts of clothing, an employment bureau, and free meals are all included in this hive of Christian activity.

On this page and on the first page we give portraits of a few of the consecrated Christian men who have given their time and labor for the past ten years to the development of the Mission. The chairman of the board of directors, Mr. E. D. Bailey, is the leader of the evangelistic work, and Mr. George W. Havell, the present editor of the "Mission Bulletin," is the leader of the music. Mr. Bailey came to the city twelve years ago as an evangelist and editor of a reformatory paper. After graduating from Wheaton College, Illinois, he held a professorship in the institution for six years, but resigned his place to take the field as an evangelist, and in this chosen profession he had very marked success. After coming to Washington he accepted a government position, became an examiner in the civil service commission, and devoted his time, outside of office hours, to the Mission. Mr. Havell, after devoting some of his best years to evangelistic work in the South, where he suffered many privations on account of the poverty of the people among whom he labored, took a position as examiner in the pension office, and plunged enthusiastically into Mission work. He had already acquired some celebrity as a Gospel singer, but his power and capacity for service were never fully tested until he took the lead of the Mission Gospel singing, in which field he has few equals in the power to move people by the presentation of the Gospel in song. He is an Englishman by birth, but came to this country when quite young. Mr. Geo. W. Wheeler was one of the five original directors of the Mission, and the first secretary. When he came to the city, more than twenty years ago, he was far from being a Christian. He held various positions at the Capitol in connection with Congressional committees, but finally became an expert accountant in the treasury department. Several years before the Mission started he was converted, and at once became an active worker. Naturally enthusiastic and aggressive, he threw his best energies into the Mission work and became one of its most successful workers. Not brilliantly gifted either in speaking or singing, he nevertheless developed a real ability in organizing and conducting meetings, his ability being most marked in the direction of setting others to work. He is leader of the Saturday Night

MR. GEO. W. HAVELL.

Meeting, and has charge of the very useful and successful Midnight Mission Work.

Mr. J. H. Hitchcock's name cannot be mentioned without a pang. He was chairman of the Board of Directors from the beginning until September 10, 1894, when God called him from service on earth to his presence. One of the kindest, most tactful of men, his ear was ever open to the troubles of others, and his heart and hand were engaged in their relief. His death was a loss to the mission that was severely felt by his colleagues. Major Geo. A. Hilton is another well-known mission worker. His evangelistic work called him away from Washington soon after the mission entered on its wider work, but in the hard and difficult task of the opening and the plans for its earlier operations, Major Hilton's energy and fertile brain were invaluable. Major Hilton is a New Yorker; he served in the war, and thirty years ago learned by sad experience the need of such efforts as the mission is making. Struggling frantically to rid himself of the chains that a dissipated life in Washington was binding around him, he failed again and again, and would have sunk in despair but for the grace of God. Major Hilton is now president of the National Gospel Mission Union, an organization designed to assist in planting such missions as the one in Washington, in every city in our land. Major Hilton has the cordial support in this national movement of a Board of Electors, composed of Christian laymen, including such well-known workers as Mr. C. N. Crittenton, Rev. Stephen Merritt, Mr. A. W. Dennet and the proprietor of this journal.

THE MASTER'S QUESTIONS.

HAVE ye looked for sheep in the desert,
For those who have lost their way?
Have ye been in the wild, waste places
Where the lost and wandering stray?
Have ye trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and darksome street?
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
The prints of wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom
The trembling, neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's name?
Have you searched for the poor and needy,
With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of Man was among them—
He had nowhere to lay his head.

Have ye carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole?"
Have ye told my fainting children
Of the strength of the Father's hand?
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
To the shore of the golden land?

Have you stood by the sad and weary
To smooth the pillow of death,
To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
And strengthen the feeble faith?
And have you felt, when the glory
Has streamed through the open gates
The presence of Christ at the portal,
Where he tenderly, loving waits?

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF THE TIMES.
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.
B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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YOUR PULPIT.

IF you want to be qualified to meet the duties which this age demands of you, you must on the one hand avoid reckless iconoclasm, and on the hand stick not too much to things because they are old. The air is full of new plans, new projects, new theories of government, new theologies, and I am amazed to see how so many Christians want only novelty in order to recommend a thing to their confidence; and so they vacillate and swing to and fro, and they are useless, and they are unhappy. New plans — secular, ethical, philosophical, religious, cisatlantic, transatlantic—long enough to make a line reaching from the German universities to Great Salt Lake City. Ah, my brother, do not take hold of a thing merely because it is new. Try it by the realities of a Judgment Day.

But, on the other hand, do not adhere to anything merely because it is old There is not a single enterprise of the Church or the world, but has sometimes been scoffed at. There was a time when men derided even Bible Societies; and when a few young men met near a haystack in Massachusetts and organized the first missionary society ever organized in this country, there went laughter and ridicule all around the Christian Church. They said the undertaking was preposterous. And so also the work of Jesus Christ was assailed. People cried out, "Who ever heard of such theories of ethics and government? Who ever noticed such a style of preaching as Jesus has?"

Ezekiel had talked of mysterious wings and wheels. But here came a man from Capernaum and Gennesaret, and he drew his illustrations from the lakes, from the sand, from the ravine, from the lilies, from the corn-stalks. How the Pharisees scoffed! How Herod derided! How Caiaphas hissed! And this Jesus they plucked by the beard, and they spat in his face, and they called him "this fellow!" All the great enterprises in and out of the Church have at times been scoffed at, and there have been a great multitude who have thought that the chariot of God's truth would fall to pieces if it once got out of the old rut.

And so there are those who have no patience with anything but [illegible] In church architecture, or with anything like good, hearty, earnest church singing, and they deride any form of religious discussion which goes down walking among every-day men rather than that which makes an excursion on rhetorical stilts. Oh, that the Church of God would wake up to an adaptability of work!

"Sir," say the people, "we would [illegible] ing to be converted; you must be patient; the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of Christ." Never, unless the Church of Jesus Christ puts on more speed and energy. Instead of the Church converting the world, the world is converting the Church. Here is a great fortress. How shall it be taken? An army comes and sits around about it, cuts off the supplies, and says: "Now we will just wait until from exhaustion and starvation they will have to give up." Weeks and months, and perhaps a year, pass along, and finally the fortress surrenders through starvation and exhaustion. But, my friends, the fortresses of sin are never to be taken in that way. If they are taken for God it will be by storm; you will have to bring up the great siege guns of the Gospel to the very wall and wheel the flying artillery into line, and when the armed infantry of heaven shall confront the battlements you will have to give the quick command, "Forward! Charge!"

There is work for you to do and for me to do in order to bring about this grand accomplishment! Your pulpit is the bank. Your pulpit is the store. Your pulpit is the editorial chair. Your pulpit is the anvil. Your pulpit is the house scaffolding. Your pulpit is the mechanic's shop. I may, through cowardice or through self-seeking, keep back the word I ought to write; while you, with sleeve rolled up and brow besweated with toil, may utter the word that will jar the foundations of heaven with the shout of a great victory.

Oh, that all might feel that the Lord Almighty was putting upon them the hands of ordination. I urge you, every one, go forth and preach this Gospel. You have as much right to preach as any man has. Only find out the pulpit where God will have you preach, and there preach.

STORMS.

ONE summer among the New England hills, there was an evening memorable for storm and darkness. The clouds, which had been all day gathering, at last unlimbered their batteries. The Housatonic, that flows in silence save as the paddles of pleasure-parties rattle in the row-lock, was lashed into foam and its waves staggered, not knowing where to lay th mselves. The hills jarred at the rumbling of God's chariots. Blinding sheets of rain drove the cattle to the bars, and beat against the window-pane as if to dash it in. The corn-fields crouched in the fury, and the ripened grain-fields threw their crowns of gold at the feet of the storm-king.

After the night shut in, it was a double night. Its black mantle was rent with the lightnings, and into its locks were twisted the leaves of uprooted oaks, and shreds of canvas torn from the masts of the beached shipping. It was such a night as makes you thank God for shelter, and bids you open the door to let in even the spaniel howling outside in terror. We went to sleep under the full blast of heaven's great orchestra, and the forests with uplifted voice, in choiring hosts that filled all the side of the mountains, praising the Lord. We waked not until the fingers of the sunny morn touched our eyelids. We looked out; the Housatonic slept as quiet as a baby's dream. Pillars of white cloud set up along the heavens looked like the castles of the blest, built for hierarchs of heaven on the beach of the azure sea. The trees sparkled as though there had been some great grief in heaven, and each leaf had been God-appointed to catch an angel's tear. It seemed as if God our Father had looked down upon earth, his wayward child, and stooped to her tear-wet cheek, and kissed it.

Even so will the darkness of our country's crime and suffering be lifted. God will roll back the night of storm, and bring [illegible] of peace. Its golden light will gild the city spire, and strike the [illegible] and [illegible] masts of Mobile; and with one end resting upon the Atlantic [illegible] and the other on the Pacific coast, God will spring a great rainbow arch of peace, in token of everlasting covenant that the land shall never again be deluged with crime.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Inquirer, Dayton, O. What is the effect of alcohol on the action of the heart?

It accelerates its action perceptibly. The heart of a water drinker, scientists affirm, beats 100,300 times per day and that of an alcohol drinker from 25,000 to 30,000 times more.

O. O., Coal Creek, Ind. Why did Nebuchadnezzar think the fourth person in the fiery furnace was like the Son of God? What did he know of God?

He probably used the words to indicate the majesty and dignity of the fourth person. The recently deciphered hieroglyphics show that a king of that time would be familiar with a very elaborate mythology, and, like the Greeks, would associate beauty and dignity of form and face with divinity. To him, the words "Son of God," would mean the appearance of God in a human form—a temporary incarnation.

Amos Z. Myers, Mechanicsburg, Pa. Do not such passages as Luke 16: 18, Mark 10: 11, 12, etc., forbid Christians obtaining divorce for any cause? Neither of the two evangelists mention the exception given in Matt. 5: 32.

The rule in cases of two documents referring to the same matter is to follow the fuller report. We have to decide whether the exception recorded by Matthew is an interpolation, or whether Mark and Luke omitted it. Comparing the reports, the latter appears the more likely supposition. Matthew's report of the whole discourse is much more complete. It contains many things omitted by the other two, and it was fair to suppose that this was one. We do not believe that Christ required his followers to submit to the grievous injustice of remaining bound to a partner who committed so heinous an offence. At that time, and afterward in Paul's time, divorce had become far too common, and was granted for trivial reasons. The teaching of Paul was directed against this evil.

S. Ratibone, Newburg, N. Y. What is the best way to conquer a besetting sin? Is it possible to overcome constitutional sins?

It depends largely on the nature of the sin what is the best way of conquering it. As you are not explicit, we can give only general advice. First and chiefly, pray for help. God sympathizes with any honest endeavor to lead a holy life, and he will gladly help you. Constitutional sins may certainly be overcome, though constant vigilance is necessary. You should make a study of your past experience and note the occasions of your fall. If certain places and certain companionships induce it, then those should be avoided. In some cases the kind of diet has something to do with the fall. Constant occupation and some subject to study that interests you, are valuable aids. Take every means your mind suggests to avoid the occasion of falling. Show that you are in earnest and God will give you the victory.

New Disciple, Detroit, Mich. Do you think it would be wrong in me, having recently joined the church, to go to the theatre? I am very fond of theatricals and cannot see the harm of them, but I am told I must give them up.

You must consider the effect on yourself, and the effect on others, of your going. If you are not injured yourself, your example may be injurious. There are many kinds of theatres, but your friends may not discriminate. A person who goes to see a vicious play may quote your example in defence of himself, because he, like you, went to a theatre, though you may detest the nastiness of such plays as he delights in, and you may go only to pure and elevating performances. As to the effect on yourself, you must judge. We think if the love of Christ and his divine life are in your soul, you will not care to go to the theatre. You will be so much in earnest in seeking growth in grace that you will not have patience to watch a theatrical performance. You will have no disposition to spend in that way time that may be used in Christ's service,

A. E. McIntyre, Detroit, Mich., writes:

For years all lovers of birds have been pained at the destruction of beautiful plumage for the adorning of women's bonnets, and also for an additional attraction upon hotel bills of fare, and it has been a gratification to me to see articles in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD upon the subject. I wish you would call attention to the programme of a "Bird Day," which I am happy to say, has been used in several public schools in different localities.

This is one of the many letters received commending THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S plea for our feathered songsters. "Bird Day," mentioned by our correspondent, was celebrated for the first time on the first Friday in May, 1894, in some of the Pennsylvania schools, by teachers and children, the object being to acquaint the little ones with the beauties and utilities of bird life, and the desirability of protecting the birds from wanton slaughter. There is some talk of a "Bird Day" in other States.

Mrs. I. A. E. [illegible], Lumberton, N. H. Where did the Christadelphians originate and what are their [illegible]

The Christadelphians (or "Brethen in Christ"), are a religious body of recent development. The organization was founded by John Thomas, formerly an associate of Alexander Campbell, founder of the Campbellites. In 1844 the followers of Thomas adopted the name Christadelphians, and about the same time organization was effected in Great Britain, Canada, and our own country. They have [illegible] clergy, and practically no ecclesiastical organization. They meet on the first day of each week, and hold a sacramental service, which may be conducted by any member of the body. They claim to teach Christ by living example. They build no churches, but hire cheap halls or rooms and have no fear of debt. They believe in the second advent, hold the Bible as fully inspired, and demand its literal interpretation, accept the atonement, and believe that man is not inherently immortal, but is endowed with immortality through Christ. Annihilation they believe to be the fate of the wicked and that the larger part of mankind never will see the light of resurrection.

Reader, Egan City, Ill. 1. When were the Old and New Testament first printed together and called the Bible? 2. Who translated the Psalms: some of the Gospels into Anglo Saxon?

1. About the fifth century. 2. According to tradition, Caedmon, a monk of Whitby, died in 670 A. D.

J. P. B., Philadelphia. Is not the "King and Cobweb" story told of more than Robert Bruce?

Yes; the Talmud relates that when David was fleeing from Saul and took refuge in a Cave of Adullam, a spider wove its web across the entrance, and Saul, observing it, passed by. The same incident is related of Mohammed and St. Felix.

A. Emory, Lansingburgh, N. Y. Who discovered the Moabite Stone and under what circumstances?

Rev. Dr. Klein, a Prussian missionary, in 1868, while traveling in Palestine, heard of a stone among the ruins of an ancient city called Gibon, east of the Dead Sea in what is known as the land of Moab. There had been some official dispute about it. Klein found it a thick slab of black basalt, with one side inscribed with thirty-four lines of Semitic or Phoenician characters. The Arabs, in order to destroy it, heated it with fire and then threw water upon it, breaking it into three large fragments. Klein contrived to secure impressions of these, and the impressions are now in the Louvre. The genuineness of the stone is undoubted. It is believed to have been engraved about 1000 B. C.

Irish Girl. 1. In John 14: 21, does it mean that by keeping God's commandments we are loving him, whether we feel love to him or not? A servant may endeavor to carry out every wish of his Master, and yet have no love for him. Please explain this to me: it has troubled me much. 2. Is the offer of the Teacher's Bible meant only for new subscribers? 3. Would you send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the old country every week? If so, on what terms?

1. No; it means that obedience and acceptable service are themselves the fruit of love. Love of God cannot exist in the heart without making itself manifest in the life, and the manifestation comes in the form of service. The obedience that has no love in it, like which is yielded in indifference or from selfish motives, is not to be compared with the voluntary service of the true Christian, who finds his delight in doing the will of God. 2. Both for new and old subscribers. 3. Yes; it will cost $1 extra for foreign mailing.

Constant Reader, Strait, writes:

I have frequently seen the question asked: Are we to forgive all who have injured us, if they do not ask forgiveness, or acknowledge their wrong-doing? I think our Saviour's example answers the question. "Father forgive them they know not what they do," and Stephen calling upon God and saying, "Lay not this sin to their charge." I know the [illegible] blessing of forgiving those who have injured us. Many years ago I had a high regard for a lady member of a church, whom I considered a Christian. After some years of friendship, she [illegible] wounding me in my most tender feelings. I prayed for her every day, asking God to bestow his choicest blessings upon her. One day the Holy Spirit whispered gently, "She is a Christian. The Lord Jesus Christ loves her as much as he does you." I then prayed that he would put the same love in my soul for her that he had for her. In a moment my feeling were changed, it appeared of little consequence what had been said against me, but I had pity for her, that she had seen things in so wrong a light.

F. P. DeWitt, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., has several [illegible] numes of religious weeklies which he will send any missionary who can use them for distribution. —Sam'l C. Lee, Emans, Pa. Write to direct [illegible] Mint, Washington, D. C., for accurate information. —A Reader. No; we cannot always exclude evil thoughts, but we can resist them and pray to be delivered from them and fight against yielding to them. Not temptation but the yielding to temptation is sin. — Reader, Ottumwa, Ia. Certainly not. It would be a flagrant desecration of the Sabbath. — Miss C. Gaulin, South Bethlehem, Pa. We do not believe it has yet appeared although it is in preparation. — Rev. H. C. Keeley, Shiloh, N. Y. We do not know the organization. — Nellie C. Cartney, Taylor, Tex. The question has already been repeatedly answered in The Man Box. — L. S. Barton, Durango, Colo. Write to Librarian of Congress library, Phila., for the information. — Reader. It is his duty as a Christian and good citizen to submit to valuation whatever taxable property he owns and to pay the tax. See Luke 20: 25. — Samuel K. Gibraltar, Pa. There is no reason why he should not do so. — H. Green. Write to the Health Department and state the grounds of your complaint. — Mrs. F. A. Houck. 1. Because it is not harmless. 2. To a limited extent but not to-day. — Anxious Inquirer. Regenerate Christians already done so recently. 2. The fact that they were of the same stock would establish relationship, but the exact degree could not be determined. — P. S. P., Chicago. The only authority is the usual theological literature. It does not exist in the Evangelists. — J. F. Dodd, Delaware, O. The [illegible] fication was unquestionably a hoax. — Reader, Clifton Forge, Va. Write to the Secretary of the Royal Historical Society, London, for all information

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE MARTYRED MISSIONARIES.

LATER dispatches received since the first confused reports of the massacre of

MISS MABEL C. HARTFORD.

missionaries in China, a brief summary of which we published last week, unhappily confirm the sad news. It appears from a dispatch to the New York "World," that Dr. J. J. Gregory, who is in charge of the Methodist hospital at Kucheng, that the murders were committed on August 1 at Hwasang, a mountain resort twelve miles from Kucheng. The town is in the district of Foochow, an important mission-station centre in the Province of Fo-kien on the south-eastern coast of China. Kucheng is about ninety miles from the coast and is difficult of access The first authentic news of the massacre reached Dr. Gregory in a letter from Mr. Phillips, a missionary recently arrived from England, who was staying at Hwasang, in a house at some distance from the other missionaries. Dr. Gregory at once notified the authorities, and as soon as he could get bearers and a guard of soldiers he started for the scene of the atrocities and reached it the same evening. Of the missionaries and their families—numbering in all seventeen souls, one had been killed outright and the other eight were more or less severely wounded. Two of these, who were children of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, died afterwards. Dr. Gregory put the mangled remains of the dead in coffins and attended to the wounds of the survivors, and carried all to Sulkow, and thence by boat to Foo-Chow. One of the survivors was Miss Mabel C. Hartford, an American missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose home is at Dover, N. H. She has been eight years in China. She was badly wounded but was able to give an account of the outrages. She had not arisen on the morning of August 1, when a servant rushed into her room and bade her dress and fly for her life, for the Vegetarians, a dreaded secret society, were murdering the foreigners. Before she could make her escape, a Chinaman armed with a short spear forced his way in. He wounded her in the head and struck her violently, but she and the servant grappled with him and Miss Hartford slipped out of his hands, rushed down an embankment and succeeded in finding a hiding-place, where she remained concealed until the rioters left. On returning to the town, she found that four out of the English Zenana Mission had been killed, and that Mr. Stewart, of the English Church Mission with his wife and one daughter and two attendants were dead in their house a pile of smoking ruins Mr. Stewart believes they were murdered before the house was set on fire. The cruelty of the outrage is peculiarly atrocious because of the beneficent work of Miss Hartford and the other missionaries. Apart from the preaching and preaching, the medical service rendered was invaluable The Kucheng missionary hospital is one of the largest in China. Over two thousand native Chinese have been treated, nursed and cured there. Like Him whom they serve, they have received cruelty in return for love, and wounds in return for blessings. But as it was with the cruel soldiery at Calvary, so it is with the Chinamen and for them, too, the Master's prayer is offered :

Father forgive them : they know not what they do. (Luke 23: 34.

The Prisoner's Friend.

The warden of a prison in San Francisco relates a pathetic incident of prison-life. He had in his custody a skillful burglar whose past record was of a character to suggest extra precautions to keep him safely. He was known to be a hard desperate character, and it was supposed there was no tender spot in his heart. He was sullen and morose in the prison at first, but after a few weeks there was a marked change. He became bright and cheerful. There was no apparent reason for the change, and the warden reasoning about it in the light of experience, suspected that in some way the prisoner had struck an idea of how he could escape. With the object of discovering it, he was visited in his cell at unusual times, but he was not caught in any suspicious proceeding. The burglar was generally looking out of his cell window in a listless manner. Suspicion was directed to the window, and when the burglar's time for exercise came around, it was closely examined. Nothing was found but a few strands of golden hair tied to one of the iron bars. They were drawn in and it was found that they were attached to others and those again to others, and so on, until the slender golden thread reached the ground outside. Each strand was about two feet long and consisted of some six or seven hairs tightly twined together. The delicate rope could scarcely be seen from outside the prison, but it was strong enough to form a means of communication, and probably, if it had not been discovered, would have been used to draw up a rope by which jail-breaking implements could have been sent to him. Evidently some woman loved the man, coarse and unlovable as he appeared to be; and loved him enough to sacrifice her hair to help him escape. It is strange that a woman capable of such devotion should have lavished it on one so unworthy But love is not measured by the worthiness of its object. The human race has reason to rejoice in the fact, for

God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. (Rom. 5: 8.)

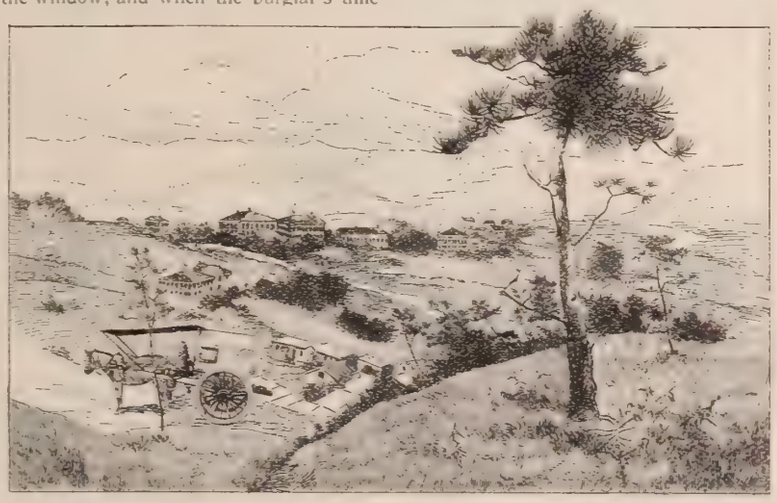
A Dangerous Prize.

A narrow escape from a watery grave is reported by a San Francisco journal. It states that a resident of Fresno County, California, who has been spending a few weeks near Ukiah, hunting and fishing, came very near losing his life during his trip. Riding homeward one day along the beach, he saw a number of sea-lions sunning themselves. He determined to get a shot at one. Accordingly dismounting, he took aim and fired, but his aim was untrue, and though wounding the animal severely, it was still able to make its way to the water. Being an expert with the lasso, the hunter undertook to capture the creature and, mounting his horse, he unloosed his rope and threw it over the lion's head and behind one of its flippers, then taking a turn with the rope around the pummel of his saddle. Notwithstanding the wounded condition of the lion, it still struggled toward the water. It was not long before all were floundering in the surf. The hunter finally succeeded in loosening the rope from the pummel of the saddle, when he found he had forgotten to unfasten it from the horse's neck. Being in the surf, it was too dangerous to now try and cut it, and, to save himself, he cast adrift his faithful animal and struggled for the shore, which he reached in an exhausted condition. He saw his horse but once afterward, and it was then being towed to sea. It was found the next morning dead on the beach. The hunter grieved for the loss of his horse, but was thankful that he did not lose his life, too. There are some who try to capture the world's prizes who have even a worse experience. In their eagerness to secure them they are dragged into temptations in which they lose their souls.

They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction. 1 Timothy 6: 9.

How a Rock was Split.

A singular natural phenomenon is reported by the Boston "Transcript" as having occurred among the Berkshire hills. An observer noticed some time ago, a tiny leaflet sprouting from the top of a gigantic granite boulder, not far from the place



THE ENVIRONS OF FOO-CHOW, CHINA, OVERLOOKING MISSION BUILDINGS.

where he was staying. Curious to ascertain how it could find life in the stone, he examined it more closely and found that it came through a minute crevice, and had its root in the soil below. He was deeply interested in the strange growth, and at every subsequent visit to the neighborhood has gone to examine its progress. He went to see it this summer and, to his amazement, found that the huge granite boulder was burst into three great fragments. The leaflet had become a noble birch-tree with abundant foliage. The young plant had found a way for itself through the crevice in the boulder to reach the sunlight, and then there had been a contest of strength between the living plant and the adamantine granite going on silently day and night until the dead stone yielded, and as with a giant's crowbar it had been forced asunder. It is so with hearts that seem as hard as rock. The love of a woman or a child has often found a rift in the heart of a fierce, implacable man, whom severity could never subdue, and the gentle, living force has broken him down and humanized him. It is that force—the force of a living Saviour—that gives Christianity the power it exerts in prisons, in heathen lands, and in all the habitations of cruelty and iniquity.

What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his Son, etc. (Rom. 8: 3.)

His Own Physician.

A Boston journal publishes an instructive experience of an American physician who has been taking a course of study in Vienna, with the view of becoming a specialist in diseases of the throat and lungs. Overwork and lack of exercise caused depression of spirits; he lost weight, was unable to throw off a cold, and became convinced that he was breaking down with quick consumption. One night, after a spasm of coughing, he found drops of blood on his handkerchief. He examined the blood with a microscope, and his fears were confirmed. Without consulting a physician he abandoned his studies, packed his trunk, and returned to his home in New England, as he supposed, to die among his friends. The ocean voyage and relief from overwork brought color to his cheeks, and his friends found it hard to believe that he had galloping consumption. When they sought to reassure him, and urged him to consult a lung specialist, he shook his head mournfully. "It is only the last flicker of the candle!" he groaned. "My microscope has told me the truth. I have only a few weeks to spend on earth. It is not necessary to call in a specialist." At the end of a month the improvement was so decided that he lost confidence in the revelations of his microscope, and consulted a famous specialist in New York. "Your lungs," said the physician, after a thorough examination, "are as strong as my own. There isn't the slightest trace of disease." The delighted man asked how the microscope had indicated the disease, but the specialist would not listen. "Your own morbid fears," he said, "affected the glass. No wise man attempts to be his own physician." The doctor was right, and we may add that no wise man attempts to be his own Saviour. Many have tried, but all have failed. Christ is the only Saviour.

Neither is there salvation in any other. (Acts 4: 12.)

BRIEF NOTES.

As Our Stock of Teachers' Bibles is now completely exhausted, we must withdraw our offer of a Bible as a premium to new subscribers. With that exception, the liberal proposition made recently in this column still holds good, and we continue to send on receipt of only one dollar, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for six months to any address in the United States or Canada, and one copy of any one of the following premiums, all charges prepaid :

From Manger to Throne.
Gospel Hymns, from One to Six, complete.
The Pathway of Life.

This offer will not apply to renewals, being intended exclusively as an inducement for new subscribers to try THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. No renewals will be accepted on these terms, nor will any new subscribers intended to take the place of renewals, share in this offer. Please tell your friends about it, and invite them to join our ranks.

The Waldensian Colony in North Carolina has become ecclesiastically connected with the Southern Presbyterian Church, its pastor having been placed on the roll of the Presbytery of Concord.

News Comes from Russia of the Arrest of one of the leading Stundists, the famous preacher, Karpo Dubovik, who has converted more of the Orthodox to Stundist doctrines than any other living man. After being kept in prison several months, he is to be banished for five years.

Rev. Satori Kato, the Japanese Evangelist who has been spending some months in this country expected to sail from Vancouver, on August 26, for his native land. The work at the Tokio Mission has been carried on by his assistants during his absence. He is looking forward eagerly to the joy of resuming charge and extending the work of evangelization on his return.

One Thousand Three Hundred and Fifty-five Canadian physicians were asked if general health would be improved by total abstinence, and 1,068 replied in the affirmative. Of the remainder, 287 replied to a question on moderate drinking, 90 said that the use of intoxicants, even in moderation, is injurious to health and to activity of body and mind.

The Jewish Grand Rabbi of France in Advocating recently a new translation of the Bible, said : "It is a matter of the greatest moral and religious importance that we give our people a French Bible at such a price that even the poorest can procure a copy, and to give this Bible in a clear, transparent language readily understood by the masses. Such a work can be produced only by the combined efforts of the French rabbis."

The Cruel War of the French on Madagascar appears to be nearing its close. A correspondent in Antananarivo writes that the Malagasy Government is secretly making overtures for peace, but, fearing a revolution, is massing troops outside the capital, and declares it will resist the French to the death. Feeling is growing against the Europeans. A native preacher incited the soldiers in camp to massacre the British in revenge for their desertion of the Queen in her trial.

The Charity Organization Society of New York is obliged to curtail one of its most useful departments. The laundry in which many women are employed and where many are trained to be skilled laundresses is now almost without work, owing to the absence from the city of many families. The Society asks us to state that if families at the seaside and country resorts would send their garments by express, the necessity of reducing the number of needy helpers would be averted.

Mr. Moody is reported by "The Independent" to have spent sixty-six dollars recently rather than have an important guest arrive in Northfield on Sunday. The guest was an Englishman who reached Springfield, Mass., on a Saturday night after the last train to Northfield had left. The alternatives of spending the night in a hotel or travelling on Sunday were considered by Mr. Moody and both rejected. A special train was put on to a point where Mr. Moody could meet his guest with a carriage in which the guest was conveyed to Northfield.

FAR FROM SCORCHING ALLEYS.

Nearly 2,000 Tenement Children Sent to Mont-Lawn thus far, this Summer Our Fresh-Air Fund Steadily Growing.

AUGUST, this year, is proving itself to be a month of almost phenomenal heat, and the amount of suffering endured by the tenement population is great in proportion. For our Fresh-Air Fund and its missionaries and co-workers, it is a month of almost ceaseless activity. Systematic visitation among the tenement poor has revealed many localities where few of the children have ever been off the wretched, dilapidated blocks in which they live, and where there are hundreds of little ones who are total strangers to green fields, flowers, cool woods and grassy lawns. To such children, the invitation to Mont-Lawn seems, as many of the little tots themselves declare, 'too good to be true!"

During the week, over 200 more little guests were sent to our Children's Home, a large proportion of them being taken from the tenements of the West-side. This makes the total for the season nearly 2000 in all. As usual, at this time of the year, there is a great deal of sickness among the children of the very poor, and the scenes that are witnessed by our missionary workers are frequently sad in the extreme. Small children in the last stages of infantile disease, whose tender young lives might have been spared, had they enjoyed even the briefest outing in the country, are found in many of the dark, unwholesome dwellings. Wherever, in the doctor's opinion, it is possible to take them away with safety, those little ones are given an opportunity to regain their strength at the Home at Mont-Lawn; but alas! for the many whom death has already marked for its victims, and whose short span of life will be spent and over, without even a glimpse of green fields or a breath of health-giving air. Like the eyeless fish in dark, subterranean streams, there are thousands of the children of the alleys and slums, whose environment denies them forever the enjoyment of those healthful and beautiful surroundings which our Father designed and provided for all his children alike.

Among the many pleasant experiences in the Fresh-Air Fund work, not the least is the genuine happiness that shines forth in many humble homes, when the little son or daughter comes back from Mont-Lawn. In all likelihood, the ten days' absence has been the first occasion on which the child has ever been away from the mother's side. Glad as the latter may be to give her little daughter the chance of a happy visit to beautiful Mont-Lawn, and entirely satisfied as she is that her girl is in safe hands, it's when the child returns that the simple, genuine mother-love reveals itself the most. A CHRISTIAN HERALD staff artist accompanied one of the returning parties of children to their homes on Tuesday last. One wee pilgrim after another had been deposited under the home roof and now there remained but one little maid who was coming home half-glad half-sad, as all the little folks are when they leave Mont-Lawn—for they never quit the pretty rooms, the great, wide-spreading play-grounds, and the flower-decked fields without real regret, however delighted they are to be home again. At last the Baxter street tenement is reached where the little one lives. Hand in hand with her Sunday School teacher, the light-hearted girl climbs the rickety stairway—she is half-ashamed of its broken steps and battered plaster—and touches the well-known door. She lingers just a moment, for although she knows that mother and Jen, and granny, and the baby are all there, [illegible] minute longer. She knows they expect her, for one of the good teachers at Mont-Lawn [illegible] Then she has heard [illegible] voices through the [illegible] panels. At last she gives a sharp [illegible] handle, and there is a [illegible] within the room [illegible] "Say, mommer, it's [illegible] those sharp eyes have [illegible] the [illegible] a shrill welcome. "Oh, mother, [illegible]" exclaims the girl, running for- [illegible] "I'm back with yez. Its good to be back again, but oh, mother, they wuz awful nice to us at the Children's Home, and this is the teacher lady as brought me up from the steamboat, mother."

The poor tired mother, tears of joy and gratitude filling her eyes, grasped the hand of the lady and said: "Thank ye, mum, for all the kindness to my Molly. But, oh! haven't they made yez the lady, me darlin'? An' it's a foine dress—a better nor ye ever had yet—that they give ye, and shoes, too." "An' see the color on her cheeks, mother," interrupted Jen, as she pulled her mother's sleeve. "Whisht will ye, an' not be interruptin' me, Jenny," said the mother. "Won't ye be seated, miss?" (to the teacher).

A few minutes' talk disclosed the facts concerning this typical home of poverty. The father, an industrious but unfortunate truckman, had only had an odd job or two for many months. Debt, dirt, distress—and drink—had brought the once tidy household to a depth of misery that can hardly be exaggerated. When she was taken to the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, little Molly's health had already begun to give way. "The poor thing was ailin' all the time," said the mother, "never much, but she was pinin', and we had no strengthin' food to give her; but she now looks better nor I ever saw her since she was a baby. May the Lord reward them as helps to send the poor children to such a fine, healthy place, I say." After a few kindly words of encouragement, and a promise to see whether little Jen might not also soon be helped to an outing by the Fresh-Air Fund.

"OH, MOTHER, THEY WAS NICE TO US AT THE CHILDREN'S HOME."

Contributions to the Work.

The following sums have been received during the week for the Children's Home:

Previously Acknowledged	**$1,533.54**
Loana Huse	10 00
C D C, Altoona, Kans	1 00
R A W, Highland Park, Ill	3 00
A reader of the C H, Otisville, N Y	1 00
S A D, New London, Ct	1 00
Workers, Newcastle, Pa	4 00
A Sister, Lotus Falls, N Y	3 00
S C, Denver	5 00
In His Name, Lake Grove, N Y	6 00
A A H, Hawley, Mass	1 00
[illegible], Dover, N H	1 00
Mrs L Goodwin	50
[illegible], Liberal, Louisville, Va	5
In memory of R S, Long Branch, N J	5 00
One of the King's Daughters, N Y	3 00
George, Grand Rapids, Dak	1 00
Mrs C and C, Worcester	3 00
Miss S M Parker	1 00
D & F M Robertson	3 00
Answer to Prayer, Roxbury, Mass	3 00
[illegible]	3 00
[illegible]	1 00
In H[illegible]	1 00
M[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
Mrs L Baird	5 00
[illegible]	5 00
[illegible]	5 00
[illegible]	1 00
A friend, Jersey City, N J	1 00
—, Milton, Pa	6 00
Mrs C J Wood	1 00
Friend, Newark, N J	2 00
One who cares for the little ones, Ridge Road	1 00
B M Butler	1 00
In His Name	1 00
Junior C E Society, Ryegate	3 00
—, Mendota Ill	1 00
Gerty Clare	1 00
W W Porter	3 00
Hiram F Clark	3 00
From Babies Theo and Stuart	9 00
Mrs J B Price	3 00
A Friend, Springfield, O	3 00
Friends of the Cause, Wyman, Ia	3 00
Friend, Phila, Pa	2 00
In His Name, Westhampton, N Y	1 00
Mrs G E Clapp	2 00
Friend, Norwich, Ct	3 00
In His Name, Balto, Md	1 00
A Friend, No Dartmouth, Mass	1 00
Annie Juliet Webb	3 00
A Friend, Pekin, Ill	5 00
Mrs E Tilley	3 00
M Berney	1 00
A friend of the children, Benton, Wis	3 00
Jas Henry Lawrence	1 00
H C Keely	3 00
Flora Snurrell	20
Mrs J M Self	50
Aurelia Balick	10
Mrs B M Cheney	10 00
An old Sub'r, Woodstock, Ill	1 00
Charlie, Brooklyn, N Y	1 00
Arthur Meachen	1 00
Blanch B Bartnite	3 00
W C T, Bethlehem, Pa	6 00
C A G, Hazleton, Pa	10 00
In His Name, Phila, Pa	6 00
—, Asbury Park, N J	5 00
In His Name, Newport, R I	1 00
A Widow, M A	6 00
E H Lyon	3 00
L A B, N Y C	10 00
E B S, Scranton, Pa	25 00
Sam'l Lafever	3 00
Maggie Hanna	3 00
M M Finch	1 00
J M G, Johnstown, Pa	6 00
All for Him, Pa	6 00
Mrs G W Bartholomew	2 00
M O S, Glove City, N Y	5 00
Mamie C. Paterson, N J	1 00
Henry Koerber	6 00
Mrs S P Gordon	1 00
In His Name, Warren, Pa	3 00
Mrs Henry Raynor	1 00
Mrs Lamma Maxwell	1 00
Mrs Z T Husted	3 00
E F Gibson	1 00
—, Passaic, N J	2 00
Mrs Thompson	3 00
Wm J B, Buffalo, N Y	5 00
Friend, Sandie, R I	1 00
—, Schoharie, N Y	1 00
H B H, N Dighton	1 00
Frank, Newark, N J	3 00
Miss Edith Scott	3 00
Mrs Dan'l S Webb	3 00
—, Derry	3 00
B W D, Granite, Mass	3 00
N Robbee	3 00
A Carr	2 00
J M S, Westfield, Mass	5 00
L F White	3 00
H C Ortman, Henry & Bertha	3 00
Mrs A A Emerson	1 00
—, Waymart	1 00
Cora E S, Pa	3 00
Lewis De Lancey	2 00
A friend of the friendless, Greenfield Hill	5 00
Babies Louise and Lillian, McGees Mills	2 50
Proceeds of a fair held by 6 little girls	8 00
Marvin A Dimmick	1 00
I A Dutton	3 00
A Sub'r, Placerville	1 00
J W C, Middletown	3 00
Jose Isles	1 00
M W Palmer	1 00
C J Newton	50
Mrs C C L Marion	50
[illegible] Spratley	3 00
Mr. [illegible] Ave	6 00
Junior League, Asbury	6 00
Mr. W D E Wortz	1 50
Mrs A H M, "	1 50
Wm Wadsworth	3 00
Miss Barnes	1 00
Sarah A H, Veteran's Home	2 00
In His Name, Bennington	2 00
Leonard Bennington	2 00
A friend of the poor, Alliance	1 00
Mr. [illegible] Wortz	1 00
[illegible] Duncan	3 00
—, Leeds	1 00
Paul M[illegible]	3 00
Mr. C H Bissell	6 00
A Friend, Phelps	[illegible]
—, Port Chester	[illegible]
Edith Weir	[illegible]
Janet "	[illegible]
Robt "	[illegible]
H Humiston	[illegible]
Mrs S Reid	[illegible]
Mrs Jno G Peebles	[illegible]
R & L Knight	[illegible]
A Sub'r to the C H, Phila, Pa	[illegible]
F Gilbert	[illegible]
S M C, Worcester	[illegible]
C A & Lizzie C Colcord	[illegible]
Thankfulness, Maine	[illegible]
S L M, Bridgeport	[illegible]
Mrs S S Tutlow	[illegible]
Clarence N Wiley	[illegible]
Ethel L "	[illegible]
Mrs Geo W Jones	[illegible]
M A W, Deposit	[illegible]
G H Shepherd	[illegible]
Cash, Enfield	[illegible]
Mrs Charles Olmstead	[illegible]
Mrs E M Rockwell	[illegible]
B B L	[illegible]
Mrs Lizzie MacDonald	[illegible]
Rev N H Dailey & members of Ill Bapt Church	[illegible]
Mrs Mary L Meredith	[illegible]
A friend, Bay City, Mich	[illegible]
M A Willis	[illegible]
Mr and Mrs Jas W Brooks	[illegible]
S Agnew	[illegible]
Mrs E H Spur	[illegible]
Quay Mears	[illegible]
Jennie Mears	[illegible]
M E Sage	[illegible]
Mother and Daughter, Cornell, Ill	[illegible]
K H Auston	[illegible]
Ft Calhoun S S Birthday Box	[illegible]
J S Chase	[illegible]
L C Needham	[illegible]
Mr and Mrs H E Peck	[illegible]
Annie Martin	[illegible]
Mrs Mary L McClure	[illegible]
Walter Vail	[illegible]
Mrs W B Guild and friend	[illegible]
Mrs T H Workman	[illegible]
A Reader and mission worker, N Y City	[illegible]
"Maclon" Montgomery	[illegible]
Friend, Heislerville, N J	[illegible]
M H, Maxwell, Neb	[illegible]
Mrs Cline and Mrs Cook	[illegible]
Mrs M Kilgore	[illegible]
Margaret, Cleveland, O	[illegible]
Mrs S M Davis	[illegible]
Mrs McKee	[illegible]
Mrs R E D, Bloomington, Md	[illegible]
"In Memoriam," Morristown, N J	[illegible]
Two Sisters, Easton, Pa	[illegible]
The Resolute Circle, Ivoryton	[illegible]
Friend, New London, Ind	[illegible]
C G Simonson	[illegible]
M D Packard	[illegible]
Friend, Belmar	[illegible]
Amelia Oakwood	[illegible]
In His Name, Chalk, Kas	[illegible]
Elsie May Maritt	[illegible]
Mrs Henry Culver	[illegible]
G E H, Fall River, Mass	[illegible]
Reinhardt Weiss	[illegible]
E R Randolph	[illegible]
Sympathizer, Waldron, Ark	[illegible]
M E P and Mother, Gloversville, N Y	[illegible]
C S, Cohocton, N Y	[illegible]
Reader, Brooklyn, N Y	[illegible]
J D, Los Angeles, Cal	[illegible]
A Reader of the C H, Winchester, Va	[illegible]
A N, New Brunswick, N J	[illegible]
Mrs I S Woodworth	[illegible]
Two Readers of the Herald, Union Deposit, Pa	[illegible]
A friend, Boulder, Colo	[illegible]
B and C, Allegheny City, Pa	[illegible]
M A Lamb	[illegible]
Mrs A Williams	[illegible]
W C T U, L I, N Y	[illegible]
King's Daughters, Chatham, Can	[illegible]
In His Name, Fredericksburg, Tex	[illegible]
W DeMott	[illegible]
Mrs J G Houghton	[illegible]
Salome Brandt	[illegible]
In Jesus' Name, Bridgeton, N J	[illegible]
Friend, Polk, Wis	[illegible]
—, Albany, N Y	[illegible]
A well-wisher, Plymouth, Mass	[illegible]
Mrs C N Baker	[illegible]
J J Schooley	[illegible]
Mrs A L Matlock	[illegible]
M T Gunderson	[illegible]
H C W, Philipsburg, Pa	[illegible]
Mrs Martha Swift	[illegible]
Band of Hope, Millville	[illegible]
An interested reader, Quincy, Mass	[illegible]
Waldo Taylor George	[illegible]
Sub'r, N Y City	[illegible]
A friend, Middleboro, Mass	[illegible]
M E Church S S, Westhampton	[illegible]
A L V M, Kansas	[illegible]
Emma Grey	[illegible]
Two friends, Winchester, Va	[illegible]
E D G, Leeds, N Y	[illegible]
L and L E, Anderson, Ind	[illegible]
A lone mother, Dubuque, Ia	[illegible]
D M Buckwalter	[illegible]
J C, Rahway, N J	[illegible]
Mr and Mrs L R Crampton	[illegible]
H A Bounnes, N Y	[illegible]
R P Holeman	[illegible]
Mrs W M Brown	[illegible]
—, Chicago, Ill	[illegible]
Mrs M D Palmer	[illegible]
Earnest Workers' Circle, K D	[illegible]
—, Brooklyn, N Y	[illegible]
A E C, Putnam, Ct	[illegible]
A friend, Cairo, Ill	[illegible]
S C, Balto, Md	[illegible]
Emma and Abbie, Cottam, Ont, Can	[illegible]
A M Jefferies	[illegible]
L D Chesley	[illegible]
In His Name, Clay City, Ind	[illegible]
Mrs W M Dudley	[illegible]
Mrs Wm Hall	[illegible]
Mrs W Davis	[illegible]
F S and M E L, Parkersburg	[illegible]
Mrs D Miller	[illegible]
Wm N Cromwell	[illegible]
Martha M Wakelee	[illegible]
Mrs O C Barney	[illegible]
A widow, Laurelville	[illegible]
Annie M and Dora S Wiestling	[illegible]
Belle P Rushmore	[illegible]
[illegible] Tibbles	[illegible]
An invalid, Lunenburg	[illegible]
Lucy A Humphrey	[illegible]
A C Thompson	[illegible]
Arthur Waldman	[illegible]
A friend, Sidney	[illegible]
M L M, Pomona	[illegible]
Mrs N I Mayo	[illegible]
Martha Koehler	[illegible]
In His Name, Spartia	[illegible]
J J Heath	[illegible]
A Sub'r and Daughter, Byfield	[illegible]
G D Legner	[illegible]
Kings Daughters, Leith	[illegible]
Mrs F F Smith and Mrs P Baker	[illegible]
Bertha, Herbert and Winfield, Phoenix	[illegible]
Emma V Hughes	[illegible]
M B, Dubuque	[illegible]
Miss C H, Pomona	[illegible]
Total	**$4,1[illegible]**

A TERRIBLE PROCESSION!

John G. Woolley's Eloquent Picture of the Alcoholic Juggernaut as he saw it.

IN a recent address at Music Hall, Boston, before the Christian Endeavor Convention, J. G. Woolley, the noted temperance orator delivered this remarkably eloquent passage, descriptive of his own personal experience:

I stood at the corner of Fulton Street, in New York, sad and an utterly hopeless man. The light had gone out. There was no soul on the face of the earth except one woman and a little boy who believed in me. They were in their desolate home in the far north-west: my wife, worse than widowed, because her husband was not dead. There are worse things than widowhood. I stood there and heard a splendid band playing. It was at the head of the dram sellers who were out for their holiday, with their carriages decorated with banners. I saw with my sorrowful heart, with my wrecked life and with an awful lump of homesickness in my throat such sights in that procession as no other man could describe. I could see at every turn of the carriage wheel some heart crushed and my own boy cursed with the hereditary taint of the drunkard; I could see them crushed under the wheels of the juggernaut of the drink traffic of New York and Brooklyn. Broadway seemed to be paved that day with the fragments of broken lives. I could see joined to the carriage wheels a countless multitude of men such as I was, friendless, beggared, starving, dragging their pitiful way to be part of the saloon keepers' spectacle, and I could see haggard-faced women holding in their arms little, pinched and ragged-clothed babes, which looked at their mothers' starved breasts in vain for food. I could see my own wife in the procession.

I could see the gray locks of my mother woven into the fine cloth that was worn on the backs of those dram sellers. I saw a trembling drunkard join the procession began to move, and when it had passed by I found myself standing there with my face toward heaven, and I found myself saying by the grace of God I will not make another fight for myself again, but I would extend every energy to stop that procession in this country.

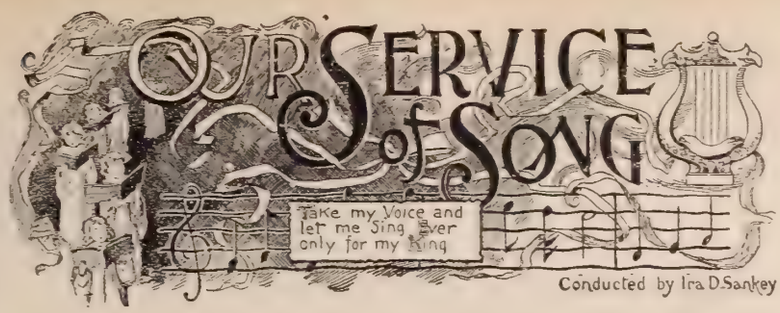
I have no ambition in the world beyond being a missionary to the drunkards in the slums. I desire to spend the remainder of my life beseeching misled men to come and find deliverance and the salvation of their own souls."

Protestantism's Progress.

One of the most influential publications in Germany has recently collected some interesting statistics from reliable scientific sources. The population of the earth is estimated to be 1,500,000,000. There are 200,000,000 Protestant Christians, 195,600,000 Roman Catholics, and 105,000,000 Greek Catholics, making a total of 500,000,000. There are, it is estimated, 8,000,000 Jews, 200,000,000 Mohammedans, and 812,000,000 heathens; making altogether 1,000,000,000 non-Christians. One-third of the world's population, if these data are correct, is Christian. Another important fact brought out by the estimate is that Protestantism has outstripped the Roman Catholics by more than four millions, while it practically shares the destinies of all the leading nations—England, Germany, the Netherlands, and the United States are Protestant countries. These countries, with their colonial possessions, control almost half of the inhabitable parts of the earth. People who speak the English tongue very materially influence almost half the globe. All things point to the fact that the great mission of evangelizing the world is to be conducted by the English-speaking peoples. The sooner we realize this the more speedily will this mission be accomplished. If each person could feel that he had an individual part in this work, which he and he alone could do, it would greatly add to this great world-movement.

INSTANT IN PRAYER.

Being "instant in prayer" was beautifully explained by Stonewall Jackson one day, when his sense of its meaning was required. "I can give you," he said, "my idea of it by illustration, if you will allow it, and will not think I am setting myself up as a model for others." On assurance being given that there would be no misjudgment, he went on to say: "I have so fixed the habit in my mind that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without a momentary asking of God's blessing. I never take a letter from the post without a brief sending of my thought heavenward. I never change my classes in the section-room without a brief petition for the cadets who come in." "And don't you sometimes forget to do this?" "I think I scarcely can say that I do; the habit has become as fixed almost as breathing."



THOU REMAINEST.

"THOU, O LORD, REMAINEST FOREVER."—*Lam. 5: 19.*

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Moderato, with expression.

1. "Thou re - main - est," Blest Re - deem - er, Lord of peace and Lord of strife,
2. Sa - tis - fy - ing ev - ery long - ing, Of my sin - ful soul for grace,
3. Earth - ly joys may soon be fad - ing, Win-t'ry frosts sweet flow'rs de-stroy;
4. One by one my loved may leave me, Voic - es sweet no more be heard;
5. When from earth, Thou Lord shalt call me, Calm I'll lay my bur - den down,
Je - sus, Sav - iour, Lord for - ev - er, "Thou re - main - est" Christ my life.
From my weak - ness nev - er turn - ing, "Thou re - main - est" Christ my peace.
But a - bove the cloud that's shad - ing, "Thou re - main - est" Christ my joy.
But of God naught can be - reave me, "Thou re - main - est" Christ my Lord.
For I know what - e'er be - fall me, "Thou re - main - est" Christ my crown.
CHORUS.
"Thou re-main - est," "Thou re - main - est," "Thou re - main-est" Christ my
"Thou remainest," "Thou remainest,"
all, (Christ my all); Peace or con - flict, joy or sor-row, "Thou remain-est" Christ my all.

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THE EXILES' RETURN.

Prophetic Significance of the Increasing Tide of Migration to Palestine.

BY VEN. J. HUGHES GAMES, D. C. L.

Continued from page 529.

FROM the three facts already cited about the Jews—1, the increased interest in their conversion; 2, their prominence in politics and finance; and 3, the increased interest in the topography of Palestine—we drew the conclusion that the time of our Lord's return is near. He taught us to look on such conditions as precursors of his coming. But there are other signs that confirm the view we have taken.

4. The return of the Jews in large numbers to the Holy Land, and particularly to Jerusalem. The number of Jews residing at present in Palestine has been variously estimated at from 100,000 to 120,000, or nearly three times more than those who returned under Zerubbabel and Joshua. Twenty years ago the number was only about 30,000. Now they are returning at the rate of 1,000 a year, a rate which may, at any time, be largely increased. Up to 1841, only 300 Jews were permitted to live in Jerusalem; in 1882, there were only 10,000 actually living there; now there are believed to be 40,000, or two-thirds of the 60,000 inhabitants of Jerusalem. It has been well observed that, "if cities be determined by the majority of their inhabitants, Jerusalem is at last again a Jewish city." This has been brought about principally by the persecution of the Jews in Russia, where about 5,000,000, or nearly half the Jews in the world, reside; and also from the hostile feeling which exists towards them in Austria, and the German Empire, and elsewhere.

5. The colonization of the land. Formerly, Jews were prohibited by law from holding landed property in Palestine. That law has now been repealed, and many colonists have acquired land, and settled in different localities throughout the country. There are some twenty-five colonies of Jews in Palestine, some comprising but a few, others as many as 100 to 150 families, but the largest numbering 400 colonists in all.

6. A good deal of building is going on in Jerusalem and elsewhere. Not so many years ago Jerusalem was little more than a desolate Moslem village. Now there are many buildings in it arranged after the European fashion; hundreds of houses are being or have been recently built. "The measuring line" is passing beyond "the hill Gareb," and that hill and "Goath" are being covered with houses (Jer. 31: 39); the city is extending far beyond its former limits; and Jerusalem outside the old city walls is larger than the city within them.

7. The rapid introduction into the country of various modern improvements. Twenty-five years ago there were only two good roads in Palestine; now there are such roads on the north, south, and east of Jerusalem, while on the west is the railway to Jaffa. Another railway is in course of construction from Damascus across Lebanon to Beyrout, which is intended also to run southwards to the Isthmus of Suez. A third railway is planned to pass south of the Sea of Galilee, and reach to Acre.

8. The land itself is being prepared for the people. In Palestine there are two seasons—the dry from April to October, and the wet from October or November to March or April. Until some ten or twelve years ago, there was scarcely any rain after March, and it was almost unknown in April. For the last five years there has been as great a rainfall in April as in March; thus the land is becoming more fertile.

SILENT SOUNDS.

A Sermonette Delivered by Rev. J. Reid Howatt. Text: Psalm 19. 2. "Day unto day uttereth speech."

IT sounds rather curious, does it not, to hear about one day speaking to another? Though you have been far away from the noisy city, away in the country, where there was not a murmur to be heard, and though you have been as mute as a mouse and have listened ever so hard yet you have not been able to hear a day speaking. That is true; and David, who wrote this psalm, knew that also, for he says in the very next verse, "No speech, no language, their voice is not heard"—and yet, "day unto day uttereth speech!"

How can that be? Because there are more ways of speaking than one. There is the way the deaf and dumb speak—on their fingers. Their voice is not heard, yet they speak. Then a book speaks. The moment it is open, and you see the words, you understand what they mean—they speak to you. There is a tribe of savage people far away, and what do you think is the name they give to a book? They call it "The Whisperer." The only way they could make out why different men could speak the same words from the same book was by supposing the book whispered to them, and so they gave it the name. But it does not whisper; it has no voice nor sound, and yet it speaks.

Now how do you understand what people say when they speak on their fingers? or how do you ever come to know what a book says? Isn't it by first learning how to understand? You carry the way to understand inside yourself. A boy who hadn't learnt to speak with his fingers might see others talk so, but he would not understand; and a boy who hadn't learnt to read might see a hundred books open, yet he would not know one word that they said. It is only the one who has the way to understand inside himself who can hear what they say, though they have no voice or sound.

It is just in the same way we get to understand thousands of things that are round about us, and that speak to us of God. As we learn to love God more, we learn to see his writing everywhere around us, and to hear his voice speaking in many ways. It was so with Jesus. When he looked on the plants he said, "See! these flowers are little sermons, telling you that God cares for the youngest of you, for it is God who makes each flower so beautiful; he does not forget one of them, and do you think he can forget you?" And when he looked on the birds he said: "These birds are whispers from God, telling you not to be anxious. For the birds went to sleep last night quite content, though they hadn't a single crumb laid up for to-day. But yesterday they got their pick and their bit from God's hand, and they were sure God would not go to sleep while they slept; he would be taking care for them, and would provide for them somehow to-day as he had done yesterday; and you see they are flying about. Somehow they have got their pick and their bit again, for our heavenly Father feedeth them, and he will [illegible]

[illegible] of God everywhere, because he carried inside himself the [illegible] I wish us to learn from everything. The way, then, to understand what the days speak, [illegible] what everything says about God, is to get much of God's Spirit into our hearts.

Three things at least which the days utter you must try to keep in mind:

There's nothing new! To-day is just like yesterday. Yesterday came up beautiful, became brighter, had clouds and sunshine, and then faded away. So will it be with to-day. Yesterday carried away on its white wings the spirits of thousands of men and women, and wee, wee children, too; and the night came, and covered their bodies, and they were seen no more. So it will be to-day. There's nothing new. But [illegible] [illegible] new about the day, but everything is new [illegible] to-day won't be the same that you had yesterday; the night has come like a black wall between you and yesterday, and to-day you get a fair start again; and to-day you may do better than yesterday, or to-day you may do worse, but you can't blame yesterday. It is gone; this is a new day, and everything is new to you. You were naughty yesterday perhaps, and you are determined you won't be naughty to-day in the same way. That is good; but, take care! you will be tempted to-day in another way. So, you can't afford to forget Jesus: a new day means a new way, and only Jesus can guide you rightly upon it. But this also the days say: Time tells of eternity! As the days pass away, we pass away with them—passing away, passing away, out into eternity. When you are in a train or a horse-car, you notice that all the people do not go to the journey's end. Some go only a little way, others go farther, new ones come in; perhaps you yourself get out before the whole journey is done. Anyway, they are very few who go all the way. It is just the same with our lives. Some only go a short distance through the days—God calls them away when they are young. Some go a little farther, others a little farther still; but they are very few indeed who come to be very old. Shoud n't every day then make us think of what is to be the end of all?

When you awake then, in the morning, think with yourself: "This is a new day; to-day Jesus wants me, and to-day Satan will tempt me; there is only one way in which I can be safe, by remembering Jesus, and trying to do what he wants. I shall try to speak kindly to brother and sister to-day; I shall try to do what mother bids me; I shall try hard to keep always in mind that Jesus wants me to-day to be his child."

Do this, dear children, and you will soon learn a very very great deal more of what is said in this silent language as "day unto day uttereth speech."

GENERAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS.
Commanding the Spanish Troops in Cuba.

HIS BANNER.

"He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." Cant. 2. 4.

O GLORIOUS banner,
The banner of love!
O wonderful foretaste
Of glory above!
While here midst the sorrows
Our pilgrimage brings,
Among cruel envies
And jealousy's stings

Where starving souls greet us
On every side—
Where trouble and famine
Will always abide—
There's a banqueting-house!
Cordial welcome to all.
Who accept invitation
And enter the hall!

Behold! the ensign that
Floats over the door;
'Tis one word—more precious
Than volumes of lore.
What is it you see as
You look up above?
Our Lord's blessed banner,—
One word only—love.

'Twas that brought him down
From his heavenly throne,
To die on the Cross
For [illegible] me!
O, come to the feast
Of salvation to-day!
That [illegible] banner
Will banish away.

[illegible] to the banquet
His promise to prove—
God [illegible]
The [illegible] love.

—L. M.

CUBA'S LONG STRUGGLE.

Both Sides Believe the War Nearly Over, but the Result Still Uncertain.

AFTER months of severe fighting, attended by considerable losses on both sides, the crisis seems to be approaching in Cuba's war for freedom. Gen. Martinez Campos, the brilliant soldier whom the Spanish Government sent to Havana three months ago, with a great flourish of trumpets and the promise of an early suppression of the rebellion, has thus far signally failed to bring about such a result. His troops sustained a severe check some time ago at Bayamo, where the Government forces were skillfully divided and ambushed by the patriot army under Gen. Maceo. It is said that in that engagement, Campos was wounded and obliged to retreat, leaving his dead and wounded, but that Maceo generously permitted the Government troops to revisit the field and carry off the Spanish troopers who had fallen. In return for this magnanimity on the part of the foe, Campos gave orders for the liberation of a large number of patriots who had been arrested as suspects or captured in battle during the previous month. Spain is now preparing to send out 30,000 fresh troops to Cuba, which together with the regular forces now under Campos' command, will give him an army of 80,000 regulars and an equal number of volunteers so that, within the next month, a supreme effort will be made by land and sea, to crush the rebellion.

This prospect, however, does not daunt the patriot troops, who are now between 25,000 and 40,000 strong, and well armed. It is claimed that a large part of Spain's forces will be required to garrison the cities and fortifications, especially along the coast, and that fever will do more havoc among the new troops who take the field during August and September than patriot bullets.

IN THE JAPANESE HOSPITALS.

An interesting letter from Miss H. M. Browne describes her work among the wounded Japanese soldiers at Hiroshima, during the war now happily ended. She writes that having given away Testaments and talked with some of the patients, a man mysteriously beckoned to us. On going near, he said, "What is this Christ and the Christian doctrine? I want to know." Very many say, after hearing a few minutes, "Ah, we never knew before; we can't believe until we hear."

On remarking to one man that he looked quite ill, he replied, "Yes, this is my last journey." I gave him the tract I had in my hand, "Guide to Eternal Life." I visited him two or three times afterward, and at each visit found his perception of the truth increasing, and hope and joy in his face. The truth seemed to take fast hold of him. Another man, from a tract first, and then a book concerning faith, became an earnest believer. The other men of the ward laugh good-naturedly at him for being so zealous, but that does not deter him. His words stirred up one patient who at first did not care to receive a tract even, but at my next visit asked me for something that would explain the truth, for he wanted to examine into it. The man so in earnest has got two friends who visited him to study the Bible, and say, "I must go home soon and get the people of my village to believe." On my remarking that he must become well grounded himself first, he replied, rather astonished, "Why, it will never do for me to believe this alone; I must tell them."

OUR CHRISTIAN WORKERS

XII.—MRS. F. L. SPIVEY.

ONE of the most remarka instances of the power the love of Christ to spire unselfish devot to others, that we h heard of is in the life work of the lady wh portrait appears on t page. Mrs. F. L. Spivey is doing

ostentatiously a noble work in a cou district in Georgia, denying herself necessaries and of rest and comfort she may teach the ignorant, careless degraded something of Christ and his giving Gospel. A lady who has wat the work, has sent us the story of heroism which would otherwise have n been heard of outside the communit which it is done.

Mrs. F. L. Spivey settled in Geo some five or six years ago. As a Cl tian woman she was shocked by the d spiritual and mental darkness that found lying all around her. There wa church, no day, or Sunday School an religious service of any kind in a circu twelve miles. The condition of the population may be imagined. But wha heavily on her heart was the conditio the children, who might be reached kept from growing up to be such men women as their parents. Mrs. Sp thought of it and prayed about it until thought grew unbearable. At last, fa all other means, she secured the loa an abandoned hut and opened a school. taught the children to read, to commit sages of Scripture to memory, and to have less like savages. When the months' vacation came and her pupils busy in the field, she filled the school colored children and taught them.

The cabin was always occupied and work went on. After three years of trial, Mr. Spivey gladdened his wife's by building a neat little school-house her. The State also gave a little hel appropriating pay for three months' te ing in the year. Mrs. Spivey then ad Sunday School to her other work, in w she was Superintendent, teacher, orga Nearly a hundred children now gather every Sunday, and after the school, g people come, and Mrs. Spivey reads a ter, offers a prayer and reads a sermon of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD or some religious journal. It is true the men sm during the service and the women snuff, except on some special occasion as Easter Sunday, when in compli with Mrs. Spivey's request, pipes and sticks are left outside, yet the people a tentive and the seed is sown. Durin these years, Mrs. Spivey has had no portunity of attending church, but has ried on her own quiet work for Christ.

Nor in teaching alone has this good proved her love for her Lord. Occasion Mrs. Spivey's friends in the North from her, and her letters contain a for second hand books or clothes, bu though she knows what it is to wa clothes and even good food for herself family, she never speaks of that, but ways of the wants of others.

LIVING IN A SOD-HOUSE.

MABEL REED lived in a sod shanty on the prairies of Dakota, with her father, a twelve-year old brother named Harry, and Maud, a little sister of six summers. Mabel was the oldest, and was trying hard to fill the place of the ...ld mother who had gone to join the ... some years before. Mabel was ... brave-hearted, but on this spring ...ng, as she sat looking from the win... the living-room, upon the parched ...ithered garden on which they had ... so much strength and ... few tears stole from her ... As she looked at the ...stretch of dried grass ... the prairie she felt lonely ...nged so much for her ... A light knock at the ... "I wonder who it can ...thought Mabel, as she ... wiped away her tears. ...e engaged the summer ... in this district and should ... find one of the school... if you will kindly direct ...," said a pleasant-voiced ... as Mabel opened the ...

"...me right in; papa is a ... director, and will be in ..." Miss White — the ... — felt drawn toward ... intelligent young house... The rooms were as neat ... ...x. White muslin cov... ...he walls, completely hid... ...e ugliness of the black. ... The cook stove and floor ...ere scrupulously clean. Wild ... violets and Solomon's ... which grow in Dakota ... —were blooming in tin ... the window. Before ... realized it, she had open... ... heart to her new friend, ... as pathetically telling her ... former home in the ...sland how her father ... after their circumstances ... taken up a homestead ... Dakota. "If everything ...ews it did the first two years ...re here, we would not be ... to live in this old sod... now. You are a new... Miss White, and do not know the ... ways in which we had to economize ... the drought years. Papa says its ...rful, the amount of nourishment there ... the wild grass here. Notwithstand... dry seasons, the horses and cows ...ved well upon grass alone."

"...what way do you make a living, in ...ard times?" kindly inquired the in... listener. "We sell a great many ... of butter, and dozens of eggs, and ...gh we do not get a good price for ..., it furnishes a living. Harry, ... and I, have saved every penny we ...arn toward building a frame house. ... and I have raised chickens for ... : we earned twenty-five dollars in ...ay. Then, one good year, we picked ...oseberries and plums—on a govern... ...laim in a gulch — and sold them at ...es and made five dollars. Then a ... or gave Maud a little pig, which she ... weeds for all summer, and gave him ... of milk. When he was full grown ... old him for ten dollars; and our little ... m called it her house-money, and in... upon its being put with the rest, so ...e we have forty dollars laid up. Papa ...use a cent of it, though he needs it ... at times."

"...you do all the house-work alone?" ... Miss White. "Oh! no; papa and ... do the the churnings, and help with the washings. The sewing troubles me the most. I can't make my dresses look right." "Here is a chance for a King's daughter to do something in His name," thought Miss White. "Could I engage board with you for three months? I assure you I would make little trouble, and I like simple fare best."

Mabel was radiant at the prospect. It was finally arranged that Mabel should board the teacher, if her father had no objection. "I must tell papa about it," she said as she excused herself and ran out to the barn where her father had just come. "Oh! papa I have taken the school teacher to board, if you will agree. She will help manage the work so that I can go to school,

A PILGRIMS' REST-HOUSE AND BATH, BY THE WAYSIDE, JAPAN.

and will pay ten dollars per month for board," exclaimed Mabel as she ran breathlessly into the barn. "Mabel, dear, you may do as you please, and we will try to spare part of the thirty dollars you earn, toward your frame house fund," was the reply. "We have had many hardships since the drought," thought the overburdened father as he watched his daughter trip away. "Surely God is good to us. We always have something to be thankful for; and I count my plucky children my greatest blessing." KATIE B. MCNEIL.

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"Rough" Children.

Some boys, and not seldom those of well-to-do families, pride themselves on being rough. They think it indicates manliness. On the contrary, it shows a small, low nature. It has a bad influence on your associates, and, at the same time, well-bred boys will avoid your society. It is said that Benjamin Franklin, when he was a workman, reformed the habits of the entire shop. The results of good or bad manners are almost incredible. Your manners, to a certain degree, indicate your character, and you are judged by them. To be sure, a boy may sometimes be gruff outwardly who has a kind heart, but you will find that that kind heart will keep him from being boorish; and yet how much better he would succeed in the world if his manners were more gracious and cordial! The learned metaphysician, Locke, was writing about his son's education to Lord Peterborough. He said: "Your Lordship would have your son a thorough scholar, but I would have mine well-bred and well-tempered."

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Travelers' Rest-Houses in the East.

Throughout the East, where facilities for travel are still exceedingly primitive, public consideration for the comfort of weary pilgrims has expressed itself in the erection of odd-looking structures that are known as "rest-houses." In China, Japan, India, Siam, and even Tibet, such structures are found judiciously distributed over the long and difficult mountain trails and across the valleys between. Here the traveler may at least find water, and also a roof to cover his head. The "rest-house" is usually a cheap structure of reeds laid upon heavy beams, and enclosed with sufficient strength to afford protection from wild beasts as well as shelter from storm. One of these rude buildings is shown in the photograph on this page, being a "rest-house" on a mountain road in Japan. In this instance it possesses the additional luxury of a bath, wherein the footsore and tired traveler may refresh himself after his toilsome journey. It must be confessed, however, that the bath-tub, like the house itself, is primitive to a degree that cannot be appreciated by Europeans or Americans trading in Japan. Such places are indications of the existence of a humane feeling on the part of the people, and doubtless afford protection to many.

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Children in the Morning.

Children will wake up early in the morning, writes Dr. Talmage. Perhaps you have been disturbed in the night, and gone wandering around the room in your somnolent state, as much confused as ourselves on one occasion, when, at midnight we heard a croupy cough in the nursery, and give the ipecac to the wrong baby. Just as you begin your last morning nap, you hear a stir in the adjoining room. The trundle-bed is evidently discharging a lot of bare feet on the floor. You hear suppressed laughter at the door, slipping out into an occasional shout as one of them applies the force of a tickle to the bottom of the other's feet. You are provoked to be interrupted at such unseasonable hours, and proclaim children a nuisance. You are glad that the door is locked. But they rattle the knob. They blow through the keyhole. They push slips of paper under the door, and, getting more and more bold, they knock. Ten fingers, tipped with the rosy tints of the morn, are running races up and down the panel. Your indignation begins to cool, and your determination not to admit is giving way. The noise of fingers is intermingled with the stroke of dimpled fists. At last you open the door, and there bursts in a snow-flurry of night-gowns, and they bound along, brunette and blonde, wild as young Arabs. The lock that would have confounded burglar, and the bolt that strongest hand could not have broken, flew oped at the touch of the tip-end of a baby's finger.

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MUSIC AND ANIMALS.

ALMOST everybody knows how wonderfully domestic animals are affected by musical sounds, but few have seen the results of any experiment on wild beasts. Not long ago, Mr. Cornish, a scientific gentleman, went to the Zoological Gardens in London, and played upon his violin to an audience of insects, reptiles and beasts. He records the results as most remarkable. The tarantulas listened, or did not listen, unmoved and sulky. The scorpions became agitated, and wreathed and danced tumultuously, their excitement increasing with every crescendo and decreasing with each diminuendo. The monitor lizard listened and swayed its head in time with the music. Black snakes were attentive, and started up and hissed at every discord. A boa crept as close as possible to the instrument, and seemed enraptured. The cobra on hearing the violin, raised itself on its tail, spread its hood, and gently swayed to and fro. At a tremolo passage it puffed its body out. At a bagpipe "drone" its hood was expanded to the utmost, and at every sharp discord it flinched as if it had been struck with a stick.

The polar and grizzly bears stood up at the front of the cage to listen, and flinched at discord. The wolves snarled and cowered in abject fear at the sound of the violin. So with the jackals and foxes. As for sheep, they naturally found pleasure in that which frightened the wolves. So did the wild hogs, the bisons, and the zebras. The elephant did not like it, but snorted and whistled with rage. The monkeys listened eagerly, with nods and other gestures of appreciation. The only animals that were entirely indifferent were the seals.

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Children as Questioners.

It is to the parent that a child ought to be privileged to come in unrestrained freeness as a questioner. Both the mother and the father should welcome from a child any question that the child honestly desires an answer to. And every parent ought to set apart times for a child's free questioning, when the child can feel that the hour is as sacred to that purpose as the hour of morning and evening devotion is sacred to prayer. It may be just before breakfast, or just after, or at the close of the day, that the father is to be always ready to answer his child's special questions. It may be when the father and child walk out together, or during the quieter hours of Sunday, that the child is sure of his time for questioning his father. The mother's surest time for helping her child as a questioner, is at the child's bed-time; although the child may be free to sit by her side when she is sewing, or to stand near her when she is busy about other household matters, and to question her while she is thus working. Whenever the child's hour for questioning arrives the parent ought to feel bound to give to the child's every question a loving and well-considered answer.

Feed Them Properly

and carefully; reduce the painfully large percentage of infant mortality. Take no chances and make no experiments in this very important matter. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has saved thousands of little lives.

...NADJA;...

A Tale of the Russian Steppes.*

BY OLIVER M. NORRIS.

"[illegible] BRAVE WOMAN."

CHAPTER VI.

Sergei says Farewell

THE morning after her reception Countess Olga Navrotska rose tired and out of sorts.

It was by no means the first time that this feeling of weariness had prostrated her. Perhaps it was hardly so much weariness as dissatisfaction with her surroundings that worried her, but she hated sitting down to find out which it was. She hated introspection, for she felt that in her case it would only reveal a very empty life, and that candor with herself could only result in making her more miserable still. She knew herself to be the slave of her surroundings, of her conventional friends, and their ways of life and thought, and with all her undoubted courage and resource she dreaded any break with them which would get her talked about and misrepresented, or bring upon her the ridicule of the world in which she lived.

"If I only had strength to rise above it all?" she sighed to herself that April morning. "If only I had some one to whom I could open my heart, and tell how empty it is, and how I long to have it filled with some great sympathies, some great love, some great work, that would get me out of and away from myself!"

She went over to her book-case and took out a French life of St. Catherine of Siena, and an English life of St. Francis of Assisi, and turned over their pages and shook her head.

"That is not what I want," she said to herself, "that is all mediæval and far away—oh, so far away! How would that suit St. Petersburg? Not at all. People's wants are so numerous and complicated nowadays."

But she read on and grew interested in the simple lives of Italian peasants, in the details of Catherine's home life, in those very simple desires and aims respecting which St. Petersburg society knew little, and cared less. And then came an inexpressible longing to get away from the distractions of the city, from folly and fashion and from all the futilities of her past life, a longing to lead a natural life among the simple people on the steppe, whose hearts were still soft, whose tongues were still single, whose eyes were often lifted above the earth and earthly things, whose life, no matter how sordid its ways and how [illegible] might seem to the mere worldling, yet in her eyes bore dewdrops and lustre that the sun illuminated at times.

"Ah, the consecrating powers of nature!" she thought, "[illegible]"

The Countess was a woman who could speedily make up her mind when she liked. She decided to leave St. Petersburg as soon as possible, and her decision was made without a pang; indeed a great rushing feeling of relief came over her as though some heavy load had been lifted from her heart. There was a great ball at the Winter Palace that had been looked forward to, a reception at a Grand Duchess's, a banquet at an ambassador's, all of which she had either arranged or had promised to attend, but she incontinently threw them all over, and only thought of her Krasnaya Balka, the great farm near Kief where she had beautiful gardens and orchards and hundreds of peasants' cottages full of people whom she would try to love with her whole heart.

Krasnaya Balka, she reflected, was only a short day's drive from Kief, and not half that distance from Slavo. She thought long about the holy city, and wondered whether she would not visit some of the shrines there before she settled in Krasnaya Balka. She decided she would, and felt sorry that her heart hitherto seemed to have had all thoughts of holy things banished from it. And when she thought of her neighborhood to Slavo it was with a queer undefined feeling in her heart. She had been over to the Alekhins' village several times already, and knew some of the peasants there—Mikhail Kulmenko among others. She was interested in the Stundists, and had been quick to perceive the natural and moral differences between them and the other villagers. It was part of her plans for the future to see more of them. But there was something else that stirred her. Vladimir and Sergei would probably be there sometimes, and they would come over to see her at Krasnaya Balka. She had a curiosity to watch Vladimir, and notice any improvement in his disposition and conduct. She felt, besides, more than interested in Sergei's strong character, and wished to see him among his own people, and she knew he loved them and had determined to come oftener among them.

It was when she went next day to say good-bye to Colonel and Mrs. Pevtsoff that the Countess first heard that war had been declared against Turkey, and that the dragoons were to go to the front, the Alekhins' regiment as well. The Countess quickly caught the prevailing contagion, and her enthusiasm for the Czar and the cause which he had espoused, knew no bounds.

"How noble, how good of him!" she thought; "Russia will now show to Europe that in deed and in truth she has the welfare of her co-religionists at heart, and that it is not selfishness or deep-laid schemes of self-aggrandizement which urge her on."

She was very patriotic, and believed in her country and its destiny. The news of the declaration of hostility hastened her departure. She could not bear to stay on and see the anxious weeping women and the departing officers, so she hurried on to Kief intending to pray for them all.

What a resting place she found Krasnaya Balka. It was a farm left to her by her late husband—his favorite country retreat on which he had lavished great wealth and considerable taste. A few mornings after her arrival she went out for the first time. Everything was fresh and bright and green, and she let the emotions begotten by the entire tranquility of the scene filter into her soul. There were long alleys of noble trees, and broad stretches of half-wild lawn, and an English garden, with old brown brick walls around it, supporting fruit trees ablaze with blossom. Opening into the garden were little wrought-iron wickets that were rusty, and creaked on their hinges, but they were beautiful, and the Countess knew it.

She ran down to the lake, and looked at the stately swans sailing on it, and she stood before the old marble sun-dial, comparing its record with her watch. She smiled up at the mossy-coated marble garden nymphs scattered here and there; she chatted with the gardeners at their work.

Krasnaya Balka seemed somehow new to her this morning; she had never found it half so interesting before, and her heart danced as a child's heart dances when he is realizing some long looked-for happiness, and can hardly believe it is real yet.

Ah, it was not altogether the English garden and its apple-blossom, nor the lake with its proud swans that filled the Countess's heart with so much pleasure and joy in life. Perhaps these sweet and gracious things had great share in it, but there was something else that had a greater share still. A gloom that would not lift had settled upon her immediately on reaching Krasnaya Balka, and here it was lifted at last, and by such insignificant means that she laughed to herself as she thought of it. It was a little note in her pocket which she had received late on the previous night that had banished her gloom, rousing her to life and action, and filling her heart with sensations which were as yet inscrutable, and whose existence was unimagined. In the note itself there was not much. It ran thus:

"DEAR COUNTESS:—When I called at your house in Petersburg to say good-bye, I was told that you had gone to Krasnaya Balka. Will you please not take it as an intrusion if I call to-morrow morning? Volodia and I arrived at Slavo last night with uncle. Yours, SERGEI ALEKHIN."

"P. S.—Volodia and I leave for the front the day after to-morrow."

Yes, she would be glad to see Sergei—his frank, genial ways always did her good. She knew, besides, that under a somewhat careless and lazy exterior he owned qualities of heart and head that were as rare as they were valuable. She had seen more of Vladimir than of his brother. She had met him everywhere in society, and in her society moods she had always sought him to be entertained by his bright and witty talk, and his caustic judgments on men and men's foibles. Sergei she never met in this way. He hated balls and parties, and never would learn to dance. He had an idea that he looked thoroughly silly and ungainly when threading the mazes of some intricate cotillion. He despised heartily the ideas and ideals of society, and when he wanted relaxation or pleasure, he found it in long gallops in the parks or suburbs, in an hour's hard work at his table, rather than a heated ball-room at midnight amidst the silly; worldly talk

Continued on page 549.

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Bookkeeper, New York.—Am confined t[illegible] desk eight hours a day. Suffer extremely [illegible] indigestion; bad breath; constipated, latter a[illegible] Please prescribe.

Use Gastrine, teaspoonful after each r[illegible] Eat less food of starchy nature. Nathro[illegible] Salts each morning before breakfast: [illegible] week. Rise earlier and take a walk b[illegible] breakfast.

J. J. B., New York.—Am troubled with n[illegible] gia and pains in the back of my head, gen[illegible] after I get up in the morning; am also consti[illegible] What would you advise?

Take one Febricide Pill, three times [illegible] for two weeks. Teaspoonful of Nathro[illegible] Salts, in a half-tumbler of hot water, on [illegible] twice a week a half-hour before breakfas[illegible]

James Doty, New York.—Gastrine, one [illegible] spoonful three times a day, after meals.

Wm., J. C.—I am troubled with pains in my h[illegible] especially when I walk fast or run.

Take Cardine, extract of the heart, in t[illegible] drop doses, on the tongue, twice daily.

J. P. B., Washington.—There is no b[illegible] remedy inside or outside of a drug sto[illegible] dyspepsia than Gastrine. It cures!

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For many years I su[illegible] rom Catarrh of the head[illegible] throat, which destroyed [illegible] hearing, and for twenti[illegible] years I was so deaf that I could not [illegible] stand conversation at all. Could not [illegible] clock strike by holding my ear against [illegible] had tried every known remedy, and n[illegible] had ever given me the slightest relief. [illegible] summer I obtained Dr. Moore's treatmen[illegible] had not used it three weeks until my h[illegible] began to improve, and has steadily impr[illegible] ever since, and now I can hear comm[illegible] versation across a room without diffi[illegible] can hear a clock strike in an adjoining r[illegible] 30 feet away, with the door closed, [illegible] think I am entirely cured and my hearin[illegible] permanently restored. I urge all who are af[illegible] as I was, to obtain Dr. Moore's treatmen[illegible]

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of the sinful, worldly people to be found ...

...mong all the crowd of people whom ... knew in St. Petersburg, there was ... one to whom he felt drawn, and who ... certain was better than her surround... He thought of her often, and always ... a glow in his heart. Sometimes a ...ng for her akin to pity seized posses... of him, and he wished that he could so ...ntrude upon her as to hint that there ... grander views of life and conduct to ...h she might attain. But Sergei never ...ed so bold an attitude towards the ...tiful Countess, and as he felt he could ... and dare not interfere with her and ... the life he thought she had marked ... for herself, he kept away from her cir... the risk of being thought uncivilized. In addition there was some sort of pride, a ... pride if you will, which kept him ... from the Countess. He was poor, ...ld general dealing out a most niggard ...ance to him in order that Vladimir ... t live in affluence. He knew that the ...mous wealth of the Countess was per... a more tempting bait to the crowd of ... who surrounded her than her exquisite ...y and the supreme qualities of heart ...intellect with which she was undoubt...nd ...ved.

"...h, if she were only as poor as I am," ...ght the young soldier, "better still if ...ere ...er!"

...never once wished to be as rich as ...as. When he called at the great pal... on the Nevsky Prospect to say good-... and heard that she had gone to Kras... Balka, he felt relieved. He hated the ...ind the city life, and he believed that ... Navrotska in the country and among ...villagers would have opportunity for ...shing the growth of the great powers ...ood which the city only stunted or ...sickly. He would see her in the coun... thought, and before he said good-... perhaps forever—for who could tell ...rtune of war?—he would seek to put ... higher ideals before her than these ... ambitions and empty futilities which ...been forced so much upon her in St. ...burg.

...of such thoughts he rode slowly up ...ing avenue of beeches at Krasnaya ... to the house. One or two peasants ...t took off their caps and bowed low ... passed. He had a few cheery words ...em, and his request that they might ...heir caps on doubtless excited some ...se in their minds. He looked long and ... at the low rambling house at the ...f the alley. It was a beautiful old ... Great elms and beeches, just com... to leaf, sheltered the house behind; to ...ght lay the English garden and the ...re grounds, to the left the lawn ... down to the artificial lake. Sergei, al... his was so simple a nature, had the ...prehensile eye of the artist, and when ...w a beautiful girlish figure in some ...olored dress coming through the fan...-wrought iron wicket, carrying a long ... of blossom, and the apple trees inside ...rden spreading their shoots partly ... the opening, something moved him ... had never felt moved before.

...sprang from his horse, and they met ...asped hands, and her lucent eyes ... and smiled up at the clear strong ... the young officer.

"...gei Alexeitch!"

"...ga Pavlovna!"

"...e been expecting you all the morn... thought you would have come earlier. ...Kolya will take your horse. Won't ...me in? You're tired after your long ...

"...a bit, Countess, I assure you. Vas... a shoe when we were only half-way ...d that accounts for the delay; I did ... to ride him hard. Would you mind ... I say that out here, in this bright ...ne, is infinitely preferable to indoors?"

"...ink you're right. Let us go into the ... I was actually trying to do some ... of the apple trees when I heard the ...f your horse, and came out to meet ...

...ne went again through the iron ... with the apple blossom hanging ... and Sergei bowed his head low and ...l her. She led him to a garden seat ...made of a tall arbor-vitæ. He will ...rget how the perfume of the brave ...lets on the bank at his feet seemed ...de the air.

...hen he tried several times to lead ...versation into a channel that would ...n the opportunity he desired: but it ... as though the Countess resolutely sought to thwart him. At last, in despair, he abandoned the diplomatic method of leading up to what he wanted to say.

"Countess," he broke out, "I came to say good-bye. We leave to-morrow, Volodia and I. The regiment is to form in Kisheneff in a week from to-day. Olga Pavlovna,"—Sergei's voice trembled a little—"do not remember against me any of my rudeness. I'm sure you must have thought me ungrateful for so persistently refusing all the kind invitations you sent me during the winter."

"Indeed I do not. You employed your time to far better purpose. Don't let us talk any more of St. Petersburg, I hate it."

"Well, Countess, besides that terrible wrenching 'Good-bye,' I have just one word more, and then I'll go away. I must go at once. Be a good brave woman . . ."

Olga Navrotska's head dropped and turned away, and her eyes grew moist.

"You are good and brave. I know that, Countess. But people want your help so much, and I want you to help them. A word from you, and they are your slaves to make or mar them. Do not, I implore you, fritter away your fresh youth and your great powers in the distractions of society. There is so much to be done. Yes, I feel I am offending you, but I cannot help it. Countess, Countess, do you remember what we are to live for—for the poor, the humble, the neglected, the broken-hearted? God bless you, Olga, God bless you, and think of me sometimes."

He rose and seized the hand that lay on the bench beside him, and kissed it, and then kissed it again and again. He turned and strode along the path out under the apple-blossom and came to Kolya walking his horse. Mounting it, he rode away homewards across the sunny steppe.

Olga cried after him, but he did not hear. She cried, "Oh, Sergei, Sergei, stay and help me!"

(To be continued.)

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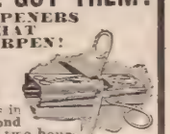

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At the Conference Service and Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Aug. 11, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. E., [illegible] for the conversion of her husband.——"Reader," [illegible] for the conversion of her husband.——"Reader," [illegible] that God would save her husband.——"Reader," [illegible] for the conversion of her husband.——"Reader," [illegible] for the conversion of her husband.——"Reader," [illegible] for the conversion of

WHAT ONE TRACT DID.

e following is related as illustrating
may be accomplished through little
s: A son of one of the chiefs of Burd-
was converted by a single tract. He
not read but he went to Rangoon, a
ce of two hundred and fifty miles. A
sionary's wife taught him to read, and
fty-eight hours he could read the tract
gh. He took a basketful of tracts,
much difficulty preached the Gospel
home, and was the means of con-
g hundreds to God. He was a man
luence. The people flocked to hear
and in one year 1500 natives were
ed in Arracan as members of the
. All this through one little tract!
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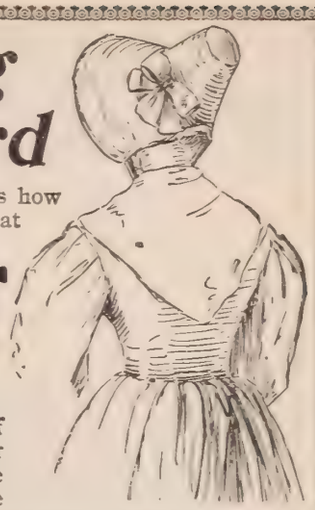

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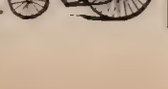

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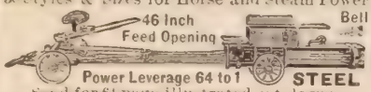

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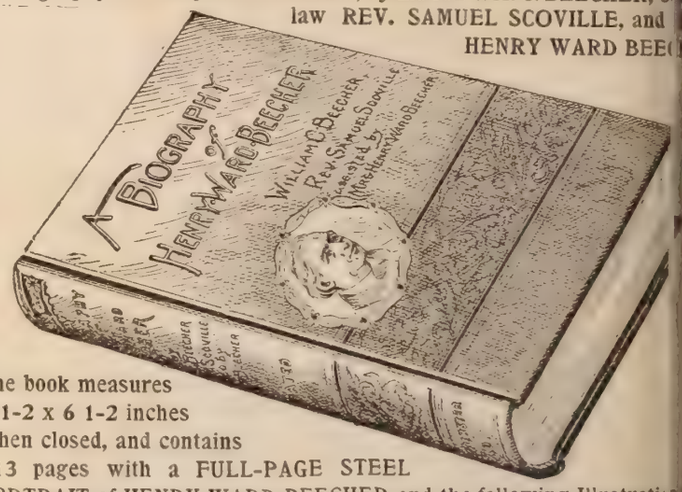

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CHRISTIAN HERALD
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T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, AUGUST 28, 1895. PRICE 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

THE GOSPEL IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

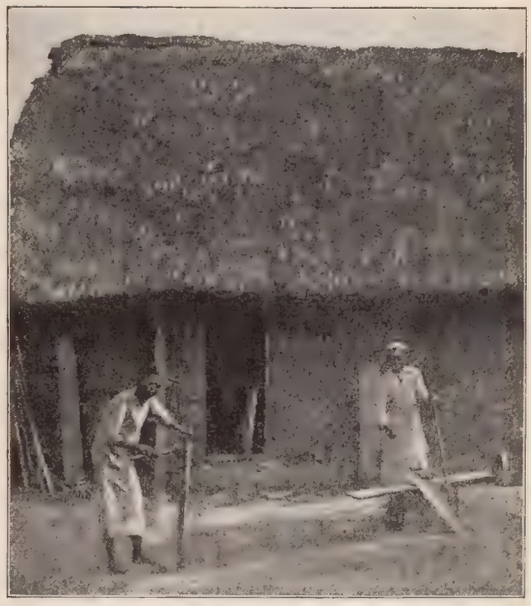
How God has Signally Blessed the Mission at Bihe — Rev. Walter T. Currie's Nine Years' Labor Bearing Precious Fruit—Many Souls Won to Christ.

ROW OF "BOYS' HOUSES" AT THE CISAMBA MISSION.

THREE years have almost passed since THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gave to the world the story of the planting and growth of a lonely Christian mission in the tropical African kingdom of Bihe, ev. Walter Thomas Currie, a Cana- Filled with zeal for the work, he with his young wife to carry the el message to the heathen in that t land, some ten years ago. Their s were to be conducted under the au- of the Canadian Missionary Society, ganization belonging to the Congre- al denomination, and which operates mission field through the American l of Commissioners of Foreign Mis- Bihe, their destination, is in West al Africa, south of the Equator, and us to their arrival, it had been a scene ntention, the Portuguese government g temporarily expelled the missiona- ut the quarrel afterward d, and the new laborers the field tranquil and npromising. During a at Bailundu they had d the language, and on ing their destination went ork with willing hearts an opeful spirits, looking to G for a blessing upon their labors. The site of the mission station was at Cisamba, 125 miles inland Bailundu, and their sur- lings were thus described r. Currie:

"Our cabin was eleven feet sixteen, made of boughs driven into the ground and the spaces between filled with mud, which quickly dries in that climate. There was neither window nor chimney, and the fire had to be kindled in the middle of the room, while the smoke found its way out through the roof. The people at Cisamba wanted to sell me ivory, india-rubber, bees-wax and slaves. When I refused they were surprised and wanted to know what I had come for, if not for trade. I told them I came to teach the boys. They are great traders and very intelligent, and were visited by Cameron, Arnot, Pinto and Livingstone, who in their explorations followed the roads which the Bihéans had constructed."

There was much difficulty at first in persuading the natives to allow their children to come to the mission school which Mr. Currie established, but their objections were finally overcome. "I convinced them." Mr. Currie wrote, "that I was their friend, and I formed a school of fifty boys, not one of whom has, since being under my care, drunk beer, danced at their festivals, or joined in any of the fetish rites common in the country. Their religion is a development of fetichism; they employ charms to ward off or produce rain; to protect them in war and on journeys and to cure diseases. They worship 'Suku,' an invisible god, who they believe made the earth. They have a small building which serves as a temple, and they consecrate a priest to the service of a minor god, whom they call 'Kundundu,' and also a woman to act as a prophetess." Sacrifices of goats and pigs were offered to Kundundu, and also to other minor deities of whom there were a number. The priests pretended to have direct communication with these minor gods, and their oracular utterances were regarded with great veneration by the people. Suku, however, they regarded as the supreme god of all. This was the situa- when the devoted missionaries began their labors. Mrs. Currie, already weakened by sickness shortly after her arrival, soon succumbed to the terrible African climate. Her grave is at Bailundu. But her short companionship, now a sweet and fragrant spiritual memory, infused new energy in the lonely missionary, and Mr. Currie felt himself now doubly consecrated to the work. How abundantly it has been blessed in these intervening years, and how it has expanded under his hands, may be gathered from the report received from him by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and extracts from which are given below. The hearts of the people of Bihe have been wonderfully touched, and where nine years ago there were thousands of heathen worshipping hideous idols of stone and wood, and doing all manner of wickedness, there is now a large and growing Christian community. Additional missionary workers have reinforced the mission. New mission houses have been erected, and the school facilities have been greatly extended. In the training-school the labors of the missionaries have been specially blessed, and a number of young natives who were taken into the school in the early days of the mission, have themselves become preachers and teachers of the glorious Gospel of Jesus to their kindred in Cisamba and elsewhere throughout the kingdom of Bihe. Among the photographs forwarded by Mr. Curried, and published in this issue, is one which shows a group of six native preachers of the Word, who have all been trained with a special view to the work which they are now performing with so much success. Other illustrations include a row of "boys' houses," as the comfortable dwellings of the pupils at the mission are called, a view of the mission carpenter shop, and also a glimpse of the exterior of a native pastor's home—all demonstrating, with the fidelity of the camera, how great has been the progress of these people toward civilization and right living since the Gospel came among them.



THE MISSION CARPENTER SHOP OF CISAMBA.

A NATIVE PASTOR'S HOME

SIX NATIVE PREACHERS OF CISAMBA, AFRICA.

(From Photographs Forwarded by Missionary Walter T. Currie to "The Christian Herald.")

In his report of the work for the year ending April, 1895, Mr. Currie writes:

"The year has witnessed quiet, healthy progress in every department. Mr. Read and family (new missionaries) came last July to increase our force, and thus place us in a position to meet the growing demands of the field. The supply of carriers has been very good; and we have thus been enabled to obtain materials from abroad with greater facility than during any previous year in the history of the station. We have done less building than usual. One substantial house of three rooms was erected, which now serves Mr. Read as a temporary dwelling. We are preparing to build a school-house, 30 x 70 feet inside, in memory of Mrs. Clara Wilkes Currie, and two small houses for girls in memory of Mrs.

(Continued on page 555.)

SURPASSING SPLENDOR.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: I. Cor. 2:9: *"Eye hath not seen nor ear heard."*

"I AM going to heaven! I am going to heaven! Heaven! Heaven! Heaven!" These were the last words uttered a few days ago by my precious wife as she ascended to be with God for ever, and is it not natural, as well as Christianly appropriate, that our thoughts be much directed toward the glorious residence of which St. Paul speaks in the text I have chosen.

The city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed, for splendor, the world holds no such wonder to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war-galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge-handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theatres, walked her porticoes, and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column, and statue and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health-giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture; while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra-cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Cæsar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the "Corinthiarii," paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns, and towers, and temples (one thousand slaves awaiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence, Corinth stood and defied [illegible]

Oh! it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that St. Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music [illegible] evening groves; they had passed their whole lives away among pictures, and sculpture, and architecture, and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped, until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it [illegible] for Paul to stand there amid all that, and say, "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmony of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Yon citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You, Corinthians think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds, and seen all beautiful sights; but I tell you 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'"

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas may be of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is heaven; and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth; how long the earth will probably stand; and then they come to this estimate: that after all the nations had been gathered to heaven, there will be a room for each soul — a room sixteen feet long and fifteen feet wide. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," nor arithmetic calculated.

I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child, and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness! Perhaps later—perhaps in these very summer days—you felt a glow in your cheek, and a spring in your step, and an exuberance of spirits, and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp-strings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations come down to us. The airs that float now on the earth are unlike those which floated above Paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers, The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a life-long invalid. See her step now and hear her voice now! Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses! Health of vision; health of spirits; immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air; health flowing in all the streams; health blooming on the banks. No head-aches, no side-aches, no back-aches. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem! That old man that went bowed down with the infirmities of age, see him walk now with the step [illegible] forever young again! That night when the needlewoman fainted away in the garret, a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated her forever. For everlasting years, to have neither ache, nor pain, nor weakness, nor fatigue. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark further, that we can in this world get no just idea of the splendor of heaven. St. John tries to describe it. He says: "The twelve gates are twelve pearls," and that "the foundations of the wall are garnished with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John, we see a blaze of amethyst, and pearl, and emerald, and sardonyx, and chrysoprasus, and sapphire—a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass, and a city like the sun.

St. John bids us look again, and we see thrones: thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the Apostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus—throne of God. And we turn round to see the glory and it is—Thrones! Thrones! Thrones!

St. John bids us look again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing; Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of salvation following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing, passing; empires pressing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation tramping on after dispensation. Glory in the track of glory. Europe, Asia, Africa, and North and South America pressing into lines. Islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves his sword in signal of victory, all crowns are lifted, and all ensigns flung out, and all chimes rung, and all hallelujahs chanted, and some cry, "Glory to God most high," and some "Hosanna to the Son of David;" and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"—till all exclamations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted, and there come up surge after surge of "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it." Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles, and you will get no idea of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendors of earthly cities, and they would not make a stepping-stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the tower is a wedding-bell. Every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture, and every moment an ecstacy. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark further, we can get no idea on earth of the re-unions of heaven. If you have ever been across the sea, and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled, and how glad you were to see him. What then will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the sun those from whom we have long been separated! After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look. The hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But oh, when you stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappeared, and feeling the joy of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed!" In this world we only meet to part. It is good-bye, good-bye. Farewells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail-car window, and at the steamboat wharf—good-bye. Children lisp it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way—"good-bye;" and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down. Good-bye! Ah! that is the word that ends the thanksgiving banquet; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Good-bye! good-bye! But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the [illegible] welcomes at the house of many ma[illegible] —but, no good-bye. That group [illegible] stantly being augmented. They are [illegible] up from our circles of earth to join i[illegible] voices to join the anthem—little ha[illegible] take hold of it in the great home cir[illegible] tle feet to dance in the eternal glee[illegible] crowns to be cast down before the [illegible] Jesus. Our friends are in two gro[illegible] group this side of the river, and a gr[illegible] the other side of the river. Now the [illegible] one from this to that, and anothe[illegible] this to that, and soon we will all b[illegible] over. How many of your loved one[illegible] already entered upon that blessed pla[illegible] I should take paper and pencil, do yo[illegible] I could put them all down? Ah! my f[illegible] the waves of Jordan roar so hoarse[illegible] cannot hear the joy on the other side[illegible] their group is augmented. It is grave[illegible] and coffins and hearses here.

A little child's mother had died, an[illegible] comforted her. They said: "Your [illegible] has gone to heaven—don't cry;" a[illegible] next day, they went to the graveyar[illegible] they laid the body of the mother dow[illegible] ground; and the little girl came up[illegible] verge of the grave, and, looking d[illegible] the body of her mother, said, "Is thi[illegible] en?" Oh! we have no idea what i[illegible] is. It is the grave here—it is darkne[illegible] —but there is merry-making yonder[illegible] thinks when a soul arrives, some[illegible] takes it around to show it the won[illegible] that blessed place. The usher-ange[illegible] to the newly-arrived: "These are th[illegible] tyrs that perished at Piedmont; thes[illegible] torn to pieces at the Inquisition; thi[illegible] throne of the great Jehovah; this[illegible] sus!" "I am going to see Jesus," [illegible] dying negro boy. "I am going to [illegible] sus;" and the missionary said, "Y[illegible] sure you will see him?" "Oh! yes [illegible] what I want to go to heaven for." [illegible] said the missionary, "suppose that [illegible] should go away from heaven—what [illegible] "I should follow him," said the dy[illegible] gro boy. "But if Jesus went down [illegible] —what then?" The dying boy th[illegible] for a moment, and then he said, "I[illegible] where Jesus is there can be no hell! [illegible] to stand in his presence! That [illegible] heaven! Oh, to put our hand in tha[illegible] which was wounded for us on the C[illegible] to go around amid all the groups of [illegible] deemed, and shake hands with pr[illegible] and Apostles, and martyrs, and w[illegible] own dear, beloved ones! That will [illegible] great re-union; we cannot imagine i[illegible] our loved ones seem so far away. [illegible] we are in trouble and lonesome, they [illegible] seem to come to us. We go on the [illegible] of the Jordan and call across to the [illegible] they don't seem to hear. We say, [illegible] well with the child? Is it well wi[illegible] loved ones?" and we listen to hear [illegible] voice comes back over the waters. [illegible] none! Unbelief says, "They are de[illegible] extinct forever," but, blessed be G[illegible] have a Bible that tells us different [illegible] open it and find that they are neithe[illegible] nor extinct—that they never were so [illegible] alive as now—that they are only w[illegible] for our coming, and that we shall joi[illegible] on the other side of the river. Oh gl[illegible] reunion; we cannot grasp it now. "Ey[illegible] not seen, nor ear heard, neither ha[illegible] tered into the heart of man the things [illegible] God hath prepared for them that love [illegible]

I remark again, we can in this wo[illegible] no idea of the song of heaven. You [illegible] there is nothing more inspiriting tha[illegible] sic. In the battle of Waterloo, the [illegible] landers were giving way, and Welli[illegible] found out that the bands of musi[illegible] ceased playing. He sent a quick dis[illegible] telling them to play, with utmost sp[illegible] battle march. The music started, the [illegible] landers were rallied, and they dashed [illegible] the day was won. We appreciate the [illegible] of secular music; but do we appreci[illegible] power of sacred song? There is no[illegible] more inspiring to me than a whole c[illegible] gation lifted up on the wave of holy [illegible] dy. When we sing some of those de[illegible] psalms and tunes they rouse all the [illegible] ries of the past. Why, some of them

crad-songs in our father's house. They are l sparkling with the morning dew of a housand Christian Sabbaths. They wer sung by brothers and sisters gone now —by voices that were aged and broken in the usic—voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break. When I he these old songs sung, it seems as if all e old country meeting houses joined in the horus, and Scotch kirk and Sailor's Bet l and Western cabins, until the whole conment lifts the doxology and the sceptres of eternity beat time to the music. Aw then with your starveling tunes that chi the devotions of the sanctuary, and mu the people sit silent when Jesus is coming to hosanna.

But, my friends, if music on earth is so swe, what will it be in heaven! They all now the tune there. Methinks the tune of heaven will be made up partly from the ongs of earth: the best parts of all our hymns and tunes going to add to the song of oses and the Lamb. All the best singers f all the ages will join it—choirs of red-robed children! choirs of patriarchs! choirs of Apostles! Morning stars clapping their cymbals. Harpers with their harps. Great anthems of God, roll on! Salvation!—other empires joining the harpers till the thrones are full of it, and the mountains all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trumpet will be there. Germany, redeemed, will pour its deep bass voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with her matchless voices.

I wish we could anticipate that song. I will in the closing hymns of the churches to-day we might catch an echo that slips through the gates. Who knows but that when the heavenly door opens to-day to let some soul through, there may come forth the strain of the jubilant voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from heaven it might meet half way a song coming up from earth!

EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

In all the schools of the United States, public and private, elementary, secondary, and higher, says a statistical writer, there were enrolled in the year 1894 about 15,500,000 pupils. This number includes all who attended at any time in the year for any period, however short. But the actual average attendance for each pupil did not exceed ninety days, although the average length of the school session was 137. Sixty-nine pupils were enrolled out of each one hundred of the population between the age of five and eighteen years. At this rate of attendance the entire population is receiving on an average a little less than four and one-half years' schooling of 200 days each. In some states this average falls as low as two years, and in others it rises to nearly seven years, as in Massachusetts.

But of this entire number deduct the private and parochial schools of all kinds, elementary, secondary, higher, and schools for art, industry and business, for defective classes and Indians, and there remains only 13,500,000 for the public school enrollment, or nearly 88 per cent. of the whole. In the twenty-four years since 1870 the attendance on the public schools has increased from less than 7,000,000 to 13,500,000. The expenditures have increased somewhat more —namely from $63,000,000 to $163,000,000 per annum, an increase from $1.64 per capita to $2.47. To account for this private increase of 50 per cent. in the cost of the common schools one must allow for the slight increase in the average length of the school term, and for the increase of the enrollment from less than 17 to more than 20 per cent. of the population. But the chief items of increase are to be found in teachers' wages and the cost of expert supervision. These account for more than two-thirds of the 50 per cent., while the remaining one-sixth is due to better apparatus and more commodious school buildings.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

The Gospel in Equatorial Africa.

(Continued from first page.)

Clarke, who died here at her post two years ago.

"The boys in connection with the Industrial School have made encouraging progress in the cultivation of the soil, the management of cattle and care of domestic animals; cutting of timber, carpentry, blacksmithing, building, etc. At the threshold of the year, we were compelled to close our Dispensary in consequence of a debt of seventy dollars ($70), while the prospective grant for the year's supply of medicines was somewhat less than our debt. The cry from the natives for help at length became so loud that we could no longer turn to it a deaf ear; and believing that 'in some way or other the Lord will provide,' we reopened our Dispensary. Soon our hearts were cheered by a gift from the native Christians of Alcham, Turkey. This, together with the earnings of the Dispensary, has enabled us to do a much larger medical work than during any previous year. Sincere is our gratitude to God for the large opportunity of usefulness opened to us."

Mr. Currie's letter adds another to the rapidly accumulating proofs of the great value of medical training in foreign mission work. In Africa, as in China, Japan, India and elsewhere, missionaries who have received a medical education find their skill a frequent means of opening doors to them that would otherwise remain closed. The report continues:

"The Senior and Junior Schools for boys and girls have been conducted with marked regularity and the work done has been very satisfactory. There are now ninety-three scholars under instruction. This is a gain of twenty-four on last year. The Sunday morning prayer-meeting conducted by the pastor and officers of the church, and the Wednesday afternoon prayer-meeting have been well attended, and judging from the testimony of the young people, they have been thoroughly enjoyed and spiritually helpful. The Catechumen's Class has been attended by an average of twenty-five, and at the present time it contains twenty-one candidates for baptism. The Sunday School was reorganized last July and placed under the superintendency of Mr. Read, assisted by the lady missionaries, together with six of the young men from the teaching staff. The school is now becoming a strong arm of the work.

"The little church has improved its organization. A pastor and three deacons have been elected. Monthly church meetings are held to take counsel, pray, and plan for the work. Six members were added to it during the year. The support of a pastor and associate has in part, been assumed by the church; the young men choosing to earn the balance of their support, working side by side with the young men and boys on the station. The attendance at the Sunday morning services has been well sustained throughout the year. At these meetings, a series of sermons have been delivered by Mr. Currie and the native pastor (both preaching at each meeting), which series has carried us through most of the Acts of the Apostles, and nineteen chapters of Matthew's Gospel. We have reason to believe that the truth has not been without a healthful influence on the minds and hearts of the crowds who attend.

"The pastor and officers of the church, assisted by all the members, have conducted meetings regularly on Sunday afternoons at four out-stations. The average attendance at these services has been about two hundred a Sunday. The pastor and his associate, assisted from time to time by young men from the station, have itinerated among the villages, spending usually two days weekly throughout the year declaring to the people 'the old, old story,' and both they and their message of 'pardon and peace' have been everywhere received with favor. Mr. Read has also done evangelistic work in about sixteen districts and reports a welcome and a good hearing in nearly every place he went. In this work he has been assisted by from two to seven lads from the Industrial Department.

"In conclusion, we have to thank God for the goodwill shown to us by the people; an excellent health record, and enlarged opportunities for service. We hope with divine aid during the coming year to do more vigorous educational work; to improve the Medical Department, and to press forward with greater zeal to spread the knowledge of Christ to every village and hut within our reach."

It needs but the contrast of this picture of vigorous and successful evangelical work with that of the condition of the people of Cisamba and surrounding territory ten years ago, to convince even the most sceptical of the great value of Christian missions as civilizing agencies and for the enlightening and uplifting of the heathen world. Here, as everywhere else, brave, unselfish missionaries have been the pioneers in all good deeds: they have blazed a broad path through the African swamp, forest and jungle, and have beaten down the native idolatries and conquered the hearts of the darkened and superstitious people, not by human weapons, but by the power of Divine grace and love, as shown forth in the blessed Gospel. To such faithful workers as those devoted men and women in Bihe, who for ten years have been striving earnestly to win souls to Christ, the love and sympathy of Christians in all lands go out in glad greeting over the results accomplished, and will unite with them in the hopes of still greater spiritual triumphs yet to be won.

ONE OF THE FIRST SCHOOL-HOUSES ERECTED AT CISAMBA, AFRICA.

THE BRIGHT SPOT IN HER LIFE.

Evangelist B. Fay Mills relates this incident, which fitly illustrates the folly and emptiness of "fashionable" life:

"A gentleman who had been educated among fashionable people and had become a minister, was recently at dinner where he met one of his former acquaintances, a lady whom he had not seen in years. She spoke to him jestingly of his having become a minister of the gospel and said, 'I should think you would find it exceeding stupid; I do not see how you can bear to lead such a life.' He turned to her and said: 'I should think you would be the one who would find life stupid, and I should think you would find your existence almost intolerable.' He said that even at the table her face flushed, and he saw tears gathering in her eyes. For some time she did not make any reply. A little later, however, she sought him in another room and said: 'You were right in what you thought about my life; it is almost intolerable, and would be wholly so except for the visits that I pay to the Children's Hospital once a week. I dress myself in my brightest gown and take some of my most valuable jewels, and without telling anyone where I am going, I drive to the Children's Hospital and there try to amuse the suffering little ones for an hour. This,' she said, 'is the one thing that makes my life worth living.' It is a sure balm for the healing of all unrest and discontent, that one should give himself to the alleviation of the woes of others."

OUR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

XIII.—JAMES P. HALL.

WE hear a great deal in these days about the difficult problem of reaching the masses with the Gospel. The worker whose portrait appears in this column, has made an attempt in his own way to solve the problem and is deeply grateful to God for his success. About six years ago

MR. JAMES P. HALL.

there was an old saloon standing idle at the corner of Eighth and Vine streets, Philadelphia. It was to be removed, but for some cause the work of demolition was delayed. In standing idle the saloon had reached a gratifying stage of development, inasmuch as it had ceased to be used for evil purposes. But that was at best only a negative good, and Mr. Hall proposed to advance it another stage and make the good positive and active. He persuaded the owner to let him have the building for Gospel services so long as it should remain standing. The first meeting was held in it on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, 1889. It was an appropriate time and a few Christian people gathered there to inaugurate the movement. The old walls, which had echoed obscenity and profanity in days gone by, that evening almost trembled with the joyful singing and the earnest prayers put up within them. At that time it was supposed that the building could be used for its new purpose, at the most for only a few weeks. But, as Mr. Hall believes, in answer to prayer, God overruled the affairs of owners and builders so that the delay in commencing operations was continued for a period of over five years. During that time on Sundays and week days there was no evening without a meeting in the old saloon, save when on several Sundays it was necessary to adjourn on account of the large attendance to a more commodious building. Even then the bibulous connection was maintained and the meetings were held in an adjacent malthouse. Occasionally, when circumstances favored, an afternoon meeting was also held, and on holidays the meetings continued all day. Of actual results it is difficult to make an estimate. It was no part of Mr. Hall's programme to organize a church. As one and another made confession of faith, he urged them to become members of some church in the neighborhood. He regarded himself as a pioneer, a breaker of the ground and a planter, leaving to others the nurture and development of the new life. Over eight thousand persons, however, have expressed anxiety for the salvation of their souls, and have knelt with the workers in the little "Inquiry Room," adjourning the main room, to plead with God for pardon and acceptance. The number of those who have been led to peace in believing, included men, women and children from the hoary patriarch of seventy to the budding youth of twelve. Beside this direct benefit, there has been the result of example. Some friends of the mission were encouraged by what they saw of the fruits of Mr. Hall's effort to start a similar mission in North Ninth street, and a second one was started in Germantown, both of which are successful. The old saloon has now been removed, but the work continues in a building nearby.

CALEB'S REWARD.

S.S. Lesson for Sept. 8, Josh. 14: 5-14. Golden Text, Josh. 14: 14. By Mrs. Baxter.

"JOSHUA the son of Nun and Caleb the son of Jephunneh, which were of them that spied out the land," (Num. 14: 5), had given in their report in "another spirit" than the rest of the spies; they "followed the Lord fully." Another spirit following quite another current, swimming against the tide—O how much this costs until we are wholly conquered by our God! In how many churches the world and self reign, and how hard it is to be of another spirit! But this man has learned to follow the Lord fully; he has taken his Lord for better for worse, and cast in his lot entirely with him. He asks no higher, no easier portion than his, he does not shrink from unpopularity so long as it is the presence of his Master with him which makes him unpopular; he can afford for Christ's sake to love those who hate him, while they for their own sakes hate him because his life is a reflection upon theirs; and all this is without strain or effort; it is the indwelling God which makes him godly. But it was not always so. There was a time in every such life of agonizing suspense when the choice was made, and the decision was pending whether he who made it could drink thus of Christ's cup and be baptized with his baptism of burial to the world and self. There was a supreme moment of decision whether he could be nothing, and let the Holy Spirit use him as an instrument only.

But the man of "another spirit" has his own place in the church. Trouble comes, and those who are "neither cold nor hot" find that the God whom they have trifled with in the time of their prosperity cannot be commanded by their prayers in the day of adversity; they have not proved in secret that they have power with God and prevail, and now they would fain make use of God when all else fails them, when their prayer turns again into their own bosom, and the bitter consciousness of having neglected God haunts them and makes them miserable. Then it is that the man of another spirit comes to the front; he knows his God and intercedes for those distressed ones; he knows the human heart, and can tell where the trouble is, and lead in a love which they know and feel they do not merit, those who have despised him to a real faith in God which places them above their misfortunes. They see at last that

It Pays for Eternity

to be of "another spirit" than the ordinary Christians who surround them. Had it [illegible] with God to which it led, Joshua and Caleb might have burned with a righteous indignation that they two, who had alone followed the Lord fully, should be condemned to accompany the disobedient and rebellious [illegible] Lord see God in everything, and thus are [illegible] in reproaching man as the cause of their [illegible] the main reason why the Lord Jesus has [illegible] and Calebs who have followed the Lord fully, and who have yet, by their very one-[illegible] waiting, age after age, for the moment when the Church would awake to her high [illegible] sufferings and conformity to his death (Phil. 3: 10), shall not be in vain. Like Paul they [illegible]

from among the dead." May not this be the ingathering of the first company whom the Lord shall be able to raise from the dead, and take away without dying from among the living, his first ripe fruit, when "one shall be taken and another left?"

The wanderings of that generation of the children of Israel in the wilderness, while it was in judgment for their unbelief in listening to the unfaithful spies, was still accompanied with the miraculous care of Jehovah. Day by day they were sustained by the bread from heaven which God provided; the water which they drank was a supernatural gift, their clothing and their shoes were kept from wear by God's own special intervention, reversing in their case the usual order of decay. Moses could say to them, "Your clothes are not waxen old upon you, and thy shoe is not waxen old upon thy foot." (Deut. 29: 5.) But there was another miracle which did not touch the people as a whole, but only the men of another spirit. The same God who had suspended the law of wear and decay in the clothing of all the people, worked the same miracle in the bodies of Moses and Caleb, perhaps of Joshua also. Of Moses it is said: "And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." (Deut. 34: 7.) And Caleb could say to Joshua when he claimed his inheritance: "I am this day fourscore and five years old. As yet I am as strong in this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me; as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, and to go out and in." (Josh. 14: 10, 11.) Those men who were condemned to die in the wilderness fell one after another around him, but neither sickness nor death, neither change nor decay could touch the man who had stood true to his God. While the hair of others turned grey with age, his retained its freshness; and the forty-five years had passed over him without leaving their usual traces in the wrinkled brow, the slower step, etc., etc., which marks advancing age. God is responsible for the loss which his faithful ones may suffer through the miserable failure of an unfaithful church. Caleb had said of the enemies of Israel in Canaan, 'They are bread for us; their defence is departed from them." (Num. 14: 9), and he experienced that all he suffered through the unbelief of Israel was bread for him, an exercise of his faith which should be his truest gain.

Caleb had learned to wait. O how "blessed are all they that wait for him!" (Isa. 30: 18.) The land had been conquered, and five years beyond the forty years of wandering in the wilderness had passed by, and yet Caleb was not come into his inheritance. Joshua had already distributed much of the land among the tribes, when the tribe of Judah drew near, and very specially Caleb, Joshua's old companion and friend. He came with a retrospect and a petition. Addressing Joshua, he said: "Thou knowest the thing that the Lord spake unto Moses, the man of God, concerning me and concerning thee, in Kadesh Barnea." Who could forget it? These two men had been specially singled out by God from among the people, as those who had another heart from the rest, and had followed him fully; if every other remembrance had faded from them; surely this would remain indelibly engraved on their memories!

Then Caleb recalled how, at the the time of the defection of the spies, he had brought Moses word again, "As it was in mine heart . . . And Moses swore on that day, [illegible] hath trodden shall be an inheritance to thee [illegible] hast wholly followed the Lord my God." [illegible] mands: "Now, therefore, give me this mountain, whereof the Lord spake in that day; for thou heardest in that day that the Anakim were there, and the cities great and fenced: it may be that the Lord will be with me, and I shall drive them out, as the Lord spake." For forty-five years the faith of Caleb that God was stronger than the Anakim, had remained unshaken and immovable, laid up within him for God's time to come. For forty-five years he had looked forward to certain victory. Time had not changed or weakened his faith more than his physical force; like Peter, his God made him a man of rock: he saw nothing impossible with such a God.

"Joshua blessed him." This is not spoken of any other. And he gave Hebron unto Caleb the son of Jephunneh, for an inheritance. "Therefore Hebron became the inheritance of Caleb the son of Jephunneh the Kennizzite, unto this day, because that he wholly followed the Lord, the God of Israel."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

MODERN HEBRON.

AFTER the fall of Jericho, described in last week's lesson, there came about six years of hard fighting, the decisive battles being Beth-horon (Joshua 10), in Southern Palestine, and that of Merom (Joshua 11), in Northern Palestine. At the end of the period, although many parts of the country remained in possession of the native tribes, and still continued so, even in the time of David, sufficient power had been gained to justify a division of the land among the tribes. Two and a-half tribes—the descendants of Reuben, Gad and half of Manasseh's descendants—had asked permission to settle on the eastern side of the Jordan and Moses had granted their request. It was not a wise choice, although the country was fertile. It was more exposed to the enemies of the nation, and as a matter of history, was the first to fall. The remainder of the land was divided among the other nine and a-half tribes. The descendants of Levi were to have no section assigned to them. To them belonged the priesthood; but the number, twelve, was made up by the arrangement about the descendants of Joseph. They counted as two tribes, Jacob having decided that Joseph's two sons, Ephraim and Manasseh should rank as his own sons and should have a portion each, instead of Joseph's portion divided between them. When the portion of Judah was assigned, and the distribution of the section among the families of the tribe, by lot, was about to take place, Caleb presented his claim for reward. Reminding Joshua of the service he had rendered at the time of spying the land—a claim which, Joshua, who had participated in it, would be sure to recognize, and also of the promise Moses had made at the time (Deut. 1: 36), Caleb asks that the Hebron region should be given to him. It is true that Hebron was still in possession of the enemy and that it was a difficult place to capture, but Caleb insists that there need be no apprehension on that ground, nor any fear that his brethren might be harassed by leaving an unsubdued city within their borders. Caleb assured them that although he was an old man now, he was well able to subdue it. It was the voice of the fearless man, who more than forty years before had bade the people go on without fear for they were able to overcome. Forty years of toil and hardship had made no difference in this man's courage. His claim was recognized and some late editor of Joshua reminds his readers that Caleb's descendants still owned the place at that day. It would be prized for its associations. Abraham had often lived there in the course of his wanderings. There he entertained the angels and there Sarah died. There, too, was the Cave of Machpelah, where she was buried with Rebekah and Leah and there were laid the bones of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. It afterward became the royal city in which David reigned for seven years, before Jerusalem became the capital. The city still exists and shares with Damascus the distinction of being the oldest city in the world. It lies on the vine-clad slope of a steep vine surrounded by rocky hills. The houses are of stone and of a better class than most of the towns of the Holy Land. The cave of Machpelah is still shown and is one of the few sites whose identity is not disputed. It has now about five thousand inhabitants.

As my strength was then, even so is my strength now. We must not estimate men by their years. There are some men who live such lives of dissipation and disregard of the laws of their being that they are more decrepit at forty than other men are at seventy or eighty. Gladstone in England and Bismarck in Germany are specimens of vigorous old age. Goethe when a young man said, "We must be young for great things," and he wrote his "Sorrows of Werter" when he was twenty-five. And when he was eighty-two he was still writing, and he disproved his own apothegm by setting the last words to his Faust.

The Lord hath kept me alive. So excellent was John Wesley's constitution, and so pure had his life been, that in his seventieth year, he could preach so as to be heard distinctly by twelve thousand persons, and at seventy-two his eyesight was unimpaired, and even in the severest weather he preached with difficulty persuaded to travel except in a carriage. He had ridden on horseback upwards of one hundred thousand miles. When he was at Kingswood he preached under the shadow of trees he had himself planted. He attributed his vigor to God's good pleasure and to the fact that he had never lost a night's sleep in his life. The habit of getting up to preach at five o'clock in the morning was, he was wont to say, the healthiest exercise in the world.

The Anakim were there. Caleb had not been afraid of these giants when he was a young man and in his eighty-fifth year he still believed he could drive them out. During the wars of Nassau a council of officers debated whether there was any hope in attacking a certain town. A Dutch general had so much to say about the formidable guns by which it was protected, that he almost grew discouraged. "Heed them not, my Lords," said Horace Vere, "those who look into the mouth of a cannon ought never to be a soldier's uniform."

The Lord will be with me. A request made one night in the last century to a pious English lady to go to a woman living ten miles away, who had been taken ill suddenly and who needed money. She packed up all the money in the house and consulted about her person and mounting her horse set out in the dark night. "You will lose your way," said one timid woman. "You will be robbed by highwaymen," said another. The old lady paid no heed. "I have said my bit prayer," she replied, "I am on the Lord's errand and trust him." She rode away, but as she passed the dark skirts of a wood a highwaman sprang out of the darkness and seized her bridle-rein. But the same holding a pistol at her head, he was so cool that the robber wondered. "Are you not afraid?" he asked. "No," she said, "I have a good Protector." The robber looked around, but in the darkness could see no one. But there might be a well armed man near, and the woman's confidence seemed to imply that she had reason for not fearing him. Discretion seemed to the robber the wisest course, and he drew the rein and ran, leaving the pious old lady to go on her way.

I wholly followed the Lord. The man who succeeds in any course is the man who gives his whole soul to it—who wholly follows it. It is the listless, variable man who is never earnest in anything, who fails. There was a district on the outskirts of Bristol, England, that was notorious for its profligacy. It was the boast of the rowdies who lived there that no church, nor school, nor preaching place was in it and that no religious man lived there or should live there. A prominent merchant of the city was powerfully moved about that section. It seemed to him that something should be done. He resolved that he would go about it himself. He was warned that his life would not be worth an hour's purchase if he went; but he did go. Within six months of his first visit there was in the centre of the district a library and reading room and a Methodist preacher proclaimed the Gospel unmolested every Sunday. The merchant's whole-souled earnest effort had won the respect of all and the district was eventually transformed

The Prayer-Wheels of Tibet.

They are almost Universally Used among the People of that Singular Country—How they are Operated.

PRAYER is an office common to all religions alike, but the religion of Jesus Christ differs from all others in its attitude toward prayer. It is the only religion that encourages the human petitioner to approach his Maker without the intervention of idol, emblem, living priest or dead saint. While the superstitious and unenlightened in other lands are appealing through their dumb images or symbols, to mysterious Power controls things, Christian his face rd the one of y and and lays the se- of his in- heart to d as a to a fa- trusting in all rhaps no ger de- was ever oyed in ers than at is wn as 'prayer- el," as general- sed in t at the present time. Mr. Simpson, respondent, writes this interesting detion of it to "The Illustrated London s:

PRAYER WHEELS ON A TIBETAN STREET.

he Lamasary of Hemis, on the left bank he Indus, about twenty miles above is a place of note among the monas- of Tibet. It so chances that I paid a ng visit to it when travelling in that of the world. The most striking thing I noticed was a long row of praying- ls, or cylinders—for they are like bar- -in the courtyard of the place, so ar- ed that the monks, or anyone passing, l turn each with the hand while walk- long. Two nights before my visit to is, at Ghia, there was a praying- l turned by a water-wheel, making a ing sound at each turn, which I could when I chanced to wake during the t. In some of the monasteries there ery large ones, which the monks turn neans of a crank. There are small made of brass, which the monks can in the hand, and whirl as they walk, hile conversing. In some parts of t these barrels are turned by wind- . Their real character is now under- l, but it would require a long article to a full explanation; it may be sufficient to say that the intention of their use is ected with 'praise,' rather than with ver.'

They have very long and elaborate ces in these Lamaseries, in which they their 'manies,' or praying-wheels, bells, beat drums, and blow through long trumpets. The service lasts so that they regale themselves with tea. nd the altar there is generally a colos- gure of some Buddhist saint, clothed bright-colored garments, and strips of y silk hanging round. On more than ltar I noticed seven small brass cups what seemed to be water in them: suggested some form of symbolism. as amusing to find European bottles nged upon some of the altars. French dy bottles, with peacocks' feathers in , are prominently visible. In one asery that I visited, the Lamas pointed pride to a bottle on the altar, with a ant label in gold and colors, on which was a cat with the words 'Old Tom.'

he large number of monasteries in t is a surprise to some travelers, but ne who has made himself acquainted India during the Buddhist period will miliar with the existence of the same astic system, which filled that country institutions of a similar kind. 'The glittered with the yellow robes'—yellow was the color worn by the Buddhist monks in India, as it is at the present day in Ceylon—and it was in these words that the triumphs of Buddhism, in its success over Brahminism, were at first described. Buddhist monasteries, with crowds of monks were to be found all over India as late as the seventeenth century.

"Tibet is now likely to become what may be called the newest region for the more adventurous tourists. Already a number of men have lately traveled in that bleak and dangerous region. Rockhill and Littledale have passed through, adding thereby to our knowledge. Surgeon Waddell has sojourned among the Lamas in order to learn from them. Bonvalot, Younghusband, and Bower have made daring journeys across Tibet; the latest news from that quarter being the murder of a French traveler."

Many attempts have been made to establish Christian missions in Tibet, but without avail. Much good seed has been sown, however, by the widespread dissemination of portions of the printed Gospel which missionaries on the border have sent to the interior by traveling merchants and caravans. Several of the leading missionary societies are holding themselves in readiness for the opening which, sooner or later, the Lord is certain to provide for the evangelization of that benighted country.

A NOTABLE FAMILY.

A Christian gentleman, traveling in Java, arrived in Soerakarta, where the Dutch have a trading-station which they hold under a treaty containing the extraordinary article that no missionary shall preach there. But he found a banker there named Kuchenius, whose consistent life and personal influence are doing effective Christian work. This man visits the natives in their homes and reads the Bible to them. From the position he holds he is the head and side of every local movement or enterprise and no one can tell what his influence means. Two of his brothers, equally faithful, manage two other branches of the Java Bank. His father it was who, as Prime Minister, preached the Gospel in the Holland Parliament, standing Bible in hand, to refer to it as the basis of every law, and boldly proclaiming, "Of him whom millions serve as they have served none other, I have the honor to be the slave." A brother of his, an uncle therefore of the Mr. Kuchenius whom the writer met, was formerly Dutch Resident in Soerakarta, and when after years of work he was recalled, he said in his farewell speech, "Gentlemen, I know why I leave you; I have urged on you a way too strait for you, but by the grace of God I stand here to-night to tell you once more that there is salvation in no other than Jesus Christ, and through him alone can you hope to attain eternal life."

Among Chinese Villages.

Miss M. E. Talmage's Story of Missionary Journeys around Amoy.

THERE is no sign of any diminution of missionary effort in China as a result of the recent murders. Men and women are offering themselves in greater numbers than ever to go and live in that teeming land to preach the Gospel to the lost. The missionaries on the field continue their work and show no sign of panic. Dr. J. Hudson Taylor, the leader of the China Inland Mission, writing from Shanghai, says: "These riots are no accident, they are part of God's great plan for blessing China. We do not know how he may use them, but we know that he will use them. 'Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?' Is it that Satan sees his time is short, that the Master is soon coming, and that his opportunity of harassing God's children will soon be passed?

"We are quite sure that God will overrule these trials for the yet more wide opening of the door for China's evangelization. Let us therefore rejoice in the Lord, and give ourselves much to prayer, especially for our beloved native brothers and sisters, who, if persecuted, have nowhere to flee to, and often bear the heaviest part of the trial."

In an interesting letter to "The Christian Intelligencer" from Miss M. E. Talmage, who, with her sister, Miss K. M. Talmage, nieces of the editor of this journal, is laboring in the region hallowed by the forty-five years work of their sainted father, she says:

We have recently been to Tang-oa, a village about five-and-a-half hours' journey from Amoy. A Bible-woman accompanied us and she is staying behind to labor among the people.

There is any amount of work to be done in this region. Around are villages in every direction, thickly populated, and the people are willing to hear. But who is going to teach them? One feels sad at every visit to this station on seeing the amount of work to be done—doors open on every side, and the opportunities lost from lack of workers. We hope in time to have resident missionaries here to overtake this work, but at present we lack men, women and money. Yesterday, (Sunday) I spent the day with the women at Tokio, two miles from here, an out-station belonging to this church. Here we have a new church building erected by money lately sent through the "Woman's Board." When the church was built it was with the distinct understanding that the screen separating the men from the women (they do not sit together) must run down the centre of the church; for this purpose two front doors were made, one for men, one for women, giving the women equal opportunities for hearing, instead of tucking them off on each side of the pulpit behind high screens, as the Chinese are so fond of doing. A small corner of the church behind a screen is quite good enough, they think, for a woman. And whether or not she see or hear, it matters but little—she is only a woman.

MISS M. E. TALMAGE.

We have been on another trip to a place called Kio-shau, on the island of Amoy. The sights one sees in passing along are many and varied! Women with babies tied to their backs, men carrying burdens, beggars of all descriptions, or rather beyond all description; some so leprous and filthy one can hardly realize them to be human! Men carving idols, women making incense sticks and spreading quantities of the stuff in the sun to dry; peddlers making and selling food, all kinds of dainty (?) dishes which just a sight of gives one an attack of sympathetic dyspepsia! One sees also here and there dead cats tied to trees, with a little yellow charm paper attached to ward off the cat demon, which they greatly fear. They think by tying dead cats to the trees to demonstrate to the demon how cats which come to their neighborhood are despised, and thus frighten him away.

Just outside the town we passed a house where four have lately died with the plague. The young man was a new convert, baptized only a short time ago. He was a very promising Christian. At first he met with much opposition from his wife and parents. His wife, however, came to church with him, and seemed much interested and anxious to learn. The young man caught the plague by nursing a relative who had it, and died in a few days. He died very peacefully, urging his wife and parents to worship God, and telling his wife not to sorrow, as they would soon meet in heaven. Little did they know how soon. On the following Sunday (he died on Friday) his wife with two of the children came to church, and I had a good opportunity of speaking with her. She said she fully determined to worship God. That afternoon she was attacked with the plague and died very soon. Shortly after this both the parents caught the same disease and died. In visiting about Amoy we meet so many who have lost friends by this epidemic.

Sunday was a busy day at Kio-shau from soon after breakfast until sunset, but spent with a much more quiet and intelligent company of women than those I talked to at Tokio. Monday was given to visiting more distant villages. We visited one family who have lately come out from heathenism. A crowd gathered in the large centre room of their newly-built house and listened so quietly that we had a very good opportunity of teaching them. On coming away the family gave us their idols, seven in all. As the woman took them down from their shrine on a high table to hand to us, she said to them: "May you be blessed and return to heaven in peace." This will show how full of superstition these people are, and how difficult it is, even when they have decided to worship God and trust only to him, for them to give up at once all superstitious ideas connected with their idols, which they have been taught to worship from infancy. I said: "If you do not wish to give us your idols, we do not wish to take them." She answered, "I am very willing to give them to you."

WORSHIPPING IN A BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN TIBET.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
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THE INDIFFERENT.

THERE are people who have asked for our prayers, and we suppose there are some who have been anxiously talking about their souls, who will miss heaven. They do not take the last step, and all the other steps go for nothing until you have taken the last step, for in the presence of God and his people, we have to announce the solemn truth, that to be almost saved is to be lost forever. Then there are the careless, the indifferent. You say: "I come to church because a friend invited me to see what is going on, but with no serious intentions about my soul. I have so much work, and so much pleasure on hand, don't bother me about religion." And yet you are gentlemanly, and you are lady-like in your behavior, and, therefore, we know you will listen respectfully if a person talk courteously. Christians are sometimes afraid to talk to men and women of the world less they be insulted. If they talk courteously to people of the world, they will listen courteously. So now we come in that way, and in that spirit, and talk to those of you who tell us that you are careless about your soul.

Then you have a soul, have you? Yes, precious with infinite capacity for joy or suffering, winged for flight somewhere. Beckoned upward, beckoned downward. Fought after by angels and by fiends. Immortal!

> The sun is but a spark of fire,
> A [illegible] shortly:
> The [illegible] is,
> Can never die.

Your body will soon be taken down, the castle will be destroyed, the tower will be in the dust, the windows will be broken out, and the place where your body sleeps will be forgotten; but your soul, after that, will be living, acting, feeling, thinking—where? where? Oh there must be something of incomputable worth in that for which heaven gave up its best inhabitant, and Christ went into martyrdom, and at the coming of which angels chant an eternal litany and devils rush to the gate. When everything above you and beneath you, and around you, is intent upon that soul, you cannot afford to be careless, especially when there are thousands of souls in heaven rejoicing that they attended to the matter in time, while at this very instant there are souls in the lost world mourning that they did not attend to it in time.

Oh, if the wan spirits of the lost could come up, and we could stand before them [illegible] and then ask them if they would accept it, those would come up in [illegible] multitudinous, overwhelming cry: "Yes! yes! yes!" No such fortune for them. They had their day of grace, and sacrificed it. You have yours, will you sacrifice it? we wish that we could have you see these things as you will one day see them.

WOMEN'S OPPORTUNITIES.

THE curse of American society is that our young women are taught that the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, fiftieth, thousandth thing in their life is to get somebody to take care of them. Instead of that the first lesson should be how under God they may take care of themselves. The simple fact is that a majority of them do have to take care of themselves, and that, too, after having, through the false notions of their parents, wasted the years in which they ought to have learned how successfully to maintain themselves. There is no happiness in an idle woman. It may be with hand, it may be with brain, it may be with foot; but work she must, or be wretched forever. The little girls of our families must be started with that idea.

There are wemen toiling in our cities for two and three dollars per week who were the daughters of merchant princes. These suffering ones now would be glad to have the crumbs that once fell from their father's table. That worn-out, broken shoe she wears is the lineal descendant of the twelve-dollar gaiters in which her mother walked; and that torn and faded calico had ancestry of magnificent brocade that swept Broadway clean, without any expense to the street commissioners. Though you live in an elegant residence and fare sumptuously every day, let your daughters feel it is a disgrace not to know how to work. We denounce the idea prevalent in society that, though our young women may embroider slippers and crochet and make mats for lamps to stand on without disgrace, the idea of doing anything for a livelihood is dishonorable. It is a shame for a young woman belonging to a large family to be inefficient when the father toils his life away for her support. It is a shame for a daughter to be idle while her mother toils at the wash-tub. It is as honorable to sweep the house, make beds or trim hats as it is to twist a watch-chain.

As far as we can understand, the line of respectability lies between that which is useful and that which is useless. If women do that which is of no value their work is honorable. If they do practical work, it is dishonorable. That our young women may escape the censure of doing dishonorable work, we shall particularize. You may knit a tidy for the back of an arm-chair, but by no means make the money wherewith to buy the chair. You may with a delicate brush beautify a mantel ornament, but die rather than earn enough money to buy a marble mantel. Do nothing practical if you would in the eyes of refined society preserve your respectability. We scout these fine notions. A woman, no more than a man, has a right to occupy a place in this world unless she pays a rent for it.

Now, we say if there be any preference in occupation, let woman have it. God knows her trials are the severest. By her acuter sensitiveness to misfortune, by her hour of anguish, we demand that no one hedge up her pathway to a livelihood. Oh! the meanness, the despicability of men who begrudge a woman the right to work anywhere in any honorable calling!

GOOD TIMES.

WE do not belong to the great army of croakers. We do not believe that things are going to crash generally, that the Palisades are to tumble down and crush out Christianity, that we have fallen upon evil times, and that truth and virtue and goodness only walked the earth in the good days of old. People who lament over the good old times forget one thing; they forget that their good old times were when they were children—when they thought and spoke and acted as children; —and so they pass judgment on a constructive excellence the sense of which they drank in from the cup of their child-wonder, a half or three-quarters of a century ago.

No! the good times, if we will but believe it, are now,—the better times are not backward. We believe, as in the past so in the future, the world will grow better and better. By-and-by the world and all that there is therein shall pass away, but in the new heavens and new earth righteousness, only righteousness, shall dwell; and even then who can doubt that growth, constant growth, will ever mark the progress of the soul? There will be no croakers in heaven.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

B. J. S., Lisbon, N. H. 1. Would you advise any particular course of study for a young lady, who intends in some future time, if God wills, to go as a missionary to India? 2. Will you please explain 1. Pet. 4: 6?

1. There are numerous missionary training schools and institutes where missionary students are taught what is considered essential before leaving for the field. 2. It refers to the dead who, in their lifetime, had the Gospel preached to them.

J. J. M. To what extent is piety promoted by proper food, properly cooked and properly eaten? Are not destinies involved in this question?

To a much larger extent than is generally supposed. Improper diet is injurious to both body and mind, and produces gloomy and hypocondriacal views of everything. Improper or too rapid eating, is another evil prevalent among business men. It is asserted by some writers that Napoleon lost more than one battle through sleeplessness caused by indigestion.

E. Humphries, Middletown, N. Y. Who were the Stylites? Were they a religious sect or merely a school of fanatics?

They were religious ascetics who dwelt on the tops of pillars, and their name is derived from the Greek "stylos," a pillar. Simeon dwelt on a pillar thirty-seven years, the last twenty years being passed on a pillar sixty-five feet high and three feet diameter. Daniel of Constantinople, another famous stylite, lived in the same way for over thirty years.

M. E. S., Jersey City, N. J. What is the meaning of the expression, "the ways of them" (Ps. 84: 5)?

The rendering of the passage in the Revised Version is: "In whose heart are the highways to Zion," which is a more accurate rendering. It is supposed to have been written by some one who loved the house of God intensely, but who was prevented by sickness or some other cause from going there. After dwelling on the delights of the public service, and the happiness of joining in public worship, he says that still more blessed is the man whose heart is in unison with God, who when deprived of the aids of the ritual and the gorgeous ceremonial of the Tabernacle or Temple, had in his heart a way of access to God.

M. Clarke, Providence, R. I. Do you recommend the Revised Version of the Bible or the King James Version?

If you want to read an accurate translation you should use the Revised Version, but if you do not care about accuracy and like the familiar phrases of the Authorized Version, you will find it substantially correct. Some of the changes are not graceful, and in some instances the meaning of a passage as given in the Revised Version, is entirely different from that in the Authorized, but there can be no question that the Revisers made an honest attempt to give a truthful rendering. They have succeeded as far as was possible, and their version will doubtless gradually supersede the other. The King James Version was unpopular at first and was a long time winning its way into favor.

From New York City we have received this letter, which tells its own story of an awakened conscience:

NEW YORK, Aug. 13, 1895.

DEAR SIR: When you were distributing those pieces of polished wood from Olivet, and while some were in transit to your offices in the Bible House, I took three or four of them without asking for them. It did not bother me at the time, but my eyes have been opened to see all the wrong I have done, and I promised God I would reimburse you for my taking them, and so have enclosed $1.50 from

CONSCIENCE.

When Christ comes to a man's heart, the desire to right any wrong of which the man has been guilty, is one that constantly oppresses until the proper step be taken. See Luke 19: 8, also II. Cor. 7: 10, 11.

Constant Reader, Carlington, O. 1. Is there any Gopher wood growing in America now, or any other part of the world? What other tree does it resemble? By what name is it known now? 2. What was the size of the ark in feet and inches?

1. Translators differ on this point, some holding that it was a wood resembling the pine, and others that it was cedar, which has always been plentiful in Asia. The Chaldee version gives cedar. Eutychius, patriarch of Alexandria, asserted it was a wood called "Sag," equivalent to the modern teak-wood. Samaritan translators of the Chaldaic give "sisam" as the synonym of gopher. Probably the larger number of writers have held that gopher is really the cypress, which is an i[illegible] ruptible wood, and was, besides, very at[illegible] ant in that part of the world where N[illegible] ark was built. 2. A cubit, according t[illegible] ancient Hebrew measurement, was [illegible] twenty-one inches, the Mosaic cubit bein[illegible] hand-breadths of three and one-half i[illegible] each. Apply this rule to Gen. 6: 15.

Albert Titus, Chickasaw, Ia. Do you think th[illegible] pastor of a church or any of the church [illegible] bers are showing a good example to the [illegible] when they go to horse races and mine[illegible] dances?

We have repeatedly stated in THE [illegible] BAG that such practices, apart from being [illegible] ful in themselves, were to be condemn[illegible] being inimical to spiritual growth. This s[illegible] be to Christians the test of all amusem[illegible] The example of such acts as you describe [illegible] not fail to be injurious to many.

A. H. N., Luton, Ia. How could Solomon's t[illegible] have been reared if no axe or hamme[illegible] used, as stated in 1. Kings 6: 7?

The stones were cut and dressed in the [illegible] terranean quarry which has recently [illegible] found near the site of the temple. They [illegible] mortised so skilfully that when convey[illegible] the temple and put in position they fitte[illegible] each other with absolute accuracy. Jos[illegible] says that the spectator could see no ma[illegible] "sign of any hammer, or other instrum[illegible] architecture having been used" upon [illegible] The Eddystone Lighthouse on the E[illegible] coast was built of stones so dovetailed, [illegible] object of the exclusion of tools in the T[illegible] was to impress the people with the sanct[illegible] the place.

J. M. Lawton, Indianapolis, Ind. What is th[illegible] est known book in the world, of a [illegible] character?

Until within a few years ago the bricks [illegible] posed to belong to royal libraries, une[illegible] at Tel-Amarna and the traditional site [illegible] chish, were believed to have been amo[illegible] oldest secular writings in the world. [illegible] however, the "Papyrus Prisse," so-calle[illegible] the fact that it was found by the invest[illegible] Prisse in a tomb in Thebes, is claimed [illegible] the oldest of secular writings. It date[illegible] twenty-five centuries before Christ an[illegible] events to which it relates belong to a [illegible] some eight hundred years earlier. It pu[illegible] to be the "Injunctions" of Ptah Hotep, [illegible] in the time of Assa, Theban King of the [illegible] and South, and is full of maxims and [illegible] sayings.

Lou Rowe, Plainfield, Ia.; Subscriber, Bal[illegible] Md., and others. What is the "Didache" [illegible] which you quoted in your issue of Aug. [illegible] the Apostolic mode of Baptism?

The "Didache" is an ancient manu[illegible] found at Constantinople and translate[illegible] published in 1883 by Philoletheos Brye[illegible] Metropolitan of Nicomedia. Previous t[illegible] time it was an unknown document, but i[illegible] known that such a writing had been in[illegible] ence, because Clement (who died about [illegible] Eusebius (who died in 340), and Athan[illegible] (who died in 373), quote from it in their [illegible] Who its author was is not known, but i[illegible] ports to be a digest or summary of the [illegible] ing of the Apostles and was evidently fr[illegible] pen of a Jewish Christian. Some sc[illegible] think it dates from the year 120 and othe[illegible] sign it to a later date. The early writers [illegible] of the document as among the Apocry[illegible] the New Testament and only Clement [illegible] it as authoritative.

Gwendola Inch, of Parsons, Kans., ha[illegible] stirred by the accounts of the work [illegible] Children's Home and sends us these [illegible] verses:

TEACH THE LITTLE ONES TO PRAY.

GO and gather the children in
From wickedness and strife,
And give them a sight of the world of God—
A glimpse of country life.

Their little hearts beat wild with joy,
Among the daisies white,
And their wan, pale cheeks grow warm and [illegible]
In the sun's bright, mellow light.

And playing among the grasses long,
Their voices sweetly ring,
And in the landscape fair they see
The works of God, their King.

And there, where the wild flowers grow,
Show them the Light, the Way,
And when the stars shine bright above,
Teach the little ones to pray

Constant Reader, Pompeii and Herculaneum [illegible] overwhelmed and buried during a frightful [illegible] tion of Mt. Vesuvius in A. D. 79, and vast nu[illegible] perished. — Mrs. A. L. Griffing, East M[illegible] N. Y., replies to an inquiring subscriber th[illegible] verses, "Another Closing Day," can be found [illegible] musical publication entitled: "The Royal Di[illegible] published by Biglow and Main, N. Y.—P[illegible] Burnham, Lowell, Mass. Thanks for the clip[illegible] We are disposed to agree with your coach[illegible] —Subscriber, Westchester, Pa., writes in[illegible] where the verses beginning, "Paul Revere [illegible] rider bold," may be found.—N. S. We advi[illegible] to pay no attention to the letter from Chambers[illegible] We have reason to believe that a number of p[illegible] are making a living off sympathetic people. [illegible] addresses they have somehow procured, by pr[illegible] ing to be Nebraska sufferers. Any reader [illegible] journal who receives such a begging letter [illegible] forward it to Rev. L. P. Ludden at Lincoln, [illegible] —Hettie M. Crow, Toodsboro, Ia. Send reli[illegible] literature to any nearby jail or hospital, whi[illegible] will doubtless be welcomed.—Mrs. Ara Ha[illegible] Manton, R. I. See answer to N. S. above, on [illegible] subject.—Anxious Inquirer, Fort Reno, Okla[illegible] will have to make your questions somewha[illegible] explicit than appears from your note.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

AN ISLAND IN DISPUTE.

AN international difficulty has been stirred over the possession of the Island of Trinidad, a desert of rocks, six miles in circumference, about seven hundred miles off the coast of Brazil. The very e of the island was known to scarce- but geographers and mariners, until d, finding it a convenient station for Argentine telegraph cable, took ion of it a short time ago. The claim dates from the year 1700. Captain Halley landed there and the British flag. Brazil contends 1782 the island was given up to l, and that it is now Brazilian ter- Public meetings have been held in eiro to protest against the British and in the Brazilian Chamber of s resolutions have been passed urg- Government to resist the attempt to Brazil of its rights over the island. claim of a somewhat amusing r comes from an Irish-French gen- calling himself n Harden-Hickey, ys that two years tified the Powers had become King island, under the James I. He has ellor who lives in rt and has never the island. This an believes that his r has plans for or- a settlement and ng his realm, and formally protested the British occu- He did not know any people there n the island. He d that at one e were forty, but be that now there t more than ten. er seems the more number, as the ons given of it to be, unlike Trin- the West Indies, e most desolate in . Mr. E. E. n his "Cruise of the Falcon," says e is absolutely no living vegeta- the island. There are a large num- ead trees, which at one time must wn very close together and have a great height. They appear to perished long ago at the same if stricken by a sudden blight. He the island but could find no living nothing but precipitous crags ic origin some of which were over ndred feet high. That the island worthless is proved by the fact gland, Portugal and Brazil have ed it in turn, and if Brazil persists jection to its becoming a telegraph n England's hands, it will prob- ain worthless, as the British claim t be pressed in the face of Brazil's Thus a selfish greed of territory ve an obstacle to an enterprise uld benefit the whole world. The position permeates all society. Men, and children suffer and die for the necessaries, while others have n they need and more than is good n. It is by no means an evil of growth. The ancient preacher said: a grievous evil which I have seen under namely, riches kept by the owner thereof to Eccles. 5: 13.)

in a Mine.

lling story of heroism comes from arre, Pa. The recent fire in the ork & Scranton Coal Company's e me near ending the lives of four- n. It broke out in the pump-house rned rapidly inward. The pump- was alone, but he fought the fire most superhuman power. He knew fire was inch by inch cutting off pe of the men at work beyond. At last he realized that it was impossible to extinguish the flames. If he had considered his own safety he would have run to the foot of the shaft; but he would not leave his comrades to perish. Covering his face, he made a wild dash through the flames and ran down the gangway shouting "Fire!" with all his might. The men were at work nearly three thousand feet away and did not hear his shouts for some minutes. At length a faint cry reached their ears, and they saw the light of a lamp approaching. Presently it was extinguished. Fearing that something had happened, they went to see what the lamp meant. There they found their brave comrade fallen and almost unconscious from the pain of his burns. He told them of the fire, and together they hurried through the mine to the farther shaft. The gangways were full of smoke and the men were almost suffocated: but all succeeded in reaching the surface safely. The pump-runner's burns are reported to be very serious, but it is hoped that he will recover. We admire the man's noble self-sacrifice in incurring peril and pain that he might warn others of their danger, but how few there are comparatively who do what they can to warn their fellow-men of their eternal danger! Yet by such self-sacrifice on the part of the Son of God salvation was purchased for the world

He saved others; himself he cannot save Mark 15: 31.

THE ISLAND OF TRINIDAD CLAIMED BY ENGLAND AND BRAZIL.

Lost Underground.

Two boys aged twelve years had a distressing experience at Hazleton, Pa., on August 12. They had a great desire to see the inside of a coal mine, and they succeeded in getting permission of the men at the elevator to descend. They said nothing at their homes about their intended expedition, fearing that objections would be raised. They were equipped with lanterns and they had a good time threading the subterranean passages. After penetrating the gloomy corridors for a considerable distance, they struck a reverse current of air suddenly, which extinguished the lamps they carried. They had not thought of guarding against such an emergency, and found themselves in darkness. How to get out was then the serious question. They did not know which way to turn. Their cries for assistance were answered only by the echo, which reverberated through the subterranean tunnels, and added to the chill of fear which took possession of them. They could not get out. They remained all night groping their way about in the labyrinth without finding the shaft. When the miners went to work the next morning, they were surprised to find the lads on the gangway. They were piloted to the surface and sent to their homes, where their parents were anxiously awaiting them. Distressing as their experience was, it was infinitely less disastrous than that of many young people whose curiosity leads them into the mazes of the world's vicious ways where they wander in darkness and often make wreck of their souls.

Who leave the paths of uprightness to walk in the ways of darkness. Prov. 2: 13.

Why the Building Fell.

Building inspectors and Coroner's officers in New York were busy for several days last week trying to discover the reason of the collapse of an unfinished building which occurred on August 8th. The catastrophe was a fearful one involving the death of at least fourteen persons. The building was eight stories high and exceedingly strong, having great iron floor beams and fireproof floors. The walls were up and the roof on and a large number of electricians, tile-layers, decorators and laborers were busy with the interior arrangements, when the central portion, comprising about one-half the floor area, fell in with a resounding crash. A clear space from basement to roof could be seen with its jagged edges, where the eight strong floors had been a few moments before. In the pile of debris in the basement, mixed with iron beams and concrete, were the mangled remains of several men and men still more unfortunate than the dead, who lived a few hours suffering fearful agony. That a building so strong in all its parts should have collapsed so suddenly was a mystery, until a thorough investigation was made. A discovery made by the laborers who were set to dig around the main pillar in the centre of the building suggested an explanation of it. The pillar rested on a huge capstone, and this on a concrete bed. Below the bed was a heap of rubbish covering a deep cistern, eight feet wide, with brick walls which had been dug to supply the houses that formerly occupied the site. As the weight of each floor and of the roof had been added, the pillar gradually sank, until pillar, capstone and concrete bed fell into the cavity beneath them, and the building, deprived of its main support, collapsed. Whether this was the cause of the catastrophe or not the Coroner's jury now sitting will decide. We know that an analogous cause often accounts for the collapse of conspicuous careers. In modern as in olden times, men of genius and unquestioned ability, who have climbed to honorable positions in state and society and won power and influence have fallen into disgrace by some immorality that has astounded the public. The cause was that their character was not founded on the rock foundation which God has laid in Christ.

Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation, a tried stone . . . he that believeth shall not be confounded. (Isa. 28: 16).

Electricity Excluded.

A scientific journal discusses a strange phenomenon that puzzles electrical experts. It seems that when the long Hoosac Tunnel near North Adams, Mass., was constructed, no ores, magnetic or otherwise, were encountered, although there was general expectation that rich ore pockets would be found. It is now believed that such ores do exist there, though they were not found, and the belief is based on a curious fact. No electrician has been discovered who can send a telegraph message on a wire running from portal to portal of that tunnel, be such wire run inside of an ocean cable through the huge cavern or out of it. Such messages have to be sent on wires strung on poles over the top of the mountain, fully nine miles, and that is the way in-going and out-coming passenger and freight trains are heralded to the keepers of the two tunnel approaches. In order to maintain this overland mountain line, a swath of woodland has to be kept clear of trees and bushes directly up the steep mountain side. It is evident that there must be some ore in the sides of the tunnel which prevents the electric current giving the intelligible information that it gives in other surroundings. There is good reason for believing that the failure of some people to receive the message of the Holy Spirit in God's Word is due to an analogous cause. Where sin and lust reign in the nature, the Word which speaks peace to others does not penetrate.

The Word preached did not profit them, not being mixed in faith in them that heard it (Heb. 4: 2).

BRIEF NOTES.

Evangelist W. F. Bischoff has been Holding successful meetings in a tent at Springfield, Ill. The tent has been crowded and every evening some have made profession of conversion.

Persons who Sent Letters to the Missionaries in China about the middle of May need not draw alarming inferences from the fact of their not receiving answers. The mail courier who carries the letters between Tientsin and Tung-cho was set upon by highwaymen and the letters were stolen.

A Street Collection was Recently taken up in London in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes for street waifs. The amount given was eight thousand dollars. A large part of it was in pennies, showing that the gifts came from the poorer class who know the value of the institutions.

Major Mathison, an Officer of the English army, who has served eighteen years and participated in the battlefields of Egypt has resigned his position to become a missionary. He will go to Ceylon under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society and will work without pay.

Rev. B. Fay Mills says that in an audience of 1,339 Christian people he asked them to state the ages at which they experienced conversion and the Christian life. It was found that those who began before the age of twenty numbered 1,000; between twenty and thirty, 180; between thirty and forty, 35; between forty and fifty, 14; over fifty, 10.

The Annual Convention of The Christian Alliance of which Rev. A. B. Simpson is President has just been held at the Gerstum, Pa. In response to Mr. Simpson's appeal, it was to carry on the foreign missionary work of the Alliance gifts and pledges were received to the amount of twenty thousand dollars. Two pieces of real estate and several articles of jewelry were among the gifts.

A Remarkable Instance of Broad-minded Liberality as reported from England. The Dean of Westminster was given permission to the admirers and friends of the late Prof. Huxley to place a slab or medallion portrait of the distinguished agnostic in Westminster Abbey.

At the Recent Meeting of the International Congress the Norwegian explorer, Borebgrevinck, expressed the conviction that the great continent he discovered in the South Polar circle is eight million square miles in area, or twice the size of Europe.

The National Encampment of the Boys' Brigade of America will be held at Highland Park, Aug. 25-29. Commander-in-Chief Bolton has appointed Dr. Rusk, post-chaplain. Dr. Rusk expects to have a new speaker every day, and a series of fine meetings. Great good as well as fun is expected.

Mr. S. C. K. Rutnam, whose Portrait we published recently, has addressed over fifty meetings on Indian affairs. He has been confined by sickness but is now recovering. He is staying at Miss Jennie Smith's hospitable home, Mountain Lake Park, Md., where he is slowly regaining health.

News has been Received of the Death at Insein, India, of Mrs. Charlotte B. Thomas, one of the most famous Baptist missionaries in that land. She was sixty-nine years old and labored nearly all her life in India and Burmah. She was the first white woman to go among the Karens of Henzadah. Four years ago considering her work finished she came home to Amsrica to die, but after a few weeks in her native air had restored her health, she went to the officers of the Missionary Union and begged to be sent back. She was sent and did more valuable work. She was a descendant on her father's side of Miles Standish and on her mother's of John Alden and Priscilla.

Two Parties of Missionaries Left New York on Aug. 17 for their fields of labor. One party of eight went to Africa under the auspices of the newly organized African Inland Mission, whose headquarters are in Philadelphia. Rev. [illegible] Sothard and his sister are the leaders of the party. One of the ladies is an accomplished [illegible] who was rescued some years ago from a [illegible] in New York. The other party was sent out by the Presbyterian Board and goes to the Laos country in Siam. A third party of ten missionaries also sailed for China from San Francisco. One member of the party is Miss Ida Rose, daughter Dr. Ida Rose of Soo Chow, who goes to help her father in his work.

MANY FRIENDS FOR THE WAIFS.

Our Fresh-Air Fund Still Growing—Kind Letters of Encouragement for the Work.
Gifts Sent with Prayers from many Christian Homes.

For the many notable philanthropies in which the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have actively interested themselves, have touched a deeper chord of human sympathy than the Fresh-Air work at Mont-Lawn among the tenement children of the metropolis. From every State in the Union and even from Canada, come letters expressing the warmest approval of the work. Almost every letter is accompanied by a contribution in aid of the Home. Loving parents who have happy children of their own, and others, some of whose little ones, it may be, have "gone before," are naturally very deeply interested in our Fresh-Air Fund's efforts in behalf of the little hapless sufferers in the tenements. But the interest is by no means confined to parents; for it has spread among kind-hearted, humane people everywhere.

In these terribly torrid August days, the condition of the tenement children in town is indeed one to excite pity. Mr. Jacob Riis, who has passed much of his life in helping them, writes of an August experience:

A message was sent to the Board of Health asking that a nurse be sent to a tenement because a baby was dying of the hot spell. The house was in the most wretched part of the city, with crowding and squalor and poverty and disease going hand in hand. The thermometer at the time registered 104 degrees. That was the case in which the Board of Health in just such emergencies always found the source of supply. An [illegible] to relieve. Many [illegible] for at least a year, dead at a year. What little hope must be just for one to save such a little miserable life as that. Sometimes [illegible] this is about, with your [illegible] in the tenements? If you want to understand just what it means, come with me at the [illegible] July or August when [illegible] those mothers walking up and down the pavements with their little babes trying to stir some breath of God's air to cool the brow of the sick child and hear the [illegible] Then tell me [illegible] that they ought to be [illegible] a year ago that an Italian city [illegible] would [illegible] that he did not know what to do with these Italian children in the [illegible] "Let me come and help them." They [illegible] Such Good Christian charity [illegible] out.

One dingy neighborhood visited by our missionary workers was an alley off Bleecker street on the East-side. From some dilapidated rear buildings, a number of miserably clad children were picked out as candidates for the healthful breezes of Mont-Lawn. It is impossible to picture the delight of those little folks when they realized that they were to be taken, on the next afternoon, to the Children's Home. The day was wet and all the children had been kept indoors, so they made a playground of the gloomy lower hall of the tenement. Our artist has pictured them as they appeared when the visitors entered the place. A moment later, on hearing the news all was excitement: the youngsters scrambled up the broken stairway, to the imminent danger of bare legs and other limbs, and in a twinkling, the place swarmed with children, all clamoring to be placed on the list. Only eleven could be taken, although there were fully a score of really deserving ones; but the resources of the Fund impose a limit. Some of the others may go to Mont-Lawn, however, before the season closes.

"THE GLOOMY TENEMENT HALL WAS THEIR PLAY-GROUND."

Among a number of similar letters received during the week, forwarding contributions to the Children's Home, was the following:

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

By express, we send to-day, a barrel of dresses, hats, etc., for the "Fresh-Air Children." They are sent by Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Rich, Miss W. Brown, Miss Hutchinson, Mrs. Thayer, Miss Hogg a[illegible] Jackson, Marjii Thayer, Margaret Eng[illegible] Wykes who are members of "The Ready [illegible] and "Kind Thoughts" Circle. The children as the grown people, have taken great ple[illegible] preparing these little dresses. Yours "in His

MRS. JOSEPH S. THAYER, Leader of C[illegible]

This gift, sent by "Ready Han[illegible] cle," and "Kind Thoughts Circle [illegible] been used to make a number of ou[illegible] guests look presentable, in anticipa[illegible] their return from Mont-Lawn. Th[illegible] duly appreciative of the kindness.

"Friends in Guilford," Conn., ($3) [illegible] "We hope some little child will b[illegible] lastingly benefitted. Wish we cou[illegible] ten times the amount." Emma L. [illegible] Chillicothe, O., ($3): "This for a te[illegible] outing for some poor little girl, and [illegible] do her good, both body and soul. [illegible] that many precious souls may be l[illegible] to Christ through the good work [illegible] being done at Mont-Lawn." [illegible] Friends," Duluth, Minn., have re[illegible] account of the terrible suffering of [illegible] dren in the tenement houses," an[illegible] their contribution "to bring at leas[illegible] sunshine to some of the neglected [illegible] "I pray that before the summer is [illegible] writes "A Mother," Chicago Heigh[illegible] ($1), "that every child may be gl[illegible] by a taste of the blessings at Mont[illegible] When I read of their bitter lives, I c[illegible] own two darling boys and pray that, [illegible] we are very poor, God in his infinit[illegible] may ever protect them. Oh, tha[illegible] Lawn could be made a permanent h[illegible] the waifs."

Very touching is the note from an [illegible] mous donor in Knoxville, Ill., who [illegible] viding an outing for "some mo[illegible] child," adds, "I pray that the litt[illegible] may be turned to Jesus only in th[illegible] ness, and receive spiritual blessings [illegible] as pleasure and happiness." "For t[illegible] of my precious darling (Frank), an[illegible] name of Jesus whom he loved, I se[illegible] provide an outing for someone's d[illegible] writes Mrs. C. M. B., Ontario Ce[illegible] Y. "Perhaps having children of [illegible] has made me more tender-hearted, [illegible] M. C. J., Stamford, Ont., ($1). [illegible] C., Mass., writes: "Since God has [illegible] me with so many blessings, I f[illegible] what I have is not my own, but I [illegible] wish to give my mite ($1). It is [illegible] dollar I possess in the world, but [illegible] help some little suffering one to [illegible] One who loves children, and longs [illegible] trust to be placed in him. God t[illegible] work and save the little ones is my[illegible]

Previously Acknowledged	**$2,499 76**
Susan Judson	2 00
Sara "	1 00
[illegible] Alameda	1 00
P H Hough	1 00
[illegible]	3 00
[illegible]	3 00
Mrs J S Flitch	3 00
[illegible]	3 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	4 00
[illegible]	6 00
[illegible]	6 00
Laura Clough	3 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	3 00
Gladys M Lyman	6 00
[illegible]	5 00
[illegible]	5 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	6 00
[illegible]	10 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	3 00
[illegible]	3 00
[illegible]	6 00
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	5 00
A P, Cincinnati	5 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible] Antigo	3 00
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible] Xenia	1 00
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[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	3 00
[illegible] & wife	3 00
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[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	3 00
[illegible]	5 00
[illegible]	3 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1

CHRIST CAME TO THE CABIN.

w a Poor, Dying Missouri Farmer rusted in the Saviour—Our Missionary mong the New Sunday Schools.

EW more interesting letters appear in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD than those we print from time to time from the pen of our Sunday School missionary in the Southwest, Rev. Geo. W. Sharp. Sharp, who is now on his regular midmer tour through those districts where has planted new schools and churches, ds us this week some helpful ings of his experiences. In a ter dated at Browning, Lima unty, Mo., he says:

One day in my present tour as told of a very sick man ose house I would pass on road. When I had driven e distance, I met a young n with whom I conversed as ows: 'Can you tell me where R. C. (the sick man) lives?' s, sir, I am his son. He s in the next house you e to.' 'Was he raised in ton county?' 'Yes, sir.' as his father's name also R. 'I don't know much ut my grand-dad. Did you w my dad?' 'I am not . The name seems far.'

A short drive brought me he log cabin in which R. C. his family live. He has sick since March and is ected soon to die. I went the house and found him feeble, lying on his bed, unable to talk much. In wer to my questions he told of his trust in the blessed iour. We joined in prayer, before leaving I quoted the ds of our adorable Lord, t not your heart be troubled,' He answered in a calm, erate manner, 'Nothing bles me now.' Bidding him affectionate farewell I drove ly away, surveying everything with a full heart—the -daubed cabin, with its , worn roof; the unadornyard with its plain, rude ce;—everything indicating poverty. Amidst all this ard wretchedness and prod suffering, the grace of enabling him to say in swelling of Jordan, 'Nothroubles me now!' These ds of the dying man cheered m the heat of the day, as I e over steep hills and wound around ly ridges, in dim roads, through the , tangled, wild-wood.

Next day was Sunday and I planted a ol at Kent school house, on a poor, le, oak ridge where, I suppose, there r was one before. It ought to have an dance of at least sixty scholars. The bitants of the district are generally and little instructed.

I recently reorganized a school where I planted one several years ago. The erintendent said: 'Since you were here denominational school has been organin our school house, but it failed. None Union school, such as you organized, succeed in this mixed community,' or s to that purport.

I have attended service in another place e I organized a school years ago in a school house, and was surprised on ecent visit to see that they have a comous church house. I addressed a large regation. The superintendent spoke rsons who had been converted since I nized the school, who have died. He e tenderly of their conversion and death oof of the good the school had been mental in doing. It was painful to him relate that a convention of six or flourishing country schools was held , about two years ago, at which two chers spoke very unfavorably of Union ols. The poverty of the people induem to have Union schools, and the ness of the denominations has caused elical churches to build Union church es at which the denominations wor from Sunday to Sunday, each having nthly preaching in its turn.

"The addresses of the two preachers had a very discouraging effect upon the people of the several schools. Their schools were prosperous, souls were being converted, the churches were growing, and the brethren were dwelling 'together in unity.' The laborers of the six or seven schools felt that they needed and deserved help and encouragement, but instead met with opposition. Where they expected a fish they were given a stone. My visit, therefore, to that part of my field seemed to be very necessary. I was heartily thanked and invited to come again. I shall do what I can to lend them a helping hand. I can now count seven church houses in two townships, where, when I first organized schools in small school houses, there was not one church edifice.

"The last week has been the hottest of the summer, with frequent and heavy rains from which the streams are swollen, roads are muddy, and culverts are injured, impeding travel. I ask prayer for myself, and family and work. GEO. W. SHARP,

Christian Herald Missionary of the Am. S. S. Union.

SIMPLICITY IN RELIGION.

In this period of luxurious and æsthetic living one must not always and everywhere be comfortable. One may have stairs to climb to an audience-room, cold in winter and hot in summer, yet be repaid by a feast worth going for, in eloquent and scholarly preaching, in a spirituality which elevates and inspires. Soon after the war, a little band of God's people in West Virginia found themselves worshipping in a primitive schoolhouse, with rough planks, backless, for seats, the green turf under their feet, and chinks in walls and roof letting in air and sky. "Never," wrote a friend, have I been nearer to God, than in that dear, rude little church; never heard finer congregational praise; nor more fervent prayer, nor better preaching."

THE POTTER AND THE CLAY.

I WATCHED, and marveled at the skill
Of one who moulded potters' clay,
As soft and yielding to his will
Within his hands it helpless lay,
A dark, unsightly mass, devoid
Of beauty or of form, yet he
Thereon much cunning skill employed
To shape its future destiny.

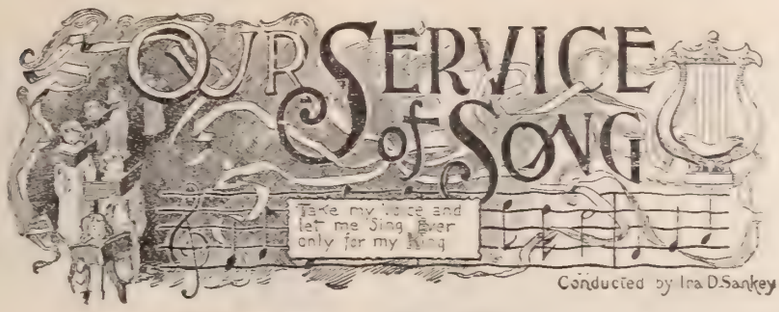
It suffered him in turn to knead,
To grind, to mould as should him please,
Or tear apart, if that indeed
The master workman fitting sees;
Experience taught him when to feel
The lump was pliable enough
For him to place it on the wheel
That was to plane its surface rough.

Most jealously I saw him toil
Long, weary hours with tireless hand;
He feared some ruthless touch might spoil
The work of art that he had planned.
He ne'er withdrew his watchful eye,
Nor dreamed of rest until he saw
The finished work before him lie,
A master-piece without a flaw.

"Oh, God," (this prayer rose to my heart),
"Teach me 'mid trials to be still,
Since thou the Heavenly Potter art,
Bend, break, or grind my stubborn will.
With clay thou knowest how to deal;
I dare not fret, however hard
My lot, lest on the potter's wheel
A vessel may be sadly marred.

New Brunswick, N. J. —MRS. MARY LUIZ.

OUR SERVICE of SONG



Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

BEARING THE CROSS.

EBEN E. REXFORD. W. A. OGDEN.

1. When I am worn and wea - ry, And read - y to de- spair; I think of Thee, my Sav- iour,
2. When I would murmur, Sav-iour, Be - neath my small-er load, And faint- ing, weak and wea - ry,
3. What is my small-est bur- den To that my Sav-iour bore! Be still my heart, and murmur
And what Thou hadst to bear. Thy cross, a - las! how heav - y; So steep the ston - y way;
Sink down be- side the road;—Give me, dear Lord, a vis - ion Of rug - ged Cal - va - ry,
Be - neath thy load no more. Bear pa - tient - ly thy cross- es In ways the Mas- ter trod,
Chorus.
Dear Lord what is my bur- den, Compared with Thine, to- day.
And then Thine own cross bearing, To help, and strengthen me.
And fol - low in the foot-steps That lead thee up to God.
O Christ, Thou burden-bear - er.
Thy foot- prints still I see; Oh help me now to fol - low And bear my cross for Thee.

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THE EXILES' TRIUMPH.

Glory and Power awaiting the Jews when they Recognize Christ as King.

BY REV. J. HUGHES GAMES, D.C.L.

IN that reign of Christ on earth which for nineteen centuries has been the hope of his people and was dimly foreshadowed by the prophets long before that, God's chosen people will play a prominent part. Israel has only been cast away for a season—a long and weary one it is true, but still a limited one. God will graft them—"the natural branches," which have been broken off—again "into their own olive tree" (Rom. 11:23,24). And under their Messiah King, they will dominate the earth, to the great benefit of the nations; for "if the fall of them be the riches of the world, and the diminishing of them the riches of the Gentiles, how much more their fulness?" and "if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?" (Rom. 11: 12, 15).

And is not this strong, and just, and beneficent rule of the coming King, who is to "reign in righteousness," what the nations of the earth have never had, but what they sorely need and are, all unconsciously, it may be, yearning for to-day? During the whole period of Gentile domination governments of all kinds have been a failure—never more conspicuously than to-day; while potentates of every description have shown, more or less their incapacity to rule. Read the history of any country; regard the condition of the nations to-day; consider the increasing immorality and the commercial dishonesty that are only too prevalent; contemplate the disputes between capital and labor which are so rife, and the growing discontent of the laboring classes; view the widely spread anarchism—under the various names of Socialism, Communism, Nihilism, and so on,—which is so rampant, threatening to subvert all governments, and destroy all civilized society, and only kept down by armed force; think of the millions under arms, with all the deadly appliances of modern warfare for national destruction, and ready at any moment to grapple with one another in deadly conflict, and deluge the earth with blood. Consider all this, and then say, Are not things ripe, and are not the times clamoring for, and are not the nations needing, indeed, the advent of the great King to set up his reign of righteousness, mercy, and peace in this suffering, struggling, sin-stricken, weary earth?

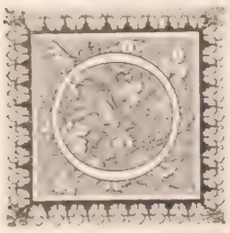
"When the Lord shall build up Zion he shall appear again in his glory;" and from what we see around us, who can doubt that the Lord has already begun to "build up Zion," or, in other words, that the restoration of the Jews has commenced? This is a warning note on the clock of God's providence, that the mystery of God is about to finish, and that we are nearing the time of the end, the close of this dispensation—"When ye see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors" (Matt. 24: 33). His appearing in power and great glory, then, cannot be very distant, and is, probably, very near. And so, while men's hearts are "failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth," ye, who are God's people, may "look up, and lift your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh" (Luke 21: 26, 28). Soon—who can say how soon?—shall we be able to take up the triumph-notes of the song, written long centuries ago, with a view to the restoration of the kingdom to Israel, and for the express purpose of welcoming the inauguration of the rule of the great King, the Prince of the House of David:

O clap your hands, all ye peoples;
Shout unto God with the voice of triumph.
For the Lord Most High is terrible;
He is a great King over all the earth.
He shall subdue the peoples under us,
And the nations under our feet.—Ps. 47: 1-3 R.V.)

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

A Sermonette by Dr. Alexander Macleod.

Text: Rev. 3:20: "*Behold, I stand at the door and knock.*"



ONE morning, many years ago, I had to leave home early. It was still dark. East and west, north and south, it was dark. Above me rose the night-sky covered with clouds, like some great cathedral roof, all dark—almost black with darkness—except one little chink of deep blue in the east.

On the lower edge of that chink of blue stood the morning star. I remember thinking it was a great sight, that solitary star, flaming there within that chink of blue. It looked to me like an angel standing behind the darkness, knocking at the dark clouds, and saying, "Break up, ye dark clouds, and let me through, that I may shed my light upon the earth."

While I was still admiring the great sight, the words flashed into my mind: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." And instantly I seemed to be walking under a still more solemn sky, and looking at a far greater sight. In the words which came into my mind I saw One greater than an angel—"the Bright and Morning Star" of God—standing at a door and knocking. In the morning stillness I seemed to hear a voice inviting me to look at this greater sight. "Behold,"—the voice said—"I stand at the door and knock." I remembered that these were Christ's own words. And I found myself thinking of Christ, the King of Glory, and thinking of him in the form of One who is standing knocking at a door. I want you to look with me for a little at this great sight of Christ at the door.

I ask myself—I hear you asking:—At what door we are to look for the blessed Jesus standing and knocking?

The answer is:—At all doors. At all kinds of doors. At house doors, and shop doors, and school doors, and church doors. At every door which has not been opened to let him in. At every door which shuts in a bad man, or naughty child. At the doors of houses where there is no love between father and mother, between brother and sister, between parent and child. At the doors of schools where the scholars are idle, or wicked, or thoughtless. At the doors of work-places where workers are unfaithful and masters are unkind. At the doors of churches where God is not truly worshipped. At the doors of courts of justice where men are unjustly judged. And at the doors of king's houses where nations are unjustly ruled. At all such doors the Lord Jesus stands and knocks. And, besides these, another door—a very little door, but a very, very precious door—the door that opens into the house within the heart.

When God made the world, he built in it many houses. "In my Father's house are many mansions." "The stars are mansions built by God." The deep sea, and the lofty mountains, and the leafy woods, are all mansions built by God. He made houses for beasts, and houses for birds, and houses for fishes. He made a house for the sea, and a house for the clouds; and for man he made the earth. But among all these houses there was one more precious than the rest,—one little, rich, unseen mansion, which he built for himself, for himself alone, and in which he desires to dwell. This unseen mansion—this rich, royal house of God—is the heart. It is your heart, my heart, every heart. It is at the door of this house that the Lord Jesus stands and knocks.

Think of it! It is worth thinking about. A house for the Great Creator in the heart of a little child! How fearfully and wonderfully we are made! When you look at the body of another child, you might think there is nothing more. The body is the house. Yet the body is only the outer wall, the mere outside, of the house. Within this fair outside, in you, in every one, stands the real house. "Eye hath not seen it." It lies far in, deep down,—where love [illegible] house. It is at the door of your heart that Jesus knocks. Behold, O child, the gentle Jesus! He stands at the door of your heart, and knocks. I have said that he made this house for himself. But I have also to say that, although he made it for himself, and desires to dwell in it, he does not always dwell in it. He is often kept standing without. "Behold," he says, "I stand at the door and knock." At the door! Outside of the door! He has not yet got in through the door! It is Jesus, at the outside of the heart-door, we have to look at. Jesus kept standing, and knocking there, to get in!

How is it with you? Have you heard Christ knocking? And if you have, have you opened and let him in?

People who have let Christ into their hearts are like the beautiful temple King Solomon built, which had its innermost best room set apart for God. Those who leave him outside are like the inn at Bethlehem, which had no room for the infant Jesus. But that is an unblessed state, to have no room for Jesus. To leave him—the best friend we have—the loving Saviour, outside, knocking at the door,—that would be such a sad thing for any child of man to do, and I desire so earnestly that you should not do it, that I will take up the rest of the time, which remains to-day, in stating some reasons why you should open your hearts and let him in.

One reason is, because he will bring heaven with him into your heart. Young people, and some old people as well, find a great difficulty in beginning to be good. They resolve to be good. They try to be good; but always their badness gets the better of them, and they are sad. If they would only admit Jesus into their hearts, this difficulty would disappear. He brings goodness with him into the heart.

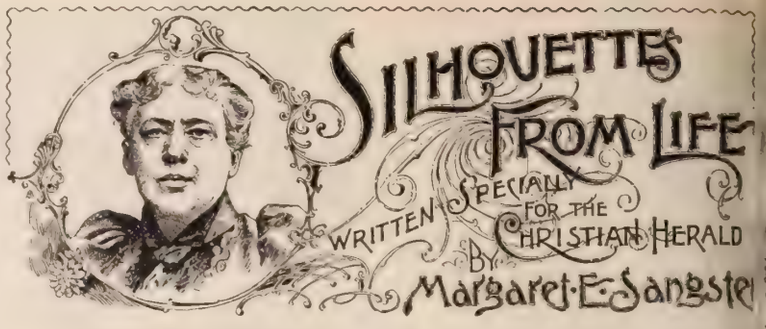
A second reason why you should let Jesus into the heart is, that he will cast out the bad things which are in the heart. And there are many bad things which need to be cast out—bad thoughts, bad wishes, bad feelings, lies, anger, malice, hatred, envy, selfishness, pride—these should all be cast out. We are told in the history of Jesus, that he cast out evil spirits from some Jewish children. There are evil spirits to be cast out from the children of this country, too. The Bible tells us about "plagues of the heart." The heart of a Christless child is full of plagues; plagues that will be plagues through all eternity if they are not cast out. Jesus is waiting at the door to come in and cast every one of them out. Lift up the door of your heart and let him in, that he may cast out every plague and evil thing in your life.

A third reason why you should let him in is, that it is easier to let him in when you are young than after. The door at which he stands knocking grows thicker and harder to open the longer he is kept outside. The knocking comes more faintly every day. Jesus is still there; but the spirit that should hear is growing deaf as it grows old. At last it does not hear at all.

I saw a sad story in the newspapers not long ago. A poor woman lived all alone in a dark cellar. She was very, very poor. But one day the neighbors missed her. They went to the door and listened, and there was no sound. They knocked and got no answer. They knocked again, and still there was no reply. Then they forced the door and went in. She was dead. She was seated on the floor, her body leaning against the wall. There was neither fire, nor furniture, nor bedclothes, nor food in the house. In a great rich city, she had died of want. Ah, sad though that was, the way many souls die is sadder still! They shut out Jesus in the days of youth. They keep him out when they grow old, and then when he comes knocking at the door of the heart with bread of truth, they cannot hear. Their bodies are living; their souls are dead. If you could break open the door of that inner house where the soul is, and see what God sees there, you would find a heart without truth, or love, or faith, or prayer; and in it a soul that has died of want.

Another reason why you should open to Jesus is, that he will not always knock. He will not knock after you die. He may even go away from the door before you die. Ephraim had idols and kept Jesus out, and Jesus said, "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone."

Some people are able to tell you when they first heard the knocks of Jesus. These are first knocks. Remember also there are last knocks. When the heart becomes hard and careless, then be afraid. Be afraid lest Christ should knock for the last time. Oh, you, at whose heart he is still knocking; you, whose hearts are still fresh and young; oh, children, in the days of youth, open the doors of your hearts and let the King of Glory in.



THE TRIBE OF REUBEN.

(Continued from page 528.)

II.

THE first time that Kate Rainsforth knocked at the door of Mrs. Shreves in the middle of a Monday morning, the door was shut in her face. She had chosen the wrong time for a visit. Mrs. Shreves was at the washtub. Her youngest baby was sprawling on the floor. Two older children were quarreling over bread and molasses. A boy of twelve was swinging on the gate, and on the post sat a girl of nine years, with untidy hair and a torn apron.

"Say, Missus," said the latter, "if you're after kids to go to Sunday School, this ain't your shop."

"I am not looking for kids to go to Sunday School," answered the young lady. "I am making friendly calls, and I will come again when your mother is not so busy."

She passed on, smiling back over her shoulder at the surprise in the faces by the gate. Lizze and Tommy stared after her and at each other, open-mouthed.

"She's nice!" said Lizzie gravely. "Wot a pretty dress she's got on, and that sunshade, oh! it's sweet!"

Lizzie's mind had received an impression. So had Tom's. He suddenly jumped from the gate and ran helter skelter after the lady.

"Say!" he shouted. "Say, lady! Won't yer gimme some new clothes; these is the best I've got. I ain't got no better pants than these. I'd go to Sunday School if I had decent clothes."

Kate stopped and looked at him. She saw a dirty boy, with a rough mop of black hair, and a pair of great black eyes. It was a keen intelligent face that returned her gaze without anything sly or covert.

Kate took a dainty card from her pocket-book. "I would't insult you by giving you a new suit," she said, a "but if you'll come to my house, and ask for me, I'll put you in the way of earning a fine suit. I'll let you work for me every morning, and you shall be well paid."

The boy's brow clouded. "I'd do it, and be glad to," he said, "but marm would take the money as fast as I earned it. I couldn't hide it from her, she 'd get it when I was asleep, and if pop found it out, he 'd take it and drink it up."

"You and I shall be partners," said the young lady holding out her hand. "The money you earn, I'll drop for you into a money pig in my room, or rather you shall drop it in yourself. When there is enough to pay for the clothes I'll go to the shop with you and we'll see about them togther."

"Honest Injun!" said the boy, eagerly.

"Honest Injun!" said the lady, solemnly.

It was a bargain. For the next fortnight Tommy Shreves spent several hours a day weeding flower borders and running errands for Kate Rainsforth, always finding a good breakfast waiting for him.

He gradually improved in cleanliness. Stepping into Miss Rainsforth's room, with its shining hard-wood floor, its soft rugs, its divan piled with cushions, its little teatable set with fairy cups and saucers, and its pictures on the walls, the boy felt as a pariah might if invited into a palace.

In due time he earned his new suit, gray cloth with gilt buttons, and found shoes and a cap added, for extra work, Miss Kate said, and then he asked to go to Sunday School with her.

One by one, the family was taken captive. Tommy reported his mother one morning as "awful sick," and Kate, first eating her luncheon, sallied forth to investigate for herself. She was able to soot the poor woman's pain, and to make her reviving cup of tea, and this kindne proved the entering wedge. Friendly lations having been established, Miss K by degrees allowed her visits to have certain regularity, and on Wednesd mornings the little Shreves were accusto to watch for the tall, graceful figure swi ing down the road at a great pace, and ways stopping at their door. Everybo in Dead Man's Flats knew who this visi was, and that she belonged in a special w to the Shreves. Once she came, a v ion of delight, riding a roan pony, a dressed in a dark green habit, with a hi hat on her tightly braided hair. She pic up the Shreve twins, first one and then other, and gave them a ride down the r to the end of the settlement and back, a which nothing would do, but that all small children clamored in turn to be tal up to the saddle, and finally when a do had been gratified, she alighted and let older ones lifted to her seat by the so what sullen, but quite obedient Engl groom, have the pleasure of feeling a hc move under their weight.

Henceforth Kate Rainsforth was queen of Dead Man's Flats. She had tal the hearts of everybody captive. Thus she had not said a directly religious wo she had simply lived religion before th Perhaps her sitting down in Mrs. Shre kitchen and showing the woman how mend her man's shirts and darn his st ings, doing part of the mending with own fingers, was as truly pious an act anything she might have offered in pra or song.

There came a day when Kate Rainsfo kneeling in the midst of a group, calle God audibly, from those forlorn flats. A had been hurt in the mill. He was brot home, the damp dews of death beading forehead. The doctor, hastily summo declared there was nothing he could do hurt was fatal. Beside the dying boy, mother and father bent, for once dumb anguish. He was Tommy Shreves' fr and playmate, and Tommy flew for lady," with some dim notion that she c save Jim. She came; she bent over couch with angelic pity. The face of th ing sought hers with imploring anx

"Pray—for—me—lady," the white lips gasped, and Kate prayed.

"Dear Jesus," she cried, "thou art l thou seest our sorrow. Take this dear home to heaven—forgive his sin. Not helped him to be good. He wants thy l now to lead him over the river and t the throne. Oh! dear Jesus, pitying viour, we all ask thy help in our l need. We ask, for Christ's sa "Amen!" cried the people of Dead M Flats, and the passing soul of Jimmy B went to the land of the living.

* * *

"Mary!"

"Well, John?"

Judge and Mrs. Rainsforth had list to Pet, who had played Chopin's st music and Mendelssohn's liquid fire their souls were flooded with melody. girl had just kissed them good night

"That daughter of ours is a very pre thing, my dear. She has brought the sonal element to bear on the Shr Shreves, Senior, called on me to-day forced on me a five-dollar bill. He s was conscience money, and I took it, have declined would have crushed bac awakening manhood: but that bill go into Pet's box, and be returned wit terest to Dead Man's Flats."

"I wish the flats had a more ch name."

"They probably will have some da am told that the people want to cal place, 'Miss Kate's Gardens.'"

MARGARET E. SANGST

Clever Chinese Girls.

...ure Taught all the Useful Domes-...tic Arts at an Early Age — Glimpses ...Chinese Home Life.

ALTHOUGH for the moment a dark cloud of sorrow and indignation, caused by the recent disaster to the missionaries in Fukien, obscures the interest of the Christian world in China's Gos...gress, that vast empire is, and will ...e to be, the grandest and most in...field for missionary effort on the ...lobe. Christianity's foothold in ...is one that cannot be shaken off ... philosophical society or political ... however numer...owerful, and the ... lives yielded up ... martyrs at Ku... will serve to ... stronger than ...fore. There are ...ds of homes in ...untry where the ... now prized and ...the true God ...en the place of ...s, that had been ... down through ...ons. Persecution ...tical sects has ...ved to multiply ...ny of native ...ns.

...hinese families, ...tion of mother ...gher is a pecu...se one, arising ... from the fact ... father usually ... very low esti... the daughter, ... lavishes love ...ensive training ... son. In many ... of the common ... — neither ... nor actual... —the girls, ... mere chil... taught to ...ting to the ...income by ... some one of ... trades that ... vast mul... poor wom... over the ... Kingdom. ... taught to make soles for Chi... s, by pasting rags on a wooden ... til half an inch in thickness is ...en when it is sun-dried and sent to the ...ers. Others make lanterns, fans, ...es for jewelers, or pleat silk for ...-makers, who use it in lengthening ... Many embroider in silk and linen, ... ll girls doing this work with re... delicacy and skill. Probably ... are employed in the manufacture ...noney to be used in the worship ...s, than in any other industry, but ...ow many native Christian homes ... h work is no longer taken.

...comes about that, in very many ...omes, the girls receive little or no ... of a purely intellectual character. ...ongol maxim asserts that it is not ... wife to be as clever as her hus..., proceeding upon this principle, ... se purposely keep their daughters ... Even in rich homes, it is the rare ... for a daughter to share the stu... son, or even to aspire to such a ... a favorite and pretty, she lives a doll's life, dressed, petted, caressed, being taught deportment or a few conventional accomplishments, and also embroidery and music; but of the head or the heart, there is not, in the higher sense of the word, any attempt at culture whatsoever.

Probably the most happily situated girls are the daughters of familes of the middle class. They are taught to do a great variety of domestic work and, in the main, they do it very skilfully. Economy is considered a prime virtue, and this is impressed upon the domestic pupil at the outset. The diet of the people is very simple. In his excellent book on "Chinese Characteristics," from which our illustration is taken, Rev. Arthur H. Smith gives these very interesting points regarding domestic life:

The vast bulk of the population seems to depend upon a few articles, such as rice, beans in various preparations, millet, garden vegetables, and fish. These, with a few other things, form the staple of countless millions, supplemented it may be on feast-days, or other special occasions, with a bit of meat. Even in famine times, thousands of persons have been kept alive for months on an allowance of not more than a cent and a half a day. There is very little waste in the preparation of Chinese food, and everything is made to do as much duty as possible. What there is left after a Chinese family have finished one of their meals would represent but a fraction of the net cost of the food. The populations of new countries are proverbially wasteful, and we have not the least doubt that it would be possible to support sixty millions of Asiatics in comparative luxury with the materials daily wasted in a land like the United States, where a living is easily to be had. Even the tea left in the Chinese cups is poured back into the teapot to be heated again.

Every Chinese housewife knows how to make the most of her materials. Her dress is not in its pattern or its construction wasteful like those of her sisters in Occidental countries, but all is planned to save time, strength, and material. The tiniest scrap of foreign stuff is always welcome to a Chinese woman, who will make it reappear in forms of utility if not of beauty. What cannot be employed in one place is sure to be just the thing for another, and a mere trifle of bias stuff is sufficient for the binding of a shoe. The Chinese have their bathing houses, but the greater part of the Chinese people never go near them, nor indeed never saw one. "Do you wash your child every day?" said an inquisitive foreign lady to a Chinese mother, who was seen throwing shovelfuls of dirt over her progeny, and then wiping it off with an old broom. "Wash him every day!" was the indignant response; "he was never washed since he was born!" Washing of clothes there certainly is, but it is on a very subdued scale, and in comparison with what we call cleanliness it might almost be left out of account.

It will thus be seen, from Mr. Smith's description, that while there are no doubt many points in which the Chinese might set a profitable example to less economical races, on the whole, it is economy run to a degree where it becomes miserliness and destructive of much of the joy and comfort of living.

A CHINESE KITCHEN, SHOWING METHOD OF BAKING AND PREPARING FOOD.

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A Queen's Pet Donkeys.

Queen Victoria has a number of donkeys and ponies, of whom she makes special pets. One favorite is Skewbald, a Shetland pony, three and a half feet high, that draws the royal great-grandchildren in a two-wheeled cart. Then there is Jacquot, the brown donkey with the white nose, which draws the Queen's chair, and is usually taken with her Majesty on her foreign holidays. A grey donkey, whose sire was purchased at Cairo by Lord Wolseley, and by him presented to the Queen, has also drawn the royal carriage, and even carried some of her Majesty's grandchildren. Jenny, an old white donkey, born at Virginia Water, is another pet with the great-grandchildren.

***

The Summer Garden.

At this season, when gardens are looking their loveliest, it is like a breath of sweet perfume to read these lines by B. F. Leggett:

The honey-bees are droning in the pollen-dusted bells,
In quest of treasured sweetness for their hidden waxen cells:
The roses and the violets in beauty are ablow
Within the little garden where the scarlet poppies grow;
The sunflower and the marigold are lighting up the gloom—
The hollyhock is idling there—a very tramp of bloom,
While tulips lift their beakers up and pledge in ruddy wine,
The dear old home forever, where the morning-glories twine.

THE OLD HOUSE.

THE old house stands upon the hill,
Gloomy of face and grey:
The wind wails over it at will,
The lichen on the window sill
Hides fondly its decay.
The spiders build upon the wall,
And in the wainscot of the hall
The mice and crickets play.
The garden beds are over-run
With groundsel, green and gold;
Wind-sown and blessed by rain and sun,
And all unchecked by any one,
Grow dandelions bold.
The dust lies thick across the floor,
The ivy trails across the door,
The hearth is bleak and cold.
When last I saw this house, the light
Of living love was there;
The lawn was smooth, the garden bright,
And everything that met my sight
Was summer-like and fair.
Gay children played amongst the bloom,
Fond faces lit each sunny room
With light beyond compare.
The old house stands upon the hill
Just as it stood of yore,
The wind and rain can play at will
Around the moss-grown window-sill
And through the creaking door.
The gladsome laughter long is dead,
For all the light and life have fled
And wake to life no more.
They may be far, they may be near,
I know not where they be;
I only know a silent tear
Rises as ghosts of them appear
'Twixt the old house and me.
The moonlight floods the broken gate
And all is cold and desolate
Where once they used to be.

***

"Heart-Parties."

A new form of innocent amusement for the young folks, these summer evenings, is the "heart-party," which is really a pretty and attractive substitute for the old time "donkey-party." A large heart made of red flannel cloth is pinned to a sheet hung upon a door or wall. In the centre of the heart is sewed a small circle of white. Arrows of white cloth with pins placed therein are given to the guests, each arrow bearing a number, the number corresponding to a list whereon the names and numbers of the guests are placed. The point of the game, of course, is to see who will pin the arrow nearest to the central spot of white. Prizes are given — one each for the lady and gentleman coming the nearest to the centre, and one each to those coming the farthest from the bull's eye. The prizes may be bonbons, cake or any trifling souvenir.

***

The Good-night Kiss.

How glad a true child is to kneel by his mother's knee and say his evening prayer, or to have his father kneel with him as he prays! How he enjoys words of approval or encouragement when they precede the good-night kiss from either parent! With what warmth and grateful affection his young heart glows as he feels the tender impress of his mother's hand or lips upon his forehead before he drops asleep. How bright and dear does that home seem to him at such an hour! How sorry he is for every word or act of unkindness which he then recalls from his conduct of the day! How ready he then is to confess his specific acts of misdoing, and all his remembered failures, and to make new resolves and purposes of doing for the future! Whatever else a child is impatient to grow away from, he does not readily outgrow the enjoyment of his mother's good-night. As long as she is willing to visit his bedside, and gave him a kiss, with a loving word, just before he goes to sleep, he is sure to count that privilege of his home as something above price, and without which he would have a sense of sad lack. And at no time is he more sure than then to be ready to do whatever his mother would ask of him; at no time do gentle, tender words of loving counsel from her sink deeper into his heart, or make a stronger impression.

...NADJA;...

A Tale of the Russian Steppes.*

BY OLIVER M. NORRIS.

THE GREAT TRAVELING CARRIAGE ON ITS WAY TO THE WAR.

CHAPTER VII.

Sergei's Ordeals.

SERGEI'S long return ride was none of the pleasantest. He felt somehow that his interview with the Countess had not been successful or well managed, that he had not said what he had wanted to say, that he had said more than he should have said, and, worse than all, he felt that she had not said all that she had on her mind.

And now he had to face the uncertain accidents of a long war before he could see her again. The possibility of winning military renown was never once in his thoughts. He loved his country indeed with a passion that he himself scarcely realized, and he was firmly convinced of the justice of the cause—the crusade, he believed it to be—on which the armies of the Czar were now embarked; but he could not help feeling that soldiering was not his "metier," and that his true vocation was in less exciting spheres, where he might work for his beloved peasantry, and help to lighten the temporal and spiritual burdens under which they groaned. He felt that his life hitherto had been all wrong, and that if he remained in the army it would be only warped and twisted beyond redemption. But war was now declared, a just war besides, and he would be a poltroon to desert the larger interests of the country in favor of his inclinations, however much these might be in accordance with his own individual notions of righteousness. And so through all the long hours back to Slavo his mind was troubled with great doubts. His position perplexed and worried him. He felt, moreover, that he had not a friend in the world to whom he might unburden himself.

And then he suddenly bethought himself of the young preacher, the friend of his boyhood, the man who had grown up through much affliction and the practice of infinite self-denial to be a rock of strength to his fellows. Mikhail Kulmenko was his friend still. He would go straight to him, and together they would seek counsel. Sergei had never forgotten the morning before he left Slavo for the military school, when young Mikhail took him to a grassy hollow in the steppe and asked him to kneel down [illegible] guide him amid the snares of the new life opening before him. This had been only the first of several such visits to the hollow, and Sergei thought that he would ask Mikhail to accompany him once more, and possibly for the last time, to the well-known spot where he would humble himself before God, and ask his guidance and blessing.

And there, just before him at the entrance to the village, stood Mikhail Kulmenko in his little garden facing the west, with his head [illegible] the last sun flaming low on the horizon, and gazing at the approaching horseman. Sergei dismounted, and [illegible] garden railings, went forward and clasped his friend's hand.

"Mikhail," he said, "I am come to speak with you. I could not go [illegible] seeing you. I'm leaving to-morrow, you know."

*Published in strip covers and bound in cloth by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, and Toronto.

Mikhail said never a word, and led the way into the house, and when the old mother knew that the two men would be alone together, she slipped out to see a neighbor. Mikhail's face was pale as death save for the angry red mark on his forehead left by the "uriadnik."

"Sit down, Panitch," he said. "You are tired after your long ride. You have been to Kransnaya Balka. I heard them say you had ridden over there. Is the Countess well? She is a good woman, Panitch."

"Yes, Mikhail, she is well. Mikhail, you're an old friend of mine; you're my only friend, I think. It is about the Countess that I partly wish to speak to you. I'm going away, and may be away for a year, or I may never come back, God only knows. I want you to promise to go over there often and speak to her—to speak to her about what is holiest and best in life. She is a good woman, Mikhail, a noble woman, and she wants to do noble and good deeds. Go over and help her. She knows you and likes you. And then I want you to promise to write me every week a long letter about her, and what she is doing, and if she is well, and what she says. Mikhail, I'm speaking to you as to my brother, and I trust you with my secret. I love the Countess better than I love my life. Will you promise me this, Mikhail?"

Mikhail raised his eyes to his young master's face. "Panitch, dear brother, I cannot do this. I have something to tell you, and you will then decide if I am right. I must leave home, Panitch—I must leave home at once. If I stay here, God forgive me, I shall go mad. I have fought against it for months, and it is conquering me, and I grow more and more helpless. You don't know what is going on. You know Nadvejda Sozontieff. Perhaps, Panitch, you know how for years I have loved her, although I had so little hope of making her my wife. Even in those years when we used to go fishing together, and when she used to come out of her father's "izba" to watch us land the fish, I knew that I loved Nadya, and I believed that she loved me. We were often together, and it was I who taught her to read and write. I gave her my New Testament. Her father disliked me even then, for I was the son of Ivan Kulmenko, who had brought the light to the village, the light that he in his blindness could not see, the light that he still hates so fiercely. But we grew up together, Panitch, she and I, and although in time we saw one another less frequently, I got to love her more and more, and those were the only golden days in my life when I saw Nadya. Once returning from fishing by the river road—it was shortly after father's death—I overtook her and told her I was now nearly a man, and that she would soon be a woman. I opened all my heart to her, Panitch, and she put her arms around my neck and kissed me, and cried, and said she loved me, but said that she could not marry me, as her father hated me so. She wished to promise that she would never marry anyone else, but I would not hear of this. That happened just about a year before you went to Petersburg, a few days before the other Panitch went. And then all of a sudden I ceased to see her—it was as though she avoided me. She sent the New Testament back to me, with a few words written on a piece of paper, thanking me for the loan of it. And I had given it to her to keep. Well, it was a great wrench, but I began to see plainly that she could not love me any longer, so I strove hard, night and day, to forget her. I worked hard, and asked God to strengthen me for my work. I studied night and day—I was eager and hot after knowledge, and in time the thought of Nadya was no longer a sore place in my heart—still tender, Panitch, but not painful.

"But I got to hear after awhile that she was in great distress, and mother, who was on the other side of the river a week ago, saw her at the door and said she looked like a ghost, and that all her beauty had fled. Two days ago I was down by the river, and as I was coming home by a short cut through the sedge, I heard a sound of sobbing that frightened me, for it was a lonely place. I stopped and looked through an opening in the reeds, and there was Nadya crying as though her heart was breaking.

"I went up to her and asked what was the matter, but she only broke into fresh spasms of grief and would not be comforted. Panitch, I left her there, but her misery haunts me. I know she loves me no longer, but all my love for her has come back—indeed I now believe it never left me, and I must go away. I can think of nothing but Nadya. I am unfit for my work. Yes, I know I am weak, but I can't help it. I'll go away for awhile and struggle to be a man again."

"But where will you go, Misha? You can't go away and leave the brethren without any one. My poor brother, I am very sorry for you? How can I help you?"

"Take me with you to the war, Panitch. Keep me beside you, and we'll come back together after it is all over. And then you will go over to Kransnaya Balka, and you know what her answer will be. And I will return healed of my wound, and we'll be all happy together."

"But, Misha—you go to war! you, a Stundist preacher?"

"Yes, Panitch, why not? I think it is the very place for a preacher. I would not go to fight, but I thought you could take me as your servant. I'd serve you loyally, Panitch, and do everything for you, let me go with you. I'll do my best among the soldiers and try to win some of them to the light. I'll go to the hospitals and strive to lessen grief and pain there. Yes, Panitch, I'll go; you consent? Who'll take my place? Why, Vassily Pavlitch, of course. I told him that I thought of going away for some months, and he promises to relieve me."

So it was decided that when Sergei left on the following day, Mikhail Kulmenko, the Stundist preacher, should accompany him as his soldier servant. Sergei knew that he could arrange this with his Colonel and with the village elder at Slavo; and he felt happy that he would have a faithful friend at his side, and some one with whom he could draw aside at times and talk of higher and holier things than the world knows of.

Mikhail was satisfied to seek in the excitement of the front and in the fresh field of distracting work that would be opened up to him there, some consolation of his human grief about Nadyejda.

And they both looked forward to the happier days when the fight would be over. Both had a dim feeling that they did not

(Continued on page 565.

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eir troubles in a proper perspective, hat when they got away from them would sink to insignificance. But ll would come rushing in on them the thought of the home-coming, and as at there hour after hour in the hum- ttage, they began talking about the est plans for the future, about seeds peasants' gardens, and schoolrooms children, and a simple lathe for the the boys. And Mikhail again told that all would be well, and Sergei Mikhail look wistful and try to look when he assured him that there was time coming for him and Nadya.

r their long communion the two men ted, and until far into the night they their preparations for departure. morning came it was at once known ikhail was going to the front with Sergei, and his "izba" was soon ith little groups of his friends, not sts alone, but orthodox peasants as en who had learned to love the gen- patient man who never quarrelled, ver said a bitter word or a hard about any one, whose wise advice often sought in perplexity, whose ice was as much theirs as his. His ther and the other women shed tears, e men stood around and wondered singular resolution. They would nes take his hand in both theirs and wring it. Vassily Pavlitch was tell every one that he was going to cher during Mikhail's absence, and pained smile on his face he tried to hem believe what he did not wish to himself, that in the future, and when t used to him, they would not find t a difference after all between his s and Mikhail's. The old widow ko handed around glasses of weak little bits of sugar, and some "piroj- had baked for Mikhail to take away m to the war, were also handed nd silently eaten. And so the hours ng day passed.

ngth late in the afternoon, and he "izba" was full of people, Ser- down word that he and his brother ady, and that Mikhail was to join riage at the ferry. The last few at home had come, and the Stundist p in the midst of his people and is eyes and clasped his hands to- All around him followed his exam- there was a long silence, so pain- intense a silence that the people they heard their hearts beat. Then r another sighed, and Mikhail took undle and Vassily Pavlitch anoth- without a word they streamed out of age, Mikhail and his old mother in front, the others in a long lowing—all silent and sorrowful.

went slowly up the village to the From the brow of the hill they saw on why hardly a soul had come out izbas" to see them pass. The illage in a great crowd was down rry. The women in their scarlet ite, the men home from the fields an usual, the moist clay still cling- them. The Stundists slowly de- along the dusty road and past the 's cottage to where the others sembled. Old Sozontieff had his dy and every one was waiting for age to appear.

it comes, here it comes," shouted ren; and the great lumbering trav- riage with four horses came slow- , and behind it walked the old ery feeble, his nephews walking side. The villagers went up to m; the carriage stopped and the and the young officers bowed in to the low obeisance of the peas- hen the great crowd let the carri- a and slowly returned to the ferry. a word the young men, first in, and then his brother, fell on the s neck and kissed him on both nd he threw his frail arms over lders, and the villagers noted how white his hands were, and how he wore seemed too big for his

bye," shouted Sergei from the od bless you all! God bless !"

ir said nothing, looking straight in across the stream. Mikhail's as rocking herself in her son's he tore himself away and sprang erry as Sozontieff was unloosen- ooring chains.

they floated across the great villagers remaining on the bank. Arrived on the other side the two dragoons entered their carriage, Mikhail sprang up beside the coachman and away they galloped towards the fading West. The crowd on the bank still watched them until there was only a thin trail of dust on the horizon, and then the women put their aprons up to their eyes. The general, his face pale and drawn, turned and left them without a word, and feebly walked up the hill to his empty home.

(To be continued.)

EDUCATING SOUTHERN NEGROES.

DURING the last ten years, a great educational movement has been in progress among the colored people in many parts of the South. Colleges, Institutes, and Normal Schools have sprung up in different States, and many of them, from small beginnings, have attained the proportions and importance of educational institutions

PROF. J. J. HIGGS.

of a very high order. In nearly every instance, they have followed the example of the Hampton Institute and the Edward Waters' College, in making religious instruction and the study of the Scriptures a prominent part of the training, and the result is shown in the large numbers of educated Christian young men and women who are graduated from such institutions every year.

One of the latest projects of this character looks to the establishment of Central Normal and Industrial Schools at Waycross, Ga. Prof. J. J. Higgs, a Christian preacher who has been engaged in educational work for many years, has been the prime mover in the matter, and through his efforts mainly, the proposed schools were organized last summer. A building was secured and work begun, but it was quickly found that the facilities were altogether inadequate. An effort is now being made to interest the friends of colored education, North and South, in the project, and the people of Waycross have already set the example by starting a substantial subscription list in behalf of the schools. It is proposed to erect a frame school-house, to accommodate 400 scholars, and also a lecture hall, teachers' residence, and workshops for the mechanical and industrial departments. Plans for these buildings have been prepared, and the estimated cost will be in the neighborhood of $10,900. Two acres of land in the suburbs of Waycross have been purchased for the projected buildings, and the committee is now in treaty for a small farm in the immediate neighborhood. The committee consists of Rev. B. J. Greene, President; N. M'Millan, Vice-President: Dr. G. P. Washington, Secretary, and R. T. Anderson, Treasurer. Rev. A. A. J. Edgerton, of the Baptist Church, Weldon, N. C., is associated with Prof. Higgs, and will become a member of the faculty at Waycross. Any who are interested in this effort for the purpose of educating and elevating the colored race in the South, can obtain full information concerning the project by writing to Dr. Washington, Waycross, Ga.

A CONVERTED SHEPHERD.

Among the converts at Sheo-Hang, in North China is a remarkable man who holds the office of village shepherd. Mr. Pigott, who is laboring there, says the man, Li-pai by name, was formerly a wine-drinker and quarrelsome, but of a sturdy, independent character. "On my first visit in 1892, he stood among a large crowd to listen. At the close of the service he bought a copy of the Gospel of Luke. Two years passed as he fed his large flock of sheep, and found him often pondering over the wonderful Book, until those who knew him saw the wine and quarrelling given up, and his dislike to idols increasing. Meantime, we had settled here, but he was shy of coming, and his large flock kept him occupied, till one bright morning Mrs. Piggott and I started to visit the aunt of one of those who desired to own the Lord in baptism, a Mrs. Kong, lately restored to sight under my wife's treatment. A little lamb in Li-pai's flock had died, and he had to tramp five miles to report its death to its owner, Mrs. Kong. He came in just as we did, and recognizing me as the man of whom he bought the book, he soon told of his treasured Gospel and the wonderful Jesus of whom it told, adding that he had ceased to worship idols. Since then he has grown bold and earnest, bringing in his comrades to the services, preaching in the houses of his employers, and bearing many a hard word for his Lord."

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THEIR EYES FIXED ON ZION.

A Great Jewish Movement Looking Toward the Re-occupation of Palestine by "The Chosen Race."

ONE of the distinctive signs of the times is the movement in progress among the Hebrew race in many parts of the world looking to their return at no distant date to their ancient land and to their rehabilitation as one of the great nations of the earth. It is estimated that of the 47,000 inhabitants of Jerusalem, fully 27,000 are Jews. This is an immense increase in recent years. In the "Nathanael" of Berlin, and the journal of the German Palestine Society, Rev. Dr. G. Dalman of Leipsic has recently given complete statistics of the Jewish agricultural colonies, which have in the last few years been established in the Holy Land, and shows that there are literally dozens of such establishments. But the most noteworthy agitation of this kind is the nationalistic movement found among sections of the Jews everywhere over the globe, looking to a return of Israel and re-introduction of the sacred language of the Old Testament. The protagonists of this movement are known as Zionites, and a review of their work is found in the "Frankfurter Zeitung" of recent date. That journal states that the agitation is the outcome of the persecution of Jews in Russia and Roumania since 1882. It is a reaction and counter-movement to the anti-Semitic crusade that has swept over Europe. The first regular Zionite Congress was held in November, 1884, in Kattowitz, Silicia, at which also representatives of England and France appeared. The present Russian Palestine Society has its headquarters in Odessa. An executive committee and an organ are found in Jaffa.

A part of the programme of the Zionites is the revival of Hebrew. In recent years a regular Hebrew literature has sprung up among Eastern Jews. Papers and magazines in Hebrew in great numbers are published, largely in the interests of the Zionite movement. Such journals as the weekly "Hamagid," of St. Petersburg, have an international reputation. In Russia the Jews publish two Hebrew dailies, and many weeklies and monthlies. Delitzch's Hebrew New Testament has been issued in more than 75,000 copies. In Palestine itself the organ of the Zionite movement is the "Hazibi," a monthly organ, edited by Ben-Jehuda.

While the movement of this project in Russia is chiefly the outcome of sympathy for the persecuted Israelites, the Zionites of the United States and England, in which latter country the agitation is especially strong, are actuated more by a sentimental interest. In England, the organ of these people is called "Palestine," and the higher circles of the English aristocracy take an interest in the work. The most pronounced advocate is Major Albert Goldsmith, who was commissioned by Queen Victoria to take charge of Baron Hirsch's project for the Jewish colonization of the Argentine Confederation, but soon returned to head the Zionites in England. In 1891, a petition was presented to the President of the United States, signed by Christian citizens of this land, asking the intervention of the Government in favor of a project of the organization in Palestine of a Jewish state. In England, "the Society for Relief of Persecuted Jews" has the Earl of Aberdeen for its president. In Edinburgh, the Zionites also have an active organization.

In Germany the movement stands in close connection with the work of the Jewish missionary societies, which have earnestly aided the project of the Jewish reformer, Joseph Rabinowitz, of Kishned, who has been attempting for ten years and more to organize a National Jewish Church acknowledging Jesus Christ as the promised Messiah. In Austria the agitation is in the hands of various types of the Jewish population, with a political tendency, however. A congress of Austrian friends of Palestine colonization has been held twice, the last time in September, 1894.

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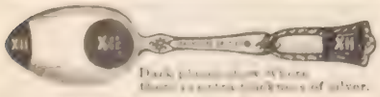

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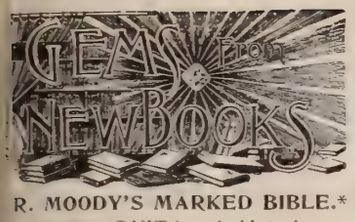

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Justification, a change
ate, a new standing before God.
pentance, a change of mind, a new
about God.
generation, a change of nature, a new
from God.
nversion, a change of life, a new life
od.
option, a change of family, new rela-
hip towards God.
ctification, a change of service, separ-
unto God.
rification, a new state, a new condi-
ith God.

the same hand-writing I found these

us only; the light of heaven is the
f Jesus.
joy of heaven is the presence of Jesus.
melody of heaven is the name of
.
theme of heaven is the work of Jesus.
employment of heaven is the service
us.
fulness of heaven is Jesus himself.
duration of heaven is the eternity of

e marking should be made the ser-
f the memory. If properly done, it
ens the memory, rather than blunts
ause it gives prominence to certain
that catch the eye, which by con-
eading you get to learn off by heart.
ve carried one Bible with me a great
years. It is worth a good deal to me,
will tell you why: because I have so
passages marked in it, that if I am
upon to speak at any time I am
I have words marked in the margin,
ey are a sermon to me. Whether I
about Faith, Hope, Charity, Assur-
r any subject whatever, it all comes
me; and however unexpectedly I
lled upon to preach, I am always
Every child of God ought to be like
r, and always hold himself in read-
If the Queen of England's army
dered to India to-morrow, the soldier
for the journey. But we cannot be
f we do not study the Bible. So
er you hear a good thing, just put
, because if it is good for you it will
for somebody else; and we should
e coin of heaven around just as we
coin of the realm.

marking makes the Bible a new
you. If there was a white birch
hin a quarter of a mile of the home
boyhood, you would remember it
life. Mark your Bible, and instead
eing dry and uninteresting, it will
a beautiful book to you. What you
kes a more lasting impression on
mory than what you hear.

are many methods of marking.
se six or eight colored inks or pen-
lack is used to mark texts that re-
to in; red, all reference to the cross;
references to heaven; and so on.
invent symbols. Where there is
rence to the cross, they put "†" in
rgin. Some write "G," meaning

h is danger of overdoing this, and
your marks more prominent than

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the Scripture itself. If the system is complicated, it becomes a burden, and you are likely to get confused. It is easier to remember the text than the meaning of your marks. Black ink is good enough for all purposes. I use no other, unless it be red ink to draw attention to "the blood."

The simplest way to mark is to underline the words or to make a stroke alongside the verse. Another good way is to go over the printed letters with your pen, and make them thicker. The word will then stand out like heavier type. Mark "only" in Psalm 62 in this way.

When any word or phrase is oft-repeated in a chapter or book, put consecutive numbers in the margin over against the text. Thus, in the second chapter of Habakkuk, we find five "woes" against five common sins; (1) verse 6, (2) verse 9, (3) verse 12, (4) verse 15, (5) verse 19. Number the ten plagues this way. When there is a succession of promises or charges in a verse, it is better to write the numbers small at the beginning of each separate promise. Thus, there is a seven-fold promise to Abraham in Gen. 12: 2, 3: "(1) I will make of thee a great nation, (2) and I will bless thee, (3) and make thy name great; (4) and thou shalt be a blessing; (5) and I will bless them that bless thee, (6) and curse him that curseth thee: (7) and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed." In Prov. 1: 22, we have (1) simple ones, (2) scorners, (3) fools.

Put an "x" in the margin against things not generally observed: for example, the laws regarding women wearing men's clothes, and regarding bird-nesting, in Deut. 22: 5-6; the sleep of the poor man and of the rich man compared, Ecc. 5: 12.

When a preacher gives out a text, mark it; as he goes on preaching, put a few words in the margin, key-words that shall bring back the whole sermon again. By that plan of making a few marginal notes, I can remember sermons that I heard years and years ago. Every man ought to take down some of the preacher's words and ideas, and go into some lane or by-way and preach them again to others. We ought to have four ears—two for ourselves and two for other people. Then, if you are in a new town, and have nothing else to say, jump up and say: "I heard someone say so and so;" and men will always be glad to hear you if you give them heavenly food. The world is perishing for lack of it.

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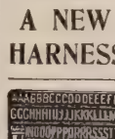

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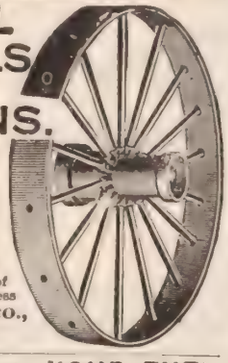

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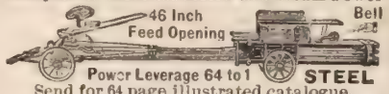

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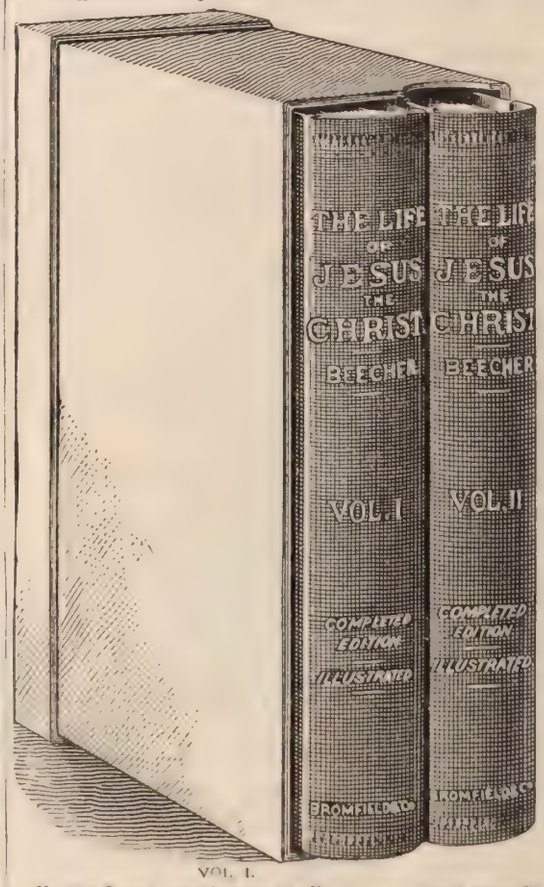

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 4, 1895. PRICE 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

MONT-LAWN'S NEW GUESTS.

Several Hundred Little Convalescents from the Tenements to go There Next Week. Interesting Slum Statistics—The Little Girl who Prayed at Home.

MONT-LAWN will present a somewhat new aspect, during the coming week, to those friends of our Fresh-Air work who visit there. Arrangements have been made to extend the benefits of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home to a large number of tenement children who have been sick and are now convalescent, and whose restoration to health will be practically assured by a ten days' sojourn in the pure, bracing air of the plateau on which the Home is situated. There are in New York thousands of such cases, where frail children have only to be shielded for days and sometimes weeks, and where many have succumbed, others have come out of the battle with disease, weakness and emaciation, but with a chance, under favorable auspices, of regaining strength. Although the summer months the city physicians have been attending multitudes of little sufferers; but the time has come when fresh air, pure milk and cool, sunny meadows are more needed even than drugs, and nature's tonics will be the best supplement of the doctors' skill. So several hundreds of these convalescents will now be our guests and everything needful will be arranged for their comfort, including medical attendance, should it be necessary. It will be much more delicate and serious responsibility than any hitherto undertaken. In a limited number of cases, the mothers will accompany their children to Mont-Lawn and remain with them during their stay.

There is a strong probability that the condition of the slums of our great cities, and particularly those of New York, which are many degrees worse than all others, may soon furnish a basis for remedial national legislation. The condition of their occupants, adults, and children alike, has attracted Congressional attention.

An official investigation of the slums of our leading cities, made by order of Congress, has just been completed by the Commissioner of Labor at Washington, and it confirms, in every essential point, all that has been stated in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD concerning those unlovely and repulsive outgrowths of our civilization. The average number of occupants in a New York slum dwelling is thirty-six, although many have over one hundred; the average income is less than among the slum poor of Chicago and Philadelphia; and New York is worse off than any other large city in respect to opportunities for cleanliness. There is one saloon to every 129 persons. That the slums are a hotbed of vice and the worst place on the continent for the influence they exert on children, is proved by the startling fact that the annual average of arrests is one in six, involving almost every crime on the calendar. At the same time, the significant fact is elicited that the ratio of illiterates in at least two of the wards where the slum population abounds is forty-six per cent. and the others in proportion. It is clear, therefore, that until education and the Gospel penetrate to the darkest corners of the slums the great mass of their population must remain in their present wretched condition. Our Fresh-Air Fund and similar philanthropic agencies are doing pioneer work in bringing light into many of these benighted homes, for the moral and hygienic training of the young children is rarely without its influence upon the other members of the family. They bring back with them to the slums a breath of freshness and purity and a new sincerity in their childish prayers, which, although it may soon wane through contact with the old rough, godless life, will not be altogether effaced. "I say my prayers," writes one sweet little girl after her return, "just as I used to at Mont-Lawn, where the kind teacher taught us to kneel together beside our beds and say, 'Our Father.' They looked at me when I did it the first time, but I don't mind it now a bit, and I've got sister Mame so she says them, too."

Bed-time at Mont-Lawn! There could be no sweeter or more touching picture than that presented in the snowy dormitories, where row upon row of little heads, dark and brown and golden, bend low together across the white cots and the little lips utter in unison the simple supplication of childhood.. Even the roughest boy or girl at such a moment is hushed and fervent. All are taught to remember in their petitions the friends at home. Before the last syllable has been said, the bright eyes are ready to close in the deep and dreamless sleep of childhood—the sleep that gives strength and refreshment for the duties and pleasures of a new day. Our artist has given us a glimpse of a nook in one of the dormitories at bed-time; but art cannot convey to the ear the low, earnest murmur of child voices and the gentle pleading for God's watchful care to be over all during the silent watches of the night.

BED-TIME AT MONT-LAWN—A SCENE IN ONE OF THE DORMITORIES.

During the past week over one hundred and eighty children have been taken to Mont-Lawn, away from the sweltering city and the sickening surroundings of the tenements. Although the weather has been unusually torrid in town, at our Children's Home it has been delightfully cool and invigorating; indeed, the elevation upon which Mont-Lawn stands precludes the possibility of suffering from heat there, no matter how high the thermometer ranges below.

From the very large number of letters received during the week, we can only devote space to a few extracts. "If you know of any children who have prayed to God to let them go to the country," writes "A Disciple," Washington, D. C. ($6), "I would prefer this money to be used to answer their prayers." Mrs. Gerts, Irving Park, Ill. ($3), writes: "God bless these little ones, and my prayer is that you will sow precious seed in their young hearts." "It seems a terrible thing to me," remarks the letter of another patron, Mrs. M. G. Weld, Almena, Kan. ($3), "that there should be children dying for God's free fresh air." Mrs. Eunice Davidge, Newark Valley, N. Y., in sending a check for $30, says: "Kindly use it in sending ten of the poor tenement children to Mont-Lawn. Please send those who are most needy of God's pure sunlight." T. D. M., Greenwich, writes:

> Just before my dear mother died in June, she begged me to put a dollar in her pocket-book, and now I send it to you, hoping it will help to make some child happier and better. I would be glad to send some more, but my own child has very few luxuries besides fresh air and sunshine.

A Sunday School class of the Fifth Street M. E. Church, Philadelphia, sends $4.35, "with heartfelt wishes for the success of the work." The "Willing Helpers," of Lowell, Mass., forward $1.

Alice Lewis, Hillsdale, Mich., writes:

> I remember that even a "cup of cold water" given "in His name" is blessed, and I am glad to have even a small part in this good work. With all God's pure air and beautiful unoccupied country, it does not seem right that these poor people should be huddled together like sheep in a car.

"In memory of my dear mother who went to heaven just nine months ago, I send this ($3) for one little girl to be sent to

(Continued on page 571.)

THE CHIEFTAIN.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Canticles 5: 10, *"The chiefest among ten thousand."*

THE most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to him from the Bethlehem sky, was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the "vox humana" in all music, the graceful-est line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedraled grandeur, and the peroration of all language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared himself to the first letter and the last letter, the Alpha and the Omega, he appropriated to himself all the splendors that you can spell out either with those two letters or all the letters between them: "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end."

What does that Scripture mean which says of Christ, "He that cometh from above is above all?" It means after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain: but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants — have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory they might all well unite in the words of Paul, and cry out: "Above all!" "Above all!" But Solomon in my text prefers to call Christ "The Chieftain," and so to-day I hail him.

First, Christ must be chief in our preaching. There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the country that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is the most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil—individual, social, political, national. [illegible] There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent [illegible] covenant of works and covenant of grace, [illegible] while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say [illegible] anglo-Saxonism, of all the word treasures [illegible] Greek and the Indo-European, but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars; and we do not propose in our Sunday School teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stone? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe! Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course, thought is the cargo, and words are only the ship; but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sabbath School class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need, is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and heaven. We ride a few old words to death, when there is such illimitable resource. Shakespeare employed fifteen thousand different words for dramatic purposes; Milton employed eight thousand different words for poetic purposes; Rufus Choate employed over eleven thousand different words for legal purposes; but the most of us have less than a thousand words that we can manage, and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ we are going to take the tenderest phraseology wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before, all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ the Conqueror, we are going to draw our similes from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy have eighteen flags by which they give signal, but those eighteen flags they can put into sixty-six thousand different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to these young men who come from the theological seminaries into our services, and are, after awhile, going to preach Jesus Christ: You will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are all these Gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers no sweetness, sunset sky no color compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire, and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and [illegible] the embassador of the skies all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for direst guilt. Sweetest comfort for ghastliest agony. Brightest hope for grimmest death. Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulchre. Oh, what a Gospel to preach! Christ the Chief. His birth, his suffering, his miracles, his parables, his sweat, his tears, his blood, his atonement, his intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went there, the herald and the forerunner. The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared to put it on; but this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the weakest and the worst may wear. "Where sin abounded, grace may much more abound."

"Oh, my sins, my sins!" said Martin Luther to Staupitz, "my sins, my sins!" The fact is that the brawny German student had found a Latin Bible that made him quake; and nothing else ever did make him quake; and when he found how, through Christ, he was pardoned and saved, he wrote to a friend, saying, "Come over and join us great and awful sinners saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God; but we that have been such very awful sinners praise his grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first-rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is a looking-glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and putrifying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them, and then offered us the receipt! And how much we need him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have his grace. Why, he made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock the Christian, from cups of granite lily-rimmed, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Again I remark, that Christ is chief in dying alleviations. I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The Emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronation the stone mason should come and consult him about the tombstone that after awhile he would need. And there are men who are monomaniacal on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less they are prepared to go. This is an unmanliness not worthy of you, not worthy of me.

Saladin, the greatest conqueror of his day, while dying, ordered that the tunic he had on him be carried after his death on his spear at the head of his army, and that then the soldier, ever and anon, should stop and say: "Behold all that is left of Saladin, the emperor and conqueror! Of all the states he conquered, of all the wealth he accumulated, nothing did he retain but this shroud." I have no sympathy with such behavior, or such absurd demonstration, or with much that we hear uttered in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a commonsensical idea on this subject that you need to consider—there are only two styles of departure. A thousand feet underground, by light of torch, toiling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, falling from the slippery ratlines and broken on the halliards, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and reeking leprosies and raging fevers, we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, [illegible] through the heart, the gun-carriage [illegible] roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure—the death of the righteous and the death of the wicked—and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home. You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want your room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us up when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open heaven's gate? Can human hand pilot us through the narrows of death into heaven's harbor? Can any earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death, and in the hour when Satan shall practise upon us his infernal archery? No, no, no, no! Alas! poor soul, if that all. Better die in the widerness, far from tree shadow and from fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ could say through the solitudes, "I will never leave thee, ... never forsake thee." From that pillow of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going; and across the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying, the door of a heathen temple, said: "Glory to thee, O God!" What did dying Wisner force say to his wife? "Come and beside me, and let us talk of heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Hannah More say? To go to heaven, think what that is! To go to Christ, who died that I might live! Oh, glorious grave! Oh, what a glorious thing it is to die! Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" What did Mr. Toplady, the great hymn-maker say in his last hour? "Who can measure the depths of the third heaven? Oh, the sunshine that fills my soul! I shall soon be gone, for surely no one can live after this world after such glories as God has manifested to my soul."

What did the dying Janeway say? "I can as easily die as close my eyes and turn my head in sleep. Before a few hours have passed I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and with the just men made perfect, and we shall ascribe riches, and honor, and glory, and majesty, and dominion unto God and the Lamb." Dr. Taylor, condemned to burn at the stake, on hearing thither broke away from the guardsmen, and went bounding and leaping and limping toward the fire, glad to go to Jesus and to die for him. Sir Charles Hedley, in his last moments, had such rapture of vision that he cried: "Upward, upward, upward!" And so great was the pulse of one of Christ's disciples that he put his finger upon the pulse in his wrist and counted it and observed it; and so great was his placidity that after awhile he said: "Stopped!" and his life had ended to begin in heaven. But grander than that was the testimony of the worn-out first missionary, when, in the Mamertine dungeon, he cried: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand: I have fought the good fight, have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing!" Do you not see that Christ is chief in dying alleviations?

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence we are speeding. When I see the sunset, I say, "One day less to live." When I see the spring blossoms scattered, I say, "Another season gone forever."

…ren I close the Bible on Sabbath night, I …ay, "Another Sabbath departed." When …bury a friend, I say, "Another earthly at…action gone forever." What nimble feet …e years have! The roebucks and the …ghtnings run not so fast. From decade to …ecade, from sky to sky, they go at a …bund. There is a place for us, whether mark…l or not, where you and I will sleep the last …eep, and the men are now living who will, …ith solemn tread, carry us to our resting…ace. Aye, it is known in heaven wheth…our departure will be a coronation or a …nishment. Brighter than a banqueting…ll through which the light feet of the …ncers go up and down to the sound of …mpeters will be the sepulchre through …hose rifts the holy light of heaven stream…h. God will watch you. He will send …s angels to guard your slumbering dust, …til, at Christ's behest, they shall roll …vay the stone.

So, also, Christ is Chief in heaven. The …ble distinctly says that Christ is the …ief theme of the celestial ascription. all …e thrones facing his throne, all the palms …ed before his face. all the crowns down …his feet. Cherubim to cherubim, sera…m to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeem…spirit, shall recite the Saviour's earthly …rifice.

…tand on some high hill of heaven, and …all the radiant sweep the most glorious …ject will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the …ars of his suffering, in silence first, after…ard breaking forth into acclamation. The …artyrs. all the purer for the flame through …hich they passed, will say, "This is the …sus, for whom we died." The Apostles, …the happier for the shipwreck and the …ourging through which they went, will …y, "This is the Jesus whom we preached …Corinth, and at Cappadocia, and at An…ch, and at Jerusalem." Little children …ad in white will say: "This is the Jesus …ho took us in his arms and blessed us, …id, when the storms of the world were …cold and loud, brought us into this …eautiful place." The multitude of the be…ft will say, "This is the Jesus who com…rted us when our heart broke." Many …ho wandered clear off from God and …unged into vagabondism, but were saved …grace, will say: "This is the Jesus who …rdoned us. We were lost on the moun…ins, and he brought us home. We were …ilty, and he has made us white as snow." …ercy boundless. grace unparalleled. And …en, after each one has recited his peculiar …eliverances and peculiar mercies, recited …em as by solo, all the voices will come …gether into a great chorus, which will …ake the arches echo and re-echo with the …ernal reverberation of triumph.

Edward I. was so anxious to go to the …oly Land that when he was about to ex…re he bequeathed $160,000 to have his …art, after his decease, taken to the Holy …and in Asia Minor, and his request was …mplied with. But there are hundreds to…y whose hearts are already in the Holy …and of heaven. Where your treasures …e, there are your hearts also. Quaint …hn Bunyan caught a glimpse of that …ace, and in his quaint way he said: "And …heard in my dream, and, lo! the bells of …e city rang again for joy; and as they …ened the gates to let in the men I looked …after them, and lo! the city shone like …e sun, and there were streets of gold, and …en walked on them, harps in their hands, …ring praises withal; and after that they …ut up the gates, which when I had seen …wished myself among them!"

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the …wery Mission during the past week:

Mrs. Elizabeth Waugh, Irena, Mo.
Mrs C D Smith, Cedo.
G. H. S. D., Wakefield.
H. A. D., Clerk's Status, N. Y.
Mrs. I. R. So. Preston, N. Y.
Mrs. J. C. Keene, Wis.
L. H., Charleston, Pa.
A Christian Mother, Lind, Wis.

All desiring to be enrolled on the list of …atrons, should send their names and ad…resses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

MONT-LAWN'S NEW GUESTS.

(Continued from first page.

Mont-Lawn," writes N. M. K., Williamsport, Pa. "I hope it may be the means of leading some little boy to Jesus," is the devout wish expressed by Mrs. W. T. B., of Orient, N. Y. ($3). Mr. J. E. B., Harpersville, N. Y. ($3), writes:

To help one child from the darkness and foulness of the tenement, to the light and purity of the country, and hoping and praying that the soul may find the light of life.

Sabrina, "a sad-hearted mother who has lost all her children," lovingly sends $1 to help some little lad to an outing. "To help the children through this uneven world is the grandest work anybody can be engaged in," writes Mrs. A. H. Vescelius, Newark, N. J. "If we can start them right before they have formed habits that must be broken up, the millennium would soon be here." A Subscriber, Princeton, N. J. (3), says, sympathetically, "Would that all the children could be taken out of the city, during this siege of most unbearable weather."

Mrs. H. A. R., Richmond, Ind., in forwarding $25, sends this most touching note:

I send in our dear Saviour's name, and in the name of a loving father, who left us for his home above, about one year ago, whose heart would be touched by the scene sketched on first page in CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 7th. $21 of it is to go to the Fresh Air Fund, and the remainder for its equivalent, to the "neediest boy of sixteen." If this boy can write, and feels inclined, I should be glad to hear from him.

Two dear little fellows, Norman G——, aged seven, and Charlie G——, aged four, of Leicester Junction, Vt., unitedly send $1 to help give a pleasant outing to some poor little tenement child. Two little boys and two girls at Cromwell, Conn., together earned $1 which they send to help a Fresh-Air Fund baby. A little Christian nobleman of six, Richmond B—— of Greenville, Pa., forwards $2.40 of his own money to send a poor boy to the country. O.C.D., Bradford, Ill., writes:

A subscriber of your paper became so much interested in the articles regarding the "Tenement House Children of New York City," that she had an article read at our little Home Mission Society: the ladies send $2.50 and wish it was more. You are doing a grand work.

"Accept it ($3) as a thank-offering for the health of our little Arita," writes "Free Lance," Strasburg, Va. "In the name of our darling little Birdie, who left us seventeen years ago for that bright world above," is the language in the letter of "A Friend" ($1), Caledonia, Mich. Aileen, Amerrette, and Arthur Weaver, three young people of Lawrence, Kan., send $1 each.

Contributions to the Work.

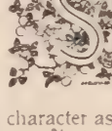
The following sums have been received during the week for the Children's Home:

Previously Acknowledged	**$3,390 95**
Olive Macomber and sister	6 00
A Disciple, Wash	6 00
Mrs Mary Hayward	3 00
E H Newton	3 00
Friends, Colerain Forge	3 00
Mrs Gerts	3 00
Mrs W G Weld	3 00
Friend and Subr., N Y	3 00
Mrs Eunice Davidge	30 00
Mrs H B M, Hartford	1 00
R, Hennings Mills	1 00
Walter S Gardner	1 00
Husband and Wife, Manchester	2 00
T D M, Greenwich	1 00
S S Class 5th street M E Church, Pa	4 35
Willing Helper, Lowell	1 00
M A Batten	5 00
H S, Canada	3 00
Mrs Caroline Valentine	3 00
E M Moe	5 00
——, Pierce	6 00
A Mother, Orono	1 00
A friend, W Saugerties	1 00
Alice Lewis	1 00
Nina M Kavanaugh	3 00
D H Newell	6 00
B M Phillips	6 00
In His Name, Worcester	3 00
Hattie E Case	6 00
Friend, Plainfield	3 00
Mrs Wm T Brown	3 00
S V T, Gossville	2 00
Friend, Ct	2 00
Emma F. Kagey	6 00
J E Bristol	3 00
Sabrina, N H	1 00
C Strong	3 00
Mrs Lockwood	3 00
Mrs A F Williams	3 00
A Reader, Albany	1 00
——, Lottsburg	2 00
——, Cannonsburg	3 00
Mrs Robert Miller	3 00
Mrs C B Gough	3 00
E T, Brooklyn	1 00
A CHRISTIAN HERALD Subscriber, Princeton	3 00
Fred and Ernest, Boston	15 00
Frank Duryea	3 00
Alice R Walker	3 00
Mrs H A Rich	25 00
Norman 7 years, Vt	50
Charley 4 years, Vt	50
Two boys and Two Girls, Cromwell	1 00
J L Grant	1 00
Lover of Children, Jewett City	10 00
A Friend, Cincinnati	3 00
O L F, Crystal Lake	1 00
Mrs J M Isbester	1 00
Mr and Mrs H R Brown	3 00
D C Frank	1 66
Jos Robertson	3 00
Emma Dieter	1 00
J F G, Huntingdon	3 00
Zula L Case	1 50
Friends at New Boston	2 50
In Jesus' Name, Owen Sound	3 00
A Friend, Paris, Ont.	20 00
The Presby S S, Bath	10 00
In His Name, Mattoon	1 00
Mrs J McIntosh	12 00
Two Little Girls, King and Queen C H, Va	1 00
Friends in the cause, Bedford	6 00
E M, Harmony, Me	2 00
Eliza Foskett	2 00
Friend, Plymouth Mass	6 00
O F Burgess	2 00
Mrs C F Warrant	5 00
Mrs D Carpenter	10 00
Mrs Geo H B, Charlotte, N C	3 00
M E J and S W, Perry, Ia	6 00
L L P, New Haven, Ct	1 00
S P Middleton	3 00
Mrs David Simpson	1 00
Subscriber, Bar Harbor	50
Little Mission Society of Baptist Church, Ill	2 50
Emanuel Winter	5 00
Jno Cox	1 00
Benj Cox	1 00
Mrs Kate Bartlett	3 00
F L Provinton	1 00
Mrs R H Shelton	1 00
A Girl who loves Jesus, Mt Vernon	6 00
A Friend, Montclair, Fla	1 00
A Friend, Middletown, Mo	3 00
W A Hines	3 00
A Friend, East Orange	3 00
Mrs E M Colvin	3 00
Raymond Blackman	24
Mrs J E McAllister	50
H T, E Rockaway	1 00
Mamie H Paterson	2 00
Mary G F, Danbury	6 00
Mrs C D Jenney	5 00
"Reaping Circle," K D, N Y	3 00
Mrs S and J B, Peekskill	6 00
A New Brunswick	3 00
A friend, N Stonington	1 00
Mrs J A L'Hommedieu	6 00
Mrs F Whitmarsh	5 00
Clifford, Bridgeport	3 00
Theo J and Emily H Weeks	6 00
Dr. Mrs and daughter, Springtown	6 00
Little Sadie, Richmond Ind	1 00
Hattie M Miller	3 00
B I N, Sag Harbor	1 00
An old Sub'r, Nantucket	2 00
In His Name, Me	10 00
Mrs L M Moody	3 00
——, Avondale, Pa	6 00
Anna Simpson	3 00
Christian Endeavor Socy, Bath	3 00
I F Hopkins	3 00
Mr and Mrs Chas L Scott	3 00
S W Smith	3 00
E T, Beans, Ont	3 00
A E B, DuBois, Pa	3 00
Avoca Junior League, M E Church	1 00
Mrs S Wales	3 00
E Wales	3 00
Mr Munn	5 00
Frances Steele	2 75
Mr M Rosney	50
W Varndell	50
Mr Hayes	25
Mrs Hayes	25
Mr Hurley	25
R Gillespie	25
Mr Waldron	25
Mr Thompson	25
Mr Flanigan	25
Mr McFarrin	25
Mr Monson	25
Mrs Muller	25
Miss Caulfield	25
Miss Chambers	25
Mr Knell	25
C E Soc'y, Bapt Church, E Marion	5 37
Ferdinand Frantz	1 00
In Jesus' Name, Brentwood, Cal	3 00
In His Name, Cape Charles, Va	3 00
A T Ambler	5 00
Mrs Jas B Wilson	3 00
A Subr, Fresno	2 00
Ed C Pohlmeyer	3 00
M S T, Kingston	1 00
Junior C E Socy, Fairview	3 00
A friend, Marksboro	6 00
O S True	3 00
Hattie Wallum	2 00
Alice Ia Dow	2 00
——, So Durham	10 00
J A H, Sudbury	50
C D W, Portland	50
Jno J Rieker	6 50
Mrs F W, Springfield	3 00
Miss Lillie Blackburn	1 00
R J B, Glen Wilton	6 00
——, Cedarville	5 00
A Reader, Sharon	3 00
S E H, Troy	1 00
A S P, Mont Claire	6 00
For Christ's Sake, Penobscot Co, Me	6 00
Mrs E M Anderson	3 00
Junior C E Socy, Bapt Church, Pa	3 00
C E H, Middletown	1 00
Mrs M D, Northampton	3 00
A King's Daughter, Lebanon	50
——, Bloomington	1 50
J E D, Asbury Park	3 00
C P, Balto Co, Md	5 00
In His Name, Anita	6 00
Isabella P Runyon	3 00
Jean McKinney	3 00
In Christ's Name, Darmouth	1 00
A friend to children	50
Mary Geerlings	1 00
Red Hill Union S S	1 50
Henry J McCullough	50
A Widow, Carmen Creek	50
Friend, Truin	20
Katie, Robbie and Johnny, Bloomington	75
Mrs G B Rogers	5 00
"Unknown,"	5 00
H A Ball	3 00
A Maine Subr	3 00
L M Upham	3 00
Eliza R Winsley	3 00
Thomas C. Simpson	1 00
Mrs Beacham	50
A few friends, Saranac	1 50
In His Name, Decatur	3 00
A and F, Mystic	3 00
M E C, Brooklyn	1 00
Mrs Bigelow	2 00
Mrs H S L, Auburn	3 00
Emma Nice	50
Edith "	50
Anna "	50
In His Name, Salisbury	50
The Maria P Hedges Memorial Circle, K D	15 00
Mrs Fannie Van Houte	1 00
Ada Richards	3 00
Mrs A M Sanders	3 00
Two HERALD Readers, Sterling	6 00
Wm E Benedict	1 50
Union S S, Hudsondale	5 50
Mrs E P Chambers	1 00
Infant Class of 1st Reformed Church, Bayonne	5 00
Ball Ground School	1 00
——, Mignonette	2 00
Mrs Levi Smith	3 00
Miss Eva J Smith	6 00
Mrs E McMillen	3 00
Husband and Wife, Ohio	3 00
In His Name, Seneca	2 00
Mrs D C Witsey	6 00
Mrs E E Windsor	3 00
Mrs M A Bristol	3 00
C O Ewell	10 00
Mrs Hartshorn	3 00
Mrs J A Elliott	3 00
In His Name, Strathroy	6 00
Hamden	5 00
Friend, Wyom	6 00
Charles C Walker	20
Bertha A Roby and friend	3 20
Friend, Geneva	2 00
Kings Daughters, Pleasant Unity	2 00
Carrie Hawk	2 00
Mrs L B Strong	12 50
Ruth, Riverside	1 00
Friend, Natchez	3 00
Mrs Myra Shaw	2 00
Mrs A F Sawyer	3 00
W J T Whitlock Mine	2 00
E H Whitlock	3 00
Mrs C and B Cleburne	2 00
Bereaved, Phila	10 00
F L C, Cross River	6 00
E H, Merchantville	3 00
B F, Bridgton, Me	1 00
S W	5 00
Mrs L M L Swett	1 00
A Mother, Quebec	3 00
Friend to the children	2 00
Julia H Maclay	10 00
Total	**$4,233.36**
Mrs Vader,	1 pkg clothing

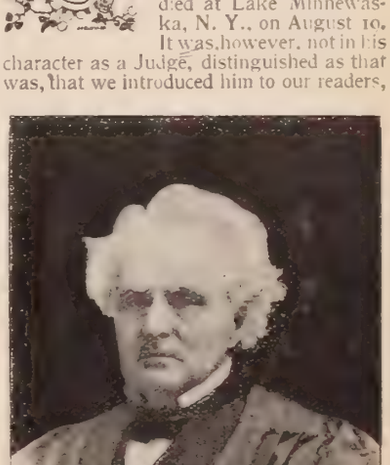
All contributions sent to this office in aid of the Children's Home will be acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE LATE EX-JUSTICE STRONG.

The Distinguished Jurist, Formerly of the United States Supreme Court, Peacefully Breathes his last.



SOME months ago THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published a portrait of the eminent ex-Justice of the Supreme Court, who died at Lake Minnewaska, N. Y., on August 10. It was, however, not in his character as a Judge, distinguished as that was, that we introduced him to our readers,



THE LATE EX-JUSTICE STRONG.

but as the President of the American Sunday School Union, which office this learned and able man was proud to fill. He was also President of the American Tract Society and an elder of the Presbyterian Church.

Justice Strong was in his eighty-eighth year when he died. He was born at Somers, Conn. His father was a Congregational minister famous in his day for his learning and eloquence. With no little difficulty and self-denial on the part of the minister and his wife, the young man was sent to Yale, where he graduated in 1828. He began his career in the world as a school-teacher, devoting all his leisure hours and his evenings to reading law. He settled by the advice of friends, at Reading, Pa., where he soon became known as an able, painstaking, absolutely honest lawyer. In 1847 he was elected to Congress, his popularity with all classes carrying him ahead of his ticket. After serving two terms, there was a movement to elect him to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. He retired and was soon afterwards chosen for the bench. In 1870 President Grant offered him a seat on the bench of the United States Supreme Court, and Mr. Strong accepted the proffered honor. When he retired at the age of seventy-two, the Chief Justice said that the loss of the Court by his retirement could not be over-estimated, and that in making men, nature had never formed one better than he.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE CITIES OF REFUGE.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 15, Josh. 20 : 1-9. Golden Text, Heb. 6 : 18. By Mrs. Baxter.

OUR golden text brings before us the immutability of the counsel of God. Even in his promise to Abraham he "interposed with an oath : that by two immutable things, in which it is impossible for God to lie, we may have a strong encouragement, who have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before us." (R.V.) We have fled for refuge. In this the cities of refuge are a type. God's law of death for the murderer was given to man immediately after the Flood ; it was a law for all men, and not given in the first instance to Israel. (Gen. 9: 6). But God endorsed it afresh in the giving of the sixth commandment, and he reiterated it at the very time when he first spoke of "a city of refuge" for the unintentional man-slayer ; saying that the murderer should be taken even from his altar, that he may die! (Ex. 21: 14).

Four different times he speaks of this provision for the manslayer. (Ex. 21:13; Num. 35; Deut. 19: 2, 16; Josh. 20). He said to Joshua, "Assign you the cities of refuge, whereof I spake unto you by the hand of Moses : that the manslayer that killeth any person unwittingly and unawares may flee thither : and they shall be unto you for a refuge from the avenger of blood." In the city of refuge the inhabitants were bound to make room for the refugee, if he had first declared his cause in the ears of the elders of that city, and they had reason to believe that his cause was just, and that he had not wilfully taken the life of his neighbor. The indignant relative who would pursue him, and seek to make him pay the penalty of the murderer, would be stopped at the gate of the city. Within the precincts of its walls the refugee was safe, and the avenger of blood was forbidden, when once the congregation had determined the cause of the manslayer. "The congregation shall judge between the smiter and the avenger of blood according to these judgments: and the congregation shall deliver the manslayer out of the hand of the avenger of blood, and the congregation shall restore him to his city of refuge, whither he was fled, and he shall dwell therein until the death of the high priest, which was anointed with the holy oil." (Num. 35: 24, 25, R. V.) The manslayer may be innocent of any intention to hurt, but he escapes with his life only : his land, his position, his family, all must be left behind him, he flees for refuge. If for family or for business matters he ventures outside the walls of his refuge city, and the avenger of blood meets him, he can be slain. Outside, he is a doomed man ; inside, the high priest and the congregation stand security for him. Wonderful, gracious provision for God's ancient people, yet a more wonderful type for us!

We too have a city of refuge, although we have slain the Lord ; our sins, my sins, [illegible] Jesus to the cross. But we whom [illegible] become our High Priest, and his life, his endless life guarantees ours. But only inside the city of our refuge.

What is "this Hope

[illegible] which we draw nigh unto God?" (Heb. 7 : 19). Let us, with a reverent spirit, draw nigh to God in this precious Epistle to the Hebrews, that we may understand to the full what our Lord would open up to us of this hope of his church.

When God gave his holy law on Mount Sinai, the people were warned that they [illegible] God commanded Moses to make the tabernacle, he commanded him to make a veil which should separate between the holy place where the priests ministered and the most holy place where the cloud of his holy presence rested between the cherubim. Only once a year might even the high priest enter and then only for a few moments, and "not without blood," that he might atone for his own sins and for those of the people. The flesh of man, his human nature, his self-life had become accursed and abominable in the sight of God because of sin. And Jesus, the Son of God, the Holy One, came down, "was made flesh" of our flesh, the reality of human flesh, "the likeness of sinful flesh," and when he on the cross offered up himself as the only Sacrifice which could really put away sin, the veil was rent. At the very moment that death rent his flesh, the veil of the temple was rent, not from the bottom upwards as though by man, but from the top downwards by the hand of God, that the way, the "new and living way" might be made by which we may, nay, we must, draw nigh unto God. So nigh as to come and to stay in the holiest, where the cherubim made of one piece with the mercy seat had their home, as the living creatures are in heaven "in the midst of the throne," after having mounted up from the earth. A wonderful figure of redeemed man, purified, conformed to the image of God, and caught up to be forever with the Lord.

Our refuge is "the hope set before us, which we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast and entering into that which is within the veil," (Heb. 6: 19), the immediate presence of God, who dwells between the cherubim. What then is this hope? It depends upon him who is our great High Priest after the order of Melchisedek, who has been made, "not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life," and who as a Forerunner is for us "entered within the veil." (Heb. 7: 16, 17; 6: 20). He entered to make it possible for us to enter. But there is no way in except through the rent veil, his

Rent Flesh.

We cannot carry uncrucified human flesh within the veil. "If we die with him we shall also live with him." Within the veil nothing can live which is not divine ; the corruptible is condemned there ; only that which has passed through death can live in the power of an endless life. But just because "he abideth forever," and "hath his priesthood unchangeable," "He is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God through him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." (Heb. 7: 24, 25 R.V.) We have not yet seen what this hope is, which entereth "into that which is within the veil." But first, are we willing to draw near, thus near to God and at such a cost? Are we willing to leave behind all which is of self as Jesus did, all the vain glory of the flesh, all our own will and choices? Are we willing to deny ourselves, to take up our cross, and to follow Jesus? Then he as our High Priest is engaged to intercede for us and to save us from our own life, which we renounce and deliver over to death in oneness with his death upon the cross. The cherubim within the veil were "made of the matter of the mercy seat." The purpose of God is to conform to the image of his Son those that love God, and he makes all things work together for good to this end. Is not this "the hope set before us,"—that [illegible] which the cherubim occupied in the tabernacle by way of figure, and which the living creatures occupy in heaven, may, by [illegible] be ours?

What then are we hoping for? "Inasmuch as it is appointed unto men once to die, and after this cometh judgment ; so Christ also, having been once offered to bear the sins of many, shall appear a second time, apart from sin, to them that wait for him unto salvation." (Heb. 9: 28). Is not this "the better hope by which we draw nigh unto God?" Is it not this which gives us "boldness to enter into the holy place by the blood of Jesus, by the way which he dedicated for us, a new and living way, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh?" But do we "hold fast the confession of this hope that it waver not," because he is faithful that promised ; and do we "consider one another to provoke unto love and good works ; not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another," and so much the more, as we see the day drawing nigh?

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

A HOMICIDE'S FLIGHT.

OUR lesson takes us back to a primitive civilization. The vengeance for blood still rested with the relatives of the murdered man. The head of the family or the clan had the right and was expected to slay the man who had killed his kinsman. But the element of discrimination was introduced. The killing may have been inadvertent, unintentional. Motive must be considered. If there was no hate in the heart of the manslayer, if he bore the victim no ill-will, but slew him in ignorance or accidentally, a way of escape was provided for him. Six cities easy of access, were set apart to which the manslayer might go. He must stand in the gate and give his explanation. If he could satisfy the authorities that the killing had not been malicious he was admitted and protection was given to him. The was no protection for the malicious murderer, the man who deliberately or in anger took a life. The city of refuge gave no countenance and no protection to the criminal. The fugitive must prove beyond doubt that he had a prima facie case before he could be received, and afterward he must give more convincing proof at a trial in the presence of his accuser and the witnesses. If his crime was wilful he was then given up to the avenger of blood, but if it was accidental he was allowed to remain in the city and no harm could come to him. Thus the sanctity of life was taught. Even the inadvertent manslayer must suffer inconvenience, must be in exile from his home, be unable to continue his business and must begin life again among new surroundings. He was compelled to realize that it was no light thing to cause the death of any one, even by accident. It is comforting to know that God thus takes account of motive. We do so much harm inadvertently that otherwise we would be oppressed by remorse. A light word, an indiscreet act, a disastrous suggestion may cause long suffering to others for which we cannot atone. We cannot help reproaching ourselves and bemoaning our conduct, as the Apostle Paul deplored the persecution he waged in ignorance and unbelief, but we have the consolation of knowing that God, who commanded the appointment of Cities of Refuge has thereby shown that he is merciful to all such wrongdoers.

They shall not deliver the slayer up. The fugitive was safe in the city. The honor of the law was pledged to him. Indignation and swift judgment would fall on a[n] avenger who executed vengeance on manslayer in the city. His act would i[n]dicate that he did not respect the law a[nd] so became an outrageous public crim[e] Herodotus says that the ancient Athenia[ns] had so great a veneration for their temple[s] that even a bird who sought refuge und[er] their roofs was safe from molestation. [He] represents Aristodicus as being reprov[ed] by the gods when he disturbed the birds' nests in the temple at Cumac. "From t[he] recesses of the temple," he says, "a t[er]rible voice proceeded, saying : 'Most v[il]lainous of men! how darest thou dri[ve] away such as seek refuge in my temple[s]' And the Athenians were so enraged [at] Atarbes for killing a sparrow which h[ad] built a nest in the temple of Æsculapi[us] that they killed him." Plutarch says th[at] a place of refuge was opened in Rome so[on] after the foundations of the city were la[id]. They called it the temple of the Asylæ[an] God. There all who came were receive[d] and they would not give up the slave [to] his owner, nor the debtor to his credit[or]. Whoever entered was safe from molestati[on].

He that doth flee. When a man is [in] trouble he is likely to take any refuge th[at] is open to him. Sometimes, as in the ca[se] of a man, who flies to drink in his trouble[s] drown his sorrows, he is only making [his] worse and increasing his trouble. So [many] years ago the body of a man was found [in] a cave in the rocks on the east shore [of] Great Britain. It was identified as that [of] an escaped convict. He had fled there a[nd] he gained the safety and security he sou[ght] but not the sustenance he needed, and [he] had perished miserably of hunger.

The avenger of blood. It is strange th[at] this institution was allowed to survive, [but] it seems to be inherent in human natu[re] and has come down to our own times [in] spite of law and civilization. In some [of] our States the Vendetta has led to aw[ful] bloodshed. In Corsica it attained its m[ost] stupendous development. Lippi, the [Flo]rentian of the fifteenth century, says that [in] thirty years no less than 28,000 perso[ns] were killed in revenge by relatives of m[en] whom they had murdered. The same pr[ac]tice prevailed in Ireland down to rec[ent] times. Dr. Blaikie describes a feud wh[ich] continued for more than a century, [in] which an unknown number of lives w[ere] sacrificed. The county of Tipperary w[as] infested with men seeking the murderers [of] their fathers. These they killed on sig[ht] and were in their turn hunted by the s[ons] of the men they killed. The origin of [the] feud was ridiculous. It arose in a disp[ute] about the age of a colt. One man sai[d] was four years old, and the other sai[d] was only three. The dispute grew hot [and] ended in a fight, in which one of the d[is]putants was killed, and revenge began.

They shall be your refuge. A New Zeala[nd] missionary relates an instance, doubtl[ess] one of hosts that could be adduced of Ch[ris]proving a refuge from vengeance. [The] missionary was holding a communion s[er]vice to which men came from many villag[es]. He noticed one Maori whom he knew, [to] and leave the church in the early part of [the] service. After a time he returned and [re]ceived the sacrament with the others. [Af]er the service the missionary asked [the] Maori why he went out. He replied t[hat] he was horror stricken to find by his s[ide] the murderer of his father whose life [he] had sworn to take. He had taken a s[o]emn oath before his conversion to [love] him whenever they met. They had [not] met until that morning when they sat s[ide] by side at the table of the Lord. The n[at]ural man was too strong for repression [at] first, and the Maori had gone out to p[ray] for strength to forgive and recognize [the] enemy as his brother. Grace had [tri]umphed and he was able to come ba[ck] and in Christian love take his place by [the] side of the man whom but for the tra[ns]forming power of Christ he would ha[ve] killed without compunction.

He shall dwell in that city. The prea[ch]ing of Christ has proved a refuge to ma[ny] who have vainly sought relief in ot[her] ways. In India long pilgrimages, years [of] silence, bodily laceration and many ot[her] painful sufferings are voluntarily undert[aken] in the hope of atoning for sin. Nu[ns] and monks in Roman Catholic countr[ies] endure long nights of vigil, lash each ot[her] with whips and do other penances for s[in]. To all such, when once the Gospel messa[ge] is received, the assurance that the blood [of] Christ cleanses from all sin comes with [a] joy such as the manslayer felt as he [set] foot inside the City of Refuge.

A CHILD REPUBLIC IN TENTS.

e Unique Experiment of Educating Tenement Children — Mr. George's Plan of a Juvenile Republic, Civilized and Christian, and how it has Succeeded.

THE CAMPERS ON DRES-PARADE.

A VERY interesting and instructive experiment in the direction of reclaiming children taken from the lowest tenement sections of New York, and of educating them and otherwise equipping m for the duties of Christian citizenp, is now in progress in the town of eville, in the Northern part of New York te. It is called the George Industrial mp, and it is not only an evangelistic rk, but a most ingenious plan for the ctical education of neglected children. laims at a useful and original developnt of the child's mind and character. e years ago a small ss of boys and girls, m the lowest element New York City, was med. The first sumr camp was arranged the plans for conting it settled, and the rk begun. At that e the little band numbed only twenty-two. out two hundred boys in camp this sumr. The winter home is Eleventh street, where Boys' Club has been med and companies of s are drilled.

When the Camp work s started, the farmers the vicinity supplied provisions for the dren. They even furnis the bedding and cooking utensils. The ple from adjoining towns became greatly terested in the work, and accordingly, the second year, the people of all the Protsnt churches of Ithaca and Cortland and ining towns supplied the provisions for th children. A large portion of the time w passed in giving the children religious inuction, and there were many conversis as a result. The following year saw still further progress. There were more children to care for, and other towns came to help with provisions. The fourth year the churches of Auburn showed their sympathy with the work. Last year Elmira fell into line. The railroads bring the provisions to camp free of charge. This year the churches in Binghamton, Syracuse, Rochester, Waverley and other places helped.

Let us briefly outline the features of the work. It has several aspects—business, social, political and religious. It is farm, workshop, bank, legislature and evangelistic agency. Religious earnestness and tonic discipline rule from the start. No boy can become a member of this little republic without getting a useful preparation for the duties which will meet him when he becomes a citizen of the Greater Republic. Instruction is given so as to make the received impressions practical and abiding. In the first place, the conversion of the boys and girls is ardently sought and worked for. The novel features of the work are thus placed upon a right basis.

The boys' are instructed in farming, carpentry, landscape-gardening and other useful work. The girls are taught millinery, dressmaking, cooking, housekeeping and flower-gardening. Each child chooses a class and is expected to work in it. The work is paid for according to skill and value, and nothing is given until it is earned. Savings are deposited in a bank, which issues a coin current in the camp. If a boy does not work, he at once becomes a pauper, eating a pauper's meal and sleeping in the pauper's dormitory. Last summer Mr. George took three of the roughest specimens of the juvenile pauper in Paradise Park, the old Five Points. The result was good, inasmuch as the boys stood the ridicule as long as possible, and then had to go to work. After their return to New York they all engaged in work, and two of them are still working, though the third has gone back to his former idleness.

Again, if a boy commits a crime against the laws of the Kindergarten republic, he is imprisoned. At the beginning of the camp, temporary laws are made by which the children are governed until the Kindergarten legislature (a body elected by the campers themselves) ratifies them or makes new laws. This little community has its own public opinion and discussions. For example, boys and girls who have been thrifty and saving, and have money in the bank, are allowed the privilege of buying certain articles at wholesale prices and retailing them to the other children. Shall those few be thus favored or shall there be free trade? An issue of practical importance is raised, and this is discussed in the legislature. Very good reasons for and against are given. Shall the girls be allowed to vote? Not by the present constitution, but they will petition the legislature and see if they are to be deprived of what they may think are their just rights. The military drill greatly promotes order and soldierly bearing, and touches the youthful patriotism. The daily routine is well arranged. At six o'clock in the morning there is reveille; from 6.30 to 6.45 a military drill; at 6.45 hoisting of the colors and morning prayer around the flag-staff. Breakfast is at 7.30, after which the industrial work begins; dinner at 12 o'clock; afternoon recreation for all except the prisoners. Several boys have been saved from going to real prison by this. Before they came into the camp, they imagined that in committing a crime they were offending only the policeman; but now it has been explained to them and they understand it, that they are offending the commonwealth in general. At 5 o'clock there is assembly and concert; at 6 o'clock military drill and lowering of the colors; at 6.30 supper; at 7 o'clock prayer-meeting and Gospel service until 8 o'clock led by the children. The children take part in prayer and testimony. On Sundays there is a Sunday School in the forenoon. In the afternoon there is a talk on the Sunday School lesson, followed by a song service, which in turn is followed by a prayer service. At these meetings testimonies are given, and members who have visited the camp have expressed surprise at the convincing truths which fell from the lips of these youthful Christians.

A juvenile community of this kind, whose life and work have thus far been successful, deserves very careful consideration and cordial support. The remarkable thing about it which deserves repetition, is that the hearts and minds of the people are systematically brought into contact with feelings, facts, and principles which give them a foretaste of Christian citizenship. Their daily life is passed in experiences and obligations of mature citizens. They find themselves encouraged to do well by the pay which is given them for their work, and deterred from idleness and crime by the disgrace and penalty of pauperism and disobedience. They are taught that wickedness is not only bad in itself, but an injury to the republic. They thus acquire to a certain extent a reasonable view of their daily conduct. They work, buy, sell and deliberate for definite ends, and are made to feel that their individual well-being and honest effort are part of their community's progress. Think for a moment of the surroundings of such boys and girls in the streets and tenement houses from which they are taken. There vice, idleness, poverty and fear degrade their lives. Law to them is the policeman, and the policeman is an enemy. No wonder that ignorance and crime are bred in this gloom of the tenement. In the camp, however, the transformation is complete. Mr. George who is himself a thorough Christian and an able organizer, has been instrumental in bringing about a wonderful change in many of the children through his training system.

The work is supported by voluntary contributions. Last year it cost $4 a head for a season of six weeks, but this year it will cost more, as there will be a longer season and additional expenses have been incurred. All inquiries made by those who feel an interest in the work, if addressed to Mr. W. R. George, 129 E. 115th street, New York, will be promptly answered.

TRIAL BY JURY AT THE FREEVILLE CAMP.

THE GIRLS' COOKING CLASS AT WORK.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
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AMERICA FOR GOD.

WHO shall have this hemisphere? Christ or Satan? Who shall have the shore of her inland seas, the silver of her Nevadas, the gold of her Colorados, the telescopes of her observatories, the brain of her universities, the wheat of her prairies, the rice of her savannas, the two great ocean beaches—the one reaching from Baffin's Bay to Terra del Fuego, and the other from Behring Straits to Cape Horn—and all the moral, and temporal, and spiritual, and everlasting interests of a population vast beyond all computation save by him, with whom a thousand years are as one day? Who shall have the hemisphere? You and I will decide that or help to decide it, by conscientious vote, by earnest prayer, by maintenance of Christian institutions, by support of great philanthropies, by putting body, mind, and soul on the right side of all moral, religious, and national movements.

Put his name in your pronunciamentoes, put his name on your ensigns, put his name on your city and State and national enterprises, put his name in your hearts. To most of us this country was the cradle, and to most of us it will be the grave. We want the same glorious privileges which we enjoy to go down to our children. We cannot sleep well the last sleep, nor will the pillow of dust be easy to our heads until we are assured that the God of our American institutions in the past will be the God of our American institutions in the days that are to come. Oh, when all the rivers which empty into the Atlantic and Pacific seas shall pull on factory bands, when all the great mines of gold, and silver, and iron, and coal shall be laid bare for the nation, when the last swamp shall be reclaimed, and the last jungle cleared, and the last American desert Edenized, and from sea to sea the continent shall be occupied by more than twelve hundred million souls, may it be found that moral and religious influences were multiplied in more rapid ratio than the population. And then there shall be four doxologies coming from north, and south, and east, and west—four doxologies rolling toward each other and meeting midcontinent with such dash of holy joy that they shall mount to the throne.

[illegible]

THE OPIUM CURSE.

THREE hundred years before Christ, we read of opium, but it was not until the seventh century that it took its place as a curative and medicinal, through smoking and [illegible] the opium habit. In 1861 there were imported into this country one hundred and seven thousand pounds of opium. In 1880, nineteen years after, there were imported five hundred and thirty thousand pounds of opium. In 1876 there were in this country two hundred and twenty-five thousand opium consumers. Now it is estimated that there are in the United States to-day seven hundred thousand victims of opium. It is appalling.

We do not know why some families do not get on. There is something mysterious about them. The opium habit is so stealthy, it is so deceitful, and it is so deathful you can cure a hundred men of strong drink where you can cure one opium-eater.

I have knelt down in the church by those who were elegant in apparel, and elegant in appearance, and from the depths of the soul we cried out for God's rescue. Somehow it did not come. In many a household only a physician and pastor know it—the physician called in for physical relief, the pastor called in for spiritual relief, and they both fail. The physician confesses his defeat, the minister of religion confesses his defeat, for somehow God does not seem to hear a prayer offered for an opium-eater. I say this not to wound the feelings of any one who may feel this awful grip, but to utter a potent warning that you stand back from that gate of hell. Oh man, oh woman, tampering with this great evil, have you fallen back on this as a permanent resource, because of some physical distress or mental anguish? Better stop. The ecstacies do not pay for the horrors. The paradise is followed too soon by the pandemonium. Morphia, a blessing of God for the relief of sudden pain and of acute dementia, misappropriated and never intended for permanent use.

It is not merely the barbaric fanatics that are taken down by it. Did you ever read De Quincey's confession of an opium-eater? He says that during the first ten years the habit handed to him all the keys of paradise, but it would take something as mighty as De Quincey's pen to describe the consequent horrors. There is nothing that I have ever read about the tortures of the damned that seemed more horrible than those which De Quincey says he suffered. Samuel Taylor Coleridge first conquered the world with his exquisite pen, and then was conquered by opium. The most brilliant and eloquent lawyer of the nineteenth century went down under its power, and there is a vast multitude of men and women—but more women than men—who are going into the dungeon of that awful incarceration.

DEFAMATION.

HAVE nothing to do, by pen, or type, or voice, in the malediction of public men. In the characterization of men in private life we exercise Christian principle, and we are, if we are good men, disposed to put the best phase and the best interpretation on conduct, and it is only a bad man who chooses always to think bad of his fellows. Charity thinketh well, if it is possible to think well.

Now let us in public life do as well as we do in private life, and the same charity we extend toward those in private life extend toward those who are in public life. Remember when we come to judge in regard to the character of men, we are Christian patriots and not scavengers. I abhor this defamation of public men. Just as soon as a man comes to the front and achieves anything by his eloquence, or by his brilliancy, or by his public services, all the hounds of earth and hell get after him. Calmly and deliberately judge of men in the fear and love of God, as you yourself would like to be judged. You yourself, perhaps, may not come to high political position, but your sons may be on the way to the honors of this government. Treat men now in public life with the same fairness and generosity that you would have your sons treated when they come to high position in life.

OPENING SERVICE.

THERE ought to be no preliminary exercises in public worship. There is a [illegible] admission in the churches of Jesus Christ on this subject. The very first word of the invocation is as important as anything that may come after. Scripture lesson, the voice of God to man, while a sermon may be only the voice of man to man. And happy is that church where all the worshippers are present at the beginning of the services. I know there is a difference in time—but a live church goes by railroad time, and everybody in every community knows what that is. No man goes to take the limited express train to Washington at five minutes past ten o'clock if the train started at ten. In many of the households of Christendom, every Sabbath morning the family might well sing that old hymn:

Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face.

In every live church all the people take part in the exercises. A stranger can tell by the way the first hymn starts, whether it is a live church. It is a sad thing when the music comes down in a cold drizzle from the organ loft, and freezes on the heads of the silent people beneath. It is an awful thing for a hymn to start and then find itself lonely and unbefriended, wandering around about, after awhile lost amid the arches. That is not melody to the Lord. In heaven they all sing, although some sing not half so well as others.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

H. W. Fervier, Ringwood, Ont. Can you tell me the name of any book containing short stories suitable for explaining points in Scripture, stories for illustrating certain points which sometimes seem difficult to make clear to listeners?

Baxendale's Dictionary of Anecdotes published by Whittaker, New York; Page's Cyclopædia of Illustrations (an English publication) and Anecdotes illustrative of Bible Texts, published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.

J. A. P., Bristol, Conn. 1. Can any one be converted without the aid of the Holy Spirit? 2. Was the Holy Spirit in the world before Pentecost?

In his conversation with Nicodemus (John 3: 1-21), Jesus explicitly attributed conversion to the Holy Spirit. He operates on all, but some resist his influence. None come to God but through him. 2. He came with special gifts at Pentecost. Jesus speaks of these (John 16: 7-14) and of the offices he would fill. The life, work and teaching of Christ on earth would be the forces he would henceforth use for drawiug the world to God. But he had been in the world from the beginning. David knew of him and had felt his influence. He prayed (Ps. 51: 11), "Take not thy Holy Spirit from me."

Mrs. J. McL., Chattanooga, Tenn. The verses you ask for are as follows:

It was not on the field of battle,
It was not with a ship at sea,
But a fate far worse than either
That stole him away from me.
'Twas the death in a ruby wine cup,
That the reason and senses drown;
He drank the alluring poison,
And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood
To the depths of disgrace and sin,
Down to a worthless being
From the hopes of what might have been;
For the brand of the beast besotted
He bartered his manhood's crown;
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure
My poor, weak boy went down.

Geo. Langden, Rainier, Wash. Was the ark destroyed with the Temple or may it be still in existence?

There has always been a mystery about the fate of the Ark. It disappears from mention after the destruction of the Temple by Nebuchadnezzar, yet it is not included in the list of the spoils that he carried to Babylon. It was so precious intrinsically and by association, that if it had been among the spoils taken it would probably have been mentioned. Yet it does not appear to have been in the second temple. It is stated that when the Roman soldiers forced their way into the Holy of Holies they found nothing but a stone marking the place where the Ark had stood. There is a tradition among the Jews that the priests hid the Ark when Nebuchadnezzar threatened the temple, and were killed without disclosing its place of concealment. The tradition goes on to say that when Messiah comes he will prove his identity by declaring the hiding-place in which the Ark will be found.

Henry Lee, Galva, Ill. Under what circumstances was the hymn "Blest be the tie that binds," composed and who was John Fawcett, the composer?

It was written by a Baptist pastor in an English village, Rev. John Fawcett, D.D., in 1772. After he had been a few years in the ministry, he thought it was his duty to accept a call to settle as pastor of a Baptist Church in London, to succeed the celebrated Dr. Gill. He preached his farewell sermon to his church in Yorkshire, and loaded six or seven wagons with his furniture, books, etc., to be carried to his new residence. The members of his poor church were almost broken-hearted; and, as the time for the departure arrived, they clung around him and his family. The last wagon was being loaded, when the pastor's devo wife said, "Oh, I cannot bear this! I kn not how to go!" "Nor I, either," said good man; "nor will we go. Unload the w ons and put everything in the place wher was before." The people cried for joy. renewed his labors on a salary of less t three hundred dollars a year. He wrote words:

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,

as expressive of the golden bond of union t knit pastor and people so closely and tend together.

J. E. Mabasse, Newton, N. J. and others. Are CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Suggestions on the Chris Endeavor Topics permanently discontinued

No; you will find them this week on page

Earnest Inquirer, Yardville, N. J. Is it wrong young lady to keep company Sunday eveni and would it be wrong to have a friend to c and take her out to church, when she ha other way of getting there Sunday evenings

Some other evening than Sunday shoul chosen for making or receiving social There can be no reasonable objection to acc ing the escort of an acquaintance to chu under the circumstances stated.

"Old Subscriber" writes as follows in rep the young man who asks if he ought to en himself without immediate prospects:

State the case frankly to the lady and ask h she cares enough for you to wait a little. really loves you she will willingly do so. you have paid her marked attentions and s accepted them, you refrain, she will think either were trifling, or no longer care for her, and in case will probably try to forget you as soon as sible.

C. W. Higgins, Oxford, Neb., writes t quire the authorship of these lines:

A scene in heaven, what a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot,
His heart oppressed and with anguish rive
From his home on earth to his home in hea

Possibly some reader may be able to su the desired information.

J. H. B., Gallipolis, O. When persons use pr language in the presence of a Christian, is duty to reprove the man on the spot, or wa a season of privacy and calmness?

It is incumbent on the Christian to show his disapproval, to let it be seen that he is sh by it, and this should be done at the time, b earnest remonstrance and appeal may be t until a more opportune time when the m less agitated than he usually is whe swears. It will do more good then. With t who garnish their ordinary conversation oaths and the irreverent use of the d name when they are not excited, a re strance on the spot may be effectual. A occurred in a railroad car some time a which a Christian conveyed a reproof to a casual acquaintance who used God's name fanely, by simply taking off his hat and qu remarking that he could never hear the name mentioned without showing his ve tion of it.

S. V. F., Flora, Ill. 1. What is the meaning of remark on the salvation of women in 1. T 2: 15? 2. Is it true that the Catholic was the one founded by the Apostles? 3. were the Apostles baptized and did they tize infants?

1. Several explanations of the passage been offered. The one generally accep the paraphrase that in spite of her suf she could be saved: or, that as Jesus was of woman, it was through child-bearing salvation would come to her. 2. Bein most ancient of Christian churches, it h apparent claim to that distinction. It however, of any weight, as the Apostles have promptly disowned it if they had see corruption that ate out its spirituality. L and the other reformers had just grou claiming Apostolic authority because the seminated Apostolic teaching which the olic church had discarded. 3. Some of were baptized by John the Baptist. C others there is no record. The question mode, whether immersion, pouring or s ling, has been disputed for centuries. S the question of infant baptism. The plea ally urged for the practice is that the A baptized "households" when the head house became a believer. (See Acts 16: 1

Edwin James, East Norwalk, Ct. Only a s ist can advise you.——Old Reader, Westbo Address is Irvington, N. Y.——S. D. H., Ki Write to S. Brainard's Sons, Chicago, Ill., for in sheet form, of the hymn you mention.—— McK., Rainsboro, O. The music only words—were by Philip Phillips. It is so sta on the printed page of music we believe. T is over 100 years old.——Wisdom Seeker, B ton, L. I. There can be no objection to a Ch taking part in any innocent games, but every in which the element of gambling enters. remotely, should be avoided.——Subscriber, Kan. Both are alive and well.——Mrs. Mar send, Bombay, N. Y. Write to Superintend dent's Home, Bath, N. Y., for full information Romeo, Mich. Write to Superintendent of New York, stating all the facts, and he may to help you.——Geo. F. Robb, Arcola, Ia. DeWitt Talmage.——F. O. Bergstrom, Hilde 1. There are no means of tracing the origi phrase. 2. From a Christian standpoint, he spot.——Constant Reader, Averett, Va. Your view rect.——C. H. McC., Sing Sing, N. Y. It wa lished a year ago in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Write to Superintendent Florence Mission, N. Y. a full history of the Mission.——Will Anxious send his address to T. E. Reed, M. D., Mid O.——Read it. Yes, the children frequent home from Mount Town tracts and a variety suitable religious literature.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE MARTYRED MISSIONARIES.

RECENT cable dispatches from China report the efforts now being made by Minister Denby, representing the United States, and Sir Nicholas R. O'Conor, the Ambassador of Great Britain, to compel an investigation of the awful atrocities at Whasang. It is evidently no easy task. Chinese officials are at all times slow to move and in this case there appears to be more reluctance than usual. Not only does the Chinese Government fail to appreciate the gravity of the outrage and the indignation it has aroused in England and the United States, but there is ground for suspecting that it has some sympathy with the miscreants who committed the crime. A report is circulated that the Chinese have appointed Liu Ping Chang as the chief of the investigating commission. If that report is true, it proves that the investigation will be a farce. Liu Ping Chang is notorious for his hatred of foreigners and has already been in trouble on that account. It is also reported that the Chinese Government refused to allow representatives of England and the United States to be present at the inquiry, obviously fearing that the evidence would implicate high officials whom it might be inconvenient to punish. It may be hoped that both from Washington and London such instructions will be given as will enable the two diplomats to act authoritatively, and to compel an honest and thorough inquiry to discover the real criminals, to whom such exemplary punishment shall be meted out as will prove a salutary warning for the future. Unless this is done, the lives of hundreds of missionaries will be in peril. If missionaries so blameless and so devoted as those at Ku-cheng can be murdered with impunity, there will be more outrages. For these martyrs were Christians of a singularly beautiful and beneficent life. The Rev. Robert Stewart, whose portrait is in the centre of the group on this page was a relative of Lord Plunket, the able and earnest Archbishop of Dublin. He had been educated for the Bar, but in 1870, abandoned the profession of law to become a missionary. His services were practically gratuitous, as he had an independent income. His intimate acquaintance with the Chinese language and his brilliant organizing faculty soon brought him to the front and led to his appointment as Principal of the Theological College at Foo Chow. After twelve years of successful labor there his health broke down and he took a brief vacation, visiting England, Canada and Australia, pleading the cause of mission work in China. In December of 1893, he returned to China and took charge of the Ku-cheng district in which many schools were established in isolated towns. The ladies who conducted them belonged to the Zenana Mission. Mrs. Stewart was their loving mother. She was an accomplished Chinese scholar and a lady of high Christian character. Her brother, Sir Philip C. Smyly of Dublin, is one of the Queen's physicians. She shared in all her husband's labors and now she has shared in his cruel death. Miss Newcombe, whose portrait also appears on this page, was killed at the same time. She had been nine years in missionary work in China and had once before suffered violence at the hands of a mob. Miss Gordon, another of the martyrs, was an Australian lady and had been several years a missionary in China. Miss Codrington is the only one of the group who survived the massacre. She was left for dead, and it is a marvel that she lived. She received a deep sword cut, seven inches long across her face, a severe wound on the head, and a terrible gash in the neck. Her life hung by a thread, but the latest reports indicate that there are now hopes of her recovery. She suffered terribly from shock, having witnessed the murder of her friends and having seen the flames of the Stewart house, in which Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and their two helpers were burned. The brave ladies with their noble leader were, it appears, fully aware of their danger. The letters they wrote shortly before their death describe the threats that had been made against them and their native converts. Already they had been once attacked, and had been saved only by the providential circumstance that some workmen had left a ladder in the compound, with which they climbed a high wall and escaped. Their work had been very successful, and they returned to it as soon as they were led to believe the excitement had abated, but they knew that they might be attacked again at any time. They are dead but they were in the service of him who said:

Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life (Rev. 2 : 10).

A Bridal Couple Separated.

An incident that caused some annoyance happened on a Long Island train on Aug. 22. There had been a wedding in Brooklyn and the bride, the bridegroom and the best man were on the train going to Babylon, L. I., where the bridegroom is a prosperous builder. The bridegroom is an inveterate smoker, and was longing for a cigar. Not long after the train started, he left his young wife in charge of the best man and went forward to the smoking-car to have a smoke. He forgot that the Long Island trains are broken up at Jamaica, and remained quietly smoking in the car while the change was made. The smoking-car was attached to a train going to Hempstead, and the car in which his wife and friend were, was attached to the Babylon train. When the young man had finished his cigar he went through the train to rejoin his wife. When he could not find her he made inquiries of the conductor, who told him that he was on his way to Hempstead. To make the vexation worse, it was the last train and there was no way of getting to Babylon that night. He sent a telegram to allay his wife's anxiety, and the next morning he was able to join her at his home. He could then assure her that his apparent desertion of her had not been intentional, but neither she nor he is likely to forget that the first separation of their married life came through his preferring self-indulgence to his wife's society. The Christian's separation from his Lord, in those sad times when the beloved face seems hidden from him, generally come from a similar cause. Some gratification of the flesh, some worldly pleasure is sought instead of spiritual communion, and the drift of worldly society carries the soul to a distance whence it is hard to get back into the old sense of oneness with Christ.

Your iniquities have separated between you and your God; your sins have hid his face from you. Isa. 59 : 2.

An Eagle Stops a Train.

Florida journals report a peculiar accident on the Atlantic Division of the Louisville & Nashville railroad. The mail train was late, and between Bonifay and Caryville the engineer was getting a little extra speed out of the locomotive. He was congratulating himself on making up his lost time, when some heavy object struck the headlight of the locomotive, shattering the glass. He shut off steam and reversed the engine so sharply as to throw it off the rails, and give every car on the train a severe shock. The passengers were thrown from their seats and many of them were hurt. Those who were uninjured hurried out of the cars and went forward to see what accident had occurred. They found the locomotive enveloped in flames from the burning oil. Firmly wedged in the broken glass of the headlight was a large buzzard partially consumed by the flames. It had struck the headlight with full force, probably breaking its neck by the blow. Traffic was delayed about five hours while word was sent to the nearest telegraph station and another locomotive was sent to the relief of the standing train. The cause of God in the world has in the course of its history suffered similar delays, as when the Huguenots were slaughtered in France; but like this delay of the train, they have only been temporary, and those who cause them find, as the King of France did, that their attack, like that of the eagle on the locomotive, has worked their own destruction.

Whosoever shall fall upon that stone shall be broken. Luke 20 : 18.

Alternate Light and Darkness.

An aged lady died at her home near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on August 18, who had a remarkable experience. Five years ago, her sight grew dim and she became totally blind. She was then eighty-one years old and she sorrowfully concluded that what remained of her life would be passed in total darkness. She was devotedly attached to one of her grand-children, a beautiful girl about ten years old. The child fell sick and died. The old lady grieved over her intensely and for several days wept inconsolably. To her astonishment her sight returned to her and became almost as clear as before her blindness. She was able to see her beloved little one in her casket. It continued to grow better and for several weeks she was able to go around as usual and to read and work. Then darkness settled down again around her, and once more she was blind. She continued so until about a month ago, when she was seized with her fatal illness. Then her sight was again restored. She could see and recognize her family and friends. She retained her sight until her eyes closed in death. The experience is unique as to physical eyesight, but it is common to the spiritual vision. In periods of sorrow and bereavement, and in the valley of the shadow of death, when the change from earth to heaven is near at hand, the Christian frequently gets gleams of light and clearer views of his Saviour's glory than he had in times of health and happiness.

It is good for me that I have been afflicted that I might learn thy statutes. Ps. 119 : 71.

VICTIMS OF THE KU-CHENG OUTRAGE.

1. REV. ROBERT STEWART. 2. MRS. STEWART. 3. MISS H. NEWCOMBE. 4. MISS GORDON. 5. MISS CODRINGTON.

BRIEF NOTES.

If you Wish to Earn, with Very Little Effort, the Gospel Hymns 1—6, Music Edition, singly or in quantities, address THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for full particulars.

A Russian Hebrew has Devoted a large Sum to establishing a Jewish university in Jerusalem, in which special attention is to be paid to the Semitic languages and Hebrew literature.

Seven hundred and eleven Women Missionaries are at work in India. During the last two years these visited 40,513 heathen families, and instructed 62,414 heathen girls.

By a Vote of 220 to 140 the British Wesleyan General Conference has approved the principle of an extension of the term of ministerial service. The opposition of the elderly ministers was very pronounced.

The Union Seminary Settlement Society has opened a house in New York and is busily engaged in its work. Three students are located on East Ninty-sixth Street, and sixty-eight blocks have been carefully studied relative to institutions of all kinds in existence there.

The condition of the Armenian refugees who have returned to Talora, in the Sassoun district, is described as most deplorable, some of them being without clothes, and not having tasted bread for months; 5,000 of them are said to be hungry and destitute, are still harassed by nomad Kurds.

The Triennial Council of the Congregational Church is called for Oct. 9-14, at Syracuse, N. Y. Delegates will attend from Great Britain, Canada and Australia. Important business is to be transacted besides that of electing officers of the various boards of the Church. Among the special addresses to be given are one each by Dwight L. Moody, Dr. Lyman Abbott, and Dr. Francis E. Clark.

Rev. Archibald McLean, Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the Church of the Disciples has started on a tour around the world to visit the missionary stations in Japan, China, India and Africa, returning through Italy, France and England. Mr. McLean expects to be away ten months.

In a Letter to the Author of a Book Dealing with the relations between science and religion, thanking him for a copy of his work, Mr. Gladstone expresses gratitude to science for all it has done and is doing, but says that Christianity does not need it, and is as able now as it ever was to hold its own ground.

We Regret to hear of the Death of Rev. James E. Sharp, of Marshall, Mo. He was an elder brother of Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the South-west. He had been a faithful and successful minister for more than forty years and his public life had been a benefaction to a large district. At his funeral there were many touching expressionn of sorrow from his church and fellow citizens.

Advices Received from American Missionaries in Armenia report with much sorrow the death of Garabed Agha, one of the ablest Christians in the country. He was chief of the Armenian community at Marsovan, and was exceedingly useful to the missionaries. He was killed by the revolutionary party for declining to take up arms against the Government.

Membership in the New World's Christian Endeavor Union will be open to all present Christian Endeavorers. Provision will also be made so that members of Evangelical churches, who may be prevented by circumstances from joining a society themselves, may obtain a certificate of membership in the union by the payment of one dollar to the treasurer, Mr. Wm. Shaw, Boston.

An Interesting Feature of the Proceedings of the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church was the volunteering of five young men for the foreign mission field "at whatever salary the Church can afford." The Assembly could not afford the usual salary, but voted two-thirds of the usual rate, with the promise that when the treasury could bear it they would be paid full salaries.

The Following was the Pledge Taken by the Baltimore Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union at the great Consecration meeting: "I take God to be my Father; I take Christ to be my Saviour; I take the Holy Spirit to be my guide; I take the Bible to be the rule of my faith and action; I take God's people to be my people; and, God being my helper, I will strive to win one soul to Christ during the coming year."

During the Recent Parliamentary Election in England the saloons organized to resist the Local Veto Bill, which proposes to give a community the power to close all saloons in its border if it so voted. Many saloons exhibited a poster bearing these words, "If the Local Veto Bill is passed, this house will be closed." A couple of boys pulled down one of these placards and nailed it up on the outside of a workhouse, where its appropriateness was beyond question.

The Dream That an Angel Brought.

SHE was a fair young mother. She was very tired. Her hands and feet and back and head ached, and no wonder, with all she had to do.

It was ten o'clock in the morning and the house was for once quiet. Harry and Freddie, her little sons, five and three years old, were playing in the lane. Their shouts and laughter came floating to her in soft gusts: they were good little men, seldom quarrelsome or boisterous. Baby Ethel was fast asleep, after her bath. She was apt to take a long nap at this time, but sometimes she slept fitfully and cheated her mother of the morning time for work on which she counted, but usually Ethel slept two hours between ten and twelve. There would be that interval for working on the painted screen Mrs. Montgomery hoped to finish for the church fair, and perhaps she might sketch a design for a book cover, too. Those designs brought her ten dollars apiece, and that extra money counted for many comforts in the small household, John's salary being very inadequate for the maintenance of a family of five.

But Mary Montgomery could not paint or draw to-day. She was too utterly fagged out, what with the intolerable heat of August, and the loss of rest, four nights in succession, Ethel having so trying a time with her teeth, and Freddie suffering from fever, and Harry waking up and crying out for mamma to come and take away his naughty dream.

Mary did the only thing she could do. She threw herself on the lounge near Ethel's cradle, and immediately fell into a deep sleep

A sleep so hushed and quiet that it rested every sense. It soothed the weary brain and the aching limbs. It laid a cool, caressing touch on the nervousness which had made her feel as if she must fly. It drove away the the despairing sense of incompetence for the situation, which had driven her, before she lay down, to utter these words, solemnly, and aloud, though there was nobody near to hear them.

Nobody visible, I mean. To all our words there are throngs, no doubt, of unseen listeners; of all our acts there are multitudes of watchful, pitying, wrathful, or critical spectators. Else what meant that declaration of Scripture, "He giveth his angels charge concerning us," and "They are all ministering spirits," and how else should the wanderer with senses enlightened have beheld the forms of bright ones going to and fro between earth and heaven on the ladder reaching down its cloudy stair, or the prophet shown to his servant the chariot and horses of fire beside that gate of Samaria!

It is always God's world, and every generation from Abraham's down has been under God's minute supervision. Therefore no one of us is left out from the guardianship of our unseen watching angels.

"If girls knew what they were doing, none of them would ever marry. Think of the life I used to have, the ease, the leisure, the pleasant days, the long undisturbed nights. And see me now. I am [illegible] —growing old before I'm twenty-five." Then she had sighed and fallen asleep. And as she slept an angel gently fanned her cheek, and a dream stole softly in at the ear-portal, and behind the closed door of the eyes, and there came to her a revelation of herself as she, a young mother, with her fledglings yet in the home nest, [illegible]

First the [illegible] some house which stood where three roads met, at the top of a stony New England hill. The house, four-square to all the winds that blew, had points of view from its many windows, down all the winding paths which led from its sill to the great world. A tall, plain woman, old and hard of feature, sadness on her thin, weather-beaten face, endurance in her spare, erect figure, dwelt there alone. Children she had brought up, but they had left her, and among them one was an outlaw, another a man who had forsaken his childood's faith teaching, and a third a grubber among the rubbish of life, his solitary ambition the making of money. The old mother was forgotten and alone, and Mary had heard her say, in faint, muffled tones,

"Oh! that I were back in my happy days when I cuddled my children in my arms, and covered them up safely at night in their beds. I knew where they were then God help them now, and me!"

The scene changed. Mary was taken to a palace. A lady who looked queenly, though she wore no crown, sat by a table littered with papers. A courtly statesman bowed low before her, "I congratulate you, madam," he said, "on a proud and splendid reign."

"Yes," said the queen, "it has been in a grand era, this reign of mine, but my best times were when I was young with my babies, and my brave young husband was at my side. These last years have been desolate, unspeakably desolate." And the pale features quivered, and tears dimmed the aged eyes.

Again Mary Montgomery found herself drifting through space, and she paused in the library of one of her school-friends a great and successful author. This woman had never married. She had led an untrammelled life, with leisure for much cultivation of heart and brain; she had traveled, she had earned a fortune, her books were many, her fame secure. She was talking, Mary found, with a young aspirant to literary honors, and this was what she said,

"Choose the thorny path, dear, if you must, but don't anticipate joy. Look for hardness. If you would seek heartsease and true satisfaction accept a good man's love, live for home duties. The truly blessed woman is she whom little lips kiss, whom little children cling to and call mother, who cooks dinners, and sweeps floors, and mends stockings, and sews patches on torn trousers, and never has her picture in the papers, nor sees the curtain lifted from her life of happy obscurity. The most envied woman of my own acquaintance is a girl I once sat by in the school-room, dear Mary Paulding, now Mary Montgomery."

Ethel cried. A little tooth was piercing the tender gum, and it wakened the baby. Her mother woke, too, and nursed the baby, and kissed and sang to her. The little lads came in, and asked for a piece, and Mary gave them bread and butter, with a sprinkle of white sugar, and she did not scold them once the livelong day, nor once bemoan her fate, for was she not wiser and gladder, she, to whom God's angel had brought a dream that morning?

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

An Early, Unknown Race.

Prof. Petrie's Remarkable Excavations in the Nile Valley—A People who lived 3,000 Years Before Christ.

ONE of the most surprising of recent archæological discoveries has lately been made by Prof. Flinders Petrie, who is conducting a series of excavations in the valley of the Nile, between Ballas and Nagada and about thirty miles below ancient Thebes. On the border of the desert, about three miles from the river, is a plateau about 1400 feet above water mark, although it is surmised that at some very remote period, the Nile must have washed its base. In the gravel of this ancient river margin, there have been found traces of a race of men who are believed to have existed long before Egyptians had become a controlling power among the nations of the earth. The date of their probable occupation of this territory Prof. Petrie assumes to be about 3000 B.C. This was a time when, as Egyptian history shows, that nation encountered many troubles, and sustained serious reverses.

RELICS OF AN UNKNOWN RACE, FOUND IN EGYPT.
Carved Figure. Portion of Comb. Ivory Comb. Carved Pottery Foot Warmer. Skulls of New Race. Slate Palette or Jar. Handmade Porphyry Vase.

The remains, therefore, it is not unreasonably suggested, may be those of Libyans, or some other invading nation, who threatened to overwhelm Egypt and made the throne of the Pharaohs uncertain. In any event, whatever they were, they were totally different from the Egyptians in many respects. Their dead were not preserved as mummies but buried in a sitting position. Among them are found no amulets, scarabs, etc., such as are present in Egyptian tombs. They did not seem to have any system of writing, so hieroglyphics or characters of any kind do not exist. Their civilization had not reached the potter's wheel; the pottery found is all hand-made and very accurately formed. The power these people had of precision in their work is seen in a collection of small vases of alabaster, porphyry, breccia, and other hard stone, and the perfection of form that is produced is really wonderful. Although they had this capacity with the hand and eye, yet their art is of the rudest. Some specimens are shown in the group of illustrations on this page, for which we are indebted to the London "Illustrated News."

Prof. Petrie also found some skulls of this new-found race, which may perhaps throw light on the type they belong to. Although 3000 years old, some of them retain portions of hair, which they must have worn long: this is indicated by the length of the teeth on their combs. Many bones were found, and, from certain appearances, Prof. Flinders Petrie infers that they h[ad] funereal rites, which he describes as "co[m]monial cannibalism." They used gr[een] paint, made from malachite, for mark[ing] round their eyes, and the slate palettes [on] which this was ground were found in la[rge] numbers.

AN AFRICAN EXPLORER DEAD

Joseph Thomson, one of the most dis[tin]guished and successful African explo[rers]

THE LATE JOSEPH THOMPSON, Explo[rer]

since Stanley made his famous journe[y] in the Dark Continent, died in Europe recen[tly]. He was a native of Scotland, and was [born] in 1858 at Penpost in Dumfriesshire, [and] educated at Edinburgh University, [where] he chiefly devoted himself to the stu[dy] of geography. In 1878 the Royal Geogr[aph]ical Society sent an expedition to Cen[tral] Africa under the late Keith Johnston, [of] Mr. Thomson was chosen as an assist[ant].

When Mr. Johnson died in 1879, Mr. Thomson was made leader of the p[arty], and penetrated north as far as Ujiji and after visiting Lake Hekwa, reached the coast of Bagamoyo in 1880. In 1882 Thomson explored Masailand, and was the first European to visit Mount Kenia. He suffered greatly during this expedition, and probably weakened his strong constitution. In 1885 he went for the Royal Niger Company to Sokoto, and in 1888 explored Southern Morocco and the Atlas range. Then in 1891, on behalf of the British South Africa Company, he explored the country between Lake Nyasa and Bangweolo, and on this journey contracted the lung disease which finally caused his death. After nearly recovering his health, Thomson grew homesick and returned home last autumn. He spent the winter in the Mediterranean, where he had a fresh attack of pneumonia, of which he died.

In all his travels he never shed a drop of native blood! His provocations were endless, but his marvelous patience and Christian firmness always won him his point in the end. His principal work is "Through Masailand," but he also wrote other books on African travel and adventure.

FELLOW-LABORERS WITH PAUL

"Those women who labored with me in the Gospel, whose names are in the Book of life."

THEY lived and they were useful; that we know,
And naught beside;
No record of their names is left to show
How soon they died;
They did their work, and then they passed away—
An unknown hand—
And took their places with the greater host
In the higher land.

And were they young, or were they growing old,
Or ill or well;
Or lived in poverty, or had much gold,
No one can tell.
One only thing is known of them—they were
Faithful and true
Disciples of the Lord, and strong, through prayer,
To save and do.

No glory clusters round their names on earth,
But in God's heaven
Is kept a book of names of greatest worth
And there is given
A place for all who did the Master please
Although unknown;
And their lost names shine forth in brightest rays
Before the throne.

—*Home Mission*

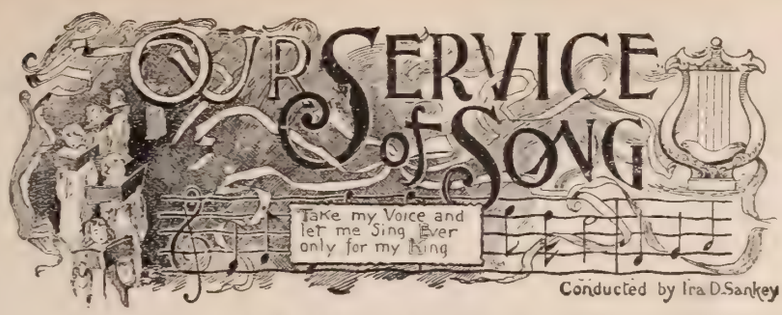
ELP IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

gestions on the Christian Endeavor opic for Week beginning Sept. 15th. hemiah 8: 1-12.

IF, in any given generation, the knowledge of the Gospel were kept back from children and imparted only to men and women, the church would saffer an appalling diminution of strength and nbers. When the cares of life and the a ieties of maturity have laid their iron g on the soul, the Gospel has s ll chance to enter. Always, i very generation, the hope is i he children. What a privil- e then is it to sow the seed in t soil that is not over-run with t world's rank weeds! To w the young soul for Christ, t re-empt the heart for its Sa- r is a mission to stir the g of every servant of the M ster. In that sphere he is n met by the cynical criticism, t distraught thoughts, the r , calculating attitude that he m ts with in dealing with men a women, but the warm, un- s sh enthusiasm of youth, w ch responds to the appeals h as to make. There is vir- g soil in the young hearts that a found in the Sunday School n the seed sown there brings r er fruit, as every minister w testify, than any sown in l r years. Nor is the reward o for which the toiler has to w t. The direct result may n come for years, but the in- d ct comes in the work. The w ker is blessed and his own s l is watered in watering oth- e . The very effort to make t Gospel message plain to the y thful mind impresses it on t heart of the teacher. He is c en, if he is conscientious, to e mine the foundations, to ex- p n first principles, to place t truth in so clear and forcible a manner that others may see a comprehend it and in doing s e gets a firmer grasp on it h self. The questions of the c ldren compel study, they sug- g t difficulties which never oc- c red to him and lead him into f ls of inquiry that are rich in t h. Many a teacher in the a empt to satisfy some inquir- i mind, has discovered beau- t in the Word of God that h had never found before. The m n who sat beside Ezra, as d scribed in the passage on w ich the topic is based, are an e mple for the teacher in his d de of work. The chronicler s s they gave the sense of the l as they read it and caused t people to understand the r ding. If the Sunday School t cher can do that, how much h accomplishes! After all, the c ld can get no better training, t can have his mind stored s well with that which will f tify it against temptation, as h a clear and practical knowl- d e of the Scriptures. To im- p t such knowledge, the teach- e must know them himself and t t knowledge enriches h is o n soul. Then, too, in ad- d ing his young friends in the d ficulties they will bring to him t hey count upon his sympathy, a acting as peacemaker in the quarrels that a se, in visiting them in sickness, he must g e advice and guidance which are found- e on principles applicable to his own life. T e influence of an intelligent class thus b comes salutary and bracing. It adds n more to the preserving and restraining i luences that bar the way to evil. "What w uld my class think if they saw me h ere?" is a thought that has kept many a y ung man from a place where he would h ve encountered peril. Thus the Sunday S hool is fruitful in blessed reciprocity.

ABANDONED HIS IDOLS.

Nothing in the world so satisfies the soul man as the Gospel. A missionary relates the experience of a Buddhist priest, who had given up his bishopric two years previously, and received a copy of the Gospels. A meeting was being held at Tanabe, in a hotel, and he was in bed in an adjoining room. He pushed back the sliding door and sat up in bed to listen to the sermon. At its close he asked for and received one of the Gospels. He told me afterwards, when giving me the idol (hotoke) he had formerly worshiped, that he had long felt that it was wrong for him to teach the people to worship idols, and he had at length given up his office and work on that account. He told also of the sadness that filled his soul as for the last time, according to his promise to himself, he bowed to worship the little idol which he had worshiped all his life, and which was given him by loving parents when he left his home to prepare for the Buddhist priesthood. "For two years," he added, "I had nothing to worship. I had given up the only object of worship I knew, and there was no other one before whom I could bow. During these two years no one can tell what a lonesome heart I had. But when I got the copy of the Gospels, and began to read of the Saviour, the aching void in my heart was filled. I now have a real God to worship." He walked up to Osaka, a distance of about ninety miles, in order to apply for baptism, which in time was duly administered.



ABIDE WITH ME.

"FOR THE DAY IS FAR SPENT."—*Luke 24: 29.*

JENNIE WILSON. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. O bless-ed Friend, a - bide with me, My wea - ry soul hath need of Thee;
2. A - bide with me when foes as - sail, And hu - man friend-ships faint and fail;
3. A - bide with me, be near my side, Till o'er the Jor - dan's roll - ing tide,

A - bide with me, no hand but Thine Can lead me home to rest di - vine.
O Changeless One, Thy help is sure, Thy love will ev - er more en - dure.
My ev - ery care and sor - row past, Be - fore Thy throne my crown I cast.

CHORUS.

A - bide with me,..... a - bide with me,..... O bless - ed
A - bide with me, a - bide with me,

rit. *a tempo.*

Friend,..... a - bide with me;..... In joy or grief..... what-e'er it
O bless-ed Friend, a-bide with me; In joy or grief

rit.

be,..... O bless-ed Friend, a - bide with me.....
what - e'er it be, a - bide with me.

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THE FIRST FRUITS.

Characteristics which must distinguish those who will Escape the Tribulation.

BY REV. CHARLES GRAHAM.

LONG has the question been asked, who are the first fruits of Rev. 14: 4? I believe the Word of God gives its own answer. In the chapter three distinct epochs are marked, and three distinct events connected with them. We have (ver. 1-5), the period of the first fruits and their gathering; we have (ver. 14-16), the period of the harvest and its reaping and ingatheing, and we have (ver. 17-20), the period of the vintage, the gathering of the grapes, and the pressing of them into the winepress. The order is natural, the harvest is the central point, it is the end of the age. The wheat gathered into the garner are the righteous gathered home to God. John the Bapist in Matt. 52: 3 speaks of Christ with his winnowing fan. We see Christ with the sickle in his hand reaping the harvest in Rev. 14. (See Matt. 13: 24-43.)

Just as there was the feast of the harvest (Exod. 24: 22), so also a feast of first fruits (Lev. 2: 14, &c.). The vintage, both in the Old and New Testament, is a destructive judgment which Christ in the end of the first age will inflict on the enemies of his people. The first fruits are a symbol of what is holy; a part and a pledge of the harvest (see Rom. 11: 16). Of the Church itself there is a first fruit to God and the Lamb (Rev. 14: 4). As the first sheaf of the harvest they are characterized by special sanctity, they have the name of the Lamb and of the Father written on their forehead (see also Rev. 22: 4). The first fruit was presented to God in the temple, so the first fruit of the Church is presented in heaven.

This one hundred and forty-four thousand are without blame, as followers of the Lamb they resemble him in whose mouth was found no guile. One of the highest encomiums ever passed on man was passed by the Lord Jesus on Nathanael, "Behold an Israelite, indeed, in whom there is no guile" (see also 1. Thess. 5: 23), of himself, Silas, and Timothy, Paul says the same thing. So what Paul and his choicest workers were, such are the first fruits unto God and unto the Lamb.

At some point between the commencement of the persecution of the great Antichrist and his destruction at the coming of the Lord, the Church will have been caught up to meet the Lord Jesus (Rev. 20: 4). But before that period this first fruit will have been gathered from the earth. Among them there will be no risen from the dead. They are simply the first ripe sheaf from the harvest field. As we know, the Church will no longer be on earth during the entire period of the persecution (Rev. 9: 14). So I believe the first fruits may now be removed at any moment.

While there shall be faithful ones martyred under the beast it is equally clear that some will escape entirely, being preserved from the tribulation (Luke 21: 31). This is a very solemn and deeply important subject. If there is to be such a removal God grant we may be ready! Remember that on the ground of moral fitness, entire separation to God, purity of life and walk, may rest the question whether we shall soon form part of this blessed first fruit unto God and to the Lamb. Remember there is a quaternion of marks: Freedom from sacramentarianism, indicated by separation from the harlotry of Babylon, the name of Father and Son written on their foreheads, having no guile on their lips, and following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

A Sermon Preached in the First Baptist Church, Atlanta, Ga., by Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D.D. Text: John 8: 12: *"I am the light of the world;"* Matt. 5: 14: *"Ye are the light of the world."*

HE religious economy of the Jews was symbolic from beginning to end. Every conception of things supernatural or divine was expressed by something material and visible. Everything included in the furniture or equipment of the Temple and Synagogue was symbolic.

Jesus spoke the words of our first text while he was standing in what was known as the treasury hall of the Temple. Here were the chests into which the people dropped their money for the support of their public worship. In the centre of this hall stood two enormous candle-sticks with many massive and elaborately ornamented branches. These great lamps were lighted at sun-down, and through all the night their exceeding brilliancy illuminated the whole city. These lights, like the ancient Pillar of Fire, and the luminous Shechinah that hovered over the Mercy Seat, were reminders and tokens of the presence of God. In the early morning, on the last day of the Great Feast of the Jews, Christ stood beneath those huge candle-sticks, and as the lights upon them were waning and expiring, he exclaimed, "I am the light of the world."

The Sun of Righteousness.

There was another and a grander object at that early morning hour which rendered these words more peculiarly appropriate and impressive. That object was the rising sun. I can see the Master in imagination as he stood there, pointing the people to the flickering dying light of those great Temple lamps, and next to the rising orb of day, and then pointing to himself and saying, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. The old prophets of Israel foresaw Christ and the magnificent results which should follow his coming into the world, and they called him "The Sun of Righteousness." How justly and appropriately he named himself "Light!" What light is to the material world, he is to the moral universe.

But in what sense and to what extent is he the light of the world? Is he simply a teacher of men? Is his mission limited to the removal of human ignorance. I find it no easy task to be as patient as I ought to be with the shallowness and blindness of men who think and speak of Christ as only a great pedagogue, making men better by simply making them wiser. This view is not a denial of his real character and mission, but it is fatal to the spiritual welfare of those who are weak and foolish enough to cherish it. In such a conception of him the actual necessities of redemption are ignored. It is a conception based on the unwarranted assumption that human sin is not a very serious matter. That it is born solely of ignorance, and is lodged only in the intellect, and that the easy and certain cure for it is education.

Such a theory of sin cannot stand the [illegible], and therefore any conception [illegible] based upon it is radically false. [illegible] and learned men of the past were as much distinguished for their wickedness as for their wisdom. Their minds were luminous [illegible] flowing fountains of iniquity. Knowledge alone cannot make us better men. Knowledge is as often an instrument of evil as an instrument of good. Benedict Arnold was [illegible] ton, but one betrayed his country and the other saved it. Robert Ingersoll is as well informed in some departments of learning as William E. Gladstone, but in character there is an immeasurable distance between them.

We all know that knowledge and righteousness are not convertible terms. We have some men in our legislative halls whose uncleanness is as profound as their statesmanship. They can engineer a gambler's scheme as successfully as they can work a bill through Congress. There are bank cashiers who have shown themselves wise enough to enlighten a nation upon any of its financial problems, and base enough to embezzle every dollar committed to their keeping. Some of the ablest expounders of moral law have openly and shamefully violated almost every principle of the decalogue. The blackest villainies in the world's history were planned by men who had received diplomas from colleges and universities. Sin is a very serious matter. It goes deeper than intellect. It is a loathsome disease that covers man's whole moral being. It is inherent depravity. It is a natural enmity towards God and his righteousness. It is wilful, positive rebellion against the Almighty. Sin means guilt, and guilt means Divine condemnation, and Divine condemnation means wrath and separation from God.

This being man's condition, he needs more than an instructor in the path of duty. He needs a deliverer from the condemnation and destroying power of sin. He needs a Saviour who has in himself transforming and creating power. In other words he needs God — he needs the same Divine Being who made him and breathed into him the breath of life. Christ answers this need when he says, "I am the light of the world." In this declaration he asserts his divinity, or his oneness with God.

God is light. It is his essential property. All through the world's history, and through the Bible, he is associated with light. The burning bush before which Moses stood, the "Pillar of Fire" in the Wilderness, and the luminous cloud in the Tabernacle and Temple, were

Visible Manifestations

of the invisible Jehovah. "Thou coverest thyself with light as with a garment." "The Lord is my light, and my salvation." "The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light." The Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and forever."

Now when Christ says, "I am the light of the world," he declares his absolute oneness with God. It is substantially what he had previously said to Philip: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Christ was God manifest in the flesh. "The word was with God, and the word was God, and the word was made flesh and dwelt among us." Though he has passed into the spirit world, and is no longer discernible by our mortal senses, he is still the God-man, one in being and sympathy with God, and one in nature and sympathy with man. In the person and life of this divine man is the light of the world, and nothing but personal contact with the personal life of this divine being can emancipate man from sin and satanic power and lift him into sympathy and fellowship with God.

Salvation is to know God. It is not to know something about him, but to know him. I can learn something about God from his creative works. "The heavens declare his glory." But I can know all that the earth and heavens reveal of his wisdom and power without knowing him. Man [illegible] God only through the mediation of the Godman. "No man knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal him." What men need [illegible] the knowledge of God. This knowledge will not only make them wise unto salvation and fit them for heaven, but it will develop in them God-like virtues, and prepare them to make the most of the present life and the present world. This knowledge can be gained only by personal contact and intercourse with the Man, Christ Jesus.

But what will you do with our second text? "Ye are the light of the world." The same being who says, "I am the light of the world," declares that his followers are the light of the world. Paul in writing to Christians at Philippi says, "In the midst of a crooked and perverse generation among whom ye shine as lights in the world." There is no contradiction here. Both doctrines are true. Christ is the light of the world, and his people are the light of the world.

Reflected Light.

The light of the Christian is a light derived from Christ. Christ the Son of Righteousness shines into him and he shines upon the world. In other words, Christ works through those whom he has enlightened and redeemed to bring lost men to a saving knowledge of his truth. Christians are witnesses for Christ. They show the world by their own redeemed lives that Christ is a deliverer from sin. They demonstrate by their own conduct that a union with him by faith transforms human nature, changes the currents of its thoughts, affections and aspirations, and makes it in every way richer, nobler and diviner. They reveal Christ as Christ reveals God. They reproduce his virtues. Men take knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus and learned of him. They see the character of Christ in the characters of his people. They are drawn to Christ by the attractive power of his people.

Having this light of life, Christians are required by their divine Master to let it shine before men. Dr. Broadus says that the meaning of this is that we must show our Christian virtues in the presence of men. When we are isolated from the world and its temptations, it is comparatively easy for us to refrain from sinning, and to preserve a Christ-like temper. For this reason many people become hermits. They desert the ranks of men, and hide themselves in caves and mountain fastnesses. These are they who put their light under a bushel. Christ gets no true service and the world no real blessings from such Christians. Put your light upon a candlestick that it may give light to all that are in the house. Shine in the presence of men that they may see your works and be inspired by them to glorify God. Stand before the world and prove by the grace you have received you can withstand its temptations. Go into the markets and show men that you can buy and sell and get gain from day to day, and from year to year, without doing one dishonest thing. Go to the bar of justice and show that you can practice law successfully without reverting to any of the tricks of the profession. Go into the councils of the nation, and show the country that you can perform all the functions of a legislator without confederating with demagogues and political jobbers, or without swerving one hair-breadth from the line of Christian rectitude. Go into the social gathering and show that you can be a cultured gentleman, and can make yourself agreeable and meet every reasonable requirement of social life without playing progressive euchre or drenching yourself with strong drink, or without doing anything else that would be contrary to your Christian principles, and hurtful to your Christian influence. Wherever you come before the eyes of men let your first thought and supreme purpose be

To Shine for God,

to show yourself a man redeemed by his grace, and to make an impression that will silence scepticism, and to inspire men to covet Christian virtue and happiness.

But shining for God means more than an exhibition of moral purity. It means labor—earnest, diligent faithful labor in teaching men Christian truth, and persuading them to submit to Christ that they may know God, and experience the freedom and glory of his salvation. It means the use of every available and legitimate means of making the world acquainted with the Gospel of Christ, and of urging men to accept the mercy and wisdom which it reveals.

What a brilliant luminary in the moral world is the well-equipped and consecrated preacher of the Gospel. What an ineffable lumination the world has received from the ministry of such men as John the Baptis Peter, Paul, Chrysostom, Augustin, Luthe Knox, Whitefield, Wesley, Carey, Judso Spurgeon and Moody. Not only such these but every true minister of Christ a every faithful Sunday School teacher is divinely commissioned torch-bearer, carr ing to human souls shrouded in the dar ness of sin and unbelief the light of life.

Every dollar, too, cast into the Lord treasury for the support of these agencie is a means which God will use to turn t world's darkness into day.

I desire to give special emphasis to t importance of religious books as a means advancing the world in the knowledge God. There are some things that need to written as well as spoken. What God s to the patriarchs, prophets and apostl would not have accomplished his purpos if it had been simply repeated by them public discourses. Hence he chose and spired men to write down what he h spoken to his servants. What Matthe Mark, Luke and John did for the world preaching the Gospel was almost an ins nificant service, in comparison with the fallible and enduring record which th made of the sayings and doings of Jes Paul's grandest contribution to manki was not what his lips uttered, but what hand wrote.

A man can interpret to others only wh he knows and feels. He can reproduce o such pictures as are photographed on soul. He can communicate to his fello only the inspirations which he has ceived by heartfelt communion with gr scenes, great events, and great minds.

I have seen an art critic go into a gr gallery of paintings, and without one th of true emotion, point out to his compani how this painter, and that, had conform to one canon and violated another, and h too much prominence had been given some things and too little to others; a then I have seen a peasant boy, who ne saw a studio, or an artist's brush, st before the same pictures for hours, drink in their beauty as the flower takes moisture from the mist. Blessed is t artist who can paint a picture that will only merit the approval of just critics, delight the eyes and feast the souls of common people. More blessed still is man who can write a book which will offend true literary taste, while it imp life, strength, and joy to the unlette multitude.

The Only Safe Light.

This country is grappling with cert great social and economic problems w almost the energy of desperation. I rei ate no pulpit platitude or pious cant whe say that the only solvent of these proble is the knowledge of God in Jesus Chr To know God is to love him. To l him is to love all humanity, and such l will everywhere dethrone the wrong diadem the right. If the labor questi the suffrage question and the racial qu tion are ever settled upon a wise, just enduring basis, it will be done not by politicians but by the churches of God.

By some method we must reach the pressors and the oppressed, the disturb and the disturbed with truth as it is in Jes In the light of that truth they will see only the causes underlying our unhap social condition, but the remedy as w Under the softening influence of that tr as applied by the power of the Holy Spi there will be relentings, concessions righteous and brotherly readjustments.

The classes of our population which most responsible for our present disastr social strifes are but thinly represented our Sabbath day gatherings for Christ instruction and worship. They do not h the Gospel preached. They have no de to hear it, because they shrink from a public rebuke of sin. How to reach th people is the great problem before us. what means and methods can we penetr their darkness with the light of life?

My own experience has demonstra that a man will read what he will not and hear in a public discourse. It requi but little urging to get men to read a bo that deals directly, intelligently, earnes with their condition, with their proble and with their needs. Let some one wr a book backed with gospel thought t employers of American labor. Let anoth write one and dedicate it to American lab ers. Let another be written for the gr army of the unemployed. I am confident such books would be read and re-read, a that their influence would be useful in pre-eminent degree.

LAPLANDERS AT HOME.

The People who Dwell in "The Land of the Midnight Sun"—Their Rude Habits and Simple Lives.

FEW of the races of Northern Europe have made less progress in the arts of civilization than the Laplanders. Perhaps this is largely due to their Arctic climate, with its unequal distribution of light and darkness, their short summer and the numerous difficulties that afford little scope for husbandry or the following of any but a few industries. Great, lonely, snow-topped mountains, and vast reaches of bog, river, and swamp, drive a very large part of the population to the lakes, and the sea for a subsistence. Thus hunting, hunting and fishing are the three principal industries of the people. There are no towns of consequence, Hammerfest, which enjoys the distinction of being the northernmost town of Europe, having a population of less than 2700. Even the villages are few, for a considerable proportion of the Lapps are nomads, being compelled to migrate at the change of the seasons, to find fodder and fuel. In August, which is with us probably the most tropical month of the year, the Lapplander has his harvest, but the end of the month brings strong frosts and even in the daytime the thermometer rarely goes higher than fifty-six degrees.

Our illustration shows a group of Lapp fishermen of the North Cape district. There are several settlements there that are objects of great curiosity to visitors. Few, however, seem to excite admiration, for the Lapp fishermen and their wives are not always attractive in appearance. They are usually short in stature, the men being about five feet in height and the women four. both have prominent cheekbones, with odd-looking, parchment-like skin, flat noses and small, almond-shaped eyes. The ordinary clothing is made of reindeer skin with the wool turned inside, and it not infrequently happens that a deerskin coat is handed down as an heirloom from father to son and even to grandson. Their lower limbs are swathed in worsted, covered with close-fitting leggings of whale-skin. Their houses—at least those of the poor fisher-folk—are wooden huts or sometimes huts of turf and straw, which, when lined with reindeer hide, are as warm as need be. It frequently happens that several families dwell under the same roof. Almost all the natives are hardy and apparently impervious to weather.

But, despite all drawbacks, these simple people have some excellent traits. They are honest, faithful, and capable of deep religious feeling. They love their native land intensely. The Bible has been translated into their language and Christian missions have done much to enlighten them spiritually. Lapland was nominally Christianized in 1157, but not until the present century has any practical religious work been industriously prosecuted. Every passing year now shows marks of religious progress.

The Swedish Missionary Union, British and Foreign Bible Society and several other European evangelical bodies, are doing active mission work there. Over seventy years ago, the Lapps began a missionary work of their own, with native pastors. The Danish-Finland Missionary Society was the first organization to aid them. One of the leading agencies in spreading the Gospel in Lapland has been a Society founded by the Swedish Missionary Union and known as The Lapps' Mission Friends, which extended its work into Russia. It should be stated that the country in which the Lapps live has no longer any separate geographical existence, being included in the dominions of Norway, Sweden, and Russia,—the Russian part of Lapland being embraced in the Grand Duchy of Finland. As early as 1648 portions of the Bible were published in Lapp. The first portion of the Lapp New Testament were published in 1755, and in 1811 the entire Old Testament—both by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Besides a translation into Lapp proper, versions for the Laplanders of Sweden, Norway, and Russia were prepared and have a wide circulation.

LAPP FISHERMEN OF THE NORTH CAPE DISTRICT.

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A Mother's Unselfish Love.

We are told, says Dean Farrar, of the Chinese sage, Meng-tsen, that when he was a child, his mother's home was near a slaughter-house, and she instantly left her home when she saw the child watching with indifference the pain inflicted upon animals. Her second home was near a grave-yard, and again she left when she saw the boy imitating, at his play, the rites of superstition. That is what a pagan mother did. Would we do the same? Would we at once give up a freehold in an eligible neighborhood if we saw it was tending to make our daughter worldly? Would we give up the chance of a good living, what the world calls success for our son, if it were in some work that would not make him a better man? How should we think we had done best for our children?

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Fixing Character in Youth.

Character is often fixed and destiny sealed before the age of twenty-one is reached. But it is not desirable that young people should prematurely develop into sedate men and women without any capacity for the enjoyment of life. There is a time in which it is natural for mortals to grow, run, jump, shout, and indulge in agreeable sports and pastimes. To deprive them of all opportunity for such innocent merriment is neither wise nor kind. The mature man who cannot look back upon the season in which he fairly reveled in the mere joy of existence is to be pitied. But innocent sports are a very different matter from what is called "sowing wild oats." The latter phrase suggests the idea of dedicating one's brightest and holiest days to the service of the devil, a thing which is not to be tolerated for one moment. A strong, healthy, alert boy, running over with life and spirits, may still be a God-fearing Christian, an obedient son, a diligent student, and an honest worker at all his tasks.

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A Word About Hesitancy.

Hesitancy and indecision, rather than absolute laziness, is an evil that besets many young people. Dickens used to say that one of the secrets of his success, was that he never started anything until he felt sure that it was something into which he could throw his whole energies—and he worked at it persistently till finished. It is a good rule when you have anything to do, to do it at once. Don't sit down in the rocking chair and lose three-quarters of an hour in dreading the job. Be sure that it will seem ten times harder than it did at first. Keep this motto: Be on time, in small things as well as great. Habit is everything. The boy who is behind time at breakfast and school will get "left" in the important things of life. If you have a chronic habit of dreading and putting off things, make a great effort to cure yourself. Depend upon it, that life is very much as you make it. The first thing to decide is, what are you going to make it. The next thing is to take off your coat and go to work. Make yourself necessary somewhere. Be a power in your own little world, and then, the big world will soon hear from you.

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"Four Feet on the Fender."

Passion, disappointment, crosses and mystery may be more dramatic than quiet love, contentment, and "four feet on the fender," as Oliver Wendell Holmes beautifully expressed the delight of homely coziness, but they do not make half so much of the staple of life. Next to that happiness that comes of living a spiritual life, the only permanent realization of happiness—so far as anything human can be permanent—comes with the love that is also friendship. But in a marriage that is well made, there is for the first time perfect confidence, for you know that you will never lack one to stand by your side to share whatever fortune may bring you. We want and need the amiabilities of life, the welcoming eye, the reassuring hand, the uplifting presence, and nowhere can they be so certainly found as in a true marriage. One of the forms which married blessedness takes is that it provides the most delightful of all companionships; that is a phase of married life that men and women value more the older they grow. The best enjoyments are confirmed and doubled when they are shared, and with whom can they be so fruitfully shared as with a wife or husband? So much is gained by viewing the world side by side with a congenial companion with whom impressions may be compared as they appear, and then stored as in common memory. And who can so faithfully fulfill these conditions of mutual helpfulness as the husband and wife whose natures are complementary to one another? Other companionship can only be occasional, but the true assorted companionship of man and wife has almost as great a continuity as the self-consciousness of each.

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Two Famous Women.

Two illustrious Christian women, who celebrate this year the seventy-fifth anniversary of their birth, are Florence Nightingale and Jean Ingelow. The heroine of the Crimea is a tall, gray-haired woman, with a fine, open face that has a nun-like serenity. She is inclined to be stout, while Miss Ingelow is smaller and less robust of physique. Both these ladies live in London, where each is the object of much attention, though, from the nature of her career, Miss Nightingale has been the recipient of more public honors. Perhaps the most remarkable event of her life, from a worldly point of view, was her refusal of the testimonial of $25,000 offered her after the Crimean War. To serve Christ and humanity was reward enough.

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A Child's "Rights."

Your little one has a right to a happy, healthful mother, one not exhausted by overwork, writes a Chicago pastor. He has a right to your first care and thought — baby first, self last. He has a right to be kept sweet and clean, that he may not be repellent to those about him. He has a right to be "mothered" every day of his little life, not turned over to the mercies of the average hired nurse. He has a right to your deepest love and to your keenest sympathies, that you may, during his developing, enter largely into his joys and griefs. He has a right to wise discipline, since, if undisciplined and uncontrolled in his infancy and childhood, his future may be hampered by faults his mother should have corrected. He has a right to a good, general education, that life's best gifts may be fully appreciated.

***

Evils of Home Extravagance.

No other thing in this world so nerves a true man's soul with energy and strengthens his heart for the conflicts of life as the devoted, unselfish love of a true wife. For such a wife he can toil night and day, and never weary. On the other hand, there is nothing that so completely disheartens a man and causes him to despair amid life's toils as the cold, selfish, unsatisfied, perpetual fault-finding of a woman who, although legally a wife, only seeks the gratification of her own selfish whims, regardless of the ease and comfort of her husband. Where fashion must be lived up to regardless of the excess of expenditure over income; where the faithful, hard-working husband has to be overburdened with debt and worry that the wife can make as much display and live in the same pretentious style as her more wealthy neighbors, there is no true love for the husband; and the fact, so often impressed upon his mind, wounds his soul and drives him to the verge of despair.

***

In His Footsteps.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

Be what thou seemest! live thy creed!
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

...NADJA:...

A Tale of the Russian Steppes.*

BY OLIVER M. NORRIS.

"SHE IMPLORED HIM NOT TO FORSAKE HER."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Ferryman's Home.

KUZMA SOZONTIEFF'S cottage was hard by the river on the village side, just below a long rippled sand-dune over which somehow the wind was always sweeping. On the coarse grass that grew all around, his few sheep and cattle gained a scanty subsistence, herded by Grisha, the half-witted servant lad. The outside of the little "izba" bore no marks of taste or even of care. The blowing sand from the dune lay in little wavelets thick on the roof, the door hung badly on its hinges, the walls were not white-washed, there was no railed-in space like that in front of the Stundists' cottages, where flowers might grow. It was a cheerless, forlorn-looking place.

Nor was the interior a bit more homelike. Sozontieff gave no heed to such matters. The floor was of earth beaten hard, and the ceiling formed of thin branches of bushes with the dry leaves still clinging to them. There was a long settle, half bed and half coffer, along one side of the outer room. A heavy table stood in the centre, with a straw bed under it for Grisha, and a high-backed arm-chair, coarsely carved, the work of Sozontieff's youth, was pushed into a corner close to the huge stove. On the walls hung some old clothes, and the window-ledge was occupied with a loaf of rye bread wrapped up in a fringed napkin, a large earthenware jug of water, and a few simple cooking utensils.

A doorway, but without any door, led to the little chamber occupied by Nadyejda. Here everything was scrupulously clean and white. The girl had worked a great white counterpane for her low bed, and had hung on the walls long white strips of linen with ends embroidered in black, red and blue designs of flowers and figures. There was a clean matting of straw on the floor which she and Grisha had made; and scattered about were the inevitable little nick-nacks which every woman, no matter how humble her circumstances, manages to gather into her room. They were mostly her mother's.

But Sozontieff's cottage possessed one treasure that the owner of it would not have exchanged for wealth untold. It hung high in the left hand corner of the room as you entered—a large glittering square frame of burnished silver enclosing a picture of St. Nicholas, The Wonder Worker, painted on wood. Only the face and hands of the saint were visible, and they were brown and discolored with age and the pressure of the lips of four generations of Sozontieffs. The rest of it was covered with a thin plaque of polished silver. This was the ferryman's [illegible] with his whole soul. Before the picture, and suspended by a silver chain from the ceiling, hung a lampada of silver and glass full of sacred oil, in which floated a tiny burning wick that lighted up a thousand glittering reflections on the broad front of wrought silver behind it.

On the ground below the icon was a wooden stand about as high as a man's waist, on the top of which were little receptacles where Sozontieff on great occasions placed lighted candles before the Wonder-Worker.

Sozontieff was not an Orthodox Russian. If the Stundists held the ritual of the Orthodox Church in contempt, if they utterly denied the use and value of its ceremonies, they never lost their feeling of love and veneration for all that is best and noblest in the wonderful church of their land, the church that has been such an anchor of hope and comfort to the Russian people in the most terrible episodes and the most crushing disasters of their history. But Sozontieff hated the church and all her ways with the consuming and unthinking passion of the fanatic. He was a member of the sect of Old Believers, a descendant of the men who held to the ancient ritual and the ancient books and rubrics of the church as they were before the days of the Patriarch Nikon, the great reformer of the Greek Orthodox Church. It was he, he claimed, who was orthodox; it was the so-called orthodox who were dissenters and the slaves of blasphemous innovators.

Sozontieff all his life had brooded over these things. His father had been a priest of the Old Believers somewhere among the Cossacks of the Ural, and he remembered how the old man had been forced one night to fly before the Orthodox Cossacks when they attacked him in his "izba" and set fire to the thatch. His youth had been spent in wandering over the steppe in company with his father. He had come to Kief when the old man was dying to seek some help and a final resting-place for him. Here he fell in love with some members of his own sect; and, taught to read and write by his father, and brought up in the strictest ideas of the Old Believers, he was appointed their priest, and married to a girl selected for him by the little community. But he was unable to settle down. The unrest and desire to wander so characteristic of the Russian in his natural phases took firm possession of the young priest, and with his wife and infant daughter he began to roam, he knew not and cared not whither. They came on to Slavo, and the village elder, treating them as vagrants, hauled them up before the general for punishment. The general, far from punishing Sozontieff, was so struck with the noble exterior of the man and with his independent bearing, that he begged him to remain in Slavo, offering him the cottage down by the river and the position of ferryman. It was a home and an occupation that seemed exactly to suit the Old Believer, and he readily accepted the general's offer.

That was nearly twenty years before our story opens. Ten years of comparative contentment and happiness, and then his wife, whom he dearly loved, died and left Sozontieff alone with little Nadja.

There comes a shock in the lives of all of us, and after it there is always a difference. The loss of his wife was the blow from which the ferryman never recovered. He became a recluse and a misanthrope. The duties of the ferry became irksome and were usually performed by the hired man, Sozontieff himself sitting alone in his room reading prayers before the icon, or everlastingly polishing its silver covering. And as month followed month the lonely man, always brooding and silent, began to see visions and hear voices, and would sit for hours communing with the supernatural beings whom he fancied he had called up around him. In his wilder moments he constituted himself the priest on earth of untold numbers of the souls of departed Old Believers, and poor Nadja, shivering in her cot, would listen terror-stricken to his ravings.

It was before the shining St. Nicholas that most of his conferences with supernatural powers took place. He would address the icon in his natural tones, and after a pause would answer himself in the solemn deep bass that the priest employs when he says the liturgy. For hours at a time he would gravely go through these services with only Nadja listening in her little room, and the half-witted Grisha crouching under the table. These two dreaded the sight of the terrible shining thing that spoke such strange messages from an unseen world, and Grisha, when he was alone in the house, would hang a cloth in front of it to hide it from his eyes until the returning steps of his master warned him to uncover it again. It was a terrible home for young Nadja to grow up in, her only companions the silly shepherd youth and the dark-browed taciturn fanatic with his mysticism, his superstition, his incipient madness.

Her father's occasional absences from home were always a welcome relief to Nadja. At such times she could leave the house for awhile and wander along the river bank to talk to other girls, or watch the village lads at their fishing. Even in those early days of her life every one recognized her beauty, and the tall fair-haired girl—"White Nadja" they called her—occupied much of the thoughts of the village youths. She was most attracted by young Mikhail Kulmenko, and we know already how the Stundist lad tried to guide her and fill her life with interests and thoughts which she must have welcomed

Continued on page 581.

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THE DOCTOR'S COLUMN.

J. J. E., Chicago.—My husband suffers from r cular rheumatism. Is very hoarse whenever he t cold. Please state a remedy.

Give him Febricide Pills, one three ti daily, for a week; then give him Thyroid extract of the thyroid gland, in three- doses, three times daily. Regulate the bo with Nathrolithic Salts.

J. P.—The fingers of my left hand seem to hav strength. I cannot close my hand, and suffer a g deal of pain.

Take Medulline, extract of the spinal c in five-drop doses, three times daily, on tongue.

Buffalo.—My face has a very oily appeara Kindly give me some remedy.

Take two teaspoonfuls of Nathrolithic S in a tumbler of hot water, a half hour be breakfast, once or twice a week. Avoid s when washing the face and take a cold sp bath all over every morning.

M. A. X.—Have been annoyed for over a year large pimples on my back. Can you suggest a c

Take Thyroidine, extract of the thy gland, in three-drop doses, three times d on the tongue. Twice each week take a of Nathrolithic Salts. Report in a month

Laura S., Memphis.—No; Yes; Take trine, a teaspoonful after each meal. You get better at once. Your nervousness co from a disordered stomach.

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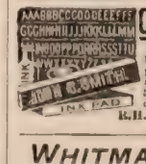

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s relations of a better world, of a more eaceful and loving world, than any she ad hitherto known. And then came her cquaintance with Vladimir Alekhin. To ee him sit in her father's cottage as the old man poured out his tales of the persecu- ion of the Old Believers and his denunci- tion of innovators was perhaps a pleasure o he but it was a pleasure not unmingled with dread and misgiving, and her wo- man's instinct warned her that Vladimir was not there for any good purpose.

But these feelings soon vanished, and he came under the influence of the young man's bold dark eyes and silver tongue. She took no comparing his fine clothes, his cultured accent, his perfect manners with the coarse homespun and simple language of the Swedish peasant, and although at first his talk, when he met her apart from her father seemed bold and wrong, she got used to it, ending by believing in and stor- ing in her memory every word he spoke. At last Vladimir obtained ascendancy over her, the waning influence of Kulmenko vanished and died. She put faith in Vlad- imir's false promises, and in her girlish heart she built gorgeous castles in which he and Vladimir were the lord and lady of the village and the whole countryside was do- ing them honor.

For the first year or two of Vladimir's absence he sent her an occasional message through the hands of Haim Rosenberg, but as these notes gradually ceased. During his infrequent visits to the village she saw him each time for a few fleeting hours, but soon as he joined his regiment his visits to the village became rarer still and the fleeting hours became fleeting minutes.

How so hard to kill, was at last gradu- ally dying down in her heart, and only the dull spark of it remained when news reach- ed her that Vladimir had arrived in Slavo on his way to the war. She plucked up courage to write him a few simple words, asking him to meet her if only for a mo- ment at the old trysting-place. At the ap- pointed hour she waited for him, and he never came. She implored him not to forsake her, to take her away with him whither—to the ends of the earth if need be. She told him she believed she was dying, and her pale cheeks and sunken eyes added their testimony to her words. Life would be miserable without him. She would follow him in the humblest ser- vice. But Vladimir was not moved—he looked coldly from her upturned, pleading face, and harshly tore her hands from his neck. His cutting tones he told her that she was no longer anything to him, that he had no other interests than to be the husband of a peasant's daughter. He advised her to be- lieve and live there, and forget all about him. Producing his pocket-book, he threw down a few roubles to defray the expenses of her journey home. Natasha, however, had not sunk so low that her eyes blazed, she flung back his money, and the roubles went fluttering about the room. Then in simple and gentle tones, but the stranger was only for a moment, she asked him to leave her.

The cultured and polished officer bent down to gather up his money, and without another word of comfort or farewell, left her. She watched him until he was out of sight, and then threw herself on the grass in an ago- ny of grief and despair, and sobbed with- out ceasing. She knew not how long she remained there, but she was dimly con- scious that the kind voice of the young peasant said something soothing to her, and stroked her hair and tried to raise her; but she would not be comforted.

It was dark, and the air was cold and damp when she returned home. Her fath- er was kneeling in front of the shining icon, and lighted tapers were placed in a row before it. Grisha was lying on his straw bed, his face table with his back to the icon, which was so terrible a thing in his eyes. Natasha slipped into her room, her father never lifting his head; but Grisha noticed her, and brought her a glass of tea and some rye bread, and after mutely look- ing into her troubled eyes for a moment, he touched her fair hair with his stained hands, and went again to lie down on his straw.

For more than an hour after Nadya's re- turn the Old Believer kept up an incessant prayer to the icon. Sometimes his voice rose almost to a scream, sometimes it sank to a whisper.

"Nadya," he called.

"Yes, father."

"Where have you been?"

"Along the river bank."

"Come here, child, and kneel down. Come here, I say."

Nadya rose and knelt beside her father, but he never once looked at her. A long silence followed. Sozontieff at last rose.

"Girl," he said, "I know everything. You know who told me." He pointed to the icon. "Remain on your knees here till midnight. The Wonder-Worker will not speak to-night, but he has something to say to both of us. At midnight you will go to your room, and you will not leave it un- til Panitch Vladimir departs.

(To be continued.)

A LIFE SPENT FOR CHRIST.

The following poetical tribute was addressed to Mr. J. C. Lanphier, founder of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, on Sept. 3, the 86th anniversary of his birth:

ALL hail to thee! thou vet'ran saint,
Whose years roll on without restraint,
And mind serene and clear,
With heart aglow in Christian love,
And faith long fixed on things above.
Still standing firm, sincere.

Thy visage noble and sublime,
Still beautiful, unmarked by time
God makes it thus endure.
Though snowy locks adorn thy brow,
No care is written on it now;
For all thy life was pure.

Yea! God gives health and years to thee
That sceptic minds may learn and see—
What godlinesss will do:
In filling "ripe old age" with joy,
Nor letting ills of life annoy
Those who to him are true.

Life's path in noble work for God,
Far down a century thou hast trod,
And faithful pilgrim been:
Proclaiming blest Salvation's sound,
Diffusing heavenly light around,
Which thousands glad have seen.

"Old Fulton Street's" dear place of prayer,
Was formed by thee, God led thee there;
And yet that altar stands,
Blessings to thousands it has brought,
And through it, God has wonders wrought
O'er this and other lands.

Though six and eighty years have gone,
God's gracious hand has filled each one
With blessings unto thee.
He cheers thee now, in "Beulah's land,"
With sweet prospective visions, grand
Of faith's eternity.

At last—when mortal life has run
Joyous! thou'lt hear the glad "well done,"
And in blest triumph go.
To dwell with him thou'st served so long,
'Mid heaven's rapturous bliss and song,
Immortal life to know.

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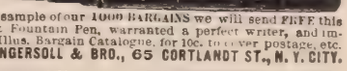

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REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

At the Conference Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered, August 25, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends: Mrs. T. D. [illegible] Reader." for her husband and sister. —"Subscriber," for a young man who is dissipated and expresses a desire to know how to get rid of his sin and be saved; also for the restoration of a brother who is a backslider. —"Interested," for her son. —J. A. M., Prospect Ferry, Me., that a man and his wife who feel the need of God's grace may be led into the light. —Reader, Ann Arbor, Mich., that a man who does not care to go to church, may with his wife be converted and enabled to train up their son and daughter in the right way. —An Aunt, Attleboro, Mass., for a young man, the child of many prayers and his wife that they may become Christians. —Wife, Stamford, Vt., that a man, a professing Christian who neglects the means of grace may be quickened and helped in the divine life, and that home life may become more consistent with the Christ life. —"Very Anxious Mother," Allegheny City, Pa., for her youngest son, who has given way to intemperance, that God would save him and give him strength to resist temptation. —"A Mother," Janesville, O., that her son may experience a deeper work of grace in his heart and be better prepared to work for Christ. —Believer in Prayer, Emporium, Pa., that an aged father who is near the end of life may obtain evidence of acceptance before he dies. —Anxious One, Brooklyn, N. Y., on behalf of a beloved one whose reason is now impaired, that she may be restored and find peace and rest in believing. —Subscriber, Littleton, N. H., that a man and his son and daughter and son-in-law may all be born again. —J. S. P., San Diego, Cal., for a young man in Mexico, a stranger in a strange land, that God would be with him and make him his own. —[illegible] Omaha, Neb., That God would save [illegible] relatives now in Texas. —"Anxious Wife," that her husband may be brought to Christ and be enabled to overcome his wrathful and profane [illegible] —Reader," Flemington, N. J., that a physician and his wife who are not in Christ may be saved.

For the Restoration of Health. "Believer," Parkensville, Vt., for recovery and new strength to work for Christ. —"Brother in Christ," Baltimore, Md., for relief from a physical infirmity from which he has suffered for two years—Sister in Christ, Parker's Landing, Pa. That God would raise from beds of sickness a dear friend and mother for whom many prayers have been offered. —K. Seabrook, Md., who has been a lifelong sufferer from disease which has involved the expenditure of large sums of money that were [illegible] their purposes, that God would [illegible] health and strength. —"Afflicted One," Richmond, Va., who has little children needing attention, that the affliction which has continued [illegible] two months may be removed, that duties necessarily neglected may be performed as in days past.

For Special Blessings. Anon. Friends, Colo. That the [illegible] begun in answer to the prayers for which a request was made some weeks ago in this journal may go on until completion. That thanksgiving be rendered for this beginning which is full of hope. —N. E. C., Potoniac, Md. That a physician who has been ruined by a calamity may find a new opening in which he may be able to support himself and his wife. —T. K. S., Orrville, O., that the persecution of enemies may cease and all misunderstanding may be set at rest. —Young Girl, Pleasantville, Pa., for more faith and for confidence that God hears and answers prayer. —A Friend, who is engaged in Home Mission work that wisdom and power be given to develop the work and to overcome the barriers to its progress. —H. O. W., Louisville, Ky., for grace to overcome timidity, bashfulness and nervousness which now hinder his usefulness in Christ's service. —"Believer in Prayer," that calamities apparently impending may be averted and that a [illegible] now rendered necessary may be that would prove spiritually helpful to those concerned. —A. F., Nevada, O., who has recently been bereaved of his wife and in those [illegible] and grow from the light of his [illegible] age. —"Believer," Johnstown, N. Y., for God's help in an effort to make a home for a beloved mother before the cold weather comes. —"Subscriber," Mansfield, Pa. That God would lead one who is now wealthy and prosperous to see the duty of making restitution to some needy people [illegible] and that a [illegible] may [illegible] and [illegible] that a beloved one [illegible] may once more have the light of [illegible] —Reader," Rondout, N. Y., that a wife whose love has been alienated by a wealthy [illegible] may [illegible] recognize the good qualities [illegible] and love [illegible] and be again united when [illegible] —Subscriber," that God would give a young lady the wisdom to decide [illegible] a matter which will affect her future happiness.

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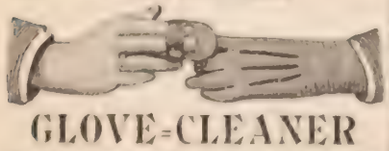

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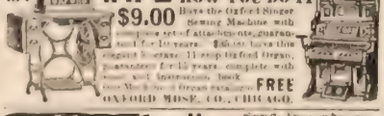

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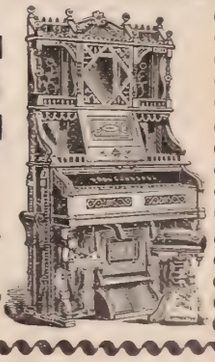

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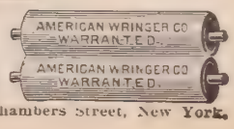

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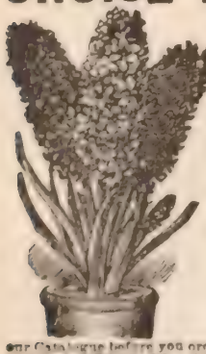

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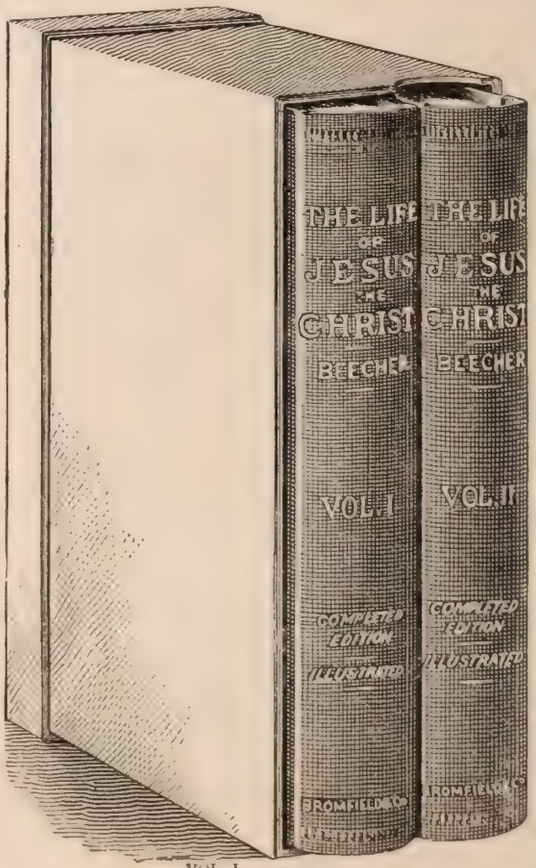

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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WHERE NAAMAN ONCE DWELT.

The Site of the Great Syrian Commander's Home now Appropriately Occupied by a Lepers' Hospital—Contrasts in the Orient—The Joy over the Kedron's flowing.

If two extremes of scenery were desired by a traveler in the East, he could select no better examples for his purpose than those presented in the illustrations on this page. From the beautiful Kedron Valley on the western slope of Jerusalem, to the bare, bleak aspect in the vicinity of the Lepers' Hospital in Damascus, is a long journey; but the contrast is a remarkably striking one; indeed, quite as striking in its way as would be that between the snowy ridge of Hermon and the flower-studded plains below.

SYRIAN PEASANT-MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Kedron, in reality, is a storm-brook or winter torrent, and in the summer season is frequently dry for many months. It flows through a ravine south and west of the Holy City, irrigating part of the suburbs which otherwise would be dreary and sterile. It is frequently mentioned in Scripture history. David crossed its stream, bare-foot and weeping, when fleeing from his rebellious son; Jesus must have often crossed it on his way to the Mount of Olives and Bethany. Its sloping banks were, in olden times, the scene of many executions and of the abomination of idol-worship in the days when Jerusalem forsook the true God. The valley through which it flowed was a burial-place during many generations, and monuments still existing there, long antedate the Christian era. While in some places, the ravine is rocky and mountainous, in others the banks have an open slope, and much of the contiguous land is capable of cultivation. Although the dry season is usually a long one, and the valley looks parched and withered with the killing drought, the heavy rains in the mountains around Jerusalem there does a change which is hailed with genuine delight by the natives. From the mountain ridge of Judea to the northwest where the Kedron rises the stream gradually increases in volume and accelerates in speed as it follows the depression toward the Holy City. It is shallow and broad, in places where it passes through sections dotted with corn-fields and sprinkled with dark olive trees. Through chasms, under bridges, over rocky terraces, it rushes and tumbles, until it reaches its rocky bed with Mount Moriah on the right and Olivet on the left. Lower down it expands, affording a level tract for cultivation, which in the "season of flowing" is covered with beds of cucumbers, melons and other vegetables, and with an infinite variety of beautiful flowers; and so it runs in a winding course, east by west, threading the wilderness of Judea, until it loses itself in the Dead Sea.

REJOICING OVER THE "FLOWING OF THE KEDRON."

Sometimes a whole year passes away without any water appearing in the Kedron, but as soon as the stream begins to flow, the news spreads over the city, and men, women and children flock to see it. It is an occasion of rejoicing, and little groups of Jews gather under the olive trees along the banks and there pass the day with their families, many of them sometimes uniting in a holiday outing to celebrate the event.

The Kedron is no longer known as "the brook that ran through in the midst of the land" (2. Chron. 32:4), for, since the time when its course was diverted by the primitive Jewish engineers, in order to provide for the wants of the city, and cut off the supply of its besiegers, it has never held as large a volume of water or been of as much service as formerly, in irrigating the territory through which it passes. The Valley of Jehoshaphat, through which the Kedron flows, will, according to Jewish, Christian and Moslem belief, be the scene of the final judgment.

THE LEPERS' HOSPITAL, DAMASCUS, ON THE TRADITIONAL SITE OF NAAMAN'S HOUSE.

(From a photograph brought from the East by the Proprietor of The Christian Herald.)

On the traditional site in Damascus of the house of Naaman, the great Syrian captain, whose leprosy was miraculously cured by his seven-fold bath in the Jordan, there stands an old building which for many years has been used as a Leper Hospital. It has fallen into much disrepair, and there seems to

(Continued on page 592.)

OPEN WINDOWS.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Daniel 6: 10, *"His windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem."*

THE scoundrelly princes of Persia, urged on by political jealousy against Daniel, have succeeded in getting a law passed that whosoever prays to God shall be put under the paws and teeth of the lions, who are lashing themselves in rage and hunger up and down the stone cage, or putting their lower jaws on the ground, bellowing till the earth trembles. But the leonine threat did not hinder the devotions of Daniel, the Cœur-de-Lion of the ages. His enemies might as well have a law that the sun should not draw water, or that the south wind should not sweep across a garden of magnolias or that God should be abolished. They could not scare him with the red-hot furnaces, and they can not now scare him with the lions. As soon as Daniel hears of this enactment he leaves his office of Secretary of State, with its upholstery of crimson and gold, and comes down the white marble steps and goes to his own house. He opens his window and puts the shutters back and pulls the curtain aside so that he can look toward the sacred city of Jerusalem, and then prays.

I suppose the people in the street gathered under and before his window, and said: "Just see that man defying the law: he ought to be arrested." And the constabulary of the city rush to the police headquarters and report that Daniel is on his knees at the wide-open window. "You are my prisoner," says the officer of the law, dropping a heavy hand on the shoulder of the kneeling Daniel. As the constables open the door of the cavern to thrust in their prisoner, they see the glaring eyes of the monsters. But Daniel becomes the first lion-tamer, and they lick his hand and fawn at his feet, and that night he sleeps with the shaggy mane of a wild beast for his pillow, while the king that night, sleepless in the palace, has on him the paw and teeth of a lion he cannot tame—the lion of a remorseful conscience.

What a picture it would be for some artist: Darius, in the early dusk of morning, not waiting for footmen or chariot, hastening to the den, all flushed and nervous and in dishabille, and looking through the crevices of the cage to see what had become of his prime minister! "What, no sound!" he says. "Daniel is surely devoured, and the lions are sleeping after their horrid meal, the bones of the poor man scattered across the floor of the cavern." With trembling voice Darius said out, "Daniel!" No answer, for the prophet is yet in profound slumber. But a lion, more easily awakened, advances, and, with hot breath blown through the crevice, seems angrily to demand the cause of this interruption, and then another wild beast lifts his mane from under Daniel's head, and the prophet waking up, comes forth to report himself all unhurt and well.

But our text stands us at Daniel's window, and toward Jerusalem. Why is that direction open? Jerusalem was his native land, and all the pomp of his Babylonish successes could not make him forget it. He came there from Jerusalem at eighteen years of age, and he never visited it, though he lived to be eighty-five years. Yet, when he wanted to arouse the deepest emotions and grandest aspirations of his heart, he had his window open toward his native Jerusalem. There are many of you to-day who understand that without any exposition. This is getting to be a nation of foreigners. They have come into all occupations and professions. They sit in all churches. It may be twenty years ago since you got your naturalization papers, and you may be thoroughly Americanized, but you can't forget the land of your birth, and your warmest sympathies go out toward it. Your windows are open toward Jerusalem. Your father and mother are buried there. It may have been a very humble home in which you were born, but your memory often plays around it, and you hope some day to go and see it—the hill, the tree, the brook, the house, the place so sacred, the door from which you started off with parental blessing to make your own way in the world; and God only knows how sometimes you have longed to see the familiar places of your childhood, and how in awful crises of life you would like to have caught a glimpse of the old, wrinkled face that bent over you as you lay on the gentle lap twenty or forty or fifty years ago. You may have on this side of the sea risen in fortune, and, like Daniel, have become great, and may have come into prosperities which you never could have reached if you had stayed there, and you may have many windows to your house—bay-windows, and skylight-windows, and windows of conservatory, and windows on all sides—but you have at least one window open toward Jerusalem.

When the foreign steamer comes to the wharf, you see the long line of sailors, with shouldered mail-bags, coming down the planks, carrying as many letters as you might suppose to be enough for a years' correspondence, and this repeated again and again during the week. Multitudes of them are letters from home, and at all the post-offices of the land people will go to the window and anxiously ask for them, hundreds of thousands of persons finding that window of foreign mails the open window toward Jerusalem.

Yes, yes; in all these cities, and amid the flowering western prairies, and on the slopes of the Pacific, and amid the Sierras, and on the banks of the lagoon, and on the ranches of Texas there is an uncounted multitude who, this hour, stand and sit and kneel with their windows open toward Jerusalem. Some of these people played on the heather of the Scottish hills. Some of them were driven out by Irish famine. Some chased the chamois among the Alpine precipices. Some plucked the ripe clusters from Italian vineyard. Some lifted their faces under the midnight sun of Norway. It is no dishonor to our land that they remember the place of their nativity. Miscreants would they be if, while they have some of their windows open to take in the free air of America and the sunlight of an atmosphere which no kingly despot has ever breathed, they forgot sometimes to open the window toward Jerusalem.

No wonder that the son of the Swiss, when far away from home, hearing the national air of his country sung, the malady of homesickness comes on him so powerfully as to cause his death. You have the example of heroic Daniel of my text for keeping early memories fresh. Forget not the old folks at home. Write often; and, if you have surplus of means and they are poor, make practical contribution, and rejoice that America is bound to all the world by ties of sanguinity as in no other nation. Who can doubt but it is appointed for the evangelization of other lands? What a stirring, melting, gospelizing theory that all the doors of other nations are open toward us, while our windows are open toward them!

But Daniel, in the text, kept this porthole of his domestic fortress unclosed because Jerusalem was the capital of sacred influences. There had smoked the sacrifice. There was the Holy of Holies. There was the Ark of the Covenant. There stood the temple. We are all tempted to keep our windows open on the opposite side, toward the world, that we may see and hear and appropriate its advantages. What does the world say? What does the world think? What does the world do? Worshipers of the world instead of worshipers of God. Windows open toward Babylon. Windows open toward Corinth. Windows open toward Athens. Windows open toward Sodom. Windows open toward the flats, instead of windows open toward the hills.

The dominion of this world over multitudes is illustrated by the names of coins of many countries. They have their pieces of money which they call sovereigns and half sovereigns, crowns and half crowns, Napoleons and half Napoleons, Fredericks and double Fredericks, and ducats, and Isabellinos, all of which names mean not so much usefulness as dominion. The most of our windows open toward the exchange, toward the salon of fashion, toward the god of this world. In olden times the length of the English yard was fixed by the length of the arm of King Henry I., and we are apt to measure things by a variable standard and by the human arm that in the great crises of life can give us no help. We need, like Daniel, to open our windows toward God and religion.

But, mark you, that good lion-tamer is not standing at the window, but kneeling, while he looks out. Most photographs are taken of those in standing or sitting posture. I now remember but one picture of a man kneeling, and that was David Livingstone, who in the cause of God and civilization sacrificed himself; and in the heart of Africa his servant, Majwara, found him in the tent by the light of a candle, stuck on the top of a box, his head in his hands upon the pillow, and dead on his knees. But here is a great lion-tamer, living under the dash of the light, and his hair dishevelled of the breeze, praying. The fact is, that a man can see further on his knees than standing on tiptoe. Jerusalem was about five hundred and fifty statute miles from Babylon, and the vast Arabian Desert shifted its sands between them. Yet through that open window Daniel saw Jerusalem, saw all between it, saw beyond, saw time, saw eternity, saw earth, and saw heaven. Would you like to see the way through your sins to pardon, through your troubles to comfort, through temptation to rescue, through dire sickness to immortal health, through night to day, through things terrestrial to things celestial, you will not see them till you take Daniel's posture. No cap of bone to the joints of the fingers, no cap of bone to the joints of the elbow, but cap of bone to the knees, made so because the God of the body was the God of the soul, and especial provision for those who want to pray, and physiological structure joins with spiritual necessity in bidding us pray, and pray, and pray.

In olden time the Earl of Westmoreland said he had no need to pray, because he had enough pious tenants on his estate to pray for him; but all the prayers of the church universal amount to nothing unless, like Daniel, we pray for ourselves. Oh, men and women, bounded on one side by Shadrach's red-hot furnace, and the other side by devouring lions, learn the secret of courage and deliverance by looking at that Babylonish window open toward the southwest! "Oh," you say, "that is the direction of the Arabian Desert!" Yes; but on the other side of the desert is God, is Christ, is Jerusalem, is heaven.

The Brussels lace is superior to all other lace, so beautiful, so multiform, so expensive—four hundred francs a pound. All the world seeks it. Do you know how it is made? The spinning is done in a dark room, the only light admitted through a small aperture, and that light falling directly on the pattern. And the finest specimens of Christian character I have ever seen or ever expect to see are those to be found in lives all of whose windows have been darkened by bereavement and misfortune save one, but under that one window of light over the interlacing of divine workmanship went on until it was fit to deck a throne, a celestial embroidery which angels admire and God approved.

But it is another Jerusalem toward which we now need to open our windows. The exiled evangelist of Ephesus saw one day as the surf of the Icarian sea foamed and splashed over the boulders at his feet, and his vision reminded me of a wedding day when the bride by sister and maid was having garlands twisted for her hair and jewels strung for her neck just before she puts her betrothed hand into the hand of her affianced: "I, John, saw the holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Toward that bridal Jerusalem are our windows opened.

We would do well to think more of heaven. It is not a mere annex of earth. It is not a desolate outpost. As Jerusalem was the capital of Judea, and Babylon the capital of the Babylonian monarch, and London is the capital of Great Britain, and Washington is the capital of our own republic, and the New Jerusalem is the capital of the universe. The King lives there, and the royal family of the redeemed have their palaces there, and there is a congress of many nations and the parliament of the world. Yea, as Daniel had kindred in Jerusalem of whom he often thought, though he left home when a very young man, perhaps father and mother and brothers and sisters still living, and was homesick to see them, and they belonged to the highest circles of royalty, Daniel himself having royal blood in his veins, so we have in the New Jerusalem a great many kindred, and we are sometimes homesick to see them, and they are all princes and princesses, for in them the blood imperial, and we do well to keep our windows open toward the eternal residence.

It is a joy for us to believe that while we are interested in them they are interested in us. Much thought of heaven makes one heavenly. The airs that blow through that open window are charged with life and sweep up to us aromas from gardens that never wither, under skies that never cloud, in a spring-tide that never terminates. Compared with it all other heavens are dead failures.

Homer's heaven was an elysium which he describes as a plain at the end of the earth or beneath, with no snow nor rain-fall, and the sun never goes down, and Rhadamanthus, the justest of men, rules. Hesiod's heaven is what he calls the Islands of the blessed, in the midst of the ocean, three times a year blooming with most exquisite flowers, and the air is tinted with purple, while games and music and horse-races occupy the time. The Scandinavian's heaven was the hall of Walhalla, where the God Odin gave unending wine-suppers to earthly heroes and heroines. The Mohammedan's heaven passes its disciples over the bridge Al-Sirat, which is finer than

air and shaper than a sword, and then
y are let loose into a riot of everlasting
sicality.

The American aborigines look forward
a heaven of illimitable hunting-ground,
tridge, and deer, and wild duck more
n plentiful, and the hounds never off the
nt, and the guns never missing fire.
t the geographer has followed the earth
ind, and found no Homer's elysium.
oyagers have traversed the deep in all
ections, and found no Hesiod's islands
the blessed. The Mohammedan's celes-
l debauchery and the Indian's eternal
nting-ground for vast multitudes have
r charm. But here rolls in the Bible
aven. No more sea — that is, no wide
paration. No more night — that is, no
omnia. No more tears — that is, no
art-break. No more pain — that is, dis-
ssal of lancet and bitter draught and
asma, and banishment of neuralgias,
d catalepsies, and consumptions. All
ors in the wall except gloomy black; all
music in the major-key, because cele-
ative and jubilant. River crystalline,
te crystalline, and skies crystalline, be-
use everything is clear and without doubt.
nite robes, and that means sinlessness.
als full of odors, and that means pure
galement of the senses.
inbow, and that means
e storm is over. Mar-
ge supper, and that
ans gladdest festivity.
velve manner of fruits,
d that means luscious
d unending variety.
Day and night keep your
ndow open toward that
rusalem. Sing about
Pray about it. Think
out it. Talk about it.
ream about it. Do not
inconsolable about
ur friends who have
ne into it. Do not
orry if something in
ur heart indicates that
u are not far off from its
stasies. Do not think
at when a Christian
es he stops, for he goes
. An ingenious man has
ken the heavenly fur-
ngs as mentioned in Rev-
ation, and has calculated
at there will be in
aven one hundred rooms
xteen feet square for
ch ascending soul,
ough this world
ould lose a hundred millions yearly. But
l the rooms of heaven will be ours, for
ey are family rooms; and as no room in
ur house is too good for your children, so
l the rooms of all the palaces of the heav-
nly Jerusalem will be free to God's chil-
en and even the throne-room will not be
nied, and you may run up the steps of
e throne, and put your hand on the side
the throne, and sit down beside the king
cording to the promise: "To him that
vercometh will I grant to sit with me in
y throne."

But you cannot go in except as conquer-
s. Many years ago the Turks and Chris-
ans were in battle, and the Christians
ere defeated, and with their commander
tephen fled toward a fortress where the
other of this commander was staying.
When she saw her son and his army in
sgraceful retreat, she had the gates of the
rtress rolled shut, and then from the top
f the battlement cried out to her son,
You cannot enter here except as conquer-
r!" Then Stephen rallied his forces and
sumed the battle and gained the day,
venty thousand driving back two hundred
housand. For those who are defeated in
attle with sin and death and hell, nothing
ut shame and contempt; but for those who
ain the victory through our Lord Jesus
Christ the gates of the New Jerusalem will
oist, and there shall be an abundant en-
rance into the everlasting kingdom of our
.ord, toward which you do well to keep
our windows open.

LITTLE "MISS TWO THOUSAND."

Six-year-old Freda F—— has a Rousing Welcome From our Guests at Mont-Lawn—Golden September Days at the Children's Home.

WHEN the Hudson River steamer, "Chrystenah," made its trip to New York, one forenoon lately, she brought with her, as she does almost daily, a number of our Fresh-Air children whose ten-day's sojourn at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn had expired. On this particular trip, however, there was one little guest who was the centre of attraction and, as far as the other children were concerned, of admiration also. She was a sweet-faced, wee maiden of six—Freda F—— by name—and she had just concluded an experience that is very likely to linger in her memory long after childhood's days have passed over her sunny head. Freda is an only child and lives with her father on the top floor of a small tenement in East Fourth street in New York. They are very poor, but the father has striven, amid many difficulties, to give his darling the few advantages that lay within his reach, and Freda goes to school week-days and to Sunday School at Hope Chapel Sabbath afternoons. When she was told that she was to be taken to Mont-Lawn her eyes fairly danced with delight.

"Oh, I never was in the country," she exclaimed; "but I know some girls that's been, an' oh! they do say its nice." It was found that she had never been much more than outside of the ward of her birth. Her surprise and pleasure on sailing to the Home in the swift-moving "Chrystenah." were expressed unreservedly, for she had never been on a steamer in her life. On reaching Mont-Lawn, she was greeted by the two hundred or more assembled children, and conducted to the supper table, a big bouquet of golden-rod beside her plate marked her as a guest of consequence. It was only after a dainty and enjoyable meal that she learned that all this special attention and welcome arose from the fact that she was the two thousandth guest at the Home this season. "Little Miss Two Thousand" henceforth she was dubbed by boys and girls alike. So the new name clung to her, and now it was all over and she was going home. Ten happy, glorious, golden days; days such as she not even dreamed could ever come to her lot. And the wee red lips trembled at the thought of returning to the little top-floor room in the hot city, but the smile returned as she remember the pleasant days she had passed and which she longed to tell her father all about. Freda is naturally a good child, amiable in temper and with a gentle, affectionate way about her that is very winning.

Very different are the antecedents of some children who have been guests at Mont-Lawn. One little girl was the daughter of a butcher, the mother doing laundry work to help the general support. This family never went to church and their lives apparently took no account of religion. There was no sign in the house of any knowledge of God whatever. When the little daughter returned from Nyack, at every meal in the house she fervently repeated the simple "grace before meat" which she had learned at Mont-Lawn. "It is the only prayer ever offered in our house," explained the father afterward. Who knows whether, in the near future, that household might not be led to the true Fountain of all blessing by means of a little child? There are many tenement children, who, after returning from Mont-Lawn have a similar experience to that of this daughter of a godless family?

Nearly two hundred children went up to the Home during the past week, a considerable portion of the number being convalescents whose health has already been very greatly benefited by their stay in the salubrious and beautiful highland overlooking the Hudson.

CONVALESCENT TENEMENT CHILDREN PICNICKING IN THE WOODS AT MONT-LAWN.

During the week the following sums have been received in aid of our Children's Home:

Previously Acknowledged	**$4,233 36**
Mrs T H Somerville	3 00
Thos H Somerville	3 00
A Mother, St Joe	1 00
T J Hathaway	3 00
W W Davis	3 00
Mrs A W C Williams	5 00
M, Conn	1 00
Mother and Son, Bellefonte	6 00
Mrs J H Spicer	3 00
Mrs Geo E Blackman	1 00
J Louis Simpson	3 00
R D Evans Simpson	3 00
Mrs D Oliver	6 00
Mrs Francis I Gay	5 00
Sarah B Williams	3 00
C W Hinman	3 00
A friend of the cause	3 00
——, Tyler, Tex	3 00
A L A, Washington	16 60
J O R, Eureka Mills	3 00
Preceeds of an entertainment given by nine guests, Belmont, N J	7 00
A friend, Newark, N J	7 00
John H Botdorf	6 00
Mr and Mrs T N Boggess	3 00
A Sub'r, Clintondale	3 00
——, Armstrong, Ia	1 00
P S, Napeville	1 00
F T, Greenview	3 00
Mrs G Fox	3 00
A S Pratt	3 00
Mrs Ann Criswell	1 00
M, Curry, N Y	50
Mary Home	1 00
L & M Murmann	3 00
Little Ray & Frank Tomlin	1 00
E J Wickham	1 00
——, Santa Cruz	1 00
Mrs S H Day	3 00
In His Name, Newman Grove	3 00
A Canada Girl	1 00
R W, Kennebunkport	1 00
Martha C Osborne	3 00
In His Name, Seattle	3 00
One who loves children, Fort Wayne	1 00
Reader, Maytown	5 00
"Inasmuch Circle," K D, Newark	3 00
A A Jagnow	1 00
Joel W Skilton	3 00
A D & E G Worthington	6 00
E W Burleigh	1 00
Hattie M Elordorn	1 00
Minnie M	1 00
Mrs U H Walker	1 00
S H B, Camden	3 00
One who loves children, Cosmopolis	3 00
A Subr, New York	1 00
Bowie Sta Sunday School	7 45
Birthday Box of Jr C E of Ref'd Ch, Kinderhook	3 04
Anna H Ruggles	50
N L, New York	3 00
Mrs John Cattin	3 00
S S Class, Mt Pleasant	3 00
D I, Brooklyn	4 00
E A A, Woodbourne	6 00
In His Name, Haverhill	2 00
M E P, Ivy Depot	1 00
L G Blanch	1 50
——, Pompey	1 00
Conant St S S, Danvers	1 00
Whatsoever K D, Canandaigua	3 00
Jr C E S, First Bapt Ch, Batavia	3 00
An Old Subr, Loudonn Co	1 00
C W, Peterboro	2 00
A Subr, Delaware Co	1 00
For Jesus' Sake, Allentown	1 00
Mrs L C James	3 00
Mrs Clarissa Smith	1 00
Mrs C H Zerby	3 00
Mrs Jane Gregory	3 00
M E H McKys	3 00
M C Elliot	1 00
M H Barker	1 00
Sarah L Newcome	3 00
M M M, Eaton	3 00
Mrs A M Phelps	3 00
E St Croix Oliver	3 00
CHRISTIAN HERALD Reader, Balto	3 00
W D Brelsford	3 00
Martha Greaves	10 00
I C, Kingston	50
Margaret, Honeybrook	3 50
D I Wagar	1 00
Proceeds of a fair given by four little cousins	5 00
Fifth Ward Chapel, Sunbury	3 00
Friend of the cause, Los Angeles	1 00
B F Borden	3 00
M E C, Asbury Park	6 00
E W McPherson	25 00
H & W, Tuscarora	6 00
Capt D A Nesbitt	25 00
A Friend, Cedar Rapids	5 00
Chas L C Reeve	3 00
A Subr, Flint	2 00
Proceeds of a fair held by 3 little girls, Keyport	6 00
Edith Fern and Maud Bemis	50
S L K, Kelly	1 00
Ludwig Sylander	1 00
Mrs R J Bradley	1 00
Mrs David Daniels	1 00
Mrs Georgia Daniels	1 00
From a lover of little boys	6 00
Mrs M D Harding	3 00
Boys' S S Class, W Dayton	1 00
Two Subrs, Fall River	3 00
Mrs H A Webster	1 00
A King's D, Lawrence	3 00
F, Newton, N H	1 00
Mrs Timeline B Long	3 00
——, Princeton	50 00
M B, Northfield	1 00
——, Acoaxet	3 00
Miss Georgia Baird	3 00
Mattie Ressler	3 00
——, Anaheim	6 00
Frank B. Hutchinson	1 00
A Friend, No Scituate	1 00
Raised by Florence Cass	3 00
A Subr, Anagua	3 00
Only a little, New York	1 00
A teacher and S S Class of 1st Pres Ch Plainfield	3 00
Two Sisters, Madelia	3 20
Mrs C J Carrick	3 00
——, Chester	3 00
F C, Walnut Hill	2 00
Mrs J E E, Cambridge	1 00
Widow, Lake Side	1 00
John D Stryker	3 00
Master & Miss Williams	6 00
Ada Werry	5 00
Thos Bridgford	5 00
Mrs H M W, Mankato	1 25
Myra & Walter, San Jose	1 25
S L Carter	50
Nellie & John, Wash. Hts	1 30
In His Name, Champoeg	15 00
Charley	10
Elysian Y P S C E	3 28
I E G, Mich	25
——, Clyde	50
Friend, Bridgeport	1 00
M S, Bloomingdale	3 00
An Old Subr, Indianapolis	3 00
Emily J McCool	3 00
In Memoriam, Clyde	6 00
C S Hanna	5 00
B B Lawrence	1 00
F M H, Shelburne Falls	2 00
Annie & Elsie Coe	3 00
Jas Offutt	5 00
Inasmuch, Linglestown	2 00
Mrs A W Joy	3 00
In Jesus' Name Sis-ham	3 00
Mrs T W Gerrard	3 00
Children of Westwood	20 00
P, Newark	8 00
Mr ank Mrs Wm McGill	3 00
Help a little, N Guilford	1 00
Ethe M Bickford	50
Infant Class of Cong Ch, Mass	1 50
F Newton	1 00
——, New York City	1 00
A child's friend, Chesaning	3 00
The Lord's Tenth, San Angelo	3 00
Dorothy, Wash	4 30
L C Crosby	3 00
A friend of the children, Oxford	2 00
Martha Mullica	1 00
Wm C Bradbury	3 00
F P Lefferts	50
A Wehrman	3 00
Mrs L C H, Chateaugay	1 00
Mrs H Welboon	1 00
——, Fonthill	3 00
——, Paterson	3 00
E R N F, ——, Wis	3 00
J S, Brandford	1 00
Edith May, Scranton	2 00
——, Ridgeway	1 00
A friend of the children, La Prairie Centre	1 00
From a friend, Nokesville	1 00
Mrs H Ecroyd	3 00
Mrs Mary M Prentice	1 00
Friends, Hartford	1 00
Lila N Irwin	50
In His Name, Amory	50
T U V, Conn	1 00
In His Name, Elwell	2 00
A Friend, Providence	6 00
A Friend, New Haven	3 00
Mrs L E Wheeler	2 00
A Well Wisher, Ottumwa	3 00
C A Hagaman	3 00
Mr. Percy	1 00
Mrs Milo Cowan	3 00
Total	**$4,893 28**

RENEWING THE COVENANT.

S.S. Lesson for Sept. 22. Josh. 24: 14-25. Golden Text: Josh. 24: 25. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

FROM his early youth Joshua had served his God and his people. He was a companion of and minister to Moses when God called him with Aaron and his two eldest sons, and seventy of the elders of Israel into the mountain, where Moses abode forty days and forty nights alone with his God (Ex. 24: 18); and when the elders had grown weary of waiting for Moses, Joshua had remained in the mount, and he came down only when Moses did. He had been faithful, and had followed the Lord fully when the ten spies had failed, he had carried out the commands of God as Moses had done before him, and he had, under the guidance of the invisible "Captain of the host of the Lord," led the people from victory to victory over the inhabitants of Canaan whom God had delivered into his hand. Faith and obedience had characterized his service, and he had divided the land among the tribes of Israel.

Now his time of service on earth was

Drawing to a Close

and he knew it. What should we expect to be the last days of such a man? It has come to be the practice in our days when death approaches to let every other concern be set aside that every attention may be concentrated on the poor doomed body, to lengthen out by a few days or a few hours an existence which has ceased to be either a profit or a pleasure. There is a holy dignity in the picture of the grey-headed veteran Joshua, when he gathered up his remaining strength in view of his approaching departure from the world, and summoned together the elders and the representatives of the people, that he might give to them his last commands and exhortations, delivering over in the hands of him who had charged him with the leadership of them, the people whom he was about to leave.

"I am old and well stricken in years," he says (Josh. 23: 2), and then immediately leads their thoughts from himself to God.

Just as Moses before him (Deut. 31: 2), just as Peter (II. Pet. 1:14), and Paul (II. Tim. 4: 6-8), he prepared his people for his departure by calling them into a greater nearness to their God. They could well dispense with him if they learned to know God better. Joshua's bodily weakness and failing strength was not that which had occupied him; the burden of his soul was that his people should serve the Lord who had proved himself so holy, so true, so faithful to them. All that he claimed to have done for them was the simple allotment of the nations which remained in Canaan; all else the Lord had done.

Joshua passed on to the people the charge which God had given to him in the beginning of his leadership: "Be ye very cour-

All that is Written

[illegible] or to the left." (Compare chap. 1:6-8; 23:6.) Joshua must have been a Bible student as the Bible was then written, and he knew [illegible] Word of God. He had proved the written word, and gave as his last testimony concerning it: "Behold this day I am going the way of all the earth: and ye know in your hearts and in all your souls that not one hath failed of all the good things which [illegible] hath failed thereof." But he added, and the [illegible]

come to pass that as all the good things are come upon you of which the Lord your God spake unto you, so shall the Lord bring upon you all the evil things, until he have destroyed you from off this good land which the Lord your God hath given you." And it has been so; the execution of this judgment upon Israel is known to the whole world!

But are there not many Christians who expect of God that God will faithfully keep to them all his promises of blessing, but who cast on one side all the solemn warnings of the Word of God, as though our God were too weak to keep his word? As surely as he stands to one of his eternal words, so surely will he stand to all else which he has said; he will not alter the word which has gone out of his mouth. The Lord is not only a God of mercy, but also the Lord is a God of judgment: blessed are all they that wait for him. (Isa. 30:18).

Like Moses before him, Joshua summarized the history of his people, and reminded them before his departure of the way by which the Lord had led them and kept them from the call of Abraham their father. But instead of speaking from himself, as did Moses (Deut. 1: 2-3), Joshua spoke only by God's commandment with the preface: "Thus saith the Lord." (Josh. 24: 2-15.) And having reminded the people of his promise fulfilled in having brought them into the land, Joshua sets before them, as Paul afterwards did to the Romans (chapter 13: 1, 2), what was but their

"Reasonable Service."

Now therefore, fear the Lord and serve him in sincerity and in truth: and put away the gods which your fathers served beyond the River and in Egypt: and serve ye the Lord. And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose ye this day whom ye will serve, whether the gods which your fathers served beyond the River or the gods of the Amorites in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.

Serve the Lord! What does this involve? Surely to be at the disposal of the Lord, at his bidding, directed by him; this is service. It is not serving God simply to believe in him so as to be delivered from future punishment and present unhappiness, and then to pray to him in times of sorrow or need, with some little daily acknowledgment of him in family and in private prayers! This is only to make God serve us. Alas, the majority of such as reckon themselves to be children of God,

Serve Themselves

in their religion as in their daily life. They do not set God always before them (Ps. 16: 8); they do not do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks unto God and the Father through him. (Col. 3: 17.) Much of what they do is done in their own name, by their own efforts, giving thanks to their own zeal, their own talent, their own forethought, etc., etc.

Joshua knew what hindered the people from the true service of God. There were to be found among them other gods: the gods of their fathers, and the gods of the pagan people among whom they dwelt. The vain conversation received by tradition [illegible] and old habits, and the influence of our surroundings—what others say and do—[illegible] precedence of the service of our true and only [illegible] Christians. But Joshua's house was a cleansed house, no other Gods were to be found there. God was first with him, and he could say, "As [illegible] and my house, we will serve the Lord." He was the head of his own house, and its master. Joshua, like Abraham, [illegible] and his command after him" (Gen. 18: 19),

and in any case his house should be a witness for God. If his children ever should go astray, they should have the remembrance of God in their homes to look back to. God wants such homes, where his children have courage to bear witness for him: where it does not make people nervous when prayer is proposed, because it is a house of prayer; where people do not look at one another, and blush and simper, if the Word of God is spoken of; because it is the most welcome theme of conversa- this is a house which serves the Lord. In the present day it is often the case that the children rule the house. Impatience of authority, and the prevalent idea that parents are behind the times, prevails often even in the houses of God's children.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

A MEMORIAL STONE.

ABOUT eighteen years appear to be covered by the phrase "a long time after" in the first verse of Joshua 23. In the interval only one event of national importance had occurred. This was the horror and general consternation which passed through the land west of the Jordan when some traveler brought word that he had seen an altar on the east of the river. The people were amazed and in their dread, lest God should be offended and take vengeance on the whole nation for the affront, sent a deputation to the two and a half tribes on the east of Jordan to remonstrate with them. But it proved to be a false alarm. The structure was not an altar, but a memorial. Realizing that the Jordan valley was so clear and conspicuous a line of physical demarkation, the eastern tribes were afraid that at some future time their brethren on the other side might come to regard it as a frontier, and treat them as a foreign people and not as an integral part of the nation. So they followed the custom of the times and set up a pillar, or mound, as a visible evidence and reminder of their brotherhood. Good feeling was re-established by the explanation, and the people settled down in peace to an orderly agricultural life. The next event of importance was a summons to all the tribes to send representative men to Shechem for a national council. It came from Joshua, who was then spending a serene old age at the ancient town. He had attained the patriarchal age of one hundred and ten years, and in the natural course of things could not expect to live much longer. He knew the people well, their weaknesses and their propensities. He knew their dangers, too, and was aware how liable they were to be led away from their God, to worship the gods of the Canaanites who still held strong positions in the land. He wanted to get from them, before he died, a public solemn promise and pledge that they would be faithful to Jehovah. The council was to be a personal farewell, but it was to be more than that. It was to be a renewal of the Covenant. The place was well chosen. Its physical features have not changed and the traveler sees at this day what a magnificent natural amphitheatre there is there. The sides of Ebal and Gerizim gently sloping away from the plain, afford a vantage ground from which all could hear and see. The venerable leader, standing there, with the representatives of the nation around him, uttered his solemn and dignified farewell. The preceding chapter contains a similar address which may have been delivered at another time, but is more likely to have been another report of the same address. Recalling to the memory of the people God's dealings with them from the days of their fathers, reminding them that his promises had been faithfully kept, he asks them what th propose to do. There are three courses fore them: They could revert to the worship of the Chaldæans from whi Abraham had been called; they could ser the gods of Palestine; or they might se Jehovah. If he had lived in our day Jos ua would have had to mention another ternative—that of serving no God at a but that was a course that in that age a to a Hebrew, would have been inconceiv ble and it was not even mentioned. T people naturally declared their purpose serve Jehovah and then Joshua tells th what their decision involves. God will be satisfied with divided allegiance, nor w mere formal outward worship. He wo require purity of character and would prompt to punish wrongdoing. The peo gave the pledge Joshua required, and a n memorial stone was set up as a witn and reminder of the solemn pledge.

Choose you this day whom ye will ser Joshua was anxious that there should no half-hearted men among the lead after his death. He wanted them to ma a deliberate choice as rational men and up to it. Prescott describes a crisis o like kind in his story of Pizarro's conqu of Peru. The men were disposed to ab don the enterprise and were contemplati embarking on their return, when Piz harangued them. He drew a line with point of his sword on the sand. "Frie and comrades," he said, "on that side toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenchi storm, desertion and death; on this s ease and pleasure. There lies Peru w all its riches; here Panama and its pover Choose each man as becomes a brave C tilian. For my part I go to the south." saying he stepped across the line in sand and one by one his men follow him. That was the crisis of Pizarro's l

Now therefore fear the Lord. That is slavish dread, but give him the revere that is due and be careful to do nothing t would offend him. In Washington's fa well address, he laid stress on the fact t Religion and Morality are indispensa supports of the habits which lead to pol cal prosperity. "Let us," he said, "w caution indulge the supposition that mor ty can be maintained without religi Whatever may be conceded to the influe of refined education on minds of pecul structure, reason and experience both for us to expect that national morality can p vail in exclusion of religious principle."

We will serve the Lord. A decision that involves momentous consequences. is the parting of ways that reach far out to eternity beyond our ken. There is m experience and knowledge to be gained when the man's face is steadily set in direction the current of his life goes t way. We cannot doubt that if death con soon after the decision the education is c tinued in the next world and if it comes er many years it is continued in this wo The decision determines the trend and destination. A popular preacher says t in the State of Ohio, there is a court ho which is such a turning-point as to dr of rain. The rain that falls on the no side goes into Lake Ontario and the G of St. Lawrence, while that which fails the south side goes into the Mississippi a the Gulf of St. Lawrence. A puff of wi may make a wide change in the destinat of the drops of rain and a very slight ca may change the destiny of a soul.

He will not forgive your transgressi Joshua did not mean that God was placable, but that he would not toler wrongdoing or pass it by as if it was venial thing. "He is such a severe ma said a mother who was very fond of boy, when the husband proposed p the lad into a certain man's employ to lea his trade. "I am afraid John would not happy." The husband said: "That is right. There is no place where the b would get such good training. He wo be allowed to loaf or get into bad Nothing like a strict master for boys. John does his duty, as I believe he w there'll be no trouble and he will learn."

He will turn upon you and rend Arguing with an infidel who [illegible] that the Christian doctrine of the love God was inconsistent with his wrath, clergyman said: Nature and experience both against you. The combination beneficence and destructiveness is eve where. The fire that warms you will b you; the electricity that carries your m sage will kill you; and it is proverbial th there is no wrath so fierce as that of a mot er in defence of her young.

ALL CHRISTENDOM STIRRED.

The Sufferings of the Christian Natives of Armenia Appall the Civilized World—Mr. Gladstone's Appeal for Redress—A Letter which Presents a Frightful Picture of Kurdish Savagery—Fugitives from Sassoun Tell a Tale of Unheard-of Cruelty.

ALTHOUGH nearly a year has elapsed since the civilized world was thrilled with horror over the intelligence that several thousand Christians in Armenia had been butchered by savage and bloodthirsty Kurds, the real story of that awful occurrence is only coming to light. Russia England and France have each at different times within a year endeavored to penetrate the mystery that enveloped the dark tragedy of Sassoun. Organized governments, statesmen, and even the leading press of Europe and America were slow to believe in the terrible charges against the Mohammedan power, and in the possibility of such a hideous event as that at Sassoun having actually occurred to mar the record of a century's progress in religious freedom. But, by the report of the Special Committee of inquiry, no less than from the numerous reports of individual investigators, and the stories of victims and others, it would seem that the original statements of the Kurdish atrocities were not overdrawn. In England, Mr. Gladstone has made an appeal for redress which has stirred up the whole of Europe.

ARMENIAN CHILDREN BEGGING.

As a result of the long-continued sufferings the condition of the people of Sassoun and Dalvorig, two districts in Armenia, is indeed a pitiful one. Thousands are in want and many are almost naked. Missionaries writing from Van and Erzeroom, declare that the coming winter will be one of the severest ever known in Armenia, unless homes and the people get employment and shelter.

A letter from a resident of the Sassoun district, received by friends in this country, has been sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It recounts in realistic language some of the sufferings of the native Christians, who met death bravely rather than purchase life by denying their Saviour. The following extracts are given:

"One cold, rainy day in April, 1895, two poorly dressed men came to our door begging an opportunity to get warm. On talking with them I found that they were both from the Province of Sassoun. One of them stated that he came from Central Dalvorig itself, and named twenty-five near villages which were situated at distances varying from half an hour to three hours from Central Dalvorig. I say were, for he affirmed that tract of country fully twenty hours in length is now in utter ruin. Gave the following account: His family numbered seven; of these six had been killed. His wife, a son six years of age, and a little girl brother, a daughter five years old, and a son aged ten. These children tried to sleep out being greatly reduced by hunger, were unable to escape from the soldiers pursuing them. A brother, Shemo, still survives, and with his wife and children found refuge in a monastery. He saw a group of three brothers, while hidden behind some trees, surprised by soldiers and cruelly murdered. They were boys about three seven, and ten years of age. Their anguished mother, from Hodwink, utterly powerless to rescue her children, witnessed the awful deed from her place of concealment and after the soldiers had gone, went and buried them. The same writer repeatedly heard women say, "We will be a sacrifice for our nation, but we cannot deny our faith."

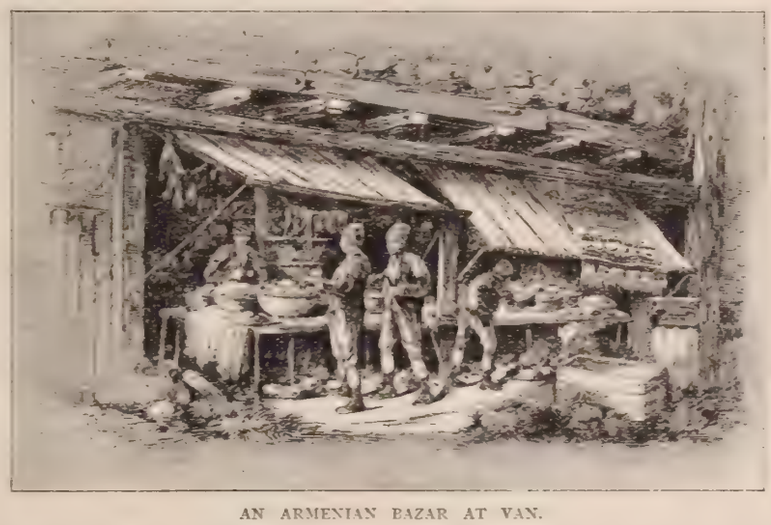
A man from Galigozan said that he had an uncle and three cousins killed in the massacre—all were shot and one was mutilated with the sword. Another nephew, thirty-five years of age, was burned in a house from which he could not escape. His wife and two children remained for five weeks in the covert afforded by the rocks and holes of a mountain side. On seeing soldiers approach one day, Azone nearly strangled his little daughter, four years of age, to suppress her cries for food. She died a few days afterward from the effects of his treatment. The niece was betrothed to a young man from Semel who, with three others from the same house, came to Galigozan when the soldier called to them to surrender, promising safety. But on appearing there the whole company were told that they must either embrace Islam or meet instant death. The four men above referred to with forty others, were there pitilessly slaughtered, and thrown into the pit which had been dug.

From Spughawk, a village near Dalvorig, a man gave account of the fate of his family. A Kurdish Sheik with fifteen hundred followers came and the terrified people fled to the mountain. In the attempt to escape many were killed. Afterwards soldiers came and with the Kurds surrounded the village, plundered and burned it. Its fine church built of hewn stone laid in lime and having an arched roof, was razed to the ground. This man's brother Arakil was shot and then pierced with twelve bayonet wounds. His nephew was killed with the bayonet and a niece who was about to be married was decapitated.

A woman and her two sons (thirty and seven years of age), were discovered by soldiers. They first attacked the woman, inflicting dangerous, though as it proved, not fatal wounds, and then killed her two sons. After the departure of the soldiers the mother with one hand, (the fingers of the other had been mangled), scraped shallow holes in the ground using sharp stones and then dragging the bodies of her sons thither covered them with earth and stones. One man said that his family consisted of twelve persons. His brother was one of the chief men of the place, conspicuous at all times for his ability and courage. The soldiers had heard of this man and were anxious to find him. Finally they discovered his hiding-place and attacked him fiercely saying: "At last we have found you, infidel!" With cursing and dreadful language they literally hacked him to pieces, his son and his brother's wife hidden among rocks near by, paralyzed with terror, saw the awful deed. His son Sarkis was afterward slain, as also his nephews.

A woman from Dalvorig said: Of the twelve in my family, three were killed in the massacre, my husband (forty years), daughter (ten years), and Hukhit, my infant son. A brother-in-law was taken captive, and after suffering much from cruel treatment, died in Moosh Prison. When we saw the smoke of the burning villages we hastily fled. We had buried our most valuable household goods some days previous, but the Kurds found and carried off everything. While concealed among the rocks and thickets we heard the sound of trumpets, and fearing lest we should be hunted down by the soldiery, about one hundred refugees got together and we then decided to go to the Hinatsee tribe of Kurds; (they were the aghas of our province), and implore their protection. We set out early in the morning and soon met five Kurds who said to us: "Come to the camp, to the surrender; there is peace." Thus saying, one of them seized a mule, the only animal we had with us, and rode away to betray us as it afterward proved. We followed the four Kurds till we came near a river. Then we saw two large companies of Kurds approaching us, one some distance below us, the other on the opposite side of the river. These soon surrounded us. They were led by a mollah, one of the followers of the noted Sheikh of Zeelon. They drove us into a ravine. One of our company attempted to escape, but was instantly cut down with the sword. The Kurds gave us the alternative of accepting the Moslem faith or death. With one accord we all said, "We cannot deny our Christ." Immediately they seized the men, there were only eleven in our company, bound their arms with cords, and then took from us women and children all clothing worth removing. Many were left with a single garment. One aged woman near us was left stark naked. After this the mollah sent a letter to the Turkish camp, which was about half an hour distant from Dalvorig village, inquiring as to what should be done with us. I heard them talk about the letter. Soon after this I heard the Kurds plotting to take the young women and send the others away to the mountains.

They did not unite in this plan, and as the darkness came on they counted us and set a watch and lay down to rest on the ground about the ravine. The next day toward noon they decided to take us to the Turkish camp and ordered us to set out. Our husbands and brothers who had been bound the night before were in a pitiable condition,—their arms and hands badly swollen. Shortly after this the Kurds dispersed and we made our escape to the mountains. One day while hiding among the rocks I saw my husband, and son-in-law, Kevork, bound by cords and cruelly murdered. My husband was cut limb from limb—literally hacked to pieces. Too terrified to move I stood gazing at the awful sight, when suddenly five Kurds sprung upon me. They did not harm me but wanted my child. I threw myself upon the ground to shield him, but they dragged me to one side and stabbed him with a dagger. (Her twelve-year old daughter was not far away. She was greatly terrified, having witnessed the murder of her father and brother.) I ran to her and tried to pull her along as we fled, but she soon stopped and exclaiming, "mother, I am dying," fell dead at my feet. I did not dare to linger and fled over the rocks until I found my other children, one of whom was the wife of Kevork, my son-in-law, who had just been murdered. The next day we turned back to bury the body of my daughter. We did not dare to go further then, as there were many soldiers and Kurds around. Twenty days later I returned and buried the remains of my husband and son-in-law. While I was hiding among the rocks I saw soldiers barbarously kill a woman, removing the yet unborn child and thrusting it through with a bayonet."



AN ARMENIAN BAZAR AT VAN.

What she saw and endured during those weary days of wandering would fill many pages. At length all the surviving members of the family reached Shadald, a district near Moosh.

A KURDISH SOLDIER.

One woman's husband disappeared at the time of the massacre. She, with her husband, brother, and his son, were hiding in the mountains when soldiers murdered her brother-in-law, and his son-in-law, and his son in a most brutal manner. She was very near them, hidden behind some rocks, but they did not discover her, and the next day she joined a company of seven villagers, two women, three girls, and two boys, with whom she remained hiding among rocks and thickets. They were soon discovered by Kurds. Two soldiers took her away from her companions and told her she must adopt the Mohammedan faith, and that if she refused they would take her life then and there. She finally replied, "If you wish to kill me I am helpless, but I cannot commit the awful sin of denying Christ." They took her with them for several miles, sometimes persuading, sometimes threatening her, till they were met by a company of Kurds, among whom was a woman who begged the soldiers to let the young woman go. This they did.

A woman from Somal said: "I am a member of a priest's family; my husband was his brother's son; I went with the family to surrender at Galigozan; the priest, my husband, and his two brothers were all cruelly murdered and thrown into the death-pit at Galigozan which the soldiers had dug. We were separated from our husbands and brothers, and soldiers took us to a church about half an hour away from the camp. There we were kept all night. In the morning soldiers came to us and said: 'Come to camp and give your word that you will accept Islam.' We cried out, 'Never! We cannot do that great sin.' They replied, 'If you do not, we will do to you as we did to your husbands and sons last night.' This was the first intimation we had of the awful massacre that had taken place the night before.

Such are some of the causes that have impelled these people to appeal to the Christian world for protection and redress. The incidents mentioned in the letter quoted are only a few among thousands of similar experiences, which show how loyally the Christian peasants of Armenia have laid down their lives rather than betray their Master by accepting the faith of Islam. It is surely a melancholy picture to contemplate at the close of the nineteenth century.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

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SAVE THE BOYS.

HERE come 20,000 shoeless, hatless, homeless children of the street, in this cluster of cities. They are the reserve corps of this great army of wretchedness and crime that are dropping down into the Morgue, the East River, the Potter's Field, the prison. A philanthropist has estimated that if these children were placed in a great procession, double-file, three feet apart, they would make a procession eleven miles long. Oh! what a pale, coughing, hunger-bitten, sin-cursed, opthalmic throng—the tigers, the adders, the scorpions ready to bite and sting society, which they take to be their natural enemy. Bowery Mission has saved many. Children's Aid Society has saved many. Industrial Schools have saved many. One of these societies transported 30,000 children from the streets of our cities, to farms at the West, by a stratagem of charity, turning them from vagrancy into useful citizenship, and out of 21,000 children thus transported from the cities to farms, only twelve children turned out badly. But still the reserve corps of sin and wretchedness marches on. There is the regiment of bootblacks. They seem jolly, but they have more sorrow than many an old man has had. All kinds of temptation. Working on, making two or three dollars a week. At fifteen years of age sixty years old in sin. Pitching pennies at the street corners. Smoking fragments of castaway cigars. Tempted by the gamblers. Destroyed by the top gallery in the low play-house. Blacking shoes their regular business. Between times blackening the morals. "Shine your boots, sir!" they call out with merry voices, but there is a tremor in their accentuation. Who cares for them? You put your foot thoughtlessly on their stand, and you whistled or smoked, when God knows you might have given them one kind word. They never had one. Whoever prayed for a bootblack? Who, finding the wind blowing under the short jacket, or reddening his bare neck, ever asked him to come in and get warm? Who, when he is wronged out of his five cents, demands justice for him? God loves [illegible] the bootblacks. The [illegible] the smartest boys in all the city. At work at four o'clock in the morning. At half-past three, by unnatural vigilance, awake themselves, or [illegible] the day standing before the folding-rooms of the great newspapers, taking the wet, damp sheets over their arms, and against their chests already shivering with the cold. Around the bleak ferries, and up and down the streets on cold days, singing as merrily as though it were a Christmas carol: making half a cent on each paper, some of them working fourteen hours for fifty cents!

We turned down the street until we came to the sign, "Newsboys' Lodging-house," and we went in. Now, if there is anything I like it is boys. Not those brought up by registers, with the house heated by furnaces, and lads manipulated by some over-indulgent aunt, until their hair has been curled and they have got to be girls; but I mean genuine boys, such as God makes, with extra romp and hilarity, so that after they have been pounded by the world they shall have some exuberance left. Boys, genuine boys, who cannot keep quiet five minutes. Boys who can skate, and swim, and row, and fly kites, and strike balls, and defend sickly playmates when they are imposed on, and get hungry in half an hour after they have dined, and who keep things stirred up and lively. Matthew Arnold's boys.

We entered the Newsboys' Lodging-house and there we found them. I knew them right away, and they knew me, by a sort of instinct of friendliness. Their coats off; for, although outside it was biting cold, inside the room Christian charity had flooded everything with glorious summer. Over the doorway were written the words: "No boys that have homes can stop here." "What," I said, "can it be possible that all these bright and happy lads have been swept up from the street?" First, they are plunged into the bath, and then they pass under the manipulations of the barber, and then they are taken to the wardrobe, and in the name of him who said, "I was naked and ye clothed me," they are arrayed in appropriate attire, each one paying, if he can, so there shall be no sense of pauperism; some of them paying one penny for all the privileges of a bountiful table, and the most extravagant paying only six cents. Gymnasium to straighten and invigorate the pinched bodies. Books for the mind. Religion for the soul. I said "Can these boys sing?" and the answer came back in an anthem that shook the room:

Ring the bells of Heaven,
For there's joy to-day.

I said, "What is this long, broad box with so many numbers nailed by a great many openings?" "Oh," they said, "this is the savings bank; the boys put their money here, and each one has a bank-book, and he gets his money at the beginning of the month."

VICTORY AHEAD.

I SING a world redeemed. In the rush of the winds that set the forest in motion, like giants wrestling on the hills, I see the tossing up of the triumphal branches that shall wave all along the line of our King as he comes to take empire. In the stormy diapason of the ocean's organ, and the more gentle strains that in the calm come sounding up from the crystal and jasper keys at the beach, I hear the prophecy: "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea." The Gospel morning will come like the natural morning. At first it seems only like another hue of the night. Then a pallor strikes through the sky, as though a company of ministering spirits, pale with tedious watching through the night, had turned in their flight upward to look back upon the earth. Then a faint glow of fire, as though on a barren beach a wrecked mariner was kindling a flickering flame. Then chariots and horses of fire racing up and down the heavens; then perfect day: "Who is she that cometh forth in the morning?" Come in, black Hottentot and snow-white Caucasian, come in mitered official and diseased beggar; let all the world come in.

COUNTERFEIT PROFESSORS.

WE admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the Church. There are men standing in the front rank in the Churches who would not be trusted for five dollars without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out, and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work; to serve God a sort of play-spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion, than you have to take the twisted irons and split timbers that lie on the beach as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we drew a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

W. G. McC., Buchanan, Mich., writes:

In THE MAIL-BAG of Aug. 21st you answer a question concerning the Christadelphians. We revere A. Campbell, but we are simply Christians and disciples of Christ. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid which is Christ."

H. B. F., Sioux City, Ia. Do you consider the prophecy of Jer. 31: 22, as fulfilled by the present movement of women toward masculine attire and pursuits?

The prophecy is usually regarded as having been fulfilled in Christ being born of a virgin. Maurer, however, held that it referred to a time when the world would be so peaceful that a woman might be the protector of a man, such dangers as there would be, would be so slight and shadowy.

Mrs. L. A. McBride, Trenton, N. J. Who made the first American flag?

Mrs. Betsey Ross, a widow, of Philadelphia. Her husband was killed during the Colonial wars while guarding some military stores. In May, 1776, Gen. Washington met a committee of Congress in Philadelphia and immediately afterward gave Mrs. Ross an order to make a simple flag with fifteen stars upon it. She did so and it was adopted as the national flag, displacing the "Grand Union" flag, which was of British origin.

Regular Reader, Pana, Ill. The rainbow being the effect of the sun shining through water, would there not have been a rainbow before the covenant with Noah?

Possibly, but that would not affect the fact that the Almighty designated it as his sign in the heavens that there would be no more flood, just as he might have designated any other object in nature as a sign for the same purpose—a perpetual reminder of a covenant. Some eminent scientists, however, hold that there was no rainbow visible before the flood; that the whole earth was veiled in a mist through which, indeed, the sun's light might dimly penetrate, but which practically obscured the heavens. At the flood, by the fiat of Omnipotence, this vast volume of moisture in suspense was precipitated upon the earth and thereafter the blue skies became visible, and the sign was also seen as the seal of God's promise to the sons of men.

Nettie B., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., sends this anecdote by way of reply to "New Disciple:"

A young lady said to an older one: "I should like very much to become a Christian, but if I do, I can't dance, can I?" The older lady replied, "Yes, if you want to." "Can I go to the theatre?" "Yes, if you want to." "And can I play cards, and read silly stories?" "Yes, if you want to." "Well, if you're not the queerest! Everybody else tells me I must give up all those things, and you tell me I can do them if I want to." "You misunderstand me, my dear. If you give yourself entirely to the blessed Master you won't want to do any of those things, for he will fill your heart so full of love that you will want to fill every minute with loving service for your Lord. You will find your precious Saviour so 'altogether lovely' that you will scarcely give those things a thought; and if you do, it will be only to wonder why you ever took pleasure in them."

Reader, Hebron, O. What caused Jerusalem and other places in Palestine to be covered with earth? What caused some Egyptian cities to be buried also?

Wars, earthquakes, conflagrations, and gradual changes on the earth's surface have covered up many ancient cities. Jerusalem has repeatedly been rebuilt, having suffered from many devastating sieges and earthquakes, which have laid much of it in ruins. The greatest destruction, however, was that committed by the Romans in 70 A.D., when the order was given to raze the entire city, and this was done, only a single tower being left standing to mark more strongly the general demolition. Similar causes have operated, obliterating great cities in Greece, Asia Minor, Babylonia, and Persia. In Egypt the shifting of desert sands and the changes of the bed of the Nile, added to the causes already mentioned, have resulted in the covering up of many once-famous cities.

Inquirer, Gouldsboro, Pa. Who were the parents of the Virgin Mary?

Many scholars are of opinion that she was the daughter of the Heli mentioned Luke 3: 23. The genealogies of Christ given by Matthew and Luke differ so widely, that there is good ground for believing that Matthew's genealogy is that of Joseph and Luke's that of Mary. As the Jews reckoned their genealogy by the male side only, it was customary to se[t] man's son-in-law down as his son. This wo[uld] account for Joseph being described by [the] evangelist as the son of Jacob and by [Luke] other as the son of Heli. Apart from t[his] theory there are no data for ascertaining [the] parentage of Mary.

L. R., Crossville, Ill. What is meant in Rev. 13 [18] by the number of the Beast being six hund[red] and sixty-six?

At the time that the Apocalypse was writ[ten] numbers were indicated by letters instea[d] by the Arabic figures now in use. We still [fol]low the custom in some instances, as on [the] dial of a watch. Every name, consequen[tly] had a numerical value which could be as[cer]tained by adding together the value of its [let]ters. Thus the number of the beast m[eans] that the sum of the numbers represented [by] the letters of his name would be 666.

E. E. P., Rathbun, Wis. 1. How many miracles [did] Christ perform and how many were miracl[es of] healing? 2. In what year was Paul born [and] how old was he when called to Macedonia [and] when he died?

1. Thirty-six miracles in all, of which twe[lve] two were miracles of healing and three of [them] were life given to the dead: the widow's s[on] of Nain, Lazarus and the daughter of Jairus. [The] complete list in order of their working you [will] find on page 154 of the Teachers' Bible, [given] as a premium with THE CHRISTIAN HER[ALD]. 2. Paul's birth is generally believed to [have] been in the year 2 A.D.; his conversion 36 A.D.; his call to Macedonia 52 A.D.; his death 66 A.D. These dates, of course, are only approxi[mate], as they are based on calculations, the abs[olute] accuracy of which cannot now be verified.

C. Clarke, Brooklyn, N. Y. What is the cause [of the] divergence of dates as to the Bible historie[s]? I notice that the dates in the margins of the Bible are not accepted by many writers.

The divergence is not great as to e[vents] subsequent to the accession of Saul. [Much] profane history facts have been collected w[hich] have led the majority of scholars to be[lieve] that he became king about the year B.C. 3[0]. Prior to that event the reckoning is backw[ards] and there is a dispute about the period [occ]upied by the time of the Judges extending [from] the death of Joshua. One school calculates [that] between that event and the accession of Saul there was a period of 500 years; another holds that some of the judges were contempor[ary] and so shortens the period to 334 years. [This] divergence affects the date of all events [back] to the creation of Adam, which one s[chool] places at B. C. 4004 and the other at B.C. 72[00].

J. Leeson, Hoboken, N. J. What is the meaning of laying aside every weight in Heb 12: 1?

The figure is that of a contestant in the athletic games, a runner anxious to win the prize. The writer of the Epistle urges Christians to follow his example in getting rid of anything superfluous that would hinder him in his effort. Every man has some special proclivity to evil. If he knows himself he knows what that is and is on his guard against it. There are other things that are not wrong in themselves but may be a hindrance to one who is striving after spiritual attainment. For instance is given of a man who was passionately fond of music. One day he was simply unable to lay down his violin at a time when he had promised to meet a number of boys in his Sunday School class who were to meet for prayer. He was afterwards so grieved over his weakness that he locked up his violin and said he never play it again. He knew there was no sin in playing, but to him it was a hindrance—one of the weights to be laid aside.

H. M. Marsh, West Orchard, N. Y. 1. Was Judas present when the Lord's Supper was instituted? 2. Did our Lord rise with the same body he had when he died?

1. The evangelists are not explicit on the subject. We can only form an opinion by inference. It is evident that Judas left the table when Christ revealed the fact that he knew of his negotiation with the priests. Matthew and Mark mention the exposure before they describe the institution; Luke mentions it afterward. John's account is more circumstantial. He relates the incident of the sop accompanying the exposure (John 13: 23-30), and adds that after receiving the sop Judas went out "immediately." It is almost certain that the sop belonged to the early part of the feast, and we have, therefore, good reason for believing that Judas went out before the Lord's Supper was instituted. 2. The scene of Thomas (John 20: 24-29) put that matter beyond doubt. The marks of the nails and the wound in the side identified it as the same body. Yet death had worked some change in it, or else, Christ after his resurrection employed his miraculous powers as he had not before his death. He suddenly vanished out of sight; in entering the room when the door was shut and in appearing at short intervals at places distant from each other, Christ showed that his body was not like what it had previously been.

W. P. Keeler, Chicago. 1. We should [do] best of existing circumstances, and probably [that] what the Association you mentioned endeavors to do. 2. The word "luck" is a relic of superstition. R. V. McLellan, Tipton, Ia. 1. Dancing is not sinful, but it leads to evil associations and should be avoided. 2. In ancient times it was a [sign] of [illegible]. C. Chown. She is not in any way related to the Canadian Sangsters, although they [may] have come from the same stock and family as the husband in Aberdeen, Scotland.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A SCENE OF MARTYRDOM.

WHASANG will be a name that will live in history associated with Smithfield, Cawnpore and other names of places where men have laid down their lives in the noblest and grandest of all causes. Rather than battle-fields where armies contend for mastery, such places are hallowed by more heroic spirit, that could suffer and die in the service of the meek and lowly King who gave his life for the world. The scene of the latest martyrdom is a village perched on a hill, rising about two thousand feet above the plain on which Kucheng is built, and about six miles distant from that city. There is a little cottage at the place, to which, in the broiling months of July and August, the missionaries at Kucheng pay occasional visits To the devoted men and women exhausted by labor in the hospitals, schools, and mission stations in and around Kucheng, this quiet retreat at Wisang is a haven of rest and recuperation. There the cool mountain breezes restore the mental and physical energies which have been depleted by labor in unhealthy surroundings and evil associations. The Mr. Stewart and his wife and family, with some of the ladies of the Zenana mission had gone at the end of last July. Some mutterings of the coming storm had reached their ears. Not long before, their lives had been saved only by precipitate flight from Kucheng; but they hoped that quiet was restored. Their converts loved them ardently and the people of the province were well disposed toward them; but as they knew, they had bitter and implacable enemies. The governor of the province was a violent, bigoted man, whose antipathy to all foreigners had been manifested on several occasions. But their most dangerous foes were the Vegetarians, a fanatical band who have taken on themselves the mission of enthusing the people in the extreme Buddhist doctrines and bracing up their waning loyalty to the Buddhist standard of faith and conduct. Everywhere they go proclaiming the first injunction of Buddhism: "Kill not any living thing even for food." Coupled with this command was always denunciation of the missionaries, whom they charged with alienating the people from Buddhism and by their example in eating meat, encouraging the people in disobedience. Their fanaticism reached the culminating point in July, and an expedition of vengeance to Wisang, where the missionaries were, entered eager adherents. The result we all now. The bloodthirsty madness was filled with sacrifice, and precious lives overflowing with beneficence were ruthlessly taken. A great cry has arisen for vengeance, but the Missionary Society, under wise auspices the victims went forth, is now uttering it. Its Board of managers piteously begs that "no measures may be taken savoring of retaliation." They realize that the remedy is not in vengeance, but in more light. The cause of the massacre was as Christ said it would be when he warned his followers that they would be killed:

these things will they do unto you because they have not known the Father nor me. (John 16: 3.)

THE TOWN OF WHASANG, CHINA—THE SCENE OF THE RECENT MASSACRES.

A New Continent.

An extraordinary discovery has been made by a Norwegian explorer named Borchgrevinck. At the recent meeting of the International Geographical Congress, he astonished the scientists assembled by the statement that he had found a great continent nearly twice the size of Europe in the Antarctic circle. He was the leader of an expedition which sailed south of Possession Island, and penetrated the South Polar Circle. In the seventy-fourth degree of south latitude he sighted a new promontory and made a landing. To his surprise, he found that the cold was far less severe than at a corresponding degree of north latitude. The minimum temperature was twenty-five degrees and the maximum forty-six. It was, he said, quite feasible for a ship to winter at Cape Adair. An extensive north-going warm current existed and broke up the ice fields, so that it might be much more easy to reach the South Pole than the North. He is anxious to lead an expedition to Cape Adair, to winter there, and thence proceed with dogs and sleighs to the South Pole. Mr. Borchgrevinck exhibited specimens of rock which he had brought from the new continent, and which encouraged the expectation that minerals of great value might be found there. He believes that a thorough exploration will reveal novelties in plants and animals hitherto undreamed of. There is little doubt that the means will be provided for such an expedition, as there seem to be treasures there for the capitalist as well as for men of science. It is a pity that the descriptions we have of the glories and delights of heaven, for which we have the guarantee of God's own Word, do not have a like effect. In spite of all that is revealed about it, comparatively few make an effort to secure an entrance to it.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. (1. Cor. 2: 9.)

A Startled Congregation.

A panic was narrowly averted in a Brooklyn church on August 18. The evening service in Greenwood Protestant Church was approaching its conclusion and the rector had reached an impressive part of his sermon, when without the slightest warning the chandelier fell from the ceiling to the floor. Providentially no one was sitting under it, otherwise they must have been killed. Almost instantly there was a blaze. The spilled kerosene oil was ignited and it set fire to the matting. The noise and flame startled the congregation and there was a general rush for the doors. The rector, however, spoke a few words in a firm voice, assuring the people that there was no danger. Some of the officers went to the burning seat and in a few moments extinguished the fire. Most of the people resumed their seats and the service was closed without further disorder. The church was but recently built and it is supposed that by some oversight the chandelier had not been securely fastened. Thus the arrangement for giving light to the people became a menace to life. We may hope that none of them will ever find that the spiritual light of the Church—the Gospel proclaimed there—will ever prove such a calamity to them. There are, as we are warned, some people whose doom would be less awful if they had never heard the Gospel.

To the one we are a savor of death unto death; and to the other of life unto life. II. Cor. 2: 16.

A Burial Service by Phonograph.

An extraordinary funeral service was witnessed at Coney Island last week. A child died and its mother tried in vain to find a minister to read the burial service at the funeral. All the ministers were away from home but the funeral could not be postponed. The friends urged the mother to dispense with a religious service, but she was so much distressed at the idea, that another effort was made. At last the undertaker came to the rescue. He had been caught in the same way before and had adopted a mechanical substitute for a clergyman. He had a complete burial service on a series of phonographic cylinders, including, besides the prayers and passages of Scripture, some hymns sung by a choir. It was decided to make use of this arrangement. A large party assembled in the undertaker's parlor to hear the service. The coffin was placed in front of the instrument and over it projected the large trumpet of the phonograph. The service went through without a hitch and every word was distinctly heard through the room. If a blind person had been present, he would have supposed that clergyman and choir were there and that there was nothing unusual in the service. Probably this is the first instance in a Christian land of a purely mechanical service. There is in it a suggestion of resemblance to the prayer-wheels of Thibet, but as those who were present could follow the service it had more spiritual meaning in it. Indeed, the phonograph may really have been better than the Roman Catholic service, which, being in Latin, would not have been intelligible to many who were there, for they could all understand the words uttered by the phonograph; and, as the Apostle says, that is the main consideration.

Even things without life giving sound, except they give a distinction in the sounds, how shall it be known what is piped or harped? 1. Cor. 14: 7.)

Niagara in Harness.

Complete success has at last rewarded the effort to obtain power from Niagara Falls. On August 26th, the Pittsburg Reduction Company received notice that the work was complete, and power would be supplied from that day forward. A few hours later, the motors were connected and were found to work satisfactorily. The company is engaged in the manufacture of aluminium, and has four transformers, requiring a force of twenty-one hundred horse power each. The Cataract Construction Company, some time ago, undertook to supply this power which it expected to obtain from the Falls. Gigantic motors of five thousand horse power were constructed, and a copper cable was laid in a conduit to convey the power from the works at the Falls to the Pittsburg Reduction Company's works. It has required five years steady application and experiment and the expenditure of three million dollars to perfect the enterprise. There is consequently great jubilation over the triumph achieved. The Construction Company expects now to be able to supply power to many other manufactories and illuminating companies. Our forefathers would be amazed if they could know how this gigantic power is being utilized. They would feel some chagrin at realizing how much labor and wealth had been spent in obtaining power when, near them all the time, was this power lying unused. There is reason to believe that there is the same blindness in spiritual concerns. In the clearer light that will come in the presence of God men will learn how much might have been accomplished had they known what forces were within their reach, in faith, that they had never put to the test.

If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place: and it shall remove: and nothing shall be impossible to you. (Matt. 17: 20.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Annual Meeting of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions will be held in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Oct. 15-16

It is Gratifying to Learn that the investigation into the theological standing of Prof W. H. Ryder, of Andover, has removed the doubts entertained as to his orthodoxy, and he will continue his very valuable and successful labors in the Seminary.

The Charge Made in a Contemporary against Mr. Herman Warszawiak of misrepresenting the value of tickets given away for a stereopticon entertainment proves to have been a misapprehension. He wished to limit the attendance to those who attended his services, and fixed a price on the tickets to keep away persons who would be likely to come to make a disturbance. A considerable number of tickets were, however, sold at fifty cents, and the purchasers were well pleased with their investment.

The Prediction that Eventually the monopolists would restrict the use of air has often been uttered. It seemed that it had been realized on Aug 20 when a tramp was charged in a New York police court with stealing air. The explanation was that it being an extremely hot day, he had gone into a bicycle factory and put down his back the tube with which the pneumatic tires are filled. Then he had turned on the stop-cock and enjoyed a cold air bath of compressed air.

A Trappist Monastery is to be founded on Long Island. A prominent Roman Catholic has given a house and twenty-seven acres of land at Hicksville, Queens County, for the purpose. This will be the third in this country, the other two being in Kentucky and Iowa.

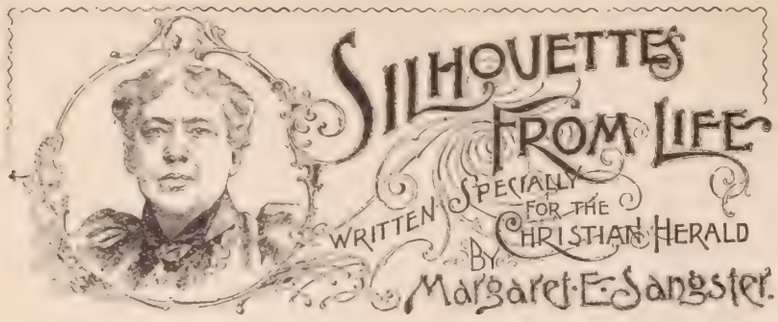
Mr. C. H. Yatman is About to take an evangelistic tour around the world. He leaves Ocean Grove, N. J., on Sept. 9, holding meetings on his way across the continent at Seattle, San Francisco, and other cities. He expects to be at Honolulu by Sept. 30. Thence he goes to Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, where he will make an extended stay before resuming his world-circling journey.

Of the 11,621,530 Square Miles that Africa comprises, England now holds 2,194,880, according to the latest figures compiled by Mr. Ravenstein of the Geographical Society. France has 3,326,700 square miles, including Algeria, Tunis, and a large part of the Sahara; Germany 884,810, the greater part acquired since 1884; Portugal, which at one time had almost a monopoly of Africa, now owns only 826,730 square miles.

The French Protestants who have so far forgotten their principles as to pray for the success of the cowardly invasion of Madagascar, are taken to task by the "Chambre Haute" as follows: "A religious service is taken place in all the Protestant Reformed churches in Paris to pray for a blessing on our French soldiers and marines of the expedition against Madagascar—wretched expedition, of which the promoter is Jesuitism under the veil of patriotism. Poor France!"

The Rev. A. J. Kerr, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Princeton, Ind., has accepted a call to the Broome Street Tabernacle, New York City. When the matter came before the congregation they declined to consent to Mr. Kerr's resignation, and so strongly represented their cause to the presbytery that it was with extreme reluctance, and only because the needs of the large mission church to which Mr. Kerr desired to go were placed before it, that this body voted to dissolve the pastoral relation which had so happily existed between him and the church.

The Building of Grace Church, Brooklyn, to which we called attention some weeks ago, still goes on. No application for funds is made and no indebtedness is incurred. When the funds spontaneously contributed are exhausted the work stops, and is resumed when there is money in the treasury. The corner-stone was donated by a mason; the large columns were set by the carpenter free of expense, the furnace was a present; and now a new organ comes as a gift from a member who has removed to Newark, N. J. The pastor claims that "every stone, every brick, every window and door, and every stroke of work, has come in answer to prayer."



WHEN MILLY LED THE MEETING.

THEY were old-fashioned people in Clover Dale, and not fond of new ideas. You would hardly believe that there was a place not fifty miles from New York, where Christian Endeavor Societies found themselves seriously handicapped by the popular feeling that it was not quite proper for girls and young women to take part in public exercises of devotion. They might sing, of course, and play the melodeon, but when it came to speaking and praying out loud before folks, their mothers drew the line; such doings were not modest in their opinion; they thought them forward. And the good matrons of Clover Dale were not going to allow them; they set down their feet solidly about this.

As it happened that Clover Dale was rather badly off for young men, who generally sought business opportunities elsewhere, the minister, an up-to-date man for all his white hair and his sixty years, was much troubled to get his Christian Endeavor Society well started, and to keep it going fairly in its course. By courtesy and of necessity, though it was styled a Young People's Society, a good many of the members were persons somewhat past youth, staid bachelors with heads growing bald, and gentle-mannered maiden ladies, who resembled outwardly fruit just menaced, hardly nipped by the frost, but inwardly they were sweet to the core. Even these ladies, far outnumbering the gentlemen, and, it must be confessed, surpassing them greatly by superior breeding and culture in some cases, were condemned by the sentiment of the community to silence in meeting.

"I am not pleased with the stiff sort of meetings we have here, father," said Milly Sunderland, the minister's youngest daughter, one evening on her return from church. "You just ought to have been with us in Boston last week." Milly had been away on a visit to some cousins, and had absorbed the spirit of the city, the best spirit, enthusiastic, cheerful, strong, and she was ready to impress some of her new convictions upon society in the place.

"Chester Fowler led this evening," she went on. "He was frightened at his own voice and blushed furiously when he had to read the chapter. John Pollock made remarks. Elbridge Wheeler prayed. Rufus Alexander recited a piece of poetry, and we sang two hymns and came home."

"Four young men," said her father, "and how many young ladies?"

"Twenty-four," promptly answered Milly.

"Why, where were the boys?" asked Milly's mother.

"The boys," said Milly, "were present. We have no more. Of the older young men, Mr. Campbell had a Township meeting on hand, Mr. Wells is away traveling, and Dr. Osborn was probably with a patient. Mother, if you could have attended one of the live, wide-awake meetings they have in Dr. Townsend's church, you would withdraw your opposition to girls speaking in public."

"For my part," the minister said hastily, forestalling the words he fancied he saw on his wife's lips, "I do not see the point of your and the other ladies' opposition. I can't see where it comes in myself. Here are our girls, Violet, Marie and Milly; they all talk eloquently in the parlor and at the table; it is only in a devotional meeting that they must be debarred from their natural birthright, conversation."

"Well," answered the good mother, in a quiet way peculiarly her own, "I begin to think that the world is moving pretty fast. Here is Milly begging me to let her ride a bicycle; she's been riding one in Boston, and her Uncle Tom wants to send her one to surprise the Clover Dale people and frighten the cows, and here you are, coaxing me to let her be your assistant pastor. Milly, my dear, I consent to everything. You may lead every meeting that you wish to, and I will be pleased."

"You mean it, mother? This is not a thinly veiled sarcasm, is it?"

"Certainly not, Milly, I have for some time thought that the parish needed a little stirring up."

So it came to pass that Milly led a meeting one Sunday evening before the regular service. She had planned for her meeting as a general for his campaign. Selecting the hymns with much care, she had gathered a few of the best singers at her house, and practiced the tunes till they knew them so well that the performance would be crisp, bright and full of emotion; not slovenly and dragging, as so much church singing is. She chose her chapter with reference to the topic of the evening, and asked five girls to speak in succession, just their own thoughts in the way they would put them if talking to one another.

Not to ignore the masculine contingent, Milly asked each of them to offer prayer, and, to be brief, she went to her meeting reasonably sure that there would be no pauses, no dead silence, when you could hear a pin fall, or listen to the beating of your own heart; no interval when furtive glances scanned the clock.

So far as these preparations were concerned, they were all very well. Anybody who fancies that a prayer-meeting, or any other meeting or enterprise can be carried on successfully without intelligent arrangement beforehand is much mistaken. Once get your meeting fairly started, and one soul kindling another, and it will go, but you must see that the machinery is ready first.

But Milly did not depend wholly on methods. Before she went to her meeting that Sunday night, she sought a private interview in her closet with the great Master of assemblies, and there, by herself, with reverent and earnest pleading, she asked for help and guidance. He prayer was heard; all prayer made in faith is heard, and never fails of an answer, though we cannot always read the answers, nor understand them.

Clover Dale had heard that Milly of the Manse, pretty little Milly Sunderland would appear in a new role, and that was enough to insure a good attendance. In fact, no such attendance had ever been dreamed of for a C. E. Meeting there. The deacons all came, the old ladies turned out in force, several farmers drove from remote portions of the township to the centre, and the Young People's Society found itself the object of great interest.

Now Milly was glad that she had not omitted that last half-hour alone.

She began with a little flush of shyness, a vibration in her voice that trembled in spite of itself, but almost immediately self-consciousness passed and she was aware that she was equal to the occasion. The first few moments over, there came to her a sense of quiet power. She had the meeting well in hand.

As the hour reached its conclusion the tall form of the old minister was seen at far end of the room. He came forward and stood beside Milly's chair. They were just rising to sing, "Blest be the tie that binds," and as they finished, Mr. Sunderland said, "Let us pray," and finally dismissed them with the benediction.

To you, girls, who are accustomed to this kind of work, it may not mean very much, this thing that Milly did. But there came a genuine revival to Clover Dale soon after this event, and many who came into the kingdom dated their first dawning desire, ever after, to that night when Milly led the meeting.

MARGARET E SANGSTER.

Where Naaman Once Dwelt.

(Continued from first page.)

be no desire on the part of the authorities of Damascus to renovate it. It is claimed that it stands on the very spot whereon the Syrian commander deposited the sacred soil which he brought with him on his return from Palestine after his cure, but like many similar places in the East, the identification is regarded as somewhat doubtful. Leprosy—the most loathsome of all human afflictions—is one that appeals to the pity of a traveler, even while it repels him. Jews, Syrians, Moslems, and Druses are alike admitted to these hospitals, where all creeds and nationalities sink to the common level of suffering.

A brighter picture is afforded by the photographs of two Syrian peasant women of Palestine. Humble housewives they are, in their white cotton veils and homely dresses, and they present a fair type of the peasant women of the country, whose simple, unambitious lives are passed uneventfully. In the East, and particularly in villages and throughout the rural districts, there are only three events that disturb the even current of domestic life—a birth, a wedding, or a funeral. Of social functions or gayeties apart from these, the peasant mothers and daughters know nothing. They are almost wholly uneducated, as Mrs. Jamal has demonstrated by her efforts in behalf of the Syrian girls of Jerusalem; but their status to-day is far better than that of their predecessors fifty years ago. All over Syria, a higher position and increased advantages have opened up to women. Their social and intellectual progress has followed the advance of Christianity, which has many true disciples in the homes of Syria.

TRANSFORMED BY THE GOSPEL.

IN a recent book on Samoa, Rev. Chas. Phillips of the London Missionary Society describes the results of mission work on some of the Coral Islands, such as Tokelan, Ellice and the Gilbert group. Unlike the Samoan, which are exceedingly productive, these are markedly barren. But every time the Mission ship goes its rounds the Captain takes with him a number of plants which are planted on the islands.

Already owing to the introduction of Christianity, a wonderful change has been wrought even in the physical appearance of these islands. Some have been literally changed from a wilderness into a garden, and the words of the prophet have been fulfilled: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

No language can fittingly describe the fearful degradation into which the people had sunk. There was a difference in the degrees of darkness that had overshadowed them, but generally it may be described as the night of the darkest gloom, a darkness which could be felt. In the Gilbert Islands especially, heathenism existed in its grossest form. Satan seemed to reign supreme and hold the people in a tenacious grasp. Superstition, immorality, cruelty, mutual hostility, utter lawlessness, and disgusting idolatry prevailed. In some of the islands the people lived in a state of complete nudity and were "given over to a reprobate mind working all uncleanness with greediness." Animalism and all the baser and most degrading passions held dominion over them. The marriage tie was almost entirely unknown; war and interfamily strife were incessant. The natives had been accustomed to an intoxicating drink. They were without God and without hope; without conscience and without honor. A missionary writes:

"We know that God had not left them, for in many of the islands the Spirit of God had been preparing them for the reception of the Gospel. In one they had abandoned their heathen worship, and from, as it were, a prophetic intimation of something better approaching them, were eagerly awaiting for the new religion.

"Weary of their past superstitions the people were seeking something better. They were groping in the darkness for the unknown God, and the missionary found a ready response when he stood in their midst, and said, 'Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.' This will account for the very great success which so speedily followed the labors of the native missionaries.

"The Gospel was only introduced into the Tokelan group in 1861, into five of the Ellice Islands in 1865, in all the rest in or subsequent to that. In no one of islands were there any heathen left years after the Gospel had been known to them. The success, indeed, has followed the efforts put forth is probably unsurpassed on a small scale, the apostolic age. Old things have lit ly passed away, all things have bec new. In no one of the sixteen island any heathen remain. All now are the influence of the Church of Christ.

A TALENTED HINDU CHILD

LITTLE Miss Khorshed Pes Eduljee Boyce is three yea age, the daughter of a wea Parsee gentleman of Belgaun dia. Her parents are fame their hospitality to Christian sionaries, and also for their liberal opi on all matters concerning religion.

KHORSHED, THE PARSEE CHILD

rank among the finest families in I and trace their ancestry back for centuries.

Little Khorshed (which means "the s is really a tiny phenomenon, being a tal linguist, and possessing many g and accomplishments that are rare among girls approaching womanhood he can speak Gujarati (which is her m tongue), Hindustani, and English; H stani she employs when addressing ervants, English when speaking to her issionary friends and English or Ame visitors, and Gujarati to her parent brothers and sisters. She has a very voice, and sings Gospel Hymns in the lish language with hardly a trace of fo accent. The dress Khorshed wear modern Parsee costume, and not to bo founded with the ordinary dress of Hi children; indeed, the Parsees are a wholly Europeanized. All Parsee fa of good social position—and the ma of them are well-to do—employ E girls as waitresses and nurses, an children are brought up in English One of the ladies who took a pro part in the recent Parliament of Reli in Chicago is a Parsee, formerly a Sorabji. Her ability as a speaker an fine reasoning powers give evidence a very liberal education. Her sister, Sorabji, is a law-lecturer in Bombay. sisters are converts to the Christian re

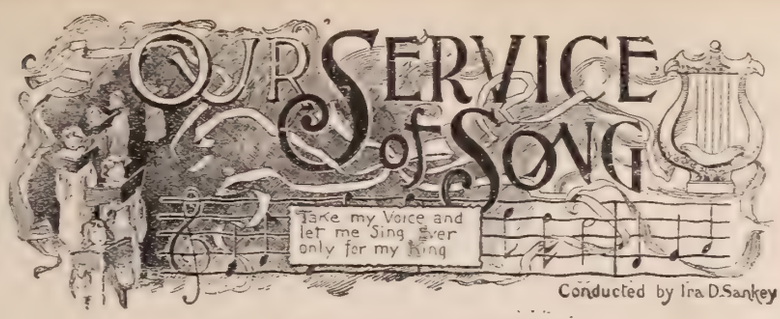
It has been decided to found a Missi Settlement for University Women at bay. That city contains a Parsee po tion of 60,000, as yet almost untouch missionary effort, and it is believe among the women of this enlightened unhampered by Mohammedan and H restrictions, excellent missionary wor be done on educational lines. Parsee verts would become a powerful instr for the evangelization of races around Then in the districts of Nasik and gaun, about one hundred miles from bay, there is pressing need for lady among 2,000,000 native women, a medical mission would find the fullest

The prayers of the readers of this are requested for the blessing of God u proprietor, and also upon those who mons, articles, or labors for Christ printed in it; and that its circulation be used by the Holy Spirit for the con of sinners and the quickening of God's

THE C. E. PLEDGE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the week Beginning September 22. Eccles. 5: 1-7.

PLEDGES, vows, obligations of any kind are irksome to human nature. It is the consciousness of the fact that has frequently led people to assume them. Under the shadow of some impending calamity—on a steamer that seems destined to come a wreck, by the bedside of some beloved one whom death seems to have marked for his own, or in the midst of some fatal epidemic, there is a tendency in many minds to make a solemn vow that if deliverance comes, if the calamity be averted, some great thing shall be done. The spirit is of no modern origin, but extends back to the most ancient times. Jacob vowed at Bethel that he would surely give a tenth of his income to God if God would bless him as he had promised. Jephthah's vow is another instance and there is an incidental reference in Acts 18: 18 to Paul having made a vow. The underlying principle is not altogether of a satisfactory nature. It is practically offering a bargain to the Almighty that if he will do for us what we want, we will do something that will please him. It is as if he would be pleased to be pleased with something that is disagreeable to us. But there are pledges of a very different character—pledges that we give willingly and gladly, knowing well that they are due from us, and which we shall find it a pleasure to fulfil. The pledge that the bride and bridegroom give at the altar is a necessary one for the welfare of society, but where love is, it is given gladly by each side and each is conscious that it will be fulfilled with delight. The pledge given by the conscientious officeholder that he will be honest and faithful in the discharge of his duties, is never irksome to him. It makes no difference to his conduct, and his actions would be the same if he had entered his office without taking the oath. But the public has a right to require it of him, that there may be an explicit recognition of his obligations. It is the same with a soldier, with a juryman and with a witness. It is a pledge of this kind that the Christian Endeavor Society asks of its members. There is nothing irksome about it; nothing in the nature of a bargain. It only urges the member to do something for himself if he be a conscientious Christian, he would do without taking the pledge. Then what utility is it? Of precisely the same utility as in the case of the juryman and the soldier—it places him on record. And after all, the record is of more importance than we often recognize. Christ demands that in some way such a record should be made. His follower must confess him before men, otherwise he was not worthy to be called a follower. It was an example, a declaration of position that has proved of the greatest value in the propagation of Christianity. It is also of value to the member himself. It prevents laxity, prescribes a specific duty and calls to the aid of fidelity the lower elements of human nature, which are always allies worth having in our Christian life. Such allies are the sense of honor which holds a man to the performance of an obligation; the force of habit and the stimulus which comes of association with others in the same pursuit. The pledge, too, brings with it a joy which satisfies the soul without satiety. In its fulfilment the soul is brought into daily communion with God, and in that communion receives new life, new spiritual energy, and increased protection against the assaults of temptation and the benumbing influence of the sordid life. The man who has taken the pledge is an enlisted man who has declared his attitude in the world and who stands for Christ and his principles against all that is evil and degrading.



ONLY WAIT A LITTLE WHILE.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Christ's delays are not de-ni-als, Wait on Him a lit-tle while; Nev-er mind your cares and tri-als
2. He requires your best employment, Wait on Him a lit-tle while; He will give you pure en-joy-ment,
3. Christ's delays are not de-ni-als, Wait on Him a lit-tle while; Stand by Him and bear your trials,
On-ly wait a lit-tle while: Soon your pathway He will brighten, Soon your burden He will light-en,
On-ly wait a lit-tle while: Then go on, His name confess-ing, And the throne of grace ad-dress-ing,
On-ly wait a lit-tle while: Bide His time and trust Him, knowing He will bless the seed thou'rt sowing,
Chorus.
Soon your rap-ture He will hight-en, On-ly wait a lit-tle while.
He will send His promised bless-ing, On-ly wait a lit-tle while.
In thy com-ing, or thy go-ing, On-ly wait a lit-tle while.
On His bless-ed word re-
ly, He will answer by and by, Trust a-lone in Christ your Saviour, Watch and wait a little while.

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A FORGER'S CONVERSION.

Mr. S. H. Hadley, the well-known evangelist and rescue worker, relates the following remarkable case of conversion:

"There was a man came into our meeting one afternoon with 1,000 forged railway tickets in his pockets, and he had the plate with him with which he did the work. He was on his way to the Roosevelt street ferry, intending to meet an accomplice over in Brooklyn, but he happened to stop in at our place.

"As he sat there listening to the testimony of ignorant, redeemed men, the spirit of God took hold of his soul. He went out, but he didn't go over to Brooklyn. He came again in the evening, and the Lord troubled him mightily. He went out and got on the ferry boat, and when the boat reached the middle of the river, he dumped the railway tickets, plate and everything overboard into the river. Then he came back to the meeting and knelt down for prayers. Jesus met him there and forgave his sins and gave him the witness of the Spirit that he was born again. He made a confession right there before us all. He was a Swede, a fine-looking man; he had never drank in his life.

"But the next question was, how he should get a living. So he knelt down and asked the Lord to send him a job. He got a job digging holes for the railroad piers. They had to be dug ten or eleven feet deep, and it was hard, dirty work; his hands got dreadfully blistered. He took his wife to the top floor of a tenement house,—they had never lived in such a place before; but praise the Lord! he was saved, and every $1.50 a day that he earned was clean money. Finally one of his former acquaintances heard where he was and found him at work and said to him, 'Why, John, are you crazy?' 'No,' said John, 'I never was so sane in my life.' 'Well, what's the matter?' 'I have found Jesus,' said John, 'and given my heart to God.' 'But, John, look here! We never had such a good thing on our hands as we have now. There's $10,000 in it if you will come and join us.' 'No sir, no more of that for me.' 'Well, John, you're in hard luck; let me help you,' and he pulled out a roll of money and offered it to John. 'No sir,' said John, 'I won't take it.' 'Well, come along with me to my hotel.'

"John went with him to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, but he wouldn't agree to go into any counterfeiting scheme. After he got home he put his hand into his pocket and found there $300 in bills which the man had put into his pocket without his knowledge. He thought about it for a moment. The devil said, 'Oh, come, now; keep it; he gave it to you. Just think how many holes that will fill up!' But the struggle was short. He just said, 'Lord Jesus, if you ever stood by me, stand by me now,' and he went back to the hotel and gave back the money.

"The man was greatly surprised and said, with tears in his eyes, 'John, if I could have what you have got I would give up everything I own in the world.'

"This man has helped to save hundreds of others. He has maintained his integrity and is trusted by some of the wealthiest and most respected business men in New York City."

PROPHETIC STUDY.

Why the Prophecies Have Failed to Give the Light to the Church they were Designed.

BY GEO. H. PEMBER, M. A.*

IN regard to Prophecy, the Bible presents two phenomena, absolutely peculiar to itself, of grave import, and which cannot be explained away, unless, indeed, all human records and experiences are also to be rejected. It contains a series of predictions—far too numerous, varied, and detailed to admit of the suggestion of chance in their accomplishment—which run down the long centuries to the end of the present order of things, and each of which has now been literally and strikingly fulfilled almost to exhaustion. And thus it indicates, with an authority towering high above any other to which reference can be made on earth, that we are now in the closing days of the age.

Yet again, it exhibits a second series of predictions, revealing features and movements which, according to its statements, must characterize the same closing days of the age. And, lo, these very characteristics have been gradually developing and coming into prominence during the past century, and are thus presentiug themselves at the exact crisis marked out for them from two thousand five hundred to eighteen hundred years ago!

In the case of Divine prophecy, the process of corrupting has been complex and varied, to prevent men from receiving the predictions of God in their plain and natural sense, and so to deprive those predictions of their spiritual power. To this result Prætorist and Post-millennialist, Historicist and Mystic, have all contributed, and dire has been the confusion.

But we need not despair. Let us rather ponder the words of the Lord Jesus to the disciples who were journeying toward Emmaus, and we shall both perceive the cause of all error, and be enabled to discern the narrow way of truth lying strait before us. "O foolish men," he said, "and slow of heart to believe in all that the prophets have spoken!" Slow of heart, not to understand, but to believe! For there has never been any difficulties in understanding the prophecies, if men could but have believed them: it is in that point that they have failed.

God's revelation of things to come predicts unwonted and supernatural events, the catastrophe of the present order of the world; and his ways of effecting his purpose are often perplexingly diverse from our ideas. Hence there is but one course open to us, to believe with the confidence of children whatever he has spoken, and to know that, however impossible it may seem to men, he will cause his counsel to stand and his pleasure to be done. But the majority, even of Christians, seem to lack faith for this; and, consequently, they fritter away the supernatural in his revelation, and do not scruple to alter its arrangements, or to transfer its application, and so to bring it into accord with their own notions of congruity.

God has not given his marvelous revelations in vain. And the perilous days in which we live, the decline of faith, the ominous appearance of all the signs of the end, and the consequent nearness of the time in which we must see our Lord face to face, combine to urge upon us a more dilligent and unbiased study of those prophetic records, from which we may, perchance, at last bring forth what God has laid in store for such a time as this.

To be continued.

*From his new edition of his famous work "The Great Prophecies of the Centuries." Dr. Pember has made so many additions and so thoroughly revised his book to bring it down to present date, that it is practically a new volume. Pp. 504; price $2.50. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, Fifth Ave., New York.

A YOUTH'S TEMPTATIONS.

A Sermon by Rev. Alexander Macleod, D.D. Text: Matthew 4: 1-11: "*Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness, etc.*"

A YOUNG man might have been seen one day, faint and weary, in a wild desert and among wild beasts in an eastern land. He was exhausted with hunger, and the marks of it were on his face. Poor and haggard and hungry though he looked, he was the son of a king, and was on the way to his kingdom.

The wonderful thing was, that it was his father who sent him into the desert, and suffered him to be without food for many days. A still more wonderful thing was, that when he was suffering the sharpest pangs of hunger and ready to perish, he did not doubt his father's love, nor that his father's way of bringing him to his kingdom was the best.

But one day a stranger came up to him, and said, "You are the son of that king of whom everybody has heard, and to whom this wilderness belongs. If you be his son, why should you remain hungry? Bid the wilderness provide a table for you. Turn these stones into bread."

Now, this young man could actually have turned the stones into bread. That would have satisfied his hunger. That might save his life. That was a way which at the moment might have seemed right. But he knew that it was not right. His father had sent him into the wilderness; his father had sent him hunger instead of bread; and he knew his father to be wise and good and loving. "No," he said to the stranger, "I will follow my father to the end — trust him to the end — trust him through hunger and faintness—trust him even to death. My father's love is

Better to me than Bread.

This stranger was a very deceitful man; but he saw at a glance, that the king's son was resolved to go forward on the path of trust. So he followed the young man until they came to the capital town of the kingdom, and by-and-by they went up to the high towers of the temple.

"It is a great thing," said the stranger once more, "to be a king's son, and especially the king's son you are. Your father cares for you every moment, and would not suffer a hair of your head to be hurt. His servants follow you, watch over you, care for you. Suppose—since you are cared for in this way, and the king's son—you cast yourself down to the court below. See, there is a whole army ready to receive you in their arms!"

The young man simply said, "To trust my father's care when I am in the way of obedience and duty, is one thing; to put it to the test in the way you propose, as if I disbelieved it, is another. It would be tempting my father. And it is written, Thou shalt not tempt the king."

So the stranger saw how noble this youth was, and how kingly and well fitted to reign. And he took him to a high mountain, and showed him all its glory, and the glory of all the kingdoms on the earth, and said, "All these will I give unto thee, if thou wilt love me and trust me as thou lovest and trustest thy Father."

But the young man turned round upon him in anger, and said, "Get thee behind me! for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt [illegible]."

Then the stranger left him. And the heavens opened, and "angels came and ministered unto him;" and the smile of the Father shone round about him like a great light; and far up in the depths of heaven there were songs of victory. For this was none other than the Son of God, and the stranger was the devil who sought to lead him out of the right way.

That is an old story; but it is also new. It is the story of our daily and hourly temptations. It is the story of the attempt made by the Evil One to win us over to his side. In a thousand different forms in this country, and just now, that is taking place which took place eighteen hundred years ago, in the wilderness of Judea. I could not hope, if I tried it, to give you any idea of the countless variety of forms in which those three temptations come to us; but I will take you along one or two of the many lines of life in which they are to be found, and mention their names.

The first is the temptation of hunger:—If you think a little, you will see that everybody has to toil for bread. Now the devil often comes to people who have to toil, and says, "Bread is everything. Turn everything into bread—turn your skill, and your time, and your talent, the ships, and the docks, and the railways, and the banks, and the Sunday Schools, and the churches, into bread. If you are Christians, and Christ is in the sky, he will help you to do that. You are pinching yourselves, and spending time on religion and churches and missions and such things, which your more sensible neighbors spend in enjoying life." Many are deceived by these words, and turn aside from a religious life, and give all their soul, and strength, and life, and power just to labor for bread. A good table, with plenty to eat and drink on it. That is the one grand aim of life for them. And they forget God, and the Bible, and heaven, and go blindly on, laboring and toiling, and working for only the fine dinners, and forgetting that they cannot live on bread alone.

After that comes the

Temptation to Presumption.

There are thousands of Christians—men and women—who nobly fight against the first temptation, and resolve not to spend all their soul and strength for bread; but, on the contrary, even when bread is not to be had, to keep the desire for God and truth and right above the desire for bread in their hearts. And again and again people of this stamp will say, "Although God should take all our bread from us, we will put our trust in him."

The devil sees that people who act in this way are full of trust in God; and in a very cunning way he tries to get round them by the very strength of this trust. He puts this thought into their minds: "Trust is a good thing—one of the best of things. One cannot have too much of it, especially if he is a Christian. Christians are God's children, and are free to trust him in everything. God has promised to bring them all right at last. May they not trust him then in perilous things,—in risks, in daring ventures, in dangerous enterprises, even in leaps in the dark?"

Many are wise, and cast out such thoughts, and shut their eyes on these dangerous ventures. But others are caught by the temptation, and lose themselves. And what they find in the end is only bitterness and remorse and shame.

There is still another temptation beyond this one. Even those who resist the temptation to presumption are often taken, as the Lord was, to where they can see the grand things of earth, and tempted with

The Temptation of Pride,

of reaching grandeur and influence by one evil step. The temptation works in many ways; but sometimes it comes in the form of an advice from one who pretends to be a friend, to go into an evil trade.

"Don't you see how life is slipping past, and you are losing your chances?" this evil counsellor will say. "You want to be in a higher position: you think if you were you would have more influence for good. That's the very thing I say about you every day. Why are you so slack, then, to ascend to this position? Did you see that mansion we passed? It is owned by a rich friend of mine. Everybody speaks of him as 'the eminent tradesman.' He will be a millionaire some day, and he will leave, by the profits of his trade, a pile of money to his children. Do as he is doing. Give up strictness and sentiment. Go in for money-making in his way. You cannot help it, if the way be evil, or if the trade be evil. Somebody must be in that trade. Other people follow that way. And by that way and that trade, sooner than otherwise, you shall have the means of doing good."

Counsels like these fall dead on the hearts of God's children. But sometimes they are addressed to those who are only his children by name. And ah, there are many, under such advice, who break off from Christ's way, and follow the devil's, and are ruined for ever! They see splendor of social position, and fine living, and fashionable society, and carriages and grand mansions and fine entertainments—all passing like a panorama before them, and offering to become theirs—if only they will fall down and worship the devil to the extent of following an evil trade, or trading in an evil way.

Once upon a time there were two brothers, and one was rich and the other neither rich nor poor. The rich brother had made his riches in an evil way and by an evil trade. But the brother who was neither rich nor poor said: "It is better to be poor than rich, if the riches come by evil means." It happened that this brother had three sons, but the rich brother had no children at all.

It came to pass, in course of time, that the brother who was neither rich nor poor was about to die. And he called his three sons to his bedside and said: "I have spent all I had to spare in giving you education, and I have nothing to leave you except my mill. Be good and honest, and God will not suffer you to want. I leave my mill in equal shares among you. But the eldest shall be master, so long as he lives, and then the next eldest, and after him the youngest."

When the good man was dead and the funeral over, the eldest son stepped into his father's place, and the other two continued to serve as before. And time went on, and trade increased. And all things would have gone well if the one who was master had not gone on a visit to his rich uncle. But he was so feasted there and had such plenty of rich food to eat, that he could not look on the simple fare at the mill without disgust. So he said to himself, "What is the use of our increasing profits and of our toils, if we are not to have fine food like my uncle. Why still live on barley bread and milk as our father did? Then he put the old ways of the house aside, and had fine dinners and wine to drink. And he gave and accepted invitations to parties. And by-and-by, hardly a day passed in which he was not dining out, or having a dinner party. But

All this came to an End,

and an end that was not good. At one of those feasts, in a neighbor's house, the poor man drank so much wine that he did not know what he was about when coming home. And instead of coming down from his horse at the doorstep, he came down at the mill-pond and was drowned.

So there had to be a second funeral. And after that the second son became master. He was different from his brother in some things. He was no drunkard, and he did not spend his time in feasting. But he was a little impatient. And it was a trouble to him to go round the right way, if he could get a shorter cut across. What troubled him most was the slow growth of the money at the bank. Although the mill was prospering, the profits were small. And this was a cross to him. It happened to him also to be the worse for a visit to his rich uncle. When he was at his uncle's he saw heaps of bank notes which had been got in a single day. And he came home thinking sorrowfully that the toil of a mill was a slow toil. One day a stranger came up to him at the mill and said: "We have found lead in the hills out there, and only want a little money to dig it out, and make thousands upon thousands in a single year." It was the very chance the miller wanted. He could not sleep for thinking of it. He saw the thousands coming in like a flood. And he would have bank notes as many and as soon as his uncle. Now this poor fellow was a very good miller, and was doing well with the mill. And his brother and himself were slowly getting to be well-to-do; but he was as ignorant as a baby about lead and lead hills, and the expense of working lead mines. To give out his savings would be a risk—he saw that clearly enough. To risk his brother's means would be wrong—he saw that, too. But on the other hand, if the mine succeeded he would be as rich as his uncle, and he would get to that riches in a single year. So he got out of his bed very early next morning, and took his Bible and began to search it to see if it said anything about a case like his. He found in one place that God would make everything work together for good to those that loved him, and in another that God would suffer no evil to befall his children. He said to himself, "I hope I love God and am one of his children." Then he knelt down and committed his way, as he thought, to God, and then he felt stronger and happier. It was a gre risk—he saw that very clearly. But thought God would take care of him. A he would put all his trust in him. So wrote to the stranger, and told him to b as many shares in the lead-mines as t mill was worth.

Everything seemed very bright for week or two—but only for a week or tw A letter came from a lawyer to say that t expenses of working the mines were gre er than had been expected, and that mo money would be needed. And after that, second letter, demanding more still, a saying: "It would be a pity to have pa out so much and not pay out a little mo to get it back."

And a year went past. And one day letter came to him to say that the lead-l had been searched and only a little le found, and the expenses were far beyo the payments, and he would have to se twice the sum he had already paid. He not answer this letter, but simply gave to his brother to read. "Then he sai

"I Have Risked Everything

and lost—lost all—yours as well as mine forgive me—I thought I was doing it for t best." Then he rose, went up to his be and died of a broken heart.

In a short while there was another fu eral, and then a sale. The mill, and t house, and the horses, and the cows, a the fields were all sold, and the money ta en for the wretched mines. And the youn est brother was left without a penny, o home, or a friend, in the whole world.

But when the sale was quite over, a he was about to leave the house in whi he had been born, a man came up on hor back and gave him a letter to read. It w from his rich uncle. And it was full kind words. The uncle was old, and h no children to inherit his riches. This th nephew had always been a favorite w him. He had offered to adopt him wh the father was living. He renewed the fer now. He would make him his son a heir, if only he would come into the tra and promise to carry it on when the un was dead. I told you before that it was evil trade, and one on which God's ble ing could not rest. But the young m was touched by his uncle's kindness.

So he went back into the empty hou and sat down on the trunk in which clothes were packed. There was no fire the hearth, but it was there he sat, wh he had so often seated himself in happ days.—It was not every day such an of came to a man. All that would be his he accepted it, came before his mind:—t splendid seat in the country, the fine hou in town, the multitude of servants. this, and visions of a future in which this had place, floated before him and ca round about him. And voices seemed speak from the depth of his soul and sa "All this will be yours if you accept yo uncle's offer."

But he must also accept the evil tra He thought of his dear father's honora life—of his father's

Refusal to Accept

the same offer on this condition—and of father's spirit as perhaps watching ov him at that very moment. Then he rais his thoughts to his Father in heaven a cried for strength. Then, when a lo forenoon had been spent in the cheerle empty house, he rose up and trudged a lo way, till he came to his uncle's, and than ed him for his kindness, but declined offer because of the evil trade.

I do not know what became of the un nor what he did with his riches. But young man who refused the splendid of came back to the village in which he h spent his boyhood, and went into a nei bor's mill to serve. And after a while married his master's daughter. And though he never got to be very rich. was very happy, and had a clean he and clean hands, and lived in favor b with God and man.

May God help you to resist temptati as this younger brother did—as our bless Lord did. And always remember th that in business, in home, in life, in lo in everything, it is just With Christ. Without Christ. That makes all the d ference in the world, at the journey's en

May the Holy Spirit give you the gra to believe that he is speaking truth, a help you to follow him along all his way May he open your eyes to see, and yo hearts to understand his love! Your wa after that, are sure to be ways of pleasa ness, and all your paths, paths of peace

Georgia Mountain Homes.

mble Log Cabins, but some have been the Birthplaces of Famous Men.

TRAVELERS in the mountain districts of Georgia are familiar with the cabin homes of that State. The old log-cabin is an attractive and picturesque sight, vine-wreathed and not infrequently swing signs of great antiquity. Others, of somewhat different type are of shingles or clap-boards, and though exposed to the wild storms that sweep over those rugged hills, they stand impervious to all weathers. Winds may blow and the rain may patter drearily upon the roof, but the mountain cabin stands firm and secure in its forest shelter well protected from the gales.

Cabin homes, such as that shown in the illustration, though homely, time-battered and affording few of the comforts that are enjoyed in dwellings in town or village communities, are yet interwoven with the story of the nation's rise and progress. Within their humble walls, greatness has often found its birthplace, and many men and women who have attained to fame and position, look back with love and longing to the old cabin home. They recall the free, sweet, childlife in the woods and mountains, the pure air, the bubbling springs, the wealth of wild flower and fern, the clinging vines and the cows drowsing in the pasture, and there are moments when, beside these, the advantages the world offers seem hollow and trivial indeed.

In the mountains of Kentucky, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, there are hundreds of such simple dwellings, stanchly built but unpretentious, which shelter happy households. In all, the social conditions are practically the same. But the ignorant mountaineer of twenty years ago is fast giving place to an intelligent and educated class, who have benefited by the introduction of schools even in remote districts, and the day is not far off when all the sons and daughters of the hill will belong to this category. In not a few cases there have come forth from those mountain cabins young men who have become gloriously successful preachers and teachers of the Gospel.

The latest public school enrollment of children of school age in Georgia gave the total number as 494,411. Of these, 322,- were enrolled as belonging to the public and private schools, and the number in actual daily average attendance was 188,-. Of those enrolled for the public schools, 175,668 were white and 111,743 colored. About 35,000 were in private schools. The whole number of public schools was 6560, there were about 960 private schools. The whole number of public school teachers was a little more than 6600, and of private school teachers 5-. The negroes pay, directly or indirectly, about one-half of the school tax. No county is entitled to a share of the fund unless its schools are in operation at least three months of the year.

***

Busybody Families.

Are there not many families that never spend a quiet evening together without embittering it by raking up every unpleasant subject in their lot and history? There are folks, who, both in their own case and that of others, seem to find a strange satisfaction in sticking the thorn in the hand further in; even in twisting the dagger in the heart. Their lot has its innumerable blessings, but they will not look at these. Let the view around in a hundred directions be ever so charming, they cannot be got to turn their mental view in one of these. Let vexatious gossip go and look to the sunny side of life. If we cannot or will not help others, it does not mend matters to criticize them.

***

Parental Courtesy.

Courtesy in parents is of untold worth. The father and the mother serve as models for the boy and the girl, upon whom no later precept in regard to word or act can make as lasting an impression as the early home example makes. "Company manners" are easily recognized as assumed and

A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN HOME IN GEORGIA.

it is almost impossible to make strangers think them natural. Hence the child or youth who goes forth from a home in which politeness toward the children and before the children has been the invariable rule possesses an advantage over him who has been trained to think that acts of consideration, expressions of gratitude, deference toward women, attention to the ones nearing the end of life's journey, may be reserved for those outside the home-circle. It is they who are nearest to us, and whose affection for us is the greatest, who are rendered happy by the daily courtesies. Graciousness of manners is of great worth in the world of strangers. It is of greater worth in the world of home.

***

A Very Ceremonial Tea.

The Japanese are extremely fond of ceremony—more so than any other oriental or occidental race. This peculiar national instinct has brought about the unique ceremonial institution of tea drinking called "cha-no-yu," which must be strictly distinguished from the ordinary tea drinking. Again, the notion of such a vulgar way of drinking tea as with sugar or cream must be banished from the reader's mind. There are different kinds of tea, ranging in price from five cents up to ten dollars a pound These qualities are used daily, according to the means of the person. The tea every day used in respectable houses for guests costs from twenty-five cents to two dollars a pound. But the ceremony of tea drinking requires a special article made for that purpose, and costing generally from five to ten dollars a pound.

The knowledge of the cha-no-yu is important to high-bred Japanese ladies and gentlemen. The etiquette is extremely strict. The tea is made and served in a slow and formal manner; each action, each gesture, and even the manner of articulation, is determined by an elaborate code of laws. Every article connected with the ceremony, such as the tea canister, the incense burner, the hanging scroll, and the bouquet of flowers in the alcove, is either handled or else admired in ways and with phrases which unalterable usage prescribes. There are two ways of serving the tea—kio-cha, the thick tea, and usha-cha, the thin tea. The rules that regulate the former ceremony are more complicated, and the tea is served in the regular tea party fashion; that is, the host or hostess serves a single cup of tea for all the guests invited, each sips and passes the cup to his neighbor, who hands it to the next, and so on around the party. The rules and ceremonies of the thin tea are simpler. The host serves a cup of tea to each guest in turn. During the entire process of the tea ceremony silence is kept.

Placing all the necessary tea sets before you, you commence to serve the tea, upon which all the party will praise and admire your exquisite manner and beautiful tea instruments. Now, holding up the bags and creasing the silken napkin, you will wipe the teacup and then put a few spoonsfuls of fragrant powdered tea into it and pour a dipper half full of hot water out of the kettle into the cup. Then you will twice stir it about with a bamboo stirrer, a process requiring great care and skill. Thus making tea, you will turn, facing the seat of the principal guest, who will in the politest manner proceed one step forward on his knee to receive the teacup from your hands, and, returning to his seat, salute his neighbors and drink three sips. Praising its excellent taste and flavor, he passes the cup to his neighbor, who in the same manner passes it to the next person, and so on till the cup has gone the round of the party. The tea in the cup will be just finished when the turn of the last one completes his part of the ceremony. The cup will be returned to the principal guest, who with a polite bow returns it to you. Soon after all the guests bow together.

In the tea ceremony the host must do everything without the help of servants or waiters, although he may be the head of a very rich or noble family. Such a way of entertainment is regarded as the greatest honor and hospitality to the guest.

***

A Home Angel.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despised:
For naught which sets the heart at ease,
Or giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

* * *

Blessing she is! God made her so:
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

ONLY A WORD.

IT was only a kind word spoken to a weeping little child,
But the thread of its grief was broken, and the little one sweetly smiled.
And no one stayed to notice so tiny an act of love,
Save the angels keeping the record in the wonderful book above.

And she who had spoken kindly went on her quiet way,
Nor dreamt such a simple action should count at the last great day;
But the pitying words of comfort were heard with a song of joy,
And the listening angels blessed her from their beautiful home on high.

It isn't the world praised wonders that are best in our Father's sight,
Nor the wreaths of fading laurel that garnish fame's dizzy height;
But the pitying love and kindness, the work of the warm caress,
The beautiful hope and patience and self-forgetfulness.

***

A CHILD'S VISION OF HEAVEN

MR. MOODY relates a very touching story of a father who was out late one evening with his little daughter. The night was dark and they had passed through thick woods to the brink of a river. Far away on the opposite shore a light twinkled here and there in a few scattered houses, and farther off still blazed the bright lamps of the great city to which they were going. The little child was weary and sleepy, and the father held her in his arms while he waited for the ferryman, who was on the other side. At length they saw a little light; nearer and nearer came the sound of the oars, and soon they were safe in the boat. "Father," said the little girl, "it's very dark, and I can't see the shore. Where are we going?" "The ferryman knows the way, little one; we will soon be over." Soon in her home, love welcomed her, and all her fears were gone. Some months passed by, and this same child stands on the brink of a river that is darker and more terrible still. It is the river of death! The same loving father is near her, distressed that his child must cross this river and he not be able to go with her. Forty days and nights he and her mother have watched over her, praying for the life of the precious one. For hours she has been slumbering; but just before the morning watch she suddenly awakens, with the eye bright and every faculty alive. "Father," she says, "I have come again to the river-side, and am waiting for the ferryman to come and take me across." "Does it seem as dark and cold as when we crossed the other river, my child?" "Oh, no! there is no darkness here; the river is covered with floating silver. The boat coming toward me seems made of solid light, and I am not afraid of the ferryman." "Can you see over the river, my darling?" "Oh, yes! there is a great and beautiful city there, all filled with light; and I hear music such as angels make." "Do you see anyone on the other side?" "Why, yes, yes; I see the most beautiful form, and he beckons me now to come. Oh, ferryman, make haste! I know who it is—it is—it is Jesus, my own blessed Jesus." And thus she passed over the river of death, made like a silver stream by the presence of the Redeemer.

***

A Boy's Devotion to his Mother.

Of all the love affairs in the world none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is pure and noble, honorable to the highest degree in both,—a love that makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. We never yet knew a boy to turn out bad who began by falling in love with his mother. The boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in her sere-leaved autumn as he did in the daisied spring-time.

...NADJA;...

A Tale of the Russian Steppes.*

BY OLIVER M. NORRIS.

CHAPTER IX.

Grisha Tchaika.

THE PEASANT SHEPHERD.

IN nearly every Russian village of any size there is generally to be found some one of feeble mind, on whom the peasants look with compassion and pity mingled with respect, as one sent by God to remind them of the vanity of things, of the weaknesses of the human mind, of the thin dividing line between mind and matter. A Russian peasant would not perhaps express himself in these words, but when he sees the village fool these are the notions that fill his mind, and he is kind to the fool in consequence, and thinks very humbly of himself.

In Slavo, Grisha Tchaika was the simpleton of the village. But although every one knew him he was seen but seldom. Unlike most of his afflicted fraternity, he kept himself remote from the haunts of men, never courting observation, avoiding conversation. This was in part owing to the ferryman's management. Sozontieff knew how inquisitive the villagers were, and with simple Grisha to cross-examine they could soon discover, if they wished, every detail of his and his daughter's life. He might have sent his few cattle and sheep to the communal pasture-land, but he preferred not to do so, lest Grisha might get talking. He kept his little flock to the bitter herbage of the sand-dunes by the river where Grisha could herd them unmolested and unquestioned.

It was just eighteen years before our story opens that Sozontieff's wife, who had not then been very long in Slavo, was out on the dunes towards evening. Her work for the day was over, and with her baby girl in her arms she was out looking for some wild flowers, that she knew grew on the river bank below the sand. She had already gone some little distance from her cottage, and was running down towards the river when she was startled by a cry from the water's edge as from an infant.

She approached the spot, and looking into a thicket of sedge growing close to the river she saw a child of a few months, almost naked, laid beside the stream, the water almost touching it. It was April, the river was rising daily, indeed hourly, and knowing this, the woman's first impulse was to snatch the child from its precarious position and place it higher on the bank. The terrible thought rushed in on her that it was placed so near the water on purpose, but as this was too cruel a suspicion she banished it from her mind, and stilled the crying of the child until its careless mother might come to fetch it. Her mind was busy as she waited there. Whose child was it? The little shirt it wore was of far finer texture than anything in a peasant baby's wardrobe; besides, the poor thing was hunchbacked terribly so, and if any of the villagers had had a hunchbacked child she would surely have heard of it. It was all inexplicable. She waited until it was almost dark, and then as no one came she fed it together with her own baby and took it home, wrapping the two children in her warm shawl.

The ferryman loved his wife, and anything she did he was willing to approve of, but in his own heart he wished she had let the child perish, and he was perfectly certain that it had been placed on the water's edge to perish, and he saw no reason [illegible] the river. Visiting the spot next morning he found a strong current sweeping over the spot and the water a foot deep. He accepted, however, the care of the child, that is to say, he did not interfere with his wife's care of it. All that he did was to baptize it an Old Believer, calling it Grigori or Grisha, as it had been found on the day when he made a vow to St. Grigori, and Tchaika, from a word in use among the Cossacks of the Ural, signifying a river.

Grisha grew and developed so slowly that he remained a puny weakling beside the strong well-grown daughter of the ferryman. It was also soon apparent that the weak body of the foundling contained a still feebler mind, shattered and diseased. His foster-mother sought by persevering kindness to awaken some sparks of intellect, some ideas of order, in the mind of the boy, but it was all terribly up-hill work, and poorly rewarded. Nadja, as she grew up, treated him gently and considerately, for Grisha was sensitive to ridicule, and when laughed at would mope in a corner for hours by himself.

Once when the children were about five years old they were playing together on the river bank. The General, who had been out alone shooting, passed them on his way home. He had been absent nearly five years from Slavo, and this was his first visit after his return to this part of his property. The contrast presented by the two children, one so beautiful and strong and active, the other deformed, dull, slow, must have struck him, for he stopped to speak to them; but after a nearer examination of Grisha's features he altered his intention, passing hurriedly away. Nadja, when she told her father about it, said that the General grew pale and stared at Grisha as though he were frightened.

Sozontieff, however, thought little of the incident until after the lapse of a few days when the General visited him, and asked to see him alone. His first inquiry was about Grisha—who he was and where he came from. Sozontieff narrated all the circumstances connected with the finding of him, and the eagerness and deep attention of his listener struck him as more than remarkable. Then a sudden thought flashed through his mind. Is there not something under all this inquisitiveness that is not disinterested? Why should the General desire information about this misshapen idiot boy? Why had his somewhat frequent visits to Slavo ceased just about the time that Grisha was found? Indeed Sozontieff suddenly remembered that he had left that very day, for it was after ferrying him across the river on his way to Kief that he returned to his cottage to find his wife with the foundling. He said nothing of all this to the General, nor when he was gone did he speak to his own wife on the subject; he pondered it much, however, in his own mind. And when the General once or twice afterwards sent him some gifts of his nephew's cast-off clothes the ferryman was more than ever puzzled.

Year followed year until the children were nine years old, and then the great shock of his life, the death of his wife, the blow that changed him, prostrated Sozontieff for months. Nadja and Grisha no longer formed part of his life and interest.

But the loss of her parents' care, although keenly felt by Nadja, never made the difference to her that the loss of his foster-mother made to Grisha. The poor fellow now shunned the house except as a shelter in bad weather. He sought the open air always, and after a while seemed to take delight in it. In winter on fine days he would race over the frozen river and along the snow-covered dunes, taking an infantile delight in rolling the snow into fantastic shapes that he thought resembled men and birds and beasts and houses. He would tell Nadja, who was often his sympathizing companion, that some misshapen mound of snow he had raised represented a certain beast he had seen in one of her father's books. But his chief delight was to think he had fashioned an image of the dragon in the ferryman's picture of St. George the Victor.

Sozontieff had now grown indifferent to the poor fellow's happiness, even to his comfort. As soon as he saw he was gaining strength he set him to herd the cows and sheep, and to labor about the house at odd jobs of work which his feeble capacity could grasp the meaning of.

But it was in the late spring and summer that Grisha showed most signs of understanding and enjoying life. His actions and words at those seasons had meaning and coherence—warped and twisted perhaps, but with a definiteness and sometimes with a beauty that was peculiarly suggestive, and with a pathetic character all their own. It was young Kulmenko who, once when they were out together, drew Sergei's attention to the beautiful summer picture of Grisha leaning on his shepherd's staff, with the sheep resting around him in the noontide heat and stillness—Grisha looking far away over the river across the illimitable steepe.

The summer river had peculiar charms for the poor hunchback. He often told Nadja that he heard a song in the river that pleased him and made him laugh. He used to tell her that each side of the river had its own song, and through shallow waters he would often wade deep in butterburrs over to a little eyot of sand where he could hear the two songs sung in harmony. He felt the charm of voice and expression of musical sounds in an extraordinary degree. He could not give his feelings and states of mind their proper names, he could seldom find words to explain them any more than he could many another sensation of his derived from his communings with nature. Perhaps they had no names, they were so shifting, fugitive, baffling.

It was only Nadja who fully understood the poor fellow's broken ideas, and who sought to teach him to express them, though ever so imperfectly. He rewarded her gentle consideration with a devotion that was almost painful in its intensity. If she admired a flower, he would travel for miles to obtain bunches of them big enough to deck her room with. Once the beautiful plumage of a bird that flew past them drew forth an expression of her admiration. She did not know until he brought her the dead body of its fellow long afterwards that it had been his constant labor for days to devise some way of snaring it alive, and that failing in this he had killed one with a stone. They had their own language these two, a dialect that no one else fully understood. The girl had quickly learnt his disjointed syllables, the harsh grating cries that did him service for speech.

Besides Nadja, Grisha had no friend but Mikhail Kulmenko. From the first the Stundist felt that it was his duty to strive to lighten the poor hunchback's darkness; and attracted by the strong personality of his friend, Grisha used to follow him on his fishing and other expeditions, and sit or walk beside him, eagerly watching and listening. It was with the utmost difficulty that Mikhail could gather the broken remnants of Grisha's speech into an expression of an idea, but in time he learned to do so, though not nearly so completely as Nadja. Mikhail, however, seemed to be able to impart an idea to Grisha better than Nadja could.

It more than once happened that Grisha was with him as he sat reading his New Testament down by the river, and curious to see the effect of its message on one so imperfect and immature, he told him about God and about his love for the world; about Christ, his work and his death.

Continued on page 597.

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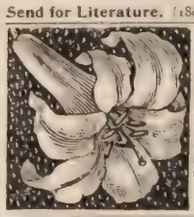

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Mth of this was utterly incomprehensible to oor Grisha, but he understood love, ar stranger still, he understood sacrifice. Wen Mikhail strove to discover if he had ar notion of God, he said that God must beke Nadja who cared for him and loved hi just because she wished to, and not beuse she must, or because he deserved to be ved. He thought that Christ must be lik him in some ways, for he was ready to ase living if Nadja only wished it. If sh old him to go into the river he would go here and drowned. If she told him to bu his hand in the oven he would do it.

came into Mikhail's head once or twi to take Grisha to a Stundist meeting tha was sometimes held in summer out on the teppe, and so attracted and affected wa he by the music and the solemn crowd of brshippers that he always begged Mik ha when he met him to take him to anoth- e. e hunchback would wait evening af- er ening in the hollow of the steppe, if by chace he should happen on another meet- ing and it had become quite a common thi to see Grisha at the steppe meetings. Of urse Sozontieff never knew of this or it uld have gone hard with the boy. Wh chiefly attracted Grisha at these meings was the singing. For the sake of the nging he used to go up to the village an sank outside Mikhail's cottage when meings were being held there. As these meings were usually held at night, Grisha had ot much fear of being detected. He ... never quite reconcile what he heard in ...ail's cottage or at the steppe meetings ... e religious exercises which he saw ... eryman go through.

... sha felt that in both cases there was ...ip, but the one was so attractive, so ... , so full of love and gentleness, so ... sweet sounds that lingered with him, ... e other so stern and forbidding, so ... and fantastic and remote even to his ... that he once told Nadja if Mikhail ... d and Christ as his masters, the ... an has the devil and St. Nicholas.

... icon of the Wonder-Worker was an ... of dread to the poor natural. The ... of it was part of the texture of his ... d even in those moments when he ... st a sentient-thinking being, most ... munion with what he knew of na- ... e icon with its dim brown face and ... sed drooping eyes, its aspect of ... ing decaying, before which candles ... be lighted and incense burnt, made ... nk of death. He had seen a dead ... ce in his childhood, and the sight of ... ined a terror to him for years. He ... have done anything to get rid of the ... e thing that his master had such ... mmunion with; but as this was im- ... he bore its presence with mute ... g, sometimes crooning a snatch of ... list hymn before it, so that if it were ... ll One, or had any connection with ... hymn might serve as some sort of ... on from the wicked influences which ... believed it was always exercising. ... risha's religion was a formless and ... le thing.

... s Nadja's bright presence in the ... n's house that kept Grisha some- ... within the outside limits of sanity ... son. But for her his hard life, So- ... 's cruel neglect, and above all the ... abiding terror of the icon would ... g ago deprived his warped mind of ... flickers of reason and humanity. ... ed to feel this dimly at times. She ... his gentleness and tractability were ... her watchful and continuous care ... She dreaded the thought of what ... have been without her, of what ... become without her.

To be continued.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

... Years of Missions, or the Story of Pro- ... Carey's Beginning. by Rev. Delavan L. ... with an introduction by Rev. A. T. Pier- ... pp. 439. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, ...

... oon-Keeper's Ledger: a series of temper- ... sses, by Louis Albert Banks, D.D. Pp. ... cents. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, ... York, London and Toronto.

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HEAVEN.

"So shall we ever be with the Lord."

IN rapturous thought, I have seen the bright home,
Which Jesus has gone himself to prepare;
When all things are ready he surely will come
And gather his loved ones, to dwell with him there.
Oh, what joy to be with him there!

'Twere pleasure untold, our loves ones to meet,
Where sorrowful partings are never more known;
United, to hold communion most sweet;
United to worship the King on his throne,
Oh, what joy to be with him there!

In that home of the heart are no blighted hopes,
There life's deepest mysteries will all be made clear;
No tear-bedimmed eyes, no pain, and no death;
When shall I awaken and find myself there?
Oh, the joy of a home over there!

There Jesus unveils his adorable face
With the light of his countenance, all shall be blest.
The weary and worn, the sorrowing and sad,
Find rest and refreshment on his loving breast.
Oh, what joy to be with him there!

Boston, Mass. MARY GORDON BURPEE.

LED BY BOWERY CONVERTS.

The town of Babylon, L. I., is enjoying a spiritual revival and the circumstances that led to it are peculiar. Mr. E. Post, a Christian dentist of New York, who had occasion to visit Babylon, L. I., met Mr. Johnson of Babylon, and the course of the conversation disclosed that the town was spiritually dead. Mr. Post at once conceived the idea of starting a camp-meeting at Babylon, and to this end purchased a large and commodious tent, invaded the town single-handed, and telegraphed to the Bowery Mission to send some of its convert workers. This request was promptly complied with, and on the 22d of August the work was begun.

The first evening, the people gathered on the outskirts of the tent, few—not more than a dozen—daring to enter. On the second night, more gained courage and the tent was partially filled, but without any conversions taking place. On the third night, the power of the Lord began to be manifested and the remarkable testimonies given by the Bowery Mission converts, telling the sad story of their lives and their marvelous deliverance through the acceptance of the risen Saviour, broke down the stony barrier and fifteen persons gave their hearts to the Lord.

On the fourth night this number was increased by adding twenty-five, among whom was an aged lady who had been a church member all her life, but realized at this late day that the requirement for salvation was no less than that the Spirit of the Lord should come in and abide in her life. And now the work goes bravely on and the tent is thronged nightly. The services which were at first conducted only in the evenings, are now extended to day services as well. As the Bowery workers leave, only to be replaced by others, many a prayerful exclamation of "God bless the Bowery Mission" greets their ears.

Mr. Post and wife are earnest, consecrated Christians who take a deep interest in all Christian work and when at home give much of their time and encouragement to the Bowery Mission.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

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Mrs. A. A. Caverly, N. H.
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Mrs. George Phillips, N. J.
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I. H. N., Pleasantville, Pa.
Friend, Littleton, Mass.
Mrs. S. M. Davis, Mass.
W. C. T. U. Smithtown Branch, L. I.
Mrs. A. Williams, N. Y. City.
Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Peck, Colo.
F. A. Dutton, Mich.
Clara Higbie, Minn.
——, Ashtabula, O.
A Christian Worker.
J. C. Pierce, Va.
Anna Yound, Mich.
Miss M. A. Mader, Neb.
A friend, Beverly, N. J.
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THE ANTIQUITY OF CHINA.*

THE name China is derived from the house of Tsin or Ch'in, a powerful family in Northwest China. The Chow dynasty under which Confucius flourished (b. B.C. 551: died 478), lasted from B. C. 1100 to 250. In its period of decadence, during which the great Chinese sages, Confucius and Mencius lived, and in the period of the "warring states" which succeeded, the great house of Tsin was dreaded by the rest of China. In B. C. 220, the prince of this house, Shin Hwang, made himself Emperor of China, and made the empire one. He destroyed the ancient books to blot out all remembrance of former sovereigns, and built the Great Wall, 1250 miles long, to keep out the Tartar tribes on the North. From this family the Western name for China was derived. It was known as Sin, Chin, Sinae, China and Sinim. The latter term is found in Is. 49: 12. The best commentators are agreed that it refers to China, lying to the east of Palestine; the other points of the compass are mentioned, the south ("from afar") the north and the west. Though not yet masters of the empire in Isaiah's time (unless we admit the late date of the latter part of the prophecies of Isaiah), still Tsin was the most powerful lordly house, and was in that part of China which would naturally have the most intercourse with Western Asia. The Chinese were also known as Seres (the "silk men"), a name derived from the Chinese name for silk. Hence Serica or Seric garments became the Latin term for silk. In the Middle Ages, China was known as Cathay. This is derived from the Ki-Tans, or Khi-Tai, another tribe which ruled in China. Ki-Tai is the name by which the Chinese are known at the present day among the Russians, and the people of Central Asia. It will be remembered in connection with our own country, that Columbus set out for Cathay and Zipanga (Japan) when he discovered America. The Chinese usually call themselves men of Han, the dynasty which succeeded Tsin; or men of Tang (A. D. 620).

Semi-historical China goes back as far as B. C. 2249, at which date astronomical observations recorded in Chinese annals have been verified by modern calculations. It has been governed by different families of Chinese, as well as by different Tartar tribes, as the Mongols in 1269 under Kublai Khan and the Manchus (1618) under the present reigning family. Foreign intercourse has extended through many centuries with many interruptions. Traders from the west visited Canton by sea in the thirteenth century, as recorded by Arabian historians, so that foreign influence has made itself felt there for 1600 years.

Just as there is a unity in Christendom based on the fact that our civilization is founded on a common respect for the Bible and the acceptance of certain principles of international law, so there is a unity among the Chinese founded on the fact that for centuries they have accepted the Confucian classics as their standard of morality and civil government, and have been for 2000 years, theoretically at least, under the sway of a common Emperor.

* * *

Protestant missionaries, have been accused of being too ready to have recourse to "the inevitable gun-boat." Of course missionaries are subjects and citizens just as much as merchants and travelers are; and if protection for them and their interests were withdrawn, the Chinese authorities would soon find an excuse for expelling them altogether. If all the native mandarins would only consent to deal fairly and honorably with missionaries and their converts, as some of them are inclined to do, there would be little need for gun-boats; but as long as they foment mobs and try to curry favor with the heathen by treating native Christians as rebels, and missionaries as pests, they render the protection of foreign Powers necessary to preserve the lives and property of those who are under their care. Let Chinese mandarins but treat us as fairly as our judges do the Chinese and there would be no trouble.

The solidarity of foreigners in China is such, and the effrontery of the ruling class is such, that one cannot separate himself from the mass without involving the cause which is dearer than life. Let the Chinese authorities but show themselves worthy of confidence and determined to do what is right, and missionaries will not object to put themselves in their power, but as long as men like Chang Chi Tung are high in authority, we must rely on our rights as citizens, as Paul did. With the Sung Po massacre and the subsequent treatment of all concerned in it fresh in their minds, men will be slow to desire to commit themselves to the tender mercies of plausible but malignant Chinese mandarins. While the Chinese have themselves to blame almost entirely for any appeal to force on the part of Western governments, still missionaries who go forth as ambassadors of the Prince of Peace should be slow to avail themselves of any appeal to the force of arms. There is no doubt whatever that, with the assumption of rank and the appeal to force out of the way, the Chinese authorities would be inclined to look more favorably on missionary enterprise.

* From *Forty Years in China, or China in Transition.*

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GOD'S CHARIOTS.

Everything that comes to us becomes a chariot the moment we treat it as such; and on the other hand, the greatest trials may be a juggernaut car to crush us into misery and despair if we so consider them. It lies with each of us to choose which they shall be. It all depends, not upon what these events are but upon how we take them. If we lie down under them, let them roll over us and crush us, they become juggernaut cars, but if we climb up into them, as into a car of victory, and make them carry us triumphantly onward and upward, they become chariots of God. HANNAH WHITALL SMITH.

THOUGH I must meet with trials,
Though fear my heart must know,
Though grief should pour its vials,
And pain its touch bestow,
I'll trust in God above me,
Who knows the way I take,
Who will not cease to love me,
And never will forsake.

My trials are God's chariots,
In which my soul may climb,
And ride to heights of faith and joy,
Above the storms of time.
My trials are God's chariots—
Who would not gladly ride
Far, far above all anxious care,
And in God's peace abide?

When Satan's wiles would vex me,
When foes would try to harm,
When doubts would fain perplex me,
Or dread and care alarm,
I know what God has told me,
So on his strength I lean,
That never fails to hold me,
And keep my soul serene.

Then in all tribulation,
O let my soul rejoice,
And sing of God's salvation
With glad, triumphant voice.
Welcome all he chooses,
Though tears mine eyes shall dim,
For everything he uses
Can bring me near to him.

Wand, N. Y. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

KOREA'S TRANSFORMATION.

In a letter from Pyeng Yang, Korea, Rev. S. A. Moffat, a missionary, gives this interesting account of a significant event in the country: "The Yen Cho Gate has been taken down. Its two large stone pillars are now all that was left of the gate which for years has stood as a monument of Korea's dependence upon China. Under this gate the Korean King and the Imperial Chinese Messenger met, the former prostrating himself three times, with three knocks of the head to the ground. Each time he bowed before the imperial inscription thus humbly acknowledging his dependence upon the 'August Ruler.' As long as this gate stood it was a perpetual reminder to the people not only that Korea was but a dependency, but also that they owed to the 'Great Nation' their deliverance from the Japanese invasion 300 years ago. The gate is said to have been built before that invasion and called the Yen Cho Gate, or the 'Gate for the Reception of the Imperial Message.' After the Mings had driven the Japanese out of Pyeng Yang and out of Korea 300 years ago, the gate was called the Yeng Eun Gate, or the 'Gate for the Reception of Grace,' this in acknowledgment of Korea's great indebtedness to China.

"Its removal was significant. China has forfeited her claim to Korea's gratitude, and the removal of the gate set the seal upon Korea's 'Declaration of Independence.' The effect upon the people has been most marked. The Koreans acknowledge China's defeat, although they are thunderstruck and at a loss to account for the fact that the once despised Japanese were able effectually to overcome the long revered Chinese."

SLAVERY IN ZANZIBAR.

Zanzibar is a British Protectorate, and the slave trade is forbidden by treaties. The difference between legality and reality is shown by Mr. Donald Mackenzie in a report of a visit to Zanzibar and Pemba Island as special commissioner of the Anti-Slavery Society. He found slaves everywhere, and a flourishing import and export trade in slaves. The Sultan of Zanzibar himself owns 30,000 slaves, and out of a population of 400,000 souls no fewer than 260,000 are slaves. The serious feature is that the trade is financed by British Indians resident in Zanzibar, who have heavy mortgages on the slave-cultivated clove plantations. Even the porters used by merchants and missionaries between the coast and the interior of Africa are slaves, for though they are paid directly, they have to pay over a portion of the money they receive regularly to their owners.

HE CALLETH THEE.

Be of good comfort, rise. He calleth thee.—Mark 10:49.

WHEN billows of sorrow sweep over thy soul,
And storms of adversity over thee roll;
When with tear-blinded eye, and agonized heart—
Thou seest the joys of the present depart;
When no rift in the clouds thy dulled vision may see—
Then be of good comfort, for He calleth thee.

When shadows enfold thee, obscuring thy way,
And the night seems to linger far into the day;
When the cross laid upon thee seems bearing thee down,
And thou fain would'st exchange for a glorified crown;
When friends whom thou lovest forsake thee and flee—
Then be of good comfort, for He calleth thee.

And when at thy feet the dark Jordan shall roll,
When anxiously waiting the flight of the soul;
And when at thy side, the grim Reaper shall stand,
And thou feelest the chill of his withering hand,
Then look unto Jesus, who setteth thee free,
And "be of good comfort, rise, He calleth thee."

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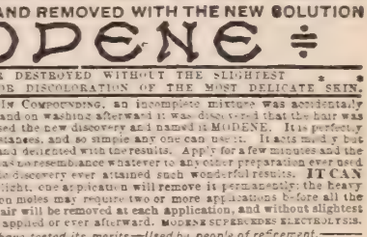

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The Family Wash Blue. ALWAYS RELIABLE.
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Pears'

Can I afford to use it?

Yes; you can't afford not to; but that is not the reason for using it.

You See Them Everywhere

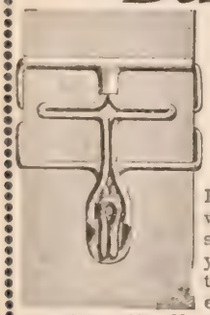
Satisfaction and Speed in

Columbia Bicycles

The famous Hartford Single-Tube Tires with which Columbia Bicycles are equipped add much to the pleasure Columbia riders have in bicycling. Even the dreaded puncture loses its terrors with Hartford Single-Tubes. Repaired in a minute. Anyone can do it. Dunlop tires, best of double tubes, if you prefer.

POPE MFG. CO.

The Buckle that Holds



The Harris Wire Buckle holds the web firmly—never slips, stays where you put it. Easiest to adjust, strongest, nearly indestructible. The Harris Wire Buckle Suspenders (25 cts.) have other advantages, which we want you to know about.

Send 2 cents for Sick Fob with gold plated buckle and book about

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THE SPRING'S THE THING that makes

THE EGAN TRUSS CURES RUPTURE

A painless and permanent

Fully Guaranteed

Write THE EGAN TRUSS CO.,
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EVERY WOMAN

Wants HARTMANN'S W. W's. for Home Use. Trade Mark Registered. Sold by Leading Dry Goods Dealers. Send for Booklet.

HYGIENIC WOOD WOOL CO.,
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"LINCOLN" Ben Butterlock, Automatic Action, Price $1.00
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MILLER LOCK CO.,
Box F 25, Philadelphia, Pa.

MALLORY STEAMSHIP LINES.

Pier [illegible] N. R. New York.

What do You Think of This!

TIME speeds on—before you realize it Christmas is at hand and the worry of selecting gifts begins. An inexpensive gift that will give pleasure and be of utility and at the same time suggest appropriateness is one of the most difficult problems that confronts us at holiday times. The trouble is we put it off too long. Nothing seems to suggest itself as "just the thing" and thus the important duty of selecting our gifts is left till the last minute and one must then "take what is left." The readers of The Christian Herald should not be of the dilly-dally sort. The World's Fair souvenir spoons are *just the thing.* And as bridal or birthday gifts it would be a hard matter to find another gift so pleasing to the donor, at such a small price. One lady writes:

STAUNTON, VA., June 27, 1895.
Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Gentlemen:—I received the spoons O. K and am more than pleased with them. *I am delighted.*

I presented one set as a bridal present and they attracted more attention and admiration than any of the other presents.

Enclosed please find postoffice order for the amount $6.00 for which you will please forward six sets of your "World's Fair souvenir spoons and the cake basket which you offer as premium for same. Yours truly,

(Signed) LILLIE V. CROFT,
318 Fayette St.

TOM'S CREEK, P. O., MCDOWELL CO.,
July 2, 1895.

Gentlemen:—The half dozen souvenir spoons came safely and I am pleased with them. Respectfully

(Signed) JAS. HARVEY GREENLEE.

Dear Sirs:—My spoons are beauties. I am very proud of them. There are not more than 25 people here but I will try to get up that club, I want some more so much.

(Signed) MRS. FLORA G. WILLIAMS,
Inter Lachen, Fla.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA., July 15, 1895.
Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Dear Sirs:—Your prompt delivery is appreciated. The spoons received and were very much pleased with them. They are very pretty I think you will get another order from here, from a party who has seen mine.

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) MISS M. L. BARTLETT,
1330 St. Mary's Ave.

STUART, NEB., July 2, 1895.
Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Enclosed find postoffice money order for $11.88 which please send me the 12 sets of souvenir spoons and premium.

The set I received yesterday are pronounced excellent.

DESCRIPTION OF SOUVENIR SPOONS.

They are standard after-dinner coffee size, heavily coin silver plated, with gold plated bowls, each spoon has a different World's Fair building exquisitely engraved in the bowl, and the handle are finely chased, showing a raised head of Christopher Columbus with the dates 1492-1893, and the World's Fair City. The set is packed in an elegant plush lined case. The entire set is sent prepaid for 99 cents, and if not perfectly satisfactory your money will be refunded.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Below will be found a few of the many thousands of cordial letters we are receiving from delighted purchasers. These are not old letters but new ones as may be seen from their dating. They are all letters from subscribers of religious papers.

BALTIMORE, July 2, 1895.
To the Messrs. Leonard Mfg. Co.

I received the spoons and berry dish in good condition. Many thanks for your kindness. Please find money order for six more sets with which you will also send the spoons as premium. By so doing you will oblige

MRS. DR. AUGUST HOESS, 732 W. Mulberry St.

MERIDEN, MISS., Aug. 6, 1895.
Leonard Mfg. Co.

Gentlemen:—I send enclosed postoffice order for $7.50 for which please send to my address the same set of your souvenir spoons containing tablespoons, teaspoons and butter plates six of each and berry bowl and cream spoon. Also one set of World's Fair [illegible]. Please send a cake basket as premium for the souvenir spoons. I think I can get orders for several sets through whom I have one to show the ladies, also butter dishes. This is the tenth set of spoons that I have ordered of you. All are pleased with them. Please address

MRS. FRANK MEYERS, 343 41st Ave.

Trusting to hear from you promptly as I did on my last order, I am, Yours truly,

S. L. ANDERSON.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., July 3, 1895.
Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Gentlemen:—I enclose a money order for $5.94 for six sets of your souvenir spoons at 99c. for each set.

Would say I am very much pleased with my set of souvenir spoons and they are admired by every one. Very respectfully,

(Signed) MISS MARY VASSIE HARTMAN,
1511 Rock St.

5 Mansfield St., ALSTON, MASS.

Dear Sirs:—I feel very much pleased with my spoons, and will endeavor to send you six orders soon. Yours respectfully,

(Signed) MISS PARKER.

FORT MORGAN, COLO., July 8, 1895.
Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Gentlemen:—I received your card this morning in regard to the spoons sent us. The spoons came all right and we were well pleased with them. Mrs. Seckner showed them to a few of her lady friends, and all wanted them but all did not feel as though they could take them.

Yours truly,
REV. H. D. SECKNER

SUMMARY.

If the reader will glance over the "Description of the Souvenir Spoons" there can be no doubt of the genuine bargain that is offered.

The six spoons in plush lined case will be sent prepaid on receipt of 99 cents by P. O. or express money order. Do not send individual checks. If you are not satisfied with them the money will be refunded. No goods sent C. O. D. Address order plainly. LEONARD MFG. CO.,
152-153 Michigan Ave., G. B. Chicago.

METAL WHEELS for your WAGONS.

Any size you want, 20 to 56 in. high. Tires 1 to 5 in. wide—hubs to fit any axle. Saves Cost many times in a season to have set of low wheels to fit your wagon for hauling grain, fodder, manure, logs, &c. No resetting of tires. Cat'g free. Address EMPIRE MFG. CO., Quincy, Ill.

MONUMENTS

DON'T buy Marble or Granite until you investigate

WHITE BRONZE.

It is much more artistic and enduring, and much less expensive.

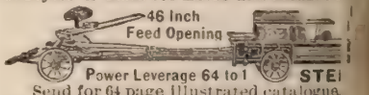
NO Moss-Growing. NO Cracking. Cleaning. Crumbling.

Prices to suit all. Work delivered everywhere. Write for designs and information. Costs nothing to investigate.

THE MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO.
70-80 Howard Avenue. Bridgeport, Conn.

"Eli" Baling Press

38 Styles & Sizes for Horse and Steam Power



Send for 64 page Illustrated catalogue.

COLLINS PLOW CO., 1137 Hampshire St., Quincy, Ill.

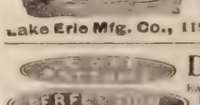
MY HUSBAND Cut this out and send to us

$60 Kenwood Machine for $ 0
$50 Arlington Machine for $ 0
Standard Singers $8.00, $15.00, and 27 other styles at proportionately low prices. We pay freight on all machines we ship. Ship on 30 days free trials in any state without asking one cent in advance. Buy direct from factory. Save agents large profits. Over 100,000 in use. Catalogue free. Many medals Free. Write at once. Mention this paper. Cash in full), CASH BUYERS' UNION,
158-164 West Van Buren St., Dept. 18, Chicago, Ill.

NO DIRT LET

In clothes washed with "BUSY BEE WASH" 100 pieces in one hour, no hard work, 100 per cent. the record. AGENTS WANTED. Sample sale. Write for terms.

Lake Erie Mfg. Co., 119 E. 13 St., Erie, Pa.



Delicate Cake

Easily removed without injuring Perfection Tins. Square and oblong tins by mail 40 cts. Circulars free.

Agents Wanted. Richardson Mfg. Co., 6 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

MY WIFE CAN NOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT $9.00

Rotary Motion Sewing Machine with improved Automatic Tension and Self-Threading Shuttle, guaranteed for 10 years, complete with all attachments and instruction book. FREE on 30 days' trial. OXFORD MFG. CO., CHICAGO.

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Sets of rubber type and holder. Type like this. Ink and Tweezers. Best home novelty ever invented. Samples and full particulars for 2c. stamp.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18. NUMBER 38.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 18, 1895.

PRICE 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

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ONE GODLY WOMAN'S WORK.

Dr. Grace N. Kimball's Heroic Effort to Succor the Starving Armenians—Hundreds of Families Employed and Fed for Weeks, but her Means are now Exhausted—Thousands Naked and Hungry, and Living in Mountain Caves.

AMONG the multitude of correspondence received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the past week was the following letter from a Western lady:

AN ARMENIAN CARRIAGE.

PRAIRIE CITY, Ill., Sept. 12, 1895.

Dr. Louis Klopsch:

DEAR SIR: — Enclosed please find draft for $——, which I wish you to remit to the missionary in most need of relief, as part of my yearly contribution. I would be pleased to know through your columns where this contribution is given.

J. ——.

Of course in connection with this generous gift I have been requested by Dr. Grace N. Kimball, an American missionary, laboring in Turkish Armenia, and the intelligence received from that unfortunate land be confirmed by inquiries now being made, the contribution will in all likelihood prove to be the first of many others which will follow from thousands of Christian men and women throughout the United States, who seek out every opportunity to relieve human suffering, wherever found.

Civil war in that portion of Kurdistan occupied by the Armenians has left the country in a most deplorable plight. After the troubles of a year ago, when the atrocities of the half savage Kurds decimated the population of many villages in the districts of Sassoun and Dalvorig, the returning fugitives had neither the means nor the opportunity to cultivate the soil which their forefathers had possessed for many generations. Their homes had been wrecked, their farms destroyed, and their implements and cattle seized by the bandit mountaineers, and they were compelled to seek such shelter as the woods and caves afforded. In a recent letter, Miss Kimball states that in the two districts mentioned, at least 5000 were living in the mountains in this pitiful way, and faring little better than wild beasts. They were sustaining life on roots and berries and were almost naked—many wholly so. It is not surprising that this terrible privation should have bred disease, and, when she wrote, fever and other physical troubles were carrying the wretched people off in large numbers. She described the condition of the women and little children as miserable beyond anything she had ever heard of.

A KURDISH HOUSE AND ITS INMATES

This brave Christian woman did not spend the time in lamenting the wretchedness of the people among whom she labored, but set about to find out some practical way of helping them. Food, clothing, and shelter were the three prime necessities. She gathered the adults in about one hundred of the fugitive families, and soon had them employed at making cotton cloth—an industry with which they were already familiar. She supplied the material, and paid the workers for their labor, expending in this way about $100 weekly, which was applied to the relief of the families. By this excellent method, she gave the needed help to many of the sufferers without pauperizing them, and she earned the warmest love and gratitude of the Armenians. But the market for the product of this labor was soon supplied and the cloth could no longer be sold. Besides, the draft upon the none too extensive resources of the missionary—who was doubtless aided by friends—soon exhausted them, and the end of the experiment at relief was clearly in sight, unless others came to the rescue. It was this condition of affairs, when the outlook seemed ominous, that urged Dr. Kimball to let the world know the true situation of the Armenians, and prompted her to write, in anguish of soul, that

AN ENCAMPMENT OF KURDS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF ASIA MINOR.

Continued on page 603.

FIVE PICTURES.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Acts 7: 56-60, *"Behold, I see the heavens opened."*

STEPHEN had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him. The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and with curse, and whoop, and bellow, they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff, they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and seeing that he was not yet dead, they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone. Amid this horrible rain of missiles, Stephen clambers up on his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples; and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" that was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge;" that was for his murderers. Then, from pain and loss of blood, he swooned away and fell asleep.

I want to show you to-day five pictures: Stephen gazing into heaven. Stephen looking at Christ. Stephen stoned. Stephen in his dying prayer. Stephen asleep.

First, look at Stephen gazing into heaven. Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few moments of heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have statuary in the hall, and paintings in the sitting-room, and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there hour after hour you walk with catalogue and glass and ever-increasing admiration. Well, heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of his realm. The whole universe is his palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many [illegible]ments; tessellated floor of amethyst, and on the winding cloud-stairs are stretched out canvas on which commingle azure, and purple, and saffron, and gold. But heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. There are the highest exhilarations. St. John says of it: "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it." And I see the procession forming, and in [illegible] and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. They keep step to the sound of earthquake and the pitch of avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myriad-voiced acclamation of angelic [illegible] and so the [illegible] into it. Do you wonder that good [illegible] stand, like Stephen looking into heaven? We have many friends there. There is not a man here so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older, the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them good-bye, and they went away; but still we stand gazing at heaven. As when some of our friends go across the sea, we stand on the dock, or on the steamtug, and watch them, and after awhile the hulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same direction; so when our friends go away from us into the future world we keep looking down through the Narrows, and gazing and gazing as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some cloud, and give us one glimpse of their blissful and transfigured faces.

While you long to join their companionship, and the years and the days go with such tedium that they break your heart, and the vipers of pain, and sorrow, and bereavement keep gnawing at your vitals, you will stand, like Stephen, gazing into heaven. You wonder if they have changed since you saw them last. You wonder if they would recognize your face now, so changed has it been with trouble. You wonder if, amid the myriad delights they have, they care as much for you as they used to when they gave you a helping hand and put their shoulder under your burdens. You wonder if they look any older; and sometimes in the evening-tide, when the house is all quiet, you wonder if you should call them by their first name if they would not answer; and perhaps sometimes you do make the experiment, and when no one but God and yourself are there you distinctly call their names, and listen, and sit gazing into heaven.

Pass on now, and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says he saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this world, just how he looks in heaven, we cannot say. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ, and put them upon canvas; but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see him and with our own ears we can hear him. And yet there is a way of seeing him and hearing him now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth, you will never see and hear him in heaven.

Look! There he is! Behold the Lamb of God! Can you not see him? Then pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way—try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest, to the deafest soul, saying, "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves. Tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned, and the forlorn, and the wretched, and the outcast to come and sit beside him? Oh, wonderful invitation! You can take it to-day, and stand at the head of the darkest alley in all this city, and say, "Come! Clothes for your rags, salve for your sores, a throne for your eternal reigning." A Christ that talks like that and acts like that, and pardons like that—do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at him? I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see him; I must look upon that face once clouded with my sin, but now radiant with my pardon. I want to touch that hand that knocked off my shackles. I want to hear the voice that pronounced my deliverance. Behold him, little children; for if you live to three-score years and ten, you will see none so fair. Behold him, ye aged ones; for he only can shine through the dimness of your failing eyesight. Behold him, earth. Behold him, heaven. What a moment when all the nations of the saved shall gather around Christ! All faces that way. All thrones that way, gazing on Jesus.

His worth if all the nations knew
Sure the whole earth would love him, too.

I pass on now, and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers were transfixed by the scorn of all good men, Stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive. So all good men must be pelted. "All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution." It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me any one who is doing all his duty to State or Church, and I will show you scores of men who utterly abhor him.

If all men speak well of you, it is because you are either a laggard or a dolt. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves, the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines click. When I see a man with voice, and money, and influence all on the right side, and some caricature him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to cast him out, to destroy him, I say, "Stephen stoned."

When I see a man in some great moral or religious reform battling against grogshops, exposing wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the Church and better the world's estate, and I find that the newspapers anathematize him, and men, even good men, oppose him and denounce him, because, though he does good, he does not do it in their way, I say, "Stephen stoned." But you notice, my friends, that while they assaulted Stephen they did not succeed really in killing him. You may assault a good man but you cannot kill him. On the day of his death, Stephen spoke before a few people in the Sanhedrim; but on this Sabbath he addresses all Christendom. Paul the Apostle stood on Mars' Hill addressing a handful of philosophers who knew not so much about science as a modern schoolgirl. To-day he talks to all the millions of Christendom about the wonders of justification and the glories of resurrection. John Wesley was howled down by the mob to whom he preached, and they threw bricks at him, and they denounced him, and they jostled him, and they spat upon him, and yet to-day, in all lands, he is admitted to be the great father of Methodism. Booth's bullet vacated the Presidential chair; but from that spot of coagulated blood on the floor in the box of Ford's Theatre there sprang up the new life of a nation. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive.

Pass on now, and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head, nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trap-door, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution, may grimace about the future: but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we are going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes to-day, I see it irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience not because I come under your physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body will at least find a sepulchre in some of the cemeteries that surround this city. There no doubt but that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be asleep to pillow your head under the maple, the Norway spruce, or the cypress, or the cossoming fir; but this spirit about which Stephen prayed, what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After has got beyond the light of our sun, will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way?

Will the soul have to travel through deserts before it reaches the good land we should lose our pathway, will there a castle at whose gate we may ask to the city? Oh, this mysterious within us! It has two wings, but a cage now. It is locked fast to but let the door of this cage open the and that soul is off. Eagle's wing not catch it. The lightnings are no enough to come up with it. When leaves the body it takes fifty work bound. And have I no anxiety about Have you no anxiety about it?

I do not care what you do with my when my soul is gone, or whether believe in cremation or inhumation. sleep just as well in a wrapping of cloth as in satin lined with eagle's But my soul—before I close this I will find out where it will land. God for the intimation of my text when we die Jesus takes us. The swers all questions for me. What there were massive bars between he the city of light, Jesus could remove What though there were great Sahara darkness, Jesus could illume them. though I get weary on the way, could lift me on his omnipotent What though there were chasms; his hand could transport me. Then Stephen's prayer be my dying "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." be in that hour we will be too feeble a long prayer. It may be in that hour will not be able to say the "Lord's Prayer," for it has seven petitions. Perhaps may be too feeble even to say the prayer our mothers taught us, while Quincy Adams, seventy years of age every night when he put his head on pillow:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms; but this prayer Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to die This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserved to be treated; but if on the pillow there shall break the light that better world, we shall have no more regret than about leaving a small, dark lamp house for one large, beautiful, and cious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beautifully it when, in the last moment, he his hands and cried out: "I move light!"

Pass on now, and I will show more picture, and that is Stephen With a pathos and simplicity peculiar Scriptures, the text says of Stephen fell asleep." "Oh," you say, " place that was to sleep! A hard him, stones falling down upon blood streaming, the mob howling. a place it was to sleep!" And yet takes that symbol of slumber to

darture. so sweet was it, so contented was
so peaceful was it. Stephen had liv-
ea very laborious life. His chief work
d been to care for the poor. How many
ives of bread he had distributed, how
ny bare feet he had sandalled, how many
es of sickness and distress he had blessed
h ministries of kindness and love, I do
t know: yet from the way he lived, and
e way he preached, and the way he died,
know he was a laborious Christian. But
t is all over now. He has pressed the
e to the last fainting lip. He has taken
t last insult from his enemies. The last
ne to whose crushing weight he is sus-
ctible has been hurled. Stephen is dead!
e disciples come! They take him up!
ey wash away the blood from the
unds. They straighten out the bruised
bs. They brush back the tangled hair
m the brow, and then they pass around
ook upon the calm countenance of him
o had lived for the poor and died for the
m. Stephen asleep!

have seen the sea driven with the hur-
ne until the tangled foam caught in the
ing, and wave rising above wave
med as if about to storm the heavens,
d then I have seen the tempest drop, and
e waves crouch, and everything become
ooth and burnished as though a camp-
g place for the glories of heaven. So I
ve seen a man, whose life has been toss-
and driven, coming down at last to an
finite calm, in which there was a hush of
even's lullaby. Stephen asleep!

saw such an one. He fought all his
s against poverty and against abuse.
ey traduced his name. They rattled at
door-knob while he was dying, with
ls for debts he could not pay: yet the
ce of God brooded over his pillow, and
ile the world faded, heaven dawned, and
deepening twilight of earth's night was
ly the opening twilight of heaven's
rn. Not a sigh. Not a tear. Not a
ggle. Hush! Stephen asleep.

have not the faculty as many have to
l the weather. I can never tell by the
ing sun whether there will be a drought
not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the
nd whether it will be fair weather or foul
the morrow. But I can prophesy, and
will prophesy what weather it will be
en you, the Christian, come to die. You
y have it very rough now. It may be
s week one annoyance, the next another
noyance. It may be this year one be-
vement, the next another bereavement.
t at the last Christ will come in and
kness will go out. And though there
y be no hand to close your eyes, and no
last on which to rest your dying head,
d no candle to lift the night, the odors of
d's hanging garden will regale your
l, and at your bedside will halt the
riots of the King. No more rents to
y, no more agony because flour has gone
no more struggle with "the world, the
sh, and the devil;" but peace—long,
p, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep!

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose
Uninjured by the last of foes.
Asleep in Jesus, far from time
The inconstant thy grace may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

You have seen enough for one day.
one can successfully examine more than
e pictures in a day. Therefore we stop,
ving seen this cluster of Divine Raphaels
Stephen gazing into heaven; Stephen
king at Christ; Stephen stoned; Stephen
his dying prayer; Stephen asleep.

THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

HE bread that bringeth strength I want to
give,
e water pure that bids the thirsty live;
ant to help the fainting day by day:
sure I shall not pass again this way.
ant to give the oil of joy for tears,
e faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears;
auty for ashes may I give away:
sure I shall not pass again this way.
ant to give good measure running o'er,
d into angry hearts I want to pour
answer soft that turneth wrath away:
sure I shall not pass again this way.
ant to give to others hope and faith;
ant to do all that the Master saith:
ant to live aright from day to day:
sure I shall not pass again this way.

One Godly Woman's Work.

Continued from first page.

"unless relief comes, I pray God that I may not see the winter!" She dreaded the augmented suffering that must ensue, when the bleak, piercing winds of winter swept the mountains and plains of Kurdistan, carrying with them inconceivable distress to the wretched victims of war and famine.

Miss Kimball's picture of the condition of these people is corroborated by the letters of other missionaries as well as by official telegrams from the representatives of different governments. Already steps have been taken in England looking to the organization of a relief movement. The Armenian people, one of the most ancient races in the world, were converted to Christianity in the fourth century, and have preserved the faith amid many vicissitudes. It was the first part of the globe to be settled by the human race after the flood, and Mount Ararat, where the Ark rested, still rears its lofty crest, seventeen thousand feet in height, and overlooks the same landscape of valley, plain, and mountain that greeted the eyes of Noah and his companions when they gazed upon the new-risen earth after the subsidence of the Deluge. In a thousand ways it has a peculiar claim upon the interest and sympathy of the civilized world. Its Church has contributed many martyrs to the Christian cause; its people are brave, true, moral, and industrious. Their spiritual progress since the establishment of Protestant missions among them has been exceedingly encouraging. Much might be written on this point alone, but the present emergency in Turkish Armenia is not one of missions, but of bread, clothing, and shelter for a people rendered totally destitute by war, famine, and pestilence.

Turkish Armenia, the northwestern division of Kurdistan, is a great plateau of nearly sixty thousand square miles, bounded on the north by the Russian frontier, by Persia on the east, the plains of Mesopotamia on the west, and Asia Minor on the south. There are in all, at the present time, about 4,000,000 Armenians on the globe, of whom little more than half are in Turkey, and the rest in Russia, Persia, other Asiatic countries, Europe and America. In Armenia—the name and geographical existence of which are not recognized in Turkey—

AN ARMENIAN VILLAGE OF KURDISTAN.

there are probably 600,000 native Armenians, or one-fourth of the whole number that are scattered throughout the Porte's dominions. The climate is temperate and bracing. Facilities for travel and transportation are exceedingly meagre, and all the methods employed by the natives are unusually primitive. "Valis," or municipal governors, are appointed by the government at Constantinople to administer the laws, and none but Moslems hold official positions.

Among the population are found many races, including Turks, Kurds, Russians, Circassians, and Jews, besides native Armenians. Fully one-half the people are Mohammedan. The Kurds lead a pastoral and predatory life, dwelling in mountain villages over the entire region. Their number is uncertain, but it is estimated that in the villages of Erzeroom, Van and Bitlis there are not less than 600,000. Some of these tribes are migratory, like the Bedouins of Syria. Almost all are warlike, and many have degenerated into lawless brigandage. For centuries they have made serfs of the Christians, trampling them under foot at every opportunity, and extending to them no toleration whatsoever. Our illustrations in this issue convey a fairly accurate impression of these rude mountaineers, who delight in bloodshed and pillage, and whose oppression of the Armenian villagers has precipitated the prevailing distress in Sassoun, Moosh, Bitlis, and the surrounding country. The Kurdish costumes are picturesque, and nearly all the tribesmen are magnificent horsemen. Of late years the government at Constantinople has organized them as a military force, and bestowed the name "Hamidieh" on their cavalry regiments, but their spirit, like that of the wild Arab, the Cossack, or the North American Indian, is one that scarcely brooks the restraints of military discipline. They are always formidably armed, and weapons in the hands of such a war-loving race are an incentive to disturbance and outrage. They have spread universal terror among the Armenians by their cruelty and frightful excesses for many centuries, but it has been reserved for our own time to witness such an exhibition of barbarism on their part as has filled Europe and America with horror. The slaughter at Dalvorig and Sassoun is a story too well known to be recapitulated here. The government at Constantinople has dismissed a number of officials who were guilty of extortion and of cruelly treating Armenians at Moosh, and at Bitlis a band of predatory Kurds was attacked by regular troops and punished severely for driving out Armenians and seizing their property. It is believed that important concessions regarding Kurdistan are in contemplation by the Porte, and that Christians may be represented in the government of the province hereafter. Meanwhile the missionaries and good people in different countries are extending what relief they can to the homeless and unfortunate villagers. Miss Kimball has set a splendid example of Christian effort and self-denial in her labors among those people, and she deserves to be supported in her humane, life-saving work. In our own land, now peaceful and fairly prosperous, enough is known of the terrors of famine—especially since the great crop-failure in the Western States last year—to awaken among us the sentiment of compassion for the Armenians who are now being tried in the furnace of affliction. We believe there is no quarter toward which practical Christian sympathy could turn where it would be so warmly welcomed, or would produce better results.

Rev. John Wright, another missionary, in a recent letter cites some frightful instances of Kurdish barbarity. He writes:

"In one instance, the Kurds, after compelling a family to provide food for their horses and themselves, smothered a babe which was asleep in the cradle, cut it in pieces and roasted it before the fire on their weapons, and then made the mother eat the flesh. In another case, when the Kurds had killed an Armenian, they joined hands and danced about the corpse, singing a song of triumph. They then cut up the corpse, boiled it, and forced the Armenians residing there to eat the flesh. Flocks were driven off, grain burned, and houses razed to the ground and burned. Many women died from fright, and the children also died from fright or exposure to the cold. We found that nearly half the members of the families we met had perished during the flight. They had great difficulty in securing food to eat. All of them had substantially the same harrowing tale to tell. About ten thousand refugees are estimated to have passed though the district of Khoi."

Cartoons That Caused Riots.

Some Specimens of the Pictorial Attacks on Christian Missionaries in China.

MUCH of the recent serious disturbances in China, culminating in the massacre of missionaries and the burning of mission buildings, is directly traceable to the efforts of the literary class to inflame the minds of the Chinese populace by means of cartoons and otherwise. There is a peculiar interest in perusing this incendiary literature. A book of cartoons, which belonged to the murdered missionary, Mr. Stewart, who lost his life at Whasang, has come into the possession of the London "Illustrated News," to which publication we are indebted for the illustration on this page, which is a fair sample of a very large number of cartoons of the same character.

"MISSIONARIES PUTTING OUT CHINAMEN'S EYES."

The cartoon has a grim significance in the light of the recent atrocities, for it represents the gouging out of eyes. It is the missionaries, however, who are represented as perpetrating this cruelty, and the explanatory and inflammatory letter-press accompanying the picture alleges that the agents of Christianity, "the Hog Sect," practise this barbarity on native Chinese converts, because "silver can be extracted from lead if the lead is combined with the eyes of Chinamen!" On the right of the drawing is a threatening legend to this effect—"You foreigners scoop out the eyes of men, and men will scoop out your eyes." In a second cartoon two foreigners are carrying Christianity, allegorically represented by a hog, to the door of Confucius, who will have nothing of it. Among other cartoons recently issued, is one along whose top runs the title: "The Beating of the Devils and the Burning of the Books." The "devils" are, of course, the foreigners: the books are Christian books. These cartoons are mild, compared with the majority of those in the volume owned by Mr. Stewart. Blasphemy and bigoted misrepresentations abound in them. The book is an exact facsimile of much of the Chinese incendiary literature which is prepared and published at Hunan and widely disseminated throughout the empire. Handbills, posters, placards, pamphlets of every description are brought to Hunan by the boat-load, and these are winked at by the Government, though they are a fruitful and undeniable cause of disturbance and of persecution. So certain is this, indeed, that in 1891, a reproduction was issued, under Christian auspices, "to the thoughtful few," and was entitled, "The Cause of the Riots in the Yangtse Valley—A Complete Picture Gallery." Christians are charged with almost every crime and all works of darkness.

Those who publish these extraordinary Chinese tracts are, it is affirmed, men of rank and education, who seek by downright falsehood to delude the ignorant masses, too easily swayed by verbal pictorial lies and blasphemies. Many of the cartoons cannot be described; yet it is plain that these pictures are just the very engines wherewith the mobs are most readily incited. Yet there is no trade in this literature: all is effected by voluntary subscription. In fact, the cartoons are characteristic Chinese "missionary leaflets"—the other way about.

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER.

S.S. Lesson for Sept. 29. Golden Text 1. Kings 8: 56. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"BLESSED be the Lord, that hath given rest unto his people Israel, according to all that he promised: there hath not failed one word of all his good promise which he promised by the hand of Moses, his servant." (I. Kings 8: 56.) Such was the testimony of the man who is described in God's Word as "wiser than all men." (I. Kings 4: 31.) In the lessons which have been before us during the past three months, chosen from the books of Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy and Joshua, two threads may be discovered running throughout: the one is the utter failure of man, even in the most favorable circumstances, the other is the invariable faithfulness of God.

We began the Quarter with the ten commandments. Here was the knowledge of the will of God, given to a people who had been brought out from Egyptian slavery by the wondrous and miraculous interposition of God; their food, their clothing, their preservation from sickness — "there was not one feeble person among their tribes" (Ps. 105: 37)—all told of the watchful care, the intimate knowledge and loving provision of their heavenly Father. If there had been within them any goodness on which God could depend, they would have only sought to know the will of God that they might do it. But the event proved that it was not so; their words and their intentions were right enough. But they tempted and provoked the most high God, and kept not his testimonies; and turned back and dealt unfaithfully like their fathers: "they were turned aside like a deceitful bow." And God himself said of their words at Sinai: "They have well said all that they have spoken. O that there were such an heart in them that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always, that it might be well with them, and with their children forever." (Deut. 5: 28. 29.)

Man failed: the law could not give life, and righteousness could not be by the law; man must break down and learn his utter ruin, so that he might understand the work of our great High Priest upon the Cross, carrying human nature embodied in his own Person to the Cross, there to be condemned and executed, and nothing more expected from it. If we have taken our part in the crucifixion of our old man on Christ's Cross, we shall make no promises to God, and no assertions of our good intentions to do his will; we shall have learned by bitter but true experience, that knowledge is not power in the things of God. But he whose body was broken, rent the veil of the temple and opened a new and living way to us, so that what is impossible to us is possible to him dwelling in us. "I am the Way," he says. "I delight to do thy will, O my God; yes, thy law is within my heart." If in every deed we have yielded ourselves up to him to dwell in, and control us, and [illegible] upon our minds, so that the law is fulfilled in us by an indwelling Christ who walks not after the flesh but after the Spirit, [illegible] to us.

The influence of Moses kept the people [illegible] them, but all their fair words and really good intentions did not make them to be really changed in heart. Idolatry was in their hearts, and circumstances sufficed to bring it out. Moses had to come down from his wondrous time of communing with God to find his people, after all God had done for them, holding a festival with heathen ceremonies to a golden calf, so breaking the holy commands of God which they had heard spoken by the voice of God himself, and which Moses had in God's handwriting on the very tables of stone which he held in his hand. And Aaron, who was to be the consecrated priest, on whom the holy anointing oil was to be poured, Aaron the brother and spokesman of Moses from whom he perhaps expected so much, was the leader in this awful idolatry!

Moses learned from the people what Paul learned from the searchlight of God's truth upon his own and other's hearts: "I know that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I find not." (Rom. 7: 16.) Later on, Moses with Elijah, saw what they never had understood during their life on earth, and on the mountain of transfiguration, these two men "spoke with Jesus of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." (Luke 9: 31.) The next generation of the priests were no better, although they had been consecrated in the most solemn manner, and the sin of Nadab and Abihu, in offering strange fire was dealt with as sin only can be dealt with by a holy God; they died before Lord. (Lev. 10: 2.)

But in spite of all the defection of his people, God's faithfulness to them was unchanged. Five times in Ps. 89, Ethan the Ezrahite celebrates God's faithfulness, and well he may. In all their journeys he continued with them, and took not away his holy presence from them. And yet they murmured again and again. They wanted to have a happy religion such as suited them, and to have everything pleasant and agreeable, everything their own way. They had grumbled and feared before crossing the Red Sea (Exod. 14: 12); they complained of the bitter waters of Marah. (Exod. 15: 26.) They murmured against [illegible] and Aaron, when they were hungry (Exod. 16: 2), and thirsty. (Exod. 17:2.) They were displeased because Moses spent so long a time with God (Exod. 32: 1); they were angry because there was no [illegible] (Num. 11: 1), and Miriam and Aaron, whom God had sent before the people with Moses (Mic. 6: 4), murmured against Moses. (Num. 12: 1, 2.) And when the spies had been sent by their own desire to spy out the land, and brought up an evil report of the land, they adopted the unfavorable report of the majority (Num. 14: 1, 2), always taking sides against God, until after the latter outbreak he was forced to send upon them the terrible judgment of wandering for life, a kind of equivalent to imprisonment for life. And even then, instead of bowing down in brokenness before him who still had not abandoned them, they became discouraged because of the way, and spoke against God and against Moses, so that he sent fiery serpents among them.

Yet in all this time of shameful perversity of the people, God was carrying out his own great purposes.

THE ROUTE OF THE ISRAELITES FROM EGYPT TO CANAAN.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

WHY do we study Jewish history? The question is natural at this time after the lessons of the past three months. Other nations have had strange and almost romantic beginnings; why select the Hebrew—a people now without national life—for minute and exhaustive study? The answer involves a momentous fact which should never be overlooked. We go to Hebrew history to learn what God is. He revealed himself to the world through that race. He made them an object lesson for all mankind. We cannot conceive of any other way in which he could so forcibly and clearly have made men acquainted with his character and the principles of his government of the world. In this record we see him as he is. Loving, gentle, tender, patient, bountiful to those who will do his will and submit themselves to his guidance; but intolerant of sin and with a fierce hatred of iniquity. The old Dispensation has passed away, but God is the same Being still. This fact invests the history of the Hebrew race with a special and momentous interest for every human being. The events of the period we have been studying during the past three months, present the lesson in most vivid colors. These events are not the myths of a child race, but a series of practical declarations of fundamental principles, set in vigorous action. Each lesson presents some phase of God's character, indicating an immutable principle of righteousness which he never suspends or abandons. When the people trust him and obey him they are protected and kept. But their obedience is not compulsory. God does not deal with men as with slaves. They refuse to obey his will, and they learn by forty years' wandering in the desert the folly of their lack of faith. God is good to them, feeding them with manna and keeping them safe from their enemies, but they suffer loss. So it is with Christians now. They suffer in themselves and they lose blessings that come only by faith and obedience. last they gain possession of the land, a so does the Christian enter at last into t rest of heaven.

God spake all these words. (Ex. 20: This should not be forgotten. People not think so badly of a man who lies ab another, or who covets something belon ing to another as they do of the man w steals or commits murder; but God forbi the one as he does the other, and he w breaks one command breaks the law, a is in need of pardon. The strength of chain is only the strength of its weak link; one wheel broken in a set of mach ery will render the whole inefficient. A m placed rail on a railway may result in fe ful disaster: one inch of wire cut out of t telegraph would prevent the use of all t rest; one failure in any law of nature m go on producing other failures. So t transgression of but one law of God pla offenders in the category of sinners, a closes all avenues to God but that of mer

Do not drink wine . . . lest ye die. (Lev 10: 9.) The obvious inference from lesson on Nadab and Abihu, was that t were intoxicated when they offered stra fire, which angered the Lord so that slew them. Many have lost their li since then from the same cause. Ju Talfourd said that he had kept a record the cases in which he had sentenced m derers to death, and it showed that in sev cases of every ten, the man had been u the influence of drink when he commit the crime. Other judges have borne s ilar testimony. One of the most path incidents on record, is that of a man w woke up from a heavy drunken sleep asked where he was. He was in a "What for?" "For killing your wif The man sprang to his feet, "My wife he shrieked, "Why I would not hurt a l of her head." The warden looked at h sadly, "You killed her, all the same, str her down with an empty bottle, fractu her skull and she is dead." The man g a deep groan and declared that if the l did not take his life, he would commit cide. He could not forgive himself.

Thou shalt teach them to thy childr (Deut. 6: 7.) Sometimes children die bef they grow up, so there ought not to be lay in teaching them the things of G John Ruskin, speaking of some people cottage, said: "Last spring they had a li boy full of intelligent life, and pearl of cl price to them. He went down to the r by the brookside (Beck Leven) one bri morning, where his elder brother was m ing. The child came up behind with speaking, and the back sweep of the scy caught the leg and divided a vein. His ther carried him up to the house and w swift binding could do was done. doctor, three miles away, coming as s as might be, arranged all for the best the child lay pale and quiet till the eveni speaking sometimes a little to his fat and mother. But at six in the evening began to sing. He sang on, clearer clearer, all through the night—so clear last you might have heard him, his moth said, 'far out on the moor there.' Sang till the full light of morning, and so pas away. 'Did he sing with words?' I ask 'Oh, yes, just the bits of hymns he h learnt at the Sunday School.'"

They brought an evil report. (Num. 13: The people were on the border of the Pro ised Land, and might have entered it i little over a year after leaving Egypt. when they heard from the spies how were the men who held it, they were afra to attack them. Thus they lost the opp tunity, and those men never had anoth They wandered in the wilderness un they died, and it was not until th children grew up to be men that the co try was conquered. Many a bless is lost because men have not fa If they would trust God and go forw in his strength the difficulties that s formidable would disappear. In the G mean War a young officer of the Eng army performed wonderful feats of br ery. On one occasion he fought his w almost single-handed into the enemy's ran and recovered the colors of his regim which the Russians had captured. Yet he caped without a wound. "What is y secret?" he was asked by some old offic who wondered at the intrepidity of one wh was little more than a boy. "I remembe my Queen and that I was fighting in cause," said the youth. If the thought an earthly sovereign could so inspire a dier, how ought the Christian to be ins ed when he thinks of his Master!

HUNDREDS WON TO CHRIST.

Mrs. Bird Writes of Her Summer Work Among the "Lost Boys of the Bowery"—How God has Blessed her Work at the Bowery Mission—Bishop Potter's Visit.

MRS. SARAH J. BIRD, A DEVOTED MISSION WORKER.

READERS of this journal are already familiar with the remarkable missionary work which has been conducted for the past four summers by Mrs. Sarah J. Bird among the outcast men and boys of the Bowery. She has consecrated her whole life and means to this work, and the spiritual welfare of her "Lost Boys," as she lovingly calls them, lies very close to her heart. Mrs. Bird has sent us this most interesting review of her summer's work among the lodging-houses, from which it will be seen that her efforts have been richly blessed, and many poor wanderers have been reclaimed and their feet set in the way of life through her earnest ministrations. She writes as follows:

"At the close of summer I feel very thankful that God has given me health and strength to spend so much of my time during these hot months in the crowded streets of our great city, and I want to tell you how wondrously we have been blessed in the work at the 'Bowery Mission.' The earnest prayers that have gone up, have brought to us a constant revival; and hundreds of lost men have been drawn to Christ.

"You will pardon me, if at this time, I tell you more particularly of my own special line of work in connection with the mission. For four summers, it has been my great privilege to be present every Sunday, and to carry on personally summer and winter my meeting for lodging-house men. As you know, our service is from ten in the morning until three in the afternoon, making five hours of praise and worship, and as I watch my summer audiences of lost men gathered from all parts of the world, sitting packed in the benches; every seat filled with most earnest listeners, and with the thermometer in the nineties, I look with wonder, for I do not believe you could keep another audience in the city five hours praising and worshipping God and deeply interested in the Gospel message. Surely the prophecy in Amos 8: 11 is being fulfilled.

"The Thursday night meeting is equally crowded, and we feel the very presence of God with us, as one after another, with tears of penitence, tells us he wants to find his Saviour. Sometimes, as I look down from my platform, I will see some poor fellow kneeling in anguish of soul in front of me, and there are no words for me to describe the agony with which he calls upon God to save his soul. No one but God knows the fight some of these poor fellows are having with temptations from without and from within, and only the mighty power of Jesus to save, gives us courage and faith to see these sad, discouraged souls struggling for life. The every-night meetings, held under the supervision of Superintendent Hughes, are greatly blessed, and most helpful to the young converts.

"I am more and more convinced that the summer is the best harvest-time of the year in our rescue work. It is a sorrow to me that so much of the Master's work comes to a stop for want of workers during July and August. While I fully recognize the need of rest for all, it does seem best that some should take their outing in the winter. A lady calling one day in a tenement on the East-side, met a little girl, and asked her if her mamma was at home. She quickly said, 'She's dead! she was awful sick; but teacher, I don't know whether my mother went to heaven or not, for all the folks that used to tell us how to go to heaven is shut up and gone to country.'

"Many of these little waifs think 'country' is the name of another city; for one day as I was giving out flowers in Essex street, a child said to me: 'Country must be a pretty city, if all these flowers grow there?' Well, it is a comfort to think that the Mont-Lawn Home has shown hundreds of these little ones what the country is! There are great opportunities for coming in close contact with the lost, both young and old, these hot days and nights. The hidden vice is now at our side. The sin, which is breeding in winter in secret haunts, is now meeting you face to face. The mass of humanity, who are half of the year in the crowded attics of our tenements, are surging through the streets from midday to midnight, starving for the bread of life, and you will find glad listeners at every step. Without Gospel wagon or platform, you can gather about you a crowd of such as Jesus came to save.

"I have this summer enjoyed gathering little groups together, and a kind word would bring to me a smile from many who thus showed their appreciation of my interest in them. It may well be said of those of us who know the joy of summer work in our great city, 'They have their reward.' I believe if one can but cast a flower in the pathway of some poor reckless sinner 'in the name of Jesus,' some soul might be touched and brought to newness of life, by this revelation of the Christ. I could give you many cases of conversion at the Bowery Mission during these hot summer days, but eternity alone must reveal all the wondrous story. Thousands of homeless, discouraged wanderers find refuge and deliverance from the mighty waves of temptation under which they would surely sink, if the Bowery Mission did not welcome them to its hospitality.

"Among the many encouraging things that have come to us this summer were some from two of the most opposite conditions of life. I asked Bishop Potter if he would come to the Bowery Mission and speak to my men, some Sunday. I wanted him to come, first, that he might see the hundreds of men sitting for five hours every Sunday, singing and listening to the Word of God. I wanted the men to feel that he was interested in them; as many of them have the mistaken idea that the clergy do not care for them. He came the next Sunday and gave the men a talk which they will not soon forget. The other was a surprise, for who should appear upon our platform one Sunday, but our opposite neighbor, Steve Brodie. With a warm grasp of the hand, he said, 'Mrs. B——, I have forty gallons of buttermilk I would like to give you for your men. Will you send for it?' The kind feeling shown by this man was a hopeful breeze at the noontime of a very hot day.

"Having been in rescue work among the lowest and most needy of God's children for over thirty years, I feel most deeply that there is no hope of bringing them out of the bondage of sin, except by giving the light of the knowledge of the glory of God through Jesus Christ. True refinement of soul must come through Jesus Christ, and I put the ethics of Jesus above all the systems of the world. Every gift to suffering humanity should be boldly stamped with the name of Jesus. SARAH J. BIRD.

Work in Indian Zenanas.

The Sad Lot of the Mothers and Daughters of Hindoo Families—Gilded Slavery in a Living Tomb.

IN a very interesting letter from India, Margaret B. Denning, a missionary in that country, gives this pathetic picture of Gospel work in the Zenanas:

"One patient woman, trying to bear up and smile when her very soul revolted against her life, has been a lesson to me often. She seemed to long to see the beautiful world of which she could only catch tiny glimpses. 'Are not God's flowers and trees for us women also?' she asked. 'I am so weary of this little back yard! Why did God make us to live so?' 'But,' we said, 'this is not God's doing, but man's. When Christ's Gospel is accepted in this land everyone will be free.' 'How long will that be?' she asked, looking into our faces with her dark, appealing eyes. 'Perhaps in twenty-five years,' we said, scarcely knowing what to say. 'Twenty-five years! Then we will all be dead,' was her despairing answer. 'If I should die to-night,' she continued, 'I should be hurried away to the grave, and my own mothers and sisters could not see me, for they do not belong to the same household. We are very strict Mussulmans here. Once two nephews came to visit us. They were sitting on the back veranda talking with my husband, and I made some nice 'pan' and took it out to them. My husband told me afterward that, though they were relatives, I should never do such a thing again. He says that, according to the Koran, there are three kinds of women. The first and best are those who cannot remember having seen in their whole lives any man save their own husbands. The second kind are those who have never seen any man but relatives besides their husbands, and the third kind are totally bad, seeing and conversing with strange men.'

"When this man gave us permission to visit his wife it was with the distinct understanding that we were not to teach the Bible. His wife wanted a sewing machine, and if we would teach her to use it he would buy her one, and we might sing our songs, but we must not read or pray. 'Well,' I said, 'we can sing Bible, and we can always carry our Bibles with us.' The machine was bought, and I often thought it was worth while going just to give the pleasure that the machine brought with it. But it did not end there. We sang Bible truths, and one day the woman asked us if our Bibles told of the same things as our songs. And when we told her they did, she asked us to read one verse. As her mother-in-law was present and offered no objection, we read a verse, and soon we were reading and praying with that family.

"This man is in government employ, and was lately sent to another station. In order to keep his wife in 'purdah,' he chartered a car. She said to us, 'I will see the country as we ride along, but when we come to a station, my husband will quickly close the window and pull the curtain. And in our new station it will be worse than here, for the house is much smaller that we shall live in, and this one is so small when it is all one's world.'

"This woman is in prison as truly as if immured for some great crime. When leaving here she was invited to spend an afternoon at each of three houses. She asked her husband about going, and he said, 'You may have one afternoon for all three houses, and you are not to be out after six o'clock.' So, veiled from head to foot, and seated in a bullock cart whose bamboo top was covered with smothering blankets, this martyr to custom and false religion took a brief respite from her prison. One day, pointing to a little girl of seven, she exclaimed, 'I am glad all my daughters died but this one. She is only seven years old, but her father has commanded that from this time she shall never go on the front veranda or the street to play with her brothers, but must sit in this little yard with us women until she is twelve years of age, and then her husband will take her away and keep her as I have been kept all these years.' This example is not an isolated case."

A FESTIVAL OF FLOWERS.

ALTHOUGH somewhat late in the season, Saratoga, N.Y., held early this month a Floral Festival which attracted widespread attention. Thousands of visitors from New York and Boston and from many other cities, as well as from a large number of towns and villages, were present. The Floral Parade (a single feature of which is shown in our illustration), was a decided triumph of brilliant hues and artistic decoration, fairly rivaling in beauty the display at similar festivals in European cities and in California and Mexico. For days before the parade, nurserymen and horticulturists had been severely taxed for plants and blossoms for decorations, to be used in allegorical, historical and mythological representations on floats, and also for the decoration of private carriages. These festivals, which have long been a prominent feature every year in Naples, Florence, Paris and Nice, have lately been introduced in England and have also been presented with success in some of the Pacific coast cities, where the climate is favorable for the production of the rarest and most varied assortment of garden products. Saratoga is practically the pioneer of the Flower Festival movement in the East, and its example promises to be followed by other cities. The floral fete this year is the second that has been held.

ONE OF THE FLOATS IN THE SARATOGA FLORAL FESTIVAL PARADE.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

E. H., Merchantville.
Ruth, Riverside.
Mrs. S. H. Day.
F. E. Craig.
Mrs. Geo. Denio.
Mrs Zella Huston, Kans
A family being led by Jesus, Great Bend, Pa.
A Subscriber.
Mrs H. W. Howe, Mass.
Mrs Mary M. Prentice.

All desiring to be enrolled on the list of patrons, should send their names and addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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THE FASHIONS.

IN many circles, women are spoken of as the chief worshippers of fashion, yet men are as much the idolators of fashion as women, but they sacrifice on a different part of the altar. With men, the fashion goes to cigars, and club-rooms, and yachting parties, and wine suppers. In the United States, the men chew up and smoke one hundred millions of dollars' worth of tobacco every year. That is their fashion. In London, a man died who started in life with seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but he ate it all up in gluttonies, sending his agents to all parts of the earth for some rare delicacy for the palate, sometimes one plate of food costing him three or four hundred dollars. He ate up his whole fortune and had only one guinea left; with that he bought a woodcock, and had it dressed in the very best style, ate it, gave two hours for digestion, then walked out on Westminster Bridge and threw himself into the Thames, and died, doing on a large scale what you and I have often seen done on a small scale. But men do not abstain from millinery and elaboration of skirt through any superiority of humility. It is only because such appendages would be a blockade to business. What would balloon sleeves and trains three and a half yards long do in a stock market? And yet men are the disciples of fashion just as much as women. Some of them wear boots so tight they can hardly walk in the paths of righteousness. And there are men who buy expensive suits of clothes and never pay for them, and who go through the streets arrayed in stripes of color like animated checker-boards. Then there are multitudes of men who, not satisfied with the bodies the Lord gave them, are so padded that their shoulders shall be square, carrying around a small cotton plantation. It seldom occurs to any of us that we must appear in judgment to answer for what we have worn on our bodies as well as for what repentances we have exercised with our souls. On that day I see coming in, Beau Brummel of the last century, without his cloak, like which all England got a cloak; and without his cane, like which all England got a cane; without his snuff-box, like which all England got a snuff-box—he, the fop of the ages, particular about everything but his morals; and Aaron Burr, without the letters that down to old age he showed in pride, to prove his early wicked gallantries; and Alcibiades without [illegible] and Mrs. Arnold, the belle of Wall street, when in olden times that was the centre of fashion, without her fripperies of vesture.

And in great [illegible] away into expatriation; while among the queens of heavenly society will be found Vashti, who wore the modest veil before the palatial bacchanalians; and Hannah, who annually made a little coat for Samuel at the temple; and Grandmother Lois, the ancestress of Timothy, who imitated her virtue; and Mary, who gave Jesus Christ to the world; and many of the present Christian Church, who through great tribulation are entering into the kingdom of God. Christ announced who would make up the royal family of heaven when he said, "Whosoever doeth the will of God, the same is my brother, my sister, my mother."

THE FAMILY MANSION.

ALMOST every family looks back to a homestead — some country-place where you grew up. You sat on the door-sill. You heard the footstep of the rain on the garret-roof. You swung on the gate. You ransacked the barn. You waded into the brook. You threshed the orchard for apples, and the neighboring woods for nuts; and everything around the old homestead is of interest to you. I tell you of the old homestead of eternity. In my Father's house are many mansions. When we talk of mansions, we think of Chatsworth, and its park, nine miles in circumference, and its conservatory, that astonishes the world; its galleries of art, that contain the triumphs of Chantrey, Canova, and Thorwaldsen; of the kings and queens who have walked its stately halls, or, flying over the heather, have hunted the grouse. But all the dwelling-places of dukes, and princes, and queens, are as nothing to the family mansion that is already awaiting our arrival. The hand of my Lord Jesus lifted the pillars, and swung the doors, and planted the parks. Angels walk there, and the good of all ages. The poorest man in that house is a millionaire, and the lowliest a king, and the tamest word he speaks is an anthem, and the shortest life an eternity.

It took a Paxton to build for Chatsworth, a covering for the wonderful flower, Victoria Regia, five feet in diameter. But our Lily of the Valley shall need no shelter from the blast, and in the open gardens of God shall put forth its full bloom, and all heaven shall come to look at it, and its aroma shall be as though the cherubim had swung before the throne a thousand censers. I have not seen it yet. I am in a foreign land. But my Father is waiting for me to come home. I have many loved ones there. In the Bible I have letters from there, telling me what a fine place it is. It matters not much to me whether I am rich or poor, or whether the world hates me or loves me, or whether I go by land or by sea, if only I may lift my eyes at last on the family mansion. It is not a frail house, built in a month, soon to crumble, but an old mansion which is as firm as the day it was built. Its walls are grown with the ivy of many ages, and the urns at the gate-way are abloom with the century-plants of eternity. The Queen of Sheba hath walked its halls, and Esther, and Marie Antoinette, and Lady Huntingdon, and Wilberforce, and Cecil, and Jeremy Taylor, and Samuel Rutherford, and John Milton, and the widow who gave two mites, and the poor man from the hospital—these last two perhaps outshining all the kings and queens of eternity.

SOUR CHRISTIANS.

THERE is a class of persons in the community whose usefulness we have just found out. We never realized until now what they were made for. They are struck through with acidity. Their disposition is celebrated for its crabbedness. You find them in every circle. They are especially known in Churches as fault-finders. Their teeth are always on edge. They are critical of minister, eldership, and choir. Whatever is done, they act as though they could have done it better. You sometimes feel like suggesting to them the propriety of going to some other Church, or retiring into less conspicuous position. You look upon them as a nuisance and hindrance. Stop! You are wrong. They have their practical uses. Church life, if happily conducted, is a banquet at which the sweet predominates. There is the sugar of helpful words, and the saccharine of genial association. The banquet is in danger of becoming flat and insipid. There ought to be at least one vinegar cruet in the castor. You need to give variety to the feast. You do not more need spices than pickles. Now you know the use to which some people can be put. Do not cast them out. Do not let them be the means of exasperation. Employ them at the Church banquet. Tarts are good in their place. Brethren, pass around the pickles.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

J. K. Agnew, Memphis, Tenn. I read lately of the "Seven Bibles of the world." What are they?

The Holy Scriptures, the Koran, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Tripitaka of the Buddhists, the Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta, and the Talmud.

Reader, Green Creek, N. J. Did any of the children of Israel enter the Promised Land except Caleb and Joshua?

Yes; but none who were over twenty years old when they left Egypt (see Num. 14: 29). The Lord's anger was kindled against Israel because of disobedience, and not the adults, but their children, were privileged to enjoy the land.

Robt. Black, Buffalo, N. Y. Were the Israelites justified in refusing quarter to the inhabitants of the cities they took?

They pleaded the explicit command of God in justification. There can be no question that the Canaanites were an exceptionally depraved, wicked people, who had in their turn destroyed the people who occupied the cities before them. The treatment they received from the Israelites was retribution.

W. J. B., Baltimore, Md. 1. What was the first Christian Church and where was it founded? 2. When was Roman Catholicism founded?

1. The first organized Christian churches were those founded by the disciples and apostles, who in obedience to the instructions of Christ, went out through Syria, Asia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, preaching the Word and establishing many churches and congregations. The first Christian church was organized at Antioch in the first century A.D. As may be gathered from the Epistles in the New Testament, the basis of all their teachings was simple faith in Jesus Christ and obedience to his teachings. There were, however, indications of sectarian differences even in those early days. The Roman Church was founded in the second century.

Constant Reader, Jersey City. 1. How should a Christian young man act in the society of worldly people of the better class? 2. Should a Christian engage in a business in which it is necessary to work (himself or his men) Sabbath mornings until about ten o'clock, even if he himself does not work, but his men do?

1. Never hide your religion. Let the fact that you are a Christian appear at every proper opportunity, although it need not be pressed upon the attention of others at all times. Act modestly and with discretion, and by your patient persistence in true, straightforward, upright behavior you will win respect even where you may not convert others to your views. Remember that a Christian gentleman is the highest type of manhood. 2. No; if he should happen to be in such a business, he ought to make arrangements as speedily as possible to get out of it, particularly if it involves Sabbath-breaking (as we gather from your letter that it does). The way to such a change will open, if the effort be made in sincerity. There are, however, exceptional cases, where certain businesses are public necessities. We refer to such callings as those of druggists, physicians, and the like.

Sister in Christ. I hear so many church members and Christians argue that it is not in the power of human beings to keep God's laws, or the Ten Commandments, that I wish you would enlighten me on this point. It is seemingly unjust to our Heavenly Father to deny that we can do what he commands. I am the mother of a large family and I am sure I could not command one of my own children to do what, in my weak judgment, he could not do.

To unfallen man, obedience to the moral law would undoubtedly have been within human reach, but to fallen man it stands as an unattainable ideal, to which he may strive, but in vain. There is none without sin (I. John 1: 8), and as a perfect obedience to God's law implies entire sinlessness, it is obviously impossible that such obedience can be rendered by mortal man. But to those who are in Christ this difficulty is overcome. (Rom. 4: 7.) They are not under the law and consequently are not to be judged by the law. (Rom. 6: 15; I. John 3: 6. Christ by his perfect obedience and his sufferings for their sins has satisfied the law in their behalf. (II. Cor. 5: 21.) Thus, when grace enters the heart, its sinfulness is removed. The righteousness and perfect obedience of Christ being imputed to his people, they are accepted of God. (Rom. 3: 24; II. Cor. 12: 9.) Christians, therefore, should not serve the bondage of fear, as under the law (I. T[illegible] 1: 9), but in love, as under grace in Chr[illegible] Jesus. (Rom. 8: 1–15.)

M. E. W., Huntington, Ark. What became of [illegible] Manna and Aaron's Rod that budded?

The author of the Epistle to the Hebre[illegible] says they were put in the Ark, but there is [illegible] statement in the Old Testament that they w[illegible] there. Indeed, in I. Kings 8: 9 it is explic[illegible] stated that when the Ark was carried in[illegible] new Temple, there was nothing in it but [illegible] tables of the law. If the articles mentione[illegible] Hebrews were ever in it, they must have b[illegible] taken out. The Ark was for some time in [illegible] possession of the Philistines after the death [illegible] Eli, and was opened (see I. Samuel 6: 19) [illegible] they may have been removed then. It is, h[illegible] ever, more probable that the word "wherei[illegible] in Hebrews, refers to the room in which [illegible] Ark was kept. There was a coffer there v[illegible] the Ark, containing other precious things [illegible] I. Samuel 6: 15) in which the Manna and [illegible] Rod were likely to be kept.

M. E. N., Rochester, N. Y. Can you tell me [illegible] thing about the Dunkers?

The name is given to a denomination [illegible] Christians who call themselves Brethren. T[illegible] first home was Schwarzenau in Germany, [illegible] under stress of persecutions many of t[illegible] came to America between the years 1619 [illegible] 1729. They settled in Pennsylvania, but [illegible] their numbers increased, a settlement [illegible] made in Ohio, in which State there is n[illegible] larger number than in any other. In [illegible] many members, under the leadership of [illegible] Ham, seceded from the church, having ado[illegible] Universalist doctrines which were conden[illegible] by the original Brethern. The denomina[illegible] differs from other Baptists in their mod[illegible] practising their distinctive rite. The candi[illegible] is laid three time forward in the water ins[illegible] of backward, and there is laying on of h[illegible] while he is in the water. They have bis[illegible] who visit the churches at stated interv[illegible] teachers who do preaching and pastoral w[illegible] and deacons who attend to the charities [illegible] temporal affairs. Other facts about them [illegible] be found in the Baptist Almanac.

A. J. S., Sawyer, Wis. Some Seventh Day Ad[illegible] tists here tell me that I am under the cur[illegible] the law because I observe Sunday inste[illegible] Saturday. Am I displeasing God by doing [illegible]

We give you the advice that Paul gav[illegible] people who were troubled by similar legal[illegible] in his day: "Let no man judge you in me[illegible] in drink or in respect of . . . the Sabbath d[illegible] (Col. 2: 16). In every generation since C[illegible] and before his time, there were people who [illegible] more stress on days and forms and ceremo[illegible] than on essentials. The Pharisees foun[illegible] much easier to give tithes of their kitc[illegible] gardens than to do justly and refrain from [illegible] bing widows and orphans. You as a Chri[illegible] are not under the law at all. When Gen[illegible] were first admitted to the Church it was [illegible] pressly declared that they were not req[illegible] to observe the Jewish code of laws. The [illegible] tion came up at a solemn council at [illegible] the Apostles were present and was de[illegible] once for all. You will find the result of th[illegible] cussion in Acts 15. In the name of the [illegible] Spirit the decision was given as stat[illegible] verses 28 and 29, and it was expressly s[illegible] that no other burden was laid upon t[illegible] They naturally and properly celebrated th[illegible] ay on which Christ rose from the dead, no[illegible] Jewish Sabbath, with which they had no[illegible] ng to do, and we follow their example.

M. A. J., Utica, N. Y. No.——John Hillborn[illegible] quehanna, Pa. We believe not, although the[illegible] doubtless had certain persons and events i[illegible] when he wrote it.——C. C. Saeger, Brooklyn, [illegible] We do not know of such a book. Better cons[illegible] architect ——Romeo, Mich. We cannot supp[illegible] information. You can find what you want b[illegible] rusing, or by engaging some reputable law firm [illegible] make a specialty of such cases——Subscri[illegible] P. N. H. No, she would not be justified in re[illegible] forgiveness, although the provocation we[illegible] tainly be severe ——G. S. C., Sharpleigh Mo. [illegible] information regarding the education of native[illegible] dren of India, write to Miss Margaret W. Leit[illegible] na, Ceylon.——H. Geiger, Brooklyn. The pe[illegible] ages are about equal, being 33 in both cases [illegible] leave.——New Subscriber, New York. We [illegible] undertake to advise in the matter. Personal p[illegible] ence and adaptability, together with oppor[illegible] will always decide.——Subscriber, Alexan[illegible] 1 Write to Salvation Army Headquarters, [illegible] tenth street, New York. 2 The "King and h[illegible] web" story was told entire in a Mid-Day parag[illegible] recently.——Subscriber, M. C., Va. 1. The [illegible] has a perfect right to take any paper he choos[illegible] She would be a very frivolous person indeed [illegible] a course. 3. We do not believe such prayers [illegible] be offered.——M. E. Dottie, Philadelphia. W[illegible] the paper of the same name in New York C[illegible] Shepherdstown, Winchester, Va. By sm[illegible] and probably by camping at the various co[illegible] water spots along the route.——Geo. F. D. H[illegible] Pa. There may be circumstances in which [illegible] do so with perfect propriety ——Mrs. A. M. [illegible] Little Falls, N. Y. We believe it is not yet pu[illegible] ——Reader, The young lady would do we[illegible] cape from such a bondage as quickly as p[illegible] else the wicked parent may wreck her entir[illegible] ——Reader, Champaign, Ill. His conduct i[illegible] fensible from any point of view. To pretend [illegible] such a course is approved of God is rank bla[illegible] ——Mrs. M. R. Stephens, Grand Rapids, Minn. [illegible] poem to which you refer is "The Better Land." [illegible] author is Mrs. Hemans.——F. D. Hapley, W[illegible] see the Institute people and get the best a[illegible] ment you can as to pay.——Subscriber, Y[illegible] presence prayer took through almost any [illegible] publisher ——Inquirer, Spencer, Mass. It [illegible] both ways and prepare yourself to [illegible] as far as possible. We heard [illegible] best [illegible] Exercise comparatively few [illegible] gifted effective extemporaneous address.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

MADAGASCAR'S PLIGHT.

RECENT dispatches from Madagascar indicate that the French invasion is not the only difficulty the brave Queen has on her hands. There are, it appears, a large number of people in the capital who advocate making the best terms possible with the French, even though they include the surrender of the whole island and the deposition of the Queen. These people embarrass the government and raise obstacles to every measure proposed for defence. Col. Shervinton, who has just returned from the island, abandoned his position as military adviser to the government in disgust at the setback these friends of the French had succeeded in making. He was convinced that successful defence might be conducted with the men and war materials in the possession of the Hova government. The route the French must travel to reach the capital is one presenting most favorable opportunities for native defence. There are rivers to be penetrated and mountains to be scaled, in both of which a small native force well intrenched could defy an army of twice the strength of the French expedition. At Tsingasoavina, the defile through which the invading army must pass, is flanked by positions which could be held by a handful of men, which could not be turned, and which such a fire could be kept up as would effectually bar an entrance. The Hova government, however, was prevented by the traitorous subjects from occupying and fortifying these positions, and the resultant delays convinced Col. Shervinton that the opportunity of making a successful defence was being lost. The climate, however, is already proving a valuable ally to the poor natives. A Paris journal publishes a letter from its correspondent with the expedition, in which he says that 600 are now in the hospitals at Majunga with French soldiers, who will have to be invalided even if they recover. Of one company of 225 engineers sent forward to build a road, only 25 men came back and these scarcely able to crawl. The remainder had succumbed to the deadly fever, without accomplishing the work they were sent to do. Gen. Duchesne is now sending a flying brigade forward of his main army to make a bold dash for the capital, and if the Hovas were prepared for defence the brigade might be annihilated on the way. Gen. Duchesne bitterly complains of the inadequacy of his equipment. The departments appear to have proved as incapable as they were in the Franco-Prussian war. The stores and provisions are of the poorest quality, and the expedition is suffering hardships that the commonest prudence and foresight might have prevented. The hospitals especially, are paralyzed by lack of supplies. They are mere sheds containing tiers of beds, one above another, the topmost in contact with the canvas roof. The physicians are few in number, and most of them incompetent. This is from a Frenchman on the spot, who says how careless the high officials in the Government have been in fitting out the expedition. That the French will finally succeed in gaining possession of the island, there is little doubt, but the conquest will involve a frightful loss of life. One cannot but be sorry for the men thus sacrificed to advance the political fortunes of unscrupulous politicians in Paris, who are making capital out of this cowardly attack on a weak people. Meanwhile the cry of the Hovas is to Him who said that he would

Raise strong nations afar off. (Micah 4: 3.)

Death as a Joke.

An eccentric woman living in New York perpetrated a grim joke on Sept. 6. Her honor is in a flat house in Fifty-third street, where she was on friendly terms with the other families in the house. She has been in the habit of talking recklessly, but her strange remarks were attributed to high spirits and a lack of discretion. Not long ago the conversation in one of the rooms turned on a death which had just occurred, and the woman gave it as her opinion that a great deal more fuss was made about the end of life than it deserved. All beyond the grave was so utterly unknown to us that going into it would be a novel experience in a world where everything was so flat and insipid. For herself, she regarded it as a good joke. Her remarks shocked her hearers, and one and another told her that death was too serious a matter to be regarded as a joke; but the woman reiterated her observation. Later in the day she drank some whiskey, as she often did when her husband was detained at his business in the evening. Shortly afterward she sent for the janitress of the house to tell her a good joke. She repeated to her what she had said in the morning about death, and then told her that she had put it to the proof by taking poison. The janitress thought the woman was only trying to scare her, and she went away laughing. But a few minutes afterward she heard a heavy fall, and going up to the woman's rooms, found her on the floor writhing in agony. A policeman was called who summoned an ambulance and the woman was taken to the hospital. The doctors there think there is little hope of saving her life.

TYPICAL NATIVES OF THE COUNTRY DISTRICTS OF MADAGASCAR.

She is doubtless convinced now that death is a more serious matter than she supposed. Most people realize the fact without making such a test as she has done; but there are many who are as foolish as she in regarding as a joke the sins which lead to eternal death.

Fools make a mock of sin. (Prov. 14: 9.)

A Murderer's Fortune.

The risk of being hanged is believed to be keeping a man in Minnesota from the possession of a fortune. Some years ago he quarrelled with his widowed mother and left home. After residing in Chicago for some time he settled in Minneapolis where he lived a wild, vicious life earning money easily and spending it freely. In the course of his dissipated orgies in that city he killed a man and was obliged to fly to avoid arrest. Since the crime he has not been heard of, though the officers of justice made diligent search for him; and his mother took up the search after they abandoned it. In her later years the mother became very rich owing to the death of a childless uncle and a brother. She died recently and left the whole of her property to her scapegrace son, who, she firmly believes, is still alive. The property is to be held in trust for twenty years and if at the end of that time her son has not been found, the estate is to be given to St. John's Home at Milwaukee, Wis. It is believed that the son will never claim the wealth bequeathed to him. He knows that the very day that he appeared to claim it would see him in a felon's cell; and that there would be a strong probability of his being hanged. Then, as he very well knows, the money would be of no use to him. It is a pity that people do not more generally argue in the same way about their souls. Many a man who would not part with the life of his body to get a fortune, will sacrifice the life of his soul to get one

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? (Mark 8: 36.)

A Judge as a Witness.

In the recently published reminiscences of a prominent lawyer he relates an incident in which a judge decided a case on his own evidence. It was a suit involving some lands in Echcols County, Georgia. There were two claimants, each of whom held title deeds purporting to be signed by the same man. As it was certain that the man did not sell the same lands to two different parties, it was obvious that one set must be forgeries, but the problem of deciding which was false and which genuine was difficult. Each claimant had an array of witnesses among whom were experts on handwriting who contradicted each other. Counsel made long and elaborate arguments recapitulating the points made by the experts and the court listened patiently to the theories set up. At the close the two sets of deeds were passed up to the bench for examination. Judge Hansell, who was presiding, looked at them with keen interest and taking up one set, examined them minutely. As he looked from place to place a peculiar smile spread over his face. "Gentlemen," he said, holding up the deeds he had been examining, "this is the genuine conveyance. I know it is so, for I drew the deeds myself when I was a clerk in the lawyer's office. This is my own writing and I know that the deeds were drawn for the original owner and signed by him. The other deeds must be the forged ones."

Judgment was given accordingly and the evidence of the experts on one side went for nothing. The criticism of the Bible that has been going on so long will terminate at last in the same way. The Christian is often distressed by it now but in the end the Divine Author of the Book will attest its genuineness and they will be vindicated who, in spite of learned experts, have

Received it not as the word of men; but as it is in truth the Word of God. (1 Thess. 2: 13.)

A Student's Object Lesson.

An official at Harvard relates a story of a practical reproof administered some time ago by some students to a companion. It appears that during his first term, one of the students had made himself very popular. He was not only a hard worker, but a very sociable fellow, who was the life and soul of the evening parties. But in the second term he was missed from his usual haunts. He kept up his studies, but began to desert the social meetings. It was found that he had become engaged to a young lady in the neighborhood and was spending his evenings at her father's house. At first he went there only one or two evenings in a week, but after a short time he could not be induced to attend any of the students' parties and it was inferred that he was spending every evening in the lady's company. Expostulation had no effect on him and the students determined to give him an object lesson. One night after spending two hours at the lady's house, he took his leave and stepped out on the piazza to return to college. There, to his astonishment, he found all his belongings, books, clothes, furniture, curtains and pictures. They had been brought there during the evening by his college mates and disposed artistically about the yard and piazza. It was a hint to the young man that as he had allowed the new connection to encroach on the old to such an extent, he had better sever the old in form as well as in fact. There are some Christians who are in need of a similar hint. Although they have made a profession of Christ, they are to be found continually in the places of worldly amusement. The appeal Elijah made to his people needs to be made now in many circles:

If the Lord be God, follow him: But if Baal, then follow him. (1. Kings 18: 21.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. George C. Needham has been Holding special services in Dublin. They were held in the Christian Union Buildings and were largely attended. They were blessed to the conversion of many.

Revival Services are to be Held in the Protestant Episcopal Churches of Canada during the next nine months by the Rev. W. Hay Aitken, who held services in Trinity Church, New York, some years ago.

The Latest Report issued by Mr. George Muller shows that during the sixty-four years in which he has been caring for the orphans at Bristol, England, he has received for all purposes and disbursed $6,869,130. This without once making an appeal for funds or incurring debt.

A Baptist Journal having a Correspondent in Cuba predicts that if the revolution succeeds, the obstacles which have so long hindered Evangelical work in Cuba will be removed, and there will be such an opening for missions there as the island has never presented before.

The International Executive Committee Representing American Sunday Schools, at a meeting recently held at Chautauqua, voted to send a Sunday School worker and organizer to Japan. The sum of $1,100 was raised as a beginning and a subcommittee appointed to secure the right.

The Circulation of the Bible in Egypt has increased rapidly. The statistics of the American Bible Society in the thirty years from 1865, show that during the first ten years of the period, the numbers of Bibles sent to Egypt was 6,630; during the second ten 45,586, and during the last ten 116,474.

The Death of Rev. Dr. Charles R. Mills is reported from Tung Chow, in Northern China. Dr. Mills was for nearly forty years one of the most devoted Presbyterian missionaries in China. He labored first at Shanghai, and afterwards for over thirty years at Tung Chow. He was born at Buffalo, N. Y., and studied theology at Auburn Seminary.

Mr. Loomis Reporting on his Work of Distributing Bibles and Bible portions to Japanese soldiers says: "Up to 15th of June, the actual number donated is about 2800 Testaments and 12,000 Gospels. Some of these are yet in the different places of deposit, but all will probably be used for the purpose indicated and very likely many more."

During the Recent Northfield Conference Mr. Moody received a check for twelve thousand dollars to endow three scholarships for the Mount Hermon School for boys. Scholarships are the great need of the school, as the charge of $100 a year for tuition and board no more than pays half the expenses for each student.

The Active Floating Society of Christian Endeavor on board the "Thetis" had a part in forming the society on board the "Philadelphia," and has been trying to start one on the "Olympia." There are said to be some Christians on board every United States cutter in the Behring Sea fleet, and on one vessel two prayer meetings are held every week.

The Rev. Andrew Murray, who was so popular and effective a speaker in the Moody meetings at Northfield, has been conducting a series of meetings in connection with the Bible Institute in Chicago. This week he is holding daily conferences in the Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth avenue and 29th street, New York.

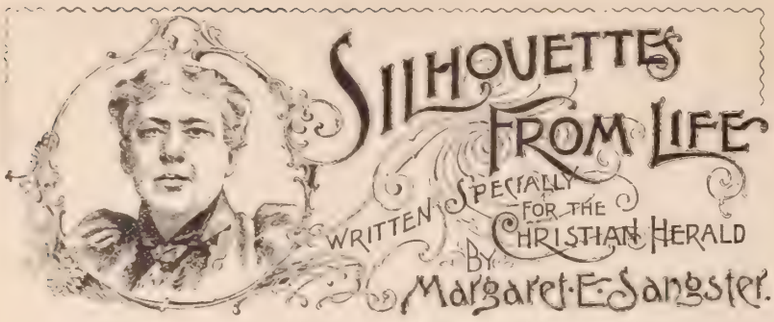
Successful Evangelistic Services Have Been held recently at Campbellsville, Ky., by Rev. W. O. Fife. A pastor reports that people came from adjoining districts to attend the meetings until the usual congregations often numbered over fifteen hundred persons. There were many conversions, and the influence will be felt over a wide area.

The American University at Washington, D. C., which will be the chief seat of learning of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country, has received a gift sufficient to erect a School of Languages from Gen. J. Watts de Peyster, of Tivoli, N. Y. The institution is to cost $150,000 the site $100,000, and a New York lady has started the endowment fund with a gift of $100,000.

The Tabulated Religious Statistics of the Census of 1890 show that of the total population of 62,622,259, the persons who are communicants or church members number 20,616,806. The proportion of communicants to population is larger in the cities than in the country districts. The average in the cities is 379 in every 1,000. In the country it is 328 in the 1000. Philadelphia has the largest number of churches. Brooklyn has the largest proportion of communicants to population.

A Novel Way of Raising Money for Religious work has been adopted at Syracuse, N. Y. The Syracuse Street Railroad Company instead of making a direct gift to the Women's Christian Association has placed fifteen cars on various lines at the disposal of the ladies for one day at a nominal sum. The ladies will run the cars and collect the fares and expect to make a profit on the venture for the Association. Not long ago they brought out one edition of the "Post," under a similar arrangement.

One of the Most Successful College Settlements yet established is Whittier House, 174 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J. It was begun by Miss Bradford, a sister of Dr. Amory H. Bradford, of Montclair, N. J. Dr. Scudder's congregation provided a small room and a few articles of furniture to start with. It now occupies a large house with rooms for kindergarten study, an infirmary, a music room, a penny bank, a loan office, &c. An immense amount of good has been done there in a densely populated neighborhood.



A Cup of Cold Water.

MRS. ALLEN BENSON was in Church this morning, Susie," said the minister to his wife, as he passed her his cup for a second filling. It was Sabbath noon, and the pastor was still feeling the excitement of his morning's preaching, and was lingering over the dainty luncheon which was ready to greet him, when he came home. Susie, Mrs. Fairchild, had not been out. Three small children, one a six months' baby wailing with premonitions of teeth soon to prick their way through the gums, held her captive at home. Still, so far as the sermons were concerned, she knew a good deal, for Mr. Fairchild liked to talk them over with her and many a bright thought and apt illustration were of her suggestion, and were cleverly woven in as he wrote in the little book-lined study just off the dining-room. But she did yearn sometimes for the privilege, comparatively seldom hers now, of sitting restfully in her own pew, of joining in the singing, of worshipping with the congregation of God's people, of walking to and from church with her husband. She gave a little sigh, when Tom told her of Mrs. Benson's having been in church, and as she cut for him a triangle of delicious lemon pie, she wondered much how Mrs. Benson had managed it. For she, too, had a baby six months old and her twins were not yet past their third birthday.

"I wished so much that you had been there, Susie," Mr. Fairchild went on. "The service to-day was so harmonious and Miss Spalding sang 'Consider the lilies' in a voice which was like the lark's soaring upward. Everybody would be so glad to see my wife, I, most of all, these summer Sunday mornings. Couldn't you next week, give Elise her bath early, put her to sleep, and leave Fred and Charley with Katie in the kitchen?"

"Perhaps so, Tom! I'll think about it," she answered gently repressing a natural desire to say instead, "No, Tom, the thing is out of the question."

Tom went away to his books, for an hour's respite before Sunday School, where he taught the young men's Bible class.

But Susie, having told Irish Katie, her faithful maid-of-all-work, that she was free for the afternoon betook herself to the nursery and the company of her little flock.

Now, a mother may so love her little children that she will cheerfully lay down her life for them, may consider no duty a tax, may spend all her powers ungrudgingly for her darlings, and yet may sometimes, and no shame and no blame to her, grow tired of her children, and be thankful for a little while to be out of their sight. This was the case once and again with you and me, was it not? I ask the question of the older mothers, whose children have grown out of their arms, and are now in the world, making their own way, fighting their own Apollyons, knowing trials and troubles that mother's arms, and mother's kisses can no longer soothe. It does not argue any lack of love, that a young mother should be glad of a little freedom, a little change, going back to her home nest, the brighter for a brief respite.

I am sure three of the church girls had been talking things over, as girls do, and looking about for some Christian work outside of their accustomed channels. As members of the Christian Endeavor Society, they felt [illegible] and it had occurred to one of them, Patty Marshall by name, that perhaps in searching for opportunities at the ends of the earth, they were ignoring excellent loopholes for effort at their very doors.

"Suppose girls," said Patty with persuasion in her tone, "we quietly organize ourselves into a trio of cup-bearers. One can carry a full cup with ease if it's only a few steps, but if you have to cross the desert and the ocean, some of the cold water may get spilled on the way."

"What do you propose?" said Geraldine Smyth.

"Why, for one thing, we might do substitute duty sometimes on Sunday mornings relieve young mothers like Mrs. Fairchild and Mrs. Benson and let them go to church for a change, while we take their places as child-tenders; of course we would lose the uplift and help of the service, but it would be that they might gain it, and I'm in favor of making them the offer of our services."

"Mrs. Fairchild hardly ever hears her husband preach;" said Alice Bell musingly.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY OF THE U. S. S. "CHARLESTON."

"And young Mrs. Barnes hasn't been in church for a year and a half," said Patty, thoughtfully, "while Mrs. Allen Benson never gets there!"

"The Theodore Bensons could help her," suggested Geraldine.

"They probably could, but they don't, you know," said Patty,

> Evil is wrought by want of thought
> As well as want of heart.

"But we will not spend our time criticising other people. The question is, what can we ourselves do in the case?"

Their waiting angels invisibly watching, no doubt smiled to see the eager consultation of the three bright heads close bent together, and the outcome of the confab was pleasing to the angels, and to men.

Its first fruits had been, though no one suspected it, for the girls did not sound a trumpet before them, and told nobody that there was a plan in what they were doing, preferring to have it look as if the proposal were by way of accident. Its very first fruits were seen when young Mrs. Benson went to church, leaving her baby with Geraldine.

During the week Patty found that she had an errand at the Parsonage, partly to return a book Mrs. Fairchild had lent her, partly to carry that lady a bunch of roses. Talking with her minister's wife, she took the plump, cooing baby in her arms, and [illegible]

"You dear, sweet, wee midget!" she exclaimed. "I wonder how long you'd be good with me. Mrs. Fairchild, if I should come here next Sunday morning, and stay with Elise and her little brothers, would you go to church? I'd love to sit here with the baby, and I'd amuse the boys, and wouldn't you find it a nice little rest? I wish, dear lady, I do wish you'd let me try my hand."

"Are you quite in earnest, Patty, or are you only tempting me?" laughed Mrs. Fairchild.

"I mean it, every word," Patty declared with emphasis.

"Well then, I accept," Mrs. Fairchild answered promptly. "Why, child, you are offering me a cup of cold water, and I am thirsty enough to snatch it eagerly. Thank you for the kind thought."

And next Sabbath morning, in her best black silk, and her pretty straw bonnet with the pink roses and the black feathers, Mrs. Susan Fairchild walked to church, side by side, with Tom, the minister.

"There go Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild together!" said Aunt Phebe Rand, looking from the window where she sat in her invalid chair. "Some saint or other has relieved her this morning and taken charge of her babies! A good idea! Maybe her mother, or his, is visiting her. I must find out. A body never hears a thing, shut up with a lame knee."

"Tom dear," said Susie, as they took luncheon when Patty had gone home, that Sunday, and she had nursed Elise and kissed the boys, "Tom, I want to tell you that your preaching is better than it used to be. I did enjoy it this morning. You helped me very much, and I saw how every one listened."

"My love," said the minister, "you are my dearest and my severest critic. I am always happier in the pulpit when you are in the pew."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A GAMBLER'S CONVERSION.

This incident is related by Mr. Crosskey, a Christian worker in England: "I heard of a young fellow who was in the habit of betting; he felt that he was on the way to destruction, but the gambling passion was too strong within him to be resisted. He told his Sunday-school teacher that he had given up many bad habits, but that from this one he did not feel able to escape.

'Were you always with me,' he said, 'I might manage it.' 'I cannot always be with you,' replied the teacher; 'but when and where do you gamble?' 'Oh, every day at dinner hour; I go down to the saloon at one o'clock,' was the answer. 'Well, I will tell you what I will do,' said the teacher: 'Every day as the clock strikes one, I will pray for you.' The young fellow was conquered. He came after a day or two, and said, 'I shall bet no more. Yesterday I wanted to go to the saloon, and I could not. I thought what a shame it was that you should be praying for me and that I should be gambling at the saloon, and I could not do it.'"

Thus by the patient, loving persistence in prayer of a good man, a sinner was brought into the Gospel fold. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

SEAFARING ENDEAVORERS.

ONE of the most interesting depts. ments of Christian Endeavor w[ork] is the Floating Society. It was ganized in 1890 specially for benefit of Christian sailors. comprised two departments: in organized societies on shipboard; the other of societies on shore in the ne[ighbor]hoods of ports and dockyards for w[ork] among the sailors. Both soon foun[d] most hopeful and encouraging field of[la]bor. In a short time societies were org[an]ized on several United States and merch[ant] vessels, and they have been sustained [with] excellent results, the members proving fa[ith]ful to their pledge and doing aggressive work among the crews. Many instan[ces] are on record of sailors coming on board [in] that condition of mobility when influ[ence] for good or ill would determine their w[hole] future; of their being brought under th[e] influence of the Christian Endeavor So[ciety] on the ship and so held for Christ from [the] first as they might not have been had [there] been no organization whose special [business] it was to look after them. The S[ocie]ties grew in number and in member[ship] especially on the United States vessels [in] this page is a picture reproduced fr[om a] photograph of the Society on board th[e] U. S. S. "Charleston." At the thirteenth [con]vention Miss Antoinette P. Jones, the [Su]perintendent of the work, was able to r[epo]rt fifty-one Floating Societies, of which s[ix]teen were on shore and the remainde[r on] shipboard, and she said that the reco[rd of] fidelity was equal to the records of soc[ieties] on shore.

Probably no class of men need so g[ra]ently the help that Christian End[eav]orers render. Cut off by their occupation fro[m the] advantages of church connec[tion], and to a large extent from re[gular] Sunday services, the Chri[stian] life in the soul is deprived of the s[pir]itual nourishment which he [ne]eds to sustain the religion of those [who] dwell ashore. Yet the sailor [as] others needs such nourish[ment]. He is brought into close as[so]ciation with the dissolute char[acters] for whom sea life has alway[s had] an attraction; he must hear [such] profanity, and when his ship[s] into port, temptations assail [him] on all hands. He needs en[cour]agement in his Christian p[rofes]sion, and an expression o[f the] kindly interest of his brethr[en in] the Lord. Beside this, the are happily on many ships qu[ite a] company of God-fearing [men], small generally in proporti[on to] the entire number of the [crew], but often sufficiently large t[o] der a religious meeting po[ssible]. Christian Endeavor comes [to the] sailor's help on both hands By visiting the ships in port a[nd by] providing the seafaring En[deav]orer with an introduction, as[sur]es him of finding brethren in Ch[rist in] any city where he may be staying and by supplying him with a basis of f[ellow]ship, it gives him the opportunity fo[r com]munion and mutual helpfulness afloat. On both the Atlantic and Pacific coast this good work is now going on with the most encouraging results.

HOW A COREAN KING DIE

The king of Corea, it is said, may [not] be touched with a metal weapon. The f[ate of] Tieng-tseng-Tai-Oung, an early rule[r was] taken sick with an abscess on his nec[k and] cried loudly for relief. All the great d[oc]tors of several nations thereabouts were g[ath]ered together, and agreed that all the[y] was to do was to lance it, but as this wo[uld be] touching the royal person with a [met]al weapon, and as the law was explicit [as to] the penalty for such an offence, the doct[ors all] refused to be dropped in molten lead [for] the mere purpose of saving the life of the [king], and so Tieng-tseng-Tai-Oung died in[hor]rible agony.

This very inconvenient law also [pre]vents the king being shaved, and [the] kings of Corea wear full beards. [On] other hand, for the king to touch an [ox] is considered such an extraordinary [thing] that very serious obligations ever aft[erwards] upon the person so touched. The mo[st] midable of these is the necessity of w[earing] forever a brass plate over the spot [of] royalty touched. This is partly in [order] that the spot may be kept sacred [from] other contact, and partly, of cours[e, for] purposes of public display.

CHRISTIAN PROGRESS.

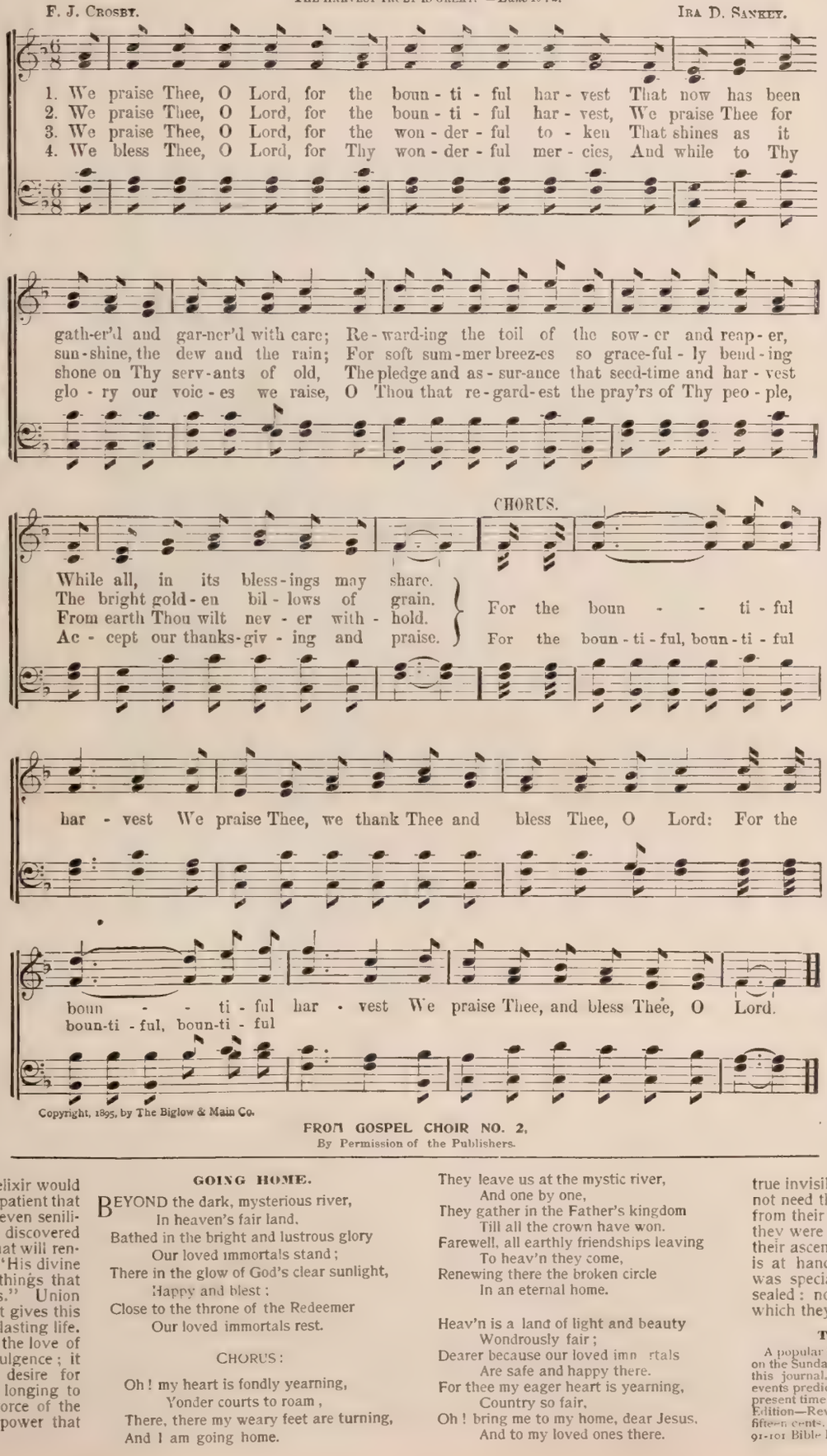
Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the week Beginning September 29. II. Peter 1: 1-11.

REAL life includes development. It can never be stationary. The moment it stands still it begins to decline. However dearly the parent loves his infant son he could imagine no more terrible evil than to have him remain an infant. He loves him, desires him, cherishes him, thinks him perfect as he is, but it would be an awful thing to have that perfect form and charming mental condition crystalized, as it were, arrested and fixed. He expects development and would be disappointed if it did not come. Mental and physical life must expand and develop, otherwise it is not life. Spiritual life has the same conditions although the fact is not so generally recognized. The second birth should be the beginning of a development as capable as that which follows the first birth. The first experiences of the soul that is brought in contact with Jesus, glorious and delightful as they are, will become rudimentary in God's eyes, if the new life is not checked, but expands and strengthens as it should. The text suggests the question of ideals. When a soul enters the kingdom of Christ what is expected of it? What is the difference between the child in Christ and the full grown man? It is not unlike the difference in physical life. He has more control of his powers and understands better how to use them. He has more intelligence, more knowledge, has the benefit of experience, can endure more than the child, can apply his knowledge with more effect, can exercise more influence. He is stronger, more skilful, more effective. All these differences could characterize the stages of spiritual life. The experienced Christian should be in all these respects a better and more useful man than he was when he first opened his eyes in Christ's light. Peter marks the stages in the passage on which the Topic is based: Faith is the beginning. That he has otherwise he would not be in the condition where growth is possible. Faith must go on to virtue, to knowledge, to temperance, to patience, to godliness, to love. The Apostle considers that a man who does not strive to grow along this line does not know what is good for himself. "is blind and cannot see afar off." It is in this way, he believes, that men may escape the corruption of the world, may be made spiritual men instead of self-indulgent animals. The method, it will be seen, is not that of repression. It is not the "Thou shalt not" of the Mosaic dispensation, but the positive force of spirituality. It is the method that the old alchemists dreamed of applying to the body. They believed that somewhere in nature there was a potent agent, an elixir of life, armed with which, the physician need no longer fight disease or injure it, but administering the elixir would so strengthen the the life of the patient that he would throw off disease and even senility. That secret has never been discovered but the power has been found that will render a like service for the soul. "His divine power hath granted unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness." Union with the divine nature in Christ gives this potent force which insures everlasting life. It permeates the soul excluding the love of sin and the desire for self-indulgence; it quickens and strengthens the desire for spiritual attainment, so that the longing to be like God is the paramount force of the spiritual nature. It is to this power that Paul refers: II. Cor. 3: 18.

THE BOUNTIFUL HARVEST.

"THE HARVEST TRULY IS GREAT."—*Luke 10: 2.*

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. We praise Thee, O Lord, for the boun - ti - ful har - vest That now has been
2. We praise Thee, O Lord, for the boun - ti - ful har - vest, We praise Thee for
3. We praise Thee, O Lord, for the won - der - ful to - ken That shines as it
4. We bless Thee, O Lord, for Thy won - der - ful mer - cies, And while to Thy
gath-er'd and gar-ner'd with care; Re - ward-ing the toil of the sow - er and reap - er,
sun-shine, the dew and the rain; For soft sum-mer breez-es so grace-ful - ly bend - ing
shone on Thy serv-ants of old, The pledge and as - sur-ance that seed-time and har - vest
glo - ry our voic - es we raise, O Thou that re - gard - est the pray'rs of Thy peo - ple,
CHORUS.
While all, in its bless-ings may share.
The bright gold - en bil - lows of grain.
From earth Thou wilt nev - er with - hold.
Ac - cept our thanks-giv - ing and praise.
For the boun - - ti - ful
For the boun - ti - ful, boun - ti - ful
har - vest We praise Thee, we thank Thee and bless Thee, O Lord: For the
boun - - ti - ful har - vest We praise Thee, and bless Thee, O Lord.
boun-ti - ful, boun-ti - ful

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FROM GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2,
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GOING HOME.

BEYOND the dark, mysterious river,
In heaven's fair land,
Bathed in the bright and lustrous glory
Our loved immortals stand;
There in the glow of God's clear sunlight,
Happy and blest;
Close to the throne of the Redeemer
Our loved immortals rest.

CHORUS:

Oh! my heart is fondly yearning,
Yonder courts to roam,
There, there my weary feet are turning,
And I am going home.

They leave us at the mystic river,
And one by one,
They gather in the Father's kingdom
Till all the crown have won.
Farewell, all earthly friendships leaving
To heav'n they come,
Renewing there the broken circle
In an eternal home.

Heav'n is a land of light and beauty
Wondrously fair;
Dearer because our loved immortals
Are safe and happy there.
For thee my eager heart is yearning,
Country so fair,
Oh! bring me to my home, dear Jesus,
And to my loved ones there.

PROPHETIC STUDY.

Why the Prophecies Have Failed to Give the Light to the Church they were Designed to give.

BY GEO. H. PEMBER, M. A.

Concluded from page 593.)

PROPHECY has been studied chiefly by men belonging to three separate and distinct schools of thought. The Præterist cannot believe that the Lord will return to the earth in glorious bodily presence, even as he ascended up into heaven. So he suggests that by "the coming of the Lord" we are to understand the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus!

The Post-millennialist does not absolutely deny that the Lord will return to the earth in person: he is, however, sure that the great event cannot take place at any unexpected hour, but only in the distant future, at a time far too remote to make it a matter of concern to the present dwellers upon the earth. Therefore, he places the thousand years of the Millennium between himself and the Appearing for which he has so little love. Hence he is compelled to make "the coming of the Lord" signify the death of a believer, and to understand many other phrases and passages in a non-natural sense—a practice which speedily reduces the whole Bible to vagueness and uncertainty.

The Historicist distributes the woes of the end over some eighteen centuries. Then, because in the interval between the advents the earth has been threatened by no such plagues as those which are threatened in the Apocalypse, he teaches that these supernatural plagues are merely figures of ordinary events in the history of the world the greater part of which are already past and gone! And so the terrors of the Book of Judgment are dissipated, and men are persuaded that God's wrath is not in proportion to the fear which his words inspire.

When Daniel had seen all his visions the angel said to him: "But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the end: many shall search it through and through, and the knowledge of it shall be increased." Though the prophet himself comprehended the revelation, to others the words must be hidden, and the book sealed, until the time of the end. It was not for a near, but for a distant, future, even for the end of the indignation: therefore, it should remain a secret, until the time appointed for its accomplishment should be drawing near.

Very different, however, were the directions given to the Apostle John in regard to the Apocalypse;—"Seal not up the words of the prophecy of this book: for the time is at hand." But John was writing exclusively for those who are "servants" of the Lord Jesus, who are filled with the Holy Spirit, and can, therefore, understand the things of God. And because they are such, being the true invisible Church of Christ, they will not need the discipline of an age-long exile from their God: the dispensation in which they were born upon earth will also witness their ascent into glory: for them, the time is at hand. Therefore, the Book which was specially given to them could not be sealed: nor will there be any other age in which they will need it.

THE LORD'S COMING.

A popular little work by Mrs. Baxter, whose articles on the Sunday School Lessons appear every week in this journal. It contains fifteen chapters on the events predicted in the Bible to occur between the present time and the close of the Millennium. Third Edition—Revised and Enlarged. 104 pages. Price fifteen cents. Published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91-101 Bible House, New York.

A Mother in Israel.

How the Famous Tuesday Meeting in New York was Established by a Trio of Consecrated Christian Workers.

TO many believers in distant States and in other lands, "The Tuesday Meeting" in New York is a familiar name. For nearly three score years it has been held regularly every week and its echoes, and the high and pure spirit it has stimulated, have penetrated far and near. The Meeting was established by the venerable lady whose portrait appears on this page. Mrs. Palmer sat for the portrait on her eighty-ninth birthday, designing it as a gift to her friend, Mrs. Bella Cooke, in the hope that through the sale of copies of it, Mrs. Cooke might obtain additional funds for the charitable work she does in that little room, where she has lain helpless now nearly forty years.

At the time the Tuesday Meeting commenced, Mrs. Palmer was the wife of Mr. Thomas A. Lankford. She and her younger sister, Phœbe, then the wife of Dr. Walter C. Palmer, were almost from the beginning associated in the conduct of the meeting, at which they earnestly strove to induce all who came to seek the privileges which they declared God had promised to all of his children who would give themselves wholly and unreservedly to his leading. Both Mrs. Lankford and Mrs. Palmer had been converted in early life. They were the daughters of Mr. Henry Worrall, an Englishman who was received into church membership by John Wesley himself, and whose member's card bore the signature of the celebrated divine. He was living in his father's home at Sheffield, England, at that time, but afterward he came to America and settled in New York, where his two daughters were born. Their early love for each other was very tender and it continued after both were married, and down to the day when the younger sister was called from her earthly labors By that time Mrs. Lankford also had lost her partner in life, and their common loss, drew the bereaved husband and the desolate widow together. Finally Mrs. Lankford consented to fill the place her sister's death had left vacant, and in 1876 she became Dr. Palmer's wife.

The Tuesday Meeting had been a regular institution for nearly forty years, at that time, and its influence had been widely felt. It was the offspring of two meetings of which Mrs. Lankford was leader. One of these was held on Monday afternoons in Allen street Methodist Episcopal Church, and the other on Wednesday afternoons in Mulberry street Methodist Episcopal Church. They were the ordinary Methodist class-meetings, but the leader's influence was sufficient to give them a character of their own. She had entered more fully than most Christians into the doctrines of the higher life and was strongly moved to bring others to seek the blessing for themselves. Even among her nearest friends there were some who could not understand her enthusiasm, and some who misunderstood it. The class-meetings became so thoroughly identified with these doctrines, and were besides so much a duplication of labor, that it was thought wise to discontinue them and hold one meeting apart from the churches. The meeting was accordingly fixed for Tuesday afternoon, at 54 Bleecker street, where the Lankford and Palmer families had their common home.

The first meeting was held on the second Tuesday of February, 1836, when about forty ladies attended. The exercises were simple, but very solemn. One and another testified that their souls had caught views there of Christ, as their all-powerful Deliverer, such as they had never before experienced and one lady who besought prayers, rose from her knees with so wonderful a revelation in her heart that her face was glowing with light and joy. Several meetings were held with similar results. Mrs. Lankford was profoundly, humbly thankful, rejoicing in the evident tokens of God's approval. One blessing, however, her soul yearned for. She longed with an unutterable longing that [illegible] that was filling her own heart. She spoke to her often on the subject, but Mrs. Palmer, though a sincere and earnest Christian, had little faith in the possibility of obtaining "the second blessing," or in the real existence of such a blessing apart from the imagination of the receiver. Mrs. Lankford, one morning, made an unusually earnest appeal to her and resolved to spend the whole day in fasting and prayer, that her sister might see the matter as she saw it, and gain the same experience. That very day, the work began in her heart and very soon she was rejoicing in the same conviction as her sister, that God had wholly delivered her from the power of sin. Shortly afterward Dr. Palmer was brought in and he, too, became an earnest advocate of the doctrine. His accession led to the meeting being opened to men and after that, the attendance was limited only by the accommodations of the house.

Dr. Palmer's medical engagements occasionally prevented his being present, but either his wife or her sister were always there, and generally both took part in the exercises. They consisted chiefly in teaching, in testimonies and in prayers for such as were seeking the blessing. Rev. George Hughes who has written the story of the Meeting says that Dr. Palmer's prayers especially were "unctuous pleadings at the throne of grace." However that may be, it is certain there was an unction in them and in all the proceedings which was felt by every one present. The attendance was remarkable, almost from the beginning, for its undenominational character. Earnest Christians of every name, were to be met there, for even those who believed perfection in this life was a vain hope and higher attainments in the Christian life were to be gained by slow and continuous effort, rather than by a sudden gift from God, realized there, more than elsewhere, how dependent all such effort must be on the Holy Spirit, which is given in answer to such believing prayers as went up from that company of earnest souls. The meetings are still continued and every year at Ocean Grove there is an additional meeting for the the sojourners at that famous religious resort. Dr. Palmer was called home twelve years ago, but his widow is as devoted to the meetings as ever, and, though she is now in her ninetieth year, she is seldom absent from her place. Mainly to find room for the increasing numbers at the meeting, Dr. Palmer removed twice, and even now Mrs. Palmer's commodious home at 316 East Fifteenth street is often inconveniently crowded by strangers attracted to the meetings.

Bishop Mallalieu, writing of the hallowed service inaugurated by the subject of this sketch, gives the following testimony: This Tuesday Afternoon Meeting, commenced by those eminent saints of God, Mrs. Lankford and Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, continued for fifty years, has been blessed of God in the uplifting of many souls.

The work wrought in all those years will not [illegible] the words of testimony, the prayers of faith, the songs of holy joy and victory all live, and will for many, many years. True, many of those who have shared in the privileges of this gathering have gone to their reward, but this influence, like fragrance, perfumes, yet lingers to gladden and bless and encourage [illegible]

MRS S A LANKFORD PALMER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON HER EIGHTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY.

Closing Days at Mont-Lawn.

Diphtheria in New York Tenements Gives a Halt to the Season's Work—What has been Accomplished this year

OWING to an outbreak of diphtheria of a malignant type, among the children of the city tenements in those neighborhoods from which the next company of little convalescents was to be taken for a ten days' health-recruiting stay at Mont-Lawn, the arrangement to keep open until October 1st has necessarily been modified. This dreaded disease, which at this season of the year is always more or less prevalent among the juvenile population in the poorer sections of New York, renders it impossible to take any further drafts of tenement children to the Home without incurring a great danger, and rather than run the risk of exposing our little guests to such perils, it has been decided to take no more tenement children to Mont-Lawn after to-day and to close the Home at the end of the current week. Thus far, during the whole season, there has not been a single serious case of sickness among our children. Including those now there, nearly 2400 children in all have been entertained this summer, as against 1124 last year. In every department, our Fresh-Air Fund's work has expanded, and a larger measure of health, happiness, and moral and spiritual improvement among the children of the very poor, the little waifs and outcasts of the great metropolis has been the result.

In announcing the close of the second season of our Fresh-Air Fund, we desire to express, in behalf of the children and their fathers and mothers—and also in behalf of those little guests who are orphans and alone in the world—the gratitude they feel, in their hearts and on their lips, for all the kindnesses that have been extended to them, for the pleasant days they have passed at the Home, and for the spiritual teachings they have enjoyed there. This is the message of our 2400 little guests to the good friends who have aided, by their kind letters, their prayers, and their gifts, in the support of the Home during the summer months. It is not likely that any one of the little beneficiaries will ever forget it, or will fail to recall, in days to come, the good times they had, the strength that was imparted by the nourishing fare, the sweet sleep, and the rompings in the pure air of Mont-Lawn; nor can they forget the hymns, the prayers, and the kindly monitions of the mission teachers. How many little lives were saved, how many wee hearts brightened, and how many dull tenement homes made summer even by the measure of a single gleam, as the result of all this kindness, may never be fully known save to the loving Father above, from whom alone the reward for such good deeds can come. It has afforded the proprietor of this journal unmixed pleasure to have been the means of originating and conducting a philanthropy that has met with such glorious co-operation, and been productive of so much good. In a short time, a financial statement of the season's work at the Home will be presented in TH CHRISTIAN HERALD, which will be re with interest by all who have had a sha however slight, in this labor of love for t tenement children.

Some of the letters received at the Hor from our children, are full of expr sions of love and gratitude. Otto a Theodore S——, write: "We thank y ever so much for being so patient in te ing Theodore. Kindly remember yo friends." "I was sorry that I left Mo Lawn, because it was very nice out there wrote B. B——. Little George M——, East Tenth street, New York, write "We are missing all the pleasure we had the country, and I would like to return. \ are not let play ball in the city."

A pretty letter, which is a sample many others, is that of Florence Sa ders, of Danvers, Mass., who says:

We are boys and girls who meet every Sun afternoon in a barn. Our teacher has told us of "Cry of the Children," and shown the pictures your paper. Some of us do not go to any other S day School, and people have been very kind to and we wish to do some good with the money give. To-day we counted our pennies and had s in the money-box-collections for three months. voted to send you $1 for the Fresh-Air Fund fi the Conant Street Sunday School, of Danvers, Ma

Mr. M. Shrenk, Bloomingdale, Ga., f warded $6 for the work of the Childre Home.

Mrs. C. B. Canthron, Avondale, Te ($10) writes:

I spoke of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Fresh Air I in Sunday School, and asked all to donate. Whe started home the Superintendent and teacher g me twenty-five cents a piece; later another gave twenty-five cents. I added more and sent for s ice. A few friends gave some sugar and cakes we had an ice cream supper and cleared ten lars, which I'm thankful to send for so good a cau

Mrs. C. H. Walker, Denver, Col writes:

Here are one dollar each from my two l nieces, aged eleven and thirteen, an I one from They have earned the money picking wild ber and knitting for me. Their little hearts are gre touched and go out in tender sympathy toward poor children they read about in THE CHRIST HERALD.

Contributions to the Work.

The following sums have been receiv during the week for the Children's Hon

Previously Acknowledged	**$4,893.**
A friend, Salisbury	
Susan A McMurray and Lillian Blandford,	1
Mrs M F Crafton and others	1
Sylvia Schoch	
——, Stockton	2
A mite from a widow, Northampton	
Carson Presbyterian Juniors	
Dev Drop Band, Harlemville	1
M C P and A L P, Foxboro	
C E Richards	3
Frank W Cram	
In His Name, Biddeford	1
Blanch and Rhea S. and Mary Miller	
Mrs Z. Stowe	
Gideon, Lovica and Annie Stofford	
A V Arnonett	3
"All of us" Woodbourne	11
Mrs Caroline H Cook	6
Subr. Freedom	1
N. C	2
Sympathizer	
Cynthia M Cam	
I Girod	2
Mrs J M Densmore	1
W Reid	2
B E Wilcox	5
Mrs Alex Marcoux, Sr	10
Florence Webster	1
"Vision," Granville	5
In His Name, Balto	
Mrs L M Merrow	3
Mrs J R M, N Y	
Nellie B Shipp	1
Visitor to Children's Home	
Proceeds of an ice cream supper, Avondale	10
Q McAdam	5
J R Mitchell	1
——, Brownsdale, Pa	1
H L Jones	
S Mapson	
Mother and Daughter, Sandwich	
Walter McLaren	3
Willing Workers, 8th Chest Pres Church	5
Subr	1
Ada M Gray	1
Mamie G Johnston	1
H & W, Louisville	1
Mrs D M K, Brooklyn	5
One interested in the work, Umatilla	1
Helping Hand Bound Brook	5
Frances M Ruby	
Mrs Alex Whittet	5
Jr. Chr. Endeavor So. Terrace Cong'l Church	5
V H Field	10
J T M, Kingsford	3
Mrs Minnie Green	1
Palmyra Corners Sunday School	3
C M, Brooklyn	5
Mrs Mary F Warner	2
Lula Wax Sibley	3
A wayfaring mother, Ohio	1
Two Readers of the C H, Green Cove Springs	1
Contributed by one who loves children, Stony Creek	7
Mrs. Helen Powers	
Katie Ball - S S Class	5
M F C, Leadmine, Wis	1
Drop one among many, Bear's Landing, Pa	1
A friend, Clinton	5
Rae and Edith Hubbs	3
A Sum, Richfield	4
Mother and daughter	1
E B Paterson	3
Mrs Wm McCutcheon	5
Three friends, Camden	10
Mrs Mary C Beach	10
Friend New Haven	10
Friend E Brooklyn	
Donald Lines Jacobus	
Total	**$5,117.2**

King's Daughters, Marathon, N. Y., bbl clothing

Housekeeping in Arabia.

It Primitive Enough and Yet it Contains Some Good Suggestions — The Room and its Domestic Office.

AMERICAN housewives will naturally smile at the suggestion that even a hint of practical value can be taken from the conduct of a home, such as that shown in the illustration on this page. They will look in vain for the convenient cooking-range, the ovens, and the boiler, and even the indispensable kitchen table seems to be wanting. Those simple housewives of Arabia have apparently not yet come into contact with these implements of civilization. This is all the more strange, in view of the fact that the Arabs, who are industrious and enterprising as a race, led the world, by their invention and skill, to most of the more complicated inventions and manufactures of our own times.

Their work in metals has never been excelled, and the sword-blades of Damascus, the copper-work of Baghdad, and the gold and silver workmanship of Oman have been famous the world over. In preparing and dyeing leather, and in the production of the most delicate fabrics of the loom, the Arabian women excelled all others. Civilization owes to that country the introduction, if not the invention, of the pendulum, and the semaphoric telegraph, as also the manufacture of silk and cotton. The mariner's compass came to us from the Arabs, and writing-paper was made at Mecca as early as the eighth century, whence it spread throughout the Western world. Arab culture and philosophy, Arab architecture and science have possessed a wider sway than Arab conquest. Very many of the useful arts and practical inventions perfected by younger nations had their origin in Arab skill and ingenuity.

The Arab loom, shown in the picture, is easily recognizable as the prototype of the old-fashioned domestic loom, so common a few generations ago, in this country and Europe and which may still be found in some out-of-the-way sections of Switzerland and Holland. With such a crude machine, the skilful house-mother or the daughter would produce, not silk as the Arab woman is doing, but a very excellent and durable quality of cloth, for the use of the members of the household. One can imagine how slow and laborious must be the process of operating such a loom—labor which to-day is simplified and reduced by many later inventions. But in the Orient, time moves on tardy pinions, and changes and innovations are few. Arab housewives, except in rare instances, are content to do as their grandmothers did, and to cook, bake, sew, slave and work generally with implements that have long since been cast aside by the more progressive peoples of the West.

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The Nagging of Children.

There are many parents who seem to suppose that their chief work in the training of a child is to be incessantly commanding or prohibiting; telling the child to do this or to do that, and not to do this, or that, or the other. But this nagging a child is not training a child; on the contrary, it is destructive of all training on the part of one who is addicted to it. It is not the driver who is training a horse, but one who neither is trained nor can train, who is all the time "yanking" at the reins, or "thrapping" them up and down. Neither parent nor driver, in such a case, can do as much in the direction of training by doing incessantly, as by letting alone judiciously. "Don't be always don't-ing," is a bit of counsel to parents that can hardly be emphasized too strongly. Don't be always directing, is a companion precept to this. Both injunctions are needful, with the tendency of human nature as it is. Of course, there must be explicit commanding and explicit prohibiting in the process of child-training; but there must also be a large measure of wise letting alone. When to prohibit and when to command, in this process, are questions that demand wisdom, thought, and character; and more wisdom, more thought, and more character are needful in deciding the question when to let the child alone.

***

Concerning Table-talk.

There are obvious reasons why the social talk at daily meals should possess a value not attainable under other circumstances in the ordinary Christian household. Just there is the place where all the members of the family must be together. However closely and however diversely they may be occupied at other times, when the hour for the household meal has arrived, everything else must be dropped by them all for the one duty of eating and drinking; and they must all come together for that common purpose. In the very nature of things, too, those who have gathered at the family table must, for the time being, have left all their work behind them, and be in a state of relaxation and of kindlier feeling accordingly. Only now and then is there a family circle the members of which recognize at the fullest, and make available at the best, the value of table-talk as a training agency for all who have a share in it, or who are under its immediate influence.

***

A Test of Our Love.

It is related that a little girl often followed her father around when he came into the house, with this question: "Father, what can I do for you?" And never was she happier than when he gave her something to do for him. Once he said, perhaps tired with her asking, "Child, why do you ask that question so much?" "Oh, father," she answered with tears in her eyes, "because I can't help it." It was love that put the question; and her readiness to undertake whatever he set her about was proof of the genuineness of that love. She wanted always to be doing something for her father. People sometimes are in doubt whether they love God or not. We will tell them how they can find out. Are you often asking your heavenly Father the same question this little girl asked her earthly father? Is it one of your first thoughts, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" And do you keep on asking because you cannot help it? It so fills your heart that it must come out. And you not only ask, but are on the lookout all the time to hear what he bids. This is the way to know whether you love God or not.

A GLIMPSE OF THE INTERIOR OF AN ARABIAN HOME.

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A Little Girl's Prayer.

A little girl once said to her father, (writes Prof. Drummond,) "Papa, I want you to say something to God for me—something I want to tell him very much. I have such a little voice that I don't think he could hear it away up in heaven, but you have a great big man's voice, and he will be sure to hear you." The father took his little girl in his arms, and told her that even though God were at that moment surrounded by all his holy angels, sounding on their golden harps, and singing to him one of the grandest and sweetest songs of praise ever heard in heaven, he was sure that he would say to them: "Hush, stop singing for a little while. There's a little girl away down on the earth who wants to whisper something. Please, dear Lord, to listen."

A HOME IN HEAVEN.*

A HOME in heaven! What a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot!
His heart oppressed, and by anguish driven
From his home below to his home in heaven.

A home in heaven! As the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home; what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in heav'n.

A home in heaven! When our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
And our strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

A home in heaven! When the faint heart bleeds
By the Spirit's stroke for its evil deeds;
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

Our home in heaven! Oh, the glorious home,
And the Spirit, joined with the bride, says "Come!"
Come, seek His face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

—REV. WILLIAM McDONALD.

* Published by request of numerous readers.

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The Influence of a Good Home.

I know how much I owe personally to the fact of being brought up in a home where I was taught to appreciate the greatness of righteous authority, the vastness of its meaning, the advantage of submitting to it, and the serious risk of resisting it, writes the Rev. Chas. H. Parkhurst. No anarchist could ever have graduated from the home I was born, loved and cherished in. Such experience makes me pity the children who know no discipline but that of caresses and sweetmeats, and makes me more than pity the parents who have neither the discernment in their mental constitution nor the iron in their moral constitution to perceive that nothing which a child can know or can win, can begin to take the place of the sense of superior authority, and of the holy right of that authority to be respected, revered and obeyed. The moral strength of a man is measured pretty accurately by the cordial reverence with which he regards whatsoever has the right to call itself his master. Estimated by this criterion, the average American boy is a discouraging type of humanity, and is a severe reflection upon the crude attempts at manhood manufacture evinced by the typical American home. If our homes cannot turn out children that will respect authority, there will be no authority in a great while either at home, in the State or anywhere else, that will be worth their respecting.

***

The Children's Sleep.

Sleep is regarded as the time when only good arrives to the sleeper, and in the case of adults this is so; with children, however, the matter is different. The actual fact of sleep is good, but the matter of sleep is not always so by any means, for, during these periods of repose, a child may contract a habit of position which will cause a lasting deformity. In the first place, children are often put to sleep always on the same side. The mother finds them less restless so, and thoughtlessly lays them that way. Sometimes this restlessness is caused by physical defects, but it mainly arises from habit. No creature on earth is more liable to habit than a tiny, soft baby that you wouldn't think could possess any distinct quality. A mother, for some reason peculiar to herself, finds it most convenient to place the little one on its left side, we will say, for about three days; when the fourth day arrives, master baby decides there is something wrong if he is put on his right side, and forthwith begins to squirm and twist until he fidgets himself awake. Mamma places him on the other side and he serenely settles himself.

***

Papa's Prayer and its Answer.

At his family altar one morning, a man prayed that God would help a poor neighbor who lived just across the street. The neighbor was in a great deal of distress that money could relieve. In his prayer, the well-to-do brother told the Lord all about how badly off his poor neighbor was, and asked him to do everything for him that was needed. As he arose from his knees and wiped his moist eyes, feeling pretty well satisfied with himself, his little boy went up to him and said: "Give me your pocketbook, papa, and I'll go over to Mr. Smith's and answer your prayer myself."

...NADJA;...

A Tale of the Russian Steppes.*

BY OLIVER M. NORRIS.

CHAPTER X.

Before the Icon.

FOR two days Nadja remained a close prisoner in her own room. Save that her father kept a strict watch on her movements she was not molested in any way. She had no desire to leave the house, and told her father so, but it seemed as though he could not trust her. He sat reading in his carved chair outside the cottage all day long, only leaving it to perform his prolonged devotions before the icon. Grisha attended on his young mistress, leaving his cows and sheep to wander over the dunes at their own sweet will. He made tea for her, and ran into the cottage every now then to report that a certain peasant had gone along the river path, and that another had crossed the river, that a woman had gone to cut rushes, and so on. His artless, half-foolish gibberish which only she could perfectly understand, helped to interest the girl, and the simple kindness of his every word and action did something to compensate her for her loss of liberty, if it failed to banish the thoughts of the terrible interview with her father which she knew was coming, and which weighed so heavily on her spirits.

At last the afternoon of the departure came, and Nadja could hear the voices of the peasants on the road as they awaited the coming of the traveling carriage. Her father was at the ferry with the hired man, and she and Grisha were alone, he running in and out in a state of the utmost excitement.

"Tell me, Grisha," asked Nadja at last, what are those voices? I hear the people in front of the house."

"Oh, it is grand, Nadja! I was waiting for you to ask. The sun is shining low down, and Panitch Sergei and Panitch Volodia are going away to fight, and they say they are going in the carriage, and the carriage will be coming down the hill presently; and Mikhail the Stundist is going also, and all the people are waiting to see them."

"But Mikhail the Stundist! Is he going also!" Nadja's heart sank.

"Yes, they say he's sick, and that if he does not go away he'll die. Panitch Sergei is taking him."

Nadja bowed her face in her apron and wept, and Grisha stood by silent and wondering. She raised her tear-stained face, and told him to go away and tell her no more, and he went lingeringly and looking longingly from the doorway. Nadja heard the clamor of the peasants outside, caught a word here and there, but nothing connected.

A [illegible] followed as they went up the hill to meet the carriage, then the crackle and crunch of the wheels on the road and the subdued voices of the returning villagers. Now and again she could hear her father giving orders about the ferry, and at last Sergei's cheery voice as he [illegible] But the voice that she was straining every nerve to hear was silent. She threw herself on her bed and [illegible]

It was not long before her father returned. She heard him drag his heavy chair [illegible] in its usual place before the stove. She heard him pace silently backwards and forwards in the little outer room until it was quite dark, until Grisha had come in and lain down on the straw under the table. Sometimes he tramped slowly and methodically, sometimes in haste, smiting his hands together and sighing. Apparently worn out, he sank down at last in his chair in the dark and slept.

Towards midnight he wakened and rousing Grisha ordered him to light the lamp, he himself lighting the little blue lampada hanging by its silver chain before the icon. He then drew the chair into the centre of the room facing the shining picture of St. Nicholas the Wonder-Worker.

"Nadja," he said in grating tones, "are you asleep?"

"No, father."

"Then dress yourself quickly and come here; I have much to say to you."

In a few minutes Nadja appeared, pale, worn, hollow-eyed.

"Sit down, child in the chair. Grisha, bring the lamp here and set it on the stove. Look up, girl. Why have you been weeping?"

"Oh father, I am so miserable! I am so lonely. I am frightened. I am not like other girls. I see them with their friends laughing and happy. I see them working and playing; they are brown and strong and always smiling. Let us go away, father, from this place. I hate it. Let us go to Kief that I heard you talk of. We will be happier there."

"Nadja, don't try to deceive me. Look at the icon and answer this question: Have you given the true reason for your unhappiness? You are trying to blind my eyes."

The girl made no answer. She only sobbed. Sozontieff, ceasing to speak in the quiet passionless tones he had hitherto used, raised his voice threateningly. Turning first to Grisha, he ordered him to leave the room, and Grisha obeyed with a scowl. The door was looked behind him. Then Sozontieff returning close to Nadja seized her roughly by the shoulders and shook her.

"Girl, the truth—tell me the truth."

Nadja cried out in pain and terror, and tried to speak, but her tongue refused to utter a coherent word.

"You won't speak? You think you can hide things from me? I'll let you know to the contrary." He went to a recess in the stove, from which he took an old leather-bound Slavonic Bible, which he placed in her hands. "Now, girl, with this in your hands, if you speak not the truth the holy Wonder-Worker before whom you sit will strike you with blindness. It was with this book that your grandfather Piotr Samuilitch struck blind the 'ataman' Akseni when he came in pursuit of us as we were escaping from the Cossacks. Now answer!"

"You know Mikhail the Stundist!"

"Yes."

"When did he speak to you last? When did you last see him?"

"Two days ago."

"Quite right. Where did he speak to you?"

"Along the river; under the Blue Cliffs."

"What did he say to you? What passed between you?"

"I don't know. Oh, father, you torture me. Don't ask me any more questions. For God's sake leave me alone! I cannot answer you."

"You shall answer me," he said fiercely; "you have been carrying on a secret intrigue with my enemy, with a man who is fast leading the people into such error that

(Continued on page 613.)

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to concentrate their nervous force in mental work to the utter neglect of their physical welfare, and in a short time they suffer from debility, exhaustion, mental depression, etc., and are obliged to yield to restless, sleepless prostration. Rev. J. R. Miller, of the Erie Conference, M. E. Church, wrote Oct. 24, '92: "I broke down because of overwork, my nervous system being overtaxed. But I kept on until completely overcome. I tried several physicians; traveled and took medicine of all sorts without relief, until I took Dr. Miles' Nervine which cured me." April 10, '95, Dr. Miller wrote: "I have done full work on an important charge, and my health has been good ever since I took the Nervine."

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Take Gastrine, a teaspoonful three times a day, after meals. Twice a week take a teaspoonfuls of Natrolithic Salts, in a tumbl of water, a half-hour before breakfast.

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Take Thyroidine, extract of the thy gland, in three-drop doses, twice daily, two months.

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Take Cerebrine, extract of the brain, in drop doses, three times daily, on the tong for two months. A dose of Natrolithic S. twice a week, before breakfast.

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Take Cardine, extract of the heart, in th drop doses, on the tongue, twice daily.

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in mparison what they call Orthodoxy is pu y and truth itself. I have guessed it all ong. As a child he used to seek to lead yo astray. Now he is a man and you are a man. You know what you are doing. Yo shall tell me fully and clearly every de- tai f this miserable love-making of yours or shall kill you, yes, kill you like a dog. Do ou hear me?"

"ather," whispered Nadja hoarsely th gh parched lips, "I have told you the tru Why will you torment me? I did no to that place to meet the Stundist. I did not even know he was there. Oh, if I had known he was to see me there, I would ne have gone—never! Look, I am telling e truth. I hold the Bible in my hand an look at the Wonder-Worker. I see, an m not blind."

"id you go to the Blue Cliffs to meet son one else? So the Stundist then is not the only one whom you have allowed to con near you? If it was not the Stundist, it was one of the Orthodox, one of those wh are condemned to hell fire. Who was it. Isk?"

Nja gave no answer. She recognized tha er father did not know so much as she id feared, and that his suspicions had ta n on the wrong person. But she was determined not to divulge her secret, or bathe a syllable that would implicate Vla nir.

"ou are silent, girl; you think to hide this thing from me," began her father, "bu I must know it. I have lived all the years an honored and honorable man. I ha kept myself and all that is mine unsp ld. Now in my old days it is revealed me, but not by the voice of man, that my ly child, the daughter whom I dearly love who was all I had on earth, is false to herself, false to me, false to her religion; tha she has her secrets, her intrigues, that she in terrible danger of falling into the deep t sin, if"—here he shot a quick glan at her—"if she has not fallen already." Then turning to the icon: "Answer me, Wonder-Worker. Has my daughter spok truly?"

The half-crazed fanatic waited a moment for answer, and then in deep tones he ans red himself:

"She has spoken truly, but she has not told u all."

"Will she tell me all, O holy Nicholas?"

"She will tell you nothing more. I will tell u all."

"Has she been true to her faith? Has she gone hankering after a man of the false chu ch? Has she brought disgrace on my grey airs?"

"Yes, all that you say she has done."

"Wonder-Worker, teli me how to win her ck." Here his voice took an accent of in scribable pathos. "Tell me how she may e redeemed. May I not know who it is that has led her astray? May I not hear his name that I may keep his shadow from my door, that he may not further pollute y house?"

A long pause followed. Nadja's head had sunk low on her bosom; she had clasped h hands, and her long golden hair, which had been loosened in the fierce grip of h father, had fallen all about her shoulders. Sozontieff busied himself in lighting tapers before the icon until it glittered with ten thousand reflections; then extinguishing the lamp and kneeling down in fr t of his daughter, but with his face to the icon, he waited the answer. It came at la , the father speaking as if he was repeating something spoken to him. The questions were in his ordinary voice, and the answers deep and hoarse.

"Yes, you shall know his name."

"Is not the Stundist preacher?"

"No."

"One of his cursed flock!"

"No."

"Is it the Jew "kabak" keeper?"

"No."

"The priest? One of the silly crowd of idolaters?"

"No."

"Yes he live in Slavo?"

"Not now."

"Where is he?"

"On the road to Kief."

"What!" Sozontieff turned with a fierce yell to his daughter, and seized her hand in his. "It is the Panitch. It is Pan Vladimir. Have you sunk so low? Have you forgotten what purity and honor are? You are a peasant's daughter, he is a noble! Do you know what that means? You are an Old Believer, he an idolater. Do you know what that means?" He flung her hands away and they came in sharp contact with the arm of the chair. The pain of the blow must have been acute, but she made no sign of having felt it. He looked at her eyes—they were shut. He put his hands on her cheeks—they were cold and clammy. He rose to his feet and turned again to the icon.

"One more question, O Wonder-Worker! What am I to do to redeem her? Can she not be brought back to me?"

"Impossible, save by death!"

"And will death purify her? Will she then become as one of the blessed? Will sin no longer cleave to her and do her injury?"

"Death will set her free, and only death. Read what the Lord told Abraham to do with Isaac."

At this answer Sozontieff staggered back, pushing away the tangled grey hair from his forehead and staring at the Wonder-Worker. Then taking his Slavonic Bible from Nadja's lap he turned the leaves to find the terrible chapter where Abraham journeyed to Mount Moriah to sacrifice his son. He read the passage aloud, and when he came to how a ram was caught by its horns in the thicket and was offered up instead of Isaac his face brightened; he looked up at the icon.

"Will a substitute be provided for my daughter?"

"You shall see. Do as you are told. Have faith. Your daughter shall not die."

(To be Continued.)

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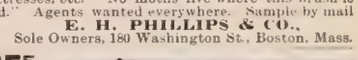

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Yours for the cure of millions,
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Endorsed, **Eben D. Jordan.**

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MY DEAR MR. WYCKOFF—On your suggestion, I procured from your friend, Mr. Booth, one of his pocket inhalers. It has worked like a charm. The bronchitis has *entirely disappeared*, and, thanks to you, is the first thing I have found in ten years that has given permanent relief. Cordially yours,
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[*The above letter to the late W. O. Wyckoff, Esq., President Remington Typewriter Co., from Hon. Francis H. Wilson, Member of Congress, speaks for itself. The letter is published with the consent of Mr. Wilson.*]

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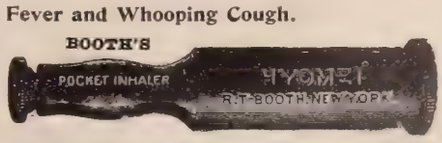

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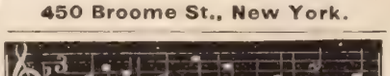

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TIME speeds on—before you realize it Christmas is at hand and the worry of selecting gifts begins. An inexpensive gift that will give pleasure and be of utility and at the same time suggest appropriateness is one of the most difficult problems that confronts us at holiday times. The trouble is we put it off too long. Nothing seems to suggest itself as "just the thing" and thus the important duty of selecting our gifts is left till the last minute and one must then "take what is left." The readers of The Christian Herald should not be of the dilly-dally sort. The World's Fair souvenir spoons are *just the thing.* And as bridal or birthday gifts it would be a hard matter to find another gift so pleasing to the donor, at such a small price. One lady writes:

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(Signed) Lillie V. Croft,
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Tom's Creek, P. O., McDowell Co., July 2 [illegible]

Gentlemen:—The half dozen [illegible] spoons came safely and I am pleased with them. Respectfully

(Signed) Jas. Harvey Green

Dear Sirs:—My spoons are beauties. I am very proud of them. There are not more than 25 people here but I will try to get up a club, I want some more so much.

(Signed) Mrs. Flora G. William
Inter Lachen,

Parkersburg, W. Va., July 15, 95.
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Dear Sirs:—Your prompt delivery appreciated. The spoons received and are very much pleased with them. They are pretty I think you will get another order from here, from a party who has seen mine.

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) Miss M. L. Bartl
1330 St. Mary

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Baltimore, July 2, 1895.
To the Messrs. Leonard Mfg. Co.

I received the spoons and berry dish in good condition. Many thanks for your kindness. Please find money order for six more sets with which you will also send the spoons as premium. By so doing you will oblige,

Mrs. Dr. August Horn, 732 W. Mulberry St.

Meriden, Miss., Aug. 6, 1895.
Leonard Mfg. Co.

Gentlemen:—I send enclosed postoffice order for $7 30 for which please send to my address, one case of your silverware, containing tablespoons, teaspoons and butter plates, six of each and butter knife and sugar spoon. Also six sets of World's Fair spoons. Please send a cake basket as premium for the souvenir spoons. I think I can get orders for several cake baskets when I have one to show the ladies, also butter dishes. This is the tenth set of spoons that I have ordered of you. All are pleased with them. Please address,

Mrs. Frank Meyers, 343 41st Ave

Trusting to hear from you promptly I did on my last order, I am, Yours truly

S. L. An[illegible]

Little Rock, Ark., July [illegible]
Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Gentlemen:—I enclose a money o[illegible] $5.94 for six sets of your souvenir spoons 99c. for each set.

Would say I am very much pleased with set of souvenir spoons and they are [illegible] by every one. Very respectfully,

(Signed) Miss Mary Vassie Har[illegible]
1511 K[illegible]

5 Mansfield St., Alston [illegible]

Dear Sirs:—I feel very much pleased with my spoons, and will endeavor to send [illegible] orders soon. Yours respectfully

(Signed) Miss [illegible]

Fort Morgan, Colo., July [illegible]
Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Gentlemen:—I received your card the morning in regard to the spoons sent us. They came all right and we were well pleased with them. Mrs. Seckner showed them to a number of her lady friends, and all wanted them, but all did not feel as though they could take [illegible]

Yours truly
Rev. H. D. S[illegible]

SUMMARY.

If the reader will glance over the "Description of the Souvenir Spoons" there can be no doubt of the genuine bargain that is offered.

The six spoons in plush lined case will be sent prepaid on receipt of 99 cents by postoffice or express money order. Do not send personal checks. If you are not satisfied with the spoons your money will be refunded. No goods sent on approval. Address order plainly. Leonard Mfg. Co.,
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Madagascar, which the natives know by the name of the "Isle of the Wild Boars," is separated from the African continent by the channel of Mozambique. Its area is 5[illegible],000 square kilometers, or 64,000 kilometers greater than France; its greatest length, 580 kilometers, with a coast line of 4[illegible]0 kilometers.

Its inhabitants number in the neighborhood of 5,000,000, and are in great part Mays, then Hindoos, Arabs, and negro slaves brought in from Africa. The Hovas are the most powerful race, and are the rulers of the centre and eastern part of the island, and after them the Sakalaves, who, sustained by the French, preserve a certain independence.

The London Missionary Society in 1869 succeeded in converting the queen to Protestantism, having persuaded her that she would gain greater control over her people, and a number of natives did follow her example. Naturally this has become the most powerful of the Christian societies, and it claims twenty-seven stations, with twenty-nine European missionaries (four females), 895 native pastors, 4,208 evangelists. These have baptized 46,000 natives, and 200,000 others attend their services. The society has founded 893 schools, attended by 66,000 children. The English Quakers also have 139 churches, a hospital capable of accommodating 600 patients, and a school for medical students and nurses. Among the Sakalaves the Norwegians have a mission with twenty-one stations, 424 schools, a normal school, a printing office, etc., and 60,000 adherents.

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VOLUME 18. NUMBER 39.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 25, 1895.

PRICE 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, $1.50.

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CHRIST'S WORK IN FORMOSA.

How Faithful Missionaries Have Lifted Up the Cross Among Savages—The Story of Rev. George L. MacKay's Twenty-three Years' Consecrated Labor.

FORMOSA, an island in the Pacific, and less than a hundred miles from the Chinese mainland, is rapidly coming into prominence. Japan has transferred a portion of her fleet and armies thither, with the purpose of subduing the courageous and warlike aborigines, who, during the present month, have been making a desperate resistance to the Mikado's victorious progress. Little doubt remains that a military occupation of Formosa will result early in the Japanese possession of the island and that it will soon pass entirely into Japanese control. The latter portion of the island has been a persistent and successful—

FORMOSA ABORIGINES EATING RICE.
Photographed by Dr. G. L. MacKay.)

—ly so than any other man living, to enlighten the world concerning Formosa and its people. Rev. George Leslie MacKay is the missionary hero of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and has labored in Formosa for the last twenty-three years. When his labors began in North Formosa in 1872, that country was a virgin field for the Gospel; in all its cities, on its plains and its mountains, there was not a church or chapel. Dr. MacKay carried on the work almost without foreign helpers and under his faithful care, it has been most signally blessed. To-day there are in his mission, scattered throughout North Formosa, 60 organized native churches, four of them self-supporting—a living active membership of 2719, a communion roll of 1805 and sixty native preachers, one in each of the churches. At Tamsui, he has established a college, where a number of students are in training for the ministry, besides a school for the education of girls and Bible-women, and a hospital dispensary. Fourteen college and church buildings have been erected at Tamsui, Bougkah, Toa-tin-tia, Sin-tiam and other cities, nearly all of them of an architectural style and general character that would be creditable in Europe or the United States. The better to carry on his work, he married a Chinese lady of position and culture. Dr. MacKay has lately had in preparation a book on Formosa, which is intended to afford the reading world an opportunity of better acquaintance with that practically unknown country. It is not alone the record of his twenty-three years of mission-

(Continued on page 619.)

A VILLAGE IN EASTERN FORMOSA
(Photographed by Dr. MacKay.)

DR. G. L. MACKAY AND A GROUP OF YOUNG FORMOSAN SAVAGES.
(By Permission Fleming H. Revell Co., Publishers.)

—the coast, however; for although the pig-savage mountain tribes—immediate descendants of wholly savage aborigines—are still wild and unconquered, the people of the plains and the coast have, through long intercourse with the Chinese

ROUGH SAILING.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Mark 4: 36, 37, *"And there were also with him other little ships, and there arose a great storm of wind."*

TIBERIAS, Galilee and Gennesaret were three names for the same lake. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance. The surrounding hills, high, terraced, sloping, gorged, were so many hanging gardens of beauty. The streams rumbled down through rocks of grey and red limestone, and flashing from the hillside, bounded to the sea. In the time of our Lord the valleys, headlands, and ridges were covered thickly with vegetation, and, so great was the variety of climate, that the palm tree of the torrid and the walnut tree of rigorous climate were only a little way apart. Men in vineyards and olive gardens were gathering up the riches for the oil-press. The hills and valleys were starred and crimsoned with flowers, from which Christ took his text, and the disciples learned lessons of patience and trust. It seemed as if God had dashed a wave of beauty on all the scene until it hung dripping from the rocks, the hills, the oleanders. On the back of the Lebanon range the glory of the earthly scene was carried up as if to set it in range with the hills of heaven.

No other gem ever had so exquisite a setting as beautiful Gennesaret. The waters were clear and sweet, and thickly inhabited, tempting innumerable nets, and affording a livelihood for great populations. Bethsaida, Chorazin, and Capernaum stood on the bank, roaring with wheels of traffic and flashing with splendid equipages, and shooting their vessels across the lake, bringing merchandise for Damascus and passing great cargoes of wealthy product. Pleasure boats of Roman gentlemen, and fishing smacks of the country people who had come down to cast a net there, passed each other with nod and shout and welcome, or side by side swung idly at the mooring. Palace and luxuriant bath and vineyard, tower and shadowy arbor, looked off upon the calm sweet scene as the evening shadows began to drop, and Hermon, with its head covered with perpetual snow, in the glow of the setting sun looked liked a white-bearded prophet ready to ascend in a chariot of fire. I think we shall have a quiet night! Not a leaf winks in the air, or a ripple disturbs the surface of Gennesaret. The shadows of the great headlands stalk clear across the water. The voices of evening-tide, how drowsily they strike the ear—the splash of the boatman's oar, and the thumping of the captured fish on the boat's bottom, and those indescribable sounds which fill the air at nightfall. You hasten up the beach of the lake a little way, and there you find an excitement as of an embarkation. A flotilla is pushing out from the western shore of the lake—not a squadron with deadly armament: not a clipper to ply with valuable merchandise; not [illegible] to hug to death whatever they could seize, but a flotilla laden with messengers of light, and mercy, and peace. Jesus is in the front ship; his friends and admirers are in the small boats following after. Christ, by the rocking of the boat and the fatigues of the preaching exercises of the day, is induced to slumber, and I see him in the stern of the boat, with a pillow perhaps extemporized out of a fisherman's coat, sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn-out sleeper, and on its surface there riseth and falleth the light ship, like a child on the bosom of its sleeping mother! Calm night. Starry night. Beautiful night. Run up all the sails, and ply all the oars, and let the boats—the big boat and the small boats—go gliding over gentle Gennesaret.

The sailors prophesy a change in the weather. Clouds begin to travel up the sky and congregate. After a while, even the passengers hear the moan of the storm, which comes on with rapid strides, and with all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The boat, caught in the sudden fury, trembles like a deer at bay, amid the wild clangor of the hounds. Great patches of foam are flung through the air. The loosened sails, flapping in the wind, crack like pistols. The small boats poised on the white cliff of the driven sea tremble like ocean petrels, and then plunge into the trough with terrific swoop until a wave strikes them with thunder-crack, and overboard go the cordage, the tackling, and the masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the stern of the boat, and shout amid the hurricane, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" That great Personage lifted his head from the fisherman's coat, and walked out to the prow of the vessel, and looked upon the storm. On all sides were the small boats tossing in helplessness, and from them came the cries of drowning men. By the flash of lightning I see the calmness of the uncovered brow of Jesus, and the spray of the sea dripping from his beard. He has two words of command—one for the wind, the other for the sea. He looks into the tempestuous heavens, and he cries, "Peace!" and then he looks down into the infuriate waters, and he says, "Be still!" The thunders beat a retreat. The waves fall flat on their faces. The extinguished stars rekindle their torches. The foam melts. The storm is dead. And while the crew are untangling the cordage and the cables, and baling out the water from the hold of the ship, the disciples stand wonder-struck, now gazing into the calm sky, now gazing into the calm sea, now gazing into the calm face of Jesus, and whispering one to another, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

I learn, first, from this subject that when you are going to take a voyage of any kind you ought to have Christ in the ship. The fact is, that those boats would all have gone to the bottom if Christ had not been there. Now, you are about to voyage out into some new enterprise—into some new business relation; you are going to plan some great matter of profit. I hope it is so. If you are content to go along in the treadmill course and plan nothing new, you are not fulfilling your mission. What you can do by the utmost tension of body, mind, and soul, that you are bound to do. You have no right to be colonel of a regiment if God calls you to command an army. You have no right to be stoker in a steamer if God commands you to be admiral of the navy. You have no right to engineer a ferry-boat from river bank to river bank if God commands you to engineer a Cunarder from New York to Liverpool. But whatever enterprise you undertake, and upon whatever voyage you start, be sure to take Christ in the ship. Here are men largely prospered. The seed of a small enterprise grew into an accumulated and overshadowing success. Their cup of prosperity is running over. Every day sees a commercial or a mechanical triumph. Yet they are not puffed up. They acknowledge the God who grows the harvests, and gives them all their prosperity. When disaster comes that destroys others, they are only helped into higher experiences. The coldest winds that ever blew down from snow-capped Hermon and tossed Gennesaret into foam and agony could not hurt them. Let the winds blow until they crack their cheeks; let the breakers boom—all is well, Christ is in the ship. Here are other men, the prey of uncertainties. When they succeed, they strut through the world in great vanity, and wipe their feet on the sensitiveness of others. Disaster comes, and they are utterly down. They are good sailors on a fair day, when the sky is clear and the sea is smooth; but they cannot outride a storm. After awhile the packet is tossed abeam's end, and it seems as if she must go down with all the cargo. Push out from the shore with lifeboat, longboat, shallop, and pinnace. You cannot save the crew. The storm twists off the masts. The sea rises up to take down the vessel. Down she goes? No Christ in that ship.

I speak to young people whose voyage in life will be a mingling of sunshine and of darkness, of Arctic blast and of tropical tornado. You will have many a long, bright day of prosperity. The skies clear, the sea smooth. The crew exhilarant. The boat stanch will bound merrily over the billows. Crowd on all the canvas. Heigh, ho! Land ahead! But suppose that sickness puts its bitter cup to your lips; suppose that death overshadows your heart; suppose misfortune with some quick turn of the wheel, hurls you backward; suppose that the wave of trial strikes you athwart-ships, and bowsprit shivered, and halliards swept into the sea, and gangway crowded with piratical disasters, and the wave beneath, and the sky above, and the darkness around are filled with the clamor of the voices of destruction. Oh! then you will want Christ in the ship.

I learn, in the next place, that people who follow Christ must not always expect smooth sailing. When these disciples got into the small boats they said: "What a delightful thing this is! Who would not be a follower of Christ when he can ride in one of these small boats after the ship in which Jesus is sailing?" But when the storm came down these disciples found out that following Jesus did not always make smooth sailing. So you have found out and so I have found out. If there are any people who you would think ought to have a good time in getting out of this world, the Apostles of Jesus Christ ought to have been the men. Have you ever noticed how they got out of the world? St. James lost his head. St. Phillip was hung to death against a pillar. St. Matthew was struck to death by a halberd. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less had his brains dashed out with a fuller's club. St. Matthias was stoned to death. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. John Huss in the fire, the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they always find smooth sailing? Why go so far? There is a young man in a store in New York who has a hard time to maintain his Christian character. All the clerks laugh at him, the employers in that store laugh at him; and when he loses his patience they say: "You are a pretty Christian." Not so easy is it for that young man to follow Christ. If the Lord did not help him hour by [illegible] he would fail. There are scores of [illegible] men to-day who would be willing to testify that in following Christ one does not always find smooth sailing. There is a Christian girl. In her home they [illegible] like Christ. She has hard work to get a silent place in which to say her prayers. Father opposed to religion. Mother opposed to religion. Brothers and sisters opposed to religion. The Christian girl does not always find it smooth sailing when she tries to follow Jesus. But be of good cheer. As seafarers, when winds are dead [illegible] by setting the ship on starboard tack and bracing the yards, make the winds themselves propose the course propel the ship forward, so opposing troubles, through Christ, bring around the bowsprit of faith, will waft you to heaven, when, if the winds had been abaft, they might have rocked and [illegible] you to sleep, and while dreaming the destined port of heaven you could not have heard the cry of warning and would have gone crashing into the breakers.

Again, my subject teaches me that good people sometimes get very much frightened. From the tone and manner of the disciples as they rushed into the stern of the vessel and woke Christ up, you know that they are fearfully scared. And so it now that you often find good people wilderness tated. "Oh!" says some Christian man, "the infidel magazines, the bad newspapers, the spiritualistic societies, the importation of so many foreign errors, the Church of God is going to be lost, the ship is going to founder! The ship is going down!" What are you frightened about? A old lion goes into his cavern to take sleep, and he lies down until his shaggy mane covers his paws. Meanwhile, the spiders outside begin to spin webs over the mouth of his cavern, and say: "That lion can not break out through this web and this web and they keep on spinning the gossamer each until they get the mouth of the cavern covered over. "Now," they say, "the lion's done, the lion's done." After awhile the lion awakes and shakes himself, and he walks out from the cavern, never knowing there were any spiders' webs, and with his voice he shakes the mountain. So the infidels and the sceptics of this day go on spinning their webs, spinning their flimsy gossamer theories, spinning them over the place where Christ seems to be sleeping. They say: "Christ can never again come out; the work is done; he can never get through this logical web we have been spinning." The day will come when the Lion of Judah's tribe will rouse him from and come forth and shake mightily the [illegible] What then all your gossamer theories? What is a spider's web to an aroused lion? Do not fret, then, about the world's going backward. It is going forward.

Your stand on the banks of the sea when the tide is rising. The almanac says the tide is rising, but the wave comes up to a certain point, and then it recedes. "Ah," you say, "the tide is going back." No it is not. The next wave comes up a little higher, and it goes back. Again you say the tide is going out. And the next time the wave comes to a higher point, and then to a higher point. Notwithstanding these recessions, at last all the shipping of the world knows it is high tide. So it is with the cause of Christ in the world. One day it comes up to one point, and we are greatly encouraged. Then it seems to go back next year. We say the tide is going out. Next year it comes to a higher point and falls back, and next year it comes to a still higher point and falls back; but all the time it is advancing, until it shall say the tide, "and the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God as the waters fill the sea."

Again, I learn from this subject that Christ is God and man in the same person. I go into the back part of that boat and I look on Christ's sleeping face, and see in that face the story of sorrow and weariness, and a deeper shadow comes over his face, and I think he must be dreaming of the cross that is to come. As I stand in the back part of the boat looking on his face,

ay: "He is a man! He is a man!" But
en I see him come to the prow of the
at, and the sea kneels in his presence,
d the winds fold their wings at his com-
and, I say: "He is God! He is God!"
e hand that set up the starry pillars of the
iverse wiping away the tears of an or-
an! When I want pity and sympathy, I
into the back part of this boat, and I
ok at him, and I say: "O Lord Jesus,
u weary One, thou suffering One, have
rcy on me." "Ecce homo!" Behold the
n! But when I want courage for the
nflict of life, when I want some one to
lt down my enemies, when I want faith
the great future, then I come to the front
the boat, and I see Christ standing there
i all his omnipotence, and I say: "O
hrist, thou, who couldst hush the storm,
u hush all my sorrows, all my tempta-
ns, all my fears." "Ecce Deus!" Be-
d the God!

learn also from this subject that Christ
n hush the tempest. Some of you, my
arers, have a heavy load of troubles.
me of you have wept until you can weep
more. Perhaps God took the sweetest
ld out of your house—the one that ask-
e the most curious questions—the one that
ng around you with greatest fondness.
e grave-digger's spade cut down through
ur bleeding heart. Or perhaps it was
t only one that you had, and your soul
s ever since been like a desolated castle,
ere the birds of the night hoot, amid the
ing towers and along the crumbling
rway. Or perhaps it was an aged
ther that was called away. You used
send for her when you had any kind of
uble. She was in your home to wel-
me your children into life, and when they
d she was there to pity you. You know
t the old hand will never do any more
dnesses for you, and the lock of white
h that you keep so well in the casket of
e locket does not look so well as it did
the day when she moved it back from
e wrinkled forehead under the old-fash-
ned bonnet in the church in the country.
perhaps your property has gone. You
id: "There, I have so much in bank
ck, so much I have in houses, so much
ve in lands, so much I have in secur-
es." Suddenly, it is all gone. Alas! for
e man who once had plenty of money,
d who has hardly enough now for the
rning marketing. No storm ever swept
er Gennesaret like that which has gone
mpling its thunders over your quaking
ul. But you awoke Christ in the back
rt of the ship, crying, "Master, carest
ou not that I perish?" and Christ rose
d and quieted you. Jesus hushing the
mpest.

here is one storm into which we must
run. When a man lets go this life to
ke hold of the next, I do not care how
uch grace he has, he will want it all.
hat is that out yonder? That is a dying
Christian rocked on the surges of death.
inds that have wrecked magnificent
llas of pomp and worldly power come
wn on that Christian soul. All the
mits of darkness seem to be let loose, for
it their last chance. The wailing of kin-
ed seems to mingle with the swirl of the
ters, and the scream of the wind, and
e thunder of the sky. Deep to deep, bil-
w to billow; yet no tremor, no gloom, no
ror, no sighing for the dying Christian.
The fact is that from the back part of the
at a voice sings out: "When thou pass-
st through the waters, I will be with thee."
In the flash of the storm the dying Chris-
an sees that the harbor is only just ahead.
From heavenly castles voices of welcome
me over the waters. Peace drops on the
ary wave as the storm sobs itself to rest
ke a child falling asleep amid tears and
ssible. Christ hath hushed the tempest.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are found in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Christ's Work in Formosa.

Continued from first page.

ary effort—though that of itself were sufficiently remarkable to command the widest attention; it is the outcome of the most thorough study of the country and its people. It has been the privilege of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to peruse the advance sheets of Dr. MacKay's book: "From Far Formosa," shortly to be published by Fleming H. Revell Co., and to gather from the abundance of its narrative, some acquaintance with the strange people among whom he has labored. North Formosa has a teeming population, for whose souls, as it seemed to the young Gospel pioneer in 1872, "no one cared." Therefore he decided to cast his lot there.

The population of the island he soon discovered to be composed of Chinese or Mongolians, Pepohoan or civilized natives, and savages (probably of Malay origin), and he at once began to preach the Gospel in the Pepohoan villages. Many of those villages were in savage territory, where no white man had ever come. There was constant strife between the Pepohoan and the mountain tribes. The Chinese, being the dominant race, had brought with them their habits, religions and their household gods. The Pepohoan or "barbarians of the plains," are natives who have bowed to Chinese supremacy, while the "Lam-si-hoan" ("barbarians of the South"), are another class of aborigines, who have done likewise. The unsubdued and savage mountaineers are the "Chhi-hoan" or "raw barbarians," and the native who have settled among the Chinese in the west are

FORMOSAN SAVAGES EQUIPPED FOR THE WARPATH.

styled "Sek-noah," or "ripe barbarians,"

Many were the trials encountered by the missionaries in their work among the natives of the interior and along the seacoast, and thrilling were some of their escapes from head-hunting expeditions led by savages from the interior, or from the "Black Flags" in the mountains. The mountaineers are armed with spears, swords, bows and arrows, in the use of which they are exceedingly skilful; indeed, some of the more expert could boast that they had slain hundreds of Chinese dwellers in the seacoast villages.

Dr. MacKay labored among the Chinese, the Sek-hoan, and in the Pepohoan villages with remarkable success, although the bitterest opposition was encountered by the missionary in his work on many different occasions. At the village of Chin-nik, regular preaching was begun by the kind invitation of a merchant of the place. The work prospered, and natives flocked to the meetings from distant parts of the country. Converts were made, and then the opposition among the outside population began to show itself in violent acts. Two converts were seized and brought before the mandarin, who declared that it was insolent on their part to forsake the religion of their fathers and to follow the "barbarian." With others they were dragged to prison, put in stocks, beaten with bamboo rods, compelled to kneel on red-hot chains, and finally both were executed. The two heads were put into buckets and carried to Bang-kah, the buckets being inscribed, "Jip kow-e lang than" (the heads of the Christians). Finally the heads were placed on the city gates. Several others of the same party of converts also yielded up their lives for Christ, and thus by the blood of martyrdom was the Gospel established.

Other and happier experiences were, however, not wanting. At Lam-hung-o ("south wind harbor"), the workers began to tell the Gospel message, but were repulsed at all hands. A second visit to the place elicited the same gruff reply, "No room here for barbarians." At last a hospitable native gave them shelter in a stable—for it was a stormy night. This was the first encouragement they had received there. Soon many were won over, and now a chapel, which the natives have named "MacKay Church," stands at Lam-hung-o in token of complete submission of the once heathen people to the gentle rule of the Redeemer.

Despite a multitude of obstacles and discouragements, the Gospel seed, sown in such perils, began to bear fruit among the Chinese, the Pepohoan, and the Lam-si-hoan. Of his efforts among the Pepohoan, Dr. MacKay writes:

"Having gained a foothold for the Gospel and established churches among the Chinese in the north and west, our attention began to be directed towards the civilized aborigines in the Kaptsu-lan plain on the east. I had already learned something of the Pepohoan character, and was prepared to find them more emotional, approachable and responsive than the Chinese, although perhaps less solid and stable. The obstacles to the Gospel among them were not different from those meeting us everywhere. They were all heathen, blinded by superstition, degraded by idolatry, and with few and weak aspirations after higher things.

"Setting out from Tamsui with a party of students, we made our way over the mountain ranges south of Kelung and entered the Kaptsu-lan plain. Traveling near the base of a mountain, we passed by the mouth of a ravine, and there we heard yells and screams. Immediately a Chinese came up, breathless, and reported that four of his companions had just been speared and beheaded by the savages, and that he escaped by dodging.

"The following day the inhabitants decided to have a house in which to worship the true God. They sailed down the coast into savage country for poles, and although they were attacked and wounded, returned with their load. Bricks were made out of mud mixed with rice-chaff, moulded into shape and dried in the sun. We erected the walls, covered the roof with grass, and built a platform of mud. Then every evening, at the blowing of the 'conch,' the whole village turned out. They continued to carry their old benches till we procured new ones, and there they sat to be taught the everlasting Gospel of our Redeemer. In several weeks—not months—boys and girls learned many of our Psalms and hymns, whilst the elder people acquired more or less Christian knowledge.

"After laboring there day and night for six or eight weeks, I came to be much impressed by three different classes who attended our services. There were poor, old, toothless women, who had wrought hard in the constant struggle for existence, squatted on the bare earth weaving, and as they threw the thread they crooned in a low voice. Then there were the boys with their bright young faces into whose lives our songs brought something of hope, and all

CHURCH AT SIN-TIAM, BUILT BY DR. MACKAY.

day long they sang in their own tongue our children's hymn:

Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.

And not the least attractive were the hardy, bold, brave fishermen, going out in the morning through the surf, standing—not sitting—in their boats, and as they pushed their long oars, kept time to the stroke, singing the old Scotch paraphrase:

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend His cause.

"Going right to one of the native villages of about three hundred inhabitants we were received with disdain. The men grunted, and calling out 'barbarian,' and 'foreign devil,' walked away. Women and children ran into thir houses, and then urged wolfish-looking dogs upon us. We stood listening to the yelping of these hungry creatures, and were obliged to leave, for not a soul in the village would hear our words. We visited another village and received similar treatment. This experience was repeated in a third village.

"At length three men, from a fishing village by the sea, came and said: 'You have been going through and through our plain, and no one has received you. Come to our village, and we will listen to you.'"

This village became nominally Christian. During the time Mr. MacKay and his associates stayed there, they endured many privations, sleeping in low, musty quarters on boxes or whatever they could, among a mass of cast-off idols which the people had rejected when they pledged themselves to follow the Saviour. He dried his wet clothing before fires made of "idolatrous paper, idols and ancestral tablets." He employed three men to carry a number of idols and other superstitious trumpery to the museum at Tansui. Other villagers made inquiries; representatives from them attended service occasionally, going long distances, and by and by invitations were received by the missionaries to visit their villages; so Mr. MacKay and his associates formed a procession, with the missionaries at the head and the converts in double column behind, all marching along the hilly paths and singing as they went, and thus with God's message sung and preached, they captured village after village. Soon buildings were erected, and native converts left in charge of the work. Hundreds of the natives threw away their idols and embraced Christianity, and a wave of soul-inspiring and glorious revival swept over many villages. Year after year the work of preaching to the dark-skinned aborigines was kept up energetically; chapels were erected in many places, the people entering with zeal into the word of construction. At last nineteen chapels were completed, and over each a native preacher was placed. The work has been increasingly blessed throughout North Formosa.

Our illustrations are from photographs taken by Dr. MacKay personally and appear in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD through the courtesy of his publishers. The present different phases of his work. One shows the raw material—a group of an evangelized Pepohoan; another, a party of mountain savages; while a third presents a civilized and Christianized settlement. Another illustration—that of a church—is a type of the many other churches erected under Dr. MacKay's ministry which stand as landmarks of progress in a heathen country.

THE TIME OF THE JUDGES.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 6. Judges. 2:1-12, 16. Golden Text, Judg. 2: 16. By Mrs. Baxter.

THE purpose of God in bringing Israel out of Egypt was that he might have a people who should be a witness to him among the nations of the earth. They were to be a people separated from others before all else by the continual presence of their God in the pillar of cloud and of fire upon the Tabernacle (Ex. 33: 16), and by the fact that they were under his immediate control as he made known his will to Moses and Joshua. They were to be a people through whom other nations might learn to know the living God. His purpose was that constant communication between God and man should be sustained; and that Jacob's vision of the ladder, with the angel messengers between earth and heaven, should be an unbroken experience of the people who were his inheritance. Although the wilderness journey was at an end, and the manna had ceased, he had made provision for faith in him in his ordaining of the Sabbath year with the promise: "I will command my blessing upon you in the sixth year, and it shall bring forth fruit for three years." (Lev. 25: 3-7: 20-22.) He made it

A Test of Faith.

His people would see the nations around them sowing their land, and were to reply to their enquiries why they did not do the same, that the year was holy unto the Lord, and that while they served him the store of the previous year would hold out for three years, and they could trust their God to fulfil his promise. But with his promises, the Lord had also given commandments to his people that when they should be come into the land of promise they should utterly drive out and utterly destroy the inhabitants of the land. In this his children were not obedient: "It came to pass, when Israel was waxen strong, that they put the Canaanites to task work, and did not utterly drive them out." (Josh 17: 12, 13; Judges 1: 27-35.) Thus the children of Israel were content to dwell in the same country with the people whose deeds were "an abomination unto the Lord." A man of faith never waxes strong, he measures his resources not with his fellowmen, but with the living God, and therefore depends on him always.

The people failed their God; they did not rise to their vocation; they did not understand his purpose or enter into it, and by the very fact that they were his covenant people, they became a curse among the heathen instead of a blessing, they were "taken up in the lips of talkers, and the evil report of the people," (Ezek. 36: 3), and they profaned God's name among the nations whither they went after the Lord had cast them out of their own land. (Ezek. 36: 21). Separated unto God they departed from him: witnesses of his providing care, they profaned his Sabbaths and looked after their own interests, cutting off the opportunity which God sought for to prove his love and care for those who trusted in him.

Things had come to a point at the time our chapter treats of. Israel had indeed served the Lord all the days of Joshua, all the days of the elders that had outlived Joshua, and had known the work of the Lord, that he had wrought for Israel." (Josh. 24: 31, Judges 2: 7). But with all their service

Continual Disobedience

of harboring among them those whom the Lord had called them to destroy utterly. They had found it answered their purpose to use the inhabitants of Canaan as slaves and task workers such as they had been in Egypt: they did not take God's side to extirpate them; they "did every man that which was right in his own eyes." (Judges 21: 25). But this state of disobedience could not always go on without things coming to a head: "That generation were gathered to their fathers: and there arose another generation after them, which knew not the Lord, nor yet the work which he had wrought for Israel."

How could this be? If the present generation had seen every seven years in their land the miracle of fertility without labor; if they had seen their fathers extirpating the inhabitants of the land, however strong, in the assurance that God would not fail to overcome them because of his promise, if those fathers had indeed diligently taught of the Word of their God unto their children, and talked of it, when they sat in their house, and when they walked by the way, and when they lay down, and when they rose up, (Deut. 6: 7), that generation could not have been ignorant of God. But the influence of heathenism all around them, the possibility of contrasting the service of God, in minds not renewed by the Holy Spirit, with the advantages of being free from the discipline of the law of God, to give unbridled license to their desires, and their passions as the heathen did, bore its deadly fruit among the people. Disobedience bore its fruit,

The Fear of God Declined,

and what goes by the name of liberal sentiments to-day, obtained among the people of the Lord, and they ceased to be a separate people.

A crisis must come: "The angel of the Lord came up from Gilgal to Bochim. And he said: I made you to go up out of Egypt and have brought you unto the land which I sware unto your fathers; and I said, I will never break my covenant with you: and ye shall make no covenant with the inhabitants of the land; ye shall break down their altars; but ye have not hearkened unto my voice, why have ye done this?" A question indeed, but one which did not wait for man's explanation. It was too late for this, God had already in his perfect wisdom and holy justice decided what to do. "Wherefore I also said, I will not drive them out from before you: but they shall be as thorns in your sides, and their gods shall be a snare unto you." It was a terrible sentence, but it was just, God cannot be trifled with. The people understood, they lifted their voice and wept; they were broken for the time. The place of their repentance was called Bochim [i. e. weepers] because of their tears, and they sacrificed there unto the Lord. But the sentence was past and it was irrevocable under the law.

And we children of the New Covenant, are we not called to be a special people? Is it not our high vocation to be in our life and conversation every day and hour God's witnesses that he lives and that he "worketh for him that waiteth for him" (Isa. 44: 4)? And has he not also commissioned us to mortify or make dead our members which are upon the earth, and to put away also all these: anger, wrath, malice, railing, shameful speaking out of the mouth, and lying to another (Col. 3: 5-9)? And are we not commanded to put on a heart of compassion, kindness, humility, meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another and forgiving one another even as the Lord forgave (Col. 3: 12, 13)? And are we also disobedient and trifling with God? The children of Israel were chosen and brought out of Egypt to be God's light among the nations; we are brought out of sin and condemnation, and filled with the Holy Spirit, that we may be a company of God-filled men and women, carrying God with us wherever we go, and witnessing by our very presence more than our words against all that is not of God. Are we by act and word fulfilling

Our Vocation?

The most pungent grief and shame which can come upon the heart of a true child of God is to find that he hss said or done something unlike his Master. A true man of God would rather lose any property, rather be deprived of any comfort, rather be despised by his most valued friends, than wrong the Lord who bought him, and he who has such a spirit has yet to become "a new creature," for old things have not yet passed away in him, and all things are not yet become new. Sins of omission lead to sins of commission. The children of Israel having failed to drive out the idolaters from the land, were led away by their example and turned to practise idolatry.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

ANCIENT IMAGE OF BAAL.

BEFORE the death of Joshua there were evidences that the people were being corrupted by association with the Canaanites. God's command was to drive them out, but many were suffered to remain. In this book of Judges there is frequent reference to communities of Canaanites, that continued to occupy their old settlements. Apparently the people, who were never a warlike race, shrank from the inevitable bloodshed, and in one case they were outwitted into making a treaty of peace with them. (See Joshua 9.) The Philistines, also, were not evicted. They were immigrants like the Hebrews, but coming by sea, had driven the Canaanites out of the rich southwestern lands of Palestine, and settled there. They, too, became a source of trial and disquietude. The Hebrews saw the Baal-worship with all its orgies going on at their doors, and fell into the snare. Doubtless, one cause of their fall was that they had not attained the conception of Jehovah as the only God. Rather, as we see by incidental remarks in the earlier books of the Bible, they regarded him as the greatest among many Gods. Each nation around them had its god, and Jehovah was stronger than any of them, as he had proved by enabling them to occupy the land. But Baal was to them a real deity, inferior to Jehovah, it is true, but as the god of the land, capable of doing them good or harm in turning the land fertile, or sterile, or sending diseases upon them. Thus they were inclined to conciliate him, as far as they could without offending Jehovah. The first five verses of the lesson recount a reproof administered for an offence of this description. The whole of the book of Judges is occupied with the relations of the Hebrews with these idolatrous neighbors. It was a period of alternate peace and conflict, the one as disastrous as the other. In their wars they turned to God for help, but suffered at the hands of man; in peace they fell into idolatry and incurred the vengeance of God. The book is evidently not a chronological history of the period. Its author is unknown, though Jewish tradition ascribes it to Samuel. Whoever it was, seems to have made his book out of a number of documents, or oral traditions, which he did not attempt to weave into a continuous story. An illustration of this is seen in the sixth verse of the lesson, which has no connection with the preceding verse, but would follow naturally Joshua 24: 28. These separate documents render it impossible to construct a system of chronology of that time. Mention is made in the book of twelve judg besides Abimelech, who is not called judge, but there is no way of finding whether they succeeded each other whether two may have governed conte poraneously. The aggregate of the peri mentioned in the book is 410 years, but I. Kings 6: 1, the entire period from Exodus to the fourth year of Solomo reign is stated to be only 480 years, whi making the necessary deductions wo bring the period of the judges to 349 yea while Paul preaching at Antioch (A 13: 20), makes the period of the judg "about 450 years." It is the difference the estimates of the length of this per that causes the divergence in the dates signed by scholars to the Exodus and ot events antecedent to this period.

An angel of the Lord came up from Gil We know not in what form the angel ca It is sufficient to know that he brough message from God. God uses many kin of messengers. Sometimes it is a mini of the Gospel; sometimes it is a Sun School teacher or a friend; sometimes i sickness, or death, or only the silent vo of conscience. He came from Gilgal, wh the Israelites had witnessed God's in vention on their behalf. So, the mess gers of God to us frequently come as minders of past kindnesses on his part, reminders also of promises made th Louis XIV., of France, summoned Bour loue to preach before him and the co which was accounted a great honor. knew the King's life well and he preac eloquently against the sins the King lov He drew a picture of the man to wh God had given much, but had shewn gratitude nor holiness. Then, fixing eyes on the monarch, he exclaimed, "I art the man." Every one expected t there would be some sign of royal displ ure and Bourdaloue was urged to apolog He went to the King, but it was only to mind him that he could not have spo otherwise. When he stood up to pre his first duty was to be faithful to the m sage that God had given him to deliver

Another anecdote of a king and preacher is told of James the first of E land, who was James the sixth of Scotla a man of capricious and irresolute cha ter. During one of his journeys a cler man noted for his fearlessness was appo ed to preach before him. The clergyn announced his text in a way that made discourse sound personal. He opened Bible and said: "James first and sixth that wavereth." The king was heard mutter, "He is at me already."

The people served the Lord all the day Joshua. They had a good example, that is always helpful. One of the n beautiful epitaphs ever put on a graveste was that over the body of a girl. It r "Her playmates said it was easier to good when she was present." Jefferso well-known letter to George Washing shows at what a high value he estim the influence of his character. He wro "Your being at the helm will be more t an answer to every argument which ca used to alarm and lead the people in quarter into violence and secession. . . There is sometimes an eminence of cha ter on which society has such pecu claims as to control the predilection of individual for a peculiar walk of happin and restrain him to that alone, arising t the present and future benedictions of m kind. This seems to be your condition

Which knew not the Lord. That fact f accounted for their going astray after B whose images it was easy to know. W a man does not know God, he will not l him or fear him. That is the reason of wickedness in the world. If people kn how good God is, how loving and k they would be ashamed to grieve him. they knew his power and his justice, t would fear to offend him. But it is knowing things about him so much knowing him that influences life. A m ber of candidates for church membe were being examined and they gave h statements of doctrine. At last the t came of a poor woman who had rece no education. One question after anot she failed to answer and she feared t she would not be accepted. Clasping hands, while tears filled her eyes, she s "I cannot explain these things; I am sure I understand them; I know so l But I know Christ, and sir, I love him much that I could die for him." That claration was sufficient. She was accep and there was no more earnest and us Christian in that church.

Goodby to Mont-Lawn.

ll our Little Guests Gone and the Chil-drens' Home Closed for the Season.

IT was a pleasant party of little folks that sailed down the Hudson from Nyack to New York City on the steamer "Chrystenah," last Saturday forenoon. Yet, amid all their laughter ıd merriment, there would creep over their ın-browned faces a trace of sadness, and ıeir eyes would involuntarily turn back ıward the wooded heights of Mont-Lawn, here they had passed many happy hours. hey were the last party of little guests re-ırning from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ome. With their departure, all the light ıd life seemed to die out of the place. The road lawn, where twenty-four hundred ıildren have gayly romped this summer, ıd which had been worn bare in many aces by the ceaseless tread of active little et, was deserted. The pretty chapel, hose walls had so often echoed their erry chatter and the sweet sounds of their ymn-singing, was silent and desolate, and ıe spacious cottage, the Lodge at the gate ıd the great barn—scene of many a revel ıd wild frolic—were all hushed and quiet. ven the birds chirped and twittered in a fter key, as though they, too, missed ıeir little friends. And now cottage, chap- and the rest have all been closed till next eason, when, if God wills, the fresh young oices will again echo through the wood-nds and up and down the hillsides.

It has been a glorious and a beneficial oliday for the poor tenement children this ear. This result was greatly contributed) by the generosity of Rev. A.D. Lawrence ewett, D.D., who eclipsed his liberality of st year by giving all the buildings and hagnificent grounds at Mont-Lawn for the se of our Children's Home at the nominal ntal of $1 per month! To this good-heart-l Christian clergyman, the 2,400 children ve a debt of gratitude for much of the ıjoyment and benefit they derived from ıeir sojourn at the Home.

The following sums have been received ı aid of the work at Mont-Lawn:

reviously Ackrowledged	**$5,117.27**
our Friends, Auriesville	2 00
rs O Standkin	2 00
cup of cold water, Deckertown	3 00
L Stratton	26
vid Brown	65
rs E F, Brantford	1 00
riend, Virginia City	1 00
rs A, Dayton	3 00
rs C Angusta Jones	12 00
rs F A W, Owosso	30
rom a few people of Pennington, N J	3 80
rs C E Tice	3 00
girl who loves Jesus, Mt Vernon	6 00
rank H Stone	3 00
rs James W Harvey	3 00
His Name, Porter	3 00
rs Wm Hill	1 00
friend, Stafford Springs	1 00
randma, Ashburnham	1 00
E Benson	3 00
King's Daughter, Mt Vernon	1 00
Z Z, Livingston	1 00
A C, New Britain	2 00
K, L S	1 60
rs Chas N Page	3 00
—, Jordan Valley	3 00
rs D D Wiley	1 00
friend, Meridian	1 00
ros Hansom	6 00
riend, Rose City	1 00
rs C A S, Norwich	1 00
ass No 5, Millport M E S S	1 00
rs Julia Hodge	1 00
W Riday	1 00
ne who loves the Lord Lynn	5 00
—, Cohoes	25
aurelton S S	5 27
His Name, Plympton	3 00
va M Paden s S S class	2 00
Pohlmeyer	3 00
eader, Dunbarton	1 00
B and E B, Logan	1 00
Moore	1 00
adies' Missionary Society of Reformed Church	6 00
H Chapin	2 00
r and Mrs. Eaton Rapids	10 00
wo sisters, Ranger	3 00
B M, Tarrytown	10 00
mma, Boone	3 00
ss C L MacIntyre	3 00
—, Pasadena	3 00
Christian Herald Reader, Ripon	10 00
Subscriber, Dane	1 00
rs Sarah Megginson	3 50
arah Sherk	1 00
B Hein	3 00
E W, New Rochelle	3 00
Hall	3 00
R and sister, Wymore	3 00
Ao in His Name, Pittsburg	1 00
—, Waynesboro	3 00
W S, Boston	3 00
K, Mansfield	1 00
ot Haring	1 00
Merchantville	1 00
hn Sheffer	25
d Rock S S	1 50
Miller	50
W, Baltimore	3 00
rs D A G, No Clarendon	2 00
A Robinson	6 00
A A, Ipswich	1 00
E C, Portland	2 00
nior Endeavorers, Sharon Pres Church	4 50
ygetta Rebotham	50
rs A P H, Bradford	2 00
A W, Mass	10 00
—, Bernardsville	2 00
ne who loves children, Brown's Valley	1 00
Sincere friend, Hyannisport	3 00
Mada, Chester	3 00
In His Name, Phila	1 00
Mrs C Christie	6 00
J G M, N Y C	6 00
Mrs P Lattig	6 00
Mrs Wm Evans	2 50
Mrs S J Trepass	1 00
—, Savannah	1 00
Robt Newton Krebs	1 00
In Jesus' Name, Grayland	5 00
A Subr, Stonington	1 00
Leonora Hubbs	1 00
Mrs U L Burns	3 00
A friend to the children, Biddeford	3 00
Jno Williams	3 00
Mother and daughter, Dorchester	3 00
Friend, Youngstown	3 00
Mary A Brown	1 00
Ella McIlvain and J. P. Linville	2 00
H F C, Hale, N Y	1 00
Mrs Laura Mann	1 00
Ethel A Baldwin	1 00
Grandma Haley	1 00
Mrs Geo. Johnson	1 00
Mrs E J Hainline	10
Collected by "Fisherman," Roanoke	2 50
P J B, Highlands	3 00
Mrs Harriet R Copp	1 00
G H S, Chicago	1 00
G H S D, Boston	3 00
A friend of the children, Jersey City	1 30
E T M, Brooklyn	3 00
Nellie and Roger Skinner	3 00
Harold Winter Trent	1 00
Mrs G W B, Bayonne	1 00
Mrs J E L, Springfield	2 00
Etta M Cogswell	2 00
Helen Smith	3 00
R J R, Allegheny	2 00
C M F, East Northfield	3 00
S J P, Keene	1 00
Gussie	3 00
A friend and sympathizer	2 00
F M Sturgeon and daughter	1 10
Boling S S	1 45
E L, Wash	50
Sunday School class of Boys, Cong'l Church	1 80
J J C, Winnepeg	6 00
M A R C, Windsor	3 00
Two friends, New Haven	3 00
Mrs A M Kimmel	2 00

The Suffering Armenians.

Christians in Our Own Land Spontaneously Offer to Send Help to the Stricken Native Christians in Kurdistan.

ADDITIONAL mail dispatches from Van and other points in Kurdistan, which have been received during the past week, afford little hope of an early alleviation of the terrible suffering there. Among the Armenian villagers, who lost home and property during the Kurd troubles last year, and who are now practically wanderers on the face of the earth, the distress is increasing. All that the missionaries can do is being done to relieve the suffering; but as in the case of Dr. Grace N. Kimball (whose work of self-sacrifice was referred to in last week's issue), their means of aiding the sufferers are already exhausted. Some aid has been received from philanthropic organizations in other countries, but not to an extent that perceptibly modifies the situation.

Some of the accounts received of the hardships endured by the Armenians are distressing in the extreme. One correspondent writes that many of the refugees, weakened by want and exposure, are dying. Fully 1000 Armenian families in the province of Van alone are in want of food. A majority of these families

ARMENIAN WOMEN IN THE MOUNTAINS OF KURDESTAN.

CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, Mapleton	3 00
A Kansas friend	2 00
Mrs H. Myres	50
Friends, Fairport	4 50
In His Name, Concord	1 00
George H F, Georgia	5 00
Total	**$5,462.50**

A WONDERFUL MEETING.

He who knows something by experience of the workings of God's providences through insignificant agencies, will not scorn even small opportunities. It is said that the late ISAAC ERRETT, when speaking in the interest of the American Christian Missionary Society, went to a country church in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. It was harvest time, and the weather was warm. The "audience" which had assembled consisted of five or six farmers—no ladies being present.

"We won't try to have a meeting," said the good brother with whom DR. ERRETT had been stopping. "Ah but," said DR. ERRETT, with gentle firmness, "I always keep my appointments. *I shall hold a meeting.*" He held a meeting. He melted those rich farmers to tears as he told of the needs of the missionaries, and of the heroic work they were doing, and at the end of the service *each one of* the *hearers contributed five hundred dollars* to the cause for which he had pleaded.

The preacher who thinks he can do nothing with a small congregation, will generally fulfill his own expectations. The man who is strong and of good courage, will not labor in vain nor spend his strength for naught.

are living on roots and herbs, some few fortunate ones having bread made of clover-seed, linseed or flax, mixed with grass and roots. In the district of Moks, three-fourths of the villagers have left and are in danger of starving. In Shadakh, two-thirds of the population are homeless wanderers. Beggars swarm in the streets of Van, but so general is the poverty that little help can be afforded. So widespread is the want that many have declared, in bitterness of heart, that "there is no food in all the length and breadth of Armenia"—which was long ago the Garden of Eden. Many poor are fed daily at the American mission in Van.

The following letter received by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Boston, gives a faithful picture of the condition of affairs at present.

SEMAL, SASSOON, July 25, 1895.

We waited long and impatiently for word of your progress, as I hoped you would be able to stir up our representative there to more efficient action. A very urgent request came to me through Mr. Hallward, to engage in the work of distributing relief money to these poor people, and so I left July 4, reached Moosh the 9th, and came up here two days later. We had to pull up the steep mountain side thirty-five hundred feet from Moosh, crossing huge snow banks and then down into this picturesque valley, still twelve hundred feet above Moosh, and fifty-seven hundred feet above sea level. Semal and Shenig are situated in a continuous, moderately wide valley, with a little reach of rolling land between the encircling mountains where about half the hill fields are growing green with a sort of millet that matures in a few weeks and which they were persuaded to come and sow, with oxen loaned by the poor, but generous villagers of the Moosh plain. These few fields and few people at work upon them, were all there was to relieve the sad desolation which reigned over all. Buildings, once the homes of happy and prosperous countrymen, now presented only ruined walls with not a chip to show they had ever roofs to cover them, save a few, of which a little corner was, rudely covered last fall, so that the wretched owners could find imperfect shelter during last winter. The torch of the incendiary soldiers had consumed every vestige of wood from all these scattered homes. The church at the central hamlet, where Der Hohannes whose eyes were bored out and his throat pierced, while yet alive, by the cruel soldiers, used to officiate, being of stone, was not consumed, being the only roofed building in all the valley, after that flood of carnage had swept past. Near this church we pitched our tent, and began to study the situation.

Beneath our eye, in these two villages, had already gathered over one thousand people, whom it was our work to try and set upon their feet again, so that they could start once more on the uphill road toward prosperity. Could a community be conceived of more completely prostrate? The sheep and cattle, which composed their wealth, in the hands of Koords, as also their few simple household belongings, cooking vessels, clothing, bedding, etc., and whatever money they may have managed to hoard. Those who fled with their lives found themselves nearly as destitute of all that makes life comfortable as the day they were born.

English liberality has already spent five thousand dollars, and the authorities gave reluctant consent to our coming up to distribute it. We located here at Semal, while the Turkish committee has its headquarters at Shenig, half an hour distant. It was evident that the thing to be first accomplished was the erection of houses, and only a few weeks remained in which it would be accomplished, so we set about persuading the people to begin preparing their walls for the timbers the government had promised them.

The writer adds that up to the time of forwarding his letter, no progress had been made in house-building. The autumnal storms of wind and rain were due, and naturally the missionaries felt very solicitous for the homeless and sick people. He adds:

Of the survivors of the massacre (of 1894), five thousand have already gathered to try and re-establish their old homes, while possibly another eleven hundred may still be scattered over the world. I am glad to believe that the first estimates of the slain were a good deal exaggerated. It was impossible to get into the region, and it was not known what proportion of the villages were destroyed. We now find that considerable extensive outlying sections were not reached. The number of the burned villages was thirty-two, the original population of which could not have much exceeded 10,000. It is impossible as yet to give the exact number of the slaughtered, but it will probably be not far from 4,000. We feel that unless a different status from the present can be secured to distribute anything to these people beyond daily food, is simply to run the risk of its falling into the hands of the Koords. We have distributed a good many tools, with which the people are gathering hay, in hope of having some animal to eat it during the winter. We should be glad to furnish them with tools for laying up the walls of their houses, and even pay the wages of masons to come and help them. It is all we can do now to prevent the people from fleeing again to the plain, when all their crops would go for naught. If light does not soon dawn, I shall feel that I am wasting my time here, and shall feel forced to send in my resignation. If the people are to come down on to the plain, the remaining funds will be needed to give them clothing and bedding, and this matter could be best managed from Moosh. I regret to be obliged to send such a blue report, but facts must be submitted as they are.

The writer of the foregoing is one of two missionaries of the American Board, who have engaged in the work of relief distribution at the request and by the appointment of the British Embassy at Constantinople. It is a hazardous service, yet someone must carry succor to those wretched victims of war and pestilence, if they are to be saved from perishing of famine and cold. The name of the writer of the letter is withheld, but the American Board officials in Boston have given us their assurances that it is authentic and true in every particular. Meanwhile the outlook is one to bring dismay even to brave hearts. With winter close at hand, the suffering among the homeless thousands must be intense, unless some means of succor and shelter are providentially provided beforehand. It is very desirable that whatever aid is to be rendered, should be sent quickly, in order that it may reach the hands of the missionaries in time to be of service in arresting suffering.

During the week we have received a number of letters from readers in different parts of the Union expressing the warmest sympathy for the suffering Armenian Christians, and desiring to know how they could best be helped in their present emergency. One lady, Miss M. E. B., writes from East Orange, N. J., as follows:

I have just heard of the terrible sufferings of the Armenians and I would like to do something for them. If I should send some money or clothing to you, would it be all right? I long to work in the foreign fields myself, but God has ordered differently. My health is all that keeps me back. But if I cannot go myself, I can help those who can go and who have gone, and I want to embrace every opportunity. My contribution will not be large, but I want Christ to say of me, "She hath done what she could."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has arrangements already under way for sending relief to the unfortunate Armenians, and will welcome the co-operation of all who have a sympathetic interest in their behalf. It would be useless to send clothing to such a distance, but all money contributions sent us will be forwarded to the missionaries now in the field for distribution in the relief work.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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CHRONIC COMPLAINT.

FOR the last two or three years the land has been set to the tune of "Naomi." There has been here and there a cheerful soloist, but the grand chorus has been one of lamentation, accompanied by dirges over prostrated commerce, silent manufactories, unemployed mechanism, and all those disorders described by the two short words, "hard times." The best political economists tell us that there is no good reason for continued prostration. Plenty of money awaiting investment. Magnificent harvests ripening. The national health with never so strong an arm or so clear a brain. Yet many go on groaning, groaning, groaning, as though God had put this nation upon gruel and allowed us but one decent breakfast in six months. The fact is, the habit of complaining has become chronic in this country, and after all these years of whimper, and wailing, and objurgation, we are under such a momentum of snivel that we cannot stop.

I have noticed the people who are most vociferous of complaint are in comfortable circumstances. I have made inquiry of those persons who are violent in their jeremiads, and I have asked them: "Now, after all, are you not making a living?" After some hesitation, and coughing, and clearing their throat three or four times, they say, stammering: "Y-e-s." So that with a great multitude of people in our midst, it is not a question of getting a livelihood, but they are dissatisfied because they cannot make as much money as they would like to make. They have only two thousand dollars in the bank, where they would like to have four thousand. They can clear in a year only five thousand dollars when they would like to clear ten thousand, or things come out just even. Or in their trade they get two dollars a day when they wish they could get three or four. "O!" says some one, "are you not aware of the fact that there is a great population out of employment, and that there are hundreds of the good families of this country who are at their wit's ends, not knowing which way to turn?" Yes, I know it, better than any man in private life can know that sad fact, for it comes constantly to my ear and eye. But who is responsible for this state of things? Most of that responsibility I put upon you men in comfortable circumstances, who by an everlasting growling keep public confidence depressed, and new enterprises from getting on, and new houses from being built. You know very well that one despondent man can talk fifty men into despondency. My friends, representing as you do all professions, and all occupations, if you resolve never again to utter a dolorous word about money markets, but by manner, and by voice, and by wit and caricature, and above all by faith in God, to try to scatter this national gloom, do you not believe the influence would be instantaneous and widespread? The effect would be felt to-morrow morning in the money markets. For God's sake, and for the sake of the poor, and for the sake of the unemployed, quit growling. Let our fagged out business men find out that there is at least one prayer meeting, and one Sunday School, and one church filled with illumination. Depend upon, if you men in comfortable circumstances do not stop complaining, God will blast your harvests, and see how you will get along without a corn crop; and he will sweep you with floods; and he will devour you with grasshoppers; and he will burn your cities as he has done. If you men in comfortable circumstances keep on complaining, God will give you something to complaint about. Mark that!

THE OLD BOOK.

WE want no better proof of the Divinity of the Scriptures than the fact that it has withstood mighty and continued attack, and come down to us without a chapter effaced, or a parable riddled, or a miracle injured, or a promise scarred. No other book could have lived an hour in such a sea; no other force could have stood under such cross-fire. This Book to-day is foremost. In philosophy, it is honored above the works of Descartes, Bacon, Aristotle, and Socrates. In history, it wins more respect than Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon. In poetry, it far outshines the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," and "Æneid," the "Inferno," and "Paradise Lost." It has been published in several hundreds of languages. The earth quakes with the quick revolution of its printing-press. The best art has come to the illustration of its pages, to the adornment of its lids, to the setting of its type. Its scenes of glory and promise blossom on every wall, and thrill through the music of the oratorio and orchestra.

If infidelity is as successful in the next fifty years, in its war against the Bible, as it has been in the past fifty, the year 1950 will see the Bible in the possession of every man on the earth who has a hand to hold it. One wave of this Book above the thrones of tyranny, and they shall fall; above the temples of superstition, and they shall crumble; above the wilderness, and it shall bloom like the garden of the Lord. Thou Prince of Books, we hail thee to thy coronation! the wheeling earth thy chariot! the bending sky thy triumphal arch! the great heavens one star-studded, cloud-striped banner!

TOO LARGE A BUSHEL.

WE expect too much of our children when they become Christians. Do not let us measure their qualifications by our own bushel. We ought not to look for gravity and deep appreciation of eternal things, such as we find in grown persons. We have seen old sheep in the pasture-field look anxious and troubled because the lambs would frisk. No doubt the children that were lifted by their mothers into Christ's arms and got his blessing, five minutes after he set them down were as full of romp as before they came to him. The boy that because he has become a Christian is disgusted with ball-playing; the little girl who because she has given her heart to God has lost her interest in her waxen doll, are morbid and unhealthy. You ought not to set the life of a vivacious child to the tune of Old Hundred.

When the little ones come before you and apply for church membership, do not puzzle them with big words, and expect large "experiences." It is now in the Church as when the disciples of old told the mothers not to bother Christ with their babes. As in some households the grown people eat first, and the children have to wait till the second table, so there are persons who talk as though God would have the grown people first sit down at his banquet, and, if there is anything over, the little ones may come in for a share. No, no. If the supply at the Lord's table were limited, he would let the children come in first, and the older ones go without, as punishment for not having come in while they themselves were children. If the wind is from the northeast, and the air is full of frost and snow, and part of the flock must be left out on the mountains, let it be the old sheep, for they can stand it better than the lambs.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

H. V., Harmony, Pa. Is there any large denomination other than the Roman Catholic that holds that the body and blood of Christ are really present in the bread and wine of the Lord's Supper?

Both the Greek Church and many of the Lutheran Churches hold that belief. Luther was very positive on the subject, and held a public discussion on the question. At the beginning he took a piece of chalk and wrote on the black velvet cloth that covered the table, "Hoe est Corpus meum" (This is my body), that the words might be in a conspicuous place before the disputants.

R. H. Battermore, Lake City, Minn. Is there a law which can be enforced to prohibit people from binding, stacking and threshing on the Lord's Day, just near our doors? Our families are annoyed by such daring trampling on God's laws.

Communicate with the Secretary of the American Sabbath Union, Minneapolis, or with the Rest Day League, and you will be advised of the legal status of the case as far as your State legislation is concerned. It does not appear from the record that Minnesota has ever enacted any law to prevent Sunday desecration of the character described; but it may be possible to mitigate the evil, in the way adopted by the merchants of Fergus Falls, Minn., who compelled dealers, who insisted on opening their stores on the Lord's Day, to close them.

E. E. L., Denison, Tex. What does the preacher mean in saying (Eccles. 9: 11), that time and chance happen to all men?

You are not to take all the words of Ecclesiastes as true and inspired because, as he shows, he found out that what he said at one time was disproved later on. He is relating his experience. He was seeking happiness, with everything in favor of his succeeding. At first he believed he would find it in pleasure, afterward in learning, and later in other ways. And he tells how he found again and again that he had been mistaken. In this particular passage he means that the misfortunes of life are just as likely to happen to the wise and good as to the foolish. We know it is so. In a railroad accident, for instance, a clergyman or a philanthropist does not escape because of his life being beneficent.

C. W. Gregory, San Marcos, Tex. Will all the heathen be lost? A preacher said recently that if he did not believe they were, he would no longer contribute money to send the Gospel to them.

They are in God's hand; it would be presumption on our part to say what he will do with them. It is sufficient for us to know that it is our duty to preach the Gospel "to every creature." We can see no way in which salvation can come to those who died without the Gospel; but that does not prove that in the infinite resources of God's compassion, there is no way. The preacher you quote spoke rashly. The Gospel does more than save men from hell; it makes their lives on earth better. It is a blessing to the world, as Christian peoples well know, and we ought to send it to the heathen, even if we had not the impetus of such a fear as that of their eternal misery, to impel us to send it. It will make them better men if they accept it, as well as assure them of everlasting life.

Jas. A. McIntire, New York. Who were the translators of the version of the Bible now in common use? 2. From what version did they make their translation? 3. To what denomination did they belong?

1. There were fifty-four, but seven of them took no part in the work. Their names are not known. They worked in six companies. 2. They used the oldest manuscripts known at that day. Each member had one or more books of the Bible assigned to him, according to his special knowledge of the ancient languages. When his work was done he read it to his colleagues, who sat with copies of the Bible in English, French, Spanish, Italian, etc., in their hands, following him in his reading. If they disapproved of the use of any word they spoke and the matter was discussed and settled by vote. If they approved they were silent and he read on. 3. They belonged to the Church of England, equivalent to our Protestant Episcopal Church.

O. O. [illegible], Alexander, Mo. I am distressed by the assertions of the people around me that I cannot have a home in heaven if I am not baptized by immersion. Are they right? I believe I have been converted, but I am disturbed by the warnings of some Christian friends.

Then why not be baptized by immersion? It will do you no harm and will set all your doubts at rest. That is the best plan for every Christian who is worried on the subject. We knew of a prominent Methodist who not long ago took that course without severing his connection with the Methodist Church. He was in doubt as to the mode and would not allo so small a matter to be an obstacle. The were people in Paul's day, too, who laid good deal of stress on baptism (See 1. Cor. 11-17), but their trouble was chiefly as to t person who administered the rite. Paul treat their scruples with contempt. He said he h not been sent to baptize, but to preach t Gospel, and he thanked God he had baptiz so few. If he had thought the ceremony hel ed men to get to heaven he would have wis ed rather that he had baptized more. But knew better. He constantly declared, "b faith are ye saved," though there is no dou that he wished all his converts to be baptize

W. E. B., Battle Creek, Mich. How many papers Dr. Talmage editor of and what are the nam of the papers?

Dr. Talmage is editor of only one paper THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Miss C. Sutphen, 150 East Twenty-third stre N. Y. City writes: "I am a young Christian a would like to do a little work, if I could, in this gr city, for Christ. I play the organ or piano and v volunteer my services in the capacity of organist any mission. I would cheerfully give two or th evenings each week.

H. C., New York. Was Christ's prediction (M 16: 28), that there were some present who wo not taste death until they had seen him comi fulfilled?

The verse has puzzled many students. difficulty is increased by the fact that Ma and Luke both give a different report Christ's words. Mark says (9: 1), "till th see the kingdom of God come with powe Luke has it (9: 27), "till they see the kingd of God." Probably those evangelists ha the more accurate report as it is comprehe sible and was fulfilled on the day of Pentec

Bright Side, Red Hook, N. Y. 1. How was it the ciples were allowed to enter the Temple a Jesus was crucified? 2. Did the whole of tribes who settled east of the Jordon cross ov

1. As Jews, they had a right to enter. Th did not forfeit their nationality in becom Christians. The authorities probably regar them as too obscure to be noticed. They wo naturally think that there could be no dan of the sect spreading after the Founder h been so ignominiously put to death. 2. N only the warriors, and not all of them. So stayed behind to protect the women and ch dren. Joshua referred to them (22: 8) wh he released the fighting men from further s vice. He pointed out that those who had b on duty at home deserved a share of the spo

J. Love, Liberty, Mo. To settle a dispute and g much desired information will you kindly plain in THE MAIL-BAG, how is the passive Eleazar to be accounted for in the Promi Land, in the face of the limitation fixed Joshua 14: 30. He was alive at the time wh the inhibition was announced, and yet he pears afterward as a prominent actor in the h which he was forbidden to enter?

As none of the Israelites who were "nu bered" in the census that was taken after Exodus, except Joshua and Caleb, were p mitted to enter Canaan, all over twenty ye of age being included in the enumerat (Numb. 14: 29), it is a fair presumption th Eleazar must have been under twenty at time of the census. As the people were fo years in the wilderness, Eleazar might be fif nine when he reached Canaan and yet ha escaped the prohibition, which involved exclusion of "the rebellious generation," w two single exceptions. There are only fift verses in Joshua 14; we presume you meant refer to Numbers, 14 chapter.

A. R. G. E., Galveston, Tex. How did people h a knowledge of God's Word before printing w invented? My Roman Catholic friend tells it was through his church and it would be be now if common people did not read the Bibl

Doubtless it would be better—for his chur Vast numbers of people have found its errors through reading the Bible. Bef the art of printing was invented there w manuscript copies in all libraries and in possession of some wealthy private perso The common people were acquainted with only through the priests. They were th easily imposed upon when the priests beca corrupt. They made a profit out of public norance by the sale of indulgences etc. Wh the people learned to read and had Bible in their own tongue, they were less di posed to take their own religion on trust, a the priests had to stop some of their wo tricks. Roman Catholicism itself is far pu now than it was in the days before the peo had the Bible in their possession. You kn yourself that a Bible-reading man, a Bib reading family or nation is better and m likely to be honest and trustworthy than othe

Mrs. M. A. Vandermeulen, Justin, Cal., writes inquire where he can find a hymn entitled: "All well." It was written on the occasion of the death a bishop.——Subscriber, Newark, N. J. The thority for the statement concerning Nirvana given in the article as published at the time —— B. P., Jewell, Kan. Write to American Mission Association, Bible House, New York.——Wm. Valentine, W. Somerville, Mass. Write to Cl Barton, President, Red Cross Society, Washington D. C.——John C. Griffin, Mooresville, Ind. There no reliable data on the subject.——Harvard Pease, Portageville, N. Y. It was probably som what over a million usually, but at the time of great feasts the population might readily be doubl——O. S. Robbins, New York. It has not yet be published.——M. S. B., Elmira, Calif. Certainly n——George T. Kulp, Shellsburg, Ia. The passa referred to occurs in a sermon by Dr. Talmage, pu lished in No. 13 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of th year, and is self-explanatory.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

AMONG THE MOORS.

NEWS of the critical illness of the Sultan of Morocco was cabled to New York last week. The possibility of his death revives the apprehensions which were prevalent when his predecessor was dying ...ng ago. The storm-clouds gathering ...d the country, are even more omin...an they were then. The turbulence ... Berbers and other tribes, which has ...bed the Sultans for many years and ...eneral discontent have become more ... The country is also involved in ...n troubles. Spain was reported lately ... preparing an expedition to compel a ...ment of the Riffian difficulty, and ...ce and Italy have both outstanding ...ances against Morocco. England, ...shares in the general, and not alto...r disinterested, belief that Morocco is ...ly misgoverned and that the welfare ... people and their com...rcial prosperity would be in...eased by the substitution of ...enlightened government for ...of the present dynasty. The ...al jealousies of the great ...s and the impossibility of ...anging terms of partition ...d hitherto proved a better ...ection for the Sultan than ...n means of defence: but ...s death might precipitate a ... which would serve as an ...se for European interven... The prize is so rich that ...ny strikes covetous desires in ... quarters. There is, too, ...added fascination of mys...ry about it. Although so easy ...ess on the north-western ...d of Africa, comparatively ...le is known of the country. ...t few Europeans have pen...ted to the interior. The late ...n was strongly opposed ... intrusion of foreigners ...d even had he welcomed ... his control over the tribes ...s so feeble that his permis...n to travel would not have ...e much protection to the ex...rs. The most recent re... of the country have been ...corded by Mr. Walter B. ...rris, who early this year ...ravated to Tafilet, the outlying province ...e south of the Atlas mountains. He ... accomplished linguist and succeeded ...ssing himself off as a native of the ...ern provinces. The difference of ...ect between north and south Morocco ...ed to prevent his disguise being dis...ed. The Sultan, however, happened ... that Tafilet, on a state visit to the tomb ... founder of the dynasty, when Mr. ...rris arrived there, and, hearing of the ...anger's presence, promptly placed him ... arrest and after keeping him a pris...r for ten days, sent him back to the ... Mr. Harris made the journey to ...at in primitive fashion. As far as ... he rode on a pack mule and from ...lace to Tafilet, a distance of one hun...miles, on a donkey, with no baggage ... rug, to keep up the pretence of his ...ohammedanism; a tea-pot, two small ...ans and a supply of barley bread. The ...ntry, although on the outskirts of the ...reat Sahara is, he says, exceedingly beau...ful, abounding in figs and dates. The ...ses are far superior to those of the Ber...r tribe, which are mere huts. In most ... the larger villages are Kasbahs, or cas...s, where the Governor resides. A pic...ture taken by Mr. Harris of one of these, ...ppears on this page. It is built of "tabia," ...re, tive concrete, and is both strong and ...autiful. The main buildings are about ...ty feet high and the towers by which ...ey are guarded rise twenty feet higher. ...w few of the people had ever seen a Chris...an before and they had the vaguest no...ns of European civilization. Even the ...ultan and his officers who do know more ...out it, do not understand it fully, and are fearful that its introduction into Morocco might lead to their losing the country. Therefore, they do all they can to exclude it. They act toward civilization as many people do toward religion, thinking more of what it will cost them than of the blessings it will bring. They do not know that

All the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed. (Rom. 8: 18.)

A CASTLE ON THE ROAD TO TAFILET IN SOUTHERN MOROCCO.

A Church Made of Cars.

The Colored Baptists of Baltimore, Md., have succeeded in acquiring a church home at very small cost. The street car companies have recently adopted the cable system on some of the lines and the trolley system on others. They had the horse-cars on their hands and found that it was difficult to dispose of them. This fact became known to the members of the First Colored Baptist Church of Mount Washington who have been meeting in a shoe-factory, being unable to raise the funds to erect a building. They perceived that a car might be so remodelled as to serve the purpose of a church and a committee was appointed to wait on the City and Suburban Railway Company and ascertain at what price a car or two could be bought. They succeeded beyond their hopes. The company made them a present of two cars. These have been fixed on trestles, close together, one side of each car being removed and the roofs connected so as to make one good-sized room. The seats have been taken out and replaced with benches, and a pulpit has been set up at one end. Much of the work was done by the members of the church at no cost, so that a very fair church building has been secured at very little expense. There is not much to be said for the architectural beauty of a church made of old cars, but it may serve the true purpose of a church, if the people who enter it are helped there to reach their heavenly destination, as the people who entered the cars when they were applied to their original use, were helped in their earthly travelling.

The Lord send thee help from the sanctuary. Psalm 20: 2.

A Thieving Tree.

A correspondent of a British journal describes a grievance that a farmer, with whom he has been spending a vacation, has worried over considerably. He had a maple tree in his yard of which he was very proud. It kept its leaves and looked fresh and green when the grass around and every tree and bush about the farm was drooping and wilted under the intense heat. He was so proud of the tree that he declared he would not part with it for "a plumb thousand dollars," and he persuaded the editor of an agricultural paper to come out and see it and write an article about the tree as "a natural phenomenon." But he has changed his opinion about it. Some time ago his pump was out of order and he sent for the local plumber, who after examining it said it needed new valves. New valves were put in but the pump was soon dry again. The plumber said he guessed a new piston was needed and that was put in. But the pump failed again. The farmer sent for another man who pried off the top of the cistern and went down. He called out that there was no water in the cistern which was the main reason the pump would not work. The farmer was astonished, for the cistern had never gone dry before, even in the driest summer. But the cause was soon discovered. The man down below called up again that there was a root of a tree as thick as his arm growing into the side of the cistern with "about a million little suckers on it." Then the farmer understood not only why his pump would not work, but why his maple tree had flourished and as the water was of more importance to him than the tree, the maple was ruthlessly condemned. The neighbors were surprised to see the farmer felling the maple of which he had been so proud, but no one blamed him when they heard what the tree had done. The farmer had no difficulty in estimating the comparative values of the water and the maple, but there is not always the same prompt decision in other matters of greater importance. There are many who cannot bear to part with some cherished sin, or some dear connection even when they know that it is sapping their spiritual life. But Christ said there was no alternative.

Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot causeth thee to stumble cut it off, etc. (Matt. 18: 8, R. V.)

Mislaid Indictments.

A find that appears to need an explanation was made a few days ago in New York. In the attic of the old brown stone building in City Hall Park which was formerly used by the Court of General Sessions, there was a dust-covered tin-box which appeared to have been a long time undisturbed. One of the employes about the building searching the attic for some papers, opened the box and was amazed to find that it was full of indictments. There were nearly two thousand of them ranging in date from 1863 to 1883. They were promptly sent to the District Attorney's office, but it is not likely that any action will now be taken on them. Many of the indicted persons are dead and most of the cases are outlawed. It is said that none of them were ever brought to trial, otherwise the absence of the documents would have been discovered. The offences they relate to include almost every crime on the calendar. There is sufficient reason for believing that the documents were not mislaid by accident. Some person friendly to the defendants probably removed them from time to time, and the District Attorney, finding nothing to remind him of the cases, forgot all about them. Had there been a proper record and index kept, it would not have been possible to arrange for such a miscarriage of justice. Doubtless many of the defendants passed a time of suspense not knowing but that any time the indictments against them might be found, and they be brought to trial. Some Christians have the same dread about the sins they committed before their conversion. But it is a groundless fear; the indictment against them is not lost. It is satisfied and they may look to God in confidence, saying:

Thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back. Isa. 38: 17.

BRIEF NOTES.

A Chicago Journal Publishes the Statement that a citizen who is notoriously of intemperate habits has applied for assistance from one of his tenants from selling liquor on his property. He is resolved that no house belonging to him shall become a saloon. He has not far to go for a proof that the traffic is injurious.

The American Board now has Ninety-two workers including missionaries, native teachers and helpers working in Constantinople, Adrianople and Nicomedia. The work is being much blessed, and the enemies of it are becoming less hostile as they see the improvement in the lives of the converts since their acceptance of Christianity. The educational work conducted by the missionaries is also making excellent progress.

Miss Frances E. Willard Held a Huge Temperance Meeting on September 20th in the Metropolitan Tabernacle London, of which the late Mr. C. H. Spurgeon was pastor. Mrs. Pearsall Smith, Mrs. Clara Hoffman and other American friends gave addresses. On the following day Miss Willard started on her voyage home. Before leaving she took occasion to emphatically contradict the report that she intended being married.

The Reports of Presbyterian ... show that the largest church in the country is the Fifth Avenue Church in New York, of which Dr. John Hall is pastor. It has a membership of 1,144. There are twenty-seven churches having a membership over 500.

Mr. D. L. Moody has Organized a Prison Fund as a department of his Colporteur Association. Its object is to supply suitable books for distribution in the county jails as well as the larger city prisons. He calls for correspondence with all those who do Christian work in prisons and desire to have religious literature for ... distribution. Packages of books will be sent free of charge to any place in the United States, Canada, or Mexico. Address The Colporteur Association, Bible Institute ...

Over Eleven Hundred Missionaries and missionary workers have been sent to China during the past five years. In May, 1890, at a conference ... Protestant Missionaries then in the country, a resolution was passed asking the home churches to send a thousand helpers during the next five years. Rev. C. F. Reid, of Shanghai, was appointed with a committee to report the result. His report shows that forty-five societies have sent new workers to China since the Conference. Some missionaries not connected with any ... have also gone out. Including these, the following are the additions to the staff in the field: Male missionaries, 481; wives of missionaries, 167; single ladies, 505; total in five years, 1153.

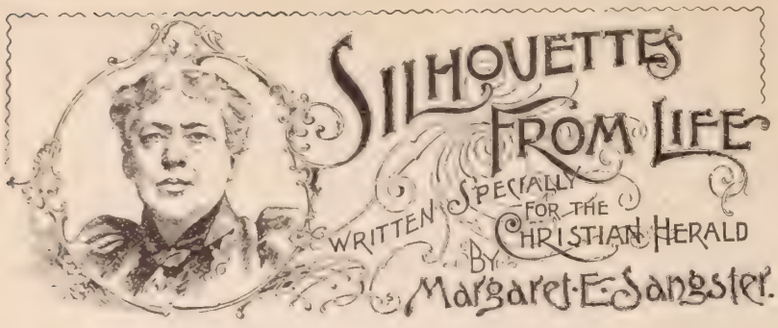
The Death of Dr. Charles H. Hall, Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, occurred on Sept. 13. Dr. Hall was the warm friend of ministers of all denominations, and was beloved by all classes. A tender-hearted genial man of broad sympathies, his ... were widespread ... He was seventy-five years of age.

Dr. Griffith John of Hankow, China, whose portrait we published recently, says that the communicants of Christian churches in China now number fifty-five thousand, and he adds that if the number increases the next five years at the same rate as during the last five, the year 1900 will see ninety thousand avowed Christians in the Chinese Empire.

The Academy of Sciences at Bologna has Issued an international circular urging that, as there ... in Europe ... there ... lem be made the initial meridian, which, the Academicians believe, would be acceptable to every nation. ... fact, having long ago come to the conclusion that Jerusalem will yet be the capital of the whole world.

The Chautauqua Circle at Buffalo, N. Y., has arranged a plan by which any pastor of a church ... community can be supplied free with any number of Chautauqua vesper services to be used for a Sunday evening service. The Chautauqua Reading Circle is offering a strong course in the study of American ... interest now taken in social and municipal problems. One of its books is "The Industrial Evolution," by Carroll D. Wright, of the U. S. Department of Labor.

A Farewell Reception was Tendered to Rev. C. H. Mead by the Christian people of Hornellsville, N. Y., ... the duties of the Secretaryship of the National Temperance ... in New York. ... also held on Sept. 15 in the Methodist Episcopal Church when Mr. Mead preached. The churches participating were the Presbyterian, Baptist, Protestant Episcopal, and Methodist. Mr. Mead's departure is sincerely regretted in the town. For eighteen years he ... He went ... but his preaching started a revival in which eleven ... and he stayed on from week to week until he finally determined to make it his home.



The Wanderings of Grandma.

GRANDMA BENSON, you are wearing me out. I declare you are enough to try the patience of a saint! Now, do stay here, and keep quiet, and fold your hands on your lap; I don't ask you to do one single thing, grandma! Job Benson and I are willing to take care of you, land knows, but you won't let yourself be took care of. If I had nothing to do but to sit still by the window in summer, and the stove in winter, you wouldn't hear no complaints out of my head, I can tell you!"

Grandma Benson, a meek-looking old lady, with large shining gray eyes, still youthful in expression, though her face was a mass of tiny lines and puckering wrinkles, answered nothing to the stream of her daughter-in-law's eloquence. That was something she heard every day, and that irked her patient soul more and more.

She was very unhappy here with Job's wife. She yearned for her own house, which she had had for fifty years, which her son and daughter had insisted on her leaving, against her will, because, of course, "Mother couldn't live there alone, now that father was dead, and there was no use in paying any one to stay with her, when there was full and plenty in Job's house, and there was a sunny room on the first floor, just off the kitchen, where grandma could have all her old traps, and never need put her foot even on the stairs, or do a hand's turn, but just live like a lady."

The son's wife was an energetic and masterful woman of forty, the son a hard-fisted, grasping farmer, not meaning to be unkind, but with "no nonsense about him." As long as his mother lived, by his father's will, he couldn't sell the old homestead, but he meant to keep it up at the least expense practicable during her life, and to sell it to the railroad company when she should be gone. A tenant was found to work the old place on shares, the widowed mother was kindly but unceremoniously hustled away to a new life in an unfamiliar State, and then Job and his wife felt they had done their whole duty.

"More couldn't be expected of nobody," said Malvine Jane, "but Grandma Benson is the most ongrateful, disagreeable old woman you ever saw. I won't have her fussing around, messing up my tidy kitchen, ain't no need of her doin' it. She is free to do as she's a mind to, if she only won't go wanderin' off, and stoppin' round at the neighbors, tellin' tales."

"She's a little touched here," said the gossipy friend, to whom Job's wife was talking. As she said here, she put a long finger up toward her own forehead. "A little lacking in the upper story; old folks often are, you know."

"Not that we know of," said Malvina Benson. "Her mind's all right. She's only restless, and can't settle down to her Bible and her knitting, as an old lady should. Well, it's a long lane that ain't got no turning, and we wear through everything; give us time."

"Couldn't I make the pandowdy, Vina," asked a plaintive voice, an hour later. "Job always said nobody could make a pandowdy equal to his mother."

"La, no, Grandma Benson," was the brisk reply. "Job got over all that. His wife's cooking suits him just as well as ever his mother's did. You must save your strength. I want to see you in her kitchen."

"Can't I make the starch for you, and won't you let me iron Job's shirts? I'd like to, — was the eager plea on another day.

"Once for all, Grandma Benson, I'll not have you touch my work, any of it, starch, or irons, or anything. Don't bother when I'm flyin' round in a hurry. Keep out of my road, do." This was the answer, cruel, if Malvina had known it, but she wasn't sufficiently sensitive to realize how cruel.

So Grandma took to skipping off, and wandering away, and getting lost. They would find her, "all tuckered out," miles from home, and after Job had several times hitched up, at the end of the day, and scurried over the township to search for his mother, and bring her home, he grew angry and spoke sharply and crossly to the poor old lady, as he would have done to a wilful and perverse child.

He and his wife were both much put about. The latter feared that folks would talk about them. In her experience, nothing was so dreadful as to be talked about by one's townspeople and acquaintances. Perhaps the thing which served her for a conscience, dull and obtuse though it was, told her that she had not tried to make her old mother-in-law happy.

So many of us, friends, are willing to make other people at ease and comfortable in our own way! But we won't budge an inch, or yield a point, to do it in their way! And as for the Lord's way, why, we give that not an atom of thought.

Grandma Benson began to be dreadfully homesick. Bit by bit, under the strain of absence from things familiar and the weariness of enforced idleness, she did grow a little weakened mentally. She developed the cunning of a gentle insanity, and watched for chances to evade Malvina's vigilance.

One Sunday afternoon when her daughter-in-law had stepped around the corner, to visit an acquaintance who had a new baby to show, and Job was snoring sonorously in his after-dinner nap, Grandma tiptoed out of the house in her stocking feet. She had not been well for a week; her head had a queer, dizzy feeling, her limbs quivered. Keeping close to the garden fence and holding fast to the palings, she tottered out into the hushed street, down the green meadow beyond, and over the bridge that spanned the brook.

"I'm coming home," she said, "home to you, Abner." Yes, Cissy, I see you beckoning. How you have grown since you went. Heaven must be a nice place, to make you look so beautiful. It was good of you, Cissy, to come and lead me home to your father. I've been lonesome, and sorrowful, and Job and Malvina, they mean well. I'll tell the folks in heaven they mean well", but now don't understand! They can't understand, somehow!

"One step more, over the river, yes, Cissy, yes, I'm coming. Take my hand, little daughter. Your white dress doesn't touch the waves, you just float above 'em, but I'm clumsy, I must step in, and the river's chill at first. No matter, dear, 'Sweet fields beyond—the swelling flood—stand dressed in living green—' "

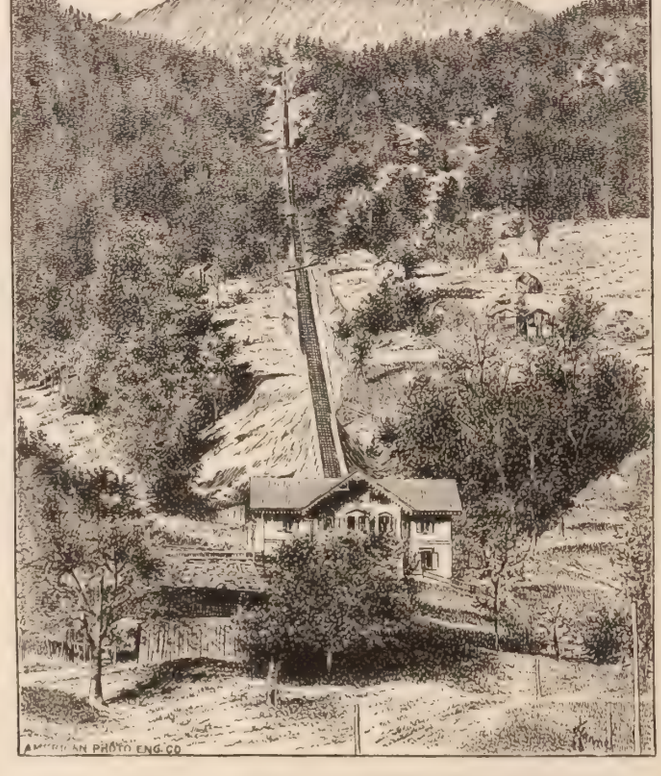
She was walking in the foaming brook. Swept by a recent rain, it was a riotous flood. The waves reached up their arms and gently drew her to their bosom. She sank into their embrace, still seeing that vision of the sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, and Grandma's wanderings were over. She was safe with Cissy and Abner in the Father's house.

When they found her where the waves drifted her into an arc of green turf, willow-shaded, on the bank of the brook, the peace of God was on her quiet face.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A Mountain Railroad.

SWITZERLAND has been called "the Playground of Europe." Every summer it is crowded with visitors of all grades and ranks in society, from royalty to tradesman. Queen Margherita of Italy goes to her favorite spot, Gressonay; the King and Queen of Roumania quietly stop at a Swiss village; the two Queens of the Netherlands enjoy the delights of Grindelwald; ex-King Milan and his son, King Alexander of Servia, go to Lucerne; while Grand Dukes and Duchesses without number rest from court functions in the peaceful green valleys of the only European country when politics can be forgotten. Most of their visitors are travelers by the widespread system of the Oberland Railways, which now make accessible peaks and places formerly within the sole reach of the climber. Little engines, with two or three carriages behind them, thread through dangerous passes and attain dizzy heights. The engineering feats which have made these railways possible win from the traveler almost as much astonishment and admiration as the views which he sees while comfortably seated on the train. Our illustration (from the London "Illustrated News"), shows the ascent of one of these steep mountains from the little station of Lauterbrunnen. As the train, bearing its thirty passengers, plods its upward way, the chalets glittering in the valleys below grow insignificant, and the peaks above sublime. An electric railway carries the traveler right up to the gateway of Mu[nch], and then, unwearied with the labo[r] of climbing, he is free to enjoy to the ful[l] the splendor of the scene.



A STEEP MOUNTAIN RAILROAD AT LAUTERBRUNNEN, SWITZERLAND.

Up to January, 1894, there were [20] miles of railway in Switzerland, and [ice] then a substantial addition has been [ma]de. Mountain railways now take travele[rs] to the sombre summit of Pilatus, or t[o] the lesser-known Stanserhorn; and other [ne]s are projected. These enterprises have [be]en accomplished with the least possible s[ca]r of the landscape, and with real c[on]sideration for the beauty of the land th[rou]gh which they run. Every care is tak[en] to ensure safety and constant inspection [is] the rule on all these railways.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon [Pra]yer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, praye[r was] offered on Sept. 8, in accordance with t[he re]quests of the following persons, who al[so ask] the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friend. [Sub]scriber, Rochester, N. Y. For a friend who [is] unbeliever and very profane.——Mrs. T. [L.] her two sons may be led to Christ.——[C.] Worker. On behalf of two young men who are [in] godless lives; also for a young mother that s[he may] be saved herself and train her child for Ch[rist].——Believer in Prayer, Williamsburg, Ind. Th[at God] would send a revival in the town, quicken [the] children and converting his enemies; also [for the] conversion of a wealthy family who lack [one] thing needful.——Sister, Southwest, La. [Pray for] brothers who are growing rich but neglectin[g their] souls, that they may be brought to Christ.—[Mrs.] Gilham, Treadway, Tenn. That God would [save] his wife and son into the fold of Christ.——[Reader,] er," South Hadley, Mass. For the conversi[on of a] wayward boy who ran away from home and [is now] his mother in great distress.——"Reader," [Dallas,] non, Tex. For the conversion of her husban[d, a] dear friend.——"Hope," Ontario. For the [conver]sion of a worldly woman who has a fine cl[ass] and is very good but not a Christian.——[Reader] asks prayers for her husband, her son and [daughter] and a dear sister, none of whom is in Chris[t.——] N. W., Anaconda, Mont. For the conversi[on of a] son who has fallen under the influence of infid[elity.——] Reader, Springfield, Mass. For husband, son, [daugh]ter and daughter-in-law who all need God's [quicken]ing power in their hearts.——"Reader," Rin[con,] N. M., for a family of seven persons who [are] worldly-minded.——"Mother," Providence, [R. I.] the conversion of three young men and t[hat they] may be delivered from the power of strong [drink].——Believer, Albany, N. Y., that her husba[nd may] be brought to Christ and be kept from an[y dishonest] business transaction.——H. E. A., Lacon, Ill. [Pray for] conversion of three brothers and that one [daughter] may be saved from a disastrous entanglem[ent.——] Mother, Grand Rapids, Mich., for her two s[ons who] are not saved that Christ would touch their [hearts].——Believer, Kansas City, Mo., for a wayw[ard son] that God would completely change his h[eart.——] Christian Endeavorer, for the conversion of [a dissi]pated young man whose misconduct is brea[king a] mother's heart.——Patron of Bowery Missio[n for the] salvation of a young man who has given up [all hope] and is falling under baneful influence.——[Believ]er, for the conversion of an aged man who [has] pel hardened; also for two brothers and [a friend] who are sinking deep into sin.——"Subscri[ber,"] a young man who is in a critical state, far fr[om God;] also for two other friends who are not yet sa[ved].

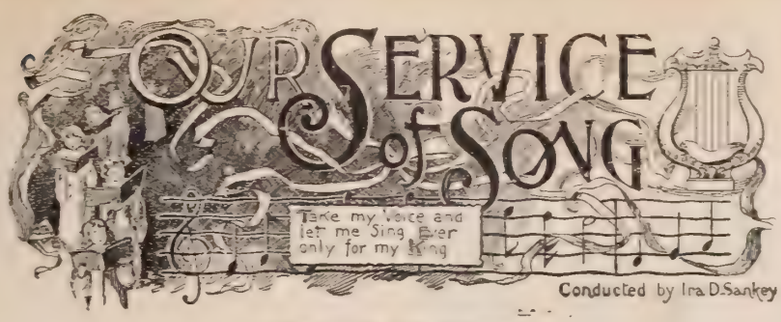
For Special Blessings. "Tempted One," S[cranton,] Pa., that an unholy love, steadfastly resiste[d by her] to, may cease to grow in her heart and that [she may] be encouraged to struggle against it by k[een] assurance that her husband is leading a [pure] life.—— "Reader," that an aged man, [now] embarrassed, may be rightly guided and [assis]sist in his opposition to disinterested adv[ice——] J. M. J., Oregon, for the Holy Spirit to exert [overwhelm]ing power over her heart that she may not [be eter]nally.——"Believer in Prayer," Kansas C[ity, Mo.,] that a heavy financial difficulty may be remo[ved and] that a speedy settlement may be made.——[A tender]er," Baltimore, Md., who with her father has [been fre]ed injustice, and through fraud is now dependen[t on the] charity of others, might be enabled to rec[over her] property or in some way be relieved of the [oppressive] tion she has to bear.——J. L. Vinsor, Valloo[, Ind.,] that God would bless the effort now being [made in] that town for the conversion of sinners, and [that] Christians may co-operate in true brother[ly love].——"Believer in Prayer," that calamities [which] parently impending may be averted, and t[hat] tions once existing with a loved one may be [restored].——"Broken-hearted Mother," Lamothe, [Miss.,] has lost father, mother, husband, and now [the] child, a lovely daughter, her sole comfort [and] that God would comfort her and make her r[esigned] to her lot, increasing her faith and love to [Him].——"Subscriber," Phelps, N. Y., for one who is [in] ness and depression through prolonged a[nd severe] illness, for more patience and cheerfulness [and] faith to wait God's time for shedding li[ght on] soul.——"Subscriber," Toledo, O., for help [and] to struggle against and wholly overcome a [habit of] sin.——J. L. L., Brooklyn, N. Y., that asserting [himself] be led to avoid the company of designing [women,] corrupt mind and be brought to a recollecti[on of] marriage vows to which she has been [untrue].——"Distressed One," Hoboken, N. J., who is [mourning] for another who occupies her place that she [may] cover her rightful place in her husband's [affections] and be enabled to avoid the faults which [have] duced alienation.——Aged Widow, Grand [Rapids,] Mich., that her effort to conduct a business [for] support may have the blessing of God.——[That] two brothers now estranged may be reco[nciled].——J. M. B., Kansas City, Mo., one of a fam[ily] that their love for each other may continue [through] their financial embarrassment may be rel[ieved].——"One Almost in Despair," that a dear fri[end may] be delivered from his slavery to a dea[dly] stimulant.

For the Restoration of Health. F. A., [Kansas] Switzerland, for the restoration of eyesight.——[Sub]scriber, Thibingworth, Conn., asks prayer [for the] recovery of her hearing.——"One who is [afflicted],——, Ohio, for recovery from illness.——[Mrs.] Reader," one of a family, every member [of which] is afflicted, that Christ who healed so many [who] was on earth, would heal them after their [many years] of suffering.

THE DUTY OF HAPPINESS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the week Beginning Oct. 6. John 15: 11; Psalm 37: 1-11.

TREATING happiness as a duty seems at first sight like the methods adopted by the Christian Scientists for the restoration of health. You are to believe you are well and you will be well. But there is this difference, that the condition of the mind has a much closer relation with happiness than with health. A man may enjoy robust, vigorous health, even when his mind is weak, or corrupt, but he cannot enjoy real happiness unless his mind is strong and pure. External circumstances cannot of themselves give happiness. A discontented, querulous mind will be miserable in spite of all favorable conditions. Ecclesiastes tells the story of an experience which has had its counterpart in many a palace. Pleasure failed to give happiness, learning failed, philosophy failed, politics, business, society, wealth, all failed. "All is vanity," was the sad conclusion reached in every pursuit. Yet the end sought vainly under the circumstances, which by general consent are deemed the most favorable, Christ guarantees without regard to those circumstances. A man may be rich or poor, learned or ignorant, distinguished or obscure; it does not signify what his condition in life may be, he can have not only happiness, but joy, which is the active voice of happiness. The assurance was a bold one, for Christ promised no immunity from the ordinary trials and troubles of life. Indeed, he foresaw that the Christian would have special and peculiar trials in addition to those of the common lot. He could not only have to bear sickness, poverty, and the other ills that flesh is heir to, but as his follower, he would suffer persecution, would have a continuous fight with his lower nature, and would have to practice all the self-denial and renunciation that taking up his cross implied. Yet his joy was to be full. His cup of happiness would be filled to the brim. Truly a wonderful promise! But there was a ground in the very words he used for confidence in his ability to fulfil it. He said it was to come through a power which he had himself tested. "My joy may be in you." Everyone is familiar with this principle of operation. Some great joy comes into a man's life. A fortune is left him; a child is born to him; a beloved one apparently on the verge of death recovers; or a dreaded crisis passes over harmlessly. In the first hours of the enjoyment of the blessing, his spirits rise and all the petty vexations and annoyances of his life fail to disturb his serenity. He laughs at irritations which ordinarily would exasperate him. He is genial, affable, cheerful. The great joy in his heart is an armor that the stings of trouble cannot penetrate. In a few days or weeks, the sense of the changed conditions of his life wears off. Now Christ proposes to make men happy by imparting such joy and making it permanent, renewing it daily and hourly. It is his joy, the joy that carried him through a life that must have been infinitely wearisome and distressing. Without a friend to sympathize, misunderstood even by his most intimate disciples; misrepresented and slandered by his enemies—he must have suffered intensely all through his life. He could not have preached and done his work if he had not been supported by some great joy. This is the joy he promises to impart: "My joy may be in you." He wishes his followers to have it, for their own sakes and for the sake of the world, that others seeing their happiness, may seek it for themselves. Thus we see how happiness may be a duty. He who neglects the offer of this joy which Christ waits to impart, wrongs his own soul and deprives Christianity of the attraction it ought to have for the world.



GEMS FOR HIS CROWN.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Like gems we may shine in the crown of our King, Re- splendent with glo - ry His prais- es may tell;
2. Like lambs of the fold in His pas-ture be- low, We're fed by His grace ev-ery morning a- new;
3. Like sheep we will fol-low our Shepherd di-vine, Till life and its jour- ney on earth shall be o'er;
Redeemed by His blood, we the glad song may sing, In cho- rus e - ter - nal its numbers shall swell.
De - fend - ed, pro- tect- ed where-ev - er we go, Led on by our Sav-iour and Shepherd so true.
Then raised in His likeness, we ev - er shall shine As stars in His crown, on the bright golden, shore.
Chorus.
We shall shine . . . . in His crown. . . . We shall shine . . . in His crown; . . .
We shall shine in His crown. We shall shine in His crown. in His crown;
Thro' His grace, . . . thro' His love . . . . We shall shine in the man- sions a - bove.
thro' His grace, thro' His love,

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THE CLUE TO THE VISION.

The Explanation Given by the Angel to Daniel a Clue to the Interpretation of the Later Visions of the Prophet.

BY GEO. A. PEMBER, M.A.*

THE prayer of the prophet Daniel† opened a channel of blessing, and called forth a gracious answer, in which was a masterkey for the elucidation, not only of previous, but even of subsequent revelations. Its enlightening effect upon him may be seen in the first verse of the tenth chapter. For there, when about to relate the most detailed and elaborate of all the Divine communications received by him, he no longer speaks of bewilderment and perplexity, but joyfully announces, that "he understood the thing, and had understanding of the vision."

Now, that which was so helpful to Daniel must also be of importance to us: that which furnished him with skill and understanding to comprehend his own visions must also prove a clue for us, if we rightly interpret it. Let us, therefore, give to its four verses (Daniel 9: 24-27) that attention which they demand.

"Seventy Sevens have been severed off upon thy people and upon thy Holy City, to shut up the transgression, and to seal up sins, and to cover iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up vision and prophet, and to anoint a Holy of Holies."

"Seventy Sevens." We prefer to translate literally, since the "weeks" of our versions is liable to be misunderstood. For the Hebrew word does not mean "weeks" in our sense of the term, but simply "sevens;" and whether they be "sevens" of hours, days, months, or years, the context must decide. In the present passage, sevens of years are undoubtedly intended, because, as we learn from the second verse of the chapter, the mind of the prophet was then meditating upon the Seventy Years of captivity foretold by Jeremiah. And, in response to his thoughts, the angel seems to say:—"The Seventy Years of the Captivity will not suffice for the discipline of thy people: they must, therefore, be succeeded by seventy times seventy other years."

We should remember that the Sabbatical years and the great festival of the Jubilee, by which time was divided into what we may call "land-weeks," made the idea of a seven of years almost as familiar to the Hebrews as a seven of days. Moreover, this prophecy is concerned, not only with the people, but also with the City which represents the Land.

"Have been severed off." That is, from the Times of the Gentiles, from the age during which the Four World-empires should hold sway, and with which Daniel was now sufficiently acquainted.

We may, then, sum up the meaning of the words which we have thus far considered as follows. Seventy Sevens—that is to say, Four Hundred and Ninety Years—would be taken by God out of the protracted Times of the Gentiles for special dealings with the Jews in their own Land, apart from the discipline to which they would also be subjected in the Dispersion, when, according to the prophecy of Moses, they would be dwelling in the lands of their enemies.

To be continued.

* From the new additional chapter in his *Great Prophecies of the Centuries*, a complete exposition of the prophecies of Daniel and later prophets and the place of the present time in the great prophetic system. With charts; price, $2.50. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., 112 Fifth Ave., New York.

† Daniel 9: 2. Prof. McPherson shows that the cause of Daniel's perplexity was that the visions he had seen appeared to require a long time for their fulfilment; whereas, from the date of the return from captivity, which he knew was to be referred to, occur within two years. The visions were incomprehensible to him and he was so much distressed by his failing to understand them that he fell sick. He prayed for light and an angel was sent to explain the visions.

AT EVENTIDE.

HE passed a church at eventide,
And from its open door
He heard the organ pealing forth
A tune he loved of yore;
Within, they sang in warmth and light,
Without, all cold stood he.
Listening to these old sweet words—
"Oh Lord, abide with me!'

Within his eyes a mist of tears
Obscured the dirty street,
As in a dream he saw the days
When life was young and sweet:
The cottage 'mid the varied bloom
Of flowers he once held dear,
The dear ones who had passed away
With every passing year.

He saw the old grey village church,
The pastor's kindly smile.
And many an old familiar friend
Passed down the matted aisle.
Then, in that dreary street alone,
He bent his trembling knee,
And cried, "All these have passed away,
Oh Lord, abide with me!'

But strange, and seeming far away,
The well-known verses rang.
Until he could not hear their words
Or follow as they sang:
For, as he raised his weary eyes,
An angel he could see.
Who clasped his trembling hand and said
"I will abide with thee!"

MARGERY BROWNE.

SHEEP AND WOLVES.

PITY, Lord, the crippled poor.
Age and childhood lacking bread;
Thou who all our ills can'st cure,
Had'st not where to lay Thy head;
Lazarus at the rich man's gate
Lift from out his low estate.

Sluggards with their garden wall
Broken through, by weeds o'ergrown,
Rouse to reason's trumpet call:
Man must reap what he has sown.
Famine falls to drones and fools;
Willing hands find fitting tools.

Prodigals with husks for bread
Homeward call to food divine;
Souls in sin and trespass dead,
Raise to life and bliss in Thine:
Lift Thy Cross on land and sea,
Rich are all if one in Thee.

—JOSEPH COOK.

BLESSED, BLESSED LORD!

I LAY all upon thine altar;
Never will I fear nor falter.
Thy sweet will I would not alter:
Blessed, blessed Lord!

CHORUS: Nothing ever can us sever.
Thou wilt leave me never, never;
I am thine and thou art mine,
Forever and forever.

What have I to do with sighing?
What have I to do with crying?
To my own will I am dying;
Blessed, blessed Lord!

In the secret place I'm dwelling;
In my heart thy joys are swelling;
Help me as thy love I'm telling:
Blessed, blessed Lord!

By thy gracious love constraining,
Keep me, Lord, from all complaining;
Thou wilt soon on earth be reigning:
Blessed, blessed Lord!

CHAS. W. McCROSSAN.

Granger, Iowa.

...NADJA;...

A Tale of the Russian Steppes.*

BY OLIVER M. NORRIS.

SOZONTIEFF LAID HIS DAUGHTER DOWN AND KNELT BESIDE HER.

CHAPTER XI.

The Quicksands.

SILENCE fell on the two strange creatures. The father motionless but agitated; the daughter almost paralyzed by fear. What dreadful thing was this her father was meditating? She knew not; but furtively watching his face she saw that he was slowly making up his mind to some decisive act.

He murmured to himself, "Was it for Isaac's sins that he was to be offered up? The book does not say. It was to prove Abraham. This is to prove me. But I do not understand. It said, 'Only death will set her free,' and now, 'She shall not die.' I am willing. Where is my land of Moriah? Afar off, or near? The river, the quicksands that is the place of sacrifice, and I believe there will be provided a sacrifice. Substitutes are in the plans of God, and I'll call the quicksands my Jehovah Jireh, because there the Lord will provide a substitute. And as I have not withheld my only daughter, God will bless me and mine, and we shall possess the gate of our enemies, and in our seed shall all Russia be blessed; and I will dwell on some grassy level steppe, perhaps like Beersheba, and my flocks and my herds will be around me, and Nadja's great broad sons will support my declining days, and hand down the pure truth to their children and children's children. Jehovah Jireh! But if he should not provide?"

At the thought a cold sweat broke out on the wretched man's face. It was with pale lips that he continued:

"What if I lose Nadja and no sacrifice is provided? I would be heartbroken." He looked up at the icon and waited. The answer came. Sozontieff speaking as before:

"Kwzma Sozontieff, is this your faith? Is this the faith that will remove mountains? Is this the faith that will bring a blessing? [illegible]"

He sank down on the earthen floor in a heap, and rested his head on the old Bible. The tapers were burning low. The silence in the cottage was terrible. When he rose the tapers had all expired, and only the dim light of the blue lampada flickered in the [illegible]. He turned to Nadja who still reclined in the chair in her deep stupor.

"Nadja, come [illegible]. He spoke brake- [illegible] "The night is wearing to a close. It is after two. I hear the cocks in the village. Rouse thee, child." He gently took her hand, and she sighed deeply, trying to open her eyes, trying also to say something.

He took both her hands in his and chafed them. He opened her eyelids and looked into her eyes. He kissed her forehead. She shivered. "Nadja, Nadja!" he cried.

There was a faint sound outside the "izba" as of some one moving slowly over the sandy gravel.

Nadja heard the sound. She slowly opened her eyes. "Who's that outside, father? There's some one coming!"

"It is nothing, child. It is the wind thou hearest; there is a storm rising."

"Why is it so dark, father, and so cold? Light the lamps. I am afraid. There it is again! Do you hear that? It is at the window. Look!"

She had turned swiftly to the window. Uttering one long penetrating shriek, she fell senseless in her father's arms.

Sozontieff darted a glance at the window. There was a face there for a moment, only for a moment, and then it vanished. But the aspect of that face shook the iron nerves of the man, and he trembled. It was Grisha's face, white, drawn, distorted with passion, with dark, piercing, dreadful eyes.

Sozontieff paused irresolute, but only for a moment. His thoughts were away to those quicksands which he had fixed on as his Moriah—the place where he would emulate Abraham's sublime abnegation.

These quicksands lay close to the river about half a mile above the ferry. They were the special terror of the children who herded the cattle on the river meadowlands in Spring. Many a straying cow and sheep had been engulfed in them, and careful mothers used to exhort their boys to keep clear of them by narrating the true story of how, once upon a time, three lads, who had ventured beyond the grass, had been ruthlessly sucked into the quicksands and had never been heard of again.

It was this desolate and forbidding place that the ferryman, who knew every twist and turn of the broken paths through it, had fixed on as his Moriah, as the place where his daughter was to be offered in sacrifice. It is impossible to say what were the motives actuating Sozontieff in his choice of this spot. Although he was indifferent to the consequences to himself, it must follow, in the event of the sacrifice being accepted, he was probably not averse to a spot for his action which would be free from the observation of others, and inclined to a place where a mode of death might be obtained without a violent laying of hands on his victim. Be this as it may, he determined on the quicksands as the place of sacrifice, and the more he reflected, if his mad processes of thought could be called reflection, the more he felt spurred on to his awful enterprise.

The sight of Grisha's face at the window relaxed his strong nerves, but only momentarily. He knew that his drudge was quite safe, that he neither understood what he might have overheard nor, if questioned, could he relate it intelligently to others. As soon as he obtained control of himself, he opened the door and peered out into the moonlit night calling Grisha. But Grisha did not reply: he had retired into the shade of some trees and was lying on the ground stealthily watching. He lingered a moment longer at the door, looking up at the sky, and gave a swift glance round at the moonlit scene before him. It was cloudy and the wind was rising, blowing in gusts from the river, and now and again great black shadows swept over the land. The ferryman receiving no answer, probably thought that Grisha had gone to lie down in the hayloft, and returned to the prone form of Nadja lying in the huge chair. It was a terrible shock she had received, for she lay there lifeless and inert. Her father peered at her staring eyes in the dark and hurriedly closed them, a nameless, shapeless fear congealing the blood in his veins. He dared not light the lamp, and a gust of wind from the open door had extinguished the lampada.

Nerving himself for what was to follow, he stood before the icon, and made three low obeisances, crossing himself swiftly and repeatedly; then falling on his knees, he touched the earthen floor three times with his forehead, all the while rapidly repeating prayers in Slavonic, and every now and then turning his face suddenly and suspiciously to the window. He knew that the wind was rapidly rising to a tempest, for the casement of door and window and the walls of the frail "izba" rattled and creaked in the blast.

The moon was shining right into the room, lighting up the white, corpse-like face of Nadja.

When Sozontieff rose from his devotions he hurriedly divested himself of his dark caftan, replacing it with a pure white linen garment, round which he wound a white sash. From the long coffer-like bench he took a few pieces of strong cord and a white handkerchief. With the cords he swiftly tied together first the hands and then the feet of his daughter. The handkerchief he stuffed into her mouth as a gag, should she become conscious and cry out. Then turning for the last time to the darkened face of the Wonder-Worker, he prostrated himself again and again: he fell on his knees and touched the earth with his forehead again and again, saying ever fresh prayers which sounded more like a choking gurgle than the words of a man. At last he rose and flinging the unconscious form of the girl over his shoulder, strode out of the door and faced the river.

He sped rapidly along the river-path with his burden, now and then furtively looking to his left and behind him, as though he feared that some one might notice him and follow. He reached the tall reeds, and plunging into their mazes with the security of one who perfectly knows his way, he wound in and out among them ever in the direction of the quicksands.

But the blowing wind and the rapid motion had revived Nadja. She felt herself bound and gagged, and in an agony of terror struggled to free herself. Sozontieff stopped for a moment in the shade of a clump of alders, laid his burden on the ground, adjusted the handkerchief and tightened the cords. But as he raised it again he thought he saw for a moment the dark form of something that might have been a man swiftly moving across the open space behind him to the shelter of the sedge. He concluded that it must be the shadow of a cloud sweeping across the moon. No one could be out there at this time of the night, and he pressed on. He tried to still Nadja, who kept up a monotonous moaning, but she struggled all the more fiercely to be free, cutting herself with the cords in her efforts. Sozontieff grew more and more uneasy. Every few yards he paused and looked behind him, and each time he looked he was aware of the pursuing shadow that paused as he paused, but kept ever gaining on him. "I shall be free of it, if it is human," he thought, "now that I have reached the mud," and picking his way carefully, jumping across dark stagnant pools, whose depth he knew not, and wading carefully across the intersecting streams.

It was a terrible night: the storm had become furious, a whistling, moaning gale sweeping swiftly across the tasselled tops of the reeds. Sozontieff panted hard as he breasted each explosive blast, and more than once he stumbled as though completely exhausted.

He was on the verge of the quicksands. The broad belt of shining white sand lay before him, and beyond that the rush of the dark waters of the rivers, the storm driving the spray from it into his face. The first few yards of sand were dry and firm—beyond it was soaking and seething in ever lasting motion, sucking itself in little bubbles and whirls and eddies, silently, horribly. The ferryman shivered. Nadja felt his limbs shake under him and she struggled all the more, feeling that her only chance of escape lay in exhausting his strength. He laid her down on the hard sand and knelt beside her, holding her firmly. His eyes were riveted on a clump of stunted willows that he had just passed for the haunting shadow that followed him was somewhere there and motionless, and he was meditating whether he should not wait for the fast approaching dawn or return to the clump to discover what that shadow was. But a look at his daughter decided him. Her strength was gone, she lay almost still, she was choking, the blood trickled from her lacerated wrists. He would act at once and see whether she was to be the sacrifice or whether another would be provided.

Slowly, for his own strength was sinking fast, and he tottered as he stood, he raised his daughter with both hands high over his head. He looked down at the moving sand and he quailed, for he thought he heard a stealthy step behind him. His cap had fallen off, and his long grey hair and beard streamed out behind him. Again he raised the girl, gathering all his strength for one final effort, to throw her into the seething mass before him, but the terrible step was close behind him and approaching rapidly. Sozontieff, with a wild yell that was heard far above the roar of the tempest, turned round, and Nadja fell from his unnerved hands. With a spring like a tiger's the approaching figure was on his shoulders, and a long knife was plunged deep into his neck.

He fell like a stone, muttering something. A terrible face, distorted with hate, a misshapen, humped figure bent low to listen to what the dying man was saying, and laughed mockingly, a far more hideous sound amid the storm than the yell of horror that had preceded it.

Like lightning the cords that bound Nadja were cut by the dripping knife, and the handkerchief taken from her mouth. The hunchback then dragged her from the sand on to the grass and fled, fled far over the meadowland and away out on the steppe, never resting until the sun was high in the heavens, and until his limbs worn out with the fearful excitement of the night could carry him no farther.

It was late in the evening when he made his way by devious paths back to the ferryman's "izba," a glorious evening, calm and bright. He was not quite sure whether or not Nadja would receive him kindly, but he fancied she ought, as he had saved her life. He crept cautiously up to the house. The door was closed, which was strange on so fine an evening. Gently opening it he look round, scowling at the icon.

But Nadja was not there. A horrible fear that she was still at the quicksands and unable to move, seized him, perhaps she was lying on the cold grass where he had left her, thirsty, hungry. Hastily putting some bread in his pocket he rushed out of the house and tore madly along the river bank and through the mud to the quicksand.

"Nadja!" he called, "Nadja!" There was no response. She was gone. But there was there, and the long, stained knife beside it. Every fibre of his body thrilled with dread, with a terrible presentiment of coming trouble. Dragging the cold body across to the edge of the quicksands he pushed it in. It slowly sank and the long knife with it.

Grisha looked wildly around him, calling in vain the name of his young mistress, and hearing nothing but the ugly rush and lap of the water, musical no longer; then she distractedly home again through the dark his fingers in his ears to keep out the sounds of a myriad frogs which were croaking out their exultation at his misery.

(To be Continued.)

In Pueblo Homes.

A Typical New Mexican Village—Simple People and Old-Fashioned Ways.

TRAVELERS passing through New Mexico and certain parts of Colorado, soon become accustomed to the sight of little clusters of adobe (or sun-dried brick) dwellings, like those shown in the illustration on this page. It is among the Pueblo Indians, however, that the adobe house is seen in its most perfect state unchanged by modern architectural skill and invention, and built just as other adobe houses have been built probably since a period anterior to the Spanish conquest. The houses are built one upon another, in a succession of terraces, sometimes five or six in number, the upper stories being accessible only by means of ladders. The most noted of these Pueblos are Taos, Laguna, Acoma, Santa Clara, Zuni, and Santo Domingo. In all, the walls of the buildings are very thick, and the interior is reached by entrance-ways cut in the roof, which are reached by ladders.

Ethnologists have pronounced the Pueblo Indians to be the oldest race now living on the American continent. Some hold that they are descended from the Aztecs, whose ancient kingdom of Cibola extended from Colorado and Utah to Central America. In Penal County, Arizona, there are extensive ruins, along the course of the Gila river in what are known as the Casa Grandes, and these are supposed to be all that remains to mark the site of the ancient Montezuma capital. Some of the columns and archways are described as being equal in grandeur and magnificence to any of the ruins found in Egypt's desolated cities. In those underground courts and vast stone pillars the Montezumas are believed to have held their court, in days of which history has never written record. Like that other mysterious race, the cliff-dwellers, the predecessors of the Pueblos have left little behind them by which mankind may form an estimate of the character and extent of their civilization.

The present generation of Pueblos is known as "Village Indians" (village being the English rendering of the Spanish word pueblo). There are nineteen of these villages in New Mexico, and the 8,000 souls who occupy them have an abundance of land upon which they raise maize, wheat, vegetables, fruit, and cotton. They possess large numbers of cattle and live stock of every description, and are usually well-to-do and comfortable, being thrifty and industrious, and with little of the nomadic spirit that is generally a part of the Indian character. Besides being good farmers and law-abiding citizens, they are experts in a number of simple industries, such as spinning, weaving, and the manufacture of pottery. Though usually peaceful, they are brave and courageous when occasion requires any display of military courage or patriotism.

These remnants of a once great race are making promising progress in civilization and Christianity. The Pueblo children of to-day have good schools, and although the pagan beliefs still linger among the parents, the younger generation is being taught in Christian doctrines.

***

A Little Eskimo Maid.

Every housekeeper who saw thrown on the screen at Mrs. Peary's recent Greenland lectures the three pictures of the Eskimo girl whom she brought from the North to care for the famous Baby Peary, should have taken their object lesson straight home to herself if she needed it. The first showed the girl as she appeared at home in her shapeless fur garments, vermin nests, that Mrs. Peary had described in a few graphic sentences, and it was easy to fancy the bodily condition of the girl whose only acquaintance with water since her birth was as a liquid to drink. Picture No. 2 showed her the day the Falcon sailed for the South; she had been a few weeks then with Mrs. Peary, but on that day put on for the first time the clothing of civilization, a skirt and waist, with laced shoes and stockings. The change was very palpable, but the hair was still rough and scrubby, and the clothing hung on her in clumsy awkwardness. The last picture was of the girl after a winter's residence in Washington, under her mistress's careful surveillance. No one would have recognized the tidy handmaid wearing a chintz frock and white apron, neat shoes on not unshaped feet, a pretty flower-trimmed straw hat hanging over her arm, her short well-kept hair brushed neatly back from a pleasant smiling face, as the uncouth repulsive native of six months before.

PUEBLO VILLAGERS OF NEW MEXICO AND THEIR HOMES.

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Children's Kindness to Animals.

Petty cruelty on the part of a child is a trait which in later life may develop into absolute brutality. As an illustration of an opposite character, this incident is related of the Whittier children—the famous poet and his brother Matthew: "The boys delighted in petting the oxen, which were large ones, and seemed to appreciate all the kindness that was shown them. They were named 'Buck' and 'Old Butler.' On the hill was one oak much larger than all the rest. As the oxen lay chewing their cuds under this tree the boys would often sit on their foreheads and lean on their horns as on an armchair. Whittier secured the love of everything that came under his care.

"'Old Butler' once saved his life by a remarkable exhibition of strength, and what would be called presence of mind if shown by man. One side of Job's Hill is exceedingly steep—too steep for such an unwieldly animal as an ox to descend rapidly in safety. Greenleaf went to the pasture one day with a bag of salt for the cattle, and 'Old Butler' from the brow of the hill recognized him and knew his errand. As the boy was bent over, shaking the salt out of the bag, the ox came down toward him with flying leaps, and his speed was so great that he could not check himself. He would have crushed his young master; but by a supreme effort gathering himself together at the right moment, the noble creature leaped straight out into the air over the head of the boy, and came to the ground far below with a tremendous concussion and without serious injury to himself." Thus was the lad's kindness repaid.

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The Toys of Royal Children.

There was held in Paris last year an auction that would be intensely interesting to the children of all countries. The toys that have been used by the royal children of France were sold. A doll less than twelve inches high, dressed in armor of the time of Louis XIII., sold for 615 francs. A thousand francs were paid for a tiny set of carriages carved in wood, with escorts of little wooden soldiers. These were made in the time when Napoleon was First Consul. There was a toy kitchen that was an exact model of those used in the time of Louis XVI., and made at that time. Poor Marie Antoinette's doll, dressed in the original faded brocaded silk, was sold for 1,800 francs. Imagine the joy of the boy who got a clumsy wooden horse, with a broken nose and only three legs, that there is every reason to believe was owned by the great Napoleon when he was a baby! Really it brings the kings and queens of France quite near to know that at some time they really played with dolls and kitchens, and that the great Napoleon, whom we always think of as leading soldiers to victory, or sitting in loneliness on the island of St. Helena, loved a clumsy wooden horse, and probably cried when it lost its legs.

***

Persistent Children.

Simple as it seems, no doubt, to be uniformly positive in refusing to give a child anything for which he teases, it is not an easy thing to adhere to this rule, unvaryingly, and to do it wisely. And the trouble in the case, writes H. Clay Trumbull, is not with the child, but with the parent. In order to give promptly, to a child's request, an answer that can rightly be insisted upon against all entreaties, a parent must do his thinking before he gives his answer, rather than afterwards. Too often a parent denies a child's request at the start without considering the case in all its bearings; and then, when the child presses his suit, the parent sees reasons for granting it which had not been in his mind before. The child perceives this state of things, and realizes that the question is to be settled by his teasing, rather than by his parent's independent judgment; and that, therefore, teasing is the only means of securing a correct decision in the premises.

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Good Manners.

A young man's manners may be likened to the bark of a tree; some barks, like that of the oak, are very rough; some, like that of the birch, are very smooth; but both equally well protect the interior. There is a great difference, however, in this particular, that while Nature provides a bark for every tree according to its kind, every man grows, or may grow, his own bark. Now, while you are growing bark, remember that it is as easy to grow smooth bark as a rough bark, and infinitely more pleasant for those who rub against you.

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SILENT HOURS.

AN hour of silence, of restful thought, of abstention from all duties and pleasures as well, of seclusion from the world, is a privilege that has proved helpful and strengthing to many natures. And so it is to children as well as to adults.

A dear little girl, writes Helen B. Seymour, who had spasms of very disagreeable naughtiness, was kept sweet by being put to bed for an hour after dinner each day. The forced rest with her dollies was a tonic not alone for her own nerves, but those of the family as well. In every house the home-maker should have a "mother's hour" near midday, sacred from intrusion. It may be given to books or sleep, only let it be a silent hour. If this oasis were discovered and enjoyed, there would be fewer nervous wrecks and motherless little ones.

School girls, too, should be taught the benefit of being alone. High strung, conscientious students who are crowded with work ought not to be with "the girls" every minute when unemployed. A spin on a wheel, a ride alone on the cars, a fad for gardening, a walk or drive by one's self will refresh and rebuild the gray brain matter better than any comradeship.

And surely society women need the healing powers of silence. The crusade of teas and receptions, the race with concert and lecture and charitable engagements must be stopped now and then, or they will cease from exhaustion. The recreation cannot all be crowded into a summer vacation. Pick it up by the way. An hour in the silence of a church in midweek, alone with God and one's self, is an accessible refuge in the city. Speed the day when all sanctuaries shall be open all the time as havens of rest in the rush of life's thoroughfares.

***

Bird Homes in the Fall.

One of the most helpful and instructive outdoor studies the young could pursue at this season of the year is that of bird-life. All through the fall, writes Olive Thorne Miller, pretty phases of bird-life may be enjoyed. Little parties of birdling brothers and sisters, going about together, now and then visited by one or both of the elders, but oftener alone, for now they are getting their education in independence. Lovely in their fresh baby dresses, ingenuous in looks, unsophisticated in manners, and charming in their show of affection for each other, these little creatures are most bewitching to watch. Little groups of bluebirds may be found in newly cut meadows; small squads of young hermit thrushes collect in fussy fascinating flocks, on logs and roots under the trees; specked-breasted young catbirds gather in solitary young cherry trees, and kingbird infants sit solemnly side by side on a twig, half the day. An observing eye will notice, a little later, that most birds go about in parties of four or six or more, and if the eye is sharp to detect youth or age, either by development of plumage or by the manners, it will see that they are composed of one pair and their offspring. Next spring the young will set up families of their own.

THE HEN AND HER BROOD.

An Address Delivered in the Dutch Reformed Church, Mott Haven, by Rev. G. Edwin Talmage.

MY text this morning is to be found in Nature, in the barn-yard. The picture at which we will look together is moving and we can hear as well as see it. I will tell you where I found it—in "Pilgrim's Progress." When Christian came to the interpreter's house, as some of you will remember, the interpreter took him around and showed him different rooms with various people and things in them and taught him in that way, just as in the primary school, arithmetic is taught by sticks as well as numbers.

One scene was this, a hen and her little chickens, and as they watched them, they noticed four ways in which the mother called to her brood. Although at first it only sounded like "cluck, cluck." Now we will think that we are looking, too, and I will use words instead of "cluck, cluck," to show what she says to her children.

They are going around the yard, some of them by the fence trying to crawl through, others by the trees picking at the bark, others standing still and looking stupid, and all the time every once in a while the hen says, "I'm here, never fear, I'm here." But look, she is moving around, she has found a beetle or a worm, and now she says, "See here. Something to eat. See here." Thus it goes on all day, but by and by it gets dark and then she calls, "Come here, come here." And you see them all running up to her, getting on her back, under her wings, anywhere so as to be warm and go to sleep. There is one more way in which she might call, there is a hawk or an eagle in the air and she sees it at once, or a fox near by, "Look out, look out!" and they all scurry away into some hiding-place.

"I'm here!" "See here!" "Come here!" "Look out!" This is the picture and it is to teach us a lesson. God, who is our Father in heaven, has four ways of speaking to us. All day long in the sun or clouds, in the rain or snow, in the trees or rocks, in the rivers or ocean, he seems to say—they are so wonderful—"I'm here!"

Morning, noon, and night, when the food is on the table, though father bought it and mother cooked it, yet God gave it, and he says, "See here," and then in the church or Sunday School or at home, when people are around us, or when it is quiet, when we are reading the Bible or praying, he seems to say "come here." "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." "I love you," and we sing "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." Are you? And now to the fourth way. We are doing wrong, we have not obeyed, we do not love Jesus, we are going to do just as we please, and he says, "Look out!"

I said when I began that this was a picture from nature, and so it is. You can all see for yourselves and hear and learn. But I will tell you where you can find it—where John Bunyan found it, in St. Matthew 23: 37: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing."

Now you notice how the chickens seem to know exactly what the hen means by her "cluck, cluck." To us it sounds every time just "cluck, cluck," and nothing more. But the chickens know the difference. One cluck is quieting and reassuring, another is alarming, and causes them to run for protection, and still another beckons them to food. The reason why they understand and we do not is that they have an interest in the hen's words. They know they concern them. Now that is the way it should be with us. Some people do not hear God speaking to them, do not know that he is speaking at all. But if you are attentive you will hear and will understand. That is what Christ says, "he that doeth my Father's will shall know the doctrine." And everyone finds it so. When you are ready to do what God wants you to do, you get to understand him when he speaks to you, in his Word, or in nature, or in any other way. He does speak, and his words are all those four kinds. He provides food, he keeps you in peace, he protects you from harm, and gives you rest. These are four very good things for young people, and I do not know where you can get them except in Christ. You certainly cannot get them in business or in pleasure. You need to listen to him and do as he tells you. God will not force himself on you. You can refuse him if you choose—take the consequences. That was what was done by the people to whom Christ spoke, and the consequence were awful. Do not you refuse. It is worse than suicide to do that.

OUR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

XIV.—A. A. BICHELL.

WE are indebted to Rev. J. F. Bryan, pastor of the Methodist Protestant Church, of Ellicott City, Md., for the facts of the following story of the life of a Christian worker whose labors God has blessed in many towns of his native State:

A. A. Bichell was born in Baltimore, Md., March 10, 1865. He had the inestimable advantage of being trained by a pious mother. All that Gospel teaching and earnest prayers could do for a child

A. A. BICHELL.

was done for him. If piety were hereditary, the lad would have turned out well. His mother believed the promise, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." She fulfilled her duty in this respect, but for a long time it seemed as if the promise had failed in her case. Like many another parent, she mourned and her heart sank, as she saw the boy for whom she had pleaded with God turn his face resolutely toward sin. Tender entreaties, solemn warnings, sharp reproofs seemed alike powerless to keep him from the evil. It was a bitter experience; but unhappily a very common one. Some boys have a natural proclivity to wrong-doing, and this boy was one of that class. It was not with him as with others who are weak, and fall a prey to the temptations of evil companions. He was a tempter rather than the tempted. He became a leader in evil courses, resisted his mother's counsels and appeals, and almost broke her heart. The good woman had recourse to prayers, giving her boy into hands stronger than her own, and hoping still against hope. As in so many of these cases the intoxicating cup intensified the youth's evil propensity. Again and again, news of his drunken orgies reached his mother's ears. It seemed as if he were wholly lost.

He had passed his twenty-fourth birthday and there were no signs of any change, except from bad to worse, when one winter evening, early in the year 1890, he was wandering aimlessly through the streets of Baltimore. The sound of music and singing fell on his ear. He was a good singer himself and was fond of music. He stayed to listen and finally entered the building whence the sound proceeded. It was Emory M. E. Church where Rev. B. G. Reid, the pastor was holding revival services. Young Bichell knew all about sermons and appeals to the unconverted. He had been familiar with them from his earliest years. It was the singing he wanted to hear, and he waited for more of it. But the Holy Spirit was there and applied the truth to his heart. A severe struggle followed, first resistance then fear, then intense anxiety, and at last peace in believing. The change was wonderful to the young man himself, but he was in earnest and was anxious to spread the good news. He went down into the slums where he was well known, and there told the simple story of what God had done for his soul. The testimony had its effect leading one and another to seek salvation. During the five years which have since elapsed, Mr. Bichell has continued his efforts as he has had opportunity. Speaking in the open air, in missions and in churches, he has been blessed to the conversion of many souls.

CHRISTIANITY'S GROWTH IN JAPAN.

Dr. M. L. Gordon, one of the oldest missionaries in Japan, declares his belief that the Christian Church in Japan is strong enough to stand alone. "It is firmly entrenched," he said quite recently. "It is the only church that is growing. The other churches are not only making no progress but are in a state of decay. They are contenting themselves with resisting the advance of Christianity and are using all sorts of methods. The anti-foreign feeling and the strong national spirit that has been developed by the war give them good material to work with, and the Buddhist and Shinto priests are largely responsible for the prejudice that exists against foreign teachers and foreign systems of education. The Buddhists have organized associations similar to our Y. M. C. A. in almost every town in the empire. They have established summer schools for the study of Buddhism in every province, and have recently commenced the publication of magazines for the purpose of reaching the reading element of the community. Shintoism is almost exhausted. It has come to mean nothing but patriotism and the worship of the emperor, and with the education of the people it will disappear as a religion."

The progress of Christianity in the country has been wonderful. A report recently issued by the American Board compiled by Rev. J. H. Pettee says that in 1869 there was not in all the land a single Japanese organization for the propagation of Christianity. Now there are nearly 400 Protestant churches, half a dozen Home Missionary societies, 50 Y. M. C. Associations, 57 C.E. societies, 18 Circles of King's Daughters and several Chautauqua circles.

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H. E. W., Chicago.—Kindly state a remedy for sleeplessness.

Cerebrine, in five-drop doses, on the tongue, three times daily, last dose three hours before retiring.

Kate, Detroit.—Have palpitation of the heart, which I believe is caused by dyspepsia. Can you help me?

Take Gastrine, a teaspoonful three times a day, after each meal. Twice a week take a teaspoonful of Natrolithic Salts in a half tumbler of water, half hour before breakfast.

Geo. R., St. Louis.—Am troubled with pains in my back and shoulders. Kindly advise a remedy.

Take Medulline, extract of the Spinal Cord, in five-drop doses, on the tongue, three times daily, for two months.

R. C. W., Boston.—I suffer a great deal of rheumatic pain all over my body. Please suggest a remedy.

Take Febricide Pills, one, three times daily for two weeks. Twice a week take two teaspoonfuls of Natrolithic Salts, in a tumbler of water, one-half hour before breakfast.

S. B. H., Columbia, Mo.—Ovarine, in five-drop doses, three times daily, on the tongue, for two months, is the best remedy for the symptoms described. Twice each week take of Natrolithic Salts is advisable.

W. T. PARKER, M.D.,
Med. Dept., Col. Chem. Co., Washington, D.

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GOSPEL WORK IN OKLAHOMA.

Writing of a recent preaching trip through Oklahoma, Rev. W. G. Puddefoot, Secretary of the Home Missionary Society gives this account of the dedication of church on the frontier:

"The church stood on a hill—nothing else in sight but a blacksmith's shop, open two days in the week, a little grocery, and a onehouse. We went into the grocery, got by a friendly man, and down some stairs, built out of the clay and covered with carpet, into a very large and pleasant room so dug out of the clay. No beds were in sight, almost people here turn them up by the side of the walls. After tea I said to myself there won't be much of a crowd here; but I was wrong again. By eight o'clock saw people coming from all directions. Why, I said, they seem to be coming out of the ground, as I saw their forms individual rising above the horizon. 'Well,' said the man, 'most of them are.' Each person had chairs; and by 8.30 P. M., over three people were there; by nine, over 400; and by 10.30, no less than 500 gathered; many of having to stand outside. Never have I seen people so hungry for the Gospel. Many of the elders had come from Arkansas and other frontier States, their parents originally having been in the East. Almost wept—and so did strong men—as old hymns were sung, and fond memories came up of home and mother. Oh the feeling of these prairie homes, hundreds of them without the common necessaries of life, even such as flour and milk! Men were cutting wood and carrying it twenty miles for fifty cents, and sometimes having to beg it at that. I don't believe there is anywhere more hardship than that of the first settler who literally dies that those who come after him may live.

"We had fifty miles farther to ride to another location—twenty-five miles through a storm so violent that, with houses and tents tight as they could be, it seemed as if a lavy fog was in the room. After feeding horses, getting dinner, and talking with a ragged man, a "preacher," we were in a new county town."

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Seven Gables FOR GIRLS of all ages. Looks to their physical as well as their mental culture. Boating, stately trees. Handsome new building. Gymnasium. A thorough modern school. Native French and German teachers; 20th year. Certificate admits to Smith. Next term from New York. Address for Catalogue Miss Sarah S. Westcott, Principal, Bridgeton, N. J.

CARD PRINTER FREE

Sets any name in one minute; prints 5 cards an hour. YOU can make money with it. A font of pretty type, also Indelible Ink, Type Holder, Pads and Tweezers. Best Linen Marker worth $1.00. Sample mailed FREE for 10c. stamps for postage on outfit and large catalogue of 1000 Bargains.

E. H. Ingersoll & Bro. 65 Cortlandt St. N.Y. City

Not a Patent Medicine.

Nervous Prostration.

Mental Depression.

Nervous Dyspepsia.

Mental Failure.

Freligh's Tonic (*A Phosphorized Cerebro-Spinant*)

will cure when everything else has failed. Prescribed and endorsed now, and for ten years past, by over 40,000 Physicians. Sample by mail 25c., ten days' trial. Regular bottle $1 by mail. Small bottle, but 100 doses in each.

Concentrated, Prompt, Powerful.

Formula, descriptive pamphlet, full directions, testimonials, etc., to any address.

I. O. Woodruff & Co.,
Manufacturing Chemists,
106-108 *Fulton St., New York City.*

Formula on Every Bottle.

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The Standard Underwear of the World.

At Greatly Reduced Prices;

In New York City at our own stores only:

176 Fifth Ave., below **23d St.,** (Main Retail.)

Branches: {1189 Broadway, near 28th Street; 153 Broadway, below Cortlandt St.

Descriptive Catalogue Free by Mail.

The Garden of Eden was a fruit farm.

The nearest approach to

Paradise Restored

will be **California Fair Oaks.**

Grand scenery, climate unsurpassed in the world, deep, fertile soil, mountain water through steel pipes for house or irrigation. Oranges, figs, grapes, almonds, olives, and all fruits in abundance. An ideal locality for an ideal home or fruit farm, yielding sure and large revenue.

This fine estate is controlled by well known and conscientious men.

We also offer a *choice property in Florida* in a colony of temperate, thrifty Northern people.

Send for literature. Clear titles.

Samuel Wilson & Son, 379 Broadway, New York.

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Missionary Song Service

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Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy

By Prof HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S., London.

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"Every one should read this little book"—*Athenæum.*

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in clothes washed with the "BUSY BEE WASHER." 100 pieces in one hour and no hard work done. That's the record. **AGENTS WANTED.** Exclusive sale. Write for terms.

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Make an old dress look like new.

The first step towards making over a dress should be to wash it with COPCO Soap—the soap that's made to make things clean, without injury to fabric or color.—Though it cleanses so well, it's as pure soap as can be made. Cant' hurt anything but dirt.

All colored fabrics, flannels, and everything requiring particularly careful washing, should always be washed with COPCO—the *perfect* soap. Have your laundress use it every week. Sold everywhere, at 5 cents the cake.

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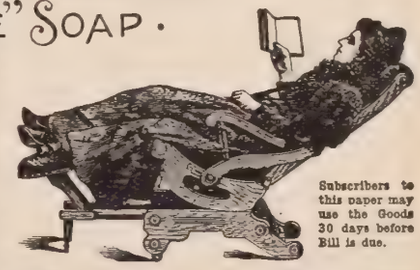
Chicago, New York, St. Louis.

"Chautauqua" Rocker and Reclining Chair FREE

WITH A COMBINATION BOX OF

"SWEET HOME" SOAP.



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It can be adjusted to *any position*, and changed at will by the occupant while reclining. A synonym of luxurious ease and comfort. It is built of oak, polished antique finish, with beautifully grained three-ply veneer back. The seat, head and foot rests are upholstered with silk plush in crimson, old red, tobacco brown, old gold, blue or olive, as desired. It is very strong and perfectly simple in construction. It is fully guaranteed.

Our soaps are sold entirely on their merits, with a guarantee of purity. Thousands use them, and have for many years in every locality, many in your vicinity.

After trial you—the consumer—pay the usual retail value of the Soaps only. All middlemen's profits accrue to you in a valuable premium. The manufacturer alone adds **Value**; every middleman adds **Cost.** The Larkin plan saves you **half** the cost—saves you half the regular retail prices. Thousands of readers of this paper know these facts.

Many people prefer to send cash with order—it is not asked—but if you remit in advance, you will receive in addition to all extras named, a nice present for the lady of the house, and shipment day after order is received. Your money will be refunded without argument or comment if the **Box** or **Chair** does not prove all expected. We guarantee the safe delivery of all goods.

OUR GREAT COMBINATION BOX.

100 BARS "SWEET HOME" SOAP. Enough to last an average family one full year. For all laundry and household purposes it has no superior.	$5.00	1-4 DOZ. LARKIN'S TAR SOAP. Infallible Preventive of dandruff. Unequaled for washing ladies' hair.	.45
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		CHAIR, WORTH AT RETAIL	10.00
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All for $10.00. (You get the Chair Gratis.)

Write your order like this TO-DAY, while you think of it, or cut this out and sign it:

"You may ship me, subject to thirty days' trial, One Combination Box of 'Sweet Home' Soap, with extras, etc., and the Chautauqua Reclining Chair, upon your own conditions, viz.:

If after thirty days' trial I find all the Soaps, etc., of unexcelled quality and the Chair entirely satisfactory to me and as represented, I will remit you $10.00; if not, I will notify you goods are subject to your order and you must remove them, making no charge for what I have used."

Name .....

Occupation..... *Street No.*.....

P. O...... *State*.....

Illustrations of other Premiums sent on request. **THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.**

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SUIT OR OVERCOAT for $10

We'll make to your measure a Frock or Sack Suit or overcoat of **ALL WOOL GOODS.** equal to any tailors $15.00 garment for $10.00. Other suits, overcoats and trousers just as cheap. We save 50 per cent by buying big lots of woolens direct from the mills—that accounts for it.

All goods sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination and try on before paying express agent. **We pay Express Charges.** Send for samples of cloth and full particulars, free

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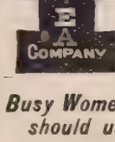

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Ladies Send this ad and 15c. in Stamps and we will mail you one-quarter lb Sample of Best T Imported. Any kind you may order. GOOD INCOMES—BIG PREMIUMS, &C.

C. H. The Great American Tea Co.
Box 289. 31 & 33 Vesey St., New York

Busy Women should use— **WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE.**

MY TEACHER.

I'D have the Preacher preach to me,
The Christ, the Christ of Calvary:
Tell it unto me, how it can be
That he himself hath died for me.
This mystery to my soul reveal,
That I before that Christ may kneel,
And kneeling there, divinely swear,
I'll nothing know, while here below,
But that same Christ who loves me so.
—W. L. SAMPSON.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

Miss Sarah Pope.
Mr. and Mrs. Higdon.
A friend, Meridian, Miss.
Mrs. M. E. Duvall.
John T. Clegg.
M. B. Mitchell.

All desiring to be enrolled on the list of patrons, should send their names and addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Is your Brain Tired?
Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It supplies the needed food for the brain and nerves and makes exertion easy.

Good News for Asthmatics.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

Consumption Cured.

"DEAR MR. CONGREVE:
"As a rule I have no faith in advertised remedies, and very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation.
Yours heartily,
(Rev'd) C. H. Spurgeon.

Congreve's Balsamic Elixir

FOR

Consumption, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis,

Acts like a charm in ordinary **Coughs, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough.** Send 25 cents for **Book** on **Consumption**, containing accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, *any one of which may be like yours*, or the Book will be sent free with trial bottle for $1.00. Larger sizes, $1.75, $3.75, $7.

GEO. T. CONGREVE,
367 Canal St., New York,
and London, England.

SUITS FROM $6 UP.
OVERCOATS, $8, $10, $12.
WE ARE MANUFACTURERS and sell WARRANTED ALL WOOL and WELL MADE SUITS and OVERCOATS, certain to fit, at such prices as these:
Men's suits, $6 to $12. Overcoats, $8, $10 and $12. Boys' knee suits, $2, $3, $4, $5. Children's suits, $2, $3, $4, $5. Boys' overcoats, $3 and up. Every suit and overcoat is shipped C. O. D. with privilege of examination. If not satisfactory when received, return at our expense and we will refund money. Express paid. Handsome book with cloth, style, prices and measuring instructions FREE. We refer by permission to the Metropolitan Nat'l Bank, Chicago.
Address A. H. Wood Clothiers, Dept. A Chicago.

Delicate Cake
PERFECTION TINS
Perfection Tins require no greasing or dusting. Cake comes out without sticking. Perfection Tins require no greasing or dusting. Cake comes out without sticking. Send for circular. Guaranteed free from poisonous coloring matter. Sold by grocers. Manufactured by Perfection Mfg. Co., Cleveland, O.
Agents Wanted. Richardson Mfg. Co., Oswego, N. Y.

WONDER ABOUT FREE. Master Junk Your Every Home Latest Wash Dress Goods Sample Book Free. Send for Free Sample of Best Basting Thread in the World. Address Dept. A. Corticelli Silk Co. North Easton, Mass.

MALLORY STEAMSHIP LINES.
New York to Key West and Tampa, Fla. Sailings every Wednesday and Saturday. Connecting at Key West with Ocean Steamships for Havana, Mexico, Central and South America. Through rates and tickets to all points. Freight and passage apply to
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UNION, "

Don't Buy

barytes if you want White Lead. Pure White Lead is the best paint—barytes is the poorest, is worthless. Barytes is often sold under the brand of White Lead, Pure White Lead, &c. Be careful about the brand (see list of genuine brands). Don't take what is said to be "just as good."

Any shade of color is readily obtained by using the National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead tinting colors. One pound of color tints a 25-pound keg of Pure White Lead. Send for color-card and pamphlet—free.

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A Ten-Dollar set of Shakspeare for $3.50. We mean exactly what we say. This set is worth $10.00 to any reader, no matter how many other editions he may have. We shall sell it direct for a short time only at $3.50, and any one who is dissatisfied may have his money back. These books can never be bought any cheaper. Never as cheap again. In our next announcement the price will be advanced. (The regular price of the set is $10.00.)

This is a Shakspeare for readers. It is the only edition printed in large type. It is strongly bound in good serviceable cloth binding, in eight handsome volumes of easily handleable size. Paper specially made with a dead surface, restful to the eyes. There are copious notes on the text by J. Payne Collier, F. S. A., the celebrated Shakspearian critic, with variorum readings. We honestly believe it to be the best edition ever printed for actual use. We published it to retail at $10. That allowed for the retailer's and the jobber's profit. The reader buying direct from us can have both of these profits. We can't afford to sell very long at $3.50, which is less than the wholesale price. The object of this special $3.50 offer is to make a quick test of whether the discriminating readers of this paper, who will appreciate a large, clear type, scholarly edition of Shakspeare, complete, are ready to buy direct from the manufacturers at a saving of more than half the cost. If you are, the middle-men's profit is yours. Order to-day and be sure of getting the lowest price that will ever be quoted.

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KEYSTONE PUBLISHING CO.,
Gentlemen:—I am highly pleased with your ten-dollar edition of Shakspeare. It is just what I have been looking for for several years past. The type is large, clear and plain, the volumes of convenient size, and the annotations helpful. I can cheerfully recommend it to any lover of Shakspeare, and especially to men of my age whose eyesight begins to fail.
I thank you for having placed such an edition on the market, at a price within the reach of the poorest of us.
Very truly yours,
C. F. RICHARDS,
Treasurer Camden Savings Bank,
Rockport, Maine.

NEWINGTON, N. H.
KEYSTONE PUBLISHING CO.,
Gentlemen:—I have received and examined the eight-volume set of Shakspeare which you shipped me. I am agreeably surprised at the attractiveness of the binding and the clearness of the type. The size of the volumes is very convenient and particularly adapted for use in Shakspeare Clubs. I have shown my set to two members of the Newington Club. I will ask you as a favor to ship me by express two more sets of your $10.00 edition of Shakspeare, for which you will find money order enclosed. I consider them wonderfully cheap at the price you are advertising them, and heartily recommend them to any one who may desire to own a beautiful set of Shakspeare's works.
Yours truly, FLORENCE HOYT.

Remember—the regular $10 set in eight handsome volumes (only large-type edition) for $3.50; with the distinct understanding that the money will be returned immediately if you are not satisfied.

We refer to Dun and Bradstreet and to every bank in Philadelphia.

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A FIRM, UNERRING PRESSURE
will replace and relieve the worst ruptures. The
EGAN TRUSS
has a moral spring pad which accomplishes this result. A painless and permanent remedy for all cases of rupture. **Fully Guaranteed.** Thousands of testimonials and physicians' endorsements. Used by the government for pensioners. Write
THE EGAN TRUSS CO., 23 Huron St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

EVERY WOMAN
Wants HARTMANN'S W. W's. for Home Use. Trouble etc. Invaluable and Indispensable. Soft, Light, Antiseptic. Deodorant and sold at less than coarse wadding. For sale at all Dry Goods and Drug Stores. Send for Circulars, agents wanted, sample 6 cents.
HYGIENIC WOOD WOOL CO.,
56 Broadway, New York.

Agents! "Bicycle Wheel Puzzle," 13 to 15 dozen. Sample 15c., mailed. BROOKLYN NOVELTY COMPANY, 2d and 3d Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Postage Stamps taken. No Trade Samples.

MY HUSBAND Can't see you do it.
$60 Kenwood Machine for - $23.00
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Standard Singers - $8.00, $11.00
$15.00, and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight & ship anywhere on 30 days free trial, in any home without asking one cent in advance. Buy from factory. Save agents large profits. Over 100,000 in use. Catalogue and testimonials Free. Write at once. Address (in full), CASH BUYERS' UNION,
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FOR WAISTS, SLEEVES AND SKIRTS
Instruction free. Call at our parlors, 843 Broadway, New York, 185 Wabash-av, Chicago; 40 West st, Boston; 102 North Charles st, Baltimore; 1113 Chestnut st, Philadelphia. Send 6c. for 12-yard sample Skirt Bone. Warren Featherbone Co., Three Oaks, Mich.

Ideal Spring Beds Our booklet, "Wide awake facts about sleep," illustrating and describing them together with an up-to-date pocket map of your State, sent on receipt of three 2-cent stamps.
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The Largest Manufacturers of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS and CHOCOLATES
On this Continent, have received
HIGHEST AWARDS
from the great
Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS
IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

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POZZONI'S
POWDER

advertised for many years, but have you ever tried it?—If not,—you do not know what an **IDEAL COMPLEXION POWDER IS.**

POZZONI'S

besides being an acknowledged beautifier, has many refreshing uses. It prevents chafing, sun-burn, wind tan, lessens perspiration, etc.; in fact it is a most delicate and desirable protection to the face during hot weather.

It is sold everywhere.

METAL WHEELS for your WAGONS.

Any size you want, 20 to 56 in. high. Tires 1 to 8 in. wide—hubs to fit any axle. **Saves Cost** many times in a season to have set of low wheels to fit your wagon for hauling grain, fodder, manure, logs, &c. No resetting of tires. Cat'g free. Address
EMPIRE MFG. CO., Quincy, Ill.

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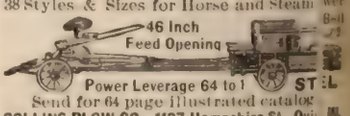
DON'T buy Marble or Granite until you investigate
WHITE BRONZE.
It is much more artistic and enduring, and much less expensive.
NO Moss-Growing. NO Cracking. Cleaning. Crumbling.
Prices to suit all. Work delivered everywhere. Write for designs and information. Costs nothing to investigate.
THE MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO.
Howard Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

"Eli" Baling Presses
38 Styles & Sizes for Horse and Steam Power



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Send for 64 page Illustrated catalog
COLLINS PLOW CO., 1137 Hampshire St., Quincy, Ill.

Stamped Steel Ceilings
Decorative, Durable and Beautiful
For Church Ceilings of any shape, old or new. Send for Catalogue B.
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TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS.
45 Liberty st., New York sells all makes under half price. Don't buy before writing them for unprejudiced opinions and prices. Exchanges. Immense stock for examination. Shipped for trial. Guaranteed first class. Largest in the world. Dealers supplied. 52-page illus. catalogue free.

What do You Think of This!

TIME speeds on—before you realize it Christmas is at hand and the worry of selecting gifts begins. An inexpensive gift that will give pleasure and be of utility and at the same time suggest appropriateness is one the most difficult problems that confronts at holiday times. The trouble is we put off too long. Nothing seems to suggest itself as "just the thing" and thus the important duty of selecting our gifts is left till the last minute and one must then "take what is left." The readers of The Christian Herald should not be of the dilly-dally sort. The World's Fair souvenir spoons are *just the thing*. And as bridal or birthday gifts it would be a hard matter to find another gift so pleasing to the donor, at such a small price. One lady writes:

STAUNTON, VA., June 27, 1895.

Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Gentlemen:—I received the spoons O. K. and am more than pleased with them. *I am delighted.*

I presented one set as a bridal present and they attracted more attention and admiration than any of the other presents.

I enclosed please find postoffice order for the amount $6.00 for which you will please forward six sets of your "World's Fair souvenir spoons and the cake basket which you offer as premium for same. Yours truly,

(Signed) LILLIE V. CROFT,
318 Fayette St.

TOM'S CREEK, P. O., MCDOWELL CO.,
July 2, 1895.

Gentlemen:—The half dozen souvenir spoons came safely and I am pleased with them. Respectfully

(Signed) JAS. HARVEY GREENLEE.

Dear Sirs:—My spoons are beauties. I am very proud of them. There are not more than 25 people here but I will try to get up that club, I want some more so much.

(Signed) MRS. FLORA G. WILLIAMS,
Inter Lachen, Fla.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA., July 15, 1895.

Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Dear Sirs:—Your prompt delivery is appreciated. The spoons received and were very much pleased with them. They are very pretty I think you will get another order from here, from a party who has seen mine.

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) MISS M. L. BARTLETT,
1330 St. Mary's Ave.

STUART, NEB., July 2, 1895.

Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Enclosed find postoffice money order for $11.88 which please send me the 12 sets of souvenir spoons and premium.

The set I received yesterday are pronounced excellent.

DESCRIPTION OF SOUVENIR SPOONS.

They are standard after-dinner coffee size, heavily coin silver plated, with gold plated bowls, each spoon has a different World's Fair building exquisitely engraved in the bowl, and the handles are finely chased, showing a raised bust of Christopher Columbus with the dates 1492-1893, and the World's Fair City. The set is packed in an elegant plush lined case. The entire set is sent prepaid for 99 cents, and if not perfectly satisfactory your money will be refunded

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Below will be found a few of the many thousands of cordial letters we are receiving from delighted purchasers. These are not old letters but new ones as may be seen from their dating. They are all letters from subscribers of various papers.

BALTIMORE, July 2, 1895.

To the Messrs. Leonard Mfg. Co.

I received the spoons and berry dish in good condition. Many thanks for your kindness. Please find money order for six more sets with which you will also send the spoons as premium. By so doing you will oblige,

Mrs. DR. AUGUST HORN, 732 W. Mulberry St.

MERIDEN, MISS., Aug. 6, 1895.

Leonard Mfg. Co.

Gentlemen:—I send enclosed postoffice order for $7.39 for which please send to my address, one case of your silverware, containing 6 tablespoons, teaspoons and butter plates, six of each and butter knife and sugar spoon. Also 2 sets of World's Fair spoons. Please send a fine basket as premium for the souvenir spoons. I think I can get orders for several more baskets when I have one to show the ladies, also butter dishes. This is the tenth set of spoons that I have ordered of you. All are pleased with them. Please address,

MRS. FRANK MEYERS, 343 41st Ave.

Trusting to hear from you promptly as I did on my last order, I am, Yours truly,

S. L. ANDERSON.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., July 3, 1895.

Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Gentlemen:—I enclose a money order for $5.94 for six sets of your souvenir spoons at 99c. for each set.

Would say I am very much pleased with my set of souvenir spoons and they are admired by every one. Very respectfully,

(Signed) MISS MARY VASSIE HARTMAN,
1511 Rock St.

5 Mansfield St., ALSTON, MASS.

Dear Sirs:—I feel very much pleased with my spoons, and will endeavor to send you six orders soon. Yours respectfully,

(Signed) MISS PARKER.

FORT MORGAN, COLO., July 8, 1895.

Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Gentlemen:—I received your card this morning in regard to the spoons sent us. The spoons came all right and we were well pleased with them. Mrs. Seckner showed them to a few of her lady friends, and all wanted them but all did not feel as though they could take them.

Yours truly,

REV. H. D. SECKNER

SUMMARY.

If the reader will glance over the "Description of the Souvenir Spoons" there can be no doubt of the genuine bargain that is offered.

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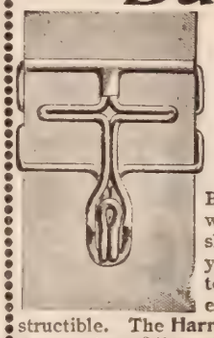

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VOLUME 18. NUMBER 40.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 2, 1895.

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Annual Subscription, $1.50.

ARMENIA'S CRY FOR HELP.

"The Christian Herald" Sends a Commissioner to Co-operate with the Missionaries in Organizing a Relief Movement—Mr. W. W. Howard Dispatched to Van—An Opportunity for Christian America to Lead in a Noble Work of Rescue.

ARMENIAN REFUGEES BEGGING AT VAN.

IN response to urgent and repeated appeals from many friends throughout the United States, and obedient to what is clearly a call to further service, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has undertaken, with the co-operation of its generous and sympathetic readers, to extend such aid as may be practicable to the homeless and destitute Christian people of Armenia. Our readers are already aware, from the facts previously published in these columns, of the terrible condition of the peasant population of several provinces in Turkish Armenia. If there lingered in their minds a single doubt as to the real need of that unfortunate race, it will be dispelled by reading the startling account by Mr. W. W. Howard, published below. The writer, who recently passed through Armenia, speaks from personal knowledge of the facts, and without a syllable of exaggeration. He has been commissioned by the proprietor of this journal to revisit that country, and to organize at Van a Missionary Committee of Relief, for the purpose of extending to the utterly helpless and homeless Armenian families of Moush, Shadakh, Bitlis, and neighboring villages such aid as may be needed to save them from perishing of starvation and exposure—an impending fate that threatens thousands during the coming winter.

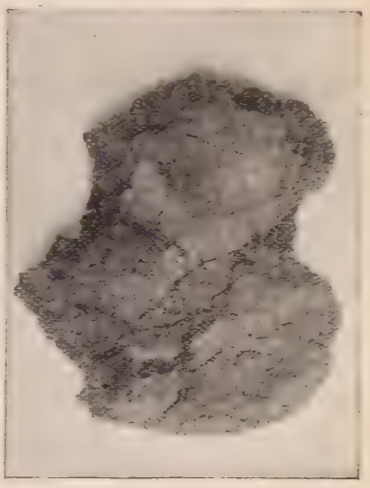
We invite the cordial and prompt co-operation of all our readers in this humane work, which though coming unsought, is none the less urgent and imperative. Never have they bestirred themselves in a worthier cause. We feel assured that when the mothers and fathers and sons and daughters among our circle of friends, fully comprehend the nature of the case, they will exert every energy to make the movement one that will reflect credit upon the generosity of Christian America, and bring a blessing to multitudes. No offering, however small, will be despised, and every contribution consecrated to this work will find prompt acknowledgment in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mr. Howard tells his story without embellishment, and it should be read everywhere throughout Christendom. He writes:

As I have just returned from the interior of the devastated region of Armenia, I have been asked to give to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a true picture of the actual condition of that distressed country. The English language is impotent for the task, and a just regard for the conventionalities of civilized speech will not permit that the whole truth be told. The refined Christian mind can understand wickedness and iniquity up to a certain point, but beyond that point, it either refuses to believe, or it is incapable of receiving additional impressions.

There are in Armenia at the present moment at least two hundred thousand persons fighting a death fight with famine! In the one province of Van, which is the centre of Armenia, there are fully one hundred thousand persons, out of a total Armenian population of 145,000, in actual want of food.

Many have already died of starvation, and thousands of villagers are barely keeping soul and body together by eating roots and herbs and a sort of bread made of clover seed, flax or linseed meal, mixed with edible grass. I have brought to peaceful, prosperous America specimen loaves of this hunger-bread. Starving villagers, reduced to the verge of despair, are crowding into the cities to beg for food and work. Three thousand unwilling beggars walk the streets of the city of Van, like spectres of famine, asking bread from door to door, who six months ago were comparatively prosperous. Others, too proud to beg, but in as desperate condition, crouch in their ruined homes, waiting for a merciful death to end their sufferings.



PIECE OF A LOAF OF HUNGER-BREAD.

Photographed by Mr. Howard from the specimens he brought from Armenia, and now in the possession of "The Christian Herald."

These are not hallucinations on my part, but are things which I myself have lately seen with my own eyes. Unless these wretched people receive immediate help, they will perish of starvation. They must have food and clothing or they cannot possibly survive the winter. They are now living on roots and herbs and edible grass, together with this terrible hunger-bread, the mere odor of which is enough to make a strong man shudder; but when winter begins, in October, the supply of edible grass and roots and herbs will be cut off. What will become of them then?

The Armenians have no wheat, and no money with which to buy food. The Kurds and the Turks have taken everything, and the Armenians have nothing.

The Armenians planted only half a crop this year, owing to the persecutions and exactions which beset them on all sides. In the early summer, when the young grain was green, the Kurds pastured their buffalos and their cattle in the growing wheat. Much of the crop was thus destroyed. Later, when that which remained of the wheat was ready for the harvest, the Kurds came down, cut off the heads of the ripened grain, and left the worthless stubble for the Armenians to live upon during the long and bitter winter. Even a persecuted Armenian cannot hope to maintain his family on wheat straw.

One of the very worst things that can be done to an Armenian is to make a mock at his religion, or to defile his churches. On leaving Armenia recently, I had an authenticated list of seventeen churches and monasteries that had been seized and confiscated by the Kurds, in one district alone in the province of Van. Most of these holy places

Continued on page 637.

A STREET IN THE CITY OF VAN, ARMENIA.

Photographed by W. W. Howard, "The Christian Herald" Commissioner.

CHRISTIAN STRATAGEM.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Judges 7: 20, 21, *"And the three companies blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers, and held the lamps in their left hands, and the trumpets in their right hands to blow withal. And they stood every man in his place round about the camp, and all the host ran, and cried, and fled."*

THAT is the strangest battle ever fought. God had told Gideon to go down and thrash the Midianites, but his army is too large; for the glory must be given to God, and not to man. And so proclamation is made that all those of the troops who are cowardly, and want to go home, may go; and twenty-two thousand of them scampered away, leaving only ten thousand men. But God says the army is too large yet; and so he orders these ten thousand remaining to march down through a stream, and commands Gideon to notice in what manner these men drink of the water as they pass through it. If they get down on all-fours and drink, then they are to be pronounced lazy and incompetent for the campaign; but if, in passing through the stream, they scoop up the water in the palm of their hand and drink, and pass on, they are to be the men selected for the battle. Well, the ten thousand men marched down in the stream, and the most of them come down on all-fours, and plunge their mouths, like a horse or an ox, into the water and drink; but there are three hundred men who, instead of stooping, just dip the palm of their hands in the water and bring it to their lips, "lapping it as a dog lappeth." Those three hundred brisk, rapid, enthusiastic men are chosen for the campaign. They are each to take a trumpet in the right hand and a pitcher in the left hand, and a lamp inside the pitcher, and then at a given signal they are to blow the trumpets, and throw down the pitchers, and hold up the lamps. So it was done.

It is night. I see a great host of Midianites, sound asleep in the valley of Jezreel. Gideon comes up with his three hundred picked men, and when everything is ready, the signal is given, and they blow the trumpets, and they throw down the pitchers, and hold up the lamps, and the great host of Midianites, waking out of a sound sleep, take the crash of the crockery and the glare of the lamps for the coming on of an overwhelming foe; and they run, and cut themselves to pieces, and horribly perish.

The lessons of this subject are very spirited and impressive. This seemingly valueless lump of quartz has the pure gold in it. The smallest dew-drop on the meadow at night has a star sleeping in its bosom, and the most insignificant passage of Scripture has in it a shining truth. God's mint coins no small change.

I learn in the first place, from this subject, the lawfulness of Christian stratagem. You know very well that the greatest victories ever gained by Washington or Napoleon were gained through the fact that they came when, and in a way they were not expected—sometimes falling back to draw out the foe, sometimes breaking out from ambush, sometimes crossing a river on unheard-of rafts; all the time keeping the opposing forces in wonderment as to what would be done next.

You all know what strategy is in military affairs. Now I think it is high time we had this art sanctified and spiritualized. In the Church, when we are about to make a Christian assault, we send word to the opposing force when we expect to come, how many troops we have, and how many rounds of shot, and whether we will come with artillery, infantry, or cavalry, and of course we are defeated. There are thousands of men who might be surprised into the kingdom of God. We need more tact and ingenuity in Christian work. It is in spiritual affairs as in military, that success depends in attacking that part of the castle which is not armed and intrenched.

For instance, here is a man all armed on the doctrine of election; all his troops of argument and prejudice are at that particular gate. You may batter away at that side of the castle for fifty years and you will not take it; but just wheel your troops to the side gate of the heart's affections, and in five minutes you capture him. I never knew a man to be saved through a brilliant argument. You cannot hook men into the kingdom of God by the horns of a dilemma. There is no grace in syllogisms. Here is a man armed on the subject of perseverance of the saints; he does not believe in it. Attack him at that point, and he will persevere to the very last in not believing it. Here is a man armed on the subject of baptism; he believes in sprinkling or immersion. All your discussion of ecclesiastical hydropathy will not change him. I remember, when I was a boy, that with other boys I went into the river on a summer day to bathe, and we used to dash water on each other, but never got any result except that our eyes were blinded; and all this splashing of water between Baptists and Pedo-baptists never results in anything but the blurring of the spiritual eye-sight. In other words you can never capture a man's soul at the point at which he is especially intrenched. But there is in every man's heart a bolt that can be easily shoved. A little child four years old may touch that bolt, and it will spring back, and the door will swing open, and Christ will come in.

I think that the finest of all the fine arts is the art of doing good, and yet this art is the least cultured. We have in the kingdom of God to-day enough troops to conquer the whole earth for Christ if we only had skillful manœuvering. I would rather have the three hundred lamps and pitchers of Christian stratagem than one hundred thousand drawn swords of literary and ecclesiastical combat.

I learn from this subject, also, that a small part of the army of God will have to do all the hard fighting. Gideon's army was originally composed of thirty-two thousand men, but they went off until there were only ten thousand left, and that was subtracted from until there were only three hundred. It is the same in all ages of the Christian Church; a few men have to do the hard fighting. Take a membership of a thousand, and you generally find that fifty people do the work. Take a membership of five hundred, and you generally find that ten people do the work. There are scores of churches where two or three people do the work.

We mourn that there is so much useless lumber in the mountains of Lebanon. I think, of the ten million membership of the Christian Church to-day, if five millions of the names were off the books, the Church would be stronger. You know that the more cowards and drones there are in any army the weaker it is. I would rather have the three hundred picked men of Gideon than the twenty-two thousand unsifted host. How many Christians there are standing in the way of all progress! I think it is the duty of the Church of God to ride over them, and the quicker it does it, the quicker it does its duty.

Do not worry, oh Christian, if you have to do more than your share of the work. You had better thank God that he has called you to be one of the picked men, rather than to belong to the host of stragglers. Would not you rather be one of the three hundred that fight, than the twenty-two thousand that run? I suppose those cowardly Gideonites who went off congratulated themselves. They said, "We got rid of all that fighting, did not we? How lucky we have been; that battle costs us nothing at all." But they got none of the spoils of the victory. After the battle the three hundred men went down and took the wealth of the Midianites, and out of the cups and platters of their enemies they feasted. And the time will come my dear brethren, when the hosts of darkness will be routed, and Christ will say to his troops, "Well done, my brave men, go up and take the spoils! Be more than conquerors forever!" and in that day all deserters will be shot!

Again: I learn from this subject, that God's way is different from man's, but is always the best way. If we had the planning of that battle, we would have taken those thirty-two thousand men that originally belonged to the army, and we would have drilled them, and marched them up and down by the day, and week, and month, and we would have had them equipped with swords or spears, according to the way of arming in those times; and then we would have marched them down in solid column upon the foe. But that is not the way. God depletes the army, and takes away all their weapons, and gives them a lamp, and a pitcher, and a trumpet, and tells them to go down and drive out the Midianites. I suppose some wiseacres were there who said, "That is not military tactics. The idea of three hundred men, unarmed, conquering such a great host of Midianites!" It was the best way. What sword, spear, or cannon ever accomplished such a victory as the lamp, pitcher, and trumpet?

God's way is different from man's way, but it is always best! Take, for instance, the composition of the Bible. If we had had the writing of the Bible, we would have said, "Let one man write it. If you have twenty or thirty men to write a poem, or make a statute, or write a history, or make an argument, there will be flaws and contradictions." But God says, "Let not one man do it, but forty men shall do it." And they did, differing enough to show there had been no collusion between them, but not contradicting each other on any important point, while they all wrote from their own stand-point and temperament; so that the matter-of-fact man has his Moses; the romantic nature his Ezekiel; the epigrammatic his Solomon; the warrior his Joshua; the sailor his Jonah; the loving his John; the logician his Paul. Instead of this Bible, which now I can lift in my hand—instead of the Bible the child can carry to Sunday School—instead of the little Bible the sailor can put in his jacket when he goes to sea—if it had been left to men to write, it would have been a thousand volumes, judging from the amount of ecclesiastical controversy which has arisen. God's way is different from man's, but it is best, infinitely best.

So it is in regard to the Christian's life. If we had had the planning of a Christian's l we would have said, "Let him have eig years of sunshine, a fine house to live i let his surroundings all be agreeable; l him have sound health; let no chill sh r through his limbs, no pain ache his br , or trouble shadow his soul." I enjoy e prosperity of others so much, I would t every man have as much money as e wants, and roses for his children's chee , and fountains of gladness glancing in t r large round eyes. But that is not G s way. It seems as if man must be cut, d hit, and pounded just in proportion as e is useful. His child falls from a third-s y window, and has its life dashed out; is most confident investment tumbles him to bankruptcy; his friends, on whom he depended, aid the natural force of gravita n in taking him down; his life is a Bull n defeat. Instead of twenty-two thous d advantages, he has only ten thousand— , only three hundred—ay, none at all. I w many good people there are at their s' end about their livelihood, about r reputation. But they will find out it is e best way after awhile; God will s w them that he depletes their advantages st for the same reason he depleted the a y of Gideon—that they may be induce to throw themselves on his mercy.

A grape-vine says in the early sp g, "How glad I am to get through the wi r I shall have no more trouble now! Sum r weather will come and the garden wi e very beautiful!" But the gardener co s, and cuts the vine here and there with is knife. The twigs begin to fall, and e grape-vine cries out, "Murder! wha re you cutting me for?" "Ah," says e gardener, "I don't mean to kill you. I did not do this you would be the laugh g stock of all the other vines before the s on is over." Months go on, and one a the gardener comes under the trellis, w re great clusters of grapes hang, and e grape-vine says, "Thank you, sir; you could not have done anything so kin as to have cut me with that knife." "W m the Lord loveth he chasteneth." No p ning, no grapes; no grinding-mill, no f r; no battle, no victory; no cross, no cro n.

So God's way, in the redemption o he world, is different from ours. If we ha ur way, we would have had Jesus stand i he door of heaven and beckon the nation up to light, or we would have had angels f ng around the earth proclaiming the unse h able riches of Christ. Why is it tha he cause goes on so slowly? Why is it hat the chains stay on, when God could k ck them off? Why do thrones of despo m stand, when God could so easily dem sh them? It is his way, in order that all n erations may co-operate, and that all en may know they cannot do the work t m selves. Just in proportion as these pa mids of sin go up in height will they ne down in ghastliness of ruin.

Oh, thou father of all iniquity! If ou canst hear my voice above the crackli of the flames, drive on thy projects, disp ch thy emissaries, build thy temples, and ge thy chains; but know that thy fall om heaven was not greater than thy hal overthrow shall be when thou sha be driven disarmed into thy fiery den; nd for every lie thou hast framed upon th thou shalt have an additional hell of ry poured into thine anguish by the vengeance of our God; and all heaven shall sho at the overthrow, as from the ransomed th the song breaks through the skies, "H le-lujah! for the Lord God Omnipot reigneth! Hallelujah! for the kingd s of this world have become the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ!" God's w in the composition of the Bible, God's wa in the Christian's life, God's way in the redemption of the world, God's way in ev thing—different from man's way, but he best.

I learn from this subject, that the ter throw of God's enemies will be sudden nd terrific. There is the army of the Midia tes down in the valley of Jezreel. I suppose their mighty men are dreaming of vict y.

ount Gilboa never stood sentinel for so rge a host. The spears and the shields of e Midianites gleam in the moonlight, and ance on the eye of the Israelites, who over like a battle of eagles, ready to voop from the cliff. Sleep on, oh army of e Midianites! With the night to hide em, and the mountain to guard them, and rong arms to defend them, let no slum- ering foeman dream of disaster! Peace to e captains and the spearmen!

Crash go the pitchers! up flare the mps! To the moun- ins! fly! fly! Troop nning against troop, ousands trampling upon ousands. Hark to the ream and groan of the nted foe, with the Lord d Almighty after them! ow sudden the onset, how ild the consternation, w utter the defeat! I do t care so much what is gainst me, if God is not. ou want a better sword carbine than I have ever en to go out and fight gainst the Lord omnipo- nt. Give me God for y ally, and you may ave all the battlements d battalions.

I saw the defrauder in s splendid house. seemed as if he had conquered God, as e stood amidst the blaze of chandeliers d pier mirrors. In the diamonds of the ardrobe I saw the tears of the widows hom he had robbed, and in the snowy tin the pallor of the white-cheeked or- nans whom he had wronged. The blood the oppressed glowed in the deep crim- n of the imported chair. The music embled with the sorrow of unrequited toil. ut the wave of mirth dashed higher on efs of coral and pearl. The days and the ghts went merrily. No sick child dared ll that silver door-bell. No beggar dared t on that marble step. No voice of prayer ated amidst that tapestry. No shadow a judgment-day darkened that fresco. o tear of human sympathy dropped upon at upholstery. Pomp strutted the hall, nd Dissipation filled her cup, and all emed safe as the Midianites in the valley Jezreel. But God came. Calamity note the money market. The partridge ft its eggs unhatched. Crash went all e porcelain pitchers! Ruin, rout, dis- ay, and woe in the valley of Jezreel!

Alas for those who fight against God! Only two sides. Man immortal, which ide are you on? Woman immortal, which ide are you on? Do you belong to the ree hundred that are going to win the ay, or to the great host of Midianites sleep in the valley, only to be roused up consternation and ruin? Suddenly the olden bowl of life will be broken, and the rumpet blown that will startle our sbul in- eternity. The day of the Lord cometh s a thief in the night, and as the God- rmed Israelites upon the sleeping foe. Ha! Canst thou pluck up courage for the day when the trumpet which hath never been down shall speak the roll-call of the dead, nd the earth, dashing against a lost me- eor, have its mountains scattered to the tars, and oceans emptied in the air? Oh, hen, what will become of you? What will become of me?

If those Midianites had only given up heir swords the day before the disaster, all would have been well; and if you will now surrender the sins with which you have been fighting against God, you will be safe. Oh, make peace with him now, through Jesus Christ our Lord. With the clutch of a drowning man seize the Cross. Oh, surrender! surrender! Christ, with his hand on his pierced side, asks you to.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Church Building in Africa.

How Native Christians among the Barotse in Southern Africa Gladden the Missionary's Heart.

AMONG the discouragements of the missionary's life there come days of gladness which reward him for expatriation, toil and hardship. Such a day is that when the number of the converts made by God's blessing on his labors has grown so large as to warrant the erection of a church building. The first is generally a rude affair, put up by the natives, the missionary working as architect and master-builder; but it is a house consecrated to God, in which the Gospel of Jesus Christ will be preached. That alone is sufficient to glorify it in the missionary's eyes and to make it an edifice dearer to his heart than the most magnificent cathedral in Christendom. M. F. Coillard of the Paris Evangelical Missionary Society who is laboring among the Barotse, on the Upper Zambesi in Southern Africa, has taken a photograph of one of these delightful scenes, which we reproduce on this page. The Society has been on the ground only nine years and it is an eloquent testimony to the earnestness and devotion with which its missionaries must have worked, that a church building should now be erected. The same Society has conducted a successful mission work among the Kabyles, one of the Berber tribes in North-west Africa. It has also missionaries in Senegambia, in China and Tahiti. Recently it began labor in the French territories on the Ogove and Congo Rivers.

ROUGH QUARTERS FOR A MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

Dr. James Johnston, who visited M. Coillard's station in December, 1891, says: "I shall never forget the time spent with this veteran missionary. If I have seen one station that, more than another, deserves the full sympathy and hearty support of Christians at home, it is the one conducted by Francis Coillard. It is fully equipped with every appliance for instructing the natives, not only in divine things, but also how to improve their social condition." M. Coillard has labored with almost apostolic devotion and at the time Dr. Johnston visited him was almost discouraged. Apparently there had been but little result from his work. The Barotse were dull and spiritless and almost incapable of understanding the simplest Gospel teaching. They would listen to M. Coillard quietly and respectfully, but that was all. Doubtless, he was at that time on the verge of a harvest of souls. If the natives had remained in the condition they were in when Dr. Johnston visited the station, such a church as that depicted in our illustration would not have been needed. Such men as he, aided by their devoted wives are pioneers who realize that they must toil in faith and hold fast to the promise that God's message will not return void. M. Coillard has sacrificed much to go there and during his residence he has suffered much. The saddest blow was the death of his beloved wife who had been a true helpmeet to him toiling cheerfully by his side, and giving him encouragement until the dreadful climate did its work and she sank into the grave.

In describing his work to Dr. Johnston, the devoted Frenchman said: "I have been seven years here—a long time in one's short life; yet we are still passing through that arduous and uninteresting period of breaking the fallow ground and sowing the seed. We anxiously watch for the appearance of the little cloud and the showers of blessing which it shall bring . . . We know that the seed is not lost. Silently, secretly, under the clods it germinates, and the first shower shall adorn with verdure our parched ground. The time shall come; therefore we faint not."

NATIVE CONVERTS ON THE ZAMBESI, SOUTH AFRICA, BUILDING THEIR FIRST CHURCH.

The confidence thus beautifully expressed by the heroic missionary two years ago, has been justified by events. The photograph he sends home of the church in course of erection shows that the expected shower of blessing has come.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE POLICE.

A man who doesn't believe in God, ought not to be on the police force." This was the language of Mr. Lawrence Harrigan, of St. Louis, at the recent convention in Washington, D. C., of the Chiefs of Police of the United States and Canada. The occasion was the creation of a new office—that of chaplain—and the opening of the convention with prayer. Mr. D.C.Oliver, Chief of Police at Athens, Georgia, who was chosen for this position, said: "I esteem it great privilege to call upon my Maker for assistance in all the affairs of life. I am glad to go on record as one who believes in God as the ruler of police and all government. Strike out the idea of divine guidance and this police business will be wrecked upon a rock."

Flowers from Palestine.

An Exceptional Opportunity Presented to the Subscribers of "The Christian Herald."

OUR readers will be delighted to learn that we have a rich surprise in store for them — at least for those of them who quickly signify their wishes. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, through Rev. H. B. Greene, has made in Palestine a varied and beautiful collection of flowers, whose value is enriched by Bible associations, and has pressed, preserved and bound them in album form. These albums are not only very handsome, but their value is beyond estimation. Rev. Dr. Talmage, who has seen them, writes:

You have all seen maps of Palestine, and heard sermons about Palestine, and sung hymns about Palestine, and longed for the opportunity of seeing Palestine, but this may be the first time you have ever held a part of Palestine in your hand. These are not pictures of flowers; any engraver or painter can give you them, but these were wrought, and spun, and colored by the hand of God. The ancestors of these flowers were touched by Moses, and Solomon, and Paul, and Christ. Through most of the year the Holy Land is all ablush with floral opulence. You find all the royal family of flowers there, some that you supposed indigenous to the far North, and others indigenous to the far South—the daisy, and hyacinth, crocus and anemone, tulip and water-lily, geranium and ranunculus, mignonette and sweet majoram. In the collection at Beyrout you may see eighteen hundred kinds of Holy Land flowers; while among trees are the oak of frozen climes, and the tamarisk of the tropics, walnut and willow, ivy and hawthorne, ash and elder, pine and sycamore.

Oh, the flowers! They are the angels of the grass. They all have voices. When the clouds speak, they thunder; when the whirlwinds speak, they shriek; when the cataracts speak, they roar; but when the flowers speak, they always whisper. Take this floral album to some quiet place and listen. Some of the flowers have different names now from those with which they were baptized in Bible times, but the change of name does not change their beauty, or aroma, or suggestiveness. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cannot do a lovelier thing than to put this Divine bouquet into the hands of its friends and patrons. The flower marks the exact line between the material world and the spiritual world. Heaven and earth meet at the white pillar of the calla-lily. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

These Floral Albums will be ready for delivery about the middle of November. They will not be advertised among outsiders, and only those subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who act very promptly will have an opportunity of securing copies. The orders will be entered **according to the postmarks**, so that due allowwance may be made for those who send from a distance. There are hardly enough of these Floral Albums to supply more than **one in fifty** of our subscribers, and it is absolutely out of the question to have any more made up, as no flowers can be gathered in Palestine for this purpose before next spring. The Album is bound in rich olive silk cloth, gold edges, with gold side and back stamp and a very attractive emblematic design on the cover. Its contents are as follows:

Frontispiece—The Cedars of Lebanon.
Introduction by Rev. Dr. Talmage.
Certificate by U. S. Consul E. S. Wallace.
Commendatory by Hon. Selah Merrill.
The Flora of Palestine—by Rev. H. B. Greene.
Wild Flowers of Palestine—(Illustrated.)
Fifteen Depressed openings containing many beautiful specimens of real Palestine flowers.

These Albums of Palestine Wild-Flowers, with one year's extension of your subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for $3.

As soon as enough orders have been received to exhaust the supply, the fact will be made known through the first paragraph of the "Brief Notes" in this paper.

A NEW MISSIONARY SCHOONER.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is building a new schooner for the use of the missionaries on the island of Ruk, in the Micronesian group, South Pacific Ocean, to take the place of the "R.W. Logan," lost two years ago.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE TRIUMPH OF GIDEON.

S.S. Lesson for Oct. 13. Jud. 7: 13-23. Golden Text, Ps. 27: 3. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

GOD'S military school is unique. He has a warfare peculiar to himself and to those who are fully surrendered to him, in which victory is absolutely sure. And yet such victory is not the work of a day; long, sometimes tedious preparation must precede it. Joshua, God's special commander-in-chief, passed his first examination when he found that his success on the plain, in fighting against the Amalekites, was not dependent on any personal gifts or prowess, but on the intercession of three men who dealt with God upon the mountain-top. (Exod. 17: 2.) His next examination was when he was called upon to surrender the whole command of the army of Israel into the hand of the to them invisible "Captain of the host of the Lord." (Josh. 5: 14, 15.) Twice he had failed, at Ai and in the matter of the Gibeonites, but otherwise he passed the initiatory school successfully. Now the Lord calls out

Another General.

Israel had sinned, and God had brought upon them the evil of which he had spoken, and the uncircumcised and idolatrous Midianites were riding roughshod over the people of the Lord. At last the cry of his people went up to him and he began to prepare a deliverer. Without any warning the angel of the Lord appeared to Gideon while he was occupied in farming operations, and said unto him: "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor." Moses and Joshua had to be made little; to learn their nothingness. Gideon had to be aroused that he might take in that one whose family was "the least in Manasseh," and he the least in his father's house, could he chosen and used of God to deliver his people. This was the beginning of his military school: the great lesson was that whatever he might be, the Lord with him could do anything, everything.

This examination over, he must learn that all real faith is put to the test. He was the called of God to deliver Israel. But how should he deliver Israel if, in the very house where he lived, idols continued to exist? Idolatry must be overthrown at home. This was no easy matter, for Gidson was not the head and Master of the house, and he might have pleaded, I am not responsible. But his life had entered in a new phase, he must make all his calculations now on a new basis: the Lord was with him. What he could not do at home or abroad was perfectly easy to the Lord who was with him. Therefore he must pass another examination and be true at home.

His First Battle

must [illegible] against Baal in his father's house. Gideon was a timid man; he needed to be continually reassured. But God knew his heart was true, met him where he was and gave him the signs he asked for. (Jud. 6: 17: 24: 36-40). But a timid man must be as obedient as a courageous one and he must be true to God in his father's house. At God's command he abolished the idols, and the groves of Asherah in one night at the risk of his own life, and God stood by him, and turned the heart of his father, so that in one hour he became a witness against the worship he had till then patronized, saying of Baal: "If he be a god, let him plead for himself because one hath broken down his altar." And thus Gideon passed through another examination in his school. God gives his Holy Spirit to them that obey him (Acts 5: 32). The Spirit of the Lord came upon the man who had not failed in obedience at the risk of his life and now the least in his father's house was made a power because God was with him; "and Abiezer was gathered together after him." (Jud. 6: 34).

Now God had his instrument fully in hand, and he could go forward. Gideon had learned that with God all things are possible. He was now the head of an army of 32,000 men; but was, as much as ever, dependent upon God. What he had learned his troops must learn also. Therefore the Lord gave a command which was far from flattering to human nature and which might have seemed in man's eyes calculated to demoralize the army: "The people that are with thee are too many for me to give the Midianites into their hand, lest Israel vaunt themselves against me, saying, Mine own hand hath saved me. Now, therefore, go and proclaim in the ears of the people, saying, Whosoever is fearful and afraid [or trembling], let him return and depart from Mount Gilead." To human eyes, or in earthly warfare such a command might seem calculated to damp the enthusiasm and ardor of the troops, and to spread discouragement. But God never miscalculated. He tells us how all "the goodliness of the flesh" is fading as the flower of the field, and he would replace fleshly ardor for faith in the living God. God knew the people and Gideon was beginning to know God, and therefore he was not discouraged when more than two-thirds of his entire army left him, and returned, "fearful and

Afraid of Warfare

in which the living God was to have the chief voice. But God must go farther still. Only ten thousand remained to meet a company of their enemies "like locusts for multitude," and "the Lord said unto Gideon: The people are yet too many, bring them down unto the water and I will try them for thee there." And Gideon, who had been in command of such a large army, had to see his men reduced to three hundred! But with this diminution of earthly resources, there came a word from the living God: "By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you and deliver the Midianites into thine hand: and let all the people go every man into his place."

What kind of reputation would Gideon have in Israel as a commander? What kind of respect would the Midianites have for a handful of three hundred men, all counted? No; not all counted. The Lord is a man of war, and in Gideon's eyes he counted far more than the 22,700 men who had been proved unfit for the Lord's battles. All the commissariat was disorganized; the disbanded troops returned, taking their provisions with them, and nothing was left for the three hundred who remained, but God and his faithfulness. It was the night before the battle, but Gideon was not occupied with self-made dreams of glory, nor self-made apprehensions of defeat; he was occupied with his God. "Arise get thee down into the camp," he said to his servant, "for I have delivered it into thine hand. But if thou fear—God can see fear when no outward sign betrays it—go thou with Purah thy servant down to the camp; and thou shalt hear what they say; and afterward shall thine hands be strengthened to go down into the camp." And Gideon went, and heard one man telling a dream to his fellows with the startling interpretation from a man of Midian: "This is nothing else save the sword of Gideon, the son of Joash, a man of Israel: into his hand God hath delivered Midian, and all the host."

It was enough; Gideon saw no more the hosts of his enemies nor yet the miserable littleness of his own company. He saw only God, and there in the midst of that sleeping camp he worshipped, and returned to the camp of Israel with a new inspiration. He saw that the Lord's hour was come, and aroused his little company, saying: "Arise, for the Lord hath delivered into your hand the host of Midiam." And then he equipped his little forces. Dividing them into three companies, he provided every man with a trumpet, a torch and an empty pitcher, and gave the command: "Look on me and do likewise, and behold when I come to the outside of the camp, it shall be that as I do so shall ye do. When I blow the trumpet, I and all that are with me then blow ye the the trumpets also on every side of the camp, and say, The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

AT THE FOOT OF MT. GILBOA.

MORE than two hundred years appear to have passed since the death of Joshua, when Gideon appears on the scene. The Hebrews had not extended their occupation of the land. Indeed, in some instances they had been unable to maintain possession of the territories originally conquered under Joshua. In all, fifty-three years of the two centuries had been passed in subjection, their enemies having gained the upper hand. At this time they were again in trouble, and the historian is careful to point out the cause. They were not warriors: their only strength was in God, and they had offended him. Once more they had drifted into the worship of Baal, who, as his name implies, they regarded as the god of the soil of Canaan. Punishment must be meted out to them. In no other way can they be recalled to Jehovah. When they fall into trouble, they must seek him. Men are not very different now. Thousands of men in Christian lands never think of God in prosperity, never pray to him except they want something, or are in affliction. This time the punishment came from the Midianites, the wandering tribes descended from Abraham and Keturah, with whom Moses took refuge after killing the Egyptian overseer. The Midianites behaved much as the Koords do in Armenia at this day. When the Hebrews had sown their fields and were gathering in the harvest, the Midianites swarmed in like locusts, seizing the new grain. Seven years in succession they did this, and the harassed people were in despair. The story of their deliverance given in the book of Judges is evidently a combination of two separate accounts. One story describes the message of God, in answer to their prayer, as coming by a prophet to the whole people (Judges 6: 7-11); the effect it produced on Gideon in leading him to destroy the family idol; (6: 25-32); his summons to the tribes (6: 33-35); the weeding out of the army (7: 1-8), and the night surprise with the pitchers and the trumpets (7: 16-22). The other narrative, clearly distinct, though interwoven, describes the visit of the angel to Gideon (6: 12-24); the miracle of the fleece (6: 36-40); the dream overheard (7: 9-15), and the battle (7: 23, 25). In the one narrative the captive kings are called Oreb and Zeeb, and in the other Zebah and Zalmunna. The scene of the other conflict was the plain of Esdraelon at the foot of Mount Gilboa, in the Galilee region, where the Midianites had come to gather in the Hebrews' wheat. It is still the finest wheat district in Palestine. It is also the battle ground of the country. There Saul and Jonathan fell; there Josiah was slain; and there the Crusaders fought their fiercest battle. Gideon himself appears to have belonged to one of the chief families of Manasseh—a diffident, humble, but determined man. The most surprising thing about him is that after being the leader in so wonderful a movement, and experiencing the extraordinary dealing with God, he should in his old age have fallen into idolatry. A single verse at the close of the eighth chapter shows how little nations have changed since that early time. The people whom Gideon delivered forgot their obligations to him and showed no kindness to his family. Public benefactors of later times have had a like experience.

Came unto the outside of the camp. Every soldier knows how easily a panic may ensue from a night surprise. Gideon appears to have so distributed his three hundred men as to surround the entire camp. The fact of every man having a trumpet, or horn, would give the impression of a enormous army, as the common soldier did not carry a horn. Those were in the hand of the captains, and the Midianites would naturally assume in the darkness that each of the three hundred men was the captain of a company. The torches suddenly blazing out on all sides, when the pitchers that previously concealed them were broken would confirm the impression of a vast host. The Scottish emblem is associated with a similar plot. In one of the Danish invasions of Scotland the invaders arranged for a night attack. They were to crawl up under cover of the darkness to the camp where the Scotch army was sleeping and surprise it. The camp was perfectly silent and there was no apprehension of danger. The Danes had taken off their shoes, that no noise of their march should betray the approach. But as they neared the sleeping Scots, one of the Danes trod upon a thistle and involuntarily uttered a deep cry of pain. In the silence of the night it ran out like a trumpet note. Instantly the Scots were aroused. Every man sprang to his feet grasping his weapon and the Danes were repulsed. The thistle was from that time adopted as the national emblem.

A trumpet in every man's hand. People sometimes think that no one but ministers can preach; but it is a fact that the most effective preaching may be done by ordinary people who live in Christ. There is a trumpet in every man's hand if he will use it. An eminent preacher said that he found the best preaching in a certain town in which he spent the summer was being done by a child who was a confirmed invalid. One said to him, you should see her; would do you good. She is a model of patience. Another said, there must be some thing in that child's religion, otherwise she could not be so cheerful in her suffering. He went to see the child, and the mother told him before he went to her room that she was the light of the household. It was like heaven to be near her. She was so sweet and gentle and good that her being in the house was a blessing to them all. She had been lying there over a year ill of spinal disease, but in all that time she had never repined. The minister went into her room, and looking at the wan face on the pillow with its bright light in the eyes, could believe all he heard. The child had but one regret, she wished she was able to go about and work for Christ. "How happy you must be," she said, "in your work. It is strange that God keeps me here idle." "My child," said the minister, "when Christ apportions rewards, I would like to have one like yours. You are preaching a more eloquent serman by your life than I can ever hope to do."

Lamps within the pitchers. It was a strange equipment for an army, very inadequate one would say, yet it served its purpose. The gigantic enemy one hundred and thirty five thousand strong, according to the story, melted away before this little band of three hundred, with their lamps and pitchers and trumpets. It is a fit type of the great struggle for Christ's kingdom in this world. The trumpet proclamation of the Gospel by a comparatively small body of consecrated men. The lamps within the pitchers remind us of the wise king's declaration that "the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord" and of the Apostle's statement that "we have the treasure in earthen vessels." The fight will be won by the men whose souls God has lighted. Scientists tell us that if a diamond be exposed to the rays of the sun for some minutes and it be then taken into a dark room, it will give out a beautiful pale light. For some time it has the faculty of storing up and giving forth the light it has received. So the soul that lives in the light of God's countenance becomes a light giver to the world.

Armenia's Cry for Help.

Continued from first page.

e now used as dwellings by the Kurds, t several of them have been turned into ables for horses and cattle. One holy ace is now used as a ball-room for the arem of a Kurdish sheikh. In other stances, in which I have all the details, urches have been subjected to nameless filement.

The confiscation of these churches and onasteries means also the confiscation of e villages and lands tributary thereto, so at the poor villagers, who once gladly aid contributions to the churches, now ave to pay double the same contributions the Kurds. Any delay or neglect in the yment is met with beatings, outrages id deeds too shameful for public print.

Now, we have this condition at the pres- t moment in Armenia: The crop planted is year was entirely inadequate to the needs the population, and when the Kurds got

HUNGER-BREAD FROM BITLIS.

other Sample—photographed by Mr. Howard from le original, in possession of "The Christian Herald."

rough pasturing their cattle in the grow- g fields they harvested the ripened grain r their own use, leaving only dry grass r the Armenians. The systematic perse- itions of the people, the exactions of the x-gatherers, and the repeated robberies by e Kurds have left the Armenians abso- tely penniless and foodless. Utterly un- le to maintain life in their nearly ruined id wasted villages, the country people are andering about from place to place, and owding into the cities. There is no work r them to be had, and no chance of earn- g enough to keep starvation at bay.

Assuming, merely for the sake of argu- ent and not as a probable contingency, at the long-delayed plan of reform is car- d out, and the Armenians are protected their lives and property, having no od, and no money with which to buy od, how are they to get through the long id bitter winter and keep breath in their naciated bodies until the coming of the ring enables them to raise a few early getables? How can people live until next me whose food now, in this month of ptember, consists of edible grass from e fields and roots from the mountain-side?

There is only one answer to this problem, id it is this: Unless these wretched peo- e—poor and mean and miserable beyond scription, but Christians and brethren vertheless—are succored by the Christian ement of the civilized nations, they will rish by thousands. Our duty, as a Chris- an nation, is to extend that help.

It is not difficult to foresee the condition Armenia, four months hence, should e now turn a deaf ear to the cries of the arving, which have haunted me night id day for weeks. If two hundred thousand ople begin a long winter with absolutely thing to eat and no chance of obtaining od, what will become of them? I do not ed to refer to letters of missionaries or to ports of Consuls, for having investigated the spot, I know what I have seen and ard.

It is for America to say whether these ople shall die or live. It is a possible ing that, after centuries of oppression and cades of persecution, they may not be fit live. That is at least open to argument. t from actual observation and personal ntact with them, I can testify that they e certainly not fit to die. There is still need of much missionary work among them, Christians though they be. In theory, they are the most intense and sincere Christians whom I have met. Whether they are that in practice or not, is not for me to judge. Honestly considering all the circumstances surrounding them, I should say that they are as good Christians as one really could expect them to be. During the Sassoun massacre, many of them had the choice of death or a denial of Christ, and they unhesitatingly chose death. "We cannot deny our Christ," they said, and the Turkish bayonets pierced them to the heart.

The Armenian will cling to his religion until the last breath has left his body. He is proud of the fact that his people were the first to accept Christianity as a nation. The Armenians were converted by Gregory, and they have remained to this day a Christian oasis in a wide-spreading wilderness of Mohammedanism, fire-worship, bigotry and idolatry. It is for the youngest Christian nation on earth to say whether the oldest shall perish and be no more, and whether the followers of Mohammed shall be the sole inhabitants of that land which, in the beginning of all things, was the Garden of Eden. If we turn a deaf ear now to the supplications of the starving thousands of fellow-Christians in Eastern Turkey, the coming of spring will see the troublous Armenian question forever at rest. There will be no more Armenian question, for there may be no more Armenians.

If, on the contrary, the practical Christians of our own land desire to assist in preserving this ancient Christian race in the land in which it took descent from the grandson of Noah, the way is clear. A little help extended now, will not only save the lives of those who are dropping dead of hunger from day to day, but will provide work during the coming winter.

The missionaries of Van have a most excellent plan for helping the poor, and when I left Armenia they were ready to put it into practical effect as soon as money should be received for beginning the work. The plan is to buy wool and give it out to the starving Armenian women to be spun, woven, and made up into various articles of clothing common to the country. The spinners, weavers, and knitters will be paid liberally for their work, and as each allotment of wool is made up, another will be given out. The manufactured articles will be sold and the proceeds be returned to the fund for the purchase of more wool and a continuance of the work of relief.

Since my return, I have received letters from Dr. Grace W. Kimball, Mrs. George C. Reynolds, and Mr. C. M. Hallward, the British Vice-Consul at Van, saying that this method of affording relief had been tried with about $350 received from England, and that it worked beyond their most sanguine expectations. The distinctive feature of this form of relief is that it gives work instead of charity to the starving, and retains their self-respect. Assuming such a method of relief were properly administered, I am satisfied, from observations in Armenia, that a contribution of one dollar would do three times as much good as though given outright in the ordinary way of charity.

In this necessarily brief article, I have dwelt entirely upon the starvation in Armenia, because it is the most urgent feature of the situation. I have not touched upon the Sassoun massacre, because as the Grand Vizier of Turkey truthfully says, "that is an old story." The victims of Sassoun were in many respects more fortunate than their fellows, for they had at least the privilege of dying quickly. They escaped persecution, torture, and starvation. There are very many hopeless creatures in Armenia to-day who would welcome a second Sassoun as an easy release from the burden and shame of living.

As to the cause of the persecution which has brought 200,000 human beings to the actual brink of starvation, there can be but one explanation. The Armenians are Christians. Should they become Mohammedans their troubles would vanish, and return no more. It is for the sake of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, that they are persecuted unto death.

WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

ARMENIAN GIRLS SPINNING.

Photographed by our Commissioner.

Mr. Howard sailed on the steamship "Campania" for Liverpool on Saturday last, whence he will go to Armenia, via London, Paris, Vienna, Constantinople and Trebizonde. From the latter place he will ride to Erzeroum and Van across a country that abounds in perils for the ordinary traveler. Mr. Howard, however, is not an inexperienced traveler. Though still comparatively young, he has visited fifteen different countries, and his journey through Armenia has given him a valuable acquaintance with the traveling facilities there. Furthermore, he is entirely aware of the risks attendant upon such a journey, but bravely accepts them all, trusting to a protecting Providence to guard him and conduct him safely through every danger.

AN ARMENIAN HOUSEWIFE BAKING CAKES.

(Photographed by Mr. Howard—The cakes are of remarkable size.)

Of our Commissioner's journeyings, his doings when he reaches the centres of Armenian suffering and the progress of the relief work, we expect to keep our readers fully informed. As this humane undertaking is their work and ours jointly, we ask of all the most active and earnest co-operation. We ask an interest in their prayers that the work may be richly blessed to all concerned and be made the means of rescuing many of those poor, suffering fellow-creatures from still greater misery and of changing the land to which all history and tradition point as the site of Eden, from being a land of desolation and death to one whose people live to bless those followers of their Master who have come, as very angels, to their relief, in such a time of sore trial.

The following contributions to the Armenian Relief Fund have already been received:

The Christian Herald	100 00
P B Bromwell, Hempstead, L I	25 00
J L, Prairie City, Ill	12 00
H H Pritchard	1 00
Lambert Bewkes	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. J W Godbold	3 00
A Christian, Elmsford, N Y	2 00
Christian Friends, Newark, N J	5 00

ANCIENT ASSYRIAN TABLETS.

Many of the recent discoveries of tablets in Ancient Assyria, on being deciphered, are found to relate to events referred to in the Bible, and are actually corroborative of them. One of the most remarkable instances of this character is a tablet relating to the death of the great Assyrian monarch, Sennacherib. It is of unbaked clay, measuring six and a-half by seven and three-quarter inches, and is inscribed with a short but very important inscription relating to a series of events which are of the greatest value to Biblical as well as to historical scholars. It is thought probable that, if we could only obtain the remaining portions of this tablet, we should have a complete record from the earliest times down to the fall of the Babylonian Empire.

The inscription begins with the reign of Nebonasar, and ends with the accession of Shamas-sum-ukin, B. C. 650, who was a foster-brother of the renowned Assurbani-pal, the Sardanapalus of the Greek writers. It appears that a very violent disturbance broke out in Borsippa during the reign of Nebonasar, and that it was spreading so rapidly that it was only with difficulty put down. Nadimi, who was the leader of the rebellion, died, which fact put an end to the revolt. The seventh paragraph on the tablet deals with the death of Tiglath Pileser, and the accession to the throne of the great Assyrian monarch Shalmanezer.

The most important portion of the tablet is that which deals with the wars and death, or rather assassination, of Sennacherib. Elam revolted, and Sennacherib went out at the head of a large army to put down the disturbance. Hallusu, who was the chief rebel, marched on Babylon, and placed one certain Nergaluzesib upon the throne. This man was killed at a place near Niffer, and Sennaecherib, on his return home was killed by the hand of one of his sons. For some time past doubt in certain quarters where the "Higher Criticism" theory prevails had been thrown on the accuracy of the Biblical account as recorded in 2. Kings 19:37, where we read: "And it came to pass, as Sennacherib was worshipping in the house of Nisroch, his god, that Adrammelech and Sharezer his sons smote him with the sword; and they escaped into the land of Armenia. And Esarhaddon his son reigned in his stead."

The truth, however, of the Biblical statement is thoroughly borne out by the new tablet, for in this we have the following information: "On the 20th day of Tobit (modern December-January), Sennacherib, King of Assyria, in a revolt his sons killed him. On the 18th day of Adar (February-March), Esarhaddon, his son, sat on the throne of Assyria." How closely these two items in the chronicle agree with the Biblical narrative will be readily seen.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF THE TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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HELP! HELP!

GOD help the young man! I get letters every week from somebody in the country, saying: "My son has gone to the city; he is in such a bank, or store, or shop. Will you look after him. He was a good boy at home, but there are many temptations in the city. Pray for him and counsel him." I want to help the old. They begin to feel in the way; they begin to feel neglected, perhaps. I want at the edge of the snow-bank of old age, to show them the crocus. I want to put in their hands the staff and the rod of the Gospel. God bless your gray hairs. I want to help these wives and mothers in the struggle of housekeeping, and in the training of their children for God and for heaven. I want to preach the Gospel as appropriate to Martha as to Mary. God help the martyrs of the kitchen, and the martyrs of the drawing-room, and the martyrs of the nursery, and the martyrs of the sewing-machine. I want to help merchants; whether the times are good or bad, they have a struggle. I want to preach a sermon that will last them all the week; when they have notes to pay and no money to pay them with; when they are abused and assaulted. I want to give them a Gospel as appropriate for Wall street, and Broadway, and Chestnut street, and State street, as for the communion table. I want to help dissipated men who are trying to reform. Instead of coming to them with a patronizing air that seems to say, "How high I am up, and how low you are down," I want to come to them with a manner which seems to say, "If I had been in the same kind of temptation I should have done worse." I have more interest in the lost sheep that bleats on the mountain than in the ninety-nine asleep in the fold.

A WARNING WORD.

FROM the utter collapse of many of the brain-workers of this country I may say, "Brethren of literary toil, you had better hold up!" If you are going at the rate of sixty miles an hour, you had better stop and go no more than thirty. The temptations to overwork for literary men are multiplying all the time in increased newspapers and magazines, and lecturing platforms. The temptation to night-work is especially great—that kind of work which is most exhausting and ruinous. When the sun goes down, God puts his candle out, and says to the world, "My child, you had better go to sleep; I have put the candle out." The brass-headed nails of coffins are made out of gas-light! The money that a man makes by midnight [illegible] funeral. When the devil cannot stop a good man's work by making him lazy, then he comes into the editor's room, or into the minister's study, or into the artist's studio, and he says, "Go it! you ought to be doing five times the work you are doing. You ought to write two books this year. You ought to send out twenty or thirty additional articles. You ought to deliver fifty more lectures." Then, when his health fails, there is satanic congratulation. The devil first tries to stop a useful man by making him lazy. Failing in that, he then puts on the lash and digs in the spurs, and drives him to death. I say, therefore, to the men who are toiling with their brain, you had better "slow up," as they say on the railroad lines. God gives to every man a certain amount of work, and he does not want him to do any more than that. "Do thyself no harm," is advice no more appropriate to the jailer when the prison is tumbling around his ears, than it is appropriate to those the wards of whose health and the fastnesses of whose strength begin to tremble with the earthquake. Paul was very careful of his body; long before the days of expressage he sends hundreds of miles for his great coat to Troas. Oh, ye men of literary toil! you have been careful about keeping the candle snuffed and burning brightly; is it not almost time you began to look after the candlestick? The sharp sword will not make any execution unless you have a handle to it. Through all the editorial rooms, and all the studies of this country, let the warning reverberate; let it come up from the graves of recent martyrs to science, and literature, and religion.

SAVED A FARM.

YOU cannot afford to smoke: you cannot afford to chew. You either take very good tobacco, or you take very cheap tobacco. If it is cheap I will tell you why it is cheap. It is made of burdock and lampblack and sawdust and colt's foot and plantain leaves and fuller's earth and salt and alum and lime and a little tobacco, and you cannot afford to put such a mess as that in your mouth. But if you use expensive tobacco, do you not think it would be better for you to take the amount of money which you are now expending for this herb, and which you will expend during the course of your life, if you keep the habit up, and with it buy a splendid farm, and make the afternoon and the evening of your life comfortable?

There are young men whose life is going out inch by inch from cigarettes. Now, do you not think it would be well to listen to the testimony of a merchant of New York, who said this: "In early life I smoked six cigars a day at six and a-half cents each. They averaged that. I thought to myself one day, I'll just put aside all I would consume in cigars and all I would consume if I keep on in the habit, and I'll see what it will come to by compound interest." And he gives this tremendous statistic: "Last July completed thirty-nine years since, by the grace of God, I was emancipated from the filthy habit, and the saving amounted to the enormous sum of $29,102.03 by compound interest. We lived in the city, but the children, who had learned something of the enjoyment of country life from their annual visits to their grandparents, longed for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place in the country for sale. The cigar money came into requisition, and I found it amounted to a sufficient sum to purchase the place, and it is mine." Now, boys, you take your choice. Smoking without a home, or a home without smoking, This is common sense as well as religion.

REVIVAL OF PISTOLS.

THERE has been some deadly shooting of late. We wonder that there is not more havoc with human life in this day, when it is getting so popular to [illegible] arms. Most of our young men and many of our boys, do not feel themselves in time unless they have a pistol accompaniment. Men are locked up or fined [illegible] their persons, but revolvers go free. There is not half so much danger from knife as pistol. The former may let the victim escape minus a good, large slice, but the latter is apt to drop him dead. On the frontiers, or engaged in police duty, fire-arms may be necessary; but in the ordinary walk of life pistols are, to say the least, a superfluity. Better empty your pockets of these dangerous weapons, and see that your sons do not carry them. In all the ordinary walks of life an honest countenance and orderly behavior are sufficient defence. You had better stop going into society where you must always be ready to shoot somebody.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

A. L., Pittston, Pa. Where can I get a book or magazine that will tell me how to take care of all kinds of trees, and how to drive worms and other troublesome insects from the same, and how to have success with a garden?

For trees, write to Green's Nursery, Rochester, N. Y. For garden, write to W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. J. W. L——, Pittsburg, Pa. The ladies of our Church Society would like to do something for the Armenian Christians, whose distressed condition has been presented in your paper. If we should send any contribution, can you have it forwarded for us? Can a few dollars accomplish any good?

Yes: THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has sent its representative, Mr. W. W. Howard, to Armenia where he will organize a missionary committee to distribute any relief our friends may desire to send through this journal. It is estimated that $5 will suffice to support an Armenian mother and two children for a year.

We give space to this nice letter from Mrs. W., Bristol, Conn., concerning the kind deeds of some young friends of our Children's Home:

Enclosed find $9 54 for the little waifs at Mont Lawn. This money was raised by three dear little ten-year-old girls of Goodwin street, Bristol, Conn., who had become interested by hearing about the distress of these poor unfortunates and their great joy in being able to roam over the fields. Now it is very hard for happy, healthy children to understand such destitution, for all have loving parents, comfortable homes and plenty of fresh air. On Saturday (their holiday), they started out on their errand of mercy and by nightfall had collected the amount stated. Being shy and unused to such work, we think they deserve a word of commendation. They are May Roberts, $3.83; Grace Colvin, $2.48; Bessie Gwillim, $3.23.

Constant Reader, Springfield, O. Is it possible to ascertain how many persons crossed the Jordan at the Exodus?

Not accurately, but you can form an estimate. There were 603,550 men about twenty years of age who were able to bear arms. (See Numbers 1: 46.) Besides there were the Levites who were not counted. Thus if you add to the number given, the women, the old men and all the children up to twenty years of age, it is fair to suppose there must have been from two to two and a half millions altogether. There may have been more if the slaughter of the male children in Egypt as ordered by Pharaoh was at all generally carried out. (See Exodus 1: 22.)

L. T. Penderton, River Junction. Do such passages as John 13: 4, 5, 14, 15 explicitly require Christians to practice the washing of each other's feet as a rite?

No; Christ was simply enjoining humility. Up to the very last day of his life, the disciples contended with each other as to who should be the greatest in his kingdom. He told them that he who would be the greatest must humble himself. He gave them an object lesson in washing their feet. In that land and time, sandals were worn which had no covering for the top of the foot. Guests, after a hot, dusty walk, were waited upon by a servant who washed their feet before they sat down to a meal. In taking the servant's place on this occasion, Christ showed them that there was a glory in service; that distinction and honor in his kingdom were not for those who contended for them, but for those who thought so little of themselves and their own dignity that they would sacrifice both to make others happy. It is a silly literalism, showing incapacity to understand Christ's spirit, to perform the same act by way of obedience to a precept which was meant to be applied in many ways. The man who would give up his seat in a car to some poor, tired woman; the cultured lady who would take a nurse's place at the bedside of some penniless sufferer, obeys Christ more intelligently than by washing the feet of the brethren.

Old Subscriber, Galveston, Tex. God says in his Word: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." This troubles me greatly. Please give me some encouragement if there is any. Does it follow that a man has to pay the full penalty and reap just what he has sown? Although the greater part of the sins committed was done ignorantly years before conversion, I would willingly give my right hand to atone for the same.

That was the law; but when Christ died for the sins of the world the law was fulfilled, and now those who are in Christ are no more under the law, but are reconciled to God and their sins are covered. (See Romans 8: 1-12). He paid the penalty and it is only needed that we receive him sincerely in our hearts and follow him in our lives, to be accepted of God. There are, however, certain natural and inevitable consequences of sin that follow the offender through life and from which he need not expect to escape. If he ruins his body through dissipation, if he neglects the training of his children, if he wastes his inheritance in wicked courses, he need not expect that his repentance will restore his shattered health, reclaim his erring family, or bring back what he has squandered. He has sown corruption and in this life at least must reap as he has sown. On the other hand, by accepting God's free gift of salvation he may escape the "greater punishment."

"Sabbath," Philadelphia. I, being a member of church, think it wrong to play instrumental music on the Sabbath, unless sacred music, contending that we have six days to play marches, secular tunes, and others. Am I too harsh in my condemnation?

No; you are right. The playing of secular music is to be ranked with the indulgence of any other secular pastimes, and would be a desecration of the Lord's day.

Carrie McCord, Orion, Ill. What language was used previous to the building of the Tower of Babel?

Unity of language is assumed by the sacred historian, as prevailing before the confusion of tongues, but philological research fails to identify that language by any name now known to men. In all probability it was language of an elementary order, and reducible to such words and phrases as were needed to express the natural wants and the ordinary surroundings and avocations of men—a speech that had been gradually growing in volume and variety as it was handed down from father to son and as age and experience added to it. The divergence of the people into distinct tribes and nations, after the "confusion," naturally gave birth to a variety of dialects and languages, traces of some of which still remain; but of the universal post-diluvian tongue employed when "the whole earth was of one speech" (Gen. 11: 1), there is not now even a trace.

W. A. C., Liberty Corner, N. Y. Years ago two young men came before a notable church meeting of those days, with what was a novel project of sending out missionaries to the heathen of foreign lands. This church meeting or assembly was probably the most conspicuous, influential and representative of any of that period. My impressions incline me to think it was held in Scotland and about 200 years ago. The meeting, entirely representative of the sentiment then existing in the church generally, emphatically "sat down" upon the two young men and their project of sending missionaries to the heathen of foreign lands as being altogether fanatical and "wild goose chase." What church gathering was that when and where did it convene, etc.

There is no authentic record of such a scene, although Rev. Samuel Pearson refers to it in his writings but without giving either date or location. One of the older pastors then said to have replied to the younger enthusiast: "Young man, when God wants to convert the heathen, he will do it without your aid and without mine." A somewhat similar story is told of Carey's experience and also of Count Zinzendorf and his missionary companions.

Constant Reader, Ashland, O. 1. If our country will sustain more than a billion people why so many willing workers out of work? 2. Should ministers keep back part of the Gospel message in order to please some rich brethren in the church? 3. Should not all Christian people, including ministers, do all in their power to oppose the rich, trying to enslave the poor; also the saloon and other evils?

1. The depressed condition of our industries is the cause, but the prospect of better times is daily growing brighter. 2. Certainly not. There can be no spiritual growth in a church where the full Gospel is not preached to rich and poor alike. 3. The first part of your question is a problem of political economy concerning which there is a wide variety of opinion. While it is wrong for the rich to oppress the poor, there are many who will not agree with you that there is any organized plan to do what you intimate. There are many rich men who make their wealth a real blessing to all around them. We agree with you that Christians should unite in repressing the baneful saloon power and kindred evils.

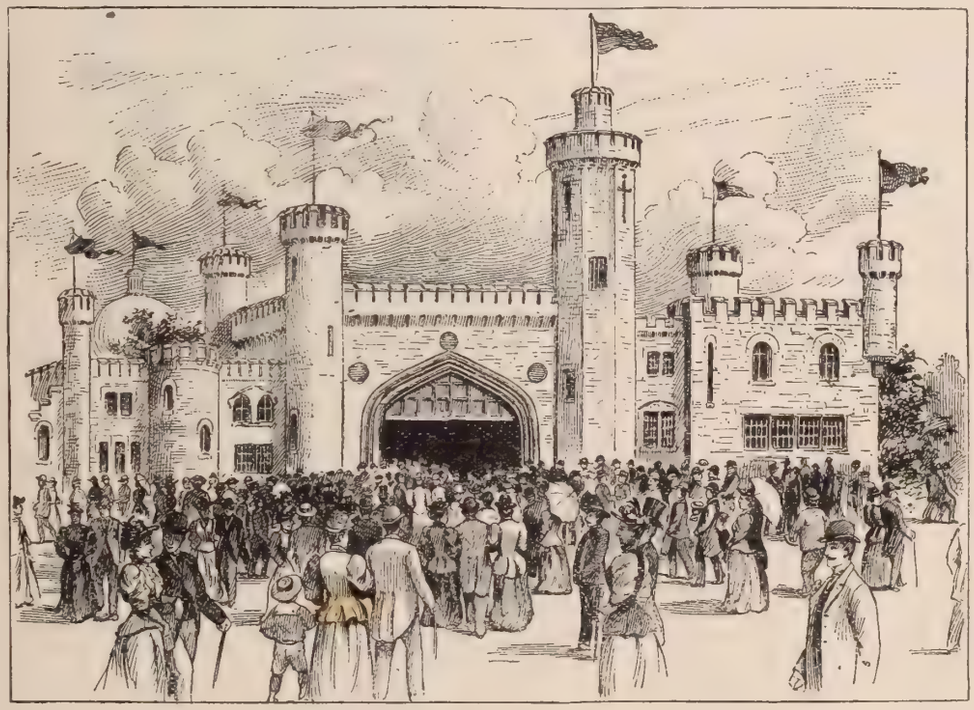
W. L. Caldwell, Wichita, Kan. Such teaching seems to be trivial.——F. W. Ogden, Magnetawan, Ont. Usually undenominational—a simple service which all may join.——Mrs. H. M. Anderson, Elk Lake, Mich. Send $1 to this office and the book will be forwarded.——M. D., Nashville. Write to Scribner's Sons, New York.——C. E. D., Bound Brook, N. J. We have no means of knowing.——Subscriber, Victoria, B. C. No; it is a necessity.——Annie, Fleetborough, N. J. Write to Librarian, Astor Library, New York.——Miss M. E. Bond, East Orange, N. J. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will forward to the missionaries in Armenia any moneys contributed for such purposes.——H. N. Winterport, Me. We don't know the concern about which you write.——Mrs. D., Kalamazoo, Mich. Write to Librarian, Astor Library, New York, for information.——H. E. Chandler, Winnebago, Ills. A Peary relief expedition is started, but nothing has yet been accomplished, we believe.——Chas. H. Townsend, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y. to the "Times' Brigade Bulletin," Detroit, Mich.——Reader, J. William Chapman's address is Bloomington, Ind.——L. L., Milwaukee. It is impossible to answer your question, but you may be able to infer from 1 Cor. 2: 9 that pleasures will not be lacking.——Miss S. M. Evans, Albany Springs, Vt. Send them to Rev. Orville J. Nave, Fort Niobrara, Mont.——M. Raalberg, Easton, Wash. Send $2.00 for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and "Gospel Hymns, 1 to 6 Complete."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

ATLANTA'S EXPOSITION.

SKILLED intelligence, deft hands and enthusiastic hearts working together through many months have brought to successful culmination the great achievement of which the whole South is reasonably proud. Upwards of five hundred buildings, covering an area of two hundred acres, have been reared at Atlanta, Ga., and exhibits of rare interest from all parts of our own land and from foreign lands have been gathered there. It is a marvel to see how the work has been done. Commenced in a period of unusual financial depression, when the whole country was weary of the very name of World's Fairs, the southern people persevered, contributed money, secured Government co-operation and have produced a result that fills the beholder with admiration. Avoiding the cheap and meretricious materials which pretend to be what they are not, Georgia has used her own pine woods for the buildings and found them capable of all the architectural requirements of the exposition. The exhibits are thoroughly representative. Many of the Southern States have their own buildings and the others are fully represented in the main buildings. The agricultural exhibits show a diversity and possibility positively amazing. But it is in the mineral and forestry departments that the great interest is centred. There the capitalist will see indications of the vast field, as yet scarcely touched, from which boundless wealth may be obtained. Nor have the departments of manufacturing, the arts and sciences, transportation and electricity been neglected. In all these the display, although smaller than at Chicago, is less bewildering and more intelligently arranged. The whole exposition is a model of taste. With volley of cannon, the blare of trumpets, the shrieking of steam whistles, and thunders of cheers, the great exposition was inaugurated on Sept. 18. At Buzzard's Bay, Mass., a thousand miles away, President Cleveland and his family sat listening into the telegraph instrument clicking off the record of the inaugural ceremonies. The eloquent speeches of Georgia's famous orators and distinguished guests ended soon after six o'clock, and then Mr. Cleveland sent a brief message of congratulation over the wire and pressed an electric button with his thumb. The pressure sent a thrill of electric power through the mighty machinery collected in the great halls, and the gigantic wheels turned in obedience to the mysterious force. The vast crowds gathered to witness the opening cheered with might and main as the long expected ceremony was thus triumphantly completed. The country joins in the jubilation, and with hearty good will wishes success to the enterprise and to the South in its career of fraternal emulation. The best feature of all such undertakings is the sense of brotherhood they are capable of inspiring, and this has been very marked in the Atlanta Exposition. They remind us of the day that will surely come when in such brotherly intercourse the nations of the world will come together, their jealousies and hatreds and prejudices all forgotten, and as the prophet said:

They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. (Micah 4: 3.)



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE EXPOSITION AT ATLANTA, GA.

Lying in a Tomb.

A retired merchant in Brooklyn is causing some anxiety to his friends. They fear that his grief over the loss of his wife is undermining his reason. Her body lies in a vault that has been built specially for it in Evergreens Cemetery, and there her husband spends most of his time. He has furnished the place with memorials of his beloved wife. Photographs of her at different ages hang on the walls; the chair she formerly used is placed in a recess beside her dressing-table. Her ornaments and various articles of her clothing have been collected and placed there. On a table is a piece of unfinished knitting, with the needles in it, just as she left it before her last illness. Her feminine treasures and mementos of places she and her husband visited together are stored in a cabinet in a vault. There, beside the casket which stands on a raised platform in the centre, the husband spends his days, surrounded with the articles associated with his beloved wife. He goes to the vault as soon as the cemetery gates are open in the morning, and remains until they are closed at night. He feels that there and there only, is he near his wife. It is the mistake that, in one form or another, distorts so many lives. Most people realize that it is a mistake, when they see the body dead and decomposing, but while it lives they treat it as if it were the most important part of the human being, whose interests must be considered, even at the cost of the interests of the soul. Many, like this man in his wife's tomb, have failed to learn the lesson suggested by the question the angels addressed to the women at the sepulchre:

Why seek ye the living among the dead? (Luke 24: 5.)

A Kindly Eviction.

Several families in New York cherish a grievance against the Department of Buildings which will not enlist public sympathy. The aggrieved families lived in a five-story tenement-house in Park Row. A few days ago, the police received notice that the joint wall between that house and the next one was bulging ominously. The next house had a saloon on the ground floor and the saloon-keeper's family occupied the floors above. That is an old house but the five-story house next door is comparatively new. The police sent for a building inspector who promptly condemned both houses. He said the party wall was not strong enough originally to support the five-story house as well as the old house and it had since been weakened by the drippings from the ice-box, barrels and waste pipes, which the saloon-keeper had kept near it. The Building Department securely shored up the houses until the owner should tear them down and rebuild them. The tenants were ordered to leave, but disregarded the order. As they would not quit voluntarily, the police ejected them by force, much to their disgust. They roundly abused the officers and protested vigorously against being expelled. Sometimes Christian workers incur enmity and abuse in the same way. Those whom they would seek to save from eternal disaster do not realize their danger and resent being disturbed.

A scorner loveth not one that reproveth him. (Prov. 15: 12.)

To Disinfect the Telephone.

An article in a medical journal sounds one of those notes of warning which often distress nervous persons. It states that a case of diphtheria was recently traced to the use of a public telephone. A man in a weak state of health and consequently susceptible to any infectious disease, used a public telephone shortly after it had been used by another man, who was suffering from diphtheria. He was soon afterward stricken with the disease and came near losing his life. The physician who attended him had no doubt that the germs of the disease had been deposited in the mouthpiece of the telephone by the moist breath of the previous user and were inhaled by the next user. He thinks that the germs of consumption and other diseases that are produced by bacteria, may be transmitted in the same way. He suggests that a device, which he says is in use in Germany, be adopted in this country as a protection. It consists of a pad of disks of paper with a hole in the middle, which shall be inserted in the mouthpiece of the telephone, the user before speaking into the mouthpiece to tear off the top disk, which would be the one impregnated with the breath of the previous user. If disease can really be communicated by the telephone this seems a simple means of preventing it. It is much to be wished that some means as effective could be devised to prevent the propagation of moral disease, the germs of which are often communicated by the words of some morally corrupt person.

Moving his lips he bringeth evil to pass. (Prov. 16: 30.)

Relatives of an Orphan.

The law courts of Denver, Colo., appear likely to have a difficult case submitted to them. A prosperous business man died suddenly a short time ago in that city, leaving no will. Ordinarily, the property would go to the next of kin; but this man did not know his relatives. The story used to be told of his being picked up at sea on a piece of wreckage when he was an infant. The real fact, however, is now stated to be that both his parents died on board ship, leaving him friendless when he was but a few weeks old. The captain of the ship, a kind-hearted man, took care of him until inquiries should be made for him, or for his parents. None were ever made and the captain kept him, educated him and gave him a start in business. The lad proved intelligent and energetic. He succeeded in business and made a small fortune; but although he had plenty of friends, he never met with any claiming relationship to him. Since his death, however, several have appeared. Among them are persons respectively claiming to be an uncle, a brother and a sister. They never made themselves known to him during his lifetime. The claimants will have to furnish proof of their relationship before their claim on the dead man's property is admitted. People who avow kinship only when there is something to be gained by it and hold aloof when there are duties to be performed, must expect that the genuineness of their claim will be suspected. Yet there are many who treat Christ in that way. They do not confess him before men nor take up their cross to follow him; but they hope to go to heaven and, like Balaam, they say:

Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his. (Numbers 23: 10.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. C. P. Nash, who Formerly Labored among the Indians of the Northwest under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, has been appointed Organizing Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance.

Rev. George C. Needham's services in Belfast, Ireland, have been the means of winning many young men for Christ. They were held in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association of that city.

A Letter from Foochow, China, from Rev. P. W. Pitcher to the "Christian Intelligencer," says that the wounded ladies who escaped massacre at Hwasang are recovering. Their wounds were severe but Dr. Gregory's prompt and skilful treatment saved their lives. They will be disfigured for life.

The Sad News Comes from Paris that M. Arthur D. Rougemont who made a heroic effort to establish the Protestant daily journal "Le Signal," and has conducted it successfully hitherto, is dead. He was an enthusiastic supporter of the Mc-All Missions and of Miss De Broen's work in Belleville.

Gradually the Lands in which the Gospel has never been preached are becoming few. One of them has disappeared from the list this year. It is Chinese Turkestan, a little-known territory lying between China and Russian territory in Asia. The Swedish Missionary Association has now established a station there. Two missionaries, one of whom is a Swede and the other an Armenian, have gone out and will live at Kashgar, where there is a large population and the people are well disposed toward foreigners.

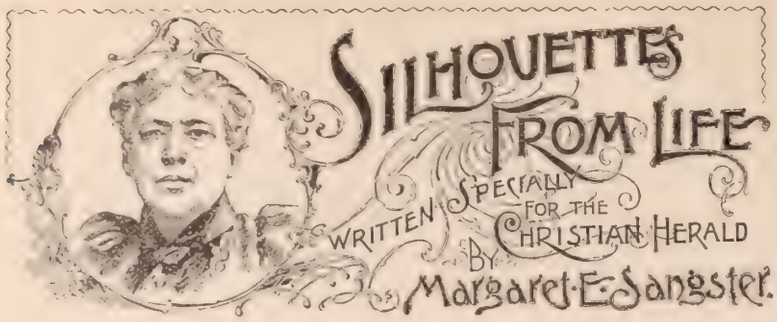
King Khama, the Christian ruler of a tribe in Bechuanaland, is visiting England. Among his attendants is a man who was rescued from savagery and heathenism by Dr. Livingstone. Khama says that it is impossible for a European to conceive of the intense reverence felt in Africa for the memory of the great missionary-explorer. Khama's chief business is to secure English co-operation with him in his efforts to keep rum out of his country.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has Closed his Meetings at Stroudsburg, Pa., with a wonderful celebration. Six churches united in the movement, and the large rink in which the services were held was crowded night after night. Large numbers made confession of Christ and all the churches are receiving accessions to their membership.

The Tenth Annual Convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies of New York State, will be held in Brooklyn Oct. 8 and 9. The business meetings will be held in the Academy of Music, and on Tuesday evenings simultaneous public meetings will be held there and in Plymouth Church, and on Wednesday evening in the Clermont Ave. Rink and Simpson M. E. Church. All inquiries should be addressed to Mr. Harry S. Shaw, 140 Nassau avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rev. A. C. Gaebelein, Whose Work Among the Jews of New York is well known, writes us from St. Petersburg that he has received a cordial welcome in Russia. No obstacles have been placed in the way of his preaching, and he has had large audiences in Lodi, Warsaw, Wilna, and St. Petersburg. Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Gaebelein is preparing illustrated articles on religious life in Russia for this journal, giving sketches of Jews, Stundists, and Greek Christians.

Evangelist Hugh W. Brown of Chicago, has been holding meetings among the laborers constructing the Drainage Canal near Chicago. A harder, more unpromising field could not be imagined. The religious indifference and hostility were appalling. Mr. Brown, however, persevered and before the close of the work was holding fourteen meetings at various points on the canal every Sunday and on several week evenings. There were fifteen thousand men working between Chicago and Juliette, so that there was an abundant field for labor. All nationalities were represented. The work began June 1 and continued to the middle of August. There were many encouraging incidents and good reason for believing that a large number of souls were rescued from the bondage of Satan. Mr. Brown is now resting at his home at Morgan Park, Ill., before commencing his Fall campaign.



Milly's Hard Fight.

YOU never would have thought, to look at the sweet face of Milly McLeod, that she had ever known what it was to have a hard fight—with Apollyon. That vanity and self-will and ill-temper had been foes which had taxed her powers, and come near making her miserable for life, was a fact known only to God and Milly. Yes, and to one other, Milly's dear stepmother.

Her own mother died when she was born. Her father, unable to bear the desolation of his home, went away to travel in far lands, leaving the little one to grow up in the fostering care of a grandmother who idolized, and a nurse who was devoted to her. Through Mildred's early childhood she ruled everyone around her with the absolute despotism of a princess to whom nothing could be denied. Endowed with singular beauty and much charm of manner, she queened it over her governess and her various masters in the same sweet, but imperious way, and when at last, in her sixteenth year, Doctor McLeod married again, bringing home with pride and rejoicing, an elegant woman as his bride, a woman but ten years his daughter's senior, it was fated that there should be strife and heart-burning under the old roof. Milly's sway was no longer supreme; she was relegated to the second place, and she did not like it, nor submit without a struggle. Many a night her pillow was wet with her tears — hot rebellious tears such as the young shed.

The stepmother was a highly-cultivated and brilliant gentlewoman who had been a teacher, and therefore, in her sphere, an autocrat. She soon perceived the defects in Milly's education, and set herself to her daughter's improvement.

"Milly," she said one morning when the two were driving along a road fringed with golden-rod and asters, while the sumac lifted its vivid plumes nearby, and away off the edge of the meadow blushed pink with the splendid marsh-mallow's bloom, "Milly, do you know what you need beyond everything else, dear?"

"To be let alone," answered Milly promptly, "not to be nagged at and interfered with all the time. I'm willing to let you take your way, why can I not take mine. I was happy enough till you came here, Mrs. McLeod."

"I am sorry I prove such a disturbing element, Mildred; I did not mean to, and I suppose I may be mistaken in trying to form you as I would like to see your father's daughter. But dear, you are very young, and you do not see how much more pleasing and lovable you would be if you could learn to submit your will to others, to govern your moods."

"It's pleasant," said Milly sarcastically, and not without a show of reason, "to be taking a nice drive on a day like this, and to be lectured all the way."

Mrs. McLeod sighed, she meant so well. But she was blind to her own lack of tact, and her discouragement depressed her. In the schools where she had taught, girls like Milly had loved her dearly, but then she had not stood toward them in the relation of a stepmother.

They drove on in silence. Milly reflected bitterly that she had been called young—no girl of sixteen likes to be taxed with youth, and conceited, and ungoverned, and the worst of it was, a little undertone of [illegible] her stepmother's plain-speaking. It was true.

"I am a horrid thing!" said Milly's heart to herself, a frown descending on the fair brow, the rosy lips setting themselves in a firm line. "But I'll never give in to this interloper, never! I'll die first!"

And, then, all of a sudden, like lightning from a clear sky, it seemed as if Milly were to be taken at her word, and might die first. For whether it was that old Billy, the gentle horse which had never balked before in all his quiet life, was scared by a rabbit darting over the path, or whether a wasp stung him, or whether he felt that the hill before him was too steep and the load behind him too heavy, no one could ever tell. Old Billy balked going up-hill, and then balked down-hill. Mrs. McLeod's whole strength was as a feather against that fierce rush and backward whirl of the great brute, and over a sheer rocky wall, five feet high, down a slope into a green field thick with the wild carrot flower and waving grass of September, went phaeton, women, and horse, all in a struggling, broken, confused heap.

Billy fell over, providentially, on the side away from the ladies, and his legs were encoiled in the harness and imprisoned in the shafts; Mrs. McLeod crawled out of the wrecked phaeton, and dragged out Mildred. The white face, the limp hands, the damp dews around lips and forehead told their story. Milly was in a dead faint.

The best thing to do was the only thing that could be done, viz., to lay the girl down flat, her head a trifle lower than her body. She "came to" presently, and the first words that penetrated her be-clouded consciousness were these:

"Oh! Father above, save her precious life: forgive me for my jealousy and harshness; make me loving and tender. Spare her to her father on earth, for Jesus' sake." Tears rained on Milly's pallid face.

The blue eyes opened. "Don't cry so, mother," said Milly, according the sacred name for the first time. "I'm better, and I'll be good."

Mrs. McLeod left Milly lying on the soft ground, with the elastic moss and heather making a couch for her body, and the cushion from the carriage supporting her head, while she went for assistance across the meadows to a farm-house not far off. The horse was rescued from his fortunate imprisonment and made comfortable in a loose stall at the farmer's, and a conveyance was brought to take Milly and her mother home.

It was after that day that Milly had her hard fight. For she had sustained in her fall an injury to the spine, and for eighteen months was limited to a sofa life. Then Satan came and tempted her, and she was often overcome, and often cross and trying and difficult beyond belief. Her stepmother developed patience and gentleness of which she had never known herself capable, and into the house and into the invalid's chamber came day by day a radiant Presence, the form of one like unto the Son of Man.

When at last strength returned to Milly, and pain vanished, and she could walk and run and do everything that others do, a wonderful added sweetness came to her face, the grace of the power of an inward life. Beautiful Milly McLeod carried all before her. Children clung to her gown, men and women vied for her favor. A stately and courtly gentleman wooed and won her as his wife.

She had fought a good fight, and conquered peace.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

Mrs. J. Clothier
Mrs. Theo. H. Irons
A Subscriber, Cranberry, Mass.
N. H. and W. B. Woodruff.
M. B. Mitchell.
E. H. West.

All desiring to be enrolled on the list of patrons, should send their names and addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

MEDICAL MISSIONS IN JAPAN.

SINCE the beginning of the present year, and particularly in consequence of the late war with China, medical missionary work has experienced a marked impetus in Japan. Never before was the medical missionary so warmly welcomed in the Mikado's realm as now. He finds all doors open to him, and the possibilities of doing effective Christian work in Japanese homes are many times multiplied. Writing on this subject in "Life and Light," Dr. John C. Berry, of Kyoto, Japan, says:

"In days of strong anti-christian feeling in Japan I have seen Christian cungregations grow up out of the Christian dispensaries, the medical assistants becoming officers in the church organizations; while in the hospital wards I have seen men and women of determined opposition to the truth so touched by the kindness experienced and influenced by God's holy Word, as to accept Christ as their Saviour and

A JAPANESE LADY AT HOME.
By permission Charles Scribner's Sons.

Lord, and go back as teachers and preachers to their people. Unlike the clerical missionary, who carries his message to the people, the medical missionary has the people come to him; and thus every year, from a well-conducted mission hospital and dispensary, thousands go back to villages and towns far distant from the centres, carrying with them a knowledge of God's Word and of the practical application of Christian charity to the suffering and unfortunate. They have seen Christianity as a life, and are thus prepared to adopt it as a creed.

"The training of native women as nurses, too, has recently been added to the work of the mission hospital, fifty four having already graduated from our training school in Kyoto, and twenty-six being now under instruction there. Their success in hospital, family, and district nursing, and their wide appreciation by the people and by the church, afford proof that this feature of the work was not undertaken a day too soon, and emphasizes the importance of encouraging such work in other fields. The trained American nurse, therefore, with positive Christian faith, knowledge of the Scriptures, and spirit of consecration, has become important as an associate of the medical missionary in the foreign field.

Another missionary relates this incident: "Said a wounded soldier to me in one of the hospitals, before I had time to introduce myself or my message: 'Are you a Christian missionary? I am glad you have come.' More than one of the hospital surgeons or other officials gave this testimony unasked: 'Other things being equal, we prefer Chrtstian nurses, as they are more faithful and patient than others. Un-Christian nurses are very active when their superiors are about, but at other times they are indolent and careless. It seems to make no difference to a Christian whether she is under watch or not!'"

Medical missionary work is as yet in its infancy. Laborers in the field confidently believe that the day is not far distant when the army of workers in the spiritual vineyard will be reinforced by many godly men and women of Japanese birth, trained in medicine, who will go about ministering both soul and body. The following verses from the pen of a missionary poet, fitly describes the office of the medical missionary:

He touched her hand and the fever left her.
He touched her hand, as He only can,
With the wondrous skill of the Great Physician,
With the tender touch of the Son of Man;
And the fever pain in the throbbing temples
Died out, with the flush on brow and cheek.
And the lips that had been so parched and burning
Trembled with thanks that she could not speak.
And the eyes, where the fever light had faded,
Looked up, by her grateful tears made dim,
And she rose and ministered to her household,
She rose and ministered unto Him.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Sept. 22, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends: Utica, N. Y., that an aged father nearing the end of life might be brought to Christ.——J. M. P., Alb Mo., for a man who is estranged from his family, is squandering his money while his patient Christian wife is in sore straits, that God would open eyes to his duty and would give him a heart and save his soul.——F.M.S., Rock Cr Kans., for the conversion of a dear son two two years of age.——E.R. Daly, Metropolis that six beloved grandchildren may also brought to Christ, especially one bright boy is motherless and is the child of many pra——"A Virginia Mother," for the conversi a dear son who is breaking his mother's and bringing disgrace on a honored name "Reader," Abilene, Tex., for the conversi a brother who is not yet in Christ.——G. L Italy, Tex., on behalf of the youngest son praying mother.——"Constant Reader," dear brother who is being led astray by a holy attachment, that God would deliver him of temptation and make him a sincere C tian; also for a man who is under convi that he may see Christ as his Saviour, al the conversion of three friends, one of wh an agnostic.——"A Mother," Fairport, N.Y two sons, one of whom is unsaved that would arouse him to a sense of his danger that the other, who is a professing Chris may receive more of the Holy Spirit and more consistent life.——"Subscriber," B ington, Ind., for the conversion of a dear fr that his eyes may be opened to the evil sinful life and that he may turn to God an restored to his many friends.——"Believ Prayer," Vt., for her husband who has dr into infidelity that God would convince him error and save his soul; also for two daugh one of whom once knew the right way but departed from it; also for three sons no whom is converted. Earnest prayers are ed for all these by the mother who is in sore tress yet signs herself as above.——"Anon the conversion of a brilliant young man w sensuality is dragging him down that he be saved.——J. C. W., Archbold, O., for the version of an only brother whose mind is gether occupied with money-making; also nephew who is leading a dissolute life.

For the Restoration of Health. "Believer," bany, N. Y., that her hearing may be restored "One Almost in Despair," that a very physical defect may be removed.—— "Afflic Highpoint, N. C., for the restoration of health that means be provided for medical treatmen "Mother," Racine Co., Wis., on behalf of two one of whom is in an asylum for the insane, recovery is ardently desired; and that the other is sick, may recover.——"Troubled Sister," Anno, Cal., for a dear brother who is partially lyzed and in great financial distress, that God interfere on his behalf and recover him of his dr.——H. H., Hamilton, O., for the recovery of loved son suffering from melancholia.——"Ob scriber," Mullet Hall, S. C., who has long bee afflicted, that she may recover and once more pe the duties she has so long been compelled to undone ——M. J. O., Brattleboro, Vt., who is financial straits, that God would restore health the necessary funds for the payment of rem may be earned.——L. White, Quinn, Ala., who been an invalid five years, but believes Christ to heal her.——"Anxious Mother," Iowa, that would speedily raise her from a bed of sickne the sake of her family.——S. H., Pitman Grove, a great sufferer from nervous trouble, that in God would give her health and strength and portunity to work for him.——I. S., Ivyland, P for the restoration to health of a dear friend who fering intense pain ——Reader, Butte, Mont., for recovery of a dear friend from whom he is rated.——J. C. W., Archbold, O., who has su much during the past nine years, that God grant renewed health and strength and the po renew labor for souls.——F. H., Fairport, N. Y for recovery from sickness and for restoration to of an afflicted son.——Constant Reader, whose ness is a source of trouble, that God would g covery.——Mother, Abilene, Tex., for recovery sickness.——K. Dexter, Tex., the only daug aged parents who need her services, that God recover her and give her strength to fulfil gations as a daughter.—— "Believer in Pr Philadelphia, for the removal of a nervous di which menaces the loss of reason,

For Special Blessings. That a father and h in-law may both be influenced by the Holy that the angry feelings now existing between may be removed, and that both may live near God.——L. M., Brooklyn, N. Y., that God's bl may rest on a young couple who have just bee ried, and that they both may be kept true to amid many temptations.——J. P. D., Middl Ky., that two Christians earnestly striving t conversion of souls might work harmoniously have the blessing of God on their efforts.—— tressed Husband," Brooklyn, N. Y., asks that prayer be offered again, that the wife who has de him and her young family, may repent and be return to her home.——"Believer in prayer God's Spirit may rest on a church at Andover that peace and brotherly love may reign in every member receive a quickening for servi

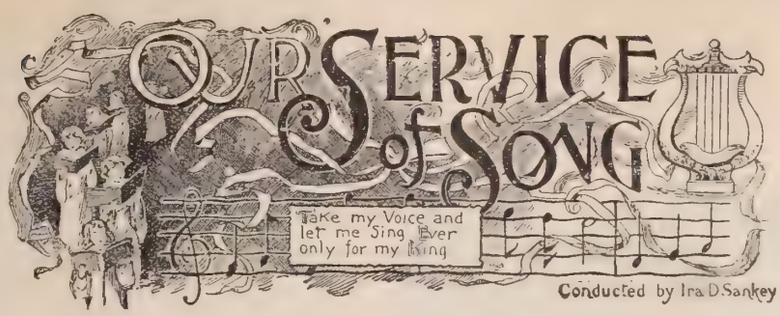
THE EFFECTIVE SOCIETY.

S gestions on the Christian Endeavor ›pic for the week Beginning Oct. 13. ılatians 6 : 6-10.

HOW may our society do better work? That is the question for discussion this week. Each society may furnish its answer to the question as far as it is individually concerned. The work of the several committees will speak for itself, and the society must judge whether it has been earnest or perfunctory. The aims and objects of the society are clearly defined, and there can be no difficulty in ascertaining whether they are being fulfilled. If they are not, the cause of the hindrance should be ascertained and promptly removed—even at the cost of personal feeling. The work is the main consideration, and nothing should be allowed to retard it. What this the individual societies may be expected to perform, as they are guided by their knowledge of the facts. The duty will vary according to circumstances. But there is one aspect of the matter which will apply to all. It is the conviction that the value of any organization is determined by the value of its component members. As the strength of a chain is the strength of its separate links, and no more, so an organization, however perfect and wisely planned, is effective only as far as its individual members are efficient. The spirituality and energy of the society are not increased by association, but remain at the mean temperature of the members. The conclusion from this fact is that the true way for promoting the usefulness of the society is to foster the growth of the Christ-spirit in the souls of the individual members. How much the society may do in this work is proved by experience. The very atmosphere seems charged with spiritual force when many earnest souls are present. The individual, fighting his own private and peculiar battle with his own besetting sin and with temptations around him, derives new courage and fresh energy from contact with others who are enrolled in the same service and engaged in the same conflict. The ideal society is one in which each brings his contribution of strength to the common stock and gains new strength for himself. The corrupting influences of the world in which we live and move are counteracted by such association, and the light within is fed with the oil of the Spirit. Mutual help is given and received, and the burden becomes lighter through loving sympathy. The aggressive influence of the society grows in the same way. Organization can never afford to lose sight of the individual. It would be mischievous if it became a relief from duty. Christ has a claim on the best efforts of every one of his followers, and would not be satisfied if any transferred his duty to an organization. That the society should do this or that, should never be a plea for indolence or cowardice. The society will do better work when each member is more active in Christ's service, more prompt to avail himself of opportunities for labor, and more keenly intent on discharging fully his own personal responsibility to his Master.

HOW TO CONQUER DOUBT.

It is said of a famous preacher that whenever he was troubled with sceptical doubts and questions, he used to go down into the slums of the city to preach to the poorest and to the worst, with the invariable result that his faith was strengthened. A Bible Zenana worker, whose eldest child, sweet and beloved, had been taken away by death, was greatly tried in her faith, but she stood the strain by trying to explain to her heathen sisters that God is love and that he does nothing but what is right.



GLORIFY HIS NAME.

W. A. COCHRAN, arr.
W. A. COCHRAN.
1. O praise the Lord, let ev-ery na - tion Glo - ri - fy His name! O praise the
2. The Sav - iour died, but now He liv - eth, Glo - ri - fy His name! His pard-'ning
3. O praise the Lord for ev-ery bless - ing, Glo - ri - fy His name! Be ev - er -
Rock of our sal - va - tion, Glo - ri - fy His name! For His word that changeth nev-er,
grace to us He giv - eth, Glo - ri - fy His name! For the life we may in - her - it,
more His name confess - ing, Glo - ri - fy His name! Trusting Him a-lone to guide us,
FINE.
For His truth a-bid-ing ev - er, For His love no pow'r can sever,— Glo - ri - fy His name!
Thro' His all a-ton-ing mer - it, For the witness of the Spir - it, Glo - ri - fy His name!
Trusting Him, what e'er betide us, In His arms He'll safely hide us, Glo - ri - fy His name!
D. S.—For the love He freely gave us, Glo - ri - fy His name!
D.S.
Glo - - - - - ri - fy His name! . . . . Glo - - - - - ri - fy His name!
Glo-ri-fy His name! Glo-ri - fy His name! Glo-ri-fy His name, His ho - ly name!

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From HIGHEST PRAISE for SABBATH SCHOOLS,
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THE CROWN OF THE YEAR.

O COME to the beautiful woodland,
Where sunlight and shadow will fall,
Where breezes coquette with the blossoms,
And locusts to crickets will call.

Come sit on my carpet of mosses,
Where showers of leaves will come down,
Forget all life's burdensome crosses
Beneath autumn's radiant crown.

Let me bring you a lap-full of acorns
And plumes of the fair golden-rod,
And sumac, and lichens, and daisies,
That tell of the goodness of God,

Come list to the plashing of waters,
That sparkle and dance in the glen,
Come list to the birds that are singing,
And you shall be happy again.

Dwell not on the grief of to-morrow,
Be glad in the joy that is here,
Be glad in the sweetness of autumn,
The glorious crown of the year.

Vineland, N. J MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

LET DOWN YOUR NETS.

LAUNCH out into the deep,
The awful depths of a world's despair;
Hearts that are breaking and eyes that weep,
Sorrow and ruin and death are there,
And the sea is wide, and the pitiless tide
Bears on its bosom—away,
Beauty and youth in relentless ruth
To its dark abyss for aye—for aye,
But the Master's voice comes over the sea,
"Let down your nets for a draught" for me!
He stands in our midst on our wreck-strewn strand,
And sweet and royal is his command.
His pleading call is to each—to all;
And whenever the royal call is heard,
There hang the nets of the royal Word.
Trust to the nets and not to your skill
Trust to the royal Master's will.
Let down your net each day, each hour,
For the word of a king is a world of power,
And the King's own voice comes over the sea.
"Let down your nets for a draught for me!"

"GOD GIVETH THE INCREASE."

SOW thou thy seed in the morning,
And water it often with tears,
And pray that the time for reaping;
Will come in the future years.
For the gleaning wait with patience,
And from field of unfruitful sod,
Will come the sweet assurance,
"That the increase cometh from God."

Speak words of love to the erring,
And plead with gentle breath,
And trust while you are praying,
To save a soul from death.
The truth may pass unheeded,
And care not for love nor rod.
Say, when thou sendest a message,
"The increase cometh from God."

Trust, then, in his blest promise,
Grieve not when you see no sign
Of fruit from the fields where your're toiling,
Or life from gifts of thine.
No effort will be forgotten.
Though you rest beneath the sod,
And others may gather the harvest.
"Yet the increase will come from God."

THE CLUE TO THE VISION.

The Explanation Given by the Angel to Daniel a Clue to the Interpretation of the Later Visions of the Prophet.

BY GEO. A. PEMBER, M.A.*

(Continued from page 625.)

DANIEL was informed by the angel that the pleadings of God with the Jews during the Four Hundred and Ninety Years described, (Daniel 9: 24), under the figure of seventy sevens should be made to yield six results, which are given as follows:—

1. To shut up the transgression. 2. To seal up sins. 3. To cover iniquity. 4. To bring in everlasting righteousness. 5. To seal up vision and prophet. 6. To anoint a Holy of Holies.

Now, we may divide these six consequences into two classes: for the first three are concerned with the removal of sin, and the last three with the bringing in of righteousness. And the latter will be found to correspond, each to each, to the former.

"To shut up the transgression." That is, to arrest and restrain it, so that it can no longer work and spread. The article, probably, indicates the whole course of Israel's transgression, or "breaking away" from God.

"To seal up sins." The sins are the symptoms or proofs of the revolt, and the figure of sealing is connected with that of shutting up in prison, or restraining. So Darius seals the stone, which is put at the mouth of the lions' den, with his own signet and with that of his lords. The sealing up of sins, consequently, signifies their restraint under safe cusdody. There is a good illustration of both figures, and, probably, a clue to the interpretation of the passage, in the twentieth chapter of the Revelation, where an angel, after binding Satan and casting him into the Abyss, shuts him up and sets a seal upon him, that he may deceive the nations no more.

"To cover iniquity." That is, according to the well known Scriptural figure, to make reconciliation or atonement for it, to expiate it by sacrifice. While the previous clauses refer to the members of the Jewish nation which will perish during the refining process, these words speak of another way of removing sin, and point to the Holy Seed that will be saved. Of course, the reference to expiation is not to be understood directly of what Christ did upon the Cross, but of the application of it to the Jewish people, which will not take place until the close of the age. For Jews as a people there is no expiation in this dispensation: if an individual would have the benefit of the Saviour's death in the present time, he must resign his nationality, and become a member of Christ, in whom is neither Jew nor Greek. But, when the Body of Christ has been completed, then the Jewish nation shall look on him whom they pierced, and mourn for him; "and in that day there shall be a fountain opened to the House of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem"—that is, to Jews as Jews—"for sin and uncleanness."

We come to the second group of results: "To bring in everlasting righteousness." When the transgression is shut up and sins are sealed, then everlasting righteousness shall be brought in. This will be done by the introduction of the new covenant, in accordance with which God will no longer write upon tables of stone, but put his law in the inward parts of his people, and write it in their hearts.

(To be continued.)

* From the new addition of his *Great Prophecies of the Centuries*, a comprehensive work showing the connection between the utterances of the earlier and later prophets and the place of the present time in the great prophetic system. With charts; price, $2.50. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., 112 Fifth ave., New York.

...NADJA;...

A Tale of the Russian Steppes.*

BY OLIVER M. NORRIS.

NADJA'S PILGRIM FRIENDS ABOUT TO SET OUT FOR KIEF.

CHAPTER XII.

Nadjda's Flight.

WHEN Nadja at last became conscious, the morning sun was shining full on her face. She stirred uneasily on the grass. The return to a full knowledge of what had happened occupied a few minutes of the most exquisite pain, and she could not at first say whether it was pain of body or of mind. She felt numbed and stupid, and although the air was warm and pleasant, to her it was cold and raw. Her ankles and wrists ached with an almost intolerable pain, her mouth and throat were parched. She opened her eyes slowly to the blinding flood of light and looked on a scene so peaceful and calm that it surely could not have been the scene of the fearful storm and the still more fearful human passions of a few hours ago. It could not have been a dream, else why was she here? Why were her wrists raw and bleading? What was all that blood on her dress? And then her heart beat wildly. Where was her father? Why had he left her here alone? She rose on one elbow and looked about her. What was that lying there? What were those wet red stains on the sand beside it?"

"Father, father?" she cried, "Is it you? Father, what has happened. Come to me."

Mutely and terror-stricken she crawled from the grass over to the sand where the dead man lay. She gazed on him with horror. She touched his cold hands, his colder face: she felt his heart, it had ceased to beat forever. There was the awful gaping wound in the neck. Who had done this thing? What had happened? She knelt beside the dead body and chafed the hands, and tied a handkerchief round the gash in the neck. She could not think and thought.

And then the impulse to fly seized her and it grew stronger and stronger until it became irresistible. But whither? Vladimir had told her that she should go to Kief. She was all alone now in the world. Vladimir was gone. Mikhail was gone. Her father who had loved her in his own way was [illegible] and gazed at the rigid face before she could say the fearful word—"dead."

Springing to her feet she thought for a moment with hands pressed to her throbbing temples. Then bathing her stained hands and burning wrists in a pool of water, she turned her back on the fearsome sands and plunged into the [illegible] wards. It seemed as though she followed the path instinctively, and her progress along it was one of mad speed. She reached the old "izba." There stood the chair as it had been placed the night before, on the door lay the book of the ordeal. The face of the Wonder-Worker was cold and impassive as ever, and she shivered as she glanced at it for a moment.

She entered her room, her mind made up to fly. Kief, Kief, refuge, refuge, rang through her brain. She tore off her blood-stained dress, and lighting a fire burned it to ashes. She hastily rummaged through her little store of belongings and tied up in a small bundle what she would require. It was a relief to her that Grisha did not come in, he was doubtless looking after the cattle. A little purse with a few silver roubles in it that her mother had left her she put in her pocket. And then with tears blinding her eyes she went to a secret corner that only she knew about, and took from it some withered rose leaves and a few scrappy letters, the letters carefully tied with ribbon. She stood looking at these shabby memorials of a love that was dead, as though debating something with herself, but at last she made up her mind, and, kissing them passionately, consigned them to the fire, the weird thought striking her with what strange ingredients that flame had been fed. Then taking up her bundle and averting her head from the icon, passed out of the cottage, carefully closing the door.

It was still early morning and no one was astire yet, not even the hired man who worked the ferry.

So much the better for her purpose, she thought, and running down to the river unlocked the fasfenings of the clumsy ferry-boat, and, jumping on board, set it running on its chain across the river.

It was over sixty miles to the holy city, and the broad steppe lay before her shining in the morning sun. At any other time she would have taken infinite delight in the rich broidery of flowers that stretched all around her right to the horizon. She would have luxuriated in the pleasant May warmth and in the even morning light, in the matchless melody of the larks and the chirp and hum of myriads of busy insects; but now she went on her way unheeding. On both sides and in front of her there was not a soul visible. She dared not look back at the village crowning the opposite bank—she might see some one.

All through the morning she walked, and little by little the calm and peace of the steppe filtered into her soul, and the troubles, the ineffable sorrows that were there were soothed.

Ah, she was a true Russian. There is no one of that wonderful race who does not find solace and elevation in its illimitable steppes. And if his march is towards Kief the better. In the ear of every Russian, from the frozen shores of the Arctic to the vine-clad hills of the Crimea, Kief is a word that fills his mind full of the ideas of religion and poetry, and appeals to everything in him that is supersensuous and remote from the troubles and cares of his life. No steppes are so beloved by the Russians as those around Kief; they are level almost as the sea; they invite one to go on and on, and evoke limitless reveries of melancholy and hope.

As the day advanced Nadja met an occasional peasant driving a bullock cart, and once or twice a boy herding a flock of weather-beaten sheep. These people accosted her kindly, and would have stopped on the road to chat, but she hurried past them, never daring to rest when anyone was in sight. A gourd full of water which she carried supplied her with drink, and some rye bread was her food, but neither hunger nor thirst distressed her, and she pressed on.

Towards evening she skirted a village, and a group of merry girls in a field ran up to her, and asked her where she came from, and whither she was bound.

"From the other side of the river," she replied; "and I am going to Kief on pilgrimage."

When they saw her sweet face, and heard her gentle, sad voice, and noticed how she walked lame, they wondered that she was all alone, and that she did not wear the bast sandals of the pilgrims which keep the feet cool.

"Stop the night in our village," one bright-faced girl begged her; "Father is the priest, and he loves the pilgrims."

"Or, if you like, you can come to our house," said another; "father is the elder, and we will let you have warm water for your tired feet, and milk and eggs, and fresh bread."

"Perhaps," said a girl who had not yet spoken, "perhaps you would like to go on a little, and join some pilgrims who are resting for the night beside a little river about two versts farther. There are two farmhouses near, and some haystacks. The pilgrims were here an hour ago, and are good people, and will be glad to see you."

"Yes, yes," said Nadja, relieved, "I will go on. God bless you all!" She kissed them, and her scalding tears fell on their pure young faces.

With slow and halting steps, she continued on her journey, now so weary a journey, each verst longer than the verst before it. It was growing dark. At last she saw the lights of the pilgrims' camp fire. She had thought to have avoided all intercourse with every one, but the fatigues of the long road, and the fearful strain of the previous night, had well-nigh exhausted her. Poor Nadja felt ashamed of her hesitancy in joining the pilgrims. She stood and watched them, wondering curiously what sort of people they were. There were ten of them, she counted, six men and four women. They were not from hereabouts, she was certain. The dress of the women which she could make out told her that much. They were from the north probably as they wore such warm things. At last mustering all her courage, she approached their circle. They are pilgrims, she thought, and they are going to the holy places; their hearts surely are soft; they will remember the example of the blessed Saviour.

In the gathering dusk they saw her approach, with her beautiful, sad face and gracious air of humility, and when they noticed her, sad and humble, they one and all rose from about the fire and gave her a warm welcome, and wished her a good evening and good health.

How kind they were to her! Had the quest they were on smoothed over their rude rough natures, or was it the influence of the lovely golden-haired stranger who had entered their midst?

They deserve a word of notice, these guileless pilgrims, wandering towards Kief. They will not accompany us through our story, but they are some of the best people we shall meet, you and I, as we journey together.

Nadja was quite right: they had come from the north, from the banks of the far-distant Vyatka, away beyond Kazan on the Volga, and had left their homes in mid-winter, braving innumerable dangers and unheard-of hardships, to reach the shrines and relics so dear to the heart and imagination of every true Russian. Are we to blame these simple and untaught peasants if the pure spiritual truths of the Gos[pel], the great truths of the equable omnip[resence] of the Lord throughout his whole [uni]verse, became to them vague and unre[al]? Let us by all means wish there was gre[ater] light, and work for the diffusion of it: [but] let us not condemn, or wish to see extingu[ished], the faint flicker that lightens the almost hyperborean darkness of that land.

All through their long journey—and s[ome] pilgrims come from Archangel and the [re]mote provinces of Siberia—the pilgrims [are] treated kindly by every one they meet, and the poor among them are furnished [with] abundance to eat and drink. With [his] gourd of water, his tattered sandals of [bast] or birch bark, his wallet and staff [the] tramps steadily along to the holy city, and when he returns, he returns a privil[eged] and sanctified being. He has expiated [his] sins. Here is the deadly error.

The leader of the little band of pilg[rims] which Nadja had now joined was an old man of seventy, who had been on pilg[rim]age twice before, and enjoyed a great r[epu]tation for sanctity among the village[s on] the Viatka. He approached Nadja and held out his hand.

"Daughter," he said, "you are welcome among us. We are resting here for the night; and if you rest with us we will be glad. You look tired. Eat a bit with us."

They opened their wallets, and on a [clean] cloth on the grass they spread their [rye] bread and onions, and salt, and their gourd of pure water from the stream that murmured past them at their feet. The [red] light gleamed on their strong bronzed [and] faces. Then they all crossed themselves devoutly. Old Makari, the leader, [read] a psalm, and they ate their supper in silence. Nadja tried hard to join in the pleasant prattle that followed, the talk about the little excitements and incidents of the road, but she could not feel at ease, and relapsed into silence. To some questions which the woman asked her she gave as straightforward answers as she could; others she declared not answer, and she hated to lie.

"Daughter," said old Makari, "we will not bother you with our questions. For ourselves we are simple people, and ever glad may know who we are, and what we are, and whence we came, and whither we go; but we feel we have no right to bother you with questions if you would rather not answer them. I remember once I was out shooting foxes along the Viatka. It was winter, and as night was coming on and we were far from any village, my companion and I thought we would rest where we were for the night. So we cut down some pine branches and kindled a great fire and supper, and lay down to sleep. It was not very long before we heard a dog bark.

"We sat up, and looking in the direction of the sound, we noticed a great wolf coming approaching the fire, and behind him a young man carrying a gun, and with a long dagger in his belt. He came right forward to the fire and smiled, and told us he had lost his way, but discovering our footsteps in the snow, he had followed them until he saw the fire. Would we take him in for the night, he asked us, and his friends would be sure to follow later. Of course we took him in. He needn't have asked.

"We sat up, all night together, and kept on a roaring crackling fire.

"Just at day-break his friends came up, blowing their horns and making a tremendous rumpus, and very glad they were to find him. He asked me in what village I lived, and what was my name. I told him, of course. Would you believe it? Two days the "Uriadnik" came running into my "izba" to say that he had a letter for me. 'A letter for me!' I said, 'I have never had a letter in my life.' 'Well, here is,' said the 'Uriadnik.' I learnt it off by heart. 'Thank you, friend,' said the letter; 'Thank you, friend Makari, for a jolly night's lodging and excellent company. May you live long, and catch many fishes, Constantine.' 'And he told me to give you this,' said the 'Uriadnik,' handing me a magnificent title, that I haven't dared to use since, it is so lovely. Now what do you think of that? Well, I told you this story because who knows if our little Nadja here isn't a grand duchess in disguise. Indeed, I don't think there is much disguise, for she quite looks it."

Every one laughed at the old man's pleasantry. Even Nadja herself smiled. "I'm not a grand duchess," she said, "only a peasant's daughter."

"Well, maybe we love you all the better for that," was Makari's rejoinder.

(To be continued.)

Family and Home Circle

The Homes of Nazareth.

Characteristics of the old Galilean Town, as they Appear To-day—Humble Dwellings and Simple Rural Customs.

IT is not made clear in history, sacred or secular, how the word "Nazarene" came to be regarded as a term of disrepute nor how the ancient town in the province of Galilee incurred the opprobrium hinted at in the Gospels. (John 1: 46.) It is certain, however, that the people of Nazareth were loftily regarded by those of Judea, probably because they were a rough set of country folk, brown-skinned and brawny in limb, and speaking a rude uncouth dialect. Near proximity to heathen neighbors may have given to the town a reputation for irreligion; and indeed, it seems that the people of the place adopted from the start an attitude toward the Saviour—threatening to kill him, and twice expelling him—that is not unlikely that the evil repute was deserved, so persistently hostile was their course toward him and his ministry that he wrought few miracles among them (Matt. 13: 58), and ultimately left them to make his abode in the quieter and more hospitable town of Capernaum.

Outwardly, there is probably little change in the Nazareth of to-day from the town as it was in the time of Christ. Beyond there, among the barren-looking hills, are patches of fig and olive trees and pasturage of grain-fields. In the valley about the town, which is well cultivated, are corn-fields with gardens, cactus hedges and orchards in full bearing. At Nazareth, all the fruits of Palestine—the orange, pomegranate, fig, olive and grape—ripen and attain a rare perfection.

The village itself, most of the houses are substantially built of stone and look neat and comfortable. A typical dwelling of the common class is that shown in the photograph. At the doorway stands the housewife adjusting her head-dress before setting out with her little daughter on some domestic mission—probably the gathering of fuel. Her garments of coarse cotton are anything but graceful or extravagant; yet they are suited to her humble station in life, and she is probably just as contented as though attired in silks and decked with jewels. And she is a substantial housewife, too, for her little one is neatly clad and well shod, even though the indulgent mother goes barefoot. Poor as is the dwelling, it is no doubt very dear to this little family of Nazarites, and the children in their daily walks and sports tread the same paths and view the same sights as did the boy Jesus, for it was to Nazareth that he "was brought up." (Luke 4: 16.)

Four-fifths of the population of Nazareth are now Christian. They are thrifty and industrious, and like the people of Bethlehem are noted for their fine physical appearance. At the "Fountain of the Virgin," whereon still be seen daily the matrons and maidens of Nazareth drawing water, as their predecessors did eighteen centuries ago. Carpenter shops, too, are there in which the tools, benches and other appointments are of the same simple, primitive character as those that were in the workshop of "Joseph the Carpenter" for methods of labor as well as social customs change slowly in the East, and some seemingly never at all.

The villagers themselves, however, there has been written half a century of wonderful transformation and the process of change is still progressing. Christianity is revered where its founder was assaulted and condemned. Boys' schools and girls' orphanages are training the young, and the Moslem population has been utterly distanced by the moral and intellectual progress of the Christian element. The Christian homes are, most of them, models of cleanliness, and their children the best of sons and daughters.

* * *

Losing Patience.

One of the commonest of faults, and one we seldom give due heed to, is the losing of patience and self-control. The petty irritations, says a reverend writer, are too much for the average person. They take all the pleasantness from your face and all the sweetness from your temper. They fill you with irritability and harshness, lead you to indulge in false judgments, and oftentimes in wrong conclusions and accusations. In such moods you are no comfort to yourself or anybody else. You do not recommend religion. You are peevish, sour, intolerant, and intolerable, mean and waspish, and altogether unlovely. It is only a trifling matter that has annoyed you, and is thus poisoning your peace, and fairness, and happiness, and blotting your Christian character. How needful, then, that you keep watch against these little irritations; that you be constantly on guard lest they betray you in an unguarded moment into an unseemly state of mind and an unchristian behavior. Bear in mind that your most positive influence resides in these minor demonstrations, and pray for that Divine keeping which will lift you above all such insignificant tormentors.

A NAZARETH HOUSEWIFE AND HER DAUGHTER.

(From a Photograph taken specially for "The Christian Herald.")

* * *

Japanese Women and Flowers.

A love of flowers is one of the leading characteristics of the women of Japan. Their dresses, their kerchiefs, their fans, their rugs, their pictures, and even the porcelain they eat from are covered with perfect flower designs. They have an adoration for buds and blooms, and this is well since it is their duty to decorate the home and make it attractive. They have this art cultivated to such an extent that they have special methods and systems of arranging flowers. Two systems are known as the "Eusin" and "Sekishin," and consist of a series of bendings and twistings of branches and leaves into odd shapes. The "Korin," another method, is a mode of cutting away the branches or leaves and grouping the blossoms. Some of the Japanese women's favorite flowers have odd and fanciful names, such as, for example, the hamanasue (rose), the setzashi (hawthorn), satsuki (azalea), kakitsubata (iris), fuyoo (rose), robia (all-spice), sazankwa (camelia). The floral parties of Japan are famous the world over. Certain gowns are worn on special festivals, and even the music and dramatic entertainment is dictated by the season of the flowers. The apple-blossom fetes are among Japan's chiefest attractions.

* * *

Ostentation in Dress.

At the present time, when the subject of dress is occuping a far too prominent place in the minds of many people in society, and when peculiarities and bewildering eccentricities of dress reform are seen in many quarters, it is interesting to cast a retrospective glance at the vagaries of the past in the same connection. An old French moralist, declaimed in 1586 against the prevailing fashions, and especially that of ladies carrying mirrors so that they might constantly view themselves.

In Edward VI.'s time, a lady with a wen on her neck covered it by a patch. From that time patches became the mode. A hundred years later they were cut into all kinds of fantastic figures; owls, rings, suns, moons, and even a coach and horses. A dauphhin of France had a high shoulder. This gave rise to "full bottomed" wigs. Down to the reign of William and Mary, little children of the upper classes wore wigs, but barbers did not then become hair dressers. Comfit boxes were great signs of ostentation, and were the rage in France before snuff-boxes took their place. All carried them on all occasions. Good old Richard Baxter thought it necessary to write a book against the vice of extravagant dress. He also had a later work on the same topic entitled: "New Instructions unto Youth for their Behavior."

IT PAYS.

IT pays to wear a smiling face
And laugh our troubles down
For all our little trials wait
Our laughter or our frown.
Beneath the magic of a smile
Our doubts will fade away,
As melts the frost in early spring
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to make a worthy cause,
By helping it, our own;
To give the current of our lives
A true and noble tone.
It pays to comfort heavy hearts,
Oppressed with dull despair,
And leave in sorrow-darkened lives
A gleam of brightness there.

It pays to give a helping hand
To eager, earnest youth,
To note, with all their waywardness,
Their courage and their truth;
To strive with sympathy and love
Their confidence to win;
It pays to open wide the heart
And "let the sunshine in."

* * *

BREAKING A CHILD'S WILL.

TO break a child's will is to crush out for the time being, and so far to destroy, the child's privilege of free choice; it is to force him to an action against his choice, instead of inducing him to choose in the right direction. A child's will is his truest personality; the expression of his will in a free choice is the highest expression of his personality. And a child's personality is to be held sacred by God's representative who is over the child, even as God himself holds sacred the personality of every human being created in the image of God.

A child's will ought to be strong for right-doing. If it be not so at the start, it is the parent's duty to guide, or train it accordingly. But to break or crush a child's will is inconsistent with the education and training of that will. A conflict between a parent and a child, where the only question is whose will shall yield to the other, is, after all, neither more nor less than a conflict of brute force.

Whether, in any instance, the will of the parent be set on having the child commit some repulsive crime against which the child's moral nature recoils, or whether the will of the parent be set on the child's reciting a Bible text or saying a prayer, the mere conflict of wills as a conflict of wills, is a conflict of brute force: and in such a conflict neither party ought to succeed,—for success in any such case is always a failure. If the parent really wills that the child shall do right, the parent's endeavor should be to have the child will in the same direction. Merely to force one will into subjection to the other is, however, an injury both to the one who forces and the one who submits.

* * *

Over-strictness with Children.

Young parents who are exceptionally conscientious and exceptionally desirous of being wise and faithful in the discharge of their parental duties, are liable to err in the direction of over-doing in the training of their children. It is not that they are lacking in love and tenderness toward their little ones, or that they are naturally inclined to severity as disciplinarians; but it is their mistaken view of the methods and limitations of wise child-training impels them to an injudicious course of watchful strictness with their children, even while that course runs counter to their affections and desires as parents. Their very love and fidelity cause them to harm their children by over-doing in their training.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Christ in Prophecy: History and Theology: by Dr. N. C. Brooks. Pp. 260. Published by John J. McVey, Philadelphia, and Cushing & Co Baltimore.

Ways of Working: or Helpful Hints to Sunday School Workers of all Kinds. By Rev. A. F. Schauffler, D. D. Pp. 208; price $1. Published by A. W. Wilde & Co., 23 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

The Story of Paul Boyton: Voyages on all the great rivers of the world, a rare book of travel and adventure; second edition; illustrated. Pp. 388, paper covers. Published by the author at 172 Fulton st., New York.

The Historical Deluge, in its relation to scientific discovery and to present questions: by Sir J. Wm. Dawson, LL.D. Pp. 56, paper covers. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, and Toronto, publishers.

Margaret Winthrop, by Alice Morse Earle, continuation of the series of "Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times." A most charming biography. Pp. 341, cloth binding, price $1.25. Charles Scribner's Son's, New York, publishers.

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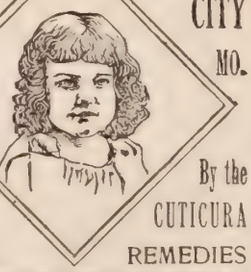

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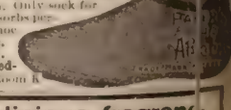

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AID WOMEN WORKERS.

harity Organization Society's rk-rooms for Unskilled Female La- or and How they are Conducted.

NE of the greatest of the difficulties that face poor women during the summer-time in New York—women who are either responsible for the support of their families, or who find it necessary to supplement the wages of the principal breadwinner—is that of finding any kind of work to do. This hardship is caused largely by the prolonged absence from the city of families who have work to give to women, and who are themselves in the country, or at the seashore, and upon whom many of the needy ones depend for work.

The suffering among such working-women and their children is consequently often very severe. The Work-rooms for Unskilled Women, which were established at Prospect Place, New York City, by the Charity Organization Society a few months since, were opened for the double purpose of furnishing work to such deserving persons all the year round, and of training women in sewing and other branches of domestic work, so as to enable them to earn better wages than heretofore. It is necessary that these work-rooms should be in a measure self-supporting, as the whole maintenance of them is too heavy a burden upon the treasury of the society.

The method, therefore, has been adopted of selling tickets at fifty cents each, or books containing twenty-six tickets each (giving the woman steady work for one woman), which are to be given to applicants for relief, instead of money, thus preventing them in the way of earning some wages, sufficient, however, to give them temporary relief, rather than become habitual recipients of unearned gifts. These tickets will give each woman a day's work and a meal, and she will receive in return for her labor, forty cents' worth of food or clothing, in addition to the meal given to herself. The food thus obtained is ample to care for a family of five for a day.. These tickets are used by the societies and churches, but many of them have suspend operations in the summer, this further reducing the resources of the poor women.

The work-rooms have a capacity for three hundred women and there are many who need the advantages. Tickets can be discriminatingly distributed by many of the agencies of the city that are open all summer, and the Charity Organization Society solicits ans to enable it to distribute such tickets the women who need the work and relief, either through the District Offices of the Society or through the numerous societies that co-operate with it. The experiment has been successful thus far, the daily attendance averaging from about the first warm weather, to 130 or 140 in the winter, but its benefits might be still more widely extended.

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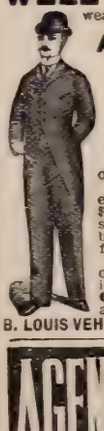

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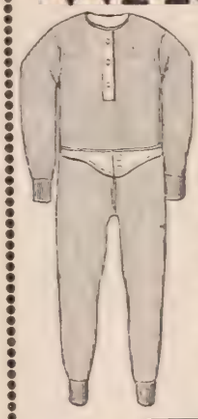

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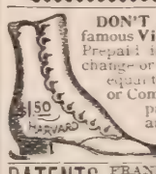

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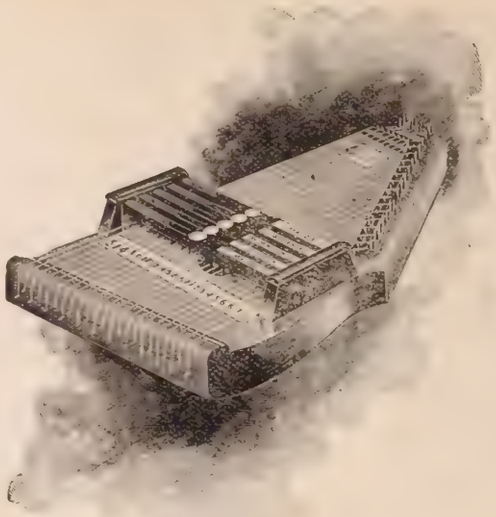

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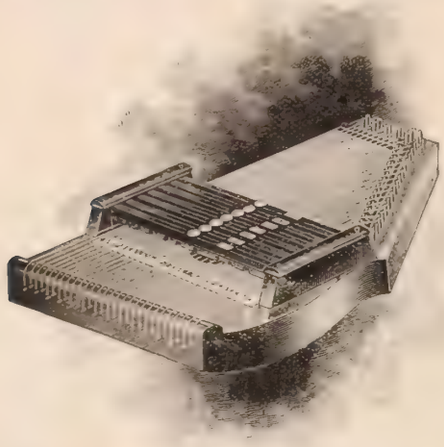

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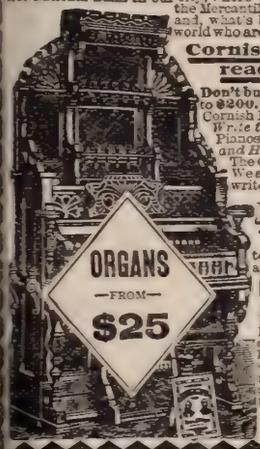

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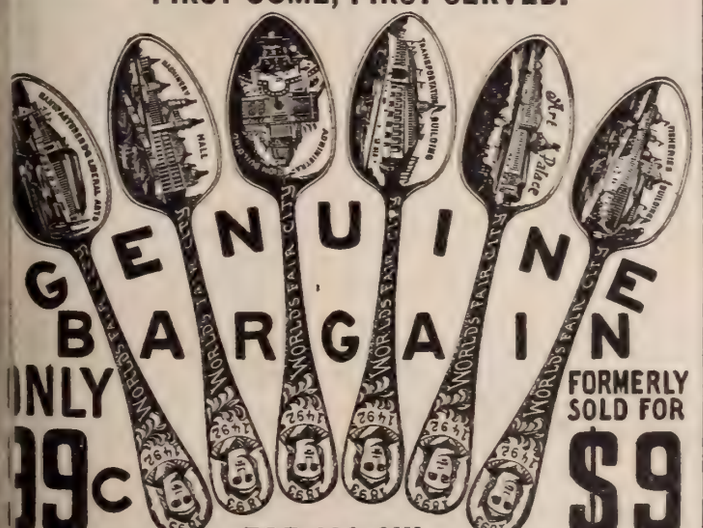

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Many Hands Make Light Work

So does GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER, and if you are not in a position to employ "many hands" in your housework, you will be pleased and astonished to see how much you can do with one pair of willing hands, by using

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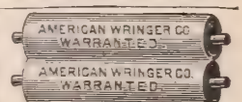

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will replace and relieve the worst rupture. The

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has a spiral spring pad which accomplishes this result. A painless and permanent remedy for all cases of rupture. Fully Guaranteed. Thousands of testimonials and physicians' endorsements. Used by the government for pensioners. Write THE EGAN TRUSS CO., 27 Huron St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

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Medicine for Three Months' Treatment Free.

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J. H. MOORE, M.D., Cincinnati, O.

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DIXON'S American Graphite PENCILS.

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If dealer does not sell them, send 16c. for pencil worth double the money.

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They are the only half-hose constructed in accordance with

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Main Building Absolutely Fire-proof.

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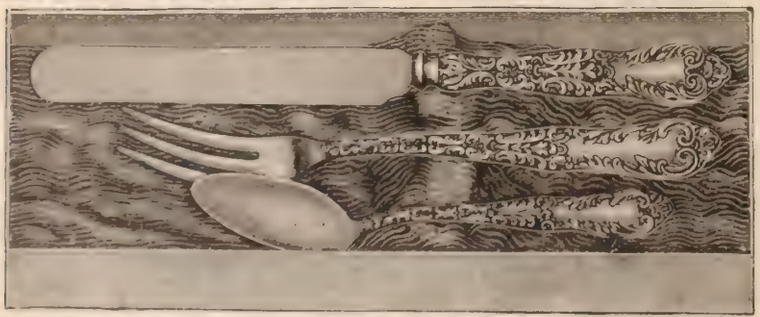
For illustrated pamphlet address

J. ARTHUR JACKSON, M. D., S 'y.

P. O. Box 1865.

MAKE YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS HAPPY.



Out of our immense assortment of silverware we have made up this pretty little child's set consisting of knife, fork and spoon and have put them up in a satin lined box that makes them the most delightful present one could possibly give to a child. They are not playthings and a real convenience for use. They will last for all time. Our regular price will be $1.00 but to get you interested in our silverware business we will send this elegant heavy silver plated set for only

50 CENTS PREPAID to any address. They are beautifully engraved equal to any solid silver set on the market. Send 50 cents by express or postoffice money order. We do not accept personal checks nor send C. O. D. Remember of this paper and all the express companies know us to be a reliable firm. If purchase is not entirely satisfactory money will be cheerfully refunded. This is the best bargain we have ever offered. It makes a practical, substantial present that will endure all the years to come. Everyone knows the delight of a child over its own little knife, fork and spoon. There is something irresistible about such a present and we know of nothing else that will give half the genuine delight. Remember the regular price is $1.00 but for this special sale it is only 50 cents prepaid and money refunded if not as represented. As this is a special offer and won't last long you had better order at once. Address in full

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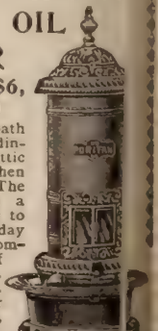
It means comfort to have PURITAN OIL HEATER

(No. 44, **only $6, freight paid**)



in the house—The bath room, sewing room, dining room, cellar or attic may be cold, just when you want it warm—The Puritan starts in a moment—5c. a day to run and even one day may pay for it in comfort—Money back if not satisfactory. Sold also by dealers. Larger and smaller sizes. Booklet, "Clean Heat," free.

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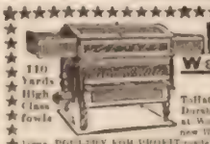

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Tell us how many chicks you want to raise and we will tell you the size of the Reliable Incubator and Brooder you need. Both sent on trial. Catalogue free. Reliable Incubator and Brooder Co., Quincy, Ill.

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We make fine fur coats and galloway robes. If your dealer don't keep them get catalogue. The Chassay Persian Fur Co., Box 34, Rochester, N. Y.

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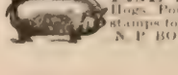

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18. NUMBER 41.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 9, 1895. TWENTY PAGES.

UNGER'S DEATH-ROLL IN ARMENIA.

A Costly yet Incomplete List of Forty-Six Victims Received—The Urgent Need of Aid—Mr. Howard Hastening to Van—The Relief Fund Growing.

Please Read: Matthew 25: 31-46.

WHEN this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches the hands of its readers, Mr. William Willard Howard, its commissioner to relieve the persecuted and hunger-smitten peasants of Armenia, will be speeding his destination. On arriving in London he crossed the Channel, and, hurrying by rail over the Continent, will reach the Turkish capital within a few days thence via the Bosphorus and Black Sea to Trebizond by steamer, and from Trebizond he will penetrate to the interior of Armenia by such means of transportation as are at hand. Mr. Howard goes on an extremely perilous mission, but he is strengthened and encouraged in the knowledge that an over-shadowing Providence will care for him until his work is done. We all soon expect to hear from him on Armenian soil, and within a very short time he will have reached Van, organized his committee, and begun the practical work of relief, as outlined in last week's issue of this journal.

We trust to receive the approval and hearty support of all our readers in this great work of Christian charity that has been undertaken. Every week brings letters and advices, showing that the magnitude of the need has in no wise been exaggerated and that unless the sympathetic readers of the Master come to the rescue with their prayers and gifts, there will be starvation and woe in Armenia during the coming winter.

Already a number of our readers have sent us sympathetic letters, enclosing contributions for the work. The cry of these homeless and exiled people has touched many hearts on this side of the Atlantic, and it will be strange indeed if there should not follow such an outpouring of help as will convince the oldest Christian nation that the spirit of Him whom they worship has not died out in the world. Especially gratifying is the interest shown in Dr. Grace N. Kimball's good work, which has awakened the warmest appreciation. Many of the letters received speak of her noble efforts in the highest terms. L. B., Paterson, N. J., in sending $5, writes: "The Lord holds us in trust responsible for the alleviation of these needs, as we are and have been blessed above many nations." "We would like to help Grace N. Kimball in her work among the Armenians," write Mr. and Mrs. A. Godbold." Another friend in New Jersey ($5) writes: "I want to help them, and have thought of the words, 'Inasmuch as you did it not unto one of the least of these.'" And so with many other letters, in each of which comes along with the gift a prayer, that it may be blessed to the relief of poor sufferer in distant Armenia.

Meanwhile, until more substantial relief arrives, the work initiated by the missionaries in Van themselves is being heroically continued. In a recent letter Dr. Kimball writes:

"We need it (the money) desperately. The industrial relief work is an established fact and is beyond all my fondest anticipations. I have 345 heads of families registered and at work, representing over 1,500 souls. I estimate that I could keep that number going on $125 a week, and also have a large quantity of much needed clothing turned out by their labor. The hardest thought is to decline to give work to the hundreds that crowd us daily. And besides the delay means famine. We are worse off than Sassoun now."

Mrs. Raynolds, who is one of Dr. Kimball's associates, writes that the missionary relief workers had received permission and hoped shortly to go to Semal (one of the stricken districts). They intended to take with them material for clothing and set the women to sewing as soon as possible. Mr. Cole (a missionary) had secured permission from the Bitlis "vali" to take 200 oxen from Moosh plain, with millet seed into the country districts, with the view of helping the poor peasants.

The most ruinous phase of the present condition of things is wholesale exile. Thousands of Armenian villagers, unable to endure the hard privation longer, or to see their wives and children starve, leave their ruined homes and bare fields and pour into the neighboring cities, unsheltered and hungry. There are now scores of deserted or half-ruined villages and monasteries that have been seized by the Kurds. Driven to despair by all these outrages, the Armenian villager is so stunned that life as a man and a Christian seems no longer possible.

Such is the condition of the peasantry, and among the towns-people, whose prosperity depends on that of the villagers, it is equally serious. Not only do they share the misfortunes of the peasantry, but they have peculiar difficulties of their own to contend against.

There are many thousands of families in Van alone in abject and hopeless poverty, because there is no protection to business or the trades. Every day brings to the city of Van heart-rending stories of death from starvation in different parts of the five afflicted provinces, and as the cold weather is at hand the number of tragedies of this description may soon be expected to increase. There is, of course, no official promulgation concerning deaths from this cause, but it is so well-known, and the fact is so obvious to all, that there is no attempt whatever made to hide it.

WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

The Christian Herald Commissioner now en route to Armenia.

From a resident of Moush there has lately been received a letter which more than confirms all that has been stated regarding the widespread suffering and destitution. He writes to friends in England:

"After the departure of the Kurdish tribes, which had perpetrated the massacres of Sassoun, the survivors left their hiding-places. One group of these people settled themselves on the plateaux, in the defiles, and in the forests of Sassoun, whilst the greater part emigrated to Moush, whence they were soon scattered among the Armenian villages of the plain. The Armenians sheltered and fed these emigrants as long as they had the means; but being themselves doubly tried by the want which reigns on all sides, and for the past two years and more, in the country, they soon found it impossible for them to supply the needs of these emigrants. The latter were obliged to move away to the mountains, where they are finding their food from herbs and leaves, or else to beg in the villages, where they are hardly finding a morsel of bread. Here are the name of Armenians who are already dead from hunger: Khacho Sadoyan; Serop Stepanyan; [illegible] daughter of Mardiros; Daniel Korkeyan; Tatar Mikaelyan Nerses, wife of Tamo, and her son Garo; Noureh, daughter of Aveh; Eva, daughter of Sarkis; Hairabed Kevorkian; Arsenag Serop Arsenag Kevork; Mariroos Yeghiayan; Khacheh, daughter of Erko; Farho Doneyan; Khacheh, daughter of Ovsga Eliaz Megerdumian Mariam, daughter of Hagop; Agrout, daughter of Hadjo; Haiganoush, daughter of Markos; Yeghiayan; Soghieh Bedros and Sahag of Osmani-Harten and their sister Eghisseh; Hairabed Kevkyan, aged only eight years, his brother Mikitar, aged twelve years; Kouren, wife of Sako, her son Setrack and her daughter Makeh; Anich, daughter of Sarkis; Seghanik Avedis; Sarineh, daughter of Saverian; Sousanik, daughter of Ohan; Hovo Khamoyan and his female cousin Kouleh; Merkeh Guiro; Khacho Guiragos; Khouto Hagop; Khacho, daughter of Magar Matteos, daughter of Pourlo; Mardo Kaleyan; Maireh, wife of Hacho; Narguis, wife of Agvo; Hatto, wife of Toumo, and her daughter Sabreh.

"The Kurds have taken advantage of the sufferings of the people of Sassoun to carry on a trade in white people. A young Armenian woman of Sassoun, sold as a slave by these Nomads, is now in the village of Molla-Feyat. Another was sold to an inhabitant of the village of Hadji-Osman-Bey, and taken to Diarbekir. A little boy and little girl were bought for 130 piastres of a Kurd named Mehmed; this amount included besides the price of a donkey. There were other instances also of the same character."

AN ARMENIAN REFUGEE IN VAN.

Photographed for The Christian Herald.

William Willard Howard, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Commissioner, is a native of Iowa and now in his thirty-sixth year. He received his early training at different schools in that city, and completed his education at Harvard College. His whole life, thus far, has been devoted to literary work, and he has been a contributor to "Harper's Weekly," the "Century Magazine," and a number of other influential and leading publications, besides having a wide and valuable journalistic experience in the field. He went to Armenia in December last, and during a six-months'

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A POINT-BLANK QUESTION.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: II. Kings 10: 15, *"Is thine heart right?"*

WITH mettled horses at full speed, for he was celebrated for fast driving, Jehu, the warrior and king, returns from battle. But seeing Jehonadab, an acquaintance, by the wayside, he shouts "Whoa! whoa!" to the lathered span. Then leaning over to Jehonadab, Jehu salutes him in the words of the text—words not more appropriate for that hour and that place, than for this hour and place: "Is thine heart right?"

I should like to hear of your physical health. Well myself, I like to have everybody else well; and so might ask, is your eyesight right, your hearing right, your nerves right, your lungs right, your entire body right? But I am busy to-day taking diagnosis of the more important spiritual conditions. I should like to hear of your financial welfare. I want everybody to have plenty of money, ample apparel, large storehouse, and comfortable residence; and I might ask, is your business right, your income right, your worldly surroundings right? But what are these financial questions compared with the inquiry as to whether you have been able to pay your debts to God; as to whether you are insured for eternity; as to whether you are ruining yourself by the long-credit system of the soul? I have known men to have no more than one loaf of bread at a time, and, yet to own a government bond of heaven worth more than the whole material universe.

The question I ask you to-day is not in regard to your habits. I make no inquiry about your integrity, or your chastity, or your sobriety. I do not mean to stand on the outside of the gate and ring the bell; but coming up the steps, I open the door and come to the private apartment of the soul; and with the earnestness of a man that must give an account for this day's work, I cry out, O man, O woman immortal, is thine heart right?

I will not insult you by an argument to prove that we are by nature all wrong. If there be a factory explosion, and the smokestack be upset, and the wheels be broken in two, and the engine unjointed, and the ponderous bars be twisted, and a man should look in and say that nothing was the matter, you would pronounce him a fool. Well, it needs no acumen to discover that our nature is all atwist and askew and unjointed. The thing doesn't work right. The biggest trouble we have in the world is with our souls. Men sometimes say that, though their lives may not be just right, their heart is all right. Impossible. A farmer never puts the poorest apples on top of his barrel; nor does the merchant place the meanest goods in his show window The best part of us is our outward life. I do not stop to discuss whether we all fell in Adam, for we have been our own Adam, and have all eaten of the forbidden fruit, and have been turned out of the paradise of holiness and peace; and though the flaming sword that stood at the gate to keep us out has changed position and comes behind to drive us in, we will not go.

The Bible account of us is not exaggerated when it says that we are poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked. Poor: the wretch that stands shivering on our doorstep on a cold day is not so much in need of bread as we are of spiritual help. Blind: why, the man whose eyes perished in the powder blast, and who for these ten years has gone feeling his way from street to street, is not in such utter darkness as we. Naked: why, there is not one rag of holiness left to hide the shame of our sin. Sick: why, the leprosy has eaten into the head and the heart and the hands and the feet; and the marasmus of an everlasting wasting away has already seized on some of us.

But the meanest thing for a man to do is to discourse about an evil without pointing a way to have it remedied. I speak of the thirst of your hot tongue, only that I may show you the living stream that drops crystalline and sparkling from the Rock of Ages, and pours a river of gladness at your feet. If I show you the rents in your coat, it is only because the door of God's wardrobe now swings open, and here is a robe, white with the fleece of the Lamb of God, and of a cut and make that an angel would not be ashamed to wear. If I snatch from you the black, mouldy bread that you are munching, it is only to give you the bread made out of the finest wheat that grows on the celestial hills, and baked in the fires of the Cross; and one crumb of which would be enough to make all heaven a banquet. Hear it, one and all, and tell it to your friends when you go home, that the Lord Jesus Christ can make the heart right.

First we need a repenting heart. If for the last ten, twenty, or forty years of life, we have been going on in the wrong way, it is time that we turned around and started in the opposite direction. If we offend our friends we are glad to apologize. God is our best friend, and yet how many of us have never apologized for the wrongs we have done him!

There is nothing that we so much need to get rid of as sin. It is a horrible black monster. It polluted Eden. It killed Christ. It has blasted the world. Men keep dogs in kennels, and rabbits in a warren, and cattle in a pen. What a man that would be who would shut them up in his parlor? But this foul dog of sin, and these herds of transgression, we have entertained for many a long year in our heart, which should be the cleanest, brightest room in all our nature. Out with the vile herd! Begone, ye befoulers of an immortal nature! Turn out the beasts and let Christ come in!

A heathen came to an early Christian, who had the reputation of curing diseases. The Christian said, "You must have all your idols destroyed." The heathen gave to the Christian the key to his house, that he might go in and destroy the idols. He battered to pieces all he saw, but still the man did not get well. The Christian said to him, "There must be some idol in your house not yet destroyed." The heathen confessed that there was one idol of beaten gold that he could not bear to give up. After awhile, when that was destroyed, in answer to the prayer of the Christian, the sick man got well.

Many a man has awakened in his dying hour to find his sins all about him. They clambered up on the right side of the bed, and on the left side, and over the headboard, and over the footboard, and horribly devoured the soul.

> Repent! the voice celestial cries,
> Nor longer dare delay;
> The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
> And meets a fiery day.

Again, we need a believing heart. A good many years ago a weary one went up one of the hills of Asia Minor, and with two logs on his back cried out to all the world, offering to carry their sins and sorrows. They pursued him. They slapped him in the face. They mocked him. When he groaned they groaned. They shook their fists at him. They spat on him. They hounded him as though he were a wild beast. His healing of the sick, his sight-giving to the blind, his mercy to the outcast, silenced not the revenge of the world. His prayers and benedictions were lost in that whirlwind of execration: "Away with him! Away with him!"

Ah! it was not merely the two pieces of wood that he carried: it was the transgressions of the race, the anguish of the ages, the wrath of God, the sorrows of hell, the stupendous interests of an unending eternity. No wonder his back bent. No wonder the blood started from every pore. No wonder that he crouched under a torture that made the sun faint, and the everlasting hills tremble, and the dead rush up in their winding-sheets as he cried: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But the cup did not pass. None to comfort.

There he hangs! What has that hand done that it should be thus crushed in the palm? It has been healing the lame and wiping away tears. What has that foot been doing that it should be so lacerated? It has been going about doing good. Of what has the victim been guilty? Guilty of saving a world. Tell me, ye heavens and earth, was there ever such another criminal? Was there ever such a crime? On that hill of carnage, that sunless day, amid those howling rioters, may not your sins and mine have perished? I believe it. Oh, the ransom has been paid. Those arms of Jesus were stretched out so wide, that when he brought them together again they might embrace the world. Oh, that I might, out of the blossoms of the spring, or the flaming foliage of the autumn, make one wreath for my Lord! Oh, that all the triumphal arches of the world could be swung in one gateway, where the King of Glory might come in! Oh, that all the harps and trumpets and organs of earthly music might, in one anthem, speak his praise!

But what were earthly flowers to him who walketh amid the snow of the white lilies of heaven? What were arches of earthly masonry to him who hath about his throne a rainbow spun out of everlasting sunshine? What were all earthly music to him when the hundred and forty and four thousand on one side, and cherubim and seraphim and archangels stand on the other side, and all the space between is filled with the doxologies of eternal jubilee—the hosanna of a redeemed earth, the hallelujah of unfallen angels, song after song rising about the throne of God and of the Lamb? In that pure, high place, let him hear us. Stop! harps of heaven, that our poor cry may be heard. Oh, my Lord Jesus! it will not hurt thee for one hour to step out from the shining throng. They will make it all up when thou goest back again. Come hither, O blessed One, that we may kiss thy feet. Our hearts, too long withheld, we now surrender into thy keeping. When thou goest back tell it to all the immortals that the lost are found, and let the Father's house ring with the music and the dance.

They have some old wine in heaven, not used except in rare festivities. In this world, those who are accustomed to use wine on great occasions bring out the beverage and say, "This wine is thirty years old," or "forty years old." But the wine of heaven is more than eighteen centuries old. It was prepared at the time when Christ trod the wine-press alone. [illegible] such grievous sinners as we come [illegible] methinks the chamberlain of heaven [illegible] out to the servants, "This is unusua[illegible] Bring up from the vaults of heaven [illegible] old wine. Fill all the tankards. I [illegible] the white-robed guests drink to the i[illegible] tal health of those new-born son[illegible] daughters of the Lord Almighty." "[illegible] is joy in heaven among the angels of [illegible] over one sinner that repenteth;" an[illegible] grant that that one may be you!

Again, to have a right heart it mus[illegible] forgiving hear[illegible] An old writer says [illegible] return good for evil is God-like; go[illegible] good is man-like; evil for good [illegible] like." Which of these natures hav[illegible] Christ will have nothing to do with [illegible] long as we keep any old grudge. W[illegible] all been cheated and lied about. Th[illegible] people who dislike us so much that [illegible] should come down to poverty and dis[illegible] they would say, "Good for him! [illegible] I tell you so?" They do not unde[illegible] us. Unsanctified human nature says, [illegible] till you get a good crack at him, and [illegible] at last you find him in a tight place, [illegible] to him. Flay him alive. No quarter. [illegible] not a rag of reputation. Jump on hi[illegible] both feet. Pay him in his own coi[illegible] casm for sarcasm, scorn for scorn, [illegible] for abuse." But, my friends, that [illegible] the right kind of heart. No man e[illegible] so mean a thing toward us as we [illegible] done toward God. And if we cann[illegible] give others, how can we expect G[illegible] forgive us? Thousands of men hav[illegible] kept out of heaven by an unforgiving [illegible]

Here is some one who says, "I w[illegible] give that man the wrong he did me [illegible] that house and lot; I will forgive th[illegible] who overreached me in a bargain [illegible] forgive that man who sold me a [illegible] overcoat; I forgive them—all bu[illegible] That man I cannot forgive. The vi[illegible] I can hardly keep my hands off hi[illegible] my going to heaven depends on [illegible] giving him, then I will stay out." [illegible] feeling! If a man lie to me once, I [illegible] called to trust him again. If a man [illegible] me once, I am not called to put con[illegible] in him again. But I would have n[illegible] I could not offer a sincere prayer [illegible] temporal and everlasting welfare of a [illegible] whatever meannesses and outrag[illegible] have inflicted upon me. If you w[illegible] get your heart right, strike a mat[illegible] burn up all your old grudges, and b[illegible] ashes away. "If you forgive not me[illegible] trespasses, neither will your heave[illegible] ther forgive you your trespasses."

An old Christian black woman [illegible] ing along the streets of New York [illegible] basket of apples that she had for s[illegible] rough sailor ran against her and u[illegible] basket, and stood back expecting [illegible] hear her scold frightfully, but she [illegible] down and picked up the apples, a[illegible] "God forgive you, my son, as I do. [illegible] sailor saw the meanness of what [illegible] done, and felt in his pocket for his [illegible] and insisted that she should take [illegible] Though she was black, he called he[illegible] er, and said, "Forgive me, mother [illegible] never do anything so mean again.' An[illegible] there is a power in a forgiving s[illegible] overcome all hardness. There is [illegible] of conquering men like that of be[illegible] upon them your pardon, whether t[illegible] accept it or not.

Again, a right heart is an expectan[illegible] It is a poor business to be building [illegible] in the air. Enjoy what you hav[illegible] Don't spoil your comfort in the sma[illegible] because you expect a larger one. [illegible] fret about your income when it is [illegible] four dollars per day because you e[illegible] have, after awhile, ten dollars per [illegible] ten thousand a year because you [illegible] to be twenty thousand a year. Bu[illegible] heavenly things, the more we th[illegible] better. Those castles are not in the [illegible] on the hills, and we have a deed of [illegible] our possession. I like to see a man[illegible] of heaven. He talks heaven. H[illegible] heaven. He prays heaven. He [illegible] heaven. Some of us in our sleep h[illegible] the good place open to us. We [illegible]

pinnacles in the sky. We heard the click of the hoofs of the white horses on which the riders rode, and the clapping of the cymbals of eternal triumph. And while in our sleep we were glad that all our sorrows were over, and burdens done with, the night of God grew whiter and whiter and whiter, till we opened our eyes and saw that it was only the sun of earthly morning flashing on our pillow. To have a right belief, you need to be filled with this expectancy. It would make your privations and annoyances more bearable.

In the midst of the city of Paris stands a statue of the good but broken-hearted Josephine. I never imagined that marble could be smitten into such tenderness. It does not lifeless. If the spirit of Josephine be disentabernacled, the soul of the sculptress has taken possession of this figure. I am not yet satisfied that it is stone. The fold of the dress on the arm seems to need but the pressure of the finger to indent it. The figures at the bottom of the robe, the fur at the neck, the fur lining on the dress, the embroidery of the satin, the cluster of diamond leaf and rose in her hand, the poise of her body as she seems to come sailing out of the sky, her face calm, noble, beautiful, but yet sad—all the genius of the sculptor and the beauty of the heroine immortalized. Looking up through the folds of the coronet that encircled her brow, I could see the sky beyond, the great heavens where the woman's wrongs shall be righted, and the story of endurance and resignation shall be told to the ages. The rose and the lily in the hand of Josephine will never drop their petals. Believe not the recent flowers upon her memory. The children of God, whether they suffer on earth in palaces or in hovels, shall come to the glorious rest. Oh, heaven, sweet heaven! at thy gate we set down all our burdens and griefs. The place will be full. Here there are vacant chairs at the earth and at the table, but there are no vacant chairs in heaven. The crowns all worn; the thrones all mounted. Some talk of heaven as though it were a very handsome church, where a few favored spirits would come in and sit down on finely-cushioned seats all by themselves, and sing psalms to all eternity. No, no. "I saw a great multitude that no man could number standing before the throne. He that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and it was twelve thousand furlongs"—that is, fifteen hundred miles — in circumference. Ah! heaven is not a little colony, at one corner of God's dominion, where a man's entrance depends upon what kind of clothes he has on his back, and how much money he has in his purse, but a vast empire.

And grant that the light of that blessed world may shine upon us in our last moment! The first time I crossed the Atlantic the roughest time we had was at the mouth of Liverpool harbor. We arrived at nightfall, and were obliged to lie there till the morning, waiting for the rising of the tide, before we could go up to the city. How the vessel pitched and writhed in the water! Sometimes, the last illness of the Christian is a struggle. He is almost through the voyage. The waves of temptation toss his soul, but he waits for the morning. At last the light dawns, and the tides of joy rise in his soul, and he sails up and casts anchor within the veil.

Is thy heart right? What question can compare with this in importance? It is a business question. Do you not realize that you will soon have to go out of that store, that you will soon have to resign that partnership, that soon among all the millions of dollars worth of goods that are sold, you will not have the handling of a yard of cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a penny-worth of anything; that soon, if a conflagration should start at Central Park and sweep everything to the Battery, it would not disturb you; that soon, if every cashier should abscond, and every insurance company should fail, it would not affect you?

What are the questions that stop this side the grave, compared with the questions that reach beyond it? Are you making losses that are to be everlasting? Are you making purchases for eternity? Are you jobbing for time when you might be wholesaling for eternity? What question of the store is so broad at the base, and so altitudinous, and so overwhelming as the question, "Is thy heart right?"

Or is it a domestic question? Is it something about father, or mother, or companion, or son, or daughter, that you think is comparable with this question in importance? Do you not realize that by universal and inexorable law all these relations will be broken up? Your father will be gone, your mother will be gone, your companion will be gone, your child will be gone, you will be gone, and then this supernal question will begin to harvest its chief gains, or deplore its worst losses, roll up into its mightiest magnitude, or sweep its vast circles. What difference now does it make to Napoleon III. whether he triumphed or surrendered at Sedan? whether he lived at the Tuileries or at Chislehurst, whether he was emperor or exile? They laid him out in his coffin in the dress of a field-marshal. Did that give him any better chance for the next world than if he had been laid out in a plain shroud? And soon to us what will be the difference, whether in this world we rode or walked, were bowed to or maltreated, were applauded or hissed at, were welcomed in or kicked out, while laying hold of every moment of the great future, and burning in all the splendor or grief, and overarching and undergoing all time and all eternity, is the plain, simple, practical, thrilling, agonizing, overwhelming question, "Is thy heart right?" Have you within you a repenting heart, an expectant heart? If not, I must write upon your soul what George Whitefield wrote upon the window-pane with his diamond ring. He tarried in an elegant house over-night, but found that there was no God recognized in that house.

Before he left his room in the morning, with his ring he wrote upon the window-pane, "One thing thou lackest." After the guest was gone, the housewife came and looked at the window, and saw the inscription, and called her husband and her children; and God, through that ministry of the window-glass, brought them all to Jesus. Though you may to-day be surrounded by comforts and luxuries, and feel that you have need of nothing, if you are not the children of God, with the signet-ring of Christ's love, let me inscribe upon your souls, "One thing thou lackest!"

King Khama's Happy Realm.

How the Converted Monarch Led the Once Savage Bamangwato to Christ, and the Land to Peace and Prosperity.

AFRICA'S most enlightened and Christian monarch, King Khama of the Bamangwato, a tribe south of the Zambesi, is now in England. Ten years ago, having been trained under missionary auspices, and previously enjoyed the friendship of Moffatt and Livingstone, he offered to hand over his country to the British Government under certain restrictions, one of which was the entire exclusion of intoxicating drinks. Though that offer was declined, the southern portion of his dominions was placed under a British protectorate. During his long reign, Khama, amid the most formidable opposition, has done his utmost to raise his subjects in the scale of civilization, and to build up "law, order and stability" in the country in which he holds sway. He has successfully combatted the superstitions and barbarous customs, witchcraft and the like, that prevailed among his people, encouraged industrial habits, promoted the creation of schools, and from the first has given effective protection to the missionaries who settled in his territory, and has done his utmost to avoid conflicts with his neighbors. He is essentially a man of peace. In reference to the military prowess of his people, he said:

I am reluctant to talk about war. I hate it. It is a thing of the past. I have never waged war, but only defended. I prefer not to talk about it, it brings back such sad thoughts. Peace reigns in my country, and I hope ever will—as a Christian I am opposed to war. I will not allow my people to follow up fugitives and take prisoners. If we are attacked we must fight: but it must be short, sharp, and then done with.

Khama is almost the only native chief who has successfully tried conclusions with the once formidable Matabele, who repeatedly made raids into his country, which he had to repel. On the last occasion this warlike tribe was repulsed with heavy loss, and the Bamangwato were never again molested.

Khama is not only a sincere Christian, but has made great sacrifices to raise his people in the scale of civilization. The success of the reforms he has introduced he rightly attributes to the rigid exclusion of strong drinks, and to the excellent moral influence of the Christian missionaries.

The object of his present visit to England is to seek an audience with the Queen, and a conference with the Secretary for the Colonies regarding the future of his own country, and especially to pray that it be not turned over to the Chartered Company or the Cape Colony authorities.

Khama's age is fifty-five. His father, whose name was Sekhome, was a man of very singular intelligence and energy and a chief of importance, but he remained a heathen to the end of his life. His mother was a constant attendant upon Christian worship in the church at Shoshong, the capital of the Bamangwato; and it was largely due to her influence that her sons became converts to Christianity. Three sons, Khama, Khamane, and Seretse, being converted, their father sought to kill them, but they were so beloved by the people that no one could be found to injure them. His rage was further heightened by Khama refusing to take more than one wife, stating as his reason that the Word of God forbade it. At last, to escape from their father's fury, Khama and his two Christian brothers fled to the mountains, where they remained for six weeks, until his anger had somewhat abated.

Khama was proclaimed chief of the Bamangwato in 1872. One brother contested his right to the chieftainship, and there were many stirring incidents in the early years of his reign. As soon as he was formally established he entered upon a series of reforms which he has continued to the present day. While desiring his people to accept Christianity, he would have no one forced to accept it, neither would he pay any respect to the old heathen customs of the country. In 1876 a dreadful famine came over the land, and, by the advice of the missionaries, Khama and the other Christians prayed earnestly for rain. A neighboring chief sent Khama a taunting message: "You are a wise man! Go on praying; that's the proper thing to do. You are the man of wisdom." This was hard for him to bear, but he and his friends kept on praying for a week, and then rain came down in torrents.

One of his earliest acts was the freeing of the slaves and the nomad subject tribes, to all of whom he gave seed-corn and cattle, and encouraged them in pastoral pursuits. In the course of time he abolished polygamy and the practices of witchcraft, and introduced trial by jury. Within the last few years he has moved his capital from Shoshong to Palapye, where there is an abundant supply of water, and where more sanitary conditions of life can be enforced. Palapye is now the largest native town in South Africa, as well as incomparably the most wholesome and comfortable.

No one who has seen the terrible results of free trade in liquor among the Hottentots and Kaffirs of the Cape Colony, can blame Khama for the unceasing hostility he has shown to drink and the drink traffic. He has had a hard battle—far harder than most people can imagine. So far he has won, and the banishment of strong drink from his country has undoubtedly resulted in the saving of many thousands of pounds and of incalculable health and comfort to his tribesmen. Mr. Cecil Rhodes' Chartered South African Company is suspected of being willing to flood the Protectorate and Khama's country with Cape brandy, and for this reason Khama has come to England to beseech the British Government to continue their Protectorate over his country, and not to place it under the government of the Chartered Government.

PORTRAIT OF KING KHAMA—A BAMANGWATO FAMILY.

APPALLED AT HIS HANDIWORK.

A striking anecdote illustrative of the work of conscience, was related by a temperance leader recently. A young man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and called for a drink. "No," the landlord; "you have had too much already. You have been raving mad once, and I can not sell you any more." He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited upon them very politely. The other stood by sullenly, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and said, "Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are now. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few more glasses, and your work will be done! I will be done! I will be soon out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved: they may be men again. Do not sell it to them. Sell it to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me: but for heaven's sake don't sell any more to them." The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed: "God helping me, that is the last drop I will ever sell to any one!" He kept his word.

RUTH'S CHOICE.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 20. Ruth. 1: 14-22. Golden Text, Ruth 1: 16. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THERE are moments in the lives of all of us which are moments of crisis. A decision has to be made: everything is at stake which affects our usefulness and our happiness. But far more important than these personal considerations, everything is at stake which relates to God's glory and to his purpose in us. It is at such a moment that we consciously choose or refuse Christ, and God's salvation in him. Such a moment may come in the offer or in the accepting or refusing an offer of marriage. There may be such a moment of decision in the entering upon a business, in the undertaking of some work for God, or in the definite acceptance or refusal of a call of God to missionary work. These moments of choice and of decision tell for time and for eternity.

Such was the choice of Ruth the young Moabitish widow, who had married into the Jewish family of Elimelech, who, in the time of famine, went to sojourn in the country of Moab, for the sake of the better chance such a step seemed to offer for the maintenance of himself and family.

A severe rebuke came upon the family. Elimelech thought his life would be safer because of his precaution in leaving the famine-stricken land of Canaan, and that in this he was doing better for his family which consisted of his wife and two sons. But the life which he had thought to conserve better than God could do it was required of him, and the sons for whose sake also he had fled before the famine, both

Died in the Land of Plenty!

All he got by his sojourn in Moab was a family alliance which must have been displeasing to God, who had commended that a Moabite "should not enter into the congregation of the Lord." (Deut. 23: 3). And now Elimelech and his two sons were dead, and their widows were left to tell the story of how miserable was the failure of God's people in trouble who thought they could do better for themselves than God could do for them.

A report had reached them from the land of promise which they had abandoned for the place where God was unknown: they heard that while they were mourning the fruits of their unbelief, gladness and prosperity had visited the people who remained behind in the Lord's land. He "had visited his people in giving them bread." Naomi, the elder widow, began to awake to the situation. When she was in the old land, the smile of God was upon her, and in her old age she arose, and determined to retrace her steps, and be found again among the people of the Lord. Blessed backslider, who comes to the same decision and acts upon it.

But what about the two young widows? In the East, the married sons live with their parents, and the family grows to be a tribe. Therefore the widows remain in the house into which they have married. But in the case of Orpah and Ruth, to follow Naomi to Canaan would involve leaving all which was dear to them; relatives, friends, religion, habits of life, all would have to be [illegible]: what would they get in exchange? Such would be the question which would occur most naturally to these young women. And this settled the question for Orpah. Naomi saw it was too much to ask of them to make so great a sacrifice as would be involved in following her, and she therefore encouraged them to return to their own [illegible]: "Go, return each of you to her mother's house. The Lord deal kindly with you as ye have dealt with the dead and with me;" and after a little hesitation, Orpah returned.

Something New had Entered

into the life of Ruth. She had heard of the living God, and her whole soul was penetrated with what she heard of the God of Israel. It was the tidings of his faithfulness to his people which had influenced Naomi to return to her land. If he was the true and only God, then he had a right to the trust and the obedience of all the creatures which he had made. The question with Ruth was not what she should gain personally by the change, but what was due to this one and only true God. Just as long as an important decision hangs upon the gain or loss it is to us personally, just as long as self-love must be the umpire, the decision is evaded, recalled, never thoroughly final. "I want to serve God, but I don't want to be peculiar." "I must have some relaxation." "I want the joy of serving him, but I don't want to be despised, to be misunderstood, or to be looked down upon." "I want to preserve my reputation." "I must have credit for all that I do for him: if I get this I can forego the world." Such are human considerations.

Miserable self-pleasing! This is not to serve God. If the service of God is not worth the loss of all, it is worth nothing. If we do not count the honor of being despised for his sake, who was despised for ours, worth more than our miserable and most undeserved reputation, then we prove ourselves unworthy of him. Ruth took in that the God of Israel was God indeed, and worthy of all, and more than all, that she could give. And so she answered Naomi by an act of consecration which has been a model for all time. "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me."

Ruth's choice was not grounded on the consideration of what she should get, but on that of

What was Due to God.

Should any undecided soul read this page who thinks because he has seen so many miserable, unhappy, mean Christians, that, after all, it will answer his purpose best in this world, at least, to throw over religion altogether, and to "enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," (Heb. 11: 25), and he will take the risk of the awful hereafter. Let me ask such an one a question: "Are you prepared to say there is no God? If not, then are you treating him as you would expect to be treated by a creature who was dependent upon you for every breath he draws: for sight, learning, reason, etc., and to whom you had offered, at a stupendous cost, a free pardon for numberless transgressions?" Look far away from the many hard specimens of Christians, and let God make you a man after his own heart, and you will praise him forever.

Young sister, are you now deliberating about an alliance with an ungodly man; whose position in the world, and whose admiration of you pleases and gratifies your pride? Are you weighing what you would gain in accepting him, and what you would gain in rejecting him? Oh, put self out of [illegible]. You [illegible] to Another. What would your God gain or lose? What would please him? What would work for the honor of his kingdom, what would carry out his will? He is your Father; what should a child do to please such a Father at such a crisis? O choose with Ruth! Young man, are you a child of God, balancing in your mind a grave business question: there lies, perhaps, before you an opening, the income is large and it is certain, but it is a business which ruins souls and bodies; drink, tobacco, opium, or some form of ruinous self-indulgence. You think you could balance the evil by giving some of your ill-gotten gains to the work of God; you cannot afford to lose such an opening. And then on the other hand you are God's child, you cannot afford to lose your soul. O look away from the personal question; you belong to God, can you say you would enter upon this thing to hallow his name, to extend his kingdom, to do his will? If not, decide against it, or you can never again pray honestly the Lord's prayer, for you have deliverately chosen against God. Ruth's choice led her into the field of the Lord of the harvest, and Ruth became a gleaner.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

"BUT RUTH CLAVE UNTO HER."

THE Book of Ruth, like the Book of Esther and Solomon's Song, is so distinctly a personal story that, at first sight, it seems out of place in a volume devoted to so high a theme as the revelation of God to mankind. We are surprised to see the history of nations, the code of divine legislation and the records of national judgments interrupted to tell the story of three women. But the simple tale teaches its own home lesson and is exceedingly beautiful. Jeremy Taylor used to say it was a rich gem, lying between the ermine of the Judges and the purple of the Kings. Its author and date are unknown. Jewish tradition ascribes it to Samuel, but there are internal evidences that if Samuel did write it, some other author must have revised it at a much later date. The events described in the book must, however, have happened in, or soon after, the time of Gideon. The fact that David was the great-grandson of Ruth helps to fix the period as about 1,200 years before Christ. Possibly the famine referred to in the first verse, may have been that caused by the depredations of the Midianites, before Gideon's heroic expulsion of them. In five verses the situation is briefly but pathetically sketched. Pressed by the scarcity of food in his own land, Elimelech, a man of the tribe of Judah, following the example of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, sought a land where there was food to be had. He had not far to go. Across the Jordan, some fifty miles away, lay the land of Moab, a region about forty miles long by twenty wide (less than half the size of Delaware), where there was no scarcity. It was occupied by an idolatrous tribe tracing its descent to Lot. Thither Elimelech went, taking with him his wife and their two sons. Elimelech died there, and his two son after marrying women of the country, died also. Ten years after leaving Israel, Naomi, widowed and childless, turns her face homeward. Her daughters-in-law decided to go with her, they, according to Oriental usage, being identified more closely with their husbands' family than with their own. But Naomi, knowing that as foreigners they might not receive a very cordial welcome in Israel and that in any case, they would be separated from their own friends with little prospect of making new connections, urged them to remain behind. It was sensible, prudent counsel, such as she felt bound to give, though it probably cost her a pang. There was evidently a strong affection between the women. Orpah, who finally returned to Moab, started to go to Israel with Naomi and desisted only at the earnest warning uttered by her mother-in-law on the [illegible]. Even then she yielded reluctantly and [illegible] tears. Ruth's love was still stro[illegible]. Naomi's warnings had no effect upon [illegible]. She was not seeking her own advan[illegible] but Naomi's good. To her came the w[illegible] and honor that she did not seek. Thu[illegible] story illustrates both of Christ's parac[illegible] (Luke 17: 33): "Whosoever shall se[illegible] save his life shall lose it and whos[illegible] shall lose his life shall preserve it." E[illegible] lech lost his life, though he sacrifice[illegible] religious privileges in seeking to sa[illegible]. Ruth, on the other hand, who, as the p[illegible] is, threw herself away, that is, gav[illegible] her prospects to devote herself to a li[illegible] toil, gained more than she renounce[illegible].

Thy sister-in-law has gone back. U[illegible] pily that has sometimes been said of [illegible] sons who have started to follow Chris[illegible] the reign of Queen Mary, a smith wa[illegible] rested for his faith. He saved himself [illegible] going to the stake by recanting. W[illegible] friend expostulated with him, he re[illegible] "The cause is good; but for my part [illegible] not burn for it." It was a strange c[illegible] dence that after all the smith perishe[illegible] fire. His house was burned and he f[illegible] to the flames while tryiug to save so [illegible] his property.

Entreat me not to leave thee. An [illegible] writer says that in a sudden erupt[illegible] Mount Etna the people in one of the t[illegible] ened villages spent the brief hours [illegible] them before the hot lava could reac[illegible] homes in gathering their valuables [illegible] packing them in shape convenient fo[illegible] rying away. The bulky things m[illegible] left behind and there was many a tea[illegible] treasured possessions which were too l[illegible] or too large to be carried. Two young [illegible] Anaphias and Amphonimus by nam[illegible] lected their poor property which w[illegible] they would have to start in life. But a [illegible] were setting out to join the sad proc[illegible] of homeless villagers, the thought of [illegible] aged parents came to mind. The [illegible] men went to their home and found tha[illegible] were sick and neither was able to [illegible] "Leave us; save yourselves and [illegible] goods," said the father. The youn[illegible] looked in each other's faces and each [illegible] down his bundle. Leaving all they [illegible] the world, one took his father and the [illegible] his mother on his back and so the [illegible] from the doomed village.

Whither thou goest I will go. [illegible] Ruth made this resolution, she had [illegible] warned that there was nothing to be [illegible] ed by going with Naomi. She love[illegible] mother-in-law so well that she was [illegible] be hindered by the hardships that mi[illegible] entailed by following her. It is s[illegible] spirit that Christ looks for in thos[illegible] would follow him. Mohammed had [illegible] a follower. When there were none w[illegible] lieved in him outside his own family [illegible] Bekr joined himself to him. He w[illegible] sole companion of Mohammed in his [illegible] and he declared that he was prepa[illegible] sacrifice even his father and mother [illegible] friend. George Fox, the founder [illegible] Society of Friends found such a fri[illegible] Margaret Fell, who afterward becan[illegible] wife. Her friendship for him led to [illegible] prisonment, but she never wavered a[illegible] devotion through all his trouble was [illegible] It is related of Hadyn, the great com[illegible] that his love and admiration when a [illegible] for the famous Porpora were so grea[illegible] when he could gain his companionsh[illegible] no other means he made himself a s[illegible] and waited upon him as his valet.

Thy God my God. Naomi must [illegible] lived such a life in her home tha[illegible] daughter-in-law knew she had a God [illegible] only mothers-in-law, but Christians i[illegible] er relationships sometimes live so that [illegible] who live with them would never s[illegible] them of having any religion or servi[illegible] God. Clearly, Naomi was not one [illegible] people who lived only for themselves [illegible] long ago a man who had been a per[illegible] scoffer applied for membership in a [illegible] gregational church. He was asked [illegible] his conversion, and the minister liste[illegible] hear which of his sermons had been [illegible] to bring him to Christ. The candid[illegible] plied that he had not been con[illegible] through any sermon. "By some re[illegible] book, perhaps?" The candidate said [illegible] I was converted through a consiste[illegible] I believed until a year ago that religio[illegible] a sham and its professors, hypocrites [illegible] I made the acquaintance of a Christia[illegible] ness man connected with this chur[illegible] found him so much superior to mysel[illegible] I longed to possess his secret. Th[illegible] how I came to seek religion."

DR. TALMAGE'S NEW FIELD.

His Call to Washington—The Historic First Presbyterian Church—Its Pastor and his Patriotic Work of Nearly Half a Century.

THE news has already been widely telegraphed through the United States and cabled across the Atlantic that Dr. Talmage, the world-famous

DR. BYRON SUNDERLAND,
Associated with Dr. Talmage in the Pastorate.

preacher, and editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has decided to settle in the National Capital. An enthusiastic and unanimous invitation was sent to him a few weeks ago, from the First Presbyterian Church of Washington, D. C., to become its pastor in conjunction with Dr. Byron Sunderland, who has ministered to it for the long period of forty-two years. Recognizing the wide field of usefulness such a position would open to him, Dr. Talmage has accepted the call, and will commence his ministry at the end of this month. The installation services will be held Oct. 23 or 30. Nothing could have been more cordial than the invitation both from pastor and people. Dr. Sunderland has been a warm friend of Dr. Talmage for many years and is delighted to secure him as a colleague. Dr. Talmage fully reciprocates the feeling and is anticipating with a great deal of pleasure the prospect of more intimate association with his old friend. He has also the assurance of the most hearty and enthusiastic welcome from the church. The call was endorsed by every member and Dr. Sunderland voiced the popular feeling when he wrote: "This entire town will rejoice when the papers announce your acceptance of our call. Not only our church has called you but, so far as I can judge, the whole capital."

It is an historic church to which Dr. Talmage is going. It was organized nearly a hundred years ago. Its first home was a carpenter's shop which then stood in the grounds of the White House. After a time, a private building was hired for its services and still later, as the numbers grew, the church was permitted to use the Supreme Court room in the basement of the Capitol. In 1812, the first church edifice was erected. It stood to the south of the Capitol and was known as "The little White Chapel on the Hill." Fifteen years later, the congregation had so far outgrown its accommodations that a new building was indispensable. A site was purchased on Four and a half street, which at that time was in the centre of the best residential quarter of the city, and a large church was erected. It served until 1860, when it was enlarged; and further improvements were made in 1891. It is known as "the President's Church," from the fact that President Cleveland is one of its pew-holders. Three other Presidents—Jackson, Polk, and Pierce—made it their church home, and President Buchanan and Grant were also, during their terms, occasionally seen among the worshippers there. Other famous men in political, diplomatic, and legal circles have also been communicants, pew-holders, or frequent visitors to the First Church. Among them we find the names of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Senator Benton, and William H. Seward.

Dr. Byron Sunderland, whose portrait appears on this page, became its pastor in 1871. In the troubles that soon afterward broke upon the nation he took a decided stand, which identified the church uncompromisingly with the North. He preached to the Union regiments as they passed through the Capital, and scandalized southern sentiment by inviting Frederick Douglass to hold a meeting in his church. The notoriety brought upon him led to his election in 1863 as Chaplain of the Senate. Of late Dr. Sunderland has felt the weight of advancing years, and has intimated a wish to retire from the pastorate. The church, however, would not entertain the idea of losing their beloved pastor, and hailed with joy the arrangement now completed by which Dr. Talmage will be associated with him.

The proprietor of this journal is glad to be able to assure its readers that Dr. Talmage's change of residence will involve no change in his relations with them. He will continue to be the editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and will not diminish his editorial labors. No public teacher more fully appreciates the value of the press as an agency for promoting the moral and religious advance of the people; and he is aware that the largest audience he could reach with his voice is small compared with the number he can reach through the columns of this journal. To one, therefore, whom countless multitudes in his own and other lands have made their religious teacher, who knows that thousands who go to no church, or who are kept away from church by sickness or other causes, are looking to him for spiritual food, the pulpit from which alone the words of life can reach them, is most precious—the one that must ever have his best efforts.

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Wherever he may go, however distinguished may be the audience he speaks to, he knows that his most effective ministry must be in the journal that is read not only in our great cities, but in the lonely log cabin, on the Western ranch, in the miner's hut, in isolated farm-houses far away from any church, under the broiling sun of Equatorial Africa, amid the snow and ice of Arctic regions,—everywhere in the world where there are men struggling to live better lives. To be able to give encouragement, guidance and sympathy to such people is a privilege few religious teachers possess and none could appreciate it more than does Dr. Talmage. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the vehicle of this world-wide ministration and in these days when telephone and telegraph have annihilated distance, he can use it as effectively in Washington as he did when he lived in Brooklyn. By editorial and by sermon he will continue week by week to address the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Subscribers and correspondents writing Dr. Talmage on matters relating to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should address their letters to him at the Bible House, New York, as heretofore.

Hunger's Death-roll in Armenia.

[continued from first page.]

stay in that country became fully informed as to the condition of affairs in the different villages and districts which had been ravaged by the Kurds, and their population despoiled of home, food, cattle and horses, implements and everything that made life desirable. Since his return, the condition of these people has become much worse, and the approach of winter threatens the extermination of whole villages of destitute, unless help is afforded.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD commends the cause of the suffering and persecuted brethren in Armenia to its readers, confident that the same zeal in well-doing that has prompted them to high Christian enterprises in the past, will lead them to extend a helpful hand to these needy ones across the sea who are now in such dire distress. Humanity alone would prompt us to send them what aid we can give: Christianity makes it a high privilege and a sacred duty. In the present case, the claim upon our sympathies are two-fold, for not only are the Armenians our fellow-beings, but they are the oldest Christian nation on the globe and a nation, moreover, whose martyr-roll is continually being swelled by fresh sacrifices for Christ and the faith. "No," say the peasant men and women, to the oppressor, "I cannot deny my Christ and embrace Islam, even to save my life;" and they welcome the Kurdish swords and spears rather than abandon the faith they have inherited from their fathers. They are a very simple, peaceful, pastoral people, and in the past centuries they have been subjected to persecutions and oppressions without number. Driven from their homes, robbed of their little possessions, insulted, outraged, disgraced, treated as worse than outcasts and beggars; flung into jails and dungeons, subjected to the torture, they have never once wavered in their allegiance to the Master by deserting and forswearing whom they could have gained worldly honors and wealth. They only knew one ultimate duty when all the world seemed to oppose and forsake them—they knew how to cling to Christ and their simple faith. And knowing this, they knew how to die, with them to live was Christ and to die was gain. (Phil. 1: 21.)

The eyes of the civilized world are, with one accord, turned toward ancient Eden. Now, more than at any time in the past, it is the scene of mourning and desolation. A land of peace and plenty, capable of maintaining a great population, has by man's wickedness, been once more turned into a land of want and sorrow. The Kurd and the Moslem have there wrought such misery as the rest of the world can but faintly comprehend. Stated plainly, the case of the persecuted Armenians is sufficiently desperate to arouse to instant action all the forces of Christendom. The Evangelical Alliance, at its meeting in Boston last week, adopted resolutions calling upon the national government to co-operate with the governments of Europe in preventing further persecutions of Armenians, and invoking the intercession of the Christian powers for that purpose.

In the meantime, practical sympathy must take the form of relief, to be extended to the sufferers, sufficient for their urgent needs. We cannot be regardless of the cry that comes to us for food, clothing, fuel and shelter. In helping an Armenian now, we may be helping a martyr, for nearly all stand on the brink of martyrdom, unless the Powers interpose. Mr. Howard, our Commissioner, assures us that five dollars will support a mother and two children for a whole year. But every contribution, no matter how small, will be welcome, since many small gifts in the aggregate, under God's blessing, accomplish much good. All contributions to the Armenian Relief Fund should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York. Every contribution will be acknowledged in these columns. The following sums have already been received:

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD	[illegible]
P B Bromfield, Hempstead	25 00
J L Prince, City [illegible]	1 [illegible]
H H Pepperell	1 00
Teachers' Bible Class	5 00
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A Christian Friend, N Y	5 00
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A Pastor	5 00
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A Calquhoun	1 00
E J Rendall	5 00
Zelia, Baltimore	3 00
Sister in Christ, New Canaan	5 00
A friend, New London	7 00
Total	**$258.00**

TRANSFORMED RAGS.

The change from death to life is not greater than was the spiritual change from Saul the persecutor to Paul the Apostle. Gotthold draws a parallel from the manufacture of paper. He says that there is nothing much dirtier or more repulsive than the bags of rags that are carted to a paper mill. Foul and filthy and noxious they come out of ash-barrels or out of gutters, and have been gathered by dirty Italian ragpickers. But wait till the manufacturer has brought his machinery and his staff of workers to bear upon them. What is that beautiful white paper, thick and smooth, on which delicate hands can write? It is the product of the filthy rags that were taken to the mill. The paper is not a new creation but a transformation. It is out of material a vile as the rags that the glorified spirits around the throne have come.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

DEAR heart, remember still and trust,
There is no dark Gethsemane.
Where thou must weep and watch alone,
The Lord himself will go with thee.

In wildest storm he'll shelter thee,
In deepest anguish of the soul,
The precious hand will touch and heal,
And make the wounded spirit whole.

The angel of his presence still,
Shall surely go and light the way,
Through Valley of the Shadow dark,
Leading to heaven's immortal day.

A gentle leaning on the arm,
Of tenderest love around thee thrown,
A trustful leaving all with God,
And his sweet peace shall be thine own.

Dear heart, still take no anxious thought
For what the unseen day may hold,
God knows it all, he watches still,
And lovingly his plans unfold.

Berlin, Mass. —PHEBE A. HOLDER

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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TIRED WOMEN.

THERE is the trial of non-appreciation. That is what made Martha so mad with Mary. As now, men bothered with the anxieties of the store, and office, and shop, or coming from the stock-exchange, they say when they get home: "Oh, you ought to be in our factory a little while; you ought to have to manage eight, or ten, or twenty subordinates, and then you would know what trouble and anxiety are!" Oh, sir! the wife and mother has to conduct at the same time a university, a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a laundry, a library, while she is health officer, police, and president of her realm. She must do a thousand things, and do them well, in order to keep things going smoothly; and so her brain and her nerves are taxed to the utmost. I know there are housekeepers who are so fortunate that they can sit in an armchair in the library, or lie on the belated pillow, and throw off all the care upon subordinates, who, having large wages and great experience, can attend to all of the affairs of the household. Those are the exceptions. I am writing this morning of the great mass of housekeepers—the women to whom life is a struggle, and who at thirty years of age look as though they were forty, and at forty look as though they were fifty, and at fifty look as though they were sixty. The fallen at Chalons, and Austerlitz, and Gettysburg, and Waterloo are a small number compared with the slain in the great Armageddon of the kitchen. You go out to the cemetery and you will see that the tombstones all read beautifully poetic; but if those tombstones would speak the truth, thousands of them would say: "Here lies a woman killed by too much mending, and sewing, and baking, and scrubbing, and scouring; the weapon with which she was slain was a broom, or a sewing-machine, or a ladle." You think, O, man of the world, that you have all the cares and anxieties.

If the cares and anxieties of the household should come upon you for one week you would be a fit candidate for Bloomingdale—I mean insane asylum. The half-rested housekeeper arises in the morning. She must have the morning repast prepared at an irrevocable hour. What if the fire will not light? what if the marketing did not come? what if the clock has stopped? No matter; she must have the morning repast at an irrevocable hour. Then the children must be got off to school. What if their garments are torn? What if they do not learn their lessons? What if they have lost a hat or sash? They must be ready. Then you have all the diet of the day, and perhaps of several days, to plan. But what if the butcher has sent meat unmasticable, or the grocer has sent articles of food adulterated? and what if some piece of silver be gone, or some favorite chalice be cracked, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand things occur? You must be ready. Spring weather comes and there must be a revolution in the family wardrobe; or autumn comes, and you must shut out the northern blast. But what if the moth has preceded you to the chest? what if, during the year, the children have outgrown the apparel of last year? what if the fashions have changed? Your house must be an apothecary's shop; it must be a dispensary; there must be medicines for all sorts of ailments—something to loosen the croup, something to cool the burn, something to poultice the inflammation, something to silence the jumping tooth, something to soothe the earache. You must be in half a dozen places at the same time, or you must attempt to be. If, under all this wear and tear of life, your "better half" makes an impatient rush upon the library or drawing-room, be patient, be lenient. O woman, though I may fail to stir up an appreciation in the souls of others in regard to your household toils, let me assure you, from the kindliness with which Jesus Christ met Martha, that he appreciates all your work from garret to cellar; and that the God of Deborah, and Hannah, and Abigail, and Grandmother Lois, and Elizabeth Fry, and Hannah More, is the God of the housekeeper. Jesus was never married, that he might be the especial friend and confidant of a whole world of troubled womanhood.

THE WEARY PEN.

THERE are many new kinds of pen being manufactured, but no man has yet been able to invent a pen that will not get weary. We have often had hold of a pen that seemed determined to skip and gambol. It leaped from paragraph to paragraph. It flew from simile to trope. It made a dash as it went. It slurred unimportant events. It threw interjections of surprise, and interrogations of inquiry, and hour after hour rushed along the line. But after a while it was sure to get weary. It stumbled. It dragged. It blotted. It staggered. And after a while it dropped as though dead. Talk of weary legs and arms; let some one tell us the story of weary pens. They may be found late at night in editorial rooms, and on reportorial desks, and in the hand of poet, essayist, romancist and historian. For the most part they hunger for more bread, and yawn for more sleep, and worn out, long for the grave of obliteration. Kept in a fine case at Abbotsford, you may find the expired pen of Walter Scott, and in the venerable hall of Philadelphia the pen which signed the Declaration of Independence. But "post-mortem" honors are seldom awarded to deceased quills. They are generally thrown away. They drop into the dust and are trod on, and the places that knew them once know them no more. But our chief sympathy is for the living pens, which write and write, and wish they could die. Nothing in all the world has such hard work making a livelihood as pen and pencil. The one languishes in the picture gallery, the other faints in the study. May the day speed on when literature and art shall come to higher appreciation. That will be the Elysium of pen and pencil.

MISREPRESENTATION.

SOME years ago I wrote an article denouncing the exclusiveness of churches, and making a plea for the working classes. In the midst of that article there were two ironical sentences, in which I expressed the disgust which some people have for anybody that works for a living. Some enemy took those two ironical sentences and sent them all around the world as my sentiments of disgust with the working classes, and a popular magazine of the country, taking those two ironical sentences as a text, went on to say that I preached every Sunday with kid gloves and a swallowtail coat (!), and that I ought to remember that if I ever got to heaven I should have to be associated with the working classes, and be with the fishermen apostles, and Paul the tent-maker. To this very day, I get letters from all parts of the earth containing little newspaper scraps, saying, "Did you really say that? How is it possible you can so hate the working classes? How can you make that accord with the words of sympathy you have recently been uttering in behalf of their sorrows?" Years ago I preached a series of sermons on good and bad amusements. There appeared in print a sermon as mine, denouncing all amusements, representing that all actors, play-actors, and actresses were dissolute without any exception, and that all theatrical places were indecent, and that every man who went to a theatre lost his soul, and that it was wrong even to go to a zoological garden, and a sin to look at a zebra. I never preached one word of the sermon. Every word of that sermon was written in a printing office, by a man who had never seen me,—every word of it except the text, and that he got by sending to another printing office.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

—, Clifton, Mass. What is the meaning of the foundations of Jericho being laid in children? (1. Kings 16: 34.)

Simply that on the days referred to, Hiel, who undertook the rebuilding of the city, buried his eldest and youngest sons. That was in accord with the curse Joshua pronounced on any one who should restore the city. (See Joshua 6: 26.) He was to lose both his sons.

Mrs. Ada Adams, Elsie, Neb., writes:

I have a Sunday School class of twelve boys and girls, from twelve to sixteen years old, and should like the pleasure of placing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in their hands to read. We are homesteaders in the drouth-stricken part of Nebraska, and unable to buy our literature. This is the third year our crops have failed.

Possibly some reader having back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD or other religious literature may wish to aid this class in a distant State.

Chas. Fidler, Fredericktown, O. Christ's command to preach the Gospel to every creature did not appear to be limited to the Apostles; is it limited in these days to regularly ordained ministers?

There are many lay preachers whose success is a proof that God approves of their work. There are, too, other ways of preaching the Gospel besides that of standing in a pulpit and addressing a congregation. Every Christian who tells his friend of its blessedness and how much it has done for him is preaching the Gospel. In Sunday School and in the home there are frequent opportunities for obeying Christ's commands.

C. Leifchild, Chicago. I have heard the Revised Version denounced as the work of Unitarians and scholars who did not reverence the Word of God. Do you think it ought to be used?

If you wish for the truth, and accuracy of translation, you should use the Revised Version. The utmost care was taken in preparing it, to get the exact meaning of every passage. There were Episcopalians, Baptists and other evangelical denominations represented on the committee that prepared the Revision. They had the help of much older manuscripts than were accessible when the Authorized Version was prepared. There is no question about the Revision being a more accurate translation and therefore all who love the truth more than old association would do well to use it.

Here is a pleasant reminder of the summer work at Mont-Lawn—a letter from the parents of two little ones who were among our summer guests:

With grateful hearts to God, it is our pleasure to send our thanks for your love and kindness in giving to our children this summer the benefit and enjoyment of staying at your Children's Home for ten days. May God bless you for it. It is a grand and noble work that God has chosen you for. It is a wonderful blessing for little children who have to stay in the city the whole year round to get such a blessed treat as they did up there. It is refreshing both for soul and body, and I thank God for his marvelous goodness in letting his love constrain man to open such a place as the Children's Home in Nyack. May the harvest bring forth much fruit of the seed sown there. Yours,

STEPHEN and HILLEBORG TALGR.

A. Sharett, Bruceville, Md. I am much concerned about a sermon preached by Dr. Talmage on the sin against the Holy Ghost. He said that the Bible declared it should never be forgiven. What is sinning against the Holy Ghost?

The context of the passage indicates the nature of the sin. (Mark 3: 22-30). The scribes said that the power by which Christ worked his miracles came from Satan. The charge roused his indignation and caused him to utter the words which Dr. Talmage quoted. If the sin can be committed in these days (which many doubt), it consists in ridiculing the work of the Holy Spirit in conversion. When a man is converted, or when there is a revival re-ligion and men ascribe the work to the vil- or scoff at it, they come perilously near t sin which Jesus denounced.

Guy Konkel, Vilas, Colo. What Sunday Helps do you consider the best?

Those that are bound in with the In- tional Teacher' Bible. They are the late best ever issued. These Bibles are give a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN ALD, at $2.

Inquirer, Denver, Colo. To whom shall I a small sum contributed to help the h and starving Armenian Christians?

Our Commissioner, Mr. Howard, is now way to Armenia, and will organize a m ary committee at Van for the purpose tributing all relief funds sent throug CHRISTIAN HERALD by American contri Send your contribution to this office, Bible House, New York.

Annette R——, Chillicothe, O. What are spective depths of the different oceans?

Their average depth in yards is sta maritime authorities to be: Pacific 4,252 yards; Atlantic, 4,026; Indian, 3,65 arctic, 3,000; Arctic, 1,690; Mediterranean Irish, 240; English Channel, 110; Adria Baltic, 43 yards. Of course, we ha means of vouching for the accuracy o estimates.

J. P. Senner, Chillicothe, O. Why is the co tion now visible in the northwest sky cal Dipper?"

It is called "the Dipper" in this countr and probably because of its shape. In E it is called "the Plough." The Hindu the group "the Seven Rishis," or "Sev ets;" the Romans, the "Septemtrion "Seven Plow-oxen;" the Greeks liken a plow, the Germans to a wagon, and th ons knew it as "Charles' Wain" (or w Among astronomers it is known as Major," the Great Bear.

Charles S——t, Providence, R. I. Do you t only motive Judas had to betray Christ money offered him?

He probably thought that Christ wo permit himself to be sacrificed. He h enough of his power to know that he co liver himself if he chose. Perhaps h have thought that he was advancing th dom by bringing matters to a crisis. T ciples were all eager to have Jesus himself a King for his sake and the That motive may have weighed with well as the direct bribe. The remorse when Jesus was condemned appears t cate that he had not expected or desir a result.

Inquirer, New Bedford, Mass. Do you thi is any hope for one who years ago p conversion, and afterward fell into si deeply than ever? I feel sorry for my life, but am incapable of exercising savi Have I committed the unpardonable sin

If you are sorry for your sin, as you sa is no obstacle in the way of your reste God has promised to welcome backslide you ought to believe him. If you go humbly in prayer, confess your sin, you ness of heart and lack of faith, and ask help, you will receive it. A good earthly whose son is estranged from him, wo joice if the news was brought to him son desired pardon and reconciliation. quite as ready to forgive. You need fear or reluctance in going to him. R fifty-first Psalm if you want to know w shall say. It was written by one w fallen into grievous sin, and was forgiv

Geo. Mater, Rockville, Ind. Why was the Manasseh divided and where will I fin

At the time of the Israelitish census wilderness, the enumeration showed seh to have 32,200 men of age to take t Forty years later, Manasseh had incr 52,700 while Ephraim, which had bee was now only 32,500. At this time M was one of the most distinguished trib ing many great warriors in its ranks prowess, especially east of the Jord noted throughout the nation. The t composed of two leading elements: a branch, which chose to inhabit the w of the Jordan and a military branch, wh ferred the east side. (See Numb. 32: 3 14; also Deut. 3: 3; Josh. 12: 6 and 1 I. Chron. 6: 23.) As far as known, they in perfect amity, to divide their poss one branch of the tribe taking the east other the west side of the river. After reign, the eastern Manasseh disapp tirely from the pages of history.

Mrs. A. L. Hutchinson, Pendleton, Ore experience was an unfortunate one, but v persevere, nevertheless, in trying to help dren.——D. Worcester, Knox, Ia. No; be solved from obedience to the law, but bel grace is able to render an acceptable being under bondage. —Mrs. Bennet, Waterbury, N. Y. No; there is n for such articles.——J. G., Worcester, Texa Write to Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, Mrs. Wm. T. Gerry, No. Goshain, Me. Yes Judy, East Lynn, Ill. Yes; some of the sermons ever preached have been read fr script, although the tendency is more and ward preaching from brief notes or with altogether.——Mrs. L. A. Martin, Herald. Isaiah 19: 7.——Wm. S. Wilkinson, Har N. J. The American Tract Society's Nassau street, New York City.——Conse West Bethlehem, Pa. Write to the "En Journal," New York.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

ALPINE DISASTERS.

FATALITIES on the Alps have been more numerous this season than usual. Five deaths were reported during the last two weeks of August. A peculiarly sad one occurred on Friday, August 30th. that of Miss Sampson, an English who was staying in Switzerland and friend attempted to ascend the Roth- They had accomplished a greater the journey in safety, when a large became detached from the crags and fell upon Miss Sampson, killing stantly. On Friday, August party of three set out to climb Blanc and returned no more. It ted of Dr. Robert Schnurdreher, er from Prague, with his two . How they died no one can A week afterwards search was for them and their bodies were at the bottom of a crevasse feet deep. A third accident re- in the death of Emil Rey, a fa- guide well known to American rs many of whom he has led over the mountain. Mr. A. C. s, an English tourist, engaged vices for the ascent and the two on Friday, August 23. They d the summit of the great rock known as the Giant's Needle ped together, began its descent. they had passed over the most t places, the rope was taken off. were then at the head of a steep nvolving a descent of six hun- eet. The guide who was leading lightly to a small plateau of ust below him. It sloped slight- vnward and was covered with ebbles. His foothold failed and dy bounded from rock to rock he glacier below. Mr. Roberts, several futile attempts to reach to hear any response to his . made his way with extreme ty to the refuge on the Giant's where there were guides who zed a rescuing party. Rey's was found and carried to his at Courmayeur. His death has gloom over the whole district s mourned in many lands by aineers whose regard he won by udence, courage and uniform sy. An ex-President of the Al- Club, writing of these sad disas- om Switzerland, remarks on the co- nce of their occurring in fine weather. vs that it has been noticed that there re accidents in fine seasons than in y ones. He thinks that in such mag- t weather as that which has prevail- the district this year, people are apt dertake expeditions that they would tempt under less favorable conditions re less careful in their movements. s probably a true explanation as it is er disasters besides those of moun- imbing. Moral and spiritual disasters ully overtake men when they are off guard and not expecting temptation; at heedlessness is apt to come not in f adversity when the man is looking for guidance, but in seasons of pros- when he is proud and self-reliant. postolic warning is addressed not to dent but to the self-confident:

[Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. 1. Cor. 10: 12.]

to of a Vanished Race.

A party of explorers have returned to ia rnia with a strange story of discov- y They have spent the past summer on e land of San Clemente, about fifty ll from the coast of Southern Califor- ia They went there for the fishing, but ng several peculiar objects, they turned he attention to exploration. For the re r part, the island, which appeared to e out twenty miles long, was composed f t-topped sand hills. On ascending one of these, an indentation 150 feet deep was found at its summit, like the crater of a volcano. A descent was made, and the party were in the midst of what had apparently been a burying ground. Scattered around were fragments of mortars and pestles, evidently broken intentionally, highly colored abalone shells, rings of stone, fish-hooks, and other articles. The wind had tossed away the sand in one place, leaving exposed what appeared to be a human head. A little digging around it revealed a perfect skeleton. It was in a kneeling posture, the hands clasped behind the head. Buried with it were three flutes, broken like everything else. The flutes were made out of the leg-bones of deer, and were highly ornamented. It is supposed that the skeleton was that of the musician of his tribe. Many other graves were found, but the bones in them were separated and scattered. With them was always a stone axe, a quantity of beads or some other emblem of the dead person's occupation. Evidently the island in some remote period had been the home of a tribe of Indians. Their bones indicate that they were of great stature and physical strength. They have passed away, leaving no trace of their existence but their bones and the few poor implements that they used. Modern races, though inferior to them in physical power, could not be so completely wiped out. They leave works that would tell of their presence after the lapse of a longer period. The product of mental power is more enduring than that of physical power. But even that will eventually vanish, and only the spiritual will last into eternity.

[They that turn many to righteousness [shall shine] as the stars for ever and ever (Dan. 12: 3).

THE ALPINE DISASTERS—CARRYING THE GUIDE'S DEAD BODY HOME.

A House Owner's Rights Disputed.

An interesting lawsuit has been commenced in Justice Barrett's Court in New York. The point in dispute is whether the owner of a house in Ninety-first street has the right to erect a high fence in her back-yard. The owners of the houses forming the four sides of the block are all wealthy, and they have taken a pride in making their back-yards beautiful with plants and shrubs. The fences are all low and the inner space surrounded by the houses, as seen from the back windows, looks like one beautiful garden. Recently one of the houses was bought by a banker, who went to live in it. He has built a three-story extension at the back of his house, thus replacing his contribution to the general view with an unsightly building. Its windows, too, overlook the back yards of his neighbors on each side. Some of his neighbors remonstrated with him, but he contended that as the land was his own, he could do as he chose with it. His next door neighbor, thereupon, determined to retaliate, and commenced the erection of a fence twenty-five feet high which would completely shut out the view from the banker's extension on that side. He objected to this and appealed to the courts. He obtained a temporary injunction restraing her from erecting the fence, and the court has now to decide whether the injunction shall be made permanent, as the banker asks. It is difficult to see the consistency of his argument. As it is based on the theory that a man may do what he pleases with his own, he cannot consistently deny the right of his neighbor to erect the fence on her own land. It will be for the court to decide the dispute according to the principles of law. Under the principles of the Gospel it would not have arisen. He who lives under those principles does not insist on his rights to the detriment of others, nor retaliate when injured. His Master's rule is his law:

[Therefore whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so to them (Matt. 7: 12).

Solved in a Dream.

A psychological journal reports a strange incident of dream life on the testimony of a witness whose veracity, it says, is unimpeachable. A friend who knew his fondness for difficult arithmetical problems submitted one to him that gave him some trouble. He tried several ways of solving it, but could not succeed. One night he tried the problem again just before retiring to rest, with the usual result. He went to sleep thinking of it and it disturbed his dreams. He dreamed that while he was working over the problem, a venerable man entered the room. Looking closely at him, he recognized him as his old schoolmaster. The old man had long been dead but in dreams inconsistencies of that kind are of no consequence. The dreamer hailed his visit with pleasure and submitted the problem to him just as he used to do when he was a boy in his school. He dreamed that the old man took the problem in hand, solved it easily and showed him how it was done. In the morning, as a matter of curiosity, he worked out the problem in the way he saw his teacher work it in his dream. To his astonishment it proved a correct and simple way of solving it. Every one understands that the solution to the problem was worked out by the dreamer's own brain. It is an interesting question for psychologists how it was that the brain could do it when he was asleep, though it could not when he was awake. Sometimes the problems of providence, and spiritual difficulties have found their solution in a similar involuntary way, but when a man lives in close communion with God there is no need to go to psychology for an explanation of the phenomenon.

[When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me, until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I. Ps. 73: 16, 17.

BRIEF NOTES.

All Letters to Dr. Talmage as Editor of The CHRISTIAN HERALD, should be addressed to him at The Bible House, New York, as heretofore.

In the new British House of Commons there are 31 Methodists, 34 Presbyterians, 23 Congregationalists, 3 Baptists, 6 Quakers, 11 Unitarians, 7 Jews, making together 118 members who do not belong to the Established Church.

Successful Revival Services have been held in Nebraska by Evangelist C. S. Billings. At Farnham, though the farmers were pressed with work they came in considerable numbers, and there were some remarkable conversions.

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman has Arranged to hold a series of Gospel services in the Twenty-sixth ward of Brooklyn beginning Oct. 23. The churches uniting in the movement are the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregationalist and Reformed. It is proposed to hold the services alternately in the Williams avenue and Andrews M. E. Churches and if necessary to hold them simultaneously. Meetings will be held each afternoon and evening.

Practical Help of a Most Valuable Kind is being rendered in Philadelphia and Boston to young men in positions where the salary is small. The Chapters of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in those cities have established boarding houses of an economical kind where the rates are fixed at the lowest rate at which board can be furnished. The houses are neither for charity nor for profit. They are unsectarian.

The American Board has Received an Encouraging report from its Zulu Mission. During the past ten years, since the jubilee held in 1885, its gains are as follows: 1 mission station, 12 out-stations, 1 physician, 4 female assistant missionaries, 20 native teachers, 117 other native helpers, 5 churches, 1,024 church members, (47 additions on confession of faith), 24 pupils in boys' school, a girls' boarding-school, 182 pupils in the girls' schools, 10 common schools, and 507 pupils in common schools.

The Twelfth Annual Convention of the Christian Alliance is being held this week in the Gospel Tabernacle, New York. The sessions commence each day at nine o'clock and continue with brief intervals all day. A large number of members of the Alliance from other cities have come to New York to take part in the Convention. The closing meeting will be held on Sunday, October 13, in the American Theatre, the Tabernacle not being large enough to accommodate the numbers expected.

The Treasurers of the Presbyterian Boards have already received sixty thousand dollars for liquidation of their respective debts from the Anniversary Reunion Fund which was opened for that purpose. The indebtedness to be removed is as follows: Home Missions, $220,348; Women's Home Missions Committee, $22,622; Foreign Missions, $174,177; Freedmen, $22,852; Education, $3,539; Ministerial Relief, $1,977. The amount so far received comes from about one thousand churches, leaving over six thousand still to be heard from.

The Most Liberal Supporter of Foreign Missions in the world is said to be Dr. John F. Gouchir. His wife and he support 173 foreign schools under Methodist auspices at a yearly expense of $12,975.

The National Gospel Mission Union Holds its first Annual Convention in Washington next week. The sessions will continue three days, Oct. 15, 16 and 17. Gospel Wagon excursions will be made and eminent Christian workers from all parts of the country will be present to institute their methods and confer on the best plans for rescuing the fallen. All particulars may be obtained by addressing Mr. G. G. Marten, 622 Louisiana Avenue, Washington.

Rev. Jacob Freshman, who was so Long identified with the work among Jews in New York, has resigned the pastorate of the North Park Presbyterian Church of Newark, N. J. During his labors there the membership of the church has been considerably increased, and there is sincere regret expressed that he should feel it his duty to sever his connection with the church. Mr. Freshman will reside in New York preaching and lecturing, as opportunity offers, until the way is opened to another sphere of labor.

A Wonderful Work of Grace is in Progress in Baltimore, Md. Union meetings are held each day at noon and four o'clock and are largely attended. Every evening services are held in the various churches under the charge of Evangelists H. ... Wharton, Arthur Crane and Mr. Naylor, assisted by the pastors of the respective churches. A correspondent in Baltimore writes us that the work is like a great tidal wave sweeping over the city and is stirring Christian people into new energy and activity as well as bringing outsiders to Christ.

A Prince's Search for Health.

The Czarewitch's Lovely Home in a Valley of the Caucasus—Wealth and Power unable to Command Happiness.

THERE is no fortune in the world that makes one so rich as the fortune of good health, nor is there anything the world can bestow that brings us real happiness, unless the heart is right with God. History, ancient and modern, furnishes many illustrations of this. Men, rich as Cræsus, but ruined in health and troubled in spirit, have roamed the world vainly in search of rest and happiness. Others, also in feeble health, but opulent in spiritual graces, have gradually relaxed their hold on worldly affairs, and found comfort and consolation in the contemplation of a future state in which neither pain nor anxiety can find place.

Since his childhood, the health of the present Czarewitch of Russia has been the cause of anxiety to his friends. The late Czar regarded Grand Duke George as the weakling of the family. His constitution, never robust, became still more delicate as he advanced toward young manhood. Through many a long night his parents, the late Czar Alexander III. and the Czarina, kept vigil by his bedside, and even during the last illness of the Emperor, Prince George's frail health was a cause of many wakeful hours. It is stated that the stalwart father, who was built in a herculean mould, would often carry the invalid from room to room in his arms during the prince's frequent spells of sickness.

Since his father's death, the Prince's health has not improved. The Court physicians advised a sojourn in the bracing climate of Denmark, but instead of being beneficial to his weak lungs, as Professor Leyden had predicted, it proved the reverse, and he was lately ordered by his doctors to leave that country and go to the Caucasus. He was accordingly conveyed to the beautiful villa of Abbas Touman, situated in a valley of the Southern Caucasus. It is really a miniature palace, almost embosomed amid fragrant pine-woods, and in a climate which it is hoped may prove beneficial and healing. His home in the Caucasus is shown in the illustration on this page. According to cable dispatches, his condition on arrival was quite serious, the fatigue of the journey having exhausted his strength.

Grand Duke George is the second son of the imperial household, having been born May 9, 1871, three years after the birth of his elder brother, Nicolas, the present Czar. He has always been a prime favorite both in the home circle and the court. When the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD [illegible] 1892, as the envoy of Christian America to relieve the famine-stricken peasants, he had the pleasure of seeing the late Czar in the midst of his family at the royal palace of Peterhof. [illegible] seemed to have inherited the splendid physique of their father, but George was [illegible] of all, and his health even then was a cause of anxiety. He has since traveled over a [illegible] part of the globe, attended by [illegible] but the [illegible] malady, [illegible] which [illegible] were discovered some time ago, has now become so pronounced as to afford little hopes of ultimate recovery. There are three other children in the royal household besides Nicholas and George, viz: Grand Duchess Xenia, now a beautiful and accomplished young lady of twenty; Grand Duke Michael, in his eighteenth year, and Grand Duchess Olga, who is a girl of thirteen.

THE CZAREWITCH'S HOME, AT ABBAS TOUMAN, IN THE CAUCASUS.

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The Sabbath Spirit at Home.

The spirit of the entire day's observances ought to be a reverent spirit; but it should be understood by the parents that true reverence is better shown in gladness than in gloom. Where the Lord's day is counted a dismal one by the children, it is obvious that the parents have failed to train their children to hallow that day, as the day which is peculiarly sacred to the love of their loving Father in heaven. Whether at home, or at Sunday-school or any other church service, the children should be helped to realize that the day is a day of brightness and of cheer; that while differing in its occupations and enjoyments from all other days, it is the best of them all. When a little boy, out of a home thus ordered, heard one of his companions express, on Sunday, a wish that it was already Monday, the little fellow said, with evident heartiness.

"Why! don't you like Sunday? I like it best of all the days."

And so it ought to be the case with every boy and girl in a Christian home.

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Don't Stagnate.

It's a great mistake to let one's self stagnate. Activity is the secret of continued energy and much happiness. Don't let the dust, the imperceptible dust, gather day by day, to clog and smother the things that you value. Activity is youth, health, life itself; disuse means stagnation and death. Enthusiasm is contagious—it is like fire, and will communicate itself, whether or no; love quickens the vital current; the right sort of love is what

> We can make us young,
> And always keeps us so

"The more you do the more you may do?" Of course, the more you do the more you must do, and the more you are able to do, whether in the home or in business.

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Don't Interfere Too Much.

There is such a thing as overdone domestic discipline. A little wholesome letting alone forms a large part of the wise education of every child for the divinely implanted instinct of activity will lead it to use its powers as fast as they develop and no faster and so it will be safely educated into using them. It needs patience, tact and faith in God to refrain from meddling with the natural processes of child growth. We have learned not to interfere with plant unfolding. Let us carry the lesson into the realm of childhood.

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Family Resemblances.

It has often been remarked that, after years of mutual association, husband and wife gradually grow to resemble each other, not only in tastes, but in facial appearance. Some curious investigations have recently been undertaken by a photographic society in Geneva. The purpose was to show that the longer a married coupled lived together—we apprehend harmoniously—the more and more marked became the resemblance which the two persons bore to each other. Photographs of seventy-eight couples were taken, as well as an equal number of adult brothers and sisters. On careful inspection it was found that the married couples were more like each other than the brothers and sisters of the same blood. Apparently, therefore, there seems to be a stronger force available for the production of "family likenesses" even than that of heredity.

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Table-Talk as an Educator.

Fifty years ago, writes H. Clay Trumbull, a gentleman of New England had, as a philanthropist, an educator, and an author, an exceptional acquaintance with men of prominence in similar fields of endeavor in this country and abroad. His home was a place of resort for them. He had a large family of children, all of whom were permitted to be at the family table while those guests were present, as well as at other times. The table-talk in that home, between the parents and the guests, or between the parents and their children when no guests were present, was in itself "a liberal education." It gave to those children a general knowledge such as they could hardly have obtained otherwise. It was a source of promptings and of inspiration to them in a multitude of directions. Now that they are themselves parents and grandparents, they perceive how greatly they were the gainers by their training through the table-talk of their early home; and they are doing what they can to have the value of table-talk recognized as a training agency for the young.

DAILY LIFE.

ARE you watching for the Master
Day by day?
As each golden morn is breaking
Does the thought your spirit cheer
Maybe e'er the day is over
He'll appear?

Are you walking with your Master
Day by day?
Simply walking on with Jesus,
Trusting Him for one step more;
Thankful that He veils the future
Yet in store?

Are you working for the Master
Day by day?
Are you gathering in some lost ones,
Following in the Saviour's track,
Till the Keeper of the vineyard
Cometh back!

Go on watching, waiting, working,
Day by day,
In the little time that's left you,
Even though the way be dark,
Press still onward, upward, heavenward
Toward the mark.

MARRIAGE IN BURMAH.

MARRIAGE cannot, under any circumstances, be regarded a religious ceremony among Burmese. There is a sort ceremonial of course; but only necessary and binding of it is, that the couple should, in the ence of witnesses, eat out of the same A girl does not change her name. F names are unknown, and there is no or Mrs. Every woman has the pref or Mi, which are the same word. as babies, they carry this prefix marriage does not alter it; so that is nothing to denote whether a be married or not. M. does not alter her status way. She retains her own erty, and any property she acquire subsequently is a own. Property acquired with her husband is held ly. If you inquire who owner of a garden you told it belongs to Maun Ma Ni, the former bei man's name and the seco of his wife; and both are used frequently in b and legal proceedings.

But it is not always man and his wife are same business. They ma totally different pursuits may be a cultivator, the silk dealer; the man m pleader in court, the wi own brick-kilns out si town. Of course there a where marriage necessit abandonment by the wo her trade, whatever it w but she can do as she c

In married life, as i lands, there are certain that come naturally to t and others to the husba may be a magistrate, a pleader, o merchant, in which case the wife, managing her own property, d work. Her duty is to superintend th work and, as in all lands, to ma home a place of rest and of conten husband after his day's work. S very likely accompany her husband journeys; she will assist him soc what way she can; and, if it be ne she will act for him with vigor and And as regards acting for her h there is nothing more remarkable t division she makes of matters whe can act for herself and of matters she acts for him. Thus she will act on her own responsibility and in name. But in public affairs she w allow her name to appear—not t does not take a keen interest in matters. She lives in no world a that affects her husband interests keenly as it does him. She liv world of men and women, and her edge of public affairs, and her de power of influencing them, is great. learnt long ago that her best way through and by her husband, and strength and his name are her bu the fight. Thus Burmese women openly concerned in any political

Don't Worry Yourself

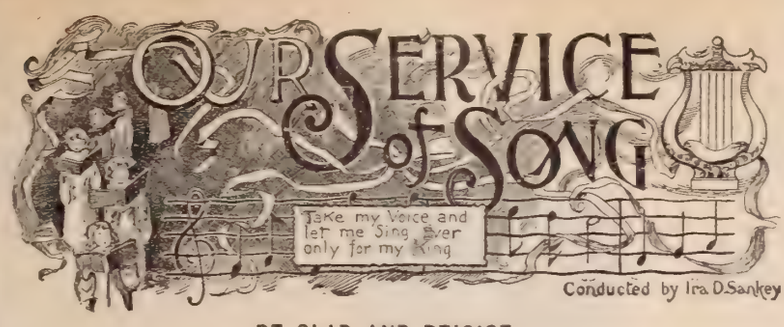
and don't worry the baby; avoid both conditions by giving the child pure, digestible Don't use solid preparations. *Infant Life* valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your to the New York Condensed Milk Company, York.

CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM.

...gestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Oct. 30. Is. 62 : 1-12.

POLITICIANS are fond of heaping ridicule on the Christian who interferes in politics. His credulity, his simplicity, his inconvenient scruples, his abhorrence of compromise, his impracticable ideals, ...re scoffed at. He is told in plain words ...ere is out of his place when he takes ...rt in any political movement, and that ...ion and politics won't ...ix. When the argument is ...zed it is found to consist ...f tacit admission that suc... politics can be achieved ...by methods prohibited by ...tianity. We are told that ... trickery, misrepresenta... and occasional bribery ...to be practised to insure ...s, and these the Chris... conscience prohibits. If ...tatement were really true, ...erence would be appalling. ...uld mean that only the ... men in the nation could ...art in the government of ... would mean national dis... of the most hopeless kind. ...o often the Christian has ...ed this view of the situa... and has abstained from ...sing the rights and privil... of citizenship, believing ...olitics cannot be purified. ... lest his own character ... be smirched, lest he ... be involved in complicity ...kedness which he could ... event, has kept him out ...tics. But such abstention, ...any cause, is a dereliction ...y. His beloved country ... by it, and its future is ...lled. He is deeply con... in the welfare and good ...nment of the nation, and ...not relegate to others his ... of responsibility.

...at, then, does the country ...e of him as a Christian ...? It has, for one thing, ...ght to expect from him a ...tent life. It looks to him ... example. Whether his ...nce be little or much, it ...e right to demand that it ... the right kind. The Chris...nan who in a primary is ...scrupulous as his non... tian associates, who is ...rned for the success of ...olitical party, and is not ...rned as to the righteous... of the methods adopted to ... it, is doing a deadly injury to the ... of Christ. If his religion is to him ...portant thing he professes that it is, ... be seen by voice and vote, otherwise ... ample is pernicious rather than bene... Then the country has also the right ...mand that his influence shall be felt ... city and neighborhood. Both should ...e better for his living there. Christ's ...r for his people was not that they ...d be taken out of the world, but that ...e should be kept from the evil. The ... calm, gentle influence of his blame... ...fe ought to radiate on all sides. So... reformers should be sure of his hearty ...rt, of his vote and of his power as a ...n. In their struggle with evil in high ...s they should be able to reckon on his ...aneous and unsolicited help and to ...from it the encouragement they need ...ir fight for justice and morality. He ...d never be like the people of Meroz ... "went not up to the help of the Lord ...st the mighty." Then, too, his ...on as a Christian citizen requires ...m the self-sacrifice involved in lead...p. It will sometimes happen that ...s presence is more necessary in a ...cal meeting than in a prayer-meeting, ...e may be able to do more good there. ...ould not always be a question with him ...e he can get the most good. The toil, ...eproach, the assaults that come upon ...e who are prominent in the fray are not ...ant, but as our fathers did not shrink ... them when principle was involved, ...ve it to them and to our country to de... the liberties they won for us.



BE GLAD AND REJOICE.

WM. H GARDNER. WILLARD P. MORRIS.

1. The vales and fields with prais-es ring, And sweet the wood-land warblers sing; So
2. The sunbeams of His glo-ry tell, The flow-ers praise Him in the dell; The
3. The might-y waves in cho-rus grand, Sound out His prais-es o'er the land; The
4. While na-ture sends her praise a-long, Let us, the tune-ful strain prolong; O
Lord to Thee, Thy chil-dren raise A loud and joy-ful song of praise.
brook-let as it flows a-long, Sends up a sweet thanks-giv-ing song.
roll-ing thun-ders of the sky, Pro-claim His might-y maj-es-ty.
God, we praise Thee, and pro-claim The pow'r and glo-ry of Thy name!
Chorus. Spirited.
Praise Him with timbrel and harp . . . . . Praise Him with heart, and with voice . . . .
Praise Him with harp, and with voice,
His prais-es sound forth, all o-ver the earth, Let His children be glad and re-joice. . . .
re-joice.

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THAT DAY.

HAIL, hail that day
When, far away
From sin and woe,
My soul shall go
To thee on high!
My Lord, draw nigh.

Farewell to earth—
With my last breath,
On angel's wing
Mounting, I'll sing
Dear Lord on high,
My Lord, draw nigh.

Oh, blessed day,
Oh, heavenly way—
Through toil I'll go,
Nor respite know.
Till safe on high!
My Lord, draw nigh.

NAPOLEON'S "HAPPIEST DAY."

Not in worldly triumphs, nor in glory or fame does true happiness consist. When Napoleon was in the height of his prosperity and surrounded by a brilliant company of the marshals and courtiers of his empire, he was asked what day he considered to have been the happiest in his life. When all expected that he would name the occasion of some glorious victory, or some great political triumph, or some august celebration, or other signal recognition of his genius and power, he answered without a moment's hesitation, "The happiest day of my life was the day of my first Communion." At a reply so unforeseen there was a general silence, when he added, as if to himself, "I was then an innocent child."

A CHRISTIAN PASTOR'S DEATHBED.

Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest, has recently sustained a severe loss in the death of his brother, Rev. James Edward Sharp of Marshall, Mo. Writing on the subject, Mr. Sharp pays a loving tribute to his brother in these words:

He had been a minister of the Gospel more than forty-four years. God blessed his ministry greatly. Many sinners were saved and saints were refreshed by his labors. It was at a meeting conducted by him that I, then a young lawyer, was led to take a decided stand for the Lord, and sometime afterwards I gave up the legal profession and entered the ministry. His last public discourse was preached in a sitting posture, as disease was already upon him. But his private discourses were the many blessed testimonies which flowed out of his sick chamber, not in one continued discourse, but from time to time during his illness of about two months. "If I must go," he said, "I do not see how I could die under more favorable circumstances. I cannot doubt my conversion—that was too clear. My trust is in the Lord." Another time he said: "This is a testing time. If this disease is to have a fatal termination, I would be glad it might end soon." Again he said: "I have no anxiety for the future. As I see my case, this is to end in blessing. If I go, that will be the best. If I get well, I shall be glad to preach and tell of the goodness of God. In either event, I see this trial will end in blessing."

He abounded from day to day in praises and thanksgiving to God, and saying, "Oh, what a wonderful Saviour." I visited him three times in his illness, going over a hundred miles to see him. Never did the words of the Apostle enter so fully into my heart, that the Saviour "hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel," as they did when, from day to day, I heard my dear brother's testimony to the Lord's gracious, comforting, sustaining presence in view of death. His sick-room was fragrant with the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Glory be to God that having loved his own, he loved him to the end. He fell asleep at high noon, Aug. 8, without a struggle or a groan, aged 62 years, 6 months, and 25 days.

THE CLUE TO THE VISION.

The Explanation Given by the Angel to Daniel a Clue to the Interpretation of the Later Visions of the Prophet.

BY GEO. A. PEMBER, M. A.

Continued from page 644

IN the second group of results which were to come to the Jews from the discipline of the period of the "seventy sevens," there was to be, as already noticed, "the bringing in of everlasting righteousness." There was also a second result which the angel described as "sealing up vision and prophet." When sins are sealed up, vision and prophecy shall also be laid aside, as being no longer needed. For it was only after sin had come into the world that prophecy was introduced as an effective instrument of God in the war against it; and so, when sin is put away, prophecies also shall fail.

"To anoint a Holy of Holies." Lastly, in the place of the Tabernacle and former Temples, in which the covering, or propitiation, was wont to be typified, a new Holy of Holies shall be anointed. The Ark of the Covenant will not be found in the future Holy of Holies, neither shall it be any more remembered (see Jer. 3 : 16), but in its place will stand the Royal Throne on which the Messiah will sit. And it is, probably, this last change more than all others which will involve the necessity of a fresh anointing and consecration.

Such, then, will be the results of God's dealings with the Jews, at the close of the Four Hundred and Ninety Years. Their transgression will be restrained and their sins sealed up, so as no longer to affect them—for the stumbling-blocks will then have been consumed with the wicked: their iniquity will be expiated, and the new covenant of their God will confer everlasting righteousness upon them: all the promises will then be fulfilled: the law of God will be written on the heart of every Israelite, so that there will be no further need of the exhortations, rebukes, warnings, and threatenings, of the prophets: and Mount Zion will be crowned with a Temple, of which the building of Solomon was but a very faint type, and to which—as we are elsewhere told—the Cherubim and the Glory will return, to be a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night. So will the words of Haggai be fulfilled;—"The latter glory of this house shall be greater than the former, saith the Lord of Hosts: and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of Hosts."

We have now before us an outline of the whole prophecy. And, after considering the statement of results which are to follow God's disciplinary dealings, we cannot but conclude that the close of the Seventy Sevens must coincide with the end of the present order of things and the beginning of the Coming or Millennial Age. This is the clue which enlightened Daniel, and may help us.

In the remaining verses, the angel gives some particulars respecting the course of the Sevens, and, in doing this, answers two questions which would naturally have presented themselves to the mind of Daniel. These questions are:—What will be the commencing date of the Four Hundred and Ninety Years? And, when they have commenced, will their course be unbroken to the end of the period, or will it be at any point interrupted?

Ver. 25: "Know, therefore, and understand;—From the going forth of a commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto an Anointed One, a Prince, there shall be Seven Sevens and Sixty and Two Sevens: it shall be built again with street and moated wall, even under pressure of the times."

(To be continued.)

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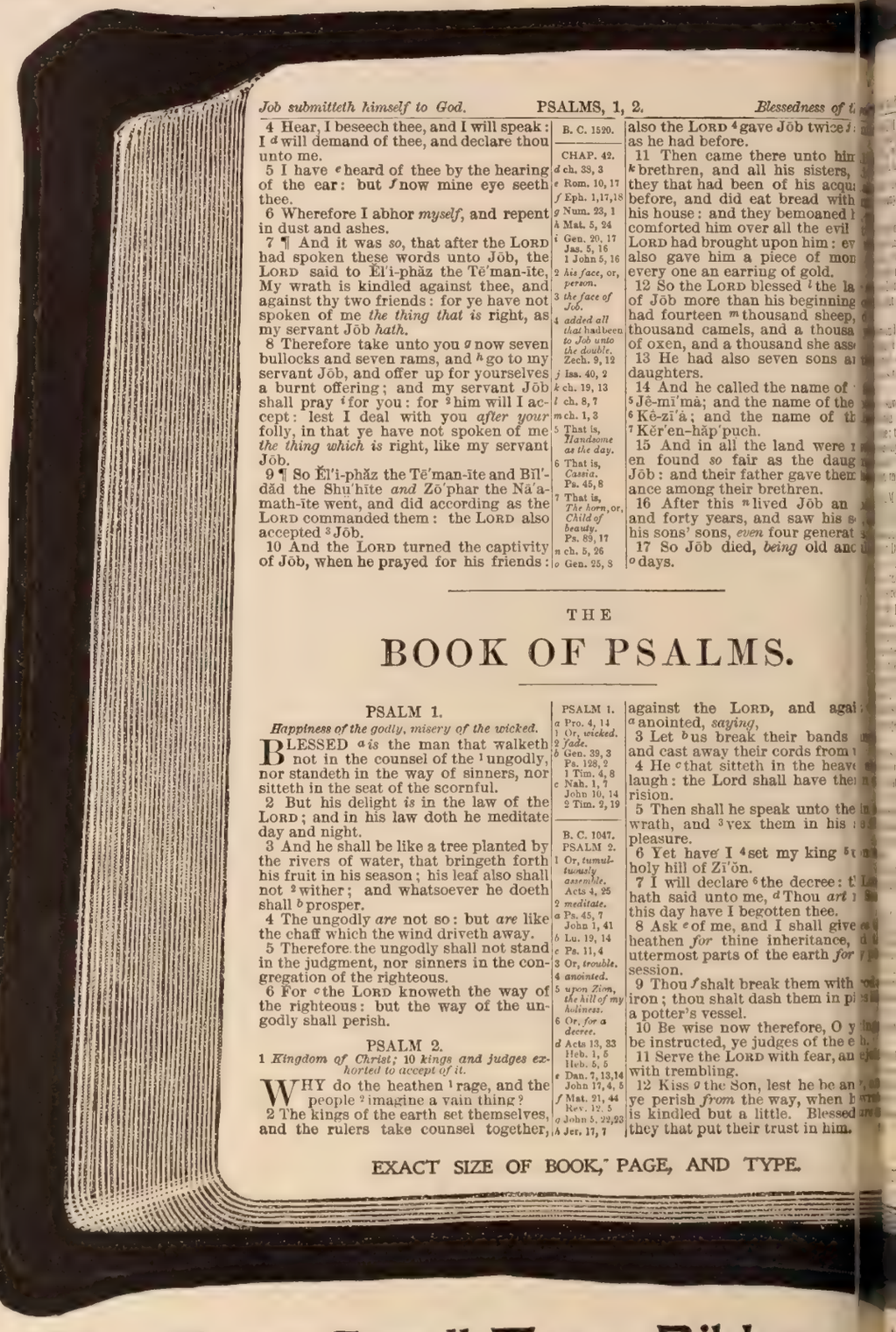

Job submitteth himself to God. PSALMS, 1, 2. *Blessedness of t*

4 Hear, I beseech thee, and I will speak: I [d] will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.
5 I have [e] heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but [f] now mine eye seeth thee.
6 Wherefore I abhor *myself*, and repent in dust and ashes.
7 ¶ And it was *so*, that after the LORD had spoken these words unto Jōb, the LORD said to Ĕl'i-phăz the Tē'man-īte, My wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two friends: for ye have not spoken of me *the thing that is* right, as my servant Jōb *hath*.
8 Therefore take unto you [g] now seven bullocks and seven rams, and [h] go to my servant Jōb, and offer up for yourselves a burnt offering; and my servant Jōb shall pray [i] for you: for [2] him will I accept: lest I deal with you *after your* folly, in that ye have not spoken of me *the thing which is* right, like my servant Jōb.
9 ¶ So Ĕl'i-phăz the Tē'man-īte and Bĭl'dăd the Shu'hīte *and* Zō'phar the Nā'a-math-īte went, and did according as the LORD commanded them: the LORD also accepted [3] Jōb.
10 And the LORD turned the captivity of Jōb, when he prayed for his friends: also the LORD [4] gave Jōb twice as he had before.
11 Then came there unto him [k] brethren, and all his sisters, they that had been of his acqu before, and did eat bread with his house: and they bemoaned comforted him over all the evil LORD had brought upon him: ev also gave him a piece of mon every one an earring of gold.
12 So the LORD blessed [l] the la of Jōb more than his beginning had fourteen [m] thousand sheep, thousand camels, and a thousa of oxen, and a thousand she ass
13 He had also seven sons a daughters.
14 And he called the name of [5] Jĕ-mī'mà; and the name of the [6] Kĕ-zī'à; and the name of th [7] Kĕr'en-hăp'puch.
15 And in all the land were en found *so* fair as the daug Jōb: and their father gave them ance among their brethren.
16 After this [n] lived Jōb an and forty years, and saw his s his sons' sons, *even* four generat
17 So Jōb died, *being* old and [o] days.

B. C. 1520.
CHAP. 42.
d ch. 38, 3
e Rom. 10, 17
f Eph. 1, 17, 18
g Num. 23, 1
h Mat. 5, 24
i Gen. 20, 17 Jas. 5, 16 1 John 5, 16
2 *his face*, or, *person*.
3 *the face of Jōb*.
4 *added all that had been to Job unto the double*. Zech. 9, 12
j Isa. 40, 2
k ch. 19, 13
l ch. 8, 7
m ch. 1, 3
5 That is, *Handsome as the day*.
6 That is, *Cassia*. Ps. 45, 8
7 That is, *The horn*, or, *Child of beauty*. Ps. 89, 17
n ch. 5, 26
o Gen. 25, 8

THE

BOOK OF PSALMS.

PSALM 1.

Happiness of the godly, misery of the wicked.

BLESSED [a] *is* the man that walketh not in the counsel of the [1] ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
2 But his delight *is* in the law of the LORD; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.
3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not [2] wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall [b] prosper.
4 The ungodly *are* not so: but *are* like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
6 For [c] the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM 2.

Kingdom of Christ; 10 kings and judges exhorted to accept of it.

WHY do the heathen [1] rage, and the people [2] imagine a vain thing?
2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the LORD, and against his [3] anointed, *saying*,
3 Let [b] us break their bands and cast away their cords from
4 He [c] that sitteth in the heave laugh: the Lord shall have the rision.
5 Then shall he speak unto the wrath, and [3] vex them in his pleasure.
6 Yet have I [4] set my king [5] holy hill of Zī'ŏn.
7 I will declare [6] the decree: t hath said unto me, [d] Thou *art* this day have I begotten thee.
8 Ask [e] of me, and I shall give heathen *for* thine inheritance, uttermost parts of the earth *for* session.
9 Thou [f] shalt break them with iron; thou shalt dash them in pi a potter's vessel.
10 Be wise now therefore, O y be instructed, ye judges of the e
11 Serve the LORD with fear, an with trembling.
12 Kiss [g] the Son, lest he be an ye perish *from* the way, when h is kindled but a little. Blessed they that put their trust in him.

PSALM 1.
a Pro. 4, 14
1 Or, *wicked*.
2 *fade*.
b Gen. 39, 3 Ps. 128, 2 1 Tim. 4, 8
c Nah. 1, 7 John 10, 14 2 Tim. 2, 19

B. C. 1047.
PSALM 2.
1 Or, *tumultuously assemble*. Acts 4, 25
2 *meditate*.
a Ps. 45, 7 John 1, 41
b Lu. 19, 14
c Ps. 11, 4
3 Or, *trouble*.
4 *anointed*.
5 *upon Zion, the hill of my holiness*.
6 Or, *for a decree*.
d Acts 13, 33 Heb. 1, 5 Heb. 5, 5
e Dan. 7, 13, 14 John 17, 4, 5
f Mat. 21, 44 Rev. 12, 5
g John 5, 22, 23
h Jer. 17, 7

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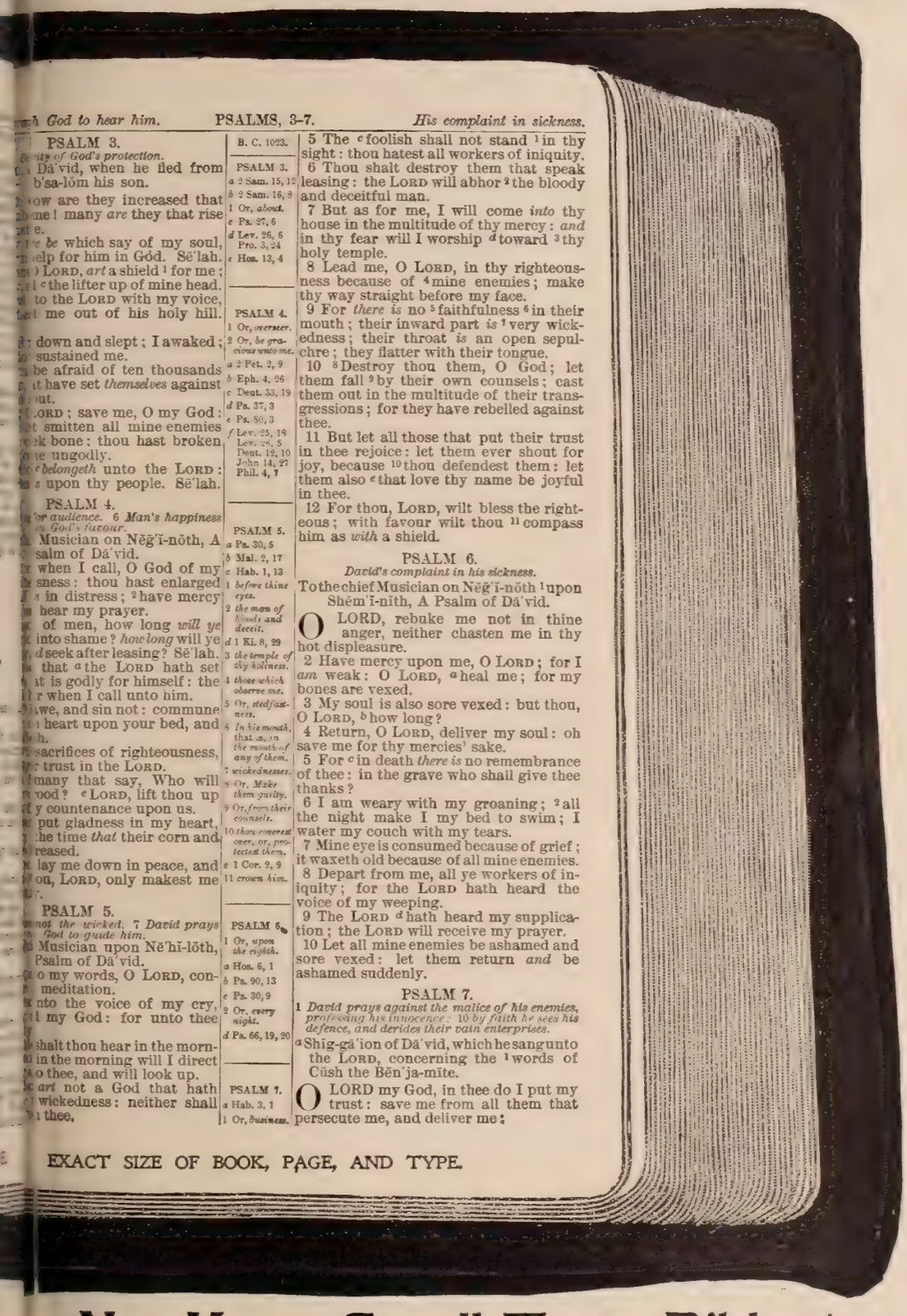

h God to hear him. PSALMS, 3–7. *His complaint in sickness.*

PSALM 3.
...ty of God's protection.
Dā'vid, when he fled from b'sa-lōm his son.
ow are they increased that me! many *are* they that rise e.
e be which say of my soul, elp for him in Gŏd. Sē'lah.
) LORD, *art* a shield [1] for me; *c* the lifter up of mine head.
to the LORD with my voice, me out of his holy hill.
down and slept; I awaked; sustained me.
be afraid of ten thousands t have set *themselves* against ut.
LORD; save me, O my God: t smitten all mine enemies ek bone: thou hast broken e ungodly.
belongeth unto the LORD: s upon thy people. Sē'lah.

PSALM 4.
...or audience. 6 Man's happiness ... God's favour.
Musician on Nĕg'ī-nŏth, A salm of Dā'vid.
when I call, O God of my sness: thou hast enlarged s in distress; [2] have mercy hear my prayer.
of men, how long *will ye* into shame? *how long* will ye *d* seek after leasing? Sē'lah.
that [a] the LORD hath set t is godly for himself: the r when I call unto him.
awe, and sin not: commune heart upon your bed, and h.
sacrifices of righteousness, trust in the LORD.
many that say, Who will ood? [c] LORD, lift thou up y countenance upon us.
put gladness in my heart, he time *that* their corn and reased.
lay me down in peace, and on, LORD, only makest me .

PSALM 5.
...not the wicked. 7 David prays ... God to guide him.
Musician upon Nĕ-hĭ-lŏth, Psalm of Dā'vid.
o my words, O LORD, con- meditation.
nto the voice of my cry, l my God: for unto thee
shalt thou hear in the morn- in the morning will I direct o thee, and will look up.
art not a God that hath wickedness: neither shall n thee.

B. C. 1023.

PSALM 3.
a 2 Sam. 15, 12
b 2 Sam. 16, 8
1 Or, *about.*
c Ps. 27, 6
d Lev. 26, 6 Pro. 3, 24
e Hos. 13, 4

PSALM 4.
1 Or, *overseer.*
2 Or, *be gracious unto me.*
a 2 Pet. 2, 9
b Eph. 4, 26
c Deut. 33, 19
d Ps. 37, 3
e Ps. 80, 3
f Lev. 25, 18 Lev. 26, 5 Deut. 12, 10 John 14, 27 Phil. 4, 7

PSALM 5.
a Ps. 30, 5
b Mal. 2, 17
c Hab. 1, 13
1 *before thine eyes.*
2 *the man of bloods and deceit.*
d 1 Ki. 8, 29
3 *the temple of thy holiness.*
4 *those which observe me.*
5 Or, *steadfastness.*
6 *In his mouth, that is, in the mouth of any of them.*
7 *wickednesses.*
8 Or, *Make them guilty.*
9 Or, *from their counsels.*
10 *thou coverest over, or, protectest them.*
e 1 Cor. 2, 9
11 *crown him.*

PSALM 6.
1 Or, *upon the eighth.*
a Hos. 6, 1
b Ps. 90, 13
c Ps. 30, 9
2 Or, *every night.*
d Ps. 66, 19, 20

PSALM 7.
a Hab. 3, 1
1 Or, *business.*

5 The [c] foolish shall not stand [1] in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.
6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the LORD will abhor [2] the bloody and deceitful man.
7 But as for me, I will come *into* thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: *and* in thy fear will I worship [d] toward [3] thy holy temple.
8 Lead me, O LORD, in thy righteousness because of [4] mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.
9 For *there is* no [5] faithfulness [6] in their mouth; their inward part *is* [7] very wickedness; their throat *is* an open sepulchre; they flatter with their tongue.
10 [8] Destroy thou them, O God; let them fall [9] by their own counsels; cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions; for they have rebelled against thee.
11 But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because [10] thou defendest them: let them also [e] that love thy name be joyful in thee.
12 For thou, LORD, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou [11] compass him as *with* a shield.

PSALM 6.
David's complaint in his sickness.
To the chief Musician on Nĕg'ī-nŏth [1] upon Shĕm'ī-nĭth, A Psalm of Dā'vid.
O LORD, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.
2 Have mercy upon me, O LORD; for I *am* weak: O LORD, [a] heal me; for my bones are vexed.
3 My soul is also sore vexed: but thou, O LORD, [b] how long?
4 Return, O LORD, deliver my soul: oh save me for thy mercies' sake.
5 For [c] in death *there is* no remembrance of thee: in the grave who shall give thee thanks?
6 I am weary with my groaning; [2] all the night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears.
7 Mine eye is consumed because of grief; it waxeth old because of all mine enemies.
8 Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity; for the LORD hath heard the voice of my weeping.
9 The LORD [d] hath heard my supplication; the LORD will receive my prayer.
10 Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed: let them return *and* be ashamed suddenly.

PSALM 7.
1 *David prays against the malice of his enemies, professing his innocence: 10 by faith he sees his defence, and derides their vain enterprises.*
a Shĭg-gā'ion of Dā'vid, which he sang unto the LORD, concerning the [1] words of Cūsh the Bĕn'ja-mīte.
O LORD my God, in thee do I put my trust: save me from all them that persecute me, and deliver me:

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You have all seen maps of Palestine, and heard sermons about Palestine, and sung hymns about Palestine, and longed for the opportunity of seeing Palestine, but this may be the first time you have ever held a part of Palestine in your hand. These are not pictures of flowers; any engraver or painter can give you them, but these were wrought, and spun, and colored by the hand of God. The ancestors of these flowers were touched by Moses, and Solomon, and Paul, and Christ. Through most of the year the Holy Land is all ablush with floral opulence. You find all the royal family of flowers there, some that you supposed indigenous to the far North, and others indigenous to the far South—the daisy, and hyacinth, crocus and anemone, tulip and water-lily, geranium and ranunculus, mignonette and sweet majoram. In the collection at Beyrout you may see eighteen hundred kinds of Holy Land flowers; while among trees are the oak of frozen climes, and the tamarisk of the tropics, walnut and willow, ivy and hawthorne, ash and elder, pine and sycamore.

Oh, the flowers! They are the angels of the grass. They all have voices. When the clouds speak, they thunder; when the whirlwinds speak, they shriek; when the cataracts speak, they roar; but when the flowers speak, they always whisper. Take this floral album to some quiet place and listen. Some of the flowers have different names now from those with which they were baptized in Bible times, but the change of name does not change their beauty, or aroma, or suggestiveness. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cannot do a lovelier thing than to put this Divine bouquet into the hands of its friends and patrons. The flower marks the exact line between the material world and the spiritual world. Heaven and earth meet at the white pillar of the calla lily. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

These Floral Albums will be ready for delivery about the middle of November. They will not be advertised among outsiders, and only those subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who act very promptly will have an opportunity of securing one. The orders will be entered **according to the postmarks,** so that due allowance may be made for those who send from a distance. There are hardly enough of these Floral Albums to supply more than **one in fifty** of our subscribers, and it is absolutely out of the question to have any more made up, as no flowers can be gathered in Palestine for this purpose before next spring. The Album is bound in rich olive silk cloth, gold edges, with gold side and back stamp and a very attractive emblematic design on the cover. The contents are as follows:

Frontispiece—The Cedars of Lebanon.
Introduction by Rev. Dr. Talmage.
Certificate by U. S. Consul E. S. Wallace.
Commendatory by Hon. Selah Merrill.
The Flora of Palestine—by Rev. H. B. Greene.
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Fifteen Depressed openings containing many beautiful specimens of real Palestine flowers.

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As soon as enough orders have been received to exhaust the supply, the fact will be made known through the first paragraph of the "Brief Notes" in this paper.

...NADJA;...

A Tale of the Russian Steppes.*

BY OLIVER M. NORRIS.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THE OLD SACRISTAN LOOKED AT HER."

AT daybreak the pilgrims were awake, refreshed by their night's rest, but Nadja, who could not sleep until morning had drawn near, did not waken. Makari, whose heart was with the girl, ordered his little company to delay their setting out until her sleep was over. So they shaded her face from the light, and sat down to wait. The poor girl's night had been full of the bitterest memories and the most sombre forebodings. Her thoughts seemed to go round and round like the wheel of a water-mill, everything that she touched was tossed about, nothing grasped.

Thanks to the respite afforded her she wakened refreshed. Some rye-bread and a drink of water from the stream served her as breakfast, and the march was resumed. This day's tramp proved still more fatiguing than yesterday's; towards midnight it became scorching hot, the steppe shimmering, the horizon wavering unsteadily. Footsore, sick, and worn out, Nadja could go no farther, and the pilgrims, seeing her miserable plight, gladly accommodated themselves to her position. They rested in the shade of a ruined outhouse and drank tea until the sun was low in the west. Old Makari went on a catering expedition to a neighboring village, and brought back eggs and fresh bread and a big pan of milk. Every one did his or her best to contribute to Nadja's comfort, and as the hours went by her spirits rose and the over-powering fatigue which she could not understand, and which had often visited her of late, was hardly noticed.

Late in the afternoon Makari read his favorite Psalms and the Gospel for the day, and the little caravan again started, moving slowly and intending to walk far into the night. They went on and on over the wide-extending, now undulating, plains of brilliant green, with deepening shades in the hollows as the sun sank lower. On the vast girdle of steppe around them receding to the sky, they noticed at times some shadowy village in the dusky diffused light of evening, its white church tower and glittering golden cross rising above the surrounding haze like a lighthouse from a northern sea. And then night came on and the steppe became redolent, and the perfume of the flowers and herbs and spring grasses, hardly noticeable in the heat of the day, came about them and dwelt with them all the night through. It was long past midnight when they approached their resting-place. They had been gradually topping a long low hill which for an hour had narrowed their horizon, a long black ridge it looked in the moonlight. Makari drew near to Nadja.

"We're just at the top, my dear, and now you'll have a surprise. Do you see that winding white thing like a long broad ribbon over there? That's the river again. You will notice a misty dark shadow beyond it. That's the forest, the forest of pines, the great strong, straight pines that we love. They say on the Viatka that the smell of them keeps disease and death away. In winter, my dear, you hear the howling of wolves in that forest over there. But look!" he pointed a little to the left and the pilgrims gathered round him in the moonlight. "What's that shining there?" His eyes gleamed with excitement. "And near it something big, but not shining so brightly, and that long white shadow! Ah, that is the cross over the holy Lavra—in the darkest night it shines just as brightly as during the day to guide pilgrims; and beside it is the great dome of St. Sophia's, although when you get to Kief you will find a good long distance between them. And that tall white thing is the bell tower at the Lavra, and when we hear its bells to-morrow, my little brothers and sisters, our wanderings will be over and our hearts will be glad. Lord have mercy!" exclaimed the old pilgrim, falling on his knees. Every one followed his example, and they strained their eyes out across the moonlit river, and along the dark pine forests to where the shining cross rose high in the heavens over the shrines of Kief.

It was towards mid-day that the pilgrims approached the city and saw each glittering dome and cupola coming out into clearer outline and rising nobly on the lofty bank of the wide stream. They went on through trees, and Nadja long remembered the luxurious green and rustle of their leaves, and the shadow-dappled path among the beeches and oaks, with glimpses of sunny greensward and shining river seen through the boughs. They made their way through the picturesque streets to the hospices prepared for the reception of such as they were. They walked in silence, touched and thrilled with the sombre solemnities of the place, and Nadji, notwithstanding her wretchedness and misery, felt compelled to accept the spirit of the old pilgrim city, and to believe that healing, or at any rate comfort, was at hand.

When Makari and his party started out on their first expedition to the catacombs she preferred to remain in the hospice, and pleaded weariness. She wished to be by herself a little, to collect her thoughts, and settle some plan for the future. Perhaps she could get work somewhere. She had heard of girls who had gone to Kief and even to Moscow to seek work. But she did not know how to set about it. She would confide part of her story to Makari when he returned, and ask his advice: he was a good man and knew Kief.

The pilgrims had said they would not be home until evening, and Nadja, feeling refreshed, and having an hour or two to spare, took courage to leave the hospice and wander down through some long bare streets into the town, into the graceful Kreshtchatik, one of the pleasantest streets in Europe. Nadja knew Kief in a way, that is to say she had read what her father's books said about it, and she felt a shock of delighted surprise once or twice in her wanderings when she noticed a church or street corner that had helped to illustrate her books. She wondered at the soaring white campaniles and clustering golden domes rising over many a stately street vista: and as the sun got low the mixture of strange and melancholy harmonies from the bells pealing for vespers, brought somehow a message of peace to her that was inexpressibly comforting.

Up one long hilly street she went, to a church whose bells she thought were sweeter than the rest. It was built high on a lofty terrace, overlooking the broad reaches of the Dnieper. An old woman sitting on the steps to the terrace told her it was the cathedral of St. Andrew. Its western front and silvered dome blazed in the lowering sun. Nadja would not go inside — the glories of the outside filled her to overflowing as she stood on the terrace, and listened on the lee side to the sigh of the wind, and looked down on the gleaming river, and the immense plain with the mellowing light stealing over it, and the far distant fringe of blue pines, where Makari told her the wolves howl at night.

Hours on that high terrace would not have broken this peasant girl's enchantment at the wonderful scene. But the day was waning and the pilgrims would soon be home. She could not, however, resist the pleasure of finding for herself another way to the hospice, so, speeding through a colorless and tame street that had nothing to interest her, she arrived at an open and dusty square and stood still in wonder and delight.

"St. Sophia's, St. Sophia's!" she exclaimed, "I know it; that's the bell tower."

Nadja longed to enter the famous cathedral, perhaps the most venerated place in Russia, but here, as at St. Andrew's, the outside had also its irresistible power over her. She entered the low gateway under the majestic campanile and gazed at the exquisite mouldings that adorned its gleaming sunlit walls. The vendors of beads and amulets and many another piece of wood and shell and stone from Jerusalem or dipped in Jordan, sat in the gateway. She passed into a fair open space with trees, and before her stood the strange ugly mass of the cathedral, with dingy walls and the undisturbed dust thick on them, with jutting and irregular corners, apses and little chapels and deep cornices, doves resting and cooing or fluttering about in an altogether aimless and happy sort of way. From the blinding light of the roof she turned to the squat walls and they looked cold, with their patches of dark green moldiness — weather stains, and trailing weeds, and withered stalks of grass in corners.

The poor girl had never felt so lonely or so stricken. On the lofty terrace of St. Andrew's she had light, and space, and air, a sense of freedom and of a beyond. Here before the low portal of the cathedral her sorrows flooded in on her, and the tears, bravely held back so long, could be pent up no longer.

To seek some corner gloomier than the rest where she might escape observation and pray, was her only thought as she entered the dark church, where the pervading perfume of incense hung heavy in the air, where the gloom was only made gloomier by the twinkling of tapers and colored lampadas hung before the icons.

Service was concluding at one of the altars as she entered, one of the innumerable services of the Greek church. There was the solemn chanting of monks and the long drawn mournful sweetness of some boys' voices — all unutterably sad, all weighing heavily on a heart that wanted cheering, that wanted some word of intelligible sympathy. Here and there were the scattered forms of worshippers standing or kneeling in different parts of the nave, bowing, crossing themselves, prostrating themselves, some sighing and weeping in distant corners, sorrowing for those who had left them lonely or were about to leave them — ineffectual, pathetic, almost tragic figures silent there in the obstructed light of the old sanctuary.

When the chanting ceased there was not a sound but the echo of an occasional slow footstep to disturb the deathlike stillness of the place.

With her colored handkerchief low over her face Nadja sought a distant corner where no one was. She sank on a low seat at the base of a massive square pillar, and looked around at the icons, trying to decide before which she should kneel. Her eyes took in the quiet patient brown faces of old world monks and nuns with perpendicular Greek and Slavic inscriptions written around or below them, with something to tell in their faces the like of which one is not used to hear. But she passed them by. There were exquisitely sweet faces of Virgins and Babes. There were enraptured visages of inspired prophets and martyrs dimly posturing through the grime and smoke and mishaps of centuries. But none of them penetrated to the girl's sorrow; they had no message for her, no satisfying actuality.

One streaming shaft of light athwart the dome fell on the picture of a crowd of worshipping monks with woe-begone gaunt visages and world-worn eyes; and under their feet she read through her tears the pathetic invitation in old Slavic letters, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She knew the words. She remembered them in Mikhail's New Testament. She knew who spake the words, and from her darkening place below the pillar she turned her wistful blue eyes again and again upward to the molten dusky light of the dome. "Come unto Me," knocked hard at her heart.

From the glory of the dome she tried to pierce the gloom around her, and for a moment or two could not, but at last the brown icons with their dull metal plaques reappeared, and she shuddered as she thought of home and the Wonder-Worker. She shrank farther into the gloom, crouching along the wall, hardly knowing, certainly not caring, where she went. All at once her gaze was riveted on a picture, old, dingy, unheeded in a corner, a picture of Supreme Act, the Great Sacrifice, and knelt before it in awe. O, the agon face with the clotted hair crowning through which the sharp thorns shov O, the lonely anguish in the closing e and the bleeding hands and heart and The things that Mikhail had told h the happier days came crowding upon memory. It was the Crucified One had said, "Come unto me," but how c she come, how find the rest? There no help for her in the pictured F Dimly she aspired to something beyon spectacle of pain and grief that so m her heart.

For awhile her own personal sor were swallowed up in her unspeakable for the Man of Sorrows. She sobbed able to restrain herself. A monk, th sacristan, who was going his roun tinguishing tapers before closing the dral for the night, heard her and tu look in that direction. He felt sorr way, but he had seen in his forty ye the old church many a sobbing womar passed on. He had no comfort to He could only prescribe the old mo prescriptions, and these, he felt, Nad not want. He passed on. But one ness he did—he left her undisturbed. his duty to tell the few stragglers sti in the church that they must retire. cided he would tell every one else first would leave the girl a few minutes l He remembered a golden-haired sist had had forty years ago and more, and dered if she still lived, if she ever th of the brother who had renounced the and its vanities.

He cast another and softer look at recumbent figure, and stealthily going lighted three tapers from those he his hand, and placed them before a of the Virgin, knowing no better, most instinctively murmuring a p found nowhere in his liturgies, for the of the weeping girl and the comfort soul.

But the old sacristan was not th one that evening in the cathedral Sophia who had been drawn to Had her thoughts been less trouble her eyes less dim as she sat on the plinth of the great pillar, she migh noticed that a lady in black with h veiled was kneeling before an icon cl side her. The lady had been in the dral for an hour or so, and had liste voutly to the monk's chanting a evening hymn that the boys had And then she had gone to the old sa and bought some tapers from him. altar to altar, from icon to icon sl moved about lighting the tapers an ing them before her favorite saints, herself devoutly from time to tin kneeling now and then to say a pra

As she knelt near Nadja the pale ed face of the girl, so sweet and sorrowful, found a home in her once. Here was a pilgrim girl she t but it is not to touch the sacred tramp through the catacombs that here. Why is she alone? Her fa pure and so beautiful. Who is she is in great trouble.

When Nadja rose to seek the s of the corner, where she found the of the Crucifixion, the lady could watch her, and wistfully. She s sink to the floor and wept for h her sympathizing heart shot a t gratitude to the old sacristan as s tively interpreted his action.

"God bless him," she murmur shall have a new cloak to-morrow silver icon of St. Anthony."

"Sister," said the lady bending prone figure and speaking in tender "little sister, my little troubled so is it? Let me help you. It is gettin dear, in the church. Let us go out under a tree; and tell me everythin your sister. I'll help you. I'm in myself, and we'll go and cry toge help you to rise, dear."

Nadja slowly crossed the soundi and the lady's arm was around h to support her. The old sacristan the door, and the lady gave him h cupied hand and said, "God ble father." The sacristan sighed w eyes earthward, and the women into the open grassy space where t clear light that precedes the twili lingered. There was no one near, a sought a seat together under a great ing elm.

(To be continued.)

*Published in accordance with Leasing E. Rexell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto

THE GOLDEN RULE IN SOCIETY.*

OUR modern perfection of exchange and division of labor cannot last without equal perfection of morals and sympathy. Every one is living at the mercy of every one else in a way entirely peculiar to our times. Nothing is any longer made by one man; parts of things are made by parts of men, and become wholes by the help of a good-humor which so far keeps men from flying asunder. It takes a whole company to make a match. A hundred men will easily produce a hundred million matches, but not one of them could make one match. No farm gets its plough from the cross-roads blacksmith, and no one in the chilled-steel factory knows the whole of the plough. The life of Boston hangs on a succession of reciprocities which must come, as steadily and sweetly as the roll of the planets, between its bakeries, the Isle of St. Anthony, and the valley of the Red River. Never was there a social machinery so delicate. Only on terms of love and justice can men endure contact so close. The breakdown of all other civilizations has been a slow decay. It took the Northern hundreds of years to march to the Nile. They grew their way through the civil society as the tree planting itself on a grave is found to have sent its roots along every fibre and muscle of the dead. Our social is not the simple thing there was, of little groups sufficient to themselves, if need be. New York would begin to die to-morrow if it were not for Illinois and Dakota. We cannot afford a revulsion in the hearts by whose union locomotives run, mills turn, factories move. Practical men are calculating to-day on the possibility that our civilization may some afternoon be blown away by the tick of a telegraph. All these co-operations can be scattered by a word of hate too many, and we left, with power to make a plough or a match, a civilization cut off as by the Roman curse of food and fire. Less sensitive civilizations than ours have burst apart.

History has taught us nothing if men do not continue to associate by the laws of association. The golden rule is the first and last of these, but the first and last of the golden rule is that it can be operated only through laws, habits, forms, and institutions. The Constitution and laws of the United States are, however imperfectly, the translation into the language of politics of doing as you would be done by—the essence of equal rights and government by consent. To ask individuals to-day to lead by their single sacrifices the life of the miner in the world of business is as if the American colonist had been asked to lead by his individual enterprise the life of the citizen of a republic. That was made possible to him only by union with others. The business world is full of men who yearn to abandon its methods and live the love they feel—but to attempt to do so by themselves would be martyrdom, and that is "caviare to the general." "We admire martyrdom," Mazini, the martyr, said, "but we do not recommend it." The change must be social, for its martyrdoms have already begun.

The new self-interest will remain unenlightened in business until we invent the ways by which the vast multitudes who have been gathered together in modern production can organize themselves into a people there as in government. Nothing but his institutionalization will save them from being scattered away from each other again, and it can be achieved only by such arranging and concessions and co-operations as are in the price of all union. These must be gains, not losses.

There can be no public prosperity without public virtue, and no public virtue without private virtue. But private cannot be public except by organization. Our efforts at control, regulation, are but the agitations of the Gracchi, evidencing the

*From *Wealth Against Commonwealth:* by Henry Demarest Lloyd. A scathing arraignment of the methods employed by monopolists and trusts to defy the provisions of the Constitution for the protection of the whole people. Pp. 563. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

wrong, but not rising to the cure. We are waiting for some genius of good who will generalize into one body of doctrine our partial truths of reform, and will help us live the generalization.

CONSOLATION IN ADVERSITY.†

THE idea of the elegist is in line with a familiar stream of Hebrew thought, and his very words have many an echo in the language of prophet and psalmist, as, for example, in the forty-fifth psalm, where we read, "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever."

The grand Messianic hope is founded on the conviction that the ultimate establishment of God's reign throughout the world will be the best blessing imaginable for all mankind. Sometimes this is associated with the advent of a Divinely anointed earthly monarch of the line of David. At other times God's direct sovereignty is expected to be manifested in the "Day of the Lord." The failure of the feeble Zedekiah seems to have discredited the national hopes centred in the royal family. For two generations they slumbered, to be awakened in connection with another disappointing descendant of David, Zerubbabel, the leader of the return. No king was ever equal to the satisfaction of these hopes until the Promised One appeared in the fulness of the times, until Jesus was born into the world to come forth as the Lord's Christ. Meanwhile, since the royal house is under a cloud, the essential Messianic hope turns to God alone. He can deliver his people and he only. Even apart from personal hopes of rescue, the very idea of the eternal, just reign of God above the transitory thrones of men is a calming, reassuring thought.

It is strange that this idea should ever have lost its fascination among Christian people who have so much more gracious a revelation of God than was given to the Jews under the old covenant; and yet our Lord's teachings concerning the Fatherhood of God have been set forth as the direct antithesis of the Divine sovereignty, while the latter has been treated as a stern and dreadful function from which it was natural to shrink with fear and trembling. But the truth is the two attributes are mutually illustrative; for he is a very imperfect father who does not rule his own house, and he is a very inadequate sovereign who does not seek to exercise parental functions towards his people. Accordingly, the gospel of Christ is the gospel of the kingdom. Thus the good news declared by the first evangelists was to the effect that the kingdom of God was at hand, and our Lord taught us to pray, "Thy kingdom come." For Christians, at least as much as for Jews, the eternal sovereignty of God should be a source of profound confidence, inspiring hope and joy.

PULPIT AND SCHOOL.‡

THE church is the mightiest, most pervasive, most beneficent force in our civilization. It affects, directly or indirectly, all human activities and interests. It is a large property-holder, and influences the market for real estate. It is a corporation, and administers large trusts. It is a public institution, and is therefore the subject of protective legislation. It is a capitalist, and gathers and distributes large wealth. It is an employer, and furnishes means of support to ministers, organists, singers, janitors, and others. It is a relief organization, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and assisting the destitute. It is a university, training children and instructing old and young by public lectures on religion, morals, industry, thrift, and the duties of citizenship. It is a reformatory influence, recovering the vicious, immoral, and dangerous elements of society and making them exemplary citizens. It is organized beneficence, founding hospitals for the sick, asylums for orphans, refuges for the homeless, and schools, colleges, and universities for the ignorant. Every cornerstone it lays, it lays for the world; its ministers are messengers of good tidings, ambassadors of hope, and angels of mercy. What is there among men to compare with the church in its power to educate, elevate, and civilize mankind?

—*Henry K. Carroll.*

The fireside, the pulpit, the school, and the shop must be linked and leagued together. Each must help every other. Home must connect itself in all its firm authorities, sweet affections, and tender influences, with pulpit, school, and shop. Pulpit must send its reverence, faith, and hope, its lofty moral and religious standards and its sacred magnetism into home, school, and shop. School must reach with its habits of honest, concentrated, and continuous thinking, its wealth of learning and its broad horizons, pulpit, home, and shop, and shop must put its knowledge of men and things, its tact, industry, and economy, and its wholesome common-sense into the administrations of the family, the utterances of the pulpit, and the instructions of the school.

—*John H. Vincent.*

†From the new volume of *The Expositor's Bible*, which includes Canticles and the Lamentations. By Prof. Walter F. Adeney, M. A. An able exposition of two of the most difficult books of the Bible. Pp. 346; price $1.50. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth street, New York.

‡From *Patriotic Citizenship*, by Thos. J. Morgan, Ex. U. S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs. A book of information for the people, its object being to stimulate patriotism and promote good citizenship; pp. 366, price $1.00. Copiously illustrated. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Three Colonial Boys. A Story of the Series of 1776; by Everett T. [illegible]. Illustrated; it deals with one of the most interesting [illegible] of American history, and is a book that will be read with delight by the young people. Pp. 388, cloth binding, price $1.50. W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston, publishers.

In Wild Africa, the adventures of two youths in a journey through the Sahara Desert, by Thomas W. Knox; illustrated. Pp. 325, cloth binding, price $1.50. W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston, publishers.

College Girls, by Abbe Carter Goodloe (illustrated). A book of delightful reading for leisure hours. Pp. 288, cloth covers, price $1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

A Guide to Systematic Readings in the Encyclopædia Britannica, by James Baldwin, Ph.D. Particularly serviceable to literary men and students. Pp. 316, cloth binding. The Werner Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

Those Midsummer Fairies, by Theodora C. Elmslie. The story of a spoiled child, who was led to happiness. Pp. 352, cloth covers, illustrated, price $1.25. American Sunday-School Union, New York and Philadelphia, publishers.

The Missionary Pastor; Helps for developing the missionary life in the church, by Rev. James Edward Adams; illustrated with charts, cloth binding, price 75 cents. Fleming H. Revell, New York, Chicago, and Toronto, publishers.

Always Upward; A series of papers on Life; its Aids; Rewards. By Rev. Burdett Hart, D.D. Pp. 296, price $1.25. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, Toronto.

Quick Truths in Quaint Texts; by Robert Stuart MacArthur, D.D. Twenty sermons. Pp. 336, price $1.25. Published by the American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

Christ in Isaiah; Expositions of Isaiah 40-45, by Rev. F. B. Meyer. Pp. 243, price $1. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, 112 5th ave., New York.

The Expositor's Bible; The Book of Jeremiah 21-52; by W. H. Bennett, M.A. This excellent series of works on the Bible is enriched by this its latest edition. Pp. 372, price $1.50. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 E. 10th st., New York.

A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans. By Professors William Sanday and Rev. Arthur C. Headlam, also of the International Series. The authors have brought from history and theology many new suggestions elucidatory of this important Epistle. Pp. 450; price $3. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

America or Rome, which? By John T. Christian, D.D., A.M. Illustrated; pp. 280; price $1. Published by The Baptist Book Concern, Louisville, Ky.

Womanhood, Hints and Helps for Young Women. By William M. Thayer. Pp. 175; price 75c. Published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

Aim High, Hints and Helps for Young Men. By William M. Thayer. Pp. 181; price 75c. Published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Judges. By Professor George Foot Moore. A new volume of the International Series, in which this eminent Hebrew scholar has shed much light on one of the most difficult books of the Bible. Pp. 476; price $3. Published by Charles Scribner's Son, New York.

ROYAL

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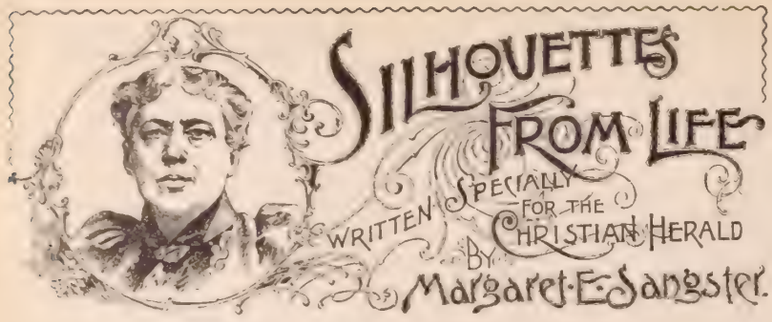

A Little Child.

NO, strange as it sounds to tell it, De Forest Smythe and his wife haven't spoken to one another in ten years!"

"You don't say so? How do they manage to get along? It must be mightily inconvenient to say the least."

"Of course, but both DeForest and Kitty are fearfully proud, and awfully set in their ways. Now, they don't live together. He has gone to Jane's, his daughter's, up the hill, and she is living at Ned's, the son's, down the hill. They don't come in contact much. They sit opposite each other in church, like two old graven images, and hymns and prayers and sermons, them bein' so sure both of 'em that they are right, and the 'tother one wrong, just float off them like water off a duck's back. Passes me, how they can say the Lord's Prayer, but they do, for I've watched, and they don't even balk at 'Forgive us our debts.'"

"What made them quarrel?"

"Nobody knows. Neither of them ever told, but it's supposed it was over the meadow-lot, which De Forest wanted to sell, and couldn't unless Kitty 'd give her consent, and sign her name. He got her to the lawyer's office s'posin' she 'd be ashamed to refuse there, but she was clear grit, and walked out and went home to her churnin' leavin' her husband standin' there like a fool, and madder 'n all possessed. Dan Stacey saw him go into his own gate black as a thunder cloud. He heard the churn stop, and them two said a few words to one another, but he couldn't make out what they was, he bein' in the barn door. Then DeForest come out the kitchen walkin' sort o' slow and stumblin' like, and white as a sheet.

"From that time on, while the children were to home, they'd make go-betweens of them. 'Jane, your father 'll have the bread,' 'Ned, ask your mother if she's goin' to town, and if she needs any money.' Inconvenient and round about, but folks can get along that way, when they have to. And she wouldn't ask his pardon, and he wouldn't ask hers, and as for the south meadow-lot, it lies fallow, and has done so ever since the quarrel."

The Smythes were people of substance, both college graduates, and they had loved one another dearly. In truth, under the hard crust of a ten years' silence, beneath the bitterness of a separation as final, apparently as if it had been dictated by law, they loved each other still. The human heart is a queer, contradictory thing. De Forest Smythe, from under his shaggy eye-brows watched his wife with keen, critical eyes; blue eyes that could smite like a scimitar. Ah! they had once melted as ice melts in the spring, with yearning affection for her. But he never expected to speak to her again.

"She's straight as a sapling, if she is fifty years old," he said to himself. "And white hair is becoming to her, poor Kitty. If only she wasn't so headstrong. The idea of her daring to set herself against me, about my land. But she's the only woman who ever dared to stand up to me! I admire her, but I'll never forgive her, never!" So ran his thoughts, as he sat in church, on the opposite aisle from his wife, in their son's pew, she, in his daughter's. And the minister went on preaching.

And Kitty, furtively surveying her handsome husband, thought to herself, "How well he carries his grey head, but he stoops a little, and Jenny does not put the gloss on his linen, she ought to." A mist dimmed her soft brown eyes. She remembered a day years ago when in that very church the old pastor, not this one, but his grandfather, had said:

"Wilt thou, Kitty, have this man, De Forest, for thy wedded husband, for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse, till death do ye part?"

And "yes" was what she had said, meaning it, and now they were parted, but not by death.

One morning, very early, De Forest Smythe came to his son's door.

"Ned," he said, "tell your mother that Jane wants her. The baby and Eleanor are both sick. Little Nell is very badly off. The doctor's been there for hours."

"Mother ought to have known it sooner, father; why didn't they send?"

"Your mother's not so strong as she was, Ned, and I didn't want her to be disturbed."

It did not take long for Mrs. Smythe to reach her grandchild's bedside. Diptheria often does its work quickly, and sometimes so swiftly that there are time for few farewells.

The sick child looked eagerly around to see if her dear ones were all present. Then, reaching one hot hand to grandpapa, and and one to grandmamma, she said the verse she had recited last Sunday in her class, sweetly, loudly, her eyes fixed on the two broken-hearted old faces: "Little—children—love—one—another!" a gasp between the linked words. Then the light faded from the sweet eyes, the bereaved mother threw herself on her mother's breast with a long, low, wailing cry, and DeForest Smythe—the fountain of his strong man's tears rent at last—gathered his wife and daughter into a long embrace.

"Kitty, Kitty, Kitty," he sobbed, "pardon a stubborn, wicked old man, who has loved you all along."

"Dearie," answered the wife, "I've been sorry for ten years. I'll sign my name tomorrow."

And as they were thus reconciled, there was joy in the presence of the angels of God, where one more little white-robed saint was being led to the Throne, and up to the seat where the Lord welcomes the dear little children to heaven.

That day had Christ gone into his garden to gather lilies. And the perfume of that gathered lily, made fragrant the rest of the journey for the two old people who had sinned and repented. So true it is that, through the ages, of the fierce and the vindictive, the cold and the unloving, it may still be said, "And a little child shall lead them."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

NEW HEBRIDES MISSIONS.

Probably no mission field in the world affords a more gratifying instance of continued success than that of the New Hebrides. Not only has there been good work done on shore, but the means of communicating between island and island, and between the groups and Australia have been multiplied as the work advanced. The first vessel engaged in connection with the mission was the "Columba," of five tons: the second, the "John Knox;" the third, the "Dayspring," and the fourth, a second "Dayspring." For the last five years the mission has been served mainly by steamers. The first "Dayspring" was driven ashore in a hurricane in 1873, after ten years' service; the second, after fifteen years' service, having become too small and too slow, was sold. The "Rob Roy," the present inter-island steamer is 369 tons, and another, the ocean-going "Katoomba," is 1006 tons.

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN INDIA.

A shocking story comes from India, of human sacrifice to the heathen gods. The son of a Hindu, the last survivor of several brothers, was taken seriously ill. The father, in despair, consulted a Brahmin soothsayer, who recommended a human sacrifice (we presume to Kali); and undertook, for a small consideration, to obtain a victim. With another accomplice he succeeded in kidnapping a boy, the son of a laborer, and after having brought him to the invalid, who was made to lay his hands upon him, removed him to his own house, where the ceremony was thus enacted: A fowl was first of all brought and torn in two while still living. Next a goat was brought in, and despatched in a similarly barbarous manner. Lastly, the child was enticed in, by the promise of a good meal, and strangled, his blood being then mingled with that of the other victims. The father of the murdered boy, in anxiety as to his disappearance, traced him as far as the house, and gave notice to the police, who arrested both perpetrators on suspicion. Eventually one was induced to turn Queen's evidence on the other, and the frightful story was elicited. A similar attempt was made at Kali Ghat a year or two ago, but was fortunately stopped in time.

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It makes a delicious drink, and relieves fatigue and depression. A grateful tonic.

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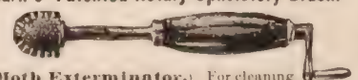
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CONSUMPTION.

THE DREAD DRAGON OF THE HUM FAMILY FINALLY CONQUERED.

Dr. Robert Hunter, the Med Scientist, Editor and Author, A a Period of Research Extend Over Fifty Years, Announces the World the Discovery o Specific Remedy for This Her fore Fatal Malady — A Scien Discussion of the Disease, Causes, Treatment and Cure.

The recent publications in regard to consum led to the seeking of an interview with Dr. R Hunter, the consumption specialist, of No. 117 Forty-fifth street, this city.

The writer, on being ushered into the prese Dr. Hunter, was immediately impressed b strong personality—a man of gigantic frame, proportioned, upon whose broad shoulders is p a magnificently shaped head, with a face outline and features are strikingly classical impresses one as being a gladiator both in phy and intellect.

The history of Dr. Hunter is an interestin He was one of the first consumptive special this country, and has been engaged in acti search in this field for over fifty years. He 1855 the editor of "Hunter's Medical Speciali Journal of Diseases of the Chest," which had motto "The cultivation of a spirit of Free In which is not shackled by usage or tradition while it has all due reverence for the labors past, finds their best use in furnishing mate greater progress in the future." It was a n piece in its line, and nothing abler has since be tributed to this branch of medical literature. also the author of "The Principles and Pr of Inhalation," "The Story of Consumption a Treatment," and of numerous pamphlets co ing consumption and its treatment. He is nized by the medical profession as being a in the scientific investigation of this disea statements concerning it being accepted as puted authority. He adopted the germ th Martin, Barron Carmichael and Lanza in 185 a thorough investigation, and has since the cessfully maintained it as the only doctrine th bodied the true cause of consumption.

This germ theory is now the accepted doct the medical profession throughout the worl it was not until 1891 (forty years after Dr. proclaimed it in the "Specialist") that Dr. Koch, of Berlin, demonstrated its indisputabl by finding the particular germ that caus sumption in the sputum and tissues of the l those afflicted, and thus forced the profes publicly adopt it. When Dr. Koch propo treat consumption by injecting a poisonous virus into the veins of consumptives Dr. foresaw its failure, and wrote a pamphlet denc it as a dangerous delusion which was certa sult in injury instead of benefit. His ju proved prophetic, for it caused the death o numbers, and aggravated the sufferings and of all who submitted to it. Dr. Hunter's co was that no poisonous animal compound o sive drugs could ever be safely introduced human blood or could benefit the lungs in th "To cure consumption," said he, "it is nece discover and apply to the germs and germ- parts remedies sufficiently powerful to dest expel them. Such remedies can only be ap the germs by inhaling them into the lungs all the danger lies." His efforts became on this one purpose to discover such a reme he has now perfected his cure and proved cess. Hundreds have been cured by it, all parts of the Union patients have ap him, and send grateful thanks for its and life-saving power in their cases. No discovery, we will venture to say, of our destined to create so profound a sensation out the whole world as this announcemen finding of a perfected remedy and certain consumption by so eminent and celebrated physician as Dr. Robert Hunter. He seems a veritable storehouse of medic and clinical experience in all that pertains lungs and their diseases. Not only has he a cure for consumption, but he has recently vented an instrument for preventing it by ex and strengthening weak and obstructed thereby improving their breathing and power.

The doctor has published his discover described the application of his treatm pamphlet, which any one having wea can obtain free by addressing him at dence, 117 West 45th St., New York.

EARL HARLA
New York

Jerusalem Sends a Gift.

"Children's Home" Remembered by the Children of the Holy City.

FROM distant Jerusalem there came a few days ago a letter enclosing two Russian bank notes of one rouble each, for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn. The letter, was from M. Sandreczky, Director

MISS SANDRECZKY
Of the Marienstift, Jerusalem.

Marienstift, or Children's Hospital, salem, said:

re so very kind in assisting the Children's that my own children were interested in unts of your Home for the poor children of rk. They were distressed at the amount of sickness, and vice that exist in your tene- ot very far from the doors of the millionaires, we saw several this winter in Jerusalem. dren would like to help some poor girl in me, and I send two paper Russian roubles. girl it comes from girls in Jerusalem. One laughters is training now in Germany for my Children's Hospital here. Another r is the head nurse of the Marienstift. Our going on under God's blessing. We only he Almighty to give us a home of our own, work may be carried on at less yearly ex- nd with less fatigue to all of us. Now the s in one house, combined with the consulta- m, the dispensary, the depots, the kitchen, nurses. The patients live in another house es away. In the heat of summer and dur- storms and rains of winter, it is a hard work us.

ve waited and prayed for this needed home hree years. I have not been to Europe in e years—not away from Palestine. I know some of my children there, because I want to disturb the blessed work, which de- so badly on my presence.

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THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The Rev. C. H. Mead Asks the Help of the Readers of "The Christian Herald" in Supporting its Work.

THE scores of letters and the many kind expressions by word of mouth, received from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in reference to my sketches that have appeared from time to time, make me feel as if I had secured for my characters a place in their hearts, as well as an interest in the writer. The publisher and editors of this journal have been more than kind to me in the past, and a new proof of their friendship is given in an unsolicited offer to me to make an appeal to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fireside circle of friends, for my new work as Field Secretary of the National Temperance Society. For twenty-five years that Society has been doing the only distinctive temperance missionary work among the colored people in the South. As far as the means would allow, text-books on Alcohol and Hygiene have been put into the universities and schools, papers, tracts, and books have been scattered, and colored missionaries put into the field. The results have been marvelous and far-reaching, but lack of means has left much of the territory untouched. The appeals that reach me from colored preachers and teachers, rob me of many a night's sleep, and it is as natural as breathing for the tears to come to my eyes, and the prayers to my lips. I am trying, under God, to serve my day and generation the best I know how, and that is my one excuse for making this appeal for help. The financial distress of the past three years has brought a debt upon the National Temperance Society of more than $8,000. Unless that debt is speedily wiped out, the work in the South must cease. I think it would break my heart for it to stop; I know it would bring discouragement to a race that is making a brave struggle against fearful odds. If the hundreds of thousands of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will come to the help of the Society, even in small sums, they will wipe out the debt, lighten my heart, cheer a struggling race, bring to themselves a blessing, and put me under an obligation that I will try and make good with my pen, by sending more frequent sketches to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as soon as my load of care is removed. I send out this appeal with a prayer for God's blessing upon the proprietor and publishers, and editors and readers of a journal that is doing so much to make the world brighter and better.

C. H. MEAD.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

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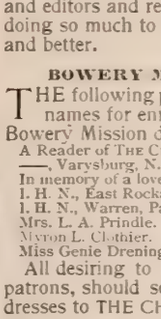

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SEEMING AND BEING.

An Address by Rev. J. Reid Howatt.
Text: "*Ephraim is a cake not turned.*" Hos. 7 : 8.

THIS is a strange text, but there are so many strange people in the world that odd words are sometimes needed to reach them. God speaks to people in ways they shall understand: to scholars he speaks scholarly, which is always simply; to shepherds he speaks as a Shepherd; and he breaks up great truths into little portions for children. Many might not understand about stars, or geography, or history, but all can understand about a cake. You can!—very well, too! Suppose you saw a nice-looking cake in a shop window, and bought it, but found when you took the first bite that it was nasty—brown and beautiful on the one side, but damp and doughy on the other—then you would say that it was a cake that had not been turned while baking. It was only half-baked, and you would say it was a deceit. There are people like that; they look so beautiful and good when in church, or when they want you to see them at their best; but when you come to try them, they are anything but pleasant. They are cakes not turned.

Here is a boy, for example, who has to learn five questions by heart, with their answers. But he thinks he will get off easily if he learns only the fifth question and its answer, and places himself the fifth in the class. But when the master comes, he begins with him; and he cannot tell the first or the second question, or any but the fifth. He is a cake not turned; he pretended he had learnt all, but had not. He was deceiving.

Here, again, is a girl: she has got some sewing to do, and when she is asked if she has done it, and she says she has. Yes; but how? With great wide stitches, an inch or two long, when they should have been closer together than the teeth of a comb. She is a cake not turned.

Jesus was once speaking of this kind of thing, and took cups and saucers for his text. "Be thorough," he said, never deceive; if you pretend to wash the cups and saucers, wash them both inside and out. Do not wash the outside only, and make-believe about the inside. And do the same with you characters. If you pretend to be good, then be good, inside and out,—in your heart and your thoughts, as well as in your appearance."

And that is what this cake is meant to teach—Be thorough; do not try to appear to be what you are not. When you are very sick and ill, and your face is pale, and you are in danger of dying, the doctor does not come and say, "Ah! you do not look well, we must make you look better," and then begin to paint your face, so as to give you the color of health. If he only did that, you would die with the paint on your face! But the doctor is wiser, and tries to make you well inside; once he succeeds in doing that, you soon come to look well outside. He makes you healthy, and then you seem healthy. And that is always the best way to seem good—by being good. What is the good of seeming good if your thoughts are bad, and if you like in your heart to listen to naughty stories, and to repeat wicked words? God can see what is within as clearly as he can see what is without; and though you might look well in the eyes of others, God can see when you are only as a cake not turned. Try to be thorough in everything, inside and out, and through and through.

Sometimes you say, "I would like to be good and true, and love Jesus rightly, only I would like first of all to do this thing, though it is bad, or go to that place, though it is wrong, if—if—if!" That reminds me of an old fisherman we shall call John Brand, for, I am sorry to say, I have forgotten his real name. The fishing had not been good for some days, the water had been wild and stormy; but at length, on the Sabbath, the weather became fine, and the other fishermen said: "We shall have to go to the Sabbath meeting—we have had so few fish lately; and we are sorry to go to-day—but the weather is so good. It is a pity; we would not go if we were not so poor." "What!" said Brand to him, "Are you going to break God's laws with your ifs and buts? Better be poor than be wicked. My religion is not the kind that flies with the wind. 'Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy'—that is enough for me."

So he persuaded them, and they took his advice, and spent the time in worshipping God. And it was well they did so; for that night, just when the boats would have been coming back, a terrible storm suddenly burst over the deep, and lasted two days. Any boat out in that weather would certainly have been wrecked. But two days after, the beautiful weather returned, and more fish were taken then than had been caught for weeks before.

No; no one ever yet lost by obeying God. Be you like John Brand; be thorough, honest and God-fearing in and out; do not have a religion like a weathercock that shifts with the wind, or one that can be broken with an "if" or a "but."

God sees you always, and sees you altogether. A great sculptor in Greece, long ago, made a statue that was to be set on a high column, yet he was as particular about the hair on the top of the statue's head as about all the rest. "Why should you take such pains about that?" someone asked him; "for no man will be able to see the top of the head when the figure is on the column." "No," said the sculptor; "but God will see it."

So with you, my little friend, so with you; therefore be thorough, inside and out, and through and through. Be true in heart if you would be true in life, for it is out of the heart that life comes.

A BRAVE AFRICAN CONVERT.

A remarkable story is related of a native African girl—a Christian convert—named Nyangandi, who lived near the Ogowe River, West Africa. One Saturday she came in her canoe with two bunches of plantains to sell to the missionary. When she was going away, Mrs. Batchelor, the missionary's wife said to her: "Now, you must not forget that to-morrow will be the Sabbath day, and you have already promised to come every time." "Yes," said the girl, "I will surely come if I am alive." And so she did; but no one knew how she got there, until at the close of the service she told the girls that in the night her canoe had been stolen, and none of her friends would lend her one; but she had promised to come to church, and so she felt she must. She swam all the way! The current was swift, the water deep, and the river fully a third of a mile wide: but by swimming diagonally she succeeded in crossing the river. If this heathen girl, who knew only a little about the Gospel, could take so much pains to keep her word and honor the Sabbath day, how much more should favored Christian people do so.

pale folk

How many pale folk there are! People who have the will, but no power to bring out their vitality. People who swing like a pendulum between strength and weakness—so that one day's work causes six days' sickness! People who have no life for resisting disease—thin people, nerveless delicate!

The food for all such is Scott's Emulsion. The hypophosphites of lime and soda, with the oil, will tone up the system, give the blood new life, improve the appetite and keep up digestion!

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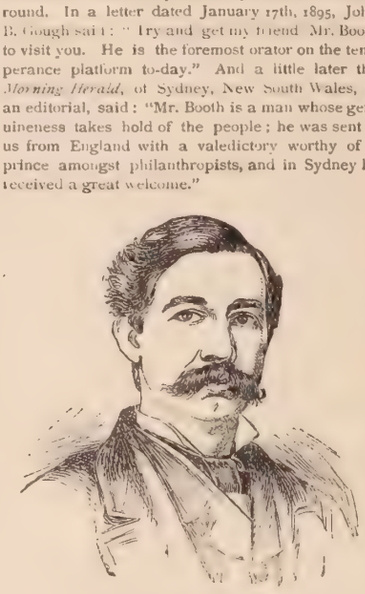
RICHARD T. BOOTH.

Friend and Co-Worker of Spurgeon and Gough.

We present to our readers this week the portrait and a brief history of a remarkable man, with a wonderful career in philanthropic work the world round. In a letter dated January 17th, 1895, John B. Gough said: "Try and get my friend Mr. Booth to visit you. He is the foremost orator on the temperance platform to-day." And a little later the *Morning Herald*, of Sydney, New South Wales, in an editorial, said: "Mr. Booth is a man whose genuineness takes hold of the people; he was sent to us from England with a valedictory worthy of a prince amongst philanthropists, and in Sydney he received a great welcome."



RICHARD T. BOOTH.

Mr. Booth, who is a native of Ithica, New York, has given the best years of his life, and almost life itself, to the cause of social reform. As one result of his labors in his own and foreign lands, one million converts were enrolled. It is easy enough to write "a million converts," but it is not so easy to put in words "the battle sieges and fortunes" which such a conquest implies. Who can tell the toils and trials, the places visited, the miles of land and seas traversed, the expenditure of vital energy, the mental anxiety, the day journeyings and night watches that lie below those million converts, and of which they are the flower and crown.

It was in September, 1882, while holding a series of meetings in the London Tabernacle, made famous by the great Spurgeon, who was Mr. Booth's staunch friend and co-worker, that the first serious breakdown occurred. The strain of speaking nightly to six or seven thousand people was too much. He was taken to Broadlands, the country seat of the late Lord Palmerston, where he was nursed and cared for by his friends, Lord and Lady Mount-Temple, and from whence he was sent to the south of France. His lungs now gave way entirely, and after struggling for a year against his rapidly developing disease, he was sent to Australia by the late Dr. Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's medical adviser. It was in the *dry interior* of Australia that Mr. Booth regained the robust health that has never since left him.

Now the point of all this is: Mr. Booth was not indebted to the sunnier skies or softer winds of Australia for his cure, but to the fact that constantly, day and night, sleeping or waking, he was breathing a dry air, impregnated with nature's own antiseptics.

A perfectly well man, Mr. Booth has returned to America to carry on a new work, and has brought to it the same intense earnestness that characterized his labor on the platform. Recognizing the futility of trying to reach the germs in the respiratory organs by way of the stomach, or hypodermically by way of the blood, he concentrated all his efforts on *a method of inhalation*, and PYOMEI, the Australian Dry-Air Treatment of Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the respiratory organs, is the result.

His work in the introduction of HYOMEI is meeting with unbounded success. Dr. Morris, of Buffalo, writes on Sept. 4th, 1895:

Dear Sir: In thirty years' experience in the practice of medicine I have never given my name in support of a proprietory remedy, for I never saw one that performed all, and more than was claimed for it, until I met with *Hyomei*, which I endorse with all my heart (professional ethics to the contrary notwithstanding), for I believe it a duty I owe to humanity. Since testing *Hyomei*, in Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, Hay Fever, and last, but far from being least, Colloquial Consumption in an advanced stage, which by use of *Hyomei*, with no other medicine, in four weeks was transformed into an assured recovery, I believe in it for itself, for what it has done.

S. H. MORRIS, M.D.,
159 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Many people write to Mr. Booth asking, "what is HYOMEI, anyway?" To these we would say: It is a purely vegetable antiseptic, and destroys the germs which cause diseases of the respiratory organs. It renders the air you inhale of the same degree of purity as that found on a mountain 5,000 feet above the sea level, where grow certain trees and plants which help in making the air purer by giving off volatile, antiseptic odors and vapors that are both fragrant and healing.

The air, thoroughly charged with HYOMEI, inhaled through the pocket inhaler at the mouth, after permeating the minutest air cells, is slowly exhaled through the nose. It is aromatic, delightful to inhale, and gives immediate relief. It instantly stops all spasmodic coughing, clears the voice, expands the lungs, and increases the breathing capacity.

Mr. Booth has opened an institute at 18 East 20th St., New York, where he will be glad to see all persons afflicted, or he will send the pocket inhaler outfit, complete, by mail, for $1.00, this outfit, consisting of pocket inhaler, made of deodorized hard rubber, beautifully polished, a bottle of HYOMEI, a dropper, and full directions for using.

326 WEST 33D ST., NEW YORK, Sept. 4, 1895.
Mr. R. T. Booth,

Dear Sir: After using HYOMEI for several months, and observing its effects upon many others, I wish to give my testimony as to its merits. I have seen it used in cases of Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchial affection, with wonderful relief, where other remedies had failed. In each case it gave promise of a speedy and permanent cure. Personally, I may add, it has been of great service to me, giving clearness and elasticity to my voice in speaking and singing. Yours cordially,

REV. PETER STRYKER, D.D.
President General Synod Reformed Church.
President Stryker Seminary.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 8, 1895.

The pocket inhaler works like a charm. The first inhalation gave relief. It is a blessing to humanity, and I am sorry it is not better known. I shall name to the "Pass-it-on-Society." Sincerely yours,

REV. J. M. FARRAR.

Mr. Booth has similar letters by the hundred. They have come unsolicited; they have come from the spontaneous gratitude of those benefited and cured. We respectfully call attention to the testimonials of well-known living men and women. If you are open to conviction write to R. T. Booth, 18 East 20th St., New York, for a pocket inhaler outfit, or for an explanatory pamphlet.

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A LITTLE HIGHER.

LI..E higher yet—until we're lifted
Al..e the obscuring clouds that dim our sight:
I c souls have through the darkness drifted
on..d's marvelous light.

..ie arer—till earth's joys and sorrows
r.. beneath us in the shadows lie,
..ve ave glimpses of the bright to-morrow
at eits us in the sky.

..e gher yet—a little nearer,
..il last a glorious crown is won
St.. we soar. sounds sweeter still, and clearer.
..nt of God, well done!"

Nineveh and the Bible.

THE story of Nineveh is one of those remarkable instances which serve to prove that fact is sometimes stranger than fiction. For twenty-five centuries after its entombment, Nineveh con..be a name without a local habita.. homeless spectre of the night of which served to baffle or scare the ..udent who would gaze upon its form. The opinion of the learned in this state of bewilderment till ..843, when M. Botta was appointe.., Consul for the town of Mosul ..igris. Being of an antiquarian ..ind and having been led to enter..able expectations of the resources ..ighborhood, this gentleman com..e excavation of a mound known ..name of Kouyounjik, which, aft..th's trial with little success, was ..d in favor of another named Khor.., out twelve miles distant. The ..ad not proceeded far when a wall ..masonry was reached, and, soon ..acious chamber, the walls of which ..elled with slabs of alabaster and ..with a profusion of bas-reliefs. ..imber was found to communicate ..yrinth of rooms and halls of the ..unding number and dimensions, ..e pile covering many acres of ..within its seemingly interminable

..mpossible to mistake the signifi..nis revelation. The recovery of ..ost Nineveh had been achieved. ..s of excavation now received a ..lse from the late Austin Henry ..noted Englishman, who possess..r qualifications for this enterprise. ..rrived on the scene of operations, ..xplorer determined to open ground ..ient mound which was known by ..of Nimroud. His zeal was speed..led by the discovery of another ..spendous palaces of the monarchs ..h. This magnificent ruin proved ..erfect quarry of antiquities, very ..which are now to be found in the ..useum. The most valuable of ..cs which have been dug from the ..Nineveh are the inscriptions on ..cylinders written in arrow-head..ers, not one of which could be ..at the time of discovery. ..y, happily, was subsequently ..e reward of the persevering ap..f the German student Grotefend; ..ntese inscriptions, to the number ..ds and thousands, are read with ..certainty as a chapter in the He..e. The knowledge which has ..ined from these sources has sup..e real wants in ancient history, ..ticularly valuable for the light it ..n some obscure and difficult por..e Old Testament narrative. The ..instance will serve as an illustra.. first verse of the twentieth chap..Isaiah reads thus:—"In the year that ..me into Ashdod (when Sargon, ..of Assyria, sent him), and fought ..shdod and took it." It happens ..ame Sargon is never mentioned ..ient historians, and is, therefore, ..known outside the sacred Script..Even in the Bible he is not mention..the Books of Kings and Chronicles. ..e names of the other Assyrian ..s noticed. This verse in Isaiah, then, ..only place in all history, whether sa..profane, where the word Sargon ..s. Even there it is referred to only ..ingually. This being so, it was ..ible to a weak faith to give up the ..a of Sargon as a distinct individ..and to consider the name as an..designation of some one of the As..syrian rulers who are otherwise known. It need be no cause for wonder that it was so with the ordinary rank and file of the writers of secular history, who seldom show much deference to the authority of the Bible; but it is a surprise to find that not a single commentator of Scripture had sufficient confidence in the literal accuracy of the Word of God to accept this merely incidental allusion as a guarantee for the existence of a King of Nineveh who bore the name of Sargon, as against the silence of all history. Yet such was really the case. Orthodox and conservative interpreters like Matthew Henry, Thomas Scott, and Adam Clarke—names deservedly held in high esteem in the Christian community—all agreed in yielding up this point, and differed only in deciding whether Sargon was another name for Shalmaneser, Sennacherib, or Esarhaddon. How does the question look now in the fresh light which the monuments have thrown on the past? The result has been a triumphant vindication of the literal accuracy of the Sacred narrative, even in the casual and passing allusion that had been made by the prophet. Sargon was neither Sennacherib nor Esarhaddon, but was the father of the former and the grandfather of the latter. The first palace which was discovered in the search among the ruins of Nineveh had been built by Sargon. Copious annals of his reign, extending over fifteen years, have also been found. He is proved to have waged successful wars against all his neighbors, as also to have enlarged and embellished the royal city of Nineveh. So much is certain, that scepticism has got a fresh enemy to fight, and one which is not to be overcome by specious theories of New Theology and Higher Criticism.

ONLY A STEP.

ONLY a step removed
And that step—into bliss;
Our own, our dearly loved,
Whom here on earth we miss.

Not stranded in the dark,
But veiled by purest light;
Each safely anchored bark
Now hidden from our sight.

Not hushed the pleasant song
That used to greet our ear,
But 'mid the Angel throng
Sounding more sweet and clear.

Not passed away the love
So rich, so true, so pure,
But perfected above,
And ever to endure.

Only a step removed.
We soon again shall meet
Our own, our dearly loved,
Around the Saviour's feet.

SARAH G. STOCK.

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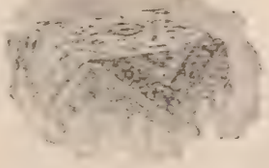

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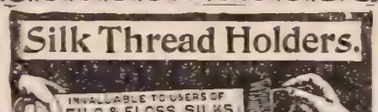

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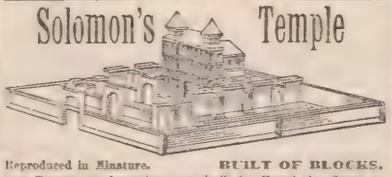
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The Deluge in History.

Traditions Concerning it Preserved by all the Older Nations—Anti-Diluvian Civilization.

IN a recently published pamphlet in "The Historical Deluge," Sir J. William Dawson gives this interesting passage:

It has long been known that traditions of a deluge exist among most of the old civilized nations of Europe and Asia, and similar traditions have been found in America, more especially among the more civilized peoples of the South. Every tribe naturally refers the cataclysm to its own locality, but this is merely an evidence of the antiquity and originality of the story. Even unwritten traditions of this kind, though perhaps mixed with much that is childish and fabulous, must not be despised, for oral tradition, if fixed in a definite form of words, or connected with known natural objects or any recurring festival or ceremony, becomes, like fossil footprints, imperishable.

The greatest amount of attention has, however, been fived on the deluge narratives of Chaldea, as being the oldest, and those pertaining to the oldest abodes of civilized man. They were at first known through the fragments preserved to us of the Chaldean history of Borosus; but the discoveries made by Layard and others of records inscribed in clay tablets in the ruins of the library or archive-chamber of Assurbani-pal, king of Assyria, have not only shown that Berosus founded his history of the event on ancient documents, but have given us many details not otherwise accessible. The tablets of Assur-bani-pal are of comparatively late date, as he was a contemporary of the kings of Judah, but they purport to have been copies from ancient records preserved in Chaldean temples, and representing the earliest history of a people who possessed letters before the age of Abraham.

These records, the now celebrated Chaldean tablets, are in European museums, and have been translated by the late George Smith and others, so that they now constitute one of the oldest known portions of primeval literature. The Chaldean account is apparently connected with the history of an ancient hero-hunter whose name has been read Gisdubar, and who is known to be identical in date, character and actions, with the Biblical Nimrod. This post-diluvial hero is reported to have sought an interview with Hasisadra, the Chaldean Noah, who was believed, as an immortal and deified man, to have his abode at the mouth of the Euphrates and its confluent streams, as if set to watch that the waters of the great deep should not return to overflow the land. The translated and glorified patriarch is made to relate in poetical and imaginative guise his own experiences in the great flood. We thus have a poetical version of the deluge narrative prepared by a very ancient author, who probably had access to original documents now lost to us. He weaves this into a complex mythological form, containing the different gods of the Chaldean pantheon as actors in the drama, just as Homer brings in the gods of Olympus in the "Iliad." Of course the comparison of such a production with the plain prosaic statements of Genesis cannot yield any very certain result. There are, however, such coincidences as compel us to believe that the authors of Genesis and of the Chaldean poem have had access to the same facts.

On the other hand, the differences are sufficient to show that the one cannot be copied from the other, and the balance of probability is altogether in favor of the Biblical account being the older and more accurate of the two. The account in Genesis is, as we have already seen, a plain narrative of the nature of contemporary annals, while the Chaldean story introduces many imaginary deities, and expands the story by a number of accessory matters, having the aspect of additions to increase the attractiveness and 'sensational' character of the story, or to adapt it for liturgical use in temple services. The agreements relate to matters of fact, capable of being ascertained by observation. The differences consist in fanciful and mythological additions to the Chaldean version. In both records the moral element is the same—Divine wrath against the sins of men. In both, the means of deliverance for the godly family is an ark or ship, built under Divine direction, and coated with bitumen; in both, animals are preserved as well as men; in both the physical agencies appear the same; in both, the patriarch uses birds as his messengers. These features cannot be accidental resemblances; but the accessories of pilot and mariners, the addition of the swallow to the birds, and the complex machinery of gods and goddesses in the Chaldean version, must be attributed to the imagination of the poet, whose work we have a right to assume is founded on facts derived from a document similar to that which we have in Genesis.

Another line of historic parallelism, in my judgment quite as important, is that which relates to the state of civilization of the antediluvians and the survivors of the deluge. I have already shown that in this Genesis is consistent with itself. Even in postdiluvian times it would be absurd to infer from a description of the arts of ancient Chaldea and Egypt that a similar advancement of social life must have existed in Northern and Western Europe.

The evidence now before us that Europe was at the time inhabited by barbarous tribes does not invalidate either the Chaldean statements or those of Genesis. But the evidence of old Chaldean monuments, extending almost as far back as the deluge, gives us positive confirmation of these statements, since it shows that at a period much too early to allow of the rise of civilization, the Akkadians and their confreres in Chaldea were erecting magnificent temples and temple towers, were practising the arts of metallurgy, pottery, sculpture, agriculture, and navigation, in a manner scarcely if at all inferior to that of their successors in later historic periods. In point of fact, the early civilizations of Chaldea, Egypt, and Phœnicia are inexplicable, except on the supposition that the survivors of the great deluge were civilized men.

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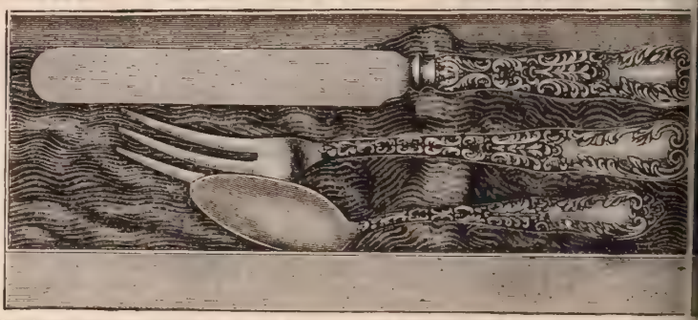

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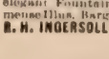

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Dr. Dunning, who recently conducted a large party of pilgrims through Palestine, gives some interesting facts concerning its growth in population: The present population of the territory, anciently known as Palestine, is estimated at 650,000. The present number of "The Journal" of the German Palestine Society gives the Jews in that country as 43,783. It is probable that they now number about 50,000. Nearly two-thirds of these are in and around Jerusalem, and most of the remainder are in twelve other cities. Safed has 6,120 in population of 19,120, and Jaffa 2,500 in a population of 10,000. About 3,000 are in seven-eight agricultural colonies. The city Salonica alone—the ancient Thessalonica on the coast of Macedonia, contains more than one and a-half times as many Jews as the whole of Palestine. The Jewish population in Palestine has increased considerably within the last ten years, in spite of the opposition of the Turkish Government. The larger part of these immigrants have been assisted to get to Palestine, and supported since their arrival by contributions from without.

ATROCITIES IN AFRICA.

Startling charges of brutality are brought against the officials of the Congo Free State. It is alleged that in their eager desire for ivory and palm oil these State officials have compelled the natives to supply certain quantities of these products within a given time by threats of terrible punishment, and that the indiscretion of injuring india-rubber plants is visited with inhuman penalties, that baskets filled with human hands are taken on account of these and other deeds and misdemeanors have been seen here and there in the Congo; that these functionaries hold the lives of the natives of little account, it being no uncommon thing to see the natives up as targets for their rifles. Gross immorality is also charged. Finally, the missionaries are indignant over the state of affairs. It would not be surprising, if the Belgian Government, when fully informed of these matters, should insist on sweeping changes in the administration of Congo affairs.

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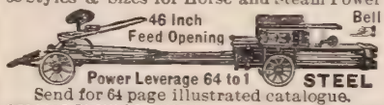

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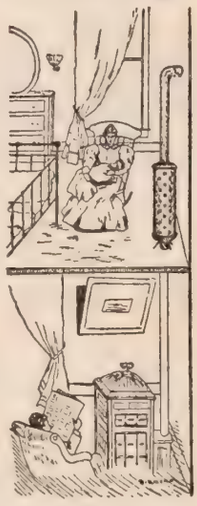

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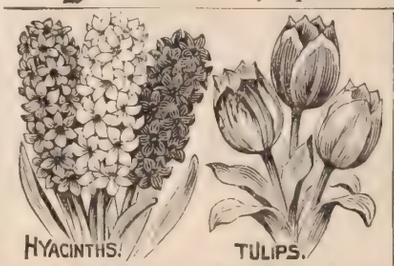

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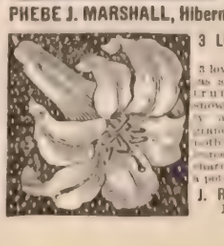

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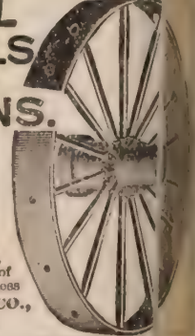

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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AFTER THE MARTYRDOM.

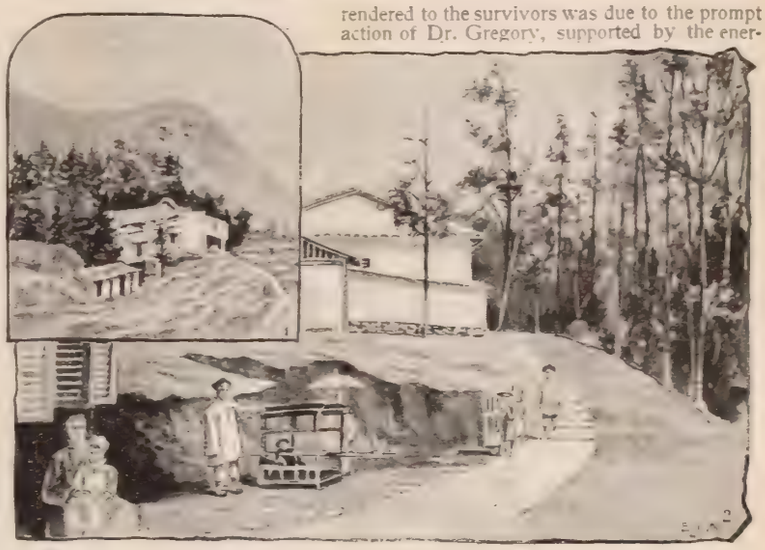
The Chinese Viceroy Degraded at the Demand of the English Ambassador at Pekin —The Burial of the Martyred Missionaries at Foo-Chow.

FRIENDS of missions, the world over, rejoice that the inquiry into the outrages

SIR NICHOLAS O'CONOR.
British Ambassador to the Chinese Court.

China has not ended ineffectively. There is, for some time, reason to fear that it would result in the payment of a money indemnity and the execution of a number of officers and low-class people, both ignore. The declaration would have been no discouraging, some future would succeeded and would influence these officials and the missionaries must be protected. And if officials do their duty to protect and maintain the treaty they solemnly signed. The commission of outrages appears to have reached the climax in the massacre of the missionaries at Kucheng, the capital of the Province in which the outrages took place. According-

ly, Sir Nicholas O'Conor, the British Ambassador to China, was instructed to present a formal demand to the Chinese Goverment for the degradation of Liu Ping Chang, Viceroy of the Province of Sze-Chuen. Knowing the dilatory and sinuous policy of China in its diplomacy, he was instructed to notify the Government that if his demand was not complied with within two weeks, the British Admiral in Chinese waters would take action. As the Admiral had some fourteen powerful vessels at his disposal in the vicinity of Nankin, the threat was not an idle one. The Chinese Government yielded promptly. Within forty-eight hours a proclamation was issued stripping the Viceroy of all his honors and declaring him unworthy to hold office in future. That no mistake might be made, the proclamation stated that the punishment was inflicted for his failure to protect foreigners. As Liu Ping Chang is enormously rich and has powerful friends at court, his punishment should be a wholesome lesson to other officials. It may be hoped that they will learn from it that neither wealth nor influence can shield them if they do not do their duty. Had he escaped punishment, there would have been no security for the lives of other missionaries in the interior provinces.



COTTAGES AT HWASANG, WHERE THE MISSIONARIES WERE KILLED.

On this page are pictures that will have a melancholy interest for every Christian. One is taken from a photograph of the grave at Foo-chow, in which the mangled remains of the martyred missionaries were reverently laid. The recovery of their bodies, as well as the timely surgical help rendered to the survivors was due to the prompt action of Dr. Gregory, supported by the energetic action of Mr. Hixson, American Consul, whose kindness and sympathy were of the utmost value. The victims were English, but the English consul was apathetic, and Mr. Hixson in the interest of humanity used his influence to secure Dr. Gregory, the protection he needed in going to the scene of the outrages. The smaller pictures are from photographs of the cottages at Hwasang, where the massacre took place. No. 1 is the house where Rev. Mr. Phillips was lodging at the time of the murders and from which he providentially escaped. No. 2 shows the cottages that were attacked. That in the foreground was occupied by the ladies of the Zenana Mission and that in the background was the one in which Mr. Stewart and his family were staying. It was burned after its inmates were murdered and only the charred remains of their bodies were recovered.

THE BURIAL OF THE MARTYRS OF KUCHENG.

The bodies were placed in coffins by Dr. Gregory, and were carried to Foo-Chow for interment.

ISAAC RESCUED.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Genesis 22: 7, *"Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?"*

HERE are Abraham and Isaac: the one a kind, old, gracious, affectionate father; the other a brave, obedient, religious son. From his bronzed appearance you can tell that this son has been much in the fields, and from his shaggy dress you know that he has been watching the herds. The mountain air has painted his cheek rubicund. He is twenty, or twenty-five, or, as some suppose, thirty-three years of age; nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in those times, and the fact that a son never is anything but a boy to a father. I remember that my father used to come into the house when the children were home on some festal occasion, and say: "Where are the boys?" although "the boys" were twenty-five, and and thirty, and thirty-five years of age. So this Isaac is only a boy to Abraham, and this father's heart is in him. It is Isaac here and Isaac there. If there is any festivity around the father's tent, Isaac must enjoy it. It is Isaac's walk, and Isaac's apparel, and Isaac's manners, and Isaac's prospects, and Isaac's prosperity. The father's heart-strings are all wrapped around that boy, and wrapped again, until nine-tenths of the old man's life is in Isaac. I can just imagine how lovingly and proudly he looked at his only son.

Well, the dear old man had borne a great deal of trouble, and it had left its mark upon him. In hieroglyphics of wrinkle the story was written from forehead to chin. But now his trouble seems all gone, and we are glad that he is very soon to rest forever. If the old man shall get decrepit, Isaac is strong enough to wait on him. If the father get dim of eyesight, Isaac will lead him by the hand. If the father become destitute, Isaac will earn him bread. How glad we are that the ship that has been in such a stormy sea, is coming at last into the harbor. Are you not rejoiced that glorious old Abraham is through with his troubles? No! no! A thunderbolt! From that clear eastern sky there drops into that father's tent a voice with an announcement enough to turn black hair white, and to stun the patriarch into instant annihilation. God said: "Abraham!" The old man answered: "Here I am." God said to him: "Take thy son, thy only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there as a burnt-offering." In other words, slay him; cut his body into fragments; put the fragments on the wood; set fire to the wood, and let Isaac's body be consumed.

"Cannibalism! Murder!" says some one. "Not so," said Abraham. I hear him soliloquize: "Here is the boy on whom I have depended! Oh, how I loved him! He was given in answer to prayer, and now must I surrender him? O Isaac, my son! Isaac, how shall I part with you? But then it is always safer to do as God asks me to; I have been in dark places before, and God got me out. I will implicitly do as God has told me, although it is very dark. I can't see my way, but I know God makes no mistakes, and to him I commit myself and my darling son."

Early in the morning there is a stir around Abraham's tent. A beast of burden is fed and saddled. Abraham makes no disclosure of the awful secret. At the break of day he says: "Come, come, Isaac, get up! We are going off on a two or three days' journey." I hear the axe hewing and splitting amid the wood until the sticks are made the right length and the right thickness, and then they are fastened on the beast of burden. They pass on—there are four of them—Abraham, the father; Isaac, the son; and two servants. Going along the road, I see Isaac looking up into his father's face, and saying: "Father, what is the matter? Are you not well! Has anything happened? Are you tired? Lean on my arm." Then, turning around to the servants, the son says: "Ah! father is getting old, and he has had trouble enough in other days to kill him."

The third morning has come, and it is the day of the tragedy. The two servants are left with the beast of burden, while Abraham and his son Isaac, as was the custom of good people in those times, went up on the hill to sacrifice to the Lord. The wood is taken off the beast's back, and put on Isaac's back. Abraham has in one hand a pan of coals or a lamp, and in the other a sharp, keen knife. Here are all the appliances for sacrifice, you say. No, there is one thing wanting; there is no victim—no pigeon, or heifer, or lamb. Isaac, not knowing that he is to be the victim, looks up into his father's face, and asks a question which must have cut the old man to the bone: "My father!" The father said: "My son, Isaac, here I am." The son said: "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?" The father's lip quivered, and his heart fainted, and his knees knocked together, and his entire body, mind, and soul shivered in sickening anguish as he struggles to gain equipoise; for he does not want to break down. And then he looks into his son's face, with a thousand rushing tendernesses, and says: "My son, God will provide himself a lamb."

The twain are now at the foot of the hill, the place which is to be famous for a most transcendent occurrence. They gather some stones out of the field, and build an altar of three or four feet high. Then they take this wood off Isaac's back and sprinkle it over the stones, so as to help and invite the flame. The altar is done—it is all done. Isaac has helped to build it. With his father he has discussed whether the top of the table is even, and whether the wood is properly prepared. Then there is a pause. The son looks around to see if there is not some living animal that can be caught and butchered for the offering. Abraham tries to choke down his fatherly feelings and suppress his grief, in order that he may break to his son the terrific news that he is to be the victim.

Ah! Isaac never looked more beautiful than on that day to his father. As the old man ran his emaciated fingers through his son's hair, he said to himself: "How shall I give him up? What will his mother say when I come back without my boy? I thought he would have been the comfort of my declining days. I thought he would have been the hope of ages to come. Beautiful and loving, and yet to die under my own hand. Oh, God! is there not some other sacrifice that will do? Take my life, and spare his! Pour out my blood, and save Isaac for his mother and the world!" But this was an inward struggle. The father controls his feelings, and looks into his son's face, and says: "Isaac, must I tell you all?" His son said: "Yes, father. I thought you had something on your mind; tell it." The father said: "My son, Isaac, thou art the lamb!" "Oh," you say, "why didn't that young man, if he was twenty or thirty years of age, smite into the dust his infirm father? He could have done it." Ah! Isaac knew by this time that the scene was typical of a Messiah who was to come, and so he made no struggle. They fell on each other's necks, and wailed out the parting. Awful and matchless scene of the wilderness. The rocks echo back the breaking of their hearts. The cry: "My son! my son!" The answer: "My father! my father!"

Do not compare this, as some people have, to Agamemnon, willing to offer up his daughter, Iphigenia, to please the gods. There is nothing comparable to this wonderful obedience to the true God. You know that victims for sacrifice were always bound, so that they might not struggle away. Rawlings, the martyr, when he was dying for Christ's sake, said to the blacksmith who held the manacles: "Fasten those chains tight now, for my flesh may struggle mightily." So Isaac's arms are fastened, his feet are tied. The old man, rallying all his strength, lifts him on to a pile of wood. Fastening a thong on one side of the altar, he makes it span the body of Isaac, and fastens the thong at the other side the altar, and another thong, and another thong. There is the lamp flickering in the wind, ready to be put under the brush-wood of the altar. There is the knife, sharp and keen. Abraham—struggling with his mortal feelings on the one side, and the commands of God on the other—takes that knife, rubs the flat of it on the palm of his hand, cries to God for help, comes up to the side of the altar, puts a parting kiss on the brow of his boy, takes a message from him for mother and home, and then, lifting the glittering weapon for the plunge of the death-stroke—his muscles knitting for the work—the hand begins to descend. It falls! Not on the heart of Isaac, but on the arm of God, who arrests the stroke, making the wilderness quake with the cry: "Abraham! Abraham! lay not thy hand upon the lad, nor do him any harm!"

What is this sound back in the woods! It is a crackling as of tree branches, a bleating and a struggle. Go, Abraham, and see what it is. Oh, it was a ram that, going through the woods, has its crooked horns fastened and entangled in the brushwood, and could not get loose; and Abraham seizes it gladly, and quickly unloosens Isaac from the altar, puts the ram on in his place, sets the lamp under the brushwood of the altar, and as the dense smoke of the sacrifice begins to rise, the blood rolls down the sides of the altar, and drops hissing into the fire, and I hear the words: "Behold the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world."

Well, what are you going to get out of this? There is an aged minister of the Gospel. He says: "I should get out of it that when God tells you to do a thing, whether it seems reasonable to you or not, go ahead and do it. Here Abraham couldn't have been mistaken. God didn't speak so indistinctly that it was not certain whether he called Sarah, or Abimelech, or somebody else; but with divine articulation, divine intonation, divine emphasis, he said: 'Abraham!' Abraham rushed blindly ahead to do his duty, knowing that things would come out right. Likewise do so yourselves. There is a mystery of your life. There is some burden you have to carry. You don't know why God has put it on you. There is some persecution, some trial, and you don't know why God allows it. There is a work for you to do, and you have not enough grace, you think, to do it. I as Abraham did. Advance, and do your ole duty. Be willing to give up Isaac, an er- haps you will not have to give up anyt ng. 'Jehovah-jireh'—the Lord will pro s. A capital lesson this old minister giv us.

Out yonder, in this house, is an ged woman; the light of heaven in her e; she is half-way through the door she has her hand on the pearl of the ate. Mother, what would you get out o as subject? "Oh," she says, "I would m that it is in the last pinch that God nes to the relief. You see the altar was t. and Isaac was fastened on it. an me knife was lifted; and just at the la ment God broke in and stopped pr ed- ings. So it has been in my life of se re years. Why, sir, there was a time e the flour was all out of the house; d set the table at noon and had noth t put on it; but five minutes of one o'c g loaf of bread came. The Lord will pr de My son was very sick, and I said: ea Lord, you don't mean to take him a from me, do you? Please, Lord, don ve him away. Why, there are neighbo rs have three and four sons; this is m y son; this is my Isaac. Lord, you take him away from me, will But I saw he was getting worse and re all the time; and I turned round and a ed, until after awhile I felt submissiv and I could say: 'Thy will, O Lord, be d The doctors gave him up, and we al ve him up. And, as was the custom ir e times, we had made the grave-clothe s we were whispering about the last ex se when I looked, and I saw some persp ra on his brow, showing that the fev ra broken, and he spoke to us so nat that I knew he was going to get wel He did get well, and my son Isaac, w n thought was going to be slain and co re- ed of disease, was loosened from tha ta And bless your souls, that's been seventy years; and if my voice w s so weak, and if I could see better, I preach to you younger people a se on for though I can't see much, I can se ds whenever you get into a tough pla ce and your heart is breaking, if you will a little farther into the woods, you w see caught in the branches, a substitute J r deliverance. 'My son, God will p vide himself a lamb.'"

Thank you, mother, for that she se mon. I could preach back to you for ni ute or two and say, never do you f wish I had half as good a hope of i ven as you have Do not fear, mother; hat ever happens, no harm will ever ha n to you. I was going up a long flight of ps and I saw an aged woman, very de repit, and with a cane, creeping on up. Sh ace but very little progress, and I felt v ex uberant; and I said to her: "Why er, that is no way to go up-stairs;" I threw my arms around her and I ne her up and put her down on the lan g the top of the stairs. She said: " you, thank you; I am very thankf mother, when you get through thi life's work and you want to go up-sta and rest in the good place that G has provided for you, you will not have t up—you will not have to crawl u painfully. The two arms that were st ched on the Cross will be flung around y and you will be hoisted with a glorious t be- yond all weariness and all struggle. May the God of Abraham and Isaac be w you until you see the Lamb on the hill-to

Now, that aged minister has ade a suggestion, and this aged woman ha made a suggestion; I will make a sugg on: Isaac going up the hill makes me th the great sacrifice. Isaac, the only s of Abraham. Jesus, the only Son o God. On those two "onlys" I build a tear em- phasis. O Isaac! O Jesus! B this last sacrifice was a more tremendo one. When the knife was lifted over C rary, there was no voice that cried "Stop and no hand arrested it. Sharp, keen, and ous, it cut down through nerve and tery until the blood sprayed the faces of e ex- ecutioners, and the mid-day sun dr ed a

v of cloud over its face because it could n endure the spectacle. O Isaac, of Mount Moriah! O Jesus, of Mount Calvary! Better could God have thrown a by into annihilation a thousand worlds, th to have sacrificed his only Son. It was n one of ten sons—it was his only Son. If he had not given up him, you and I wld have perished. "God so loved the wld that he gave his only—" I stop th e, not because I have forgotten the q tation, but because I want to think. "od so loved the world that he gave his o begotten Son, that whosoever be lieth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Great God! break my h rt at the thought of that sacrifice. Isaac th only, typical of Jesus the Only.

ou see Isaac going up the hill and carr g the wood. O Abraham, why not t the load off the boy? If he is going to die so soon, why not make his last hours ea ? Abraham knew that in carrying th wood up Mount Moriah, Isaac was to be symbol of Christ carrying his own cr s up Calvary. I do not know how h y that cross was—whether it was m le of oak, or acacia, or Lebanon cedar. I pose it may have weighed one, or two, or hree hundred pounds. That was the li test part of the burden. All the sins and s ows of the world were wound around th cross. The heft of one, the heft of tw worlds: earth and hell were on his shoulders. O Isaac, carrying the w d of sacrifice up Mount Moriah. Jesus carrying the wood of sacrifice up Mount Calvary, the agonies of earth and hell wrapped around th cross. I shall never see the h y load on Isaac's back, that I shall not think of the crushing load on Christ's back. For whom that lo ? For you. For you. For me. F me. Would that all the tears th we have ever wept over our s ows had been saved until this m ning, and that we might now p them out on the lacerated back an feet and heart of the Son of G .

ou say: "If this young man was twnty or thirty years of age did n he resist? Why was it not Is c binding Abraham instead of A aham binding Isaac? The musc n Isaac's arm was stronger than th muscle in Abraham's withered ar . No young man twenty-five ye s of age would submit to have hi father fasten him to a pile of wd with intention of burnin" Isaac was a willing sacrifice, and sc type of Christ who willingly came to se the world. If all the armies of heaven ad resolved to force Christ out from th gate, they could not have done it. Christ was equal with God. If all the battalions of glory had armed themselves and relved to put Christ forth and make him co e out and save this world, they could n have succeeded in it. With one stroke he would have toppled over angelic and an angelic dominion.

ut there was one thing that the omnipotent Christ could not stand. Our sorrows mastered him. He could not bear to se the world die without an offer of pard and help, and if all heaven had armed itself to keep him back, if the gates of life h been bolted and double-barred, Christ wld have flung the everlasting doors fr n their hinges, and would have sprung fo h, scattering the hindering hosts of heaven like chaff before the whirlwind, as he cid: "Lo! I come to suffer. Lo! I come to die." Christ—a willing sacrifice. Willing to take Bethlehem humiliation, and Sanhedrim outrage, and whipping-post maltreatment, and Golgotha butchery. Willing to be bound. Willing to suffer. Willing to die. Willing to save.

ow does this affect you? Do not your very best impulses bound out toward this pity-struck Christ? Get down at his feet, O ye people. Put your lips against the wind on his right foot and help kiss away the pang. Wipe the foam from his dying lip. Get under the cross until you feel the baptism of his rushing tears. Take him into your heart, with warmest love and undying enthusiasm. By your resistances you have abused him long enough. Christ is willing to save you. Are you willing to be saved? It seems to me as if this moment were throbbing with the invitations of an all-compassionate God.

I have been told that the cathedral of St. Mark's stands in a quarter in the centre of the city of Venice, and that when the clock strikes twelve at noon, all the birds from the city and the regions round about the city fly to the square and settle down. It came in this wise: a large-hearted woman passing one noonday across the square, saw some birds shivering in the cold, and she scattered some crumbs of bread among them. The next day, at the same hour, she scattered more crumbs of bread among them, and so on from year to year until the day of her death. In her will she bequeathed a certain amount of money to keep up the same practice, and now, at the first stroke of the bell at noon, the birds begin to come there, and when the clock has struck twelve, the square is covered with them. How beautifully suggestive. Christ comes out to feed thy soul to-day. The more hungry you feel yourselves to be, the better it is. It is noon and the Gospel clock strikes twelve. Come in flocks! Come as doves to the window! All the air is filled with the liquid chime: Come! Come! Come!

GOSPEL WAGON OF THE SYRACUSE RESCUE MISSION.

BUILDING HIGHER.

In an address, not long ago, Mr. Moody, the evangelist told this beautiful story of a "Shut-in." Week after week, she lay wearily upon her couch, watching a little bird that used to perch outside her window and sing. After awhile she saw it busily building its nest; but it built upon a low branch where evil would surely reach it. The lady said she would watch the work with sadness, for she could foresee the ruin which must follow: and she would lean out and whisper, "Build higher, little bird, build higher." But the bird did not heed the loving cry, and still continued to build its home so very near to earth; and it was not long before mother bird was cooing over her tiny nestlings, and the proud young father sang of his happiness to all the world around. How glad the little family! How secure they felt! One morning, as the lady looked out for her dainty friends, she saw only a few stray feathers mixed with bits of earth and straw. A cat had destroyed the nest and its inmates. How kind it would have been in the watcher who knew the ruin that must surely come, if, as the bird tried to build, she had put forth her hand and destroyed every vestige of the nest; then the discouraged birds would have built on higher grounds. We often wonder why our heavenly Father allows some hope to be so rudely crushed; some dream to know such sad awakenings.

Godless Hop-Pickers.

The Syracuse Rescue Mission's Work in the Hop-fields of Central New York.

EVERY year, the Rescue Mission of Syracuse, N. Y., makes an evangelistic trip in its Gospel wagon through Madison and Oneida counties, where thousands gather from the cities of Central New York to harvest the hop crop. The worst elements from the cities, besides thousands of tramps from all over the country, gather there each year, and while the days are spent in picking the hops, in many places the nights are spent in riotous living. The saloon reaps a rich harvest. Almost every night a "hop-dig" or dance is given in some hotel or hop-barn, and the men and women gather from the surrounding farms for a night of fun. The spirituality of this section is at low ebb, some of the villages not having a single male church member, and many places not having over two of three; yet most of these villages support several saloons.

Many of the hop-growers lament the iniquity that abounds and employ only home pickers, those from the neighborhood. Some who go from the cities are respectable people, but many go just to have a time of unrestrained sinful pleasure. The mission party this year was divided into two sections, Mr. Smith Allen and Geo. Haight going direct to the centre of the district and confining their labors to that section. The others, Rev. E. P. Marvin, Mr. Robert Fulton, Mr. J. E. Hendley and H. B. Gibbud, the Superintendent of the mission, traveled about two hundred miles through that region, in the mission's new wagon, "Rescue Messenger." It was designed for this line of work by Mr. Gibbud. The workers, four in number, can sleep in it and during the time they were out did their own cooking, etc. The wagon is drawn by one horse, being built light for that purpose. Canned goods are stored in a neat drawer under the wagon and the seats are made so as to swing out and form a berth wide enough for three to sleep abreast, and also room for one underneath on the floor of the wagon. It is brightly painted and lettered and attracted much attention whenever it appeared. It is intended to be used in the home work of the mission during the week nights, as they have a large wagon, seating forty persons for the Sunday meeting. The small wagon will also be used for evangelistic trips through the neighboring counties.

Meetings were held by the workers principally in the streets of the villages at eventide. Several times meetings were held in the churches; also in hop-barns, hop-yards by the way-side, in saloons, and the dance halls. Sixty-three meetings were held altogether, and the attendance was 9224. There were 270 requests for prayer, and 46 professed conversion. The trip lasted nearly a month, much good was accomplished, and souls were saved. The workers were enabled to rebuke sin and to preach the Gospel to many who would never hear it in any other way. The work had a quieting effect, the meetings were always well attended, and the best of attention given, though frequently there would be three or four intoxicated persons in the open-air meetings. In the work in the fields, the workers were chaffed at and jeered unmercifully; it was a rough trip in many ways, but the results more than paid for the efforts put forth. Let Christian workers everywhere take advantage of crowds that gather, no matter what the occasion, to preach the Gospel by open-air work, tract distribution, and personal conversation.

TRAVELING IN THE DESERT.

At different times, within the last twenty years, various schemes have been projected

A CAMEL-TRAIN IN THE NUBIAN DESERT.

with a view to facilitating travel across the great Nubian desert in Upper Egypt. Nothing better has yet been devised, however, than the camel corps, an illustration of which is shown on this page. The artist has represented a detachment of the corps starting on a twelve days' march through the desert from Wadi Halfeh to Korusko. The march was accomplished satisfactorily in ten days.

Although it will doubtless be long before steam transportation is attempted in any of the great deserts, other parts of the world, hitherto almost sealed to exploration and commerce, are being opened up by the construction of many railways, Africa is gradually being penetrated by rail, and the next few years will see many new projects started for railroad-building. The railway from Mombasa to Uganda is progressing favorably. The first one hundred and forty miles from Mombasa to Tzavo traverses the Taro Desert, one of the great drawbacks to a journey to Uganda in the dry season, sixty miles of waterless desert having to be covered. From Tzavo for another fifty miles to Kibwesi is the "tsetse-fly" belt. There is on this part of the route an industrial mission founded by Sir William Mackinnon. At a point forty miles beyond Kibwesi the line branches off to the left of the caravan route, avoiding the station of Machako, and not rejoining the road until near Kikuyu, thus avoiding some very rough and difficult country which caravans have to encounter. Here the line runs over rolling prairie. After it rejoins the caravan route near Kikuyu, there is a sharp rise in the ground of 600 feet in a section of ten miles. All this district is 6,000 feet to 7,000 feet above sea-level, and is very healthy. From this point the railway enters prairie and grass-land covered with game, but practically uninhabited. At one point there is a rise of 1,000 feet through the dense Subuyu forest. Emerging from the forest at about one hundred and fifty miles from the Victoria Nyanza, the traveler meets rapidly undulating grass-land to the borders of Kavirondo—a thickly populated and highly cultivated country not very easy to traverse. From that point the line runs to the terminus at Berkeley Bay, forty miles distant, on the northeast shore of the lake, over an easy country. It is intended that the train shall take eight days to do the journey.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

Mrs. C. A. Osborne.
Miss S. M. Osborne.
Mrs. Adeline Williams.
A family being led by Jesus.
Friend, Kansas.

All desiring to be enrolled on the list of patrons, should send their names and addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE CHILD SAMUEL.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 27. I. Sam. 3: 1-13. Golden Text, I. Sam. 3: 9. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE very name, Samuel, which Hannah gave to her son bears witness to the spirit in which the Old Testament prophetess received, at the Lord's hand, the precious gift of a son for which she had pleaded so earnestly and perseveringly. "Asked of God," or "heard of God," both express the meaning of the name Samuel in Hebrew. Hannah's son was the living witness of her prayer and of God's answer; and she would have everyone know, by the name he bore, that the God of Israel answers prayer. But the burden of Hannah's heart in asking for a son was not selfish. If she had desired only to put an end to Peninnah's provocation, and to the reproach which fell upon herself, in common with all childless women in Israel, Hannah would have gratified her own pride, and indulged the yearning of her mother heart, in keeping her son by her side.

But this woman desired a gift from the Lord only that she too might be in a position to give to him. The God of Israel was more to her than the long desired and prayed for son who was given in answer to her prayers; and in the deep consecration of her spirit she brought her newly weaned child, hardly old enough to speak the name of the mother who so loved him, and she presented him to the Lord for his exclusive service in his temple, where her eyes would see him only once in a year. It was consecration of the deepest kind, and it bore witness to the way in which her bowed spirit had met God, and had submitted to his purifying discipline in her home trials.

Some mothers count it a hard thing for God to ask that they should give up a child or children to go out into distant mission fields. Others, who have never looked upon their children as their own, would count it the greatest privilege if they could ever have the joy of seeing their children called to service or to danger, in the cause of him who is more to them than life, more than husband, wife or child. Obedience in the one case is to yield the children up to God; the severe discipline in the other is the deep humiliation that children long prayed over, and fully given to the Lord, have themselves either no desire or no fitness for this high and blessed service.

Hannah Knew God

and she knew how to trust to him all the consequences of obeying him. To offer her son for the temple service meant to place him in the atmosphere of the impious and immoral sons of Eli. The risk was, humanly speaking, terrible. But Hannah's dealings with God when she asked a son, and when she trusted her God and sought no sympathy from man in her bitter home sorrows, had prepared her to trust her son to the keeping power of him that keepeth Israel, and that "neither slumbereth nor sleepeth." (Ps. 121: 4). She was willing to trust that God, even in the surroundings of Hophni and Phinehas could do more for her Samuel than all her influence as a mother could have done at home. It was a walk of faith, and God justified her in it.

Thus Samuel grew up with comparatively [illegible] knew something of the terms on which that mother lived with her God. He became an obedient child to the now aged high priest, Eli, and was occupied in the care of the tabernacle. Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the Word of the Lord yet revealed to him. He knew his mother, he knew Eli, he knew his father Elkanah, but he and God had never met face to face. God cannot be known second hand: even a child must have to do with him, must come in contact with him. No amount of innocence, no amount of moral goodness can stand in the stead of real, face to face intercourse with God.

It was at night—the day's work was over, Eli, whose outward eyes and inward eyes were now failing him, had retired for the night, and little Samuel, as is the custom in the East with servants, had just laid himself down on the ground in the tabernacle, and gone to sleep, when a voice awoke him, and he heard the call distinctly, "Samuel." His firsr instinct was to reply, "Here I am." But as nothing further took place with his wonted obedience the lad arose, ran to Eli, and said, "Here am I, for thou callest me." When the old priest replied: "I called not; lie down again," the prophet elect

Did not Argue but Obeyed.

This characteristic of unquestioning obedience is an imperative necessity for a prophet of the Lord. Abraham could not have become "the father of all them that believe" (Rom. 4: 11), had he not implicitly obeyed his God. A second time and a third time the Lord called Samuel. The lad did not argue as may a child might have done. "What is the use of my going to Eli? He always says he did not call me, yet I am sure I heard someone call, and there is nobody hear but he; I may as will save myself the trouble, and lie still." No; Samuel did not consider what would be convenient to him, but what was the right thing to do. Samuel's vocation was to minister to Eli; his course was clear; he must do the right thing whether it suited him or not, thus he would serve God, and it was not his business to consider what the result should be. "How can I best serve God?" is a question which is generally easy to answer, if all other considerations are set on one side. A man, woman or child who makes this his business has but one thing to do all the day long: just to please God. Nothing simplifies life like this, "I do always those things which please him," said our Lord. (John 8: 29).

But Eli was awakening to a fact which was deeply, terribly humbling him. "The Word of the Lord was precious." It was an unusual thing now to have any communication from above. The tabernacle service was offered, the sacrifices, the feasts, and the observances of outward worship went on in their usual routine; but an ominous, a meaning silence on God's part shewed his grief and displeasure with the offerings which were made to him, while the very priests who offered them were guilty of flagrant sin against him. And now the voice which had ceased to speak to him was heard again, and the little child who ministered to him was to be promoted as God's messenger, and to be brought in contact with him, while he, the high priest, who should have been nearer to God than any man in Israel, must retire to the back ground! O the awful moment when a true child of God awakes to the fact that he has gone back from following him, and that God has grown distant to him! No heart-rending bereavement, no earthly loss of whatever kind, can cause a grief so poignant as the discovery of a child of God, that he has grieved, wronged, dishonored and alienated his God!

But Eli did not therefore yield to a wrong spirit. It is very touching to notice how the old man prepared the child to take the place which he himself had lost. Perceiving that the Lord had called the child, he instructed him to go and lie down, and if the voice called yet a fourth time, he should say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." The child obeyed. And now a change took place. It is not said, "the Lord called," but "the Lord

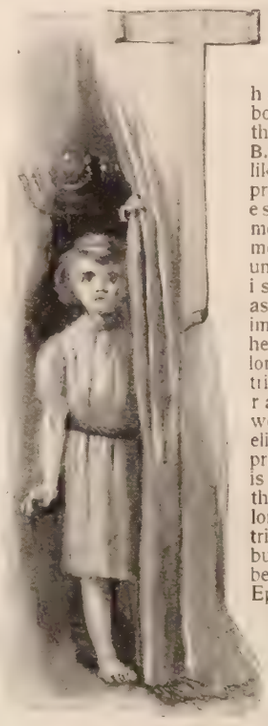
Came, and Stood,

and called as at other times"; it was no longer only a voice but a vision. (ver. 14.) And Samuel said "Speak, for thy servant heareth:" but he did not say Lord. The child trembled to pronounce the name Jehovah. It was the revelation of God to the child, his first conscious definite transaction with him.

It was no light thing to be revealed to a child of tender age that the aged man whom he had learned to obey and reverence, had fallen under God's displeasure because he had not judged and put an end to the sin of his sons, that his whole house or family must fall under judgment.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



"HERE AM I."

THE prophet, Samuel, appears to have been born about the year 1146 B.C., but this, like all dates prior to the establishment of the monarchy is uncertain. He is described as an Ephraimite, but if he really belonged to the tribe of Ephraim, he would not be eligible to the priesthood. It is probable that he belonged to the tribe of Levi, but may have been born in Ephraim, as the Levites having no territory assigned to them, were scattered among the tribes. The genealogy in I. Chron. 6 confirms this theory. Samuel occupies a prominent position in the sacred record, both on account of his personal character and of the fact that with him the rule of judges come to an end and the government changed its form to a monarchy. The incident in the lesson occurred, according to Josephus, when he was twelve years old. He was at that time living in the Tabernacle, which, after its long years of desert wandering, was set up permanently at Shiloh, a city midway between Bethel and Shechem and about seventeen miles north of Jerusalem. He had been solemnly devoted to the Tabernacle service by his mother, in fulfilment of a vow made before his birth. She was one of the two wives of a godly man, who appears to have realized in his life the discomforts of polygamy. She had no children, which, to a Hebrew wife was always a reproach, and, smarting under the taunts of the other wife, who had children, she made earnest prayer for a son, pledging herself in the event of her prayer being answered, to give him to God's service. Accordingly, she took him as soon as he was old enough to do without a mother's care, to Shiloh and handed him over to the care of the aged Eli, who at that time occupied Aaron's position as High Priest. He was probably employed in such small duties about the Tabernacle as a child could perform, and we may infer from the fact of his promptly responding in the night to what he supposed were Eli's calls, that he was a personal attendant on the aged priest. Whether there was at the time any expectation of his succeeding Eli, does not appear. Hannah had nothing to do with his future. She gave him to the Lord to be used in any way he pleased. That the precious gift was acceptable there was soon evidence. Child, though he was, he was intrusted with a divine commission. God made him his servant to carry a message. It was not a pleasant duty, for the message was a warning of impending punishment. The child shrank from delivering it, but he learned then, as many a servant of God has learned since, that the truth must be spoken, however painful it may be for speaker and hearers. More than once, in after life he had a similar duty of speaking unpalatable truths and warning people that their course would lead to punishment. Eli received the message in meekness though it must have been a terrible humiliation to him to have God pass over him as the High Priest and speak to a child. Whether he continued to be the same indulgent father he had been we are not told. It was twenty years before the blow fell, but it fell at last, so we may conclude that if Eli made any attempt to reclaim his sons, it failed. They were bad men, and it was not altogether due to their training; for under the same man's training Samuel grew up to be a great and good man. It is a singular fact, too, as showing how far goodness is from being hereditary, that Samuel's own sons turned out badly.

Samuel did not yet know the Lord. A beautiful description of a new relationship is given in the life of Henry Ward Beecher. He used to relate how when he was four years old he and his brothers, and sisters were told that their father was bringing home a new mother to them, their own mother having been dead two or three years. They wondered very much what kind of mother she would be. It was a momentous matter to them. Henry said that to old age he remembered the night she came. He and his brother were sent to bed and were just falling asleep, when a racket downstairs told them she had arrived. Presently there was a rustling on the stairs and then a shadow in the room just visible in the twilight. Then he said "somebody leaned over the bed and kissed Charlie and me and said, 'Be good children and I will see you to-morrow.' I remember well, how happy I was. I felt that I had a mother." God comes very much as to the human soul, in shadow and with love to be known better by and by.

The Lord called Samuel. "Where is Tom?" a merchant asked of his wife on his return home, "I want him to go with a message to Mr. Westall's." The wife said, "Had you not better send Will? Tom is so little to carry an important message, and I suppose this is important." The merchant said, "Yes, it is important and that is why I want Tom to go. If I sent Will he would elaborate it and say something different. Tom will say exactly what I tell him. Besides Will's head is full of other things, while Tom will be glad to be honored with the trust that I will think of nothing else." So Tom was called and sent. Samuel was but a child when God called him, but he received the message and delivered it.

Speak for thy servant heareth. There are many kinds of hearing. Some hear out of curiosity, some for amusement and some to get good. A woman who kept a little country store went to hear a new preacher who had come into the neighborhood. The sermon was on honesty and right dealing and the woman paid close attention. The next day the preacher happened to see her and recognized her as an attentive hearer of the day before. He accosted her and mentioned having noticed her at the service. He led her to talk about the sermon and was disappointed on finding she did not remember any of it, even the text. He said, he feared, it had not made much impression on her. "We," said the woman, "my memory is a bit bad. I can't remember much I hear; but I remembered to burn my measure. It was not quite as big as it ought to be. I didn't mind so long as the customers didn't notice it; but after hearing your sermon, I can go home and burned it."

He restrained them not. Eli's sons were grown men when this message came to Samuel. We can imagine that he would appeal to them then to mend their ways, but it was too late. A great surgeon stood before his class to perform an operation on a diseased man. With strong and gentle hand he did his work successfully so far as his part of the terrible business went; and then he turned to his pupils and said: "Two years ago a safe and simple operation might have cured this man. Ten years ago a wise way of life would have prevented his contracting the disease. I have done my best for him as the case stands; but nature will have her word to say. She does not always consent to the repeal of her capital sentences." Next day the patient died.

TO AID STRICKEN ARMENIA.

erica Responding Cheerfully to the Appeal of the Sufferers—Relief Work Begun in England—All the Civilized Nations Agitated over the Wrongs of the Christians in Asiatic Turkey—The Destitution at Van and Bitlis.

NOT since the time of the great Russian famine, when the peasants in sixteen provinces of that country were dying for want of bread, has the heart of Christian America been so deeply stirred as it now is by the woes of the people of Armenia. Many warm letters of approval of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S course in sending a Commissioner to that afflicted country have been received within the last few days, and a stream of contributions has begun to pour in which promises to swell the Relief Fund to such proportions as must accomplish much good in alleviating the distress there. Mr. W. W. Howard, our representative, is now in all probability, in Turkish dominions, and we may soon expect to hear by the cable, that he has reached the scene of his future labors. As soon as he arrives at Van, the centre of operations, his missionary committee will be organized and relief work will begin in earnest. Every dollar sent to us for that purpose will be forwarded to the committee, though the Bible Society or the Ottoman Bank, and not one dollar will be diverted to any other purposes. It should be stated in this connection, that the expenses of Mr. Howard's journey to and from Armenia and while engaged in the relief work, are to be defrayed by the proprietor of this journal, and to be in no case a burden on the Relief Fund. Arrangements have already been made by which Mr. Howard and the Committee, immediately after the former reaches Van, will have funds at command to begin the work without a day being lost. Every day gained may mean the saving of many precious lives.

The action taken by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in sending a Commissioner to Armenia, and receiving contributions for the relief of the suffering people of that country, is universally approved. All contributions should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, N.Y.

The following letter, received from the Duke of Westminster, affords new evidence of the widespread destitution in Armenia:

" the Editor of The Christian Herald:

SIR:—There is an additional distressing phase connected with the sufferings of the Armenians consequent on the losses they have sustained at the hands of the Turks, which calls for consideration and assistance from those who are ever ready to relieve distress in whatever part of the world. Vice-Consul Shipley reports from Moush, that 'there is great distress, amounting in a great number of cases to abject destitution, among the fugitives from Sassoun, of which he and his colleagues have had many opportunities of convincing themselves from personal observation.' Mr. Howard, Her Majesty's Vice-Consul at Van, testifies that the need for relief is unquestioned; that there is an enormous amount of destitution, and that there will certainly be more before next winter.

This applies, we are assured, to the province of Bitlis, and to a large extent to Kheroum, where there are survivors of the Sassoun massacre—mostly women and children who have no one to provide for them—scattered about. A year ago these people were comparatively prosperous and comfortable, but are now barefoot and in rags, begging their daily bread from those who are not much better off than themselves.

"Consul Graves forwards a private letter describing the deplorable condition of the people at Talvorig:—'There are about 850 of these houseless wanderers now living in the woods and mountains, in caves and hollow trees, half naked, and some, indeed, entirely without covering for their nakedness. Bread they have not tasted for months, and curdled milk they only dream of, living, as they do, upon greens and the leaves of trees. There are two varieties of greens which are preferred, but these are disappearing, as they wither at this season. Living on such food, they become sickly; their skin has turned yellow, their strength is gone, their bodies are swollen, and fever is rife among them.'

"In addition to these, there are thousands of refugees, who, compelled by poverty and danger to abandon their village homes, have flocked into the towns where they hope to find personal safety and charity to keep them alive.

"The Committee of the Armenian Relief Fund has already remitted £3,000 to Sir Philip Currie, Her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople, for the distribution of food and clothing in the distressed districts, and further aid is very urgently required.

WESTMINSTER."

Grosvenor House, London, W., Sept. 20th, 1895.

Additional gravity has been given to the situation by recent events in Constantinople. A disturbance occurred in that city, arising out of an attempt by a number of Armenians to present a petition to the government, reciting the grievances of their countrymen and demanding reform and redress. Crowds assembled at the gate of the Grand Vizier's palace, and as the demonstration looked threatening, the police of the city attempted to disperse the gathering. A frightful riot resulted, during which many persons were killed, the majority of the victims being Armenians. Afterward, a number of Armenians were slain in the streets and hundreds were arrested. Fears were entertained of a general massacre. A large party of Armenians took refuge in the residence of the Armenian Patriarch and others sought asylum in the churches.

In a cable dispatch from Constantinople, from a source strongly favorable to the government, it is claimed that leniency was employed in dealing with the Armenians engaged in the demonstration. Neither troops nor rifles were used against them, the police alone being sufficient. The dispatch adds:

Nobody pretends to deny that the suffering among the Armenians, especially in the remote districts of their country, is still very great and is increasing. Thousands are literally starving, and it is hopeless to expect that the Turkish government will do more than to prevent further persecutions.

One result of the present troubles is the dismissal of the Grand Vizier, Said Pasha, and the recall to power of Kiamil Pasha, who formerly occupied that office. His appointment is viewed in many quarters as indicating a disposition on the part of Turkey ultimately to satisfy the demands of the Powers for reforms in Armenia. Meanwhile, the situation is so full of menace that United States Minister Terrell has made a demand upon the Porte for the efficient protection of American missionaries. All the foreign Ambassadors are aiding in the preservation of order.

Further corroboration of the pitiful condition of the peasants of Van and surrounding provinces, is found in a letter received in England which says: To-day most of the Armenians in Van and Bitlis provinces are on the verge of starvation. Many in fact have already died of hunger. The moneys thus far collected in England and elsewhere are not enough for the needs of the Sassoun people alone, and there are thousands of others in like predicament. It is feared that the troubles in Constantinople may have a deplorable effect upon them, and that they may be rendered desperate by reason of long and hopeless suffering.

From the very large number of letters received during the week we make the following extracts:

L. A. B., White Oak, Ontario, Can. ($2):
May all Christian hearts go out to the Armenians in sympathy and help them all they can. I thank God every day for the peace we are enjoying, and that we can worship him unmolested.

Friend, Allentown, Pa. ($2), writes:
I send this wishing I could send more. May God's blessing rest upon it and relieve the poor, suffering Armenians is my prayer.

Mrs. H. H., Esperance, N. Y., says:
I have been reading in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD about the poor, persecuted Armenians, and I enclose eleven dollars to be sent to them. I wish I was rich enough to make it eleven hundred. What I can send seems so little to alleviate such misery, but I hope many will respond to the call and may God help.

M. E. S., Rootstown, Ohio, says:
This being the eighty-fourth birthday of my dear wife and the sixty-fourth year of our marriage, we send you this thank-offering of five dollars for the poor, suffering Armenians. The Lord, and the people who possess, have mercy on them.

The following contributions to the Armenian Relief Fund are acknowledged:

Previously Acknowledged	**$258.00**
—, Buck, Pa	8 00
Jonathan, East Shelburne, Mass	2 00
A, N Y	1 00
Inasmuch, Hartford	6 00
S V S, Erie	1 00
Christian Friend, London, Ont, Can	2 00
A reader of CHRISTIAN HERALD, Plainsboro	10 00
L. A Bruce	2 00
G H. Racine, Wis	5 00
A Friend, Allentown, Pa	2 00
E Robinson	5 00
Wm. Appel	3 00
Mrs Henry Hamilton	11 00
L S Merchon	5 00
Mrs Noah Tyler	5 00
A reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Phila	1 00

DR. GRACE W. KIMBALL.
(American Missionary at Van, Armenia.)

George and Sallie Witworth	10 00
—, Philadelphia, Pa	10 00
Geo W D Nangle	5 00
Mrs S H Bratton	1 00
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M E S, Washington, D C	2 00
G L, New York City	1 00
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W J W, Bklyn	75
C E Society, Summit	3 16
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G D Rogers	5 00
Clara C Dushane	2 00
Mr and Mrs J B. Riverdale	10 00
Total	**$926.06**

A CHRISTIAN ARMENIAN FAMILY OF VAN.

From a Photograph taken in prosperous days—This family, like thousands of others, is now beggared, homeless and scattered in exile.)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
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MARY AND JESUS.

MOST of the ancient artists tried their hand at the Virgin and the Child, always evidencing their own nationality in the style of infantile beauty selected. The Dutch school gives a Dutch child, the Roman school a Roman child, the Spanish school a Spanish child. Rubens' Christ was not born at Bethlehem, but at Antwerp. And as parents are not apt to undervalue their children, it is probable that they took the model which sat in their own nursery, gathering around it their own ideal of the infant Jesus. Francesco Tacconi represents the Holy Child as very thoughtful, a young philosopher at one year of age, with very red hair. Vivarini gives us a startled child. Duccio paints for us a child wrapped up in admiration of its mother. But Lo Spagna gives us the look of a glad child that would romp if it were not afraid of jumping out of the picture. Why not a glad child? The burdens had not yet rolled over on him. Those were good days to him. Joseph and Mary walked and trudged, but he always had a soft carriage to ride in—that of his mother's bosom. He had enough to wear, for he was wrapped in swaddling-clothes. He probably had enough to eat, for mothers in those days were not pinched to death with corsets, so the child need not go outside its mother's arms for abundant supply. But any pleasant afternoon when the children of our city are out taking an airing, I could find a score of infant faces more like Jesus than any I have seen on ancient canvas. Perhaps, after a while, an American artist will give us the Virgin and the Child. He would be more apt to be impartial than any of the ancients. They put their own nationality into the picture, and it was a German Christ, or a Venetian Christ, or a Tuscan Christ; but the American, having in him the blood of many lands, and in his face a commingling of the features of all nations, when he gives us upon canvas Mary and the child, it will be a world's affection bending over a world's Christ.

A PARISIAN WONDER.

I ASK the people recently returned from foreign travel if in all their journeying they saw anything more wonderful than the Champs Elysees, the chief street of Paris. On your way through the street you wander into grottoes, where, over colored rocks, the water falls, now becoming blue as the sea, now green as a pond, and now, without miracle, it is turned into wine. There are maiden-hair trees, and Irish yews, and bamboo, and magnolias, and banks of azaleas, and hollies, and you go through a Red Sea of geraniums and dahlias dry-shod. You leave on either hand concert-castles, and parti-colored booths, and kiosks inviting to repose, till you come to the foot of the Arc de Triomphe, from the foot of which radiate eleven great avenues, any one of which might well be a national pride, and all of them a-rumble with pomp and wealth, and the shock of quick and resonant laughter. On opposite sides of the archway are two angels, leaning toward each other till their trumpets well-nigh touch, blowing the news of a hundred victories. Surely never before or since was hard stone ever twisted into such wreaths, or smoothed into such surfaces. Up and down frieze and spandrel are altirelievi with flags of granite, that seem to quiver in the wind, and helmets that sit soft as velvet on warrior's brow; and there are lips of stone that look as if they might speak, and spears that look as if they might pierce, and wounds that look as if they might bleed, and eagles that look as if they might fly. Here stands a angel of war, mighty enough to have been just hurled out of heaven. On one side of the Arch, Peace is celebrated by the sculptor with sheaves of plenty, and chaplets of honor, and palms of triumph. At a great height, Austerlitz is again enacted, and horse and horsemen and artillery and gunners stand out as though some horror of battle had chilled them all into stone. By the time that you have mounted the steps, and stand at the top of the Arch, the evening lamps begin a running fire on all the streets. The trees swing lanterns, and the eleven avenues concentrating at the foot of the Arch pour their brightness to your feet, a very chorus of fire. Your eye treads all the way back to the Tuileries on bubbles of flame, and stopping half-way the distance to read, in weird and bewitching contrivance of gaslight, an inscription with a harp of fire at the top, and an arrow of fire at the bottom, the charmed word of every Frenchman, "Champs Elysees!"

THE ARISTOCRACY OF MEASLES.

WE see by the foreign papers that the children of a prince and princess have lately been down with the measles. What? Are not the families of royalty free from the aches and ailments of other households? No. We are all of one blood, and when that blood breaks out, accompanied with dry tongue, and high fever, and running eyes, it is measles. The children of imperial families must go through with the same undignified mumps, whooping cough, and toothache as the little ones of less notoriety. The armed guard at the palace gate can hinder the entrance of none of the distempers. We are all wondrously alike, though varieties of fortune may seem to obliterate all similarities. The aches and pains which Adam bequeathed his descendants have run to such compound interest that there is enough for all the race. One in struggle, one in misfortune, one in sin—may we all be one in sympathy.

NEW PRAYERS.

HOW to get out of the old rut without twisting off the wheel, or snapping the shafts, or breaking the horse's leg, is a question not more appropriate to every teamster than to every Christian worker. Having once got out of the old rut, the next thing is to keep out. There is nothing more killing than ecclesiastical humdrum. Some people do not like the Episcopal Church because they have the same prayers every Sabbath, but have we not in non-Episcopal churches for the last ten years been hearing the same prayers over and over again? the product of a self-manufactured liturgy that has not the thousandth part of the excellency of those petitions that we hear in the Episcopal Church. In many of our churches sinners hear the same exhortations that they have been hearing for the last fifteen years, so that the impenitent man knows, the moment the exhorter clears his throat, just what is going to be said; and the hearer himself is able to recite the exhortation as we teach our children the multiplication table forward or backward. We could not understand the doleful strain of a certain brother's prayer till we found out that he composed it on a Fast-day during the yellow fever in 1837, and has been using it ever since. There are laymen who do not like to hear a sermon preached the second time, who yet give their pastors the same prayer every week at the devotional meeting, that is, fifty-two times in the year, with occasional slices between meals. If they made any spiritual advancement, they would have new wants to express and new thanksgivings to offer. But they have been for a decade of years stuck fast in the mud, and they splash the same thing on you every week. We need a universal church-cleaning, by which all canting and humdrum shall be scrubbed out.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

A. W. Robinson, Riverside, Cal. In THE MAIL-BAG last week I saw an inquiry for the hymn, "All is Well." I have it in "The Harp," published in 1890.

Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y. Why is the word "trespasses" used so often in churches in the Lord's Prayer, instead of the Scriptural word, "debts" or "sins?"

It is a survival of the English prayer-book, which followed the translation in the Bibles in existence when it was composed. The word is not unscriptural. It is retained in both the Authorized and the Revised Versions in Matthew 6: 14, in the report of Christ's exposition of the prayer.

William Basyo, Glenn's, Va. Did the men who were with Paul when he was stricken down on the way to Damascus, hear the voice speaking to him? In Acts 9: 7, they were said to have heard; in Acts 22: 9, they are said not to have heard.

The only reasonable explanation of the apparent contradiction is that in the latter passage Paul meant that they did not understand the words spoken. They heard the noise but not articulate words. In the one case the account is believed to have been written by Luke and in the other it is Paul who is speaking.

H. B., Thornton, Walter, Ala. Who were the sons of God and the daughters of men referred to in Genesis 6: 4?

Ancient commentators believed that the "sons of God" were angels, but latterly, the scholars who do not accept the theory of evolution, have held that they were descendants of Seth and possibly of Abel, who married children of Cain. Evolutionists hold that they were the higher type of men allying themselves with women of the lower type who were practically animals.

A. E. B., New York. Husband died years ago and later my only child. And now, being left alone, do you think God looks upon it as a sin to still grieve for that child when she was all I had?

No, human grief is not a sin; it is the natural out-flowing of the love in the heart. But the Christian is sustained and comforted, amid such sorrows, by the knowledge that the loved ones are safe with God, and by the hope of rejoining them when this life is ended. Such reflections take all the bitterness out of death, for we know that our loved ones are not gone from us forever. (See II. Sam. 12: 22, 23.)

Earnest Reader, Alinda, Canada. Is the blessing of holiness entirely separate from that of regeneration?

Holiness, as the word is generally understood, refers to the end of the progressive work of the Holy Spirit on the heart. Regeneration is the new birth, which is a completed act, not a process. When a man believes in Christ, he is justified and the righteousness of Christ is imputed to him. Then commences the sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit and he grows in grace becoming more and more like Christ. There is all the difference between them that there is between birth and growth.

C. W. C., Columbus, O. 1. When the private life of a minister who preaches well, is believed to be not of the best, should one go to hear him, or stay away from his ministry in the hope of driving him from the pulpit? 2. Where can I obtain literature on the best method of conducting Sunday Schools?

1. It is first of all important to be charitable. Reports as to the evil private lives of ministers are often false. Then, too, perfection must not be expected in a minister. Being human he will have faults. If, however, he is clearly living in flagrant sin and is not struggling to free himself from it, he is a hypocrite, and you are not likely to get any good from his preaching. You had better absent yourself. 2. Write to the Sunday School Union, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Dunkards.—In reference to a reply in THE MAIL-BAG on September 18, to a question about the Dunkards, the following additional information is sent by Mr. J. S. Flory, of Los Angeles, Cal.:

"The Dunkards are more numerous in other States than in Ohio. In fact they have large numbers of communicants in all of the Western States, also in the central and Eastern States, excepting the New England States. Of late they are doing successful evangelizing in the Southern States, and are supporting prosperous missions in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway; also have missionaries in India and Asia Minor. Their distinctive mode of baptis is that the candidate kneels in the water a the administrator bows the head forward u der the water once in the name of each of t three persons of the Trinity, hence it cal triune baptism."

R. A. Adams, Long Island City, N. Y. I read of twelve labors of Hercules. What were they?

The slaying of the Nemean lion, the conqu of the Hydra, capture of the golden horn stag, the victory over the boar of Erymanth cleansing the stables of Augeas, destroy the Stymphalion birds, taking the Cretan b capturing the mares of Diomed, stealing girdle of Hippolyte, the triumph over Ger and his oxen, finding the golden apples lastly, in rescuing Cerbeus from the und world.

John S. Hutchison, St. Clairsville, O. 1. What was a man required to be before he could b to serve in the Jewish priesthood? 2. Was one ever known to commence younger than t ty, and if so, who?

1. The age at which the members of Aaronic priesthood entered upon their du was not defined by law, as that of the Lev was. The age at which priests entered service of the Tabernacle was twenty- (Numb. 8: 24), and the Temple twenty Chron, 28: 27), and it is probable that Aaronic priests were permitted to officiate about those ages. 2. It is on record that a of seventeen, Aristobulus, ministered in Temple in pontifical robes in Herod's time Josephus Antiquities 15: 3). In many instar the special consecration of the priest's life gan with the opening years of manhood.

L. G. McCreary, Appleton, Wis. What does mean in 1. Cor. 7: 14, by the unbelieving band being sanctified by his wife?

He did not wish to encourage a disposi he had observed in the Gentile churche make the acceptance of Christianity a pre for breaking up familes. If the husband came a believer he was not to separate his wife if she remained an unbeliever. If chose to leave him on that ground, no bl attached to him. But he was not to put away. She might be benefited and brougl Christ by the association and the chil might also be benefited. If the change the other way, and the wife should bec a believer she was to follow the same adv The words "sanctified" and "holy" do not ply that one partner would be able to tr form the nature of the other, but might it ence it for good.

Subscriber, Rohrsburgh, Pa. 1. Where in the is a millennium promised? 2. Is there any in the Bible about a rebellion in heaven? as we understand, Adam and Eve, Cain Abel, were the only human beings on when Cain slew his brother, of whom was afraid?

1. In many places, notably Isaiah 11; 2 17; Psalm 72: 8–11; Isaiah 52: 7–10; Zech 16–22. 2. See Rev. 12: 7–9; II. Peter 2 Jude 6. 3. The Bible does not say that were no others though it does not mention t There is nothing to show that there may in the extraordinarily long lives ascribed t Antediluvians, have been a large numb Adam's descendants in existence at the In our own time there is an instance of a son not yet eighty years old who has a hundred descendants, including chil grandchildren and great-grandchildren. fact of Cain finding a wife indicates that were other persons in the world besides mentioned in the brief account of the per Genesis.

Constant Reader, Denver, Colo. Is it true tha key, at one time, tolerated the Christian gave evidence of an intention to deal fai them? One would receive the impressio reading the daily newspapers that the Por no "bowels of mercy."

The latter conclusion probably would very far wrong. It is true, however tha Sultan Abdul Medjid, the Christian jects of the Porte enjoyed comparative gious freedom. In 1850, the Sultan issu firman confirming the rights of his "Chr subjects of the Protestant faith," and for protection in the exercise of their rel He also appointed a Christian memb of the Cabinet as "Agent of the Protesta whose duty it was to take cognizance complaints made by Christians against lems. Unfortunately Medjid's succ proved less liberal. The present Sultan is to be embittered against the Christians i evil counsel of Mohammedan fanatics Arabia, who have become very influent the Turkish Court.

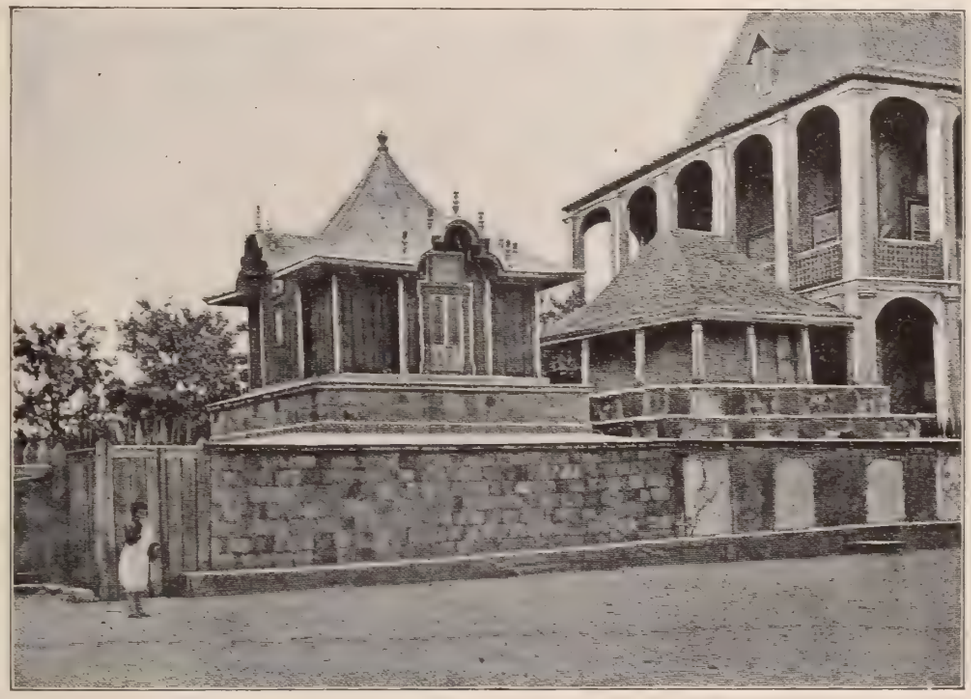
H., Homer, N. Y. 1. It was of Catholic ori medieval times. 2. We cannot inform C. B., Olean, N. Y. 1. Both are equally bad. he will accept him if he repent sincerely.— Howard, East Sangerville, Me. Write to G. nam's Sons, publishers, New York, for a "The Armenian Crisis in Turkey."— Subs Mount Joy, Pa. Certainly. Christianity doesn vent anyone from joining in pure, wholesome rent enjoyment.— A. W. O., Jersey City question is a profitless one, and has no bo whatever upon Christian doctrine or conduct Subscriber, Webster, Ia. The inquiry about assed, has already been answered in THE MA —Mrs. Jane Robertson, Half Rock, Mo. Inde practicable to do what you ask.—Reader You will find the story of John Brown in any ency dia or any history of the Civil War.—Mrs. Luckenbach, Bethlehem, Pa. Our Children's has been closed for the season.—Interest inquirer. Mr. Dean's address is not known. Address Mr. Moody, care Bible Institute, Chi Ill.—Max Step, any, Kirkfield, Kan. Write American Bible Society, N. Y. City.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE WAR IN MADAGASCAR.

FRENCH journals report the expedition in Madagascar to be nearing the capital and probably by this time it has entered the city. It appears that Gen. Duchesne, who is in command of the expedition has been compelled to withdraw the fresh regiments which were sent in advance, and to supply their place with Sakalavas who are natives of Madagascar, but have always been rebellious subjects of the Hovas dynasty and are now eager allies of the invaders. Senegalese troops have also been employed in the advance columns. These and the Sakalavas are inured to the climate and do not suffer from the fever as the French do. The mortality among the latter is appalling. The responsibility of much of this rests with the commissariat and transportation departments, which, according to dispatches to French journals have been inefficient. The Lebebridge wagons which were to carry the ground supplies to the army from the nearest depot on the river proved unfit for the mountain roads and useless in the roads through the forests. The army has consequently suffered severe privations, which have rendered them less susceptible to fever and dysentery that have been working terrible havoc among them. Should the invaders succeed in capturing the capital, it will be impossible to maintain possession of it unless a railroad is built at once across the island from Majunga to Tamatave, which will make the capital in communication with both the east and west coasts. The Hovas, however, declare that the French shall never have permanent hold on Antananarivo. They threaten to burn it if defence proves futile and thus, even in defeat, inflict a disaster on their foe, as the Russians did at Moscow, when Napoleon captured that city. Should they fulfil their threat the French would be in a critical position, far away from their base of supplies, without shelter, and with the rainy season at hand. It is doubtful, however, whether the Malagasy people have sufficient courage to make such a sacrifice. They would be proud of their capital and would be reluctant to destroy it. To the untravelled mass of it is a magnificent city and for some of the buildings they have an almost superstitious veneration. Among these latter are the two structures represented in the picture on this page. They stand near the royal palace and contain the remains of King Radama I., and Queen Ranavalona, the most powerful monarchs of the Hova dynasty. This invasion is a most cowardly act on the part of France which its rulers will have to answer at the bar of God, whom the Malagasy love and serve. Retribution will surely fall on the nation for its evil deed. God has often warned it for its sins and the means are at hand to punish it for this new crime. France may yet hear, in the presence of a relentless foe in its own capital the voice of God saying, as he said to another nation long ago:

"I will recompense them according to their deeds, and according to the works of their own hands." Jer. 25: 14.



THE WAR IN MADAGASCAR—TWO ROYAL TOMBS AT ANTANANARIVO.

The Woes of a Pleasure Party.

A pleasure excursion along the Long Island shore on Oct. 1 had an experience that made the name a misnomer. The owner of a small yacht invited five young men to take a cruise with him up the Sound. The weather was not altogether favorable for amateur yachtsmen at the start, and it grew more stormy after noon. The thermometer, too, gradually dropped, and the summer clothing of the guests was not thick enough to keep them from shivering. As the yacht had only an open cabin, which had been delightfully cool in summer, but afforded no protection from the cold blasts that blew down the Sound that day, the party were soon thoroughly chilled. At Sand's Point the discomforts of the trip reached their culmination. The Captain either mistook his course, or the steering gear was out of order. Before he was aware of it the yacht was in shallow water, and a heavy sea was carrying it irresistibly toward the beach. He begged his young guests to go overboard and push the yacht off. Reluctantly, clothes were thrown off, and soon five sturdy pairs of arms were shoving with might and main against the boat's side. But the sea and wind were too strong for them. The yacht settled on a bank of soft sand and remained immovable. The young men gave up the attempt to get her off, and clambered out of the icy water over the side and spent the night in a vain attempt to get warm. At daybreak they waded ashore and set out to walk home. This was a very different experience from the pleasure they hoped to have enjoyed, but it was only one day lost, and there was no one to blame. It is infinitely worse when, as often happens at the end of life, the dying man realizes that the pleasure Satan promised him in his service always proved illusive or had a bitter ending, and his whole life has been wasted. Then he blames himself for being deceived, and wishes he had heeded the warning of the Preacher who tested the value of such pleasures and declared:

Behold this also is vanity. (Eccles. 2: 1.)

A Costly Suit.

Two farmers in Southern Kansas are learning the ways of law courts at imminent risk of bankruptcy. One of the farmers had a Texas pony which was not worth ten dollars at the most. He kept it tied up while attending to some work on his farm, but the animal managed to free itself and wandered into the other farmer's cornfield. When the owner of the field saw it, some damage had been done and he seized the beast until he had obtained compensation. The owner of the pony succeeded in recovering his steed in a suit before a Justice of the Peace, and the owner of the field brought suit for damages. The case has been tried several times, with varying success, a disagreement of the jury in one instance involving a re-trial. At last it reached the District Court and the loser then took it to the Court of Appeals. It is soon to be tried there, and each man is determined, if the verdict goes against him, to take the case to the Supreme Court. Already the costs of the dispute about this ten-dollar pony are over a thousand dollars, and are likely to be double that amount before the case is finally settled. We are often told that Christ's injunction as to lawsuits is not suited to the present day, but this is certainly a case in which it would have been better for the litigants if either or both had followed it:

I say unto you that ye resist not evil . . . and if any man will sue thee at law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. (Matt. 5: 39, 40.)

The Golden Key.

An advertisement appeared recently in a New York daily journal, stating that the advertiser desired an introduction to the best society in the city, and would pay liberally any person who could secure it for him. The advertisement was shown to a gentleman who is in fashionable life, and he was asked if social recognition could be secured in that way. His reply was significant. He said that an introduction might be gained by a money payment secretly given, but it would not avail unless the person introduced had the manners of a gentleman and knew how to conduct himself in the way expected of a member of the best circles. He knew cases of ignorant men who had suddenly become rich in some distant State, coming to New York and arranging on a money basis with some needy aristocrat for an introduction. In every case the attempt had been a failure. The man and his family were conscious of being out of their element, and were confused and uncomfortable in the society of the aristocracy. On the other hand, society found them incapable of appreciating its occupations or sharing in its pleasures, and speedily dropped them. The advertiser is, therefore, likely to lose his money without gaining what he seeks. The same mistake is sometimes made by wealthy men who hope that by liberal gifts or large legacies for religious purposes, they may enter heaven when they die. The rich may enter as well as the poor, but only by the same gate of the new birth. Without that they would not be happy if admitted. There was no ambiguity about Peter's answer to the man who tried to buy his way in Apostolic times:

Thy money perish with thee . . . Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter, for thy heart is not right. (Acts 8: 20, 21.)

The Megaphone.

Among the inventions that have been patented, but have not come into general use, is one that a scientific journal is recommending to the owners and captains of steamers. It is called the Megaphone, and is intended to enable a person to hear and speak with others at a distance, where the telephone is not available. It consists of two huge cone-shaped tubes eight feet long and three feet in diameter at the large ends, which diminish to an apex, to which rubber tubes are attached, with ivory ear-pieces. Between these tubes are two smaller ones constructed on the same pattern, but with a simgle mouth-piece. By placing the ear-pieces in the ears and applying the mouth to the mouth-piece, a person can hear sounds a long distance away and cause his voice to be heard at a long distance. It thus might enable a mariner to catch the sound of breakers a long way off, and to make himself heard by a passing vessel. It renders, therefore, a double service, aiding the ear as well as the voice, as the telephone does. As sailors are aware, this combination is very important. It is so also in the Christian life. The believer often forgets, in his difficulties, to call upon his Heavenly Father for direction, and still more frequently fails to hear the answer to his prayer:

Thou calledst in trouble and I delivered thee: I answered . . . . but my people would not hearken to my voice. Ps. 81: 7, 11.

BRIEF NOTES.

All Letters to Dr. Talmage as Editor of The CHRISTIAN HERALD, should be addressed to him at The Bible House, New York, as heretofore.

Rev. S. V. Robinson Administered the Rite of baptism a few days ago at the Mariner's Temple, New York, to a Polish Jew named Philip Spiewak. He had been for some months under the teaching of Rev. A. Lichtenstein. Mr. Spiewak is the son of a Rabbi in Warsaw, and had himself been trained to be a Rabbi.

Rev. C. O. Gill, who Recently Left New York for China to labor under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board, is a famous athlete. He was captain of the football team at Yale in 1889.

Revs. Crossley and Hunter, the Canadian evangelists, are completing their programme for their winter's work. Churches desiring their services may address them at St. Thomas, Ont., Can.

The Prophetic Conference which was to be held at Allegheny City, Pa., at the end of October, will, it is now announced, not be held until December. Inquiries should be addressed to Prof. Moorhead, Xenia, O.

The Pacific Garden Mission, of Chicago, has issued its annual report. It appears that its expenses last year were $5,611. The total aggregate attendance was over 200,000. An average of from nine to fifteen persons each night rose to ask help in seeking Christ.

The Christian Work among American Art students in Paris is making progress. A recent visitor to the little iron church in the Latin Quarter found over a hundred young artists at the service. Rev. Samuel P. Kelley, the pastor of the church is deeply interested in his work and has the cordial respect of the artist colony.

The Annual Report of the Foreign Missions of the Moravian Church shows a deficit of $27,115. It is gratifying to learn that this is due very largely to a falling off in receipts from legacies, and not in contributions. The legacy generally closes a list of contributions running over many years and it is better for the church, that the testator should live and continue giving.

The Tabulated Results of Rev. C. H. Yatman's Ocean Grove meetings during the summer, so far as figures can represent spiritual work, are as follow: Conversions, upward of 500; backsliders reclaimed, 350; persons in spiritual difficulty specially helped, over 2,000. Mr. Yatman received a cordial welcome on his arrival at Honolulu.

The Ninth Annual Convention of Christian Workers in this country and Canada will be held in New Haven, Conn., Nov. 7th to 15th. It will be under the charge of Rev. R. A. Torrey, of the Moody Institute, Chicago. The topics for discussion will, as before, have special reference to the most successful methods of Christian work among the classes not reached by the ordinary work of the Church.

The Value of the Christian Endeavor Society in church work was inadvertently demonstrated recently in an English town. A church official who disapproved of the Society spoke against it in church meeting and predicted that it would eventually "smash up the weekly church prayer-meeting." "There were only sixty present last week," said he. "Yes," was the pointed rejoinder of his pastor, "and forty-six of those were Christian Endeavorers."

The Students of Taylor University at Fort Wayne, Ind., had the pleasure of a visit recently from Bishop Taylor, for whom the University is named. He gave them an address and a truly episcopal benediction. Dr. Reade, the President of the University, reports that the fund being raised to assist needy students in gaining an education and for other educational purposes in connection with the institution, is making gratifying progress, and there are good prospects of the beneficent work being largely extended.

Bishop Potter of New York has been the means of relieving a business embarrassment and preventing the continuance of extensive suffering. There has been a dispute between four hundred and fifty derrick men and their employers. The employees wanted their wages of $2.75 a day raised to $3, and when their employers refused to grant their request went on strike. The matter was mutually referred to the bishop, and after hearing both sides he decided that $2.00 would be a fair day's wages in the case. His decision was accepted by both parties. The strike was declared off.

...NADJA;...

A Tale of the Russian Steppes.*

BY OLIVER M. NORRIS.

GRISHA EXPLAINS TO THE GENERAL.

CHAPTER XIV.

Grisha and the General.

THE sudden and complete disappearance of the ferryman and his daughter was a mystery that the peasants of Slavo could not fathom. Search was made in all likely places without avail. The theory started by some one that Sozontieff had again gone off on his wanderings was untenable, because all his clothes, and books, and his icon of St. Nicholas, which he was known to venerate so highly, were intact. The search instituted by the General showed that Nadja had probably taken a few things with her, but no one could be quite sure of this. Grisha came in for much of the questioning—when he had seen his master and young mistress last, and where; if he had heard them speak of leaving Slavo, and so on. But either he would not or could not understand the questions, at any rate no one understood his evasive replies. He was cunning enough to give misleading answers, he certainly gave untrue ones. The only consideration that appeared to throw any light on the strange event was the ferry boat on the other side of the river. They had started for Kief during the night, perhaps on some urgent business, and might soon return. But as week followed week, and nothing was heard either of Sozontieff or his daughter, the village gave up speculating on their disappearance, and only spoke of it occasionally as one of those inexplicable things that sometimes happen on earth which God in his own good time would perhaps clear up.

The old General was uneasy about it all. He had an idea that Grisha probably knew more than he liked to tell, and his intelligence, more cultivated than that of the peasants, easily detected Grisha's subterfuges, and sinuous methods of replying to simple questions.

One evening, a month or so after the disappearance of the Sozontieffs, the General was sitting alone in his room. It was twilight and fast darkening, and the old man's thoughts were in keeping with the fading day and the fast approaching night. Since Vladimir's departure, his health, of late years so uncertain, had been a source of much uneasiness to him; his strength was fast declining, and he got no sleep.

Ah, if he could only sleep!

And [illegible] thoughts of how it had been mis-spent—the idleness, extravagance, vice, vacuousness that had marked it, became more and more a source of trouble to him, and to gain peace he turned to where, alas! he could not find it—to endless prayers and prostrations to his saints; to his hair shirt, to his books of devotion. If he could only do God some signal service, was his vain and foolish wish. If he could only show the Almighty how true a son of the Church he was!

And why could he not? Here at his very gates were the arch-enemies of the Orthodox faith, the men who were fast beguiling the simple peasantry, bringing in the soul-destroying tenets of Luther. He would begin a crusade against the Stundists and evince his zeal. These were his thoughts as he sat alone in the fading light of that May evening. But somehow down in the depths of his heart he doubted the efficacy of all this service. Could this make amends? he asked himself. Would this be restitution? Ah, restitution, that was the word that stuck. That was the word that threw his thoughts back twenty years,—to the cruel deceptions that followed one on the other at that time,—his flight to Moscow, and the utterly base and cruel desertion of the woman he had vowed to love. And if that had been all—but there was more. There was the terrible story the ferryman had told him of the child exposed beside the flooding river. Why had she done this? Why there of all places? Was it the insane thought that if no one found it, its poor deformed body would soon be at rest? But even this was not the worst. There was the night years ago in Moscow when he formed one of that gay company of men sitting around their champagne in the Hermitage Gardens, amid the din of a thousand blatant voices, the clinking of glasses, the rasping notes of empty laughter. They were boisterously enjoying some drunken witticism when there passed one whom memory forced him to recognize. Was it despair that had marked her as its own for ever? Ah, why dream of restitution? the General thought; it is impossible, impossible.

The General let his head sink on his breast. The thoughts of the miserable man were beyond his strength to bear. It was quite dark now.

"Your excellency," said the butler, opening the door and letting in a flood of light on the huddled-up old man. The servant started. "Your excellency, Grisha, the fool from the ferry, is here, and says he must see you. This is the fourth night running that he has come here bothering to see you, and last night he made such a row because we would not let him in that I boxed his ears, and to-night——"

"You boxed his ears!" The old man started from his chair and rushed at the servant with blazing eyes and clenched hands. "You struck Grisha! You! You scullion! You low-born lackey." The General raised his hand, but suddenly mastering himself, he turned helplessly back to his chair. His voice was low and hoarse when he spoke.

"Bring candles, and draw the blinds. Tell the boy I will see him."

The servant bowed low and retired, and after he had attended the General with the candles he told his fellows in the kitchen that in his opinion the master was just as mad as Grisha, and that when he saw him in such a towering passion he actually saw a likeness in him to the ferryman's fool. Wasn't it strange? he asked.

And then he began a long rigmarole about his mother, who had nursed a prince in St. Petersburg, always declared that she could not see a bit of difference between him and her own boy except for a wart on his arm, which of course wasn't on the face, and made no matter.

Grisha entered the General's room gazing slowly and deliberately on all sides, taking no notice of the master of the house who sat there in his chair, shrunken, fixedly watching every movement of his visitor with a fascinated stare. Certainly Grisha's was a weird enough figure. His long, lank, black hair fell about a death-pale face, the eyes large and deep-sunken—the only redeeming feature in a hopelessly marred and senseless visage. There was the terrible hump, the long restless arms, the misshapen legs. And what the butler in his quip in the servants' hall said he saw, the General saw only too plainly. In the fool's face he saw the distorted image, the tragic burlesque, of his own features.

"Grisha, come here, nearer. Now what is it you want? Isn't it late for you?"

"Yes, it's late, but I like the late—ever since master went away."

Now whether it was the General's perceptions were keener than those of his peasantry, or that Grisha took greater trouble to express himself clearly this evening, his words and ideas had a coherence and meaning to the General that only Nadja and sometimes Mikhail could discover in them.

"Are you not lonely, Grisha, since the ferryman went away? Would you not like him to come back?"

"No, I'm not lonely. I am out all day watching the sheep untill Nadja comes back. Master will never return."

"How does Grisha know that?"

"The icon told me, the Wonder-Worker." Grisha's eyes looked shiftily from corner to corner of the room, searching for the General's icon, and when he found it he made three low obeisances before it."

"The icon!" exclaimed the General, incredulously, "the icon told you!"

"Yes, it's about the icon that I came here. I want you to take it away."

"But it is not mine, and besides, I have my own icons."

"Yes, but this icon speaks, and yours does not. It told the ferryman everything he wanted to know, and since he went away it has been speaking to me."

Again the incredulous smile on the General's face, but to please Grisha he fell in with his humor.

"And what has the icon been saying to Grisha?"

"It wanted to tell me all about Nadja and master, where they were and why they went away, but I was afraid and ran out of the "izba." It told me one morning that it must be hung up in your room, that it has much to say to you about yourself and about Panitch Vladimir. Panitch has heard the icon speak to master when he used to come to see Nadja."

"To see Nadja! Vladimir!"

"Yes, he used to come often, but when she began to cry and get white he came no more. I heard the icon tell master all about Panitch."

It was most puzzling to the General. The idea of a speaking icon was of course pure nonsense, although he was no stranger to the notion often entertained among the more religious of the peasantry that the icon constantly inspires their actions and makes suggestions. But there was more here than he knew, and Grisha must be humored. The boy lived in abject fear of the icon, and ever since Sozontieff's disappearance he had carefully obscured its face with a cloth. The cottage still remained unoccupied, and Grisha dared not live there. So he hit upon the expedient of trying to induce the General to remove the Wonder-Worker. He would in this way be rid of a constant terror. During the night he would often rise from his bed in the haystack to see that the curtain still hung before it. He was as firm a believer in its supernatural powers as the ferryman had been, and imagined that its terrible voice could penetrate to any hiding-place he might prepare for himself near the cottage. He was not afraid of any revelation it might make to the General about the murder. He had a notion that Vladimir was the ultimate cause of Sozontieff's death, and he knew that the General loved Vladimir.

"Grisha, you say the icon knows all about Vladimir and about the ferryman and his daughter. Now suppose I bring it up here, and it refuses to tell me anything, what then?"

"It will speak, Barin. It will tell you strange things. You will hear how master was killed. Yes," Grisha bent forward and whispered with his eyes aflame, "he was killed at the sands. Come and I'll show you the place. I'll show it to you if you don't ask who did it. The icon will tell you Nadja is alive. I know where she is."

The General's head was bowed, and from the disconnected words of the fool some connected thoughts were revealing themselves. They were awful thoughts. Grisha interrupted his reverie.

"Barin, let us go for the icon. I will show you where it is, and you'll take it down from the wall, and bring it up here. Keep it until Nadja comes. But she will never come for it," he added, "she's afraid of it and hates it like I do."

The General made no answer. He was thinking of other things and of other days, and when Grisha grew insistent he turned his gaze on the half-witted youth and remembered what he was, and who he was, and shuddered. At any rate here ere might be some restitution attempted. He could give this boy care and guardianship, all too late, perhaps, but he would try.

"Grisha, come nearer; nearer still.

The hunchback approached, and the old man put out his hand and placed it on the long tangled black hair, so unkempt and uncared for. He ran his fingers through it, muttering "Grisha, poor Grisha, God only knew." He looked at his grimy face, his toil-stained hands, his tattered rig clothing, and thought of the slave's life he must have led. "It shall cease," he determined, the boy must live with him and again he looked into the fool's eyes, and stroked his hair and his face with his white be-ringed fingers.

"Grisha, would you like to live here with me in this house? We let the icon stay where it is, and it not worry you if you lived here."

It was all inexplicable to poor Grisha the fondling hand, the gentle look old man, the strange request to live him. Again the General spoke the words, and Grisha began to realize

"No, no, Barin; I will wait at the for Nadja. Some day she'll return ferry her across. She would come when I am here, and I must be there she comes. But the icon must be down. She will never live there while remains. Take it away, Barin. away to-night."

The moon was shining through young woods and on the dew-spangled grass as these two made their way twisting bye-paths, avoiding the down to the river. The river lay milky mystic lake before them; the man's squalid, black cottage lay shadow of the misty sand dunes. The General held Grisha's arm, the hunchback supporting and directing his feeble

"Grisha, Grisha," he said repeatedly, "come and live with me."

"When Nadja comes," was his only answer.

They entered the cottage, and the General struck a light.

"There it is," said the fool, pointing to the curtained icon, "take it down, take it away. It is yours. It will tell you what you ought to know."

The icon was taken down from the wall, the General standing on Sozontieff's chair.

"Take this also," said Grisha, handing his companion the old Slavonian Bible. "It is the book that strikes you blind when you tell lies. Nadja told the truth. Only Panitch told lies, but then he never had the book in his hands. Put it to his hands when he comes from the sea, and ask him where Nadja is."

Grisha crouched down on his pallet of straw, bed which he had occupied since the house was masterless, buried his face in his hands, and sobbed as from a broken heart. "Nadja, Nadja," he kept repeating, "come back. He's gone away, he who told you the lies. He won't return to trouble you. Come back, the ferry is ready on the sands every morning at daybreak."

The General sank back into the chair, and Grisha rocked backward and forward, expressing in broken tones his grief at the loss of Nadja.

The old man tried to comfort him, but gave no heed.

"If Panitch comes back she only! And then with sudden fierceness "Tell Panitch if ever you see him again that the sands wait for him too."

The light was spluttering low in its socket when the General slowly rose from his chair, carrying she icon and the book of ordeal.

"A quiet night, Grisha," said the General gently.

He opened the cottage door and went out into the night, and with feeble and slow steps walked up through the silent moonlight village, and on to his own great dark house. An utterly lonely and broken, a helpless and forsaken, man.

(To be continued.)

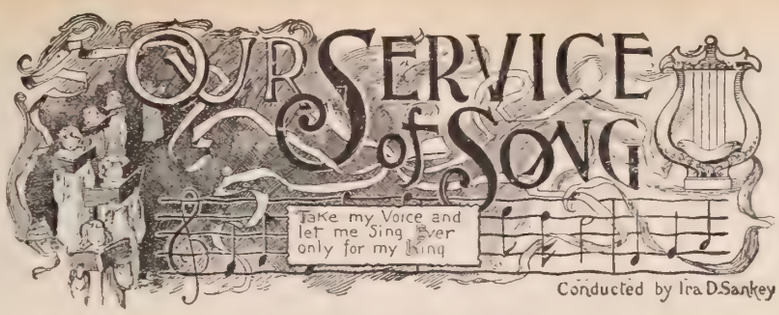
OBEDIENCE TO GOD.

ggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Oct. 27. Deuteronomy 8: 1-20.

E know of no analogy that brings the relations of the human race to God into so clear a light as that of the parental relation. The world was a long time in reaching it, and not until Christ revealed it was it lly perceived. The Jews, in their earlier story, although far ahead of other nations the purity and thrust of their religious eas, did not get beyond the nception of God as a lawgiv-. They thought of him as ern and relentless, a Being in-piring awe by his power and solute righteousness. The ne-ssity of obedience was, how-er, distinctly recognized and en in their rebellion, they were nscious that inevitable pun-ment awaited them. In the earer light that comes from the velation of God as a Father, e recognition of the duty of edience loses none of its force, it rather gains an increased bligation. It would be a great-shame to disobey a loving fa-er than to break the law of a spot.

How this obligation of obedi-ce operates in childhood we ell know. The little toddler a year old, who puts out his nd to touch the pretty glow the stove, is snatched away; d neither struggles nor tears ill induce the mother to let him uch the red-hot metal. By d by he understands, and ould not wish to touch it, even ough his mother were not esent to prevent him. He hows it would burn him. A ry little boy knows as much that,but there are other things a like kind that he does not ow. He wants some danger-s toy; wants to play instead going to school; wants to sit late at night and lie late in e morning. Again the moth-'s "No," is interposed. His erty and freedom of action e restricted in a hundred ways. and by he experiences a ange of view about these re-rictions, similar to that he ex-rienced about the stove. When goes out into the world, he ows that he is a better man r not having had his own ay when a boy. He under-ands that his mother was not ting in caprice or with a de-re to abridge his happiness, when she ve-ed his projects and plans, but was con-ulting his own happiness, with a wisdom rn of her larger observation and experi-ce. When he attains maturity, there is beautiful harmony between him and his other, if she lives, and a reverent love for r memory if she is dead. He knows that his infany and childhood she was not a rant, but his wise and loving friend.

When men realize the same principles in eir relations with God, obedience becomes sy and the end and purpose of discipline attained. Perfect trust in his wisdom d love produces perfect docility. God ks for absolute trust—or faith, as the-ogy calls it. Thus obedience involves a mplete trust in God. We do not know e way by which he will lead us, nor the nditions to which he will lead us, but we now him. It involves a complete sur-nder of the will, a readiness to follow his ays, in spite of our inclinations, until at st we become Godlike, there is harmony etween his nature and ours, and we do oluntarily and spontaneously the things hat he wills. Law is then needed no more. r every man becomes a law to himself. Obedience also involves patience. Trials are ot always punitive. The example of Abra-am and the book of Job show that trials may be tests, that they may be sent to each some new truth, or to develop some ide of character. So in obeying God we ut our life into his hands and accept with heerfulness all that comes from him, being ssured that all things work together for ood to them that love him.



WHAT HAST THOU DONE?

LAURA E. NEWELL. FRANK J. ROBERTSON.

1. What hast thou done for Je - sus, O soul of mine to - day? Hast thou His er - rands
2. What hast thou done for Je - sus, Who bled and died for thee? Bear - est thou still thy
3. What hast thou done for Je - sus, To aid the weak and old? Hast thou in pit - y
4. What hast thou done for Je - sus? Is all thy life for Him? Safe - ly He'll lead thee
quick - ly run, From ear - ly morn till set of sun, With joy - ful heart al - way?
cross each day, And dost thou e'er His voice o - bey, Who calls,—"Come, fol-low me?"
cheered the faint, And lis - tened to a souls' complaint, To strengthen and make glad?
by the hand To home, and rest, and Fa - ther-land, Where skies are nev - er dim.
Refrain.
What hast thou done? What hast thou done? What hast thou done for Je - sus to - day?
rit.
What hast thou done, What hast thou done? What hast thou done for Je - sus to - day?

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REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Oct. 6, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For Special Blessings. "Hope," that a man who served God in his prosperity may be guided and supported in his adversity, and enabled to earn a living for his family.——"Believer," that one who is estranged from his friends may learn that he has been misled by untrue statements made by interested and unscrupulous persons.——"Believer," on behalf of a family in trouble—wife an invalid, husband unable to find employment—that God would give needed faith and patience.——E. M., Ontario, that peace of mind may be attained and power to lead a better life.——"Believer in Prayer," Wilton, N. H., that a man who is out of employment may succeed in getting work, and be cured of selfishness and ill temper.——Reader, Philadelphia, Pa., that two ladies in dire need may find some way of earning a livelihood.——E., Worcester, Mass., that a home may be provided before winter for one who has trusted in promised help.——"A Mother," that a grievous financial burden may be lifted.——"Subscriber," Wilkesbarre, Pa., that God will in some way provide means for the payment of just debts, and save one who trusts in him from reproach and despair.——C. T. W., Fort Montgomery, N. Y., that God would grant a special blessing, for which many prayers have been offered——Reader, Marshall, Mo., that a way may be opened to one who is dependent on others for support, by which an inependent livelihood may be earned free from the humiliations of present conditions.——Subscriber, N. Y., that one who is in deep sorrow and anguish of mind may find rest and peace, and that some way may be found to escape from a promise given hastily, but which cannot be kept without heavy trial and misery.——"Believer in Prayer," Bedford, that relief may be sent to one borne down with financial difficulties.——"One in Sore Distress," Ogdenburg, N. Y., for help to became a more consecrated, devoted Christian, and for deliverance from the plots of an unknown enemy.——A. C. A., Chatham, N. Y., for deliverance from a fierce and angry spirit and that God would shed abroad his love in its place.——L. C. S., Salisbury, Ct., for a beloved pastor, that God would bless him and support him under trial.——M. T. S., Catawba, Ky., that means may be furnished to enable a woman in sore distress in Oklahoma to return to her friends.——Sincere Friend, Kendallville, Ind., that a young physiclan surrounded by unusually strong temptations may be awakened to his danger and kept from the evil; and that his tempter also may be converted.——"Reader," Wash., that assurance of salvation and grace to live a Christian life may be given to one in terrible anxiety.——"A Methodist," Toronto., that an orphan girl who has been defrauded may yet recover her lost property; also that a widow's attempt to carry on business may have the blessing of God.——"Disconsolate One," Ticonderoga, N. Y., that God would help one who has not led a consistent life, to renew the consecrating vow, and to live henceforth near him and that he would forgive the past.

For the Restoration of Health. Mrs. F. S., Forest, Ill., for recovery from a nervous disease and from another malady which interferes with her duties to her family.——M. H. S. J., Sterling, Conn., for healing from a severe bodily affliction.——L. R. Rummerfield. Pa., for recovery from painful illness.——A., Alexandria, Va., that a dear mother whose sight is failing may recover it.——Eva L. Joy, Brattleboro, Vt., who is in sore affliction, that God would mercifully give her health and strength.——"Anxious Sisters," that one who is suffering may have strength given her to bear patiently the burden laid upon her.——A. M. C., Bloomsbury, Pa., that he may gain physical and mental strength so as to be able to do more and better work for Christ.——"Subscriber," Lawrenceville, Pa., for recovery from a dangerous disease; also that a dear friend suffering from heart disease may be restored.——H. Zimmerman, Rogersville, O., that a painful and disagreeable disease from which he is suffering may be healed.——"Those who have faith." etc., Chandbro Valley, Pa., that God in his mercy would relieve their dear mother who is afflicted mentally and once more give her the use of her mind.

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. Reader, Philadelphia, on behalf of a brother who has periodical fits of intemperance, that God would save his soul and give him power to overcome his awful propensity.——"Anxious Sisters." for the conversion of a brother who has fallen under the power of intoxicating drink which has led him to other sins.——J. H., Reading, Pa., for the conversion of a man who has left the Evangelical Church and is wandering in the paths of error.

THE CLUE TO THE VISION.

The Explanation Given by the Angel to Daniel a Clue to the Interpretation of the Later Visions of the Prophet.

BY GEO. A. PEMBER, M. A.

(Continued from page 641.)

IN regard to the beginning of the period, described as seventy sevens, during which so much was to be accomplished, the prophet is informed that it will be marked by the issuing of a decree to restore and build Jerusalem—not the Temple, of which there is no mention, but the City, the street and the moted wall.

Seeing, then, that the terms of the predicted decree are so precisely given, it seems strange indeed, that there should have been any difficulty in fixing its historical reference. Nevertheless, of four decrees which are mentioned in the Scriptures, the majority of commentators have selected those which did not fulfil the conditions of prophecy.

For some will have it that the allusion is to the decree of Cyrus. And yet, on turning to the first chapter of Ezra, we find no mention of the City with its street and wall, but only a charge "to build the House of the Lord which is in Jerusalem." In the sixth chapter of Ezra the very words of the decree are given, but there is no reference to anything save the rebuilding of the Temple and the restoration of the golden and silver vessels that pertained to it.

Even in the times of Nehemiah, a century later, Jerusalem is still described as lying waste, with its walls broken down, and its gates burned with fire. Hence it is evident that Cyrus did not allow the Jews to rebuild the walls that had been cast down by the Chaldeans: nor could it be reasonably expected that he should do so. For, owing to its strong situation, Jerusalem, if well fortified, was impregnable to the siege-strategy of those days. This we may see by the fact that the Chaldeans had to reduce it by famine; and that Titus, also, would scarcely have captured it, in spite of the struggles of opposing factions within its walls, had it not been for the failure of food. It is thus sufficiently clear, that the decree of Cyrus does not answer to the description given by Gabriel, since it contained no provision for the building of the City and its defensive walls.

The degree of Darius Hystaspes, again, was a mere confirmation of that of Cyrus, which had been countermanded by the Pseudo-Smerdis, and deals exclusively with the Temple and the vessels pertaining to it.

Nor does the letter given to Ezra by Artaxerxes Longimanus, in the seventh year of his reign, contain any clause respecting the building of the city or wall. It is a commission to inquire into the religious condition of the community in Judah and Jerusalem; and to organize the province beyond the river. Thus none of the decrees which we have mentioned fulfils the conditions of the prophecy.

Thirteen years after the arrival of Ezra in Jerusalem, in the month Nisan, Nehemiah went into the royal presence to perform his duty as cup-bearer; and the king, observing the marks of sorrow upon his countenance, questioned him as to the cause of his grief. "Let the king live forever," was his reply: "why should not my countenance be sad, when the city, the place of my fathers' sepulchres, lieth waste, and the gates thereof are consumed with fire?" Artaxerxes sympathized with his distress, and inquired what request he wished to make. Then, after praying to the God of heaven, Nehemiah said;—"If it please the king, and if thy servant have found favor in thy sight, that thou wouldest send me unto Judah, unto the city of my fathers' sepulchres, that I may build it."

(To be Concluded.)

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

NEAR THE KINGDOM.

A Sermon preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, by Robert Stuart MacArthur. Text, Mark 12: 34: "*Thou art not far from the kingdom of God. And no man after that durst ask him any question.*"

THIS incident marks the close of the long series of attacks made upon our Lord in the tempie, on Tuesday of Passion-week. On that day by various forms of opposition, our Lord easily proved himself to be the Master of all his foes. We have not given him sufficient credit for the sacred shrewdness which he always manifested in contests with his opponents. These opponents laid traps for our Lord's feet; but he stepped lightly over them, while they, going stumbling after him, were caught in their own devices. Our Lord's power over his opponents was so great that this last critic, on that important day, was almost won to discipleship. In reading the Gospel we constantly discover that when the foes of Christ are brought into close touch with

His Wonderful Wisdom,

his great skill, and his mighty love, they are amazed beyond expression. The world has not yet fully known Christ. We are only beginning to apprehend the beauty of his character, the clearness of his intellect, and the gentleness of his heart.

> His cross, his manger and his crown,
> Are bright with glories yet unknown.

Wherever we see our blessed Lord he arrests our thoughts, elicits our admiration, evokes our enthusiasm, and calls forth our tenderest affection. It was said by the admirers of the eloquent Bourdaloue that they would rather hear repetitions from him than novelties from any other preacher. It may be said of every Christian that he would rather hear the story of his Lord's love than hear any story that ever came from the pen or lips of uninspired men. I bow my heart in fullest adoration at my Lord's feet this morning, as once more I present him to you as the object of affection and adoration.

Christ had just finished a conversation with the Sadducees, who had endeavored to ensnare him; and in the discussion he completely routed them. The Pharisees now undertake to question him by this scribe of whom the context speaks; but the scribe was wonderfully charmed by the wisdom of the Lord. You know that the scribes made numerous distinctions and classifications concerning the commandments of the law. They divided them into six hundred and thirteen parts, of which number three hundred and sixty-five were prohibitions, and two hundred and forty-eight were precepts. These were again divided into greater and less. It was, therefore, a matter of serious questioning on their part, as to which was the greatest command of the Lord. These Scribes were governed by a

Bald Literalism

rather than by the spiritual significance of the divine teaching; they gave preference to the letter rather than to the spirit, to the ceremonial rather than to the moral element of the law. They differed greatly among themselves as to which commandment was pre-eminently important. This hair-splitting [illegible] the commandments. Jesus replied by giving the great law of love, first, to God, and, second, to man. He gave no new precept at the beginning, but the comprehensive summary found in Deuteronomy 6: 45. This quotation is in substance what every devout Jew read or recited every morning and evening [illegible] evening and evening in the city of New York to this very hour—"Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord!" This passage is a part of the Scripture which was on Jewish phylacteries and is to this hour. I suppose that that scribe had that sentence written on his phylactery at the very moment, and our Lord may have pointed to it while he quoted the words. Our Lord thus sanctioned the repetition of these words.

The second statement made by Christ is a summary of all the

Duties which we Owe

to man. This is from Leviticus 19: 18. The second summary is implied in the first. Supreme love to God involves proper love to men. We show love to God whom we have not seen by loving our fellowmen whom we see.

I think of all the answers given by Christ, this is the most beautiful. The question was puzzling; the answer is exquisitely appropriate. The answer avoids the evasive, trifling, and insidious elements in the question. The answer is instructive, simple, exhaustive, and spiritual. It states a universal truth and duty; it is unchangeably important, and as appropriate to-day as when given by Christ. This intelligent Scribe had never before so clearly seen the spiritual importance of this great law; and so skillfully had Christ turned from unprofitable and unimportant speculation that the scribe burst forth in admiration of Christ's wisdom in reply to his question, saying, "Well, Master, thou hast said the truth."

"One of the finest touches in this fine picture is the change produced in the mind of the scribe. He became an admirer of Christ's wisdom; and Christ, in turn, says to him, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." Indeed, that scribe stood at that moment at the very doorway of the kingdom; he was almost a true follower of the Lord. He needed but the moral decision to enter; he needed only simple personal saving faith; he needed holy determination; he needed heroism to come out and confess Christ as his Lord and Saviour.

I have gone at length into the discussion of the context, and into the spirit and character of this scribe, because he is a type of men and women in our congregations to-day. To them I now make my appeal; to them I now address my heart. O, that God may grant that those who are standing at the very

Doorway of the Kingdom

may step over the sill this morning, and be at home in the kingdom of God's dear Son.

In the first place, like this scribe, some of you are not far from the kingdom of God, so far as privileges are concerned. Many of you have enjoyed the blessings of an early Christian training; and it is almost impossible to over-estimate the advantages of early religious training. It is in youth that impressions are made that are lasting upon mind and heart; then it is that direction is given to all the subsequent life; then it is that seed is sown in the heart which, though it may long lie dormant, shall one day spring up and bring forth a harvest of good to men and of glory to God. It may be true that even the physical condition of the brain in youth is better adapted, than in latter life, to receive and to retain impressions. The older we grow, the more do we appreciate the instructions we have received in our early youth. God be thanked for godly mothers and praying fathers! God pity the man who will go down to perdition, trampling over a kneeling mother and slighting the counsels of a godly father! For such a man outer darkness will be darker than for others; for such a man hell will be more satanic than for those who never had youthful privileges and opportunities.

You have also enjoyed the advantages of growing up to mature years in a Christian atmosphere. There is such a Christian atmosphere about us who have had early Christian training. We feel it; we breathe it; we are blessed or cursed by it according as we improve or neglect it. We have it in spite of ourselves. Men say they will not listen to the story of Christ; they cannot help but listen. Christ when preached creates a blessed influence in every Christian home. Christ's name, Christ's cross, Christ's glory, we cannot but see and feel wherever we go, and whatever we do. These influences are round about us as an atmosphere; this morning you can no more get rid of them, than you can get rid of your own personality. They have saturated your life. You know that this presence seems to have eyes to see you and tongue to rebuke you when you sin. You cannot get away from this influence. God be thanked that

Christian Homes

and Christian churches generate such an influence that may be for the salvation of souls. I suppose there is no one in this audience who has not been conscious of the strivings of God's Holy Spirit. You have heard the still small voice of the Spirit saying, "My son, my daughter, give me thy heart." You have sometimes been arrested in business by that still small voice. It has whispered to you in the stillness of the midnight hour, when all other sounds were hushed. In London, in the vicinity of St. Paul's, it is said that you cannot hear the ringing of the bells in the day time, because of the rush and roar on the streets in this modern Babylon; but at night when all these sounds are hushed, the musical bells ring out on the midnight air, telling the city below of a city above, whose maker and builder is God. O, men and women, your privileges have been great; use them, else they will rise in judgment to condemn you. God help you not only to be near but to be in the kingdom of God!

Near in Principle.

I think, also in the second place, that many of you are like this scribe because you are near the kingdom of God, so far as your principles are concerned. I believe that this statement is profoundly true. Many of you have great respect for the Christian faith and for a consistent Christian life. You know you have. You know that I can justly appeal to you in that respect; you know that that respect gives me a claim to-day, to be heard when I urge you to come into God's kingdom. I would lift you over the door-sill into the kingdom of God now, if I could. You love truth; you admire manliness, and you hate hypocrisy and wickedness. A manly, honest, earnest, genuine Christian life you greatly admire. Men who are pious, honest, and noble elicit your sincerest admiration and arouse your noblest enthusiasm. These things you know are true. I think, furthermore, that many of you live an irreproachable life, so far as the standard of this world is concerned. You are good boys; you are manly men. You are good sons; you are loving husbands, you are devoted fathers. You would scorn to illtreat your father, your mother, your wife, or your children; and yet you are illtreating yourselves. Astounding! Unspeakable inconsistency! Many of you women are models in many relations in life; you are beautiful daughters, loving sisters, gentle wives and devoted mothers; and yet you are outside the kingdom of God. How my heart aches as I think of it; I sometimes feel that my ministry has been a failure. It certainly is, so far as some are concerned. I beg you to remember that I do not make light of your irreproachable lives; far from it. I would recognize the manliness of all these noble qualities. They are good so far as they go; but they are evil when they are made the goal, when they are trusted for salvation; when they are made

The Standard of Moral Attainment.

O, bring these lives to Jesus' feet; lay them down and ask him to let a Saviour's grace sweeten them; a Saviour's love inspire them; a Saviour's peace possess them. Thus they shall be made luminous with the light of Christ's Gospel, and radiant with the glory of Christ's cross. Many of you admire the character of Jesus; you cannot but admire it. It has been admired by many men in all ages of the world since he was upon the earth. But Christ wants more than admiration. I have sometimes felt my heart grow sick and faint when I have read the words of just praise spoken by unbelievers concerning Christ: when I have read Renan addressing Christ as "The Sweet Galilean." No, no, foolish man; I repudiate your praise of Christ, so long as you are disobeying Christ. Christ asks not your rhetorical praise; he demands the submission of your will, the adoration of your heart, the obedience of your life, and the trust of your whole soul. He demands your reverent trust; he

Demands the Heart's Throne.

Away, away with the bright flowers that you would lay at Christ's feet, when you are putting thorns into his heart. He will have none of the flowers, except you will have none of the thorns.

Now allow me, in the last place, to say that many of you are not far from the kingdom of God, so far as your purposes are concerned. You propose to live up to the highest ideal as a man: but if the ideal be low, the attainment will be correspondingly low; if the ideal be high, the attainment will be much higher than otherwise. We cannot indeed attain fully to our ideal. If the young sculptor has before him the work of Phidias or Angelo, he will not himself to attempt to reach those high standards. So to-day I put before you Jesus Christ as the ideal man. He says, "Follow me!" Why do you not follow him? Why do you not select the highest ideal? I put before you that standard. I know, furthermore, that you propose some day to accept Jesus Christ as your Lord and Master. I do not suppose that there is even one person in this audience who does not propose some day to accept the Lord as his Lord and Master. But you are putting faith in to-morrow rather than in Jesus. You are on the road "By and By," and the Spanish proverb says, that the road "By and By," leads to the town of "Never." Why should you wait? Why should you not now own that purpose by consecrating your life and heart to Christ, and confessing him as your Lord and Master? Do it to-day! When will you be ever better prepared? When can he be more willing to receive you? Never! Do it just now. I know, too, that you propose some day to publicly confess Christ. Why not execute that resolve now? Oh,

Take the First Step

in that direction. We are told that the critical moment of that night in the year 1741, during the troubulous days in Russia, Count Lessoch went to conduct the princess Elizabeth to the palace to assert her right to the vacant throne; he found her irresolute and averse to action. He then drew forth two pictures which he had used to be prepared, and placed them before her. In one picture she saw herself under the torture and the Count on the scaffold; in the other she saw herself on the throne ascending the throne of all the Russias, while the people around her were filling the air with their loud plaudits. He bade her make her choice. She chose the latter and on the morning in triumph she ascended the throne.

To-day I hold before you two things pictures. One of Christ on the cross and you a rejoicing penitent; and the other Christ on his throne, and you rejected and banished to outer darkness. Choose which it shall be! God help you to choose right now! Bow in sweetest reverence at his feet now, and one day you shall hear him say, "come, ye blessed of my Father." Reject him, and one day you shall see Christ on the great white throne of judgment and hear him say, "depart, ye cursed, into everlasting punishment, prepared for the devil and his angels." It was not prepared for you; it never was prepared for you. You almost break God's heart in going down. This darkness never was meant for you; it was meant for the devil and his angels. Why should you make the devil's home your home?

Attractive, ardent, young scribe! Never was he so beautiful as when he came to Jesus. At this time the door of the kingdom was open; the music was floating out; the light was falling on the scribe's upturned face. O, wonderful moment! O, joy of heaven! Then he turned away. Will he ever come back? I do not know, but I hope so. I do not know, for touching that point the Scriptures are silent. Almost saved is not saved; almost in the kingdom is altogether out of the kingdom, and there out are dogs and demons, blackness and darkness forever. And within are life, light, glory, music, Jesus, heaven. O, come in! Come in, for Jesus' sake.

Javanese Superstition.

The people Worship and Sacrifice to the Spirit of the Volcano—The Bromo and its Votaries.

LIKE almost all the ancient peoples of the East, the Javanese have very strongly marked superstions, one of the most peculiar of which is pictured in the illustration on this page. In the southern provces of Java and on the neighboring ilars, there are many Brahmins, and the mains of Brahminism on the island are ffiently numerous to show that at one me hat venerable faith ushave had a strong foot- ere.

O of the great Brahmin sti is in Java is devoted to ership of the Bromo, a remy so-called because, certain day in October, e votees gather in great mrs around the crater of ost extinct volcano, to avnd worship and offer cres to a supposed spirit at vells within the moun- in. Only an insignificant f the volcano is now ti but the disturbance is ou to emit groans and is that seem to startle and erve the assemblages. siresiding genius, who is ped to be hidden in the co is known as the Pun- ro Gunong, or keeper of e mountain. To appease mruit and poultry are of- d abundance and occa- my, when the volcanic is are unusually loud, the petitious Brahmins de- reat the evil spirit is call- r human flesh and is be appeased with the aughter of the lower ins. The Bromo, in the eastern part tisland, is in the very heart of a vol- ni region, for all around may be seen ne volcanoes, some extinct and others ti an active state. Near Tosari, fif- les distant, the Bromo's mutterings nblings are distinctly heard.

Wing of a pilgrimage to the Bromo, e correspondent of the London "Graphic" ys "The earth on each side was com- seof clay and sand, veined with lines lk, and as we approached 'the floor' is anged to charred stone, gravel, and nds. We set our ponies, which resem- ed ild Arabs, over a sandy desert at full ee and in a short time reached a spot ota mile from the actual Bromo, or ac- ve olcano, from which issued dense no , and a wild, deafening noise. At is ot we saw a large number of people sse bled in groups, who were eating and ay g, or chatting, laughing, and sing- g. In the crowd walked the Wodones nd antries—that is, heads of small villa- es districts—gaily dressed, with their un hed kresses glittering amid the folds f ir sarongs, or large piece of colored lk anging over the skirt from the waist; hi behind each was seen a small retinue, om carrying long spears and one of the bore a large gilt umbrella. There re also Arab vendors of amulets, charms, nd als of dye for the eyelids and for the ail. A large space was devoted to the ffe gs, chiefly of fruit, hung on wooden tas, and baskets of poultry, and on one ide vere spread about twenty mats, on whi were patriarchal and juvenile-looking priests, kneeling in the Arab fashion, their bodies partly resting on the calves of their legs. Behind each priest sat a boy holding a payong or umbrella. At given signals, the crowd gathered before the priests and laid down their offerings with prayers and adoration, after which each priest dipped his bundle of flowers into the 'holy-water' which he sprinkled on the fruits offered by the faithful. Then with a mighty roar 'Ayo! Ayo! Bromo!' (Forward to the volcano!) the immense mass of human beings moved swiftly forward to the mountain. All shared the same conviction, viz:—that the first to reach the goal is sure to be favored by fortune. Through sandy slopes, sinking ankle deep, and over rocky ridges under a blazing sun, the crater is at last gained. At the summit prayers are said, after which the offerings are hurled into the crater and the ceremony is over. The people descend to the plain and amuse themselves at games, feats of strength and scrambling for chickens."

THE WORSHIP OF THE BROMO IN HEATHEN JAVA.

This is probably the only place in the world where such a spectacle can still be seen. Volcano-worship, formerly common enough in tropical countries, is now fortunately almost unknown owing to the spread of Gospel light and truth. In Java, however, the great mass of the people have a very rude belief, akin to that of the earlier creeds of India. Every village has its own patron saint, with an altar under some spreading tree. Every field, each separate kind of grain, the children, riches, poverty, disease, health, all have their particular spirits. The whole life of the Javanese is a mass of mysteries.

Missionary work is carried on in Java by the Netherlands Mission Society, Dutch Baptist Society, Netherlands Union, Mennonite Society, Christian Reformed Church and Dutch Missionary Society. There are about 15,000 nominal Christians in Java.

***

A Savage Idea of Dress.

Many years ago, when a now world-renowned pioneer missionary and his wife reached their field, she wore what was fashionable then, a hoop-skirt. She was the first foreign woman probably ever seen by the curious natives, and they gathered to study this new and wonderful curiosity. After gazing at her from a distance, and asking each other a multitude of questions, they approached closer, and eyed her with amazement that had not enough words for use. Finally they asked, through an interpreter, of her husband as they pointed to the immense skirts below the small waist, arms and head:

"Is that all woman?"

Not until allowed to examine the dress were they convinced that it was not.

***

Quietness in Dress.

To be well dressed it is not necessary that a young man should be flashily or expensively clad. Let him remember that his strongest recommendation in many quarters is respectability. Some young men, apparently successful, may be flashy and loud in dress and manner, and disrespectful to women and sacred things. But the young man who is respectable always wears best. The way a young man carries himself in private life ofttimes means much to him in his business career. No matter where he is, or in whose company, respectability and all that it implies, will always command respect.

***

Making Children "Mind."

By some parents, the art of "making a child mind" is considered a desirable one, and the same view is held by many others, including teachers. Now, there are two ways of making the little folks "mind"—which is simply another word for "immediate obedience." Does the child obey your command with a cheerful spirit and with a loving look in its eyes? Does it show a desire from day to day to help and to please you in little things? If so, your guidance is in the right direction. Point out attractive ways in which the child may find pleasure in doing right. Call out by conversation with it the child's idea of right and wrong in things that transpire both in its home and school life. Call out its childish judgment and respect it, too. Thus, you will soon find it a comparatively easy matter to make the children "mind."

***

The Thoughts of the Aged.

When the aged mind turns backward, as turn it will, let it be to "the hallowed quiets of the past," writes Harriet Beecher Stowe. Old age should be full of hope, not regret; it may be a blessing instead of a burden; a time of peace, not of unrest; a reminder and promise of the tranquil home in heaven. What is a good old age but one of God's blessings?

Oh, if old age were canceled from our lot,
Full soon would that unhallowed deed blot!
Life's busy day would want its tranquil even,
And earth would lose her stepping-stone to heaven.

God sometimes gives to good men and women a guileless and holy second childhood, in which the soul becomes childlike, not childish, and the faculties in full fruit and ripeness, are mellow, without sign of decay. This is the songful "land of Beulah," where they who have traveled manfully the Christian way abide awhile, to show the world a perfected manhood and womanhood.

TWO MOTHERS.

THE night came darkly down,
The bird—mother said:
"Peep! Peep!
You ought to be asleep.
'Tis time my little ones were safe in bed."
So, sheltered by her wing in downy nest,
The weary little birdlings took their rest.

The night came darkly down,
The baby's mother said:
"Bye low,
You musn't frolic so.
You should have been asleep an hour ago."
And, nestling closer to its mother's breast,
The merry prattler sank to quiet rest.

Then in the cradle soft
'Twas laid with tenderest care,
"Good night!
Sleep till the morning light,"
Whispered the mother as she breathed a prayer,
Night settled down, the gates of day were barred
And loving angels were on guard.

***

PUSS AND HER BEST FRIEND.

IF there is a spark of pride or gratitude in the feline nature it ought to show itself toward a quiet, little, middle-aged Frenchwoman, named Mrs. Henriette Ronner, who has done for the cat what Rosa Bonheur did for the horse, and Sir Edwin Landseer for the dog race. In hundreds of years, only four artists have painted cats well — three men, Gottfried Mind, a Swiss; Hokusai, a Japanese; Louis Eugene Lambert, a Frenchman, and Mrs. Ronner, of Holland. Her father was a painter, who lost his sight. He was her first trainer. Some of her early drawings made, when a child of five, are still in existence, and show the talent that was inherent. By means of long talks her father taught her for what she was to look in nature, and how to transcribe it on canvas. Animal life, was most attractive to the child, and in her long days of outdoor rural work she devoted more and more time and attention to the portrayal of animals. At sixteen she exhibited her first picture at Duesseldorf. The picture was of a cat in a window. Its prompt sale determined the girl artist to persevere in her chosen field, and after this time (1837) she was a frequent and constant contributor of animal portraits and studies to the exhibitions of Germany and Holland. Mme. Ronner's most remarkable picture was a canvas, entitled, "The Friend of Man" and represented an old sand-seller weeping over the death of one of his little draft-dogs, while two other dogs look with dumb sympathy at their comrade and their master. Since that time she has charmed the artistic world and multitudes of other people by her "cat-pictures." Cats and kittens in every conceivable pose, in sport and in mischief, indoors and outdoors, gray, tortoise-shell, mouse-colored, black and white, have been felicitously portrayed by her brush and other artists have despaired of competing in her particular field. She has won both fame and fortune through these remarkable "cat-pictures."

***

The Minister's Wife.

We do not, as a rule, give the minister's wife proper credit for all the good she is capable of accomplishing, and which she often does accomplish. Nowadays, far more than in the past, she shares with her husband the ordeal of standing in "that fierce light which beats upon the throne." She is not permitted to minister only to her own home; she must be an angel of mercy and help to a hundred homes. She must share with her husband the cares of many other parents. To all she is not only to be an example of modest yet positive womanly virtue, but she is to be an inspiration and a comfort to the weary, the disheartened and the lonely. Surely we ought to do all that lies in our power to help her and cheer her on her way!

An Ounce of Prevention

is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

The Gospel Among the Pines.

Miss Nason's Work for Christ Among the Lumbermen and Miners of Michigan and Wisconsin—A Brave Christian Woman.

IN these days of active Christianity, when the progress of the Gospel is visible on every side, it is pleasant to have an opportunity to take note of the efforts of the humbler laborers in the Master's vineyard. Unlike those who work in the sight of the whole world, their efforts are known probably by only a few, outside of those persons with whom they come into actual contact; but they are none the less appreciated by Him who holds the smallest sacrifice of his servants for His sake as very precious indeed.

MISS EMMA NASON, CHRISTIAN WORKER.

Such a quiet, unpretentious worker for Christ is Miss Emma Nason, whose photograph appears on this page. For the sake of others, and in order that souls might be won from darkness to light, she has left the world behind and gone forth, full of zeal and trust, to the lonely hills and pine forests of the Northwest to carry the message of salvation to the lumbermen who dwell there. Miss Nason's work among the lumbermen and miners began in 1889, in Hurley, a mining town of Wisconsin, which had become a hot-bed of dissipation. The reports of the dreadful iniquity of the place led her to decide upon it as her field of effort. At first the work was hedged about by many difficulties; but soon the sympathies of good Christian people were interested and the funds came for the support and prosecution of the mission. There were many ultimately rescued through the humble effort thus put forth. Gamblers and drunkards were among the number. As it afterwards proved, the work at Hurley, far from exhausting the consecrated energies of Miss Nason, only served to urge her to still wider efforts in other fields.

In the great Wisconsin pineries, there are scattered thousands of woodsmen who, during a large part of the year, are practically isolated. Their lives are almost cut off from connection with civilized communities and they have practically no social or religious privileges. It was a field wide enough for the combined energies of a score or more mission workers and evangelists, and its was almost unoccupied. Miss Nason resolved to dedicate her life to spreading the Gospel among those benighted and neglected people.

Miss Nason's work has not been wholly unattended by danger. An attempt was made on Jan. 21, to blow up the house at Sault St. Marie, in which she had so long carried on a beneficent work of rescue among the wives and daughters of the lumbermen. A stick of dynamite was placed under the porch with a fuse attached. Miss Nason had just left the porch and had gone to her writing-room when the explossion occurred. It is believed that the intention was to destroy the house and kill all the inmates, especially Mr. Whittaker, who had succeeded in closing many of the worst places of vice that formerly thrived on the earnings of the lumbermen. Happily, the vindictive men were clumsy at their work, and did not get the dynamite far enough under the house to accomplish their purpose, but succeeded only in destroying the porch and breaking all the windows in the front of the house.

Miss Nason, it was supposed, would be terrified by the outrage and discontinue her work, but she determined to go on. She wrote to her sisters in the King's Daughters: "In the awful danger through which we have just passed, surely our King has guarded us and has wonderfully preserved life. Will not the same Almighty Hand send us the help so much needed to carry on successfully this battle against terrible wrong? We are praying for God's overruling power amid the greatest trials."

This fortunately was the only instance of the kind in her long experience and it won for her more friends and a deeper sympathy than ever. And so this godly woman, beloved of all, continues to uplift the Cross among the dwellers of the Northern forests and to bring many precious souls into the kingdom of Christ.

Miss Emma C. Nason, the oldest daughter of Rev. John Nason, was born in Woodstock, Madison Co., N.Y., July 31, 1843. While yet a little girl she became a Christian, and while still very young she was deeply interested in philanthropic projects, and especially in the "Home for the Friendless." Many boxes and barrels of clothing and bedding were sent to that institution through her efforts. She was also of a literary turn, and wrote a series of articles on the lives of the mothers of great and good men; besides many other contributions and some poems of unusual merit. Later she became a member of the order of King's Daughters, and, through that organization became interested in Christian work among the neglected lumbermen, miners, and boatmen of the Northwest.

Two years ago, after the death of her parents, she removed to Sault St. Marie, Mich., where she had for two years had a mission. To the regular missionary work and the distribution of lumbermen, miners and sailors' supplies, she has also added a Rescue Mission for girls. Wonderful have been the changes wrought in the lives of many through her instrumentality. Receiving no salary, she devotes all her time and income to the work; and at times in the exigencies that have arisen, she has been compelled to borrow money to carry it forward.

Good Causes Helped.

The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

For Mrs. Jamal's Training School, Jerusalem.

Previously ack'd	$472 80
W B H, Lakeland, Fla	1 00
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A friend, Meridian, Mass	1 00
Mother and Daughter, Dorchester	1 00
Mrs J H Servis	5 00
Mrs F S Watters	1 00
In His Name, N H	10 00
The Searchers, A Jr Mission Band, 1st Ref'd Church	4 00
Violet, Brattleboro.	1 00
Mrs A B Heplar	2 00
In His Name, Warren, Pa	1 00
In His Name, Edinboro, Pa.	3 00
Total	**$503.80**

For the Door of Hope.

Previously ack'd	$44 65
Mr and Mrs F S Watters	2 00
Total	**$46.65**

For the Bethesda Home for Friendless Women.

Previously ack'd	$451 93
Mrs A B Heplar	1 00
Unknown	20 00
In His Name, Warren, Pa	1 00
Total	**$473.93**

For Mrs. Bella Cook's Work.

Previously ack'd	$48 25
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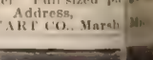

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GREAT SCIENTIST GONE.

In the death of Prof. Louis Pasteur, the

THE LATE PROF. PASTEUR.

distinguished chemist and experimenter, which occurred at St. Cloud, near Paris, a few days ago, the world has suffered a distinct loss. Pasteur was one of the few men who made a profession on the age in which he lived, whose rich talents were consecrated to the benefit of his fellow-men.

He was born at Dole, France, in 1822, his father being a tanner. At school and college he made no special mark, but when, with the ardor of a youthful student, he entered the study of chemistry, his remarkable aptitude showed itself in the rapidity with which he mastered the most difficult problems. At the close of his educational course he was easily the leading chemist of his age in France, if not in all Europe.

Nearly three decades have passed since the scientific world was startled by Pasteur's new theory (since then abundantly corroborated) that many diseases common to man and animals were caused by the presence of parasites, or bacilli. This discovery practically dated from the great chemist's experiments about 1865, in connection with a plague which was threatening to exterminate the silk worms and destroy the silk industry in France. Continuing his investigations, he practically revolutionized the ideas and conclusions which the world of science had long accepted regarding the origin of certain diseases, and the method of treatment. His greatest discovery—the treatment of hydrophobia by the injection of a virus calculated to counteract or wholly prevent the disease—has already stood the test of many years' experience. It is so well known that it need not be described here. So widely is the principle of inoculation for hydrophobia recognized that Pasteur Institutes are now found in many large cities in different parts of the world, and even where no institute exists, the Pasteur method is very generally adopted by the medical department of many cities and towns on both sides of the Atlantic.

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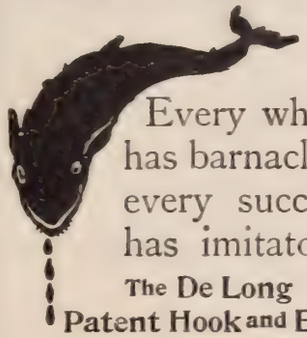

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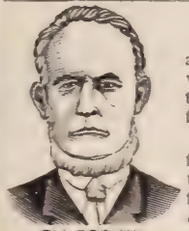

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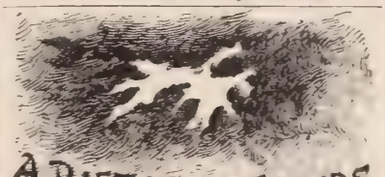

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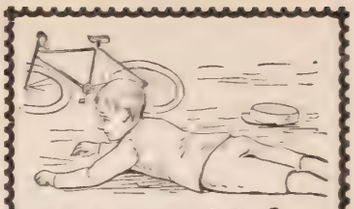

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These close, familiar friends who loved us so;
And sitting in the shadow they have left,
Alone with loneliness, and sore bereft,
We think, with vain regret, of some fond word
That once we might have said, and they have heard.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Francis Bacon and his Shakespere, by Theron S. Dixon. The latest contribution (and one of the most interesting), to the great controversy as to the authorship of Shakespeare. Pp. 461, cloth binding; price $3.50. The Sargent Publishing Co., Chicago, publishers.

Electricity for Everybody: Its nature and uses explained, by Philip Atkinson, A. M., Ph. D. A book calculated to meet the public demand for information regarding the uses and applications of this mysterious agent. Fully illustrated; pp. 240, cloth binding; price $1.50. The Century Co., New York, pub's.

The Brownies Throughout the Union, by Palmer Cox. A delightful medley of fun, frolic, art and entertainment, specially calculated to please the young folks, who have already learned to love the Brownies. Copiously illustrated by the author; pp. 144. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

Adventures in Cuba, by Frank R. E. Woodward a special correspondent and ex-captain in the Cuban Army. A record of recent events, including numerous instances of exciting perils and narrow escapes. Illustrated; paper covers; price 25 cents. Bursem & Co., New York, publishers.

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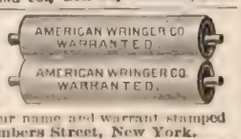

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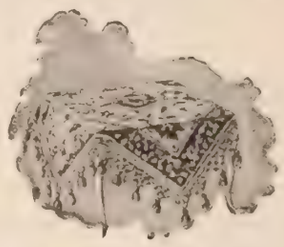

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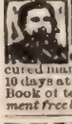

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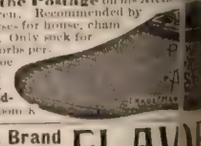

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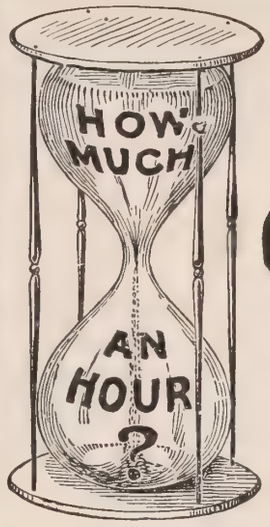

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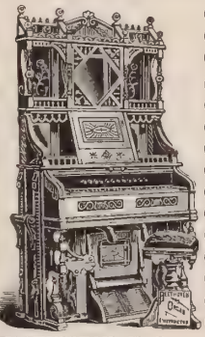

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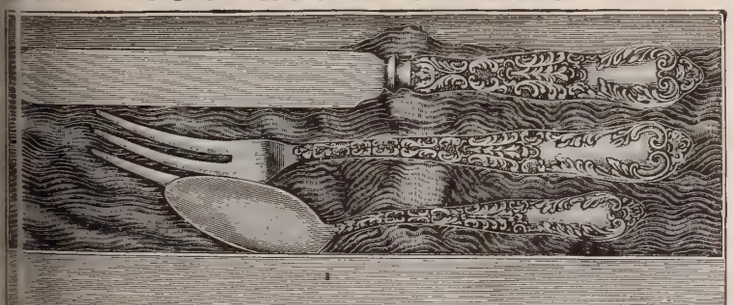

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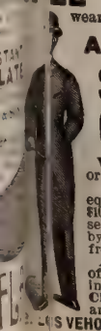

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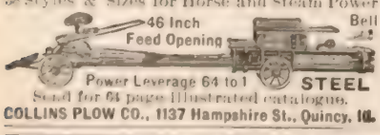

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18. NUMBER 43.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices:—Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 23, 1895. TWENTY PAGES.

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BY "JACOB'S WELL."

The Historic Spring near Sychar, in Samaria, where the Patriarchs Watered their Flocks—The Scene of Christ's Conversation with the Woman of Samaria.

A LITTLE over a mile south of the city of Nablous, or ancient Shechem, and at the entrance to the valley that lies between Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim, is the historic well shown in the photo-graph. About its identity as the well built by Jacob, the patriarch, there is not a reasonable doubt; for its location, its surroundings and an unbroken chain of tradition, all tend to prove its genuineness. Over the well there formerly stood a church, built in the fourth century, but probably demolished during the Crusades. Part of the ruined pillars and walls still remain. Although the well, too, has long since fallen into decay, there are many of the stones plainly in view that may have been laid in the patriarchal days, and which have been utilized from time to time in making repairs. Originally, the well was probably between one hundred and one hundred and fifty feet in depth, and it was fed by springs, of which there are indications in the immediate vicinity; but its crumbling walls have gradually strewn layer upon layer of dirt upon its bottom until now the depth is hardly seventy-five feet. The coping has fallen to pieces and weeds and grass grow rank around the top of the well. Travelers often step aside from the highway to inspect it, and out of curiosity they drop pebbles into it and listen to hear them strike the dry, stony bottom. Yet old and dilapidated and useless as it really is, the well is very dear to the natives of Palestine, who venerate it as an enduring memorial of the patriarch Jacob, by whom it was dug, while he dwelt nearby. (Gen. 33: 18, and John 4: 8, 28.) To the Christian, the old well stands as a reminder of one of the most remarkable passages in the life of the Saviour. Here Jesus met the woman of Samaria, who came thither to draw water. Sinful and totally indifferent to all that related to the spiritual life, she presented the greatest contrast to the Holy One who greeted her with the request, "Give me to drink." In the conversation that followed, the Saviour led her, by simple and natural stages, to realize the wickedness of her life. And when at last her eyes were opened, and she knew that he with whom she talked was divine, her overflowing heart, unable longer to contain the secret, found relief in proclaiming the Messiah's presence to others. One can picture in imagination the group of astonished disciples approaching the well and discovering the Master in converse with a creature so fallen, that most men would hesitate even to speak to her. But the great, loving heart of Jesus had gone out in pity to the woman, as he sat by the well that day, and he knew that the flame that had lighted her soul would enkindle others. The evangelist relates that many of the Samaritans believed on him for the saying of the woman, and others, who came afterward, through her invitation, "believed because of his own word." The Samaritan Magdalen, who had tasted of the "living water," beside the well of Jacob, became in turn an evangelist to others, and through her repentance and conversion many were led to accept the truth.

THE TRADITIONAL WELL OF JACOB THE PATRIARCH, NEAR SYCHAR IN SAMARIA.

From a Photograph Brought from Palestine by the Proprietor of "The Christian Herald."

The language of the inspired narrative is in accord with the scene and its surroundings, and aids materially in the identification. At that point where the woman endeavored to turn the current of conversation from her own perilous spiritual state to the long-standing dispute between the Jews and the Samaritans, the Saviour uttered the memorable response: "Woman, believe me the hour cometh when ye shall *neither in this mountain* nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father" in the sense of such worship being exclusive. "God is a Spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." It is not difficult to believe that, even as he spoke, Jesus must have indicated by a movement of his divine hand, Mount Gerizim, upon whose height the Samaritans had their temple and from which the smoke of the sacrifice had ascended for generations before his advent.

Standing by the side of "Jacob's Well," or, it may be, resting on the broken granite pillars that once upheld the basilica which, in the days of Eusebius and the pious Empress Helene, enclosed the fountain, one finds within the range of vision several spots made famous in Bible history. Upon a somewhat lower level, several hundred feet to the north, and almost at the base of Mount Ebal, is the tomb of Joseph, where his body was laid after being removed from its Egyptian mausoleum at the time of the Exodus, as related in the book of Joshua. It was fitting that the bones of Pharaoh's great Minister should rest at last, not in the land wherein he was a distinguished alien, but in the ground that his father Jacob had bought of the sons of Hamor, prince of Shechem, and which he added, when dying, to the patrimony of his beloved son.

Sychar, the name given to ancient Shechem in the evangelist's day, and now known as Nablous, has an unequalled site, but like its general surroundings, the town itself has fallen into decay. What was in the time of Christ, a spot remarkable for its beauty and the centre of a splendid landscape is now a dilapidated and unimportant village. To the pilgrim, it revives Biblical memories of the time when Abraham built an altar under an oak near it, and when Jacob rested after his return from Mesopotamia. It was once a royal town where reigned Abimelech, the Shechemite king, and later it became a possession of the Levites

DISSIPATIONS OF THE RACE-COURSE.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Job 39: 19, 21, 25, *"Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He saith among the trumpets, ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."*

WE have recently had long columns of intelligence from the race-course, and multitudes flocked to the watering-places to witness equine competition, and there is lively discussion in all households about the right and wrong of such exhibitions of mettle and speed, and when there is a heresy abroad that the cultivation of a horse's fleetness is an iniquity instead of a commendable virtue—at such a time a sermon is demanded of every minister who would like to defend public morals on the one hand, and who is not willing to see an unrighteous abridgement of innocent amusement on the other. In this discussion I shall follow no sermonic precedent, but will give independently what I consider the Christian and common-sense view of this potent, all absorbing and agitating question of the turf.

There needs to be a redistribution of coronets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock off its coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether in shape, or spirit, or sagacity, or intelligence, or affection, or usefulness. He is semi-human, and knows how to reason on a small scale. The centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast. Job in my text sets forth his strength, his beauty, his majesty, the panting of his nostril, the pawing of his hoof, and his enthusiasm for the battle. What Rosa Bonheur did for the cattle, and what Landseer did for the dog, Job with mightier pencil does for the horse. Eighty-eight times does the Bible speak of him. He comes into every kingly procession, and into every great occasion, and into every triumph. It is very evident that Job, and David, and Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, and John, were fond of the horse. He comes into much of their imagery. A red horse—that meant war. A black horse—that meant famine. A pale horse—that meant death. A white horse—that meant victory. Good Mordecai mounts him while Haman holds the bit. The Church's advance in the Bible is compared to a company of horses of Pharoah's chariot. Jeremian cries out, "How canst thou contend with horses?" Isaiah says, "The horse's hoofs shall be counted as flint." Miriam claps her cymbals and sings, "The horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea." St. John describing Christ as coming forth from conquest to conquest represents him as seated on a white horse. In the parade of heaven the Bible makes us hear the clicking of hoofs on the golden pavement as it says, "The armies which were in heaven followed him on white horses." I should not wonder if the horse, so banged, and bruised, and beaten, and outraged on earth should have some other place where his wrongs shall be righted. I do not assert that, but I say I should not be surprised if, after all, St. John's descriptions of the horses in heaven turned out not altogether to be figurative, but somewhat literal.

As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, the patriarch, and the prophet, and the evangelist, and the apostle stroking his sleek hide and patting his rounded neck, and tenderly lifting his exquisitely formed hoof, and listening with a thrill to the champ of his bit, so all great natures in all ages have spoken of him in encomiastic terms. Virgil in his Georgics almost seems to plagiarize from this description in the text, so much are the descriptions alike—the description of Virgil and the description of Job. The Duke of Wellington would not allow anyone irreverently to touch his old war-horse Copenhagen, on whom he had ridden fifteen hours without dismounting at Waterloo, and when old Copenhagen died, his master ordered a military salute fired over his grave. John Howard showed that he did not exhaust all his sympathies in pitying the human race, for when sick he writes home, "Has my old chaise horse become sick or spoiled?" There is hardly any passage of French literature more pathetic than the lamentation over the death of the war-charger, Marchegay. Walter Scott has so much admiration for this divinely honored creature of God that in "St. Ronan's Well" he orders the girth slackened and the blanket thrown over the smoking flanks. Edmund Burke, walking in the park at Beaconsfield, musing over the past, throws his arms around the worn-out horse of his dead son Richard, and weeps upon the horse's neck, the horse seeming to sympathize in the memories. Rowland Hill, the great English preacher, was caricatured because in his family prayers he supplicated for the recovery of a sick horse, but when the horse got well, contrary to all the prophecies of the farriers, the prayer did not seem quite so much of an absurdity.

But what shall I say of the maltreatment of this beautiful and wonderful creature of God? If Thomas Chalmers in his day felt called upon to preach a sermon against cruelty to animals, how much more in this day is there a need of reprehensive discourse. All honor to the memory of Professor Bergh, the chief apostle for the brute creation, for the mercy he demanded and achieved for this king of beasts. A man who owned four thousand horses, and some say forty thousand, wrote in the Bible: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Sir Henry Lawrence's care of the horse was beautifully Christian. He says: "I expect we shall lose Conrad, though I have taken so much care of him that he may come in cool. I always walk him the last four or five miles, and as I walk myself the first hour, it is only in the middle of the journey we get over the ground." The Ettrick Shepherd in his matchless Ambrosial Nights speaks of the maltreatment of the horse as a practical blasphemy. I do not believe in the transmigration of souls, but I cannot very severely denounce the idea, for when I see men who cut and bruise and whack and welt and strike and maul and outrage and insult the horse, that beautiful servant of the human race, who carries our burdens and pulls our ploughs, and turns our threshers and our mills, and runs for our doctors—when I see men thus beating and abusing and outraging that creature, it seems to me that it would be only fair that the doctrine of transmigration of souls should prove true, and that for their punishment they should pass over into some poor miserable brute and be beaten and whacked and cruelly treated, and frozen and heated and over-driven; into an everlasting stage-horse, an eternal traveler on a towpath, or tied to an eternal post, in an eternal winter, smitten with eternal epizootics! Oh, is it not a shame that the brute creation, which had the first possession of our world, should be so maltreated by the race that came in last—the fowl and the fish created on the fifth day, the horse and the cattle created on the morning of the sixth day, and the human race not created until the evening of the sixth day? It ought to be that if any man overdrives a horse, or feeds him when he is hot, or recklessly drives a nail into the quick of his hoof, or rowels him to see him prance, or so shoes him that his fetlocks drop blood, or puts a collar on a raw neck, or unnecessarily clutches his tongue with a twisted bit, or cuts off his hair until he has no defence against the cold, or unmercifully abbreviates the natural defence against insectile annoyance—that such a man as that himself ought to be made to pull and let his horse ride!

But not only do our humanity and our Christian principle and the dictates of God demand that we kindly treat the brute creation, and especially the horse; but I go further, and say that whatever can be done for the development of his fleetness and his strength and his majesty ought to be done. We need to study his anatomy and his adaptations. I am glad that large books have been written to show how he can be best managed, and how his ailments can be cured, and what his usefulness is, and what his capacities are. It would be a shame if in this age of the world, when the florist has turned the thin flower of the wood into a gorgeous rose, and the pomologist has changed the acrid and gnarled fruit of the ancients into the very poetry of pear, and peach, and plum, and grape, and apple, and the snarling cur of the Orient has become the great mastiff, and the miserable creature of the olden times barnyard has become the Devonshire, and the Alderney, and the Shorthorn, that the horse, grander than them all, should get no advantage from our science, or our civilization, or our Christianity. Groomed to the last point of soft brilliance, his flowing mane a billow of beauty, his arched neck in utmost rhythm of curve, let him be harnessed in graceful trappings and then driven to the furthest goal of excellence, and then fed at luxuriant oat-bins, and blanketed in comfortable stall. The long tried and faithful servant of the human race deserves all kindness, all care, all reward, all succulent forage and soft litter and paradisiacal pasture field. Those farms in Kentucky and in different parts of the North, where the horse is trained to perfection in fleetness and in beauty and in majesty, are well set apart. There is no more virtue in driving slow than in driving fast, any more than a freight train going ten miles the hour is better than an express train going fifty. There is a delusion abroad in the world that a thing must be necessarily good and Christian if it is slow and dull and plodding. There are very few good people who seem to imagine it is humbly pious to drive a spavined, galled, glandered, spring-halted, blind-staggered jade. There is not so much virtue in a Rosinante as in a Bucephalus. We want swifter horses, and swifter men, and swifter enterprises, and the Church of God needs to get off its jog trot. Quick tempests, quick lightnings, quick streams; why not quick horses? In the time of war the cavalry service does the most execution, and as the battles of the world are probably not all past, our Christian patriotism demands that we be interested in equinal velocity. We might as well have poorer guns in our arsenals and clumsier ships in our navy-yards than other nations, as to have under our calvary saddles and before our parks of artillery slower horses. From the battle of Granicus, where the Persian horses drove the Macedonian infantry into the river, clear down to the horses on which Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson rode into the fray, this animal of the military service has been recognized. Hamilcar, Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Marshal Ney were cavalrymen. In this arm of the service, Charles Martel and the battle of Poitiers beat back the Arab invasion. The Carthaginian cavalry, with the loss of only seven hundred men, overthrew the Roman army with the loss of seventy thousand. In the same way the Spanish chivalry drove back the Moorish hosts. The best way to keep peace in this country and in all countries is to be prepared for war, and there is no success in such a contest unless there be plenty of light-footed chargers. Our Christian patriotism and our instruction from the Word of God demand that first of all we kindly treat the horse, and then after that, that we develop his fleetness and his grandeur and his majesty and his strength.

But what shall I say of the effort made in this day on a large scale to this splendid creature of God, this divinely honored being, an instrument of atrocious evil? I make no indiscriminate assault against the turf. I believe in the turf that can be conducted on right principles and with no betting. There is no more harm in offering a prize for the swiftest horse than there is harm at an agricultural fair in offering a prize to the farmer who has the best wheat, or to the fruit-grower who has the largest pear, or to the machinist who presents the best corn-thresher, or to a school offering a prize of a copy of Shakespeare to the best reader, or in a household giving a lump of sugar to the best behaved youngster. Prizes by all means, rewards by all means. That is the way God develops the race. Rewards for all kinds of well-doing. Heaven itself is called a prize: "The prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." So what is right in one direction is right in another direction. And without the prizes the horse's fleetness and beauty and strength will never be fully developed. If it cost $1000 or $50 or $10,000, and the result be achieved, is cheap. But the sin begins where the betting begins, for that is gambling, the effort to get that for which you give no equivalent, and gambling, whether on a large scale or a small scale, ought to be denounced of men as it will be accursed of God. If you have won fifty cents or 000 as a wager, you had better get rid of it. Get rid of it right away. Give it to some one who lost in a bet, or give it to some great reformatory institution, or if you do not like that, go down to the river and pitch it off the docks. You cannot afford to keep it. It will burn a hole in your purse, it will burn a hole in your estate, and you will lose all that, perhaps ten thousand times more—perhaps you will lose all. Gambling blasts a man or it blasts his children. Generally both and all.

What a spectacle when at Saratoga, or at Long Branch, or at Brighton Beach, or at Sheepshead Bay, the horses start, and in a flash fifty or a hundred thousand dollars change hands! Multitudes ruined by losing the bet, others worse ruined by winning the bet; for if a man lose in a bet on a horse-race, he may be discouraged and quit, but if he win the bet he is very apt to go straight on to hell!

An intimate friend, a journalist, who in the line of his profession investigates the evil, tells me that there are three different kinds of betting at horse-races, and they are about equally leprous: by "the pools," by "French mutuals," by what is called "bookmaking"—all gambling, bad, all rotten with iniquity. There is one word that needs to be written on the brow of every poolseller as he sits deducting his three or five per cent., and slyly "going up" more tickets than were sold for the winning horse—a word to be written also on the brow of every bookkeeper who at

a inducement scratches a horse off of t race, and on the brow of every jockey o slackens pace that, according to agree- nt, another may win, and written over e y judge's stand, and written on every b d of the surrounding fences. That v d is, "swindle!" Yet thousands bet. l yers bet. Judges of courts bet. Mem- b s of the Legislature bet. Members of C ngress bet. Professors of religion bet. T chers and superintendents of Sunday S ools, I am told, bet. Ladies bet, not d ctly, but through agents. Yesterday, a every day they bet, they gain, they l e, and this season, while the parasols s ng and the hands clap and the huzzas d fen, there will be a multitude of people c pled, and deceived, and cheated, who will a the races go neck and neck, neck and n k to perdition. Cultivate the horse, by a means, drive him as fast as you desire, p vided you do not injure him or endan- g yourself or others; but be careful d not harness the horse to the chariot o in. Do not throw your jewels of mor- a y under the flying hoof. Do not under t pretext of improving the horse destroy a an. Do not have your name put down in the ever-increasing catalogue of those w o are ruined for both worlds by the dis- s tions of the American race-course. They say that an honest race-course is a "straight" track, and that a dishonest ra e-course is a "crooked" track—that is t parlance abroad; but I tell you that e y race-track, surrounded by betting m n and betting women, and betting cus- t is, is a straight track—I mean straight d wn! Christ asked in one of his Gos- p s: "Is not a man better than a sheep?" N ay, yes, and he is better than all the s ds that with lathered flanks ever shot a ound the ring at a race-course. That is a v y poor job by which a man in order to g a horse to come out a full length ahead o some other racer, so lames his own mor- a that he comes out a whole length behind i he race set before him.

Do you not realize the fact that there is a r ghty effort on all sides to-day to get money w thout earning it? That is the curse of all t cities; it is the curse of America—the ef- f t to get money without earning it, and as l er forms of stealing are not respectable, t y go into these gambling practices. I p ach this sermon on square old-fashioned h esty. I have said nothing against the h se, I have said nothing against the turf. I ave said everything against their prosti- t ion. Young men, you go into straightfor- w d industries and you will have better live- l od, and you will have larger permanent s cess than you can ever get by a wager; b t you get in with some of the whiskey, s n-blotched crew which I see going down t the boulevards, though I never bet, I w ll risk this wager, five million to nothing, y u will be debauched and damned. Cul- t ate the horse, own him if you can afford t own him, test all the speed he has, if he h ve any speed in him; but be careful w ich way you drive. You cannot always t l what direction a man is driving in by t e way his horses head. In my boyhood, I rode three miles every Sabbath morn- g to the country church. We were drawn b two fine horses. My father drove. He k ew them, and they knew him. They w re friends. Sometimes they loved to go r pidly, and he did not interfere with their h ppiness. He had all of us in the wagon w th him. He drove to the country church. T e fact is, that for eighty-two years he h ve in the same direction. The roan span a t I speak of was long ago unhitched, a d the driver put up his whip in the w agon-house never again to take it down; b t in those good old times I learned some- t ing that I never forgot, that a man may a mire a horse and love a horse, and be p oud of a horse, and not always be willing t take the dust of the preceding vehicle, a d yet be a Christian, an earnest Chris- t an, an humble Christian, a consecrated C hristian, useful until the last, so that at h s death the Church of God cries out as E isha exclaimed when Elijah went up with c alloping horses of fire: "My father, my f ther, the chariots of Israel and the horse- m en thereof!"

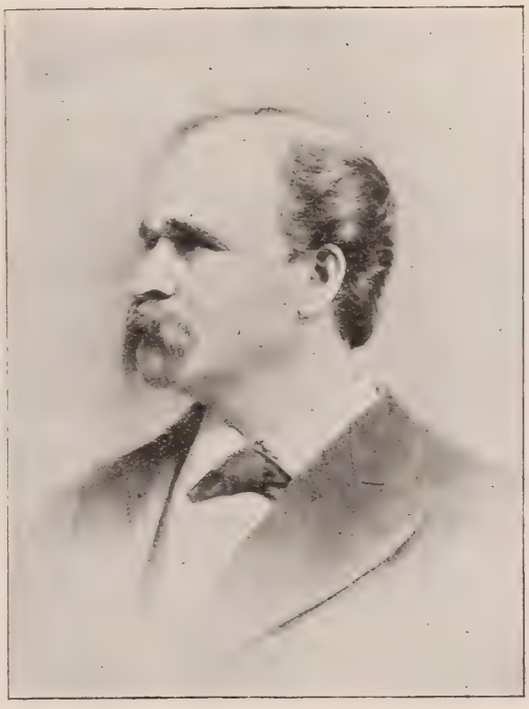
A Noble Life Ended.

The Christian Career of Mr. L. P. Tibbals—A life-long Philanthropist and Friend of Missions.

FEW men were better known, in a quiet and unostentatious way, by a very large circle of Christian people, than Mr. L. P. Tibbals, who died in New York recently. He was born at Milford, Conn., in 1832, and came to New York when a mere lad and commenced life as an errand boy in a store. His educational opportunities were meagre, but he profited by them. After a business venture in a millinery store he embarked in the toy business at 820 Broadway, and continued in it during the rest of his life. While a member of the Volunteer Fire Department he had a very miraculous escape from death. His leg was broken, and the injury troubled him all his life, and ultimately caused his death. While at the funeral of a friend who was killed while saving a lady from being run over, he concluded to become a Christian.

From that time forward, he took a keen and active personal interest in church work, and was connected with many godly enterprises. He was identified with the Bowery Mission, from the first inception and supplied the money that was needed to begin the work.

Mr. Tibbals was the originator of the modern improved cheap lodging-houses in the Bowery. He was pained, one winter night when in the neighborhood of Cherry street, to witness the way in which unfortunate people seeking a night's shelter were treated. Standing in a line before the door in the snow, they had to wait their turn. Some could not be admitted for lack of room. The accommodation was meagre and dirty, and no measures were taken to secure decency, order or safety. There were frequent rows and violent scenes. He opened a house at No. 280 Bowery, made it clean and furnished it. It cost him about a thousand dollars. He did it purely from philanthropic motives, and did not expect to make a profit. He placed it in charge of Mr. S. H. Hadley, the well-known evangelist, with the general instruction to help the men, give them Christian counsel, and treat them with kindness. The investment proved a sound one, and one house after another opened, until there were seven running, and all full and paying. All the employees were men who had come to the lodging-houses out of work. They were aided by converts from the Water Street Mission.



THE LATE MR. L. P. TIBBALS.

Mr. Tibbals disposed of his toy business seven years ago, and after that time devoted his energies very largely to Christian work. He gave liberally to many worthy schemes of a Gospel character, and was a staunch patron of many Christian and philanthropic institutions. Among a multitude of other beneficences a few may be mentioned. He gave $2,000 for the establishment of a Gospel Wagon for the Christian Workers Association; he aided in the establishment of a permanent Gospel mission in Bnffalo, advancing the money to Col. H. H. Hadley for that purpose. He was a patron and supporter of the Good Will Farm for Reforming Wayward Boys at Fairfield, Me., a contributor to the Door of Hope Mission Home for Girls in New York, and a warm friend of the work of the Florence Mission. He had a strong belief in the efficacy of tracts as a means of Gospel work, and printed and distributed great quantities. He was a warm advocate of temperance. One of his prominent characteristics was a love of children, and he was never happier than when surrounded by the little folks and talking with them.

Mr. Tibbals loved to do quiet missionary work, in a way that attracted no attention, but was usually productive of much good. His death will bring sorrow to many hearts. To many he proved a friend in need, to others he was a wise spiritual counselor and by all who knew him he was loved and respected as a consistent Christian and a zealous servant of the Master.

MOURNED THEIR SON AS LOST.

When the son of a Brahmin or Mohammedan becomes a convert to Christianity, he is mourned by his parents and friends as though he were actually dead. A wedding was solemnized in Bombay recently, in which the bridegroom was the son of a Brahmin, and the bride the daughter of a Mohammedan, and both had become sincere believers in Christ. The bridegroom, Samuel Subha Rao, was brought to Christ seven years ago under the teaching of Miss Reade, of the South Arcot Mission. After his baptism his parents brought a suit against Miss Reade for the loss of their son, as they considered his conversion equivalent to his death. It involved her in a long and troublesome trial. This young man has now received his theological education. Returning to Miss Reade after his education, he became her valuable assistant in preaching the Gospel throughout the district. In the meanwhile there had been another conversion in Miss Reade's school. This was a Mohammedan girl named Rokia Bi, and she, too, had been educated with a specal view to mission service. When, a few months ago, Samnel asked for marriage with Rokia Bi, it was felt to be from the Lord. As the bridegroom and bride were united in Christian marriage in the presence of the little company, including Christians who had come out from various races and castes, one realized how true it is that "in Christ Jesus" we are all one.

A CHINESE PREACHER'S SERMON.

The disastrous war with Japan has made the Chinese think of the causes of their humiliation. Though hesitating to speak in public, they are free, in private, to declare their opinions. Few, however, are willing to speak as frankly as a native preacher did recently in Southern China. Taking as a text: "All things new," he applied it to his country. He said that the nation had for ages prized antiquity and forgotten the future. It had lived as though it hoped some day to return to the past, and ignored the fact that it was leaving that past farther and farther behind, in the progress to a very different future. If China is to become worthy of a glorious career, she must turn her face forward and keep her feet moving that way too. The past suffices for lessons, not for devotion or imitation. Even though a golden age cannot be gained, it is better to have one of silver, if real, rather than of gold that is only a dream.

CHRISTIAN CONFLICT.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Nov. 3. "Our Enemies; our Weapons; Our Allies." Eph. 6: 10-18.

FROM whatever standpoint life is observed it resolves itself into a battle-field. There is a tendency in the present day to deny the existence of the evil spirits to which the Apostle refers in the passage which is the basis of the Topic; but even those who deny their existence cannot eliminate the idea of conflict from their conception of life. Man has enemies of an invisible, intangible kind and whether he calls them evil spirits, or evil principles, his position and his duty are the same. When some course of conduct is open to him which he is strongly inclined to take, because of the gratification that it promises to his physical nature—some opportunity to make money, or enjoy pleasure—and his calm reason, his higher nature, tells him that such a course is wrong, then there must be a struggle, and it matters not to him whether the suggestion to the evil comes from an evil spirit, or from his own nature and its propensities. Paul believed in the existence of "rulers of darkness," but his exhortation to prepare for and wage the battle against them comes with the same force to the man who does not believe in them, as to the man who does believe in them. Evil is here in a thousand forms and when it is suppressed or eradicated in one form, it rears its head in another shape and the battle has to be fought over again. Whether it appears as an institution, as a false doctrine, as a social custom, as a secret habit, or as an insidious temptation, it is an enemy and one that we must conquer or yield to. Neutrality is impossible. Each man has to choose for himself whether he will yield and become a slave, or fight to be a man. The battle is ever new, ever beginning, ever being urged, with success now on one side, now on the other. It is always individual and personal and almost the only benefit one man gains from the fact of its being universal, comes from the knowledge that the enemy is not invincible, that he has been conquered again and again and that he is being conquered now, on his right hand and on his left. This fact is a distinct encouragement to him, a stimulus of the most valuable kind. There is one other advantage from the knowledge, and that is that the struggler who is losing heart may learn from some brother who is a victor how he conquered and may at least have sympathy in his fight. But it is his own battle. In one form or another, evil comes to him with its chain, which it will throw around him if he does not prevent it.

Paul gives a summary of the equipment the fighter should have. This is important. How many pious fathers and mothers looking at their sons whom they are sending out into the world knowing that evil in some shape will assail them, but knowing not in what shape, wish that they could clothe them with an armor that nothing will penetrate! Paul's list follows the accoutrement of the soldier of his time and he spiritualizes each article. He should have truth like a girdle to give him strength; a hatred of lying and hypocrisy; righteousness in all his conduct to protect him from assault; the Gospel of peace to keep his feet out of the mire of worldly quarrels; faith as a shield that will not allow doubt to reach his heart, that will interpose a barrier of confidence in his Lord against all suggestions of infidelity and scepticism; salvation about his head and the knowledge of the Word of God in his hand for an aggressive weapon. And with all this a constant reliance on God himself, who has promised his alliance and support, and prayer to him for continual help, not for himself only, but for others in like case. Thus equipped he may go forth to conquer, assured of ultimate victory. Again and again he may stumble and fall, but the trend of his life will be ever upward to the end, and even from his defeats he will learn caution and vigilance.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

SAMUEL THE JUDGE.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 3. I. Sam. 7: 5-15. Golden Text, I. Sam. 7: 13. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

TO be a true, just and wise judge of men, a man needs to stand in the closest relation to God who is the Judge of all. This even the heathen king Pharaoh perceived when he set Joseph over Egypt. This Nebuchadnezzar perceived when he set Daniel and his friends in high office in the province of Babylon. We have seen Samuel as the child, learning to listen to God; now we see him as the man, and can trace in his life the results of his having learned to listen. Men who have only learned this world's wisdom can judge only from the sight of their own eyes, or the hearing of their own ears. But when God prepares a judge as he prepared Samuel, by awakening in him a hearing heart, he gives him the benefit of his own all-seeing eyes and his own all-hearing ears; and thus it becomes everyone who is in office, more than all others, to wait upon the Lord.

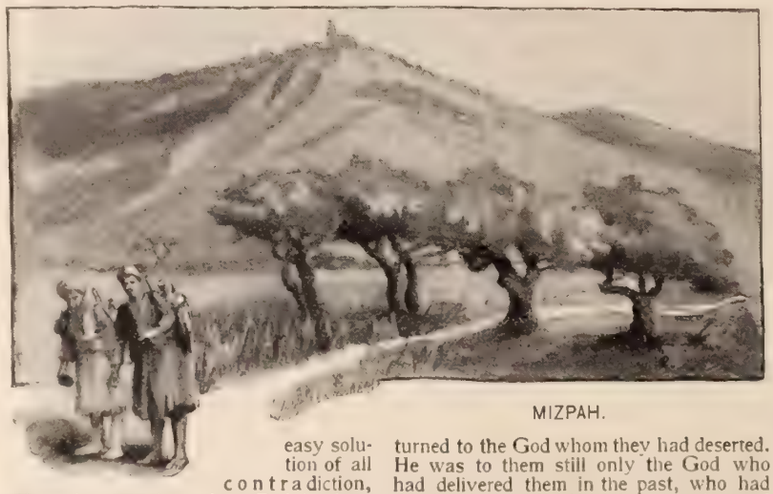
God's first communication to Samuel regarding Eli's house had had its terrible fulfilment. The defection in the priesthood had had its sure effect upon the people, who, seeing Eli's sons guilty of sacrilege, themselves committed the same sin in attempting to force the hand of God to save them from the Philistines, by taking the ark of God into the camp. The guilty Hophni and Phineas were slain, and the ark of God taken; and for more than twenty years the tabernacle stood empty of its chief glory, the ark of the covenant of God, and its pillar of cloud and fire. It was in these days of

His Country's Shame

that the Word of the Lord through Samuel came to all Israel (I. Sam. 4: 1). Even as a child he must bear the burden of the Lord, and take in to the full the situation of things around him as God would show them to him from his point of view. Separated unto God from his birth, called to be his prophet from his early boyhood, he must so live as to understand his God and to be his interpreter to the people. God had given many judges to Israel but none had been called just as Samuel had, and none had been so signally prepared as he. God brings out his brightest stars in the darkest nights.

The burden of the young prophet's ministry produced its effect: "All Israel lamented after the Lord." But mere lamentation can avail little if it is not followed by a repentance which forsakes sin. A continual regret that we are not what we should be, without making it the matter of our first consideration that we should no longer remain in an unsatisfactory condition, is sheer unreality, and most dishonoring to God, who only waits for our consent and co-operation, to make us what he would have us to be. Twenty years of this kind of lamentation was all the visible fruit which the young prophet and judge had of his ministry. With opened eyes he saw the cause of his God losing among the heathen, and God's people hanging a dead weight on him; none understood his God. But he saw well that things must come to a crisis. He had learned, no doubt, his own lessons of humility, and learned also to take deeply on his heart the cause of his God, but now a time for decisive action had arrived. "Samuel spake unto all the house of Israel and said, If ye do return unto the Lord with all your heart, then put away the strange gods and the Ashtaroth from among you, and prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only, and he will deliver you out of the hand of the Philistines.

In some way Samuel, still quite a young man, must have arranged to have this message penetrate throughout the land. It was an appeal to Israel as a people. Probably the prophet had already done much in smaller circles, his influence may have been very great, but now he must appeal on behalf of his God to all Israel. "If ye do return unto the Lord with all your heart, then prove it by making sacrifice. Leave off fruitless laments after the Lord, he is no God of wood or stone which cannot hear. Put away that which dishonors him, be true to him and loyal, and so give him the opportunity of disposing of your enemies and proving to the heathen Philistines that he is God indeed. Samuel saw that if Israel were to be rightly governed, God must first be given his true place. It is so in every relation of life. If parents would govern their children aright, both parents and children must give God his place as supreme in family questions. Pupils, servants, workmen and workwomen can only be rightly governed when they and those who are over them, recognize God as indeed and only Supreme. There is an



MIZPAH.

easy solution of all contradiction, strife and contention when God is given his true place in a house, a school, a workshop a kingdom, or a human heart.

It was no light matter for a young man to make such an appeal. If he had not been true in telling the vision to Eli (chap. 3: 15-18), his courage would probably have failed him now. One act of faithfulness prepares for and facilitates the next. One unfaithfulness leads on to repetitions of the same. God stood with his young servant and gave his true words power. It is not fluency, talent, nor education which give real power to a man's words; it is the measure of his

Communion with his God.

Sometimes the most broken, ill-delivered, ignorant message has so gone home to our hearts that it has worked a change within us for eternity. God can afford to dispense with all our natural gifts, but he can never dispense with a true understanding of him which comes from continued communion with him. God gave his words power, idols and idolatrous practices were banished from the land, and the people served the Lord only. And Samuel said, "Gather all Israel to Mizpah, and I will pray for you unto the Lord." From his life of prayer and simple testimony Samuel was now to come forth as his people's leader; a reformer raised up of God. No one asked his authority; all Israel recognized it, and "gathered together to Mizpah, and drew water, and poured it out before the Lord, and fasted on that day and said: 'We have sinned against the Lord.'" When those who are contenting themselves with pious, vain regrets begin to put away that which offends God, and gather together to renounce themselves and to confess their sins, then God can go forward. Probably the pouring out of water in connection with fasting was a sign of self-abnegation as though they would pour out themselves, yield themselves up to the Lord. David says prophetically of Christ: "I am poured out like water" (Ps. 22: 14). Twice Paul speaks of himself as being "poured out as a drink-offering" (Phil. 2: 17; II. Tim. 4: 6, R. V., margin). Something was done, things were getting righted, and Samuel was established as judge.

Whenever the work of the Lord is going forward then the enemy comes in to withstand and to oppose. The Philistines heard of the great religious convention of the children of Israel at Mizpah, and they began to feel it was time for them to be moving. As long as God's people were serving strange gods and Ashtaroth, the Philistines let them alone. But if they were renouncing to serve the Lord only, it was going to be a hard time for their enemies, so "the lords of the Philistines went up against Israel."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

A PERIOD of forty years elapsed between the events of last week's lesson and those to be considered now. They were years of sadness and misery for Israel. Under the rule of Eli's sons there was growing alienation from God and increased subservience to the people of the land. At the end of twenty years from the time when Samuel received the message of warning, Israel made a desperate effort to rid itself of the Philistine yoke. They were routed in the first battle with a loss of four thousand men. Then, as was always the case with them in any great calamity, their thoughts turned to the God whom they had deserted. He was to them still only the God who had delivered them in the past, who had fought for them against their enemies, and who could deliver them in the present; not the God whose law they must obey. Human nature has not changed much in subsequent ages. There are still multitudes of people who think of God in the same way, calling upon him in trouble, and appealing to him in some emergency, and forgetting him in prosperity. It is a significant sign of their spiritual declension, that they should have imagined that all it was necessary to do to enlist God on their side was to carry the ark into their camp. Evidently they had come to regard the sacred chest much as their enemies regarded their idols. It was to them a talisman, a charm, a thing so associated with God as to be his very presence. The device failed, as might have been expected. They showed that they knew little of him when they could think there was any other way of obtaining his help than that of repentance and humiliation. The lesson has to be learned by every generation. The error is constantly reappearing in one form or other. Baptism, partaking of the Lord's Supper, large gifts, penances, are easy compared with heart-cleansing and sincere sorrow for sin, but God will not except them as substitutes. Even the presence of the ark did not avail. Again the Israelites were defeated and the ark was captured. The news broke Eli's heart. He swooned when he heard the news and falling was taken up dead. As both his sons had fallen in the battle, Samuel's succession was undisputed. We may believe that his work was that of teaching rather than offering sacrifices. It would probably be done gradually and slowly in his travels from place to place. It was twenty years before Israel was so meated with the truth as to be ready fo public renewal of vows to the Lord. W Samuel judged the time ripe, he calle national assembly, and public confess and intercession was made to God on half of the people. The enemy precipit the conflict that was impending, but time God interfered, the Philistines w ignominiously defeated and were compe to restore the cities they had captured.

We have sinned. Nothing they could h said was so hopeful a sign of amendm as this confession. It is when a man people boasts of perfection and sees harm in their conduct, that the case is perate. A good Quaker who visited a neighbor tried to turn his thoughts to ligion, but the man could not see the r of it. The Quaker showed him many thi in which he had been remiss and pra with him. After a time the sick man came less boastful and made excuses himself. His mind was growing ten and at last he said to his friend, "I find I a great sinner; I fear there is no hope me." The Quaker grasped his h "Thank God," he said, "thou hast fo it out. I have hope of thee now. Le pray once more and see if there be mercy for thee." The man found p before he died.

The Lord heard him. An incident in life of John Rutledge shows how hears prayer. He was mate of a ve which sailed from Buffalo while the was still full of dangerous ice. When t thirds of the voyage had been accomplis the captain saw to his dismay that th was closing in on them. Soon, but a narrow furrow of water remained wit huge ice-field on each side. As far as eye could see this ever-narrowing cha stretched as their only way to saf Could they get through before the cha closed? If not, the vessel would be crus like a nut between crackers. In the c the wind fell, and hope was abandone all on board except Rutledge. He as the captain's permission to go below pray. The captain, though not a relig man, consented, and said he might with him any others who wished to The captain himself joined them, and ledge prayed fervently for delivera When they returned to the deck, the words that greeted their ears were from man at the wheel. "We're saved, cap he said; "it's blowing Nor-Nor-Ea One of the men asked if more can should be spread. "No," said the C tain, "don't touch her. Some one el managing this ship."

The Lord thundered. A faithful, reve man sees God in all the affairs of life. was probably an ordinary thunder-st but it was sent of God to do his wor discomfiting the enemies of his people. the forces of nature are at his comm and that is not a sagacious man who not look beyond the natural force to God directing it. There was a mist Scottish mountain in the sixteenth cent which was not an uncommon occurre but was as clearly due to divine inter tion as if a miracle had been worked. famous Alexander Peden was preachin a meeting of Covenanters on the mour side when the soldiers appeared at the The little company stealthily climbed hi and hiding in a hollow of the rocks dev themselves to prayer. Peden interc with God like a man inspired. But soldiers drew nearer and there was no sibility of escape. Suddenly a mist and enveloped the praying company, e tually hiding them from their pursu The faithful band heard the soldiers cur the mist ae they passed their hiding-pla

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. In early days of the settlement of the Pil Fathers in New England their difficu and hardships were very severe. As trial after another came upen them days were appointed and observed. On occasion when the proposal to appoint other day for fasting and humiliation before the assembly, a plain farmer ros oppose it. Their trials, he said, were so great as might have been expected were diminishing every day as the co strengthened; the earth began to re their labors and to furnish liberally their sustenance; the seas and rivers full of fish, the air sweet, the climate wh some; above all, they were in the en ment of civil and religious liberty – would move that instead of a day of ing, a day of thanksgiving be appoi And he carried his motion.

HOW THE ARMENIANS SUFFER.

v. Cyrus Hamlin, Founder of Roberts College, Constantinople, Eloquently Pictures their Woes—America Must Save them, he says, from Dying of Starvation and Cold—Heroic Women Martyrs who Died Calling on Jesus.

VERYTHING indicates the approach of a great crisis in the affairs of Armenia. The life-and-death struggle of a brave Christian people and their Moslem oppressors seems about to culminate, and

t question that now agitates the civilized rld is: all the menians totally

THE ARMENIAN METHOD OF MAKING BREAD.

ced by Turkey, by means of massacre, l and starvation, or shall they be rescue by the intervention of the European ions and the power of their ancient opssor permanently curbed? Meanwhile a until the Powers decide how to proceed, t question may resolve itself by the extinination of a large part of the Armenian ion by famine and cold, unless the hume portion of mankind, looking above a bevond mere treaties and diplomatic notiations, sends them the relief they so silv and urgently need.

HE CHRISTIAN HERALD has in previ issues, laid before its readers, the story o he terrible sufferings of the Armenians it Kurdistan, and especially in the provinces vere the massacres took place last year. Today we present an interview with a gentman whose high position, great learning a wide experience entitle it to the most sious consideration. Coming from the li of one who speaks with authority and kows whereof he speaks, it is doubtless t most eloquent and convincing plea that h yet been made on this subject, which nv occupies the attention of two hemiseres.

robably the best known and most explenced of all the Americans who have sved in the missionary field in Asia Mino's Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D. the venerable fnder of Roberts College, Constantino-p Dr. Hamlin, who is now in the United Stes, has a life-long acquaintance with t Armenian question in its various phases a is a strong champion of the right of ts oldest Christian nation on earth to be mitted to live and worship in the faith o their fathers. Conversing on the subj at an interview in THE CHRISTIAN HRALD office, Dr. Hamlin said:

"The condition of affairs in that country h not been exaggerated in the printed re-pts. I have lately finished reading the S. of some two hundred letters from rsionaries, a very large part of them deali with the oppressions and sufferings of t Armenians, which were of a most fightful character. The poor creatures must e help before the winter opens in earne or they will perish. An Armenian wint is usually very severe, the snow lying o the ground from four to six feet in depth a the cold being intense.

"The whole civilized Christian world st help these people—they must be savefrom death and assisted over the winter. ey can look in no other direction for lp, for there is no sympathy and assistance to be had from Turkey. Indeed, the policy of the Sultan's government is apparently dictated by a desire to efface the Armenian people altogether—at least those of them who will not accept Mohammed. When you talk sympathizingly about these people, a Turk will say in surprise: 'Why do you speak in behalf of such worthless trash and try to save them? They can save themselves—all they need do is to accept Islam and then they are safe and out of trouble.'

"And so," continued Dr. Hamlin, "A Turk regards it as strange that an Armenian should refuse to purchase his life at the cost of his faith; but there are some among them who take a different view. Some of the Turkish soldiers who shared in the terrible atrocities lately perpetrated on the Armenian Christians have been stricken by remorse afterward. One soldier, who had borne his part in several horrible butcheries of women and children, was so troubled that he could not sleep. He had visions of his victims that ultimately drove him insane.

"Mrs. Knapp, a missionary, at Bitlis, related a remarkable incident. A soldier who had helped in the ruthless massacres of the helpless ones, was terribly tormented by conscience. To his wife he said:

"'There was one thing about these women and their children that I do not understand, and I want you to ask the wives of the "giaour" (Christians), about it. It was very strange. The women were offered their life if they would only say: "There is but one God and Mohammed is his prophet," but they would not. They all died in terrible tortures, calling on "Hissos Nazareetsees." That is what I do not understand. Now, I wonder who this Hissos Nazareetsees is, whose very name made these women so brave that with their little children they could die. That is what troubles me greatly.'"

A GROUP OF CHRISTIAN ARMENIAN REFUGEES.

"The wife of this soldier came to the missionary and told the story. 'Now,' she said in conclusion, 'you may be able to tell, so that I can satisfy my husband, for he can do nothing but speak of it. Who is Hissos Nazareetsees?'

"The good missionary sat down by the Moslem wife and told her that the name was that of 'the Worshipful Jesus' of Nazareth, Saviour of the world, whom the Christians serve."

Regarding the prospect of reforms being instituted by Turkey in behalf of the Armenians, Dr. Hamlin spoke doubtfully. The policy of Abdul Medjid toward his Christian subjects, he said, was liberal and humane, but that of the present Sultan is the reverse. Promises of reform, made to the Powers, will be evaded, if possible. "Ah," say the Moslem officials contemptuously, "you 'giaours' may interfere, but we will conduct our affairs in our own way, notwithstanding. These people have got to die!"

In his course toward the Armenians, as Dr. Hamlin explained, the present Sultan violates the Koran, for it contains express directions for the securing of the enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness of all subjects alike, Christian as well as Moslem.

Dr. Hamlin spoke in the highest terms of Miss Kimball and her relief work, in conjunction with the other missionaries at Van. No one knew the needs of the suffering people better, or was better qualified to deal with the present very trying situation. It is the duty of the Christians of America to help them as far as we can help them. The Turks will embarrass the work if they can; they wish these people to die. In the whole region of Sassoun—comprised of about 100 villages—forty or fifty villages have been annihilated. A letter from Mr. Cole, a missionary who is employed in relief work, states that he visited a village of 175 houses, every one of which had been destroyed. The Turks would not even permit him to erect a shanty as a defence against the weather, lest some Armenian should get the use of it. They wished these people to die out of cold or starvation.

England, whose official support of Turkey has made it in large measure responsible for the wrongs and sufferings of the Armenians, is now moving for reform in that unfortunate country. At the same time, the English people are helping the Armenians by contributions. On the occasion of opening a bazar held at Chester, for the benefit of the Armenian sufferers, Mrs. Gladstone gave expression to the popular sentiment prevailing in England regarding Armenia's condition in these terms: "No words of mine are needed to describe the frightful need of help. You are all aware of the terrible details. I plead today in behalf of the poor sufferers—that we may be instrumental in allaying their sufferings. As my husband says, we cannot dictate to the government as to the time, but we pray that the Powers may soon take action to end Armenia's woes."

Cable dispatches show that notwithstanding the attitude of the Powers, Turkey is not yet disposed to cease its persecution of the Armenians. Christians have been killed by Kurds and Turks at Trebizond, Rodosto and Ismid. These renewals of violence and slaughter, occurring so soon after the Constantinople riots, will doubtless have the effect of aggravating the perils endured by the Armenians of Van, Sassoun, Bitlis and Moosh, to whose relief, Mr. W. W. Howard, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Commissioner is now speeding. Meanwhile the Relief Fund is steadily growing, and there is a prospect that it will accomplish much good, and afford at least food and shelter to a large number of the afflicted Armenian families. A remittance from the Fund has been sent to Miss Kimball at Van to aid her in continuing the work until Mr. Howard arrives. Every contribution to the Fund will be acknowledged in these columns. All contributions should be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

TREBIZOND—WHERE ARMENIANS WERE MURDERED.

Among the letters received are many of touching interest:

Mrs. S. H. Bratton, Lewistown, Me., ($1):
My prayer is that the Lord may put it into the hearts of many to respond quickly to this call.

Reader, Plainsboro, N. J., (10) writes:
As God has mercifully just raised me from a sick bed, I feel that I ought to do what I can to help others. Please find enclosed $10 to be used for the purpose of helping these poor Armenians.

"Gratitude," Brooklyn, sends $100 as "a thank offering to the Lord for his mercy in averting a terrible trial." It has been applied to the Armenian Relief Fund, where it will doubtless accomplish much good.

Mrs. H. B. Vaughan, ($4) and Mrs. Mattie Harger, ($1) Wray, Colo., write:
I read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the awful sufferings of the Armenians and of the relief movement. It will be a pleasure to help save one from starvation. Hoping this will fall into the direct channel we dispatch a small mite ($5), hoping and praying that the blessed Lord will use it to the saving of somebody from starvation.

A Friend in Detroit, Mich., writes:
I enclose five dollars for your Armenian Relief Fund, in the hope that it may encourage others to do what they can in the Name of the Master.

J. P. R., Ashtabula, O., writes:
I am this day eighty-eight years old, and I wish to make this small contribution ($2), to your Armenian Fund. May God touch every Christian heart and help speedily come to that down-trodden, suffering people.

Rev. S. P. Heath, Penacook, N. H., ($3) writes:
The case is an urgent one and should enlist an immediate response, not only from all Christians in the United States, but from every one possessing a single spark of humanity. All Christian nations should unite in demanding the Porte to punish the robber Kurds and to protect and redress the suffering Armenians.

The Episcopal Church Conference in Chicago has decided to ask the General Convention to take steps toward helping the Armenian Relief movement.

"Della Vennell," Roxbury, Mass., sends an express order for $145, a gift that will doubtless do efficient service in the cause of Christ and humanity. Miss M. E. W., Lincoln City, Neb., sends a "souvenir of travel," a beautifully chased gold pendant, which she wishes to be disposed of for the Relief Fund.

The following contributions have been received during the week:

Previously Acknowledged	**$926.06**
Abbott, Samuel	5 00
Alexander, Mrs J H	1 00
Allen, L C	5 00
Allen, Mrs Nancy	1 00
Allison, O W	1 00
Alverson, W B	1 00
Ames, J	3 00
Anderson, Mrs Jas	5 00
Bacenstas, Lizzie and Katie	2 00

Bacheldor, G C	1 00
Bassett, D W	2 00
Baker, Henrietta	1 00
Ball, Mr and Mrs Geo	1 00
[illegible] Mrs S S	1 00
[illegible] E M	1 00
Belknap, Mrs S W	2 00
Bennett, B W	5 00
Berkamaw, Miss	50
[illegible] Berry	10 00
[illegible] H	00
Bissell, Mrs H N	7 00
Blackbourn, J N	3 50
Blakely, Mrs Curtis	1 00
[illegible] Mrs M R	00
[illegible] Miss M A	00
[illegible] V	1 00
[illegible] H	1 00
Boggess and wife, Huntington	10 00
[illegible]	1 00
Bowker, E H	1 00
[illegible]	00
[illegible]	5 00
Bridgham, S W	5 00
Brink H D, and friends	3 50
Broughton, J B	5 00
Brown, Cathrine	1 00
Brown, E W	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	4 00
Bullock, Miss J G	1 00
[illegible] Wm	5 00
[illegible]	3 00
Burnstead, Mrs R D	3 50
[illegible]	2 00
Baird, Mrs D	1 00
[illegible]	5 00
[illegible] J C	00
[illegible] W	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible] M	15 00
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
Champlin, Mrs H M	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
Chase, Mrs W J	1 00
Childs, Mrs	1 00
Chrisman, S L	1 00
Clark, Mr and Mrs H F	6 00
Clark, J	1 10
[illegible]	00
Cobb, Jr, Lyman	5 00
Cocking, Rev C F	1 50
Cocking, Eddie	25
Cocking, Ethel	25
Colbert, Miss	2 00
[illegible]	00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	5 00
[illegible]	1 00
Deardorff, Geo B	2 00
DeOlloqui, Mrs R A	4 00
Develin, Mrs Jas	5 00
Dixon, W F	1 00
Dondore, C T	5 00
Draper, Jas	1 00
[illegible]	5 00
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	2 00
Erdman, Mrs C and Master Paul	5 00
Evans, Mrs E A	10 00
Ewart, Mary	10 00
[illegible]	4 00
Farnsworth, Mrs E J	5 00
[illegible]	5 00
[illegible] John	1 00
Fintrock, Mr and Mrs M A	1 50
[illegible]	5 00
Foote, Geo H	5 00
Ford, Evelyn	5 00
Foss, Mr and C E	7 50
[illegible]	3 00
Foster, James	5 00
Fry, Mrs Wm A	1 00
[illegible]	2 00
Galusha, A	3 00
Gaskill, Mrs C and Miss B	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
Gibson, Mrs M J	5 00
[illegible]	00
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible] Mrs Warren	2 00
Greaves, Martha	10 00
Greene, Geo N	5 00
Gype, Adam	1 00
Gibson, Wm F	5 00
Grimshaw, W J	2 00
Hagaman, A	10 00
Hall, Henry M	1 00
Hamm, Chas	50 00
[illegible]	1 00
Harris, Mr and Mrs A A	5 00
Harter, Mr and Mrs David	5 00
Heath, J J	2 00
Heilman, G W	5 00
Heisler, Willie H	5 00
[illegible]	1 00
Hettinger, Mr and Mrs A J	10 00
[illegible]	00
Homer, Wm	5 00
[illegible]	00
House, J W	00
Howards, Thos J	1 00
Hunt, Mabel and Florence	1 00
Hunter, Mrs John	5 00
Hurrey, S S	50
Huyck, Mrs Edwin C	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	00
Hepler, Mrs I S & Mrs A	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	00
Jones, J W	2 00
Jensen, J P	25
[illegible]	00
[illegible]	1 00
Kennedy, A and M	2 00
[illegible]	00
[illegible]	00
Klahr, E B	2 00
Koch, Mrs Arthur H	2 00
[illegible]	00
Kuhn, Mrs Julia	50
[illegible]	1 00
Lambert, Paul and Lottie	1 00
Lare, Mrs J and daughter	20
[illegible]	00
[illegible]	00
[illegible]	00
[illegible]	00
[illegible]	00
[illegible]	00
Lowegrove, Lily	50
McDonald, Henry	4 50
McIntosh, S P	5 00
McMurry, Susan A	1 00
Matley, H	2 00
Matson, A L	2 00
Matson, Mrs C G	5 00
Megginson, Mrs S	5 00
Michaelian, H M	5 00
Molloy, Mrs A E	5 00
Morris, Ann	2 00
Mott, H H	5 00
McGinnis, Mr & Mrs John	5 00
McNab, May	1 00
Meredith, Mrs Mary L	2 00
Newton, C W and Mrs M E	2 00
Nicholls, Mr and Mrs E E	1 00
Noll, Jake	1 00
Oestman, E A W	5 00
Osborne, Lena	2 00
Patch, Val E	1 00
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Peckham, Rev and Mrs C B	2 50
Phillips, J H	2 00
Phipps, A	2 00
Platt, Mrs Harriet	5 00
Plumley, Miss M A	75
Pohlmeyer, Ed C	1 00
Polk, Jr, T M	1 00
Purnton, Fanny E	1 00
Ragsdale, E H	1 00
Rabe, J H	1 00
Rankin, A M	2 00
Reed, Mrs S E	5 00
Reichenbach, A	2 00
Reid, J H	1 00
Reid, Mrs J H	50
Rice, John F	5 00
Richards, M	1 00
Richardson, E K	2 00
Richmond, Kate	3 00
Rose, Jane C	1 00
Russell, E A	3 05
Rutherford, T S	3 00
Russell, Wm	10 00
Saxe, Mrs Ira J	1 00
Schulz, Mrs Anna	50
Scott, D H	2 00
Shaw, Mrs S	1 00
Sinclair, Mrs A	1 00
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Skinner, Jennie M	2 00
Smedley, Myra	1 00
Smiley, Annie	2 00
Smith, B W	50
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Smith, Rufus	5 00
Smither, John D	1 00
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Veza, W H	1 00
Vincent, Ansel	1 00
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Waller, Edw C	50
Walker, Mrs J A & daughter	2 00
Walter, F	1 00
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Ward, Mrs Thos	2 00
Waters, Edward	2 00
Wheeler, Jas R	2 00
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Williams, B	5 00
Williams, Gilbert F	5 00
Williams, J F	1 00
Williams, Judson	2 00
Williams, Mrs W	2 00
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Wolfe, Mrs J T & Miss A R Altwegg	7 50
Woodside, Wm	2 5 00
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Wright, Caleb	1 00
Wright, Mrs Caleb	1 00
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W K, Gallatin	1 00
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A A S, Junction City	1 00
Mrs K S, Frankford	1 00
Mrs W, Lowell	25
E C L, Concord	50
G V S, Bethlehem	1 00
W R, Millville	1 00
S A H, Veteran's Home	2 00
A B C, N Y C	1 00
I J M, Waterville	1 00
M H L, Hazleton	2 00
F H S, Portersville	2 00
S A D, New Woodstock	1 00
Mrs S C, Brooklyn	1 00
H M A, Albany	2 00
W, Pittsburg	25
E L A, Navasota	1 00
[illegible]	00
J, Barry	2 00
G L [illegible] E, Orange	00
J B M, Sabattus	1 00
Mrs A S L, Phila	2 00
Mrs H L, Berlin	1 00
W L E, Phila	1 00
E A, N Y	5 00
[illegible]	1 00
J R, Buckhannon	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
Mrs G A, Jeffersonville	3 00
[illegible]	00
F G W, Adrain	1 00
[illegible]	00
[illegible]	00
[illegible]	1 00
E C K, [illegible]	1 00
E R B, Pa	1 00
M I. M, Orange	2 00
A M F, Frankford	5 00
L C M, St Louis	2 00
M J P, Cassville	1 00
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J C M, Dawson	5 00
Mrs L A & Mrs E M, Macomb	3 00
L C B, Lebanon	2 00
N A M, Normal	1 00
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H C W, Philipsburg	1 00
X Y Z, Winnipeg	1 00
L T S & L F S, Brooklyn	2 00
J, Eminence	10 00
B B B, Lebanon	1 00
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Wm E H, Cleveland	1 00
E R, Hartford	10 00
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O E B, St Petersburg	2 00
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" Grand Rapids	1 00
" Fillmore	1 00
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" Detroit	5 00
" Conn	1 00
" Barrington, Nova Scotia	1 00
" to the needy, Groveport	2 00
" Waterloo	5 00
" Whitesboro	5 00
" to the Armenian sufferers, Newark	20 00
" Manton	5 00
" Nantucket	5 00
" Kennebunkport	1 00
" in Ohio	5 00
" Closter	10 00
" Hartford	2 00
" in Christ	75
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Friends, Aspen	2 00
Two Friends, Springvale	2 00
Sympathizing Friends, Sardis	6 00
Two Friends of the Herald, Buffalo	2 00
Friends, I H N, Greenfield	2 75
In His Name, Janesville	50
" Chambersburg	1 00
" Springfield	1 00
" Waynesboro	1 00
" W Berlin	1 00
" E Orange	2 00
" N H	5 00
" Lisbon Falls	1 00
" Westfield	50
" Salem	50
" Milford	3 00
In His Dear Name, Dayton	1 00
In Jesus' Name, St Louis	2 00
Constant Readers, Grand Rapids	4 50
A Reader, Pleasantville	3 00
A Reader of the C H, Okelika	1 00
Three Readers of the C H, Newark	3 00
A Reader of the Herald, Lowell	2 00
Subscriber, Lampeter	3 00
" Iowa	5 00
" Ilion	1 00
" Queens	5 00
" Hamilton, Ont	3 00
" Fabius	5 00
" Woodstock	2 00
" Owego	50
" from Maine	2 00
" Lodi	2 00
—, Lawrence	50 00
—, Phila	10 00
—, Mt Vernon	2 00
—, Mt Vernon	1 00
—, Axtell	1 00
—, Knoxville	1 00
—, Montgomery	5 00
—, Princeton	2 00
—, Pawtuxet	1 00
—, Nazareth	1 00
—, Paris, Ont	25 00
—, Ashtabula	1 00
—, Westfield	1 00
—,	2 00
Husband & wife, Sunbury	2 00
From a Scotch Woman, Chesterville, Ont	100 00
Cash, Monroe	5 00
Helpers, Ont	2 00
Sympathizer, Greenport	5 00
A Mother & Daughter, Harmony	2 00
An Old Christian, N Y	1 00
A Family of Syracuse	20 00
A Mother, Québec	2 00
A poor old woman, Pa	1 00
A young man from Maine	5 00
A Traveling Salesman, Fredericksburg	5 00
Well-wisher, Port Byron	1 00
Cash, Camden	5 00
"Maelloy," Brooklyn	5 00
Denis, Ill	1 00
"Dorcas," Phila	2 00
Faith, Ono Ranch	5 00
Anonymous, Geneseo	10 00
Sympathy, Suffolk Co	5 00
Two Sympathizers, Norwich	2 00
Sympathizer, New York City	1 00
The Widow's Mite, Fustis	2 00
A Mother & Daughter, St Thomas	1 00
Operatives of the Clifton Iron Co, Ala	8 30
For Christ's Sake, Lowell	5 00
Workers in Institutions, N Y City	10 00
Those who want to help, Chasm Falls	2 00
Sisters of Christ, Albany, N Y	2 00
Inasmuch, Balto Md	8 00
For Jesus' Sake, Port Mills, Vt	5 00
For Jesus' Sake, Pa	5 00
Bouquet, Essex, N Y	1 00
X, Deansville, N Y	5 00
Baptist Sunday School, Portageville	25
YPSCE of Bellevue, Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church	3 00
Miss'nary Soc'y, Grace Church, Milford	10 00
The Royal Ten Circles, Brooklyn	5 00
YPCE Otterbein Church, Lititz	12 00
Grace Lutheran YPSCE, Lincoln	1 60
King's Daughters, Concord	1 00
A King's Daughter, Balto	5 00
King's Daughters, Salem	5 00
A Croswell Endeavorer, Mich	2 00
S S, Lewiston	5 00
A Christian Co worker, Marquette	2 00
The Lord's Money, Williamsport	5 00
Ladies' Home Missionary society, Mo	2 00
Mrs. Mrs. Hatterslet	10 00
Total	$2582.31

BLESSED BEYOND HIS PRAYER.

More than thirty years ago, a young Methodist missionary prayed, as he stood for India, that he might bring one hundred souls to Christ. After such a glorious, and as he regarded it, remarkable harvest, he would be content to go to his reward. Instead of one hundred converts in the city station to which he was assigned, there are now more than five thousand; and the work is more prosperous than ever, though the young man has been promoted to another more responsible position. His name is Rev. Dr. T. J. Scott, President of the Bareilly Theological Seminary in India.

KEEPING THEIR PROMISE.

Years ago, Rev. Dr. Clark, a Baptist missionary, received an invitation from some hill people of Assam to become their teacher, They promised to care for him and treat him well if he would make his home among them Accepting their offer he found them kind, but unable to understand the wants of civilized men. Little better than savages themselves, they supposed he could live as they did. After finding them kind and teachable, the missionary determined to send for his wife, and told the people that, as they had promised him a large, comfortable house, he would be glad to have it, since he intended to send for his wife. The reply was,

"Certainly. We will build it this afternoon."

Immediately a company of men, with tools for work, went to the forest, cut down bamboo and other wood, and leaves for thatching; then, returning with their loads, began to build. The whole community worked with earnest zeal, and before night a house large enough for several rooms was ready, and by dark the young missionary was at home in it. Later the half-savages went to meet the missionary lady, and carried her and her goods on their backs to the distant home built for her.

To-day, by the grace of God, as the result of that mission couple, those wild people of the hills have a written language and the Gospel in it, while they themselves are worshipers of the true God.

THE FIRESIDE AS A SCHOOL.

It may not have occurred to many that the fireside is really an educational institution—a seminary of infinite importance. There are many parents who would be glad to give their children the benefit of college training, but find it impossible, owing to straitened circumstances yet every child who has a home is a graduate of the hearth. So woven in with the roof of childhood is the education the fireside bestows, that it gives color to the whole texture of life. It is no uncommon thing to see an aged man holding fresh in his recollection the events of his childhood. All the wide space between that and the present [illegible] is a forgotten waste; but the impressions of his childhood were so deep they have become lasting. At your seminary of learning — the family fireside — are you making your instructors' task an easy one?

MISSIONARIES AND THEIR CHILDREN.

"How many children of parents here are missionaries, or engaged in Gospel work at home?" asked one in a missionary meeting in Madura, India, some years ago. The question aroused curiosity; and a careful canvass was made, with most astonishing results. One hundred children were represented by the parents of that conference; and, of those hundred, ninety-four were either missionaries in India or [illegible] countries, or engaged in evangelistic work in the native lands of their parents The six remaining were too young for any work of any kind, but would, in all probability, follow the examples of parents and older brothers and sisters. While this is certainly a most remarkable fulfilment of promise, it is not peculiarly exceptional. A very large proportion, it may be as many as four-fifths, of the children of missionaries become themselves missionary Gospel workers. It is quite common for every son and daughter of a missionary to follow the footsteps of the parent. Dr. John Scudder's nine children became missionaries; four or five of Doctor J. V. Talmage's children became Gospel workers. All of Dr. H. H. Jessup's six daughters are either on or soon to return to their father's field. These instances might be multiplied. The promise is fulfilled when parents keep their part of the covenant.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

PRINCE AND PRINCESS BETROTHED.

SEVERAL royal houses in Europe are interested in the betrothal of the young couple whose portraits appear on this page. They are the Prince Ernest of Hohenlohe-Langenburg and the Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. It is interesting to trace the curious relationships that are involved by the intermarriages of the royal personages from whom they are descended—relationships which mean so much in the society of European courts. The prince traces his descent to the Duchess of Kent, who was the mother of Queen Victoria. At the time of her marriage to the Duke of Kent, who was the fourth son of King George III, she was the widow of the Prince of Leiningen and had two children, a son and a daughter, who were thus half-brother and sister to the Queen. The daughter married and had four children, one of whom is father of the young Prince Ernest. He is also related to the Imperial house of Germany, the Empress being his first cousin. The princess is related on her father's side to the English court, and on her mother's side to the Russian. Her father is Prince Alfred, the second son of the Queen, and her mother is the Princess Marie, daughter of Alexander II, Emperor of Russia, and aunt of the present Emperor. The betrothal of these two highly connected young people is said to have given general satisfaction among the imperial and royal personages related to them, and messages of congratulation and good wishes, bearing the crests of the most illustrious houses in Europe, have poured in upon them. Whatever blessings these good wishes may refer to, we may be sure that high connections are not among them, as the young prince and princess are popularly supposed to be unusually well endowed with them. Their truest happiness depends solely on that one element of relationship. No worldly rank or station can do so much to secure it as for them to become children of the King of kings, and that privilege is open to all.

"As many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God. John 1 : 12.

A Suit for a Head.

In a volume of records of extraordinary lawsuits, a law student has found one that he believes to be unique. It was the suit of a surgeon for the possession of the head of a deceased patient. During the man's lifetime the surgeon had attended him, and noting the very peculiar shape of his head, had in a joking way expressed the wish that he could have such a head in his collection of skulls. The patient afterwards became very poor, and being in need of medical help, called in his old friend, the surgeon. He frankly told him that he could not pay his fee, but reminded him of his former debts, and said that if the doctor would attend him free and pay his funeral expenses when he died, he would sign an undertaking authorizing him to take possession of the head. The surgeon agreed, and for some years attended the man without charge whenever he was called in. When he died, the surgeon put in his claim; but the man's friends repudiated it. They were willing and willing to pay the funeral expenses, and they objected to the body being mutilated. The surgeon then brought suit, but unsuccessfully. The court held that there could be no property in the ordinary sense of the term in a dead body and therefore the deceased never had any right to it that he could legally convey. The surgeon was averse to litigation and would not appeal the case, though he was assured that the decision would not be sustained in a higher court. He consequently lost the ghastly prize he hoped to have secured as payment for his services. His grievance, however, was against his patient's friends rather than against the patient himself, who was probably acting in good faith under the belief that he had the right to arrange for the disposal of his body after death. It may be hoped that he arranged for the disposal of his soul, which was a much more important matter. If he gave it to Christ, he might be quite sure that that arrangement would not fail. Like the Apostle, he could say:

I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day. (II. Tim. 1 : 12.)

An Equine Experiment.

A disturbance involving several persons in trouble occurred in New York, on October 7. It arose from a lady's experiment with a favorite horse. She was seated in a buggy and people on the street were amused to hear her talking to the horse in the shafts as they went by. Presently the horse became frightened and ran away. It was then seen that the lady was driving without reins. She did not appear to be much alarmed, but continued to speak to the horse bitterly upbraiding him with his misconduct as if he were perfectly conversant with the English language. She also gave him an occasional cut with her whip to emphasize her remarks. After running three blocks, the horse quieted down and came to a standstill at a word of command from his driver. But before he was brought under control, he had knocked a young man down and hurt him slightly. Full of indignation, the injured man ran after the vehicle, and when he overtook it, abused the driver and insisted on giving her into the custody of the police. Thereupon some of her friends who happened to be near, interfered, and there was a fight in which several persons took part. The disturbance at length became so extensive that the police reserves were ordered out and had to use their clubs in quelling it. The lady probably regrets now that she tried the experiment of dispensing with reins in driving through a city street. She appears to have been correct in her belief that she would not need reins on account of her horse being restive, but she overlooked the fact that she might need them on account of his being timid. A similar oversight frequently leads to perplexity in trying to solve the mystery of God's providential dealings. The trials and checks which are often seen in the lives of Christians are not always to be regarded as punishments, but are often applied to restrain them from panic. Even God's docile children are liable to be alarmed when untoward events occur, and need to be reminded that God is guiding them.

It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. Jer. 10: 23.)

PRINCE ERNEST
Of Hohenlohe-Langenburg.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA
Of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

Misleading Postal Cards.

A journal devoted to the interests of paper manufacturers describes some interesting experiments with the paper of which postal cards are made. Among them is one by which two messages may be written on a card, one of which will be visible and the other invisible, and these may be reversed, the visible one disappearing and the invisible becoming plain. The true message, the journal says, may be written with a quill pen dipped, not in ink, but in a mixture of sulphuric acid and water. When dry, the card bears no trace of the writing. But as a blank postal card might excite suspicion, it may bear a message written with tincture of iodine. When heat is applied to the card, the writing in iodine will disappear, and the writing in diluted sulphuric acid will become visible and legible. There is reason to fear that a similar process is going on with some people's lives. In all the descriptions of the last judgment in the Bible, there is an intimation that the day will be one of surprises. The epitaphs on the tombstones and the reputations current in the world will disappear in the light of the great white throne, and in their place will stand the true, hidden record of the actual life.

For God shall bring every work into judgment and every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil. Eccles. 12 : 14.

A Disastrous Delay.

A man is lying in a New York hospital in a critical condition who has reason to deplore the postponement of a good resolution. He was released from prison only a few months ago, after serving a term of two years for a violent assault which he committed while under the influence of liquor. His wife pleaded with him to abandon drink but was unsuccessful. He began drinking again and as he was a man of violent temper there seemed a strong probability of his getting into more trouble. His daughter, a girl thirteen years old, of whom he is very fond, added her persuasions to those of her mother and at last he consented to sign the pledge. The girl rejoicing in her triumph, immediately started with him to the house of the priest whose church she attended. But the priest unfortunately was engaged and told them to come another day. While returning home they met some of the man's companions, who, learning that he intended signing the pledge, and had actually made an attempt to do so, insisted on his having one good drink to end with. In spite of his daughter's protest he consented, and all went into the nearest saloon, leaving the girl outside. About half an hour later they emerged in a very quarrelsome state of mind. In a few minutes a fierce struggle ensued. The child, who watched them from the other side the street, saw her father fall. The other men ran away, leaving him there bleeding copiously from a gash in his throat. He was taken to the hospital and carefully treated, but there is little chance of his recovery. If the man had gone to another temperance worker to sign the pledge, when the first was too busy to attend to him, he might not have fallen into this dreadful trouble. It is always dangerous to delay putting a good resolution into effect. None are so likely to miss the path of safety in morals or religion as they who allow little difficulties to turn them from their purpose. Many who mean to seek the Lord die without salvation through postponing the search, as did he who said to the Apostle:

When I have a convenient season I will send for thee Acts, 24 : 25).

Traced by His Footprints.

A burglar who was sentenced on October 12 to fourteen years imprisonment, was detected through the artistic skill of the man whom he had robbed. A few weeks ago he went to New Rochelle, N. Y., and broke into the house of an artist who lives there. He succeeded in carrying off a quantity of silver and other valuables. The only clue there was to the thief was his footprint clearly marked in the dust on the floor of the piazza. He had taken off his shoes so as to make no noise and, as he wore no stockings, the marks on the soles of his feet were as clearly marked on the dust as a seal impresses itself on the wax. The artist made a careful drawing of the footprint, and when the police arrested a suspected man a few days later, the sole of his foot was compared with the artist's drawing. It was found to correspond exactly. The lines on the foot were somewhat remarkable so that the evidence against him seemed conclusive. The thief appeared to arrive at the same conclusion, for he decided to make no defence at his trial, but to make a frank confession. He was accordingly sentenced to serve a fourteen-year term in the prison at Sing Sing. It was singular that the very means the burglar adopted to escape being detected should have furnished the most conclusive evidence against him. Probably he was not aware of the fact declared by physiologists that in all the almost infinite varieties of feet and hands, there are few, if any, precisely alike. Many people who are not burglars think that they are safe in committing sin if they are quiet and secret about it, but they forget, as this man did, the warning of the ancient patriarch:

Thou settest a print on the heels of my feet. Job 13 : 27.

BRIEF NOTES.

All Letters to Dr. Talmage as Editor of The Christian Herald should be addressed to him at The Bible House, New York, as heretofore.

Every Season marks a New Stage in progress and development in connection with the publication of The Christian Herald. Our readers will be interested to know that we have just completed the work of setting up [illegible] and that after Nov. 1st, the first page of this journal will appear printed in many [illegible] Scenes in every land and events of interest at home and abroad will be daily illustrated [illegible] in every issue thereafter. This new departure in art will render The Christian Herald more attractive and valuable than ever to its constantly increasing army of readers in all parts of the globe.

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Japan, Mr. T. Myoshi, is a communicant in a Congregational church.

The Coronation Robe for the Empress of Russia which is being made in Paris, in readiness for the ceremony of crowning her and her husband as Empress and Emperor, is to cost $200,000.

The Poor of Russia are Mourning the Death of Chancellor Jermakoff, who, within twenty years, has given $5,000,000 to charitable purposes. Thousands of the poor of Moscow attended his funeral.

Ex-President Harrison, in the Course of a speech at the Indiana Methodist Episcopal Conference, recently expressed his joy "that the churches are learning that devotion to local political interests "is not only consistent with the supreme love for the nation that crowns and secures all, but that the two are inseparable."

The Gifts to Foreign Missions at the Concluding session of the Convention of the International Christian Alliance in New York on Oct. 13 aggregated $52,000 of which $40,000 was pledged by the givers in money. Besides this a person present, whose name was not disclosed gave a deed of property valued at $30,000.

Dr. Joseph Parker, Writing to an English journal, says that he is not so anxious as some are, and as he himself used to be long ago, about going around answering infidels. He was [illegible] awakening Christians. He would like a man, a true revivalist, to arise among us "who will turn sleep into blasphemy, and make men ashamed of their doubtfulness."

We are Requested to Remind Pastors and members of Presbyterian churches among our readers that the late General Assembly passed a resolution. "That we recommend to our churches that the last prayer-meeting in October in each year be set apart for the purpose of emphasizing and exalting the importance of observing the Sabbath day."

The Church Missionary Society Sent Out at the beginning of this month a large party of missionaries to various parts of the world. On Oct. 2 a farewell meeting at which nearly one hundred of these new missionaries were present was held in St. Bride's Church, London. About one half of the party are ladies and many of them are going to China. Several volunteered to go to the post of danger at Kucheng.

Mr. Thomas Hughes, Author of "Tom Brown's School Days," has recently published a letter urging temperance people of all shades of opinion to unite for the purpose of going to Parliament with a moderate, definite and reasonably comprehensive measure for dealing with the drink evil. Mr. Hughes says he is moved to take this step because, as a county judge, he has to commit at least 100 [illegible] present law as to the sale of intoxicants.

A Dispatch from Port Huron, Mich., States that at a funeral which recently took place there, the pall-bearers were not permitted to enter the [illegible] as the Grand Army was not a Roman Catholic organization he could not allow persons belonging to it to enter the church wearing its badge. The dead man was a veteran and nearly everyone at the funeral was a [illegible] to remain outside rather than remove their badges.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Letters [illegible]

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Times Building, New York City.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second-class Matter.

Helping the sick and needy is excellent religious exercise.

A Christian living in accord with his Saviour needs to be twins to do the work God gives him.

EARNESTNESS IN WORK.

A BROTHER comes into a house of prayer, and he stands up to speak a word for Christ. How tremulous he is! He says: "I wonder if the people will hear me?" His heart is not thoroughly enlisted. He wonders who will criticize. After awhile he gets through, and he wonders whether he made any mistakes, and he goes away asking his friend, "How did I do to-night? Did I get along well, or did I make a balk?" He is not in earnest. There is another young man beside him. What does he care for rhetoric? He says: "Here are people that I must meet before the throne of God, and I have but three minutes now to talk to them. I don't care what people say. It is between God and my soul, and their souls." A Sabbath School teacher sits down before her class. She is not in earnest; she has no appreciation of the great work to which she is called. She thinks that it is a fine thing to be a Sabbath School teacher. She comes in and says to the class: "Fine day!" Then she arranges her apparel; then she gives an extra twist to the curl, and looks at the apparel of all the children in the class.

A minister of the Gospel comes on the Sabbath day into the ante-room of the church. He is not in earnest. He has just happened to get into the ministry. He says: "I wonder what the newspapers will say to-day? I wonder how many critics there will be in the church? I wonder if that sharp-looking man that sat before me last Sabbath, looking at me through those spectacles, will be there to-day? I wonder if my hair is parted straight? I wonder how my cravat is tied? I wonder if my shoes have the right polish? I wonder if that gesture I made awhile ago is graceful?" The Sabbath goes by, the people disperse to their homes, no saving impression is made, the Sabbath is dead and will not live again until the resurrection. Another man of God comes to the ante-room of the church. He says: "Now there will be many people here this morning. What shall I say to them? I may be dead before next Sabbath. Some of the people who will be in church to-day will never be there again. It is my last chance at them. Oh, God, help me now; if thou never didst help me before, help me to-day." Oh, how different then the preacher feels. How little he cares for what the world says of him. How his soul goes up to God in an agony of earnestness. How little he cares for the gesture, the style of his apparel, or what the critics may say. It is a matter between himself, and his God, and his hearers.

One of the first lessons in the Christian primer deals with economy of time.

Christ must first be lifted up in our own lives before we can lift him up to others.

STAGNATION VS. SENSATION.

WITH two offensive words we head this article. We do not know which word is the worst. It is the national habit in literature and religion to call that sensationalism which we ourselves cannot do. If an author writes a book that will not sell, he is apt to charge the books of the day which do succeed as being sensational. There are a great many men who, in the world and the Church, are dead failures, who spend their time in letting the public know that they are not sensationalists. The fact is, that they never made any stir while living, nor will they in dying, save as they rob the undertaker of his fees, they not leaving enough to pay their dismission expenses. We hate sensationalism in the pulpit, so far as the word means the preaching of everything but the Gospel; but the simple fact is, that whenever and wherever faith, and repentance, and heaven, and hell are proclaimed with emphasis, there will be a sensation. The people in our great cities are hungry for the old Gospel of Christ. Stagnation is worse than sensationalism. We have always noticed that just in proportion as a man cannot get along himself, he is fearful of some one else making an excitement. Last week, a mud-turtle down by the brook opened its shell, and discoursed to a horse that was coming down to drink. The mud-turtle said to the horse: "Just as I get sound asleep, you are sure to come past and wake me up. We always used to have a good quiet time down here in the swamp till you got in the habit of thumping along this way. I am conservative, and like to keep in my shell. I have been pastor of thirteen other mud-turtles, and we always had peace till you came, and next week at our semi-annual meeting of mud-turtles, we shall either have you voted a nuisance, or will talk it over in private, eight or ten of us, which will probably be the more prudent way." Then the mud-turtle's shell went shut with a snap, at which the horse kicked up his heels as he turned to go up to the barn to be harnessed to a load of corn that was ready for the market. Let us all wake up and go to work. There are in the private membership of our churches, and in the ministry, a great many men who are dead, but have never had the common decency to get buried. With the harvest white and "lodging" for lack of a sickle, instead of lying under the trees criticizing the sweating reapers who are at work, let us throw off our own coats, and go out and see how good a swathe we can cut.

The true Christian puts the large end of the telescope to his eye when looking at his own good deeds.

The low-descending sun casts the longest shadows, and the influence of a faithful Christian's death lasts a whole lifetime.

STARTLING INTELLIGENCE.

A PROMINENT New York daily paper, speaking recently of a trial then progressing in the courts, informed us that the foreman of the jury had just had his hair cut, and that another of the jurymen appeared in a light suit. It seems to us that the paper containing this absorbing intelligence ought to have issued an extra, giving these "facts" earlier to the people. The fact that one of the jurymen had put on a white vest might not have been so startling; but that the foreman of the jury had had his hair cut certainly demanded more attention. We are seized with a great curiosity to know who cut it, and with what kind of a shears, and what has become of the severed locks. We suggest to the judge and counsel on this trial that this thing is not to be lightly passed over. It may be that this juryman has allowed this liberty to be taken by one of the parties in the trial. If he, the aforesaid juryman with his hair cut, allowed these dissevered capillary attachments to go into the possession of the defendant, then it is proof that this juryman has gone over to that side; or, if these silken fragments have become the property of the plaintiff, then the juryman has been taken possession of by that side. We call upon the judge to investigate this matter, and see to it that none of the other jurymen, during the progress of the trial, have their hair cut.

But, to be serious, would it not be well for our daily papers, when they cannot find for their columns information more valuable and important than the items to which we have alluded, to avail themselves of a few essays on some practical subject that might not only amuse but educate.

Christ never lets go of children that are unconditionally given him by their parents.

It is a mistake to think that the dollar of the saloon-keeper has the same purchasing power as the dollar which has been blessed by God.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Miss C. Yofft. 183 Lexington avenue, New York City, writes:

I am a young Christian and am anxious to help bring souls to Christ. I have a sweet soprano voice and I would volunteer my services cheerfully on the Sabbath to any Protestant denomination if you think it will be the means of helping on the Lord's work.

H. B. Thornton, Walter, Ala. Who were the sons of God and the daughters of men referred to in Gen. 6: 4?

Ancient commentators believed that the "sons of God" were angels, but latterly, the scholars who do not accept the theory of evolution, have held that they were descendants of Seth and possibly of Abel, who married children of Cain. Evolutionists hold that they were the higher type of men allying themselves with women of the lower type, who were practically animals.

William Bayo, Glenn's, Va. Did the men who were with Paul when he was stricken down on the way to Damascus hear the voice speaking to him? In Acts 9: 7 they are said to have heard and in Acts 22: 9 they are said not to have heard?

The only reasonable explanation of the apparent contradiction is that in the latter passage Paul meant that they did not understand the words spoken. They heard the voice but not articulate words. In the one case, the account is believed to have been written by Luke, and in the other, it is Paul who is speaking.

Delia Messick, James City, N. C. Why is the heart mentioned so many times in the Bible, if it were not the seat of our affections, conscience, sin, etc? If it is the brain, why should it not be called brain instead of heart?

In the Biblical point of view, human life, in all its operations, is centred in the heart. It is the central organ, in a psychical sense and through it the whole life of the soul, in the lower as well as the higher spiritual spheres, finds expression (Prov. 4: 23). The brain, on the other hand, is the organ of mentality, the seat of volition, the "thinking machine," the regulative channel through which the various functions find intelligent interpretation.

Earnest Reader, Alinda, Can. Is the blessing of holiness entirely separate from that of regeneration?

Holiness, as the word is generally understood, refers to the end of the progressive work of the Holy Spirit on the heart. Regeneration is the new birth, which is a completed act, not a process. When a man believes in Christ, he is justified and the righteousness of Christ is imputed to him. Then commences the sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit and he grows in grace becoming more and more like Christ. There is all the difference between them that there is between birth and growth.

Jesse McAdam, Portland, Ore. In the study of Biblical chronology, it is strange how frequently the number forty occurs. Can you furnish any reason for it?

Forty does indeed seem to be a number of frequency and significance. The Flood lasted forty days and forty nights; Moses was forty days and nights on Sinai, Moses lived forty years in Egypt, forty in Midian and forty in the wilderness; the spies spent forty days in searching the land; Saul, David and Solomon each reigned forty years; Gideon judged Israel forty years; the Philistine oppression lasted forty years; forty days of repentance were granted to Nineveh; and the Saviour spent forty days and nights in solitude in the wilderness. There are other instances where the same number has played a prominent part.

T. J. W., Centennial, W. Va. 1. Is it right for a wicked man to pray? I have heard it asserted that the prayers of a wicked man are an abomination to God. 2. Is it possible for a converted person to commit sin? If the soul or spirit only sins of the flesh?

1. It is the duty of the wicked to pray for forgiveness and for converting grace. The phrase you mention has reference to formal, hypocritical prayers of the lips only, not of the heart. An earthly father would not feel kindly toward a son who, while living in habitual disobedience spoke to him as if he was honoring him and was continually asking him for favors. 2. It is possible. There are sins of unbelief of doubt, of rebellion of which the soul is guilty. The Spirit of God in the heart has often to protest and bring him anew to repentance.

Constant Reader, Kylertown, Pa. Who was the wife of Pilate who had a dream concerning Jesus? See Matthew 27: 19.

Her name is given as Claudia Procula by some of the older writers, and it is also asserted that she had been a proselyte to Judaism before the Crucifixion. Nothing certain is known as to her history, but the tradition that she became a Christian is as old as the time of Origen. She has been canonized by the Greek Church.

"Reader," sends this for the benefit of "Inquirer," New Bedford, whose letter was recently answered in THE MAIL-BAG:

I have been just where you are. I was once away from Christ for over forty years, but the Holy Spirit influenced me, and He called me back. I am happy in His love again. Because you are indifferent any longer, and are longing to love again, is a sure sign that the Spirit is leading you, and if you will only give up all striving to make yourself better, and just come to Him pleading His promises, he will forgive you.

O. L., Olmstead Falls, O. 1. How many Christians have been martyred in Cuba during the past year? 2. Is it true that the veritable house which Thomas Payne predicted that Christianity would become extinguished within fifty years is now used as a Bible House?

1. We know of no record of martyrdoms in Cuba during the past year. 2. You probably refer to Voltaire, the infidel, whose former residence in Paris has been used as a depot for Bible House.

M. A. H., Aberdeen, Miss., sends us the following touching tribute to the memory of a Christian ex-slave, lately dead.

William E. Whitfield (colored) was about seventy-five years old. He came from North Carolina in 1830 with his owner, Edmund Whitfield, and lived on his plantation near here ever since. He was loved by his owners, their children and grandchildren. Has been a devoted member of the Presbyterian Church in this place forty-five years, loved its doctrines, attended the sanctuary, read the Bible and hymn-book and talked of Jesus as Saviour and Redeemer. He was industrious, honest and a true Christian. Good-bye, dear old Uncle William! I know you have met "Old Master" in God's House of many mansions.

R. H. S., New York City. Is there any hope of final salvation of those who die impenitent?

We can find no basis in the Bible for such hope. The whole tenor of its teaching is against it. But if there should be a way by which lost souls may find a means of obtaining pardon, we should not expect to find it in the Bible. That is a revelation of the way of salvation in this life and it is not in its province to explain the means of salvation for those who reject its offer, should such means exist. All our knowledge of humanity here, also coincides with the belief in the hopelessness of the condition of the lost. The older a man grows in sin the less probability is there of his repenting it, and we doubt whether after a season in perdition he would be disposed to quit it. He would more probably be confirmed in rebellion.

A. H. McKenzie writes:

Ex. 6: 25; Num. 3: 2-3 ought to be proof that Eleazar was twenty years and over before the numbering referred to in Num. 14: 29. Joshua 23 is proof that he died in Canaan. How can you harmonize this with Num. 14: 29? Read Num. 26. 62 and I think we find the correct answer.

Subscriber, Drew, Ia. Which is the greater benefit to us, to get good or to do good?

We assume that our correspondent uses the words "get good" in the sense of becoming good one's-self. As it is impossible for a corrupt tree to bring forth good fruit, so it is impossible for a man, in his unregenerate state, to serve God purely and acceptably. Such service is the highest good, but in order to perform it, the heart must be cleansed and purged of sin and filled with the Holy Spirit. Hence, the first desideratum is to "get good," and the highest aim of the Christian is to "do good," i.e., to serve God and love our fellowmen.

F. L., Forks, N. Y. Yes; for full information regarding our Book Premiums read the announcement in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. —— A Subscriber, Rome, Pa. Write Rev. D. M. Heydrick, 500 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y. —— M. S., Mount Joy, Pa. 1. It is neither more nor less than gambling. 2. The passage is not Scriptural. ——William Greeves, Hastings, Ont. See Acts 20: 7. ——New Sub'r, Bradford, Ont., Can. Apply to the Secretary, Palestine Exploration Society, London. ——Sub'r. If you wish to study for the ministry and have no means, write for advice to Dr. Torrey, Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill. ——Subscriber, Baltimore. Not if he can find other employment. ——Mrs. R. Morrow, Dunedin, Can. Yes; Dunedin is a P. O. in Arkansas. ——Mrs. H. B. Laird, Ia. Certainly not. ——S. E. Smith, Peoria, Ill. Write to any publisher of theological works and he will procure it for you. ——Mrs. M. F. Reed, Mt. Vernon, Ills. We are overcrowded with similar matter. ——Miss S. A. MacGregor, Forestville. We could not use it at present. ——Mrs. Va Tuyl, Jackson, N. J. You can send them by express. ——Reader. Yes, the habit is wrong both superficial and abnormal. There are very many cases, however, who derive benefit from it in moderation, but one is better wholly without it. ——Subscriber, P., Chicago. 1. You can get the Teachers' Bible by sending $2 for a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with the Teachers' Bible as premium. 2. They are now probably worshipping in two different churches. ——Mrs. J. F. Paull, Bracken Co., Ky. Send them to Mrs. Ada Adams, Elsie, Neb.

Family and Home Circle

Children of Ceylon.

Why the Brown-Skinned Lads of the Beautiful Island are Being Trained in the Christian Mission Schools.

REV. T. S. SMITH.

SUCH is the progress of Christianity in Ceylon that the condition of that lovely country can no longer be accurately pictured in the words of Bishop Heber's beautiful hymn:

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile.

Since these lines were written, a great spiritual and social transformation has taken place in Ceylon. Its population has been evangelized; churches, chapels, Sunday schools, mission schools, and seminaries have sprung up everywhere. The self-sacrificing labors of the missionaries have indeed borne fruit, some a hundred and some a thousand-fold.

Miss Margaret W. Leitch, a devoted missionary at Jaffna, and whose work there is already familiar to many readers of this journal, has forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a letter which affords a delightful glimpse of the methods of training the youthful Ceylonese to useful Christian service. Writing of two boys of thirteen and seven years respectively, she says:

"They were dressed as boys in Ceylon usually are, that is, four straight yards of white cotton cloth wound around the lower part of the person and reaching from the waist to the ankles, and as many more yards of the same material draped across the shoulders and chest, the whole forming a simple, cool, sufficient clothing. Like other boys of their age they wore no head dress or foot covering. According to the custom of the country their heads were shaven, excepting a small portion of the crown where the hair was allowed to grow long and was done up in a small knot without the aid of hair pins. Their complexion was that of a good strong cup of coffee with plenty of rich cream stirred in. They had lithe, well-shaped limbs, and a general air of alertness.

"They had been pupils for some years in the mission school in their village, Usan. They had not only committed to memory the prescribed Bible verses, Golden Texts and hymns, and learned to tell in their own language the stories of the four Gospels, but their teacher and his warm-hearted wife (who is a Eurasian woman,) had often spoken and prayed with them, urging them to give their hearts to Christ and become his followers. They had given themselves to Christ and were trying to follow him.

"They told us that their elder brother and they had refused to worship idols or to perform any of the heathen ceremonies, and that they had for some months been regularly praying and reading the Bible daily and keeping the Sabbath holy, and attending the Sabbath School and the preaching services. They were also accustomed now and then, when their garden and fields had all been watered and the work of the day was done, to go to the house of the teacher and, together with some other Christian people who had also become interested in Christianity, to spend a little time in Bible study and prayer and the singing of Christian hymns.

"On one occasion, when a great festival was being held to the god Kantha-swamy, the two lads refused to join in the ceremonies or attend the celebration at all. This gave great offence to the priests, and the temple manager declared that unless the lads came and worshipped the idol, the family would not be permitted to draw water any longer from their garden or home from the temple well. This was a very serious matter; but the young converts persisted and the manager threatened to call a meeting of the high-caste people and to "out-caste" the whole family, if the children did not come. But the threat was afterward carried out, and the family thereafter was cut off from all social intercourse with their neighbors. Persecution followed a long period of persecution. Rejected, disowned and thrust out-of-doors by their own family, the lads found shelter at the house of a catechist, who brought them to the missionary residence next morning. They were shortly afterward entered as pupils at the Tillipally Normal, Training and Industrial School. The father relented so far as to consent to this arrangement, and said to Miss Leitch: "I give these boys to you. They are henceforth your sons and you are henceforth their mother. Do with them as you will."

Since that time, the kind missionaries have cared for the outcaste lads and borne

CEYLON BOYS AT MASON-WORK.

GROUP OF SKILLED WORKMEN.

the expense of their education. After they had been in the school six months, they were formally received into the Christian Church on confession of faith, their eldest brother being received at the same time. Friends in other lands have lovingly shared the burden of training these boys. Their conversion has had a wonderful influence, for already their sister has become a regular attendant at the mission school, and Gospel meetings have several times been held in the home of their parents, who are preparing to abandon all the old idols and superstitions and follow Christ.

Some of the work performed at the Tillipally Training School is shown in the photographic illustrations on this page. In this institution the pupils are not only prepared for the Government Teacher's Certificate Examination, and fitted to become teachers in village schools, but they are carefully taught carpentry, masonry, type-setting, book-binding, or photography. This industrial training is found to have a most beneficial effect upon the character of the pupils, teaching humility, obedience, and painstaking activity, and it also makes them more useful members of the community. This school has been a Christian home and a city of refuge to many in years past, and from among the former pupils four are now ordained native pastors, several are catechists, many are teachers in mission village schools, and others are employed in government service, or as conductors on tea and coffee estates, or farmers and mechanics in their own villages. Native public opinion, too, is changing regarding the school. The parents of these boys occasionally visit them and seem pleased at their progress and with their surroundings.

The Normal Training School at Tillipally, which is under the charge of Rev. T. S. Smith, is doing an excellent work among the native youth of Ceylon. Permanent scholarships are endowed at $250 and students are supported at the rate of $10 a year. The influence of such an institution is every year gaining in appreciation among those who are working for the redemption of the beautiful island of Ceylon.

TEACHING TYPE-SETTING AT TILLIPALLY.

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A Boy's Chances.

There are many who will agree that boys who have to work for a living should be encouraged, rather than commiserated. Their chances of achieving real success are at least equal to if not greater than those of boys who start life with riches. R. J. Burdette says truthfully that the working lad, being full of grit, reaches out and takes all the chances without waiting to have one given him. But for the poor man the world would have cast anchor six thousand years ago, and be covered with moss and lichens to-day, like a United States man-of-war. George Peabody was a boy in a small grocery; Benjamin Franklin, the printer, the son of a tallow chandler; John Adams, the son of a poor farmer; Gifford, the first editor of the "Quarterly Review," a common sailor; John Milton, the son of a scrivener; Andrew Jackson, the son of a poor Irishman; Andrew Johnson, a tailor; Garfield, a boy of all work, too poor to even have a trade; Grant, a tanner; and Lincoln, a keelboatman and a common farmhand. If there's a patch on your knee, and your elbows are glossy, there is some hope for you, but never say that the poor boy has no chance. He monopolizes all the chances there are.

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The Child's Idea of God.

If you tell a child that God loves good children, and that he does not love bad children, the child will believe you, writes H. Clay Trumbull; and then, when he thinks he is a good child, he will be glad that there is a God who can appreciate him; but when he knows he is a bad child, he will perhaps be sorry that there is a God in the universe to be his enemy. So far as your training does its legitimate work, in this instance, the child is trained, not to have faith in God, but to have confidence in his own merits as a means of commending him to the God whom you have resented to him. If, on the other hand, you tell a child that God is love, and that his love goes out unfailingly toward all, even toward those who have no love for him, and that, while God loves to have children good, he loves them tenderly while they are very bad, the child will take in that great truth gratefully; and then he is readier to have faith in God, and to want to be good because the loving God loves to have him good. And in this way a child's faith in God may be the means of quickening and shaping his desires in the direction of well-doing in all that pertains to the little world of child-life.

Card-playing at Home.

Can any father or mother pray the Lord's Prayer as Jesus taught it, and teach their children to play cards in the home? writes Elijah P. Brown. What would be thought of the mental state of the mother who would put a razor in her baby's hand, and pray that it might not cut itself? Isn't knowing how to play cards dangerous knowledge, and is it any safer to eat fruit from that tree than it was for Eve to eat from the forbidden tree in Eden? Is it not true that thousands of professional gamblers learned their first lessons in their mother's parlors? But if only one had started for the pit by that route, would not that be sufficient to prove it a way of danger into which no parent had a God-given right to lead a child? A father at Niagara unintentionally threw his little daughter into the abyss, but it killed her just the same as though he had done it purposely.

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AN OLD-FASHIONED SUNDAY.

ALTHOUGH the "old-fasioned Sunday" of our forefathers has been greatly changed, there are still a few rural localities where established customs have not been materially disturbed by "modern progress." To such as these, this charming picture of a village Sunday by Nathaniel Hawthorne may even yet be applied. It is one of the most beautiful things he ever wrote, in all his long literary career:

I am there even before my friend the sexton. At length he comes—a man of kindly but somber aspect, in dark gray clothes, and hair of the same mixture. He comes and applies his key to the wide portal. Now my thoughts may go in among the dusty pews or ascend the pulpit without sacrilege, but soon come forth again to enjoy the music of the bell. How glad, yet solemn too! All the steeples in town are talking together aloft in the sunny air and rejoicing among themselves while their spires point heavenward. Meantime, here are the children, assembling to the Sabbath School, which is kept somewhere within the church. Often, while looking at the arched portal, I have been gladdened by the sight of a score of these little girls and boys in pink, blue, yellow and crimson frocks bursting suddenly forth into the sunshine like a swarm of gay butterflies that had been shut up in the solemn gloom. Or I might compare them to cherubs haunting that holy place.

About a quarter of an hour before the second ringing of the bell individuals of the congregation begin to appear. The earliest is invariably an old woman in black whose bent frame and rounded shoulders are evidently laden with some heavy affliction which she is eager to rest upon the altar. Would that the Sabbath came twice as often, for the sake of that sorrowful old soul! There is an elderly man, also, who arrives in good season and leans against the corner of the tower, just within the line of its shadow, looking downward with a darksome brow. I sometimes fancy that the old woman is the happier of the two. After these, other worshipers drops into church singly and by twos and threes, either disappearing through the doorway or taking their stand in its vicinity. At last, and always with an unexpected sensation, the bell turns in the steeple overhead and throws out an irregular clangor, jarring the tower to its foundation. As if there were magic in the sound the sidewalks of the street, both up and down along, are immediately thronged with two long lines of people, all converging hitherward and streaming into the church. Perhaps the far-off roar of a coach draws nearer—a deeper thunder by its contrast with the surrounding stillness—until it sets down the wealthy worshippers at the portal among their humbler brethren. Beyond that entrance—in theory, at least—there are no distinctions of earthly rank; nor, indeed, by the goodly apparel which is flaunting in the sun would there seem to be such on the hither side.

Here comes the clergyman, slow and solemn, in severe simplicity, needing no black silk gown to denote his office. Now every loiterer has gone in and the street lies asleep in the quiet sun . . But hark! A broken warbling of voices, and now, attuning its grandeur to their sweetness, a stately peal of the organ. Who are the choristers? Let me dream that the angels who came down from heaven this blessed morn to blend themselves with the worship of the truly good are playing and singing their farewell to the earth. On the wings of that rich melody they were borne upward.

The church is a symbol of religion. May its site, which was consecrated on the day when the first tree was felled, be kept holy forever, a spot of solitude and peace amid the trouble and vanity of our week-day world! There is a moral, and a religion too, even in the silent walls. And may the steeple still point heavenward and be decked with the hallowed sunshine of the Sabbath morn!

Sickness Among Children

is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y. City.

PERSONAL AND IMPORTANT.

Several times recently it has happened that the supply of certain particularly desirable premiums was exhausted before all the subscribers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had an opportunity to avail themselves of the premium offers made in connection therewith. To avoid the recurrence of such a much-to-be-regretted condition of affairs, the proprietor of this journal has decided to make a preliminary offer *exclusively* to our *subscribers*, and thus afford them an opportunity of providing for themselves, as far as the stock in hand will admit, before submitting his premium propositions to the general public. Hence, the special announcements in our issues of to-day and October 9th.

Our subscribers form one large family, and it is but right and proper that they should have first choice. Hereafter, it shall never be said that outsiders were permitted to make their selections before the wishes of our own members were consulted, and before their requirements were met.

Of course, we cannot even then promise that all selections shall be made good, for of some of the premiums it is impossible to provide more than a very limited supply. For instance, our stock of beautiful Albums of Holy Land Flowers, one of the choicest premiums ever offered, cannot by any possibility be made to go further than one to every fifty of our subscribers. In fact, now that a large number have been taken, not more than *one* in a *hundred* can be supplied, and it is safe to say that not one of these precious souvenirs will ever go outside of our family circle. By the time they are ready for delivery—about two or three weeks from the time of this writing—every Floral Album will have been spoken for by the readers of this journal, who very evidently fully appreciate the exceptional treat provided for them by our enterprise and forethought, and who are now hastening to avail themselves of this rare opportunity.

The same will, in a large measure, be the case with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Library. "How can you do it?" exclaimed a prominent book-seller when talking over the proposition we contemplated laying before our readers. "I shall probably subscribe for one hundred copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD simply to get hold of that many Libraries," continued he, evidently impressed with the fact that even without the yearly subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, these Libraries are worth more than the money asked for both. But this preliminary offer enables subscribers, who wish to avail themselves of it, to come in ahead of all outsiders, and to appropriate for themselves, if so disposed, the entire lot as far as it may go. We wish we could guarantee to fill every order sent in, but of course that is simply out of the question, unless the late comers will consent to wait until a new supply can be prepared. The stock now provided for will fill the orders for Libraries to the extent of one in every fifteen subscribers, and for the time being orders from our subscribers will have the precedence over all others.

Another matter to which we would particularly draw the attention of our subscribers is the desirability of deciding upon and making provision early in the season for [illegible] themselves. Prompt action, in the first instance, is a guarantee against disappointment, for while at the present time our supply is sufficiently large to meet all demands, day after day it is growing smaller and smaller, and the time will come when we shall have to write, as we had to do last summer to thousands of late comers, [illegible]

Another advantage of acting early in the season is the extra care which we can exer[illegible] before the rush begins. [illegible] worthy of consideration to all our readers, is that timely action is a safe-guard, to a very large extent, against Sunday work on the part of the Express Companies. We do not, nor do our readers, wish to contribute to the necessity of performing manual labor on the Sabbath day; but our contract with the Express Companies calls for such prompt handling of our goods that, they claim, the shipment of extraordinarily large consignments on Friday and Saturday would necessitate work on the Sabbath day. This must be avoided. We cannot consent, and certainly do not care to be a party to, the desecration of the Lord's day, and we feel confident that our readers are in full sympathy with us in this matter. Therefore, instead of crowding everything into the last week or so before Christmas, let all those who feel so disposed, send in their orders early in the season, and if they do not wish to use the premiums until Christmas, it will be a comparatively easy thing for them to put them out of sight until then, especially when the reward is, first the assurance that the premium is theirs; second, that it is on hand, and that therefore there can be no disappointment because of accident or carelessness, and third, that prompt action on their part has avoided the necessity of Sabbath work in handling the goods for shipment.

Our subscribers, no doubt, understand that even if their subscription does not expire until January, or February, or any other time of the year, it matters nothing. When they send the money for the premium offer, we date their subscription one year ahead of any date on which it may now expire, so that prompt action certainly cannot entail any loss on them, while on the other hand it is sure to be to their advantage.

OUR 1896 BIBLES.

A Few Facts Well Worth Knowing.

The premium propositions of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the present fall and winter seasons surpass in every instance anything ever before offered in that way. But without any lack of appreciation due to our Holy Land Floral Album and our wonderful Library, we must confess that we derive the greatest gratification from the remarkable improvements which we have been able to make in our Bible premium propositions. Years ago when Teachers' Bibles in Divinity Circuit binding were beyond the reach of people of ordinary means, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD began to offer a Pearl Type Bible, the best that then could possibly be purchased for any amount of money that would warrant its being offered as a premium. Two years later we were fortunate enough to secure a Ruby Bible, which was one size larger than Pearl. Another year and we were permitted, in addition to the Ruby Type Bible at $2, to offer our excellent Emerald Bible, which was one size larger than Ruby, at $3. This year we have reached the climax. We now are able to offer a Divinity Circuit, Minion Type Teachers' Bible at $2, and the same Bible with leather lining to edge and silk sewed at $3; so that rich and poor get the same type and the difference is only in the binding. Thus, this year we are offering a Bible in clear Minion type one size larger than Emerald, two sizes larger than Ruby, three sizes larger than Pearl, and best of all printed from new type and from plates never before used.

A particularly gratifying feature about this Bible is the comprehensive Word-Book which combines the Concordance, Subject Index, the Gazetteer, the Dictionary, Persons, Places and Things—in fact all information—under one consecutive alphabetical arrangement. It is now no longer necessary to look under half a dozen different headings in hopes of finding a given subject under some one of them. All that is now necessary is to look under the one alphabetical arrangement, and you will find it right there and nowhere else; simplicity itself.

Then there is the Self-Pronouncing feature. Perhaps you are a Sunday School Superintendent or a Sunday School teacher, and have occasion here and there to read aloud from the Word of God, or you read in the family circle a portion of God's Word morning and evening. You come across a proper name, and you stammer, and stutter, and hesitate, and finally either pass the name over as too difficult to pronounce or give it a pronunciation which renders it unrecognizable to the hearers. Now, with our Self-Pronouncing feature, such a thing is impossible. You do not need to be a Greek or a Hebrew scholar in order to be able to correctly—mark you, *correctly*—pronounce the most difficult Bible name *at sight*. It is not necessary to study it up at home, and read it over and over again in hopes of remembering it, but just to open your Bible, and the moment you see it the Self-Pronouncing feature enables you to read it correctly. That is in itself worth ten times the price of this Bible to everybody who ever has occasion to read the Bible aloud, whether in public or in the family circle.

But even if you do not have occasion to do that, you do once in a while, here and there, talk about some Biblical character, and you want to feel certain that your pronunciation of the name is the right one. In order to feel certain about that, you must have a Self-Pronouncing Bible, and our Self-Pronouncing Bible is the only one in the market that is absolutely uniform and invariably reliable.

As a practical demonstration of the importance of a Self-Pronouncing Bible, turn over to the 1st of Matthew, or the 3d of Luke, or the 6th chapter of 1st Chronicles, and try to read either of those chapters without stumbling. Not one in a thousand can do it, simply because the names are not the common names in use in our present day, and but very few people have had the advantages of a University education. Heretofore, it was no fault of yours if you could not rattle them off as easily as you can the common English, but hereafter it will be your fault, for we have pointed out the remedy, and it may be yours.

The numbers of the chapters are in plain figures, such as 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., and not, as is most frequently the case, in Roman numerals, as I, II, III, IV, &c. And yet with all this the excellent qualities of our Bible are not exhausted. Did you ever notice how difficult it is to find some of the Minor Prophets in the Bible? Your pastor tells you to turn over to Micah, or to Nahum, or to Amos, or to Hosea, or to Zephaniah, and you stumble all over the leaves, and because of the few pages which it comprises, it is difficult to find that particular book in the Bible. Then you turn to the front of the Bible, and you have to read all the books in their order until you come to the particular one wanted. Not so with our Bible. We have an *alphabetical list* of the books in front of the Bible, so that in case you look for Zephaniah, you will look under Z, and quickly find it, or for Nahum, you will look under N, for Micah, you would look under M, and for Hosea, you would look under H, and there it tells you on what page of the Bible these books begin. Surely this is an admirable improvement in itself. And so all through the book from beginning to end we present to you new and attractive features—features which are real improvements, and which will make the book truly worth its weight in gold to you.

These Bibles are "International" Bibles than which better Teachers' Bibles are not to be found in this country or in Europe, and as they were prepared and put in type, and electrotyped, and printed in the year of our Lord, 1895, they contain all the latest information obtainable, while the numerous pictures magnificently printed, bring home to the eye matters which it may be difficult to comprehend otherwise than by means of such practical object lessons.

Now, to repeat the offer which was explicitly stated in our issue of October 9th:

For this Minion Type Teachers' Bible, Divinity circuit, American levant binding, gold edges and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, send $2. The Bible alone is worth $3. Remember this, and you will appreciate how much we are doing for our subscribers.

The second offer is of the same [illegible] *leather lined to edge, red under gold*, and *sewed*, together with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for $3. The Bible is worth $5.

Even if your subscription does not expire until later, send now for this premium, and we will date your subscription one year from its present date of expiry. Hence, you lose nothing by acting promptly, but you insure yourself against disappointment.

OUR LIBRARY PREMIUM OFFER.

A Whole Library with Handsome Book-case.

The charming premium illustrated on the opposite page will certainly commend itself to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is now well under way, and we will soon be ready for delivery. We refer to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Library, consisting of ten very elegant and exceedingly useful volumes, all contained in a handsome durable book-case, constituting the most Premium ever offered to an intelligent public. The volumes in this Library are as follows:

Around the Tea-Table; Dr. Talmage.
Book of Golden Deeds; Charlotte M. Yonge.
Readings and Recitations for Winter Evenings. An exceptionally fine Compilation.
Golden Treasury for the Children of Bogatzky.
The Children's Portion; Remarkably Interesting, Entertaining, and Edifying.
How to Get on in the World, or the Ladder to Practical Success.
Capital Stories by American Authors Nathaniel Hawthorne and others.
Handbook for American Citizens, or Things Every Patriot Should Know.
A Budget of Christmas Tales; Charles Dickens and others.
Parlor Amusements and Social Etiquette or How to Amuse and How to Behave.

Each of these ten volumes consists of more than 300 pages of bold, clear type, with illustrated title page, printed on excellent paper and beautifully bound in rich silk cloth with an exceptionally artistic gold stamp on side and back. The book-case is lined inside with imported marbleized material and covered on the outside with the same rich silk cloth employed in the binding of the books. The whole Library with book-case is packed in a solid wooden box, which will insure safe delivery in undamaged condition.

These ten elegant books, with a handsome book-case, represent a value of at least $4.50, and are sent together with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (making together a value of $6), on receipt of only $3. Each volume complete in itself makes a very superior Christmas gift, so that the subscriber who avails himself of this unequalled offer, becomes the possessor of ten very attractive presents, in addition to a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Many premium offers have from time to time been submitted to the reading public, but never before has one like this been presented.

We have arranged for delivery of enough of these beautiful Libraries to supply about ONE IN EVERY FIFTEEN of our subscribers, and others will be filled in the exact order in which they are received at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Office.

Remember, this offer includes the whole TEN volumes in an unusually attractive book-case, delivered free of all charges, together with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, all at $3.

AROUND THE TEA TABLE
THE BOOK OF GOLDEN DEEDS
READINGS AND RECITATIONS FOR WINTER EVENINGS
GOLDEN TREASURY FOR THE CHILDREN OF GOD
THE CHILDREN'S PORTION.
HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD
CAPITAL STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS
HANDBOOK FOR AMERICAN CITIZENS
A BUDGET OF CHRISTMAS TALES
PARLOR AMUSEMENTS AND SOCIAL ETIQUETTE
The Christian Herald Library.

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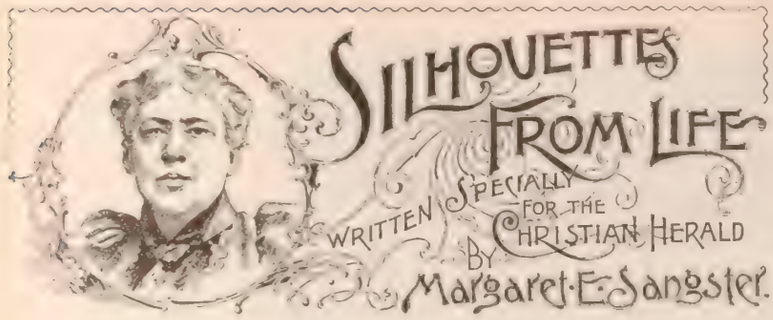

Marion's Gift.

I WISH I had something to give."

Marion Wallace was alone, but she spoke aloud, as people who are often by themselves learn to do, the sound of their own voices being company for them.

"I wish I had something to give, but what can I do? I haven't any money, nor any chance of earning it; all my clothes are worn out, at least not good enough to send in a box. There's nothing I can do, nothing, and yet I want to help those poor people who are suffering so much. If Uncle John and Aunt Norah would even let me get a place in a store, or learn a trade, or even let me go into the kitchen and do Bridget's work and pay me Bridget's wages, I'd be more independent, but as it is I'm like a prisoner, and I'm tired of it."

Marion's monologue ceased abruptly. There was a knock at the door, a knock followed immediately by the opening of the same, and a young girl of Marion's age came rushing in, her sweet face aglow with smiles, her hands full of flowers.

"Jessie," said Marion, "I'm so glad to see you. Sit down, dear."

"I'm going over to pack and tie for the Flower Mission," said Jessie Whitney, "and I stopped for you. I haven't time to stay long. But I'll sit here while you comb your hair. I like to be here when your dressing is going on; you have the most magnificent hair I ever saw. There, what glory of color, and what length; you couldn't buy such hair! I've heard that a switch of that length and thickness would cost fifty dollars in town."

A sudden light leaped into Marion's eyes. Under the shelter of her mantle of red gold hair, her cheeks flushed and then paled. She half turned as if to speak, and then resolutely closed her lips and went on brushing the glittering waves of her beautiful hair. Presently, with a swift and dextrous turn of her hand, she wound it into a thick rope, and coiled this round and round upon her head like a crown.

"I will go with you, Jessie, to the Flower Mission rooms," she said. "We'll pick a lot of pansies first. One comfort is Aunt Norah lets me do as I please about picking flowers and giving them away. I never have anything else to give."

Jessie flashed a little comprehending glance at her friend. Has somebody said that friendship is two souls as united as if they abode in one body, two souls between two friends, but just like one soul after all? It was so with Jessie and Marion. They could be together a whole morning each occupied with her work, and her own thoughts, and not conversing except in occasional brief snatches, but neither felt neglected, nor was anything missed. And they played duets together, had signals which they understood and exchanged from their windows, did, in fact, everything that girls do, who are deeply attached to one another and very congenial.

"I never longed in my life," said Jessie, "as I did last night to heap all I had in that missionary's hands, yet when the contribution box was handed, I had nothing to drop in, but a beggarly quarter of a dollar. I couldn't give even myself and my new summer gown, and if I'd wanted to, Papa would have been vexed, for he gave me the money for that specific purpose, to buy clothes, not to educate Telegu children. And I can't go shabby a whole season for the sake of foreign missions."

"I wouldn't care how shabby I went!" said Marion hotly, "but the money for a new outfit seldom comes my way. If you were an orphan, Jessie, and were dressed from the left-overs of your various aunts and cousins, you'd know how helpless I feel, when I'm thrilled and moved, as I am when I hear eloquence like Dr. Fay's, and can do nothing in response."

"Well, dear, never mind," said Jessie, "Let's go on with the flowers. They must be sent to the station before the express train goes down."

Marion said not a word to Jessie, concerning her plan, but she had made one, and her step as she walked on beside her friend, had a curious lightness and elation. She had resolved on a sacrifice, and the joy of sacrifice was flowing through her being in a flood-tide of satisfaction. As the girls worked rapidly tying their flowers in bunches, laying them on beds of wet moss, covering the fragrant things with parafin paper, and finally labelling the boxes of the "Inasmuch Ten," not a King's Daughter was so radiant as Marion.

She stood long before her little dressing bureau that night, when preparing to retire. She had read her evening portion of Scripture and said her prayers, but through prayer and text, she had heard a voice saying over and over—"Fifty dollars for the Telegus from Marion Wallace, Inverness, Mo."

Satan loves to lead Christians astray, and a little self-praise is too apt to dim our best actions. But Marion did not dream of this as she gathered her hair firmly in her hands, divided and braided it into two broad plaits, then with sharp scissors cut it off. An instant's work, and she stood denuded of her greatest beauty, and transformed from a brilliant butterfly of a girl into a very plain and ordinary grub.

But for this she did not care. She laid the thick braids, so to speak, on the altar of the Lord. Uncle John and Aunt Norah and the other relatives would storm, remarks would be made, it would be long before the loss of hair would grow again, but Marion had made her offering.

Dr. Fay was puzzled, when one day a little later, at the mission rooms, he received a box containing a girl's hair, with a little note consecrating it to the Telegus and their needs. His practical wife saw her way to utilizing the gift, and, in time, not fifty dollars, but five hundred were the outcome of the country girl's impulsive action. Mrs. Fay corresponded with Marion, heard the story of her life, and gave her the sort of friendly counsel from an older woman, of which she was in much need. Then she carried the beautiful hair about and showed it at meetings, and it was finally disposed of to a liberal purchaser, after it had prompted some very generous collections. So the sacrifice was not in vain.

Years afterward Marion understood, however, that her gift had not been a little marred by her self-will and her rebellion against the path her heavenly Father had appointed her. Life's lessons are slowly learned, and we have many a hard one, before we are perfect. For most of us the complete attainment will never come till we reach the pearly gates.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HOLDING ON AND WINNING.

Years ago a young missionary, because of financial difficulty in his home society, contemplated resigning and returning to his native land. In fact, the mission society had intimated that it could not support him; and it was simply a matter of staving and starving, or returning to enter on other work. When his mother learned the prospects and her son's determination, she wrote from her home in Minnesota:

"John, while you have the Arabic language and [illegible], the [illegible] are, and the mission will not be abandoned."

He accepted his mother's advice, and is still there, a successful missionary in a [illegible] field.

How the "Home" was Saved.

Sister Charlotte Tells of a Remarkable Experience in Rescue Work.

ONE of the best-known and most successful rescue workers in New York City is Mrs. E. G. Draper, better known as "Sister Charlotte." Her work has been principally among fallen women, and so blessed have been her efforts that many have been won from sin and shame to useful Christian lives.

"Sister Charlotte" is a worker of great activity. She is the founder and manager of the Day-Star Industrial Home, 213 W. Twenty-fourth street, New York, which was opened in 1893. Since November of that year over 500 poor, friendless women have been taken into the Home and cared for, physically and spiritually, 350 have been sent out to situations where they are to-day earning honest livings, and many a poor, wayward girl has been restored to parents and friends.

The past summer brought a crisis in the Day-Star Home. A burden of unavoidable debt oppressed it—a debt that would have seemed small to many concerns, but

"SISTER CHARLOTTE."

which in Sister Charlotte's eyes was mountainous, and an obstacle to the rescue work. The point was reached where it was thought the Home would have to be closed through lack of resources, when, in answer to the prayers of those who laid the whole burden of its support on the Lord, the incubus was removed. Sister Charlotte tells the experience in her own words:

"At the close of the first year, we found ourselves in debt to the extent of $800. I had done everything myself to make the work a success, and had worried and fretted until I was sick over it. On a Sunday afternood (we were to have our anniversary in the evening), I called the girls together and told them how we stood, and that we owed this money, and unless the Lord showed us favor that night, I felt that the home should be closed. We went from our knees to the meeting. It was a rainy night. Rev. Dr. MacArthur felt very discouraged, and thought that perhaps our meeting would not be a success; but I had reached a point where I felt that, no matter what happened, I could say, 'The Lord's will be done.' The meeting turned out to be a grand one, and after it was over, I asked the deacon what the collection was. He told me he did not know what it was, as there had been some mistake in the pledges. Next day, early in the afternoon I went downtown to call on a friend of the work, and he said, 'I never was so much interested as I was last night to hear the story of your work.' He asked me what the collection was, and I told him I did not know. He rose from his seat and said, 'Sister Charlotte, if all give to you as liberally as I did, you will not have to beg this year.' I then asked him how much he had given, and he said $1200. Our prayers had been answered and the Home was saved. I felt deeply grateful to my Heavenly Father, that he had shown us his favor. I afterwards learned that our own collection was $140. We then went to work with renewed zeal, knowing that we had divine approval, but still our debt of $800 remained, as this money was given monthly. Shortly after this Mr. Huyler and Mr. Crittenton, with some others, were moved to give liberally to the work, and in this way our debt was entirely wiped out."

Mrs Draper, in addition to conducting the Day Star in New York, is manager of the Florence Crittenton Mission in Philadelphia, one of the latest of the great chain of Florence Missions.

AN INFIDEL'S FATE.

Capt. J. H. Sherman, a converted sailor writes this remarkable experience: About the month of July or August, 1884, we were cruising on the West Coast of Africa and fell in with the bark "Seine," and Captain S. We had some acquaintance with the captain, as one of our officers had formerly sailed under his command, and knew him to be an unbeliever. He professed to have no faith in God—though, when I was angry, he used the name of God very freely; so that one day, when he was blaspheming, someone one said to him, "Say, you do believe in God after all?"

Captain S. came on board our vessel, and soon we took our observation and ascertained our position. I had taken an observation shortly before coming on board, and our reckonings did not agree; my reckoning made us sixty miles nearer the African coast than his. Evidently somebody's chronometer was badly out of order, but he was sure that his was correct. He told us, however, that he had fallen in with the bark "Sunbeam" shortly before, and that their reckoning made them forty-five miles nearer land than his did. Here, then, were two chronometers against his, and some one must be in serious error, and it might be wrong, and that fact was enough to make any prudent man careful. But he was confident that he was right; and he said that on a certain day which he named, he would be off Little Fish Bay. We parted; he went his way and we went ours. After he was gone I talked with my wife about his self-confidence and presumption, but he followed his reckoning, and we ours. We, however, approached the shore with great care, thinking possibly we might be wrong, and taking every precaution to avoid danger and wreck.

The next news we had of the "Seine" was, it was wrecked and a total loss. The vessel ran ashore at night on the African coast. The wreck, if I remember rightly, was attended with loss of life. Captain S. reached Little Fish Bay, but not at the time he named nor in the manner he intended. He reached it in one of the boats, leaving his vessel and cargo to the mercy of the rocks and waves. On examining our chronometer when we reached the land, we found that it was exactly right. The captain's chronometer had played him false, and caused him loss. Many an infidel and sceptic, like Captain S. is trusting to his own methods of reckoning for safety and rejecting the only guide and compass that can direct him safely and surely to the eternal haven.

A POLITE SAVAGE.

Bishop C. C. Penick, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, formerly missionary to Africa, tells this incident. It is hardly necessary to say that the good man is recognized by boys as soon as he appears and, when he passes them without speaking, they know something is wrong.

Passing through the streets one day in deep thought, he met a boy with a stick of candy. The sweet treasure had not yet been tasted, but, as soon as the lad saw his friend, he broke the stick in two and handed half to the Bishop, who accepted it without a word of thanks or recognition. For a moment the giver looked up in wonder; then, as a shadow of disappointment came over his face, he said, gently, rather to call the Bishop's attention to the fact than to offer a rebuke.

"You the most [illegible] I the world."

The African lad's example might be followed by many white-skinned boys with advantages. Of course the Bishop, who would doubtless have loved him in another moment, felt more grieved than offended.

...NADJA;...

A Tale of the Russian Steppes.*

BY OLIVER M. NORRIS.

NADJA BENT OVER HER FRIEND AND KISSED HER

CHAPTER XV.

A Friend in Need.

NOTHING could have been more welcome to the desolate, friendless Nadja, than the kindly, almost affectionate greeting of the lady who spoke to her in the cathedral. As they sat together under the elm, Nadja nestled close to her new friend. They were alone there, and the stranger lifted her veil. The features uncovered were those of the Countess Olga Nirotska. Looking steadfastly at her Nadja thought she had never seen so beautiful a lady.

Slavo she had seen women who were not peasants—the wives of officials passing through; she had also had a glimpse now and again of ladies in the steamers that plied sometimes on the river, but it was only since her arrival in Kief that she found herself near enough to one to speak to her, and during her afternoon's wanderings she had wished once or twice to speak to ladies who looked kindly on her fair open face. Perhaps they could tell her where she could live and where to seek for work. And here was one of the Kief ladies, who had not waited to be spoken to, and was speaking words of melting kindness to her, offering help and calling her sister. Nadja looked at her again for confidence and support, and got them.

"Don't be afraid, child"—the Countess was only two years her senior, but she was a woman of the world, and Nadja a simple peasant girl. "Don't be frightened. Speak to me. I do wish to help you."

Nadja was not frightened, perplexed and ashamed, perhaps, but not frightened.

"You are not a pilgrim, I think," the Countess continued, seeing her hesitancy, "at least if you are you must be from some village in this province. You are dressed just like some of my own village girls. What is your name?"

"Nadyejda."

"Ah, that's a good name, and I trust there are no more troubles to worry you. Cheer up, dear. Where do you live?"

"I live nowhere. I came to Kief this morning with some pilgrims whom I overtook on the road, and we are all staying together over there." She pointed in the direction of the hospice.

"Do your father or mother know you are here?"

"They are dead," said Nadja, her eyes filling with tears.

"And will you return home with the pilgrims?"

"Oh no, no, I cannot, you know I cannot. I will stop here. I must stay here; I have no home."

"Well, don't cry, sister, don't cry." For a moment or two the Countess sat thoughtful regarding the girl, and at last a great pity filled her heart. "You shall go home with me, Nadyejda. I have a house here. I won't bother you with more questions. You need not tell me anything unless you like. Let us go together to the hospice, where your friends are staying, and I'll tell them that you are going to stay with me, and that they are not to be uneasy."

Nadji seized the beautiful hand that rested on her knee, and kissed it in a tumult of emotion and gratitude. She did not know who her benefactor was, she only felt she was good. She felt as though she were going home: as though this lovely, dark-eyed lady had been sent by God to help and rescue her.

"I'll come. You are very kind to me. Thank God!" was all she muttered.

Together they left the grassy space with trees, and went out under the campanile and across the dusty square. They made their way through the city to where the pilgrims' lodgings were, and Nadja pointed out the rooms occupied by old Makari's people. It was Makari himself who came to see the Countess. They had all been wondering, he said, what had become of the girl, and feared she had lost her way. Yes, he was glad she had found a friend who promised to be good to her. She was a lonely girl, said old Makari, and a beautiful one, too, he added, with a smile to the other pilgrims who were listening. "I told her she was a grand duchess in disguise. Don't be angry, little soul, and give me your hand, and don't forget the pilgrims.

Nadja embraced the women who had been so kind to her, kissing them on both cheeks, imploring them to remember her always. The Countess, who took to the pilgrims at once, shook them all by the hand, and Nadja, touched to the heart, and utterly heedless, flung her arms round her new friend's neck and wildly kissed her, too.

These two women, alike in their strong emotions, and alike in their capacity for sacrifice, felt powerfully drawn to one another. The Countess took the unprotected peasant girl home with her, and told her household that Nadja was to be her maid, and that they must all be kind to her.

Nadja often enough longed to tell her everything, and this she might have done had she not speedily discovered that the Countess was a near neighbor to Slavo, as neighborhoods go in Russia. To a stranger, ignorant of Slavo, she would have been perhaps in time more open; to one who, notwithstanding the complete affection she showed her, was presumably not ignorant of her home, and certainly knew the Alekhins, she dreaded to tell her story.

Nor did Nadja of course know everything that the Countess could tell. She only knew that her mistress had arrived in Kief from Krasnaya Balka a day or two before her, that she had only been a very few days in the country, and that previously she had lived in St. Petersburg. If there was anything else to know it was told to Nadja one morning when she was dressing her mistress.

"I could not stay cooped up in the country. I thought I could. I thought I could devote my whole life to my people, and perhaps after the war I will."

The Countess paused for a moment, and Nadja saw that her face was very thoughtful and that a strange light of tenderness and love was in her eyes.

"Perhaps after the war," she repeated, "I'll live in Krasnaya Balka for good. But nearly all the friends I knew in St. Petersburg are going to the front; at least my best friends are—those I care for most, and I felt compelled, Nadja, to be somewhere where I could hear about them and pray for them."

She held up her face, and Nadja stooped and kissed her, stroking her hair.

"Have you any friends at the war, Nadja?"

Nadja, although now with more command of herself, blushed a fiery red and said she had.

"And don't you pray for them?"

"Yes, I pray for them."

"Nadja," said the Countess softly, "do you love him very much?"

The whispered "Yes," only Nadja herself heard, but the Countess saw her lips move.

On another occasion, a month or so after their arrival in Kief, Nadja and her mistress were sitting together under the shady trees of St. Sophia's. Nadja's thoughts had gone back to her first visit to the old cathedral, and all the vivid impressions that had been crowded in on her soul seemed to return now, some strangely blunted or blurred, some as clear and keen as at first. What were those words under the stooping, world-worn monks? Ah, that had never been absent from her mind, that tender invitation. She turned to the Countess and told her, and together they entered the cathedral.

"Come unto me," read the countess, "all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

They sat there on the stone seat, and the message sank deep into both their souls, and gave them rest and courage. It was the Countess who first broke a silence that had been filled with celestial messages to their hearts.

"Nadja," she whispered, and her great dark eyes were solemn and clear, "I believe we have both 'come.' We are at his feet, dear. Your burden is heavier than mine. He will give you rest—the Christ, Nadja. Has he not said that the great gates of heaven shall be open for those who have wept upon earth? 'Blessed are the poor in spirit,' 'Blessed are they that mourn.' Shall we not trust him?"

Nadja said nothing, but her heart with its heavy burdens was lightening, and there was already in her soul the spring and the rebound of one that had begun to hope. The dawn of a new life was breaking upon her. But she said nothing. She could not say anything.

"Nadja," whispered her friend, "have you ever heard of people they call Stundists? My overseer is one, and there are a few in Krasnaya Balka. Do you know what they say? They say that only he saves us—that all our pilgrimages are vain—and that all our prayers before all these icons, all our crossings, all our kissing the holy relics, is idolatry. The overseer—he is a German—told me the other day that the New Testament contains what God expects us to do, and that if we go beyond that, or fall short of it, it is wrong. Sometimes, Nadja, I half think they are right. They are certainly not wrong. Have you Stundists in your village also?"

"Yes," answered Nadja hesitatingly. "And they are very good people; but I know very little about them. Father did not like them."

"One of the best men I ever knew was one of their preachers; a young man. The day I left Krasnaya Balka I heard he had gone away to the war with a dear friend of mine, Nadja. I wish you knew him. He lives in Slavo, not far from me."

The Countess noticed the deathly pallor of the girl's face and her silence, but Nadja had been far from strong lately, and she feared to distress her with further questions. Drawing her tenderly towards her, they slowly left the church together.

When the summer began, Olga and Nadja removed from the hot city to a quiet place among the pine woods. Some months passed, and let us hasten over them. They were sad months of illness, and care, and anxiety. The high-born lady served the lowly peasant's daughter with an ineffable tenderness and devotion. Through Nadja's dark hours of fever she was by her side, rendering more than a sister's love, and when the crisis was passed and the hitherto ebbing tide of life turned to a slow and uncertain flow, her soul filled to overflowing with ever-recurring waves of gratitude to God, and purest human happiness. Through the long evenings of the late summer they sat together in their little cottage with the windows open towards the western pine forests and the radiant sky, and while Nadja lay back in her shawls and breathed the ordorous air Olga sat by, and read simple and beautiful things that drew the girl from her reveries of the past, and helped to fix her mind more on the present and on the interests and duties of the future.

Some strange words of terrible meaning to the Countess had been uttered wildly by the sick girl during the paroxysms of her fever. Was it the mere, meaningless frenzy of delirium, or what could it mean? Slavo—she spoke the name of the village quite distinctly. Who was this Vladimir who had forsaken her so cruelly? Who was this Mikhail with the New Testament? And she had raved of the ferry and of the river, and of some one called Grisha. Oh, it was too horrible, and she could not believe it. It was some other Vladimir. It was a common enough name.

And so when Nadja was stronger, and the color slowly returning to her cheeks, and they could go out together in the woods to gather autumn berries and the crimsoning leaves of maple and wild-vine, the Countess told her of her delirious words and asked for her confidence. Nadja humbly asked forgiveness for having kept anything a secret from one who had been both sister and angel to her.

It was down in a ferny hollow with russet oaks around them that these two women got to know one another's heart; each, as she knew her own knew the heart of the other, its hopes, fears, joys, sorrows. It was as though some galling burden had been lifted off Nadja's heart, and she found herself for the first time looking steadfastly and fearlessly at her friend, her sister, as she had learned to call her, mistress no longer.

When the Countess felt that Nadja was gaining in strength she used to talk to her often of the army at the front. She had the newspapers regularly sent up to her from Kief, and the two women used to follow the varying fortunes of the troops all through the hopes, the overthrows, the fluctuations of that critical summer. Olga told her friend about the crossing of the great river, and how the division to which the Alekhins were attached had distinguished itself. She told her about the gallant hero-general in the Balkans, and the women's hearts were now roused by the glory of the cause, and the deeds of bravery that were done, now melting for the sick and tired, when they thought of the pain of the men's wounds and the weariness of their marching. As time went on, and they heard of Gourko's retreat into the Shipka Pass, and of the desperate fighting that followed, of reverse after reverse following the Russian arms, their hearts sank within them.

One evening, early in September, the Countess with pale face read to Nadja some reports from the seat of war sent her by a friend in Kief. Soon it was the suffering wounded they were thinking of, the villages and field-hospitals crammed with them, the streams of them all bleeding, and badly-bandaged, and wretched, wending their painful way along the rough roads, jolting in the springless wagons, the badly wounded lying mostly where they fell until the Bashi Bazouks came. When they heard that the Medical Service had so terrible a strain upon it, that it was in places completely disorganized, that there were no nurses in the right places, the same idea seemed to strike them both at once.

"We must go to the front; it is our duty. We must no longer idle here."

Those last days in Kief were full of the bustle of preparation. Countess Olga with her powerful friends easily arranged all preliminaries. Nadja was eager, and hopeful.

"Ah," said the Countess, the night before they left, "I used to long for high tasks, because I could not recognize the height of those ready at hand. My nearest and plainest duties seemed not heroic enough."

Nadja partly understood what she meant.

It was a beautiful evening late in autumn when the two nurses in their dark brown dresses, with the great red cross fastened on their breasts, found themselves on the railway platform departing for Bulgaria. There was bustle and excitement all around—anxious officials in uniforms, officers, surgeons, nurses, all bound for the South; there was weeping and wringing of hands. A croud of her acquaintances had come to wish the Countess and her friend God-speed. They were all shaking hands for the last time when an old monk who had hung back on the outskirts of the crowd came forward and lifted his hands. All the men present uncovered, the women clasped their hands.

"May the dear Christ," he solemnly said, "whose servants ye are, guide you and shield you from danger, and bring you back rich in the riches of his divine grace. Amen and Amen."

It was the old Sacristan of St. Sophia's.

(To be continued.)

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THE CLUE TO THE VISION.

The Explanation Given by the Angel to Daniel a Clue to the Interpretation of the Latter Visions of the Prophet.

BY GEO. A. PEMBER, M. A.

Continued from page 677.

THE commission for which Nehemiah asked the king (Neh. 2: 5), is that which fixes the beginning of the seventy sevens. It differs from all the other edicts, in that it was not concerned with land or temple but with the city and the wall. The twenty-fifth verse of Daniel 9, then, brings us to the end of the Four Hundred and Eighty-third Year, leaving but Seven more of the Four Hundred and Ninety to be fulfilled. Hence we may reasonably expect to find in the next verse information on one of two points, according to circumstances—either something respecting the final Seven of Years if it was to follow immediately; or, if there was to be any break between the Four Hundred and Eighty-third and Four Hundred and Eighty-four Year, a notice of the intervening time or events. The latter is what we do find, together with a hint as to the length of the interruption. And the first mentioned intervening event is the cutting off of the Messiah.

Accordingly, on the last day of the Sixty-ninth Seven, the Lord Jesus moved towards Jerusalem; and, after halting on the brow of Olivet to bewail the city, passed under the gates and through through the streets that were so soon to be levelled with the dust, and offered himself as her King to the daughter of Zion. But alas! as soon as a momentary enthusiasm had evaporated, she saw no beauty in him that she should desire him. He was despised and rejected: and, in a few short days, the jubilant cry, "Blessed is the King that cometh in the Name of the Lord!" had been exchanged for shouts of "Crucify him! Crucify him!" then, at length, "the Anointed One was cut off."

And "there was nothing for him:" none of those glories which were to surround the person of the Messiah. Instead of appearing as the King of kings and Lord of lords, he was found in the form of a servant. And so far was he from possessing a Kingdom above all, and an everlasting dominion, that, during his life, he had not where to lay his head, and was soon cut off altogether from the land of the living. Here, then, is the beginning of an interval, which separates the Four Hundred and Eighty-three Years from the final Seven.

Then the prophecy speaks of another intervening event, namely, the vengeance that should fall upon the murderers of the Messiah. Both their City and its Sanctuary, Jerusalem and the Temple, should be destroyed. This prediction was fulfilled about forty years after the death of Christ. But, again, there is no mention of the missing Seven Years: the interval is represented as still continuing.

We have, therefore, mention of three events, the first of which, the cutting off of the Messiah, took place four days after the close of the Sixty-ninth Seven. It would, therefore, have happened within the Seventieth, had the final period followed immediately. But the second, the destruction of

until forty years later, and, therefore, could not have been included within the next seven years; while the third, war and the de-

the end," that is, according to Daniel's use

tion against Israel. And, consequently, its period has not even yet passed by.

the Centuries, a

FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

W. L. BENNETT. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. There's a love that's be-got-ten with-in When the work of re-demp-tion is done;
2. There's a joy of unspeak-a-ble worth, Tis more pre-cious than tongue can de-fine;
3. There's a place like a riv-er, that flows Pure and sweet from the bright realms of day—
4. May our hearts with this love o-ver-flow, Un-to us may this rap-ture be given;
When the soul is de-liv-ered from sin Thro' the blood of the cru-ci-fied One.
Je-sus brought the rich gift to the earth From His king-dom of glo-ry di-vine.
That our bless-ed Redeem-er be-stows Up-on all who His pre-cepts o-bey.
May this peace be our por-tion be-low, Our re-ward in the king-dom of heav'n.
Chorus.
By and by, . . . by and by, . . . We shall dwell in the full-ness of love,
By and by by and by,
In the blest . . . . home on high, . . . In the beau-ti-ful man-sions a-bove.
In the blest, in the blest home on high,

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A HUMBLE CHRISTIAN SECRET.

The joy which the presence of Jesus gives in the heart makes itself evident in the whole life. Even the poorest and humblest may have this great joy. A correspondent, writing from Paris, gives this little incident, which beautifully illustrates this idea:

A bronzed old fruit-woman sat behind her stand in the terrace overlooking the garden of Versailles near one of the entrances to the palace. I noticed that among the fruit syrups and juice there were no wine bottles and called my companion's attention to it. In response to a question the woman earnestly said, "No, indeed, I sell no wine. It is bad stuff and and brings much misfortune!" We were delighted to find a comrade so unexpectedly and in such a guise, and told her, "We are friends, for we wear the white ribbon for that very reason." Her rugged, earnest face beamed under the broad bonnet as she ejaculated with true French enthusiasm, "You then propagate good doctrines? Ah, that is right, that is what the good 'Seigneur' would like us to do." "Then you know, too, the 'Seigneur,' the Saviour, Jesus Christ?" "Ah, madame. What should I do without? It is a long time that I have known him but well! well! for thank God, I have the conscience at peace and that is the best in this world. For if in this world we know not the good 'Seigneur' what therefore remains to us? Nothing but the worst of miseries, is it not?" Before leaving we pinned the white ribbon on her shawl that others of our party might recognize a kindred spirit in the unassuming, hard working fruit vender who had so well learned the Christian's secret of a happy life.

AWAKENED BY A TRACT.

Early in 1819, while waiting to see a patient, a young physician in New York took up and read a tract lying in the room. The title was "The Conversion of the World, or the Claims of Six Hundred Millions; and the Ability and Duty of the Churches respecting them." The tract aroused inquiry; and, on reaching home, the doctor spoke to his wife of the question that had arisen in his mind. Instead of turning from the subject, she joined her husband in trying to learn if the millions had any claims on her. As the two studied they became more convinced that they had duties and responsibilities that could not well be laid on others. The result of their deliberation and prayer appeared when, June 9th, 1819, against appeal, argument and opposition, they set out for Ceylon, and later India, as foreign missionaries.

For thirty years the wife, and for thirty-six the husband, labored among the heathen, and then went to their reward. What they did to arouse their countrymen in behalf of the heathen, and what they did for the benighted race is history. Apart from that they left behind seven sons and two daughters. Each of these sons married, and with their wives and both sisters, gave themselves to the same mission work. Already have several grandchildren of the first missionary become missionaries in India. And thus far thirty of that family—the Scudders—have given 520 years to India missions, and all because of that little tract.

MISSIONS IN MADAGASCAR.

The French Successes and the Prospe of the Missionaries.

FROM the cabled reports the French expedition Madagascar, it appe that Antananarivo, t capital, fell after a sh struggle on Sept. 30. T French General is ported to be in poss sion, and the Queen's husband, who v Prime Minister, has been banished. A orous protectorate is to be established France, but the island is not to be anne and the Queen is to nomin reign. The treatment to wh our ex-consul, Waller, was jected indicates what the Fre policy will be. All foreign will be treated as hostiles the missionaries will be no ception to the rule. Their p ence may be tolerated, but will be the objects of suspic especially if they were in country before the French vasion.

From recent letters from missionaries and from rep s in the English journals, "Missionary Herald" forms following estimate of the si tion: The London Missio Society's correspondent in M agascar writes on the subj "Notwithstanding the l ing of French troops on shores of this island, Chris work of all kinds goes on ir interior, and to a large ex on the coast, with hardly interruption. It is remark how little excitement ther amongst the people gener No doubt many are anx about the future, and a y earnest spirit of prayer se s everywhere manifest; but t e is, at present, at least, not g like panic or any irritated ing against foreigners: and s surely is due to the indire s well as direct influences Christianity upon the M gasy. Meetings of all k s for religious and philanthr objects are held; for orphan s and Christian Endeavor S ties; for Dorcas Societies help to the soldiers who h e gone to the war; for sen g them preachers and help and for keeping up native sionary work in distant pa the island, as well as ser es at the opening of new chur s. A large and handsome w building has just been co ed by the Analakely cong tion in the capital, and was dedicate divine worship in the presence of the Q en and Court. Our congregations have s dily increased for some months past, a it is sometimes pathetic to hear the pra s for God's protection which are const made, especially as there is hardly eve y angry feelings expressed towards ir enemies.

Fall Medicine

Is fully as important and as beneficial as Spring Medicine, for at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs, prevalence of fevers and other diseases. All these may be avoided if the blood is kept pure the digestion good, and bodily health vigorous by taking

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The One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headaches.

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BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE

ONE of the most humorous recitals ever written of the quarrel of a choir with the pulpit; illustrated by B. West Clinedinst. in the October issue of

The Ladies' Home Journal

Also in the same issue:

Where was the Garden of Eden? By E. S. Martin
Lincoln's Hesitancy to Marry, By John Gilmer Speed
Religion in the Family, By Dr. Parkhurst
The Girl and Her Church, By Ruth Ashmore; and
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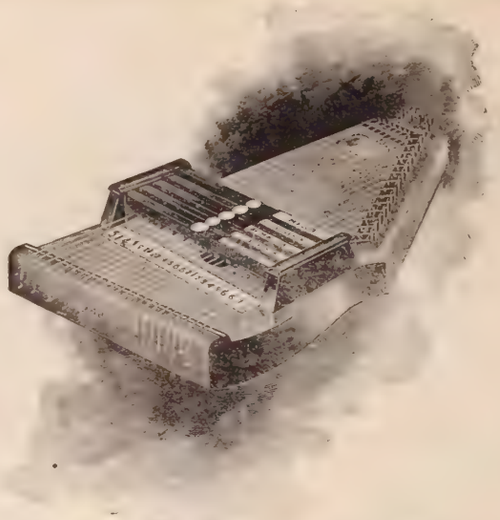

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Take your choice. While these Autoharps are only two of our many varieties illustrated in our beautiful story, "How the Autoharp Captured the Family" (sent free to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers), they are the popular ones. The prices are just right, and the capacity of the instruments is such that they are sure to give satisfaction. We guarantee satisfaction or money returned.

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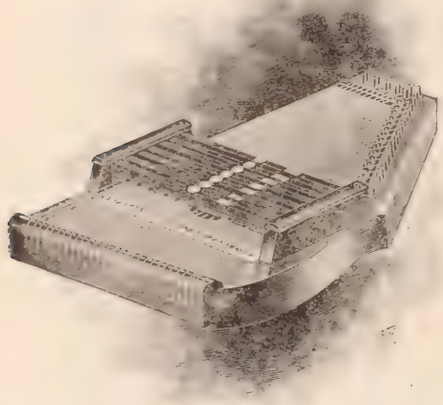
Style 2 3-4 (Upper illustration). Two keys—F and C allowing beautiful modulation. It has 23 strings and five bars producing the following five chords: C, F and Bb Major and C and G Seventh. Its appearance is handsome—imitation ebony bars and bar supports, forming a contrast to the light redwood sounding board. It measures 18 1-2 inches long by 10 inches wide. Packed in a nice box, including instruction book containing 22 pieces of music, a music rack, imitation tortoise shell pick, brass spiral pick, and a tuning key. **Price, $5.00.**

Style 2 7-8 (Lower illustration). Two keys, F and C, with the relative Minors, allowing many most beautiful modulations and musical effects. Has 28 strings, seven bars, producing the following seven chords: C, F and Bb Major, C and G Seventh, D and A Minor. In appearance same as 2 3-4. The size, however, is larger, measuring 20 inches long and 11 1-2 inches broad. This gives more volume, and as it has more strings and chord bars, should be very seriously considered. Packed in a nice box, including instruction book containing 24 pieces of music, a music rack, imitation tortoise shell pick, brass spiral pick, and a tuning key. **Price, $7.50.**

Money must be sent with order. Express prepaid to any Express Office in U. S. **Send for Catalogue. Mailed free.**



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The Lungs and their Disea

We commence to-day the publication of of extracts from the lectures of the ve specialist in lung complaints, Dr. Robert H this city. They will be continued from week and embody everything of interest portant for the public to know regarding t and their diseases.

No. 1.

Now that we have the means of curing t with certainty, in most cases, if only a time, it becomes of the utmost importan people know what are the diseases which breathing organs—how they arise, in what lead to consumption; how consumption ca vented and the principles which govern it treatment. The diseases which affect ou ing are: Catarrh of the Head and Throat, and La Grippe, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and Tubercolosis or Consump

All of these, except *consumption*, are rectly by *congestion* or engorgement of the ages and lungs. Cold is the most comm such congestion, but it may also arise fr ing an atmosphere charged with *dust* or which irritate the mucous membrane of th sages. When the external surface of the *chilled* the blood is driven to the internal this rush of blood to a part produces what by the term *congestion*. Unless it be quickl the blood lingers and stagnates in the causing first *irritation* and ending in *inf* The part which becomes the most inflam mines the name of the disease. If it be and throat it is called *Catarrh* or *influen* top of the windpipe, it becomes *Laryngitis* if the air tubes of the lungs, we call it *Br Asthma*, according to the form it takes; involves not only the lining of the tub whole tissue entering into the formation o it becomes *Pneumonia*. All of these dise in an *acute* form and may end fatally in or weeks. The deaths from acute Pneum Bronchitis number many thousands eac this city alone. Most of such attacks, ho their acute character and continue in form in which, if the patient's vitality be may linger for months or years before Consumption, which is the natural and evitable ending of all *chronic* inflammation passages and lungs.

The first effect of the *chronic* inflamma mucous lining of the nose, throat and tubes is to alter the natural mucous sec ducing at first a thick, tenacious phl clogs the tubes and diminishes the breathing. As the inflammation becom veterate it abrades and destroys the *epi* ducing *ulcerations*, after which the matte ated changes to a mixture of mucous a bined.

All this occurs and continues for shorter period, attended by *cough* and often by hectic *fever and night sweats*, a ally by *spittings of blood* and *loss of flesh* before the setting in of Consumption.

In my next I will explain what Con and how it engrafts itself upon the chro surfaces of the lungs.

ROBERT HUNTER, M
117 West 45th Street, N

NOTE.—Dr. Hunter's discoveries a are fully explained in a pamphlet whi tained free by addressing him.

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Observe that the Kola plant, found on the Con-
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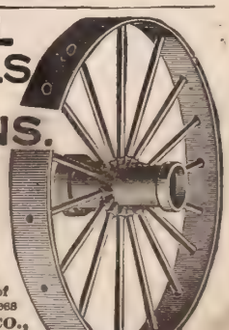

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Wonderful cures of Lung Diseases, Catarrh Bronchitis and Consumption, are made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. If you are a sufferer you should write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

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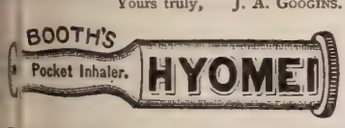

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NOTE: See the large "Pass-it-on" advertisement in last paper four weeks ago, and read the life of Mr. R. T. Booth in the issue of week before last.

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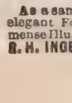

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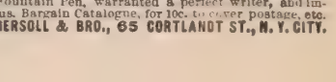

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Columbias sell for $100 to everyone alike, and are the finest bicycles the world produces. Other bicycles sell for less, but they are *not* Columbias.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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REACHING CHRIST IN MANY LANDS.

The American Board's Eighty-sixth Anniversary — Its Extensive Work, Early History, and Some of its Devoted Missionaries.

CHURCHES of every denomination, and individual Christians, are concerned in the statement made and reiterated with emphasis at the recent meeting in Brooklyn of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, that the chief impediment to the propagation of the Gospel, is the lack of funds. There are redundant opportunities for obeying the Master's command to preach the Gospel to every creature; men and women are offering themselves for the work in larger number than ever before, but there is no money available for the necessary expenses. There are, it appears, about a thousand millions of the world's population that are often nominally Christian. This figure does not include the enormous number of people who have given Christian name, but are outside the churches. It is made up of Mohammedans, Buddhists, Hindoos and other people, who are opposed to Christianity through ignorance of what it really is; and of savages who have not yet heard the Gospel preached. About one tenth of this thousand millions live in the lands to which the American Board sends its missionaries, and nearly all are in lands contiguous to them, and easily accessible to the Board's agencies. The question the Board had to consider was not how to reach the peoples and carry to them the Gospel message, but whether it should curtail its work and withdraw missionaries from the fields, because of its inability to support them.

The necessity for considering this question has not arisen from any failure of missionary operations. In the eighty-five years that the Board has been in the field glorious work has been done by men whom it has sent to heathen lands. Twenty distinct missions have been organized for work in Africa, China, Japan, India, Asiatic Turkey, Micronesia and other regions. In these, regular churches have been planted to the number of 461, besides over sixteen hundred preaching stations at which the Gospel has been regularly proclaimed either by the missionaries or native teachers whom they have trained. The early records of the work are incomplete, but those obtainable show that at least 127,639 persons have been led in these places to accept Christianity and make personal confession of faith in Christ. Besides this, the Board has established sixteen theological colleges in its various fields for the training of native preachers and 128 schools in which over fifty thousand children and young people are now receiving a sound and practical Christian education. So much has already been accomplished and the work is still going on. There are now 572 missionaries in the various missions and they have, as assistants in their labors, 3,107 natives acting either as preachers or teachers under the direction of the missionaries. During the course of its history the Board has sent out 2,115 missionaries many of whom have died on their fields having given their best years, their health and all they held dear, even life itself, to the work of preaching the Gospel to the heathen.

The cost of doing so large and extensive a work is necessarily heavy. Last year, with the most rigid economy, and without entering on any new fields, the cost of maintaining the missions was $661,885, while the home expenses incurred in carrying on the necessary administrative organization and printing the literature required in the work, brought the total expenditure up to $715,232. During the eighty-five years in which the work has been carried on, over twenty-eight million dollars have been expended. Of late years the income of the Board has not covered its expenditure. Happily two large legacies came into its hands, which prevented serious embarrassment, but these will be exhausted this year and thus the question of future development has become urgent. The receipts from donations last year amounted to $516,003, which was nearly $200,000 less than the expenditure. Toward this several legacies were received and part of the legacy before mentioned, was applied, and these, with the interest on the permanent fund, met the deficiency and left the Board at the close of its financial year owing less than at the close of the previous year by some sixteen hundred dollars. But although the Board did not increase, but slightly decreased its debt, its balance is still on the wrong side of the ledger to the amount of $114,632.

The responsibility for so large an indebtedness has been keenly felt by Dr. Richard S. Storrs, the President of the Board and by his colleagues, and this was expressed at the annual meeting in Brooklyn by them all. It was, however obvious that no further economy was possible and there was therefore no mode of decreasing expenditure but to decrease the number of mission-stations. Every one was reluctant to take any step backward, so attention was turned to the other side of the account, with the hope that the income might be increased. A committee was organized to try to extinguish the debt and one anonymous donor made the munificent offer of $25,000, if the entire debt could be liquidated before a specified date. Several other pledges were made, which encouraged the Board to hope that by the end of another year it would be relieved of all its indebtedness. It is obvious, however, that a permanent increase of income must be secured, otherwise the debt will reappear and require another spasmodic effort for its extinction. That such an increase of income should not be a difficult achievement is evident from the fact that the membership of the Congregational Churches is fully half a million. Thus a dollar and a half from each member annually, would suffice to provide the Board with the income it requires for its present expenditure. That sum certainly is not too much to expect from any one who knows the value of the Gospel and desires to take a part in sending it to those who have it not.

There was something pathetic in these pleadings for money at the annual meeting. It reminds one of the situation depicted by Dibert in his painting of "The Missionary's Story," in which the missionary is show-

Continued on page 007.

1. REV. C. C. BALDWIN, D.D., China.
2. REV. F. W. BATES, D.D., Africa.
3. REV. JOHN C. BERRY, M.D., Japan.
4. REV. CHAUNCEY GOODRICH, D.D., China.
5. MISS LIZZIE S. WEBB, Tarsus.
6. REV. S. W. HOWLAND, D.D., Ceylon.
7. REV. W. A. FARNSWORTH, D.D., Cæsarea.
8. MRS. M. E. LOGAN, Micronesia.
9. REV. J. H. DE FOREST, D.D., Japan.

MISSIONARIES OF THE AMERICAN BOARD PRESENT AT THE RECENT ANNIVERSARY

ALL HEAVEN LOOKING ON.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Heb. 12: 1, "*Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.*"

IN this my opening sermon in the National Capital I give you heartiest Christian salutation. I bethink myself of the privilege of standing in this historic church so long presided over by one of the most remarkable men of the century. There are plenty of good ministers beside Doctor Sunderland, but I do not know of any man except himself with enough brain to have stood successfully and triumphantly forty-three years in this conspicuous pulpit. Long distant be the year when that Gospel chieftain shall put down the silver trumpet with which he has marshalled the hosts of Israel, or sheathe the sword with which he has struck such mighty blows for God and righteousness. I come to you with the same Gospel that he has preached and to join you in all kinds of work for making the world better, and I hope to see you all in your own homes and have you all come and see me, but don't all come at once; and without any preliminary discourses as to what I propose to do, I begin here and now to cheer you with the thought that all heaven is sympathetically looking on. "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis Pass, or through the Mont Cenis Tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the world—the Amphitheatre. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you count forty elevations, or galleries, as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings, and the twenty-five thousand excited spectators. At the sides of the arena, and under the galleries, are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food, until, frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victim, who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala-day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women, and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword, with firm grip, into his right hand. The twenty-five thousand sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half-starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and, with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet, he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena; then, rallying his wasting strength, he comes up with fiercer eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke, until the monster is dead at his feet, and the twenty-five thousand people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

Sometimes the audience came to see a race; sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs up as an appeal that the vanquished be spared; and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts.

To an amphitheatrical audience Paul refers when he says: "We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

The fact is, that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor, through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul!

Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it twenty years; but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine-flask. Nay! that is not the weapon. With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen—reach up and get it from God's armory: the Sword of the Spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and conquer!

But why specify, when every man and woman has a lion to fight. If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out, for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trajan celebration, where ten thousand gladiators fought, and eleven thousand wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. That combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with the roaring lion of hell.

Men think, when they contend against an evil habit, that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the centre of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon, and Barak, and then says: "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Before I get through, I will show you that you fight in an arena, around which circle, in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages; and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheatre, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So, in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles, and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our King, one Jesus. On his head are many crowns! The Roman emperor got his place by cold-blooded conquests; but our King hath come to his place by the broken hearts healed, and the tears wiped away, and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat; but our King's sympathies are all with us. Nay, unheard-of condescension! I see him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting, until all up and down his voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of my power!"

They gave to the men in the arena, in the olden time, food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly, and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our King has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood.

> In all the anguish of our heart,
> The Man of Sorrows bore a part.

Once, in the ancient amphitheatre, a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword, and with his other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the gallery, said, "That was not fair; the lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out, and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame! shame!" at such meanness. But the King, in this case, is our brother, and he will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet; he will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The King is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver us. "Blessed are all they who put their trust in him!"

I look again, and I see the angelic gallery. There they are: the angel that swung the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God, and from which I look away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child. That one has been pulling a soul out of temptation! All these are messengers of light! Those drove the Spanish Armada on the rocks. This turned Sennacherib's living hosts into a heap of one hundred and eighty-five thousand corpses. Those, yonder, chanted the Christmas carol over Bethlehem, until the chant awoke the shepherds. These, at creation, stood in the balcony of heaven, and serenaded the new-born world wrapped in swaddling clothes of light. And there, holier and mightier than all, is Michael, the archangel. To command an earthly host gives dignity; but this one is leader of the twenty thousand chariots of God, and of the ten thousand times ten thousand angels. I think God gives command to the archangel, and the archangel to the seraphim, and the seraphim to the cherubim, until all the lower orders of heaven hear the command, and go forth on the high behest.

Now, bring on your lions! Who can fear? All the spectators in the angelic gallery are our friends. "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot."

Though the arena be crowded with temptations, we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of our God, and leap on their fallen carcasses! th, bending throng of bright, angelic faces hd swift wings, and lightning foot! I ail you, to-day, from the dust and strug of the arena!

I look again, and I see the gallery the prophets and apostles. Who are se mighty ones up yonder? Hosea, and er- emiah, and Daniel, and Isaiah, and ul. and Peter, and John, and James. re sits Noah, waiting for all the world to me into the ark; and Moses, waiting ti he last Red Sea shall divide; and Jere ah, waiting for the Jews to return; and n, of the Apocalypse, waiting for the s ar- ing of the angel that Time shall be no ger. Glorious spirits! Ye were howl at; ye were stoned; ye were spit upon! ey have been in the fight themselves nd they are all with us. Daniel knov all about lions. Paul fought with bea at Ephesus.

In the ancient amphitheatre, the ple got so excited that they would shou om the galleries to the men in the arena "At it again!" "Forward!" "One ore stroke!" "Look out!" "Fall b ! "Huzza! huzza!" So in that galler ro- phetic and apostolic, they cannot kee ei- peace. Daniel cries out: "Thy Go ill deliver thee from the mouth of the li s!" David exclaims: "He will not suff thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls out: "ear not! I am with thee! Be not disma d!" Paul exclaims: "Victory through ou ord Jesus Christ!" That throng of pr ets and apostles cannot keep still. They ake the welkin ring with shouting and lle- lujahs.

I look again, and I see the gallery the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh L ner, sure enough! He would not apolog for the truth preached; and so he die the night before swinging from the bed- perfect glee at the thought of emanci on. Who are that army of six thousa six hundred and sixty-six? They are th he- ban Legion who died for the faith. ere is a larger host in magnificent array- gio hundred and eighty-four thousand n perished for Christ in the persecut sur Diocletian. Yonder is a family gro Fe- licitas, of Rome, and her children. hey they were dying for the faith she st len- couraging them. One son was w ped to death by thorns; another was ing from a rock; another was beheade At last the mother became a martyr. here they are, together—a family group in eav- en! Yonder is John Bradford, wh said, in the fire, "We shall have a merry pper with the Lord to-night!" Yonder len- ry Voes, who exclaimed, as he die "If I had ten heads, they should all fall for Christ!" The great throng of th mar- tyrs! They had hot lead poure down their throats; horses were fastened their hands, and other horses to their fe and thus they were pulled apart; th had their tongues pulled out by red-hot ers; they were sewn up in the skins of a nals, and then thrown to the dogs; the were daubed with combustibles and set fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that ha been kindled could be set at proper dis nces, they would make the midnight, the world over, bright as noonday! A now they sit yonder in the martyrs' lery. For them the fires of persecution ha gone out. The swords are sheathed a the mob hushed. Now they watch us with all-observing sympathy. They k w the pain, all the hardship, all the a uish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry: "C rage! The fire will not consume. The flo can- not drown. The lions cannot our! Courage! down there in the arena!

What, are they all looking? Th night we answer back the salutation th give, and cry, "Hail! sons and daughter of the fire!"

I look again, and I see another llery, that of eminent Christians. What rikes me strangely is the mixing in com nion- ship of those who on earth could n agree. There I see Martin Luther, and bes him a Roman Catholic who looked bey d the

superstitions of his church and is saved. The is Albert Barnes, and around him the presbytery who tried him for heterodoxy! Yonder is Lyman Beecher, and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all there is John Calvin and Jacobus Arminius! Who would have thought that they would sit so lovingly together. There is George Whitefield, and the Bishops who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers, Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts, and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there, the band of missionaries: David Abeel, talking of China redeemed; and John Scudder, of India saved; and David Brainerd, of the aborigines evangelized; and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burmah took heaven by violence! All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs. Do we, in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweltered in the tropics. Do we get fatigued? They rested, with none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They were anathematized. And as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the presence of the lions, I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed:

Must you be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Toplady shouts in his old hymn:

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in his favorite words, a little changed:

A charge to keep you have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky!

Look again, and I see the gallery of our departed. Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of; but these we know. Oh! how familiar their faces! They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers stood us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And the children: do they look on with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eternity? Nay; I see the child running his hand over your brow and saying, "Father, do not fret;" "Father, do not worry." They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heaven, they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch this fight for heaven. Now; I see them rise up and lean over, and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion, they expect the King to call us, saying, "Come up higher!" Between the hot struggles in the arena I wipe the sweat from my brow, and stand on tiptoe, reaching up my right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous hand-shaking, while their voices come ringing down from the gallery, crying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and you shall have a crown!"

But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and the joy of the scene! Gallery of the King! Gallery of angels! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! Oh majestic circles of light and love! Throngs! Throngs! Throngs! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe? Myriads of eyes beaming on us! Myriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to sin again? How shall we ever become discouraged again? How shall we ever feel lonely again? With God for us, and angels for us, and prophets and apostles for us, and the great souls of the ages for us, and our glorified kindred for us,—shall we give up the fight and die? No! Son of God, who didst die to save us. No! ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us. No! ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startle us. No! ye loved ones, whose arms are outstretched to receive us. No! we will never surrender!

Sure I must fight if I would reign—
Be faithful to my Lord;
And bear the Cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

My hearers! shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier, dying in the hospital, rose up in bed the last moment and cried, "Here! Here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow, and asked him why he shouted "Here!" "Oh! I heard the roll-call of heaven, and I was only answering to my name!" I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our names will be called in the muster-roll of the pardoned and glorified, and with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls, we shall cry, "Here! Here!"

A TESTIMONY TO MISSIONS.

There are some who, even in these days of Christian progress, still assert that missionary work does not accomplish all that is claimed for it. One of the most notable addresses made at the recent Episcopal convention in Minneapolis was Hon. John W. Foster's stanch defense of foreign missions, as seen by him in his travels in the East, and his hearty tribute to their success. He testified that Christianity is making itself felt in Syria, India and Japan, and declared his conviction that the Chinese can be converted and that vast multitudes will be, in the not distant future.

Regarding the recent riots, he said: "After careful inquiry and observation, my opinion is that the mass of the population in China, particularly the nobility, are not specially hostile to the missionaries or their work. The literati and prospective officials, the mandarins, seem to be the ones who have made the trouble. The war with Japan has weakened the imperial authority and the disappointed men in great numbers, sent back mostly without receiving pay, have added much to the prevailing disorder. We should remember in America to be chary of our condemnation in view of the treatment of Chinese on our part, which our Supreme Court has pronounced to be altogether contrary to treaty but without remedy."

Preaching Christ in Many Lands.

(Continued from first page.)

ing the wounds he has received, to a group of lazy, self-indulgent prelates who, surrounded by luxuries, pay him scant attention and regard him almost as a fanatic. There were men and women present at the meeting who in China, in Africa, or in the Islands of the Pacific had often been in imminent danger of death, who had braved peril from climate, from wild beasts and scarcely less savage men, that they might carry the news of salvation to the benighted heathen. That such men and women should be in any anxiety about the small amount they required for their support was truly pitiful. They are the servants of the Church, the messengers who go forth at its bidding to fulfil the behest of its Lord. Through them the Church obeys the command of Christ, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." To all such the Church should give with liberal hand and provide them with all the means necessary for carrying on their work. The Church was slow in beginning it; millions died without Christ who might have heard the good news had she been true to her mission; but now that the work is organized, that the first fruits are gathered in, and the fields are "white to harvest" there should be no grudging in the provision of the means.

There is enough in the history of the American Board, as there is in the history of the Boards of the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Protestant Episcopal and other churches, to inspire gratitude and liberality. God has wonderfully blessed the efforts each has made for the advancement of the kingdom of his Son. The Missionary Societies, feeble and timid at the beginning, have grown strong and vigorous, and need only the loyal support of the churches to advance more than they have done in the past. Nearly nineteen centuries have passed since Christ's command was given, and yet only within the last two centuries have any really earnest efforts been made by the Protestant churches to obey it. The American Board, which is the oldest Missionary Society organized on this Continent, commenced its work only eighty-five years ago. It originated in the minds of a few inconspicuous persons. One autumn day in the year 1809, three young men walked out from Andover Seminary to a lonely glen in the neighborhood, to plead with God for the conversion of the heathen world. Their names were Samuel Mills, Gordon Hall, and James Richmond. They continued their petitions and spoke of their concern to their friends. To the prayer-meetings in the lonely glen came four other young men whose hearts God had touched. These were Judson, Newell, Hall and Nott. All seven finally offered themselves as foreign missionaries, and the American Board, representing several denominations, was organized to send them out.

THE CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE, BOSTON, HEADQUARTERS OF THE A. B. C. F. M.

The Board was appointed in September, 1810, by a meeting of New England ministers called for the purpose. It consisted of nine members, of whom five were ministers and four laymen. The ministers were John Treadwell, Joseph Lyman, Samuel Spring, Calvin Chapin and Samuel Worcester. The four laymen were some "young gentlemen members of the Divinity College who were impressed with the duty of personally attempting a mission to the heathen." Their names were Adoniram Judson, Samuel Nott, Samuel J. Mills and Samuel Newell. Their first meeting was held in the little parsonage at Farmington, Mass., and there, after prayerful consecration, they signed the roll and the American Board was organized. They took the name of "American" in the hope that it might really be regarded as a national institution, not limited to any section or any communion, and they defined their object as "the propagation of the Gospel among those who are destitute of the knowledge of Christianity." For some time the hope that there could be united action in the common cause was realized. Twenty years later, when the corporate members of the Board had increased to sixty-two, one-half the number were Presbyterians and the other half made up of Congregationalists and Reformed Dutch ministers, and the seventy-nine missionaries then working under the auspices of the Board in foreign lands were classified in the same proportions. In 1831, however, the Presbyterians decided to form a Board of their own, and the American Board gradually became a Congregational institution, as it remains.

DR. R. S. STORRS, D.D.
(*President of the A. B. C. F. M.*)

On this page is a picture of the Congregational House in Boston, which has for more than twenty years been the headquarters of the Board. It has also two district agencies—one in the Bible House, New York, of which Dr. Charles C. Creegan is the head, and the other in Chicago, managed by Dr. A. W. Hitchcock. Dr. R. S. Storrs, the President of the Board, whose portrait appears on this page, is the well-known pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn. His urbanity, tact, and courtesy have never served a more useful purpose than in his Presidency of the Board, and it was with hearty goodwill that he was re-elected this year. Among the eminent missionaries of the Board, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin has a conspicuous place. He is the founder of the famous Roberts College at Constantinople, which has exercised a mighty influence for Christianity throughout the Orient. On the first page is a group of nine missionaries, several of whom now home on furlough, took part in the recent annual meeting. Dr. William A. Farnsworth's field is the historic town of Cæsarea; Dr. J. B. De Forest and Dr. John C. Berry have been laboring in Japan; Dr. S. W. Howland is the head of the Jaffna College in Ceylon; Dr. Chauncey Goodrich has been for more than thirty years one of the most active missionaries in Northern China; Dr. F. W. Bates comes from Gazaland, in Africa; Dr. Caleb C. Baldwin's station is at Foo-Chow, near the scene of the recent massacres. Mrs. Mary A. Logan, widow of Dr. Robert W. Logan, is still at the head of the work in Ruk, in Micronesia, to which her famous husband gave his life. Miss Lizzie S. Webb is at Adana, near Tarsus, and has had some perilous experiences of Mohammedan fanaticism under the rule of the Turkish Sultan.

SAUL CHOSEN KING.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 10. I. Sam. 10 : 17-27. Golden Text Ps. 97 : 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

QUIETLY and peacefully the children of Israel lived and served their God all the days of Samuel until he became an old man. The people were accustomed to his holy and faithful judgment, and it was easy for them in such circumstances to serve the Lord. But how should it be known and proved that this obedience was from the heart if they were not put to the proof? It is only the fire which proves each man's work of what sort it is (1. Cor. 3: 13). The powers of the old man began to fail, and he let many of his judicial duties fall into the hands of his sons. And finally he made them judges over Israel. But these young men had not been prepared for the office as Samuel their father had, and trouble began. Samuel's sons "walked not in his ways, but turned aside after lucre, and took bribes, and perverted judgment" (1. Sam. 8 : 1-3).

And the elders of Israel gathered themselves together, and went to Samuel unto Ramah, not to bring the matter before the Lord; they had already made their plan; but to require of Samuel that he should make them a king to judge them like all the nations.

What a Moment for Samuel!

Was then the glorious work of reformation in Israel in which he had been made the instrument, to end thus? Had he spent all his days in maintaining the integrity of God's dominion over his people, and in jealously guarding them for God as a separate people, and now the work of a lifetime is to be overthrown? Had he not been their best friend, and now in his old age, when his strength failed him, would the people whom he had loved reject him? There was undoubtedly a mixture of self in his jealousy for God, when Samuel was displeased that the people asked for a king. But Samuel did not cease to be the hearing one; he carried the matter to his God, as was his wont. It was true that the people had failed, lamentably failed, but Samuel did not, therefore, attempt to put them right by his own power and influence; Samuel prayed unto the Lord.

It must have been an unexpected blow to Samuel when his God replied: "Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee: for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me that I should not be King over them; hearken to their voice; they do as they always have done; let them have their own way, but let them take it with their eyes open; show them the manner of the King that shall reign over them." Instead of gratitude for the blessed time of Samuel's government under the immediate direction of God as their recognized King, the unfaithful people as soon as they are put to the proof, act as though God had wronged them, and fall back on their own resources. It is the old story of living for self; they were impatient at the yoke which bound them to be a separate people, dependent on God for everything; they did not want to be treated as children; their national pride began to work; they did not want to be behind other nations, and were unwilling to be peculiar. Alas! it is always thus when self is the centre of our life! How few even realize that God's purpose is to make his people a people through whom he can manifest himself! The natural man seeks to manifest himself.

Samuel, at God's command, told the people how exacting the new king would be, and what claims he would make upon the sons and daughters of Israel to serve his purposes. But the people refused to listen to anything which crossed their own will: "Nay, but we will have a king over us, that we may be like all the nations; and that our king may judge us, and go out before us and fight our battles." Some of these very men had been present as children when their God had so wonderfully fought for them from heaven against the Philistines, but the human heart seeks glory for itself, and God's victories bring glory to him alone. So God let the people have their way. Thus only could they learn their lesson, and find out by bitter experience, that God would do better for them than they could do for themselves.

And God chose a king, not after his heart, but after their hearts. He had given them a judge after his heart, whom they had rejected in rejecting him: now they should have a king like themselves whom they could appreciate. He had to call Saul from the care of his fathers' asses which had gone astray, to the high vocation which lay before him. David also was called from the sheep-fold, but he went through a severe discipline before God put the rains of government into his hand. But God gave the people their desire a king like the nations and like themselves, not one who had been trained in the school of God. It is

A Difficult Moment

for one who has been much blest of God to others, when, in obedience to his God, he must do what in itself is hurtful, and a backward step; it takes a real understanding of God to go forward in such a service. But Samuel had learned that God, who sees the end from the beginning, always knows best, and that he is ever to be trusted. Thus he, the spiritual leader of the people, at the command of God, called, taught, feasted, and anointed the unspiritual Saul, to be king over Israel, and showed none of the sadness which was in his heart to him, but cheerfully did the will of God regarding him.

Samuel gave Saul the most minute directions about all the outward circumstances which he should meet with after he had anointed him in secret, and very specially he told him that when he should come to the city (Gibeah), he should meet with a company of prophets, and the Spirit of the Lord should come mightily upon him, and he should be turned into another man (chap. 10:6). Oh, if Saul had taken to heart the grace of God, and fully met him at this time, how different his reign and his end might have been! "God gave him another heart" (ver. 9). There must have been a great drawing nigh of God, Saul in the power of the Spirit prophesied among the prophets, causing amazement among all that heard him, and yet the time came when God departed from him and rejected him! It is an awful thing to trifle with a revelation of God. It is of his unmerited grace that he draws nigh to sinful man, by the Holy Ghost, and man has it in his power to yield to the Holy Spirit or to grieve him. God did not leave Saul to occupy his responsible position without letting his Holy Spirit come upon him so that he should experience what it is to speak and act by the Spirit. Alas! Saul failed his God, his country, and his own soul!

After Samuel had privately anointed Saul, and subsequently to the time when the Spirit of God had come upon him as we have seen, Samuel called the people together to the Lord to Mizpah, that the king whom they had desired might be publicly proclaimed and acknowledged by the people. Samuel addressed the assembled people, and gave them the direct message from their God, on this solemn occasion of governmental crisis in their land: he had made out his part in the matter with God; he was now God's interpreter and messenger to Israel as fully and as freely as though he himself had never been the visible governor among them. No hurt pride or wounded spirit hindered him from fully delivering the Lord's message. We cannot be the Lord's messengers when we mix up anything that is personal in the matter.

"Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel, I brought up Israel out of Egypt, and I delivered you out of the hand of the Egyptians, and out of the hand of all the kingdoms which had oppressed you, but ye have this day rejected your God, who himself saveth you out of all your calamities and your distresses; and ye have said unto him: Nay, but set a king over us. Now, therefore, present yourselves before the Lord by your tribes and by your thousands." It is strange that such an appeal did not bring the assembled people on their faces in deepest repentance before the Lord, with the earnest petition that things might remain as they had been, and they might withdraw their request.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

MEETING PLACE OF SAMUEL AND SAUL.

THE system of government up to the date of this lesson, which was probably about 1095 B. C., had been of the most uncertain kind. No one knew who would succeed the national leader when he might die. Indeed, at this time, it is probable that there were other judges than Samuel in the distant tribes. A patriot, who yet left out of his view the idea of God as the leader and ruler of the nation, would naturally take a gloomy view of the future. He would see that Israel was surrounded by enemies on all sides and that it would be possible for those enemies, by a combination, to destroy his people. With no one at the head of the whole nation, having the right and power to call out a national army, the enemy might annihilate one tribe after another, before resistance could be organized. If mutual jealousies arose, one tribe might be averse to going to the assistance of another tribe when it was attacked, and thus the nation might perish piecemeal. Doubtless some such apprehension was in the minds of the elders when they paid their visit to Samuel at Ramah. It is easy to see that the prophet, then over seventy years old, was shocked by what they said. The man of God had a clearer view of the real strength of the nation than the elders, and when they expressed a wish to have a king, so as to be like other nations, he saw that they were taking a suicidal course. The very basis of their national existence lay in their being unlike other nations, and in spite of all that they did then and at other times, unlike they have remained to this day. The nations can absorb and assimilate other races, but not the Jews; the Jew still remains apart and distinct in every land. But the perpetuation of the theocracy required faith in God, and these elders had not the faith. They could not be sure that God could or would keep the nation from breaking to pieces. Samuel carried his trouble to God, as was his wont, and in a short time announced that God was willing that the people should have their way. He does not force anyone. That is contrary to the principles of his government. He treats men as reasonable beings, not as infants. He warns them that a certain cause is injurious, but if after warning they choose to proceed with it, he does not prevent them. In this instance, he even helped them to a suitable choice. Nominally, Saul was chosen by lot, but the Bible writer informs us that he had already been appointed and anointed. A tall, kingly man, a warrior, was the kind of man they wanted, and they had him. They were to find out by sad experience, that this was not the way to the end they desired. The way for them to perpetual existence was not by force nor material strength, but by spirituality. To this day the Jews without a king, without a land, with no cohesive organization, are a separate people—separate by their faith.

Nay, but set a king over us. The people did not give heed to warning. They would have their own way. There is a story of a nurse with a spoiled child, that illustrates this attitude. The child was struggling to catch a wasp that was buzzing around. His nurse tried to hold him back and caught his hand to prevent him touching the wasp. The child raised a loud cry and his mother, one of those lazy, selfish women who care for nothing but their own ease and comfort, scolded the nurse for resisting him. "Let him have what he wants," she said. "But, ma'am, it will sting." "I don't care what it is, let him have it: I cannot bear his screaming." The nurse released the child with the final warning, "Don't touch it Bobby; it will sting you." It was disregarded and in a minute there was a louder scream than before. The mother was angry. She said, "Why did you make Bobby scream? Let him have what he wants." The nurse answered, "He has got it ma'am; that is why he is screaming."

I brought up Israel out of Egypt and delivered you. Had the ordinary Israelite been asked who did this he might have answered that it was Moses who did it. But Moses was only the instrument of God. People are apt to forget that God rules and governs. It is recorded of Bulstrode Whitelocke, a statesman of the seventeenth century, that one night he was greatly distressed by the troubles of his country and so apprehensive of calamities apparently impending, that he could not sleep, but spent the night pacing the floor groaning and wringing his hands. His secretary, a pious man, entering the room asked him what was distressing him, and Whitelocke told him. "Don't you think that God governed the world very well before you were born?" the secretary asked. Whitelocke said, "Undoubtedly." The secretary continued: "Don't you think that he will, when you are dead God will be able to govern the world?" "Most assuredly," was the reply. "Then," said the secretary, "don't you think you might trust him to govern it while you live?" Whitelocke saw the force of the argument and having prayed a prayer, lay down and slept peacefully till the morning.

Samuel told the people the manner of the kingdom. It was his duty to do so, but it availed nothing; the people believed their own plan was best. It is surprising how often the attempt to thwart God's purposes is made, and how often the attempt fails. Napoleon I. was anxious to found a dynasty, but he had no son to succeed him on the throne. Regardless of the law of Josephine, his wife, who had been his partner in obscurity, he divorced her and married an Austrian princess. The latter had a son, and he proclaimed the infant King of Rome. But the child never sat on the throne. It was Napoleon III., a descendant of the despised and divorced Josephine, who revived the empire and was the successor of Napoleon as Emperor of the French. The divorce was actually in the words Napoleon, himself, used, but another thing—a crime that led to naming.

God who himself saved you. The Lord had been the Saviour of the nation in the past there was no doubt; yet the people could not bring themselves to trust him for the future. They thought that the means by which other nations had become strong would make Israel strong and united. It needs faith to take the other course. An ordinary Christian, if he were called upon to provide for seven or eight hundred children, would send out appeals for charitable for help; would advertise; would organize committees to gather subscriptions—in short, would do as the Hebrews did at Ramah; would adopt the methods which succeeded elsewhere. George Muller does nothing of this kind. In every crisis he looks to God for deliverance, and never asks it of any man. Yet his huge family of orphans has never known want. They are fed, clothed, and educated now as they have been for years. The man who would serve God must trust him wholly, and not try to combine worldly methods with his.

SENT WITH PRAYER AND BLESSING.

Cntributions still Flowing into the Armenian Relief Fund—Our Commissioner nearing Van—Many Letters of Encouragement—News from the Front.

A CABLEGRAM from Kertch, in the Crimea, Russia, brings the good news that Mr. William Willard Hvard, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Com-

REFUGEES FROM SASSOUN.

msioner has reached that city, *en route* for V in Armenia. Mr. Howard is on schedul time, and in all probability, when this rehes the hands of our readers, he will hle arrived in Van and begun relief work inarnest. After organizing a Missionary Rief Committee, which will include Miss Kball, Mr. and Mrs. Raynolds, and sde six others, together with Mr. Hallwd, the British Vice-Consul, the work w be pushed into all the famine districts wn the view of relieving and giving emplment to as many families as possible bre the severe winter sets in. Thanks tohe splendid generosity of our friends erywhere, the work has had a most apicious beginning, and there is every pspect that hundreds of lives will be sed through the self-denying gifts sent tothe Relief Fund during the past few wks. We shall be advised by cable fm week to week, of its progress by Mr. Hvard, and will receive detailed reports bnail of the extent and character of the Cmmittee's operations.

he real work of the Relief Committee isiow about to begin. It is earnestly hed that enough funds will be placed at itlisposal to enable it to do effective servp. "In His Name,' in those districts were the suffering is the sharpest and were the exiled families, helpless and hheless, are looking and praying earnery for God's people in the West to come ttheir aid. Up to the present time there isno perceptible abatement in the sufferin which, as the venerable Dr. Hamlin aured us last week, was far too great to bxaggerated. From a recent letter recved from Diarbekir, Armenia, during tl week, we are permitted to make this eract:

There was a time when people from tneighboring towns used to come to this cin search of work, and not a few of tlm established their homes here. But nv, natives of our city, for want of work a means of support, are obliged to emigte. Famine, incendiary fires, and contnal oppressions, have reduced the inhitants of this city, and the farmers of t neighboring villages to absolute beggy. Moreover, to the needy and distsed people of this city are now added mny refugees from Sassoun, hundreds ourvivors of the massacres, who have n homes and no means of support. Hngry and almost naked they roam in t streets from morning until evening, bging a piece of bread from those who a already almost equally in need of help. hw hard to describe the pitiable conditn of these unfortunate and homeless ple and their suffering! We cannot dep their misery. Only those who see wh their eyes can realize the depths of sh distress. Most of them hungry and rxed spend the night in the church-yards, hving no covering to protect them from the cold. In order to complete their misery, cholera has begun its ravages here, and it can be easily understood that these people, already exhausted from want and exposure, will not be able to resist the ravages of the plague. Thus hundreds may be expected to fall victims to starvation and cholera."

Important letters have been placed in the possession of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, some of them from leaders of the Armenian Church, which more than sustain the reports of the widespread suffering already published. These are now in the hands of our translators. Foremost among the noble Armenians who have been active in the relief movement is Mugerditch Khrimian, the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin, in the Caucasus, who is the religious head of the Armenian Church. He is regarded as the grandest and broadest man of his nation, and he is beloved and honored by the Armenians everywhere. His portrait appears on this page. The Armenian Church is the oldest of all Christian national churches. According to a native legend, Jesus corresponded with King Abgarus of Edessa or Ur, and the Apostles Thaddæus and Bartholomew preached the Gospel to them. The historical founder of the Armenian Church was St. Gregory, "The Illuminator," an Arsarcid prince, who was consecrated Bishop of Armenia at Cæsarea, in 302 A.D. That the Armenians cherish a passionate attachment to their Church and their religion is shown by the long roll of martyrs to the Christian cause—a roll to which thousands have been lately added through Moslem hate and cruelty.

MUGERDITCH KHRIMIAN, ARMENIAN CATHOLICOS AT ETCHMIADZIN.

Among the many letters received from contributors to the Fund are the following, from which we quote briefly:

M. Etzendams, Polo., Ill. ($10), writes:

God hasten the time when a Christian government shall take the place of that rotten monarchy.

M. J. S. O., Topsfield, Me. ($1), writes:

I send a little with a prayer that it may be the means of saving some poor soul from starvation.

"A Light-keeper," in Boston Harbor, sends $1 to the Fund and points to the injunction of I. John 3: 17.

Friends in the Congregational Church, Richmond, Me., write:

I brought the matter of the starving Armenians before my people, and asked for private contributions, and the enclosed ($9.10) is the result to the Fund to help the Armenians. I hope and pray that the hunger of the people there may be met with Christian sympathy in a practical way.

Rev. A. Humphreys, Ingleside, Steuben county, N. Y., writes:

When I read the account of suffering, oppression, and famine which the poor Armenians are undergoing, I said to myself, "something must be done." I am preaching for a poor church. The members are nearly all farmers who have no crops to sell this fall except potatoes. However, I determined to take a collection for the sufferers; I did so and enclose the same ($2.27). The small gift of Ingleside Christian Church will not be despised for it goes accompanied by our prayers for the speedy relief of our Christian brethren across the sea.

Rose Snyder, Capron, N. Y. ($5), writes:

The love of Christ constraineth me to send a small portion, to relieve the suffering Christians in Armenia; and I pray God will speed and direct it that it may only reach and allay some of the sufferings of his people.

Mrs. C. M. Hatheway, W. Worthington, Mass. ($2), writes:

The ladies of our Church Aid Society would like to do something for the Armenian Christians. Our contribution is small but we have our earnest prayers that it may do much good.

A King's Daughter, Me., sends this:

Let me feel that I am keeping hunger from one mother and two little ones for a time in the suffering district of Armenia. You state that $5 will accomplish this.

W. E. P., East Pepperell, writes:

I will send you $5 for the Armenian Relief Fund. I have harvested most of my crops, and God has blessed me abundantly. I have enough to keep me through winter and to spare. I cannot turn away from the cry of the needy.

A Reader at Millbrook, N. J., sends $1, "the mites of two friends of the poor Armenians, to be cast into the treasury for them."

S. H., Washington, D. C., says:

Inclosed please find $2 (two dollars) for the Armenian sufferers. May it indeed be blessed in helping some poor soul in distress, for the sake of him that had not where to lay his head.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Glazier, Salem, Mass., send this:

Enclosed we hand you ten dollars for the Armenian Relief Fund. Although there are many uses for the Lord's tenth, we feel the present need of our Armenian neighbors is urgent. May the Lord bless your efforts.

M. J. M., Baltimore, Md. ($1), writes:

I feel it a privilege, and am sorry I have not more to send. May many who have plenty be touched with the Saviour's spirit, and give largely.

But we cannot devote more space to these letters, everyone of which breathes the pure spirit of Christ-like sympathy with suffering. They are full of earnest prayers for the welfare, spiritual and physical, of the thousands of men, women, and tender children who are now bereft of home and shelter, and especially of the widows and the fatherless. Every gift in such a cause brings a blessing to both giver and receiver. All contributions will be acknowledged in these columns.

ANCIENT MONASTERY OF AGH-TAMAR, ARMENIA

As we go to press, intelligence reaches us of a telegram sent from Kars to Lord Salisburg by the Armenian Metropolitan of Erzeroum, where riots have recently occurred. The Archbishop writes:

Permit me to re-echo the cry of distress raised throughout the length and breadth of my diocese by the Armenian population, who are goaded to despair by the savagery and growing hostility of the Turkish government.

Truly we note with profound gratitude the loyal and humane efforts put forth by the Government of her Majesty the Queen for the purpose of securing reforms for Armenia; but we cannot forget that every day's delay costs the lives of hundreds of human beings who are put to death, and the honor and purity of thousands of women who are violated, to say nothing of the pillage and devastation of numerous villages which are set on fire and reduced to rack and ruin.

Do, we implore you, take pity upon us! It is not too late. Succor, save us, or we perish.

The Armenian Metropolitan of Erzeroum.
(Signed), GHEVOND SHISMANIAN.

From another source comes this touching picture of the present misery in the Armenian provinces:

The letters we receive from Erzeroum, Van and Bitlis draw the saddest picture of the misery which oppresses the wretched inhabitants of these vilayets. The people wander about naked, hungry, without a shelter, in devastated fields, scratching the earth with their nails to try to find something with which to satiate the hunger which gnaws at their entrails. The Kurds proclaim from the top of the minarets that they defy all the commissions of inquiry, past, present or future; that they don't want reforms; that they recognize no other authority than that of Allah and their sword; that, as independent warriors, they will know how to defend their right to pillage, rapine, murder and conflagration.

The following contributions have been received during the week:

Previously Acknowledged	**$2582.31**
Alplanalp, Libbie M	1 00
Aitken, Miss	5 00
Aitken, J C	5 00
Aldrich, Mrs E I	5 00
Aldrich, Mrs S B	2 00
Anderson, Nellie	3 00
Armstrong, Adam	5 00
Arneke, Mrs D	5 00
Ayer, M	2 00
Baldwin, Mrs T J	1 00
Ballard, Catharine & son	5 00
Bancroft, Jane	10 00
Barbour, Mrs A S	2 00
Barratt, Rufus	5 00
Barrett, Rae	1 00
Barrett, Miss Roxana	1 00
Barrow, P M	1 00
Bartley, Mrs H F	1 00
Bawden, Mrs F	5 00
Beals, L H & Josie	3 00
Beeman, S C	1 00
Bennett, Mrs C H	1 00
Berndt, F L	50
Bishop, W S	5 00
Bitz, John	5 00
Boardman, Mrs O P	6 00
Bosworth, Rev I M	1 00
Boynton, Mrs Leonora L	2 00
Bradbury, Mrs	1 00
Bradley, Mary L	1 00
Braemble, I S	5 00
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Bradley, Grace, & Mary Herrick	2 00
Brecheisen, Catharine	10 00
Brown, Casimir F	2 00
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Buck, S H	5 00
Burnett, Mrs David	2 00
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Burns, M D L & wife	2 00
Burr, Miss Edith H	5 00
Burrows, Mrs P L	1 00
Buser, Mrs W D	1 00
Byington, I W	2 00
Bushnell, A Y	2 00
Bachman, A Amanda	50
Bering, August	10 00
Bingham, Mercy	50

Carnahan, T. M.	2 00
Carlisle, Mrs. E. A.	3 00
Campbell, Thomas & Mary	5 00
Christian, Mrs. Anna T.	50
Churchill, E.	1 00
Clark, Mr. and Mrs. C. T.	5 00
Clary, A. R.	2 00
Clayton, George E.	1 00
Cleveland, Mrs. George	25
Coke, Mrs. Lucy	5 00
Cook, Mr. E. J.	10 00
[illegible], Mrs. Frank	5
Countryman, F. S.	1 00
Cox, Mrs H. S.	1 00
Crandall, Mrs. G. L.	25
[illegible] F. W.	
Curtis, Frances M.	5 00
Dikeman, A A & C L	100 00
Dague, J. M.	5 00
Davis, Ella and Naomi	2 00
Davis, Lucy M.	1 00
Davis, Otto C.	5 00
Davis, W. W.	1 00
Day, H. A	3 00
Deems, J. Harry	5 00
De Lancett, Louis	2 00
Dieterich, Louisa	5 00
Dillingham, Miss Laura	2 00
Dillingham, Mrs. Seth	1 50
Dixon, John H.	3 00
Dopker, Mary A.	5 25
Dorsett, Moses	3 00
Downing, Mrs. R.	2 00
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Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. O.	3 00
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Freeze, Rev. W. M.	3 00
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Fultman, E. A.	3 00
Gebhardt, Charles	2 00
Getzendaner, M. E.	10 00
Gillard, J. C.	5 00
Glazier, Mrs. C. H. & Will.	10 00
Goble, Harry	1 00
Goodie Helen	1 00
Gordon, S. P.	1 00
Greeley, James M.	5 00
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Griggs, John	2 00
Grimes, Mrs. Lucy J.	3 00
Grimes, Mr. and Mrs. M. J.	5 00
Grove, Mrs. A. R.	1 00
Gundersdorf, John H.	1 00
Gunderson, Mrs & friends.	2 00
Hagerman, Z.	2 00
Hall, George A.	2 00
Hammond, Mrs. S. C.	1 00
Hanna, Maggie	5 00
Hargett, Charles	1 00
Harlan, Miss Kate	10 00
Harper, Mr.	5 00
Harris, T. W.	1 00
Harsha, Laura E.	1 00
Hawley, William B.	5 00
Hayden, U. H.	1 00
Hayward, Cordelia G. and Mr. and Mrs. Charles	5 00
Hayward, Mr. & Mrs. T. T.	2 50
Heacock, Ruth	50
Heckenroth, Julius	2 00
Hesse, Agatha	1 00
Himes, Rees C.	10 00
Hirous, E.	1 00
Hoge, Miss J. E.	5 00
Hoge, Thomas	5 00
Holland, Robert	1 00
Holton, Mr. and Mrs M. E.	10 00
Hopkins, Mrs. Sarah M.	2 00
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Huber, John	1 00
Humphrey, Lucy A.	2 00
Huntley, Frances J.	25 00
Hutchinson, John	5 00
Hyde, Miss Tilda	1 00
Ingraham, Mrs. W. L.	5 00
Ings, Grace, May & Willie.	25
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Ispes, Annie	1 00
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Kenner, J. W.	5 00
Kenner, Mrs. J. W.	5 00
Killian, Mrs. J. D.	3 00
Kimball, A. G.	5 00
Kinney, Lucy A.	1 00
Kissinger, [illegible]	1 00
Knox, [illegible]	1 00
Knox's Children, Mrs.	1 00
Koontz, [illegible]	1 00
Kopp, [illegible]	1 00
Kraft, Mrs. C. S.	10 00
Larson, A. L.	1 00
Leary, Mrs. R. T.	1 00
Lee, Isaac M.	1 00
Lemmon, W. H.	1 00
Lewis, James W.	1 00
Libby, Frederick J.	3 00
Lippincott, Mrs. Charles	1 00
Lobinger, Miss L. E.	1 00
Long, Minnie E.	5 00
Ludlow, E. L.	25 00
Macklin, M.D., George M.	5 00
McCall, Mrs. H. H.	1 00
McCarter, Mrs. S. N.	1 00
McCluney, Jordan	5 00
McConaughy, Mrs. S. A.	2 00
McDonald, J. D.	1 00
McDonald, [illegible]	1 00
McIntosh, Susan	1 00
McKee, Miss Clara	1 00
Mann, Andrew	10 00
Markle, Cyrus	1 00
Marsh, Lucy A.	5 00
Marsh, Jane	2 00
Marsh, Margaret	2 00
Marsh, R.	1 00
Marshall, Mrs. M. and daughter	10 00
Martin, Miss Hattie	1 00
Martine, Hugh	1 00
Mathews, Jr., H B.	5 00
Mead, Elizabeth D.	50
Melhuish, Mr. and Mrs. E.	2 00
Mentzer, Irvin	2 00
Meyer, A.	25 00
Michael, C. G.	2 00
Mitchell, Amos N. D.	5 00
Moncur, D. and A.	5 00
Moore, Mrs. Mollie J.	5 00
Morrison, Mr. & Mrs. H. K.	5 00
Myers, F. J.	5 00
Mitchell, H. K. H.	10 00
Mitchell, Robert J.	2 00
Moffat, J. C.	5 00
Moir, J. R.	1 00
Montgomery, W. C.	2 00
Moore, A. L.	1 00
Moore, Eva	1 00
Moore, Mrs. Harriet	2 00
Moore, Mr. J. C.	1 00
Morrell, Mary E.	1 00
Morrison, Edward	2 00
Morse, Mrs. B G	5 00
Munson, H. B. and S. J.	2 00
Myers, Samuel	5 00
Nash, L. & E. Leffingwell,	2 00
Nash, Mrs. S. M.	1 00
Nash, Mrs. George	5 00
Needham, Mrs. E. G.	5 00
Nesbitt, Mr. J. R.	2 50
Nesbitt, Mrs. Madge	5 00
Nichols, Mr. & Mrs. E. E.	1 00
Niven, J.	2 00
Norton, Mrs. Hiram	1 00
O'Dell, M. D.	1 00
Oellig, Mrs. Effie	1 00
Oesch, Mrs. E. F.	60
Olsen, William	2 00
Oneal, Dollie and Pessie	1 00
Ott, Mrs. Lizzie G.	1 10
Owen, Mrs. H.	5 00
Owen, W. E.	3 00
Packard, Austin C.	5 00
Palmer, Mary W.	1 00
Patterson, J. S.	5 00
Parker, Mrs. M. E.	3 00
Parkhurst, A. H.	50
Parkhurst, Miss Mary	25
Parks, Carrie B.	1 00
Parmenter, A. J.	3 00
Paull, Mrs. J. F.	2 00
Pearce, A. L.	1 00
Peebles, Mr. and Mrs. G.	5 00
Peebles, Mrs. Mary	5 00
Peek, I. H.	1 00
Peters, Mr. and Mrs. H. H.	5 00
Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. A.	5 00
Phillips, Mr. and Mrs.	4 00
Pierce, W. E.	5 00
Poole, Mr. George	1 00
Poulton, Charles	1 00
Pritchard, Mrs F.	2 00
Prudhow, E.	1 00
Pursell, Mrs. Sarah J.	5 00
Querns, Mrs. Catharine	5 00
Reed, Otis	5 00
Reed, Sarah	10
Reid, George S.	3 00
Reinhard, Julia	2 00
Reinhart, Julius	1 00
Remer, Mr. and Mrs. S.	5 00
Rider, Elizabeth	1 00
Roberts, Mrs. B.	1 00
Roberts, Mrs. J. H.	1 00
Robinson, W.	3 00
Rogers, Moses C.	1 00
Rogers, Mollie	3 00
A. K. L. L., St. Louis, Mo.	5 00
G. P. P., Twolick, Pa.	5 00
B., Newark, N. J.	1 00
M. D. S., Baltimore, Md.	2 00
R. G. P., Petoskey, Mich.	10 00
J. R. B., Shickshinny, Pa.	1 00
A. O. B., Chanute, Kan.	1 00
M., Columbus, Ga.	1 00
M. J. I., Oshkosh, Wis.	2 00
J. K., Florisant, Mo.	1 00
G. F. A., Milwaukee, Wis.	5 00
Wm. H. P., Anaheim, Cal.	8 32
L C R & J M R Dallas Ctr.	10 00
C. A. G., Hazleton, Pa.	10 00
C. G. S., Paris O.	1 00
W. F. W., Bazine, Kas.	1 00
H. H., Philadelphia, Pa.	2 00
N. S. H., Norton, Mass.	5 00
S., Millville, Mass.	5 00
J. A. M., Ware, Mass.	1 00
B. L. K., Rochester, N. Y.	2 00
C. V. Baltimore, Md	2 00
Mrs. A. L. B., Eakins Corners, Pa.	1 00
S. C. S., Cresco, Ia.	5 00
J. C., Boonton, N. J.	2 00
C & M McG., Norristown, Pa	1 00
C. W. B., Galesville, Wis.	1 00
H. L. F., Elmira, N. Y.	2 00
A. M., Hartford, Conn.	10 00
E. R. L., Wallace, N. Y.	2 00
A. H., Barkeyville, Pa.	5 00
Mrs. I. H. F., Jr., W. Troy,	2 00
M. A. P., Toronto, Can.	5 00
A., Cutler, Ill.	1 00
Maya E.	3 00
Bella, Frankford	1 00
Margaret, Cleveland, O.	2 00
Lizzie, Ocean Grove, N. J.	1 00
Charite, Brooklyn, N. Y.	2 00
Lucille, Peabody, Mass.	1 00
Light Keeper, Boston	1 00
Laborer, Pioneer, Mont.	3 00
Friend	1 00
Friend, Greenville, S. C.	2 00
Friend, Mountainville, Pa	1 00
Friend, Waldboro, Me.	5 00
Friend, Middlebury, Vt.	5 00
Friend	3 00
Friend, Olyphant, Pa.	10 00
Friend, Lancaster, Ky.	1 00
Friend, Sterling, Mass.	1 00
Friend, Troy, Pa.	1 00
Friend, Waynesboro, Pa.	5 00
Friend, Eatontown, N. J.	1 00
Friend, Brooklyn, N. Y.	2 00
Friend, Roslyn, Wash.	1 00
Friend, Oliphant, Pa.	1 00
Friend, Passaic, N. J.	1 00
Friend, Temple, N. H.	5 00
Friend, Ipswich Mass.	5 00
Friend, Manchester, Ct.	2 00
Friend	1 00
Friend, Harrisburg, Pa.	5 00
Friend, Syracuse, N. Y.	2 00
Friend, Farmington, Mo.	6 00
Friend from Michigan	1 00
Friend, Lititz, Pa.	15
Friend, No. Amity, Me.	1 00
Friend, Thompsonville, Ct.	2 00
Friend, Sheffield, Ala.	1 00
Friend, Cleveland, O.	1 00
Friend, Fishkill, N. Y.	1 00
Friend, Clemens, Ia.	25
Friend, Lynchburg, Va.	5 00
Friend that takes the C. H.	1 00
Friend in Christ, New Almaden, Cal.	1 00
Friend of the poor, Ft. Scott, Kas.	1 00
Friend and Reader, Hallowell, Me.	5 00
Christian friend from Can.	2 00
Friends, Portland, Ore.	6 00
Friends, Meridian, N. Y.	50
Friends, Omemee, Ont.	11 00
Friends, N. Dighton, Mass.	10 00
Christian Friends, W. Haven, Ct.	7 00
Two sympathizing friends, Northampton, Mass	1 00
Friends Gongreg'l Church, Richmond	9 10
Two friends, Millbrook	1 00
Two friends in His name, Bellevue, Tex.	5 00
Two friends, Prov., R. I.	5 00
Two friends, Amsden, Vt.	2 00
Three friends, L. Falls, N.Y	2 00
I. H. N., New Orleans, La.	5 00
I. H. N., N. Y.	5 00
I. H. N., Jarrettsville, Md.	1 00
In His Name	1 00
I. H. N., Schenectady, N. Y	5 00
I. H. N., So. Henderson, Ill	50
I. H. N., St. Catharine, Can	5 00
I. H. N., Keene, N. H.	1 00
I. H. N., Sellersburg, Ind.	2 00
I. H. N., Mont'r Falls, N.Y	3 00
I. H. N., Chester, Pa.	6 00
I. H. N., Catskill, N. Y.	10 00
I. H. N., Clarksdale, Miss.	1 00
In Jesus name, Fayette, Ia.	50
In Christ's name, Marion,	1 00
A Reader	3 00
A Reader	1 00
Reader, So. Framingham	5 00
Reader Plymouth	5 00
Reader, Archer, Tenn.	2 00
Reader, Awatonna	2 00
Readers, Grand Rapids	1 00
Sub'r, Whitefield, N. H.	50
" Sinking Valley, Pa.	1 00
" Louisville, Ky	5 00
" Norristown	1 00
" Dover, N. H.	2 00
" Hagaman, N. Y.	1 00
" Vermont	1 00
" No. Hector, N. Y.	1 00
" Toronto, Ont. Can.	2 00
" Cohoctah, Mich.	3 00
" Westford, Ct.	2 00
" and wife, S. Jacinto	5 00
" St. Louis, Mo.	10 00
" Florin, Cal.	3 00
" New Cumberland, O	3 00
" Bowling Green	3 00
Sympathy, Hammonton	2 00
2 sympathizers, Brooklyn	15 00
H H Mt. Carroll, Ill.	6 50
Mrs H P M, Fairlee, Md.	5 00
L M G, Leno, Mass.	2 00
Mrs E G H, Moravia, N Y.	1 00
A H, New Hamp.	2 00
M J D, New York	10 00
C M B, Stuttgart Ark.	3 10
Mr & Mrs S D M, Skaneat's	1 00
M J M, Baltimore, Md.	1 00
M E M, Freeport	2 00
M S & C E.	5 00
C, Rochester	3 00
S H, Washington	2 00
P B C, Harthegig, Pa.	3 00
M F A, Granville, O	2 00
J S, Dayton	2 00
E S W, Rome	1 00
Mrs J W A, West Chester	2 00
M J S C, Topsfield, Me.	1 00
Mrs G. B, Vt.	2 00
Mr & Mrs J. Tully	2 00
Mrs J H, Morristown	2 00
D B C, Warren, N H	5 00
F C B, Peoria	3 50
P A K, Marshall	1 00
K D, Walton	5 00
L I O, Winslow, Ill.	2 00
H C K, Roxbury	5 00
J T, Paterson	3 00
S E J, Moonsville, N C.	2 00
J A P, Red Bank	10 00
B D P, Middleboro	2 00
N H S Milton	2 00
M C, N Y City	5 00
H L H, Mass.	2 00
L B M, Mountainville, N Y	5 00
M A S, Ithaca N Y	2 00
N, Chambersburg, Pa.	20 00
G L, Glens Falls	1 00
Disciple of Jesus, Pascoag	2 00
One who trusts in God, Bedford	3 00
A Christian, Alameda	10 00
Christian family, Lagrange	2 00
Hard hearted Christian, Paterson	2 00
"Santry," Boston	10 00
The widow's mite, Lower Bedeque, P E I	1 00
With a prayer	1 00
All of us, Nazareth	1 00
God knows, Schenectady	1 00
Lover of the Master, Albion	5 00
Business, Los Angeles	5 00
Lord's Tenth, Little M'dow	5 00
Of His own have I given Him	1 00
Given in Jesus' name, De Graff, O	1 00
A willing giver, Lawrence	2 00
Unworthy follower of Ch'st Andover	1 00
A little girl, Bedford	1 00
Total	**$1187.33**

MISS JANE.

AS I write the name, she comes back to me, over the many years which lie between us, my dear, gentle, altogether charming friend, and the teacher of my early girlhood, Miss Jane. Here and there, the land over, and perhaps among my readers, there are women with gray hair, but young at heart still, who were once little girls, sitting with slates and books in the school, which was kept by three youthful sisters, Miss Anna, Miss Elizabeth, Miss Jane. We did not then know how young they were, for children have no standard by which to measure those older than themselves, and are very apt to fancy parents and teachers quite venerable, when the latter are simply in the youth of middle age.

That old-fashioned schoolhouse, white, with green blinds, stood on the bank of a river, with green fields all about, and a bridge in plain sight, over which foot passengers and wagons went intermittently through the day, while a belt of firs in the distance was like a darkly verdant wall. Our desks were ranged along the windows, and Miss Jane's was at one end of the room. She taught the smallest pupils, but gave lessons in penmanship and French to the older girls. I make my fs and my ps to-day, as she taught me to do, and I never pick up my French Bible, nor read a French periodical or book, without remembering my lessons beside her chair.

But I am not talking of Miss Jane, because I loved her, and still love her, and look forward to meeting her by-and-by in the heaven where she has dwelt these long years, rather because among my CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, there are some to whom my picture of her may be suggestive and useful. Some of you teach, and in your position hold a position of influence which angels might envy, so easily can you influence the minds of children, and so indelible are the impressions you make.

Once, confronted by a puzzling situation, and tempted to sin against my conscience, I wrote "Dear Miss Jane" a wee bit of a note, folding it in the shape of a cocked hat, and slipping it, as I entered school in the morning, into a small drawer in the side of her desk, a sacred repository to us girls, for was it not our post-office? At recess a small messenger brought me Miss Jane's answer a very brief reply, in her clear and beautifully legible hand, and this was the whole of it: "Dear M.—Don't you think this is safe, 'Whether ye eat or drink,or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God?'"

You see, how judicious and discreet was this leaving the decision to the higher test, the only test which, after all, it is worth our while to trust when we must settle upon one of two conflicting courses. Miss Jane always spoke of heaven as the highest court of appeals, from which no one could possibly differ, once having received the verdict.

As I recall her, she was dressed with the utmost daintiness, her dark hair parted and worn in smooth and shining bandeaux over her ears, for neither fluffy fringes, nor crimps, nor any of our latter day fussiness had obtained vogue in Miss Jane's girlhood. Her slender, white hands wore no rings, her collar was fastened by a gold brooch, and her white linen cuffs with gold buttons. Everything about her was spotless, pure, exquisite, and we all felt called upon to imitate her, and be neat and delicately clean, and perfectly tidy ourselves. One year, red calicoes and cambrics with white aprons, finished by frills, were the fashion, and we must have looked like a field of poppies and daisies and red clovers in the sunshine, with our light hearts and happy faces.

I knew a teacher once whose work lay in the slums, and whose class was composed of street boys of the kind found in the foreign tenement-house neighborhoods. This teacher, like my Miss Jane, was a woman of great charm and beauty, and one heightened her beauty by dressing with great care, not richly, but with the most minute attention to every small detail. One morning she came to the breakfast table looking radiant, her black gown brightened by an extremely elegant bow of ribbon at the neck, and a buckle of silver fastening her belt. She had a silver comb in her hair, and announced that on her way to school she intended to buy a Jacqueminot rose to stick into her bonnet.

"Why all these elaborate preparations," said somebody: "are you expecting a visit from some princess, or from your school committee; why are you gotten up with so much attention to effect, as if you were going to a party?"

"The fact is," said the lady, smiling, "my boys have been rather troublesome of late, and some of them have been playing truant. I must make them in love with my looks, and I have noticed that it pays to wear a pretty gown to school among these little fellows; they see so much that is not pretty and attractive in their homes."

Human nature is so much alike, no matter what the condition, that it is safe to apply Miss Jane's rule in every case, both to the higher and the lower classes. Use the adjectives for convenience merely. In our heavenly Father's sight, our poor distinctions of "higher" and "lower" do not stand for much. Under the velvet gown and under the homespun frock, hearts are much the same, and are reached by the same means.

Miss Jane exercised over her girls always a pronounced religious, perhaps I would better say, a pronounced unworldly influence. Not only unworldly, but unworldly she was in her ways and looks, and we felt that anything mean, small, petty, underhanded, was unworthy and that we could not claim her friendship unless we lived up to high standards. To be with her, was to breathe a pure mesphere. Her life was keyed to the heavenly harmonies.

After awhile we had a great trial. Miss Jane, our dear Miss Jane was married. We could not readily forgive the man who had dared to court her, and carry her off to another town and state. But, in time, we were reconciled, and as we grew up and married in our turns, we sympathized in her gladness, and knew that the best of life's joy, its crown and consummation, came to Miss Jane when she stood at the altar, and in the most sacred hour that ever dawns for woman, became a good man's bride.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"LET DOWN YOUR NETS!"

LAUNCH out into the deep,
The awful depths of a world's despair,
Hearts that are breaking and eyes that weep,
Sorrow and ruin and death are there.
And the sea is wide and the pitiless tide
Bears on its bosom—away,
Beauty and youth in relentless ruth
To its dark abyss for aye—for aye.
But the Master's voice comes over the sea,
"Let down your nets for a draught" to me.

He stands in our midst on our wreck strewn strand,
And sweet and royal is his command.
His pleading call
Is to each—to all;
And whenever the royal call is heard
There hang the nets of the royal word
Trust to the nets and not to your skill
Trust to the royal Master's will!
Let down your nets each day, each hour
For the word of a king is a word of power.
And the King's own voice comes over the sea
"Let down your nets for a draught" to me.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

REVOLUTION IN COREA.

THE little "Hermit Kingdom" which was the occasion of the war between China and Japan is in the throes of volution. Cable reports direct from Seoul, the capital, announce that on October 8, an attack was made on the Royal Palace, the Queen was murdered as were several of her attendants and the King was taken prisoner. The King's father, Tai Won Kun has been proclaimed dictator, and a new cabinet had been formed for the government of Corea. Only meagre details were received owing to the confusion prevailing in the Corean capital; but it would appear that the outbreak is due to an old family dispute and that Tai Won Kun was the leader of the conspiracy. The most serious element of the complication is that the Japanese in Corea are implicated in the disturbances, and are reported to have taken an active part in the attack on the palace and the murder of the Queen. It is known that the new government is pro-Japanese in its sympathies, but it is extremely improbable that Japan has fomented the revolution on that account. It is more likely that the ambitious usurper is won to his side by bribes, or promise of office, some of the needy Japanese, of whom there are many in Corea and that the and not the accredited representative of Japan in Corea, are the real foreign supporters of the new Government. More than two months ago the Japanese minister at Seoul appealed to his government to restrict the emigration of Japanese rowdies to Corea, and warned the Emperor that their conduct was disgracing the Japanese character and making Japan odious in the eyes of Coreans. The event in any case promises to be very embarrassing for Japan. Large numbers of its citizens are in business in Corea and Japan naturally hoped that having secured for Corea its independence of Chinese control, the country would recognize Japan as her best friend and turn to her for help and guidance in the development of the country. No, however, the King will remember, should he regain his throne, as he seems likely to do, that the outrage and murder were committed by Japanese and will be hostile to Japanese influence. It is possible too, that Russia, having reasons of her own for wishing Corea to remain a weak and undeveloped nation, may make the outrage a pretext for excluding Japan from the peninsula. Thus the criminal attempt to promote Japanese interests in Corea may prove the cause of ruin to them. It is not the first time that a good cause has been injured by its unprincipled friends. Even irreligious men have often had occasion to echo the condemnation pronounced by the apostle on those who say:

Let us do evil that good may come. (Rom. 3 : 8.)

THE LATE QUEEN OF COREA.

The Pavement Lifted.

Residents on Fifth avenue, New York, and persons walking or riding on the avenue about nine o'clock in the morning of Oct. 18, were startled by a loud explosion. Three of the huge flagstones, weighing several tons each, were hurled to the street into the air and shattered to pieces; the windows of several houses were broken and one or two had the doors burst in. Happily no one was walking over that part of the pavement at the time, but people were on the other side of the avenue and they were flung violently aside and several horses were frightened and ran away. In the house in front of which the explosion occurred a great deal of damage was done. Walls were rent, doors torn from their hinges, crockery and ornaments broken, furniture overturned. The people in the house thought that there must have been an explosion of dynamite, but an investigation showed that a much less dreaded agency had done the mischief. There had been a leak from the gas main under the pavement a few days before and the gas company had been notified of it, but had postponed making repairs. The leak went on day and night permeating the soil under the flagstones, until an electric spark from the light wire exploded it. The damage done to the houses and pavement is estimated at five thousand dollars. It would have been much more serious if it had occurred at a later hour of the day when the street is usually thronged, as some one would have surely been injured. We speak of such an event as an accident, but it does not deserve the name, as it was the natural result of negligence, which is the cause of so many untoward events. Sometimes they occur in life and character and then they are very disastrous. People are often surprised when some prominent and respected man commits some grievous crime, but they would not be so astonished if they knew for how long a time sin had been secretly permeating his nature, and bringing it into a condition in which a sudden temptation destroyed it in a moment.

He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy. Prov. 29 : 1.

GROUNDS AROUND THE ROYAL PALACE AT SEOUL, COREA.

A Ghastly Specimen.

An inquiry at the custom-house in New York recently about the dead body of an American gentleman who died in Capetown, in South Africa, elicited the fact that it had arrived by a certain steamer. It was found, however, that the steamer's papers contained no mention of the corpse. But they did contain an entry of a case purporting to be filled with "a first-class specimen of natural history." This case proved to be the one enclosing the casket in which the body of the deceased gentleman was sent to America. The clerks at the custom-house say that the bodies of many distinguished Americans have come home classified under that heading. In one instance the body of a bishop who died abroad was so identified on the ship's papers. "It would have been impossible a few years ago," the clerk said, "to get it here in any other way. The crews of vessels would not sail with it on board if they knew what it was. They were kept in ignorance of its being there by its being labeled as a specimen of natural history, though the captain and the purser generally knew or suspected what it contained. Of course, it might be called anything, but the officials liked to keep as near the truth as they could." That they were very near the truth in so describing it everyone must admit; yet people do not live as if they thought so. The great majority are always ready to sacrifice the interests of the soul, which is really the man, for the gratification of the body which at any time may become merely "a first-class specimen of natural history."

Therefore I say unto you, take no thought . . . for your body, etc. Matt. 6 : 25.

A Costly Breeze.

The records of one of the Detective Agencies in New York contain a remarkable entry in the "Lost and Found" department. It is the offer of a reward of five hundred dollars for the recovery of a man's hat. It appears that a man in a high social position living in a small town on the Hudson and doing business in New York city called at the Agency in a state of great excitement. He said that in stepping from one car to another on the train as he came to business that morning, a gust of wind had blown his silk hat from his head. He wanted that hat and wanted it at once. He would pay a reward of five hundred dollars for it. As the hat could not have cost more than eight or ten dollars some surprise was manifested at the amount of the reward, but the loser proved that he was sincere. A detective was despatched to make inquiries along the line and soon found the hat in the possession of a track-walker. He examined it closely and soon found why the loser had been so anxious to recover it. Between the lining and the outside of the hat a letter was concealed, which, if the contents had become known, would have caused a social scandal of great magnitude. So by the payment of the reward the sender and receiver of the letter escaped exposure for that time. It would be well if their narrow escape led them to amend their ways; but that is not the usual result. It more frequently leads to a continuance in evil courses, and an ignoring of the fact that ultimate exposure cannot be avoided and condign punishment is certain.

Because sentence on an evil work is not executed speedily the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil. Eccles. 8 : 11.

The Dreams of the Blind.

An interesting article on the dreams of the blind is published by a psychological journal. It is from the pen of the superintendent of a Home for the Blind in Pennsylvania. He says that he has made a practice of asking all blind persons with whom he has come in contact about their habits of thought, and especially about their dreams. He finds that no person who has been blind from birth ever dreams of seeing anything. "The impressions of their dreams are regulated by the impressions made and ideas obtained by the senses of touch, hearing, taste and smell." One of the most intelligent inmates of the Home under his charge, who was born blind, said that although he had listened to lectures describing mountain scenery, the aspects of the sea and wonderful spectacles, and although he enjoyed having books read to him in which there were descriptions of natural beauty, he has never dreamed of them, or of any object or person with whom he has not come into actual contact. He dreams of music, of the voices of persons he knows, but never of a landscape, a picture, or a tree. No idea of what they look like is formed in his mind or is imagined in his sleep. Even in the unrestrained fancy of the sleeper it seems there is no capacity for the use of the sense of which he has had no experience. It is so in the spiritual world. The natural man has no capacity for apprehending spiritual things. It is only when he is quickened by the Holy Spirit that he sees the things that were dark to him before.

THE CHINESE SAGE.

The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit . . . neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned 1 Cor. 2 : 14.

BRIEF NOTES.

All Letters to Dr. Talmage as Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should be addressed to him at the Bible House, New York, as heretofore.

The Deputation sent by the American Board to visit Japan, consisting of Sec. J. L. Barton, D.D., Drs. A. H. Bradford and J. G. Johnson, and the Hon. W. P. Ellison, arrived at Yokohama on Oct. 2d.

Mr. D. L. Moody's Meetings at Kinsman, O., are still bearing fruit. From a report sent to us by a correspondent it would appear that of the five or six thousand persons who were gathered on the fair grounds for the services many have carried to their homes impressions that will not be effaced while they live.

At the Convention of the Christian Endeavor Society of New York State, held in Brooklyn recently, the Secretary reported a membership of 174,840, a gain over last year of 13,900. There are now 2,914 Societies in the State, a gain of 285 during the year. Of these 779 are connected with Presbyterian Churches, 699 with Baptist Churches, and 251 with Congregational churches. There are 970 Junior Societies, with a membership of 29,130.

The South American Evangelical Mission decided at its recent meeting in Toronto to send Dr. Bremner to the South early in the new year to establish a training institution in Buenos Ayres or Montevideo to prepare workers for Paraguay, Uruguay, Argentine and Bolivia. Many suitable Christian young men have volunteered to become missionaries. The headquarters of the Mission are at 4 Simpson Ave., Toronto.

A Remarkable Service was Held in the Drill hall of the First Regiment Armory, Philadelphia, on Oct. 6. Bands of Workers had, during the week, distributed tickets of admission at stores and factories, and they were eagerly accepted. Upwards of three thousand persons were present. Dr. L. W. Munhall was the preacher. He was heard with intense attention, and at the close more than a hundred persons rose to ask for prayers.

Mr. E. P. Telford's Friends in this Country will be glad to learn that he is meeting with great success in England. He has just concluded a united mission in the Public Hall, Wisbech. Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, as well as the Society of Friends, helped in the mission. The hall was filled night after night, and large numbers found in the inquiry rooms. Every church in town was represented amongst those who received blessing. Mr. Telford is now holding a mission in Bristol.

The Ninth Annual Convention of the Christian Workers' Association will be held at New Haven, Conn., Nov. 7-14. Efforts have been made to arrange for this being the most exhaustive convention yet held and the programme shows that they are likely to be successful. No less than sixty subjects are set down for consideration, each introduced by a speaker practically conversant with the kind of work he will undertake to describe. All inquiries should be sent to Rev. John C. Collins, New Haven, Conn.

The Thirteenth International Biennial Conference of the Women's and Young Women's Christian Associations, will open in Memorial Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Thursday, November 7 and continue until Thursday, November 14, the sessions being held morning and afternoon. The object of the conference is to secure unity and give definiteness to the purpose and work of the association locally and as a general body. It is expected that fully one hundred delegates and many visitors will attend from all parts of the United States, and also from Canada.

Commenting on the Inquiry as to the Responsibility for the massacres at Kucheng, "The Missionary Herald" says: "Let it not be supposed that hostility to the Christian religion lies at the basis of the disturbances. Sometimes, doubtless, the religion of the foreigner is denounced, but it is not from antipathy to his religion more than it is to his clothes. A missionary of the Church in Scotland says of the Chinese: 'No people are so latitudinarian. You may have any religion or no religion, and you will offend none of their prejudices.' English merchants at Kucheng trading in [illegible] would have met with same fate as English missionaries."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

[illegible] N. Y. [illegible] Mass.

CARD FROM DR. TALMAGE.

Because the editor of this paper moves to the National Capital, let no one think that he moves an inch away from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I shall be in this office every few days in person, and every day by immediate communication. The only difference will be that I will be nearer the headquarters of everything. Doors of important information will be easier opened to me than ever before. I hope to take wider views of things. Washington is the heart of the nation. All denominations of Christians are building, or propose to build, at the Capital institutions of learning and religion. What a man cannot know at Washington is not worth knowing at all.

We ask for the prayers of all our readers at the important step we are taking. From Brooklyn, our past residence, to Washington, our future residence, I hope, means reinforcement for larger and better work with pen and voice.

T. De Witt Talmage

THE ARMENIAN OUTRAGES.

TWO items of pleasing intelligence have reached us during the week. Mr. Howard, our Commissioner, has cabled us from Kertch on the Black Sea, whence he goes to Trebizond and thence on to Erzeroum. His journey has thus far been safely accomplished on schedule time. We may expect next to hear from him in Van, busily engaged in the relief work, in conjunction with the Missionary Committee. The other piece of news is that, according to late dispatches from Constantinople, Turkey has at last yielded to the demands of Great Britain, France and Russia for important administrative reforms in Armenia. Should the Porte adhere to this decision, happy and prosperous days may yet be in store for the unfortunate Armenians; but so deceitful and treacherous has been the Moslem policy toward the Christians, that it is exceedingly doubtful whether the proposed reforms will ever materialize into anything more substantial than diplomatic promises. Turkey's long record of hideous crimes against Christians—the innumerable instances of massacre, outrage, rapine, and persecution—all prove beyond question that the Ottoman power is untrustworthy and will only keep faith with Christian nations under the strongest compulsion.

There has come into the possession of the CHRISTIAN HERALD a number of official documents which, if published, would shed such a lurid and ghastly light on recent events in Armenia as would startle all Christendom. Long lists of the martyrs and of their murderers; of women outraged and compelled to accept Islam and enter Mohammedan harems, and lists of the brutal Moslems who upheld their faith by such foul deeds; lists of the Christian sanctuaries violated (some turned into mosques and others converted into stables), and the names of their desecrators. Lists by districts and by villages of the multitudinous extortions and the wholesale robberies by which the Turkish officials and their petty subordinates have ruined many a prosperous Armenian community, and after stripping it bare of everything, and slaying its defenders, driven the trembling survivors to the hills. These documents form such an indictment against the Turk as has never yet been framed in the Saxon tongue. But the present duty of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is not to redress the wrongs of the Armenian people, but to relieve their sufferings. It may never be necessary to drag this shameful exhibit to the light, nor will it ever be done, save as a last resort, in the interest of justice and mercy.

WANDERING THOUGHTS.

NOTHING bothers the Christian more than the imperfection of his prayers. His getting down on his knees seems to be the signal for his thoughts to fly every whither. While praying about one thing he is thinking about another. Could you keep your mind ten minutes on one supplication? I never could. While you are praying, your store comes in, your kitchen comes, your losses and gains come in. The minister spreads his hands for prayer, and you put your head on the back of the pew in front, and travel round the world in five minutes. A brother rises in prayer-meeting to lead in supplication. After he has begun, the door slams, and you peep through your fingers to see who is coming in. You say to yourself, "What a finely expressed prayer," or "What a blundering specimen! But how long he keeps on! Wish he would stop! He prays for the world's conversion. I wonder how much he gives for it? There! I don't think I turned the gas down in the parlor. Wonder if Bridget has gone home yet? Wonder if they have thought to take the cake out of the oven?" or, "What a fool I was to put my name on the back of that note! Ought to have sold those goods for cash, and not on credit!" And so you go on, thinking over one thing after another until the gentleman says "Amen!" and you lift up your head saying, "There! I haven't prayed a bit. I am not a Christian." Yes you are, if you have resisted the tendency. Christ knows how much you have resisted, and how thoroughly we are diseased of sin, and he will pick out the one earnest petition from the rubbish and answer it. To the very depth of his nature, he sympathizes with the infirmities of our prayers.

CHILDREN IN A PICTURE.

IT is a stubborn sea of trouble that will not divide when four baby feet go paddling in it. We are glad that Raphael did not choose for his picture cherubs with wings fastened at the backbone, ready any moment to fly away with them, but children that look as if they had come to stay. Rather thinly dressed, indeed, for cool weather. Raphael's picture-children did not cost him much for clothes. You know it was a warm climate. Though a bachelor, Raphael knew the worth of children in a picture. With their little hands they open the inside door of the heart, and let us pass in, when otherwise we might have been kept standing on the cold steps, looking at the corbeils and caryatides of the outside architecture. It was a little maid that directed Naaman to the Jordan for healing, and it is a child in the picture that shows the leper of harsh criticism where to wash his scales off. It is by the introduction of children into their paintings that Canaletto gives warmth to the ice-[illegible] of Venice, and Gainsborough simplicity to the hollowness of a watering-place, and Turner pathos to the "Decline of Carthage," and Ruysdale life to a dead landscape; and Giotto and Tacconi and Orcagn and Joshua Reynolds follow in the track of a boy's foot. "And a little child shall lead them."

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Beginning next week, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be printed in colors. This new departure will be a very pleasing one to our readers. Episodes of Christian work and progress in our own day, thus pictured, will acquire a new and rare charm and a far greater value. There is no reason why secular papers should monopolize one of the most attractive phases of modern journalism. We believe that if there is any power for good in color printing, the Lord's cause should have the benefit of it.

Old Subscriber, Vermont. Can the Bible Premium be obtained by old subscribers when renewing their subscriptions, or by new subscribers only?

It can be obtained by both old and new subscribers.

Subscriber, Alburgh. As regards your premium offered ten books, does each one of these volumes consist of three hundred pages separately or the whole ten combined?

Each one separately contains three hundred pages or over, the whole ten containing an aggregate of three thousand pages.

Geo. H. Fountain, Plainfield, N. J. Who is the author of the poem beginning, "There is no death?"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The verse to which you refer is a part of the poem entitled, "Resignation," and reads:

There is no death, what seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath,
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call death.

J. P., Central Falls, R. I. Please state in THE MAIL-BAG if I can have your premium of Library and Book Case as advertised in your paper, by renewal of my subscription any time, although it does not expire until 10th of April, 1897?

Yes; you can secure the Library Premium by renewing your subscription now; your subscription will then be marked up for one year from April 16, 1896.

Subscriber. Who was the author of the Apostles' Creed?

It was held by early writers that it was composed by the Apostles themselves, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, during their stay at Jerusalem, after our Lord's ascension. Rufinus, who wrote about A.D. 400, says they composed it "as a short rule of their preaching, each one contributing his sentence, and left it as a rule to be given to all believers."

R. McN., New Haven, Conn. Have the Calvinists and Arminians settled their differences? If not, why has the dispute which was vigorous some thirty or forty years ago, fallen quiet?

The differences were never settled. They are not disputed to so great an extent now as formerly, chiefly because the advocates on both sides have discovered that there was little hope of coming to an agreement. Also because more practical questions of a more radical character are now absorbing attention. The duty of preaching the Gospel to every creature, and of offering to every one free salvation through Christ, is recognized, and this is seen to be a more profitable occupation than that of discussing whether a man's eternal destiny was immutably fixed ages before he was born.

Lover of Jesus. Did all the Israelites march around Jericho or was it just the armed men and the priests with the ark of the covenant? The superintendent of our Sunday School says they all marched in the procession.

Josephus in book 5, chap. 1 of his "Antiquities of the Jews," distinctly states that on the first day the priests with a guard of armed men and with the senate following them, carried the ark around the city. They did this for six days, and on the seventh "the army" was called together and set in order against the city to be ready for action, the people being also summoned. It is nowhere stated that all the army and the people marched around the city and the inference is that they did not, but that they all joined in the shouting and that the army entered the fallen city at the opportune moment and put its inhabitants to the sword.

"Student," Philadelphia, Pa. What is the age of the oldest Bible in existence? Is it the same as the one we now use?

The oldest Bibles we have found are those known as the Sinaitic, Vatican and the Alexandrian Bibles. They are believed to have been written in the fourth or fifth century after Christ. They differ from ours in containing some books that are now omitted, such as the "Epistle of Barnabas," "The Shepherd of Hermes," "The Epistle of Clement," and the "Epistle of Athanasius." These books have long been rejected from the canon as of doubtful authenticity or authority. We know from the writings of the Fathers that they possessed a similar Bible. Clement, who lived about the year 180 A. D., gives a list of the books in the Bible he used, and it is practically the same as ours with three additions. The Shepherd of Hermes, the Epistle of Barnabas and the Apocalypse of Peter. He expresses the opinion that these are of inferior value, and also speaks doubtfully of the second Epistle of John and the Epistle of Jude. The minute care which the Jews took to have every copy of t law and the prophets absolutely accurate is guarantee that the books of the Old Testame as we have them have not been tamper with. You will find a great deal of valual information on this subject in "Our sixty-s Sacred Books," by Dr. Edwin W. Rice, Publis ed by the American Sunday School Uni Philadelphia.

B. B. Should Christians kneel when they pray

The posture is nothing, the condition of heart everything. People have prayed in blinding storm, on the battle-field, on hor back, and in every imaginable attitude a condition, and their prayers, being from heart, have reached the ear of the Almigh Kneeling, however, is an attitude of reveren and adoration, and is therefore an eminen proper one for the Christian to assume wl addressing the throne of grace.

Mrs. A. Purdy, Irwin, Mo., writes:

I saw in your issue of July 21st, you wi Philip Phillips a noted "Greeting and Farew I am his cousin we used to be neighbors and to school together. He was four years older myself. He, still so young, used to lead the sin at school. He was a good boy and we all loved I I was fifteen years old when my father moved t Chautauqua, N. Y. to Wisconsin. I did not Philip afterward. When he put out CHRISTIAN HERALD I recognized it.

Now I am an old woman trying to live nea Christ, so as to meet those that have gone before It may be I will meet the little Pilgrim there. In many prayers remember me.

Miss. S. A. Vinton, Princeton, N. J. I am greatl interested in your attempt to help the sad people in Armenia. I have several friends are missionaries there — Mrs. Knapp, Kimball of Van, Miss Charlotte and Miss Ely of Bitlis. I wish to send them some m for their work. It went through the Chr Herald will any of these persons have the money to distribute?

In all probability, at least two of the la named will be on the Committee to distri the relief sent by our subscribers. Bitlis certainly be included in the territory, bu will be left to the discretion of the Comm to decide as to the amount of relief to be ap tioned to each district.

J. H. S., Garden Plain, Ill. 1. Would you deem visable for a Christian young man to ma lady who cares nothing for Christianity, who indulges in dancing and card-playing Would it be advisable for a Christian you to marry a profane and non-Christian ma Will it be best for a Christian young m marry a Christian lady?

1. and 2. Marriages contracted under circumstances are unlikely to turn out ha The whole life of the Christian member suming that one is a Christian), would b expressibly sad, unless he or she were bled to be the means of bringing the oth Christ. On the other hand the worldly ner of this ill-assorted union, having no itual life, would have little in common the Christian partner. 3. Decidedly, yes

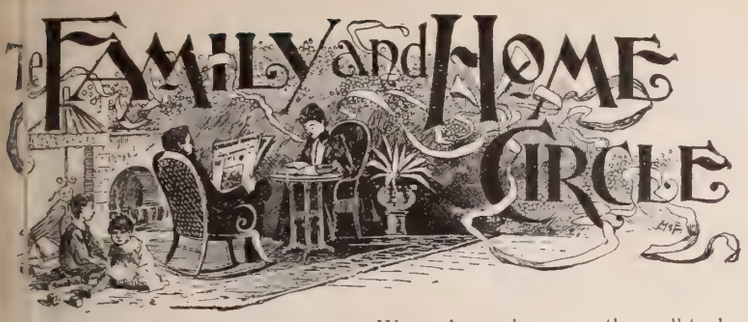
J. Lyght, Philadelphia. Can we prove the in tion and authenticity of the Bible by evidence without referring to any passage

The two questions are distinct. The au ticity of the Bible is being proved by th records on monuments, by the tablets rec deciphered, and by discoveries in Bible l That is if by authenticity you mean its hi cal truth. As to inspiration, the best evi is its effects. The man who loves the and tries to conduct his life according precepts, is a better man for the effort. Bible-reading nation advances in the bes of civilization caring for its poor and aff and becoming in all ways better. Anothe dence of its being inspired is the revelat gives a man of himself, holding a mirror gaze by which he recognizes himself. An evidence is its survival. No book was more violently attacked; no book was more misused, yet it has outlived the at of foes and the faults of friends and is re today more widely than ever. These are of the reasons for believing it came from Beside this there is the reason Mr. A gave very tersely, "I know that it is in because it inspires me." That is the evi from experience which is the best of all.

Reader, Hamilton, Ont. Are the talents referred to in the parable Matt. — talents for work only for spiritual work.

The parable was given to explain the principles of the last judgment. From one who had been well endowed much would be expected, and a smaller result would be looked for from one who had received less. Only he would be punished who had made no effort to use his talents to account. Christ probably intended it to apply to every kind of gift. Men of wealth, of education, of spiritual privilege, with any kind of opportunity for doing good were affected by it. A man must do the best he could in his circumstances, and if he could not do as well, or as much as, another who was better equipped, he would not be blamed. The distinction between worldly and spiritual is somewhat vague in this instance. The man who gives to a starving family is not exactly doing spiritual work, but it is this kind of work that this parable would apply to.

D. W. H. Minnick, Dallastown, Pa. We have heard of [illegible]. S. E. McCraw, Leesburg, Tex. are worshipping elsewhere. 2. They are still er.—R. W. Kelly, Atchison, Kan. Your [illegible] to be in line with our uniform practice in matter.—L., Norwalk, Conn. Yes.—A. C. Newark, N. J. We have no information regar[illegible]



IF WE KNEW.

All if humanity but knew
What mighty things a prayer might do
To still the tempest in the breast,
And bring the troubled spirit rest,
The lips would not be half so slow
To frame the messages which go
Straight into that Almighty ear
Which bends so low these cries to hear.

If man thought were not so blind
To what the Father has designed,
It could not misinterpret so
The countless things we partly know,
And sometimes misapply the thought
Of plainest lessons which are taught,
Churn to bitterness of gall
The grandest purposes of all.

If man hands could lift the veil,
And see how fervent prayers prevail
With him whose promises they plead,
To each humanity its need,
What inspiration would be lent
To plead for the impenitent,
And with what courage souls would dare
Besiege the throne of grace in prayer.

ALMON T. ALLIS.

***

Spanish-American Home-Life.

The People of Nicaragua and their Simple, Primitive Ways—Mule Traveling—In Banana-Land—Chocolate and Coffee Growing.

ALTHOUGH they are almost our next-door neighbors, the Nicaraguans are but little known to the people of the United States. Should the great canal project ever be carried out successfully, however, we are very likely to know each other better. Archibald Ross Colquhoun, who recently visited Nicaragua for the special purpose of visiting the canal question, very interestingly describes some phases of life in that country. Everything is exceedingly primitive. There are few railways and all travel is by mule and carreta—a sort of rustic wagon, which goes about a mile an hour over roads that are full of quagmires broken up by overflowing streams. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, when a Nicaraguan sets out on a journey, he usually carries with him a load of traps and baggage, such as birds in cages, and bedding, etc. Life is an easy-going simple problem to these Central Americans, who, having no such civilization as ours, have not yet learned to hurry, but take events philosophically under all circumstances. They have all the traditional indolence of the Spanish character, and even in their capital city, bustle and activity are unknown. Business is always postponed as much as possible and the phrase "manana! manana!" ("to-morrow! to-morrow!") is heard on every side. There are some fine cities, the four most notable being Don, Rivas, Granada and Managua, the latter and newest being the siest. Hotels are scarce, very poor, very dirty and dear; baths are almost an unknown luxury and the native cooking something at which even the most rural American would shudder, so largely do oil and garlic predominate. Chocolate and coffee, home-grown, are the principal table beverages, and a favorite dish is "iste," which is composed of parched corn mixed with chocolate, sugar, and water. Everything connected with public and domestic life is essentially Spanish—as much so as if nothing had been changed since the conquest. Windows are paneless and iron-barred, with stout wooden shutters inside, and are closed from morning till afternoon to exclude heat and dust. Rooms interiors are bare and uncomfortable. At social gatherings, especially in the country, the sexes are strictly divided. Woman's work among the well-to-do, is trivial and seems devised to kill time alone. There are few amusements, one of the principal being a weekly *paseo* or parade on the plaza; but there is a great deal of church-going, and the priests have a potent influence. Yet, with all the prevailing strictness, the standard of morality is by no means a high one.

The two illustrations present scenes familiar to all who have been in Nicaragua.

On the streets, in every city, the water-vender is met at frequent intervals, supplying customers from his precious burden, and the loading up of the green bananas on the wharves is a matter of almost hourly occurence in the season. Many varieties of fruit grow to perfection in the soft Nicaraguan climate and there are delicacies from orchard and garden on the table all the year round.

LIFE IN NICARAGUA—A STREET WATER-SELLER.

LOADING BANANAS AT MANAGUA.

***

Empty Cradles.

In whatever way cradles have been made empty, may they not be filled with some living, blessed ministry of love? Need they stand forever empty, because the treasures they meant to hold no longer fill them? My old cradle in the garden (writes Mrs. Mary H. Perkins) says: "No. Put the seed of some loving act or word gained from the memory of what has been, or the thought of what might have been, into that vacant place, and blossoms of blessing and joy to others will reward the sowing." Try it, you who look sadly at that which is gone or altogether missed out of your life. Fill the empty space with ministries which will gladden and benefit some fellow-beings in this world of need, and your sometime emptiness may be full to overflowing with the sweetness and beauty of service for the Master, and bright with the joy of his smile.

***

Fretting a Sin.

There is one sin, writes Helen Hunt, which it seems to me is everywhere and by everybody is underestimated and quite too much overlooked in valuations of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech; so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone, we do not even observe it. Watch an ordinary coming together of people and we see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes more or less complaining statement of something or other, which most probably every one in the room, or the car, or on the street corner, knew before, and which most probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill-cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance and discomfort may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye put on that side of things.

***

Patient Burden-Bearers.

Here is a little incident, related by Amelia Barr, which points a profitable lesson to young girls: Not long ago I met a young lady in poverty whom I had previously known in wealth, and this was, in substance the story she told me: "Father died suddenly in Washington, and the professional skill through which he had coined money for us died with him. I am not weeping because we are poor. I am broken-hearted because none of us saw that he was dying. Was it not pitiful that he should think it best not to tell any of us that he was sick? And I, his petted daughter, though I knew he was taking opium to soothe his great pain, was so absorbed by my lovers, my games and my dresses, that I just hoped it would all come right. If I could only remember that even once I had pitied his sufferings or felt anxious about his life, I might bear his loss better!"

The story is common enough. Many a father, year after year, goes in and out of his home carrying the burden and doing the labor of life, while those whom he tenderly loves hold with but careless hands all of honor and gold he wins by toil and pain. Then some day his head and hands can work no more! And the hearts that have not learned the great lesson of unselfish love while love was their teacher, must now begin their sad duty when love has left them alone forever.

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THE ELDEST SISTER.

I NEVER saw a man who wasn't proud of his eldest daughter, writes Ruth Ashmore. He may love his boys, but this oldest girl gets very close to his heart, and she can do much to make life pleasanter to him. To my sorrow I have seen her sit and sulk when he was present, I have seen her complaining because she didn't have what all the other girls had, and I have known her to think that her father represented a money-making machine, bound to take care of her and give her a good time. And she might be more. When father comes home in the evening, it ought to be her place to greet him with a smile and as much merriment as she can. It is her honor to be his daughter, and that means to give him all the pleasure possible and to keep from him the little frets and worries. Sometimes if a question of great importance comes to her, she goes to him to ask how it shall be solved, and if she has been a good daughter she will certainly get from him considerate advice.

I know a man who says that his oldest daughter would make pleasant the poorest home that can be imagined. He says no matter how much everybody else is down in the depths, she always has a merry greeting, an interesting topic, or a pleasant question for discussion that interests everybody else and puts down the inclinations of the other members of the family to tell of the woes and worries, as a sauce for dinners, rather than of their pleasures. I call that being a great deal to one's father.

***

Susannah Wesley and her Sons.

It is related of Susannah Wesley, that she held so completely the love of her well-trained family, that after her sons had risen to places of responsibility, one of them wrote another: "Let us pray God that she may not die; for if she were to die, I could not live." At the hour of her departure, she said to her children: "When I am gone, stand around my bed and sing a hymn of praise." They did as requested. If they who go from us know what we are doing—and who dares to say they do not—it must please them far more to have us take up our part with courage and zeal, than to see us spend the hours in heart-break and gloom. The right thing is for us to give our sorrows to the Lord, learning from them a deeper self-effacement, while he fills us with joy and peace in believing, and enables us to abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost. Then we will not care to indulge inordinately in expressions of grief either in manner or dress.

***

Good and Bad Tempers.

Evenness of temper is a sign of mental and physical health. A serene mind and an even temper enable us to bear with a degree of equanimity the petty trials and jars of life, especially those arising from contact with scolding, irascible, irritating persons. Serenity comes easy to some and hard to others. It can be taught and learned. To the Christian, there may and doubtless will come times of unusual perturbation. At such times, when the temper is sorely tried, the best refuge is found in prayer and the surest medicine in God's holy Word.

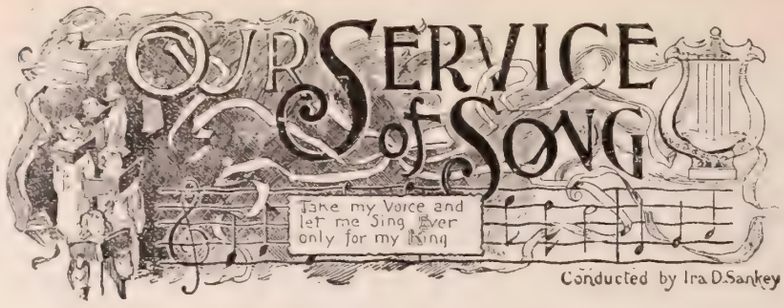
Young Mothers

should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for 30 years, and its value is recognized

FAVORITE PROMISES.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for Week Beginning Nov. 10th. II. Peter 3: 8-14.

ONE of the most striking proofs of the divine origin of the Bible is its adaptation to the needs of so many varieties of men and circumstances and periods. Men of every race, and station, of all times, at all periods of their lives, in every conceivable situation, have gone to it and have found inspiration, strength, or comfort suitable to their need. Soldiers like Gordon and Havelock, statesmen like Gladstone and Sumner, merchants like Budgett and Lawrence, poets like Whittier and Tennyson—men of every type, cultured and ignorant, rich and poor, have loved the old Book and have gained from it guidance and help. It has words for times of joy and times of sorrow; for the bride and the bereaved mother; for the king on his throne and for the slave in his hut; for the shepherd at the sheepfold and the sailor in the storm; for the student in his library and the hurrying trader in the market; for the bounding, enthusiastic youth and the bed-ridden octogenarian, waiting the coming of the last enemy; for the wealthy citizen and for the penniless exile—it is a universal treasury from which every needy soul may draw for his particular and special need. Among its many promises every Christian has some that are special favorites. In some instances they have been appropriated, tested and proved and in others they are precious because their fulfilment though necessarily future is of a blessing which that particular soul specially needs. Thus the promises divide themselves into two groups—those for present use and those which reach fruition after death. Among the former, there are the promises of answers to prayer, of guidance in perplexing circumstances; of succor in adversity; of support in sorrow and bereavement; of sympathy in persecution; of strength to resist temptation; and of the Holy Spirit's help in spiritual growth. Such promises as these the Christian may take to God in prayer and present them to him for fulfilment, as he would take a check to the bank and present it for payment. God honors them, as all those testify who have pleaded them at his throne, and they, most confidently, who have pleaded them most frequently. Every such promise fulfilled becomes a treasured possession. One business man in New York used to say that the third chapter of Proverbs had been his main capital when he started in business and was the most precious of all chapters to him all through his business life. Again and again in financial crisis he had taken it to God, and had found him ready to do all, and more than all, that he had promised. To many a tried and harassed man there is no promise so precious as the one that God will keep in perfect peace him whose mind is stayed on him. (Isa. 26: 3.) In the varied experiences of life the value of various promises is realized, and as they are proved to be no mere forms, but actual pledges, they became supremely precious. Of the other group we may also make present use for consolation and hope. The mourner can never forget that the day is coming when God will wipe away every tear; the weak and trembling Christian that he will yet be like Christ, "for he will see him as he is;" All these and many more promises have given peace and happiness to hearts aching with the woes of this life. They are more precious than gold. It will be a delightful hour in many societies when one after another rises to tell how some promise has been there and support to him when all else failed.



CHILDREN MAY BE HERALDS.

JULIA STERLING. CHAS H GABRIEL.

1. Lit-tle chil-dren may be her-alds of the great sal-va-tion, They may tell of our Re-
2. Lit-tle chil-dren have their mission in the Mas-ter's ser-vice, They can smile a-way the
3. Lit-tle chil-dren are re-mem-bered in the Sav-iour's promise, They may car-ly share the

deem-er and the cross He bore; By their grate-ful Sab-bath offerings they can send the Bi-ble
sor-rows and the clouds of care; O'er the worn and wea-ry spir-it, that with grief is pin-ing,
bless-ings of re-deem-ing grace; He is watch-ing kind-ly o'er them, and His word as-sures us

Chorus.

That will cheer the hearts of ma-ny on a far-off shore. } Lit-tle chil-dren
They can drop a word of kind-ness like a sun-beam fair. }
That in heav'n their an-gels ev-er see the Fa-ther's face. } Lit-tle chil-dren may be her-alds,

may be her-alds, joy-ful her-alds of the bless-ed Sav-iour's love, Lit-tle
bless-ed her-alds of sal-va-tion, Lit-tle children

chil-dren may be her-alds, glad-ly point-ing ma-ny to the home a-bove.
may be her-alds, bless-ed her-alds of sal-va-tion,

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THE LAST TIMES.

The Programme Outlined in Prophecy Events at the Close of this Dispensatio

TRANSLATED FROM DR. GESS, OF BEUTLINGEN.

WE set together the pict of the last times in following points:

1. Foretokens of last time. (Matt. 24: 7 13: 29-30; I. Tim. 4 II. Tim. 3: 1-5; Mark 1 Luke 17: 26-28; 21: II. Peter 3: 3-4.) In the course of turies good and evil grow side by side each other, until both reach the hig pitch, and concentrate th selves, whereby a destined aration will be facilitated. great confusion, proceeg from the progress of injus will prevail both in Ch and State, and likewise in e appearances of outward na itself. The bonds of peac the Church become loose: love of many has waxed c false prophets, in part suc are self-deceived, and p open deceivers, appear and ceive many, and believers not only be hated, but p cuted.

On all sides, wars and mors of wars and insurrec will be heard of; people stand against people in wa attitude, and, as if calle execute divine judgments, will fall upon each other murderous weapons. To to the measure of misery, will be pestilences, fam and earthquakes; the se the billows thereof roar powers of the heavens sh men quaking for fear, and the reports of things whic coming on the earth.

2. Conversion of many and Gentiles. (Zech. 12 Matt. 8: 11; 24: 14; Rev. 7: Then, as evil increases embroils the whole con of the world, so good will new power. The miser this period and the pe cutions will cause, indeed, nominal Christians to away; but this will tend purification of true beli Whilst many false prof of Christianity, because outward assaults, will be m renounce it, neverthele overwhelming power o Gospel, which will hav propagated by the united of Christians in distant will show itself at this t the most glorious m Whilst the weapons enemy rage fiercely, same time the sword o Spirit, which is the W God, will be victorious Bu it is not to be expected time all individuals w drawn to Christianity; suf fices that the Gospel s preached unto all for a w (Matt. 24: 14.) In the reception, or perverse rejection there each individual will express his own cision and read his own sentence.

3. Appearing of Antichrist. (Mar 3: 6; 21: 22; Matt. 24: 25; John 5: 43.) false prophets will have arisen, t the Antichrist will be far more atrocio and dangerous. False prophets will on far as deceitfully giving themselves ut as Christ's servants, and circulatin false doctrines in his name. But the Ant rist, apostatizing entirely from the profe Christianity, will fight against the whole Christian Church, and against Chr The many deceivers who have arisen mong the Jews since the time of Chri given themselves out to be the tr Messiah, of whom more than fifty h already appeared, are only faint pre the Antichrist of the last time. A earlier appearance was not possible, as ev could not sooner have reached its ghest measure. When he appears, he ill be the culmination and incarnation of il. No false teacher will he be, but one wh openly demands worship as a divine beg and will not tolerate the worship of an ther.

(To be Continued.)

AN AFRICAN SCHOOL REVIVAL.

Mr. C. L. Goodenough, a missionary of the American Board at Umzumbe, Natal, writes of a wonderful revival in a girls' school there.

"It began in much prayer, as such awakenings generally do—prayer that the pupils might be truly awakened to a sense of sin. Then it became apparent that God was dealing individually with these souls. Often one or two would seek their teachers privately for prayer and counsel. Any calling out of inquirers en masse was avoided, so that the prevailing seriousness had expression only as the Spirit brought it from the heart to the lip. The girls sought quiet corners on the school grounds where they might pray alone, or little groups gathered to study the Bible of their own accord. Several passed through a time of distress on account of sin and at length found peace at the Cross. There were some very bright conversions, and the tender feeling in the school deepened until the one engrossing subject so filled all hearts that it seemed best to waive the usual routine of study and turn the evening lesson hour into a prayer-meeting. Several broke down utterly and cried for mercy. The next morning it was impossible to proceed with the ordinary lessons, so the teachers wisely changed the order of the morning into a season of personal work for those in agony of soul. It was a blessed morning's work. Their teacher writes:

"'The Divine Spirit was certainly there and displayed his power to heal sin-sick souls. Gradually the weeping and sorrow gave place to peace and joy as one after another entered into life in Christ. . . . We felt it was truly the Lord's own work and he was conducting it himself.'"

THE CHILDRENS' HOME.

The following sums have been received in aid of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home:

Previously Acknowledged	**$5835.77**
S B Smith	50
Mrs Dr Hall	1 00
Mlle Le Coultre	3 00
Eugene Rawlet	25
Miss Mary Jacobson	70
Miss Marie Herry	5
Miss Margaret Roche	10
Miss B Kennedy	25
O Bonnell	50
E W Smith	1 00
Dennis Quinn	15
Total	**$5843.27**

THE SOUTH'S GREAT EXPOSITION.

Thousands of Visitors from Near and Far Crowding Atlanta—A Brilliant Success—The Buildings and Grounds Described—The Exhibits.

LAST month will be long remembered in the South as the occasion of the brilliant opening of the Cotton States and International Exposition in the city of Atlanta, Ga. It was singularly fitting that this magnificent illustration of the nation's unity and goodwill should be held on a site which thirty years ago witnessed some of the greatest military operations of the Civil War. From the day of its opening up the present time, the Exposition has been a steadily increasing success. Our own States and a number of foreign governments are liberally and appropriately represented, and nothing has been spared, in point of energy, enterprise, and outlay to make the Exposition worthy of the New South, whose industrial and commercial progress it suitably illustrates.

CHARLES A. COLLIER,
President and Director General.

At the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, the representation of the Southern States was regarded as inadequate and hardly proportionate to its extensive interests. The present Exposition was designed to do the South justice in this regard and also to foster the trade relations existing between the Southern States and the republics of Mexico and South America, as well as Europe. Piedmont Park, two miles from Atlanta, was chosen as the site, and the general government appropriated $200,000 for a government building and exhibit. About $2,000,000 in all, will be expended in connection with the Fair.

All visitors agree that the transformation of Atlanta from its usual aspect to the dignity and beauty of an Exposition City, is wonderful and complete. All the resources of architectural skill, of arboriculture and landscape-gardening have been employed in devising scenes and effects that combine both beauty and utility. Although at some points the visitor is reminded of the Chicago Fair, the Atlanta Exposition has a character wholly unique, and in no single instance can it be said to be patterned after the model of the last World's Fair. As viewed from any surrounding eminence, or from the roof of any of the Exposition buildings, the spectacle presented is a most brilliant one. Noble structures of varied architectural design, from the classic to the modern, front on wide avenues or splendid plazas. Inland lake, dotted with small craft, have been added to the attractions of the place, and nearly all the great buildings have water frontage. Launches and gondolas ply on the lakes, taking visitors from one part of the grounds to another.

Parks of ornamental trees, with clumps of artistic shrubbery make a cool and attractive picture. Fountains toss their feathery spray high in air. And through it all an ever-moving, ever-changing human panorama lends life, and motion, and interest to the whole. At night, when the entire grounds are ablaze with electric lights, the effect is that of a scene from fairy-land.

The important structures may be mentioned briefly. The United States government has erected a Romanesque building with a floor area of 65,000 square feet for its exhibits, which include historical documents, relics, books, early treaties, portraits and maps. The Interior Department, United States Fish Commission, Forestry and Mining Divisions, Navy and War Departments also have large and valuable exhibits, the naval models being especially fine. In State exhibits, Georgia early takes a leading place. Florida, South Carolina, Alabama and the South generally making a really magnificent showing of their various industries. Most of the other States are well represented. New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Alabama, California and Georgia have special buildings on the grounds. California's exhibit is a notable one. The U. S. Government's exhibit in connection with the cotton plant is a feature of universal interest, showing as it does all the operations necessary in handling cotton, from the planting of the seed until the crop is marketed. In the Machinery Building are shown all the various kinds of mechanical appliances now used in the development of the agricultural and other resources of the South and especially in her manufactures.

The Fine Arts Building contains the most notable collection of pictures ever seen in the South. In the Woman's Building, which is under the management of Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Gordon, there are so many artistic attractions that it would be difficult to enumerate them. One of the most notable is the Calendar of Southern women, in which each month is represented by a typical Southern woman, the leading one being Miss Winnie Davis, of Mississippi. The building itself, designed by women, is a triumph of art. It contains some remarkable educational exhibits, including technical instructions as connected with the industrial arts, besides ceramics, painting, cooking school, and kindergarten exhibits. Mrs. Joseph Thompson, of Atlanta, is President of the Woman's Board.

One of the finest buildings on the ground is the Auditorium, with a seating capacity of 3000. The Art Palace is located upon the summit of an elevation between the Manufactures Building and the United States Government Building. It has a frontage of 245 feet and is 100 feet deep,

U. S. GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

THE FINE ARTS BUILDING.

THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

the central facade being fifty feet in height. This beautiful building is designed after the Italian Renaissance. The Electricity and Transportation Buildings are both extensive and imposing structures, and that devoted to Mines and Forestry holds the most complete and comprehensive exhibition of the flora of the South ever gathered together. This exhibit is under the charge of the Chief of the National Bureau of Forestry, and is one of the most instructive lessons of the Exposition. The different results obtained by good and bad forestry are shown by models, and the best of these are three models of a 160-acre farm in the hill-lands of the South, showing the difference between proper and improper care. This is an object lesson that should be of great value to Southern farmers generally.

Of course, the Southern exhibits constitute one of the most important attractions of the fair. Those of Georgia and Florida occupy large space. South Carolina has one of the finest among the State exhibits, Alabama, too, has done handsomely in the showing of iron, coal and varied minerals, North and South Carolina are well represented in fisheries, mines and agriculture, and Louisiana is nowise behind the others. Practically all the Southern States are in evidence, with their best industrial products, the cotton States making an especially valuable and attractive presentation.

Invitations were sent through the State Department of the United States to all foreign countries of importance, and a number accepted and were allotted space at the Exposition. Mexico, Venezuela, the Argentine Republic, Paraguay, Guatemala, Chili, Honduras and Nicaragua were among the first to accept. These especially appreciated the fact that the present International Exposition afforded the opportunity of fostering trade between the Southern States and the republics of Mexico and Central and South America. Accordingly, the leading South American governments made liberal appropriations for representation at the Fair.

One department which is of universal interest to all visitors is the Negro exhibit. This is contained in the Negro Building, a very handsome structure, made like all the others, of timber and staff, and with a length of 278 feet, a width of 112, and a height of seventy feet. The Afro-American exhibit occupies 25,000 square feet of space and is a splendid showing of the progress made by the negro since the days of his emancipation. There are Departments of Invention, Church and Home, Education, &c. I. Garland Penn, a negro of Lynchburg, Va., is in charge of the exhibit.

Among the attractions that make the Exposition a source of pleasure and recreation are many features that were prominent at the last World's Fair, including Mexican, Chinese and Japanese villages, the picturesque and tortuous streets of Cairo, Temple of Illusions, the Flying Wheel and last, but not least, the Electrical Fountain in the centre of Clara Mere, which is probably the most popular object on the grounds. Water in four forms is employed, viz., a stream, a geyser, a spray and a fog bank. An electric light of 250,000 candle power radiates the water and illuminates it with all the colors of the rainbow.

All the arrangements of the Exposition managers for transportation, accommodation, &c., have proved exceedingly satisfactory. The President of the Exposition is C. A. Collier, of the Capital City Bank of Atlanta, and he is assisted by an experienced Board of Managers. By act of Congress, foreign exhibits have been admitted free. President Collier had made this statement:

"The immediate advantages of the exhibition will be felt in New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, because it will create a demand for the manufactures in these States to which we are now supplying the raw material, and with which we are not quite ready to compete; but the competion will come. It is now developing, and in a very short while we hope we will be able to directly reap the benefits, the seeds of which we are now sowing."

As a whole, the Exposition, apart from its important commercial aspects, is noteworthy by reason of the brotherly feeling it fosters and encourages, not only among the States of our own Union, but between the peoples who live in remote lands and ourselves. Every such opportunity for an international exchange of friendly courtesies has a much broader significance than that which relates to trade alone. It makes for peace and goodwill throughout the world. The South is to be congratulated on the success of its Exposition and upon the brilliant prospects it discloses in every avenue of productive industry—an outlook that contains a most favorable presage for the commerce of the whole country, while it is a forecast of increased prosperity for the South itself.

"WHO IS THIS JESUS?"

[*The Turkish soldier's question to his wife after the massacre at Sassoon.*]

"WHO is this 'Jesus of Nazareth?'"
The Mussulman soldier caught his breath,
And knit his brow, like a man oppressed
Whom the soft divan had brought no rest.

He had come from a field of God accursed;
He had fought where devils did their worst!
The fearful fray he would fain forget—
In his soul its echoes were ringing yet.

"Who is this 'Jesus of Nazareth?'
The women all called his name in death:
And the very children, caught to impale—
Nay!—not for a woman's ear that tale!

"Your blood would freeze at its very fount;
Yet the fire up into your brain would mount,
Till you shrieked at night, when the winds awoke,
And, shuddering, cowered till morning broke.

"Nay, ask no question! I know not why
The women and harmless babes must die.
'Twas my chief's to order—mine to obey.
Be it on his head at the Judgment Day!

"Yes—there was one alternative:
'Call on our Prophet, and you live!'
But every victim, with dying breath,
Called upon 'Jesus of Nazareth!'

"Who is this 'Jesus of Nazareth?'
Does he bear the sword that conquers Death?
Must I meet him there, when Azrael calls
My naked soul to the Judgment halls?

"Go—ask the Giaours—and tell me true,
Who is this 'Jesus of Nazareth?' Who?
I have fought for Allah! But if He be
Allah's vicegerent—woe is me!"

Jesus of Nazareth! Lord of Life,
Conqueror of all this world's mad strife!
Vengeance for blood that cries to thee!
Bow the False Prophet on bended knee,

Till the Cross shall quench the Crescent's ray
From St. Sophia to the Gates of Day;
And murderous Moslem, with contrite breath,
Shall call upon Jesus of Nazareth!

—MRS. CYRUS HAMLIN.

THE RUM TRAFFIC IN AFRICA.

Thirty-five years ago in the public marketplace on the old Calabar River, Africa, human flesh was sold just like beef. While this atrocity has ceased, destruction is coming in another form. Recent reports presented to the British Parliament show that the increase of duties paid within two years upon spirituous liquors at Old Calabar has been 225 per cent. In 1892, 1,350,751 gallons were imported; in 1894 (March 31) the quantity had nearly doubled, being 2,609,558 gallons. This is a terrible record.

NADJA;...

A Tale of the Russian Steppes.*

BY OLIVER M. NORRIS.

THE GENERAL INQUIRES ABOUT THE STUNDISTS.

CHAPTER XVI.

Letter from Mikhail.

ON that side of Slavo farthest from the river, the side, namely, where most of the Stundists lived, the steppe rolls away in gentle undulations to the East until its monotonous expanse seems ended by a long low ridge topped with a thin fringe of pines that look blue and shadowy when seen from the high ground of the village. Outside the General's grounds these were the only trees in all the country-side, and although they were sparse and only poorly developed, the peasants dignified them by the name of forest, and peopled them of course with evil-minded elves and other uncanny beings that haunt trees and do hurt to the mortal wights who are unfortunate enough to disturb their nocturnal gambolings. The grandmothers of Slavo have a story, with numerous variants of course, of a man who was in the forest once upon a time cutting firewood. Night came on before he could get clear of the trees, and great troops of dancing things, half human and half goat, suddenly appeared and capered around him in mad dances and then pinched him to death with their horny fingers. Even among the more incredulous youth of the village there were found some who when the wind blew from the woods declared they heard weird sounds of strange revelry, songs sung by no mortal voices, sometimes sounding like the songs in a mad saturnalia, sometimes like a dirge sung by [illegible].

The Stundists, driven from Mikhail's house by the watchful and ubiquitous *uriadnik* used to worship in their hollow in the steppe, and on that meeting-place proving insecure, in sequestered spots among the reeds by the river, and had finally decided to take to the forest. They could think of no safer place. The superstitions about the elves and satyrs they laughed at. The story about the man pinched to death was very terrible, but they did not believe it in this form. But those sounds or songs which the sharp-eared youths had heard they could perhaps explain, and when they heard of them they were careful ever after to modulate their voices when they sang hymns with the wind blowing over to Slavo.

Ever since the departure of their young preacher, and that was more than six months, the Stundists had had a miserable time of it. Not that their experiences previously had been of the pleasantest, but they had been just bearable; and now, as poor Vassily Pavlitch wrote to Mikhail, they led a dog's life, the life a dog leads without his master, he wrote in compliment to the absent Mikhail.

The General had been distinguishing himself as an inquisitor. He had no very clear ideas of Stundism. All he knew was that the priest said it was a pestilent heresy, dangerous alike to church and state, and that unless the fatherland was freed from its pernicious influence, religion and all that Russia held most dear must inevitably perish. He knew no other way to [illegible] own narrow views of truth. The *uriadnik* and the village pope were now his constant councillors, and the staple of their deliberations was the Stundists and how to crush them. To his credit it must be said that at first the General was for milder measures. For instance, he suggested to the priest that he should meet three or four of the leaders of the heretics at his house and discuss with them the points of difference between orthodoxy and Stundism, but the priest, knowing his own imperfections in dialectics and the strength of the Stundists in holy living and in a deep knowledge of the Scriptures, fought shy of the proposed meeting. It was then the turn of the three worthies we have mentioned, the principle authorities of the village, to make suggestions. They made suggestions and the General assisted in carrying them out.

Two of the Stundist leaders, both of them young men with families, were selected by the priest for punishment. The bishop of the diocese was communicated with, and a monastery near Moscow was chosen, to which they were sent for discipline. But in the short space of two months the archimandrite in charge of the monastery wrote to the priests that the two Stundists, instead of doing penance and attending the numerous services, occupied themselves in endless disputations with the monks, and that the simple brotherhood, hearing their arguments for the first time, felt inclined to admit their validity.

"I had to instruct my own monks in orthodoxy," he wrote. "The monks are all set by the ears, and unless you take your Stundists away we shall have heresy within our very walls, and what then?"

So the Stundists were removed, and the priest's plan of discipline voted a failure.

Then it was the *uriadnik's* chance. He obtained the General's consent to invite some twenty of the Stundists to his house, in order, ostensibly, to arrange with them some details of police administration. As soon as all were assembled five or six of his friends who had been collected together for the purpose, rushed into the room with blackened faces and beat the miserable Stundists so unmercifully that blood flowed and bones were broken. Three Stundists who tried to escape were bound with cords, imprisoned in a damp cellar for a week, and half starved with a miserable pittance of black bread and water. But as time went on it was soon seen that even these most drastic of measures had no effect, and the *starshina* was invited to devise a plan for taming men who showed so stubborn a love for the faith that was in them.

Now the *starshina*, or elder, is a person of great authority and consequence in Russian villages. If a man of any leading he practically rules the village assembly, and the orthodox peasants of Slavo, still a large majority of the village, were only too willing to let him rule. It saved them trouble and worry. The *starshina's* plan to plague the Stundists saved them trouble, and they speedily agreed to it. In connection with every village there is a great deal of what is known as communal work, the performance of which benefits the whole commune—draining the common land, erecting fences, regulating the water supply, watching the village at night, and so on. The peasants are drafted to this work in groups, and the group which works at communal labor to-day, for instance, may not be called on again for the next three months. The *starshina* suggested that as the Stundists were said to be fond of going out at night to their meetings, they would be more usefully employed as night watchmen. The villagers agreed to relieving themselves entirely of this obnoxious duty and transferring it to the Stundists. Next the *starshina* suggested that as these obstinate heretics were almost all well-to-do people they could afford time for the communal labor much better than their poorer neighbors. Also agreed to unanimously. All the communal labor, therefore, was imposed on them. In July when the orthodox were reaping their grain the Stundists were hedging and ditching for the village, and when their communal work was finished the rain had destroyed their harvest. They murmured and grumbled of course, but they were in a minority; they had no redress, and the *starshina* threatened that if they showed any opposition he would liberally assess the value of the labor and confiscate their goods to that amount. One man with temerity enough to speak of petitioning the Governor of Kief had his head broken. Another for having offered to prepare the petition was ducked in the river.

It was a grim satire that while these cruel oppressions were taking place in Russia, the Russian army was fighting to deliver the Bulgarians from the oppression of the Turkish Sultan. The sufferings of the Christians in Turkey, and the fact that they could not worship God according to their conscience distressed the Czar, while he was utterly indifferent to the sufferings of his own Stundist subjects and was not at all troubled about their not being able to worship God according to their conscience. But then there was nothing to be gained by protecting Stundists, while by freeing the Bulgarians a step was gained on the way to Constantinople.

Toward the close of autumn—it was a beautiful Saturday afternoon in November, the little Stundist community was in a state of extreme agitation at some news that had been secretly carried round from one to the other of them. It was great news: Vassily Pavlitch had received a letter from Mikhail. They were invited to a service in the forest, and before the service began the letter was to be read. It was their first meeting for a month. The time appointed was two hours after sunset. It was nearly seven months since the spring evening when they had watched the departing carriage bearing Mikhail away to Kief, and they had often wondered what had happened that he had not written. His welfare had been the theme of many an earnest prayer.

More than fifty of them, men mostly, made their way secretly and silently, no two of them together, across to the low ridge where the pines grew. The night was cold, but their hearts burned within them, for were they not going to worship God in common, and to hear the news, the rumor went that it was good news about their beloved Mikhail? Wrapped in their sheep-skins they assembled in a little hollow among the trees and lighted two or three rough lanterns. Vassily Pavlitch stood before them the letter in his hands.

"Brethren," said Vassily, "I think we are all here." The good man was puffed up with his importance on this special occasion. "Now sit down, and I will read you Misha's letter." He opened the paper and read as follows:

"Dear Brother in the Lord Jesus, Vassilyev:

"Peace to you and all the brothers and sisters in Slavo. How my heart longs for Slavo! Read this letter first to my dear mother, and then to the brethren, and, when they have heard it, let it go to the other villages where the brethren know me. I have little time to write, and we may be called any minute; but Panitch Sergei is writing and he told me I might also write. We are both well, thank God. O Vassily, we have had awful things to go through ever since the beginning of July! We were then encamped near the Lom River, and what I saw I will never forget. There is a little village there called Kasilevo, and we had to leave it to go out and watch some Turks. We left about a hundred Bulgarians in the village—old men, women and children. When we were away the Bashi Bazouks came, and the people must have run into the church for shelter. When we came back they had all been murdered. Panitch Sergei and I went into the church at night with some others to see if any one still lived, and there they were all drenched in blood, lying [illegible] over the floor. Panitch's face was [illegible] rible to look at.

"Since then we have been ordered on [illegible] Plevna. Here it is also frightful, ev[illegible] day more horrible than the day before. [illegible] few nights ago the Turkish shells w[illegible] just screaming over us, and where I [illegible] as soon as the firing slackened a bi[illegible] could hear the air full of the groans of [illegible] wounded below in the hollow, and [illegible] and then a yell of agony when the pr[illegible]ing Turks would murder a wounded n[illegible] Next morning we had to cross the gro[illegible] where the fighing had been, and, as I [illegible] lowed in the rear of Panitch's troop, I [illegible] the faces of the wounded men still l[illegible] by scores all along the road. We c[illegible] not ride fast as we feared to tread on [illegible] bodies, and some poor fellows, wound[illegible] slightly, had fallen asleep right across [illegible] dusty road and never wakened as we [illegible] past them. No one knows how miser[illegible] we felt at leaving them there, for we k[illegible] that the Bashi Bazouks were coming [illegible] behind us and would butcher them [illegible] their helplessness.

"We are just in from a long ride of [illegible] days. We met swarms of flying Bu[illegible]ians from the villages. They were co[illegible]ing and shaking with terror. We [illegible] one crowd of them of about a hund[illegible], chiefly women and babies, and when [illegible]itch halted and spoke to them they b[illegible] crying and said they were starving. I [illegible] close behind and heard every word. [illegible] easily understand what the people [illegible] say. So Panitch ordered the troop to [illegible]. 'My brave fellows,' he sang out, 'w[illegible] help?' He told me to hand out al[illegible] bread. I did the same with mine, a[illegible] did every man of the troop. I saw [illegible] fellows fish odd coppers out of their [illegible]kets, which they had been hoarding to [illegible] tobacco, every copeck they possess. I believe, and we handed all over t[illegible] Bulgarians, who just looked like skele[illegible]s. Some of our fellows joked roughly wit[illegible] women, but I know if they had not [illegible] they would have wept. Their [illegible]es meant a tear and a blessing. But we [illegible] we just starving ourselves when w[illegible] back to camp after fasting thirty hou[illegible]

"Panitch has only given me a very [illegible] piece of paper. You'll be glad that w[illegible] hundreds of chances to say a G[illegible] word, and how glad every one is to [illegible] it! Panitch bought ten New Testa[illegible]nts when we were in Galatz from a man [illegible] called a colporteur, and gave them t[illegible] worst men in his troop. When we c[illegible] we have glorious meetings. Panitch [illegible] sometimes. All the men very [illegible]rly worship him. I must finish now. If I only had more paper! Brother, te[illegible] the brethren to be faithful. I long to be [illegible] among you to hear your voices an[illegible] see your dear faces again. Pray for us.

MIKHAIL KULMENK[illegible]

"Now, brethren, that's the [illegible]ter. We'll talk about it afterwards. W[illegible] are glad to hear that Misha and Panit[illegible] are well. We'll sing now. Suppose w[illegible] ing Misha's hymn beginning, 'Lord our Strength, on Thee we rest?'"

"But what about the wind?" [illegible]d a timid voice from the darkness. "It [illegible]ws right over homeward."

"Oh, never mind the wind," said [illegible]'assily Pavlitch smiling, "they will thi[illegible] its the fairies."

To be continued.

Health

Built on the solid foundation of pure, [illegible]lthy blood is real and lasting. As long [illegible] you have rich red blood you will have no sic[illegible]ess.

When you allow your blood to becom[illegible] impoverished, depleted, robbed of the little red corpuscles which indicate its quality, you will [illegible] tired, worn out, lose your appetit[illegible] and strength and disease will soon have you [illegible] grasp.

Purify, vitalize and enrich your blo[illegible] and keep it pure by taking

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oyed all living things, save two men
d two women who escaped in a canoe.
is calamity came upon the world through
neglect of divine commands. These
daman pigmies are short-lived, fifty
ars among them being an extremely old
e. The wife of a chief has an authority
long the women which corresponds to
r husband's authority over the men. She
eps these privileges when a widow if she
s children; otherwise she loses them.
m eleven to thirteen years of age is for
h sexes a period of rigid abstinence,
ring which they must not eat turtle,
rk, fish, or honey. Some of the customs
the dwarfs are very odd. When a
ld dies, its body is exhumed at the end
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nes and paints the skull yellow. The
nes are divided into fragments and made
o necklaces, which are distributed
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rs.

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Dumbarton town is situated at the confluence of the rivers Clyde and Leven, fourteen miles from Glasgow. The site was used as a naval station by the Romans, who called it Theodosia, and the arable lands around are composed of rich black loam, gravelly soil and clay, and the farmers thereon are thrifty and prosperous. The situation of Dumbarton Castle is eminently picturesque. The buildings composing the fort are perched on the summit of a rocky mount, shooting up to the height of two hundred and six feet sheer out of the alluvian plain on the east side of the river Leven. Four miles from this town toward Glasgow, on the line of the old Roman wall, is the modern town of Kilpatrick, which claims to be the birthplace of St. Patrick.

In confirmation of the statement that Dumbarton was the birthplace of Patrick, it may also be adduced that in the old hymn of Fiacc it is said that Patrick was born in Nemthur, and in the margin the writer states that "that is a city which is north Britain—viz., Ailcuide,"—the ancient name of Dumbarton. Other writers in the early centuries designate the same village as the place of his birth. In giving an account of himself Patrick does not tell where he was born, but simply relates that his father dwelt at Bannavem Taberniæ, where he also was living when he was taken captive. Bannavem means the river's mouth, and the sheds, shops and houses of entertainment set up for the accommodation of the Roman armies, whether of the temporary or stationary kind, were called Taberniæ. Here was his home, and of this place he was most probably a native.

We know nothing of Patrick's ancestry farther than two moves back. He himself tells us that he was the grandson of Potitus, the presbyter. If Patrick had thought that his clerical ancestor had disgraced himself by marriage, he would not probably have written that he was a minister of God's Word. But this he does in his "Confession," or creed, which was written when he was well advanced in years, so that even in his old age he did not believe in the celibacy of the clergy.

Of Potitus we can learn nothing except that his office was held in high esteem in his times. He was most likely a presbyter of the early British church, for his name does not prove that he was a Roman, as native names were often Latinized by the historian, as Patrick's own native baptismal name, Succath, was changed to Patricius, or Patrick. It is more likely that Potitus, Patrick's grandfather, was a Briton by birth, and that he studied the Scriptures and prayed in the little British kil, or church, at Alcluyd, and at its door preached to the people. Potitus seems to have lived to a good old age, and to have been worthy the respect of his grandson. It is some proof of his excellent family government that he reared a deacon. That deacon was Calpornius, the father of Patrick.

Calpornius was most probably a deacon in the evangelical British church at Alcluyd, a church that was not regulated after the Roman model of the present day, but sought to follow the order of the primitive church, without, it may be, having any perfect system of church government. But Patrick's father was also a decurio, as he himself also tells us. The decurio was a magistrate and counselor in the Roman colonies in Britain, and the office conferred a high rank on those who held it; they were members of the court and counselors of the city, and must have a certain amount of property. Such was the law of Constantine for the wealthy decurios. Such a man, then, was Patrick's father, honored both in the church and state, and we may fairly conclude that Calpornius ruled in the state like a good deacon of the church. We know nothing of Patrick's mother, except that tradition informs us that her name was Conchessa.

Pirates in those days, Danish and Irish and Scots, plowed continually the channels and seas around the British Isles, made inroads upon the land, plundering villages and towns, killing many, carrying off young and old to strange lands, and selling them into slavery. Irish ships in the period were chiefly "coracles," made of the skins of beasts and wicker or willow rods—a kind of boat, frail as it may seem, still used frequently in Arran, Achill and the western coast of Ireland.

In one of the piratical incursions Patrick and about two hundred others were seized, placed in boats, whose prows were turned down the Clyde and headed toward Ireland. What sad thoughts Patrick must have had as he gazed on the rock so near his home.

The boats which carried young Patrick and his companions with a load of spoils would be likely to land at some near point. Leaving the Firth of Clyde, a straight course west would bring them upon the Antrim coast of Ireland just where tradition fixes the landing. It is possible that in some little harbor between the Giant's Causeway and the mouth of the river Bann, Patrick's captors disembarked, and there touched the country which gave Patrick years of degradation and suffering, and a long life afterward of widespread Gospel truths.

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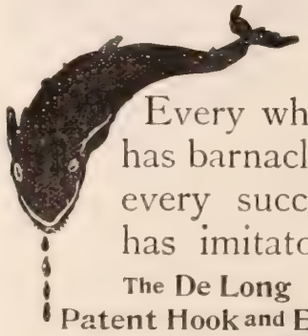

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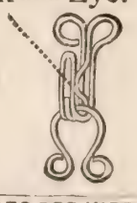

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DR. HUNTER'S LECTUR

How Consumption Arises and is N Cured!

II.

The Medical Profession of the civilized world concedes that consumption is *always* a disease the Lungs, and always caused by the *bacteria* For hundreds of years it was believed to a disease of the blood and general system, cause *inheritance*, on which false theory it was treate medicines given through the stomach, a treat so inevitably fatal that the disease came to garded as *incurable*.

The "*Germ Theory*" of Consumption, was promulgated by *Dr. Martin*, in 1722, adopte *Dr. Barron*, in 1819, by *Dr. Carmichael* in 18 *Prof. Lanza* in 1849, and by myself in 1

With these exceptions, the whole body of the fession held to the old doctrine and continu oppose and deny the truth of the Germ Theo til after *Doctor Robert Koch* of Berlin, in 1882, p its indisputable truth by showing, in the dis tissues, and in the expectorated matter fro lungs of consumptives, the *actual germ* that duce the disease. But even then the new d was neither generally accepted, nor the old ment changed. It was not until 18 that it c be publicly acknowledged by the Medical S as the *only true theory*. Consumption is now to be caused by the *bacillus germ* which lo and destroys the substance of the lungs as no *devour* raw flesh.

From whence do the germs come? The sphere is filled with countless millions of di kind, each of which has its appointed mis the economy of nature: can bodies and all things are consumed by them after death. are harmless to the *healthy* body, but assa prey upon all *dead* and *diseased tissues*.

The germs of the air are the cause of many ent diseases, each receiving a name according kind—*Scald Head*, *Lepra Vulgaris*, *Ring W* the *Itch* are common examples of germ disea

Consumption is caused by the *tubercle* a germ found in the air of all climates. In the lungs are effectually guarded against th lus by the *Epithelium*, a delicate tissue which lines the internal mucous surfaces air tubes and cells of the lungs just *Cuticle* covers the exterior skin of the bod

The Epithelium is the natural safe-gu the lungs. Without its protection every being would get consumption and the e depopulated, but while it remains unbro lungs are safe, and consumption cannot arise.

The chief diseases which endanger the *lium* and render us liable to consumptio *Catarrh*, *Bronchitis*, *Asthma* and *Pneumon* must first get a *chronic* inflammation of th surfaces, severe enough to break and des Epithelium, before you can get consumpti may have Chronic Bronchitis a long time the Epithelium is broken. These fistu the nursery from which consumption and therefore always dangerous.

Local Inflammations of the air passag lungs are easily and quickly cured b treatment applied to the lungs by inhalat never by stomach medication. After the lium is broken and the germs have bo lodgment in the lungs, no *act*, or *series* ach medication or *change of air* can ar lung disease. Nothing short of the de struction of the germs and their expuls the lungs will save the patients' life effected only by specific germicides *aff reach to the germs* and *germ-destroying atom*. Everything else inevitably fails.

(To be Continued.)

ROBERT HUNTER, M.D.,
117 West 45th Street, New

Note.—A pamphlet explaining Dr. Hunter ment of lung complaints can be obtai by addressing him as above.

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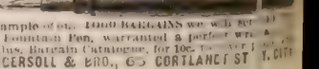

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A DESCENDANT OF PHARAOH.

TRAVELERS in the East frequently have strange experiences. In the course of a recent tour in Egypt, Rev. W. Jay Peck, an American pastor, had the unexpected pleasure of meeting at the American Mission in Cairo, a young, earnest, Egyptian Christian, named Salib Claudius. "... ib," writes Dr. Peck to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, "traces his ancestry back

SALIB CLAUDIUS.

... one of the Pharaohs. Naturally, one would even so distantly descended from the Pharaohs of oppression and Exodus is an interesting personage. Salib has fine dark eyes, and is gifted with intelligence and an education fitting him for any polished society. I had many walks and talks, and found in him one of the truest followers of Christ. His great desire is the salvation of the Egyptians.

He is a man of most simple faith. His prayer for sick member of our party was as direct and simple as a request of a child, and he expected it to be answered—and it was. I marvelled at his great faith. He is a government officer of Middle Egypt, but carries the Gospel with him. God is using a Moody of him among his brethren.

The portrait of Salib, which appears on this page, was recently brought from Egypt by Dr. Peck.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Jerusalem Tragedy, by Prof. A. P. Stout, of ... Ind. The story of the Cross, from a ... and historical point of view. Pp. ... price $1. Gospel Advocate Publishing ... Nashville, publishers.

... Young Man's Book for Young Men, by Edward W. Bok: a common-sense book which ... young man can read with pleasure and profit. Pp. 386, cloth, price $1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, and Toronto, publishers.

... Constantinople, by F. Marion Crawford; beautifully illustrated and elegantly bound in cloth covers. Pp. ... price $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

... Stories, by Ruth Ashmore: a book ... would be warmly and profitably read by young ... Pp. 252, cloth, price $1. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

... Considerations, by Mrs. C. F. Easton. A pleasant ... for leisure hours. Pp. 223, cloth covers with frispiece; John B. Alden, New York, publisher.

... Pennock, by Helen B. Williams. Pp. 292; illustrated. price $1. Published by The American ... School Union, Philadelphia.

... of the Ice and other Sermons, by Dr. Jas. ... Pastor of the Collegiate Reformed Dutch ... Pp. 281, price $1.25. Published by Wilbur ... Cooper Union, New York.

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... can give sufferers from kidney and bladder ... pain in back and rheumatism good advice, ... to send the free treatment of Alkavis to the ... Kidney Cure Company, 168 Fourth Avenue, ... York. Alkavis is a wonderful remedy, and will ... you free and postpaid, if you send your ... and address.

... Sarsaparilla gives vitality, richness and ... to the blood and thus enables it to supply ... organ and tissue of the body with the ... upon which health depends.

Chirps: a Collection of Odd Rhymes at Odd Times, by ... E. ... covers: pp. 123; price 50c. Published by the author at Burr Oak, Mo.

The Mysterious Voyage of the Daphne and other Stories, for Boys and Girls, by various authors; a capital compilation; illustrated; pp. 305; cloth covers; price $1.25; also *The Young Reporter*, a story of ... by S. H. ... book that will be read with special interest by the young men with ambitions: pp. 300; cloth binding; illustrated; price $1.50. W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston, publishers.

Let Us Draw Nigh, a little book of Meditations, by Rev. Andrew Murray; pp. 95; cloth; price 50 cents. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

Cruising Among the Caribbees, Summer Days in Winter Months, by Chas. Augustus Stoddard; illustrated; pp. ... price $1.50. ... New York, publishers.

The Higher Criticism of the Pentateuch, an able defence of the conservative view of the subject. By William Henry Green, D.D., Professor of Old Testament Literature in Princeton Theological Seminary. Pp. 184, price $1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Willful Willoughbys, by Evelyn Everett-Green. An entertaining juvenile: pp. 317; cloth covers; illus... *... ford's Refuge*, by James Otis. Pp. 246; illustrated; cloth binding; pride $1. *The House of Hallister*, by Fannie E. Newberry. Pp. 280; cloth binding; price $1.25; are all issued by Bradley & Co., Boston, pub's.

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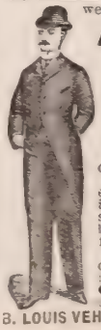

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REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS.

At the Converts' Sunday afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on October 20, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of ur readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. [illegible] N. Y. For the conversion of a [illegible] ——"Mother," Sweet Springs, Mo. For the conversion of her husband, who is alienated from his step-child and his wife.——"Constant Reader," Mass. On behalf of a wayward daughter, that she may see the evil of her ways and [illegible] ——"Mother in Distress," California. That God would change the heart of a beloved [illegible] ——R., [illegible] Mass. For the conversion of three sons, three daughters and a grandson.——"Invalid Mother," Iola, Wis. For the conversion of a dear son, [illegible] ——"Mother," Mass. For the conversion of a dear son, [illegible] ——"Anxious Mother," whose sons are falling under [illegible] ——"Widow," Virginia. For the conversion of two dissipated [illegible] now breaking their mother's heart.——N. Freeman. [illegible] ——E. L. J., Brattleboro, Vt., for the conversion of husband, daughter, and other relatives.——"Anxious Mother," Worcester, Mass., for the salvation of a dear son [illegible] ——"One who is troubled," for the salvation of a poor drunkard who longs to be free from his evil habits, and whose failure to escape [illegible] committing suicide.——L. R., Rummerfield, Pa., for the conversion of a man who has fallen into intemperate habits.——Reader, Portsmouth, N. H., that an aged man who is not saved may be aroused to a [illegible] ——"A," Alexandria, Va., for the conversion of two erring brothers and of five beloved friends.——Subscriber, Andover, Mass., that an only son might be converted.——"Anxious Mother" for the salvation of two dear sons.——Believer in Prayer, Emporium, Pa., for the conversion of an aged lady; also for a [illegible] ——E., Worcester, Mass., that a brother and sister may become Christians.——M. E. H., Wm[illegible] ——Reader, on behalf of a young man who has fallen among evil companions and learned to drink, that God would save his soul and deliver him from evil.——"A mother," for the conversion of a husband and son.——"Mother," that a beloved boy now wan[illegible] ——"Anxious Wife," that her husband, who is a professing Christian may have more of the Holy S[illegible] ——"Anxious Mother," for the salvation of her [illegible] ——"Believer in Prayer," for a brother who is in great spiritual darkness; [illegible] ——"Mother in Distress." That a beloved daughter whose mind is deranged may be restored to mental health.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

David Worcester.
M. D. S., Balto., Md.
Mrs. M. M. Knapp.
A lover of Jesus.
Mrs. A. Williams.
Mrs. G——, B——, Vt.
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will cure when everything else has failed. Prescribed and endorsed now, and for ten years past, by over 40,000 Physicians. Sample by mail 25c., ten days' trial. Regular bottle $1 by mail. Small bottle, but 100 doses in each.

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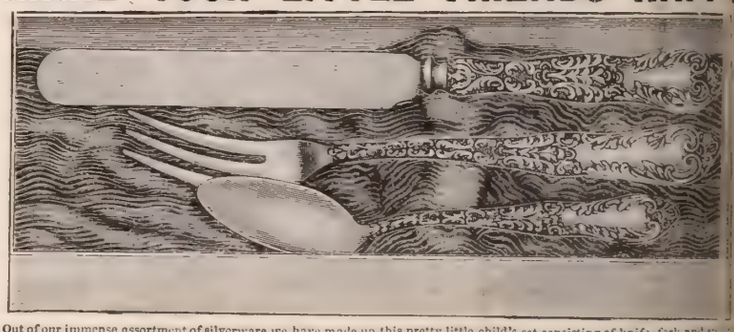

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50 CENTS PREPAID to any address. They are beautifully engraved equal to any solid silver set in the market. Send 50 cents by express or postoffice money order. We do not accept personal checks or send C. O. D. The editor of this paper and all the express companies know us to be a reliable firm. If purchaser is not satisfied, money will be cheerfully refunded. This is the best bargain we have ever offered. It makes a practical, useful present that will outlast all the toys in the country. Everyone knows the delight of a child over its own little knife, fork and spoon. There is something magnetic about such a present and we know of nothing else that will give half the genuine delight. Remember the regular price is $1.50 but for this special sale it is only 50 cents prepaid and money refunded if not as represented. As this is a special offer and won't last long you had better order at once. Address in full.
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They contain NO BUNCHES,
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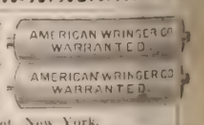

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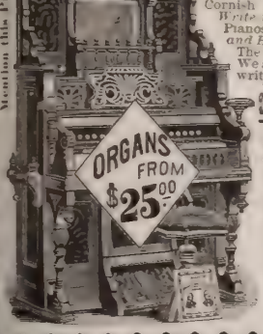

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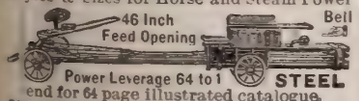

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VOLUME 18.

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THE DISABLED.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: I. Sam. 30: 24, *"As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."*

IF you have never seen an army change quarters, you have no idea of the amount of baggage—twenty loads, fifty loads, a hundred loads of baggage. David and his army were about to start on a double-quick march for the recovery of their captured families from the Amalekites. So they left by the brook Besor their blankets, their knapsacks, their baggage, and their carriages. Who shall be detailed to watch this stuff? There are sick soldiers, and wounded soldiers, and aged soldiers who are not able to go on swift military expedition, but who are able to do some work, and so they are detailed to watch the baggage. There is many a soldier who is not strong enough to march thirty miles in a day and then plunge into a ten hours' fight, who is able with drawn sword lifted against his shoulder to pace up and down as a sentinel to keep off an enemy who might put the torch to the baggage. There are two hundred of those crippled and aged and wounded soldiers detailed to watch the baggage. Some of them, I suppose, had bandages across the brow, and some of them had their arm in a sling, and some of them walked on crutches. They were not cowards shirking duty. They had fought in many a fierce battle for their country and their God. They are now part of the time in hospital, and part of the time on garrison duty. They almost cry because they cannot go with the other troops to the front. While these sentinels watch the baggage, the Lord watches the sentinels.

There is quite a different scene being enacted in the distance. The Amalekites, having ravaged and ransacked and robbed whole countries, are celebrating their success in a roaring carousal. Some of them are dancing on the lawn with wonderful gyration of heel and toe, and some of them are examining the spoils of victory—the finger-rings and ear-rings, the necklaces, the wristlets, the headbands, diamond starred, and the coffers with coronets, and carnelians, and pearls, and sapphires, and emeralds, and all the wealth of plate, and jewels, and decanters, and the silver and the gold banked up on the earth in princely profusion, and the embroideries, and the robes, and the turbans, and the cloaks of an imperial wardrobe. The banquet has gone on until the banqueters are maudlin and weak and stupid and indecent and loathsomely drunk. What a time it is now for David and his men to swoop on them. So the English lost the battle of Bannockburn, because the night before they were in wassail and bibulous celebration, while the Scotch were in prayer. So the Syrians were overthrown in their carousal by the Israelites. So Chedorlaomer and his army were overthrown in their carousal by Abraham and his men. So, in our Civil War, more than once the battle was [illegible] of the generals was drunk. Now is the time for David and his men to swoop upon these carousing Amalekites. Some of the Amalekites are hacked to pieces on the spot, some of them are just able to go staggering and hiccoughing off the field, some of them crawl on camels and speed off in the distance. David and his men gather together the wardrobes, the jewels, and put them upon the back of camels, and into wagons, and they gather together the sheep and cattle that had been stolen, and start back toward the garrison. Yonder they come, yonder they come. The limping men of the garrison come out and greet them with wild huzza. The Bible says David saluted them. That is, he asked them how they all were. "How is your broken arm?" "How is your fractured jaw?" "Has the stiffened limb been unlimbered?" "Have you had another chill?" "Are you getting better?" He saluted them.

But now came a very difficult thing, the distribution of the spoils of victory. Drive up those laden camels now. Who shall have the spoils? Well, some selfish soul suggests that these treasures ought all to belong to those who had been out in active service. "We did all the fighting while these men stayed at home in the garrison, and we ought to have all the treasures." But David looked into the worn faces of these veterans who had stayed in the garrison, and he looked around and saw how cleanly everything had been kept, and he saw that the baggage was all safe, and he knew that these wounded and crippled men would gladly enough have been at the front if they had been able, and the little general looks up from under his helmet and says: "No, no, let us have fair play;" and he rushes up to one of these men and he says, "Hold your hands together," and the hands are held together, and he fills them with silver. And he rushes up to another man who was sitting away back and had no idea of getting any of the spoils, and throws a Babylonish garment over him and fills his hand with gold. And he rushes up to another man who had lost all his property in serving God and his country years before, and he drives up some of the cattle and some of the sheep that they had brought back from the Amalekites, and he gives two or three of the cattle and three or four of the sheep to this poor man, so he shall always be fed and clothed. He sees a man so emaciated and worn out and sick he needs stimulants, and he gives him a little of the wine that he brought from the Amalekites. Yonder is a man who has no appetite for the rough rations of the army, and he gives him a rare morsel from the Amalekitish banquet, and the two hundred cripple and maimed and aged soldiers who tarried on garrison duty get just as much of the spoils of battle as any of the two hundred men that went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The impression is abroad that the Christian rewards are for those who do conspicuous service in distinguished places—great patriots, great preachers, great philanthropists. But my text sets forth the idea that there is just as much reward for a man that stays at home and minds his own business, and who, crippled and unable to go forth and lead in great movements and in the high places of the earth, does his whole duty just where he is. Garrrison duty as important and as remunerative as service at the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The Earl of Kintore said to me in an English railway, "Mr. Talmage, when you get back to America I want you to preach a sermon on the discharge of ordinary duty in ordinary places, and then send me a copy of it." Afterward an English clergyman coming to this land brought from the Earl of Kintore the same message! Alas! that before I got ready to do what he asked me to do, the good Earl of Kintore had departed this life. But that man, surrounded by all palatial surroundings, and in a distinguished sphere, felt sympathetic with those who had ordinary duties to perform in ordinary places and in ordinary ways. A great many people are discouraged when they hear the story of Moses, and of Joshua, and of David, and of Luther, and of John Knox, and of Deborah, and of Florence Nightingale. They say: "Oh, that was all good and right for them, but I shall never be called to receive the law on Mount Sinai, I shall never be called to command the sun and moon to stand still, I shall never be called to slay a giant, I shall never preach on Mars' Hill, I shall never defy the Diet of Worms, I shall never be called to make a queen tremble for her crimes, I shall never preside over a hospital." There are women who say, "If I had as brilliant a sphere as those people had, I should be as brave and as grand; but my business is to get children off to school and to hunt up things when they are lost, and to see that dinner is ready, and to keep account of the household expenses, and to hinder the children from being strangulated by the whooping cough, and to go through all the annoyances and vexations of housekeeping. Oh, my sphere is so infinitesimal, and so insignificant, I am clear discouraged." Woman, God places you on garrison duty, and your reward will be just as great as that of Florence Nightingale, who moving so often night by night with a light in her hand through the hospitals, was called by the wounded the "lady of the lamp." Your reward will be just as great as that of Mrs. Hertzog, who built and endowed theological seminary buildings. Your reward will be just as great as that of Hannah More, who by her excellent books won for her admirers Garrick and Edmund Burke and Joshua Reynolds. Rewards are not to be given according to the amount of noise you make in the world, nor even according to the amount of good you do, but according to whether you work to your full capacity, according to whether or not you do your full duty in the sphere where God has placed you.

Suppose you give to two of your children errands, and they are to go off to make purchases, and to one you give one dollar and to the other you give twenty dollars. Do you reward the boy that you gave twenty dollars to for purchasing more with that amount of money than the other boy purchased with one dollar? Of course not. If God give wealth or social position or eloquence or twenty times the faculty to a man that he gives to the ordinary man, is he going to give to the favored man a reward because he has more power and more influence? Oh, no. In other words, if you and I were to do our whole duty, and you have twenty times more talent than I have, you will get no more divine reward than I will. Is God going to reward you because he gave you more? That would not be fair, that would not be right. These two hundred men of the text who fainted by the brook Besor did their whole duty; they watched the baggage, they took care of the stuff, and they got as much of the spoils of victory as the men who went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

There is high encouragement in this [illegible] all who have great responsibility and little credit for what they do. You know the names of the great commercial houses of these cities. Do you know the names of the confidential clerks—the men who have the key to the safe, the men who know the combination-lock? A distinguished merchant goes forth at the summer watering-place, and he flashes past, and you say: "Who is that?" "Oh," replies one, "don't you know? That is the great importer, that is the great banker, that is the great manufacturer." The confidential clerk has his week off. Nobody notices whether he comes or goes. Nobody knows him, and after awhile his work is done, and he sits down again at his desk. But God will reward his fidelity just as much as he recognizes the work of the merchant philanthropist whose investments this unknown clerk so carefully guarded. Hudson River Railroad, Pennsylvania Railroad, Erie Railroad, New York and New Haven Railroad—business men know the names of the presidents of these roads and of the prominent directors: but they do not know the names of the engineers, the names of the switchmen, the names of the flagmen, the names of the brakemen. These men have awful responsibilities, and sometimes, through the recklessness of an engineer, or the unfaithfulness of a switchman, it has brought to mind the faithfulness of nearly all the rest of them. Some men do not have recognition of their services. They have small wages, and much complaint. I very often ride upon locomotives, and I very often ask the question, as we shoot around some curve, or under some ledge of rocks, "How much wages do you get?" And I always surprised to find how little for such vast responsibility. Do you suppose God is not going to recognize that fidelity? Thomas Scott, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, going up at death to receive from God his destiny, was no better known in that hour than was known last night the brakeman who, on the Erie Railroad was jammed to death amid the car couplings. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Once for thirty-six hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights, and rushed down into the hold of the ship, and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time; but by the blessing of God, and the faithfulness of the engineer in charge, we came out of the cyclone, and we arrived at home. Each one before leaving the ship thanked Captain Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman that went off that ship without thanking Captain Andrews, and when, years after, I heard of his death, I was impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool. Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage, the kindness of Captain Andrews; but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness, amid the hissing furnaces, doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his heroism and his continuance and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked out of sight, as for Captain, who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

A Christian woman was seen going along the edge of a wood, every evening, and the neighbors in the country did not understand how a mother with so many cares and anxieties should waste so much time as to be idly sauntering out every evening by evening. It was found out afterward she went there to pray for her household, and while there one evening, she wrote that beautiful hymn, famous in all ages for cheering Christian hearts:

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,

Sll there be no reward for such unpreteling, yet everlasting, service?

here is high encouragement in this subje, also, for those who once wrought htily for Christ and the Church, but tough sickness or collapse of fortune or anced years, cannot now go to the fnt. These two hundred men of the text we veterans. Let that man bare his arm a show how the muscles were torn. Let h pull aside the turban and see the rk of a battle-axe. Pull aside the coat a see where the spear thrust him. Vuld it have been fair for those men, cipled, weak, and old, by the brook Bes to have no share in the spoils of trioph? I was in the Soldiers' Hospital in Pis, and I saw there men of the first Naaleon. Some of them were lame, they we all aged. Did the French Governmt turn off those old soldiers to die in wt? No; their last days were spent li princes. Do you think my Lord is goi to turn off his old soldiers because they a weak and worn and because they fted by the brook Besor? Are they gg to get no part of the spoils of the vory? Just look at them. Do you tk those crevices in the face are wrinks? No; they are battle scars. They fght against sickness, they fought against tble, they fought against sin, they fght for God, they fought for the Church, ty fought for the truth, they fought for Hven. When they had plenty of money tr names were always on the subscripti list. When there was any hard work tpe done for God, they were ready to tle the heaviest part of it. When there che a great revival, they were ready to py all night for the anxious and the sinsick. They were ready to do any work, e ure any sacrifice, do the most unpopuli thing that God demanded of them. E now they cannot go further. Now ty have physical infirmities. Now their Id troubles them. They are weak and ft by the brook Besor. Are they to Pe no share in the triumph? Are they tget none of the treasures, none of the s ils of conquest? You must think that Crist has a very short memory if you tk he has forgotten their services.

Fret not, ye aged ones. Just tarry by t stuff and wait for your share of the s ils. They are coming. It makes me lgh to think how you will be surprised Ven they tell you to go in and dine th the king. I see you backing out bese you feel unworthy. The shining es come up on the one side, and the sning ones come up on the other side, al they push you on and they push you t and they say, "Here is an old soldier f Jesus Christ," and the shining ones gl rush out toward you and say, "Yes, ft man saved my soul;" or they will sh out and say, "Oh, yes, she was with t in the last sickness." And then the e will go round the circle, "Come in, ne in, come in, come up; we saw you ay down there, old and sick and despit and discouraged because you could t go to the front, but 'As his part is that eth down to the battle, so shall his part that tarrieth by the stuff.'"

There is high consolation, also, in this aged ministers. I see some of them re to-day. They sit in pews in our urches. They used to stand in pulpits. eir hair is white with the blossoms of e tree of life. Their names marked on e roll of the General Assembly, or of the ssociation, "Emeritus." They sometimes ar a text announced which brings to mind sermon they preached fifty years ago on e same subject. They preached more spel on $400 a year than some of their ccessors preach on $4,000. Some Sunday e old minister is in a church, and near in another pew there is a husband d a wife and a row of children. And ter the benediction, the lady comes up id says, "Doctor, you don't know me, you?" "Well," he says, "your face familiar, but I cannot call you by name." Why," she says, "you baptized me id you married me and you buried my father and mother and sisters." "Oh, yes," he says, "my eyesight isn't as good as it used to be." They are in all our churches—the heroes of 1820, the heroes of 1832, the heroes of 1857. By the long grave trench that cut through half a century, they have stood sounding the resurrection. They have been in more Balaklavas and have taken more Sebastopols than you ever heard of. Sometimes they get a little fretful because they cannot be at the front. They hear the sound of the battle and the old war-horse champs his bit. But the 60,000 ministers of religion, this day standing in the brunt of the fray, shall have no more reward than those retired veterans. "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Cheer up, men and women of unappreciated services. You will get your reward, if not here, hereafter. When Charles Wesley comes up to judgment, and the thousands of souls which were wafted into glory through his songs shall be enumerated, he will take his throne. Then John Wesley will come up to judgment, and after his name has been mentioned in connection with the salvation of the millions of souls brought to God through the Methodism which he founded, he will take his throne. But between the two thrones of Charles Wesley and John Wesley, there will be a throne higher than either, on which shall sit Susannah Wesley, who with maternal consecration in Epworth Rectory, Lincolnshire, started those two souls on their triumphant mission of sermon and song through all following ages. Oh, what a day that will be for many who rocked Christian cradles with weary foot, and who patched worn-out garments and darned socks, and out of a small income made the children comfortable for the winter. What a day that will be for those to whom the world gave the cold shoulder, and called them nobodies, and begrudged them the least recognition, and who, weary and worn and sick, fainted by the brook Besor. Oh, that will be a mighty day when the Son of David shall distribute among them the garlands, the crowns, the sceptres, the chariots, the thrones. And then it shall be found out that all who on earth served God in inconspicuous spheres, receive just as much reward as those who filled the earth with uproar of achievement. Then they shall understand the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the pillared and domed magnificence of my text, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

"THE POMEGRANATE SELLER."

First of the Colored Illustrations to be Produced in "The Christian Herald"—A Familiar Eastern Scene.

IN presenting the magnificent colored illustration on the first page, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may be regarded as the inaugurator of a new departure in religious journalism. It was explained last week, in announcing the proposed change, that there was no reason why secular papers should monopolize one of the most attractive features in modern journalism, and that the proprietor of this journal believed that if there is any power for good in color-printing, the Lord's cause should have the benefit of it. Acting in accordance with that conviction, colored illustrations will from this time henceforth be a prominent and, we believe, a highly appreciated feature of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Our initial color-picture deals with the market-place of Jaffa the principal seaport of Palestine. With the history of Jaffa, every Bible-reader is more or less familiar. It was the port of Jerusalem in King Solomon's days; it was the home of Simon the Tanner, where Peter the Apostle was visiting when he had his remarkable vision, and it was the home of that Dorcas, whose abundant charities made the poor speak her name with loving reverence and tears. Jaffa has had a famous history of conquest and defeat, opulence and impoverishment. To-day it is little more than a village, the remnant of a once great and powerful city.

ORANGE-SELLERS IN THE JAFFA MARKET.

By far the most interesting sight in Jaffa is the public market-place, or general bazar, which is held outside the town. Since the opening of the railway between Jaffa and Jerusalem, the volume of business at the bazar has increased considerably, but the general aspect of the great square where the market is held, is probably little changed in centuries. This square encloses a considerable part of the town front, and on market days the tradesmen of Jaffa and the people of the surrounding country for miles, may be found there personally attending to the sale of their goods. First in importance come the natives of Jaffa, with their different articles, consisting of new and second-hand pieces of cloth, calico and all sorts of provisions, including many varieties of fruits. These they sell to the peasants and strangers, who flock to the bazar in crowds, with camels, mules and donkeys laden with charcoal, grain, straw, etc., which they in turn sell to the natives of Jaffa. These peasants come from villages from one to six hours distant, to sell and to buy at the Jaffa market. The market is an open-air one, and the natives protect themselves from the burning sun by little tents, made very roughly of old pieces of canvas, or by small huts constructed of reeds, and just big enough to hold the articles for sale, while the peasant vendors must stand, or sit down on the ground. Sometimes the extreme heat is almost unendurable.

Walking around the bazar, one can see, here and there, a man standing beside a camel which carries a load of charcoal, awaiting a customer; next to him, possibly, is one with a camel or donkey-load of straw, and it may be a third one, with a load of wood. Over yonder is a large heap of wheat, barley, lentiles, or other grain for sale. There are many stalls and baskets heaped with oranges, pomegranates or other fruit, and some with bundles of sugar-cane. Frugal to the last degree, the peasant women of Palestine are careful to save such marketable stuff as chickens, eggs, chaff, tare and other things, that they may bring them for sale to Jaffa market. Sometimes a woman takes the trouble to walk three or four hours' distance to market with half a dozen eggs—only two cents' worth; sometimes with a chicken worth six or eight cents, a bundle of wood for three or four cents, or a small quantity of tare or chaff, that is worth only two cents. Although the transaction may seem to be insignificant, the peasant housekeeper can help herself considerably by such sales. The few cheap staples the peasants require from the cities or towns are, first, calico, of which three or four yards are quite sufficient to clothe a man or woman, two yards a boy or a girl, and a half yard for a baby; next, salt, two cents' worth of which will be sufficent for a week; then thread, olive-oil soap, and a few other little articles, which may be obtained after selling their own goods, as mentioned above.

There are few articles of real value exposed for sale at the Jaffa market. It is in reality only a small Oriental bazar, the general sight of which, however, is very interesting to a visitor who has seen nothing of the kind before.

The beautiful colored illustration on the first page of this issue, represents a scene familiar to all who have visited Jaffa. In a cool corner of the market, shaded by palms and also sheltered by canvas so frail that it threatens to fall in pieces, sit a group of fruit vendors. Before them are heaped-up baskets of oranges and pomegranates. To one dealer comes an Arab—a son of the desert—intent on making a purchase. There is more dickering and beating down of prices in an Oriental transaction than anywhere else in the world. The transaction has something of the character of a studied dialogue, in which the climax is reached when the seller consents to accept a price somewhere about the true value of the article. In the background, their outlines showing darkly against the limestone building beyond, stand two patient camels. The entire scene—the blue skies, the hot, yellow sands and sharp shadows, the peculiar, bright-hued robes of the figures in the foreground, together with the whole surrounding—is full of Oriental character and interest. Another interesting group, also from the Jaffa market, is shown in the photograph of the orange-sellers, on this page.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

Mrs. Mary Prentice.
James W. Steed.
W. H. Cock.

All desiring to be enrolled on the list of patrons of the Bowery Mission should send their names and addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

SAUL REJECTED.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 17. I. Sam. 15 : 10-23. Golden Text I. Sam. 15: 22. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

ALREADY Saul had failed through unbelief, and Samuel had come to him with the message from the Lord; "Thou hast done foolishly; thou has not kept the commandment of the Lord thy God which he commanded thee: for now would the Lord have established thy kingdom upon Israel forever. But now thy kingdom shall not continue: the Lord hath sought him a man after his own heart, and the Lord hath commanded him to be captain over his people, because thou hast not kept that which the Lord commanded thee." His dynasty should not last, and yet God permitted Saul to have much success against the enemies of Israel. (chap. 14: 47, 48.) But Saul was not true to his God. It is only in time of testing that real consecration, and real love to God come out, or the proof shows that we lack these things. Samuel was always ready to stand at Saul's side, and give him help from God, but generally Saul was self-sufficient, and did not value the precious privilege of the prophet's help.

But now Samuel came unsought to the king with a message from the Lord: "The Lord sent me to anoint thee to be king over his people, over Israel: now

Therefore Hearken

thou unto the voice of the words of the Lord." The mark of true anointing is to know how to hearken and to recognize the voice of God. The anointed prophet whose ear was always open to God, says to the self-willed king: "Hearken! . . . Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, I remember that which Amalek did to Israel, how he laid wait for him in the way when he came up from Egypt- Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass." It was an opportunity and a test. An opportunity for Saul to retrieve his character as God's representative who should reign for him and carry out his purposes, acting under his directions; and it was at the same time a test as to whether he could so far obey God that, even though his dynasty should not last, he might personally be trusted with the kingdom during his life. There was also a solemn lesson for Saul to learn. Some hundreds of years had elapsed since God had declared to Moses and charged him to write it in a book "I will utterly put out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven." (Exod. 17: 14.) God had not forgotten; he had only waited until the measure of the sin of Amalek was full. He had also spoken solemn words about Saul's kingdom, and Saul must learn that God keeps his word.

Saul gathered this army, and after warning the Kenites to depart from the Amalekites, he proceeded with the work of extermination. The command of God was definite in the extreme: "utterly destroy;" but the king, instead of implicitly obeying, improved, as he thought, upon the command of God; destroyed the people, but spared the king; destroyed all that was vile and refuse among their sheep and cattle, but spared "the best of the sheep, and of the oxen, and of the fatlings and of the lambs and all that was good. There is a terrible lack of true manliness in the man who thinks to improve upon the Word of the living God. It is

The Sin of the Age

in which we live that men speak and act as though they knew better than the God who made them; and the fearful attempt to get rid of the inspiration, and therefore the authority of God's Word is achieving a success which is a sign of the ripening of the world for the time of Antichrist. God said, utterly destroy, for he could not accept or utilize that which he had cursed. Self, the flesh, often appears in lovely forms; noble, courageous, pleasing, intelligent, and yet when it reaches its brightest goal, it will bring forth nothing better than "the man of sin." (II. Thes. 2: 3.) God gives it no other place than on the Cross of Christ. They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts." (Gal. 5: 24.) Human reason and human pride, clamor for the recognition of what is good in human nature, and the men of this age count it narrow-minded and absurd to regard as real the words of Paul written by the Holy Ghost's inspiration, "In me that is, in my flesh, dwelleth

No Good Thing."

(Rom. 7: 18.) Man sees no shame in the self-glory and self-seeking of the flesh, but justifies it, and says, "God made me so," utterly ignoring the fall and the fact that man was first created in the image of God; and as utterly ignoring the greater fact still, that his purpose is unchanged for those who enter into it; to conform them to the image of his Son, and even to make them "partakers of the divine nature." (Rom. 8: 29; II. Pet. 1: 4.) Saul is a typical man living after the flesh. His name, which signifies Hades, the place of the departed, is no accident; spiritually there was more of death than life in him. God did his part; he drew him, gave him another heart, even gave him the tongue which prophesied by the Spirit. But Saul did not do his part, he did not yield himself up to God as a living sacrifice, and thus his life became a failure.

Samuel, rejected by man, was still at home in God's counsel, and he made known to him the defection of the king, and said, "It repenteth me that I have set up Saul to be king." And Samuel, far from entertaining a feeling of satisfaction that his misgivings and warnings about setting up a king were justified, gave himself to prayer for the erring king, and "cried to the Lord all night." Thus fortified by communion with his God, Samuel came to Saul, and instead of finding him heart-broken for his disobedience, he found him exulting! Oh how the words must have grated on the prophet's ear, after his God and he had passed such a night together: "Blessed be thou of the Lord; I have performed the commandment of the Lord," as though to seek credit from the prophet for his victory! Little indeed was he prepared for the rejoinder: "What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear." There was no denying the fact that the Amalekitish sheep and oxen were alive, which had been by the command of Jehovah destined to utter destruction.

Child of the living God who reads these words—is there in your heart or life, some Agag, which you keep alive to serve the purpose of your pride and self-glory? Saul was true to his people's desire, he acted "like the nation," and preserved Agag to lead him captive in chains that he might grace his triumph. Are you holding to anything in which the world appreciates you? Are you one who loves the praise of men more than the praise of God? It is a terrible thing to preserve in our brittle chains anything that God has doomed to death. Saul made answer. A man who lives in true relation to God never makes excuse, he wants to know where he is wrong that he may be put right. The miserable, unkingly king sought to make himself out to be in the right when he had every proof that he was in the wrong, and instead of acknowledging his fault as David did his, he cast the blame upon his people. Oh the meanness of the human heart when self is its centre! When at last the king was forced to admit his sin, he only confessed it from a selfish motive, in order that he might keep up appearances. The true anointing, the true kingly dignity was lacking.

Saul had been tried in the balances and found wanting. When he brought a pious excuse and said, "The people took of the spoil sheep and oxen, . . . to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God in Gilgal." Samuel replied: "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." No amount of zeal can make up for disobedience to the revealed will of God. In our days an immense amount of work goes under the the name of religious work, but how much of it is done in the spirit of obedience and of self-sacrifice and of humility? The die was cast; Saul was put to the proof; it was his last chance.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

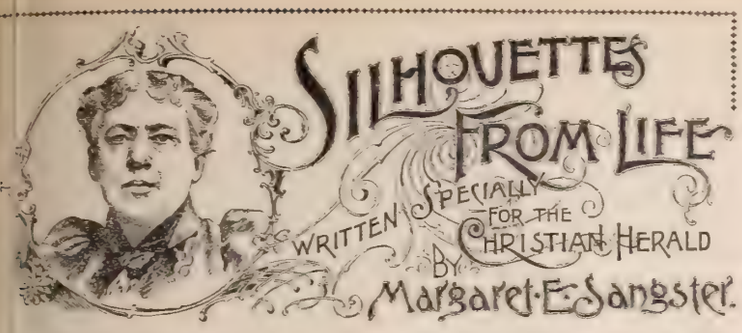
NEAR GILGAL.

OBEDIENCE is the supreme test of character in the eyes of God. That is the essence of the lesson. Saul failed when it was applied to him. The events of his reign, as recorded in the chapters intervening between that describing his inauguration and the one to be considered this week, give a clear idea of his character. Humble and diffident at first, he becomes impulsive, arrogant, and imperious as he grows accustomed to his position. It was not a position of ease and luxury. Barely had he assumed his duties, than he was called up on to defend a town against the king of the Ammonites, who proposed not only to enslave the people, to which they consented, but to put out their right eyes. Saul attacked the cruel barbarian, and routed him so decisively that the land rang with his praises, and the people were ready to kill any man who would not recognize him as king. A great assembly was called at Gilgal to solemnly proclaim him king over all Israel. Samuel took advantage of the occasion to formally resign his power and to caution the people about their future behaviour. Saul, being now secure in his throne, collected a small army of three thousand picked men and prepared himself to defend his kingdom. The first attack came from the Philistines, which was a much more serious danger than the attack of the Ammonites. But Israel was again victorious, this time through the valor of Jonathan, Saul's son. Saul's conduct in the crisis caused his first breach with Samuel. He had an appointment with the prophet, who was to come and offer sacrifice before the battle. But Saul grew impatient before Samuel's arrival, and offered the sacrifice himself, thereby slighting the prophet and showing his lack of faith in God's guidance. Samuel solemnly denounced him, and warned him that he no longer enjoyed God's favor. But he was not immediately deposed. God does not always execute judgment at once; and that is why people are apt to think he is not so angry at sin as he really is. Another opportunity for service was granted Saul. The Amalekites, a predatory tribe who wandered around in the desert south of Palestine, had harassed Israel during the forty years' wandering, and had fought one pitched battle with them at Rephidim (Ex. 17: 8-13). They were now to be destroyed. Moses had enjoined it as a duty (Deut. 25: 17-19), and it was probably essential to the peace and safety of the nation. They were impious, treacherous, and inhuman. The order for their utter extermination went forth, and Saul was commissioned to execute it. He gathered his army fought against the enemy, and again wo a decisive victory. It was in the hour his triumph that he made the final breac with God and with Samuel. He kept son of the cattle, in which the Amalekites we rich, as a prey, thereby robbing the ca paign of its character as a commission divine vengeance, and making it a me looting expedition, which was of no bene as an example to the other nations. Sa also kept the Agag, or king, of the Ama kites alive, probably to grace his triumj on his return. Whatever his motive m have been, he disobeyed, and Samuel nounced him and parted from him, nev to see him again.

It repenteth me. God uses words, his communications with men, which adapted to their understanding. In t instance he simply meant that he wou not go on to bless and prosper Saul as would have done had Saul been obedie To repent is literally to turn again a take a different course. A man sho true repentance by quitting his sins a striving to live a life of holiness, m than he does by weeping and lamenti "I have no confidence in him," saic banker to a friend, who was urging him promote his nephew to a place of trust the bank. The nephew was one of clerks in the bank, who had not access the money, but simply posted up the le ers. But a teller's place was vacant, the young man's uncle visited his fri the banker to plead for his nephew. banker's reply hurt his friend, and asked with some warmth, "Why, has ever been unfaithful?" "No," said banker, "but he is not a young man t I feel safe in trusting. However, I not act on prejudice. Since you urge he shall have the position, and if he pr trustworthy he shall have still hig promotion." The uncle thanked friend and left him. Not more tha year afterward the two men were ag together, and the uncle was paying ov large sum of money and pleading w the banker not to prosecute his nephew embezzlement. "It is a pity I yielde you," said the banker. "The young was not strong enough to resist the te tations incidental to the position. It wo have been better for all concerned to h left him to the books, where there was temptation. I am sorry." The bar deplored this young man's fall as deplored the fall of Saul.

To obey is better than sacrifice. The st is told of a wealthy brewer who rente a large number of saloons in a certain t where the payment for licenses were voted to the support of schools and houses. The men who nominally held houses were simply the brewer's repre tatives. He took the larger part of proceeds of the traffic. His eldest son came a Christian and he protested to father against his business. "See he said the brewer, "look at this book. are my subscriptions to churches and ities. I give away more than a tent of my income. I know the trade is bad, some one must be in it, and it is better I should have it and do good with proceeds than let it go into the hand men who would give nothing. Bes this, the licenses go to good causes If there were no drink or drunkards, churches and charities would suffer." all this the son made no reply but, obey is better than sacrifice." His fath special pleading could not convince that it was right to do evil that good m come. He renounced his expectation inheritance, began life as a poor man, is now trying to redeem the drunk who are ruining themselves with the d his father makes and sells.

He hath rejected thee. In a cheap lod house in Chicago a missionary ent into conversation with an elderly whose wretched appearance was in s contrast to his manner and conv tion which were those of an educated, tured man. The missionary won his fidence, and after listening to a sto crime, he said, "You do not look as if had prospered by your wickedness." man shook his head. He said, "I not prospered at it. With half the and energy I have spent, I might made a fortune; but now I am home twice I have been in State's prison. I made acquaintance with every descri of misery; but I tell you my worst ishment is being what I am."



A HEROINE.

I SAW her walking down the street in the rain, a big, clumsy woman in a rusty black alpaca dress, and a plain, woolen shawl. She carried an unwieldy bundle and plodded on as if she were tire My friend said, looking out of the window, "There goes Mrs. Phœbe Jane Smith. She's a heroine, the pluckiest, bravest woman I ever saw."

"She looks as though she was desperate poor," I said, pityingly. "What is the bundle, pray?"

"Coats which she has finished, and is taking home to the tailors? She has tried other work, dress-making, I believe; even embroidery and plain sewing have been among the things she has done, and she has one out nursing and taken in laundry work, but at present she finds the coats paying best. She has a sick daughter, her son died last year, and she has a cripple grandson in the house. For them all Phœbe Jane is the sole bread-winner."

"But surely her husband is living still, and she's a gentleman born and bred. He studied law—why, it all comes back to me now—he had a good practice, and was a tall, fine-looking fellow, dark-eyed and with distinguished manner. And Mrs. Smith used to teach school, she was a pretty graceful girl, not in the least like this person. Perhaps though, she died, and his is the second wife."

"I think, in a way, she did die, and this is the second wife." my friend replied, "but I do not mean what you do. When truth and pride and hope and love die and the woman simply holds on to duty and to her place in life, with grim, stubborn courage—she becomes another woman. Hard work and sorrow have robbed Mrs. Smith of her beauty, but she is a splendid creature, and I admire her for the loyal way in which she sticks to Horace, notwithstanding his inebriety. That is the trouble—drink—the poor fellow comes of a long line of roystering forefathers, and he hasn't the physique they had, and then, too, the moral fibre in him has been slackened; very likely he cannot help being a drunkard."

"Don't say that Louise!" I exclaimed hotly. "With God's help, any man can help being a drunkard. I believe in people seeing saved by the grace of God. But tell me more about the Smyths; they interest me. This woman, you say, loves her husband still."

"I don't know about love. I can't imagine her loving him in just the same way, but there is a love of pity, and some wives have a sort of heavenly tenderness which outlives everything else on earth. They went down very slowly at first, then faster, the down grade is generally an easy one at the last.

"Horace lost his law practice as soon as his clients found that his judgment was not to lean on. Then his Uncle James set him up in a stationery store, a nice stock of paper, envelopes, pencils, pens, books and bric-a-brac, and, as such a shop was needed in our place, we hoped he would get on. Phœbe Jane worked in it early and late, but do all she could, every dollar they made went for liquor, and Horace would come into the shop in a fierce rage, and storm at her before customers, and frighten them, and the thing had to be given up.

"He has stripped the house again and again of everything he could pawn, he has turned their son out of doors on a bitterly cold night. I once saw him with my own eyes push her out at midnight, then lock the door, and standing inside, laugh with insane mirth. That night I took her in and she slept till morning on the couch in my parlor. All she said was that 'poor Horace had been over-worked, and was not himself, delirious in fact. No kinder man lived, when he was himself.' Nobody has ever seen her lift the veil from the sanctuary of her married life, no one has ever heard her speak of Horace Smyth except with respect and affection. I call that brave."

"Do you think he will ever reform?" I asked the question doubtingly, for alas! we Christians are great and sinful sceptics when it comes to reforming men, just as we are bitterly cold, cruel and unfeeling in our treatment of men who have reformed, always remembering their past, unlike him who blots out his people's transgressions, and says he will remember their iniquities no more.

"I am sure that Horace will be a reformed man before he dies,' Louise answered firmly. "Lots of people are praying for him. He has taken to going to church and prayer-meeting, a good sign, and if he can be but truly converted, which may God grant, he will yet rise erect in new manhood, and trample the fetters of the old habit under his feet."

"Louise, you talk as if you faced an audience," I said, smiling. "I hope Mrs. Smyth is sustained by as intense a conviction."

"I think she is; I hope so," my friend replied. "There, she is coming back. I will ask her in for a cup of tea.'

Louise tapped on the pane. Mrs. Smyth, this time without the bundle, came in at the little gate, and with a cheerful smile lighting up her countenance, entered the parlor.

"I am so glad to give you a cup of our new tea; a missionary friend sent it to me from China," explained Louise. "Nothing rests one like a cup of hot tea. I cannot say that I care for it iced, myself."

We talked a little while over the respective merits of hot and cold tea, and then Mrs. Smyth said:

"I have good news, and I must tell it you; my husband has gained a position in the city, a position of trust, and I hope he will be able to do justice to his talents hereafter. He is perfectly well again, and I have given up, to-day, my work at Clark and Buttle's."

This was before me. When she went out, Louise accompanied her to the door, and there Mrs. Smyth broke down.

"Dear Horace has signed the pledge, and has united with the church, and I am the happiest woman this side heaven."

"From this day on," said Louise, returning to her cup of tea, and looking wistfully after her departing guest, "no day shall ever pass without my having a special season of prayer for the Smyths. She is a heroine, and he, I trust, a brand plucked from the burning."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

EDUCATION IN JAPAN.

Education has made greater progress in Japan in the last 20 years than the outer world is aware of. In 1872 the Emperor announced his desire that there should thenceforward exist within his realm "not a village with an ignorant family, nor a family with an ignorant member." For the realization of this ideal a scheme of universal education was devised. It comprises the universally familiar Kindergarten, Board schools on the English model, American high schools, French normal schools, and a German university. The results of its working are striking, although not altogether admirable. Two million pupils attend the classes; illiteracy has become rare, "advanced thinkers" abound. The "classes" have settled down into virtual autheism; the "masses" tend to become more indifferent to the amalgam of Shintoism and Buddhism offered for their acceptance. Their interest is arrested by the novelty of material progress, and the religious life of the country is concentrated among close upon 100,000 Christians of all denominations. By the hot-headed Nationalist party, however, Christianity is regarded with aversion, as being "anti-Japanese," and the seeds of former intolerance, kept alive by the native press, are ready, under easily imaginable circumstances, to spring up and bear again the old bitter fruit. Japanese education is secular and compulsory, though not gratuitous. Its most marked result has been the development of a dangerous class of idle graduates, too learned to dig, too unsettled to trade, and hence always at hand for inflammatory purposes.

THE PRAYER ANSWERED.

FROM Mr. J. J. Coulthard, who is laboring as a missionary in China, comes a remarkable story of simple faith. He says: The bed of the Yellow River which is the principal river in the province of Ho-an, has for many years been gradually rising. The gradient through that province being slight, the yellow mud held in suspension by the rapid current of the rivers in the upper provinces is here deposited in the bed of the river. This has been going on for centuries and the bed is now higher than the surrounding country. The water would inundate the surrounding country if it were not kept from overflowing by embankments. When a breach is made in these, the waters pour down in torrents, and cause great devastation until the breach can be repaired. In 1887, such a disaster occurred, and for two years the officials, with their colossal army of workmen, vainly attempted to repair the break. The closer the ends of the embankment at either side of the breach were brought together, the stronger became the current, shaking the newly made banks to their foundations. Late in the Autumn of 1889, the native Christians at Chau-kia-k'eo decided to pray definitely for the closing of the breach. God answered the prayer, and honored the faith of the Christians.

One night, when the workmen were resting, an immense floe of ice floated down with the current, and, too large to pass through the breach, it lodged against it and effectually, though only temporarily, closed it. News of it was conveyed to the officials, all hands were aroused, and double pay offered to those who would work that night. Materials used for making embankments were brought with the utmost speed and while the ice floe held back the waters, the breach in the embankment was firmly built up. This answer to prayer has been to us a constant memorial of God's faithfulness. As breaches may occur at any time, farmers always have at hand a boat for removing their families to a safe place. To a traveller the sight of a boat so far from river or lake seems strange until he knows the reason."

BIBLE CONFIRMATION.

In an address recently given before the Church Conference at Norwich, England, Professor Sayce gave the details of a discovery which confirms a Bible narrative. He said: "Mr. Pinches, to whom Biblical and historical students are much indebted, has discovered a broken tablet in which Eri-Aku (the Arioch of Gen. 14: 1) is associated with two other princes, Kudur-Lagamar or Chedorlaomer the Elamite, and Tudkhal, the Tidal of Genesis. The proof of the historical accuracy of the narrative in the 14th chapter of Genesis is thus complete. But a discovery, still more important for establishing the truth and authenticity of the historical sources of Genesis has also lately been made by Mr. Pinches, who has allowed me to make it known for the first time on the present occasion. Before doing so, however, let me remind you that Arioch, or Eri-Aku, to whom I have just been alluding, was overthrown, along with his Elamite allies, by Khammurabi, the rival King of Babylon, and his kingdom annexed to that of his conqueror. Henceforth Babylonia, which had previously been divided into more than one kingdom, became a united monarchy, with Babylon as its capital. Now the names of the kings of the dynasty to which Khammurabi belonged are not Babylonian, or, as we generally term it, Assyrian, the words with which they are compounded not being found for the most part in that language. The Babylonians consequently found a difficulty in spelling them, and in the contract tablets which were drawn up at the time, the same name is written in different ways.

The names offer curious resemblances to Hebrew names. Among other names which remind us of those of the Old Testament Mr. Pinches has found in contract tablets dated in the reigns of Khammurabi and other kings of the dynasty the names of Yakub-ili and Yasup-ili, or Jacob-el and Joseph-el. The names are distinctively Hebrew, and prove that in the very century to which the Bible assigns the lifetime of Abraham, Hebrews with Hebrew names must have been living in Babylonia. The Egyptian monuments of the 18th and 19th dynasties mention places in Palestine called Jacob-el and Joseph-el, so that it has long been assumed that in the familiar Jacob and Joseph we must see an abreviation of Jacob-el and Joseph-el, and last year Professor Flinders Petrie actually found a scarab bearing the name of a Pharaoh, Jacob-el, who must have reigned over Egypt in the obscure period when it was ruled by Asiatic conquerors.

TIBET NEEDS THE GOSPEL.

In recent communications from Tibet, published by the London *Christian*, Miss Annie R. Taylor the well-known missionary describes something like an unusual event in the government of that country. She says:—There is interesting news from Lhassa; for the Dalai Lama, who is now nineteen years of age, has taken the reins of Government, and been proclaimed King of Tibet. He has had a dispute with the Chinese Amban, and told him that he is not the servant of the Emperor of China. This, of course, is evident, for the Emperor worships him as a god; and the Amban is, so it is said, in Lhassa, for the express purpose of protecting the Dalai Lama. The latter is always supposed to assume temporal as well as spiritual rule when he reaches the age of eighteen; but for over a hundred years no Dalai Lama has reached that age, having, as the Tibetans say, transmigated and been re-incarnated. The temporal government of Tibet has thus been entrusted to a Lama chief called Devashung, or King of Tibet, with a number of chiefs under him. This office is for the present done away with. For the sake of commercial interests, China keeps Tibet closed to Europeans; but we pray that the new move of the Dalai Lama may tend to the opening up of Tibet.

Life in Tibet is much easier than in Central Africa; one can get warm here, but in Africa one cannot get cool; and then it is healthy in Tibet. I enjoy very much the visiting among the people on the mountain side with their cattle. I am treating for an affection of the skin the mother of the deposed king of Sikkim; she has sent me as a present, a piece of Tibetan cloth. How good it would be to win her for Jesus! Quite a number of the people come to service on the Lord's day, as well as to see me on week days. Yet the country is still in darkness. Travellers from England, France and Russia go in amongst the people; are God's servants not content to live in huts, tents, or caves, and wander among the mountains? The Tibetans are more accessible than one may think, if God's servants will forego comforts, and wear the native dress.

A SONG OF CHEERFULNESS.

THE weary world's a cheery place
For those with hearts to win it:
Thank God, there's not a human face
But has some laughter in it!
The soul that comes with honest mirth,
Though health and fortune vary,
Brings back the childhood of the earth,
And keeps it sound and merry.

The plodding world's an eager place
For those with wit to use it;
Where all are bidden to the race
Let him who dare refuse it!
The simplest task the hand can try,
The dullest round of duty,
Knowledge can amply glorify,
And art can crown with beauty.

A busy, bonny, kindly place
Is this rough world of ours,
For those who love and work apace,
And fill their hands with flowers.
To kind and just and grateful hearts
The present grace is given
To find a heaven in themselves,
And find themselves in heaven!

MORE ARMENIAN MASSACRES.

Wholesale Slaughter at Trebizond, Baiburt and Erzinjan—The Unprecedented Distress—Turkey's Promises of Reform—Missionaries in Peril.

A NEW reign of terror has begun in Armenia. Unsatisfied by the butcheries of Sassoun, Dalvorig and Gheliguzan, and with the execrations of the civilized world still sounding in their ears in denunciation of these and other crimes, the Turks have again glutted the soil of several districts in Armenia with the blood of many hundreds of defenceless victims—new martyrs to the Christian cause. Thus, notwithstanding the plausible promises of reforms by the Sublime Porte, the policy which the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, the veteran missionary, aptly described as one of "absolute extermination" is still being remorselessly carried out in Armenia. Intelligence comes to the effect that in the recent disturbances at Trebizond, referred to in a previous issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, "at least six hundred Armenians were slain, while only a few Turks were killed. The Armenian settlements were set on fire and the inhabitants were burned to death or shot." In addition to the news of this savage massacre, involving all the horrors of the Sassoun and Dalvorig butcheries, although on a smaller scale, there comes by cable the story of a similar sanguinary event at Erzinjan, where several hundred Armenians were killed. An outbreak of the most frightful character is reported from Baiburt, near Erzeroum. Five hundred Moslem troops attacked and massacred the Armenians in several villages, burning men at the stake and torturing and outraging many women, besides desecrating churches and stealing cattle and other property. At Bitlis a number of Armenians were killed in the streets during a fight with the Moslems. After its usual fashion of explaining such outrages, the Porte, through a circular addressed to the leading European governments, has attempted to show that the disarmed and helpless Armenians were the aggressors, in these "disturbances"—the latter expression being one generally used when a massacre is in question.

REV. CYRUS HAMLIN, D.D.

The Veteran Missionary to Asia Minor.

Letters from Trebizond to the *Daily News* of London, state that there were over 700 Christian Armenians slaughtered in that city, and 200 in the neighboring villages. Untold horrors are implied in this brief statement, and there is little doubt that the full recital will disclose a story of Turkish barbarity equaled only by the butcheries of 1894. The letter adds that many Armenian women have vanished, having been either murdered or kidnapped; that most of the Armenian houses have been burned to the ground, the survivors of the latest massacres being driven like wild beasts to the hills and woods, where they are now living. There has also been trouble in the Marash district, and the missionaries are in peril.

Meanwhile, the continued persecutions all over Armenia are adding to the number of the sufferers from hunger and want throughout that unfortunate country. Every letter received here has brought the news of intense suffering in the Sassoun district, as well as at Van and Erzeroum. News is now daily looked for announcing the arrival of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Commissioner and the opening of the Relief work, but owing to the slow means of communication, together with the disturbed condition of the country, cablegrams will doubtless be subjected to some delay.

A letter from a Sassoun fugitive, lately received, gives the saddening story of the experience of one family. It is typical of the experience of thousands of others. He writes:

"Our family was composed of ten members, and were natives of Semal, a village in Sassoun. We fought the Kurds to protect our lives and property; but when the Turkish soldiers united with the Kurds, we fled. I was with my father. He could not run away because he was very weak, having eaten nothing for many days. I entered, with the rest of my family, into a thick forest. The soldiers overtook my father and struck him with their swords, disembowling him; they filled his body with gunpowder and set fire to him. Afterwards I went with others and gathered up what remained of my poor father and buried him.

"With the rest of my family I remained forty days in the forests, subsisting on herbs and roots until the soldiers were recalled, and there was nobody to pursue us. We came down to Moosh, and the government sent us to Khibian, a village in the Moosh plain, where we remained in a delapitated hut with very little to eat. All of us became sick from hunger and cold; two girls and one boy died, and the rest, six members of our family, all now wandering from village to village, naked and hungry."

We would hesitate to soil the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by describing many of the revolting cruelties inflicted by the fanatical Turks upon the defenceless Armenians. Neither age nor sex have been spared. A final refusal to deny Christ and accept Islam sealed the fate of the Armenian. Such horrible tortures as flaying alive, cutting to pieces by swords, tearing out the eyes, branding on the body with red-hot irons and even tearing out the entrails, filling up the cavity with gunpowder and exploding it—these were among the simplest of the diabolical measures adopted by the Sultan's officials and his soldiery in dealing with his Christian Armenian subjects whom, even under his own Koran, he was in duty bound to protect. Women torn from their homes and outraged, and hundreds of young girls forcibly carried off, fiendishly used and wantonly slain, and other horrors unnamable and unfit to print, are some of the methods employed with the Sultan's permission, in upholding the glory of Islam.

At this juncture, when the already widespread suffering has been intensified and multiplied by the recent massacres, which have added hundreds of Christian families to the list of the destitute wanderers, our Relief Committee will face a most formidable task. We expect to be able within a short time to publish cheering accounts of the progress of the work. The following contributions to the Fund were received during the week:

Prev'sly ack $4,187.33
Adams, Mrs. D.... 50
Adams, Mrs. G. W.. 1 00
Allen, Mrs. W B..... 1 00
Althouse, Mrs T. G. 5 00
Anderson, Mrs H... 1 00
Anderson. Isadore.. 1 00
Anderson, Joseph... 1 00
Anderson, Wm..... 4 00
Anjer, Wm..... 1 00
Arnold, J T.....10 00
Averill, Edward.... 2 00
Bader, Jacob..... 2 00
Baker, Mrs & Miss.. 2 00
Baker, G W..... 3 00
Baker, Nettie S..... 2 00
Balch, Miss S P..... 1 00
Beach, Mary C..... 3 00
Bear, C..... 1 00
Bemington, MrsT H 1 00
Benedict, C C & I A 5 00
Benton, MrsWm A. 1 00
Berkheiser, C..... 1 00
Besson, F & Sister.. 50
Best, Philip..... 2 00
Betts, Miss..... 2 00
Betts, Mrs..... 5 00
Betts, Miss L..... 1 00
Binkhead, John H.. 5 00
Blackmore, H..... 3 00
Bliss, Stephen S.... 5 00
Booth, Mrs M..... 1 00
Boyd, Lula A..... 1 00
Boyle, Mrs Alex.... 5 00
Brand, R M..... 1 00
Briggs, C..... 7 00
Briggs, Mrs L..... 5 00
Briggs, Mrs L C.... 5 00
Brininstool, F E.... 2 00
Brough, M..... 1 00
Brough, Mrs M..... 1 00
Browe, A L & wife. 5 00
Brown, S E..... 5 00
Bryant, M W..... 1 00
Bucknam, F C..... 1 00
Bull, W D..... 1 00
Bullard, A B..... 5 00
Bullard, Mary E.... 1 00
Bunker, H E&H M 5 00
Burgess, Miss May. 50
Burton, A S K..... 1 00
Bush, Agnes..... 1 00
Bush, Angeline..... 1 00
Bush, Edwin A..... 50
Byers, Jno E..... 5 00
Caldwell, D C.....10 00
Campbell, Mrs A E. 5 00
Carlton, A..... 5 00
Carpenter, Amelia.. 5 00
Carter, J W..... 5 00
Chamberlin, Mrs E. 50
Chamberlin, M H... 5 00
Chapman, Ada M... 5 00
Choate, MaryP&fam 2 00
Clark, MrsB B&dau. 5 00
Cleveland, Edw. C. 5 00
Cleveland, W H.... 2 00
Cochran, Mrs D.... 5 00
Cockin, Emma,..... 1 00
Cockin, Harriet..... 1 00
Coit, John J..... 5 00
Collins, Mary W.... 2 00
Comstock, Anthony. 5 00
Conklin, A H..... 5 00
Cook, G L..... 2 00
Corey, Lydia J..... 1 00
Cortelyon, J J & L.. 3 00
Craft, Mr..... 2 00
Crandall, Mrs..... 1 00
Cummings, Mrs L W 5 00
Cummings, Maria A 1 00
Curtis Mrs..... 1 25
Davis, F. P..... 1 00
Davis, M M..... 1 0
Davis, R S..... 5 00
Davis, Mrs Sarah M 1 00
Davis, Thomas..... 1 00
Dawson, Mrs H.... .25
Day, W H..... 2 00
Dean, Eliza..... 2 00
Demick, Mrs E..... .50
Dickey, J B..... 5 00
Dodd, J F..... 2 00
Donaldson, Mrs E L 7 00
Driesback, H C.... 2 00
Dumas, Mrs M A... 1 00
Eldridge, Jerry..... 1 00
Elting, M M..... 1 00
Emory, Mrs S E.... 5 00
Engel, Mrs Jennie.. 6 00
Ernest, Harry..... 50
Ernest, J F..... 1 00
Ernest, Marion..... 50
Esserme, Mr&MrsM 2 00
Evans, John & Mary 5 00
Fairbanks, Mrs C E 5 00
Farrar, Mrs C..... 25
Fechtig, Mrs B. C.. 5 00
Field, D C G..... 5 00
Finnell, Mrs W A .. 1 00
Flath, Peter, w & d 3 00
Flett, Mrs J..... 1 00
Fober, Mrs G A.... 3 00
Ford, Mary L..... 1 00
Forsyth, Mrs M S.. 2 00
Fort, J B..... 5 00
Foshay, C A.....10 00
Foster, Miss E..... .50
Frech, J M..... 5 00
Freeman, Sarah ... 3 00
Furvers, Mrs Mary. .50
Fybo, Mrs M K.... 5 00
Gamblin, Mrs Jas.. 5 00
Garrett, Mrs M S... 5 00
Gaus, Chas..... 1 00
George, J P..... 2 00
George, Mrs M E.. 1 00
Gerts, Mr & Mrs... 5 00
Gibbs, Mrs M A.... 5 00
Gillespie, I M..... 5 00
Glass, Fannie & Eva .43
Glass, Mrs John.... 1 00
Glasscock, J W..... 1 00
Glassmeyer, Louis .. 1 00
Gordon, Rev W R.. 5 00
Grant, J L..... 2 00
Grant, John..... 1 00
Graves, Ida..... 1 00
Green, A D..... 3 57
Green, A F..... 2 00
Green, Sr., John.... 2 00
Griffiths, Agnes.... 1 00
Grimsley, Mrs A P. .50
Guney, R B..... 5 00
Haddock, Mrs Saml 1 00
Haig, Geo..... 2 00
Hall A, M..... 1 00
Hall & fam., M H.. 3 00
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BABY'S FOOTSTEPS.

REMEMBER of once readin' a tender, sweet refrain
ven from the fancy of some dreamin' poet's brain.
lin' of the joy that comes when lyin' in your bed,
u hear the rain-drops fallin' on the shingles overhead.
me folks may not think so, but with him I quite agree.
t the simple sounds of nature hold the sweetest melody;
d that is why I'm thinkin' that there's no tune quite so sweet
the soft, melodious patter of baby's little feet.
m early mornin's brightness till evenin's gatherin' gloom,
hear the tuneful patter of his footsteps in each room;
w along the hallway, now upon the stair,
and down, come and go, wanderin' here and there,
in' all the hours with the music of his tread,
'l sleep o'ercomes and bears him a captive to his bed.
s with joy I leave the hustle and the bustle of the street
r the gentle, restful patter of baby's little feet.
ey have worn a pathway that winds all through my breast,
d their soothin', patterin' music lulls me to my nightly rest,
d even when sleep has claimed me I hear it in my dreams,
e symphonies of angels, so mellow-like it seems.
ere is somethin' very pleasin' in the whisperin' of the trees.
the murmurin' of a mountain brook, in the sighin' of the breeze;
t in all of art or nature there is no tone that can beat
e smooth, harmonious patter of baby's little feet.

—WILLIAM WEST.

***

Florida's Wondrous Woods.

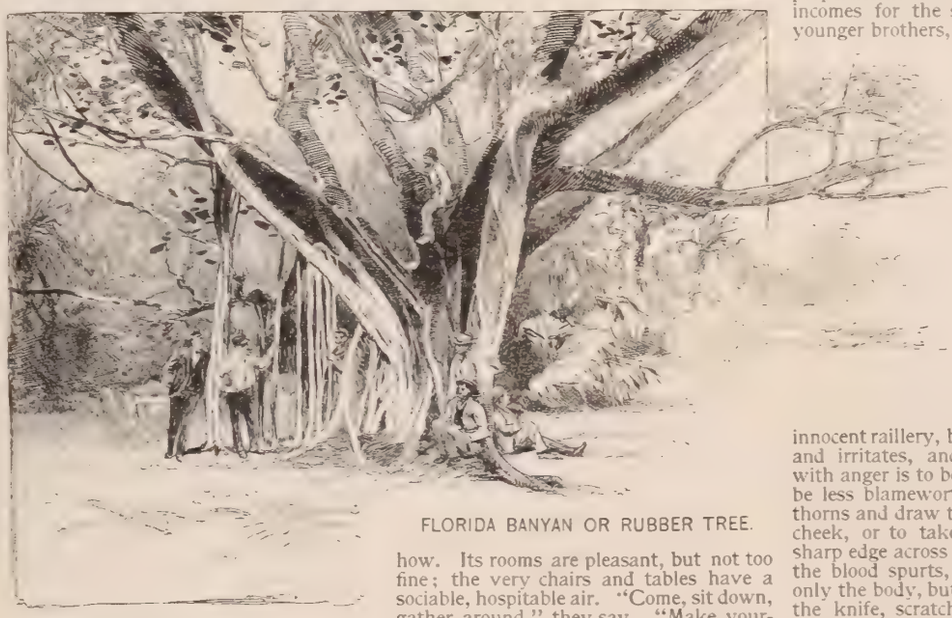
eat Groves of Oak, Pine, and Orange—The Giant Banyan and Lofty Paw-Paw—Animal Life in the Southern Forests.

WITH the approach of winter, which comes with a degree of rigor in many of our Middle and Northern States, the perfect climate of the South holds out many attractions to those who dwell colder latitudes. Every year witnesses increasing temporary migration to Flora, some going there for the pleasure of ld and stream only, others for health, hile a third class, who are possessed of mple means, go simply because they dise the boreal blasts that sweep the North, id prefer to prolong the summer experces by a regular winter visit to our autiful semi-tropical peninsula. Hunrs and tourists rejoice over the fact, owever, that even yet the population ong the rivers and bayous is so sparsely at it does not break in upon the picturiqueness of the scenery or destroy the harm of primeval beauty that is the ecial attraction of the Florida forests.

There is, indeed, no lovelier sight than ne banks of a Florida river. As a rule, ne spiny palmetto fringes the margin, iversified at intervals with orange and anana groves. Sheepshead, pompano, ullet and green turtles are caught in bundance in these streams. Wherever here is a clearing and a plantation, there re beautiful avenues of cabbage-palms, ith gleaming, shell-covered walks, and profuse growth of orange, lemon, banana nd grape, rich in color and copious in perume. Magnolias and feathery-crested awpaws add to the beauty of the landcape, and even in the wild woods there is uch a delightful confusion of color and uch a mingling of perfumes that the enses become gratefully appreciative.

One of the wonders of Florida is the banyan or rubber-tree, a gigantic specimen of which is shown in the illustration on this page. There are only two of this mammoth size known to exist in this country, one of them being among the chief curiosities of Key West. Even the branches of this remarkable tree have bent back and become almost as firmly rooted in the soil as the parent trunk. Some species of the banyan fix the points of their branches in the ground, while others send out shoots from the stem which drop root-tendrils, and the latter seek the earth and cling to it firmly.

There is so much variety of motion and vitality in the Florida woods and along the streams that one cannot be dull. At some lake or at a point where the stream expands into a bay, the presence of a boat is the signal for myriads of water fowl to rise and darken the air momentarily in their flight. There are coot, water-hens, duck, and many other species and the noise created by the simultaneous flapping of



FLORIDA BANYAN OR RUBBER TREE.

their wings and their startled cries is callated to frighten timid tourists who are unused to such scenes. In the deep, dark woods there are found deer, bear, panther, raccoon, and where the forest runs down to lake or river, through mangrove marshes, the hoarse piping of frogs, the stertorous grunt of the alligator and other noises, all give evidence of the presence of animal life in every direction. To the lover of nature, the disciple of Isaac Walton, or the invalid whose body and brain need reinvigoration, there are few parts of the Union more delightful to visit than Florida.

***

A Life Spent for Woman.

One of the best-known women in the United States, a number of years ago, was Virginia Penny, whose ceaseless efforts to open new spheres of activity to women were everywhere praised. When she began her work, there were not more than half a dozen avenues of employment open to women, and to-day there are about four hundred. To her task she devoted time, energies and fortune. Two books which she wrote were of themselves sufficient to stamp her as a woman of talent,—one entitled "Think and Act," and the other "Five Hundred Occupations for Women." She was engaged by the Census Bureau in collecting statistics concerning woman's labor, and did so in a most efficient manner. Sickness came, and with loss of health came poverty, and Miss Penny now finds herself homeless and helpless and destitute in her old age.

***

The Pleasures of Country Living.

We apt to under-estimate the influences of small things. Because people live in the country, there is no reason why they should not look as neat and attractive in the home circle there as they would do if they were dwellers in town. The planting of flowers and trees around each farmhouse is a great benefaction to the human race, and the general introduction of the bath-tub would materially advance the standard of rural life. The daily associations between boys and girls should be elevating and refining. The art of conversation and the spirit of true politeness should be encouraged and cultivated. The habit of wearing clean linen after the labor of the day is ended, and the ladylike habit of appearing during the evening in a fresh dress, however simple, add greatly to the attractiveness as well as to the dignity of country living.

***

A Typical Pleasant Home.

One of the kindest remarks that can be made about a house, writes an experienced home-maker, is that it is one where people like to "drop in." Formal receptions and at homes are well for those who take to that sort of amusement, but there is no such possibility of delightful companionship in them as in a company met by chance in a cozy parlor. Such a house seems to gather its frequenters by happy fortune—it is impossible to say exactly how. Its rooms are pleasant, but not too fine; the very chairs and tables have a sociable, hospitable air. "Come, sit down, gather around," they say. "Make yourself comfortable." We look at the sofa pillows in their varying tints, and each one seems entreating, in higher or lower key, that it shall be put behind somebody's back. The light from the windows of such a house fairly beckon old acquaintances as they go by of an evening. It isn't necessary to tell your friends you are glad to see them; if you really are they will soon find it out. It isn't necessary to amuse them; if they are interesting people, who are on good terms with each other, they will amuse themselves and you. It isn't necessary to feed them; they probably have enough to eat at home. But when it comes to saying what is essential to make your home a centre of charming social intercourse, that is a more difficult matter; for charming social intercourse is a plant of slow growth, which requires rich soil and good cultivation.

***

The Oil of Love.

Love is a great lubricator in all the jars and wrangles and disagreeable places of life. It is related of a cross old man that when his servant left him, he went and told all his woes to a neighbor. It happened, however, that the neghbor knew his weakness. "I think it would be well to oil yourself a little," said he. "When a door in my house creaks I oil the hinges. Go home, engage a servant, and when he does right praise him. If he does anything amiss, oil your voice and words with love." No harsh words were ever heard from the old gentleman after that. How much of the groaning and despair and misery of the world would be cured if the words of every Christian were kept saturated with this wonderful oil!

***

HOME JEALOUSIES.

IN most families the two most undesirable places in the record of births are the first and the last, the first because a daughter may be worn out with the cares of a home that cannot afford to hire help, and the last because she is spoiled as a pet. Among the grandest equipages that sweep through the streets of heaven, writes Dr. Talmage, will be those occupied by sisters who sacrificed themselves for brothers. They will have the finest of the Apocalyptic white horses, and many who on earth looked down upon them will have to turn out to let them pass.

Let sisters not begrudge the time and care bestowed on a brother. It is hard to believe that any boy that you know so well as your brother can ever turn out anything very useful. Well, he may not be a Moses. There is only one of that kind needed for six thousand years. But I tell you what your brother will be—either a blessing or a curse to society, and a candidate for happiness or wretchedness. He will, like Moses, have the choice between rubies and living coals, and your influence will have much to do with his decision. He may not, like Moses, be the deliverer of a nation, but he may, after your father and mother are gone, be the deliverer of a household. What thousands of homes today are piloted by brothers! There are properties now well invested and yielding incomes for the support of sisters and younger brothers, because the older brother rose to the leadership from the day the father lay down to die. Whatever you do for your brother will come back to you again. Don't snub him. Don't depreciate his ability. Don't talk discouragingly about his future.

Brothers and sisters do not consider it any harm to tease. That spirit abroad in the family is one of the meanest. There is a teasing that is pleasurable, and is only another form of innocent raillery, but that which provokes, and irritates, and makes the eye flash with anger is to be reprehended. It would be less blameworthy to take a bunch of thorns and draw them across your sister's cheek, or to take a knife and draw its sharp edge across your brother's hand till the blood spurts, for that would damage only the body, but teasing is the thorn and the knife, scratching and lacerating the disposition and the soul. It is the curse of innumerable households that the brothers tease the sisters, and the sisters the brothers. A thousand home troubles and vexations might be avoided if teasing were not indulged.

Don't let jealousy ever touch a sister's soul, as it so often does, because her brother gets more honor or more means. Let there be no room in all your house for jealousy either to sit or stand. Your brother's success, oh sisters, is your success. His victories will be your victories. How strong it makes a family when all the sisters and brothers stand together, and what an awful wreck when they disintegrate, quarrelling about a father's will and making the surrogate's office horrible with their wrangles.

***

Child-Love of the Sabbath.

Parents ought to plan to make each new Lord's day a better, brighter day than any other day of the week; and to this end the best things for the child's enjoyment may well be kept back until then, as a help to this uplifting of the delights of the day above the week-day's highest level.

A Pound of Facts

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

WE enjoyed the last Hallow Eve, or, as they say in Scotland, "Hallow E'en." Robert Burns puts it into rhythm, and all through Christendom it is celebrated. Ten thousand households ring out at such time with merry laughter, and door-bells are pulled by hands that vanish before the door is opened. The spirit of innocent mischief-making goes abroad, and it is the children's night for games and antics innumerable. All hail, "Hallow E'en," as it comes season after season. Put no restraint upon the harmless hilarities of such a night. All that goes to make children's lives blithesome, I favor. Multiply their sports rather than deplete them. Urge them on rather than discourage them. I wish that as the 31st of October is "Hallow E'en," there might be in each season a corresponding day.

The whole tendency of the time is to abbreviate the frolicsomenes of youth. We have no boys and girls nowadays; they are young gentlemen and ladies. They scarcely get out of the cradle before upon them comes an avalanche of books. The rigid proprieties of life crowd up to the verge of the high chair at the table. The children who will be men and women fifteen years from now will not start life with a surplus of spirits with which some of us were endowed by the outdoor romps and recreations of life in the country. Life is a struggle even for those most prosperous, and the chief work of the first twelve years of it ought to be gathering up a reservoir full of strength and exuberance that could supply all the years subsequent. Of course parental supervisal must forbid the small cruelties and the meannesses which sometimes creep into children's fun, but I think one of the great mistakes of home-life in our time is the lack of sympathy for the joys of juvenescence. In almost every day and in every household there ought to be the "children's hour," and all the hilarities should be arranged with reference to childish appreciation.

It is a sad thing in a man's life where the boy dies out of his temperament. It is a sad time in a woman's life when the girl dies out of her disposition. If we had more of the Hallow E'en in our hearts our life would be happier and more useful, and childhood in our homes would be a bright experience. But in many a prosperous household there is little provision made for the entertainment of life under fifteen years of age. By day the children are at school, and at night the father comes home tired and with patience gone, and soon after ten the children see the shadow of bedtime approaching. All may go well, even with such small allowance of merriment, but when the great burdens of life come down upon the shoulders of the young people, will they be able to endure the weight?

Blessed are those who enter upon active life with a supply of superfluous energy. Childhood is the time for its accumulation. The ball-playing, the lawn-tennis, the croquet, the coasting down the hillside, the snowballing, the skating, and the "Hallow E'ens," are the means of multiplying the resources of life and good cheer and courage so requisite to the right discharge of the hard work of a lifetime.

RELIGION IN TRADE.

WHY are ten thousand of our business men ridden with a nightmare enough to crush Hercules and Prometheus? It is the want of a right kind of store lamp. What ruined the merchant princes of Tyre, that great city of fairs and bazaars and palaces; her vessels of trade with cedar masts and embroidered sails and ivory benches, driven by fierce blasts on Northern waters, and then dropping down on glassy Indian seas; bringing wine from Helbon, and chariot cloths from Dedan, and gold and spices from Rahmah, and emerald and agate from Syria; her waters foaming with innumerable keels; her storehouses bursting with the treasures of all nations—that queen of cities, on a throne of ivory and ebony, under a crown of gold and pearl and diamond and carbuncle and chrysoprase? The want of a right kind of store lamp. If the principles of religion had ruled in her trade, do you suppose that dry rot would have sunk the ships, and that vermin would have eaten up her robes, and that God's mills would have ground up the agate, and that fishermen would dry their nets on the rocks which once were a-quake with the roar and tread of a great metropolis. O, what thrones have fallen, what monuments have crumbled, what fleets have sunk, what statues have been defaced, what barbarism has been created, what civilization retarded, what nations damned, all for the want of the right kind of a store lamp. Men of business! take your Bibles with you. Place them in your store or shop. Do not be ashamed if anybody at noon finds you reading the Scriptures. It is safe always to do business by its teachings.

NO PRAYER LOST.

SOME time ago we saw a curious discussion upon the question us to where went all the pins, buckles, and needles that were manufactured. When so many large establishments are turning them out, whatever becomes of them? Some again enter the earth from which they came forth a metal, some crumble into rust. They are all lost, but where do they go to? There is a more interesting question to us, however, and that is the question "Where do all the prayers go to?" What becomes of them—of the tens of thousands that are every day offered. Are they answered? Not half of them, not a fourth of them. If there be millions of Christians on earth and each Christian man makes one prayer a day—and we do not see how a Christian man could content himself and maintain his spirituality even with that small modicum—then there are millions of supplications going up before the throne of God. Everything that can be desired for the individual heart, everything that can be desired for the Church, everything that can be desired for all the nations is asked for hour after hour, and moment after moment. Now, we are very conscious that a great many of the prayers that we have offered have never been answered. While we may sometimes be in doubt as to whether or not certain temporal successes are best for us,—when we come before God and ask him for a spiritual blessing, we *know* that is best for us. But what has become of all the prayers? We have often asked that we might be perfectly conformed to Jesus Christ; not once has that prayer been answered. We have asked for the redemption of all the people that attend our church on the Sabbath day; that prayer never has been answered. We have asked for the salvation of this entire land, and still there are multitudes sitting in darkness, many of them not knowing so much as that there is a Holy Ghost. There are millions of Christians day by day imploring God for the salvation of the whole world, and the supplication has never been answered. Does God, then, keep his promise? Is prayer a dead failure? Does God mock the Christian Church? Are we told to bring all our gifts into the storehouse and prove him, only to find out that he breaks his promise?

The answer to prayer is only a question of time. So far from there ever having been a million prayers lost, there has never been one prayer lost. God not only keeps one promise, but he keeps all the promises, and never since the moment we first breathed the Christian life have we ever offered an unavailing prayer.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

A. D. Hakes, 133 Eighth avenue, writes:

I am very anxious to know if any of your readers know of this song. I only know the one verse and chorus:

O, escape to yonder mountain,
Now begin to watch and pray;
Christ invites you to his fountain,
Come and wash your sins away.

J. Luhrs, Philadelphia, Pa. What is the latest estimate of the wealth of the leading nations of the civilized world?

The valuation of all property in the United States, according to the census of 1890, was $65,037,091,197, or $1036 per capita, but of this probably over $5,000,000,000 represents foreign capital invested here. The valuation in Great Britain was $50,000,000,000 and France, $40,000,000,000. France has about $4,000,000,000 of foreign investments, chiefly Italian and Spanish, and England has about $8,000,000,000. Germany, Russia and Austria come next in the order of importance.

Clara M——, Edinburgh, Pa. 1. What should be the attitude of a young Christian toward the worldly amusements? 2. Are there any that are not questionable? 3. Can the theatre be idealized according to the idea of a Chicago minister, who thinks it can be brought up to a standard of purity, and one that will meet the ideas of Christians?

1. This is a question which enters into the life of every young Christian at some stage of spiritual experience. The only safe attitude is to distinguish between those amusements that hinder spiritual growth and those that are innocuous. Thus card-playing and dancing, though they may not be sinful "per se," are to be condemned because of their associations and temptations. No one has ever been helped by them and thousands have found them a stepping-stone to moral and physical ruin. 2. Yes; decidedly, there are many, both indoors and outdoors, that are harmless. 3. We do not believe it can be wholly dissociated from evil influences. Theatre-going, even in its best aspect, is a positive detriment to spiritual growth. It creates an unreal atmosphere and gives us false notions of life and human actions and motives. For one play that may be helpful, there are a hundred that are hurtful. It is generally acknowledged that theatre-going and a false standard of morals are apt to go together.

J. F. Thompson, Greely, Col. Why do people try to contend that the days of creation were long periods, and not natural days of twenty-four hours?

The strata of the earth are composed of materials which indicate the passage of immense periods of time. There is no question as to the power of the Omnipotent to have made the earth in six natural days; but it is very improbable that if he had done so the strata would be as we find them. They show marks of intense heat, and of a condition in which animal life could not have existed. There is layer upon layer showing the gradual cooling of the crust of the earth, and of long periods in which only creatures who could live in mud existed, and the process of preparing the earth for such creatures as ourselves can be traced. It is reasonable to believe that God did not put such signs in the earth to mislead man.

Mrs. I. S., Casey, Ia. 1. To what does Paul refer in Colossians 2: 12, by the expression "Wherein ye were raised"? 2. Were there any children included in the household whose baptism is mentioned in the New Testament? 3. Is the assertion of Paul in his ministration Cor. 7: 6-12 of any more consequence to us than that of a minister of the present day?

1. Paul is speaking of resurrection life, which was one of his favorite subjects. He was urging his readers to live spiritual lives, caring no more for the gratification of the flesh than if they had actually passed through death and got rid of their bodies. 2. If anyone knew positively, there might be an end of the controversy between the Baptists and other denominations. If it could be proved that Apostles baptized children, or servants who had not accepted Christianity, simply because the head of the household had become a Christian, then the whole question would be settled. We are most heartily and sincerely sorry that there is no record. 3. The words permission and commandment do not refer to Paul himself but to his readers. They are permitted, but not commanded to do these things. He does not mean that he is permitted, not command, to so write. His opinion, therefore, has all the weight of inspiration. In verse 11 he says following Christ's teaching, but in verse 12 he gives his own directions in the absence of any command of Christ.

J. J. Landon, Montgomery, Ala. What is the missionary prospect in Corea and how has the work been affected by the late war?

The prospect is encouraging, and the field of missionary work is great. Hopes were entertained that the party of progress would have been able to carry out its programme of reform, but these have been shattered, and the old official abuses are returning. Still the outlook for spiritual work is good and will doubtless improve as the country becomes pacified.

Randolph Towns, Dubuque, Ia. Who established the first American Sunday School Union?

It was established by a group of members of different denominations in Philadelphia including Quakers, on January 11, 1791. The organization was called "the First Day or Sunday School Society."

Constant Reader, Etna, Ill. 1. In what sense does Isaiah declare 45: 7 that God creates evil? 2. Who was the Queen of Heaven referred to in Jeremiah 44: 17. 3. Will people be punished for not reading the Bible?

1. The word "evil" occurs in an antithesis. It is the opposite of peace. Isaiah appears to mean that God will punish the bad or bring evil upon them, as surely as he will bless the good. Job makes use of the same expression. (2: 16.) "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord and shall we not receive evil?" 2. The moon, worshipped under the title of Ashtoreth or Astarte. In the ancient mythology regarded as the wife of Baal the sun god. 3. Do you consider it likely that God will approve the conduct of a man, who believing the Bible to be a revelation of God's will, does not read it?

Inquirer, Sidney, Ia. 1. How many years was Noah building the ark? 2. Are people ever forgiven when they repent or not until they are baptized?

1. The warning of God that men's days should be a hundred and twenty years (Gen. 6: 3) may imply that the ark was that length of time in preparation. The words are frequently represented as declaring that in future that would be the normal length of life; but it is evident that that was not the meaning because the ages of the men living after the flood as given in the eleventh chapter of Genesis are still of the former length. Whether it really took a hundred and twenty years to build the ark is, however, still uncertain and is not worth considering. 2. They are forgiven when he exercises faith in Christ and asks God for Christ's sake to forgive them, resolving in his strength to renounce the sin and live henceforth for Christ.

A. F. W., Danville, Ga. Will God forgive one who fell into sin after conversion if he really repents? Or do you think his fall after being once forgiven is too bad for him to be forgiven again?

God will forgive his child who goes to him in sorrow and asks forgiveness. David's sin was of the vilest, most despicable kind, but he was forgiven. If any one had reason for despair, Peter had, when he denied his Lord in the hour of his trial, yet he was forgiven. The Apostle Paul was writing to Christians (II. Cor. 7: 10, 11) and he indicated what their conduct ought to be after falling and being restored. The Christian who falls into sin has reason for bitter sorrow; but if he despairs he dishonors God by misjudging him and casting to him an implacable disposition.

E. M. Roberts, Springfield, Mo. If you address Rev. J. P. Newman at the Methodist Book Concern, 150 Fifth Ave., New York, it will be forwarded to him.——Reader, Bay City, Mich. St Alban was the first Christian martyr in Great Britain. Mrs. J. L., Brooklyn, N. Y. To rightly answer your question would fill columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. You will find all the information you desire in any good encyclopedia in a public library. —D. C., Jeffersonville. Your question has frequently been answered several times. The passage means that the Antediluvians whom Peter describes as being then in prison, had not perished without warning, as Christ by his Spirit had preached to them through Noah.——E. S. Crane, Lockport, N. Y. Write Mr. John Willis Baer, 646 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., who can answer if anyone can. Who is, Paterson, may get this information at the same address.——W. Milroy, Idana, Kans. The question has been answered repeatedly in these columns. It is that he was greater in the new knowledge of God than a boy in our schools is farther advanced in mere knowledge than was a philosopher of the sixteenth century.——R. Slote. No one knows. The inference from the story is that they were unevent[illegible] passed at home.——Reader, Loomis, N. Y. Address the clothing to Sister Charlotte's Day Star Industrial Home, 213 W. Twenty-fourth street, New York City.——G. T. W. There is no clue.——Christian Friend, Loma, Prieta, Cal. 1. The premiums are sent to both old and new subscribers. 2. No. 3. New York City.——Rev. J. F. Shoch, Forest Grove, Cal. Their claim is legendary merely.——E. M. Methodman, Humboldt, Cal. Send them to the Central Union Mission, Los Angeles, Cal.——E. [illegible], Baton Rouge, La. The movement fell through.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

To Study Australian Weather.

SCIENCE is slowly but persistently gaining an understanding of the problems presented by the weather. The latest effort on a large scale to collect new facts is being made in the southern hemisphere. A meteorological observatory has just been established in Tasmania, the little island on the south of Australia, which was formerly called Van Diemen's Land. This island was for many years used by England as a penal colony to which she sent forgers, burglars and other criminals whose sentences of penal servitude exceeded seven years. In deference to the protests of the colonist settlers, that practice was at length abandoned. On the island is the high mountain, Mount Wellington, whose summit is 4160 feet above the sea level. It is on the top of this mountain that the new meteorological station has been built. A curious fact about it is that it is almost exactly the antipodes of Ben Nevis the highest mountain in Scotland, the top of which is 4406 feet above the sea. Fourteen years ago a meteorological observatory was stationed on Ben Nevis, under the superintendence of Mr. Clement L. Wragge; and it is he who has now gone to Tasmania to take charge of the new station, about the same altitude among the clouds on the other side of the earth. Simultaneous observations are to be taken in the stations on the two mountains, and at stations on the level at the base of each: and it is expected that a comparison of the records will furnish a clue to the mystery of the sudden storms which do so much damage. Mr. Wragge believes that with the facts thus gathered, he can make, ten days ahead forecasts which will be verified with an accuracy never yet attained. If his hopes are realized, the benefit to Australia will be inestimable, as it suffers as much as tropical lands from droughts, floods and rainy weather changes. But the benefit will not be confined to Australia if he succeeds, as he expects, in proving and reducing to system the connection between the vertical distribution of the atmosphere and violent meteorological disturbances. When that principle is fully understood, sudden storms will not so often as now sweep down upon us unawares, destroying life and property. We shall know what causes them and learn to recognize the signs that precede their coming. It would be well if we could also learn to recognize the signs that presage moral disaster, so that no man should sow to the wind and reap the whirlwind. If we get more sagacity in meteorology and not in moral perception, Christ will have reason to ask us, as he asked the people of his day:

"Ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times? (Matt. 16: 3).

A Conditional Privilege.

The Commissioner of Street Cleaning in New York has earned the ill-will of a number of manufacturers and wholesale dealers down town by forcibly removing the gutter-bridges in front of their premises. A gutter-bridge is a wooden inclined plane connecting the sidewalk with the roadway, which facilitates the backing of trucks and wagons across the gutters to the stores. It usually only one or two thick planks about eight inches wide, with a strong metal clip attaching it to the curbstone. The Commissioner's seizure started the rumor that the gutter-bridges were to be abolished, but he has given an explanation of his action which removes that idea. He says that according to law a citizen who puts a gutter-bridge in front of his premises must pay a dollar a year for the privilege and must give an undertaking that it shall be so constructed as to allow a free flow of water in the gutter under it, and must remove it once a week and clear away any dirt or other obstructions that may have gathered undor it. He had stated only the gutter-bridges that were improperly made, and those whose owners had not complied with the conditions of the permit. The grumblers can now understand why they have lost the convenience. Some people might understand in the same way why they have suffered losses of property, or children, or health. God in his providence sometimes withdraws privileges when those who have them do not put them to a good use, but neglect to improve them or turn them to evil.

Why criest thou for thine affliction? Because thy sins were increased I have done these things unto thee. (Jeremiah 30: 15.)

The Lost Silver Ledge.

The steamer "Willapa" from Alaska, which arrived at Seattle, Wash., a few days ago, brought reports of a new search now going on for the famous silver ledge on Queen Charlotte Island, which has been a will-o-the-wisp for forty years. Two young men, connected with wealthy families in Colorado, had landed on the island and started on a careful and systematic examination of the coast, and guided by information received from Indians, were sanguine of finding the place. Old prospectors, however, are sceptical and say that many have started just as confidently on the quest during the past forty years, who have come back disappointed. It appears that belief in the existence of the ledge is based on the story of a man who discovered it accidentally and did not know its value. He was not a miner, but went to the island in 1854 for amusement, with a party of seventy prospectors, who were searching for gold. They were unsuccessful in their search, but he made a great discovery. Wandering aimlessly about the island, he saw in the rocks a peculiar vein that interested him. It extended a long distance and was twelve inches thick. He chipped a few pieces off and brought them away with him. His companions laughed at him when he showed his specimens and told him it was plumbago he had found, but he kept the pieces of rock, and when he returned to Portland, had them assayed. They yielded fifty per cent. of silver. He determined to return as soon as possible and secure the fabulous wealth awaiting a claimant. But though he searched diligently, he was never able to locate the place and died a disappointed man. His story incited many others to search, but though some have sacrificed time, money and life itself in the quest, the rich lode has never been found. Still, it appears, the search is attracting new followers. It is a pity that men are not as earnest in their search for truth, in which success is assured and is far better worth having.

More to be desired are they than gold; yea than much fine gold. (Ps. 19: 10.)

THE NEW OBSERVATORY IN TASMANIA—THE CONVOY OF THE INSTRUMENTS.

Dyeing the Burglars.

The ludicrous result of an attempt at burglary is reported by a Boston journal. It states that the owner of a dyeing establishment was engaged till a late hour over some experiments in the laboratory which opens on the main floor where the vats are. Finding when he had finished the experiments that it was past midnight, he decided to pass the remainder of the night on a sofa in the laboratory. About an hour afterward, he was awakened by a noise in the main room. He listened and came to the conclusion that there were burglars there. He felt around for a pistol and having found one, stepped to the door of the room and saw that two men were making up a package of his most expensive dyes. He covered them with his revolver and then called to them to leave his property alone. The men who evidently had no idea that any one was in the building, were panic-stricken. They dropped the package and ran for their lives. In their haste they stumbled into a large vat filled with indigo and falling headlong, were completely covered by the dark fluid. When they regained their feet and climbed out, they were a curious spectacle with hands, face and clothes a livid blue. The dyer suffered them to depart, speculating in his mind how they would manage to get rid of the evidence of their guilt. A few days afterward he heard from a friend, who keeps a large drug-store, that the men had been to him and offered him five dollars if he would tell them how to get their flesh free from the dye. They had scrubbed themselves till they were sore, without stirring the color. It would be well if this lesson should lead them to repentance and reformation of character. If it should, they will be more concerned about the cleansing of their hearts than their faces, and only by the blood of Christ can that be done.

Though thou wash thee with nitre and take thee much soap, yet thy iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God. (Jer. 2; 22.)

Flight from Fire at Sea.

The Captain of the steamer "St. Augustine" who with his crew arrived at Boston, on Oct. 24th, on board the "City of Macon," relates a thrilling story of danger and rescue. The "St. Augustine" was on her regular trip from New York to Florida, and was two days out, when a man came up from the engine-room and told the captain that the cargo was on fire. Smoke was issuing from the main hold, which was filled with cases of merchandise. They were packed so closely that it was impossible to get at the fire. With the hand-extinguishers and the hose, all was done that could be done, but the fire burned on. The Captain learned that there were two hundred barrels of oil in the cargo, and that they were stowed just where the flames would soon reach them. Then he knew that there was no hope of saving the ship, and that the only hope of saving the lives of the crew lay in instantly taking to the boats. No time was lost. The boats were hastily provisioned and lowered. No one tried to save anything he had. The Captain left his valuable charts and instruments, and the men their little belongings, and hurried into the boats. Fifteen minutes after they were clear of the ship, it was a mass of flames. They drifted about for an hour, and then "The City of Macon," attracted by the light of the burning ship, bore down and took them all on board. They lost everything they had but the clothes they were wearing; but they were too thankful for the preservation of their lives to worry over their losses. So will it be at the last with those whose souls are saved. The sacrifices they may have had to make will seem trivial to them compared with the blessing they have gained.

Every one that hath forsaken houses or lands for my name's sake, ... shall inherit everlasting life. Matt. 19: 29.

BRIEF NOTES.

All Letters to Dr. Talmage as Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should be addressed to him at the Bible House, New York, as heretofore.

Mrs Bella Cooke asks us to Acknowledge the Receipt of Two Dollars sent to her by a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The Church Missionary Society's Report for the past year shows that among its missionaries, one hundred and four are working without pay from the Society, living either on their own income or on means supplied by personal friends. The income of the Society for the year was $1,360,000.

An Attempt is about to be Made to Reach the literary classes in China by means of a Christian newspaper printed in Chinese. It is to be conducted by a joint committee of Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Congregational and Baptist missionaries. It is thought many Chinamen would read a newspaper who would not attend a service.

More Chinese Outrages are Reported. A dispatch from Shanghai to a London house says that riots have broken out in Changpu, in the Southeast part of the Island of Amoy, and the English missions there have been destroyed. The missionaries appealed to the mandarins for protection, but those officials refused to interfere.

A Great Camp-Meeting is Reported from Goodwater, Ala. The Hatchet Creek Presbyterian Church was crowded and overflow meetings were held in the open air. A correspondent writes that the season was one never to be forgotten by any who witnessed it. Both in conversions and in the quickening of believers the Spirit's power was manifest in a wonderful manner.

Rev. Geo. C. Needham has Arranged to conduct a Bible Conference for the promotion of spiritual life this week in New York. The meetings will be held in the Church of the Disciples, West 56th Street, November 4–9, at 3.30 and 7.30 each day. Drs. Erdman and A. C. Dixon will take part in the proceedings. Mr. Needham will give an account of the recent conferences at Mildmay and Keswick, England which he attended.

As Dr. Talmage's Removal to Washington precludes him from resuming the Sunday afternoon services in the Academy of Music, New York, which were so largely attended last year, Rev. Thomas Dixon has arranged to hold a service in that building in connection with "The People's Church" every Sunday afternoon at four o'clock. He hopes to reach the large masses of people who attend no church at all on the Lord's Day.

Successful Evangelistic Services Have Been held at Kalamazoo, Mich., by Major Whittle and Major Cole. The First Baptist and the First Congregational Churches and the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association were filled by eager crowds on Sundays and week-days. Beside these several services were held in the Presbyterian Church. Major Whittle also held a service for the prisoners confined in the jail.

Dr. John G. Paton, the Venerable Missionary of New Hebrides, who recently visited this country, has arrived safely at his station at Anewa. In a letter just received by the Rev. W. C. McGarvey, of Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. Paton writes: "On my return to Anewa I find that the work has gone on successfully in my absence, and at all our stations we have never had so much fruit and blessed results as during the last twelve months."

Ira D. Sankey, who Edits the Service of Song in this journal every week, is now writing the history of the "Gospel Hymns," together with incidents of blessing in connection therewith. He wishes very much that ministers, Christian workers and others would send him in writing, accounts of striking incidents that may have fallen under their own personal observation, in connection with the use of these sacred songs. Only well authenticated facts are asked for by Mr. Sankey, whose address is 148 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Maritime Provinces have had Three Enthusiastic conventions this season. The Baptists, who met at St. John's, N. B., had a large attendance and discussed several important matters. The Christian Endeavorers held their convention at Truro, N. S. There are now 595 Societies in this Union, with an aggregate membership of over 27,000. Their contributions to missionary work last year were more than $7,000. The Epworth Leagues of Christian Endeavor also held a convention of their own. The reports showed a large increase, both in membership and in the number of Leagues.

Agressive Christian Endeavor Work Is Not confined to the land of the Society's birth. The Yarra Street Wesleyan Society in Geelong, Australia, in its fifth annual report, makes a phenomenal showing. During the year 1218 visits were made, an average of 158 weekly; sprays and baskets of flowers to the number of 1279 were distributed and sent by mail; various meetings numbering 558 were held, and more than 25,000 persons attended these; 206 persons were led to sign the temperance pledge. Although the membership of the society is only 211, more than $500 in cash was raised.

...NADJA;...

A Tale of the Russian Steppes.*

BY OLIVER M. NORRIS.

AN ORDER FROM THE GENERAL IN COMMAND.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Plitchenti Defile.

THAT was a frightful winter in the Balkans. The Russian soldiers, inured as they were to the severity of their own rude northern climate, were unable to withstand the horrors of those terrible weeks. It had been cold enough in the plains south of the Danube, but as they ascended the elevated plateau and difficult passes of the mountains, the weather became worse and ever worse, and the troops fell ready victims to its inclemency.

The most shocking negligence and bad management had been displayed by the commissariat department, and until the present day, it remains an unsolved question whether or not the shortness of supplies of food and clothing was the outcome of criminal and cruel greed and corruption, or merely one of the many unhappy accidents which dogged the fortunes of the Russian arms. When the cold weather began, the famished troops were assured that in a few days unlimited supplies of sheepskins would be on their way to the Bulgarian armies. Week followed week, and only a few of these indispensable garments filtered into camp. Were they ever purchased at all? Who knows. Did they ever leave Russia? If they did, who stole them? It will never be known. Enormous sums went in the purchase of bread. It was supposed that meal and flour were bought in quantities more than sufficient for the wants of the army. But in midwinter, nevertheless, the gallant troops starved on mouldy and gritty rubbish that often crawled with maggots, while Jew and Christian alike, the scoundrelly middlemen and contractors, some of them high in favor, men of unblemished character, amassed colossal fortunes. There was no murmuring among the brave fellows who were suffering. They died by the hundred and the thousand from exposure to the piercing frosts, again by hundreds and thousands from dysentery, the result of bad and insufficient food. The want of warm clothing, and the sandy rye bread, did more damage to the Russian army during many a week of that awful winter than the skill and bravery of the Turks. It was not until the following spring when the deep snows had melted off the mountains that the full horror of the winter —that awful winter that had been passed was realized.

But, however, much of attraction and interest there may be for us in following the fate and fortunes of the great army as it blindly, but bravely, stumbled through the deep snows of the Balkans, every day with its record of patient endurance and noble heroism rarely paralleled in the annals of armies, we must not forget that we are immediately concerned with the fortunes of those few individuals who have already passed across our stage, with the two young soldiers whom last we saw in the fading light of a peaceful spring evening, speeding to their places at the front, with the young soldier servant who accompanied them seeking distraction from his great sorrow.

Sergei Alekhin had been placed in charge of one outlying detachment, and it was owing to his constant and sleepless vigilance that the gorge had remained hitherto unattacked, and that the place became stronger every day that passed. It was a cruel position in which to place these devoted men, but mercy is a secondary consideration in the exigencies of even the most civilized warfare. The little camp lay on a knoll in the centre of the defile between two mural precipices, and exposed to the full force of the hurricanes that shrieked down it from the northern snows. Snow lay deep all around, on every ledge and jut and spot flat enough to bear it. Behind the camp was piled up a scanty supply of firewood not sufficient for two nights proper firing, but which was nevertheless, the remaining half of a months' supply. The water the soldiers drank was obtained by melting snow. They had a little tea still left, no sugar, a little tobacco, and a somewhat stinted supply of the hard greenish substance which the Jew contractor called bread. For the one hundred and fifty soldiers, there were exactly twenty-four sheepskins. Some of the men managed to lead a half-frozen existence in the single summer tents, now tattered and torn with hard usage, others burrowed holes for themselves in the snow, snow-palaces the poor fellows jocularly called them. They built snow sheds for the few wretched horses still alive, and fed them with insufficient rations of chopped straw and those fragments of the green compound which human throats could not swallow.

One hundred and twenty of the men had been badly frost-bitten on toes, and hands, and faces. Over one hundred continued to groan night and day with rheumatism in one or other of its forms. All day and all night long there was a perpetual coughing, and spitting, and rubbing of trembling hands and stiffening joints with snow. The thermometer had stood for a fortnight at thirty-five degrees below zero, and a terrific gale continued to blow from the north without cessation. Once or twice a day, but only for a few minutes at a time, the sun struggled forth from the hurtling clouds that swept over the mountains, but there was no warmth in its sickly rays. The air was perpetually filled with fine drifting snow that struck sharp as a knife against the face. Such was the camp in the defile of Plitchenti.

It was here with the tremendous strain which they had to bear that the hitherto loosely knit warp and woof of Sergei's sentiments and ideas hardened into the compacted closeness of character. His loneliness and remoteness threw him in on himself, not only in his conduct of the grave responsibilities that rested upon him in the defence of the pass, and the unremitting attention which the physical attention of his men demanded, but also in the performance of a duty which he was fast learning to place beyond all others in urgency and importance, the spiritual growth of his own nature and of those over whom he exercised influence and authority. With the fluctuations and struggles of those terrible months in the Balkans, there went the continuous inner spiritual trial and struggle which he passed through, annealing his mind and spirit to their highest temper, and giving reality and force to his ideas. The great truths which Mikhail had taught him were filtering down into his soul after long and quiet contemplation. Face to face with the dread scenes of war, realizing as he had never realized before the uncertainties of life, he grew humble and pure, and never one tyrannical, or morose, or hopeless word escaped him. Mikhail, we know, had written to his friend Vassily, that Sergei's troopers adored him. It was quite true, and now amidst the terrors of their critical position, with hourly evidences of his devotion and self-sacrifice before them, of his never-failing good temper and comradeship, as well as his plentitude of resource, their devotion to him grew to have no bounds.

Next to Sergei, by far the most important member of the little company was Mikhail. Poor fellow, he had had a miserable time of it. No sooner did the extreme cold weather commence than he began to be racked with rheumatism. When he recovered a little, it was only to fall a victim to typhus. Sergei, and every man of the detachment who was not himself ill, was devoted to the poor preacher. The best skill of the field apothecary, a gallant young German from a pleasant colony in Kherson, who died in battle on the Maritza horribly wounded, and whose dying breath was a prayer for the Czar and his armies, was exerted on his behalf. Great rough fellows used to relieve one another noiselessly at his lowly bedside, and sit beside him with his hot hand in theirs, watching his glazed eyes for returning consciousness.

They all loved Mikhail with a love second only to that for which they felt for their commander. Each individual of them had come into close contact with the gentle and godly peasant of Slavo, and had heard from him the great message and the tender invitation. In the paroxysms of his fever the little hut would be filled by the rough northern dragoons in their long grey tattered overcoats, weeping like children. The camp gave up firing for a whole week that Mikhail's hut might be warm, and his bed was made softer by coats that their owners could ill spare. How they banked up the snow round the hut to keep out the icy draughts! For many a year after, Mikhail used to tell with a tear and a smile the story of how one of them knocked over a frozen bustard in the snow, and how it was roasted and boiled and made soup of, and again roasted and boiled, for his exclusive use.

A considerable spell of fine clear weather a little after Christmas, had improved matters somewhat in the Plitchenti gorge. The sun shone pleasantly on the snow around them, and the peaks of the mountains at the head of the defile glistened in the strong light. The road between the little outlying camp and the main body in the Shipka, thirty miles away, was open, and communication between the two had again become possible. The hard frost that still prevailed was the only serious drawback that the brave fellows in the gorge felt to perfect contentedness.

Early one morning they were all out of doors engaged in rough games that only the extreme cold made possible, when a sentry cried out that two mounted men were slowly making their way down the pass from the Shipka. At once every one was alert. These were the first messengers from headquarters for a fortnight. Anything might happen now. There would be dispatches to Captain Sergei, the men thought, and some move was expected that must surely vary the monotony of their existence.

They were right. There was to be no more monotony.

Down came the riders plunging through the snow. Sergei stood forward to receive them. They were bearers of two letters, one of them for Mikhail from Slavo, the other dressed under cover to Sergei, the other a dispatch from the general in command. Sergei tore off the envelope and rapidly read through his orders. Mikhail retired to his hut to pore over a long epistle of detail from his old friend Vassily. In a few minutes he was joined by Sergei looking pale and thoughtful. The troopers stood around Mikhail watching him read his letter, smiling when he smiled, looking serious when Mikhail's face showed as some important matter was being perused, shuffled awkwardly out of the hut at the entrance of their officer, turning over one another at the door. They knew that the captain and Mikhail came from the same Ukraine village, and the instinctively felt that they wished to be alone over that letter.

"Let me have the news, Misha. How is Vassily? How are they all?"

Mikhail handed him the letter, and Sergei hastily skimmed its closely-pencilled pages looking for something, for a name that he felt must be mentioned in it somewhere. He found it at last. Vassily's news ran thus: "The German overseer from Krasnaya Balka was over here the other day. He says the Countess left her home soon after war was declared, and that he has not seen her since. He knows this because he heard sometimes when she wanted certain matters attended to. He was in Kief the autumn, and they told him that Olga Alexlovna had gone away to Bulgaria as a hospital nurse, taking with her a young lady to whom she seemed much attached and who had been living with her for some months."

Sergei read these few words again and again, and his heart filled with the strongest, most conflicting emotions—infinite love for the noble woman who had devoted herself to assuage the pain and misery of the helpless wounded, and fear that the frail woman, nurtured in refinement, would break down under the self-imposed strain, would herself incur one of the terrible plagues of disease that scourge the army worse than the bayonets and lances of the Turks.

He handed the letter back to Mikhail without reading any more of it. Just of the narrative of events at Slavo the Mikhail now began to pour forth fell unheeding ears. Sergei heard about the disappearance of the Sozontieffs—to Mikhail most inexplicable news—about the trials and worries that the Stundists suffered, about Grisha being often up at the house and the General's almost constant companion, about all the little details of village life; but his thoughts dwelt alone on the true woman whom he loved, and everything else passed by him unheeded. He rose and went to his own tent telling Mikhail that next day he would have a long talk with him, and that the returning troopers would take back any letter that he might wish to write. That long talk, however, they never had.

Once in his tent Sergei became the man of action. The dispatch from the general commanding was pulled out of his pocket, and a map of the district was unrolled on his little camp table and closely studied. Again he read the dispatch. It was short, concise, peremptory—"To Captain Vassilhin in charge of the detachment in the Plitchenti Pass.—Intelligence is just in that on Wednesday morning before daybreak a body of the enemy's irregular cavalry will endeavor to push up one of the defiles either east or west of you. Keep sharp look-out, and should you hear of anything of importance send your fastest messenger with the news. Should they attempt Plitchenti hold the place to the last. The enemy are three hundred strong. Reinforcements will reach you Wednesday midday."

"This will be a tough job," said Sergei as he turned over the situation in his mind. "They will of course try to force their way up the Plitchenti." Then his voice, "Send Sergeant Borisoff here.

To be Continued.)

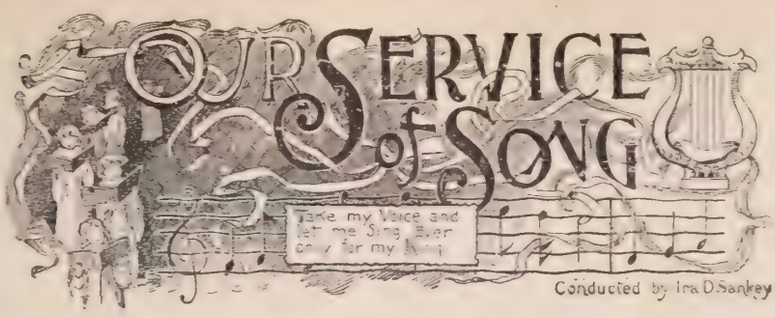
REJECTING CHRIST.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for Week Beginning Nov. 17th. Matthew 10: 11-15, 32, 33.

THE consequences of rejecting Christ reach far out beyond the measurement of human conception. Of their character and their fearful effect we have only dim, vague ideas; but those are sufficient to arouse the saddest apprehension. We are told that there remaineth no sacrifice, implying that in the gift of Christ God has done all even he can do for the redemption of man. Indeed it would be impossible for us to conceive in this finite state of anything beyond this supreme sacrifice that could be made. The man who, knowing what Christ is, why he came, and what he suffered to accomplish—a man who, knowing all these, deliberately rejects him, could not be brought to God by anything short of force, and that God will not use. One consequence, therefore, of rejecting Christ is to put the man who rejects him beyond hope. There is no gronnd for hoping that he will ever be other than what he is — separated from God and all that makes for righteousness. In whatever part of God's universe he may be there must be between him and God's children "a great gulf fixed."

Such a consequence is reasonable. Every one has had at some time the unhappiness of witnessing the alienation between a good man and a bad one. The father striving to reclaim his boy, lavishing love and kindness upon him, trying to draw him away from evil, by entreaties, persuasions, and warnings, feels that he cannot save him up. The boy on his part is deceiving his father, choosing the vile and depraved for his companions, paying no heed to warning but going persistently and recklessly downward until at last the limits of his father's patience even when he has not reach the limits of his love. Friends and relatives are astonished at the father's long-suffering, and feel that it is being wasted—that the boy is "a hopeless case." If then the father unsolicited, spontaneously makes some sacrifice for the boy's sake—if he gives up his home and beggars himself to pay his son's debts and give him a new start in the world; or if he sacrifices some treasured possession, such as a library which he has been collecting all his life and in which he finds his chief pleasure and delight, for the benefit of the wretched disgrace; or if he takes the money he had invested to support a beloved daughter after his death, and leaving her without resource, gives all the hoard to his rebellious boy to save him from disgrace and punishment—if after such a sacrifice as any of these, the boy is still callous, indifferent and unchanged, what hope is there for him? Is there not some conceivable limit that he may reach at which his father might be justified in refusing to do anything more for him? Whatever that limit may be, it falls short of what God did in giving his only begotten Son for the redemption of the world. If then that sacrifice is wasted in any individual case, can we wonder if God should leave such a person to the natural consequences of his own wickedness?

There is no need to speculate as to the details of such a fate. Who that has seen the poverty, friendlessness, disease and misery of a wicked, dissolute old man does not dread such a fate? No one may have injured him. There was no reason why even his worst enemy should have troubled himself to do so. His own appetites and propensities would carry their own retribution. Wild oats bear their own crop. Sin must inevitably lead to misery by its own nature and what we see in the end of a life of sin is a hint of what there must be in the life lengthened out into eternity.



LIFT UP THE VOICE.

R. L. F. R. L. FLETCHER.

1. Lift up the voice in sing - ing, All lands to-day re - joice; The earth with praise is ring-ing,
2. He rose to show to mor - tals The way of end - less life; That we may pass death's portals,
3. To Thee, thou King of glo - ry, Enthroned in heav'n a - bove, While shining hosts a - dore Thee,

As with u - nit - ed voice; The grave is now for - sak - en, Where lay the sleeping dead:
Vic - to - rious in the strife; The grave the summons hear - ing, A quick response will give,
We lift our songs of love; Thou hope of all the dy - ing, Thou joy of all the earth,

Refrain.

The pow'rs of hell are shak - en, And death is cap - tive led.
And at our Lord's ap - pear - ing, The dead a - gain will live.
And we, with an - gels cry - ing, Proclaim Thy sov'reign worth.
} His prais-es sing, ye mor-tals,

And tell, O earth, the sto - ry; Our Lord from death a - rose In wondrous might and glo - ry.

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CHRIST'S WORK IN NEW GUINEA.

Rev. James Chalmers, the well-known Presbyterian missionary to the South Sea Islands, has had a most wonderful experience in that field. After some preliminary labors and early difficulties on Suan, or Stacey Island, and the mainland, he began his long and perilous journeys, accompanied only by his brave wife, among tribes supposed to be hostile, traveling unarmed, trusting in God's protection, in whose work he rejoiced to be engaged. He says: "Only once in New Guinea have I carried a weapon, and then we had spears thrown at us." Mrs. Chalmers had the happy art of drawing the savages to her, and of inspiring them with confidence in her and her husband. She seemed absolutely fearless, and made the wild children of nature who surrounded her greatly respect and later on love her. A singular, and by no means pleasant, instance of this is given by Mr. Chalmers:

He says: "We were once invited to a cannibal feast about a mile and a half away. When I asked how many people were to be eaten, I was told five men. As there were exactly five of us, I wondered whether we were to supply the materials of the feast. We did not go. In the evening I was standing at the door of our house, and my wife sitting just inside, when a fine old savage came up and put down a small basket in front of Mrs. Chalmers. I asked him to open it. 'It is not for you,' he said, 'it is for my daughter,' meaning Mrs. Chalmers. At length he opened the basket. It contained a man's breast, which he had secured as a tid-bit for Mrs. Chalmers. I thanked him for his kindness, but explained that we did not eat that kind of food. He seemed very disappointed, but we gave him a small present, and talked to him seriously, saying that we hoped that would be the last time he would eat human flesh: and I believe it was."

One night, after all in the village had retired to rest, a peculiar noise was heard, as of some one in great distress; then came loud speaking, in a falsetto voice, and all knew at once that a spiritist, or sorcerer, was near by, and revelations were about to be made. The traveling party were all named, and the places they were to visit. Mr. Chalmers felt anxious, for if the "revelation" should be the least doubtful, no native would accompany them. However, it turned out all right. The "spirit" gave the missionaries an excellent character, eulogized them as good and kind, and predicted that all the villages would willingly receive them. Of course the "spiritist" sorcerer had previously ascertained the intentions of Mr. Chalmers, and, being favorably impressed by him, spoke in his favor.

Along the coast of New Guinea mission stations have been planted by Mr. Chalmers, who has obtained the name of "Tatmate" (teacher), and is beloved by all.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE LAST TIMES.

The Programme Outlined in Prophecy of Events at the Close of this Dispensation.

THE picture outlined in prophecy of the events of the last days includes besides the three already mentioned—The general confusion and rumors of war: the conversion of many Jews and Gentiles and appearing of Antichrist—a sketch of:

4. The kingdom of Antichrist. (II. Thessalonians 2, 3, 4; Revelation 12 throughout). His subjects will be the many who have revolted from Christianity. He will raise himself above all that is called God, or that is divine. Also he will sit in the temple of God, giving himself out that he is God. He will open his mouth in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme His name and tabernacle, and them that dwell in Heaven. It will be given him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them. A false prophet will be his most intimate partisan, who, by great craft and lying wonders, will seduce men to submission under him. At first he will appear in some connection with corrupt Christianity, though at the same time he will hate it (Rev. 17: 3—16:) but he will soon manifest his resentment against all who even nominally profess Christianity, and destroy them. They will be at first useful to his purpose, but when he has reached his elevation he will destroy those who have helped to raise him to it. His kingdom will, however, be visited by many public calamities. (Rev. 16: 1—21.)

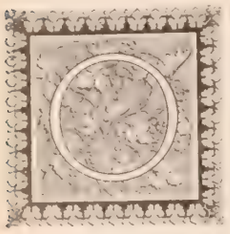
5. Signs of the Son of Man. (Matt. 24: 30; Rev. 14: 14.) Notwithstanding the great dangers to which they shall be exposed, Christians will not be terrified: for they will see the sign of the Son of Man in the clouds. What this sign which immediately precedes his coming is to be, we cannot positively determine, but it is sufficient for us to know that it will be really visible to all, and so manifest, that there will be no room for any to doubt the reality of the fact. (Matt. 24: 27.)

6. The second visible manifestation of Jesus. (Matt. 24: 30; Acts 1: 6, 7: 3: 19—21; Heb. 9: 28; Rev. 19: 11—21.) In the moment of greatest danger, when human help is impossible, when the enemy believes he can blot out Christianity, the Lord will appear for the deliverance of his Church. Now sorrow and anguish disappear; the time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord is come. He appears visibly on the clouds of heaven, as the Son of Man in his glorified body, and accompanied by his saints. To be sure the design of his thus coming will not be the last judgment of the world, but the deliverance and completion of his church. Meanwhile the nature of the matter brings with it preliminary subordinate judgment, also with the appearance of the Lord will take place the first resurrection, the transformation of the pious and the renovation of the earth.

7. The first resurrection, or resurrection of the saints. (Matt. 24: 31; John 5: 29; 6: 39; Luke 20: 36; 1 Cor. 15: 23; Philip. 2 11; 1 Thess. 4: 16; Rev. 24: 4.) According to these passages, the saints then dead, at the personal appearance of Christ, are to be organized again with material bodies. This is to take place a thousand years before the awakening of the other dead, the wicked. And this first resurrection is to include such as shall have been put to death for the testimony of Jesus and his Word, and who have not taken upon them the mark of the beast or his image: all such are to appear again upon the earth, and to live and reign with Christ for a thousand years. Happily the saints who have a part in the first resurrection, over them death has no power: but they shall be priests of God and Christ, and reign with him a thousand years.

THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

An Address Delivered by Rev. Alexander Macleod, D.D. Text: Psalm 119: 105, *"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."*



ONE of the most famous stories in the world is about a lamp. I was as young as you when I first heard it. And to-day, speaking to you here, it all comes back to me. Aladdin, the ragged orphan boy, his poor hard-working mother, the magician selling his wares on the street, and the wonderful lamp! One thing I well remember, that like every other good thing, it had to be brought up out of a deep place, and when it was found, it was, to look at it, nothing but an old and common everyday lamp. And who that has once read the story, can ever forget how the poor mother, rubbing it one day with sand to make it look bright, found out what sort of lamp it was, and what it could do for her boy and her? It was a fortune to them. It gave them everything they wished. It brought food, clothes, money, and servants to Aladdin and his mother. It built houses for them; brought them horses and carriages; made friends for them; put enemies away from them. And it opened to Aladdin the gates of the king's palace, made him a king's son, and at last a king.

I remember, after I first heard the story, how I used to sit at the fireside and look at the coals burning in the grate, and at the flames turning and twisting about the bars, and far in among the flames and the glowing coals, at the strange houses, and fields, and trees, and faces, which boys are always seeing in the fire, and how I said to myself: "Oh, for one other such lamp as Aladdin's, for a lamp that would make a king of me, or carry me like a bird over all the wonderful places of the earth!"

Boys' Wishes.

And I daresay many another boy has been as simple as I, and wished the same wish. I would not be surprised if there should be boys before me who have read the story, and wished that wish in the long winter evenings as they sit by the fire. I am sure there is many an intelligent boy not so well off as you are, who has to rise early in the morning, and go through the dark, cold lanes to some factory, who has said to himself: "Oh, for a lamp like Aladdin's, to put all this darkness and cold away, and bring the factory a little nearer, and give me a little time for school, and warm clothes, and a better dinner when I go home!"

And that is not such a foolish wish as many people might suppose. It is not a mere dream, or a thing only to be found in a story. The Bible tells us of a lamp that will do for you all that Aladdin's did for him, and more.—a lamp which has been lighted in heaven, and sent down to earth, which has light for hearts, and homes, and churches; and something better than gold or silver, or houses and lands, or coaches and horses for ourselves; which every boy and girl already have. This is that lamp about which prophets and apostles so often speak,—the wonder-working lamp of truth and life, which shines in the Word of God.

Of the many wonders of this lamp I intend at present to speak only of one. And it is among the lowliest of them all. It is the wonder mentioned by King David in one of his Psalms:—"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet."

But I must first explain:—How a Word can be a lamp to one's feet.

It would take too long to tell you of all the paths for which God's Word is a lamp. But I will mention these few. There is that first path of life, which in the Book of Proverbs is called "the highway of the upright"—the path of departing from evil. There is the path of our common duties, which both old and young have to tread daily. And there is the last sad path, we must one day all take, through the valley of the shadow of death. I will try at present to show you how, for the first and second of these, God's Word is a lamp to the feet.

Our Lord told a story, which far better than any I could tell, shows how this Word can be a lamp to guide a soul out from an evil way.

There was once a silly young man who wandered a great way from home. He had been so long from home, that the clothes, which were good when he left, were worn into mere rags. At home he was a prince; where he now was, he was a slave. He lived in a perfect wilderness, with no creatures beside him but swine. And he saw all his folly in leaving home, and he saw that he was nothing now but a poor, despised, lonely swineherd. "Oh," he said to himself, "why did I ever come into this desolate land? Why did I ever leave the land of my birth?" Well, one day, when

His Heart was Very Sore,

and tears were running down his cheeks, the Spirit of Christ whispered into his soul that father was still alive. And he said to himself: "My father! my father! in whose house there is bread enought and to spare?" My father! he said again. That word kept shining in all his thoughts, and growing clearer and clearer, until at last it burned within him like a light, and it became a lamp to him, and the light of it fell forward, and made a bright path to him. And he arose and followed it, and it brought him to his father's house, and to bread and love and life once more.

Two young men were one day looking earnestly at a large factory in a certain town. They had come hundreds of miles to see it, and to get into it. There was a secret there which they wanted to find out—a machine which a clever man had invented, which was doing work nothing else could do so well. And these young men had resolved to obtain a sight of this machine, and find out its secret, and make drawings of it, and then come home and make a similar machine for themselves. And their plan was this: They put aside their fine clothes and put on the clothes of mechanics, and in that dress meant to ask for work in this factory, and work until they found out the secret. But they had just arrived, and they did not mean to apply till the next day.

One of the young men had the habit of reading a chapter of the Bible every morning. And the next day the chapter happened to be that one in Exodus, where the Ten Commandments are. He had read it many times, and always to the end; but this morning, when he got to the Eighth Commandment, he could not go further. A great light flashed up from it and smote his conscience. Right up it came out of the words, "Thou shalt not steal!" He read them again, and every word seemed to kindle into fire, "Thou shalt not steal." He laid the Bible on his knee, and took himself to task. "Is it not stealing I have come here to do? I have come all this weary way to search out

A Clever Man's Invention,

and try to make it my own by stealing it." His agitation was very great. But he turned to his companion and said: "What we have come here to do, if we do it, will be theft—theft of another man's thought, and skill, and honor, and bread." Then he took up the Bible again and opened it in the gospel of Matthew, and read: "All whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." And he said, if this machine were ours, if we had spent years inventing it, and had succeeded in getting it to work, would we think it right if some stranger were to steal into our factory on a false pretence and rob us of the fruits of our labor?"

His companion was angry at first. But by-and-by he acknowledged that it would be wrong. And they came back to their home without the secret. God's word was a lamp to their feet to helpt hem to depart from that evil.

I am afraid you will think my next two stories not worth the telling, but I like them myself. They are stories to show how God's word is a lamp for the path of our common everyday duties.

James Ankerton had got into a very good office in a big city. One day, when he had been some months at work, his master said to him, "Ankerton, take this money to the bank." And he gave him a bag with a thousand sovereigns. The boy never had so much money in his hands before. And it was the very first time he was sent to the bank. Now James Ankerton had been an honest boy all his days; but he was only a boy, and, having all this money in his hand, certain strange thoughts came into his mind, and among them these: "I wonder if I shall ever have a thousand pounds of my own. If I ever have, what a rich fellow I shall be! A thousand pounds! If I had half as much, or quarter as much, wouldn't I send a silk gown to my mother, and a velvet jacket to my sister Jane! And I would have coffee every day for lunch along with my dry bread." By this time he found himself at the bank, and that put an end to his fine thoughts. So he lodged the money, and came straight as an arrow back to his work.

The Path to the Bank.

And is that all? Yes, that is all. That is my story. He was sent to the bank with his master's money, and he went. And it never came into his mind, nor near his mind, nor within, I will say, a thousand miles of his mind, that he might buy the gown, or the jacket, or the coffee with his master's money. Never! He was a boy who read his Bible daily. And the light of the Bible was in every thought he had. And when he was sent with his master's money to the bank, that light was as a lamp going before him to the bank counter, and it goes before hundreds and thousands of honest boys in this country when they are entrusted, as James Ankerton was, with money not their own.

The next I have to speak about, to whose feet God's word was a lamp, was a little servant girl; and I only wish all the young ladies who hear me would take her for an example.

I don't need to tell any grown up person, but perhaps it has never occurred to you young people, that the roads a servant girl has to travel are very common roads—from the nursery to the parlor, from the parlor to the kitchen, up-stairs, down-stairs, into sick-room and play-room,—very common roads indeed! But for all that, God's Word has been given to guide the steps of those who have to walk in them.

Charlotte was an angel in the house where she served. She went about her work so quietly that you would not know she was moving at all. If any one were sick, she was the kindest, helpfullest person in all the house. If any one was cross she knew how to speak, and how to be silent, so as to put the crossness away. If anybody was discontented, Charlotte's content made them ashamed of themselves. The children loved her, and well they might. She had good words and kind words for them all. And withal she was tidy, and thoughtful, and true.

A Household Light.

There never was a girl of her age—and she was only fourteen—who walked more habitually and truly in the way of Christian life. And this was the secret of it,—she walked by the light of God's lamp. Her teacher was one who took great pains with her class, and tried to find out the disposition of each scholar. And she found out Charlotte's. And then she searched out a chapter fitting her disposition and said, "Now, Charlotte, you will read that chapter, and think over some part of it every day." It was the chapter in Corinthians about charity. And Charlotte read that chapter three times a day; and it was a lamp to her feet.

Day by day she consulted her lamp, and hid the light of it in her heart, and from thence it would stream out, and show her paths of meekness, goodness, and gentleness to travel in.

Charlotte is grown to be a young woman. I try sometimes to look into the future, and I see her, old and feeble, and dying, and buried out of view. But always I think, when that sad vision comes up, that her lamp will never be old—never be buried. "Charity never faileth." And her charity, I am sure, will pass on, when she dies, and burn among the lamps that burn before the throne of God.

God's word is a lamp for the common, every-day roads of life. But it is more than that: it is a lamp for every road we can take. And it is a lamp for that most difficult of the soul's roads—the road through the valley of the shadow of death.

Our Christian Workers.

ELD. F. C. RENNER.

THE fear is often expressed that the expectation of Christ's Second Coming has a tendency to discourage effort to save souls. The life of Mr. F. C. Renner whose portrait appears in this colume is another of the many illustrations of the groundlessness of such fear. Mr. Renner is an earnest student of prophecy and like all other students he sees in the events around him condition corresponding to that which Christ and the apostles and prophets de

scribed when they sketched the events the last days of this dispensation. Renner is one of those who watch a wait for the Coming of the Lord; yet is one of the earnest workers, too. F more than twenty-seven years his ch business has been the winning of souls Christ. Without fee or reward he l toiled for his Master, content with t wages that Master gives to all who se him in sincerity and in truth—the joy o mind at peace and the hope of hearing the last the "Well done, good and faith servant, enter thou into the joy of t Lord."

Mr. Renner's home is New Midway, M and there he finds his work. In the stu of the Bible, in the preparation of artic on prophecy, and in personal efforts reach souls who are outside the Church ganizations, he spends all the time at disposal. He is now fifty-five years of a and he is not less but more earnest in work than he was when he was thir The old Book is dearer to him now tl ever, and so far is he from regarding it exhausted, that there seems daily to b larger area to explore and new depths sound. Scholarship has done much us in shedding light on the difficulties God's Word, but in grasping the dee spiritual mysteries, it is as true now a was in Christ's time, that God has hid these things from the wise and prude and has revealed them unto babes.

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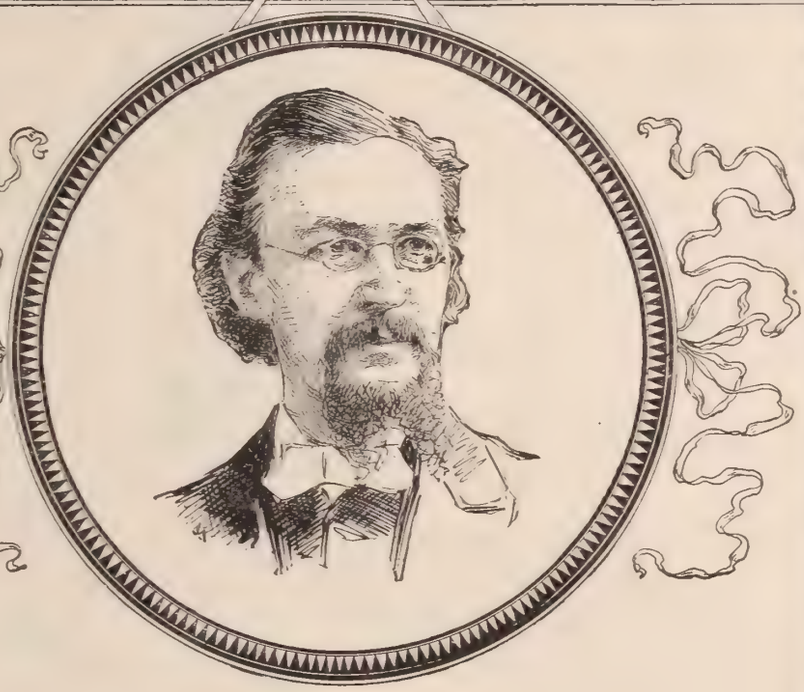

The Father's Domestic Headship

BY REV. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D. D.

THE exact position of the man in the home: his duties as husband and father are clearly defined in Dr. Parkhurst's vigorous article in the November issue of

The Ladies' Home Journal

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A DESCENDANT OF SOLOMON.

News has been received of the death by lightning stroke, of King Menelek II., of Abyssinia. He was one of the most pict-

THE LATE KING MENELEK OF ABYSSINIA.

uresque of African rulers, and the story of his life reads like a romance. Fifty-five years ago, Haelon, then king of Shoa, was told that a beggar woman of wondrous beauty stood at his palace gates. He sent for her and took her as his wife. When a son was born, although Haelon had other sons, the newcomer was hailed as his heir, and when Haelon died, Menelek became king. He claimed to be lineally descended from King Solomon of Israel.

When King John of Abyssinia was killed in 1889, Menelek proclaimed himself king of Abyssinia, and thereafter that country passed under his rule. He was an intelligent and progressive monarch, and had many Enropeans among his advisers. He was exceedingly fond of machinery and introduced many modern ideas in his kingdom. He employed Swiss engineers to design buildings and bridges and Swiss workmen to teach his subjects masonwork, carpentry, and other useful crafts. When Italy assumed a protectorate over his kingdom, his power and influence declined and he vainly attempted to abrogate the treaties he had made. Now that he is dead, Abyssinia will probably soon pass under Italian control. It is a rich mineral country, with a splendid, healthful climate, and Europeans can live there free from the climatic troubles that are common to white men in other parts of Africa.

Missionaries have made comparatively slow progress in Abyssinia, owing largely to the opposition of Menelek himself. In 1885, he imprisoned two Swedish missionaries, and a year or two afterward expelled all the French and German missionaries from his territory. His death may open the way for a resumption of Christian work, for which there is much need among the ignorant and superstitious natives.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Nov. 3, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Restoration of Health. W. D. B., Circle- [illegible] That God would [illegible] ——An Invalid, Dundee, N. Y. For recovery from illness, if [illegible] and acceptance may be vouchsafed to [illegible] ——"Believer," Aberdeen, Wash., desires prayers for the recovery of a sister-in-law who has been afflicted for years, and [illegible] ——Mrs. F., Mt. Vernon, N. Y. That if it be God's [illegible] That God would give her renewed health and strength, that [illegible] Fort Smith. For the restoration of health.——M. P. H., Napavine, Wash. For recovery from a severe illness.——"One in Trouble." For the recovery of a [illegible] recovery from a dangerous disease.

For Special Blessings. A. W., Northport. That God would give more light on his Word.——A Widow, DeLand, Fla. That in God's own way the means [illegible] "Believer," Elk Garden, W. Va. That God would [illegible]

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends: Anxious Believer, Bloomington, Ind., for a young man who has fallen under the power of drink, and is leading an unchaste life, "as God would deliver him, and make him his own child.——G. F. W. Calvin, Ind., Ter., that God's blessing may rest on a poor boy who is working in the hopes [illegible] preaching the Gospel. Subscriber, Ontario, N. Y., that a woman whose sister and daughter are praying for her, may be fully possessed by the Holy Spirit, and give her heart to God.——E. J. O., Council Bluffs, Ia., that some young men now alienated from God may be brought to serve him who was their father's God. ——Subscriber, Maumee, O., that one in great darkness, may become a consecrated Christian, and find rest and peace in Christ, and a home among the people of God.——"Believer in Prayer," Welsh, La., that a man whose mind is full of business cares may be led to realize his duty toward God and his obligations to his Saviour.

THE CHILDRENS' HOME.

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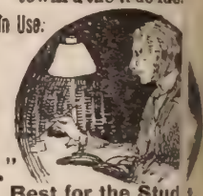

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Arabia and the Gospel.

Dr Bent's Explorations in the Ancient Frankincense Country.

THE Turk has sway in the Euphrates Valley, north, Hedjaz and Yemen, westward, and east, at El Hasa. Central Arabia is held by the Wahabees, and independent tribes occupy El Shamma Hamad, Oman and Dahna. Across the interior sweep mountainous ranges attaining altitudes of 9,000 feet, between which lie vast plains rising from 2,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea level. The valley region, peopled by fanatical Moslem Wahabees and Turks, writes Rev. James Johnston in *The Church at Home and Abroad*, offers scanty encouragement, at present, for missionary enterprise. Southward lies a stupendous belt of desert, little explored, divided by lofty mountain chains and summit and inhabited by the Dahna tribes. Though the natives are quite isolated, they are by no means bigoted, and being free from Turkish control, they are more open to spiritual light. To these regions Mr. Theodore Bent and his heroic wife are the latest visitors. He made his way to Dhofar, the ancient frankincense country, 640 miles by sea from Muscat. Oman, of which Muscat is the capital, is nominally ruled by the Sultan of Oman, who, however, has no real sovereignty outside his capital and its surroundings. To the west of Muscat live a number of lawless tribes, the chief of which is the Jenefa, slave traders and looters of shipwrecked vessels. More westerly rolls the desert of Oman, connecting the arid wastes of Central Arabia directly with the Indian Ocean, whose crossing is dreaded even by the Arabs themselves.

Dhofar, the theatre of Mr. Bent's exploit, is nominally under the Sultan of Muscat, but subject to Wali Suleiman, a man of iron will, having the allegiance of the Bedouins. This Arab gave great hospitality to the traveller in his palace at Al Hafa, by the coast, and furnished an escort for the route. Mr. Bent traversed the ruins in many directions between Risout and Merbaf, alighting on the sites of nine ruins of towns of considerable extent at seven different points.

The principal ruins are by the sea, enclosing an acropolis 100 feet high, and a harbor, connected with the ocean. Mohammedan mosques in ruins cover the ground and still more ancient Sabæan temples represented by square columns with flutings at the four corners and step-like capitals. The traveller, it is said, will regard this, the ancient capital of the frankincense country, as the *Manteion Artemidos* of Claudius Ptolemy, the name obviously a Greek translation of the Sabæan for a famous oracle which existed here, not far, as Ptolemy says, from Risout. In the Wadi Dawkah, twelve miles from Al Hafa, fresh ruins of a Sabæan town were found, and associated with the Addites, a long bygone race. More important was the discovery of the remains of an extensive town at Khor Rori, second only to those of the capital at Balad, and lying twenty miles west of it. By overwhelming evidence this is recognized as the Mirbat of antiquity with its continuous harbor afforded anchorage for the ships visiting Dhofar in the frankincense trade. A journey was made to the confines of the distant Ejedesert in the company of a strange Bedawi tribe. Half naked, with long, unkempt hair tied down with a leather thong, each of these wild creatures carried a buckler of iron shield and spear and an iron sword. Showing the travellers everywhere yet preserving an independent attitude they were susceptible only to the magical contents of the medicine chest. The Gara type to the Hadramaut Bedouin is distinct in language, the Gara were tall and active and of finely cut features. They are an evil occupying huts save when encamped in the valleys with their flocks their home is usually a cave or beneath a tree.

The Gara women were exceedingly shy and fled if approached. They were seen to wear poor jewelry consisting of silver necklaces, armlets, nose and toe rings. Their eyebrows were joined with antimony, and a black sticky substance was affixed to the nose and forehead. Small in form they do not cover their faces, and wear a light clothing of dark blue homespun cotton. The frankincense trees were visited on the Dhofar coast each of which bears its owner's name. They are described as having bright, green leaves, small green flowers, and insignificant fruit. In the hot weather of summer, the stems are cut and the exuding gum collected and sold wholesale to the amount of 9,000 cwts. annually to Canyan merchants.

To this mysterious country of some ten million of people the ensigns of the American-Arabia Mission and the Free Church of Scotland have gone forth to write, if God wills, a heroic page in the missionary history of Arabia.

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Christian Work in Chicago.

The University Settlement Near the Stock-yards and Its Philanthropic Efforts.

SOMEONE has written that, notwithstanding its wickedness, there is more Christian effort put forth in Chicago in various lines of work than in any Western city. A recent article in *The Kingdom* gives some interesting facts connected with one phase of Christian work there:

The University of Chicago Settlement, 4655 Gross avenue, near the Union Stock yards, is the outcome of work done by the Philanthropic Committee in 1893. A thorough examination of the whole region about the Stock Yards was made as to nationality, habits, morals, poverty, schools, churches, saloons, and the like. As a result of this inquiry, a site was chosen, past which 200 workmen pass in five minutes. Little existed to stimulate the social life and civic conscience of that part of the city. The saloons held full sway. Into such conditions it was proposed to introduce an institution, in the nature of a club, under the guidance and official recognition of the University, which would create a centre of cultivation and refinement and give instruction and help in countless directions. The intellectual and moral resources of the University could be brought to the quickening of life in districts greatly in need of them. While entirely undenominational the work must necessarily be deeply and broadly religious. A great variety of nationalities and beliefs are represented in the people of the district, and all are welcomed. All meet on the basis of a desire that all creeds, all political beliefs, and all nationalities should be brought together to work for the good of each. The work carried on can only be outlined. In September, 1894, Miss Mary E. McDowell was appointed head resident in direct charge of the settlement. The financial and general control is vested in a permanent Settlement board, of which Professor J. Laurence Laughlin is chairman. A creche with model equipment, open every day, is supported by a group of ladies on the South Side. The kindergarten, opened last year under Mrs. Page of the Kindergarten Institute, was so eagerly welcomed that great numbers of children had to be turned away. It is still growing.

A store on Ashland avenue was rented to be used for the kindergarten. Here a chorus of 150 children assemble every Tuesday afternoon under the leadership of Miss Marie Hofer. This hall allows the meeting of a sewing class of 150 girls every Wednesday; and concerts of classical music are given. Monday evenings the Settlement cadets drill here, closing with a "camp-fire."

The two-story brick house, 4655 Gross avenue, furnishes the quarters quite inadequate for the work which has to be done. Instruction and cultivation of social life appear in the various clubs. Instructors from the University give freely of their time. The Banyan Club of young women give support to the residents, and Tuesday evenings have formed a class in English literature. The Civic Club of young men have been also useful and now receive addresses from prominent citizens. Classes in music and drawing have been formed. An Agassiz Chapter for boys started a surprising interest in natural science, leading to summer excursions into the country. From the circulating libraries of the Children's Aid Society has grown the system of home libraries. Every Friday night there is a physical culture class for young women.

The most helpful interest in the Settlement has been shown by the members of the University in all its ranks. The future of the settlement seem to be assured.

Food for the Tired Brain.
Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

An Asthma Cure at Last

THE RED CROSS IN CHINA.

Dr. Boudinot C. Atterbury, now stationed at Tientsin, China, in a recent letter gives these interesting facts concerning the progress of the Red Cross work in that country:

The Red Cross work, besides affording foreigners a fine opportunity to show practical sympathy with the suffering Chinese, has also stirred up some of the higher native officials to take an interest in their own soldiers. Many of the soldiers are most superstitious, and have great faith in the power of charms to heal their wounds. One General, with his arm shattered by a ball, thinking the daily dressing too slow a method of cure, called in a fortune teller. This charmer wrote some prayers on a piece of red paper; this was burned and its ashes were made into a medicine, which was taken for four days. During this time the wound was not looked after, and the too-superstitious General died from blood-poisoning before the paper-prayer-medicine had a chance to work properly. These men also believe most thoroughly in a certain plaster, which has not only power to draw out the bullet, but will also heal the wound without any after-deformity. On the other hand, several more intelligent Mandarins, seeing for themselves the superiority of western surgery, have asked to have foreign trained men located in their camps, promising all necessary money for the hospitals. I have seen Viceroy Li several times since his return from Japan after signing the treaty of peace. The Viceroy is still the only official in China who appreciates and understands western civilization. The wound in his cheek has healed, leaving only a small dimple where the ball entered.

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A SIMPLE DEMONSTRATION.

A LITTLE anecdote is related by way of illustrating the false attitude of a certain class of people who, from their own superficial standpoint, undertake the task of criticising the Bible. A gentleman had been talking with an elderly Scotchman about miracles. The latter reverently observed:

"I dinna ken, what God may do, or wi' he winna do, but I don't regard a miracle to be a violation o'the laws o' nature. There is no violation o' the laws o' God that I ken' o', save the wicked actions o' wicked men."

"And what then, do you make a miracle to be?"

"I regard it, to be merely such an interference wi' the established course o' things as infallibly shows us the presence and action o' the supernatural power. What o'clock is it wi' you, sir, if you please?"

"It's half past twelve, exactly—Greenwich time," replied the other.

"Vell, sir," said the old man, pulling an ancient time-piece from his pocket, "it's one o'clock wi' me; I generally keep my watch a bit forrit (a little forward.) But I may have a special reason the noo for setting my watch by the railway; and so, ye see, I'm taming the hand o't round. Now wad ye 'say that I had violated the law o' a watch? True, I have done wi' watchdom wi' a' its laws couldna hae done for itsel', but I hae done violence to nae o' its laws. Ma action is only the interference o' a superior intelligence for a simple end, but I hae suspended no law. We then, instead o' the watch, say the universe; instead o' moving the hands, sayiod acting worthily o' himself, and we ae a' that I contend for a miracle: that's, the unquestionable presence of the Almighty hand working the divine will. And if he sees fit to work miracles what can hinder him? He has done it oftener than once or twice already; and who daur saye'll not get leave to do it again?"

MORE CHINESE OUTRAGES.

In a recent letter from Bing-Yae, in South-eastern Cheh-Kiary, to "China's Millions," the organ of the China Inland Mission, Mr. Menzies writes: Many of our native converts have been despoiled of everything they had. One of them named 'Oa was compelled to fly for his life. It appears that for some time previous the people had been much disturbed through finding that the eyes had been taken out of some of the idols; and now, after being held in one of the temples, the question arose as to who could have perpetrated the outrage. One man said that it was doubtless the man, Oa, he held the only one who believed in the foreign doctrine." This man, with two others, immediately taxed Mr. 'Oa with it. He and his son both protested their innocence and ignorance as to the pulpit. Notwithstanding, they beat them, and then proceeded to lay hold of the other, with a view to carrying him off to the temple; but he eluded them, and took refuge in the chapel at Shaekoa-u. On the morning of June 29, this chapel was entirely destroyed, and also the houses of five Chinese Christians and that of the evangelist. The rioters then went to Whu-din, about four and a-half miles distant, and utterly demolished and burnt the beautiful house of Mr. 'Oa, which had been built six years before, and also three more houses.

On the following Sunday morning they renewed the attack, rendering six more Christians homeless during that day. On Monday they went to the Koa-no district, and attacked the houses of two families of Christians in a place called Koa-dza. In one case, every article of furniture and household use was smashed to atoms; but in the other a few things were secreted and saved from destruction. During the Dragon festival, a boat belonging to 'Oa-ie had been defeated on the 27th, and the rowers attributed it to the eyes having been taken from the idols by the only Christian living in the place. They consequently beat him, and threatened that, in the event of a defeat the next day, they would kill him and his two sons. The mandarin had heard of this matter, and had already sent runners to the place." Mr. Menzies gives other instances of similar proceedings. At first, he "had hopes that the authorities, who had started on Saturday with soldiers for the disturbed district, would have succeeded in restoring order, but was astonished on learning that they had all returned to the city on Sunday evening," without doing anything to restore order.

CLEVER AUSTRIAN WOMEN.

It is only possible to estimate the rate of one's own progress by comparison with others. Nor need such comparisons be invidious, but on the contrary, if they are at all helpful through the hints and suggestions they furnish, they are perfectly proper to be made. There is a growing impression among young girls of respectable American families that there is a loss of dignity in doing anything that has the character of housework or domestic duties. Quite different is the estimate placed upon such work in other parts of the world. There are few ladies who are capable of doing many things better than the Austrian ladies of high birth. Young girls, with titles and fortunes, are sent to famous milliners and dress-makers, where they serve a regular apprenticeship, and remain until perfectly able to cut and make any garment. An Austrian lady that cannot swim, or does not know how to ride a horse well, is an exception. Needlework of every kind, even to the making of lace, is a part of every girl's education. There is no smattering of anything; whether she learns the piano or drawing, she learns it all thoroughly and well.

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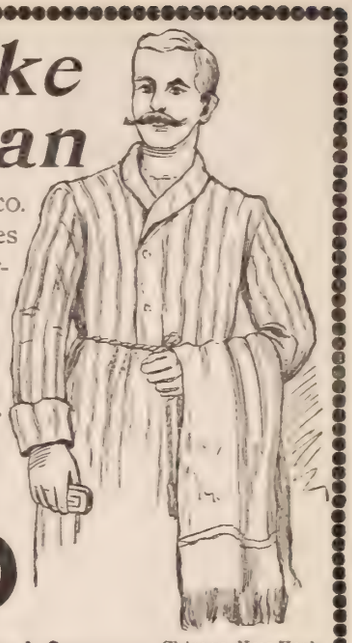

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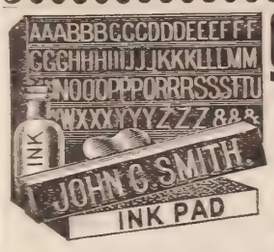

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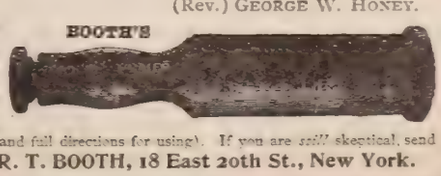
Very truly yours,
(Rev.) GEORGE W. HONEY.



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Forgotten Side of Christ's Character.*

THE Gospels show on every page Christ's love for human souls. His passion to save the lost revealed itself even on the cross. Yet our Lord was constantly offending the multitudes by his fearless, uncompromising assertion of the truth; and with those who deliberately clung to their sin and consciously lived untruthful lives, he could have no dealings. This is the real explanation of his silence when he stood before men like Annas and Caiaphas, like Herod and Pontius Pilate. It was no mere self-resraint. He had absolutely nothing in common with these men. The whole atmosphere in which they lived was so false and artificial and foreign to him that he could not speak.

This is a side of Christ's character which is lost sight of in these days when the world is taking upon itself the office of preaching a Gospel of love. Christ never sacrificed divine justice to divine mercy.

Where, in all the writings of the Old Testament, prophets, do we find warnings more austere than these words of the Sermon on the Mount: "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees ye shall, in no case, enter into the kingdom of heaven;" or this charge regarding sin: "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, for it is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire:" or this description of the road to heaven: "Enter ye in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there may be which go in thereat, because strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth into life and few there be that find it;" or these strong statements of theological truth: "Except a man be borne again he cannot see the kingdom of God;" "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you;" "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins."

It was by such plain, definite, and fearless teachings as these, in which the sharpest distinctions were purposely drawn, that Christ showed the limitations of a Gospel of love, and thus aroused the anger and opposition of the Scribes and Pharisees. His call was imperative; his religion was absolute; his service commanded such a complete self-surrender of heart and soul as can be given to God alone. And there was no promise of salvation to those who rejected the call. It mattered not whether the multitude listened or turned away from his message; with all Christ's intense passion to save the lost, he paid no attention to human majorities. If it be asked here what, then, becomes of the majority? the reply is that God himself will take care of the majority. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

It is not for the Church to be more merciful than Christ, her Master, was, or to dogmatize where that Master was silent. She has already acted upon that principle in her ministrations, and has failed; and every time she renews the attempt she will repeat the failure.

This undue regard for the majority is one of the snares of the times. This continual effort to make Christ's religion liberal enough to embrace all sorts and conditions of men, and attractive enough to please the masses who reject them, is the bane of modern Christianity. The impression has gone abroad that the majority rule, and that even the religion of Jesus Christ must be changed and adapted to the ever-changing conditions of the world, lest it should lose its hold on the masses.

If ever there was an era when it is needful for the Church to take her stand against the slavery of mere social influences, to show all that her aim is not to please men but to please God, to appear in the eyes of men as a city set on a hill, and as a beacon light, illumining the surrounding darkness with steady and unobstructed radiance, it is in the ending of this nineteenth century.

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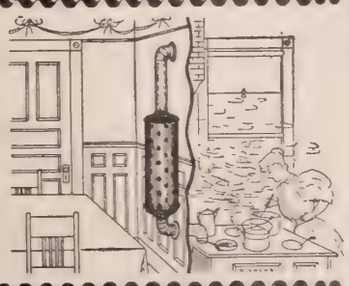

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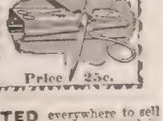

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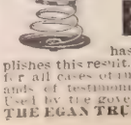

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18.

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 13, 1895.

Price Five Cents.

A PATHETIC NIGHT INCIDENT AT THE FLORENCE MISSION, NEW YORK. (See page 740.)

HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Dan. 5: 30: "*In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.*"

NIGHT was about to come down on Babylon. The shadows of her two hundred and fifty towers began to lengthen. The Euphrates rolled on, touched by the fiery splendors of the setting sun; and gates of brass, burnished and glittering, opened and shut like doors of flame. The hanging gardens of Babylon, wet with the heavy dew, began to pour, from starlit flowers and dripping leaf, a fragrance for many miles around. The streets and squares were lighted for dance and frolic and promenade. The theatres and galleries of art invited the wealth, and pomp, and grandeur of the city to rare entertainments. Scenes of riot and wassail were mingled in every street; and godless mirth, and outrageous excess and splendid wickedness came to the king's palace, to do their mightiest deeds of darkness.

A royal feast to-night at the king's palace! Rushing up to the gates are chariots, upholstered with precious cloths from Dedan, and drawn by fire-eyed horses from Togarmah, that rear and neigh in the grasp of the charioteers, while a thousand lords dismount, and women, dressed in all the splendors of Syrian emerald, and the color-blending of agate, and the chasteness of coral, and the sombre glory of Tyrian purple, and princely embroideries, brought from afar by camels across the desert, and by ships of Tarshish across the sea.

Open wide the gates and let the guests come in. The chamberlains and cupbearers are all ready. Hark to the rustle of the silks, and to the carol of the music! See the blaze of the jewels! Lift the banners. Fill the cups. Clap the cymbals. Blow the trumpets. Let the night go by with song, and dance, and ovation; and let that Babylonish tongue be palsied that will not say, "O King Belshazzar, live forever."

Ah! my friends, it was not any common banquet to which these great people came. All parts of the earth had sent their richest viands to that table. Brackets and chandeliers flashed their light upon tankards of burnished gold. Fruits, ripe and luscious, in baskets of silver, entwined with leaves, plucked from royal conservatories. Vases, inlaid with emerald and ridged with exquisite traceries, filled with nuts that were threshed from forests of distant lands. Wine brought from the royal vats, foaming in the decanters and bubbling in the chalices. Tufts of cassia and frankincense wafting their sweetness from wall and table. Gorgeous banners unfolding in the breeze that came through the open window, bewitched with the perfumes of hanging gardens. Fountains rising up from inclosures of ivory, in jets of crystal, to fall in clattering rain of diamonds and pearls. Statues of mighty men looking down from niches in the wall upon crowns and shields brought from subdued empires. Idols of wonderful work standing on pedestals of precious stones. Embroideries [illegible] with ivory and agate. Music, mingling the thrum of harps, and the clash of cymbals, and the blast of trumpets in one wave of transport that went rippling along the wall and breathing among the garlands, and pouring down the corridors, and thrilling the souls of a thousand banqueters. The signal is given, and the lords and ladies, the mighty men and women of the land, come around the table. Pour out the wine. Let foam and bubble kiss the rim! Hoist every one his cup and drink to the sentiment: "O King Belshazzar, live forever!" Bestarred head-band and carcanet of royal beauty gleam to the uplifted chalices, as again, and again, and again they are emptied. Away with care from the palace! Tear royal dignity to tatters! Pour out more wine! Give us more light, wilder music, sweeter perfume! Lord shouts to lord, captain ogles to captain. Goblets clash; decanters rattle. There come in the obscene song, and the drunken hiccough, and the slavering lip, and the guffaw of idiotic laughter, bursting from the lips of princes, flushed, reeling bloodshot; while mingling with it all I hear, "Huzza! huzza! for great Belshazzar!"

What is that on the plastering of the wall? Is it a spirit! Is it a phantom? Is it God? The music stops. The goblets fall from the nerveless grasp. There is a thrill. There is a start. There is a thousand-voiced shriek of horror. Let Daniel be brought in to read that writing. He comes in. He reads it: "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Meanwhile the Medes, who for two years had been laying siege to that city, took advantage of that carousal and came in. I hear the feet of the conquerors on the palace-stairs. Massacre rushes in with a thousand gleaming knives. Death bursts upon the scene; and I shut the door of that banqueting-hall, for I do not want to look. There is nothing there but torn banners, and broken wreaths, and the slush of upset tankards, and the blood of murdered women, and the kicked and tumbled carcass of a dead king. For "in that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

I go on to learn some lessons from all this. I learn that when God writes anything on the wall, a man had better read it as it is. Daniel did not misinterpret or modify the handwriting on the wall. It is all foolishness to expect a minister of the Gospel to preach always things that the people like, or the people choose. Young men of Washington, what shall I preach to you to-night? Shall I tell you of the dignity of human nature? Shall I tell you of the wonders that our race has accomplished? "Oh! no," you say; "tell me the message that came from God." I will. If there is any handwriting on the wall, it is this lesson: "Repent! Accept of Christ and be saved!" I might talk of a great many other things; but that is the message, and so I declare it. Jesus never flattered those to whom he preached. He said to those who did wrong, and who were offensive in his sight, "Ye generation of vipers! ye whited sepulchres! how can ye escape the damnation of hell!" Paul the apostle preached before a man who was not ready to hear him preach. What subject did he take? Did he say, "Oh! you are a good man, a very fine man, a very noble man?" No; he preached of righteousness to a man who was unrighteous; of temperance to a man who was a victim of bad appetites; of the judgment to come to a man who was unfit for it. So we must always declare the message that happens to come to us. Daniel must read it as it is. A minister preached before James I. of England, who was James VI. of Scotland. What subject did he take? The king was noted all over the world for being unsettled and wavering in his ideas. What did the minister preach about to this man who was James I. of England and James VI. of Scotland? He took for his text James first and sixth: "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed." Hugh Latimer offended the king by a sermon he preached; and the king said, "Hugh Latimer, come and apologize." "I will," said Hugh Latimer. So the day was appointed; and the king's chapel was full of lords, and dukes, and the mighty men and women of the country, for Hugh Latimer was to apologize. He began his sermon by saying, "Hugh Latimer, bethink thee! Thou art in the presence of thine earthly king, who can destroy thy body. But bethink thee, Hugh Latimer, that thou art in the presence of the King of heaven and earth, who can destroy both body and soul in hell-fire." Then he preached with appalling directness at the king's crimes.

Another lesson that comes to us to-night: there is a great difference between the opening of the banquet of sin and its close. Young man, if you had looked in upon the banquet in the first few hours, you would have wished you had been invited there, and could sit at the feast. "Oh! the grandeur of Belshazzar's feast!" you would have said; but you look in at the close of the banquet, and your blood curdles with horror. The King of Terrors has there a ghastlier banquet; human blood is the wine, and dying groans are the music. Sin has made itself a king in the earth. It has crowned itself. It has spread a banquet. It invites all the world to come to it. It has hung in its banqueting-hall the spoils of all kingdoms, and the banners of all nations. It has gathered from all music. It has strewn, from its wealth, the tables, and floors, and arches. And yet how often is that banquet broken up; and how horrible is its end! Ever and anon there is a handwriting on the wall. A king falls. A great culprit is arrested. The knees of wickedness knock together. God's judgment, like an armed host, breaks in upon the banquet; and that night is Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.

Here is a young man who says, "I cannot see why they make such a fuss about the intoxicating cup. Why, it is exhilarating! It makes me feel well. I can talk better, think better, feel better. I cannot see why people have such a prejudice against it." A few years pass on, and he wakes up and finds himself in the clutches of an evil habit which he tries to break, but cannot; and he cries out, "Oh Lord God! help me!" It seems as though God would not hear his prayer; and in an agony of body and soul he cries out, "It biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder." How bright it was at the start! How black it was at the last!

Here is a man who begins to read loose novels. "They are so charming," he says; "I will go out and see for myself whether all these things are so." He opens the gate of a sinful life. He goes in. A sinful sprite meets him with her wand. She waves her wand, and it is all enchantment. Why, it seems as if the angels of God had poured out phials of perfume in the atmosphere. As he walks on, he finds the hills becoming more radiant with foliage, and the ravines more resonant with the falling water. Oh! what a charming landscape he sees! But that sinful sprite, with her wand, meets him again; but now she reverses the wand, and all the enchantment is gone. The cup is full of poison. The fruit turns to ashes. All the leaves of the bower are forked tongues of hissing serpents. The flow[illegible] fountains fall back in a dead pool ster[illegible] ful with corruption. The luring songs [illegible] come curses and screams of demo[illegible] laughter. Lost spirits gather about [illegible] and feel for his heart, and beckon him [illegible] with "Hail brother! Hail, blasted sp[illegible] hail!" He tries to get out. He come[illegible] the front door where he entered, and [illegible] to push it back, but the door turns aga[illegible] him; and in the jar of that shutting [illegible] he hears these words, "This night is [illegible] shazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, sla[illegible]" Sin may open bright as the morning, it ends dark as the night!

I learn further from this subject [illegible] death sometimes breaks in upon a banq[illegible]t. Why did he not go down to the prison [illegible] Babylon? There were people there [illegible] would like to have died. I suppose t[illegible]re were men and women in torture in [illegible] city who would have welcomed de[illegible]th, but he comes to the palace; and ju[illegible] at the time when the mirth is dashing t[illegible]e tiptop pitch, Death breaks in at the [illegible]n-quet. We have often seen the same t[illegible]ng illustrated. Here is a young man [illegible] come from college. He is kind. [illegible] is loving. He is enthusiastic. He is [illegible]o-quent. By one spring he may bou[illegible] to heights toward which many men [illegible]ve been struggling for years. A profe[illegible]on opens before him. He is established [illegible]he law. His friends cheer him. Em[illegible]nt men encourage him. After awhile [illegible]ou may see him standing in the Am[illegible]an Senate, or moving a popular assem[illegible]age by his eloquence, as trees are move[illegible] a whirlwind. Some night he retires [illegible]ly. A fever is on him. Delirium, like a [illegible]ck-less charioteer, seizes the reins of h[illegible] intellect. Father and mother stand b[illegible]nd see the tides of his life going out t[illegible]the great ocean. The banquet is coming an end. The lights of thought, and [illegible]th, and eloquence are being extinguished. The garlands are snatched from the brow. The vision is gone. Death at the banqu[illegible]

We saw the same thing, on a [illegible]ger scale, illustrated in our Civil [illegible]ar. Our whole nation had been sittin[illegible] at a national banquet—North, South, Ea[illegible]and West. What grain was there, b[illegible] we grew it on our hills. What inventio[illegible] was there, but our rivers must turn th[illegible]ew wheel, and rattle the strange s[illegible]ttle. What warm furs, but our traders [illegible] bring them from the Arctic. Wha[illegible]ish, but our nets must sweep them f[illegible] the markets. What music, but it mu[illegible]sing in our halls. What eloquence, but [illegible]ust speak in our Senates. Ho! to the n[illegible]onal banquet, reaching from mountain to [illegible]un-tain, and from sea to sea! To prep[illegible] that banquet, the sheep-folds and the [illegible] of the country sent their best tre[illegible]res. The orchards piled up on the tab[illegible] their sweet fruits. The presses burst o[illegible] wit[illegible] new wines. To sit at that table, c[illegible]e the yeomanry of New Hampshire, a[illegible] the lumbermen of Maine, and the Ca[illegible]ina from the rice plantation, and the Ve[illegible] emigrant from the pines of Oreg[illegible] we were all brothers—brothers at ban[illegible]quet. Suddenly the feast ended. Wh[illegible] meant those mounds thrown up at [illegible] amauga, Shiloh, Atlanta, Gettysburg, South Mountain? What meant the [illegible] en grain-fields, turned into a pa[illegible]rade ground for cavalry horses? Wha[illegible]ean the corn-fields gulled with the w[illegible] the heavy supply-train? Why tho[illegible]rivers of tears—those lakes of blood? [illegible] angry! Justice must come. A hand ritin[illegible] on the wall! The nation had been [illegible] and found wanting. Darkness! Dark[illegible]ness! Woe to the North! Woe [illegible] South! Woe to the East! Woe [illegible] West! Death at the banquet.

I have also to learn from the [illegible] that the destruction of the vicious [illegible] those who despise God, will be very su[illegible]den. The wave of mirth had [illegible]ched i[illegible] the highest point when the invadi[illegible] army broke through. It was unexpecte[illegible] suddenly, almost always, comes the hom[illegible] to those who despise God, and defy [illegible] of men. How was it at the Delu[illegible]?

y suppose it came through a long north-
st storm, so that people for days before
re sure it was coming? No; I suppose
morning was bright; that calmness
oded on the waters; that beauty sat
ehroned on the hills; when suddenly the
hvens burst, and the mountains sank
ke anchors into the sea that dashed clear
o the Andes and the Himalayas.
he Red Sea was divided. The Egyp-
ns tried to cross it. There could be no
d ger. The Israelites had just gone
though; where they had gone, why not
t Egyptians? Oh! it was such a beau-
il walking-place! A pavement of tinged
s lls and pearls, and on either side two
gat walls of water—solid. There can
bo danger. Forward, great host of the
Egptians! Clap the cymbals, and blow
t trumpets of victory! After them! We
vl catch them yet, and they shall be de-
syed. But the walls begin to tremble!
Ley rock! They fall! The rushing wa-
ts! The shriek of drowning men! The
swimming of the war-horses in vain for
t shore! The strewing of the great host
o the bottom of the sea, or pitched by the
ary wave on the beach—a battered,
bised, and loathsome wreck! Suddenly
dtruction came. One half-hour before
ty could not have believed it. Destroyed;
al without remedy.
: am just setting forth a fact, which you
lve noticed as well as I. Ananias comes
the apostle. The apostle says: "Did
u sell the land for so much?" He says,
"es." It was a lie. Dead! as quick as
t! Sapphira, his wife, comes in. "Did
u sell the land for so much?" "Yes."
Iwas a lie; and quick as that she was
d! God's judgments are upon those
o despise him and defy him. They come
sidenly.
The destroying angel went through
Lypt. Do you suppose that any of the
ple knew that he was coming? Did
ty hear the flap of his great wing? No!
ll! Suddenly, unexpectedly, he came.
Skilled sportsmen do not like to shoot a
d standing on a sprig near by. If they
a skilled, they pride themselves on tak-
i it on the wing: and they wait till it
rts. Death is an old sportsman; and
loves to take men flying under the very
sn. He loves to take them on the wing.
O! flee to God this night! If there be
e in this presence who has wandered far
ay from Christ, though he may not have
ard the call of the Gospel for many a
ar, I invite him now to come and be
ved. Flee from thy sin! Flee to the
tronghold of the Gospel! Now is the ac-
pted time: now is the day of salvation.
Good-night, my young friends! may you
ve rosy sleep, guarded by him who nev-
slumbers! May you awake in the morn-
g strong and well! But oh! art thou a
spiser of God? Is this thy last night on
rth? Should'st thou be awakened in
e night by something, thou knowest not
hat, and there be shadows floating in the
om, and a handwriting on the wall, and
u feel that your last hour is come, and
ere he a fainting at the heart, and a tre-
or in the limb, and a catching of the
eath—then thy doom would be but an
no of the words of the text: "In that
ght was Belshazzar, the king of the
haldeans, slain."
Oh! that my Lord Jesus would now
ake himself so attractive to your souls
at you cannot resist him; and if you
ve never prayed before, or have not
ayed since those days when you knelt
wn at your mother's knee, then that to-
ght you might pray, saying:

[illegible] I was [illegible] for me.
And [illegible] bid'st me come to thee,
O Lord, I come.

But if you cannot think of so long a
ayer as that, I will give you a shorter
ayer that you can say: "God be merci-
l to me, a sinner!" Or, if you cannot
ink of so long a prayer as that, I will
ve you a still shorter one that you may
ter, "Lord, save me, or I perish!" Or,
that be too long a prayer, you need not
ake it. Use the word "Help!" Or, if
at be too long a word, you need not use
y word at all. Just look and live!

Missionary Work in Persia.

A Native Christian Medical Missionary Writes of its Progress in Recent Years.

FOR the last sixty years missionary work has been carried on among the Nestorians of Persia. This is a small nation, one hundred thousand of them living in Turkey and forty thousand in Persia. We can confidently say that they were among the first heathen nations to accept Christ as far back as the first century. They were the purest Protestant church of the ancient times. In those old days they had schools of theology in many places and were a missionary church. They sent missionaries to far China and India. Ever since, they have been the victims of persecution and martyrdom under the Fire-worshipers, as well as under the Mohammedans. The bloody Tamerlane, in the fourteenth century, rushed down upon them with his cruel hordes, and nearly annihilated them. In 1848, two Koordish chiefs, Nur-Ollah-Beg, and Beder-Khan-Beg,

MR. AND MRS. JESSE MALIK YONAN.

came sweeping like a hurricane. They killed by thousands, men, women and children, simply because they would not give up their faith in Christ. Through such trials the Nestorians maintained their primitive faith in the greatest purity. They clung to their Bibles with a most desperate tenacity, and reverenced them as the Word of God. But, after their schools were all demolished, their churches spoiled, and their books burned, they at last became very ignorant and superstitious, leaving the care of their souls, for the most part, to the priests.

In such a time of great need Dr. Perkins, in 1835, began his labors among them. The difficulties confronting the inauguration of the work would have seemed insurmountable to anyone not possessed of Dr. Perkins' indomitable energy and grit. He started a school in 1836 in a cellar, with seven students, and no books to study with. This school has grown to be a big college, in Oroomiah. In 1838 a printing press was bought. The Bible was translated from the Ancient into the Modern Syriac. When those Nestorians read the word of God in the language which they understood, they said, "it is time to give glory to God, since printing is begun among us." This branch of the work has proved to be a great success, hundreds of spiritual pamphlets, tracts and volumes having been translated into Syriac.

We are indebted to Dr. Benjamin Labaree, who for many years has done all he could to give us the best literature, and it was through his successful labor that we have to-day the purest and best revision of the Bible.

Dr. Shedd has been a great teacher and preacher; he had a meek and gentle spirit; of him we can say truly, "he loved us and was not ashamed to call us his brethren;" he gave himself for us, and has gone to his reward. The names of Perkins, Stoddard, Coan, Cochran, Rhea, Labaree and Shedd will be everlastingly remembered by the Nestorians.

But there are other brilliant stars in the sky of Persian missions. We cannot forget Miss Fiske Rice and Jennie Dean and A. Montgomery, who have done so much for the down-trodden women of Persia. Their difficulties were great and their discouragements numerous. We can easily understand this by giving a moment's consideration to the condition of women in those Mohammedan lands, where they worked and are working.

The condition of Persian women presents an appalling contrast in physical bondage to the enlightened freedom of the women of America. Well may many Persians say, "Oh? what a glorious freedom is your's, American women!" The Persian women, wives and daughters and sisters of Mohammedans are abused, degraded and reviled by church and state alike. Their social status is a most undesirable one. Wives of a polygamous race of men, they are slaves of a husband's passion, caprice and religion. They never sit at table with him, and must ask arbitrary permission to do the slightest thing. They are never permitted to walk abroad without being enveloped in the cumbersome robes prescribed for them, and as for education, recreation and employment, they are positively forbidden.

The picture of a Persian harem is not the glowing elysium that people are commonly led to believe the original to be, but rather one of mutual distrust and abject servile obedience in conformity with the usual Mohammedan rites.

How those women have longed for the introduction of the Christian religion into Persia! They believe that with religious enlightenment the barbarous nature of the Mohammedans will become softened, and themselves freed of a spiritual and social yoke that is galling to their very souls. We can readily understand why these women are so anxious for the true religion. It means freedom to them. It means personal liberty and advancement.

Over in Persia the women, sincerely desiring truth and freedom, steal to the Mission tent or into the cave of some religieuse who gives them sufficient strength to bear the torments to which they return, often, indeed to face punishments as barbarous and horrible as the Christian martyrs of the past were ever called upon to endure. The Persian women are willing to do anything, to suffer anything, to promulgate and promote the Christian religion in their country. These are some of the messages they send by their Mission students to the American women whom they regard much in the light of angels. And it seems that the cry of the women of my country for emancipation by the Gospel is one of the most potent compliments that can be paid to your American civilization, since they recognize that through the Gospel alone can they attain the same attitude of independent thought and action now enjoyed by American women.

Among our women did Miss Fidelia Fiske faithfully work, establishing a school called Fiske Seminary. There could not be found one woman who could read at all when she began, and she was heard many times praying, "O! Lord help me to love these women, and teach me to do what is needed for them.' She was followed by Miss Rice and Miss Dean, who have done more than we can ever describe to elevate and enlighten our womankind. Miss Anna Montgomery, in Hamadan, has the spirit of Miss Fiske, and has done much for American and Jewish girls. Years will roll by before we can ever forget those names. They will have their reward from God. Out of those ages of darkness and ignorance they have given us an army of well-trained women, some of them knowing half a dozen languages, and among them we have some excellent Bible women and teachers who are doing much to help the cause of Christ in raising up their degraded sisters.

Medical work is more desired than anything else in Persia to carry the Gospel to the hearts of the people. There are as many as ten millions of inhabitants in the country who are almost without a physician. The natives have some ways of giving medicine to the sick which are absolutely absurd. Sometimes the priest will write a few words from the Koran on a slip of paper, and will wash the paper in water and let the patient drink. Hospitals and institutions of any sort are unheard of in Persia. Thousands of poor and sick are turned into the streets, without care for them at all. We have two Mission hospitals in Oroomiah, that are doing an unspeakable amount of good. They are crowded with patients of all sorts, from many parts of Oroomiah and surrounding districts, even from the Kurdistan Mountains. The wild Koords come there and receive kind attention and treatment, and hear the Word of God, and many become converted to Christianity. The Mohammedan women come there with their troubles. They find those hospitals next to heaven when they compare them with their homes, where they had no attention whatever, and they realize that the religion of Christ is better than that of Mohammed, who cares nothing for women. No branch of missionary work represents such a systematic amount of good and mercy as medicine. Think of thousands of poverty-stricken men, women and children who have been taken care of—healed, fed and dressed. Therefore they love the physicians and allow them into their harems, and permit them to speak of Christ if they so desire. It is high time to help poor Persia by a good number of well-trained physicians, with proper equipment to do the work of the Master who always had compassion on the sick, who said to his disciples, "Into whatsoever city ye enter, heal the sick that are therein and say unto them the Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." JESSE MALIK YONAN.

The Page's Dilemma.

THE Rev. Mr. Ashe, who was one of the trusted colleagues of the late Bishop Hannington in his African labors, relates the following incident: The first time I was presented at court to his majesty of Uganda, I offered to teach any of the young men about the place to read. My offer was accepted by a lad, one of the king's pages who came to my house every day for his lesson. Soon he showed by his life that he was a sincere and intelligent Christian, and was drawing nearer and nearer to Christ, when one day, of his own free will, he asked to be baptized, and he was received into the Church under the name of Samuel.

This same convert had been promoted to a place of trust by the king, and by him was despatched to a vassal chief to collect the tribute, consisting of so many thousands of court shells, and it was while he was on this errand that the great and fatal persecution of Christians broke out. Immediately on returning to the city, Samuel heard that his name was down on the martyrs' list, and at once he came to me for advice. "What have I to do?" he asked; "I have in my possession this tribute of the king; how have I to dispose of it?" "You must not go back to the king," I answered; "he has the heart of a wild beast rather than that of a man: it is certain death for you to go uear him."

Then Samuel took a piece of paper, and began to write, but I could see he was not satisfied. Looking up, he said, "If I were to throw away the King's tribute and run, he would think I had stolen it." "Then," I said, "could you not take it early in the morning, and deliver it to the chief, whose duty it is to receive it, and then make your escape?" This he determined to do, though going there meant that he might be seized and dragged off to death. He took the tribute, and delivered it, and quietly mixing with the crowd, walked away. When he visited me a night or two afterward, I asked him, "Did you not run as soon as you could?" "No," he replied, "I walked deliberately away, feeling sure God would keep me."

THE WOES OF INTEMPERANCE.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 24. Isa. 5: 11-23. Golden Text: Isa. 5: 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WHEN the almighty God pronounces "Woe," then it is woe indeed, even as when he says, "Blessed," he has the power to bless. After the lamentation of the prophet Isaiah in his first chapter, he speaks immediately of "the latter days" of the coming glory of Israel (chap. 2: 2-4; 4: 2-6), but also of the judgment in the latter days, the time of the great tribulation, (ver. 10: 22), and he intersperses his prophecy with a further description of the apostasy of Israel joined to the exhortation, "Oh house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord." God's cause was life to this man of God; he lived for nothing else, and the burden of his God lay upon him as he saw Jerusalem ruined and Judah fallen, because their tongue and their doings were "against the Lord, to provoke the eyes of his glory." Looking with a prophet's eye on the present and on the future, he says: "Say ye of the righteous that it shall be well with him: for they shall eat the fruit of their doings.

Woe unto the Wicked

for it shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him." (chap. 3: 8, 10, 11). The concentration of what God includes when he says, Woe shall come upon the earth in the coming time of trouble when the man of sin shall reign over all the inhabitants of the earth and force them to worship him on pain of death. (Rev. 13: 11-18). Then will be accomplished the woe, woe, woe of Rev. 8: 13, as we see in the terrible prophecies which follow. But the same God who will then execute his vengeance on "them that know not God, and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ," (II. Thess. 1: 7, 8), pronounces, even in Isaiah's time, woe unto the wicked. Our chapter begins with a parable illustrating all which God has done for his people and how he has received no return, his vineyard has brought forth only wild grapes; Israel did not know, his people did not consider their high calling to be his witnesses among the nations, and therefore God pronounces judgment upon his people.

What is it that has brought about the destruction of Israel? Six sins are mentioned which all have their root in selfishness; "we have turned everyone to his own way" (Isa. 53: 6), and one of them, drunkenness, is twice named. The first mentioned is covetousness: "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no rooms and ye be made to dwell alone in the midst of the land" (Isa. 5: 8). The sin of covetousness is as strong amongst God's ancient people now as it was in Isaiah's days. But it is not peculiar to the Jews. O, how many so-called Christians join house to house, factory to factory, store to store, utterly regardless of how it may affect their struggling neighbors. The principle of "Live and let live" has died out, and the combinations of the rich capitalists to tread others down out of the market, and to get a monopoly, ruins thousands of those who do business in a small way. "Might is right," is the principle on which they go, but this is not to be found in the Word of the living God.

"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink: that tarry late into the night till wine inflame them: and the harp and the lute and the tabret and the pipe are in their feasts: but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither have they considered the operation of his hands" (R.V.). The question was asked of a holy man of God many years ago, when there was hardly any total abstainers to be found: "Why do you not drink wine?" "Because I find it unfits me for prayer," was the answer. The holy soul of this saint of God shrank from anything which could, in the least degree, change the atmosphere with his communion with God. It is not only excessive drinking which makes men regardless of the work of the Lord; even

The Moderate Use

of stimulants has been found by many to unfit them for real and deep communion with God. But, O, how solemn is God's woe. Here are men intended by God to be an image of himself, and to hold the place of dignity and honor in his creation; and for the gratification of a few moments' excitement, they are willing to hand themselves over to a foreign power which they know will unman, degrade, and destroy them! But the same lust of the flesh, which makes the covetous man the despicable being that he is, makes the miserable slave of drink to be equally the dupe and slave of Satan, the laughing-stock of the thoughtless, the pity of the compassionate. Woe unto them who think they can play with edge tools, and drink with impunity. Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink. How many are there who boast in their strength of nerve and of will, and declare that they can stop when they will, and they do not see that the coils of the mighty python are insidiously winding themselves around them, and that they are already slaves. It is a dangerous thing for himself when a young man tampers with strong drink, and it may lead to the death of others, who may follow his example, even if he should escape.

The question for the Christian is not: "Will the taking of stimulants harm me?" a higher motive belongs to one who, as a new creature in Christ Jesus lives no more unto himself, but unto him which died for him and rose again" (II. Cor. 5: 15): the question with him is, "Can I serve and honor my God, and can I serve my fellow creatures most by taking stimulants or by abstaining from them?" There is but one answer. God here draws a terrible picture of the consequences of strong drink: "My people are gone into captivity." Take it in the lowest sense and search the prisons in our own land: how many are there through drink? Some tell us nine in every ten. "Their honorable men are famished, and their multitude parched with thirst." High born men and highly educated are among the victims who suffer from literal hunger and famine through the consequence of drink. And the multitude! how much we see of distress, of lack of work, of sour and angry expression on their faces, parched with thirst; the drink causes a very great deal of this. "Therefore hell (lit. hades the place of the departed) hath enlarged herself and opened her mouth without measure; and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth among them shall descend into it." It is

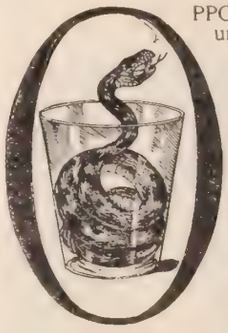
A Frightful Picture,

the place of the dead must be enlarged because so many die of drunkenness, and after death the judgment (Heb. 9: 27)! How will the multitude of suicides by drink excuse their awful sin of destoying the spirit, soul and body of God's creation, for the sake of a passing gratification? Oh! how true the picture is. The mean man is bowed down, the drink makes him meaner still, and the great man (in his own eyes) is humbled! Humbled but not humble! In humble circumstances without a humble hearf! Until God lays hold of a drunkard, all misery does not bring him down; he will excuse himself to the very last, deny his sin or justify himself. The poor creature is not himself; he has given himself over to a power mightier than his own, and he is reaping the awful consequences. The only real hope for the drunkard is the Friend of Sinners; the precious blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin, was shed for the drunkard too; for the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost. (Luke, 19: 10.)

God promises also his woe to the wicked scoffer, who dares to say to God when he is long-suffering, and does not immediately execute vengeance: "Let him make speed, let him hasten his work that we may see it; and let the counsel of the Holy One of Israel draw nigh that we know it. Woe to them that call evil good and good evil. Woe to the self-righteous, who are wise in their own eyes and prudent in their own sight? Woe to them who pervert justice, which justify the wicked for reward."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



OPPORTUNITIES of urging the duty of total abstinence should never be neglected by any one sincerely concerned for the welfare of young people. In spite of the efforts of temperance societies, drunkenness is increasing in our land. Government statistics show that the consumption of liquor not only increases from one decade to another, but increases more rapidly than the population. If with a population of sixty millions we consumed double the quantity that sufficed when it was thirty millions, we should know that temperance, though making no progress, was maintaining its ground, but it is not so. The nation of sixty millions uses far more than double the quantity that was used when it was thirty millions. The inference is unavoidable that we have either more people who drink now, or that those who drink, drink more than their fathers did. Either alternative is ominous. There is evidently need for more earnest work on behalf of temperance, and it will be more effective if directed to prevention rather than to cure. It is weary, disappointing work to reclaim the drunkard. All honor to those who are engaged in it. All our sympathy and help are due to the man who is trying to emancipate himself from the bondage of the degrading habit. But the work that has hope in it, the work that will tell, is that of setting young feet in the path of safety and strengthening the fortress before it has been captured. This work the teacher may do. He will not have much difficulty in convincing the child of the woes of the drunkard. No child is so obtuse as to need proof of the fact. He sees it for himself. What he does not see is his own danger of experiencing those woes. Of this he needs to be convinced and to be induced to take measures to insure his safety.

Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes. A great orator tells this fable: A serpent lay in the centre of a circle of fire, asking all who passed to lift him out. One man going by—the kind of man who is sure he has enough self control to drink without becoming a drunkard—stopped and looked at the snake. "If I do," said the man, "you may bite me." "Oh, no, I won't." "I am afraid to trust you." "Help me out of the fire, or it will consume me. I promise on my word of honor I won't bite you." The man takes up the snake and lifts it out of the fiery circle and lays it on the ground. Instantly it says, "Now I'll bite you." "But you promised you wouldn't." "Yes, but it's my nature to bite, and I can't help it." So it is with the drink, it is its nature to bite.

My people are gone into captivity. There is a fascination in drinking that is not cured by suffering. Once the appetite is started the man returns to it like a slave in bonds. John B. Gough used to tell a story of a stalwart countryman who seldom went to a city, and looked very simple though he was a strong, manly fellow. He went into a drug store in Boston and told the clerk that his sister had sent him for some pe fume, and he wanted to smell around little. The countryman tested several pe fumes, and liked each better than the o before it, until the clerk, getting tired of l indecision, produced a bottle of strong a monia. "Now," he said, "this is a ve subtle essence, and if you want to get t full virtue of it—the pure scent—you mu draw in as hard as you can; a simple sn will not do any good." The countrym was all curiosity. "Hold on a minute he said, "and when I say 'now' let have it." Then he shouted "now," a over he went. What did he do? Get and smell again? No, he had too mu common sense. As soon as he got on feet he squared his arms and began to sh fight. He threatened the clerk with worst kind of punishment if he play another such a trick on him. There some sense in that; but in the matter drinking, men go up to their old enemy he knocks them over. Up they get over they go again, and so it continues they have scarcely strength to crawl.

The mighty man shall be humbled. clergyman who recently visited New Y from a Western city told this story: had a college friend who was almost idol to me. Whatever he attempted succeeded in doing better than anyone e He was a magnificent athlete. It wa pleasure to see him leap and swim and In the class-room he was ahead of us It took him very little effort to prepare his recitations. He was a genius. married well. His wife was not beautiful and good, she was wealthy. separated after graduation day, I to charge of a church, he to read law heard from him occasionally, and in on his letters he wrote that he had been e ed to Congress. He went, and the H was thrilled with his eloquence. I come East to visit him; he is in jai larceny. It had come to that, thro drunkenness. He drank his own fort then his wife's, then all he could bor then he stole. I think there is no ch of his escaping conviction. It is the g est fall I ever knew. The man was m tally and physically grand; but the d has bronght him down and made hi utter wreck."

Woe unto them that call evil good. A temperance worker was sent for by a ly prominent in society. He wondered at could be required of him in that wea y, refined family. The lady's first que on to him when he called was if he had er known a grown-up son strike his mo r. The temperance man said he never d, except when he was intoxicated; the e had known it to be done. The lady t ed up her sleeve and showed a large brui on her beautiful arm. "My son did that, he said; "do see him and try if you can ve him." He went immediately to the 's haunts and found him just getting er after his debauch. He argued with he young man, and finding he made no impression, he urged as a strong appeal, v ch often succeeds when nothing else will at he was breaking his mother's heart. "My mother!" exclaimed the young man bitterly; "she is the cause of it all. She ed to say, 'just one glass; it will do you g d.' I hated it, but I took it to please her nd now I must drink. If I knew that I sh ld have to die for it, I should drink."

Till wine inflames them. No habit g ws so unconsciously as wine drinking. St. Augustine relates of his saintly m er, the beautiful Monica that she had to im of a great danger from which she w delivered in her youth. Her father, tr ing in her sweet innocent character, uld send her to his wine cellar for win not daring to trust his servants with the ys. Monica, curious to know the effec of the liquor that so pleased her fa r's guests, tasted it. She drank but ew drops yet she felt the thrill of em through her body. She got into the bit of drinking a little every time she as sent to draw the wine and drank m e of it as she became accustomed to it and ew to like it. She soon was in the ha t of drinking bumpers. Monica told he son that she believed she would have b me a drunkard, so insidiously had the abit grown upon her, but for a merciful t ugh humiliating experience. She had o ten one day to reprove one of the servan and the girl was insolent. She turned on Monica and exclaimed, "You! you are a d nk-ard." That word was enough. Monica never touched wine again and be ught her son never to drink.

A HAVEN FOR OUTCASTS.

How the Florence Mission for the Rescue of Vicious Girls was Established and What It Is Doing in Twenty Cities.

ITTLE FLORENCE CRITTENTON.

THOUSANDS of dollars are often spent on the granite or marble memorials reared over the remains of some loved one, whom death has snatched aiv; but probably the costliest memorial in ll this broad land is the one of which a pure appears on the first page of this jcrnal. The Florence Mission is the memrial Mr. Charles N. Crittenton chose fc his dear, dead daughter. It stands in Becker street, New York, a few yards wst of the Bowery, and like a lighthouse ola coast where there have been many wcks, it sheds a light of welcome for the caway who has made wreck of the voyal of life. It was a beautiful way of perpating the memory of the child whose dth almost broke her father's heart, to aciate her name with an effort to rescue gs whose condition was worse than dth. It is like that memorial which Crist appointed for the woman who anoted him with the precious ointment, the inction that wherever in all the world h Gospel should be preached, her loving sice should be told "as a memorial of h." So it has been, and the memorial is tter known and more enduring than any rble that was ever quarried, for it lives i the hearts of rn. So it is with t memorial of litt Florence. Wome now in happy hes who were ce bound with t chains of vice, lss her name; al parents whose ughters were id and are alive ain, were lost d are found, ink God for the ssion that enrines her memr. The Mission conducted on a n of Mr. Crittton's own desing. No recomendation, no forality is required admission. Any erring girl New York who is in any nd of trouble, finds the door the Florence Mission wide en, and she may go in at any ur of the day or night, and d here advice and help m fhe kind sympathetic lady hom she soon comes to call Mother" Prindle, as hundeds of girls do, to whom her ving ways have endeared her. "Mother" Prindle receives all mers tenderly. Sometimes they e dirty, drunken, diseased, but ey are sister-women, and she as unbounded faith in the powof the Holy Spirit to cleanse d sanctify the vilest. She akes her caller feel that she is elcome and assures her that if e wishes to abandon her sinful fe and to try to retrieve the past, no pains ill be spared to help her. She may make e Mission her home; if she needs clothg, it is given her, and all manner of indness is lavished upon her. If she ishes to return to her evil ways, the oor is still open, she has not been deoyed into prison; but she is warned that he way she is taking is the way of death, nd is assured that the prayers of her riends will follow her until she is finally edeemed. If she will stay, or if going ut she will return, she is lovingly led to Christ and told how he yearns over the outcast, how he has power to save and keep, and is urged to put her trust in him. If she yields, practical help is given her. If she can be restored to her family, the way is prepared for her; or if she has no friends to receive her, she is helped to earn her own living.

"Are you not often imposed upon?" Mrs. Prindle was asked. "Oh, yes, she said, "girls will come who have no desire to reform, but merely want a home for a time, while they get over some trouble or sickness, and they pretend to be repentant. But we never get discouraged. Some who thus mean to take advantage of us have been wonderfully saved. The Holy Spirit touches their hearts in spite of themselves. Even those who go away, know that we are their friends and that we are disinterested, and their consciences tell them that what we say to them is right and true. They think of it after they have left, and the old life is never the same to them again. Eventually, they generally come back." Nothing is more significant about the work than the firm conviction Mrs. Prindle, like Mr. Crittenton has, that the power of the Holy Spirit is the one and only ground of dependence for success in all the efforts put forth. When she was asked if the reformation of life was generally permanent, Mrs. Prindle answered that it must be, for the Holy Spirit kept all who trusted his power. "They sometimes fall back into sin, but not as before: it is only for a time, and they are restored. Of all who have stayed at the Mission fully sixty per cent. have been saved, some have died rejoicing in Christ; others are with their families; others are serving Christ in carrying on rescue work, and all are leading decent lives. Yes, it pays; it has paid me for nearly twenty years of the hardest kind of labor." It is gratifying to know, that one who has such excellent opportunities for forming an opinion as Mrs. Prindle, is hearty in her commendation of the much-abused work of Dr. Parkhurst. She mentions several instances of girls, who have come under her care through the raids of the society, who but for them, would, in all probability, be still leading lives of sin. One in particular, the inmate of a song and dance house, who has been saved, said that she was never sober enough to think of her condition until the house was raided and she had to seek a new home. She declared that she would never have had the courage and decision to quit if she had not been forced out of the vile den where she had been for years.

The New York Mission has been engaged in its beneficent work for more than twelve years. Its origin lay in an inquiry addressed to Mr. Crittenton one night in an expedition in the slums of the city. In the days when, in his bitter sorrow over the death of his beloved child, God was dealing with his soul, Mr. Crittenton looked around for some work to do for Christ. He was wealthy, and his business was increasing yearly and furnishing him with a larger income continually, and he might have found occupation in developing it. But he wanted to carry to darkened souls the light that had illumined his own. His friend, Mr. Smith N. Allen, invited him to go with him to see a humble work that he and Mr. H. B. Gibbud were doing in one of the vilest streets in lower New York. He went, and found in helping others some relief for his own trouble. One night he spoke to an abandoned woman in the neighborhood of the house where the little service was held, and urged her to forsake her sin. The desolate creature turned on him with the question, "Where can I go? Who would give shelter to such as I?" Mr. Crittenton had some difficulty in answering her. That in a Christian city there ought to be some place where the repentant sinner can be helped to reform, he was convinced. He had the means, and he determined to establish such a place, and make it a memorial to Florence. He opened a home at 29 Bleecker street, and its usefulness was soon demonstrated. Larger quarters were needed, and he bought a house of ill-fame at 21 Bleecker street for the purpose of his mission. That home too, proved too small, and No. 23 was then bought and made into one large home, capable of accommodating thirty inmates, beside affording room for nightly services, and offices for the matron and her staff.

The value of the Mission was so abundantly proved, that Mr. Crittenton was anxious to have the work extend to other cities where it was needed as badly as in New York. An illness, the result of protracted effort, led to the fulfilment of his wish. He was compelled to leave home and seek change of scene in foreign travel. After a few months' absence he landed in his native country again on its Western shores. There an opportunity occurred to tell of the good work accomplished in New York. Christian people were eager to see a similar work there. A liberal donation from Mr. Crittenton encouraged them and a Florence Mission was established. The work went on until to-day there are twenty institutions bearing little Florence's name and doing the blessed work of reclamation now associated with it. They are in San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Jose, Oakland and Sacramento, Cal., Denver, Colo., Chicago, Ill., Fargo, S. D., Portland, Ore., Norfolk and Wheeling, Va., Atlanta, Ga., Scranton and Pittsburg, Pa., New Brunswick, N. J. and Gloversville, N. Y. Two homes have also been opened in Philadelphia and a second in New York city.

THE HOME AT ATLANTA, GA.

DENVER, COLO. EAST OAKLAND, CAL.

THREE OF THE FAMOUS FLORENCE MISSIONS.

Beside this, Mr. Crittenton, at the suggestion of Mr. A. W. Dennett, and with his assistance, has established a home which is entirely of a preventive character. It is designed to assist girls who come to New York to look for work and frequently fall a prey to temptation through being unable to pay the cost of boarding. By offering board and lodging at extremely low rates, and having the house under Christian influence, many are enabled to maintain themselves honorably, who, but for such help, might sink into the class that the Florence Mission is seeking to reclaim.

As an aid to usefulness, both in direct Gospel work and in visiting places where the need of such an institution as the Florence Mission is marked, Mr. Crittenton has purchased a Gospel Car which can be attached to trains on any railroad. Mr. E. F. Goff, who has had a large experience in this method of evangelizing, has arranged to accompany Mr. Crittenton on these expeditions, and assist in the services that will be held in the car. It is Mr. Crittenton's hope that he will yet see a chain of Florence Missions extending across the continent, all doing the Christlike work of saving the lost and co-operating in efforts to promote national purity and righteonsness. To this object he is giving all his time and labor.

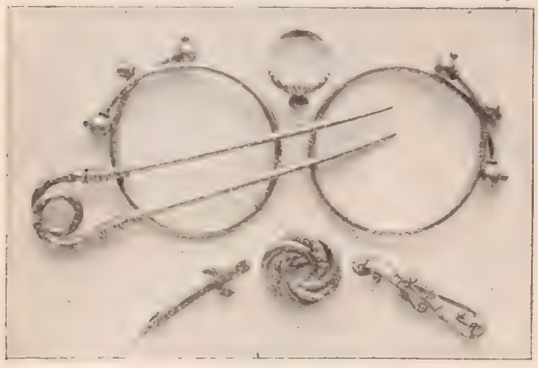
MR. CHARLES N. CRITTENTON.

ARMENIA'S REIGN OF TERROR.

Christian Blood Still Flowing and the Turkish Butchers Finding Many Fresh Victims for Slaughter—The Massacre at Trebizond.

IF it were possible to conceive of a depth of savage depravity beyond any that has yet been reached by the present Turkish government in its treatment of the Armenian Christians, the events of last week would seem to show that it had been very nearly attained. So determined is it in its policy of extermination that not only are its troops massacring the defenceless Americans at every point where they can be rounded up like a herd of cattle, for slaughter, but it is apparently resolved to prevent, if that were possible, the merciful offices of the missionaries being extended to the survivors. It is only through the united influence of the civilized governments of Europe and America that the Sultan's minions have been prevented, or dissuaded, from turning the Christian missionaries out of Armenia on short notice. This proposition, which was first disclosed in a Constantinople dispatch to the *Morning Post* of London, was to the effect that the American missionaries who had been dispensing relief in the Sassoun district, should withdraw within three days; otherwise, (so ran the Turkish threat), the Bitlis affair was likely to be re-enacted. More plainly stated, it was a mandate by the representatives of the Sultan that the missionaries, who had been fulfilling the Christian offices of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, should retire and leave the wretched Armenians to find in starvation and exposure, the fate they had escaped when their homes were burned, their property stolen and their nearest and dearest relatives butchered by the cruel Kurds or the Turkish soldiery. Upon this threat to expel the missionaries being made, Mr. Terrell, the American Minister and Mr. Herbert, the British charge d' affairs, immediately made demands upon the Porte for the protection of the missionaries. Mr. Terrell added emphatically that the United States would hold Turkey responsible for the lives of the missionaries. Thereupon the Sultan's government, which, as a leading English statesman has tersely declared, "gives heed to nothing but an ultimatum," very promptly changed its attitude upon the subject and decided to send troops to protect the missionaries. It was known that the Kurds were only waiting the retirement of the missionaries from Sassoun, to re-commence their orgies of plunder, violation and slaughter, and that the only check or a repetition of the horrors of last year was the presence of those godly men and women. So threatening was the situation that the Armenian Patriarch in Constantinople, distrustful of all Turkish promises, appealed to the foreign ambassadors to prevent a massacre.

This opposition by Turkey to the presence of the missionaries, is the strongest testimony to the value and urgent need of their humanitarian work. Turkey would exterminate the Armenians by the sword, by fire, by hunger and by cold. To those of them who would not deny Christ and embrace Islam, they would do as one of the famous Moslem Caliphs did when he drove a band of Christian martyrs into the sea, because they had rejected his offer of the Mohammedan faith, coupled with promises of favors that would assure future prosperity. The sons and daughters of Armenia to-day are faithful unto death, as were their forefathers. To the glory of Armenia and the confusion of unbelief be it declared that the highest place of honor in the roll of Christian nations during nearly a century, belongs to a poor, down-trodden, long-persecuted people, whose faith has become clearer and stronger in proportion as their sufferings have multiplied. Civilization is disgraced by the fact that the cause of all these persecutions—the infidel Turk—has not long ago been rendered powerless, and his yoke removed from the neck of the oldest of Christian nations.



JEWELS CONTRIBUTED TO THE ARMENIAN RELIEF FUND

Since Turkey's set-back in her purpose of starving the exiled and homeless Armenians, the relief work has steadily continued with unabated zeal. Mr. Howard, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Commissioner (who is probably now in Van, co-operating with the missionaries), when in Armenia several months ago, had ample opportunity at that time to observe the attempts of the Turkish officials to prevent relief being afforded to the destitute Armenians. He is a man of courage and resources, and will probably be able to perform, without serious molestation, his duties as a relieving agent. He will rely upon the protection afforded by his government while he remains in Armenia, in the fulfilment of a peaceful mission of Christian charity. Yet, although his work is altogether apart from politics, it is possible that the Turkish authorities may find excuse for interference, just as they did in the case of the missionaries at Sassoun. In any event, Mr. Howard's plans are such that, even were he restrained of his personal liberty, the relief work would not be embarrassed, but would go on uninterruptedly in the hands of a competent missionary committee. Thus every dollar sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the Armenian Relief Fund will be certain of reaching its proper destination, and accomplishing the purpose for which it was contributed.

Meanwhile, the Sultan finds himself face to face with a a new danger. Turkey is apparently on the verge of anarchy, and a day may bring the news of such events as may culminate in the overthrow of the present regime. Alleged plots by Mussulmen against the life of the monarch are numerous, and many arrests have been made, and some of the accused have been summarily executed. The unhappy Sultan, tormented it may be by the memory of his cruelties and continually dreading the assassin is a prisoner in his palace.

Most significant of the approaching disintegration of the Turkish Empire is a dispatch from London, which says that, owing to news recording constantly recurring "disturbances to the detriment of Christians of all nationalities, in various parts of the Turkish Empire, Ambassadors of the great Powers went separately to the Porte to urge the immediate adoption of adequate measures to bring about the restoration of order, and to declare that if such measures were not adopted the Powers would decide in concert upon the steps to be taken." The Ambassadors requested Said Pasha, the Foreign Minister, to announce what the government intended to do to terminate the state of anarchy at present prevailing.

Some of the gifts forwarded to the Relief Fund are very touching. Laces, valuables of various kinds and many articles of jewelry have been received. One lady in the west sent a pretty set of jewelry, consisting of bracelets, gemmed hairpin, brooch and two smaller pins, and garnet-and-pearl ring, desiring that the same be sold and the proceeds credited to the Relief Fund, but as we cannot undertake to dispose of such articles, however excellent the intention of the sender, we have returned them.

All contributions to the Relief Fund should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, and all will be duly acknowledged in these columns.

The following sums have been received for the Armenian Fund during the week:

Prev. ackn., $6,178.63
Abernathy, Mrs C W 1 00
Adams, C N & sister. 2 00
Agard, Harold..... 2 00
Aikman, Wm..... 5 00
Amberg, C G .... .50
Ames, A H..... 2 00
Ames, Erskine..... 2 00
Amos A M..... 2 00
Andrews, Lucy .... .50
Andrews Mrs&Miss .20
Armstrong, Thos... 1 00
Atwood, Mrs L A... 1 00
Bachman, J L..... .25
Bailey, Mrs E L.... 1 00
Bailey Ellsworth... 10
Baker, Catherine... 2 00
Baker, Mrs L..... 1 00
Baker, Mrs S R.... 1 00
Baldwin, Etta M.... .50
Baldwin, Ruth M.. 2 00
Ball, Miss K..... 50
Barger, Sr., Mr&Mrs 3 00
Barney, M J..... 1 00
Barrows, J O..... 5 00
Bates, Mrs J B..... 2 00
Battey, Martha..... 2 00
Bavoyan, S M..... 1 50
Beardsley, D M.... 1 00
Beeman, Mrs A B.. 1 00
Bemis, C E..... 1 00
Benjamin, Abby S.. 50
Benjamin, Mrs E F. .25
Benjamin, Henry B 1 00
Benson, Miss M H. 2 00
Bentley, Mrs..... .50
Bergstresser, C E.. 1 00
Berry, R A..... 5 00
Bickford, Mrs H M& Mrs W G Cram... 1 50
Biddle, Miss..... 25
Bird, Miss Nellie... 1 00
Bishop, T L..... .25
Blake, A..... 3 00
Boswell, A T..... .25
Bottome, Mrs E.... 2 00
Bowen, Mrs J C.... 1 00
Bower, Evergeline. 1 00
Bowers, Mrs F M.. 1 00
Boyd, Mrs..... 10 00
Brace, E..... 5 00
Bradrick, E..... 5 00
Brainerd, Jas P..... 2 00
Brock, Joseph 1 00
Bromley, Horace B 2 00
Browder, H L..... .25
Brown, Jno K..... 1 00
Brown, Jno L..... .50
Brown, Mrs T P.... 1 00
Brown, Thos D..... 3 00
Buck, Mrs F B..... 5 00
Bugbee, Mrs Geo P 1 00
Bunting, S A..... 2 00
Burhans, Clara..... 1 00
Burhans, Lida..... 2 00
Burns, Mrs J. 2 00
Butler, N & wife... 1 00
Butterworth, H.... .25
Butterworth, Jos... .25
Byler, I P..... 1 00
Bythe, Wm & fam.. 5 00
Calderwood, Thos..50 00
Campbell, Fred H... 50
Campbell, Mr N B.. 5 00
Carder, Ruth G.... 1 00
Cark, D J ..... .50
Carswell, W E..... 5 00
Carter, F A ..... .50
Casley, Mrs E A... 1 50
Cassingham, Mrs OH .25
Chambers, I L..... 5 00
Chapman, M E K.. 1 00
Clark, Mrs Mary... 5 00
Clarke, H D & fam. 3 00
Cleaves, W S..... 5 00
Clemons, Mrs F C.. 1 00
Clendennin, N E... 2 00
Clewell, A E & L M Beck..... 2 00
Clift, J B..... 25
Coit, Mrs Harriet.. 1 00
Collins, I P..... .50
Compher, Mrs. W S 1 00
Conway, Jack R... 5 00
Cornwell Mrs E & fds 3 00
Courtman, Melinda. 1 00
Cox, A E..... 1 00
Cox, J E..... 2 00
Cragin, J H..... 1 00
Cramp, Henrietta M 2 00
Cramton, Mrs M L. 2 00
Cranston, Jas S..... 2 00
Crittenden, H B.... 2 00
Crose, Miss Allie... .25
Crose, Mrs Susie... .25
Crowley, Mrs Jno.. .50
Cummings, Alex.... 1 00
Cummings, Ida..... .50
Cusac, Wm..... 5 00
Cushman, Mrs H B. 5 00
Dale, Mr & Mrs T J 50
Dalenberg, A..... 2 00
Daly, Mrs Lucy.... 1 00
Davies, Mrs W 2 00
Davis, Mrs Amelia. 1 00
Davis, Cordelia.... 1 00
Davison, Mrs S C... 3 50
Dawson, Rev T W B .50
De Clercq, Helen.. 1 00
Dellow, J R..... 1 00
Dempsey, J L..... 1 00
Denison, John S... 5 00
Desh, Mr & Mrs W K 10 00
Diffenbacher, C O.. 2 00
Dolbeare, Miss S... .25
Doolittle, A L..... 1 00
Downing, Mrs C L. 1 00
Downing, Hugh U.. 1 00
Dunaway, W E..... 1 00
Duren, H 1 00
Eagye, Mrs L A 1 00
Eccleston, O S ..... .50
Edwards, A R G.. 1 00
Ekin, M & M R.... 1 00
Ellis, I ..... .50
Eubank, Mrs Thos.. .25
Ewell, Sophie D.... 2 00
Fassett, Mrs H..... 5 00
Fish, Mrs H 1 00
Fitch, Sarah A .... .25
Force, Mrs Mary... 1 00
Fougar, Mrs Louis. 5 00
Frink, Mrs..... .50
Frink, C. I..... 1 00
Galbraith, Mrs C M 1 00
Galbreath, Miss E.. 1 00
Garlt, Fred..... 2 00
Garrett, Mr & Mrs. 1 00
Gass, Miss J..... 2 00
Geer, Mrs..... 1 00
Glascock, Bedford..25 00
Glover, Mrs..... 1 00
Goodsir, Mrs Mary. 1 00
Grabs, Joanna..... 1 00
Grace, W H..... 25
Grant, J L..... 1 00
Griffin, Mrs & C M. 1 00
Griffin, Lillias B.... 1 00
Griffiths, Miss Annie 1 00
Griffiths, Mrs G J.. 50
Grove, Sabina..... 5 00
Grovier, E H..... 5 00
Haines, M M..... 1 00
Hallyburton, Miss M 25
Ham, Jr., Francis.. 1 00
Ham, H H..... 5 00
Hares U J..... 2 00
Harley, J K 5 00
Harvey, Geo. T.... 5 00
Hawley, M E..... 1 00
Hazzard, O A..... 25
Hegeman, Mrs B A.25 00
Henderson W F.... 1 00
Hendrickson, Sophia 5 00
Henn, P B..... 1 00
Hester, M P..... 5 00
Hill, Mrs A..... 1 00
Hill, Mr & Mrs B.. 5 00
Hobart, D B..... 25
Hoffman, Mrs M E. 2 00
Holdeman, Wm F.. 1 00
Hollowell, Mr..... 50
Hooking, Ben..... 5 00
Hopkins Lucy L.... 1 00
Horr, Maria..... 1 50
Houtz, John H..... 25
Howard, Mrs Sam.. 1 00
Howard, W D..... 25
Hoyt, Eva E..... 50
Hughston, Mrs R... 2 00
Humphries, Thos S 3 00
Hunter, Eliz, & Wm 4 00
Hutcheson, J L.... 1 00
Hutcheson, R D.... 25
Hutchinson, John.. 5 00
Ireland, Mrs..... 1 00
Jackson, W E..... 25
James, I. W..... 1 00
James, Miss M V... 2 00
Janes, S P..... 5 00
Jewett, Willie..... 50
Johanson, Mrs F... 50
Johanson, Mrs H... 25
Johnson, F M..... 1 00
Jones, Mrs..... 1 00
Jones, Mrs C A..... 5 00
Jones, Edna..... 25
Jones, Howard..... 1 00
Jones, J J..... 10
Jones, Jr., John M . 25
Jones, Sr., John M.. 1 00
Jones, Mary E..... 3 00
Jones, S T..... 25
Jones, W A..... 25
Karstetter, Wm.... 2 00
Kase, Emma G.... 5 00
Kass, Wm 2 00
Keen, D J..... 5 00
Kellington, E..... 2 00
Kelso, Will T..... 25
Kennedy, T J & E.. 5 00
Kennett, Mrs S J... 5 00
Kent, F S..... 2 00
Keyes, Irene..... 1 00
Kimbell, Mrs L.... 50
Kinman, Mrs W A.. 2 00
Kinney, M R..... 1 00
Knight, Elwood.... 2 00
Kopp, Albert H.... 1 00
Krahl, Mrs L W.... 1 00
Kurr, John E..... 1 00
Kyle, Charlie..... 25
Lacy, Geo..... 50
Lacy, J S..... 50
Laighton, Mrs N'cy 25
Landis, D M..... 2 00
Lane, Mrs W B..... 1 00
La Peire, G W..... 2 00
Lathrop, Mrs E ... 25
Laughlin, Mrs J C.. 1 00
Lee, Miss E J.....10 00
Lee, Mrs Wm..... 2 00
Letts, Mrs C H..... 5 00
Lewis, Daniel..... 1 00
Lewis, Mrs J M.... 1 00
Linderholm, H L... 1 00
Linderman, Mr & Mrs 5 00
Lindsey, Chas. H...10 00
Lokken, Mrs. 50
Loofbourrow, John. 1 00
Loofbourrow, M'tha 50
Lowry, J W..... 25
Lowry, Jesse 1 00
Ludlum, Miss Eliz.. 3 00
Lyons, Mrs C N.... 1 00
McBride, Mrs..... 1 00
McFadden, Geo.... 3 00
McGill Wm..... 5 00
McKee, Mrs M E.. 2 00
McLoughlin, M A.. 3 00
McWethy, Mrs M E .50
MacTaggart, Don'ld 2 00
Magill, J A 1 00
Major, W S..... 2 00
Mallow, Mrs H J.... .25
Mansfield, W C..... 1 00
March, Luzetta A.. 2 00
Marquis, Mrs Ida.. 10
Marsh, S C..... 1 00
Martin, Jas S..... 2 00
May, Jas..... 25
Meade, Mrs D S.... 1 00
Meech, S I..... 1 00
Mesereau, J L..... 5 00
Meyer, Henry G.... 1 00
Millard, Mrs Julia A 5 00
Millhouse, Rev T S 1 00
Mixer, G W..... 1 00
Mixer, Mrs G W.... 1 00
Mixer, Mrs W B.... 1 00
Montag, Aug..... 2 00
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Montgomery, John. 5 00
Moore, Mrs Cath... 1 00
Moreland, Alex L.. 1 00
Morin, Miss Callie.. 2 00
Morin, Mrs E A.... 1 00
Mosely, S I..... 5 00
Munger, Mrs M A.. 50
Munro, Neil & Eliz. 2 00
Murdagh, M C..... 5 00
Murray, John..... 20
Murray, Mary.... 05
Nelson, Julia F..... 1 00
Nelson, W W..... 2 00
Nickel, Mrs R E.... 50
Odneal, Miss Lee... 1 00
Oliver, A..... 5 00
Orr, C W..... 25
Orwis, W M..... 2 00
Osborn, Robt..... 1 00
Owen, R F..... 50
Packer, Mrs R S.... 25
Palmer, H H..... 1 00
Palmer Mrs J J.... 1 00
Park, Elizabeth.. .. 50
Parker, Mrs Mary J 1 00
Parkinson, Mrs J... 1 00
Patterson, A M..... 1 00
Patton, Jas H..... 25
Paulin, Luke..... 1 00
Pearson, J W..... 2 00
Pearson, M A..... 1 00
Peck, H E..... 1 00
Peckham, Mrs..... 25
Penn, Mary..... 2 00
Pennington, Lydia. 3 00
Perry, Miss..... 1 00
Perry, Mrs C..... 1 00
Pettyes, Mrs M A.. 1 00
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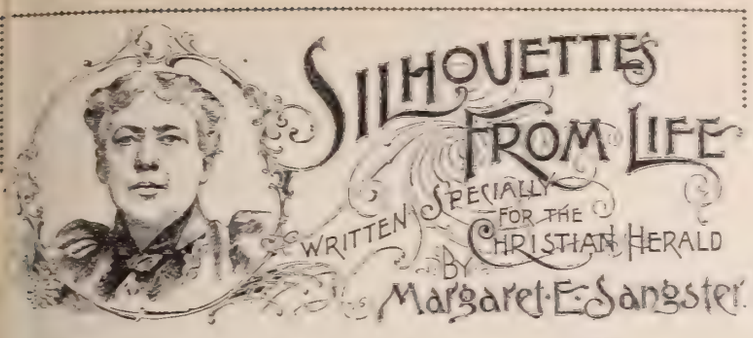
Pierce, Mrs Wm.... 5 00
Pitts, J W..... 2 00
Pletcher, Magd'lena 10 00
Potter, H W..... 50
Price, Mrs Eliza.... 2 00
Purcell, Prof. 1 00
Purdy, J G..... 25
Radcliffe, S..... 1 00
Rarden, Jessie E... 2 00
Raynor, Mrs Henry 2 00
Reed, Flora..... 25
Reed, May & Susie. 2 00
Reichert, Chas..... 3 00
Remine, H M.... .. 25
Renner, Henry..... 6 00
Rhoades, C..... 1 00
Rhule, May E..... 3 00
Richards, J C. 1 00
Richards, Mrs M H 1 00
Richardson, Jennie. 1 00
Richardson, N..... 3 00
Richmond, Albert E 25
Richmond, Mrs E P 30
Ricker, Samuel..... 5 00
Riday, T W..... 1 00
Reigle, Sue..... 1 00
Riley, Mrs. H A.... 1 00
Rix, Bishop..... 25
Roberts, Mr & Mrs E 3 00
Robbins, Edw. W.. 5 00
Robbins, F S..... 50
Robinson, H A..... 2 40
Rodgers, Mrs W F. 2 00
Rounsavell, M H... 2 00
Routzahn, Solomon 3 00
Rowland, Mrs H L. 5 00
Rummons, Mrs..... 50
Russ, Oscar..... 2 00
Salsbury, Mrs M.... 1 00
Sawyer, Mrs J..... 1 00
Schneider, H'y & L 2 00
Selcer, Geo..... 1 00
Shahveld, Rev. T.. 2 00
Sharpe, Mrs Jno R. 5 00
Shedd, G V..... 1 00
Sheffer, John..... 35
Shell, S M..... 5 25
Shutler, Benj..... 2 00
Sloan, David F..... 5 00
Smith, Mrs C B.... 7 00
Smith, Dr Cyrus....10 00
Smith, D L..... 25
Smith, Rev E A.... 1 00
Smith, Mrs J C.... 1 00
Smith, Mary R..... 1 00
Smith, Peter H..... 2 00
Smyth, H A..... 2 00
Snow, Mrs Olive.... 2 00
Snyder, Mr..... 25
Snyder, Catharine.. 1 00
Sohms, Emma..... 1 00
Soogian, N H..... 1 50
Spencer, M A..... 2 00
Spooner, Mrs A.... 2 00
Springstead, Ella... 1 00
Spurr, Mrs C H.... 2 00
Staiger, A K..... 1 00
Stegenga, P M..... 2 00
Stephens, Graham., 1 00
Stevens, Miss E M.. 100 00
Stewart, E..... 1 00
Stewart, E B & wife 3 00
Stones, J I..... 5 00
Strain, Miss Alice.. 25
Strange, P J..... 1 00
Strom, Mrs..... 1 00
Sullivan, E W & w. 5 00
Sullivan, Etta A.... 1 00
Swanson, Hulda R. 2 00
Sweetser, E H.....10 00
Taylor, Mrs Homer 5 00
Thom, Mrs S M.... 5 00
Thomas, Mrs A M.. 8 70
Thomas, Mrs M A.. 1 00
Thomas, R E..... .25
Thompson, Thos F. 2 00
Threlkeld, F D..... 6 00
Tomblen, Rev C L.. 2 00
Tucker, T W..... 1 00
Underwood, Joseph. .25
Updegraff, I. W.... 1 50
Updegraff, Mary E. 1 50
Van Buren, E H & w 5 00
Van Marter, Rev & w. 5 00
Van Wormer, Mrs C 50
Vivian Thos..... 2 00
Voight, D G..... 1 00
Wagner, Samuel.. .25
Waite, Eugenie E. 2 00
Walbran, Lucy A... 5 00
Walkens, Mrs J B. 2 00
Walker, C A..... .50
Wall, Mrs Dr..... 1 00
Wail, Cloyd..... .25
Wamsher, Mrs H... 1 00
Warner, Mrs H .... .50
Warner, Mrs M E.. 2 00
Warnock Miss C.... .25
Warren, Horace.... 1 00
Weagly, Mrs A..... 1 00
Webb, Mrs G T..... 1 00
Wedgwood, Eugene 50
Wedgwood, W W.. 2 00
Welden, Lewis C... .25
Werfield Rev W... 1 50
West, Mrs H F.... 5 00
Weston, Alfred J.. 1 00
Whalen, Bessie..... 1 00
Wheeler, Ella Mrs 1 00
Whitman, Jno B.... 5 00
Whitman, W C.....
Whitmarsh, Mr & Mrs J B.....
Whitmore, Mrs S M
Whiton, Chas.....
Wigg, Mrs W M....
Wiggs, Will.....
Wychgram Dr H..
Wilcox, Mrs Anna..
Wilcox, Minnie.....
Wildenstein, Mrs E
Wilkens, Margaret
Williams, Mrs Thos
Wilson, E L.....
Wilson, Jennie H..
Wilson, Mrs Lucy..
Wininger, Mrs Rosa
Winkler, David J...
Winn, Mrs A M....
Winsey, Eliza R....
Winslow, Lona.....
Wolfe, J E.....
Wood, Beatrice.....
Woodworth, N.....
Woolley, Herbert....
Wykes, J W.....
Wynn, J H.....
Yates, A E.....
Yates, Mrs C.....
Yeomans, Mrs J W.
Yerington, Mr.....
Yerington, Anna B.
Young, D C.....
Young, Denison.....
Yow, E M .....
Gainesville Iron W'k
Dr Brown's B Class
L Mis. Soc., Auburn
Cong. Ch., Brighton
Mrs M J M, P Richm'c
M L, Phila Pa.....
W C T N D.....
E S D, Ottawa, Can.
O J K, P. Anne Md
G S P, Bellville, O..
Mrs L A M, Vt.....
M R P, Ridgway Mo
E O S, N Collins NY
C S B, Cassville Mo
R W, Brocky, Can.
R B, Newport, R I.
A Y, Ionia Mich...
J Z, Holland, Mich.
Mrs A M, La's burg
Miss J S, Balto., Md
Mrs W J C, Bcky Can
S S, Watertown NY.
L K L, Ozeana, Va.
J H W, Boston.....
E C H, Phila, Pa...
R T B.....
G E B, Lynnfield Ctr
E V H, Phila., Pa..
C E. P. Ridge, Kan.
I G, Lisbon, O.....
H F B, Waterloo Neb
W. Easton, Pa.....
Mrs A H C, Olin Ia.
G V, Roseland, Ill..
Mr E T P, P E Isl'd
C M, Hutch'sn Minn
R M C, Stewartsv. O
SVW, Lookout Mt.
A E C, Putnam, Ct.
BLH, Jackson, Mich
Mrs J D W, NY City
Mrs S W M, NY City
M A P, Rankin, Ill..
Mrs S V S, Erie, Pa.
H N M, Vt.....
CAH, Dighton, Mass
W P B, Dayton, O.
Mrs P M Y, Cal....
A Subr, Currie N C.
A Subr, Denver....
A Subr, Pa.....
Old Subr, Mont.....
A Sub'r and friends, Randolph, Vt.....
Sub'r's mother, Ct..
"Sympathy." Ala..
Sympathy, Va.....
Sympathy, Pa.....
Sympathy, Ill.....
A Sympathizer, Ill..
2 Can. Sympathizers
2 Sym'thizers, Mass.
Thank Off'ing L S T Detroit, Mich.....
A Thank Off'ing, Vt
Thank Offering.....
Thank Off'ing from the Rees children.
A small family offering, St. Louis, Mich
A widow's mite, N Y
Widow's mite, N Y
Widow's mite, Mich
The widow's mite, O
Widow's mite, Conn
Mite from a widow, North'ham'n, Mass
S. S. pupil, Cal.....
2 Epworthians, N J.
A daughter of the King, Ky.....
A King's son, Pa.....
King's da'gh'r, Mass
A King's daughter, Nashua, N H.....
King's da'gh'r, Mass
King's daughter, Pa
King's da'gh'r, Mass
Messiah King's Dau Phila. Pa.....
Ch. Endeavorer, N Y
Two C E's, N Y.....
Frazenburg, Y P C E Ont .....
Y P S C E, Cong Ch Oakham .....
Epw'th League, Pa
W C T U, Tex .....
Willing Workers, C. of K D, Phila, Pa
Junior C E Soc, Conn
Y P S C E, Presb Ch, W'msburg, Pa
Epworth League, Wylam, Ala.....
Senior Cir. of King's Daughters, Mass.
Home and Foreign M. Pres Ch Mont
And over 100 others acknowledged next week
Total..... $7,63.3



A LIFE'S HARVEST.

"DO you turn me out of the house, Uncle Aaron? Can't I live here any longer? Where shall I go?"

The speaker was a pale-faced but sturdy-looking lad of thirteen, wn arms too long for the sleeves of his ck jacket, and neither shoes nor stock-gs on his feet, though the fall day was ngly cold.

"I don't care where you go, to destruc-n if you like, so's you don't bother me re more with your high-falutin, aristo-atic, good-for-nothing-under-the-canopy s. Clear out of my sight, and out o' e house, and never dare to show your-e here again, you, with your 'can't t wood on Sunday, Uncle Aaron,' and re 'please let me go to school this win-e Uncle Aaron?' I've had ye round ng as I'm going to stand you, so get up t git!" On the last word, the angry n, who had wrought himself up to a fu, put a deadly emphasis.

Father!"

he word fell with timid pleading from a tle crippled girl seated in a baby's high ir in the corner of the room. A woman st ing mush in an iron pot over the fire, wh was of wood on an open hearth, mi oned to the child to be still, but not be re her father had uttered a savage "ut-up there, Dolly! I'll not have you pl ding for beggar's brats. Jack's had hi chance, and he's lost it. The poor-hse is good enough for him. It 'll bring hi to his senses."

ck Wait staid to hear no more. His Ucle Aaron was his nearest living relati , his dead father's only brother, and th father had been a gentle, scholarly m , a preacher of the Gospel, who had di in harness, leaving his boy a charge o ne closest-fisted, hardest-hearted farmer in ll the country-side.

hree years of blows, neglect and conti al abuse on the part of Uncle Aaron, a of nagging and fault-finding from Aunt Kurah, had not inclined Jack to love ei er of them. But he did dearly love litt lame Dolly, whose blue eyes were b red with tears, as she reached out her m of a hand to bid him good-by. Dolly h been the one sunbeam in his hard lot.

Good-bye, Dolly!" The boy drew up h slender figure, and set the sturdy square ja. "When I am a rich man, I'll come ba in my carriage to see you!"

ncle Aaron sneered.

A pretty prospect of that, young man." Al he shut the door after his nephew's re ating form, then left the room he had bn sitting in, and went to the barn, unal , harsh as he was by nature and practi to endure the sight of Dolly's anguish-stken face.

Don't cry, Dolly," said the mother, "I'm gg to make fried cakes for supper, and I fry you a man, with raisins and cur-nts in the dough. You'll like that."

I'll never care for a fried man again," sbed Dolly. "It's awful mean for you a father to treat my Jack so. But God'll ta care of Jack. 'When my father and m mother forsake me then the Lord'll ta me up!'" And Dolly stopped crying, a looked out of the window, down the rd already white with the flakes of the fir snow which were falling fast.

would have been strange indeed had Aron Wait and his wife felt easy in their mds, when they reflected on what they h done to the ill-clad and lonely little fo w whom Providence had cast on their ca. Turning him adrift with his small bndle, they knew they had done a dastally deed, and by bed-time, both hoped hewould find his way back. But days a nights passed, and the boy was not heard from. The great white world of the snow had swallowed him up. Neighbors asked what had become of Jack, and, to save their own credit, the Waits gave false answers, and Dolly made no sign, only prayed for him more earnestly than ever, as she crept to her bed at dusk, or sat in her little chair with her book or her knitting, the live-long day.

So the years slipped by, in woven links of days and weeks.

* * * * * * *

When the lad turned his back on the only home he had on earth, it is idle to say that he felt depressed and discouraged. He did not know to whom to turn. His only plain thought was that he would die before he would go to the poor-house. In his pocket he had a silver dollar, and a lady's visiting card, a dainty engraved card, with the name in elegant script, of a young woman who had spent the summer in the mountains and to whom he had acted as guide when she went after pond-lilies and climbed the hills for golden-rod. He had rowed her in a boat, he had saddled her pony, and she had taken an interest in the boy, and told him if ever he could make his way to the distant city where she lived, he would find a friend in her. "Miss Lilla," he said over and over, "Miss Lilla." But one dollar would not carry him far on the road to her. Nevertheless, Jack Wait pluckily resolved to take the first step. He bought a ticket at the station, to which he trudged before the snow quite obliterated paths, for the point to which his money would entitle him to ride, and then he took a seat in the car, and cold and tired as he was, fell asleep. As he slept, the little slip of pasteboard, which he had held in his hand, fell to the floor, and was picked up by the father of the girl whose name it bore. So our chances make God's opportunities.

"One of Lilla's waifs, I fancy!" The gentleman said, surveying with amused scrutiny the boy, whose relaxed features, ragged clothing, and bare feet, told a pitiful story of poverty and desolation.

But Mr. Munroe would hardly have kept the boy in mind as he did, had not something happened which made the two companions in misfortune and dependent on one another.

The train swept around a curve in the darkness. There was a misplaced switch. Crash, whirl, jar, shrieks, groans! The flash of lanterns, the lifting of the dying and the cold snow on the wan countenances of the dead! Mr. Munroe found himself badly shaken and with an injured wrist. The little fellow who had Lilla's visiting card was close beside him, happily unhurt.

With the quick instinct of helpfulness, Jack gathered up the gentleman's wraps and his small travelling bag, and said "Lean on me, sir, till the doctors come this way," for in the twinkling of an eye, several doctors were on the spot, some from a village a few hundred yards off, and one or two who had been passengers on the wrecked train.

'Lean on me, Sir, till the doctors come,' said the boy.

"Lean on you, midget!" said tall Mr. Munroe. "I will that, but tell me, how you come to know my daughter Lilla. Ouch! but I cant talk, laddie; my wrist hurts like fire."

Mr. Munroe took Jack Wait home with him, fitted him out comfortably, and set him to work in his warehouse. Lilla taught him evenings, and presently, discovering his aptitude and desire to learn, persuaded her father to let him go to school regularly. He was warmly clothed, well fed, well housed, and grew accustomed to the warmth and peace of a real Christian home. Step by step, he worked his way, when school days were over, to a place of influence; there was nothing too hard for Jack to attempt, and in all that he did he was honest, diligent and thorough. Not in one year nor in ten, did he achieve wealth, but there came a day, when the word of the Lord which says, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men," was fulfilled in Jack Wait's case.

I drove past the great mansion where he lives now, one day last summer. There were green lawns bordered by scarlet geraniums, and watered by fountains, there were beds of flowers in bloom, and on the veranda children played. A carriage stood by the door, to which were harnessed a pair of cream-white horses with black manes and tails. Down the broad steps came a stalwart, fine-looking man, whose brown hair was just sprinkled with gray, and in his arms he carried a little figure pinched and pale and distorted with pain, but withal the figure of a sweet and loving woman, his cousin Dolly. Both her parents were dead, but Jack in his carriage had gone after and brought Dolly to his home, requiting the evil of his uncle and aunt with good, full measure, pressed down and running over. Jack's wife and children loved Dolly, and were very kind to her, and so was his adopted sister, Miss Lilla Munroe, whose whole life is a benefaction. It has grown up a harvest of blessing, the seed-time that was so scanty and bitter, for God, the orphan's friend, watched over and defended the one who had no helper save the Father in Heaven.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Unconscious Preaching.

Among some reminiscences of work among the Indian tribes of Canada by Rev. Egerton R. Young, whose portrait was published in this journal some time ago, is one, showing that in one case, at least, the silent example of patience and fortitude under suffering was more effective in winning a soul than the spoken sermon. Mr. Young says:

One old Indian, while very anxious to hear all he could of the stories and incidents of the good Book, was stubborn in his resolve not to become a Christian.

The missionary was disappointed. He felt that he had failed. To add to his trouble he was struck down with malarial fever and could not preach. The fever turned to typhoid and for weeks he hovered between life and death.

When health came back to him after being so long on his sick bed, utterly unable to attend to any of his duties, and he was able to enter again upon the work he so much loved, one of the first to greet him was this old Indian with the words "Missionary, I have made up my mind to be a Christian."

Great indeed was his joy at hearing these words, as his prayers and yearnings had so often gone out for this man's conversion, as he observed how intently he seemed to listen to all that was said. As it was but natural that he should desire to know what had induced this man, who had been so stubborn in his resolve not to be a Christian, now to make such a full and complete surrender, he questioned him as to the cause of this change in his mind towards Christianity.

His answer is worth remembering.

"You know," he said, "I often listened to you as you talked to us abont the stories and lessons in the great Book. Among other things you told us was that the Great Spirit who gave the Book was able to give us comfort for every kind of trouble, and could sustain us in sickness as well as in health, and keep us from fear and alarm, even in the presence of death itself.

"This was great news to me, and I could hardly believe it. And so when you were brought home sick and became so bad and seemed likely to die, I thought, 'Now I will see if what the missionary has told us is true in his own case.' So I used to go and sit in the room where you were and watch you and listen to your words, and although when the fever was on you, you said many queer things, yet, whenever your mind was right, you were kept without any fear or harm, and were so happy and joyous all the time. The prospect of death had no dread for you, so I said to myself, This is a religion worth having; and now I want to be a Christian, and have this same love in my heart which in the time of need will take all fear away."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

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THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

THERE is a tremendous power in a kind word. Although it may seem to be very insignificant, its force is indescribable and illimitable. Pungent and all conquering utterance: "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

You have a dispute with your neighbor: You say to him "I despise you." He replies: "I can't bear the sight of you." You say to him: "Never enter my house again." He says: "If you come on my door-sill, I'll kick you off." You say to him: "I'll put you down." He says to you: "You are mistaken; I'll put *you* down." And so, the contest rages; and year after year you act the unchristian part. After a while the better spirit seizes you, and one day you go over to the neighbor and say: "Give me your hand. We have fought long enough. Time is so short, and eternity is so near, that we cannot afford any longer to quarrel. I feel you have wronged me very much; but let us settle all now in one great hand-shaking, and be good friends for all the rest of our lives." You have risen to a higher platform than that on which before you stood. You win his admiration, and you get his apology. But if you have not conquered him in that way, at any rate you have won the applause of your own conscience, the high estimation of good men, and the honor of your God, who died for His armed enemies.

"But," you say, "what are we to do when slanderers assault us, and there come acrimonious sayings all around about us, and we are abused and spit upon?" My reply is: Do not go and attempt to chase down the slanders. Lies are prolific, and while you are killing one, fifty are born. All your demonstrations of indignation only exhaust yourself. You might as well, on some summer, night when the swarms of insects are coming up from the meadows and annoying you and disturbing your family, bring up some great "swamp angel," like that which thundered over Charleston, and try to shoot them down. The game is too small for the gun. But what, then, are you to do with the abuses that come upon you in life? You are to live them down! I saw a farmer go out to get back a swarm of bees that had wandered off from the hive. As he moved amid them they buzzed around his head, and buzzed around his hands and buzzed around his feet. If he had killed one of them they would have stung him to death. But he moved in their midst in perfect placidity until he had captured the swarm of wandering bees. And so I have seen men moving amid the annoyances, and the vexations, and the assaults of life in such calm, Christian deliberation, that all the buzzing around about their soul amounted to nothing. They conquered them, and, above all, they conquered themselves.

O that we might in our families and in our Churches try the force of kindness! You can never drive men, women, or children into the Kingdom of God. A March northeaster will bring out more honey suckles than fretfulness and scolding will ever bring out Christian graces. I wish that in all our religious work we might be saturated with the spirit of kindness. Missing that, we miss a great deal of usefulness. There is no need in coming out before men and thundering to them the law, unless at the same time you preach to them the Gospel.

DESPONDENT WORK.

HOW poorly prepared for religious duty is a man who sits down under the gloom of expected misfortune. If he pray, he says, "I do not think I shall be answered." If he give, he says, "I expect they will steal the money." Dr. Chalmers, in the darkest hour of the history of the Free Church of Scotland, and when the woes of the land seemed to weigh upon his heart, said to his children, "Come, let us go out and play ball or fly kite," and the only difficulty in the play was that the children could not keep up with their father. Do not watch for evil. You will have nothing but misfortune in the future if you sedulously watch for it. How shall a man catch the right kind of fish if he arranges his line and hook and bait to catch lizards and water-serpents?

THE EVIL OF GOSSIP.

LET me persuade you to desist. Mount Taurus was a great place for eagles, and cranes would fly along that way, and they would cackle so loud that the eagles would know of their coming and they would pounce upon them and destroy them. It is said that the old cranes found this out and before they started on their flight they would always have a stone in their mouth so they could not cackle, and then they would fly in perfect safety. Be as wise as the old cranes and avoid the folly of the young cranes. Do not cackle.

If you are whispered about, slandered, abused in any circle of life, let me say for your encouragement that these whispers soon run out. They may do a little damage for a while, but after a while their detraction becomes a eulogy and people understand them just as well as though some one chalked all over their overcoat or their shawl these words, "Here goes a whisperer. Room for the leper. Room!" You go ahead and do your duty and God will take care of your reputation. How dare you distrust him? You have committed to him your souls. Can you not trust him with your reputation? Get down on your knees before God and settle the whole matter there That man whom God takes care of is well sheltered.

Let me charge you to make right and holy use of the tongue. It is loose at one end and can swing either way, but it is fastened at the other end to the floor of your mouth, and that makes you responsible for the way it wags. Xanthus, the philosopher, told his servant that on the morrow he was going to have some friends to dine, and told him to get the best things he could find in the market. The philosopher and his guests sat down the next day at the table. They had nothing but tongue—four or five courses of tongue—tongue cooked in this way and tongue cooked in that way, and the philosopher lost his patience and said to his servant, "Didn't I tell you to get the best thing in the market?" He said: "I did get the best thing in the market. Isn't the tongue the organ of sociality, the organ of eloquence, the organ of kindness, the organ of worship?"

Then Xanthus said: "To-morrow I want you to get the worst thing in the market." And on the morrow the philosopher sat at the table, and there was nothing there but tongue — four or five courses of tongue — tongue in this shape and tongue in that shape—and the philosopher again lost his patience and said: "Didn't I tell you to get the worst thing in the market?" The servant replied: "I did; for isn't the tongue the organ of blasphemy, the organ of defamation the organ of lying?"

Employ the tongue which God so wonderfully created as the organ of taste, the organ of deglutition, the organ of articulation, to make others happy, and in the service of God. If you whisper—whisper good — encouragement to the fallen and hope to the lost.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

E. Mason, Germantown, Pa. How long did it take Noah to build the Ark?.

According to the ablest chronologists the order to make the Ark was given by the Lord to Noah about 2448 B.C., and the Ark was finished and it began to be filled with people and animals about 2340 B.C., a period of 99 years. (See Gen. 6:14 and Gen. 7; 1.)

C. E. Gower, Baldwin, Miss. As corn and wheat are so plentiful in the West would it not be a good idea to get up a ship-load for the starving Armenians. Farmers like myself would no doubt give grain, rather than the money, and the railroads might be induced to deliver same to some port free of charge.

The cost of transportation would be so great that it would not be advisable. Our Commissioner, Mr. Howard, has wisely suggested a plan of employment for the destitute, which has much more of helpfulness than charity, and Dr. Kimball of Van has already put a similar plan into successful operation.

Mrs. L., Westcalang, Pa. I would like to know why the Kurds are allowed to take everything from the Armenians and even their lives. Is there no government to protect them? We may send them help, but if they are not protected the Kurds may take it all from them as they have done in days of prosperity.

There is little danger of the Kurds or Turks taking from the Armenians such help as they receive from the Relief Fund, since it consists of food or clothing, for which they give some equivalent in labor, the Fund supplying the material, and giving the food, clothing and shelter as wages. Thus the original Fund is husbanded, to make it last as long as possible. Anyone sending a contribution to the Fund, may rest assured that Armenians and no others, will benefit by it.

T. K. New York City.—I am a young man, 21 years of age, was brought up by Christian parents, but have only been what I call a real Christian for the last year, during which, through special circumstances in my career, Our Father has brought me very close to him and has done so much for me. In business, I have been, as a young man, very successful according to the world's estimate of success, and lately I have been doing quite a good deal of mission work for Christ in the slum part of New York and my heart has warmed to the work, I would like to know if there is any institution or college, not too far away, which one can attend without a great outlay of money, and study for the mission field or for the ministry, or if there is any way of private study while continuing in business during the day. The greatest desire of my heart is that my life might be spent in work for my Master.

There are several, including that of the Christian Alliance, 692 Eighth Ave., N. Y., Osborn Missionary Training School, Brooklyn, and Dr. Dowkontt's School for Medical Mission Work, 118 E. Forty-fifth street, New York City.

Mrs. D. E. B., Newark, N. J. 1. What kinds of work were indicated by the carpenter' trade in Jesus' time? 2. It is said—Oxford Bible—that Nazareth was built on the side of an "extinct volcano," —how? In terraces? And what kind of houses were they? 3. What kind of candles did they use?

1. The construction of the frame-work of light buildings, the making of domestic utensils and strong rude, furniture. There were doubtless house carpenters, ship carpenters and other classifications, as now. 2. Much of the ground shows traces of volcanic origin. Nazareth was terraced and the houses were the ordinary flat-roofed, white structures of limestone, poorly lighted. 3. The usual light was a rush-light or other form of wick laid in a vase or lamp of olive oil with the lighted end projecting. In well-to-do homes however, they may have had tallow or wax candles.

C. H. writes: "Can you tell me the Author of the following

God never does, nor suffers to be done,
But thou would'st do
If thou could'st see the end of all
As well as he

Possibly some reader may be able to give the desired information.

W. S. Forsey, South Finch, Ont. What is meant by Heb. 7:3? Does it mean that Melchizedek was not human but of supernatural origin?

No; his being without father, mother, descent, etc., is understood as referring to the record. Nothing is known about them. The Levitical priests with whom he is put in contrast were very careful about the records of their genealogy. But this man of whom nothing is known, not even the names of his parents nor how long he lived, was so great Abraham, the ancestor of Levi, paid him h age and tithes which were the sign of a ognition of his priestly office. The ph "abiding ever" refers to the typical relatio Christ which the writer of the Epistle is plaining. He wants to show that Chris higher than the priests though he did not long to the tribe of Levi and he uses this stance as an illustration of the fact that t might be a higher priesthood outside the Le ical line.

E. J. Seay, Ala. In what way did Christ mean the children of this world were wiser in generation than the children of light? Luke 16:8.

Christ was reproving the indifference listlessness of his followers. They were in earnest in striving to gain the blessings was ready to bestow. They missed their portunities. He showed them that the iness men did not act so in their purs They planned and schemed and strove to ceed. They showed more wisdom than di disciples, who with far greater blessings wi their reach, did not labor to obtain them.

Subscriber, Pompton, Penn. If God ordains thing, must he be regarded as the origin of Are the crimes men commit ordained by hi

The origin of evil has always been a tery. All that we know of God forbids ascribing it to him. When a man com crime he does it of his own perverse will not by any prompting on the part of Man is a free agent and the evil he doe contrary to God's law. It would of cours possible for God to compel men to lead lives, but that is not his way of governn He permits them to learn by sad experienc evil nature of sin, but he does not ordain sins.

G. W. Bowers, Walla Walla, Wash. 1. Wha came of the Ark of the Covenant? 2. Did thah kill his daughter?

1. No one knows. There is a tradition it was hidden by the priests when the te was threatened by the armies of Nebuchad zar, and that those who knew its hiding-p were slain without disclosing the secret. same tradition has it that when the Mes expected by the Jews shall come, he will p his identity by revealing the place where ark is hidden. As it is not mentioned an the spoils carried to Babylon, we infer th was not captured, as so valuable an ar had it been among the spoil, would sca have been passed over. 2. It is generally lieved that she was not killed, but was demned to perpetual virginity, which, to a ish woman who might become the moth the Messiah, was a fate as terrible as dea

J. C. Hall, Dripping Springs, Texas. 1. What consecration involve? Must a man give u business before he can be consecrated Whose faith does Peter refer to when spe (Acts 3:16) of the miracle on the lame ma

1. It involves absolute submission to G person and property. The resolve that whole life shall be his to use it as he ll. There is no need to give up business. A may serve God in business as truly as in pulpit. He has opportunities of speaking Christ that the preacher does not get, and e, being disinterested and not professionally cerned, may sometimes exercise an influ that the preacher cannot use. Scoffers put aside a preacher's words with the re that "it is his business." The business too, may consecrate his earnings, using as multitudes have done, to advance Ch kingdom and relieve the needs of their b ren. 2. His own faith. He must have strong confidence in Christ's power whe bade the man in Christ's name rise and Christ honored the faith by the cure o man, and Peter used the fact to show that who believed in him and trusted in him ht count on his being with them in mighty w

Old copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD or good literature may be sent to D. F. Nelson, sionary, City Mission, Biddeford, Me., for dis tion in his work.——Reader, Lionville, Pa. N is not to be found there.——C. N. K., Three Bri See address of Mr. Nelson, elsewhere in this graph.——Mrs. Ada Adams, Elsie, Neb. writes t ing readers who sent her an abundance of Chr literature for distribution in her work.——M. A. J. Skiffington, Lanark, Can. The duty would be parately trifling, we believe.——J. W. Brush, tal, Ia. The pole is simply a geographical an entific expression like the equator or the lines titude and longitude.——Bertha A. Roby, Manch Vt. 1. Carlyle and De Quincy were on totall ferent moral planes. 2. We don't know the you mention.——S. Anna Ryan, Omaha. We some scientific journal.——Mrs. T. H. White. $2 for the renewal of your own subscription you can secure the library premium.—— Pickens, Racine, O. Methuselah.——Inquirer Talmage has already preached a series of se in refutation of Ingersoll's infidelities.——F. Argyle Mich. Miss Hetty Green is genera hevet to be a good Christian woman, with peculiar ideas of her own. Like other wealthy ple, she has constant demands for money fro known persons.——Mrs. B. M. Morgan, Ga S. C. Write to the *Ledger*, Philadelphia, P Reader, Altoona, Pa. Send $2 when you renew subscription and the book will be forwarde Chas. Reichert. No., it is the Authorized V ——Laura Randolph, Crossville, Ill. There ——Mrs. Jane Thatcher, East Douglas, Mass. ——Reader, Sardis, Pa. Gen. Gordon's full was Charles George Gordon.——H. J. V. Y procure his books by ordering through Sc ——A. R. S. No. Side, Cincinnati. It will be to the Missionary Committee at Van with other subscriptions, for relief work in several di ——F. P., Dewitt, N. Y. One of the best Hand is that of Dr. Broadus, published by A. C. Armst & Son. You can procure it through any publi

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

East African Quarrels.

A WAR of succession has been raging in Eastern Africa since early summer, which has at last involved the British East Africa Company. Two Arab chiefs, Assiz and Naraka-bin-Raschid, aspired to the supreme authority, and after some fighting the question of the succession was submitted to the arbitration of Mr. Hardinge, the English Consul-General. His decision was against the Arab sheiks, who thereupon declared hostilities. Their uncle, Mbaruk-bin-Raschid, has been for some time in the receipt of an income from the British company, and an appeal was made to him to restrain the operations of his nephews. He informed the company that he could not control them, but said that if the British would send a small force to disarm them and their followers, he would render all the assistance in his power. An expedition was accordingly sent to Gazi, which is about seventeen miles south of Mombasa where the uncle said his nephews were encamped. On the arrival of the expedition it was found that Mbaruk was playing false. He was in league with his nephews and had joined forces with them. The combined army had moved to Mwele, seventeen miles farther inland. After occupying the deserted town of Gazi, the expedition proceeded to Mwele, where they found the enemy strongly intrenched on the crest of a hill. One large stockade and about fifty small ones had been erected. They were skilfully constructed, the plans of which the stockades were made being lined with high banks of earth loopholed for riflemen. The Arab warriors, kneeling behind the banks, could pour a raking fire into the attacking force, while the bullets of the expedition buried themselves harmlessly in the earth. It was necessary to carry the stockades at the point of the bayonet, and some severe fighting occurred before they were captured. The Arabs were well armed, and made a stubborn defence of their position. The native warriors with whom the British force was cooperating fought with great ferocity. After the battle, the stockades were destroyed and a path cut through the forest which covers the side of the hill. The enemy fled to Takaungu, but no attempt to pursue them was made. Whether they will renew hostilities or abandon their efforts to conquer the district is not known. The British are resisting the Arab rule wherever it is being forced on a people within their sphere of influence, as the Arab is a persistent slave-dealer, cruel and remorseless beyond any other race. The native African races are also guilty in this matter, and all are willing participants in the slave-trade. Though England is not disinterested in her interference in African affairs, her advance will inevitably benefit the peoples under her sway by protecting them from each other and from their Arab oppressors. In no part of the world has the truth of the Bible statement been more clearly proved than in the Dark Continent:

The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty. (Ps. 74: 20.)

A Regenerate Bell.

In a recently published description of Cornell University is an interesting fact about its bell. It was a gift from a New York clergyman who said in presenting it that it was formerly suspended over a factory in England. When he was a lad, working in a blacksmith's shop in Leeds, the ringing of that bell was the signal for him to rise from his bed and go to work. He did not know its tone according to musical classification, but to him, in those days, it was positively hateful. Recently the factory had been demolished to make room for a reservoir for the city, and the clergyman, learning the fact, wrote to a friend to ask what would be done with the old bell. If it was to be broken up for old metal, he would like to have a piece of his old enemy to use as a paper-weight. His request was made known to the Mayor, who suggested to the council that it would be a graceful thing to present the clergyman with the whole bell. They agreed, and the bell was sent and was given to the University. The clergyman said it would be pleasant to him to think of the bell being employed for a new and better use than that to which its earlier days had been given. He should regard it as "a regenerate bell." It may be hoped that his wish is fulfilled, and that no one now has cause to think its sound hateful. Its tone is the same as in the old days, but if the students take a delight in their labor its sound cannot be unwelcome. The day is coming when everything will be consecrated to a nobler use, and as the prophet says:

There shall be upon the bells, Holiness unto the Lord. (Zech. 14: 20.)

An Enemy's Service.

A warm friendship between a citizen of Georgia and a veteran of the Union Army, which has continued for more than thirty years, had its origin in an incident recently described by the Georgian, in a speech reported by a Boston journal. The two men, then strangers to each other, were lying side by side on the scene of a skirmish near Winchester one night during the war. The Georgian was badly wounded and could not stand, but he knew something of surgery and was aware that his hurt was only a flesh wound. Near him

THE CIVIL WAR IN EAST AFRICA.

1. THE STOCKADE AT MWELE. 2. THE MAIN STREET OF GAZI.

lay a young man of about his own age, whose leg was severely cut. The pallor of his face and the blood flowing from his wound convinced the other that his life was one to be measured by minutes. He crawled to his side and spoke to him. "Tell my father—" gasped the dying man. The Georgian had an old father at home, and he felt for this man, though he was an enemy. He tore a strip off his uniform, and with that and a bit of wood made a tourniquet, which stopped the bleeding. Before morning both were carried to hospital, and with that strange affection that comes to every one who does another a great service, the Southerner hung around the other's bed and waited on him. He was sent away a prisoner to Fort Johnson before his protege fully recovered, and when they parted, the Union man gave him a card with his father's name and address in Washington on it, and the words, "This man saved my life; be kind to him for Charley's sake." It was more than six months after, when ragged, cold and hungry he reached Washington a released prisoner. He went to the address on the card. But a man wearing the Southern uniform was not welcome there, and he was ordered away. But he presented the card, and immediately there was a change of manner. He slept in Charley's bed that night, had Charley's place at table, and when he left, he wore a suit of Charley's clothes and had money in his pocket. He had made some of the best friends of his life. They would do anything "for Charley's sake." The story shows what people will do even for an enemy when a beloved son pleads for him, and it should encourage us to go to God and ask his help with confidence, knowing that Jesus said:

Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name he will give it you. (John 16: 23.)

Music in Life.

A curious physiological argument, based on anatomical discoveries, is presented in the New York *Herald* by an eminent physician. He contends that human life is based on subtle harmonies the suspension of which produces hypnotism, or unconsciousness, and if continued, means death. He says that the terminations of the nerves on which all the senses of hearing, sight, taste, touch and smell depend, are arranged like the keys of a piano, or the pipes of an organ. In the ear, for instance, they hang from the myriad arches of the inner ear like seaweed touching a miniature ocean and responding to the vibrations of sound. The millions of points in the retina of the eye and the corpuscles in the inside of the hand, the hair cells of the nose and the taste-buds of the tongue, are all arranged with a rythmical design as palpable as the notes on a sheet of music. In a healthy state the beat of the pulse and the respiration mark a similar scale of music and respond to mental emotion, rising and falling as distinctly as an operatic score. To this statement the spiritual man would add that the one note of discord that destroys the harmony of nature is sin; and that the truest happiness can come to a man only as his whole nature is attuned to God's nature. The surest way to a harmonious life extending to a happy eternity, is the course urged by Job's friend:

Acquaint now thyself with him and be at peace. (Job 22: 21.)

A Mountain on Fire.

A dispatch from Fort Townsend, Wash., reports the arrival there of the exploring party recently sent to Mount Olympus. The expedition originated in the stories brought by travelers that they had seen volumes of smoke and flame issuing from the top of the mountain. As it had not been supposed that it was a volcano, an investigation was ordered. The expedition was unable to ascend the mountain, on account of the intense heat and the blinding smoke enveloping it. The explorers, however, satisfied themselves that the phenomenon is not volcanic. They are convinced that there are large veins of lignite coal extending through the mountain, and that these have become ignited and are burning fiercely. They think that the deep gorges of the mountain have in time become full of fallen trees, which have in some unexplained way, caught fire and communicated the flame to the veins of coal. The perpetual snow which in years past crowned the peak has now melted away, and the rivulets, have turned into steam and joined the column of smoke plainly visible from Fort Townsend. If this theory is correct, the mountain is not, as was suggested, a channel for the world's interior fires, but is being itself consumed. Analogous conditions exist in human nature. If there were no fire of hell in God's universe, sin working in a human being would eventually produce suffering of which the everlasting fire spoken of in the Bible is a type.

Wickedness burneth as the fire. (Isa. 9: 18.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Duchess Schimmelmann, a Member of the Danish nobility, has renounced the pleasures of the court, and is laboring as an evangelist among the poor and destitute fishermen along the coast. She proceeds from place to place in her own yacht.

A Series of Gospel Meetings has Just Closed in Liberty, Mo., in which Evangelist Layfield of Kansas City did most effective work, assisted by Rev. I. H. Herberner. There was a tent which [illegible] sometimes estimated at 2,000 or more.

Mrs. Ballington Booth of the Salvation Army is having a busy time in California. A Western journal records the following as one day's work: Mrs. Booth addressed the prisoners at San Quentin State prison at 8 A. M., conducted a consecration service at Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, at 11 o'clock, and lectured there at 3 P. M. on the "Slum and Rescue Work of the Army"; and in the evening delivered an address in the First Congregational Church. Over 2,000 were present at the last named service, occupying every inch of space.

Evangelistic Services are being held in the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral, Montreal, by Rev. W. M. Hay Aitken, the celebrated English mission preacher, who held the noon services some years ago in Trinity Church, New York.

Dr. S. Wilbur Chapman has been Holding successful revival services at Dorchester, Mass. The Methodist Episcopal, Congregational and Baptist Churches united in the movement.

Gypsy Smith Asks his many Friends in this country to remember him in their prayers. He is conducting special services at Swansea among a people difficult to reach with gospel influence.

Two Soldiers of the Local Corps of the Salvation Army in Rugby, England, have been sent to prison for seven days for preaching and singing in the market-place. One of them is seventy-two years old.

A Conference for Bible Study in Relation to the second coming of Christ will be held in the Central Baptist Church, Brooklyn, Nov. 18 to 21. Among the speakers who have promised to take part are: Dr. A. C. Dixon, Brooklyn; Prof. J. M. Steiffler of Crosier University, Rev. Robert Cameron and Rev. H. C. Mabie of Boston, Mass.; Rev. I. M. Haldeman, New York, and Rev. W. T. Chase of Philadelphia.

An Interesting Course of Study is in Progress at the Chicago Bible Institute conducted by Dr. A. T. Pierson, who lectures each morning this month. While not usually receiving students at this season for brief periods special arrangements are made to accept such young women as can enter for a three months' term, in order that they may avail themselves of the exceptional opportunity of hearing Dr. Pierson. Further information may be obtained by addressing Miss E. S. Strong, 250 La Salle avenue, Chicago.

The Death of Miss Linda Gilbert, the Prisoners' friend, is announced. She had been ill since the middle of October, but was thought to be recovering when a fit of apoplexy closed her useful life. For more than a quarter of a century she had given her money, time and ceaseless labor to the work of benefiting criminals while they were in jail and helping them to earn a honest living after they were released. She established libraries in the prisons of Illinois, Missouri and New York. Over three thousand prisoners received aid from her in starting a new life after their release.

The "Missionary Review" Tells the Story of the unexpected conversion of a prominent Hindu in the Punjaub. He sought a private interview with the missionary, who expected a fierce expression of hostility, and was amazed when the man pulled out a New Testament and said: "Sahib, I have read this book, and find it to be pure and holy. Up to ten days ago I was a bitter opponent of yours. I resolved that I would expose your book. So I began to read it in order to pick faults in it; but, do you know, as I read I was drawn to it. My heart was captivated, and now I cannot oppose you. I know God's light is in that book."

Miss Frances E. Willard Advocated at the recent convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union the adoption of a platform including woman suffrage, the election of president, vice president and U. S. senators by the direct vote of the people, the free and unlimited coinage of silver and the State ownership of industries which are now or are liable to become monopolies. The convention adopted the several planks practically as outlined. It is thought that in the East the [illegible] free silver plank will operate unfavorably on the interests of the W. C. T. U. A disposition was manifested on the part of several influential members to exclude from the platform all political matters not directly connected with temperance.

The Family and Home Circle

IN HINDU HOMES.

Some of the Strange Customs and Observances—A Hindu Wedding Ceremony.

THERE is quite as wide a distinction between the homes of the rich and the poor Hindu families of India as exists between those of the millionaire and the mechanic in our own land. Usually the poor have a single apartment which they can call their own. Once a week the walls are smeared over with a most unfragrant solution, which is said to be healthy. The rich, on the other hand have elegant dwellings, containing many apartments, the walls of each being covered with paintings and frescoes. But however fine the home may be, the Hindu mother, unless, indeed, she belong to royalty, or at least nobility, is not too proud to do her own cooking and house-cleaning. After a cleaning, the good housewife rarely fails to ornament the front door with a solution of lime or chalk, in the form of a lotus leaf—a flower held sacred by all Hindus, and which is supposed to bestow a magical charm on the dwelling.

Hindu women are invariably neat and spotless in their personal attire. Most of them are devoted to their temple duties. The Hindu sacraments are ten in number, and each is observed with the utmost ceremony. Offerings are made to the various gods and goddesses of rice, sugar and ghee (clarified butter), oil, flowers and lighted tapers, as well as gold, silver and cotton.

One of the most solemn of all the sacraments is marriage. Among the different castes the time for marriage varies, but usually the bride is over ten years of age and the bridegroom over sixteen. Our illustration on this page represents a Buddhist wedding ceremony. Before the husband can be presented to his future wife (whom he may see at the altar for the first time) he is expected to prepare himself by certain ceremonies and ablutions. Of course he has been informed beforehand of all her charms of person and of her accomplishments. At the ceremony he is robed almost wholly in white, and anointed with oil. He wears garlands of fresh flowers, and accompanied by friends he goes to the bride's house, where he is welcomed by her father. If the future wife appears at all at this meeting she is closely veiled. On the afternoon of the wedding day the company assemble at the bride's father's house. There is a raised platform at one end of the hall, upon which the bridegroom and the priests take their places. Then the bride enters, accompanied by her father, who places her at the bridegroom's right hand. A young priest brings forward a large censer, containing a charcoal fire, emblematical of the warmth of their love. Two priests stand before them, each bearing a lighted torch, and recite some beautiful prayers. Then the bride treads thrice on a stone or "muller" (a grinder for rice and wheat), indicating that she is about to assume the cares and responsibilities of vifehood. The bridegroom next makes an offering of oil and frankincense in gratitude to the gods for the blessing of a good wife. A priest hands him a torch, which he waves three times around the bride, typical of the love that will henceforth surround her. The bride then scatters a handful of rice and drops a little oil as an oblation to the gods. Meanwhile a chant is recited or sung by the temple attendants. The father approaches and clothes the bride, over her own garments, with two outer coverings, and he then fastens the end of her dress to the skirt of her husband, and placing her hand in his, ties it with a cord made of sacred grass, typifying the strength and delicacy of the marriage tie. The young bride steps seven times around the sacred fire, repeating the prescribed marriage vows, the priests chant a nuptial hymn and the ceremony is ended. Some of the language of the ceremony is said to be very beautiful.

In a high-caste Hindu home there are many servants, and although the wife has numerous duties of her own, the presence of so many retainers naturally multiplies work. The "khan-saurat" (butler) and the "kling" (cook) are the most important. Besides these are the "bultee-wallah" (lamplighter), the dhoby (washerman), "bheestie" (bath-tub man), "jarroo-wallah" (house-sweeper), and others almost without number. Indeed, so numerous are they in some establishments, that it seems as though there were a separate servant for everything required to be done in the household.

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Arabia's Laughing Plant.

This plant is a native of Arabia, and its seeds produce on any one eating them effects analagous to those of laughing gas. The flowers are produced in clusters, and are yellow in color; the seed-pods contain two or three black seeds of the shape and size of French beans. Their flavor is slightly like that of opium and tastes sweet, while their odor produces a sickening sensation. The seeds are pulverized and taken in small doses. Anyone taking them begins to laugh loudly and boisterously, and then sings, dances and cuts all kinds of fantastic capers, the effect continuing for about an hour. When the excitement ceases the exhausted individual falls into a deep sleep, on awakening from which he is utterly unconscious of any such demonstrations having been made under the influence of the seeds of the laughing plant.

***

Artists and Children.

Many of the most famous artists were men of family and not only loved their children, but delighted to use them as models. Romney, Gainsborough, Hoppner, Reynolds—to say nothing of Rubens, Van Dyck, and many others—enjoyed the advantages of having lovely young models in their own families. Sir Joshua Reynolds enjoyed the most abounding sympathy with juvenile sitters. The stories of Sir Joshua's very felicitous talent for winning the good graces of his little sitters would fill a page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Of all his famous works, none have excited more interest or admiration than his portraits of children.

One of the finest portraits of youthful royalty ever painted, is that given on this page. It represents Princess (now Queen) Vicria at her geography lesson. The pose is easy and natural, and the general effect, peculiarly pleasing. It is in no sense an ambitious painting, yet its simple charm is such, that it is to-day valued more highly than all other pictures of the young girl who afterward became the sovereign of a great nation.

***

In Koordish Homes.

The Koords, writes Dr. Jesse M. Yonan of Persia, who has known them all his life, are profoundly ignorant and stupid, with neither books nor schools. Of the whole race, not one in ten thousand can read. The most of the summer they live in tents in the cool places on the mountain slopes and valleys. "Their winter houses are built underground most of them having a single room with one or two small holes on the top for light. This serves for a bedroom, parlor, kitchen and stable. In the daytime they are all away; towards sunset they come in one by one, at least about a score of them, men, women and children, but already the hens have found their resting place; sheep, oxen and horses, each in their corner. After it is quite dark, coarse stale bread and sour milk are brought out for supper. Two spoons and one big dish are sufficient for all; each in his turn tries a spoon. Of course, this is always done in the dark, as they have no light. Now it is bedtime, and one after another finds his place under the same quilt, without a pillow or bed, except some hay spread on the floor. In a few minutes all are fast asleep, and soon the heavy breathing and snoring of men and cattle is mingled, and the effect is anything but a sweet sound. The temperature of the room is sometimes high as a hundred degrees and it swarms with fleas, which attack the wild Koord, but he stirs not till morning. Their women wear an exceedingly picturesque costume. They have dark complexions, with eyes and hair intensely black. Their beauty is not of a refined type, but by a mass of paint is made sufficiently attractive for their easily pleased husbands. Almost all the work, both in and out doors, is done by them. Early in the morning, when they are through their home work, they hasten to the field to tend the flocks, or gather fuel for use in winter. In the evening they come in with large burdens on their backs, which appear to be quite enough for two to carry. So industrious are they that they frequently spin on their way to the fields."

PRINCESS (NOW QUEEN) VICTORIA AT HER STUDIE

A HINDU WEDDING—BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM AND PRIESTS.

***

LITTLE WITNESSES.

TELL me pilgrim, faint and weary,
Traveling o'er this pathway dim,
Are you shedding light around you,
Are you witnessing for Him?

Do you try to tell the story
Of the precious Saviour's love?
Are you hungering and thirsting
Evermore your love to prove?

Are you seeking out the lost ones
Whom the Master died to win?
Are you showing them the fountain
That can wash away their sins?

Have you made a consecration
Of your time and earthly store?
If your all is on the altar,
Then the Master asks no more.

Thus, O pilgrim, should we journey
Showing forth the Master's praise
With our lamps all trimmed and burning,
That the world may catch their rays.

***

A Child Inebriate.

One of the most striking temperance sermons ever published, and one that is a lesson to mothers everywhere, is related of an Italian family in New York. A little five-year old girl—a mere baby—is lying in the alcoholic ward of a public hospital in that city, actually dying of strong drink. It was disclosed that her mother had been in the habit of giving her frequent doses of whiskey during her babyhood, to keep her quiet, and she became so accustomed to it that now it is a second nature. Like many other acquired and unnatural tastes, it is a ruling passion with the poor child, and it would melt a heart of stone to gaze on the wee, emaciated frame, the lack-lustre eyes, and the shaking hand of this infant drunkard, who, to avert acute suffering, has to be fed with a stimulating tonic several times a day. The doctors say she has only a few more weeks to live. Lucia is so weak and fragile, and her little limbs are so wasted, that the nurses are not surprised that the doctors should pronounce the case hopeless.

Lucia's parents, who are responsible for the fate of their little girl, are dissipated people. As soon as the child could walk she was sent to saloons for liquor, and she shared in her parents' debauches like any old and seasoned drinker. Now she suffers from a complication of diseases, chiefly of the stomach and liver, that is directly due to the liquor habit. A sad feature of the case is that her parents do not seem to be able to realize that they have done any wrong in turning the pure innocence of childhood into a vile and brutish slavery to the alcohol habit. Surely such a case should operate as a warning to careless parents who do not give sufficient attention to the habits of their children.

A Good Child

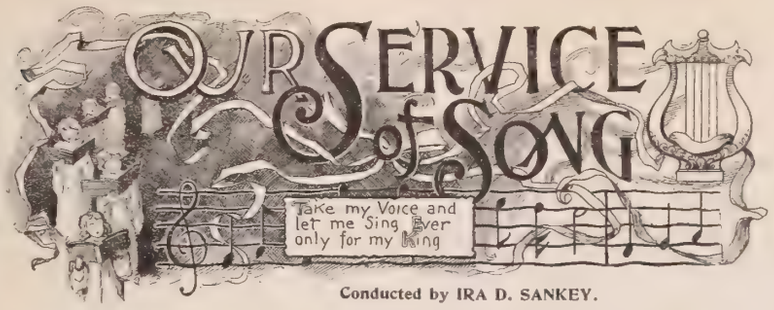
is usually healthy, and both conditions are promoted by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable and unnecessary.

PRAISE AND PURPOSE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Nov. 24. Psalm 116.

GRATITUDE is a debt no man can afford to leave unpaid. To do so disgraces him in his own eyes as well as in the opinion of other people. It is not always possible to repay a benefactor for services rendered, to do to him as he has done to us, but when the service has been good, there ought always to be the disposition to repay; not to get rid of the obligation, but to reciprocate the brotherly kindness. The opportunity of serving a benefactor may be of quite a different order from the one he has used to serve us, but there should be the disposition to take advantage of the opportunity, whatever it may be. A wealthy man may come to the rescue of another in a financial crisis, and may never need such help; but he may be in need of a service that all his money could not buy, and then comes the opportunity for the poor man to show the rich one that he is grateful. There are some obligations so enormous that they can never be repaid. During the war there were several instances of one friend saving the life of another at the cost of mutilation to himself. But even with those, grateful affection counts for much and cannot be withheld without disgrace. Every man owes it to himself, to his own self-respect and his own honor to be grateful for favors received.

Our relation to God, so different in all respects from our relations to each other, involves the same principle. It is mean to take no acknowledgment of the blessings that come to us from his hand. Everyone is conscious that he enjoys good things that he has not earned. There are many who boast that they are "self-made men," that every dollar they have has been won by their own exertions; but even the self-made man did not make his own intellect, he could only improve and develop that which was given to him. His power to work, his energy, his natural talents were given to him, and all along his life he has enjoyed blessings that have come to him from some other source. The fact calls for gratitude. But beyond these gifts that come to the evil and to the good, there is with many of us a special relation demanding a special return. The Psalmist, whose words form the basis of the Topic, recounts an experience, of which many have had a parallel. This man had been in trouble, he had been sorrowful, he had been weeping, was brought low, had been near death, and had had occasion to say that all men were liars. It was a sinful experience evidently, though the cause is not detailed, but it is not an uncommon one. In every city, any day, in our own time, hundreds could easily be found in those circumstances. In this situation the ancient poet says he prayed, he asked God to deliver his soul. Men are apt to do that in a crisis. God heard and delivered him; he kept his feet from falling, loosed his bonds, and helped him. In that, too, the experience is by no means solitary. Multitudes have had reason to declare that their prayers have been heard and answered. How many are there who have travelled over the same road as the ancient poet, who, make the resolve that he did? "I love the Lord," he declares; "I will walk before him; I will pay my vows; I am his servant; I will pay the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and pay it in public. What shall I render to him?" Thus speaks the grateful man, but he is in a small company.

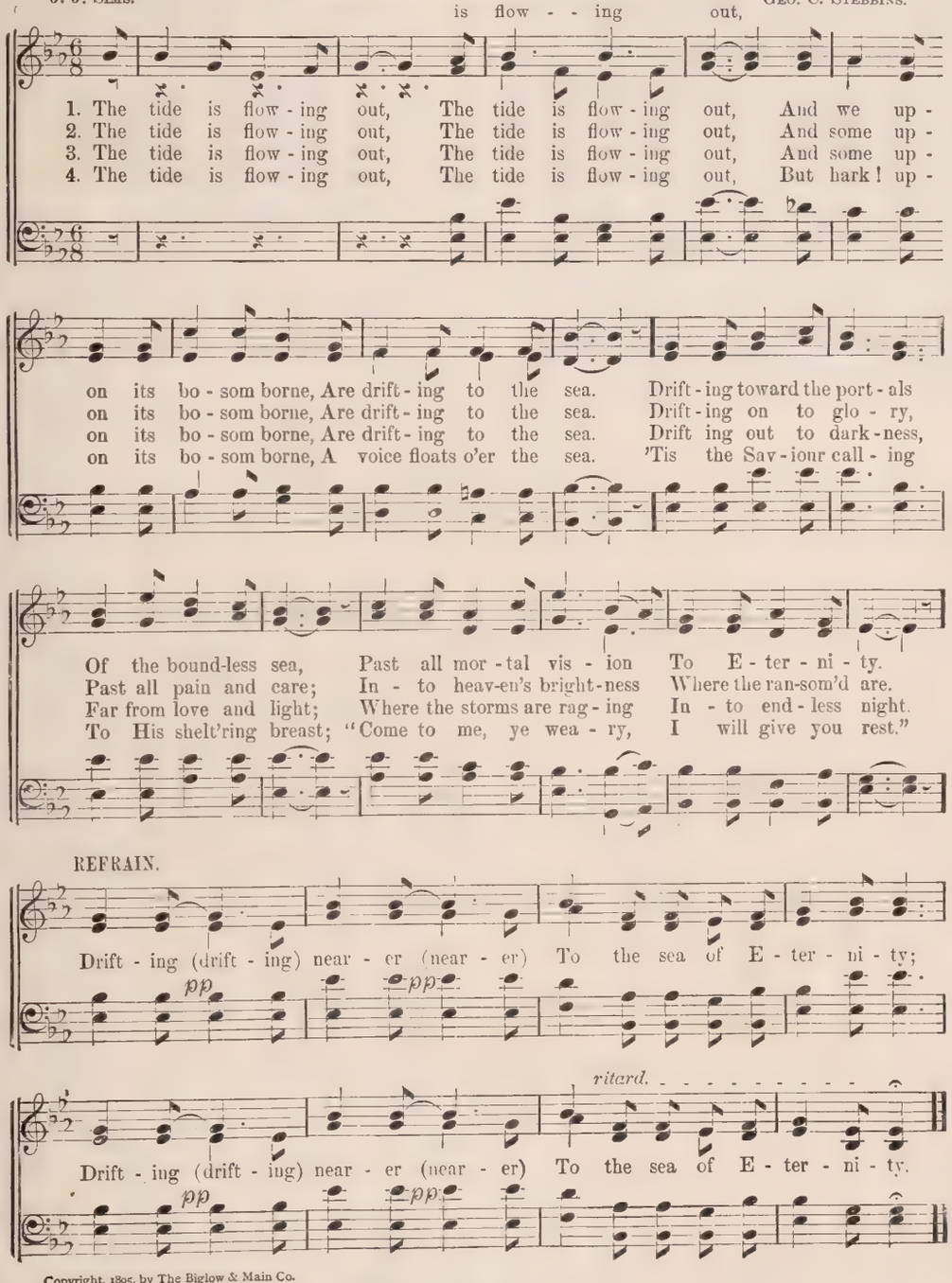


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

THE TIDE IS FLOWING OUT.

"REMEMBER HOW SHORT MY TIME IS."—*Psa. 89:47.*

J. J. SIMS. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


is flow - - ing out,
1. The tide is flow - ing out, The tide is flow - ing out, And we up -
2. The tide is flow - ing out, The tide is flow - ing out, And some up -
3. The tide is flow - ing out, The tide is flow - ing out, And some up -
4. The tide is flow - ing out, The tide is flow - ing out, But hark! up -
on its bo - som borne, Are drift - ing to the sea. Drift - ing toward the port - als
on its bo - som borne, Are drift - ing to the sea. Drift - ing on to glo - ry,
on its bo - som borne, Are drift - ing to the sea. Drift ing out to dark - ness,
on its bo - som borne, A voice floats o'er the sea. 'Tis the Sav - iour call - ing
Of the bound-less sea, Past all mor - tal vis - ion To E - ter - ni - ty.
Past all pain and care; In - to heav-en's bright-ness Where the ran-som'd are.
Far from love and light; Where the storms are rag - ing In - to end - less night.
To His shelt'ring breast; "Come to me, ye wea - ry, I will give you rest."
REFRAIN.
Drift - ing (drift - ing) near - er (near - er) To the sea of E - ter - ni - ty;
pp
pp
ritard.
Drift - ing (drift - ing) near - er (near - er) To the sea of E - ter - ni - ty.
pp
pp

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FROM GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.

By per of the Publishers.

IN THY HAND.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out to me:
The changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
A work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.—WARING.

WAITING.

I AM waiting for the dawning
Of the bright and blessed day,
When the darksome night of sorrow
Shall have vanished far away,

When forever with the Saviour,
Far beyond this vale of tears,
I shall swell the song of worship
Through the everlasting years.

I am waiting for the coming
Of the Lord who died for me:
Oh, his words have thrilled my spirit,
"I will come again for thee."

I can almost hear his foot-fall,
On the threshold of the door,
And my heart, my heart is longing
To be his for evermore.

—ANON.

WHEN CHRIST COMES.

What will be the Condition of the World and the Church at the Second Advent.

An Address by REV. A. FAUSSET.

WHEN Christ comes will he find faith on the earth? Will the preaching of his Gospel have so led the world to his feet as that there will be a general and enthusiastic welcome of him? Will men be living in such a way as that they will be glad to see him? or will they be stricken with fear and consternation by his approach? These are important questions.

We gain some light on the subject by Paul's epistles to Timothy. As to the latter days when the end of the dispensation is coming near, Paul sketches the kind of teaching there will be (1. Tim. 4: 1-3). I think you cannot mistake what is meant in this prophecy by "the speaking lies in hypocrisy, forbidding to marry, commanding to abstain from meats. So completely have the mediæval churches, the Apostate Greek and Roman churches, fulfilled this prediction, as to pronounce it a mortal sin to partake of meat on certain days. And then as to the forbidding to marry, we have listened till we are tired of the talk about the celibacy of the clergy.

But in the second epistle (3: 1-9), we come to a further and a different stage; we come there upon characteristics which seem to be beginning to be fulfilled even to-day, before our very eyes—"Men shall be lovers of their own selves;" the idol self shall be set up—a different form of idolatry from the old mediæval idols. They are no longer to have pictures and winking Virgins, but "covetousness, which is idolatry." They are described as "covetous boasters;" here we have a mouth speaking great things—the vauntings of science: "Proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents:" we have this characteristic sadly amongst us: instead of reverence to those who are elders, we have an impatience of authority on the part of those that are young. Then we go on—"unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of all that is good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God."

And there is a remarkable allusion to the magicians—"Now as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these also resist the truth." Have we nothing parallel to this, no pretensions to dealings with the unseen world? Is there no spiritualism amongst us? Oh! we have here a safeguard as against everything else. Look at Isa. viii. 19, "And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep, and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead?" We have to fall back upon the written Word of God when we see before us signs, and lying wonders, and miracles! We are told in Matt. xxiv. that there shall be signs and wonders and lying miracles, and that if it were possible they shall deceive even the very elect; and in 1 Thess. we read that the coming of the Man of Sin will be with "signs and lying wonders." We have it also in Rev. 13, where the Beast performs the part of prime minister of evil, supporting the claims of the first Beast." And what shall we do then? Why fall back upon the written Word and say, "If an angel from heaven declare any other Gospel than that we have received, let him be accursed." So shall we be ready for his appearing.

(To be Concluded.)

...NADJA;...

A Tale of the Russian Steppes.*

BY OLIVER M. NORRIS.

"MIKHAIL AND NADJA LOOKED PITYINGLY ON AS THE SURGEON EXAMINED HIM."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Crescent and the Cross.

SERGEANT BORISOFF was Sergei's right-hand man in military matters, a tough old veteran who had seen twenty years of arduous service in all parts of the Czar's dominions. In he came through the tent door with his hand at the salute, his tattered overcoat bound round with an improvised red belt, from which hung his long cavalry sabre.

"At your service, Highborn."

"The Bashi Bazouks are coming up one of the gorges Wednesday morning at daybreak. We must'nt let them up the Plitchenti. The general says we are to stay here at any cost. Do you understand?"

"I understand, Highborn."

He at once ordered a parade. As Sergei went along the lines examining each man carefully he could not help smiling occasionally at the ludicrous array of rags and bones before him, at the gay faces worn by misery and wretchedness, at the sorry force from which such brave things were expected at daybreak on Wednesday. He called attention and they drew themselves up stiffly.

"Now, brave lads," he began, "Attention! We have all day to-day and to-morrow to prepare for one of the stiffest fights we ever had. Three hundred Bashi Bazouks are to attempt this pass on Wednesday morning at daybreak. They have been scouring about among the villages there below us, slaughtering and pillaging and worse. Shall we run away and let them come on?"

A thunderous "No" from every man present greeted Sergei's question. The troopers grasped their sabres and the infantry swung their rifles high in the air.

"God bless you, boys! To your tents. Get everything ready. Parade at daybreak Thursday."

"God bless you, Highborn!"

It was late on Tuesday afternoon that one of the scouts came breathlessly running in with the news that a considerable body of Turkish irregular horse was slowly making its way across the plain towards the mountains.

In a moment the little camp was in a state of wild excitement. Sergei carefully studied the position of affairs and decided to withdraw his men from the forepost and concentrate all his strength to guard the narrower part of the defile where his principal force lay. Sentries were posted across the valley just below the camp.

The day had been warm and by no means clear. Towards evening snow began to come down in great slow-falling flakes. At eight o'clock Sergei ordered prayers. The side flaps of his tent were drawn up and every available man of the little garrison was either inside the dimly-lighted tent, squatting near where Mikhail stood with his open book, or else outside in the dark, with the snow settling down on their gray great-coats. As Sergei entered every man stood up. Mikhail began the service. The great gaunt fellows bowed their heads in holy reverence. The wonderful words read with Mikhail's low, sweet voice went straight to their hearts.

"Now," said Mikhail, "we will stand silent for a few minutes, and each of us will present to the Almighty all that he has on his heart."

They stood there in the dark in the falling snow, silent and awe-stricken. "All well," came from a rock high above them, and faintly answered and still more faintly re-answered. Sergei took Mikhail's place. All heads were bent. A few men were ou their knees in the snow.

"Our Father, which art in heaven," began the young officer.

"Our Father, which art in heaven," came in soft, hoarse response from the brave fellows who were to meet death on the morrow.

Sergei solemnly recited the whole prayer.

"For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever," said Sergei bravely.

"For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever," answered the men with quivering voices.

"Amen," whispered Sergei.

"Amen," came the response, so soft and low as hardly to be heard.

"Brothers, good-bye until three. God give you a good sleep. Parade at three."

They slowly dispersed. But there was no sleep that night.

At three the bugle sounded. The snow was still falling, but the wind was now again tearing down the defile in short, sharp gusts, blowing the snow about in clouds. The men tumbled out of their tents and quickly and silently took up the positions assigned them. They were all blithe, alert, sanguine.

Perfect order reigned among Sergei's little company of devoted fellows. Those stationed on the western slope of the defile began to notice the higher rocks above them touched with the first faint gray light of dawn. The Russians could just discern through the driving mist and snow the moving forms of the enemy. They could see a bright sash here and there, and sometimes a swart face glowing under its *bashlik*.

The Turks advanced a few paces further, and sharp and clear rang out the bugle. A rattle of musketry from a hundred rifles was the almost instantaneous reply, followed by a blood-curdling yell, the battle cry of the Bashi Bazouks. The Turks were evidently unprepared for resistance. The Russians had expected three hundred of the enemy—they were over five hundred strong. After three unsuccessful attempts to force the defenders of the pass from their position, the Turks, who had suffered terrible losses, abandoned concerted action and clambered up among the rocks to dislodge the Russians, each man fighting for his own hand. A terrible series of bloody encounters now began. Outnumbered in the proportion of three to one, Sergei's men began to fall back on the redan. Many a brave fellow of them dropped. The air was filled with the crackle of muskets and the frantic cries of the Bashi Bazouks as they rushed like maniacs on their foes. Slowly, surlily, the Russians retired, gradually hemmed in in front and on both wings. Every inch of the ground they stubbornly contested, their numbers gradually thinning.

"Will the reinforcements never come?" asked Sergei. "Can this last much longer?"

The remnants of his men had now obtained the shelter of the redan. The Turks had drawn off to a distance. Sergei, gravely anxious, lay awaiting their next move. He knew if they carried the mound all would be lost. Suddenly the Turks put themselves again in line of attack and rushed toward the mound.

"Steady, boys!" sang out the brave Sergei, "Steady!"

"God be with you, High-born."

On came the Turks yelling like demons, their eyes flashing with the fierce frenzy of battle.

The mad cries of passion and hate, the crash of blows, the sharp rattle of the rifles, the sickening thud of bayonet stabs, yells of entreaty and agony—it is indescribable.

In the midst of it all again Sergei's voice, strong, jubilant.

"Our brothers are coming down the hill, boys. I hear their bugles. Thank God! Thank God!"

And nearer and nearer loomed the steel-grey coats; the steady bugling, became louder and louder. And the Turks, looking up, seeing that their case was hopeless, sprang down the glacis of the redan pell-mell, scoured down the glen to where their horses were picketed, and fled from Plitchenti.

The ragged, bleeding remnant in the redan were crying and laughing with joy, and clasping the hands of their deliverers and kissing them and joining in the choruses of the songs. And their deliverers pointed up the hill to pack-horses bringing sheep-skins and many another luxury.

CHAPTER XIX.

In Hospital.

The Countess and Nadja made a bustling and uncomfortable journey from Kief south to the Roumanian capital. Arrived at the Danube, our two heroines had their first sight of the stern, terrible realities of war. Only three short months before and the Russian armies had crossed the river at Simnitza and other points, full of ardent hope and buoyancy and courage; and now long, slow-moving trains of ambulance wagons were coming back full of mangled and bleeding men and boys, groaning tortured wretches, ruined, wrecked, hopeless.

It was here, with the slow-rolling monotonous Danube, not far away, that Olga and Nadja received their first instruction as Red Cross sisters. More than once they quailed and sickened; but the knowledge that the misery and anguish around them was incalculable, and that their work and presence might help to assuage it, buoyed them up and strengthened them.

As the Russian armies penetrated into Turkish territory, the hospital near the Danube was set apart for convalescents, and the greater part of the field-surgeons and nurses were ordered south to Radova, to the scene of active war. Nadja and Olga, with a score of others, jolted in rough springless carts over the frosty roads of Bulgaria.

At Radova things were worse than on the Danube. The disorder and confusion were appalling. To speak of the sickening discomforts to which Olga and her companion were subjected, would be, perhaps, out of place. They were not seeking comfort. The surgeons here, as almost everywh on the Russian side, performed miracles devoted heroism, many of them pale a emaciated as their patients, from unren ting, grinding toil and want of sleep. that could be done for the brave fello lying wounded, they did.

A long hut, roughly constructed tarred wood, and banked up all rou with snow, was placed under Olg charge. Two or three iron stoves, tl pipes venting acrid wood smoke at ev joint, imparted a little warmth to wretched shed. The walls trickled with sweat. Melting snow dropped h and there from the roof, and it seeme matter of indifference whether the drops fell on the beds or on the muc path up the centre of the hut. Such be Boards were in rows on the damp grou and on these were placed coarse str bolsters. The bags of straw were pac so close together that there was bar space for the surgeons and nurses to p between them. Everything was stai and smeared with those terrible dark splashes, and the heavy odor of chl form, iodoform, and many another dr hung about the place. This was the cers' hospital. Fifty badly-wounded r lay here. Twenty of them were to die

For a month and more, Olga and Na labored in this fœtid shed. It was an ful experience. As each bed became cant it was at once occupied with a fr case. There was no rest, no relief- ways the same unvarying picture of hur agony. But as the cold weather bec intenser, active hostilities diminished, towards Christmas the nurses found t duties a trifle lighter. Their respite, h ever, was only of short duration. A sack came spurring in with orders to h preparations made for the receptisn badly-wounded officer and some n There had been some severe fighting, said, in one of the southern passes.

Next morning two ambulance sle were driven slowly into Radova. T contained Sergei and a score or so of brave troopers.

A livid unconscious form, unkempt, stained with powder, lay stretched on of the lowly pallets; a surgeon with gr pale face bent over it on one side. the other stood Olga, anguish in her hot eyes. At the foot of the bed st Nadja and Mikhail.

"It's very doubtful, sister Olga," the surgeon. "There is however chance, if we can manage to keep t the fever. You had better not have case. His head must be kept cool. understand?"

"Oh, doctor, you'll do your best, w you?" Olga's voice quivered, and clasped hands, once so white and f now stained and rough and red, tremb

"I always do my best," replied the geon gruffly.

"Yes, I know, but he is my fri We knew one another as children. live near one another in the Ukraine.'

"Sister, said the surgeon kindly, and rest."

She turned away to her own quart and her nerves gave way at last. T night she was in a high fever, and surgeon sitting by her bed told N point blank that, in his opinion, it w be a miracle if she ever recovered.

To be Continued.

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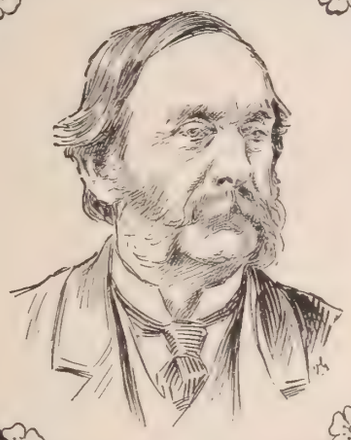

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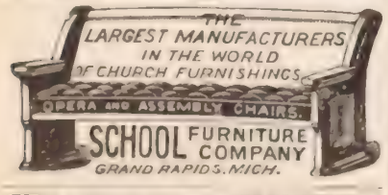
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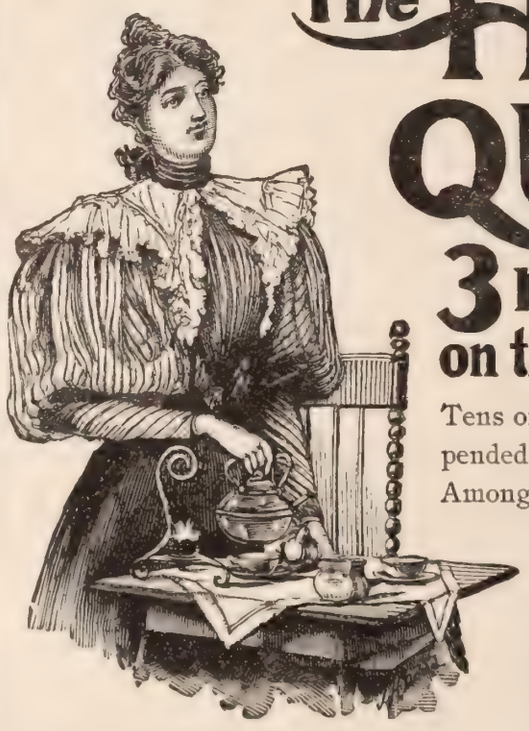

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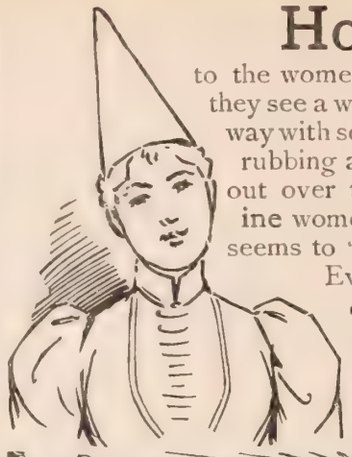

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When I first settled in Morocco I met those who denied the existence of slave-markets, but since that time I have seen children, some of whom were of tender years, as well as young women, openly sold in the city of Morocco, and in the towns along the seaboard. It is also of daily frequent occurrence to see slaves sold in Fez, the capital of Northern Morocco.

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Our hearts have ached as we have read from time to time, from the lips of exiles, of the indescribable horrors of the journey across desert plains, cramped with pain, parched with thirst, and suffocated by the simoom; their food a handful of maize. Again, we have sickened at the sight of mutilated corpses, left by the wayside to the vulture and the burning rays of the African sun, and we have prayed, to the God of justice to stop these cruel practices.

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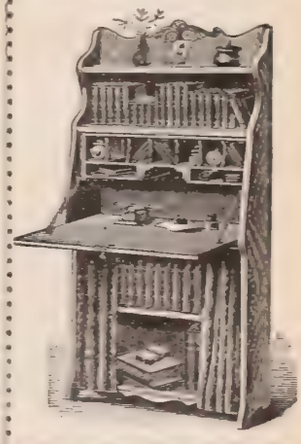

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No. 4.

Consumption, Bronchitis, Pulmonary Catarrh, Asthma, and Pneumonia are the chief diseases of the lungs which endanger our lives.

For a long time they were supposed to be constitutional diseases, and were treated through the stomach and general system. It was a false theory and fatal treatment. There were no cures of consumption under it.

We now know that they are not constitutional but local diseases of the lungs. They begin chiefly from colds, which inflame the lining of the air tubes and cells of the lungs. and fill them with unhealthy mucous. When the lungs are clogged they cannot perform their office, the breathing becomes short, fever arises, the patient is constantly racked by cough in efforts to clear the lungs, and the flesh and strength consume away.

These effects result from every attack of congestion of the lungs, whatever its cause. They can be remedied only by removing the congestion and freeing the lungs from the matter which obstructs them.

The only treatment that is effective and certain is the direct application of healing remedies to the lungs by inhalation. It is an axiom of medical science that all local diseases require local treatment for their cure. Physicians who regard lung diseases as constitutional, and treat them through the stomach, do not expect to cure them. Temporary relief of the symptoms is all they look for, or ever accomplish.

Not only must the lungs be treated by inhalation (which is the only way they can be reached at all), but the remedies inhaled must be adapted to the patient's strength and condition. Inhalation, of itself, is no remedy. It is only the means of applying remedies to the lungs. You may inhale what is of no benefit, or what will do you harm instead of good. The different kinds and stages of lung disease require different remedies. To know what to inhale in each case needs long experience in the application of this special treatment and profound knowledge of the conditions to be met.

The importance of the lungs, in the economy of life, is seen in the fact that to cease to breathe for only five minutes is fatal. Every function is suspended by it, and a paralysis of death seizes upon the body.

You can then understand why an organ so necessary to life cannot be impaired in its functions,even to a small extent, without injury to health resulting. The mildest catarrh of the lungs obstructs the freedom of breathing and deranges the action of every bodily function.

What, then, is this lung function which is so vital? What does breathing do? It purifies the old blood and makes new blood out of the food we eat. If the purification does not take place the whole system is paralyzed and we die. If it takes place imperfectly, we are weakened and diseased by the impurity that remains, and can have no health until it is remedied.

In commencing the inhalation treatment I gave to the world the first common sense application of medical science ever made to the cure of lung disease. I have cured by it, and am now treating with success every form of lung complaint. In over forty years' experience as a physician I have never, either in hospital or private practice, known of the cure of a consumptive by any other means.

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I have found the Electropoise valuable in these ways: 1. As a tonic and restorative after a severe Sunday's work in the pulpit, it thus overleaping "blue Monday" entirely. 2. In soothing to sleep after great nervousness produced by a surgical operation without the use of an anæsthetic. 3. In threatened croup. Twice I used it to check this dreaded disease. An hour in each instance sufficed to turn the hard, hoarse cough to a free, loose one, as in an ordinary cold. 4. Where no specific ailment was apparent, but a debilitated condition, I have used it with the entire family with gratifying results.
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(Presbyterian Minister).

Electropoise
TRADE MARK.

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Is the common experience these days. Of course this means exhausted vitality and disease.

But Electropoise will overcome the strain and will prevent its consuming vital tissue. Electropoise is not a battery, is harmless, is efficient, and is almost universally serviceable simply because it reinforces vitality and so permits nature to conquer disease. "Understand it?" No, of conrse you don't. But that's no argument against trying it.

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MAKE YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS HAPPY.

Out of our immense assortment of silverware we have made up this pretty little child's set consisting of knife, fork and spoon, have put them up in a cute, plush-lined box, that makes them the most delightful present one can possibly give to a child. They are not playthings but a real serviceable set for use. They will give more joy than toys or trinkets and will last for all time. The regular price is $1.50 but to get you interested in our silverware business we will send this elegant heavy silver plated set
50 CENTS PREPAID to any address. They are beautifully engraved equal to any solid silver set on the market. Send 50 cents by express or postoffice money order. We do not accept personal checks. send C. O. D. The editor of this paper and all the express companies know us to be a reliable firm. If purchase is not as represented, money will be cheerfully refunded. This is the best bargain we have ever offered. It makes a practical, useful present that will outlast all the toys in the country. Everyone knows the delight of a child over its own little knife, fork and spoon. There is something magnetic about such a present and we know of nothing else that will give half the genuine pleasure. Remember the regular price is $1.50 but for this special sale it is only **50 cents prepaid** and money refunded if not as represented. As this is a special offer and won't last long you had better order at once. Address in full,
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YOU WOULD BUY A SET

Of these SOUVENIR SPOONS, but you think there must be some catch on account of the small sum asked for them. It is a genuine offer and we do this to dispose of them quickly.

Remember we Refund your Money
IF YOU FIND THEY ARE NOT AS REPRESENTED.

ORDER TO-DAY. SEND IN YOUR ORDER FOR A SET OR MORE AT ONCE AS THOUSANDS WILL AVAIL THEMSELVES OF THIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

'FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.'

ONLY **99c** FORMERLY SOLD FOR **$9**

FOR ALL SIX

HOW ARE WE ABLE TO DO IT?

These Spoons were made up especially for the World's Fair trade, by ONE OF THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD, and were left on their hands. In order to dispose of them Quickly, we make this unheard of offer. **SIX SOUVENIR SPOONS**, after dinner coffee size, **HEAVY COIN SILVER PLATED**, with **GOLD PLATED BOWLS**, each spoon representing a different building of the **World's Fair**. The handles are finely chased, showing head of **Columbus**, and dates **1492-1893** and wording **"World's Fair City."** They are genuine **works of art**, making one of the finest souvenir collections ever produced. **Sold during the Fair for $9.00**; we now offer the balance of the stock at **ONLY 99 CENTS**. Sent in elegant plush lined case, properly packed, prepaid to any address. Send Chicago or New York Exchange. Individual checks not accepted, Postal Note or currency. Money cheerfully refended if goods are not as represented.

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is the new way of putting the expression, now that modern thought, effort and enterprise have made it so easy to be clean. Since the introduction of

GOLD DUST
Washing Powder

it is not only possible to keep a house clean, but with its help this can be done without the housekeeper working herself to death. A large package of GOLD DUST costs only 25 cents. When you buy look out that it *is* GOLD DUST. You will be all right if the package is like this

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remembering that it is always an inferior article that is sold on the reputation of another. The **Shawknit Stockings** are a

Standard in the Market.

They differ from all others in construction, and are really

THE ONLY STOCKINGS THAT FIT.

☞ None genuine unless stamped *Shawknit* on the toe.

Send for Descriptive Price-List.

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SAVE MONEY!

LOOK! When you SEE this Advertisement write to us at once for our new 1896 Catalogue of Pianos and Organs just published, the handsomest Catalogue of Musical Instruments in the World, specially designed for Cornish & Co. by a renowned artist. A charming souvenir, illustrated in colors, FREE. The manufacturers of the world-famed **CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS** have determined to introduce their matchless instruments into every part of the civilized world where not already sold, and with that end in view beg leave to submit the following offer—the most liberal ever made—for the consideration of the American public, who always appreciate a genuine bargain and know a good thing when they see it.

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PIANO OFFER. For a limited period only we will sell one of our first class Cornish Upright Pianos in elegant rosewood finished case, full size, 7 1-3 octaves, 4 ft. 4 in. high, 2 ft. 3 in. deep, 5 ft. 1 in. wide, weight, boxed, 900 lbs.; ivory and ebony keys; all metal parts of action electro plated, fitted with our new scale and action and with our third or piano-forte pedal, three in all; perfect in tone, touch and durability, warranted for a full period of 25 years; retail price, $400, our price to all only **$160** cash. **A full musical outfit presented FREE** with every piano. Handsome silk scarf, plush upholstered stool and the noted Cornish Self Instruction Book FREE. Piano and all extras sent on **30 days trial.** Safe delivery guaranteed. **CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS SOLD UPON EASY INSTALLMENT PLANS TO SUIT ALL PURCHASERS.** When it is not convenient to pay all cash, we are willing to sell on monthly installments. An experience of **31 years**, coupled with ample capital, enables us to make better terms than any house in America, and we are the only firm of actual manufacturers who are selling exclusively direct to the people upon terms of *a single instrument at wholesale cost.* There are many tempting offers made by irresponsible advertisers that are never carried out, but this old established and reliable firm carry out their contracts to the very letter. **REFERENCES.**—Write to-day. We refer to the First National Bank in our city, where we deposit thousands of dollars every day (except Sundays), to the Mercantile Agencies, to *your Bank, any Bank*, the publisher of this paper, and, what's better, to the copies of thousands of happy purchasers all over the world who are using the Cornish Pianos and Organs satisfactorily.

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The most wonderful reduction from retail value to actual cost to construct ever made by us. Retail value, if bought from an agent or dealer, **$60.**

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☞ Fully described in Holiday Catalogue, which is sent free. Full size, **5 octaves**, 61 orchestral toned reeds, double octave couplers, six stops, solid black walnut case, oil finished over a double coating of varnish. Complete with stool and book, boxed and delivered free on board cars here, safe delivery guaranteed and insured. Sold under our personal warrant for **25 years**. If organ is not as represented we will cheerfully refund purchase money and freight charges; **the buyer takes no risk**. Established thirty one Years ago. **ADDRESS TO-DAY:**

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A dull knife is thick on the edge. You can get better results in two minutes with a **Diamond Knife Sharpener** than with **two hours hard work on a steel or stone.**

NO MORE DULL SHEARS! You can make the worst old pair you have good as new in 10 seconds with the **Diamond Scissors Sharpener**, this we warrant. For Barbers, Tailors, Dressmakers and every woman in the land.

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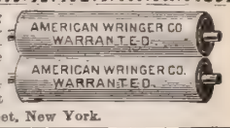

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Will make your wife smile, your daughters rejoice, your home happy & bright. You don't have to wait. It washes, rinses, dries and polishes dishes at once. No chipping or breaking, no scalding hands, you don't touch them—so simple a child can use it, lasts a lifetime. Honest agents, women or men wanted to introduce this humane device. A good paying business offered if you write at once.

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wear only merchant tailor made clothes.

A TAILOR-MADE SUIT OR OVERCOAT for $10

We'll make to your measure a Frock or Sack Suit or overcoat of **ALL WOOL GOODS**, equal to any tailors $18.00 garment for $10.00. Other suits, overcoats and trousers just as cheap. We save 50 per cent by buying big lots of woolens direct from the mills—that accounts for it. All goods sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination and try on before paying express agent. **We pay Express Charges.** Send for samples of cloth and full particulars, free

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and Head Noises relieved by using **Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums.** New scientific invention, different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.

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A FIRM, UNERRING PRESSURE

will replace and relieve the worst rupture. The

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has a spiral spring pad which accomplishes this result. A painless and permanent remedy for all cases of rupture. **Fully Guaranteed.** Thousands of testimonials and physicians' endorsements. Used by the government for pensioners. Write **THE EGAN TRUSS CO.,** 27 Huron St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

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a sample of our **1000 BARGAINS** we will send **FREE** this fine Fountain Pen, warranted a perfect writer, and Illustrated, Bargain Catalogue, for 10c. to cover postage, etc.

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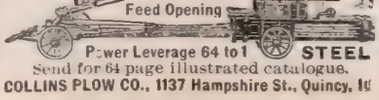
38 Styles & Sizes for Horse and Steam Power



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IT FLOATS

To retain the brilliancy of Ginghams, wash them only in luke warm water, in which a tablespoonful of salt and an equal quantity of Ivory Soap to each gallon of water, have been dissolved. Dry in the shade.

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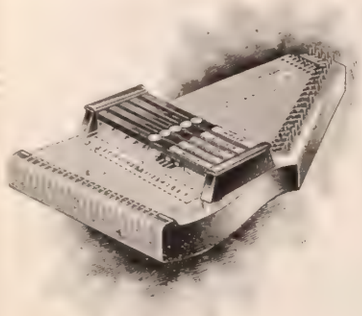

No. 2¾.

. . An

Autoharp Christmas.

From all over the country has come the demand for Autoharps for Christmas. And no wonder, for the Autoharp has been found to be adapted to all grades of musical taste and proficiency. Any one can play the popular music of the day, sacred or secular, almost at sight.

Our popular Style 2 3-4 is pictured here. It has 23 strings and five bars, producing the following five chords: C, F and B b Major, and C and G Seventh. Its appearance is handsome. 18 1-2 inches long, 10 inches wide. Instruction book containing 22 pieces of music, music rack, pick, spiral pick and tuning key with each style 2 3-4. Price $5.00.

$5.00

Money must be sent with Order. Express prepaid to any Express Office in U. S.

Catalogue beautifully illustrated sent Free.

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Allcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

Columbia Bicycles

fill their riders' hearts with unalloyed content.

If you would know all the joys of cycling, now is the time. Cool, bracing air; hard, smooth, dustless roads, and Columbias ready for instant delivery.

POPE MFG. CO.,

GENERAL OFFICES AND FACTORIES

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CHINESE LILIES

Flower in Water

Vaughan's Mammoth Bulbs, prepaid, each, **20c.**

FREE Our New Book, "Winter Flowers" mailed prepaid with every order.

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YOUR WIFE

can make the finest possible cup of chocolate as easily and as quickly as she can pour a cup of tea or coffee—almost, if she uses

Whitman's INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE.

1 pound and ½ pound tins, at all dealers.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Philadelphia.

Point this Pencil

DIXON'S PENCILS

and you'll find that its lead is the best marking, toughest and longest wearing that pencil maker ever made. If dealer does not keep DIXON'S American Graphite send 16c. for pencils worth double the money. Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N.J.

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FREDERICK W. DUNTON, 1061 Fulton St., New York.

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Send 2 cent stamp for 80 page Illustrated Catalogue of Custom Handmade Gig, Logging Harness, sold direct to consumer at wholesale prices. Will not vary from first hands and save the middleman's profit. You can try to avail as well as though here in person. Making to order a specialty.

KING & CO., No. 42 Church St., Owego, N.Y.

NERVE LIVER TABLETS [illegible] FREE

[illegible] Brain and Nerve Exhaustion, send NERVE, the [illegible] 1 cents

Address NERVE, Box 762, New York City.

Cuticura

THE GREAT

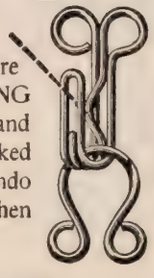
SKIN CURE

Works wonders in curing torturing, disfiguring diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, and especially baby humours.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

See that

hump?



It's the feature of the DELONG PATENT Hook and Eye stays hooked—'till you undo it yourself—then it's easy.

Richardson & DeLong Bros., Philadelphia.

Climax Oil Heater

Four 4-in. burners; one or more can be used, according to heat required; cooking holes on top; castings all nickeled; large radiating surface; great heating capacity; height, 26 inches.

Price only $7.50, freight prepaid, and the money will be returned if not all we claim for it. Our catalogue of all sizes of heaters is free.

CLIMAX MANUFACTURING CO.,
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Our New 50c. Telephone

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R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. 65 CORTLANDT ST. N. Y. CITY.

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We Warrant The Reliable

110 Yards High Class Fowls

To Hatch 80 per cent SELF REGULATING Durable, Correct in Principle. Leader at World's Fair. 6cts. in stamps for new 132 page Poultry Guide and Catalogue. POULTRY FOR PROFIT made plain. Bed-Rock Information.

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"JACKSON" 3-Lever Padlock. Best in the world for 25 cents. If not kept by your dealer, we will mail samples on receipt of price. Illus. Cat. Free. Enclose 3c. stamp for our new Steel Pocket Tool.

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The best that money can bu

The Wick Adjustment of the PURITAN OIL HEATER

(No. 44, **only $6, freight paid**) is perfect—But that's only one of the many reasons why you'll like the Puritan. We never have to, but we will send your money back if the stove isn't satisfactory—No smell, no smoke, no dust, no dirt. Carried anywhere and starts in a moment. Sold by dealers also. Booklet of larger and smaller sizes free.

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Invalids of both sexes received. Suffer from over work restored. All modern improvements. This Sanitarium is just comfortable in winter as in summer, besides the winter is favorable for treatme Heat and light perfect. Every convenien to make patients comfortable and cheerf All under the care of medical graduates of experience. Illustrated Booklet free.

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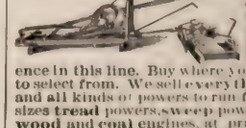

CUTS MORE any machine on earth. We and sell 33 of Saw Mac and Saws. had 12 years ence in this line. Buy where you can get a v to select from. We sell every thing in these and all kinds of powers to run farm machine sizes tread powers, sweep powers 1 to 10 hor wood and coal engines, at prices less than offered before.

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BERKSHIRE, Chester Jersey Red & Poland PIGS. Jersey, Guernsey Holstein Cattle. Thoroughbred Sheep, Fancy Poultry, Hares and House Dogs. Cat

S. W. SMITH, Cochranville, Chester Co.

WE TAN

Cattle hides and a of skins whole for and RUGS. Soft moth-proof. C our tan circular. We

frisian, coon and galloway fur coats and rob your dealer don't keep them get catalogue from

The CROSBY FRISIAN FUR CO., Box 34, Rochester, N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED

for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful Electric Corsets, Brushes, Belts, Etc. Sample Free. No risk; quick sales. Territory given; satisfaction guaranteed.

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from now till after Christmas, taking orders for the new child's Bible, "Sacred Pictures and Their Teachings." 400 beautiful engravings, 20 pages of oil colored plates. Special holiday inducements. Exclusive territory. Books on credit. Freights paid. Gold watch to every agent. A postal card will secure an offer from us. Address, KEYSTONE PUB. CO., 8th and Locust Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY LADIES!!!

Do you like a cup of **Good Tea?** If so, send this "Ad" and 15c. in stamps and we will mail you a 1-4 lb. sample Best Tea Imported. Any kind you may select.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289. 31 & 33 Vesey St., N.Y.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18.

NUMBER 47.

W. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 20, 1895.

Price Five Cents.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH

A WORKSHOP OF THE "HADDAFEEN," OR COTTON-CARDERS OF JERUSALEM. (See Page 767.)

WORDS WITH YOUNG WOMEN.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., in response to a Letter received from Six Young Ladies of Ohio.*

HRIST, who took his text from a flock of birds flying overhead, saying, "Behold the fowls of the air," and from the flowers in the valley, saying, "Consider the lilies of the field," and from the clucking of a barn-yard fowl, saying, "As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing," and from a crystal of salt picked up by the road-side, saying, "Salt is good," will grant us a blessing if, instead of taking a text from the Bible, I take for my text this letter from Cincinnati, which is only one of many letters which I have received from young women in New York, New Orleans, San Francisco, London, Edinboro, and from the ends of the earth, all implying that having some months ago preached the sermon on "Advice to Young Men," I could not, without neglect of duty, refuse to preach a sermon on "Advice to Young Women."

It is the more important that the pulpit be heard on this subject at this time when we are having such an illimitable discussion about what is called the "New Woman," as though some new creature of God had arrived on earth, or were about to arrive. One theory is that she will be an athlete, and boxing-glove and foot-ball and pugilistic encounter will characterize her. Another theory is that she will superintend ballot-boxes, sit in congressional hall, and through improved politics bring the millennium by the evil she will extirpate and the good she will install. Another theory is that she will adopt masculine attire and make sacred a vulgarianism positively horrific. Another theory is that she will be so esthetic that broom-handle and rolling-pin and coal-scuttle will be pictorialized with tints from soft skies or suggestions of Rembrandt and Raphael.

Heaven deliver the church and the world from any one of these styles of new woman! She will never come. I have so much faith in the evangelistic triumph and in the progress of all things in the right direction, that I prophesy that style of new woman will never arrive. She would hand over this world to diabolism, and from being, as she is now, the mightiest agency for the world's uplifting, she would be the mightiest force for its downthrust.

I will tell you who the new woman will be. It will be the good woman of all the ages past. Here and there a difference of attire, as the temporary custom may command, but the same good, honest, lovely, Christian, all-influential being that your mother and mine was. Of that kind of woman was Christian Eddy who, talking to a man who was so much of an unbeliever he had named his two children Voltaire and Tom Paine, nevertheless saw him converted, he breaking down with emotion as he said to her, "I cannot stand you, you talk like my mother," and telling the story of his conversion to twelve companions who had been blatant opposers of religion, they asked her to come and see them also, and tell them of Christ, and four of them were converted, and all the others greatly changed, and the leader of the band departing for heaven, shouted, "Joyful! Joyful! Joyful!" If you know any better style of woman than that, where is she? The world cannot improve on that kind. The new woman may have more knowledge, because she will have more books, but she will have no more common sense than that which tried to manage and discipline and educate us, and did as well as she could with such unpromising material. She may have more health than the woman of other days, for the sewing-machine and the sanitary regulations and added intelligence on the subjects of diet, ventilation, and exercise, and rescue from many forms of drudgery may allow her more longevity, but she will have the same characteristics which God gave her in paradise, with the exception of the nervous shock and moral jolt of the fall she got that day when not noticing where she stepped, she looked up into the branches of the fruit tree.

But I must be specific. This letter before me wants advice to young women.

Advice the first: Get your soul right with God and you will be in the best attitude for everything that comes. New ways of voyaging by sea, new ways of traveling by land, new ways of threshing the harvests, new ways of printing books, and the Patent Office is enough to enchant a man who has mechanical ingenuity and knows a good deal of levers and wheels, and we hardly do anything as it used to be done; invention after invention, invention on top of invention. But in the matter of getting right with God there has not been an invention for six thousand years. It is on the same line of repentance that David exercised about his sins, and the same old style of prayer that the publican used when he emphasized it by an inward stroke of both hands, and the same faith in Christ that Paul suggested to the jailer the night the penitentiary broke down. Aye, that is the reason I have more confidence in it. It has been tried by more millions than I dare to state lest I come far short of the brilliant facts. All who through Christ earnestly tried to get right with God, are right, and always will be right. That gives the young woman who gets that position superiority over all rivalries, all jealousies, all misfortunes, all health failings, all social disasters, and all the combined troubles of eighty years, if she shall live to be an octogenarian. If the world fails to appreciate her she says "God loves me, the angels in heaven are in sympathy with me, and I can afford to be patient until the day when the imperial chariot shall wheel to my door to take me up to my coronation." If health goes, she says, "I can endure the present distress, for I am on the way to a climate the first breath of which will make me proof against even the slightest discomfort." If she be jostled with perturbations of social life she can say, "Well, when I begin my life among the thrones of heaven and the kings and queens unto God shall be my associates, it will not make much difference who on earth forgot me when the invitations to that reception were made out." All right with God you are all right with everything.

Martin Luther writing a letter of condolence to one of his friends who had lost his daughter, began by saying, "This is a hard world for girls." It is for those who are dependent upon their own wits and the whims of the world, and the preferences of human favor, but those who take the Eternal God for their portion not later than fifteen years of age, and that is ten years later than it ought to be, will find that while Martin Luther's letter of condolence was true in regard to many, if not most, with respect to those who have the wisdom, and promptitude, and the earnestness to get right with God, I declare that this is a good world for girls.

Advice the Second: Make it a matter of religion to take care of your physical health. I do not wonder that the Greeks deified health and hailed Hygeia as a goddess. I rejoice that there have been so many modes of maintaining and restoring young womanly health invented in our time. They may have been known a long time back, but they have been popularized in our day—lawn tennis, croquet, and golf, and the bicycle. It always seemed strange and inscrutable that our human race should be so slow of locomotion, when creatures of less importance have powers of velocity, wing of bird or foot of antelope, leaving us far behind, and while it seems so important that we be in many places in a short while, we were weighed down with incapacities, and most men if they run a mile are exhausted, or dead from the exhaustion. It was left until the last decade of the nineteenth century to give the speed which we see whirling through all our cities and along the country roads, and with that speed comes health. The women of the next decade will be healthier than at any time since the world was created, while the invalidism which has so often characterized womanhood will pass over to manhood, which by its posture on the wheel, is coming to curved spine and cramped chest and a deformity for which another fifty years will not have power to make rescue. Young man, sit up straight when you ride. Darwin says the human race is descended from the monkey, but the bicycle will turn an hundred thousand men of the present generation in physical condition from man to monkey. For good womanhood, I thank God that this mode of recreation has been invented. Use it wisely, modestly, Christianly. No good woman needs to be told what attire is proper and what behavior is right. If anything be doubtful reject it. A hoydenish, boisterous, masculine woman is the detestation of all, and every revolution of the wheel she rides is towards depreciation and downfall. Take care of your health, O, woman; of your nerves in not reading the trash which makes up ninety-nine out of one hundred novels, or by eating too many cornucopias of confectionery. Take care of your eyes by not reading at hours when you ought to be sleeping. Take care of your ears by stopping them against the tides of gossip that surge through every neighborhood.

Health! Only those know its value who have lost it. The earth is girdled with pain, and a vast proportion of it is the price paid for early recklessness. I close this thought with the salutation in Macbeth:

[illegible]

Advice the third: Appreciate your mother while you have her. It is the almost universal testimony of young women who have lost mother, that they did not realize what she was to them until after her exit from this life. Indeed, mother is in the appreciation of many a young lady a hindrance. The maternal inspection is often considered an obstacle. Mother has so many notions about that which is proper and that which is improper. It is astounding how much more many girls know at eighteen than their mothers at forty-fi With what an elaborate argument, p haps spiced with some temper, the you ling tries to reverse the opinion of the ling. The sprinkle of gray on the mat nal forehead is rather an indication to recent graduate of the female semin that the circumstances of to-day or night are not fully appreciated. Wha wise boarding-school that would be if mothers were the pupils and the dau ters the teachers. How well the te could chaperone the fifties. Then moth do not amount to much anyhow. T are in the way, and are always ask questions about postage marks of lett and asking, "who is that Mary D.?" "where did you form that acquainta Flora?" and "where did you get t ring, Myra?" For mothers have such precedented means of knowing everyth —they say "it was a bird in the air" told them. Alas, for that bird in the Will not someone lift his gun and sh it? It would take whole libraries to the wisdom which the daughter kn s more than her mother. "Why cann have this?" "Why cannot I do tha And the question in many a group s been, although not plainly stated, "W shall we do with the mothers, anyh ? They are so far behind the times." Pe it me to suggest that if the mother had g n more time to looking after herself and time to looking after you, she would e been as fully up-to-date as you, in m c, in style of gait, in esthetic taste, and i ll sorts of information. I expect that w le you were studying botany, and chemi y, and embroidery, and the new opera e was studying household economics. ut one day from over-work, or sitting t of nights with a neighbor's sick child, a blast of the east wind, on which pne o nias are horsed, mother is sick. Ye he family think she will soon be well, fo he has been sick so often, and always ha ot well, and the physician comes three es a day, and there is a consultation o he doctors, and the news is gradually br en that recovery is impossible, given in he words "while there is life there is h ." And the white pillow over which re strewn the locks a little tinted with s w, becomes the point around which al he family gather, some standing, some k el-ing, and the pulse beats the last throb nd the bosom trembles with the last br th, and the question is asked in a whisp by all the group, "Is she gone?" And i is over.

Now come the regrets. Now the d. gh-ter reviews her former criticism of n er-nal supervision. For the first time s realizes what it is to have a mothe nd what it is to lose a mother. Tell me en and women, young and old, did any us appreciate how much mother was us until she was gone? Young woman ou will probably never have a more dis er-ested friend than your mother. Whe she says anything is unsafe or impruden ou had better believe it is unsafe or i rud-dent. When she declares it is some ing you ought to do, I think you had bet do it. She has seen more of the world an you have. Do you think she could ve any mercenary or contemptible mot in what she advises you? She would ive her life for you if it were called for. Do you know of anyone else who wou do more than that for you? Do you now of anyone who would do as much? ai and again she has already endangered hat life during six weeks of diphthe or scarlet fever, and she never once br ght up the question of whether she had tter stay, breathing day and night the ta-gion. The grave-yards are full of m ers who died taking care of their chi en. Better appreciate your mother before out appreciation of her will be no kin to her, and the post-mortem regrets w be more and more of an agony as the pass on. Big head-stones of polished per-deen, and the best epitaphs which th am-ily put together could compose, and

nd of whitest roses from the conservatory e often the attempt to atone for the anks we ought to have uttered in living rs, and the kind words that would have ne more good than all the Calla lilies er piled up on the silent mounds of the meteries. The world makes applauditory lo over the work of mothers who have ised boys to be great men and I could rn to my book-shelves and find the mes of fifty distinguished men who had eat mothers; Cuvier's mother, Walter ott's mother, St. Bernard's mother, Benmin West's mother. But who praises others for what they do for daughters ho make the homes of America? I do t know of an instance of such recognion. I declare to you that I believe I am tering the first word that has ever been tered in appreciation of the self-denial, the fatigues, and good sense and prays which those mothers go through who ivigate a family of girls from the edge of e cradle to the school-house door, and m the school-house door up to the marge altar. That is an achievement which e eternal God celebrates high up in the avens, though for it human hands so ldom clap the faintest applause. My! y! what a time that mother had with ose youngsters, and if she had relaxed re and work and advice and solicitation heavenly help, that next generation ould have landed in the poor-house, idiot ylum or penitentiary. It is while she is ing, but never while she is dead that me girls call their mother "maternal anstor" or "the old woman."

Advice the fourth: Allow no time to ss without brightening someone's life. ithin five minutes walk of you there is me one in a tragedy compared with hich Shakespeare's *King Lear* or Victor ugo's *Jean Valjean* has no power. Go it and brighten somebody's life with a eering word, or smile, or a flower. Take good book and read a chapter to that ind man. Go up that dark alley and ake that invalid woman laugh with some od story. Go to that house from which at child has been taken by death and ll the father and mother what an escape e child has had from the winter of earth to the springtime of heaven. For God's ke makes someone happy for ten minces if for no longer a time. A young woan bound on such a misssion, what might e not accomplish. Oh, there are thouands of these manufacturers of sunshine. hey are "King's Daughters" whether indeor outside that delightful organization. hey do more good before they are twenty ears of age than selfish women who live nety, and they are so happy just because ey make others happy. Compare such young woman who feels she has such a ission with one who lives a round of anities, card-case in hand calling on peole for whom she does not care, except for me social advantage, and insufferably ored when the call is returned, and tryg to look young after they are old, and ving a life of insincerity and hollowness, nd dramatization and sham. Young woan! live to make others happy and you ill be happy. Live for yourself and you ill be miserable. There never has been n exception to the rule: there never will e an exception.

I have noticed on many of the railroads at the porter will go around and light e lamps while it is broad daylight and I m at first surprised, but I afterwards find at we are about to enter a tunnel and its arkness is thus illuminated. Oh, kindle light for those who are plunging into nancial or domestic or spiritual midnight.

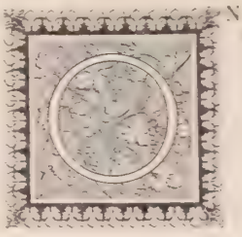
Advice the fifth: Plan out your life on big scale, whether you are a farmer's aughter, or a shepherdess among the hills, r the flattered pet of a drawing-room filled ith statuary, and pictures, and bric-a-rac. Stop where you are and make a lan for your life-time. You cannot be tisfied with a life of frivolity, and giggle, nd indirection. Trust the world and it ill cheat you if it does not destroy you. "The Pedubtable" was the name of an enemy's ship that Lord Nelson spared twice from demolition, but that same ship afterward sent the ball that killed him, and the world on which you smile may aim at you its deadliest weapon. Be a God's woman. This moment make as mighty a change as did a college student of England. He had neglected his studies, rioting at night with dissipated companions, and sleeping in the class-room when he ought to have been listening. A fellow-student came into his room one morning, before the young man I am speaking of had arisen from his pillow, and said to him, "Paley, you are a fool! You are wasting your opportunities. Do not throw away your life." Paley said, "I was so struck with what he said that I lay in bed until I had formed my plan for life. I ordered my fire to be always laid over night. I arose at five and read steadily all day. Allotted to each portion of the day its proper branch of study and became the senior wrangler." What an hour that was when a resolution definitely placed changed a young man from a reckless and time-wasting student to a consecrated man who stopped not until all time and all eternity shall be debtor to his pen and influence.

Young women! draw out, and decide what you will be, and do, God helping. Write it out in a plain hand, not like the letters which Josephine received from Napoleon in Italy, the writing so scrawling and scattered that it was sometimes taken as a map of the seat of war. Put the plan on the wall of your room, or write it in the opening of a blank book, or put it where you will be compelled often to see it. A thousand questions of your coming life you cannot settle now, but there is one question you can settle independent of man, woman, angel, and devil, and that is that you will be a God's woman now, henceforth and forever. Clasp hands with the Almighty. Pythagoras represented life by the letter Y, because it early divides into two ways. Look out for opportunities of cheering, inspiring, rescuing, and saving all the people you can. Make a league with the Eternities. I seek your present and everlasting safety. David Brewster said that a comet belonging to our system called Lexell's comet is lost, as it ought to have appeared thirteen times, and has not appeared at all. Alas! it is not only the lost comets, but the lost stars, and what were considered fixed stars. Some of the most brilliant and steady souls have disappeared. The world wonders at the charge of the Light Brigade, immortalized by Tennyson. Only a few of the six hundred got back from the charge under Lord Cardigan, of the Muscovite guns, and all the havoc was done in twenty-five minutes. The charge beginning at ten minutes past eleven o'clock, and closing at thirty-five minutes past eleven, and yet nothing left on the field but dying and dead men, dying and dead horses. But a smaller proportion of the men and women who go into the battle of life come out unwounded. The slaughter has been and will be terrific, and we all need God, and we need him now, and we need him all the time. And let me say there is a new woman, as there is a new man, and that is the regenerated woman made such by the ransacking transforming, upbuilding, triumphant power of the Spirit who is so superior to all other spirits that he has been called for ages the Holy Spirit. Quicker than wheel ever turned on its axis; quicker than fleetest hoof ever struck the pavement; quicker than zig-zag lightning ever dropped down the sky, the ransoming power I speak of will revolutionize your entire nature. Then you can start out on a voyage of life, defying both calm and cyclone, saying with Dean Alford:

One who has known in storms to sail
I [illegible]
Above the roaring of the gale
I [illegible]
He holds me when the billows smile:
I shall not fall:
If short [illegible]
He tempers all.

Palestine Cotton-Carders.

Another Famous Colored Picture, Representing a Phase of Oriental Life.



N the first page of this issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD presents the third of its popular series of illustrations by its new color process. It deals with a subject that is exceedingly simple, yet picturesque, and full of delicate, artistic feeling that fascinates the eye, while it charms the sense. It is only a group of Jerusalem workmen; yet it is not to be forgotten that Christ himself was the Son of a humble carpenter.

Jerusalem cannot, in the strict modern sense, be called a manufacturing or commercial city, yet there are many thriving industries conducted among its people. In ancient times, when the Holy City was indeed "the glory of the whole earth," the tradesmen of Jerusalem were at the very head of their different handicrafts. Goldsmiths and silversmiths plied their delicate arts in open booths or lightly enclosed shops; coppersmiths beat out trays, basins and pitchers of renowned patterns, asmorers fashioned swords and spear-heads for the nations round about; brass-founders and the makers of household and artistic implements; builders, the dealers in gems and all sorts of precious stones, the carvers of wood, ivory and ebony, and the stone-cutters, masons, carpenters, brick-makers, potters, tanners, tailors, bakers and tent-makers all combined to make the capital city of David and Solomon a bustling, active metropolis.

MRS. J. S. WILLIAMSON, MISSION-WORKER.

Not the least important of the industries that still remain to Jerusalem are those of the weaver and spinner. In the manufacture of cloth and fine linen, the East has never been excelled. The Bible tells us that in the days of Amos, rich men lay on couches of damask. The Tyrian bride of the King of Israel had garments that were inwrought with threads of gold. Curtains and tapestries were inwoven with rich figured and floral designs.

The beautiful colored picture on the first page of this issue shows a group of cotton-carders at work in the court of a building in Jerusalem. The cotton-carders are chiefly Jews who, if not in possession of a small store or workshop, go about from house to house, where they get more or less to do. Their usual charge is from ten to fifteen cents for six pounds of cotton, the employers also supplying the worker with food meanwhile. The latter is usually very plain, consisting of bread and a dish of olives. These carders are usually skilled upholsterers. When called to the villages round about, where money is scarce, they are paid in chickens, eggs, dried figs or raisins. Each carder has an overdress made of cotton, long and wide enough to wrap the whole body, which, with light undergarments, a fez and shoes, constitutes the entire costume.

Cotton (the name of which is derived from the Arabic word *Kutun*), has been a staple, domestic and commercial manufacfacture from the earliest ages, and is produced in abundance, and employed for clothing in Palestine and Syria, Asia Minor, Greece, Egypt, India, Italy, Spain, and some parts of the Western Hemisphere. Pliny, the historian, asserts that the priests of Egypt preferred cotton to linen for their garments worn in the worship of the temples, and the fact that cotton robes were so worn is mentioned on the famous Rosetta stone. The Jewish ephod as well as other portraits of the priestly attire was doubtless occasionally made of this fabric, but linen was usually worn.

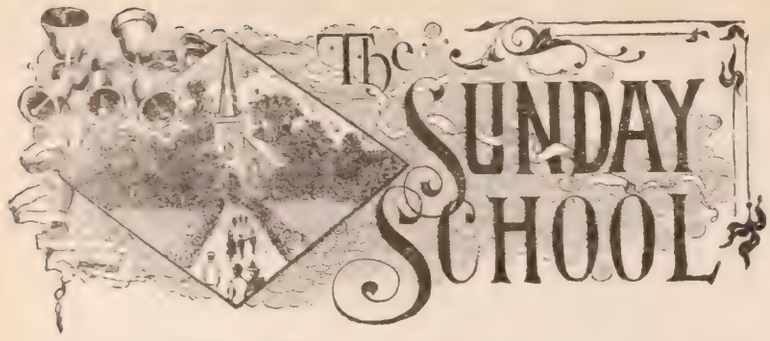
Cotton is now both grown and manufactured in various parts of Syria and Palestine, and as it is cooler for wearing purposes than linen, is very generally preferred for turbans and undergarments. There is little doubt that the fabric was widely known in Palestine in New Testament times although, for many purposes, linen was used on account of its finer texture and superior appearance.

The cotton plant of the Orient has dark-green leaves, bears beautiful red-purple blossoms, and produces a silky floss, long, strong, and white, and adapted for spinning. In Palestine, the implements used (as shown in the illustration), are of the most primitive character, and can be applied equally to cotton or wool. An instrument for carding costs very little and can be used for years. It is a piece of wood in the form of a bow, to which a string is attached, which is beaten by a mallet till the quantity of cotton or wool is carded. The carders are called in Palestine "Faddafeen," and their instrument "Kos." During the cold weather they stay in town and in summer travel about in search of work among the peasants and farmers, carding any cotton or wool that may be needed for the use of families.

Her Work Greatly Blessed.

Mrs. Josephine S. Williamson's Labors for Christ Among Fallen Girls in the Slums of New York City.

AT different times in the past, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has had occasion to refer to the excellent work conducted by Mrs. Josephine S. Williamson among "unfortunate" girls in the lower part of the city of New York. Mrs. Williamson has labored in the slums and the notorious dives and opium joints in Doyer and Pell streets, and other places of like character, nearly twenty-one years. She has been instrumental in the rescue of many fallen women who frequent such places. She was the founder of the Bethany Home, one of the most successful institutions for cases of this character. Lately, having again felt called to undertake new service in soul-winning, she has established a Mission and Rest at No. 125 West Third street, New York, for the purpose of giving spiritual and bodily assistance to the miserable, homeless castaways, in a neglected section of the city. The new Mission was opened July 6, since which nearly fifty erring ones have been led to the Saviour. In one instance, a noted dive-keeper has been converted, and is now striving to bring her lost sisters into the light. The Mission has also been greatly blessed otherwise. Mrs. Williamson is now endeavoring to secure means for the establishment of a house for the reception of the outcasts, and a friend of the work has paid the rent in advance. The Rest will then be a temporary place for those who are anxious to be reclaimed and who point towards a better life. One poor girl who, after leading a life of wickedness in New York, was at last converted, gave this interesting account of her experience: "On the 6th of January last I was wandering in the snow, without either a home or habitation, and not knowing where to go, I went into the Mission. I was spoken to by Mrs. Williamson, who accompanied me to a Christian home, in that dreadful weather, having first prayed with me, and urged me to put my trust in Jesus. I cannot think of the snow without feeling thankful to God, for by the [illegible]



DAVID ANOINTED KING.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 1. I. Sam. 16 :1-13. Golden Text I. Sam. 16: 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

SAMUEL mourned for Saul; and the Lord repented that he had made Saul king over Israel. And the Lord said unto Samuel, "How long wilt thou mourn for Saul, seeing I have rejected him from being king over Israel?" It was God's first and last rebuke to Samuel. Most men would admire Samuel's magnanimity in mourning for the man who had superseded him in the government of Israel, and would laud such unusual disinterestedness. And yet in God's eyes this was not pure; there was something personal in it, and the Lord's prophets must be above what is personal. At a great and very real sacrifice to himself, Samuel had obeyed his God in anointing Saul, and had resigned his own office of judge with meekness and dignity. And, moreover, he had done all in his power to help Saul, and to fit him for his place in the kingdom. As far as Saul did know God when he gave him another heart, Samuel had been

God's Instrument,

and now the old man's heart was wellnigh broken that all God's favor to Saul, and all his own personal interest in him and prayer for him should be in vain. He could not quite relinquish his hold on Saul, or give up hope that even yet things might change, and the one for whom so much had been done might turn out well. Oh, how many a worker with souls has come to this point! Not only has the terrible reality of a lost soul dawned upon them, but also they have been unable to understand how so much of the grace of God, so many prayers which seemed to them to have been inspired by the Holy Spirit; so many promises on which they have relied, have seemed to be contradicted by facts, and Satan has sought to demoralize them by the woful suggestion that, after all, God can be untrue, or on the other hand, that some lack of faith or consecration on their part has ruined an immortal soul; and the thought almost drives them mad. There is one only sure way out of this net; it is the clue to every tangle; and David, the Psalmist, found it so: "Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord—looking off unto Jesus—for he shall pluck my feet out of the net" (Ps. 25: 15).

The world does not hesitate to judge God by circumstances, and to allow circumstances to control their moral being. The man of faith lives above things that are seen and temporal; he lives in another region; he sees things from above, where the eternal God carries out his vast plans and orders according to his eternal unalterable purposes. Therefore he looks on all which happens, through the telescope of faith: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" What he cannot understand,

He Learns to Leave

until such time as God is pleased to give him light upon it: but he believes in a love and wisdom which is far above and far beyond the measure of the finite; instead of doubting or criticizing his God, he bows down and adores. When a prophet of the Lord fails to side with him because he cannot understand him, his power begins to forsake him. "How long wilt thou mourn for Saul, seeing I have rejected him from being king over Israel? Fill thine horn with oil, and go; I will send thee to Jesse the Bethlehemite, for I have provided me a king among his sons." Poor Samuel! For the first time in his life he yields to the fear of man: he says, "How can I go! If Saul hear it he will kill me." When we live before man we fear man; when we live in the presence of God, we fear no man. If we live only to do the will of God, we prove continually, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," (Phil. 4: 13), the Lord will and does provide, and how can I?" is hushed in our hearts by the presence of the Almighty. It was the only time of weakness which is recorded in the life of Samuel, and it has its precious lessons for us all.

God came down to the level of his tried servant and explained matters to him." How canst thou go? overcome through the blood of the sacrifice. Take an heifer with thee and say, I am come to sacrifice to the Lord! I send thee no warfare on thine own charges: go in the authority wherewith I send thee." The red heifer was the sacrifice whose ashes made the water of separation to cleanse one who had touched the dead (Num. 19): it was also the heifer which must be beheaded when a murder was discovered, the guilty party could not be found, the elders of the city next to the slain man must wash their hands over the beheaded heifer and declare their innocence. (Deut. 21: 1-9.) There may have been a special meaning for Samuel in the fact that the sacrifice should be a heifer; he had spiritually touched the dead in his consideration of himself and of Saul. Now God aroused him to act as a prophet, and would take the responsibility: "Call Jesse to the sacrifice, and

I will Show Thee

what thou shalt do: and thou shalt anoint unto me him whom I name unto thee." Samuel was at large again, he "did that which the Lord spake;" the path of obedience is the path of blessing, and now, sent of God, and no more friction in his spirit, everything which had seemed impossible was easy. He came to Bethlehem. and the elders of the town trembled at his coming, they did not know what it might portend. It was not now Samuel that feared; others feared him. "Comest thou peaceably?" they ask. "Peaceably," he answered; "I am come to sacrifice unto the Lord. Sanctify yourselves and come with me to the sacrifice. And he sanctified Jesse and his sons and called them to the sacrifice." O how little did those sons of Jesse know what was about to happen! All the constraint between Samuel and his God had vanished; now the prophet was ready for any word from the Lord: the sacrifice was slain, the blood was shed, the past was cleansed, the prophet was free.

The elders of the city and the family of Jesse were still in expectation of what was coming about when Samuel desired Jesse to make his sons pass before him. Samuel, still in some measure under the impression of the great stature and physical force of Saul, was struck with the proportions of the eldest son of Jesse, and said: "Surely the Lord's anointed is before us." Whether those words were spoken only in the secret of his heart, or whether this intercourse with God was audible before the company of Bethlehemites, does not appear. But the Lord said in a way that Samuel understood: "Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him; for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. How easily a captious spirit might have said, "Why, then, did God choose Saul?" Here is the answer: God says through Hosea (13: 10,11): "Thou saidst, give me a king and princes. I gave thee a king in mine anger and took him away in my wrath." In God's anger he gave his people a king after their own heart. Now in mercy he was about to give them a king after his own heart.

Seven of Jesse's sons passed before Samuel, but he said, "The Lord hath not chosen these. . . . Are here all thy children?" "There remaineth yet the youngest, and behold he keepeth the sheep." "Send and fetch him," said the prophet, "for we will not sit down till he be come hither." The young shepherd, who knew the Lord as his Shepherd, was brought, and the voice of the Lord sounded in the soul of the prophet: "Arise, anoint him, for this is he." No question with Samuel now as to what might be the consequences to him of this action; he was one with his God again, and in the midst of his brethren and the elders, David was anointed king. And God set his seal upon him, "the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

"HE SENT AND BROUGHT HIM IN."

AFTER Saul had proved himself unfit to be God's vicegerent over Israel, and had been definitely rejected, Samuel seems to have sunk into a condition of melancholy. Patriotic statesmen in modern times have often became so depressed. With a clearer knowledge than the general public can have of the condition of the nation, they are distressed when, themselves superseded, they see their successors taking a new line of policy. They think their beloved country is on the way to ruin. But God has ways of saving a nation that his servants do not dream of, and it is a consoling reflection that may be useful to people in business, or in public life, that God, who is all-wise, has the future in his keeping. Having done our whole duty, having made every effort in our power to avert the evil, we should not fret over failure, or become despairing, but put our trust in God, who is able to deliver. Samuel is aroused from idle sorrow and goes to Bethlehem, where Boaz and Ruth used to live. Their grandson, Jesse, occupies their estate and is apparently a man of some importance in the region, probably a sheik. In his younger days, Samuel had been accustomed to pay visits to various parts of the land, as judge or as priest, to denounce wickedness, punish wrong-doers, and set wrong things right. But he was now eighty years old, and for some twenty or thirty years had been in retirement. News of his arrival naturally disturbed the people. It probably led to some self-examination. Had they done anything wrong? Was this good man coming to reprove them? It is an ominous thing when a man or a child dreads the appearance of a man renowned for his holiness. But the apprehension in this case was needless. Samuel had come to offer a sacrifice. The old man goes through the duty, and then, according to the rules of Oriental hospitality, is entertained by Jesse, as the chief resident of the village.

It is in this household that the real business which has taken him to Bethlehem is to be done. In some mysterious way he had learned that one of Jesse's sons was to succeed Saul on the throne. Saul might live a long time yet and Samuel might be dead before the new king would be called to the throne. But the king in embryo is not to miss the holy anointing, typical of the spirit of the Lord, which the aged prophet was authorized to perform. He asks to see Jesse's sons, and the father presents them in the order of their birth. There were seven of them and two older sisters, Zeruiah and Abigail. The eldest son, apparently a fine young man, of kingly bearing, won Samuel's admiration. Samuel thought this was the future king. His experience with the stalwart Saul, wh was head and shoulders above other mer had not taught the prophet that kingl qualities must be looked for not in th body but in the mind. The true kin was not among the seven, and Samue was puzzled. Were there no more? Wa this all the family? Well, there was or other, a mere boy, out on the farm mind ing the sheep. Apparently Jesse thoug him of so slight importance that he ha not presented him with the others. Fathe often make the mistake of overlooking th fine qualities in some one of their boy David is hastily summoned and was once identified as the future king.

How long wilt thou mourn? Samuel ha as we say, lost heart. The best men a liable to despair when a great calamity o curs, or the prospect looks dark. He the strong man, who never forgets th God rules and can and will bring his ow purposes to pass. When the news ca to New York that Lincoln had been ass sinated there was an outburst of blin rage. At a great meeting, when the fac were told, there was an evident impulse take vengeance on the friends of t South. At the moment of crisis, Garfiel who was at the meeting, rose and stilled t crowd by the words: "God rules and t government at Washington still lives." the Church as in the world the work go on, though the workers die. When Jab Bunting, the famous Methodist orator di a Methodist minister declared in a put speech, "The sun of Methodism has se The retort instantly came from a pl man in the audience, who had faith th God could raise up new men as useful Bunting had been, "Glory to God, tha a lie!"

Samuel did that which the Lord spoke. Th is always the wise and right course ev when we do not see the reason for it. captain whose voyages have been betwe ports on the Mediterranean Sea which comparatively tideless, enters an Ameri port. When he gets to the mouth of river, he reads the signal: "Lighten y ship; be ready at a certain hour, and tide will bring you in." He has nothing his experience to confirm these directio he may be doubtful about their truth; he obeys. When the hour comes par the cargo has been taken off, the w reaches before him are filled with wa and the vessel, mysteriously lifted, is ried safely into port.

Man looketh on the outward appearance. Jewish legend tells how Rabbi Joshua, son of Chananiah, was the wisest man f his time, and a great favorite of the E peror Trajan, who consulted him in all ficult questions. But Joshua was v ugly, and the women and foolish peo about the court held him in contempt d ridiculed him. One day the Emper s young daughter expressed her surpr e that her father allowed so grotesque a low to be about his court. The Ra , who heard her, said nothing at the ti , but later in the day, he asked her wh her father kept his wine. She replied, n earthen jars." The Rabbi expressed s surprise. The common people did t , he said. Why did not so great an e peror keep it in some of his beautiful t e- ards? The girl was struck with the a and ordered the butler to put the win n the metal tankards. But the Empe , having tasted the wine, declared th t was spoiled, and ordered it poured aw . The princess, deeply mortified, compla d to Joshua of his misleading her. "N ," he said, "I wanted you to learn that is not the color or shape of the vessel t your father cares for, but the qualit of the wine."

God looketh on the heart. The parab is told of a certain town in which the pe le suffered from cholera, typhoid fever d other fatal diseases. A great speci st was summoned to ascertain the cau of the epidemic. He declared that it all ca e from the water. The authorities tri d putting new faucets in the houses, nd that not doing any good, ordered new p s laid. Still the disease raged, and he specialist was again summoned. He is told what had been done. But he ly laughed. It is not the faucets nor he pipes that you have to look to," he sa , "You must go to the fountain-head. he water is impregnated at the fountain-h d. You must have your reservoir cleaned ut or build a new one." That is the situa on as to life. If the fountain-head, the he t, is purified, the speech and conduct will e- come pure.

WOMAN'S WORK IN COREA.

Irs. Rosetta S. Hall, Medical Missionary, Writes of the Royal Household and the Murdered Queen—The Woman's Hospital and its Staff—Corean Brides and Weddings.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN COREAN BRIDE AND GROOM.

O long ago as when King David reigned in Israel, the Soul, or Capital, of Corea was at Ping Yang. From 960 to 1392 it was at Song Do, about a day's journey north of the present capital. Some five hundred years ago Tai Cho, the founder of the present dynasty, decided to remove his capitol from Song Do. At first he selected a magnificent mountain site in the province of Chung Chyang—perhaps 120 miles south of the present Soul. After three days' work there, he was warned in a dream to go elsewhere. Tradition tells us, though, that this is to be the site of the Soul of the next dynasty, which was prophesied to begin when the present dynasty was 500 years old. In Corea the word "Tai," pronounced ta, means "great," thus China is known as "Tai Tsuk," or the Great Country. The Great South Gate is called the Nam (south) Tai Moon (gate.) Tai Chow as "The Great Cho," was next directed to the city of Han Yang, and by 1395, the Soul of to-day had been enclosed with a wall forty feet high, extending over the adjacent hills and valleys. This great wall is said to have been constructed by 198,000 men in nine months. In this wall there are seven gates—the one through which I first entered the city is known as the New West Gate. We consider things made one hundred years ago old, but in Corea this gate, made over three hundred years ago, is called new. The wall is yet in fairly good repair, though large portions of it are five hundred years old.

After the war closed in Corea last year, both the King and Queen seemed more friendly to missionaries than before. When the annual meeting of the Methodist Mission closed, the King requested to see Bishop Ninde, and during the interview thanked him for the teachers sent to Corea, and urged him upon his arrival in America to send more. There was great rejoicing among the native Christians when they heard of the Bishop's visit to the palace, and they prayed with renewed diligence for the conversion of their majesties. From my conversations mostly with women of the middle class, it was my impression up to last winter that her subjects had no great love for her Majesty. She belongs to the Min family which is non-progressive, and unswerving in loyalty to China. However, as the Corean people have been brought up for so many generations to love and respect China, that can scarcely be credited as the reason, but it is rather due to certain dark deeds that they have attributed to her, such as trying to poison the Tai-won-Kun, who strangely enough seemed to have the respect and confidence of his people in spite of his bigotism and his bloody reign during his son's minority. Also it used to be whispered that a bright and favorite son of one of the King's concubines had come to an untimely end through similar means. The Queen's own son, newspaper articles to the contrary, is, to put it in gentle terms, "feeble-minded," that is what is said of him in Corea, and I have seen the young man, and his appearance certainly warrants it. It is but natural that his mother should be jealous of him. However, since the late war, her Majesty has had frequent interviews with Mrs. Dr. Underwood, a Presbyterian missionary, and she apparently became much interested in the outside world. Among other things, Mrs. Underwood told her about Christmas trees, and when the Corean New Year came, Jan. 26, 1895, the Queen asked Mrs. Underwood to trim a tree for her at the Palace.

Her Majesty also had audience with Mrs. M. F. Scranton, who was the first to ever open a school for Corean girls. Mrs. Scranton took her little grandchildren with her, and they received a great deal of attention from the Queen. So in one way or another, her Christian subjects, at least, had begun to love their Queen more of late, and to feel that there was hope of her speedy conversion, and no doubt will feel badly over her untimely death, if those terrible telegrams that we have been reading of late, be true.

THE WOMAN'S HOSPITAL OF THE W. F. M. S., COREA.

From a Photograph forwarded by Mrs. Roseita Sherwood Hall.

Our Mission Hospital and Dispensary are only Corean houses modeled over a little, but they look nice and answer the purpose very well. There is a nice large drug-room, with store room, and room for washing and cleaning up bottles, etc. There is a good-sized waiting room, and a consulting room between it and the drug-room. There is a fine large front room, well lighted, that can be used as an operating room, and there are five rooms for in-patients—we call them "wards," but they are hardly large enough to be dignified by that name, though each will accommodate several patients comfortably. They are warmed by "kultuks," and the patients rest upon the warmed floors rolled up in blanket in Corean style—we have added sheets to the outfit, and that is about all. It makes it a little hard for the doctor, till one gets used to it, to have to get down upon the floor to take a patient's pulse or respiration, dress wounds, etc., but upon the whole I believe it is the best thing. In the first place, it is Corean; they think our beds must be very cold, and I see no reason for trying to change customs that do no harm. As their floors are warmed, they are really comfortable places to sleep. Second, there is no danger of your patient getting out of bed when you don't want her to. Third, it is a clean bed, with room, and is easily disinfected. And last, but perhaps not least in a mission hospital, it is economical.

The lady in gray in the photograph is Dr. Meta Howard, who began medical work here in 1887, but had to return home two years later on account of ill health. Our hospital helper stands to the right in a white Korean dress; she is matron and all the nurse we have. We call her Pungsun Amani, which means Pungsun's mother, Corean women having no names of their own. The other woman is the hospital cook. Our "kuisyu" (soldier) stands in the foreground, dressed in the costume of a Corean soldier. He is our right-hand man, does most of our Corean marketing, shopping, money exchanging, etc. He seems quite trustworthy, and we would not know how to get along without him. The Kuisyu (kesu) and Pungsun Amani are both Christians, and are earnest workers in the Lord's vineyard. Pungsun Amani reads the Bible in Corean to the hospital patients and talks and prays with them. She is faithful in her attendance upon the religious services in our Woman's Church that we have recently organized here, and brings those patients who are able to come with her.

Corean women are not pretty as a rule, though I have seen some exceptions. I know, however, of one a little better looking perhaps than the average. She is well dressed, her yoke and sleeves are made of some bright colored silk, probably purple, and the long outside skirt of perhaps a light green in this case; though it is more often a bright red. Corean women usually dress in bright colors, unless in mourning when they wear white. A Corean girl parts her hair in the middle and wears it in a long braid down her back until her wedding-day, when it is put up in a low coil at the nape of the neck, fastened with a wooden, coral or silver bar pin. They do not wear earrings—in fact to all appearances the dress of a Corean woman is very sensible, but in truth, so many skirts fastened by bands, which though broad have to be bound so tightly about chest and waist to keep them from slipping down, make them not so hygenic as they look. If they could be sewed to the yokes they would do very well.

Corean women carry their children upon the back, much the same as the Japanese, or tie them to the back of an older sister, or to a "child-nurse." Quite little girls often bring sick children to me at the dispensary this way.

The most of our older girls are Christians and I think some of the little ones are, too. One of the older ones often gets a few of the little ones about her and has a little prayer-meeting, each offering simple child-like prayers, asking for just what they want. All are interesting girls, and though I don't have time, as yet, to see much of them except professionally when they are sick, yet I have grown to love them dearly. It only costs $45 a year to support one of these girls in our school. Some are supported by individuals, and some by auxiliaries of our W. F. M. S. in America, and some branches support four or five, and "Hung Syuni," our youngest. They write to them and inquire after them, sometimes sending them a box for Christmas which, of course, pleases the little ones very much.

Our two oldest girls are soon to be married—they have both received their wedding outfit from their affianced. This is according to Corean custom. I witnessed the ceremony that attends the reception of these things, and I will try and tell something of it. A servant comes bearing upon the head a large Corean box with bright brass hinges and a lock; this is received, wrapped up in red silk with green tassels, in the court by the mother of the girl, or in this case, in our hall, by Mrs. Scranton, and it is placed upon a big stone dish full of freshly-made Corean bread. Then the intended bride is brought out; according to custom she has to be almost dragged out by main force, and when she gets out does not look, but turns her back while the mother takes out one by one, the pieces of bright-colored silks for yokes and skirts, white silk for underwear, and cotton cloth, and three or four bundles of cotton, and the silver pin to fasten up her hair with on the wedding day, and a large silver ring, also an official-looking document written in Chinese, which answers for the marriage certificate. These things are admired, and then put back, without unfolding, and locked up for three days, and then they are cut and sewed and made up by the bride and friends.

COREAN CHILDREN.

A Corean girl never sees her husband until after she is married—all arrangments between them being made by the "go-between." Even after marriage she is not supposed to look at her husband or speak to him for three days, and the longer she remains in silence before him, the better it is considered. Our girls are to be married with the Christian ceremony; but Corean customs are otherwise quite closely observed. Nearly one year ago, Cecelia, one of our baptised Christian girls, was married to Mr. Kang, also a Christian, the Corean teacher of one of our missionaries, and a student and teacher in the Parent Board's School. It is the custom for the groom to be married in the "palace-going" robes and hat, which are usually hired for the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Kang, I believe, start the first Corean home, in which both husband and wife were Christians before marriage. ROSETTA SHERWOOD HALL.

ARMENIA MAY YET BE SAVED.

The Civilized Nations Unite to Put an End to Turkey's Butchery of Inoffensive Christians — The Ottoman Power Tottering to its Fall—Relief Work Progressing.

UNLESS all signs fail, the infidel Turkish Power, condemned unanimously by verdict of the nations for its crimes against God and humanity, will soon be swept out of Europe and even its possessions in Asia Minor may be torn from its grasp and partitioned among the civilized races. The long and bloody persecution of Christians in Armenia and elsewhere, the countless massacres and inconceivable cruelties are now heaping cumulative judgment upon the Moslem. Sultan Abdul Hamid's vow to exterminate the Armenian people has recoiled upon himself and his Moslem subjects. The internal revolution now threatens to sweep away the Sultan and his Ministers; yet the fanatical ruler continues to defy all Europe and the better sense of his own people as well, by his present course. Positive proof that he approves of the recent butcheries and persecutions of Christians in Armenia is found in his decoration of the dismissed Vali of Van, Bahri Pasha, who was removed at England's demand and who has now been highly honored by the Sultan. This is only one of several similar instances in which the Sultan has shown his contempt for the opinion of Europe regarding his infamies in Armenia.

Lord Salisbury, the British Premier, at a recent public dinner, made an address which plainly intimated that the patience of Europe was exhausted, and that the Sultan's folly had sealed the doom of his own goverment, if not of the Ottoman empire. Austria, Italy, and Germany are believed to share this view, and may act in concert with England for the permanent protection of the Armenians. Lord Salisbury recognized in the present condition of Turkey, the result of its offences against God. He said:

[illegible] exempt any more than any other potentate from the law that injustice will bring the highest one on earth [illegible]

Concerning one of the most recent massacres, a gentleman, writing from Trebizond, October 9th, gives this description:

Like a clap of thunder in a clear sky, the thing [illegible] from near and distant points, the [illegible] fore, and the thud, thud, of sword [illegible] way and the work of looting began. [illegible] fathers in this cowardly and brutal [illegible] least effort to check them. Ap- [illegible] when [illegible] he was

reached full on the ears. Some in suspense wait to hear the fate of their nearest and dearest, others rejoice at greeting them again. The rags till the schools that are under foreign protection, and the [illegible]. There is no telling how many have perished. Last autumn's [illegible] estimate—probably the figure would rise much higher, and how far the massacre will sweep through the villages remains to be seen.

This account, which is absolutely authentic, gives the most emphatic contradiction to the Turkish "official version" of the Trebizond riot, sent out through legations and otherwise. Another letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from a reliable source in the Turkish capital, directs attention to the great need of help in the Trebizond district, and says:

Trebizond is a field which will doubtless call for the expenditure of considerable in the way of benevolence, and being a field also to which your agent Mr. Howard can probably go with safety. When on the ground he may find ways for going farther into the interior. The American missionaries in the Sasoon region, Revs. Cole and Raynolds, the latter a physician, are at present the only foreign agents at work there in this way. The late occurrences in this city and vicinity, as well as those in Trebizond, and we hear at present rumors of similar occurrences elsewhere, make it certain that among the Armenians there will be *a great amount of suffering during the coming winter months.*

Owing to the universal excitement consequent on the recent massacres, there have undoubtedly been modifications of the relief system originally adopted by the missionaries at Van and elsewhere. That system, at once simple and effective, is thus described in a recent letter from Dr. Grace Kimball, at Van:

At the present time, and since the departure of Dr. Raynolds for Sassoun early in July, I and the dining room have been completely squelched, by order of the Vali Governor. During this time I have given my time and strength to the administration of the relief funds that have come in from England and America. I have put it into the form of industrial relief, and have a corps of some 350 workers—washing, carding, spinning, sizing, and weaving cotton and wool. I pay off, on an average, about sixty workers daily—all of them wretchedly, abject-

MGR IZMIRLIAN,
Armenian Patriarch of Constantinople

ly poor—and the pittance they thus earn keeps the wolf from the door.

I most earnestly hope to be able to keep it going through this coming hard winter but funds come in slowly, and now Mr. Cole writes that they are hard up and that they can take no more of my wares. I should be in despair save for my confidence in the good Providence that has been over this enterprise from the first. I believe that the moral effect will be a great feature of this relief work, as contrasted with gratuitous charity. And I feel that our being able to do it, and thus help the people in their present deep distress, is going to conduce to the greater success of the evangelistic work. It is showing the people that our religion is one of deed and of truth, as well as of the word.

Few public men have greater influence with the Armenian people than Mgr. Izmirlian, the Patriarch at Constantinople, whose portrait appears on this page. He has held various offices in the Church, and was ordained as Patriarch in early 1894. During the recent riots in the capital, it was apparent that even his great influence was powerless to check the rising tide of indignation against the Turkish government for its infamous conduct toward the Christians of Armenia.

Advices by cable show that great destitution is prevailing in the interior of Ar- [illegible] and that the suffering from the prolonged want this year is far greater even than that which followed the massacres a year ago. Relief funds are being applied in a number of districts to good purpose, but so extensive is the need that, as in the case of our Western farmers last winter, the amount of relief afforded has not yet perceptably lessened the suffering. Famine is seemingly inevitable in several [illegible]

The following sums have been contributed to the Relief Fund during the week:

Prev. ackd $7,633.73	
Abie, Mr Chas	1 00
Ackerman, Nellie	25
Adair, Wm.	3 00
Adams, L R	1 00
Akin, J W	5 00
Andrews, Mrs O B	50
Archer, W H	1 00
Austin, Henry	1 00
Baker, Ehen	5 00
Baker, J H	5 00
Bandy, Mrs M C	1 50
Barclay, Mrs G	10
Barclay, Mrs T T	10
Barnes, Miss E L	3 00
Barrett, H	20
Bates, Charity	2 00
Beevers, R L	5 00
Beretensen, Mr & Mrs & children	5 00
Berry, J M & wife	13 50
Bilangs, Mrs C	2 00
Bjerregard, A P	3 00
Bliss, E S	2 00
Bliven, Mrs	1 00
Bluemel, Henry	2 00
Bookwalter, Mrs Phoebe	1 00
Born, Mrs D L	5 75
Bower, Mrs H L	1 00
Boyd, Miss E	3 00
Bragg, Jas M	2 00
Branch, Mrs	25
Brevard, Alex F	1 00
Brigham, L M & W B Brown	10 00
Bristo, Mrs A	75
Brodrick, Wm B	5 00
Brooks, Mrs J A	1 50
Brooks, Ray E	1 00
Brouse, Mrs M A	2 00
Brown, Mrs A C	2 00
Brown, Geo S	1 00
Brown, J	1 00
Brown, Jos	10
Brown, T S	25
Brown, Mrs Thos L	1 00
Bryant, Chas M	2 00
Bucher, Cyrus	2 00
Burdich, Mrs Polly	2 00
Burrus, Michael & family	5 00
Bushnell, Mrs A	1 00
Butts, Margaret A	1 00
Bynum, O E	1 50
Chaffe, Arthur	25
Chaffe, Clar	25
Chandler, Mrs G	20
Chester, Mrs J E	50
Claggett, Mrs H	7 50
Clark, Helen	1 00
Clark, N Bert	2 00
Clarkson, Mrs L D	5 00
Cleverly, Mrs	10
Coery, Mrs Francis	50
Cole, Mr	10
Colton, Mrs M J	1 00
Conant, C M	2 00
Cooper, Mr & Mrs Wm M	1 25
Couna, E	10
Cossins, Lancelot	5 00
Cowan, Mrs Christian	1 00
Cowan, Mrs M	2 00
Cranford, Mr	10 00
Crichton, Daniel	2 00
Crichton, Mrs W A	50
Crockett, Mrs A	1 00
Cronk, G J	2 00
Dale, A M	10 00
Davies, J M	50
Davis, Emma C	1 00
Davison, R B	1 00
Demaree, June & Ludwell	10
Denning, S O	2 00
De Witt, Mrs Anna	2 00
De Wolf, Lattie Batie	1 00
Douglas, Rev. C B	1 00
Drake, F H	1 00
Drew, Judge R C	50
Duckworth, R E	3 00
Dupuy, Mrs J	25
Duvall, H Stanley	25
Duvall, Lucy A	10
Dyer, Mrs C A	1 00
Dyke, Mrs John	2 00
Dynes, W B	5 00
Edwards, Samuel	10 00
Ehle, Miss Carrie	1 00
English, Mrs W D	50
Etter, Edw. & friend	1 00
Evans, Mrs C C	100 00
Ewen, M Louise	5 00
Fellows, Mrs M T	2 00
Fenellason, Geo M	1 00
Fenellason, Mrs Mary	1 00
Fenellason, Norman	1 00
Ferry, Mrs K H	1 00
Fisher, Esther H	5 00
Fletcher, M	1 00
Fohl, Mrs Mary	5 00
Folsom, Mr & Mrs L E	1 00
France, Mrs E H	5 00
Fraser, Mrs D	5 00
Frederick, Jno G	1 00
Fredericks, Mr & Mrs	5 00
Freeze, Bettie	25
Fuessner, Rev H	3 00
Fuller, Mrs Mary	2 00
Fuller, Nellie	1 00
Fuhman, Margaret	1 00
Gereng, Mrs	25
German, Mr M R	1 00
Gerkens, Alfred C	5 00
Gilbreath, Mrs W W	5 00
Gish, John W	1 00
Gleason, Mrs	1 00
Goodwell, Chris	25
Gordon, Elsie	1 00
Gould, Ida	1 00
Govenlock, Mrs Jane	2 00
Gowdy, Mrs J	10
Grant, Mr	50
Green, Mrs	10
Greer, Dane	25
Gregory, W L	2 00
Grenier, A	1 00
Hargreaves, G V L	1 00
Hamilton, Mrs	10
Hand, Mrs	10
Hand, Everett	05
Hanson, H	2 00
Harris, H S	50
Harrell, S J	50
Harrington, Mrs S J	1 00
Harrison, Mrs I D	1 00
Hays, Mrs I. E	1 00
Heward, Mrs Sarah I	2 00
Hoag, Mrs	25
Hood, Mr	50
Hoy, W A	2 00
Hoy, Mr & Mrs	1 00
Hu, Mr	1 00
Holgate, Wm	2 00
Howard, [illegible] wife	1 00
Howard, [illegible]	25
Howard, [illegible]	2 50
Howard, [illegible]	2 00
Howard, F B	1 00
Howard, Mrs P P	1 00
Hudson, Mrs	10
Hudson, Mrs J	10
Hulskamper, Mrs	2 00
Hunt, Mrs H B	1 00
Huntington, Miss & Mrs S	5 00
Irving, Prudence	5 00
Jacox, Wm	3 00
Jones, Geo W	2 00
Jones, John	10
Jones, Walter	2 00
Judson, Mrs Lucy B	1 00
Kennedy, Mrs L A	1 00
Kennedy, Maggie	1 00
Kennedy, Ross	2 00
Kennedy, Walter	50
Kimball, L A	1 00
King, W	10
Kinnear, Jas	2 00
Kinsman, Mrs F	10
Kittel, John	50
Knowlton, I S	1 00
Latham, Miss	2 00
Lathrop, C H	2 00
Leach, C W	1 00
Lean, C	2 00
Lear, W P	1 00
Leith, M	4 00
Linton, Mrs R	5 00
Livingston, David	1 00
Logan, Jas	2 00
Long, E D	25
Long, Mrs Henry	3 00
Lucas, S	1 00
Lutz, Mrs	1 00
McGun, J	1 00
McClymonds	10 00
McConnel, Lora	25
McCracken, J A	10 00
McDonald, Mrs C	5 00
McDonald, Chas	5 00
McDouald, O P	50
McKinney, Mrs E L	5 00
McLaughlin, Mr. Mrs	5 00
McLean, J	1 00
Macklin, Robert and daughters	5 00
MacMillan, A	5 00
Manning, Mrs M	1 00
Marshall, John	5 00
Marshall, Mrs S S C	1 00
Martens, Sr. Herman	3 00
Martin, Jno D	2 00
Mason, Mr G O	1 00
Mason, Mrs Grace	1 00
Mathews, Mrs E A & daughter	1 00
Matthews, L C	1 00
Maxfield, Joseph B	5 00
Maxwell, John	1 00
Mead, Miss H E	1 00
Mead, Ulysses	1 00
Meadows, Mrs A J	1 00
Metz, Mrs A E	2 00
Miller, Mrs C M	1 00
Miller, Mrs F T	1 00
Miller, Mrs Edna	50
Miller, Jas M	1 00
Miller, R H	1 00
Moore, Adam	1 00
Moore, John	15 00
Morris, Miss Maggie	1 00
Morrison, Mrs	10
Munt, Wm	5 00
Murchison, Mrs	2 00
Myers, Chas L	5 00
Myers, Mrs Emeline	1 00
Nichols, Mrs	25
Nichols, Babe	05
Nichols, Frank	10
Orcutt, Mrs S M	3 00
Osburn, Martha C	5 00
Ottmann, H A	1 00
Partin, Daniel	1 00
Peabody, Mrs S J	25
Peck, Mrs Julia	5 00
Pedro, Joseph H	1 00
Peebles, Mary E	5 00
Pendleton, Mrs B F	25
Penn, Stacy E	1 00
Perry, James	2 00
Peterson, Mrs A	1 00
Peterson, Frank S	1 00
Philippe, M S	1 00
Phillips, Wm M	25
Potter, Mrs G E	2 00
Pratt, D W	25
Price, Mrs T A	1 00
Pruett, C A	2 00
Purinton, Mrs H E	1 00
Putnam, Mrs Olvin	50
Quale, R J	5 00
Reagan, Brown	25
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Reed, R	1 00
Reichert, Chas	2 00
Reid, Wm	2 00
Rich, E V	1 00
Richards, Miss	25
Ricuards, Mr R	2 50
Richards, Mrs R	1 00
Richardson, Mrs M	2 00
Ricks, Mrs V L	1 00
Roesling, Mrs	10
Rood, A	1 00
Root, Mrs Jane	2 00
Rotch, Mrs M C	1 00
Rooster, E M & Ida A	5 00
Runions, Rev	1 00
Russell, Guy	10 00
Russell, Mrs Westell	2 00
Sand, Mrs	15
Savage, J C	2 00
Scott, James F	1 50
Scott, Mary A Warter	2 00
Seibolt, Mrs Martha	2 00
Servant, Mrs R B	1 00
Shanklin, Mrs O	2 00
Shaw, Mrs Theron	2 00
Shoemaker, Dr & Mrs D M	5 00
Shoemaker, M & R	5 00
Smith, Mrs	25
Smith, F I	1 00
Smith, Sue T	2 00
Smythe, Bros	2 00
Soil, E J	3 00
Spangenberg, Mrs S	1 50
Speer, W H	25
Stalnacker, Mrs L A	2 00
Stanton, H A L	1 00
Stanton, Mary I	1 00
Stauffer, F	1 85
Stewart, A A	50
Stewart, J A	1 00
Stinson, D W	50
Stroup, Annie	25
Switzer, Almira E	1 00
Taylor, [illegible]	1 00
Taylor, [illegible]	1 00
Taylor, John H	50
Taylor, Mrs E	10
Thatcher, Samuel	1 00
Thompson, M E	50
Thompson, Geo W	50
Thompson, Wm H	50
Thomson, J H	25
Tompkins, W A	50
Tower, Mrs S	10
Tubb, E A S	25
Tuttle, Mrs J A	1 00
Underhill, A C	1 00
Van Ingen, Gertrude	2 00
Van Valkenburg, Mrs	10
Van Valkenburg, Mrs	10
Vau Valkenburg, Mrs W	10
Van Wagoner, O	5 00
Vipham, Mrs Chas	1 00
Walker, E A	10
Ward, Miss N	35
Ward, Mrs	25
Ward, Emma H	1 00
Ward, Mr & Mrs Thos	1 00
Warren, Mrs Isaac K	1 00
Weaver, Mrs M E	1 00
Webb, Mrs A E	50
Webb, J T	50
Webb, S G	2 50
Webb, Stephen	25
Wherrit, John S	3 00
Whicher, John	5 00
Wickens, Mrs H H	5 00
Widger, Catharine	1 00
Wigle, Mrs John J	3 00
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Williams, Mrs J	1 00
Wilson, Mrs M J	1 00
Wilson, S M	1 00
Winters, W & B	25
Woodcock, Miss	1 00
Woodcock, Geo	1 00
Woodcock, Jack	10
Woodcock, Kate	05
Woodcock, Margery	10
Woodruff, Mrs R	3 00
Wren, G L P	1 00
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Yeoman, Mrs Liz	1 00
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For Jesus' Sake, Louisville	1 20
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Friend	3 00
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" Brooklyn	1 00
" W Acton	1 00
" Jetterson Co	1 00
" Yankton	27
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" Peekskil	5 00
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" N Y C	2 00
" Denver	5 00
" Eldorado	5 00
" Brooklyn	50
" Holyoke	50
" Tottenville	1 00
" Isaacs-akee	2 50
" Dresden Mills	1 00
" Albany	1 00
" Middletown	5 50
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" Rutherford	1 00
" San Diego	2 00
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" Erie	5 00
" Hutchinson	5 00
" Barre	1 00
" Philipsburg	1 00
" Sunfield	1 00
" Plattsburg	15 00
" Wabash	1 00
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" Longsburg	2 00
" Aurora	1 00
" Bath	3 00
" Sherwood	1 00
" Preston	5 00
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" Manchester	50
" Newark	2 00
" Manheim	10 00
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" Westfield	2 00
Friend, Oklahoma	1 00
" Havermel	3 00
" Meridian	1 00
" Ill	1 00
" Deer Lodge	1 00
" Hagerstown	3 00
" Fairview	1 00
" Richmond	3 00
" Bethlehem	2 00
" Nashua	1 00
" Newark	5 00
" Brunswick	1 00
" Oil City	2
" Mckeesport	2
" Burkeville	5 00
" Manitoba	2 00
" New Haven	2 00
" Hartford	2 00
" Bay City	1 00
" Argusville	
" Medford	5 00
" Rutland	1 00
" Omaha	1
" Brooklyn	
" Culton	
" Chicago	10
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" Strumestown	
" Sabattus	
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" Afton	5
" St Thomas	1
" Sandborn	5
" Canada	
" N Beverly	1
" Turin	
" Webster	
" Lenox	
" Hughsonville	1
" Lewistarg	
" N Hebron	1
" Lowell	1
" Ill	5
" b Brooklyn	10
" Manhasset	
" Evansville	
" Dalkeith	
" Derby, Conn	2
Sugar Creek	
" St Louis	1
" Moodus	
" Carthage	5
" Ft Dl	
" Ft Worth	2
" Pittsburg	1
" Glen Lyon	1
Friends, Bismarck	
" Plantersville	
" Ft Scott	
" New Braintree	2
" Starbuck	5
" Downington	
" High Bluff	4
" Stafford Springs	
" Plymouth	
" Barretts	2
" Lewistown	
" Marion	10
" S Newbury	2
" Glen	
2 " Peoria	
2 " Pratsfield	
2 " Creston	2
2 " Benton	
2 " Barkers	
2 " Antigonish	
2 " Canstoga	
2 " San Jose	
2 " Moorefield	2
2 " Meadville	10
2 " Magnolia	
3 " Orange	
5 " Cayuga	
Friends, Arcade	
" Wenham Depot	
" N Woburn	
" Pineapple	
" Huntingdon	1
I C N, Greene	
" Cross Creek Va	
I H N, Portland	
" N Haven	
" Mt Holly	
" Hoboken	
" Huron	
" Rye	
" Belen	
" Freewater	
" Addison	
" Lynn	
" Addison	
" Frankfort	
" Wasikah	
" Plata	
" Nile	6
" Richmond	1
" N Sutton	1
" Providence	
" Warker	
" Champoeg	
" Mariposa	2
" Belchertown	10
" Seneca	
" Tamaqua	
" Manchester	
" Harrisburg	
" Rochester	
" Morristown	1
" Oakland	
" Kittery Pt	
" Painesville	
" Hyde Park	
" Denver	25
" G M	50
" Minneapolis	10
" Sheridan	
" Mt Holly	
" Wells	
I H D N, Paulding	10
" Utica	
I J N, Danbury	
" Providence	
" Muscatine	10
" Fairlee	10
" Manchester	6
" Laconia	
I M N, Dudley	
Ward, Waterbury, Conn	
Inasmuch, Oxford	
" Waynesville	
" Hereford	
Institute for Christ In name [illegible] work	
" Donnie M. Wheland	
In Name [illegible] Love House	
Readers, Kalamazoo	
2 " Marblehead	
2 " Stewart	
2 " Jersey City	
" " Newark	
Reader, Lincoln	2
Total	**$9,146**

A few [illegible] letters [illegible] crowded next

Winter in Other Lands.

now in Africa, Where the Natives Regard it with Wonder—Snow in the City of Jerusalem, also a Sight to Marvel at.

AT this season of the year, when old and young in our own land are looking forward to such winter pleasures as sleigh-rides, skating, and other sports which Jack Frost brings in his train, it will be a surprise to most of our readers to look at the two photographic illustrations on this page. Snow in Jerusalem and in South Central Africa are far from being among the things one would naturally expect to find in tropical and semi-tropical countries. It is a fact, however, that although the ancient capital of David is in the balmy East, and enjoys an uninterrupted summer of seven months, that section of Palestine is sometimes visited by severe winter storms. As the city lies in a mountainous region, fully twenty-five hundred feet above sea level, snow occasionally falls there, although never in considerable quantities. It generally melts within a few hours after sunrise. On rare occasions it has been known to remain on the ground for several days. On the particular occasion when the photograph was taken, the snow was light and totally disappeared before noon.

Winter in Palestine is usually brief, but while it endures it causes much suffering among the poor natives, as fuel is scarce and dear, and in severe weather they cannot gather the roots and dry twigs upon which they mainly depend for their fires. Native houses are, however, very substantially built, with thick walls, which serve to keep the occupants warm in winter and cool in summer. To very many, a heavy snow is a somewhat serious matter, as when it melts, it softens the mud-baked walls and on drying again in the sun, they frequently crack and cause the building to become dangerous and uninhabitable. October and November are the stormiest months in Palestine and usher in the snow, wintry storms and tempests that are frequently referred to in Scripture. (Psalms 148: 8 and 55: 8.)

In South Central Africa, snow is even a greater novelty than at Jerusalem. The photograph here reproduced was taken by a member of an English military surveying expedition at a point where, although the mountains are snow-capped in winter, a snowfall on the plains was an experience that had not happened before, in the memory even of the oldest inhabitant. Naturally, it excited a great deal of wonder and the natives, doubtless, went about shivering and uncomfortable while it lasted.

SNOW IN JERUSALEM — A SNOWSTORM IN SOUTH CENTRAL AFRICA.

***

Healthful Laughter.

A good laugh, hearty and innocent, is an excellent tonic and refreshes one more than medicine. It helps one for the duties of the day. It has been said that every laugh reddens the blood. Whether it be true or not, it is quite certain that a cheerful nature can do more good than a surly one—

A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad tires in a mile.

Some very excellent people have got the idea that if they are converted they must quiet down and live as though they stood in the chamber of the dying. True "life is short and life is earnest;" but the most holy life is not necessarily the most gloomy. The joyous Christian makes the best impression and will, all other things being equal, lead the greater number of souls to Christ.

***

Marriage in Armenia.

The marriage ceremony in Armenia is very simple. When two design to marry, the pastor must first ascertain that they who wish to marry are not relations. Then they send for the chief pastor, who takes two rings, one for the bride and the other for the bridegroom, and on the day of marriage they go to the church-gate, where he asks them whether they want to marry, and then he asks both of them: "Do you intend to marry?" They both say yes. Pastor (addressing himself to the bridegroom), says: "If the wife should become poor, or sick, or lame, would you then assist her?" "Yes," and the bride answers a similar question in the same manner; and then they enter the church together with a witness: a Testament and a cross are given to both bride and bridegroom; and then they pray. The pastor then reads the Bible and Testament, and a portion of the Prophets. After this, he ties a cord on each of their necks, of white and red color, which is sealed with sealing-wax; and they are not permitted to see each other for three days. After three days they come again to the church, where the pastor unseals them: after this they live together in matrimonial bonds.

***

"Womsn" and "Lady."

A well-known writer has lately been recording her opinion on the proper use of the words "lady" and "woman." She thinks a too free use has so cheapened the beautiful word "lady" by applying it without meaning that many prefer to say "woman." The use of the term "lady" is plainly courteous. Even when the street car conductor cautions us, "Don't get off, lady, till the car stops," or the cash-girl calls at us, "Here's your change, lady," we realize that they mean it courteously. "Woman, here's your change," would be distinctly unpleasant, even though strictly true, and not meant to be impolite. The writer referred to adds that in her opinion "general usage sums the matter up, and we come to understand that in speaking of the 'adult female of the human race' in relation to her occupation, we must say woman—a woman artist, a woman writer, a scrub-woman, and in speaking of her as an individual, we may, with courtesy, say 'lady;' while in directly addressing her we may, with courtesy, propriety, and truth, say 'madam.'"

***

Cultivating the Emotions.

It is the duty of all to cultivate the tender emotions of the soul. Passing them by as things not to be fostered and sustained, tends to divest the soul of all that beautifies it and makes it unlovable. We have seen fathers who seem to think it a weakness to kiss and caress the little child. We have seen men who evidently regarded it as unmanly to admire the sweet flowers that grace the home and garden. We have seen those who would not stop to listen to some sweet music floating out upon the twilight air; and some that see no beauty in the grand mirror that nature holds up. Oh, how we pity these that have no love for the beautiful in this world, and close the doors of their souls to all the tender emotions that make human beings lovable and human. They seems to us like the gnarled and ungainly tree without its green foliage, or the rough rocky mountains without its creeping vines and verdue. In short, their lives are just a mass of rocks and hills standing out in their bare, ungainly proportions.

***

Household Religion.

Happy are the children of true Christian parents! Happy are the parents of Christian children, sending forth into the future prolonged influences for good, permanently represented on the earth by intelligence and virtue long years after they themselves have ascended to heaven! How miserable the estate of those whose names must go down to posterity linked with creatures of wretchedness, vice and crime! Too late for repentance do such behold the legitimate outcome of the absence of household religion. Some have we seen whose own parents had left in their hearts and lives a precious legacy of Christian faith and love divine. Yet they themselves were not pious, and so were making a break in the chain, and defrauding their children of that boon which should have passed on without diminution. Those children had no godly influences around them, and hence in the hour of temptation would have no sweet memories to hold them fast, and in the stress of the world's conflicts they would be almost sure to deteriorate. An impaired vitality of virtue would probably be passed on in turn to their children, and so the stock would degenerate.

***

IF I KNEW.

IF I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key,
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'Twould open I know for me.
Then over the land and the sea, broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast,
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery school to street;
Then folding and holding I'd pack them in,
And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box,
To the depth of the deep, deep sea.

***

Hindu Village Life.

Village life in India has no counterpart anywhere. To see a village one must go to it, live in it, mingle with its people, and become acquainted with its families. He must talk with the people, and become familiar with their habits, customs, ways; he must learn the village tradition, its history, who built it, when, and why. And there are villages and villages. They are not all alike; they may look alike to the casual observer, but they are not all alike, any more than people are all alike. See that large village up on the hill, where it has climbed to keep its feet out of the wheat and barley fields. In the centre is a house taller and larger than the rest. That is the home of the head-man. He is an important personage; he learns everything from the gossips of the town and from the visitors from the neighboring markets. His piano is a goat skin stretched over a wide hoop. He has grown up where he is, and will die there. His class will form one day the backbone, yea, the body and heart, of the Christian church now forming in India. His desires can hardly be called immoderate. They include a mud-walled house, roofed with tiles or thatch; about two pounds of flour daily, with a modicum of oil and spices, for his own consumption, and for his wife and children in proportion; a moderate wardrobe, half a dozen brass water-pots and cooking dishes; two or three yoke of bullocks, a milch buffalo, and a few rude agricultural implements. Such is his notion of comfort.

The average villager, however, is a poor man. Fully fifty millions of the population, a number yearly increasing, are dragging out, on India's plains, a miserable, cheerless, dreary, and almost hopeless existence.

***

Childhood's First Five Years.

The first five years, says a writer in *Advance in Education*, are considered by thoughtful educators to be the most important. During these years the child has accomplished more through the awakening of all its senses and faculties, if properly treated, than through any subsequent period of same duration, and as these first impressions are the foundation of all future work, how great the responsibility, and with what patient care on the part of parents should these children be brought into true relations with their surroundings.

Laughing Babies

are loved by everybody. They are raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and are comparatively free from sickness. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address for a copy to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Bible House, New York City.

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On December 4th, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will publish the opening chapters of a powerful and dramatic Temperance story, entitled:

"FATHER AGAINST SON;
Or, How the Curse of Horse-Head Inn was Lifted," written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by J. C. Cowdrick. Every reader of this journal will follow the development of this wonderfully fascinating story with the greatest interest. None should miss it.

Prayer-Meeting Killers.

THERE is a class of people who roam the land, making fearful havoc. They swing no tomahawk. They sound no war-whoop. But their track is marked by devastation. I mean that class of persons who go from church to church, charged with the mission of talking religious meetings to death. One of the chiefs of this barbarian tribe of prayer-meeting killers is the expository man. He is very apt to rise with a New Testament in his hand, or there has been some passage that during the day has pressed heavily on his mind. It is probably the first chapter of Romans, or some figurative passage from the Old Testament. He says, for instance: "My brethren, I call your attention to Hosea, 7th and 8th: 'Ephraim is a cake not turned.' You all know the history of Ephraim. Ephraim was—ah—well! He was a man mentioned in the Bible. You all know who he was. Surely no intelligent audience like this need to be told who Ephraim was. Now, the passage says that he was a cake not turned. There are a good many kinds of cake, my brethren! There is the Indian cake, and the flannel cake, and the buckwheat cake. Now, Ephraim was a cake not turned. It is an awful thing not to be turned. My friends, let us all turn!"

It sometimes happens that this undesirable character confines himself to the meetings of his own church. Interesting talkers are sometimes detained at home by sickness; but his health is always good. Others dare not venture out in the storm; but all the elements combined could not keep him from his place. He has the same prayer now that he has used for the last twenty years. There is in it an allusion to the death of a prominent individual. You will be surprised when he tells. The fact is, he composed that prayer about the time that General Jackson died, and he has never been able to drop the allusion. He has a patronizing way of talking to sinners, as much as to say: "Ho! you poor, miserable scalawags, just look at me, and see what you might have been."

The land is strewn with the carcasses of prayer-meetings slain by these religious desperadoes. They have driven the young people from most of our devotional meetings. How to get rid of this affliction is the question with hundreds of churches. We advise your waiting on such persons, and telling them that, owing to the depraved state of public taste, their efforts are not appreciated. If they still persist, tell them they must positively stop or there will be trouble. As you love the Church of God, put an end to their ravages. It is high time that the nuisance was abated.

Dram-shops.

THE dram-shop is a great caldron of iniquity in our time. Anacharsis said that the vine bore three grapes: the first was pleasure, the next was drunkenness, and the next misery. Every saloon above ground or under ground is a fountain of iniquity. It may have a license and it may go along quite respectably for a while, but after a while the cover will fall off and the color of the iniquity will be displayed.

"Oh," says some one, "you ought to be easier on such a traffic as that when it pays such a large revenue to the government, and helps support your schools and your great institutions of mercy." And then I think of what William E. Gladstone said—I think it was the first time he was Chancellor of the Exchequer—when men engaged in the ruinous traffic came to him and said their business ought to have more consideration from the fact that it paid such a large revenue to the English government. Mr. Gladstone said: "Gentlemen, don't worry yourselves about the revenue; give me thirty millions of sober people, and we'll have revenue enough and a surplus."

We might in this country—this traffic perished—have less revenue, but we would have more happy homes, and we would have more peace, and we would have fewer people in the penitentiary, and there would be tens of thousands of men who are now on the road to hell who would start on the road for heaven.

But the financial ruin is a very small part of it. This iniquity of which I speak takes everything that is sacred out of the family, everything that is holy in religion, everything that is infinite in the soul, and tramples it under foot. The marriage day has come; the twain are at the altar; lights flash, music sounds; gay feet go up and down the drawing-room. Did ever a vessel launch on such a bright and beautiful sea? The scene changes. Dingy garret; no fire. On a broken chair a sorrowful wife; last hope gone. Poor, forsaken, trodden under foot, she knows all the sorrows of being a drunkard's wife. "Oh," she says, "he was the kindest man that ever lived; he was so noble, he was so good! God never made a grander man than he was; but the drink did it, the drink did it!" Some day she will press her hands against her temples and cry: "Oh, my brain, my brain!" or she will go out on the abutment of the bridge some moonlight night, and look down on the glassy surface and wonder if under that glassy surface there is not some rest for a broken heart.

A celebrated doctor of France has recently discovered something which all drinkers ought to know. He has found out that alcohol in every shape, whether of wine or brandy or beer, contains parasitic life called bacillus potumaniæ. By a powerful microscope these living things are discovered, and when you take strong drink you take them into the stomach, and then into your blood, and getting into the crimson canals of life they go into every tissue of your body, and your entire organism is taken possession of by these noxious infinitesimals. When in delirium tremens a man sees every form of reptilian life, it is only these parasites of the brain in exaggerated size. It is not a hallucination that the victim is suffering from. He only sees in the room what is actually crawling and rioting in his own brain. Every time you take strong drink you swallow these maggots, and every time the imbiber of alcohol in any shape feels vertigo or rheumatism or nausea, it is only the jubilee of these maggots. Efforts are being made for the discovery of some germicide that can kill the parasites of alcoholism, but the only thing that will ever extirpate them is abstinence from alcohol and teetotal abstinence, to which I would before God swear all young men and old.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

L. M. Clinard, Salem, N. C. I heard a learned minister of the Gospel, a few Sundays since, affirm from the pulpit, that prayer here would do no good for persons in distant parts of the country. It seems to me that we need not send missionaries, but pray for the conversion of the heathen.

It is apparent from your letter that you have misunderstood him. No preacher would make such a statement.

"One of the Least," Chicago, Ill. 1. Please tell of the Armenians as a nation. 2. Why are they called by some "Lazarites," because they cling to Christ in the face of death?

1. You will find this explained on page 603, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Sept. 18, 1895. 2. They may be so regarded by worldly, irreligious people, but Christians have nothing but admiration for them because of their steadfastness and their willingness to die rather than renounce Christ.

R. Powell, Wylam, Ala. If Christ died on Friday and rose on Sunday, how could he have been three days in the grave?

Many instances occur in the Bible of time being so reckoned. The Jews appear to have spoken of parts of days as whole days. Thus if he died on Friday that would be one day, Saturday would be the second, and Sunday would be spoken of as the third day. Many suggestions have been made to explain the difficulty, but this appears the most probable.

W. W. House, Ledgerwood, N. D. 1. Is it possible to explain the discrepancy between Mark and Luke as to the time of the Crucifixion? 2. Why is the command of Cyrus differently worded in II. Chronicles and Ezra?

1. There were two modes of reckoning the hours in use at the time. One was to reckon from sunrise to sunset, and the other from noon to midnight. One evangelist uses one method and the other, the other. It is probable that the Crucifixion took place about nine o'clock in the morning. 2. The writer of Chronicles may not have had the complete and formal document before him when he wrote. Ezra's account is doubtless the correct one, as he was a very careful writer, and from his official position would have access to the original edict, while the other was probably quoting from memory.

W. S. Moore, Gainsboro, N. C. In the two maps I have I do not find Van in Armenia or any other places of massacre, except Trebizond. How is Armenia bounded? 2. What her inhabitants? 3. Is it what we would call a State in this country? 4. Has it no head or Governor as we would call it, and no authority that could put down the rioters, if they would? 5. Is Mt. Ararat in this province?

Van is in the southeast part of Armenia, on the borders of Lake Van. It is in every good map of Turkey. You will also find, due west from Van, Moosh, Sassoun, Bitlis, Diarbekir, and other localities where massacres have taken place. For detailed answers to your other questions, see THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of September 18th, 1895.

C. T., Wilkesbarre, Pa. Does the rule laid down in James 2: 10 imply that all crimes are equal in guilt?

No; it means that the violation of any of God's laws places the offender in the category of sinners. The writer is arguing with proud, self-righteous people who take credit to themselves for not committing certain sins. He shows them that in committing other sins that are not accounted by men so disgraceful, they are nevertheless sinners against God as surely as if they had committed the sins they condemn. A man who tells a lie has broken God's law and in that respect is under condemnation as the man is who commits a murder. Not that both are equally heinous, but that both stand on an equality in not being able to plead innocence before God. Both are sinners in need of mercy.

Constant Reader, Garden City, Mo. 1. Can a person become a Christian without the baptism of the Holy Spirit? 2. Is there no difference between baptism and the gift of the Holy Spirit?

1. As the word is usually understood, the baptism of the Holy Spirit was to confer special gifts for Christ's service. We have no reason to suppose that any man becomes a Christian without the influence of the Holy Spirit. The question is profitless, inasmuch as God gives the Holy Spirit freely. It would be impossible to state positively in what way the first impression comes in any individual case, but we may be sure that in some way the Holy Spirit's power has operated. This does not relieve any one from responsibility, because God is more willing to impart than men are to receive; but he does not force his gifts upon men. 2. All the difference between the human and the divine. A man is baptized of his own motion and by human hands. The gift of the Holy Spirit is from God.

D. C. P., Gales Ferry, Conn. Please explain the discrepancy between Joshua 11: 21-23 and Joshua 14: 12 and 15: 14. In the one case the statement is made that the Anakim were utterly destroyed, and in the other, Caleb is represented as fighting them at a later date.

No details are accessible beside those given in the Bible, but there does not appear to be any discrepancy. In Joshua 11: 22, one of the passages you refer to, three places are mentioned, in which the Anakim remained. As Caleb found Anakim on the mountain later on, it is reasonable to suppose that some of those living in those three places must have removed to the mountain to fill the places of those who had been killed.

L. Western, Columbus, O. Is it possible to ascertain the proportions of Catholics to Protestants in Europe?

Not accurately. In a Roman Catholic country a man is apt to set himself down a Catholic, though he may be practically an infidel, just as in England men who make no profession of religion are often credited to the Established Church. In round numbers the entire population of Europe is estimated at 350,000,000. These are divided roughly as follows: Roman Catholics 165,000,000; Protestants 90,000,000; members of Oriental churches 85,000,000; Jews 5,000,000; Mohammedans 5,000,000. Catholics overwhelmingly preponderate in France, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Italy and Austria. In Germany, Great Britain, Norway and Sweden and Switzerland the Protestants are far more numerous than the Catholics.

E. S., Harmon, Colo. What is the mark of the beast? Ought we not to know exactly what it is that we may be careful to avoid it being placed upon us?

All that we know about the mark is that it will be enjoined by Antichrist in the last days. It will be necessary to all business transactions, as no one will be allowed to buy or sell but those who have the mark (See Rev. 13: 17). No one will be likely to assume it inadvertently. They will know perfectly well that it is some kind of passport or license indispensable to business. The distinguishing characteristic of it will be that in some way the number 666 will be contained in it, possibly by the aggregate of the numerical values of the letters of Antichrist's name.

A Sinner, ——. I am much concerned about my soul's salvation. I have been seeking to be saved, to make my peace with God, but my friends tell me there is no hope for me without making public profession of faith. They quote Matthew 10: 32, do you think it applies to my case?

It would not be right to make a public profession of faith unless, and until, you have found peace. When you feel sure that Christ saves you and you have given yourself in his keeping, you will be so full of love and gratitude to him, that you will want to make public confession of him. You will feel that it is a very small thing to do and that he is entitled to have you declare yourself his follower. The passage you mention is a warning such as want to evade the requirements of the Christian profession. Christ does not want the allegiance of any who are not prepared to make sacrifices, if need be, for his sake.

J. H. Gardner, Philadelphia. 1. Did Christ ascend unto heaven with the same body he had upon earth? If so, have not flesh and blood inherit the kingdom of God? 2. Do you know any book containing the Gospel song "Eternity's drawing nigh"?

1. The fact that the disciples recognized Christ after the resurrection and that the grave was empty when they visited it show that it was the same body. But changes have been wrought upon it, as you may see by examining the record of the various appearances. It is probable that it did not need food as sustenance, and we know that it entered the room when the doors were shut and that it was not limited as to the ordinary modes of travel. Paul's remark to which you refer, expressly intimates that such changes can take place in the body rendering it fit for the kingdom of God. 2. The song is in the "Sing Pilgrim" by the late Philip Phillips.

Literary, Paterson, N. J. The subject is too large to be discussed in a single paragraph. There are good books on the subject in every public library. ——S. L. M., Hawkeye, Ia. It means "about M. O. Tremper, Birch Run, Mich. Dr. Talmage's sermons are published weekly in The Christian Herald. —— Constant Reader, Clifton, Va. 1. Become the International Teachers' Bible of the sixties. 2. The Christian Herald Library and paper itself for a year, you should send specimen; would not care to pass judgment on matters referred to the details of church government. —— N. E., Oakland. We cannot advise you. Consult a lawyer. G. O. E. Winterbourn, Mitchellville. Write to Librarian, Astor Library, New York. Subscriber. He was Mrs. Geo. Hogan Stewart. It means that as a patron you are willing to help the Rescue Mission with your prayers and, if possible, with your active co-operation, and to aid financially once a year, and no more, to whatever extent you may feel disposed. —— Reverend S. M. Bethel, Pa. John Willis Baer is the National Secretary of Christian Endeavor. —— Oberlin Manual, College Park, Calif. Such a question can only be taken through Congress in the regular manner. —— Geo. R. Richards, Kansas City, Kan. We know of none. —— Mrs. W. R. Yes, Subscribers can have extra premium by arrangment. Send the extra with your subscription, and the Library premium will be sent. —— R. B. McNeely, Mt. Orab. We cannot break the sets. 2. We have not the book you mention. —— Mrs. M. A. Whittaker, Pittstown, Pa. We believe not yet.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

RUSSIA IN ASIA.

RUSSIA'S intervention, in the interest of China, at the close of the war between that country and Japan, was a mystery to all who have not followed the history of the recent extension of Russian territory in Asia. What interest Russia could have in maintaining the integrity of the Chinese dominions, forcing Japan to relinquish the legitimate fruits of war, and raising the money China needed to pay the indemnity, was not obvious. A comparison of a modern map of Asia with one of a century old, will give a clue to the reason for her interest in the quarrel. At that time the northern boundary of China was contiguous with Russian territory. The Czar's dominions stretched from the Baltic on the west, to the Pacific on the east. No farther extension in that direction was possible. Any new territory to be added had to be on the south. Between the Caspian Sea and China's western boundary a number of independent nations occupied the region north of Persia and Afghanistan. During the past fifty years these nations have, one by one, fallen into the hands of Russia, and China has now that power for a neighbor on the west as well as on the north. If, therefore, Russia continues its advance, China is the land that is most likely to suffer. This explains why Russia had no objection to Japan weakening China, but a decided objection to her acquiring possession of any Chinese territory on the mainland. Whatever territory China may have to surrender, Russia will add to her own unwieldy empire. The countries recently annexed, although famous in history, are but little known to modern travelers. Russia, has, however, constructed a military railroad from the Caspian to Samarcand, which will open it up to trade and exploration. The ancient city, which is the terminus of the line, was once the favorite residence of the mighty Timur, and there, in a magnificent mosque, his remains are buried. Many other grand buildings adorn the city, but the greater number of them have fallen into decay. On the hill overlooking Samarcand is an ancient observatory, the first erected in Asia, and near it the ruins of a college founded by Ulug Beg, Timur's grandson. An ancient Mohammedan tradition existed that in the year 1868 a Mohammedan leader would rise from the dead and, under the name of "The Living King," appear in Samarcand and revive all the glories of the old city. In that year, however, instead of the Caliph appearing, the Russians besieged the city and captured it. It was a grievous disappointment to the Mohammedan believers, and many have since then lost faith in their religion. It is much to be wished that the men who were led to hope for a deliverer would, in their disappointment, be brought to look for Him who will surely come to deliver, not them only, but the whole world, from its sin and misery.

Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation. (Heb. 9 : 28.)

Fatal Leap.

A dispatch from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., reports the death there of a man who hoped to win fame and fortune by a foolhardy feat. He was an Irishman, who boasted that he had leaped from some of the highest bridges in Great Britain. He was ambitious to leap from the railroad bridge at Poughkeepsie, which is 212 feet above the water at high tide, a feat which he declared, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding, had never been accomplished. He would do the daring deed and then go into a dime museum and perhaps on the stage. He wore a cork life-preserver, and had arranged for a boat to be under the bridge in readiness to pick him up after the leap. Climbing down to the lower girders of the bridge, he swung clear of the telegraph wires and dropped. Four seconds afterward he struck the water with a report like a pistol shot. Before the water settled again, he rose and was lifted into the boat. He was almost unrecognizable. Covered with bruises, his side lacerated, his rubicund face deadly pale, his eyes half closed and watery, bore witness to the violence of the shock. He was taken ashore and two physicians summoned. They examined him and pronounced his condition critical. They said he had suffered internal injuries which were probably fatal. Their opinion proved true. That evening, sixteen hours after taking the leap, he died. We honor a man who imperils his life for his country, or for the rescue of others; but a man like this, who imperils it for the sake of money, we despise. Yet their folly is greater who imperil their souls to make money as multitudes do. For them David's words would be an appropriate epitaph:

Died as the fool dieth. (II. Samuel 3 : 33.)

THE ANCIENT GATEWAY OF SAMARCAND, IN TURKESTAN.

An Invitation for Sale.

A few days before the wedding of the Duke of Marlborough to Miss Vanderbilt an advertisement appeared in the daily journals of New York which caused annoyance to both families. The advertiser announced that an invitation card admitting the holder to St. Thomas' church on Nov. 6, was for sale. Bids would be received up to Nov. 4, on which day it would be sent to the highest bidder. The advertisement was read in the Vanderbilt mansion with no little vexation. The only theory that could be suggested was that one or more invitation cards must have been stolen from the office where they were printed, or that some one had made a copy of the plate and was printing them. In order to prevent anyone gaining admission by such cards, it was decided to send a second note of invitation to each guest, with the request that it be presented at the door of the church as well as the original card. Thus the holder of the spurious card, being without the personal note, would be detected and excluded. This precaution relieved the family of all apprehension that undesirable guests who had bought their invitations would be present. No one believed that any invited guest would think so lightly of the privilege of witnessing the wedding as to prefer the money that could be obtained for it. Yet the act that seemed inconceivable in this case is only too common in a matter of infinitely greater moment. Christ likening the gospel invitation to the invitation to a marriage feast, intimated that among those who would not avail themselves of it would be some who would stay away for the sake of gain. And thus because of ambition or business pressure they sacrifice that inestimable privilege which transcends the worth of all the gold in the universe.

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul. Mark 8 : 36.

A Lost Identity.

A citizen of St. Louis, Mo., is involved in a curious dispute with the Dutch Government. The facts as related by the St. Louis *Republic* show how difficult an apparently simple matter may become. About three months ago, the parents of Frederick Jacob Schleicher, of St. Louis, were notified that he had just died in Java, and were instructed by the Dutch Government, in whose service he was, how to proceed for the inheritance of his property and a pension, which the government pays to the relatives of men who die in its service. As the Schleichers knew that their son had never been in the employ of the Dutch Government, and that he was then alive in St. Louis, they asked him to explain. He said that the man whose death was reported was doubtless his old friend and school-mate, Adam Deckelmann. Eighteen years ago, Deckelmann was trying for an appointment in Java under the Dutch Government, but was barred out because it was the rule not to accept any man of German birth who had not completed his period of service in the German army. Schleicher gave him his own certificate of service, and Deckelmann had gained the appointment and gone out under Schleicher's name. Deckelmann's family was accordingly notified, and they put in a claim for the property and pension. The government, however, would not recognize them. It replied that the dead man's name was Schleicher, and it had on record his declaration that his parents were the people to whom the notice of his death was originally sent. Schleicher is now preparing affidavits to prove that he is alive. He will probably have less difficulty in convincing the government of the fact than Deckelmann's parents will have in proving that it is their son who is dead. The government is sure to be sceptical when it is asked to discredit the man's own declaration as to his name and paternity. He did not forsee, when he made it, that the time might come when his family would be as much concerned in having it disbelieved, as he then was in having it believed. The day is coming when multitudes will be anxious to have a similar reversal of the record of their lives. They are anxious now to be counted with the world in its pleasures and honors, but in the day of Christ's glory they will want to be recognized among his people.

Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when he shall come in his glory. (Luke 9: 26.)

BRIEF NOTES.

A Great Convention on the Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held last week at Montclair, N. J. The sessions were continued from Nov. 10 to 17. One day was given to the Home Mission of the Women's Board.

It is Announced that a Distinguished Roman Catholic priest has become a convert to Protestantism and has joined Mr. O'Connor's church in New York. He is Dr. Anacletus Vanoli, a graduate of the Roman Propaganda and Missionary Apostolic of Constantinople.

It Cannot be Said that no Progress is being made in the direction of Christian unity when the Presbyterians and Methodists unite, as they did recently in Marlinsburg, Iowa, in holding evangelistic meetings. They were conducted by Rev. L. P. Rowland of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Rev. H. Loomis, the Agent of the American Bible Society in Japan, reports that he is meeting with much encouragement in his work, even the convicts being desirous to study Scripure, while a free circulation of the Bible continues throughout the army and has now extended to the navy.

The International Sunday School Lessons for the first six months of 1896 will be taken from the Gospel of Luke, and for the latter half year from the Old Testament, dealing with the lives and reigns of David and Solomon. The lessons for 1897 are to be on the early Christian Church based on passages from the Acts and the Epistles.

Rev. John T. Vine has been Holding Successful services at Westhill, N. Y. English papers speak in high terms of the good that has resulted from the services he held during his recent visit to that country in Mr. Charrington's East London Assembly Hall and other places. Mr. Vine's present address is 149 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A Great Missionary Meeting was held in Carnegie Music Hall, New York, on November 15. The meeting was the culmination of a week of missionary interest in the Presbyterian churches in the city. Ex-President Benjamin Harrison, Ex-Secretary of State Foster and Dr. F. E. Clark of the Christian Edneavor Society took part in the meetings.

Evangelistic Meetings were commenced last week in the Lexington Ave. Baptist Church, at 111th street, New York. Two services were held each day. Among the leaders were: Dr. A. C. Dixon, the Rev. E. M. Saunier, Rev. A. B. Simpson, Rev. Richard Hartley, Rev. E. E. Chivers, Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, Dr. E. B. Tyler, Rev. A. A. Cameron, Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, and Mrs. Isabella Charles Davis.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Services in Brooklyn have attracted large congregations and there have been some remarkable conversions. The Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Reformed churches of the Twenty-sixth ward united in the services. On November 10 Dr. Chapman preached to a crowded house at the New Lots Avenue Church. During the meetings several hundreds have made profession of faith.

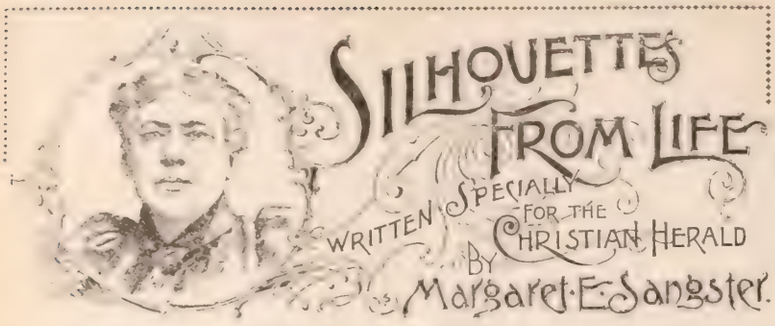
Statistics of the Beer Consumption of the United States have just been issued by the Department. These show that during the fiscal year ending June 30, the number of barrels manufactured and distributed was 33,469,661, an increase over the number of the previous year of 191,000 barrels. As each barrel contains thirty-one and a quarter gallons, the quantity of beer consumed during the year was over a thousand million gallons, which was more than was drunk in Germany. The production of beer in America of various kinds has increased fifty per cent. since 1888.

Madame Antoinette Sterling, who is Now on her way to this country after a successful work in England, had a farewell reception recently, at which she received a heart-shaped brooch, composed of diamonds, as a farewell gift from the National British Women's Temperance Union.

During a Recent Visit to Australia, Rev. M. Morton, a Presbyterian minister, inspected the Inebriate Asylum near Adelaide. Among the patients he found clergymen, doctors, lawyers, and men of culture. Mr. Morton was so impressed with the spectacle of men of genius and learning brought low by intoxicating liquor, that he resolved to devote his life to trying to save those sad wrecks of humanity, and help them regain their foothold in society and in the Church.

Red Cross Work in Cuba has been Commenced by the famous Papal missionary there, Dr. A. J. Diaz. The New York *Independent* has learned that he has organized and located seven Red Cross hospitals in the section where the fighting is most frequent and where the Spanish Government has about twenty thousand soldiers. At each station there are a native physician, two women nurses and about ten male helpers. The Spanish Government has given formal recognition of and satisfaction in the work.

The Mission on the East Side of New York known as "God's Providence Mission" has finally secured a home of its own. Mrs Percy R. Pyne widow of a well-known citizen, is the donor of both land and building. Two gifts of $38,000 each have been made by Mrs. Pyne to the trustees of the mission and with these the site on Broome street was bought and the substantial building erected. Bishop Potter, Dr. Morgan Dix and Archdeacon Tiffany took part in the dedication.



BY A ROUGH WAY.

"WHAT I need is faith."

The speaker tossed back the gray hair which fell over his forehead. His dark eyes were dim with tears. On the friend who stood beside him he turned a pale face, weary and grief-furrowed.

"Can you not trust?" said the lady, taking his thin hand in hers and smoothing it gently between her soft palms, "can you not trust in God? Ethel believed in Him, and she left you with a smile on her lips. Dick, you and I were young together. We joined the church at the same time. Where has your heart wandered that you have lost your hold on the Father's love?"

"If He had loved me," exclaimed the man, with sudden fierceness, "would He have taken from me the wife I adored, the son who would have carried on my name to posterity, the daughter who was all I had—*all* I had? How can I believe in a God who has robbed and plundered me, who leaves me smitten in my old age—a withered and fading tree. No, Caroline, you mean well, but you cannot comfort me nor give me help. I need faith, and I've lost it, lost it hopelessly."

His voice broke into a sob, quickly repressed. Obeying a gesture of entreaty and command, Mrs. Abercorn left the room and went to the other silent one across the hall, where Ethel Woodbury lay among the flowers, a fair statue of silence and peace, whom to-morrow they would lay away in a flower-lined grave. Colonel Woodbury had said truly that his life was hereafter to be desolate. With Ethel, he would lose out of his sight the last of his children, the darling of his old age.

Mr. Abercorn met his wife as she softly closed the door upon the dead, and gave her his arm to assist her down stairs.

"Were you able to help him!" he asked.

"Not the least bit," said the wife. "But it is something that she knows what would comfort him. Richard is aware that he must go to his Father before he can find rest."

"Well, dear, it does no good to preach to a man when he is in the depths. We must be quiet and pray for him night and day. Poor fellow, he has been led by a rough way."

From the garden, where a few late flowers lingered, little Katharine Abercorn came running to meet her parents. She was a sweet child, five years old, and generally a little sunbeam, but now her gayety was clouded. In her hands she held a tiny dead bird. Its ruffled feathers looked pitiful; its open beak had the effect of a frozen gasp.

"See, mother!" cried the child, "there's where the last song came through. Poor bird, it must have fallen from some nest or been blown from the tree."

Katharine was old for her age. She always spoke with the correctness of an older and more mature person, and her thoughts were often in advance of her years.

"It was God's bird," she added. "He hadn't birds enough in heaven and He wanted this one and sent for it, I suppose. Just like dear Aunt Ethel, God has two homes, one up yonder," said the child, lifting a wee dimpled finger to the skies, "and one here. Both God's homes must be good, I think. Don't you, mother?"

"Come to me, little girl."

It was Dr. Woodbury who called her. Katharine went to him, and clung to his hand as he walked with her through the garden, picking here and there a leaf or a [illegible].

"There are very few flowers left," he said, "the cold wind will soon come, and the snow, and then all will be gone. But I do not care much, Ethel will not be here to see the garden another year."

"There are flowers in heaven," said little Katharine, looking up with her sweet eyes that knew no doubt. "Heaven is God's great garden, and Ethel will be there. I should think we would not be sorry for dear Auntie, now she's gone to heaven."

"How do you know, my dear," said the Doctor.

"I don't know how I know; I just know, because I ask the blessed Lord, and I hear what he tells me."

Late that night, long after Katharine had fallen asleep upon her white pillow, the desolate father knelt and called upon God. He asked to have the darkness removed, to see again the Saviour's face, as once it had shined upon him, to possess, even in sorrow and loneliness, the feeling of the Divine presence. And at last, soothed and tranquilized, he paid a last visit to the chamber where his beautiful Ethel slept her last night in the home which had cradled her infancy, and seen her grow into happy maidenhood. Her illness had been too short to take away the rounded look of health; it was as if the angel of death had dared the angel of life in combat, and as if life had simply declined the battle, stept aside, and left the fair house vacant. The father stooped and kissed the cold brow.

"I am sure," he said to himself, "that Ethel is with the Lord."

Then, into the hush of his soul there stole this word, audibly, as if spoken:

"That where I am, ye may be also:" and with that there swept over him a wave of peace, a great and blessed calm. He sought his bed, and slept. Next morning, when he met the Abercorns at breakfast, a new light shone in his look. He extended his hand cheerfully, and his first greeting was this:

"I have laid down my weapons of rebellion. I have found the Lord once more. I cannot tell you how it has all come about, but I have been guided into a new world. Lonely as I must be henceforth, I will not be desolate, for faith has again become possible. I believe in God Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and in Jesus Christ His Only Son, our Lord."

They carried Ethel to the grave, and placed her beside her mother and brother, The father returned to his vacant home, and took up life's duties once more, with a brave spirit which astonished his friends. His pastor was gladdened by his frequent presence at the prayer-meeting. To the poor he was open-handed and generous. For years he had toiled to accumulate a fortune, that he might leave wealth and a name to his children. But now the children were gone, and there came to him the deeper insight that they have who have found the straight and narrow way, and are walking therein. All children were God's, and were, therefore, his brothers and sisters, so that Dr. Woodbury's benefactions flowed like a tide, and had no ebb.

There never came a day when he could explain precisely how it was that he entered on the broader, happier life, but he always knew that the world had slipped between him and God, that God had led him back by a rough pathway, and that a little child's prattling words and simple trust had finally placed his hand once more in the hand that was pierced.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Children Brought to Christ.

Young Converts in the New Sunday Schools Planted by Our Missionary in the South-west—A Promising Outlook.

REV. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School missionary in the South-west, has forwarded a very interesting report of the recent progress of his work in Missouri. He writes:

At Primrose schoolhouse I organized a Sunday School in a former year, which I have encouraged since by occasional visits. A number of souls have been converted, and the Sunday School has been blessed.

The other photograph is a picture of a log cabin, inhabited by a family of five persons. In a drive of five and one-half miles, the number of cabins which we saw and heard of was only nine. The picture was taken from the cabin nearest the school house, about half a mile distant. The school house is a small frame, and a better building than any dwelling near it. Missouri has one of the largest school funds of any State in the Union, and it is not a rare thing for the school house to be superior to the dwellings in the district, though this is far from being invariably the case; for many school houses are poor buildings, and very uncomfortable in cold weather. This school-house and cabin are in the hill country, between Big Creek and the Chariton River. There are many cabins on each side of that river, which, having its source in Iowa, runs in a southerly direction through North Missouri about one hundred miles and empties in-

A LOG CABIN IN SOUTHWESTERN MISSOURI.

box houses are numerous in many other portions of my field. "Box house" is a name applied to a small, rude structure, generally of very rough material, and often not plastered — ordinarily hot in summer and cold in winter.

This state has many excellent public schools, not a few academies and colleges, besides the State University and three State Normal Schools. Many of its people, living in good homes and prosperous communities, where good schools and churches are ample, would be surprised, I am sure, to see the moral destitution that exists in out-of-the-way places. A few years ago a man in my field complained about the impression going abroad that there was any considerable need in this field which was unreached by ordinary church work. I could make considerable allowance for his blunder, for I might have made a similar mistake, though a native of this state, had not my missionary work opened my eyes to see the facts in the outlying districts and waste places.

Not more than ten miles from the town in which he lived and preached a short time, I had labored in a district having, as I was credibly informed, one hundred and fourteen persons of age for the day school. They had no Sunday School. I visited them from house to house, and addressed the people on Sunday at the school house, and with much effort organized a Sunday School, to which that community contributed exactly fifty cents, and I donated from the literature of The American Sunday School Union all their supplies above that paltry sum. I revisited them once, and they have since been blessed with a revival meeting and numerous conversions, and conditions are now better with them.

Omitting, for the sake of brevity, much of my work for the last six months, from April 1st to October 1st, I report concerning Sunday Schools: Whole number organized, addressed, etc., 39, having 172 teachers, and 2064 scholars. I have been exposed to more rain and mud, and more hard work, than for some years past; and to this exposure I attribute an illness that came upon me in August, from which I recovered so far as to resume my work, but on September 22nd I was overtaken in a storm of wind and rain, accompanied by a cold wave, the temperature falling between thirty and forty degrees in a short time. I was wet and cold nearly four hours before I could get to a fire, and my illness returned; but I praise God I am now recovering. On the day above mentioned I had addressed a Sunday School and preached. Many promised to meet me in heaven.

GEO. W. SHARP.

THE LAST LOAF.

AT the recent meeting in Brooklyn of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions Mrs. M. E. Logan related a pathetic incident of her early experiences as a missionary. She and her husband, the famous Rev. R. W. Logan, went out together to Micronesia. They soon found that the people were cannibals of a most savage and treacherous type. A feast was approaching, and there were some who were to participate in it who were eager to have the newly arrived white man and his wife for viands as a change from the dusky people who were usually devoured at the ghastly rites past. It was only in after years, when the Gospel had made its way, and the missionaries had made friends with the natives, that they learned how near in those early days they were to a horrible death. They knew enough, however, from the demeanor of the savages to be aware then that some plot against them was under discussion; but they committed themselves to the keeping of Him whom they served, and he saved them from the evil designs of their enemies.

It seemed, however, though a more lingering death awaited them. The ship that took them to the islands had with them a store of provisions sufficient to support them until its return. Mr. and Mrs. Logan thought they would be dependent on this store but would be able, through the kindness of the natives, to exchange for a supply of fresh food. But the natives were hostile, and not only refused to furnish them with food, but stole provisions from their stores. The stock was getting low day by day—at last, nothing but a single barrel of flour remained. How careful it was husbanded Mrs. Logan remembers vividly to this day. The ship was due, but the weather was stormy, the coast dangerous, and it did not come. The flour diminished daily, and they looked from the only provision between them and starvation, to the horizon, in the hope of seeing the sail that would bring them of relief coming. At last, the bottom of the barrel was reached. There was only sufficient for one more loaf. Their faith had not failed, but now it was tried to the uttermost. They knelt and committed themselves to God. Then Mrs. Logan took the flour, and, like the widow who befriended Elijah, made it into a loaf, that if God so willed, they should eat it and die. But God had many years of work for them yet to do. While that last loaf was baking, the long expected vessel bringing them supplies, came in sight, and that night, with full hearts, the missionary and his wife gave thanks to God, and wept tears of joy over the abundant provision that had come to them in their extremity. Mrs. Logan is now enjoying a furlough in this country, but her heart is still with the people among whom she and her husband labored so many years.

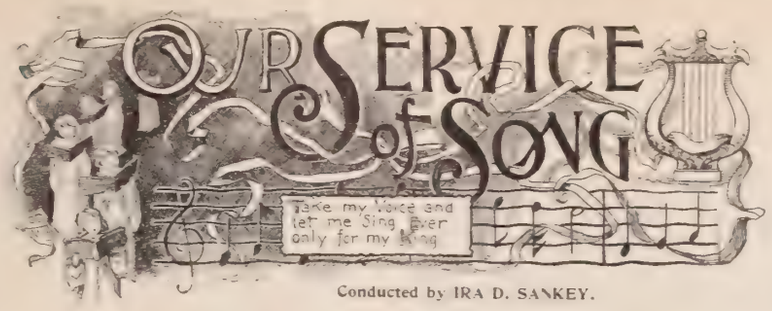
The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

IS THE HEART RIGHT?

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Dec 1. Prov. 4: 20-27.

THE important part taken by the heart in the physical system, corresponds to the part that theology assigns to it in the spiritual system. When theologians speak of the heart, they refer to the motive forces of the soul. The affections, the passions, the disposition, the will, are all included in the idea conveyed by the word, "heart." Thus, as the heart receives the blood, purified and invigorated, and sends it to every part of the body, so the heart, in the theological sense, sends vitality into speech and conduct. Consequently, the necessity of having the heart right is obvious. No matter how brilliant or how learned a man may be, he will be a misery to himself and a curse to all about him, if he be arrogant, cruel, or malignant. So matter how beautiful and accomplished a woman may be, if she is selfish, fretful, or malicious, she will be wretched herself, and be the cause of wretchedness in the home. Sweetness of disposition, kindness, gentleness, love – these affect the life far more than mental gifts. That is what Solomon meant by keeping the heart with all diligence, because out of it come the issues of life. Now, heredity apart, it is conceivable that a child might be so trained as to keep his heart in this delightful condition. He might be helped by careful culture to develop the kindly side of his nature and to repress the evil side. Some children come into the world with a strong tendency to evil. We see this more in infants, and some are much worse than others. In some families, every child born has a proclivity to certain vices, but even with these it has been proved that the evil may be counteracted and the opposite virtues developed, by judicious culture. Unhappily the child seldom gets this training, and his character develops on the lines laid down by nature. The evil is unrestrained, and it predominates in life and conduct.

The question then arises, whether, when the discovery is made, as it is sure to be made by every thoughtful boy and girl, that there is evil at the centre of the spiritual being, it is possible to extirpate it. Or is it possible only to reform the conduct? This question lies at the root of all theology. It is not pleasant to think that one must go through life with his hand forever grasping the throat of the wild beast within him, afraid, that if for an instant he relaxes his grip, or remits his vigilance, his life and the lives of others connected with him, will be desolated. We can imagine God looking on such a person with infinite pity. He does more than this; he offers help. Nothing is more certain in Christianity than the promise it holds out of this radical change. Indeed, undergoing it is an essential to entering the kingdom of Christ. Churches count for nothing in this matter. A child may have been baptized by a bishop, may have been received into church membership by an apostolic pastor, but he is no member of Christ's kingdom if he has not had his heart changed. How is this possible? But when we come to ask how it is done, the method becomes reasonable. Christ proposes to bring men into communion with God. It is the Spirit that works the change. Thus attempts at self-reformation count for little, except as showing the desire for reform. The power is of God, and the way to get the heart right is to go to him in humble, sincere prayer, asking him to exercise the power and effect the change.



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

ONWARD, SOLDIERS!

"THAT THEY GO FORWARD."—*Ex. 14: 15*

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. On - ward, sol - diers! on - ward to - day! Christ our Lead - er calls us a - way;
2. On - ward, sol - diers! make no de - lay; Hear the or - ders, hear and o - bey;
3. On - ward, sol - diers! on for the right, Let our ban - ners wave in the light;
Quick - ly hast - en forth to the field, March with sword and shield.
On to vic - t'ry on let us go, Brav - ing ev' - ry foe.
Soon the vic - tor's song we will sing, "Praise to God our King."
CHORUS.
"For - ward, for - ward," thus saith the Lord, Fear not, faint not, trust in His word:
He will guard us, He will de - fend Till the strife shall end.

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FROM GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.

By per of the Publishers.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE.

I LOVE to fight against the foes
Which everywhere arise.
And as my faith much stronger grows,
Work for a heavenly prize.

Bright jewels from above I seek,
Far more than earthly kind,
For in my Saviour, lowly, meek,
My firmest friend I find.

My enemies are truly strong,
And treacherous as well:
They try to lead me in the wrong.
And to eternal hell.

The hosts of sin plan every way
To tear my fortress down;
But in my fortress I will stay
To win a starry crown.

True honor, truth, and righteousness
Must all our weapons be;
Then will our lot be happiness,
And we'll our Saviour see.

P. M. WAGNER

"THY WILL BE DONE."

WHATE'ER thy will, Lord, keep me still;
Thy will is best, so let me rest.

Cometh to me to-day, from Thee—
Sunshine or rain, pleasure or pain,

Gladness or grief, distress—relief,
Sickness or health, poverty—wealth.

May I believe, all I receive,
Is sent in love from thee above.

So let me rest, thou knowest best:
Whate'er thy will, Lord, make me still.

ROSE GARDNER.

WHEN CHRIST COMES.

What will be the Condition of the World and the Church at the Second Advent.

An Address by REV. A. FAUSSET.

YOU will observe that the woman described in Rev. 17 represents the apostate church. Man was made in the image of his God; and in proportion as he reflects that image is he truly godly, for the woman here had apostatized from God. Instead of witnessing for her Lord against the world, she was leaning upon the world; for I doubt not that the beast is the god of the opposing world-power—the world at enmity against God. What are the waters of the Euphrates which are to be dried up? I think the key you will find here: the waters upon which the woman sits are "peoples, and tongues, and nations." It says she sits upon many waters; so "sitting upon many waters" and "upon the beast" represent much the same thing. The name given to her is Babylon, the city situated upon the river Euphrates. You remember it was by turning the course of this river Cyrus was enabled to overcome Babylon, and to make the way open for the return of the Jews to their own land. Now, it would seem that as the woman represents the apostate church, the waters of the Euphrates, upon which Babylon is situated—(and she is identified with Babylon)—represent "peoples, nations, tongues," upon which apostate Christendom has sat.

And now, what is occurring before our eyes? We are speaking of the state of the world in the last times, and how far that state corresponds to the state of the world at the present time. You will see that already the beast's world-power, the countries of Italy, France, Spain, Austria have turned upon her; and it is a remarkable thing that, just as the temporal power was first given in 754, by Pepin, a usurping king of France, so it was a usurping king, Louis Napoleon, that was instrumental in destroying the temporal power. Others refer the waters of the Euphrates to the Turkish Empire. I believe the two are true. I believe the expressions about Babylon refer, not only to the mystical Babylon, but to the literal Babylon of the Turkish or Saracenic power.

Observe that the beginning of the Turkish power and the Romish power was about the same time. In 606 the Emperor Phocas gave power to the existing Pope, about the same time that Mahomet retired to his cave; and in our own time we have the waters of the Euphrates being dried up simultaneously with the waning of the power of the Turkish Empire. And why? To prepare the way of "the kings of the east." Who are they? Primarily, as we see by the references to Cyrus, it is the Jews who are so designated. And then, spiritually, who are the "kings of the east?" We know how the Revelation begins—"Now to him that loved us, and washed us from our sins, and hath made us kings and priests to God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." Believers are the kings of the east; they come to him who is returning by the way of the east. The kings of the east return with the returning King: "His feet shall stand upon the Mount of Olives, which is in the east of Jerusalem" (for, as we believe in a literal return, so we believe in a literal Israel returning to their own land); and he shall return to inflict the last blow upon his enemies. So at last, after the centuries of confusion and misrule, the world will pass under the perfect and beneficent government of the Prince of Peace.

...NADJA;...

A Tale of the Russian Steppes.*

BY OLIVER M. NORRIS.

THE RETURN OF SERGEI AND MIKHAIL.

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT a woeful, anxious winter it was in Radovo! Mikhail watched day and night by the bed of his young *barin*, Nadja with like untiring vigilance nursed the Countess. For many a week it was an unvarying report of two lives slowly ebbing away in the wasting delirium and frenzy of fever. Then followed a day or two of tenser anguish, when hope seemed slowly and surely to leave the watchers, and the surgeon gravely shook his head, and took Nadja's hand to comfort her.

At last the change came. It was an afternoon late in February, the afternoon of a day of glorious sunshine and spring thaw. The surgeon entered the long, low hut where Sergei lay, and as he approached the sick man a feeble hand was stirred to greet him.

"Thank you, doctor. How is she?"

"Who, Sister Olga? Better, my boy. I have just left her. The worst is over. She has just been asking how you are."

Sergei's face shone like the sun's.

Very slowly, but surely, convalescence followed. Sergei grew happy as a king, and as radiant as a boy. Nadja came in three or four times a day to relieve Mikhail, and bearing sweet, coy messages from her friend. Mikhail would be sent across to the nurse's quarters to inquire how the Countess fared. As they grew a little stronger scraps of paper passed between them, and the Countess kept Sergei's scraps under her pillow, and Sergei kept her answers under his.

It was sad news to Sergei when, one afternoon, Nadja came with a note to say that the Countess was now well enough to travel, that she had received orders to proceed to headquarters, and that they were to start that night on their journey southward.

"Good-bye," ended the note. "I shall look forward eagerly to seeing you. Perhaps you will also be ordered south. I believe important movements are shortly expected. But if I do not see you again during the campaign, we shall surely meet at home, at dear Krasnaya Balka, perhaps in the old English garden under the arbor-vitæ. Good-bye, and God bless you."

Sergei's evening was spent in one brown study after another. If her departure saddened him, the words Olga wrote cheered him, and once or twice, as he turned the sentences over and over in his mind, he [illegible] and smiling.

It was towards nightfall of the same day that an orderly entered the hospital-hut and stood at the salute beside him.

"Colonel Alekhin?"

"Captain, if you please," said Sergei.

"This letter and packet from the general commanding are addressed to *Colonel* Alekhin."

[illegible]

The orderly handed over the letter and a small package. Sergei's face flushed crimson. He tore open the letter.

"SIR,"—it began—"The Grand Duke desires me to inform you that, in recognition of your splendid valour, and your services and sufferings for the Fatherland, he has much pleasure in appointing you Colonel of the Staff, and in begging your acceptance of the accompanying St. George's Cross. It is the Grand Duke's wish that as soon as you are strong enough, you will return to Russia, in order to regain complete health. As soon as peace is restored, His Imperial Highness hopes that, when you are next in St. Petersburg, he may have the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with so gallant an officer."

It was quite dark when Mikhail came in to prepare his master for bed. He found him still staring at the letter.

CHAPTER XXI.

Home from the War.

As the war dragged its slow length along, the general occasionally heard from his nephews, from Sergei more often than from Vladimir. Sergei's letters were a short, crisp chronicle of events, just like what one soldier might be expected to write to another. The general, however, took no interest in them. Vladimir's contained little beyond demands for money, covering the whole gamut of request, from whining petition to truculent threat. All the money he could lay his hands on he sent to Vladimir, the proceeds of another mortgage on the estate were sent to him. There was no satisfying him. His losses at cards were continuous and heavy. At his wits' end to supply him, the weak old man, believing that his precious nephew's honor was at stake, was at last obliged to notify his man of business in St. Petersburg to arrange for the sale of Slavo.

"What does it matter?" the general thought, or gradually accustomed himself to think. "When the war is over he'll marry Olga Navrotska and have plenty. I myself don't want much more; my day is over. My pension will be enough for me. But then there is Sergei——"

What provision to make for Sergei puzzled him. It was July now, and Sergei was coming home. He had heard of his magnificent defence of the pass in the Balkans, of his promotion and decoration, and could not but feel a glow of satisfaction at the [illegible] If it was only Vladimir who was returning on the morrow! was the general's wish on the eve of Sergei's home-coming.

Sergei was speeding over his beloved [illegible] Kief, thinking the minutes hours, with his heart welling over with love to the old man at home, building castles in the air with Olga Navrotzka in every stately room of them.

The news that Sergei and Mikhail were coming home sped like wildfire through Slavo. A letter from Mikhail to his mother apprised the villagers that they had been ordered home invalided, but it was only when the general gave orders to have the old travelling carriage sent to Kief to meet them, that they knew when they might be expected. A village meeting was held on the eve of the arrival, and it was resolved to keep the next day as a holiday, and in deference to the well-known views both of Sergei and Mikhail, each one present at the meeting pledged himself to abstain from *vodka* during the entire day A mixed committee of Orthodox and Stundists was appointed to meet the returning soldiers at a point out on the steppe on the far side of the river, and escort them to their homes. There was a new *Uriadnik*, who had been winning golden opinions of all men, and he was entrusted with the bread and salt of welcome.

Sergei and Mikhail in due course arrived at Kief, and there, outside the railway station, stood the dusty lumbering carriage and the dusty old paunchy, jolly-looking coachman, his face wreathed in smiles. They moved swiftly through the outskirts of the Pilgrim City, and out on to the steppe, through long miles of heavy nodding grain.

The two men lay back in the carriage, basking in the July sun, too happy, too full of pleasant memories and anticipations to trouble one another with remarks or their driver with questions. As they topped one of the long undulations of the steppe, and looked along the white ribbon of road before them they saw a cloud of dust, and could distinguish the figures of horsemen galloping rapidly towards them. In front rode an important looking personage in semi-uniform, and as he approached nearer he was seen to carry something tied up in a red handkerchief. The travellers speedily recognized them, and stood up in the carriage which they had ordered to halt. The horsemen were now around them covered with dust, sweating, their eyes sparkling with pleasure, hurrahing with all their might, and eagerly stretching forward their hands to be shaken. The *Uriadnik* produced a white plate, and on it a piece of black rye bread and some salt. Then the *Uriadnik* marshalled his men behind the carriage, and on went the procession with great noise and jubilation. It was a wonderful home-coming, and every one was happy.

There was just one note of discord, and both Sergei and Mikhail could not notice it. It was when the general was mentioned. From letters received months ago Sergei knew that Grisha was staying at the house—he did not know what the villagers knew, he knew nothing of recent events, but felt in some intangible way that there was something of pain or sorrow or shame awaiting at home to be revealed to him, something that made his friends here silent and hang their heads.

Here they were at the ferry, and the whole village was there on the other side dressed in its best, and cheering with all its might. Although the disappearance of old Sozontieff was known to them Nadja had not mentioned, save to the Countess, the circumstances, so far as she knew them, of her father's death, and the new ferryman, and the brightened up *izba* on the other side struck cold and strange on Mikhail.

What a tumult of rejoicing as they landed on the other side! Right in the forefront of the crowd stood Mikhail's old mother, clutching Vassily Pavlitch's arm, trembling with excitement, her wrinkled face lighted up with a beautiful and wonderful look which only mothers' faces take when their sons come home; and the maids of the village had put flowers in her hands, and told her she was to give them to Mikhail. And here was Mikhail, and she ran forward with a little cry, and scattered the wild flowers all over his head and shoulders as he bent to kiss her. And every girl there had flowers in her hair—they had been roaming the steppe all the morning for them, and Sergei was given sweet little bunches of them and scented herbs.

At the top of the hill the road divided. Sergei bade a friendly good-bye to his people and entered his uncle's grounds alone. Mikhail and the crowd turned into the village and moved slowly along to the Uriadnik's house, where an astounding feast had been prepared, almost every woman in the village having contributed to it either in labor or in kind.

Somehow, as Sergei entered the grounds round his uncle's house, the contrast between the pleasant tumult of the last hour and the chill silence here came cruelly home to him. Why did not the general appear? Only the grizzled butler, whom he had known as a child, stood at the front door to meet him, but instead of running forward with lively pleasure to greet his young *barin*, he looked troubled; he stood irresolute there rubbing his hands, seemingly intent on his shoe-buckles.

"Why, Yakov, what's the matter? Are you ill? Shake hands, man."

"Don't go yet, Panitch. I don't think you know what has been happening."

"Where's the general?"

"In his room with Grisha. They are at their prayers, and nobody dare disturb them."

"Yakov, tell me, what is all this about Grisha?"

"O, Panitch, it is terrible. Come into your own room, and I'll tell you all I know."

Sergei, followed by the old man, tramped along the lonely sounding corridors where decay and death had been playing sad havoc during the months of his absence. He reached his little room, sat down and told the butler to speak.

"Well, Panitch, it was late last autumn that Grisha came. He had been here off and on for some time before, but it was then that he came to live here. Panitch, you have not seen him lately. His face has altered greatly, and we notice it still more when he is in a rage or excited."

"What do you mean? Alters? Everybody's face alters under excitement."

"Yes, but not like Grisha's. Panitch, forgive me, but you never saw two faces more alike than Grisha's and the general's. And do you know what Grisha told Marfa!—that he was the general's son? And once the general nearly struck me because I pushed Grisha; and we have to attend on him now—Marfa and I; and he is dressed like a *barin*, and is always with his father—with the General, I mean; and the general speaks of him as Panitch Grisha."

Sergei could only stare at the butler.

"Leave me alone, Yakov, I want to think it all over. I must be by myself a little."

The old servant crept silently out of the room, and Sergei buried his face in his hands. What could he do? It was dusk when he finally made up his mind to go to his uncle. He went along the passage and paused outside the room from which muffled monotonous sounds came, as of some one reading. He knocked. There was no reply. He knocked louder, and still no reply. He opened the door. The atmosphere was thick with incense, but through the dense clouds he saw two figures sitting side by side.

Sergei looked long and fixedly at the strange pair. "It is true," he muttered to himself, "no one can doubt it, what does it mean?"

He bent over the old man—"Uncle, uncle, I am back again; Sergei is here."

The old man opened his eyes and looked up wearily—"Where is Vladimir? O, would see Vladimir before I die!" He closed his eyes again.

Grisha never ceased his gabble; he never recognized his old friend; he was staring straight through the cloud of incense to the glittering thing beyond. Sergei turned into his own room; such was his home-coming.

To be Concluded.

Facts

1st—Catarrh is a constitutional disease. The best doctors in the world say so.

2d—It requires a constitutional remedy. Everyone can see that this is sense.

3d—The experience of thousands proves that the true remedy is found in

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THE BOOK SHELF

A New England Barn-Raising.*

BY nine o'clock the whole male population from roundabout was whittling on the garden wall, or walking around the great skeleton that lay prone upon the ground beyond it. Mr. Odlin, the carpenter, gazed with laudable pride on those great timbers prepared by weeks of patient toil with axe and saw, square and line, adze and chisel.

He dispised no helpful suggestions which those men of trained eyes and judgment chose to make.

Dreadful accidents befell even carefullest framing; and he was glad to have them prove dimensions, and see that great wooden pins and wedges were secure.

"Seems tew me that j'ist is a grain long;" and Mr. Odlin would carefully remeasure.

"This brace-pin would stan' a leetle more drivin';" and sturdy blows from beetle or axe-head made it sure.

He went behind them all, making certain that joints were fastened, minding if the deep mortises in the enormous rills were exactly in line with the waiting tenons, testing by the square as he went along.

"Anything more, Mr. Wilson?"

"Not as I see."

"All ready!"

The tone was strong, rather than loud, but self-reliant and commanding. Shutting knife-blades clicked, hats and coats were thrown off, and the men gathered, silent and determined.

Mr. Odlin stationed known strong and reliable persons at the corner and centre posts; others held huge iron bars laid on the mortise edge to guide the tenons into place. Phil was at the north post. Half a dozen quick athletes were reserved for exigency, some with bars, some without. The rest were put along the plate, or evenly disposed among the timbers.

From then till the enormous framework rose in air they obeyed but one: the master workman; one law obtained: instant, concerted obedience.

"Take a long breath, men, and start ease. Are you ready?"

For answer each grasped what prostrate timber lay at his feet.

"Now, then, take it up, slow, steady, now she rises, stronger at the centre, ease off on the north post, lift, lift! Heave at the north! Take hold there!" turning to his reserve. An awful quiver ran through the half-raised frame. Though the lifting had been very slightly uneven, yet it had warped the north post so no joint could be made.

Phil stood there, tense as steel, with bar braced against that frightful weight, an only hope to those bent and strained beneath that shivering burden.

In that decisive moment Mr. Odlin was calm, swift, certain.

"Put two bars with Harmon's! Quick! Two men go to the centre; the rest take hold on the south end!"

They obeyed. Then he said quietly to those bent like saplings, "Hold a minit, men; hold hard." Then cheerily called,

"Are you right there, Harmon?"

"Ay!"

"One more; altogether now!"

A wrestler would have gloried in the corded, compact sinews shown in arm, shoulder, back, and leg, as the bowed mass knitted to straighten, and overcome the inertia of that dead weight.

"Good!" cried Mr. Odlin. "It moves; it's goin' up. Ha, that's it, once more, altogether. Hea-ee-ee-ee-ve."

A heavy thud, from the tenons striking the deep mortise beds, sounded all along the sill. Thankful murmurs rose from the group of women in the dooryard, who soon were bringing pails of steaming coffee to husbands and sons. Compliments were showered upon Phil, not in iterated phrases so much as by a few words fitly spoken; for those people were strangely provident of praise. He looked for two who came not.

When Eunice saw the side sway into place, and heard the clang of falling bars, she ran to the far shed, where 'Lisbeth found her cooling her swollen eyes. Going in to dinner, Phil received a few bright words from 'Lisbeth, but talkative Eunice was silent.

After the meal, boarding the barn, stories, and finally the antics of some who had imbibed too much New England rum, put it out of his mind. Lettice asked him to help take the witless men in.

"Are you a Washingtonian, Lettice?"

"Good land! I hope not. What is it?"

"A new-fangled notion for stoppin' rum-drinkin'."

"For a fact?"

"Yes."

"An' for good an' all?"

"Yes."

"Well," said she firmly, "then I'm it; an' I don't care a cent what it looks like."

"Mebby it'll die out, Lettice.

"If sech a thing as you speak on is sprouted, it'll live, Phil; live an' grow. Nobody nor nothin' can kill it, for it's rooted in sufferin' hearts, an' watered with bitterer tears than you ever dreamt on."

Friends in Heaven.*

Cultivating holy fellowships and renewing and developing human loves is one of the occupations of the heaven-life. We have Christ's word for this. He says. "Many shall come from the east and the west, the north and the south, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven." By the very constitution of our nature we require company. We have been made to enjoy nothing alone. We are contagious creatures, and catch inspiration from one another. On this account we are essential to one another. Hence there could be heaven for us if we were isolated from our kind.

The question is often asked, Shall we know one another in heaven? And it is asked sometimes with anxiety, Shall I have fellowship with my friend who on earth was the very soul of my soul? Yes, you shall. So certain is the fact that the question is almost foolish. It should never have had an existence. Our love for God shall continue; why not all other pure and kindred loves? To answer this question in the negative would imply a destruction which is quite opposite to the dealings of God with our nature. Memory would have to be abridged. Vision would have to be impaired. There would have to be a loss or a paralysis of our affectional nature. Something would have to fall out of our mental constitution before our friends could fall out of our life. If our friends fell out of our life, why not all remembrance and thought of our salvation and of our Saviour? The question is absurd.

Certain physical relations will cease there, but all soulful relations will continue, and these will be filled with joyful reminiscences which will keep us perpetually in the spirit and mood of praise. Shall we know our friends there? What is the significance of immortality if it means forgetfulness? How forgetfulness narrows this life? Of what use is immortality if we lose our identity? How can this life be a preparation for the next life if death obliterates all memory of it? The question should never have been raised. Pray that you may never grow away from those who have gone before, or out of sympathy with them.

*[illegible] Friends in Heaven. By the Author of "Stumbling for two Worlds." By Rev. David Gregg, D.D. Of the author of the book, Dr. Talmage says: Rev. David Gregg, D.D., [illegible] the most brilliant men in the American pulpit. In the interest in parables that he has with the Greek attached [illegible] time, [illegible] expected [illegible] the new book, *The Parables of Our Lord*, will not disappoint them. The treatment is fresh, illuminating, and helpful. Pp. 167. price [illegible]. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., 112 Fifth avenue, New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Light in the Home. A Series of Twenty Sermons, by Rev. John W. Langley. Pp. 382. Published by The Historical Pub. Co., Philadelphia.

Quarterdeck and Fok'sle. Stories of the Sea, by Mollie Elliot Seawell. Pp. 272; price $1.25. Published by W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston, Mass.

Dorothy and Her Ships, by Mary Hubbard Howell. Pp. 203; price 90 cents, illustrated. Published by The American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia.

Christian Teaching and Life. By Alvah Hovey, D. D., L. L. D. Pp. 286; Price, 1.25; Published by The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

Humility: The Beauty of Holiness. By Rev. Andrew Murray. Pp. 150. Price 50 cents: Published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 182 Fifth Ave., New York.

Sunday Reading for the Young; an illustrated magazine for juveniles, very attractive and instructive; pp. 412, board covers: price $1.25; E. and J. B. Young & Co., Cooper Union, N. Y., publishers.

John Livingston Nevius, for forty years a missionary in China. By his wife, Helen S. Coan Nevius. Illustrated. Pp. 476. Price $2. published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

Christmas Week at Biglow's Mill. By Mrs. D. E. W. Spratt. Prettily bound in box; Pp. 78; Price, 75 cents. Published by The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

Niram. A Dusky Idyl. By Laisdell Mitchell. A Story of Negro Life. Prettily bound, with numerous illustrations. Pp. 75; Price 75 cents; Published by The American Baptist Publication Society, Phila.

The Heaven-Life; or Stimulus for Two Worlds. By Rev. David Gregg, D. D. Containing a remarkable chapter on "The Occupations of the Heaven-Life." Pp. 168; Published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

Cap'n Thistletop: by Sophie Swett; illustrated; pp. 282; cloth covers; price $1.25. A New England story for boys and girls, delightfully told, and with a sound, wholesome moral. W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston, publishers.

Jack Benson's Log, or Afloat with the Flag in '61: by Charles Ledyard Norton. Pp. 281, illustrated; cloth covers; price $1.25. A capital story of a boy's experience during the Civil War. W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston, publishers.

The Way of Life, marked out by Spurgeon, Talmage, McNeill, Moody, Mills and Chapman. An article bearing on the subject from each preacher. Pp. 127; price 50 cents. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto.

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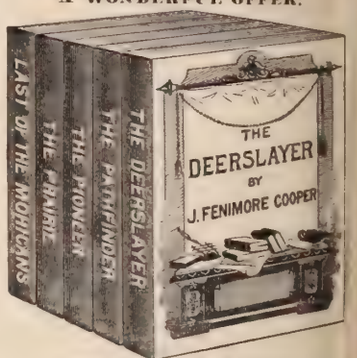

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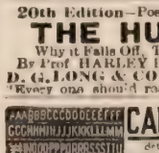

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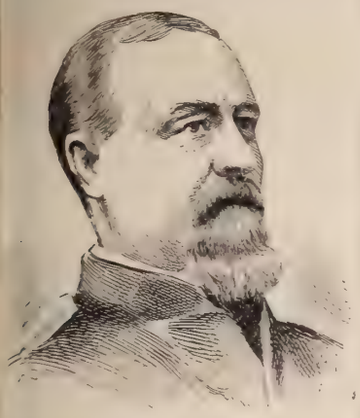
A Naval Hero Dead.

N the death of Rear-Admiral Robert Wilson Shufeldt, United States Navy, the country loses one of its ablest sailors and bravest commanders. He was born in Dutchess co., New York State in 1822 and entered the vy as a midshipman in 1839. Step by



THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL SHUFELDT.

p, through bravery and ability, he rose the post of Commodore in 1875, when made a cruise around the world in his gship *Ticonderoga*. He was appointed piter of the English and American govnments to settle the Liberian question, d was authorized to open negotiations th Corea for the protection of American e and property, as a result of which a aty was signed in 1883. This was the st convention negotiated with the Her- t Kingdom, and by it the commerce of t country was thrown open to the rld. He was appointed Rear-Admiral 1883 and retired in 1884. Admiral Shudt, during his service abroad, had many portunities of showing his friendship for e missionaries and never failed to give em encouragement and protection when eded. He leaves a daughter and two ns—one of the latter a distinguished thologist and the other connected with r consular service in China.

A COSTLY PROMISE.

HE cost of fulfilling a sailor's promise appears on the books of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad Company in an account recently closed. Thirty-three years ago the company needed a piece of d adjoining their road in Portland, Me., hich was owned by James Mountfort. mes Mountfort's brother Daniel had been ailor, and had placed the widow and ughter of one of his shipmates in a house the land, and had promised that they ould have it free of rent as long as they ed. Daniel lost his life in a shipwreck, t his brother James, to whom the house as left, knew of his brother's promise, d for his brother's sake left the house in ssession of the woman, rent free. When e railroad company wanted to purchase e land, James explained that the house on it was let on a life-lease to the two cupants. The company asked to see the ase, but James said, "My brother gave written lease, but gave his word for it long as they lived, which was higher d stronger than any written lease could ." He offered to sell the land at a low fice, on condition that the two women ere not turned out of the house, and the mpany purchased it on those conditions. As they afterward desired to pull down e house, they were obliged to pay the ost of another place for the women to e in, and this they continued to do as long as they lived. The widow soon ed, but the daughter lived for thirty ars, and the company find that the payents made, with interest upon them, mount to $3,808, which have been exnded rather than the old sailor's promshould be broken. This was as it ould be; but, if the two women had reseen the death of their benefactor, and e sale of the house by his brother, they ght have felt some diffidence about movg into his house. Their doubts would, wever, have proved groundless, for the omise was kept. That is the difficulty ith anxious Christians; they read God's omises, but they do not "move in:" who appropriate them testify that God faithful to the end.

FOR 1896

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Led to Christ by a Child.

A recent Gospel meeting in England, Mr. Orr-Ewing, a revivalist, told this pathetic incident: "An English missionary, with his wife and little boy, were busy carrying the Gospel message to the Chinese. The boy was only seven years of age, but though delicate of constitution and feeble of health, he had a wondrous power over the natives, and they would often gather round him to hear about Jesus. Among them was an old man upon whom the parents could make no impression, but the words of their son seemed to touch his heart. The child's disease increased, and it was evident that his end was near. For the last time the natives gathered round his bedside, and among them the old idolator; but the sight of the child's joy in the prospect of death broke down his opposition, and he resolved to become a Christian. Next day the sorrowing parents consigned to the grave the body of their child, a large company of natives following. On the following day the father and mother went to visit the grave of their loved one. As they approached, they saw the figure of the old man raise himself from the ground, where he had been kneeling, and advance to meet them. He told the missionary that while the words of the older missionaries had been unable to turn him from his idols, that little boy had led him from darkness to light. 'And now,' he continued, 'it shall be my loving duty to tend that grave throughout my life. While I live there shall always be fresh flowers placed upon it, and when I am gone I shall leave instructions to my children, and to my children's children, that they shall continue to tend that grave and put flowers upon it.' How the Lord blesses the simple word spoken in his name!"

THE GREATEST PLEASURE.

At a dinner party in Baltimore many years ago, at which were present among the guests George Peabody and Johns Hopkins, some one inquired, "Which did you enjoy most, Mr. Peabody, making your money or giving it away?" "Well," answered Mr. Peabody, slowly, and Johns Hopkins was observed to be deeply interested in the answer, "I enjoyed making money. I think it is a great pleasure to make money. And when the idea was first suggested to me that I gave money away, it did not please me at all. In fact, it distressed me. But I though the matter over, and concluded I'd try it on a small scale. So I built the first of the model tenement houses in London. It was a hard pull. But after it was done, I went around among the poor people living in the rooms, so clean and comfortable, and I had quite a new feeling. I enjoyed it very much. So I gave some more and the feeling increased. And now I can truly say that, much as I enjoyed making my money, I enjoyed giving it away a great deal better."

MISSIONARIES THREATENED.

An aftermath of the terrible butchery of Armenians in Trebizond came in the startling news by cable that the Turkish fanatics had threatened to burn the famous American college at Marsovan, Asia Minor. Every precaution was taken to prevent so diabolical an incendiarism. Thus far the would-be incendiaries have not been discovered. It will be recalled that the agitation against the Americans at Marsovan began about a year ago, when a number of pupils of the American college were expelled because their fathers were suspected of being implicated in the Armenian movement. This caused suspicion to fall upon the professors of the college, five in number, and two of whom are Americans. Mr. Terrell notified the authorities at Washington that Garabed, a naturalized American citizen, had been assassinated at Marsovan, close to the church door, as he was going to attend a religious service. At the same time Mr. Terrell notified the State Department at Washington that the revolutionists had marked the professors at Marsovan for slaughter long before the Sassoun atrocities were committed. Eventually a Turkish guard was furnished to the college at the request of Mr. Terrell

CHOLERA IN MOROCCO.

In a recent letter, Mr. H. N. Patrick, a missionary at Tangier, says: "Cholera in its worst form is decimating the population, more than seven hundred having died in Tangier alone within the past five weeks, whilst quite that number have died in the surrounding villages. In Tetuan, forty-five miles from Tangier, over 300 Moors have died within the last six days. The alarm and the distress are very great. Work is suspended and the shops are closed. The cemeteries are full, and now the corpses are being interred in the market-place, about one foot only from the surface of the ground. The effect of this a little later on will be awful." The cholera has been traced directly to the "pilgrims," who brought it from Mecca.

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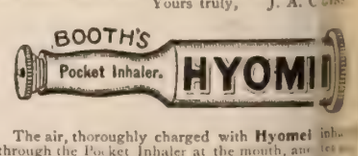
I am wonderfully surprised with the results of Hyomei for bronchitis and bleeding of the lungs in cases of dull, heavy cough, with expectoration of offensive matter, it acts like magic. Hyomei, used by patients with the Inhaler well charged, has never failed to produce good results. It is also the greatest thing in the world for catarrh. I can recommend it to all.

Yours truly, J. A. COLLINS.



The air, thoroughly charged with **Hyomei** inhaled through the Pocket Inhaler at the mouth, and commingling the minutest air cells, is slowly exhaled through the nose. It is aromatic, delightful to inhale, inexpensive, and gives immediate relief. It stops all disease, coughing instantly, clears the voice, expands the chest and increases the breathing capacity.

BOOTH'S POCKET INHALER OUTFIT

Complete, by Mail, $1.00,

consisting of Pocket Inhaler, made of deodorized rubber, beautifully polished, a bottle of Hyomei, dropper, and full directions for using. If you are skeptical, send your address, and my pamphlet will prove that **Hyomei** does cure. Are you open to conviction?

R. T. BOOTH, 18 East 20th St. N. Y.

NOTE: See the large "Pass-it-on" advertisement in this paper four weeks ago, and read the letter of R. T. Booth in the issue of week before last

WONDER CABINET FREE among Puzzle, Fairy Bottle, Pocket Cyclometer, Wire Puzzle, Spirit Photos, Tot Talks &c. Sent Free with immense catalogue 100 Gems for 10c. for postage. INGERSOLL & BRO. 65 Cortlandt Street N. Y.

His Rent Paid for Life.

How a Bowery Rough's Question Was Answered in Due Time.

MR. H. B. GIBBUD, of the Syracuse Gospel Mission, and who for a number of years was actively engaged in mission work in New York, recently related this most interesting chapeer in his experience: I was at work on the Bowery, and was talking with a man who had been drinking. My friends stood waiting for me. I noticed one of a gang of thieves, who were lounging around the door of a concert hall, leave his companions, approach my friends and enter into conversation. I left my man and joined them. I said: 'My friend, I know you and your game; I should think a man like you would want to be in a better business than roping in unsuspecting people. It's mighty mean business—that of a thief—don't you think so!' He looked and acted as though he was about to make some 'forcible' remarks, but before he could do anything, I laid my hand on his shoulder and said, 'You ought to be a Christian!' He started back as though struck, but quickly recovered, and said with a sneer, 'Me a Christian? Will Christ pay my rent? Will Christ feed me?' 'Well,' I said, 'I have seen a good many start without a cent or a place to lay their head, and I never knew one he let go down who was really in earnest.' 'But, see here, did you ever see Christ?' 'No; but I expect to see him; I have his word that I shall.' Turning to his companions, he called out, 'Come here and see a fellow who is going to see Christ.'

It was about two o'clock in the morning. Quite a number who were passing stopped. I found myself in the centre of a typical Bowery crowd—Jew and Gentile, a number of sporting men and thieves, two three tramps, several drunken men and others attracted by the crowd stood listening. As his companions joined him he said, "This fellow is going to see Christ." "Yes," I said, opening the Bible. "I have his word for it; I will read it to you, 'Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.'" "Oh, you are a son of God, are you?" "Yes, and I have his word for that," reading the Bible again. "'As many as received him to them He gave power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name.'" "Well, brother, here's my hand; I am a child of God, too," he said winking at his companions. "Oh, no!" said I, "don't call me brother; you don't belong to the Lord's family. 'Ye are of your father the devil.'" And I read from Romans 'Know ye not to whom ye yield yourself servants to obey: His servants ye are to whom ye obey,' and your regular business is serving the devil, and you can't palm yourself off on me as one of God's family, but you may be adopted into His family if you will." Then I read John 3:16, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."

A man who had had one of his ears nearly cut off in a fight and whose head was bandaged, said: "You had better take a back seat, Bill; he's too much for you?" Bill turned with an oath and said, "You had better get out, there is nothing here for a man with one ear." At this the crowd laughed and jeered him. He was making his way out of the crowd, when I reached over and caught him by the shoulder, and said, "Hold on, friend, there is something for you," and turning to Revelation I read, "He that hath an ear to hear let him hear; to him that overcometh I will give to eat of the tree of life." The crowd laughed heartily at this quotation and I felt that I had gained their sympathies. I gave them all an invitation to attend our meetings. A few did attend, and one, at least, afterward gave evidence of a sincere desire to lead a Christian life.

One night, at the Gospel meeting, he approached Mr. Gibbud and said:

"Do you remember, Bill, the man who abused you and wanted to know if Christ would pay his rent?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well—the devil has paid his rent for life. He has just been sentenced for life for shooting a man on the Bowery.

And so the question of the scoffer brought its own answer.

DEFORMED HINDOO TEACHER.

IN a letter from a missionary in India is the following description of the work of a zealous Hindoo convert: On visiting one of our schools in Allahabad, I noticed a poor working-girl, deformed from spinal disease. I knew from her dress, poor as it was, that she was a Christian child. She told me her name was Agnes, and that she was fourteen or fifteen years old; but she was very small, and as ignorant as any of the Hindoo girls. I inquired about her, and found she belonged to so low a family that no church was willing to recognize her. This girl, hearing a school was opened within her reach, determined to attend it, although the teacher was a Hindoo girl. She was always present, and so diligent, that from knowing nothing, she made rapid progress and learned to love her Bible. Some weeks ago she asked me if she might open a school near her house, as many women and girls wished to learn. Some, she told me, she had been teaching ever since she knew enough to do so! Two days ago I went to see what progress she was making, and found thirty-three women and girls sitting outside on the ground, as their little mud hut would not hold so many. Agnes was moving among them like a queen, and evidently much beloved and respected. A sister is helping her. I do not know when I have felt more encouraged than in seeing what this young girl is now, remembering how short the time is since she was perfectly ignorant.

LEAD ME, O LORD.

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road:
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring,
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead—
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though
heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to light!

Good News for Asthmatics.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

Malaria literally means bad air. Those who are exposed to malarial or other poisons should keep the blood pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Pure blood is a foe to disease.

Not a Patent Medicine.

Nervous Prostration.
Mental Depression.
Nervous Dyspepsia.
Mental Failure.

Freligh's Tonic (*A Phosphorized Cerebro-Spinant*)

will cure when everything else has failed. Prescribed and endorsed now, and for ten years past, by over 40,000 Physicians. Sample by mail 25c., ten days' trial. Regular bottle $1 by mail. Small bottle, but 100 doses in each.

Concentrated, Prompt, Powerful.

Formula, descriptive pamphlet, full directions, testimonials, etc., to any address.

I. O. Woodruff & Co.,
Manufacturing Chemists,
106-108 *Fulton St., New York City.*

Formula on Every Bottle.

Spots on the Son

will readily yield to Copco when you are obliged to say: "Just look at yourself! now don't you come into this house until you're clean," temper justice with mercy; hand him a cake of Copco and he will soon be out of quarantine; and notice one thing, please; if he has used

COPCO
TRADE MARK.

soap, the dirt has not stuck to him and been wiped off on the towel—it has been washed off in the water.

Result: Clean boy, clean towel, prompt dinner.

Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
CHICAGO, NEW YORK, ST. LOUIS.

CATALOGUE
FREE

New is the time to buy a **PIANO or ORGAN** from the largest manufacturers in the world, whose instruments direct to the public at wholesale factory prices. Don't waste profits to agents and middlemen. **TERMS** to suit. No money asked in advance. Privilege of testing organ or piano in your own home 30 days. No expense to you if not satisfactory. Warranted 20 years.

REFERENCE Bank references furnished on application to the editor of this paper; any business man of this town, and to the thousands using our instruments in their homes. A book of testimonials sent with every catalogue. As an advertisement we will sell the first Piano in a place for only **$159.** The first Organ only **$25,** Stool, Book, &c., **FREE.**

If you want to buy for cash.
If you want to buy on instalments.
BUT DON'T BUY UNTIL YOU Write Us.

BEETHOVEN PIANO & ORGAN CO.,
P. O. Box 741, WASHINGTON, N. J.

THE DOCTOR'S COLUMN.

Mrs. S.—Kindly state what will help bronchial catarrh of long standing.

Take Catarrhine, according to directions. Teaspoonful Pulmoline, three times daily.

O. H. L., New York.—I see you recommend Thyroidine for obesity. How should it be taken?

Thyroidine is the extract of the Thyroid Gland. Take three drops on the tongue, three times daily. Two teaspoonfuls of Natrolithic Salts in half tumbler hot water daily, before breakfast.

W. D. H., Syracuse.—When I lie down my heart beats so that it causes a feeling of suffocation. Please advise.

Take Cardine, extract of the heart, in three-drop doses, three times daily. Avoid excitement and over-exertion. Twice a week take a dose of Natrolithic Salts to regulate the bowels.

French.—After eating I sometimes get a pain around my heart. Am troubled with hives. What can I take?

After each meal take a teaspoonful of Gastrine. Twice a week, two teaspoonfuls of Natrolithic Salts in tumbler hot water before breakfast.

C. FALING BROWN, A. M., M. D.,
Med. Dept., Col. Chem. Co., Washington, D. C.
All letters of inquiry answered free.

THE ANIMAL EXTRACTS.

CEREBRINE, From the Brain. MEDULLINE, From the Spinal Cord. CARDINE, From the Heart. OVARINE, THYROIDINE. NATROLITHIC SALTS, For Constipation. **GASTRINE,** For Dyspepsia. **CATARRHINE, ECZEMICURE,** and other specialties of the

COLUMBIA CHEMICAL CO.
Now at all Druggists. Send for Literature.

$3 A DAY SURE. Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure, we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; *write at once.* ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., BOX 856, DETROIT, MICH.

Cudahy's Rex Brand Extract of Beef FOR A FINE . . . FLAVOR

HOME STUDY Success in Business Life is within the reach of all who take a thorough Business College course at Home, by Mail. It will pay to investigate. Cat. free. Trial lesson 10c. BRYANT & STRATTON, 75 College Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.

FREE!

We Direct Special Attention to the Following Remarkable Statements:

REID, Texas.—I am satisfied I had consumption, had a very distressing cough and profuse expectoration which has been cured, and my health fully restored by the use of Dr. Moore's treatment. Rev. I. H. Hoskins.

25 years I was almost totally deaf; could not understand a word; had to carry a slate so that people could "talk" to me. In one week after commencing Aerial Medication, I surprised my friends by discarding the slate, I steadily improved, and now can hear the slightest noise and can understand conversation perfectly. Edward E. Williams, Lead, S. Dk.

For 22 years I suffered untold agonies from Fetid Catarrh. Aerial Medication cured me in 1889, and I am still entirely free from the disease. Mrs. I. F. Sharp, Twinville, Tenn.

Medicines for 3 Months' Treatment Free.

To introduce this treatment and prove beyond doubt that it will cure Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will for a short time, send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address,

J. H. MOORE, M. D., Cincinnati, O.

We guarantee
Heiskell's Ointment
to quickly and permanently cure **Eczema, Scald-Head, Barber's Itch** or **Tetter** without the aid of internal medicine.
50c per box at Druggists or by mail.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO.,
531 Commerce St., PHILADELPHIA.

PUZZLE PENKNIFE, 10c.

Best steel Blades, ever made, pearl handle, nickel plated, etc. Puzzle to open and close. Worth $1.00 as a curiosity. A sample of our low bargains, mailed postpaid with Cat. for 10c. ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. 65 CORTLANDT ST. N. Y. CITY.

CHILLS Malaria, Chills and Fever, Ague, Biliousness, La Grippe cured by **QUAKER CHILL CAKE.** A record of 20 years behind it. Contains no quinine, arsenic, or harmful drug. Write for circulars and particulars. QUAKER REMEDY CO., Lansdowne, Pa.

What brings release from dirt and grease? Why, Don't you know?

SAPOLIO!

Showers of Blessing.

THE Bowery Mission, so favorably located on the great thoroughfare that has long been synonymous with vice and crime of every shade and degree, has been singularly blessed during the past six months. The Converts' Prayer-meeting that was begun at the outset of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S control on April last, has a regular attendance of about 200, which is constantly being augmented from those who attend the nightly services, and many find a Saviour in Jesus Christ. The usual nightly attendance fills the hall, which has a seating capacity of about 400.

The record of those who have professed conversion from April first to October first was 3,428 souls, which, considering the warm months intervening, presents really a very remarkable showing. Many of these have stepped out of lives that had become dissipated and vicious and are now upright and honorable men. Not a few have passed from idleness into lives of industry and are now useful members of society.

To appreciate this fully, it would be necessary to see a Bowery Mission audience. Men who may well be considered as the unfortunate, without shelter or food and but scantily clothed, for the greater part without friends and without hope, come there to receive consolation. The light and the singing attract and allure, if only to secure for the moment a resting-place. Then the story of the Gospel awakens within their heart thoughts of other and brighter days. Many a mother's boy, who has come to the great city and has been ensnared in the many meshes that are spread for the unwary, thus finds a beacon that lights his path to the Saviour and restores him to mother and friends.

A JAPANESE DEMETRIUS.

The opposition which the great apostle of the Gentiles encountered at Ephesus (Acts 19: 23–28) from Demetrius, the silversmith, is met with by missionaries in our day when their preaching affects business interests. Mr. McKim, in the course of his story of work in Japan, mentions an instance. He says: When I was at Yamato I visited Nara, where the catechist is doing a good work. Nara, as you know, has been a stronghold of Buddhism, and many of the people derive their support from the making of shrines and from the pilgrimages made by large numbers every year. The only opposition of any importance is, therefore, from those who see that their craft is endangered by the propagation of Christianity. The keeper of a pleasure resort of questionable reputation, meeting the catechist one day, said: "You are a bad man." The catechist, surprised, asked why. "Because you are taking from me my best customers." I was at Nara two days. The second night I was invited by a barber interested in Christianity to preach at his house, situated in the very centre of the city. The whole of the front was thrown open, and the catechist and I preached to a large crowd, who listened most respectfully and attentively. We also preached at Kudara Mura to about fifty persons who met in a farm-house to hear us. We have one Christian man in this village whose good example is doing much to commend Christ to his neighbors. A number of the people at this place are deeply interested.

A HAUNTED CHINAMAN.

One of the medical missionaries attached to the China Inland Mission, while laboring in Han-chung, was called to see a man very dangerously wounded. He was about forty, and he had one little girl who attended school, and two wives who would like to attend the women's class, but he would not let them. He had three or four silk looms and several workmen. The previous day he had stabbed himself in three places, the only explanation being that the house was said to be haunted by a devil, and at night he could hear it moaning. Upon the night in question he heard it more than ever. This made him so miserable that in a fit of desperation he seized a great knife and stabbed himself. The next thing was to hire a necromancer to come, who, by means of writing certain cabalistic characters on strips of yellow paper, is supposed to be able to ward off the approach of evil. Of these papers some are posted up over the lintels of the door, others are pinned on to the bed, and yet another folded up very small and pinned to his clothes. But this necromancer did not stop here, but proceeded in his own crude way to treat the wound by stitching it partially up, not with silk thread, but with the delicate fibres of the mulberry tree roots, which are supposed to have anti-febrile virtues. "This, however," says the missionary, "he accomplished so badly, that on the patient coughing the wound gaped. He then merely covered it all up with one of the universal black plasters of the appearance and consistency of tar spread on paper. They next sent for me at the patient's special request. Prayer was made that he might recover, and that it might be the beginning of better days for the whole family, and it was answered. God's mercy permitted him to come back, as it were, from the very brink of the grave, and afforded him time to turn from idols to serve the living God."

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

When the noble-hearted Christian, Captain Allan Gardiner, was dying of slow starvation on the desolate shores of Pictou Island, he yet painted on the entrance of the cavern which was his only shelter, a hand pointing downward to the words:

"My soul, wait thou still upon God, for my hope is in him."

Near that mute, pathetic symbol of unshaken trust his skeleton was found.

To die of hunger on an Antarctic shore among savages, not one of whom he had succeeded in converting—could anything look like a deadlier failure? And yet from that heroic death of faithful anguish has sprung a great American mission.

If Allan Gardiner's death was a failure, it was one of those failures which are the seed of the most infinite, of the most transcendent successes. For such men the world is waiting. "For such men and women God seeks." Rivers of living water "flow from them." Their lives illustrate to us the meaning of the words, "The obedience of faith."

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

NOTICE NAME THUS Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

Beecham's pills for constipation 10¢ and 25¢. Get the book at your druggist's and go by it.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

IN USE SINCE 1826.

CONGREVE'S BALSAMIC ELIXIR.

CURES

Consumption, Asthma,
Whooping Cough,
Sore Throat,
Chronic Bronchitis.

Send 25 cents for Mr. Congreve's Work on Consumption, or this will be sent free with trial bottle for $1. Larger sizes $1.75, $3.75, $7.00.

Rev'd R. Watt, D.D., Wilmington, Del., writes: "I have advised several parties to try Congreve's Elixir. I consider it the **Greatest Lung Medicine** of the age."

GEO. T. CONGREVE,
367 Canal St., New York,
and London, England.

MONUMENTS.

DON'T buy Marble or Granite until you investigate

WHITE BRONZE.

It is much more artistic and enduring, and much less expensive.

NO Moss-Growing. NO Cracking.
NO Cleaning. NO Crumbling.

Prices to suit all. Work delivered everywhere. Write for designs and information. Costs nothing to investigate.

THE MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO.,
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Stamped Steel Ceilings

Decorative, Durable and Best

For Church Ceilings of any shape, old or new. Send for Catalogue B.

H. S. NORTHROP, 40 Rose St., New York.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER Spring No. 2.

A SOLVENT FOR STONE IN THE BLADDER.

Dr. B. J. Weistling, *of Middletown, Pa., states:*

"Experience in its use in Stone in the Bladder, in my own person, enables me to attest the efficacy of the BUFFALO LITHIA WATER in this painful malady. After having been subjected to sufferings, the intensity of which cannot be described, I have, under the influence of the water, **passed an ounce of Calculi** (Uric Acid), **some of which weighed as much as four grains,** affording inexpressible relief and leaving me in a condition of comparative ease and comfort. **"On one occasion I passed thirty-five Calculi in forty-eight hours.** The appearance of this Calculus Nuclei indicates unmistakably, I think, that they were all component particles of one large Calculus, **destroyed by the action of the water, by means of solution and disintegration.** At my advanced period of life (I am seventy-seven years and six months of age), and in my feeble general health, a surgical operation was not to be thought of, and **the water seems to have accomplished all that such an operation, if successful, could have done."**

The above plate is from a photograph, and represents the exact size and shape of some of the Calculi passed by Dr. Weistling.

This Water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles $5.00 each, at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent to any address.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VA.

DR. HUNTER'S LECTURES ON THE LUNGS.

BRONCHITIS.

No. 5.

The terms "Bronchitis," "Catarrhal Consumption," and "Catarrhal Bronchitis" are used indiscriminately to designate a disease of the tubes of the lungs, which very closely resembles consumption in symptoms, but is different in nature from that disease.

The causes which produce Bronchial disease are a deep cold on the chest, or an attack of grippe, or a congestion of the mucous lining of the lungs, or breathing a dusty, irritating atmosphere. It occurs in several forms, according to the age and state of the patient. In elderly people it is attended by coughs, shortness of breath, and a copious expectoration of thin mucous resembling gum water, coming on in morning and evening attacks. In younger people the matter coughed up is at first white, but gradually changes to a yellow color, attended by afternoon fever, night sweats, and sometimes by spittings of blood, in which case there is always loss of flesh and strength and the disease is generally mistaken for consumption. In some people the active symptoms subside during the warmth of summer, and regularly become aggravated as cold weather approaches. During the winter season such cases are very liable to develop into consumption.

The most common form of this disease is called dry Bronchitis. In this the expectorated matter is a dull glutinous stuff of a bluish white or pearl gray color—very tenacious and hard to raise. It clings around the vocal chords and makes the voice husky. It clogs the air tubes and shortens the breathing, and sometimes completely blocks up tubes of considerable size, shutting off the air from the air cells, and actually killing the function of that part of the lungs which those tubes supply.

Dry Bronchitis is the most insidious of all lung complaints. The patient is always getting better if we accept his own account of himself, and yet as certainly relapsing into a worse condition than before. The difficulty of breathing becomes more marked and the patient complains of a tightness in the chest, which is only relieved by coughing up a quantity of the tough, jelly-like substance before described. On inquiry of a person so afflicted if he has any cough, he will almost certainly answer no, and yet during your conversation will hack and raise this jelly-like mucous half a-dozen times. Sometimes the cough comes on in paroxysms, when they are called asthmatic. If the stomach be deranged, it is supposed to be only a stomach cough or to come from a torpid liver, or some other derangement of the general health. Alas! there are few who are afflicted with any form of Bronchitis who do not sooner or later come to fill a consumptive's grave. Here are four different forms of the disease, all dangerous to life and directly tending to consumption, but not consumption at all. They may terminate fatally before there are any bacilli in the lungs, or any tubercles, but generally end in consumption. Happily, they are not contagious. Inhalation. Rely upon it, neither change of air abroad nor any combination of medicines by the stomach will ever cure even the simplest form of Chronic Bronchitis. Local treatment of the lungs by properly adapted and applied inhalations is the only logical method of cure there is for any kind of Bronchial Disease.

ROBERT HUNTER, M. D.
117 West Forty-Fifth Street, New York.

Note.—All readers of The Christian Herald can obtain a copy of Dr. Hunter's book and his opinion of their cases, without charge, by addressing him as above.

A TRADE FOR YOU

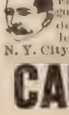
The tools most needed in watch and clock repairing are shown in connection with Complete Manual and large Catalogue prepared, for $1. Circulars and Price-lists free. The Hoffman Supply Co.
Wholesale Exclusively. 262 Ray St., Columbus, O.

FREE TO BALD HEADED

We will mail on application, free, information how to grow hair upon bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address,
Altenheim Medical Dispensary
[illegible] East Third Street, Cincinnati, O.

FREE

As a sample of our 1000 BARGAINS we will send FREE an elegant Fountain Pen, warranted a perfect writer, and Illustrated Bargain Catalogue, for 10c. to cover postage.
R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 65 CORTLANDT ST., N. Y.



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For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion, the result of 20 years experience treating the skin. The dermatologist with every cake. Druggists or John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 125 W. 42d St., N. Y. City. Send 10c. for sample and 100 page book.

CANCER and Tumors successfully treated and cured. No knife. Book free. 15 years experience. Dr. J. H. Graham, 118 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, O.

New Cure. Kidney & Bladder Diseases.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of **Walter Baker & Co.** (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

YOU WOULD BUY A SET

Of these SOUVENIR SPOONS, but you think there must be some catch on account of the small sum asked for them. It is a genuine offer and we do this to dispose of them quickly.

Remember we Refund your Money
IF YOU FIND THEY ARE NOT AS REPRESENTED.

ORDER TO-DAY. SEND IN YOUR ORDER FOR A SET OR MORE AT ONCE AS THOUSANDS WILL AVAIL THEMSELVES OF THIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

'FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.'

GENUINE BARGAIN

ONLY **99c** FOR ALL SIX — FORMERLY SOLD FOR **$9**

HOW ARE WE ABLE TO DO IT?

These Spoons were made up especially for the World's Fair trade, by ONE OF THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD, and were left on their hands. In order to dispose of them **Quickly**, we make this unheard of offer. **SIX SOUVENIR SPOONS**, after dinner coffee size, **HEAVY COIN SILVER PLATED**, with **GOLD PLATED BOWLS**, each spoon representing a different building of the **World's Fair**. The handles are finely chased, showing head of **Columbus**, and dates **1492-1893** and wording **"World's Fair City."** They are genuine **works of art**, making one of the finest souvenir collections ever produced. **Sold during the Fair for $9.00**; we now offer the balance of the stock at **ONLY 99 CENTS.** Sent in elegant plush lined case, properly packed, prepaid to any address. Send Chicago or New York Exchange. Individual checks not accepted, Postal Note or currency. Money cheerfully refended if goods are not as represented.

LEONARD MFG. CO., DEPT. A 5,152-153 MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

P. S.—YOU KNOW THIS ADVERTISEMENT WOULD NOT BE ACCEPTED BY THE EDITOR OF THIS PAPER IF IT WAS NOT GENUINE.

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Take a small quantity of Cottolene and a little cream; warm in a frying pan. Break 6 eggs in it and stir until slightly cooked. Serve hot.

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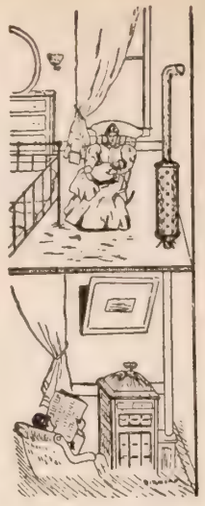

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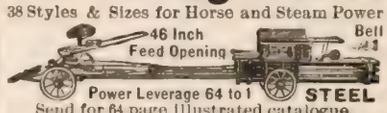

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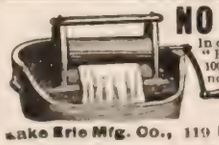

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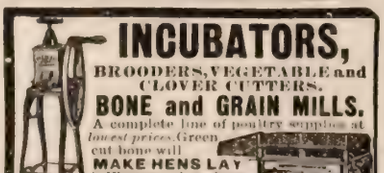

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 27, 1895.

NUMBER 48.

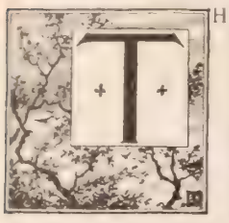
Price Five Cents.

A CLASS AT THE "MORNING STAR" MISSION, IN THE CHINESE QUARTER, NEW YORK. (*See Page 789.*)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

SAFETY FOR YOUNG MEN.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: II. Sam. 18: 29, *"Is the young man Absalom safe?"*



THE heart of David, the father, was wrapped up in his boy Absalom. He was a splendid boy, judged by the rules of worldly criticism. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there was not a single blemish. The Bible says that he had such a luxuriant shock of hair, that when once a year it was shorn, what was cut off weighed over three pounds. But, notwithstanding all his brilliancy of appearance, he was a bad boy, and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to get the throne of Israel. He had marshalled an army to overthrow his father's government. The day of battle had come. The conflict was begun. David, the father, sat between the gates of the palace waiting for the tidings of the conflict. Oh, how rapidly his heart beat with emotion. Two great questions were to be decided: the safety of his boy, and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After awhile, a servant, standing on the top of the house, looks off, and sees some one running. He is coming with great speed, and the man on top of the house announces the coming of the messenger, and the father watches and waits, and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle comes within hailing distance, the father cries out. Is it a question in regard to the establishment of his throne? Does he say: "Have the armies of Israel been victorious? Am I to continue in my imperial authority? Have I overthrown my enemies?" Oh! no. There is one question that springs from his heart to the lip, and springs from the lip into the ear of the besweated and bedusted messenger flying from the battlefield—the question, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" When it was told to David, the King, that, though his armies had been victorious, his son had been slain, the father turned his back upon the congratulations of the nation, and went up the stairs of his palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands sometimes, and then again pressing them against his temples as though he would press them in, crying: "Oh, Absalom! my son! my son! Would God I had died for thee, Oh, Absalom! my son! my son!"

My friends, the question which David, the King, asked in regard to his son, is the question that resounds to-day in the hearts of hundreds of parents. Yea, there are a great multitude of young men who know that the question of the text is appropriate when asked in regard to them. They know the temptations by which they are surrounded; they see so many who started life with as good resolutions as they have who have fallen in the path, and they are ready to hear me ask the question of my text: "Is the young man Absalom safe?" The fact is that this life is full of peril. He who undertakes it without the grace of God and a proper understanding of the conflict into which he is going, must certainly be defeated. Just look off upon society to-day. Look at the shipwreck of [illegible] whom fair things were promised, and who started life with every advantage. Look at those who have dropped from high social position, and from great fortune, disgraced for time, disgraced for eternity. All who sacrifice their integrity come to overthrow. Take a dishonest dollar and bury it in the centre of the earth, and keep all the rocks of the mountain on top of it; then cover these rocks with all the diamonds of Golconda, and all the silver of Nevada, and all the gold of California and Australia, and put on the top of these all banking and moneyed institutions, and they cannot keep down that one dishonest dollar. That one dishonest dollar in the centre of the earth will begin to heave and rock and upturn itself until it comes to the resurrection of damnation. "As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

Now, what are the safeguards of young men? The first safeguard of which I want to speak is a love of home. There are those who have no idea of the pleasures that concentrate around that word "home." Perhaps your early abode was shadowed with vice or poverty. Harsh words, and petulance, and scowling may have destroyed all the sanctity of that spot. Love, kindness, and self-sacrifice, which have built their altars in so many abodes, were strangers in your father's house. God pity you, young man; you never had a home. But a multitude in this audience can look back to a spot that they can never forget. It may have been a lowly roof, but you cannot think of it now without a dash of emotion. You have seen nothing on earth that so stirred your soul. A stranger passing along that place might see nothing remarkable about it; but oh! how much it means to you. Fresco on palace wall does not mean so much to you as those rough-hewn rafters. Parks and bowers and trees on fashionable watering-place or country-seat do not mean so much to you as that brook that ran in front of the plain farm-house, and singing under the weeping willows. The barred gateway swung open by porter in full dress, does not mean as much to you as that swing-gate, your sister on one side of it, and you on the other; she gone fifteen years ago into glory. That scene coming back to you to-day, as you swept backward and forward on the gate, singing the songs of your childhood. But there are those here who have their second dwelling-place. It is your adopted home. That also is sacred for ever. There you established the first family altar. There your children were born. In that room flapped the wing of the death angel. Under that roof, when your work is done, you expect to lie down and die. There is only one word in all the language that can convey your idea of that place, and that word is "home." Now, let me say that I never knew a man who was faithful to his early and adopted home who was given over at the same time to any gross form of wickedness. If you find more enjoyment in the club-room, in the literary society, in the art-salon, than you do in these unpretending home pleasures, you are on the road to ruin. Though you may be cut off from your early associates, and though you may be separated from all your kindred, young man, is there not a room somewhere that you can call your own? Though it be the fourth story of a third-class boarding house, into that room gather books, pictures, and a harp. Hang your mother's portrait over the mantel. Bid unholy mirth stand back from that threshold. Consecrate some spot in that room with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, a mother's love, and a sister's confidence, call it home.

Another safeguard for these young men is industrious habit. There are a great many people trying to make their way through the world with their wits instead of by honest toil. There is a young man who comes from the country to the city. He fails twice before he is as old as his father was when he first saw the spires of the great town. He is seated in his room at a rent of two thousand dollars a year, waiting for the banks to declare their dividends and the stocks to run up. After awhile he gets impatient. He tries to improve his penmanship by making copy-plates of other merchants' signatures! Never mind—all is right in business. After awhile he has his estate. Now is the time for him to retire to the country, amid the flocks and the herds, to culture the domestic virtues.

Now the young men who were his school-mates in boyhood will come, and with their ox teams draw him logs, and with their hard hands will help to heave up the castle. That is no fancy sketch; it is every-day life. I should not wonder if there were a rotten beam in that palace. I should not wonder if God should smite him with dire sicknesses, and pour into his cup a bitter draught that will thrill him with unbearable agony. I should not wonder if that man's children grew up to be to him a disgrace, and to make his life a shame. I should not wonder if that man died a dishonorable death, and were tumbled into a dishonorable grave, and then went into the gnashing of teeth. The way of the ungodly shall perish.

Oh! young man, you must have industry of head, or hand, or foot, or perish. Do not have the idea that you can get along in the world by genius. The curse of this country to-day is geniuses—men with large self-conceit and nothing else. The man who proposes to make his living by his wits probably has not any. I should rather be an ox, plain and plodding and useful, than to be an eagle, high-flying and good-for-nothing but to pick out the eyes of carcasses. Even in the Garden of Eden it was not safe for Adam to be idle, so God made him an horticulturist; and if the married pair had kept busy dressing the vines, they would not have been sauntering under the trees, hankering after fruit that ruined them and their posterity! Proof positive of the fact that when people do not attend to their business they get into mischief. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise; which, having no overseer or guide, provideth her food in the summer and gathereth her meat in the harvest." Satan is a roaring lion, and you can never destroy him by gun or pistol or sword. The weapons with which you are to beat him back are pen, and type and hammer and adze, and saw, and pickaxe, and yardstick, and the weapon of honest toil. Work, work, or die.

Another safeguard that I want to present to young men is a high ideal of life. Sometimes soldiers going into battle shoot into the ground instead of into the hearts of their enemies. They are apt to take aim too low, and it is very often that the captain, going into conflict with his men, will cry out, "Now, men, aim high!" The fact is that in life a great many men take no aim at all. The artist plans out his entire thought before he puts it upon canvas, before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. An architect thinks out the entire building before the workmen begin. Although everything may seem to be unorganized, that architect has in his mind every Corinthian column, every Gothic arch, every Byzantine capital. A p[illegible] thinks out the entire plot of his poem before he begins to chime the cantos of tilling rhythms. And yet there are a gr[illegible] many men who start the important str[illegible]ture of life without knowing whether i[illegible] going to be a rude Tartar's hut, or a Mark's Cathedral, and begin to write the intricate poem of their life with knowing whether it is to be a Hom[illegible] "Odyssey" or a rhymester's botch. C[illegible] of one thousand, nine hundred and nine nine have no life-plot. Booted and spur[illegible] and caparisoned, they hasten along, I run out and say: "Hallo, man! Whit[illegible] away?" "Nowhere!" they say. C[illegible] young man, make every day's duty a[illegible]ing up of the great life-plot. Alas! t[illegible] there should be on this sea of life so ma[illegible] ships that seem bound for no port. Th[illegible] are swept every whither by wind [illegible] wave, up by the mountains and down the valleys. They sail with no ch[illegible] They gaze on no star. They long for harbor. Oh! young man, have a h[illegible] ideal and press to it, and it will be a mig[illegible] safeguard. There never were grander [illegible]portunities opening before young men th[illegible] are opening now. Young men of the str[illegible] arm, and of the stout heart, and of bounding step, I marshal you to-day f[illegible] great achievement.

Another safeguard is a respect for Sabbath. Tell me how a young man spe[illegible] his Sabbath, and I will tell you w[illegible] are his prospects in business, and I [illegible] tell you what are his prospects for eternal world. God has thrust into busy life a sacred day when we are look after our souls. Is it exorbitant, a giving six days to the feeding and cloth of these perishable bodies, that God sho[illegible] demand one day for the feeding and cl[illegible]ing of the immortal soul?

Our bodies are seven-day clocks, [illegible] they need to be wound up, and if they not wound up they run down into grave. No man can continuously br[illegible] the Sabbath and keep his physical [illegible] mental health. Ask those aged men [illegible] they will tell you they never knew [illegible] who continuously broke the Sabbath [illegible] did not fail in mind, body, or moral pri[illegible]ple. A manufacturer gave this as his perience. He said: "I owned a factory the Lehigh. Everything prospered. I k[illegible] the Sabbath, and everything went on w[illegible] But one Sabbath morning I bethou[illegible] myself of a new shuttle, and I thoug[illegible] would invent that shuttle before suns[illegible] and I refused all food and drink until I [illegible] completed that shuttle. By sundow[illegible] had completed it. The next day, Mond[illegible] I showed to my workmen and friends [illegible] new shuttle. They all congratulated [illegible] on my great success. I put that shu[illegible] into play. I enlarged my business; b[illegible] sir, that Sunday's work cost me $30,0[illegible] From that day everything went wrong failed in business, and I lost my mi[illegible] Oh, my friends, keep the Lord's day. Y[illegible] may think it old-fogy advice, but I giv[illegible] to you now; "Remember the Sabb[illegible] day and keep it holy. Six days sh[illegible] thou labor and do all thy work; but [illegible] seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord [illegible] God; in it thou shalt not do any wor[illegible] A man said that he would prove that [illegible] this was a fallacy, and so he said: I sh[illegible] raise a Sunday crop." And he plough[illegible] the field on the Sabbath, and then he in the seed on the Sabbath and he cult[illegible]ed the ground on the Sabbath. When [illegible] harvest was ripe he reaped it on the S[illegible]bath, and he carried it into the mow [illegible] the Sabbath, and then he stood out defi[illegible] to his Christian neighbors and s[illegible] "There, that is my Sunday crop, and I [illegible] all garnered." After awhile a storm ca[illegible] up, and a great darkness, and the lig[illegible]nings of heaven struck the barn, a[illegible] away went his Sunday crop.

There is another safeguard that I w[illegible] to present. I have saved it until the l[illegible] because I want it to be the more empha[illegible] The great safeguard for every young m[illegible] is the Christian religion. Nothing [illegible]

ke the place of it. You may have grace-
lness enough to put to the blush Lord
hesterfield, you may have foreign langu-
ges dropping from your tongue, you may
scuss laws and literature, you may have
pen of unequaled polish and power, you
ay have so much business tact that you
n get the largest salary in a banking
use, you may be as sharp as Herod and
strong as Samson, and with as long
cks as those which hung Absalom, and
t you have no safety against tempta-
n. Some of you look forward to life
ith great despondency. I know it. I see
in your faces from time to time. You
y: "All the occupations and professions
e full, and there's no chance for me."
h! young man, cheer up, I will tell you
w you can make your fortune. Seek
st the kingdom of God and his right-
usness, and all other things will be add-
. I know you do not want to be mean
this matter. You will not drink the
imming cup of life, and then pour the
gs on God's altar. To a generous Sav-
r you will not act like that; you have
t the heart to act like that. That is not
nly. That is not honorable. That is
t brave. Your great want is a new
art, and in the name of the Lord Jesus
rist I tell you so to-day. and the bless-
Spirit presses through the solemnities
this hour to put the cup of life to your
irsty lips. Oh! thrust it not back.
ercy presents it—bleeding mercy, long-
ffering morcy. Despise all other friend-
ips, prove recreant to all other bargains,
t despise God's love for your dying soul
do not do that. There comes a crisis in
nan's life, and the trouble is he does not
ow it is the crisis. I got a letter in which
nan says to me:

"I start out now to preach the Gospel
righteousness and temperance to the
ople. Do you remember me? I am the
n who appeared at the close of the ser-
e when you were worshipping in the
apel after you came from Philadelphia.
you remember at the close of the ser-
e a man coming up to you all a-tremble
th conviction, and crying out for mercy,
d telling you he had a very bad business,
d he thought he would change it? That
s the turning point in my history. I gave
my bad business. I gave my heart to
d, and the desire to serve him has grown
on me all these years, until now woe is
to me if I preach not the Gospel."

That Sunday night was the turning point
that young man's history. This very
bbath hour will be the turning point in
history of a hundred young men in this
use. God help us. I once stood on an
niversary platform with a clergyman
o told this marvelous story. He said:
'Thirty years ago two young men start-
out to attend Park Theatre, New York,
see a play which made religion ridicu-
s and hypocritical. They had been
ught up in Christian families. They
rted for the theatre to see that vile
y, and their early convictions came
k upon them. They felt it was not
ht to go, but still they went. They
ne to the door of the theatre. One of
young men stopped and started for
ne, but returned and came up to the
or, but had not the courage to go in. He
in started for home, and went home.
e other young man went in. He went
m one degree of temptation to another.
ught in the whirl of frivolity and sin,
sank lower and lower. He lost his
siness position. He lost his morals. He
t his soul. He died a dreadful death,
one star of mercy shining on it. I
nd before you to-day," said that minis-
, "to thank God that for twenty years
ave been permitted to preach the Gos-
. I am the other young man."

Oh! you see that was the turning point
he one went back, the other went on.
e great roaring world of business life
l soon break in upon you, young men.
ll the wild wave dash out the impres-
ns of this day as an ocean billow dashes
ers out of the sand on the beach? You
nd something better than this world can
ge you. I beat on your heart and it
nds hollow. You want something great
al grand and glorious to fill it, and here is
t religion that can do it. God save you!

Gave His Life for Christ.

The Thrilling Story of Mirza Ibrahim, of Persia, Teacher and Hero-Martyr.

JESSE MALIK YONAN, of Oroomiah, a young Christian medical missionary of Persia, now visiting in this country, has written the wonderful story of Mirza Ibrahim, the martyr for the truth as it is in Jesus. This is his story, and it should be read by Christians the world over:

Mirza Ibrahim was a man of between fifty and sixty years of age, of a noble family, himself a learned man, well versed in the Koran and Mohammedan religion. He was a very strong adherent of the Moslem faith, and could argue religious subjects very intelligently. In the city of Khoi, in the northwestern province of Azerbaijan, where he lived, he came in contact with a native preacher by the name of Warda, who talked to him about Christ. At last he told the preacher that he accepted Christ and wanted to be baptized.

The avowal of Christian faith by a Moslem is on his part nothing less than a sure way to death. Mirza Ibrahim, however, would not listen to any proposal for private baptism. He boldly acknowledged his conversion, and was baptized in the mission chapel by Rev. Mr. Mecklin, of Salmas, in the year 1889. Soon after that the hatred and violence of fanatical Moslems around him was awakened. He was brought into the court. His wife and property were taken from him; his two daughters were obliged to spit in his face in the presence of a large Mohammedan gathering; then he himself, sick and feeble, was forced to flee. He came southward to Oroomiah, about one hundred miles from Khoi. Here he was received by the missionaries and employed by them at a salary of $3.50 a month as a copyist, and also that he might preach Christ for the Moslems of Oroomiah. The devotion and love he had for the Holy Scriptures was simply wonderful. He studied the Bible thoroughly. The longer he stayed in Oroomiah the more enthusiastic he became in his desire to preach. Then he went out of the city to the surrounding villages, walking from place to place as an Evangelist, and preaching with fearlessness and vigor. For nearly a year he kept this up, until at last, when he was in a village in Bar-Andeez, in the house of a young preacher with whom he worked, the news came to the Kahn (ruler of that village), who sent a messenger to the preacher, requiring him to put Ibrahim out of his house. The preacher answered: "I will not put him out, for he is my brother."

The city was in an uproar at this time, and under the impassioned appeals of the Moslem Mullahs, the authorities arrested him and he was brought to Oroomiah City. Surrounded by a howling mob of Mullahs and others, with yells of insult and cursing, dragged here and there, he was brought into the presence of the Serparest (the governor over the Christians.) The inquiry was made by the governor, "Why should you, a Moslem, be found teaching the Christian doctrine?" Mirza Ibrahim took out his Testament and asked in reply: "Is not this a holy book?" The Serparest acknowledged that it was. "Then am I not right in reading and teaching it?" "But how about Mohammed?" "That is for you to say. My faith is in Christ and his Word. He is my Saviour." Then the command was, "Beat him." The preacher at whose house he was seized was arrested with him, and both were beaten by the forrashees and the crowd. Mirza Ibrahim was knocked down and brutally kicked. The Serparest was not satisfied with the severe beating of his servants, so he got up with fury and took part in kicking the man in his face and breast; some in the crowd demanded his blood. After all this he was taken before the governor of the city, and there, in the presence of many dignitaries, reaffirmed his faith in Christ as the only Saviour of his soul. To the barbarous threats of the people he replied, "You may shoot me from the mouth of a cannon, but you cannot take away my faith in Christ."

He was then by the special effort of his friends, sent by the anthoritles of Oroomiah to Tabriz, there to appear before a higher tribunal, that of the Crown Prince. Absalom, one of the Christian young men that still followed him, by the permission of the general, went to see Mirza Ibrahim in the room where he was. They embraced each other and kissed and talked for a short time. Absalom then said, "I have a word for you now. It is not man who sends you to Tabriz, it is God. You are to bear witness to the guards and to the governor, may be to the Crown Prince. Stand firm." Then Mirza said, "I think it may be so. Tell the missionaries and my other friends to pray that God will increase my faith. Tell them of myself I have no power. God is helping me." Then they knelt and prayed together, the crowd looking in through the large, open Persian windows.

As they came out, the general spoke in a loud tone to the guards, saying, "I swear by the spirit of Jesus Christ that if you maltreat this man, or say a word against his religion, I will cause you to eat your own fathers."

Reaching Tabriz his guards delivered him to the keeper of the prison. This was the worst prison of Tabriz, if not of the country. He was in that prison for nine months. His body was wasting day by day, but his spirit was flourishing like a flower. He died in prison, and he will be counted hereafter by all in Persia among the noble and true martyrs for Christianity.

A FRIENDLY "SOD-RAISING" IN KANSAS.
(Photographed by Mr. F. Kiser, Am. S. S. Union Missionary.)

A Kansas "Sod-Raising."

It is a Familiar Scene in the Poorer Sections of that State—How the Jack Creek Sunday School was Founded.

DURING the terrible suffering in Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado last winter (when the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD raised a generous fund for the relief of those farmers and others who had been made destitute by the long drought), mention was frequently made, in our correspondents' letters, of sod-houses and dug-outs. Mr. Frank Kiser, a missionary of the American Sunday School Union in Kansas, has taken a photograph of a typical sod-house in process of construction, which conveys a clearer idea of what such a building really is, than can be gathered from printed descriptions. Mr. Kiser writes this interesting incident in connection with the photograph which we reproduce on this page, through the courtesy of the American Sunday School Union:

"While following the divide road on the east side of Jack Creek in Phillips county, some time ago, I noticed from the top of a hill a little school-house on the opposite side of the creek. It stood high on the hillside, thus making it a conspicuous landmark. My first thought was, I wonder if they have a Sunday School? I turned my team toward it. The road turned hither and thither, and then came to the creek around a little knoll. I drove around expecting to find a ford, and came upon the scene that you see in the picture.

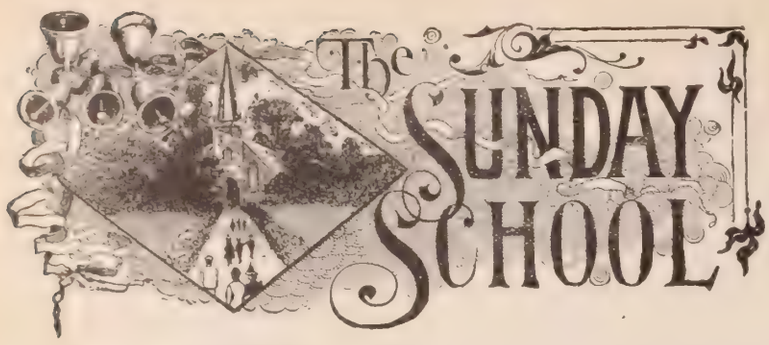
"You can see the hill back of the dug-out, and also the horses standing on the bank level with the roof of the house. The building on the right where the stovepipe projects from the roof is the old stone dug-out, but the family grew, and now they must have an addition, so the man has called in some of his neighbors, and they are having a 'sod-raising.'

"While a part of them are hauling strips of sod the others are laying it in place. You can see the window next to the wagon and the door to the right, also the ridge log that will form the comb of the roof when the gable is built up on the end nearest you. The roof will be made of brush laid on pole rafters and then covered with sod, and finally with a fine white earth that they get from the neighboring hills. The house stands on the bank of a beautiful spring branch, and the owner raises horses for a living.

"As I drove up, I passed the time of day and inquired about a Sunday School. At the mention of this magical name every one stopped work, and the mother, who went into the house when I came, now put in her appearance and had her say. They were afraid to venture, for all I talked earnestly to them. I was on my way to other work, and had determined to push on until I had the time for a meeting, but I told them that I very much wanted a picture first.

While waiting for one of the boys to come a hurried consultation was held among the men, and when through, the owner of the house said, 'I know that we ought to have a Sunday School, and if you will send us the supplies we will have one. I will stand good for that much. These 'kids' ought to be in Sunday School. Two-thirds of them never go anywhere, and we have to go six miles to class meeting.'

"It is needless to say that I agreed to the proposition, and now the children are in Sunday School."



DAVID AND GOLIATH.

S.S.Lesson for Dec.8. I.Sam. 17: 38-51. Golden Text: I. Sam. 17:47. By Mrs. Baxter.

NEITHER great victories nor great defeats come about without something to lead up to them. Little victories., i. e., victories in little things, prepare the way for great victories; and little failures, which do not lead to deep sorrow, confusion, humiliation, and cleansing, lead to great, sometimes irremediable, defeat. Saul and David strikingly illustrate this. Saul's first failures were neglected; he did not judge or discern himself; he did not accept the chastening of the Lord, and therefore nothing remained but that he must be "condemned with the world" (I. Cor. 11: 31, 32), and rejected by the Lord. David, on the contrary, took heed to the Lord, and set him always before him (Ps. 16: 8), and therefore he could say, "Because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved."

David, even as a lad, was spoken of by God as a man "after his own heart." It is such whom our God can put to the proof, because he can count upon them. When Samuel was commanded by God to go to Bethlehem for the purpose of anointing the future king of Israel, and he sanctified Jesse and his sons, and called them to the sacrifice, David had been ignored by his father and his brethren; and on this important occasion he was left to keep the sheep. And he it was who proved to be the chosen of God. Yet David was not uplifted, and in no way did he manifest a spirit of retaliation against his kindred, or of self-consciousness, which would exult in the honor done to him after he had been so passed over and so little appreciated by them. It was

No Small Victory

for David to remain as little and unnoticed after his anointing as before. He knew that the Spirit of the Lord had come upon him, but he had to be patient and true to his shepherd vocation, as much as though no such thing had happened to him. There was a divine kingliness in his patient waiting until God should please to give the kingdom into his hands.

After God had rejected him, Saul still reigned; before man he was still the king over Israel; but the Spirit of the Lord departed from him, and the enemy of souls soon found a substitute; "an evil spirit from the Lord (i. e., permitted by God) troubled him." His servants discovered it, and suggested to him that he should seek one who, by the charm of music, might distract and soothe him. David's gift in music and song had already won him a reputation, and his first introduction to the court, where he was afterwards to reign as king, was as a minstrel who should quiet the spirit of the king when possessed by an evil spirit. David knew God. It was more than music which refreshed King Saul when David played upon his harp and sang the inspired songs which have helped the devotions of holy men and women for over three thousand years; it was the presence of God with David which overcame and conquered the presence of the enemy in Saul. But in his life at court David had his sore testings. Promoted to be Saul's armor-bearer, he was, nevertheless, not always at court or in the field: "David went and returned to feed his father's sheep at Bethlehem." It might have seemed that the life at court would unfit the young courtier for the rude life of hardship, and that the rough life of the farm would unfit the young shepherd for his life at court; but the Lord was with David and the future king was again victorious.

The humors of the possessed king were not the only tests in which David had to prove the might of an ever present God. "There came a lion and a bear and took a lamb out of the flock." What should the young courtier-shepherd do? Saul had plenty of money, he could easily replace the lamb, and David was a favorite with him. It was not worth while to risk his life for one lamb out of the flock. Such would have been the reasoning of the flesh. But David was God's king, God's anointed. Saul's courtiers had said of him: "The Lord is with him." What was becoming in one who was in the school of God studying his will for use in the future government of Israel? God did not leave his young servant; he was in charge, his present duty was to care for the sheep; his present faith that God would care for him.

"The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want. Thus armed by simple faith in God, he went out against the mighty beasts of the forest, caught them boldly by the beard and slew them, delivering the endangered lamb out of the lion's mouth.

Victory led to victory. Now Israel was in danger. The Philistines had come up in great force, and encamped against Israel. Saul and his army were arrayed against them. But one essential thing was lacking. The Lord was not with the rejected king of Israel. No wonder then, when a gigantic Philistine came forward to offer himself a champion of his people, if Israel could produce a man mighty enough, and reliable enough to represent the destiny of Israel in single combat with him, "Saul and all Israel were dismayed and greatly afraid." Just at this juncture Jesse sent David to the seat of war, not to take any prominent part, but only to carry provisions to his brethren and bring news of them to their father. It was

Another Victory Won

when he the anointed of the Lord was ignored and his older and more muscular but unspiritual brethren, chosen before him to go to the battlefield. But personal wrongs could not drag down the kingly youth into the littleness of personal feeling; his country was dearer to David than himself, and the cause of God and of his people lay nearer to his heart than any one knew, except the God who was training him for office. It was at the very nick of time that David came into the field. The giant, having received no response to his challenge, the two armies were waiting only for the signal to engage in battle. Once more Goliath spoke out his challenge. and David's heart burned with shame when he saw the men of Israel flee from him sore afraid.

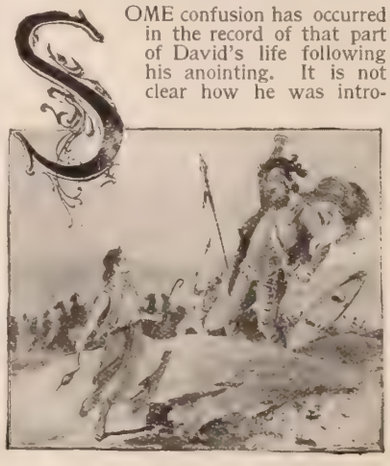
The young shepherd took higher ground than the men of Israel in his version of the matter, the man that should kill this Philistine would take away the reproach from Israel, "for," he said, "who is this uncircumcized Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?" Another test, the biting sarcasm of his eldest brother, whose pride was wounded that God had preferred David before him. But the kingly youth only answered, "What have I done? Is there not a cause?" At last he gained an audience with the king and fearlessly offered to meet Philistia's champion single-handed. Now the fruit of former victories stood him in good stead, and when Saul doubted his powers, he could tell of the hand of God which delivered him from the lion and the bear, and Saul could see that the living God was with him.

But not with Saul's armor. Unaided, but a conscious instrument in the hands of the Almighty; unarmed, but by the secret covering of God his shield, the fearless youth met the mighty giant. Not by one leap, but step by step the young king elect had come to the point where he saw God in everything, and where victory was sure. What mattered it that his only weapon was a stone of the brook in a shepherd's sling? The unerring aim of the God who fought for Israel carried it to the temples of the boasting giant who had defied him: and with a mighty thud, the giant fell senseless on the earth, and victorious David with his own sword cut off the giant's head; and in company with Abner, the guard, bore it amid the acclamations of Israel to the feet of Saul, after he had accomplished the complete rout of the Philistine army. David's school time was not yet over; he had very much to learn: but let us also learn from him to be faithful in that which is least; that God may trust us also with great victories for his sake.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

SOME confusion has occurred in the record of that part of David's life following his anointing. It is not clear how he was introduced to Saul. From the sixteenth chapter it would appear that he was a favorite of Saul, and had become his armor-bearer before his fight with Goliath; yet in the seventeenth chapter, Saul is represented as not knowing him and asking Abner who he was. If David had been armor-bearer to the king, Saul would not have had to ask who he was; and if he had asked, Abner could easily have answered him. Many suggestions have been made in the way of explanation. The most probable, is that the passage describing the minstrelsy (I. Samuel 16: 14-23), has been misplaced and should follow the fourth verse of the eighteenth chapter. If this arrangement is the true one, we may conclude that after being anointed, David remained quietly at home working on the farm until the war broke out. The anointing and the illustrious station it betokened, do not seem to have affected his conduct. No effort was made to win fame or distinction. His eldest brothers joined the army, but he remained behind, attending to his father's flock. Jesse sends him to the camp at Shochoh, now called Shuweikeh, only a few miles from Bethlehem, where Saul's troops were assembled. David found them badly demoralized. They were on the east side of the Valley of Elah, now called Wady-es-Sunt, facing the Philistines on the west side. Between the two armies there was a ravine about twenty feet wide, through which in the winter months a swift boiling torrent pours. The sides are almost perpendicular rocks, about twelve feet high. To the edge of this ravine, a gigantic warrior, probably one of the descendants of Anak, came at intervals and challenged the army of Israel to produce a man to meet him in single combat. Such challenges were not unusual in ancient wars, but the champion's stature and strength, in this instance, rendered the challenge a taunt. The chronicler describes the man as being nearly ten feet high and wearing armor weighing about two hundredweight. David, who had merely come to bring supplies to his three brothers, listened with indignation to the giant's challenge. Had no one taken it up? To David, this man was not the terrible fighter that he seemed to Saul and his soldiers; he speaks of him contemptuously. No one had taken up the challenge. Then David will go himself. He is not afraid of him. The result is graphically told. His weapon was rude but it was effective. It succeeded when the ordinary weapons would have failed. It is so now in moral conflicts. The man who believes and uses the weapon that he understands, may seem poorly equipped, but he is very likely to succeed. There many a citadel of Satan that never could have been captured by educated and college-trained preachers, that has yielded to a few unlettered members of the Salvation Army. To David, the fight was between heaven and earth and there was nothing extraordinary in his own courage, seeing that God was with him. Danger had come to him before, in the shape of a lion and of a bear; now it was there in the shape of a Philistine. He met it in the same way. It was the same battle. The spiritual against the material; right and truth against brute force. True, the man looked formidable, and his weapons were terrible, but all wickedness is vulnerable somewhere; and as for the weapons, David is not the only one of God's servants who has turned them against their owners.



"SO DAVID PREVAILED OVER THE PHILISTINE."

The Lord will deliver thee into mine hand. David's confidence was not misplaced. There have been many conflicts in which God has given the victory to the weak. On the front of a building in Wales is a motto which may inspire those who attack gigantic evils. It is: "Without God, without all; with God, enough."

He will give you into our hands. Rev. C. H. Mead, speaking on this combat some time ago, said: "I can fancy David going to meet this Philistine. I think he would go singing, for he was fond of singing. I should not be surprised if he sang: 'The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?' Then he whirled his sling and the stone went straight to the giant's forehead. I don't know what Goliath said when it hit him. I am afraid it would not be a psalm, for he did not know much about that kind of literature. He would be more likely to say 'Such a thing as that never entered my head before.'"

David prevailed with a sling and with a stone. A man is always strongest with the tools and weapons he understands. The daily journals a few weeks ago reported the triumph of a druggist in Brooklyn over a burglar with a weapon of his own. He was sleeping in the room in the rear of his store, when he was awakened by a noise. Looking into the store he saw that a burglar had climbed through the transom and was trying to open his cash drawer. The druggist had no pistol and perhaps if he had had one, he might not have been so good a marksman as the burglar. But he was not without means of defence. He took a wide-mouthed glass and half filled it with ammonia. He concealed himself behind a show-case and when the burglar came towards him, he flung the ammonia in his face. The burglar dropped his booty and put his hand up to his smarting, burning eyes. He was frenzied with pain and was anxious only to get away. Probably no one but a druggist would have thought of such a weapon, but it served its purpose. The means of doing good are on the same principle. No one need think that he cannot work for Christ because of his not being eloquent or learned; if he will use the talent he has, he can do better work than he could do on other people's lines.

There was no sword in the hand of David. But that difficulty was soon removed. David used the Philistine's own sword to kill him. Like Haman who reared a gallows to hang Mordecai and was hanged on it himself, Goliath unintentionally provided a weapon for his own destruction. It is stated by some historians, though denied by others, that Dr. Guillotin who urged the French Constituent Assembly to use the machine for decapitation, that was ultimately adopted and bore his name perished himself under its knife. During the recent war between China and Japan the Chinese dug a mine and filled it with combustibles, intending to lure the Japanese over it and then explode the mine and blow them to atoms. But there was some mistake as to the signals, the mine was exploded when several companies of Chinese soldiers were over it, and they were killed by the very means arranged for the destruction of their enemies. The persecuting bishop who suggested to Louis XI the torture of the iron cage and with diabolical ingenuity contrived it so that the victim could neither stand up in it nor lie down, himself was imprisoned in it and learned by painful experience what an instrument of misery he had devised.

MR. HOWARD'S PERILOUS JOURNEY.

Through Russia and Persia to Van—His Letters Delayed—All Armenia in Anarchy and Christian Blood Still Flowing—The Terrible Harpoot Massacre.

DRENCHED with the blood of martyrdom, and her hills and valleys resounding with the

AMERICAN STATION NEAR DELIZHAN, RUSSIA.

es of her stricken children, Armenia nds to-day a spectacle of suffering for e whole world to gaze upon. Each day ltiplies the atrocities she has endured the hands of the Turkish butchers who ve, within a few months, massacred usands of her sons and daughters, d laid waste almost the entire gth and breadth of that beautiful land ich was once the site of the earthly en. The past week has again been pro- c of slaughter. At Karahissar, Arabkir, loupinar, Sivas, Tchoukmerzen, Erzin- n, Harpoot, and many other places the rds and Turks have perpetrated whole- e murders and swept large districts des- te. The villages round about Erzeroum ve been almost depopulated, the orders the slaughter of the Christians, as the slem troops admit, having come from nstantinople. At Sivas the massacre s terrible, and a like horror is reported n Marash. The ungovernable fury of t Turks spared neither age sex, and the brutalities prac d upon women and children not be described. In the eroum massacre it is now mated that fully 1,000 per- d, including women, many he victims being mutilated their slayers. Like the oth- almost all of the victims these recent massacres died th death of martyrs for the e of Christ. They fell in the slem war for the exterminati of the religion of Jesus in Minor.

he most startling news of th week was that contained in a legram, from Minister Ter- stating that eight mission dings at Harpoot had been ed and burned by the Turks about eight hundred per- massacred. The mission- s are believed to have es- d, but the gravest fears are ertained for their safety. The erican Board of Foreign Mis- s has at the Harpoot station othe Eastern Turkey Mission some four- missionaries, viz.: Orson P. Allen, Coline R. Allen, Rev. H. N. Barnum, My E. Barnum, Emma M. Barnum, Carol E. Bush, Mary L. Daniels, Egbert S. Ely, C. Frank Gates, Mary E. Gates, Hie Seymour, Crosby H. Wheeler, Susa A. Wheeler and Emily C. Wheeler, des a number of their children, make in a total of twenty-four. There are abit the same number at Van and about twnty at Bitlis. The Harpoot Mission dings were valued at over $75,000. It is ot known whether the Euphrates Colle in Harpoot was included in the gen- destruction, although such is probably e case. In all likelihood many of its st ents perished in the general slaughter at e hands of the fanatical Moslems. It is fficult to conjecture where the mission- ar could have taken refuge, as Harpoot is ar the Euphrates river, at the foot of th Kurdish mountains and a long distance fr the nearest mission. Serious concern is so felt for the safety of the mission- ar at Bitlis and Van.

e few facts that have come by the ca concerning the terrible tragedy at Hoot, give an intimation of the heart- reing details that may be expected when th whole story of that fiendish massacre be mes known. Many of the native Christians in the mission buildings were cruelly butchered. The houses in the vicinity of the mission were stripped of everything of value, and all stores of provisions were either stolen or destroyed. Sudden destitution has fallen on a large tract of country, and "thousands of men, women and children," the dispatch adds, "are homeless, naked and starving, nothing having been saved either from the fire or the despoilers. In all the villages throughout the Pashalik, there is the direst need of food and clothing.

At last the European Powers seem to have decided upon such concerted action as will result in a cessation of Armenian persecution, or in the dethronement of the Sultan and the breaking up of the Mohammedan power in Europe. Six great powers, England, Germany, Italy, Russia, Austria, and France are represented in Turkish waters by strong fleets, and before this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches our readers, a crisis may have arrived that must either result in the pacification of Armenia and the guaranteeing of future protection, or in Abdul Hamid being swept from his throne. All conclude that the limit of forbearance has been reached and that Turkey is no longer entitled to consideration. All the Sultan's promises of reform have been broken, and he now finds that he has even lost the respect and support of his Moslem subjects. Rebellion in the army, and even among the palace guards, has struck terror into the heart of the monarch, at whose mandate so many thousands of innocent beings have perished. Like Belshazzar, he sees the handwriting on the wall that foreshadows the passing away of his power—

OUR COMMISSIONER PASSING THE BASE OF MOUNT ARARAT.

Mr. Howard's Route to Van lay along the Foot of "Kuh-i-nuh," Noah's Mountain.

a consummation which all Christendom would joyfully welcome.

Meanwhile, the condition of affairs in Armenia is one of universal panic. Goaded to desperation by the wrongs they have suffered, the Armenians have at last risen in armed revolt, and at several places have taken swift revenge on Turks and Kurds for the slaughter of their dear ones. At Zeitoun, it is reported, that twenty-six thousand Armenians have captured the barracks and are in possession of the place, and they have appeared in strong bands at other places. The Sultan has ordered out one hundred and twenty-eight battalions of reserves, in the hope of being able, by a last desperate measure, to restore order. At several points the missionaries are in great peril, and Minister Terrell has warned the Sultan that his government will be held responsible "if even a hair upon the head of an American should be touched." Three American warships are anchored in Turkish waters for the protection of Americans, but the real troubles are far in the interior and beyond the reach of any vessel.

Letters received from native sources in Van, and placed at our disposal, contain heartrending pictures of the condition of the Armenian sufferers in that section. They state, among other matters, that no relief is being distributed save by the American missionaries, and that the money raised for that purpose in England and through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is all that stands between thousands of the destitute families and death from actual starvation. Another letter states that the American missionaries, Rev. Mr. Cole and Dr. Raynolds have gone from Bitlis and Van, and at the risk of their lives are now in the mountains giving food and clothing to the Christian refugees. At first, the Turkish Government officials proposed to the missionaries that they should turn over the relief funds to be administered through Turkish hands: but this they resolutely refused to do.

An eye-witness, who has seen the relief work in progress, writes that a deep impression is made upon the people by the earnestness and devotion of the Americans, who are regarded by the Armenians as almost divine messengers of rescue and mercy. Men and women run from their black tents or from their rocky hiding-places, their eyes streaming with tears of gratitude and clasp the missionaries' knees, and even prostrate themselves, kissing the hands and feet in their gratitude. Many missionaries have no shelter and are compelled to sleep on the naked earth. All attempts by the Armenian Relief Committee to succor their fellow-countrymen have been resisted by the government, and the agents of the Committee have been so terrorized by threats that they are compelled to abandon their work, which is now being conducted through the American missionaries. It is quite apparent that the Turkish Government intended that the remnant of the native Christians of Sassoun and Bitlis should perish of starvation, since they would not reject Christ.

Owing to the general excitement and the fact that the whole of Armenia is under martial law, direct communication with Van, the headquarters of our relief work, has been greatly delayed. Letters from Mr. Howard, our Commissioner, which should have reached us some time ago, are still, like many others, presumably in the hands of the Turkish postal authorities. Our Commissioner has forwarded, doubtless simultaneously with his letters from Van, photographs descriptive of his journey to Armenia, some of which are reproduced on this page. Knowing that it would be impracticable in the disturbed condition of the country to enter Armenia via Trebizond, he chose to pass through Russia and Persia, a much longer but safer route. The central picture shows the manner in which he traveled, the photograph having been taken at a point near the southern base of Mount Ararat, very close to the boundary line of three countries. With a skilful driver, a strongly-built vehicle suited to the mountain roads and Tartar horses that are used to such journeys and can travel all day long without fatigue, the journey has been made with as little delay as possible. Another illustration shows a resting station in the mountains near Delizshan, Russia, in a wild and gloomy, but beautiful country, not far from the Persian

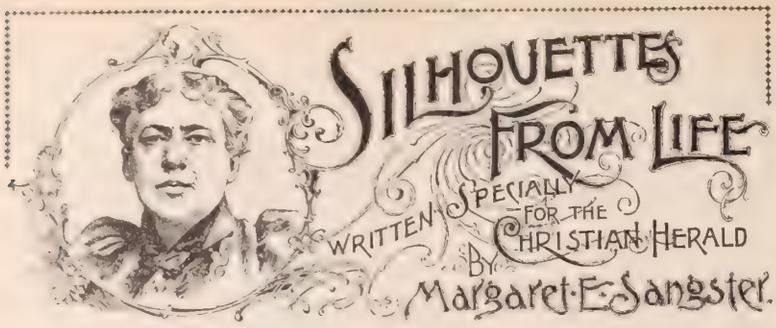
KURDISH ROBBERS DISGUISED AS SHEPHERDS

In the Khoy Valley, near the Turko-Persian Frontier.

border. In the third photograph is seen the bane of the traveler, and the terror of both native and foreigner in that part of the world—the Kurds. Two brigands, disguised as shepherds, lie in wait along the road, watching for an opportunity to waylay, rob, and if need be, murder some unsuspecting traveler. Many besides Armenians have met their fate at the hands of those Kurdish murderers. Mr. Howard took the caravan route through Russia and Persia, via Batoum, Tiflis, Erivan, and Khoi, and so across to Van, keeping close to the Turko-Persian border for a considerable part of the journey. But even there the mountain bandits might make the journey a dangerous one, for the Kurds—of whom there are many in Persia—are a constant menace to the traveler. And even assuming that he has passed through Persia in safety, his sudden advent in Van—where he is well-known as the missionary's friend might make him an object of hatred to the Moslems, who are determined to efface Christianity throughout Armenia. However, Mr. Howard is an experienced and prudent traveler, accustomed to danger, and he relies upon the protecting providence of God and upon his American citizenship for protection in his mission of mercy to the stricken people. Sent out as the almoner of a great multitude of Christians in America, he is entitled to an interest in the prayers of our readers for his safety and the success of his mission.

Rev. Henry O. Dwight, of the Bible House Mission in Constantinople, telegraphs that "Armenia is laid waste and a quarter of a million of souls are totally destitute." He urges instant action for the relief of the suffering in order to save human life, and adds that thousands can thus be saved who must otherwise perish. Dr. Dwight advises that humanitarian work be started generally throughout America for this charitable purpose. He is a man of excellent judgment and conservative in all his statements. He has been in the mission field there for over twenty years, and his cablegram possesses a significance that should not be overlooked by those who are hesitating about the real need of the Armenian Christians at the present time. A gift now will save life, whereas a month or even a week later the opportunity for such service may have passed away forever. During the week another remittance from the Armenian Relief Fund has been cabled by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is hoped that the prompt liberality of contributors to the fund will enable us to make substantial weekly remittances while the urgent need lasts.

In the issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Dec. 11th next, every contribution to the Armenian Relief Fund prior to Dec. 1st will be fully acknowledged, it being impossible in the present issue to devote sufficient space for that purpose.



Miss Maxwell's Thanksgiving.

MISS MAXWELL'S apartment on Central Park was one of the most sumptuous and beautifully appointed homes in New York. Inheriting wealth, and possessed of refined and cultivated taste, Miss Maxwell had travelled widely, and her rooms were filled with souvenirs of her loiterings in many lands. Soft, thick rugs covered the floors, rugs brought from Bagdad and Damascus; there were ivories carved in the most minute way by patient workers in India, where a man spends a life-time toiling on a box or a cabinet; there was china from the most famous potteries of Europe, and the pictures on the walls were from the finest artists in the world, while the lovely couches, chairs, and portieres, selected with fastidious regard to luxury, made the furnishing of Miss Maxwell's home a dream of delight.

"One must be very happy here!" thought the tired little maid who waited one afternoon while Miss Maxwell lifted from the dressmaker's big square box, the rich gown which had been sent her by Madame Celestine. The little maid took Miss Maxwell's money in settlement of the bill, and signed the receipt, and went back to her employer to carry other beautiful gowns home to other rich women. She was herself a little apprentice from the country, living with her sister, Madame Celestine's fitter, in a hall-room of a boarding-house, on a dingy and crowded down-town street. Every Sunday the two girls attended church as they had done at home, and so they often saw their gowns come walking down the aisle, and Ruth Elkins, next Sunday watched for Miss Maxwell's, and nudged her sister Martha when it, with Miss Maxwell inside its folds of cloth, fur, silk and lace, was established all by itself, in her stately pew. This next Sunday followed Madame Celestine's busiest week of the fall, after Ruth had carried home many elegant "confections," designed by Doucet and Felix, and other Parisian autocrats in the world of fashion. Ruth and her sister were very plainly clad, and their jackets, though respectable, were thin for the season. Much of the girls' wages—and the fitter was well paid—went straight to the old folks on the farm, and the daughters were proud to economize and scrimp, for they were paying off the mortgage, bit by bit.

You might have searched the wide, busy town over, and in all New York found few lonelier people than Mary Maxwell, notwithstanding her wealth, and few more discontented and rebellious ones. The two sisters in an obscure corner under the gallery, had each other, and away off in Maine, of course, there were father and mother, and a half dozen other children to love and be loved by, but Miss Maxwell was the last of her family. Worse than that, she had nothing to do. Her lawyer managed her property, and she had neither business, nor work, nor any object to [illegible] and thought. Far from being happy amid her splendor, she was usually in the state of mind described as bored. And she never realized her dissatisfaction with things in general so much as when holidays came around.

It struck a false note in the common joy, this depressed mood of hers, which was becoming a habit, and robbing her face of its charm and sweetness.

The minister spoke eloquently of the duty of thanksgiving, and made his sermon very practical. "If you haven't kindred of your own," he said, "to sit around your table, do not forget that there is a brotherhood and sisterhood of humanity, larger and deeper and fuller in its claim on you than your own relations, your own clan and family, because God calls you to share your abundance with their poverty. Their want makes their appeal. Instead of growing narrow and sordid and selfish, let your benefactions flow out. Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, open wide the doors of your houses and take in those who are

"We will dine at two," said Miss Maxwell.

less plentifully endowed than you are, and let them share in your good gifts. Make somebody else's Thanksgiving an event, even if you have no special occasion yourself to provide a feast. God will reward you; he is a good paymaster."

The earnest words thrilled Miss Maxwell. Her eyes lighted up with feeling. The pucker disappeared from her forehead. Her lips were firmly set. She walked out of church, with her head erect, but a manner more gracious than usual. A gentleman, whose seat in church was opposite hers, watched her with interest. They had once been close friends, but pride and misunderstanding had come between them, and of late their ways had been apart. Something Mr. Gordon discerned in her look this morning which made him say to himself, "Mary's better nature has awakened." He smiled when he saw her lay her daintily gloved hand on the sleeve of Ruth Elkins, at the porch. A glow rather than a smile grew in his face, as he heard her words, uttered in that low contralto voice which carries farther than others:

"Miss Elkins, I wish you would come and spend Thanksgiving Day with me, you and your sister. And if there are any of your friends who are not going home for the holiday, will you please ask them in my name, to join us at dinner? We will dine at two o'clock, and my table accommodates ten."

The Elkins girls looked bewildered, but could only accept and promise, and Miss Maxwell stepped into her coupe, and was driven home. She had, for the first time in many years, obeyed an impulse, and her heart felt softer than it had since she was a child. The stony heart had yielded its selfish unconcern and given up its stubborn will, and God, all in a moment, had given her in its stead a heart of flesh.

She was sitting by herself that Sunday afternoon in the lingering dusk, when the maid brought her a tiny card on a silver saiver. Mr. Hugh Gordon had called. A tide of warm blood rushed to Miss Maxwell's face, receding to leave her pale as a camelia, and as fair. "Ask Mr. Gordon to come to the library," she said, rising and advancing to receive him as a moment later he entered through the heavy velvet portieres.

"Polly," he began the instant her little hand lay in his, "you are going to make a Thanksgiving for those girls; I heard your sweet invitation. Now, my darling, my own, only love, make a blessed Thanksgiving for me as well. I am cold and hungry and lonely, too. I have been so ever since we were parted. Take me back, beloved, and let us keep our Thanksgiving together as plighted wife and husband."

"Hugh!" exclaimed Miss Maxwell, "how precipitate you are. How imperious! What can I say but yes? Oh! why did you not take this tone ages ago, and overcome my opposition by your resolute siege?"

"Because, Polly, I never was allowed a glimpse of the real woman, much as I loved her, till this morning, when I saw her in sweet sisterhood touch the hand of one of God's poor."

Thanksgiving Day dawned in a beauty beyond a painter's power to describe. Blue skys, soft airs, late chrysanthemums in the garden, and Miss Maxwell's house a bower of roses. Roses banked on the mantels, and garlanding the mirrors, palms standing in the halls, vines twisted around the balustrades. The ten guests, all working girls, to whom a day in such a mansion on a friendly footing was a rare treat, wandered from room to room, enjoying all that they saw, and resting, every sense satisfied. Then came dinner, a dinner of iced oysters on the half-shell, clear soup, golden-browned turkey, chicken-pie, plum-pudding, and ice cream. The hostess ate l[illegible]tle, but she pressed her guests to partake freely of the delicate viands, and in h[illegible] gown of creamy white satin, edged wi[illegible]fur, she looked like a queen.

Dinner was over at last. From the [illegible]cove beyond the library floated sounds [illegible]silvery music, and presently, the hoste[illegible] having disappeared, one girl whispered [illegible] another, "The wedding march!" And [illegible] a moment from the far end of the lo[illegible] room came Miss Maxwell in bridal v[illegible] and flowers, and by her side walked a t[illegible] splendid man, and the clergyman seem[illegible] to rise out of the ground like a spirit, b[illegible] really he came from a reception-room l[illegible] hind a screen of palms, and then and th[illegible] the simple marriage ceremony went [illegible] and Mary Maxwell was Mrs. Hugh Gord[illegible]

The Gordons are as happy as youth a[illegible] love and the fear of God can make two p[illegible] ple, who are using their wealth as Go[illegible] stewards, who must render an account [illegible] what they do with the talents committ[illegible] to them. And every month the girls w[illegible] were their wedding guests spend an ev[illegible] ing of delight in Mrs. Gordon's beauti[illegible] home. MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Sight the Best Alms.

One of the most respected residents [illegible] the island of Hayti is Dr. A. Holly. [illegible] Christian physician whose services to t[illegible] poor of the island have won all hear[illegible] One of his most celebrated patients wa[illegible] poor blind man who would have b[illegible] grateful for a small gift of money or cloth[illegible] Like the lame man who appealed for al[illegible] to the two Apostles, he has received a b[illegible] ter gift than he sought. Dr. Holly trea[illegible] the man, who had been completely bli[illegible] for four years, and assumed the respon[illegible] bility for his board and nursing duri[illegible] four weeks. He removed cataracts s[illegible] cessfully from both eyes, and has the s[illegible] isfaction of sending forth with resto[illegible] sight a grateful patient, to the wonder a[illegible] admiration of the whole population, amo[illegible] whom he had been well known by [illegible] previous blind perambulations. L[illegible] August Dr. Holly rendered public serv[illegible] to the town of Port-de-Paix in a crisis. [illegible] great fire broke out and one-half the to[illegible] was burned down, which imposed up[illegible] him the humane necessity of giving [illegible] services gratuitously to many sick a[illegible] distressed persons. Other resident ph[illegible] sicians also took part in this lauda[illegible] work. The only public drug-store in t[illegible] place and its contents was destroyed. Ha[illegible] pily, his own private pharmacy was spar[illegible] this calamity, and he was thereby enab[illegible] to place gratuitously at the disposal of [illegible] colleagues the whole of its contents [illegible] rendering this free professional service [illegible] the poor and distressed.

Good Causes Helped.

The following sums have been contr[illegible] uted by the readers of this journal to t[illegible] various worthy causes mentioned below

For the Bethesda Home for Friendless Women.

Previously ack'd	$473 93
Mrs Louise Mollin	2 00
In His Name, Elkhart, Ind	1 00
Total	**$476 93**

For Mrs. Bella Cook's Work.

Previously ack'd	$49 25
—, Pa	1 00
W C T, N D	2 00
Total	**$52 25**

For the Door of Hope.

Previously ack'd	$46 65
A reader of the C H, Paris, Ont, Can	10 00
Total	**$56 65**

For Dr. Faust's Hebrew-Christian Mission.

Previously ack'd	$17 00
S Buffat	4 00
Total	**$21 00**

For The Christian Herald S. S. Missionary.

Previously ack'd	$291 75
H O Draper	3 00
Mrs J A Peck	1 00
Old Sub'r, Ga	40 00
Mrs A Witchan	1 00
Lucy A Bliven	1 00
Hannah Daniels	50
C O Diffenbacher	2 00
M C Murdaugh	2 00
Invalid, Mo	5 00
Mrs C F Nelson	50
King's Daughter, Greenwich Valley	1 00
Total	**$348 75**

For Miss Emma Nason's Work among Lumbermen.

Previously ack'd	$17 50
One who is striving to do a little for Christ, Ont, Can	1 00
Total	**$18 50**

Home Missions.

Previously ack'd	$1
Mrs E N LaMott	
Total	**$16**

For Rev. C. H. Mead, S Nat'l Temp Soc'y

Previously ack'd	$2
In His Name, Janesville, Wis	
Esther Needham	
An old lady in her 84th year	
C	
E L and E M Potter	
Mrs C Augusta Jones	
Total	**$31**

For Any Good Cause

Previously ack'd	$9
G James Smith	
Mrs J F. Hoytville, Pa	
Chas M Gross	
Friend, Brooklyn, N Y	
Mrs C H L, Hollis-ton, Mass	1
Total	**$117**

For Mrs. Jamal's Training School, Jamaica

Previously ack'd	$5
L H, Lakeland Fla	
Mrs J A Peck	1
Mary C Austin	1
D S T, Brockton, Mass	
Mrs E A Peers	
Total	**$520**

For The Christian Le Children's Home

Previously ack'd	$5
Mrs E D Hartshorn	
Anonymous	
A reader of the C H, Andrew Co, Mo	
Anon, Bowens Corners, N Y	
Total	**$5870.**

A SCHOOL IN "CHINATOWN."

The Morning Star Mission in New York Conducting a Foreign Mission at Home—Mr. Fung Y. Mow's Diligent Pupils—The Five Points Chinese Work.

EVERY passing year witnesses an increase of the vast and numerous agencies in operation for the spread of the Gospel at home and abroad. It also brings an increase in the numbers of those who desire to consecrate themselves to such service. While it is impracticable for all who desire to become missionaries to go to the foreign field, there are fortunately unlimited opportunities for mission work at home. Indeed, in not a few of our great cities, with their populations composed of many nationalities, it has become possible to engage in what is, to all intents and purposes, foreign mission work, the sole difference being that it is conducted here, instead of abroad, and that instead of inhospitable climates, antagonistic governments and fanatical heathen or savage mobs, we have the wholesome air, the free, enlightened government of our own land of liberty and the warm friendship and approval of its people for such work. Here are representatives of almost every nation under the sun, not the least numerous or interesting among them being the Chinese, who have settled in considerable-sized colonies East and West, perhaps more than 100,000 being distributed throughout the country. Most of them have come here with the laudable purpose of gaining, by their labor, a present livelihood, and of saving a sum, which in China will be sufficient to enable them to spend their old age in comfort. They come here idolaters and heathen, knowing not the true God, but worshipping a multitude of spirits and practicing many heathen rites in the privacy of their "joss-houses," as they call their temples. Their highest morality is found in the teachings of Confucius, but of that eminent heathen philosopher, probably not one in a thousand of the Chinese who come here has ever heard, for the average Mongol immigrant is usually a laborer of the Chinese sea-coast cities, a coolie from Shanghai, or a worker in the fields. Inheriting all the ignorance, together with the superstitions and traditions of his own people, and speaking a strange and difficult language, the Chinese immidly has more obstacles to contend with han any other class of foreigners arriving on our shores. But, unlike the stolid Mussulman or the Hindu, he is rarely indifferent to kindness or the influences of eligious teaching. He quickly recognizes he value of an acquaintance with the lanuage of the country and, there are nowhere to be found more eager or industrius pupils than those that assemble in the Chinese schools of New York City for the urpose of acquiring the three fundamenal "r's" of a plain American education. is a proud day indeed for the Chinese upil when he can master a simple sentence n English, write a legible note in the ame language, and figure up his wages or is savings in plain numerals instead of reorting to the bewildering mass of hierolyphics that compose the chirography of he Chinese.

On the first page of this issue of THE HRISTIAN HERALD is presented the fourth f our new series of colored illustrations. shows an evening session of a Chinese hool, whose pupils assemble in a comrtable little hall in Doyer Street, New ork. They are taught by a young Chinaan, Fung Y. Mow, who, being fairly edcated in the language and ideas of his dopted country, has undertaken to aid in lightening his fellow-countrymen. The hool has been established in connection ith the Morning Star Mission which be in its work among the Chinese residents New York nearly three years ago, unr the auspices of the American Baptist ome Mission Society. Its plan of work is milar to that of the Baptist Mission hools on the Pacific coast. Religious inruction is imparted through the Chinese nguage rather than the English, as the achings of Christianity can thus be made earer to the Chinese mind; but there are at all the Baptist Chinese Missions classes under competent teachers for the education of the pupils in English.

No. 17 Doyer street, New York, when the school shown in the picture is held is a build devoted to the work of the Mission. Miss E. C. Potter is Superintendent and Miss Helen F. Clark and other ladies are also actively interested in its conduct. In addition to the exclusively Chinese work, Miss Potter every Tuesday has sewing-classes at which young Italians, Chinese, and girls of every nationality are taught the use of the needle, and the lessons of the Gospel together, just as godly Mrs. Jamal is teaching her class of poor Syrian girls in Jerusalem. All the teachers except those conducting the sewing-classes are men.

"Chinatown" in New York is not a very extensive section, covering only a few blocks at most and the majority of its denizens being crowded into three of those blocks. There are probably about 3,000 Chinese in the city, and these may be divided into two classes, viz.: merchants, (some of them peddlers, others small shop-keepers), and gamblers. It is only just to say that the larger number are well-behaved and should be included in the first classification. There is no more industrious person in the busy metropolis than the average Celestial. On Sundays the normal population is greatly increased by arrivals from out-of-town. The streets of Chinatown are then crowded and the interiors of the buildings are usually densely packed with visitors from many points in New Jersey, Connecticut, Long Island, Staten Island, and upper New York. Sunday, therefore, is the "field day" for missionary work and the soul-winners of the Morning Star Mission make it a day of unusual activity. For the purpose of interesting Chinatown and its visiting population in the progress of the educational and mission work, the conductors of the mission publish a little leaflet called *The Chinese News*, of which Fung Y. Mow is editor and which gives a brief translation of the week's events in China and a concise presentation of some Gospel truth—the whole presented in Chinese characters. Of course, it contains a programme of the Mission's work and a cordial invitation to all readers to attend.

A pleasant feature of the work is that the Chinese invariably treat the missionaries with kindness and accord them a hearty reception wherever they go. Even the gamblers will pause in their calling to accept a copy of the little paper and talk a moment with the visitors. And when they promise to attend the Mission meetings they seldom fail to keep their pledge, the result being that all the services are fairly well attended. The work on Sunday consists of an Italian Sunday School, at 3 P. M., Chinese Bible Class at 3.30, and a Young Men's Christian Association Prayer Meeting at 5 o'clock. There is also a Sunday School at 6.30 for the Chinese women and children of the neighborhood—Mr. Richardson being in charge. Mr. Mow conducts a service in Chinese at 8 o'clock. The monthly attendance at the various meetings averages 2000, and would doubtless be much larger if the mission had more commodious quarters. There are four English-speaking teachers and several Chinese teachers actively connected with the Mission. The Mission Hall (which is shown in our colored illustration, the same room being used for both teaching and preaching), is on the third floor of the Doyer street house, and runs practically the entire length of the floor. It is plainly furnished, and the ladies of the Mission have made it attractive by hanging on walls and beams a number of pretty, varicolored Chinese fans, lanterns, and umbrellas, which, when the room is comfortably crowded with intelligent-looking young Chinamen, give it quite an Oriental aspect, and especially when the bright young Chinese teacher is on the platform explaining the Gospel to his brothers, or on week-day evenings instructing them in the use and significance of the English characters. There are blackboards ranged alongside, for instruction in writing and ciphering, and in the course of an evening's lesson, many a student puzzles over the same problems on those blackboards that have vexed American school-boys at a much more tender age. Our artist has pictured faithfully from the life a scene at one of those educational sessions, at a moment when the young teacher is explaining to the class the meaning of some unusually difficult word or phrase in the tongue they are all striving so earnestly to master. Experience has shown that the Chinese who come to America, and especially the younger element, are surprisingly receptive.

Among the needs of the Morning Star Mission is a dispensary, with an American doctor in charge. The conductors of the Mission hope that some one interested in the work will be induced to help the Mission to open a free Dispensary in the early future. The Mission is supported by the Baptist Home Missionary Society, assisted by the Baptist Society of New London, Conn. As the Chinese are very poor, they can give little towards its support.

One of the most successful educational and missionary efforts among the Chinese in New York has been that conducted for many years past by the Five Points Mission. In his report of this work Mr. Barnard gives this outline of its history and its progress:

Besides the secular teaching, the class gathered on Sundays at the House of Industry and read from the Bible. They procured from the Bible Society a Chinese Testament, and Choy Awah would read and translate parts of it for them. One evening they asked him to read the fifth chapter of Matthew. His translation of the first verse was: 'Plenty people, whole lot: Jesu he go up side mountain, sit down.' He wanted to give his idea of the word "disciples," and stood a moment trying to think how to express it. Then the thought came to him, and he said, 'Me come your school, me be your boy,' Could anyone have illustrated the meaning better than that? He expressed his idea of heaven by call it the 'top side of sky.' When he came to the ninth verse, 'Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God,' he stopped a moment, hardly knowing how to give in English the latter part of the verse. He said at first, 'Me no talkey English;' but finally, looking up with a smile and lifting his hand, said, 'Go up, up top side of sky; sit down by Emperor and be Emperor's son.' It was a most beautiful conception of the idea of a child of God.

Choy's translation of the parable of the prodigal son was very interesting. In as near the exact words as possible it was as follows:

"A man he two sons. Son speak he to father; father got money; give some he; father he take it all right. I just now give you half. He give him half; he go long way—like me come China to New York. No be careful of money, use too much; money all gone; he very hungry. He went to man. He want work, he say; all right; he tell him feed pigs. He give pigs beans; he eat with pigs himself. He just now talk, "My father he rich man—too much money. What for my stay here hungry? I want go back and see my father. I say to him, I very bad. He knows I bad. Emperor (God) see I bad. No be son, me be coolie." He go back; long way, father see him. He take him on the neck. The son say, "I very bad. I just now no be your son; I coolie." His father talkey to boy, and say, "Get handsome coat; give he ring; give he shoes; bring fat cow—kill him; give him to eat." They very glad. He all same dead; just now come back alive: he lost; he get back. Number one son come. He hear music, he tell servant, "What for they make music?" He says, "Your brother come back; your father very glad he no sick; he kill fat cow. Number one son very angry; he no go inside; very angry. Father he come out; he say, "No, no be angry." Number one son, he say, "I stay all time by father; never make him angry. My father never kill one fat cow for me. My brother be very bad, he use money too much; he have fat cow and music." Father say, "You no understand; he just dead; he now come to life; he lost, he now come back." They make music. In describing the meeting of the father and the eldest son, Choy came up to us, and putting his hand on our shoulder, said in a soothing tone "No, no get angry."

Choy finally became a student in Howard University, Washington, D. C. His story is only an isolated instance of the effects produced by education and the Gospel in the hands of a large number of young Chinese pupils through the efforts of the Five Points House of Industry, and its faithful missionaries.

There are several other Chinese Mission Schools or classes in New York, notably the Presbyterian Chinese Mission and the Methodist Chinese Mission, an excellent work being conducted at both places.

AN INSURGENT MILITARY OUTPOST NEAR REMEDIOS, CUBA.

The Cuban War.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great military efforts made by the Spanish government during the past six months to subjugate the Cuban insurgents, the latter seem to be as strong and resolute as ever. There have been frequent engagements, each side in turn sustaining reverses or securing victories, but General Campos, although his army has been repeatedly reinforced from Spain, has not been able to tempt or force the Cubans to a general engagement under such conditions as he, with the skill of an old campaigner, is steadily seeking. He has now probably 60,000 of Spain's best troops in the field but their great numerical strength is more than counterbalanced by the very large number of prostrations from yellow fever, and other climatic causes. On the other hand the Cubans, who fight guerilla-fashion instead of in masses, have nothing whatever to fear from the climate which is deadly only to the foreigner—not the native. At the present outlook, there is little expectation of the war reaching a close this year. Our illustration shows a Cuban military outpost in the interior of the island. These troops—most of whom are excellent marksmen and now fairly well equipped—are probably the advance of some formidable insurgent force and are in a position to reconnoitre successfully and keep their main body informed of the movements of the enemy. The insurgents, numerically much inferior to the enemy and not nearly so well armed, are compelled to fight as guerilla, and it is by adopting this method of warfare that nearly all their victories against the trained troops of Spain have been won.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Thanksgiving Day.

AS this gladsome season comes we are apt to recall the olden time Thanksgiving dinner. Father at one end of the table, mother at the other end, the children between, wondering if father will ever get done carving the turkey. Oh, that proud, strutting hero of the barnyard, upside down, his plumes gone and minus his gobble. Stuffed with that which he can never digest! The day before at school, we had learned that Greece was south of Turkey, bnt at that table we found that turkey was bounded by grease. The brown surface waiting for the fork to plunge astride the breast-bone, and with knife sharpened on the jambs of the fireplace, lay bare the folds of white meat. Give to the boy disposed to be sentimental the heart. Give to the one disposed to music the drumstick. Give to the one disposed to theological discussion the "parson's nose." Then the pies! For the most part a lost art. What mince pies, in which you had all confidence, fashioned from all rich ingredients, instead of miscellaneous leavings which are only a sort of glorified hash! Not mince pies with profound mysteries of origin! But mother made them, chopped the meat for them, spiced them, sweetened them, flavored them, and laid the lower crust and the upper crust, with here and there a puncture by the fork to let you look through the light and flaky substance into the substance beneath. No brandy, for old folks were stout for temperance. Dear me! What a pie! You deluded New Englanders can talk till you are gray about your pumpkin pies for Thanksgiving Day; give me an old-fashioned New Jersey mince pie. Of the ten at that table all are gone save two—some in village church-yard, some in city cemetery—but we shall sit with them yet at a brighter banquet.

The Ancestral Hobby.

PRIDE of ancestry is with many a leading mania. Now we believe in royal blood. It is a grand thing to have the right kind of kindred. There is but little chance for one badly born. If we belonged to some families that we know of, we would be tempted at once to give ourselves up to the police. But while far from despising family blood, we deplore the fact that so many depend entirely upon heraldry. They have not been in your company a minute before they begin to tell you who their father was and their mother. The greatest honor that ever happened to them was that of having been born. It is a congratulation that there was but one mechanic in their line, and he helped build the first steamboat. They were no possible relation to one Simon, the tanner. The only disgraceful thing in their line, so far back as they can trace it, was that their first parents in Paradise were gardeners. There was a big pile of money somewhere back, a coat of arms, and several fine carriages. They feel sorry for Adam, because he had no grandfather. To hear them talk you would suppose that the past was crowded with their great progenitors, who were lords, dukes, comrades of Wellington, accustomed to slapping George Washington on the shoulder, calling him by the first name; "hail fellow, well met" with Thomas Jefferson. As if it had taken ten generations of great folks to produce one such Smythe. He is no relation to Smith. That family spell their name differently. But you find that in the last seventeen hundred years there were several breaks in the broadcloth. Do not say anything about their Uncle George. He was a blacksmith. Nor ask about Cousin Rachel. Miserable thing! She is in the poorhouse. Nor inquire about his grandfather's politics. Nor ask what became of his eldest brother. But all this is nothing, so long as they spell Smith with a *y* in the middle and an *e* at the end. They have always moved in the circle of the Rittenhouses, and the Minturns, and the Grinnells, and the Vanderbilts. They talk much of their silver plate to everybody save the assessor. In the year 1700 they had an ancestor that rode in the carriage with a duchess.

But we are all proud. We slept one night at the West, in the rustic house of President Fillmore's father, in the very bed occupied the week before by Daniel Webster and the President. We felt that we must carry off from that room a memento. Not able to get anything more significant, we brought away from the peg in the room, one of old Mrs. Fillmore's cap-strings. It was with no ordinary emotions that, after coming down into every-day life, we displayed the trophy. Still how distasteful is the companionship of one who is always on the subject of his high associations and honored ancestry. We get vexed, and almost wish that their ancestors had been childless. At proper times and to proper degree let such themes be discussed, but what a folly to be on all occasions displaying Mrs. Fillmore's cap-strings! It is an outrageous case of cruelty to animals when a man persists in having all his progenitors join him in riding the ancestral hobby.

Honest and Dishonest Work.

SOMETIMES a man who seems to succeed is at every step a failure. There is more lawful fraud committed than unlawful. Penitentiaries and the Court of "Oyer and Terminer," are for those clumsy rogues who do not know how to steal. The purloining of one cabbage ends in the "Tombs," but the absconding with one hundred thousand dollars wins a castle on the Rhine. So you see that men get into jail not because they steal, but because they do not steal enough. There are estates gathering that have not within them one honest dollar.

But the general rule is that moral success is worldly success. It is easier to make a permanent fortune in honorable ways than by dishonorable conduct. The devil is a poor financier. When the gold and the silver were laid down in the earth, they were sworn to serve the cause of righteousness, and they never go into the coffers of the dishonest without committing perjury. There is an honest work for everyone to do. Lawful enterprise in the long run will declare larger dividends than dishonest scheming. The oil company of which Hon. Bogus Greaseback is President, and Hocus Pocus, Esq., is Secretary, at first declares twenty per cent., then ten per cent. afterward three per cent, and, last of all, nothing, leaving the widows and orphans to play the beautiful game of "Money! money! who has the money!" But fraudulent estates do not average a continuance of more than five years. Occasionally, an old man, having gathered large property by ignoble means, may die in its possession, bequeathing it to his heirs; but when the boys get it, what with their wine, and what with their fast horses—how they will make it fly!

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Inquirer. Please state through THE MAIL-BAG where one can send money for the Mont Lawn Children's Home? I have read so much about the poor little waifs, that my heart yearns to help them, and my little mite may keep some poor little one on the road to Christ if I knew where to send it.

Any contributions intended in aid of the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD now, will be applied to the work when the Home re-opens next spring.

C. C. If a person has done a wrong and confesses that wrong and sincerely repents, and knows that God has forgiven, should that sin, in years after, be brought up against him in anger, to prove him unworthy of confidence?

It should not, and no one claiming to be a Christian can find justification for taunting a repentant and forgiven brother with his sin. What God has forgiven we, who also stand in need of forgiveness, should be satiisfied to regard as blotted out. The Apostle Paul gave explicit directions how a brother was to be treated after repentance. (See Gal. 6: 1; II. Cor. 2: 6, 7.)

Reader. Is it right for one to take a brother away from home who will not work and spends his evenings out late doing evil, and put him in the army (where my husband now is) and where he can earn money and a living? Would I be causing him and his parents more sin to do so?

It depends altogether on the circumstances of the case. We do not think it would be right to do so without consulting the parents. Besides, there are many other and better ways of helping a young man besides inducing him to take up the life of a soldier, which in many cases renders the man unfit for any other vocation in life.

Constant Reader, Rahway, N. J. 1. Why was Satan permitted to tempt our first parents? 2. Who is the man of sin referred to by Paul in II. Thess. 2: 3, 4?

1. Hundreds of volumes have been written on the subject without reaching any credible solution. The question is wholly speculative. It is the fact as revealed that you have to accept, if you believe the Bible account. 2. The man of sin is believed to be an incarnation of Satan, who will appear and attain power in the last seven years of this dispensation. Some commentators have thought that the Popes of Rome fulfil the prophecy, but some of the characteristics of the man of sin do not apply to any pope who has yet appeared.

Earnest Inquirer, Mattoon, Ill. If a person who does not feel that he is a child of God, yet who does not lead a worldly life and is conscious of being changed from a former life of sin cannot get assurance of salvation, must he conclude that God has no mercy for him?

No, that would be dishonoring God, by assuming that he does not mean what he has said. Assurance is not necessary to salvation. It is simply one of the evidences of faith. It is Christ who saves. The feelings are often misleading. If a person accepts the offer of salvation through Christ and trusts implicitly and exclusively in him, he will be saved. No man is saved because he feels this or that, but because Christ died for him. The best evidence of the reality of faith is love for Christ and for men and an earnest desire and effort to live like Christ, holy and pure.

X. F. Y., Virginia. If a man who has wasted his property in drinking, opium smoking, etc., but has given liberally to churches and has attended church regularly, leaves the remainder of his property at death to religious or benevolent organizations, will not God have pity on him and save his soul?

If you mean to ask whether in consideration of his legacy, God will accept him, we must answer in the negative. No man can buy salvation with a legacy. Neither will church attendance avail him. If he sincerely repents of his sin and quits it and goes to God in prayer, asking for pardon, for Christ's sake, he will obtain it. Nothing else will avail to save him. While he is living in sin and not seeking to be delivered from that there is no hope. Many people want to keep their sins and be saved from the consequences of them, but God does not make any bargains of that kind.

Constant Reader, Dover, N. J. How is it possible to reconcile the repeated statements in the New Testament such as John 1: 18; 14: 9; 5: 38, etc., that no man had seen God, or could see him and live, with the numerous passages in the Old Testament such as Gen. 32: 30; Ex. 24: 11; 33: 20, etc.), stating that Moses, Manoah and others saw God and spoke with him?

We are told that God is a spirit and he is therefore invisible to mortal eyes. All that we read of his revelations leads us to believe that he assumed a form for the purpose of communication with the Old Testament saints. That form they saw, but God himself they could never see. In the same way the very writers who declare that God could not be seen, were well aware that they had seen him in Christ. In a very solemn manner Jesus told them that they who had seen him had seen the Father. Yet even in him the glory of God was vailed by his flesh; but there was such a manifestation of his presence as a human being could bear to see and no more. The Old Testament writers doubtless believed that they saw God, but in the New Testament light it was realized that God could not be seen, being a spirit.

L. Rowe, Plainfield, Ia., E. G., West Nyack, N. Y., and others. Is the direction as to baptism you quoted some weeks ago to be found in the Bible? If not is it binding on Christians?

It is not in the Bible, but as we then stated in the Didache, or "Teaching of the Apostles." The manuscript was discoved about twelve years ago by Philoletheos Bryennios. It has been examined by the most eminent Biblical scholars, who with few exceptions believe it to be genuine. Its author is unknown, and various dates have been assigned to it. The earliest is A. D. 80. It is evidently a manual prepared for the use of the early churches, and purports to be in the most condensed form a summary of the teachings of the Apostles. The writer does not appear to have read the Gospels of either Mark or John. Its authority is simply the writer's report of Apostolic teaching and practice. It is impossible to define its validity in the absence of any knowledge as to the writer.

Constant Reader, N .Y. Will a Christian, who has studied and cultivated his mind here upon earth, be any further advanced in heaven than if he had not, or does the difference in mentality of a Christian here on earth make any difference in heaven?

Yes, to both queries. All that has been revealed to us concerning the other life, justifies the conviction that it is a state of vastly enlarged activities and uninterrupted progress. There the spiritual life, which has been kindled in the soul while here, will find amplest room for expansion, and all those noble qualities of heart and mind that go to the formation of the best type of character here below, and which are elementary forms of the perfect manhood, will doubtless survive after our spiritual enlargement, since they have a close affinity to the spiritual life. To efface all intellectual culture at the outset in the next life is as great an improbability as would be the effacement of individuality. Consequently one who while on earth has cultivated the nobler faculties, will begin the heavenly life with a greater advantage than if he had made no such progress here.

F. V. Folly, Village, N. S. 1 Are all parts of the Book of Job to be accepted as true and inspired? 2. Were horses in use in Palestine before Solomon's time, and could one be used by the homicide in getting to the City of Refuge?

1. Your question is answered in the book itself. God is represented as saying (Job. 42: 7) of the speeches of three friends, "Ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right." Their speeches therefore cannot be regarded as wholly true. They misrepresented God in talking with Job. The problem to be discussed was how it was that extraordinary misfortunes had fallen upon so excellent a man. The reader is let into the secret in the beginning. He knows that the good man is being tried, to see if he does, as Satan says, serve God only because it pays to do so. God allows him to be tested to prove that he would be just as faithful in adversity as in prosperity. Job and his three friends do not know about this test, and they are puzzled. It is obvious that where they differ so decidedly all cannot be right, 2. Horses are mentioned in Joshua 11: 9. They appear to have been used chiefly for war. The homicide would be safe, and could claim fair trial if he once entered the City of Refuge, no matter how he got there.

Millie M. Noel, Joliet, Ill. You will find it in Jubilee Songs, Part One. Send for it to Biglow & Main, music publishers, New York.——Mrs. T. B. Winslow, Commerce, Tex. Write to Scribner's Sons, publishers, N. Y.——Mrs. L. L. Lamar, Weston, Mo. Yes; send $3 in all, and the premium will be sent to any address you choose.——N. N. G. You will find the hymn in *The Golden Chain*, which can be procured of Biglow & Main, New York.——B. H., Deer Creek, Ill. It is not true. During twenty five years it gave a full quota in proportion to its size and importance.——John Ashton, Plymouth, Pa. No. Its light is borrowed from the sun.——M. O. L., Mass. You should consult a physician at once as the trouble may be serious.——Constant Reader, Ont. It is a secular song and would be out of place in this journal. You can procure it through any music dealer.——Reader. Yes; the Minion Self Pronouncing Bible, plain gilt edges, without paper, is $1. The Minion Self-Pronouncing Bible, leather-lined, silk-sewed, red under gold edges, without the paper $2——M. E. Loftus, Barill's store, Choctaw Co., Ala., can use back numbers of this journal or other good literature in Christian work——Rev. W. H. Robert, Centreville, Mich. It is both for new and old subscribers.——Mrs. H. V. Stephens, Jacksonville, Fla. Address the National Temperance Society, 58 Read street, N. Y. City.——Mary A. Thorpe, Adamsville, R. I. We do not believe it has, in this country at least.——Susie Yost and C. G. Starr. See address of M. E. Loftus, above.——M. E. B. S., Manchester, N. Y. No; it is probably a mistake. Why not write to the editor of the paper, asking the source?——Ella Ellick. It can be done as you desire.——F. S. Meyers, Wilmington, Del. No.——Miss S. H. Barnard, Sing Sing, N. Y. Write to Funk & Wagnalls, New York, for his reply.——Mrs. J. B. King, Fremont, O. Yes.——Miss Gowin, Benson, Minn. There are no means of ascertaining the information you want.——M. C., Pleasantville, Ia. For one dollar we will send the paper for six months to your daughter in Oklahoma and *From Manger to Throne* to your own address. On receipt of four dollars additional, we will renew your subscription, and send the Library Premium and Minion Self-Pronouncing Bible (plain gold edges.)

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Paris Railroad Disaster.

A STARTLING railroad disaster occurred in the French capital recently, at the terminus of the Western Railway. A train from Brittany entered the terminus, which fronts on the busy street called the Place de Rennes. The engineer apparently depended on his brakes for stopping the train at the proper platform and did not shut off steam until he entered the depot. There was some defect in the machinery for operating the brakes, which prevented their working. The momentum of the train carried it through the depot and with terrific force against the stationary buffers at the end of the tracks. They checked the course of the train but failed to stop it. The locomotive swept them away and went on over the wreck to the glass gallery at the street-end of the terminus, passed through it and leaped into the street below. The gallery was thirty feet above the pavement, and when the locomotive fell, it alighted on its front with its six wheels free of the ground. The tender carrying the coal followed it, but its fall was checked by the rear end of the locomotive on which it rested. Happily the rear of the tender was jammed so tightly against the front of the building as to form an effectual barrier to the passenger-cars attached to it and they came to a standstill. Over a hundred persons were in the cars and some of them must have been killed if the cars had followed the locomotive through the front of the building into the street. As it was they were severely shaken and bruised by the sudden stop, but none of them were killed. The only life lost was that of a woman in the street below, who was hit and instantly killed by one of the stones driven out of the wall of the terminus by the locomotive. Even the engineer and fireman escaped. They jumped from the locomotive before it took its terrible leap into the street. It is marvelous that more lives were not sacrificed, but at four o'clock in the afternoon, the time when the accident took place, the Place de Rennes is less frequented than it is at an earlier or later hour. Had it occurred at almost any other time, the locomotive would have crashed into a crowd of people with appalling results. If the engineer continues to run trains he is little likely to have another accident of the kind. His own narrow escape from death and from causing the death of many others, will probably teach him to put less confidence in the power of the brakes. It would be well if the same lesson were learned in morals. Numbers of young men embark on evil courses with perfect confidence that they have sufficient moral strength to stop when they find themselves in danger. But the moral strength slips, like the brakes in this instance, to fail at the critical time when the peril is imminent and they fall to rise no more.

He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool: but whoso walketh wisely, shall be delivered. (Prov. 28:26.)

To Utilize the Tides.

A writer in the *North American Review* makes a suggestion of a surprising kind. Referring to the proposal of the Niagara Falls Power Company to run a line to New York, over which they could send a current of two hundred thousand horse power, he asks why the money that such an enterprise would cost should not be used in a better way. He contends that there is enough power in the tides of the East and North Rivers to generate all the electricity that is needed to light both New York and Brooklyn and propel all the surface cars in the two cities. The plant necessary to collect and store the electrical product from this mighty force would cost an enormous sum, but it would not be more than the cost of a conduit from Niagara to New York. The rush of the waters through the narrow inlets of the bays and rivers is so tremendous that huge machinery could be operated by it, if a way of applying it were devised. At present no use is made of the vast energy, while immense sums are spent annually in producing less power than is now running to waste. There is similar negligence in spiritual matters. The elaborate and costly appliances for church work, for making the services attractive and for raising funds to erect costly buildings are to be found everywhere, while the mighty force the Saviour recommended and urged upon his followers is seldom used.

If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you. (Matt. 17:20.)

A Flight for Life.

In his reminiscences of frontier life published in the current number of a popular magazine, Gen. Miles describes the thrilling experience of a Captain in his command. The Captain was stationed at Fort Harker, Kans., on the route between Fort Riley and Denver. He was sent on a journey of inspection about thirty miles from the fort, and was expected to return before night-fall. He was, however, delayed longer than he anticipated, and did not start on his ride back to the fort until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. He had ridden about ten miles before darkness set in, and was expecting an uneventful journey, when the howl of a wolf startled him. His horse, a strong, spirited animal trembled vioently. Looking back he saw three prairie, or Lobo, wolves following him in the distance. He quickened his pace, but they gained upon him, and at the end of about two miles were but a few yards in his rear, and several others had joined them. He had only a revolver in the way of arms, and about fifty cartridges with him. He turned on his horse and fired at the foremost wolf. The beast dropped and the others set upon him and tore him to pieces. The delay gave the Captain a few hundred yards' start, but the wolves speedily overtook him, and their numbers had increased. The danger was by this time very serious. He carefully husbanded his ammunition, firing only when he could take aim deliberately. The wolves came so close that several times the horse's rear and flanks were cut, before a shot from the Captain's revolver created a diversion in the pursuing pack. Only four cartridges remained when the Captain reached the bank of the river opposite the fort, and his horse was so exhausted by its wild career that it staggered and fell dead on the river bank. The Captain plunged into the stream, waded across, and reached the fort in safety. He was weak and faint from excitement and his desperate exertions, but profoundly thankful to have escaped the fangs of the cruel beasts that had followed him for twenty miles. So a man struggles to escape from enemies whose ferocity he understands. Many who are assailed from the fierce temptations of life, would escape, too, if they were as much in earnest as he. But unhappily, though spiritual enemies are more dangerous than wild beasts, seeing that it is eternal life they would rob us of, they are often unopposed.

Ye have not yet resisted unto blood striving against sin. Heb. 12:4.

Electrocution for Weeds.

The purposes to which electricity is now applied seem almost endless in variety. One of the latest is as an agent for the destruction of weeds. It has been proved that when a sufficient current of electricity has been communicated to grass and herbage, it instantly withers and kills the plant. Railroad companies have already utilized the idea by arranging a hanging device, which projects from the car and destroys the grass and weeds on the banks, with which it makes contact. Prof. Woodworth, who has brought this new labor-saving method to the notice of the Natural History Society, says he does not see why this mode of exterminating weeds cannot be used to advantage on our country roads. He believes that electricity is quite as cheap as salt for the killing of weeds, in the long run, as it is much more prompt and effective, and destroys the plant to the root. He proposes to experiment on the most noxious weeds by taking a wheelbarrow or wagon supplied with a storage battery, to the land to be cleared, and let the hanging wires drag along the ground. He insists that even the stubborn agricultural pests, the Russia and Canada thistles may be exterminated in this way. It can, of course, be applied only when it is desired to have bare land, as the electricity will destroy the good plants as readily as the poisonous ones. It is so with all natural agencies. They cannot discriminate between the evil and the good. Some of our efforts at social and moral reform operate in the same way. As Christ taught, the only effective and discriminating separation will come at the last, when God gives to his angels the command:

Gather the tares and bind them in bundles to burn them, but gather the wheat unto my barn. (Matt. 13:30.)

THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT THE MONT PARNASSE STATION IN PARIS.

The Great Fires.

Circulars of warning have recently been issued by the State Forestry Commission of Pennsylvania, in the hope of decreasing the number of forest fires. It appears that over a million dollars are lost in the State every year by the destruction of trees. The circulars say that fires were then raging in seven counties, and that the previous week a thousand acres on Welsh Mountain had been completely denuded of timber by a fire. The Commission had investigated the origin of a large number of these fires and found that in every case the disaster might have been prevented. In some instances the woods had been set on fire purposely by men who had been expelled for the non-payment of rent or taxes. In others the fire had originated in the carelessness of hunters, who had thrown away a burning match among the dry underwood. A large number of fires had also been caused by sparks from the bonfires lighted by boys, who had not intended to do injury and did not know the danger of what they were doing. The Commission declares that in every instance that had been investigated, the cause of the disaster was one of those three, and that if it was possible to eliminate malice, carelessness and ignorance in relation to the fires there would be no more of these disasters. Costly as the forest fires are, they are but a small part of the calamities the same three evils produce in the world. But there is no hope of their being eliminated until men realize that education, which may remove carelessness and ignorance, is not sufficient to cure malice. Only the grace of God operating on the human heart is able to do that.

For we also were aforetime foolish . . . living in malice and envy. . . . but according to his mercy he saved us through the renewing of the Holy Ghost. (Titus 3:3-5.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. Rockefeller has Added Three Millions to his donations to Chicago University, one million is given unconditionally, and two millions on condition that a like amount is raised in other quarters. This makes five and a half millions which Mr. Rockefeller has given to the University.

The Genealogy of Intemperance is Thus tersely and forcibly stated by Rev. F. M. Ellis, D.D.: "The saloon begets the drunkard, the drunkard begets drunkenness, and drunkenness begets the whole shameless progeny of crime and squalor under which society staggers to-day.

The Vacancy on the International Sunday School Lesson Committee caused by the death of Dr. John A. Broadus, has been filled by the appointment of Dr. John R. Sampey, Professor of Hebrew in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. The Committee at its recent meeting in Montreal, passed resolutions expressing sorrow at the death of its honored member.

The New York Bible Society During the past twelve months has distributed 86,311 copies of the Bible and the Testament, of which 56,030 were given to newly arrived immigrants. In order that each might have a Bible in his own tongue it was necessary to have Bibles in twenty-five different languages. The German Bibles were most in demand, Swedes next, and English third.

Ex-President Harrison Speaking at the Great missionary meeting in Carnegie Music Hall, New York, on Nov. 15, said that with due deference to the learned theologians then on the platform, he would like to give an exegesis of a certain passage of Scripture. He only wished to remind the audience that the Apostle's injunction to "hold fast that which is good," referred to doctrines, not to money.

It is reported that France has offered to release ex-Consul Waller as an act of courtesy to the United States. Mr. Waller, who has been unjustly imprisoned and outrageously treated, declared some time ago that he would never accept freedom on those terms. It is hoped that the next Secretary of State we have, will compel France to apologize and pay an indemnity to this much-injured man. If Mr. Waller had been a citizen of a great European nation France would have had to do this long ago.

The sudden death of Rev. Samuel F. Smith, D. D., author of "My Country 'tis of Thee," has caused sorrow in a multitude of homes throughout the land. Dr. Smith died Nov. 16 in Boston, Mass. He was on his way to Hyde Park, where he had promised to preach on the following day, when he was taken ill suddenly. He was taken to the Emergency Hospital, where all that could be done to save his life was done, but without avail. He died soon after reaching the hospital. He was eighty-seven years of age.

In a Recent Diocesan Address, Referring to the subject of church fairs, the Archbishop of York said, he firmly believed that notwithstanding the large amounts of money which were sometimes obtained by such incongruous means, the church was ultimately the loser rather than the gainer. At its best such a proceeding was a poor and undesirable substitute for the systematic offering up to God of some definite portions of their worldly substance to assist in the maintenance and extension of the work of his church.

Mr. William E. Curtis, of the Chicago *Record*, who has been travelling in Japan, has this to say, as a secular journalist, speaking of the work of missionaries from his own observation: "They have been the pioneers of civilization in Japan and have exercised an almost incredible influence upon the social, moral, political and industrial revolutions that have been going on during the last twenty-five years." At the same time he admits his belief that the missionary societies show a lack of judgment and often great indiscretion in sending incompetent men and women into that field.

Rev. Jacob Freshman, D. D., the Pioneer Christian worker among the Jews of New York and founder of the Hebrew Christian Church in St. Mark's Place, preached in New York, on Nov. 17 morning and evening, at the Eighteenth Street M. E. Church to large congregations. Dr. Freshman has been laboring at Newark, N. J., as pastor of the North Park Presbyterian Church, but he has resigned the pastorate of that church and expects to reside in New York until he is called to another sphere of labor. Churches needing a supply, or wishing to hear lectures on Palestine, may communicate with Dr. Freshman at Station O., New York City

The Family and Home Circle

Winter on the Prairies.

The Lonely Life of the Indian—Childhood on the Plains—Seasons of Joy and Mourning

MANY are the the reasons for thankfulness at this season, on the part of Uncle Sam's numerous family, and in every part of this Union, there is the note of joyful preparation for the home festival which takes place to-morrow. Even in lone prairie cabins, Thanksgiving is not forgotten. So universal has the observance of the day become that the Indian wards of our government have learned to recognize in the annual return of Thanksgiving Day an occasion for the expression of gratitude to the Great Father for all his goodness to the red men as well as to the white, and in many a tent and dug-out the same spirit prevails that was present when the chief Massassoit and his braves took the first Thanksgiving dinner with the Pilgrim Fathers. From the chimneys of the white settlers' rude homes in many a lonely section of our Northern and Western States, there rises the smoke of the same kindly festival, which is to most of them the happiest day of the whole year. In hundreds of homes in Kansas and Nebraska, where crop failure and famine made last year one of pinching want, the comparatively good results of their husbandry this year will afford cause for keeping Thanksgiving Day with happy hearts.

AN INDIAN PRAIRIE GRAVE.

No one who has not lived, for a short time at least, in the Indian country, can form any idea of the loneliness of winter life on the plains. Great bleak, bare, wind-swept areas, with frigid temperature and frequent storms of rain or snow, make existence a very monotonous thing. Yet the Indian and his family are philosophical, and with a modest supply of provisions and enough blankets to keep out the cold; with fodder for his horses and fuel for fires, he cares little for thermometer or barometer.

Our illustrations present two aspects of Indian life on the prairies that are not unfamiliar to those who have sojourned among them. The family group shown in one of the pictures is such as may be seen in almost any Indian encampment along the line of the Atlantic and Pacific or Southern Pacific Railroads, in California, Oregon, or New Mexico. They are warmly clad to resist the wintry cold, and in their stockaded camps, and heavy tents are probably as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The other picture is that of a lonely grave on the prairie. Exposure of the dead is practiced by a few Indian tribes. The body is wrapped in blankets and after the ceremonial peculiar to the red men on such occasions, is taken to a distant spot on the plain and placed upon a rude platform of poles, firmly secured and too lofty for wild animals to reach. There the dead is left and the strange burial-place is never touched even by enemies of the tribe. As the atmosphere is dry and searching the body gradually becomes dessicated, every particle of moisture disappearing, and this process continues until there is nothing left of it but the bony skeleton covered with a skin like parchment.

It is a strange sight for the traveler, unaccustomed to such scenes, to visit, within easy distance of such sad reminders of man's mortality, an Indian camp on the occasion of some festivity or rejoicing, when all its members, from youngest to oldest, are engaged in merrymaking. Even the Indian, like all God's children in every state of life, has his share of sunshine and gladness.

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"Provoke not your Children."

Unrestrained masculine goodness tends to become hard, needing the caution: "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath;" rouse not in them a bitter sense of harshness and severity. The son, young though he be, has in him the manly temper, which inclines to rebellion, and the indications of this make the father only the more unrelenting. An ever-widening breach is opening between the two. Alas for both if it is left to widen with the advancing years! But, here is one who dearly loves them both, and would give her life for either, and whom they both almost adore. She goes and draws the little boy into her loving arms, talks to him kindly and tenderly, lets him unburden his heart of some its pent-up complaints, but tells the little fellow how that father loves him, and only desires his good; mentions some of the fatherly kindnesses that are yet fresh in the boy's memory, and when the young heart is tender, leads him to see his own fault and be sorry for his own wrong, and desirous to "be good." Then she finds a chance to tell the father how sorry Robby is; how good he has been all day; and to mention some kind, brave doings that go to the father's heart. So, when father and son meet, they can look into each other's eyes with no condemnation on the one side, nor defiance on the other.

AN INDIAN FAMILY IN WINTER DRESS.

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A Boy's Evening Hours.

"Boys have no business to be out at night," is the common remark of many who have had wide observation and experience in worldly affairs. Parents who allow their sons to spend their evenings as they please, ignore the teachings of experience and part company with good judgment in permitting their boys to form such a habit. It is this habit which has started many a boy on a downward career. A leading business man says; "in my view of the matter, the seeds of evil are oftenest sown in early life. In the absence of employment boys are brought into temptation by staying away from their homes during times of idleness or relaxation, and perhaps frequently in the evening with doubtful companions after the duties of the day are over. And it is during these evening hours that the tempter takes his time to scatter the seeds that so frequently bring the fruit of death."

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Cultivate the Child's Memory.

It is possible to begin to cultivate the memory as soon as a child can talk, when it should be made to describe everything it has seen during its morning walk, or to repeat some little story that has been told to it, or a short lesson which has been learned. Every teacher before beginning a new lesson should make sure that the lesson of the day before has been retained and understood, for the more we overcrowd the little brain in the attempt to force knowledge upon it the less we impress upon it for future use. It is the experience of all those who have crammed for examinations that as soon as the examination is over the undigested knowledge passes away and similarly through life. Unless an item of knowledge is assimilated it becomes as useless to the mental system as an undigested article of food to the bodily system, and in both cases they act as an irritant, interfering with the proper digestion of other matters.

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Punishing Children.

When a parent punishes a child only in love, and without being ruffled by anger, the child is readier to perceive the justice of the punishment, and is under no temptation to resent passion with passion. A child who had been told by her father, that if she did a certain thing he must punish her for it, came to him, on his return home, and informed him that she had transgressed in the thing forbidden. He expressed sincere regret for this. "But you said, papa, that you would punish me for it," she added. "Yes, my dear child, and I must keep my word," was his answer. Then he told her just why he must punish her. Looking up into his face with tearful trust, she said: "You don't like to punish me,—do you, papa?" "Indeed I don't, my darling," he said, in earnestness. "It hurts you more than it hurts me,—doesn't it, papa?" was her sympathetic quettion, as if she were more troubled for her father than for herself. "Yes, indeed it does, my darling child," was his loving rejoinder. As a rule, a child ought not to be punished except for an offense that, at the time of its committal, was known by the child to be an offense deserving of punishment. And if a child understands, when he does a wrong, that he must expect a fixed punishment as its penalty, there is little danger of his feeling that his parent is unjust in administering that punishment; and, certainly, there is no need of the parent hastening to administer that punishment while still angry at the childish offence.

Thanksgiving.

ASSEMBLE, all ye people,
Your thankful voices raise,
To God, the Lord of harvest,
Whose goodness crowns our days;
Our fathers trusted in him.
And ne'er were put to shame.—
Of us he hath been mindful,
All glory to his name.

O God, we praise and thank thee,
The Giver of all good,
For health and strength and raiment,
For home, for friends, for food;
For peace with neighboring nations,
For missionary zeal;
We thank thee that in Jesus
Thou didst thyself reveal.

Not only do we thank thee
For joys thou dost bestow,
We bless thee, O our Father,
For trial, grief, and woe;
It is through tribulation
Thou winnowest thy grain;
O Lord, we pray thee, cleanse us
From every earthly stain.

And when, at last, thou comest
To gather in thy wheat,
May we with holy gladness
The Lord of harvest greet;
Then, when the last sheaf's garnered,
We'll celebrate thy love
At the Thanksgiving Supper
Of Harvest-home above.

—ELIZA WILLS.

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Thanksgiving Day Thoughts.

IN every American home, and especially in every Christian home, there are abundant reasons for thanksgiving, if we only search them out. But amid our own jubilation, don't let us forget others. The poor should be remembered it would be a sad Thanksgiving, indeed, for many of the unfortunate ones of the world if God's people were to forget them. If you have a sufficiency in your own larder and to spare, don't fail to see that some one, less happily situated, is supplied from your abundance. It will make your Thanksgiving all the sweeter the children's laughter all the merrier, when you think of it.

How will you celebrate the day? Here is what a very good old pastor advises on this subject: We ought to go to church, if possible (and it ought to be possible always on Thanksgiving Day), give praise to God, hear his Word taught, return home, and have a good family reunion, with a pleasant dinner, etc. Is this all? No, we ought to remember the poor and send portions both of food and clothing to the needy. We shall the better enjoy our own blessings by considering that we have shared them with the poor "who shall never cease out of the land," "who are always with us." Very well. Is this all? No, on that day we ought to remember the millions of heathen in other lands who have no Thanksgiving Day, know nothing of the true God whom we thank, and by whose providence we live and they live, and especially that they have never heard of Jesus, the Son of God who came into the world to save sinners. Ought we not to remember them on Thanksgiving Day? How long would we continue to enjoy the inexpressible blessings of peace and order, and of all the blessings that are created and fostered by a Christian civilization, if the Bible, the Sabbath, the Gospel, were at once and forever taken from us! Not very long. And then we can also remember the poor persecuted Christians in Armenia—nearly a quarter of a million of them in the direst want, as one of the Consuls has just reported. A dollar to the Armenian Fund will keep more than one poor home less family in that distant land. They may not receive it in time for your celebration, but it will be your Thanksgiving tribute, all the same.

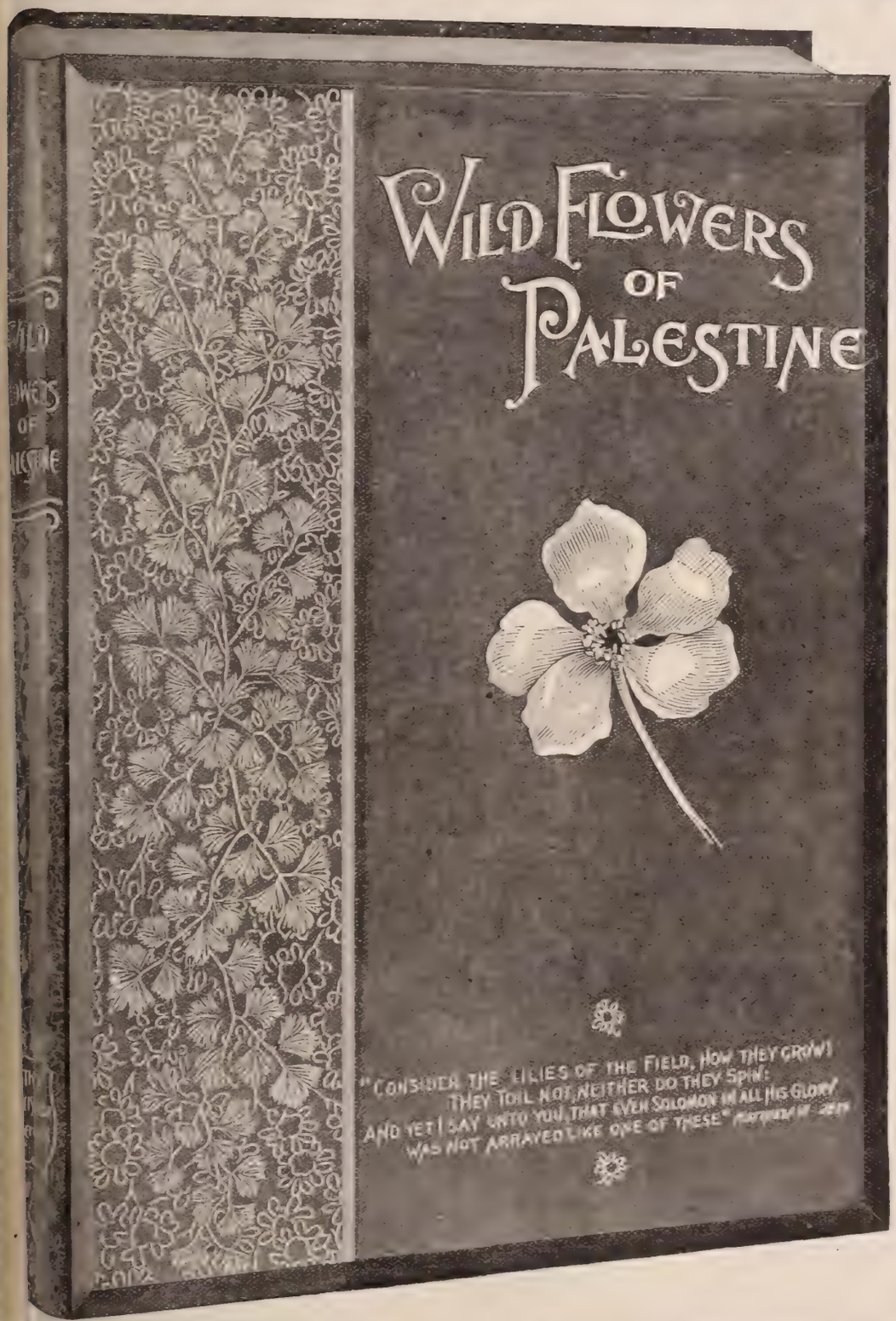
The Second Summer.

many mothers believe, is the most precarious in child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.

Real Holy Land Flowers.

An Exceptional Opportunity Presented Exclusively to Our Own Subscribers. Not a Copy of this Unique Holy Land Floral Souvenir to be Sold to any but Regular Subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OUR Subscribers will be delighted to learn that we have a rich surprise in store for them, and exclusively for them, if they quickly signify their willingness to be thus favored. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, through Rev. H. B. Greene, B. A., has made in Palestine a varied and beautiful collection of flowers, whose value is enriched by Bible associations, and has pressed, preserved, and bound them in album form. In many instances the NATURAL AROMA of these flowers, several kinds of which have been gathered on Mt. Olivet, has been retained. These Albums are not only VERY HANDSOME, but their value is beyond estimation. Dr. Talmage, who has seen them, writes:


WILD FLOWERS OF PALESTINE
"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD, HOW THEY GROW! THEY TOIL NOT, NEITHER DO THEY SPIN: AND YET I SAY UNTO YOU, THAT EVEN SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY WAS NOT ARRAYED LIKE ONE OF THESE."

You have all seen maps of Palestine, and heard sermons about Palestine, and sung hymns about Palestine, and longed for the opportunity of seeing Palestine, but this may be the first time you have ever held a part of Palestine in your hand. These are not pictures of flowers; any engraver or painter can give you them, but these were wrought, and spun, and colored by the hand of God. The ancestors of these flowers were touched by Moses, and Solomon, and Paul, and Christ. Through most of the year the Holy Land is all ablush with floral opulence. You find all the royal family of flowers there, some that you supposed indigenous to the far North, and others indigenous to the far South—the daisy and hyacinth, crocus and anemone, tulip and water-lily, geranium and ranunculus, mignonette and sweet marjoram. In the collection at Beyrout you may see eighteen hundred kinds of Holy Land flowers; while among trees are the oak of frozen climes, and the tamarisk of the tropics, walnut and willow, ivy and hawthorne, ash and elder, pine and sycamore.

Oh, the flowers! They are the angels of the grass. They all have voices. When the clouds speak, they thunder; when the whirlwinds speak, they shriek; when the cataracts speak, they roar; but when the flowers speak, they always whisper. Take this floral album to some quiet place and listen. Some of the flowers have different names now from those with which they were baptized in Bible times, but the change of name does not change their beauty, or aroma, or suggestiveness. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cannot do a lovelier thing than to put this Divine bouquet into the hands of its friends and patrons. The flower marks the exact line between the material world and the spiritual world. Heaven and earth meet at the white pillar of the calla lily. T. De Witt Talmage

The contents are as follows:

Frontispiece—The Cedars of Lebanon.
Introduction by Rev. Dr. Talmage.
Certificate by U. S. Consul E. S. Wallace.
Commendatory by Hon. Selah Merrill.
The Flora of Palestine—by Rev. H. B. Greene.
Wild Flowers of Palestine—(Illustrated.)
Fifteen Depressed openings containing as many and more beautiful specimens of Real Palestine Flowers.

These Floral Albums are ready for immediate delivery. They will not be advertised among outsiders, and only those subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who act very promptly will have an opportunity of securing one. There are hardly enough of these Floral Albums now left to supply more than **one in ninety** of our subscribers, and it is absolutely out of the question to have any more made up, as no flowers can be gathered in Palestine for this purpose before next spring. The Album is bound in rich olive silk cloth, solid gold edges, with gold side and back stamp and a very attractive emblematic design on the cover.

This Album of PALESTINE WILD FLOWERS, with One Year's Extension of your Subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for $3.

The Christian Herald,
Bible House, New York.

...NADJA;...

A Tale of the Russian Steppes.*

BY OLIVER M. NORRIS.

THE PEASANTS SURPRISE SERGEI IN HIS GARDEN.

CHAPTER XXII.

Sergei as Villager.

IN Slavo, things speedily settled down after the war into their ordinary work-a-day groove; they were not politicians there, and were content if they could sow their grain and reap their harvest in peace, no man making them afraid.

Sergei soon discovered that the General declined to take him into his confidence; indeed he seemed in every possible way to avoid seeing him. At nightfall, or very early in the morning, he could be seen feebly pacing along the walk in front of the house supported by Grisha, but after a few minntes they would both disappear again. Yakov and Marfa waited on them, and kept Sergei informed of anything that happened out of the common.

Sergei, now rapidly gaining strength, soon felt that he could no longer remain in his uncle's house. With an ever-increasing desire for work among the villagers, he felt that he must live with them, be one of them, and enter fully and wholeheartedly into their ways of life and thought. So he left his uncle's house, and went to live with the Uriadnik until he could finish building a cottage for himself on a plot of land he had bought outside the village. He and Mikhail expended a lot of pains on drawing plans for this house. It was to serve as a model for the whole country side. There were two large airy rooms, and a little kitchen, and all sorts of cupboards and a store room. It was built in the simplest way, and with the cheapest materials. And then the garden. Sergei labored like a slave at it, morning, noon and night. Their harvesting over for the day, the villagers would flock around to see the Panitch work in his garden, and Sergei, his coat and cap off, his hair and great tawny beard dripping, would explain to them what he was doing, and they would all talk together and discuss it. Before Sergei had been gardening a week there was not a man in Slavo who was not delving and hoeing in his own little plot, sowing winter seeds presented by Sergei, removing rubbish, fencing, tidying up all round.

But Sergei's best work was done in the winter that followed. The aged man who filled the post of village schoolmaster had become too old for the duty and he expressed a wish to retire. To the astonishment of the villagers, Sergei undertook to teach the school himself. He had the big room newly whitewashed and sent for a case of new books from Kief with a lathe and some carpenter's tools. The news that the Panitch was ready to begin teaching brought every boy and girl in the village to the school and Sergei had more than he could do. Mikhail came to help and between them the teaching was done. Not books only, but carpentering, leather-work, basket-making, and other useful arts were taught and for the first time in Slavo there was real education to be had.

It was surprising in how short a time the two reformers began to see signs of reformation. Haim Rosenberg's successor saw his occupation almost gone. The schoolroom and the big room in Sergei's izba were filled night after night with eager crowds of learners.

Sergei at last found himself filling the role of village reformer. He began to know the peasants with unsurpassable insight into their lives and character. He became one of them in his soul, in his sympathies. He had heard and read all about the mighty ones of earth, their state, ambition, pride; but it was only in the lives of the peasantry that he saw what was really great and beautiful, what was tragic and heroic; he now saw also that beautiful ideas were none the less lovely because they are of lowly origin, and dressed in homely garb.

Mikhail nobly aided him with his own peculiar gifts. It was Mikhail's ambition to seek to lift his neighbors from the sin and soil of time to the eternal light on which his own strong eyes were so steadily fixed. He was himself a man purified by the study of truth and by constant work, and he came to feel as he never felt before that work is prayer, that human life to be purified must pass through the dust and disfigurement of earthly toil.

All this time the General in his privacy heard occasional echoes of what was going on in the village. Although latterly he had been the willing companion of Grisha in many of his frenzied acts, he had never completely lost the balance of the man of affairs, of the man who understood the world. He made frequent inquiries as to the work and felt, somehow, a growing interest in it all. The gradually darkening cloud of increasing pain and ever-failing health that hung over him was a sore trial. He clung to life with a passionate love, and his frenzied and continuous appeals to heaven for restored health were terrible manifestations, if any, alas! were needed, of the Nemesis that waits on the last years of an ill-spent life.

Gladly would Sergei have paid him filial attentions but the old man shrank from him and sought religious help from Grisha. But Sergei could pray for him and one day, hearing that as a last resort a famous doctor had been summoned from Kief to advise, Sergei asked Father Ambrose, Mikhail and a few friends to meet at his house and pray for the aged man. The General heard of the meeting and while they were at prayer he amazed them by staggering into the room. He thanked them for their interest in him and was about to say something more, when utterance failed him. He turned half round toward Sergei, swayed unsteadily and fell prostrate. They raised him and found that he was dead.

Grisha had followed him to the meeting and he bent over him when he fell. His clouded mind seemed to realize what had occurred and with a low cry he bounded away from the house. He was never seen again. A few days afterward a herd-boy brought into Slavo the Icon and the old tattered Book of Ordeal. He had found them on the edge of the quicksands. Then the people knew the end of Grisha. He had perished in that treacherous place.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The New Regime.

The General's death and Grisha's mysterious disappearance caused much excitement of course, and were the theme of many a long evening's talk round the big wall-stoves in the cottages of Slavo. But as time went on the life of the village resumed its usual course, the events of that night of the general's death became history, and none the less history because in a few short months they became inextricably entangled with myth and legend. Were any chance traveler to visit Slavo today, and ask for an authentic account of what happened on that winter's evening he would hear a stranger tale than any the reader knows.

July came round again with all its ripeness and color, and the people of Slavo looked out on their yellowing oceans of corn, and felt that quiet contentment was truly a blessed state. Or they stood at their cottage doors, and looked at their tall flaunting sunflowers and many another flower that now ornamented their gardens, at their bright green garden railings, the neat paths, the white walls, the trim little farmyards, and could hardly realize that in one short year their village had been transformed.

Who would succeed the General in the ownership of Slavo? That was the question all were asking with the utmost anxiety. Would it be the beloved Sergei or the hated and dreaded Vladimir? Every one knew that it was Vladimir the General had loved and there was a general fear that he would be the new lord. But questioning was turned into amazement when it was learned that the General had sold Slavo some time before his death and that it was not his to leave. He had sold it and during the last few months of his life had remained in possession only by the kindness of the purchaser. And who then was the owner? It was the Countess Olga.

One day toward the end of harvest when all the village was busy in the fields the Countess came to take possession. She was accompanied by a fair-haired lady who looked around her with keen interest and whom the Countess treated with sisterly deference. They were received by old Yakov and Marfa who had grown old in the General's service and were now wondering if they would lose their places.

"I'm your new mistress," said the Countess in response to Yakov's obsequious welcome, "and this is my friend. I've come to see the house, and if you and Marfa—Marfa, come and shake hands—would just show us into a room where we might sit down a little, we would wait while you get the samovar ready for tea."

"And are you the Countess?" broke in Marfa. "Well, I am glad." She looked a moment steadily at the fair-haired lady, and her eyes grew big with wonder. "Well, I declare! If you are not white Nadja of the ferry, I'm surely blind or dreaming." And seeing Nadja smile she sprang at her and kissed her again and again.

The old servitors stood gazing and smiling, but all at once recollecting themselves bowed low again, showed the new-comers to a room and bustled away to get tea in a state of happy excitement such as they had never known before in all their lives.

The bubbling *samovar* was soon on the table, and a delightful spread of the best that Marfa could provide — eggs, and cream, and butter, and white bread, and honey.

"We'll stop her[e] to-night, Marfa," s[ays] Olga, "and you'll get a room ready for [her]. Tell the coachman. And as soon as t[he] people come home from the steppe will y[ou] tell Yakov to walk down to the villa[ge] and ask Panitch Sergei if he would [not] mind coming up to see us for a little. A[nd] if you'll get two or three glasses w[e] gather some of those flowers and try [to] brighten up this dingy room. Wh[en] Panitch comes you must have some supp[er] ready."

As the sun sank the two women wat[ch]ing out over the cornfields saw the labor[ers] come home in groups. At first they w[ere] so far away that their faces and figu[res] could not be distinquished, but as th[ey] came nearer Olga knew that that fo[ur] towering above the rest, dressed in wh[ite] with the great hat over his tanned f[ace] and flowing beard must be Sergei; a[nd] Nadja knew—Nadja knew them all, [for] her eyes lingered on the tall, slight [fig]ure who walked with Sergei, and looked fr[om] time to time smilingly in his face. Na[dja] sighed as she thought of what might ha[ve] been, and Olga heard her sigh and to[ok] her hand.

The evening wore on, and up ca[me] Yakov to announce that Panitch had [ar]rived. The two women rose to rece[ive] their guest, and there was no need [for] phrases of welcome from the hostess. H[is] sparkling eyes and heightened color [on] cheek and neck showed her joy.

They talked far into the night. Th[ey] spoke of old memories of childhood, scenes [of] the war, Sergei's reforms, Mikhail's wo[rk] the Countess's plans for the future. Th[en] Nadja rose, and begged to be allowed to [re]tire. Marfa and Yakov went off with her [to] show her her room and to have a t[alk] with her about old times. Olga complain[ed] of the heat, and threw back the lace sc[arf] that covered her head and shoulders. S[he] turned half round, and left her seat [to] move to the low wall along the terra[ce] Sergei rose and stood beside her, and th[ey] looked across the sleeping village to [the] full moon rising, and hanging low and [red] over the misty river.

Sergei bent toward the slight fig[ure] standing by his side.

"Olga, when you left to go south [from] San Stefano you wrote that perhaps [we] would next meet under the arbor-vitae [in] the garden at Krasnaya Balka. We m[et] instead, here on the terrace at Slavo. I [had] thought for a moment that you were [with] other women——"

Sergei took her hand in onc of his, [and] with the other he stroked her hair. S[he] drew closer, and up stole a slender [arm] round Sergei's neck.

"If I thought you were as other wom[en] I would not speak to you, Olga, a[nd] now speak. But you think all the more [of] me because I am a village teacher and m[ind] my own corn. Olga, you know how [I] love you. Surely your heart told you t[his] long ago."

But Olga did not answer him w[ith] words. She buried her face in his brea[st] and gently loosening her other hand fr[om] his grasp it went to clasp its fellow rou[nd] his neck. Sergei's two strong hands ca[me] softly down on the shining hair, and r[ais]ing the beautiful face from its shelter [he] kissed the closed eyes and the parted li[ps].

"Olga, at last!"

Her eyes opened, and she looked up [at] her lover with a light in her face th[at] thrilled him.

"At last," she whispered.

It was difficult at first to say whether Sergei and his wife lived more at Krasna[ya] Balka or at Slavo; but in time they finally arranged to settle in Krasnaya Balk[a]. Nadja was Olga's representative in the v[il]lage; and Mikhail continued his work [in] Slavo, and managed his mother's far[m]. Mikhail often visited Nadja in the ev[en]ings, and would talk with her on sch[ool] management and other neutral subjec[ts].

He had long to wait, but he waited [pa]tiently, and finally had his reward. Th[ey] live in Slavo in the house built by Ser[gei] for himself.

THE END.

ON DECEMBER 4th

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will Publish the Opening Chapters of a Powerful and Dramatic Temperance Story, entitled:

"FATHER AGAINST SON;

Or, How the Curse of Horse-Head Inn was Lifted."

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

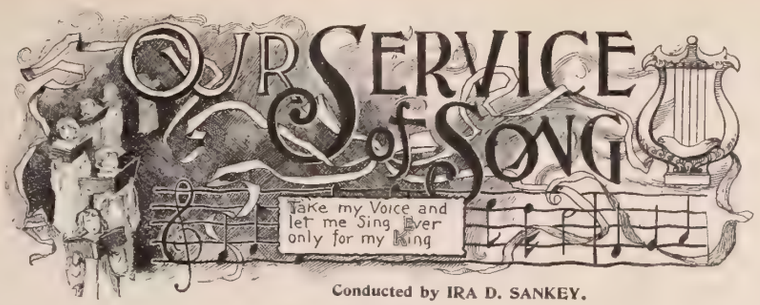
By J. C. COWDRICK.

TRIUMPHS IN HEATHENDOM.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Dec 8. Psalm 67.

WHEN Jesus stood on the high mountain and saw the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, he must have felt the force of the temptation presented to him. He could not take them as a gift; he scorned the offer of them in that form; but they are becoming his by a nobler process. The temptation was thrust away, but not the hope of possession. His dominion is not one that can be given to him. The glory of his rule is that it is over subjects who choose him of themselves. He will not rule over slaves or captives but over free, intelligent men who voluntarily submit themselves to him. To win a throne by such means is a longer and more toilsome process than by conquest, but how much more glorious! Not long ago, a man was taunted with being of foreign birth. "I ought," he said, "to be honored here more than if I had been born on the soil. A citizenship that comes of birth, has no volition in it; but the citizenship of a man who voluntarily takes it upon himself, because he esteems its privileges and loves the principles of the constitution, is more intelligent and is likely to be more faithful in observance." So it is in Christ's kingdom. No man is born into it, but every one who is enrolled, is drawn by his love of the King and his conviction that there is no rule so wise, or beneficent. It is a profound belief in this principle that lies at the basis of all missionary activity. To so present the rule of Christ that men will take his yoke upon them is a work so glorious, that even an angel might long to engage in it.

The success that has attended it justifies all the money and labor that have been given to it. Millions of dollars have been spent in the work and a multitude of lives have been sacrificed in it; but it is not the missionary who loses heart. The men who stay at home and examine statistics are the men who question its utility. They count the converts and can tell us to a fraction how much each soul has cost. Yet the work at home does not compare with the work in heathen lands, for results. How many sermons does it take to convert a respectable sinner in a Christian land? How much labor is given in the home, in the Sunday School and in the pulpit to the conversion of the child of Christian parents? But our missionaries go abroad to peoples sunk in superstition, steeped in ignorance, blinded by race prejudices, met with ostracism and sometimes with physical suffering and martyrdom; and the sower becomes the reaper. With everything against them—tradition, patriotism, parental influence, difficulties of language and alien customs, they win converts. Still more, the work of education is begun, which prepares the way for a great harvest in the future. In China, India, Japan, Micronesia and through Africa the Gospel is being proclaimed and the results are uniform. Idols are abandoned, heathenism renounced and some come forward to take upon them the name of Christ. Whenever the story of the cross is told, no matter what soil the good seed is dropped into, there is fruit. Christ has been true to his promise and the word does not return to him void. A number that no man can count call Jesus, Lord. And these become Christ's servants in their turn. They go to their fellow-countrymen with the message they have received, and in their hands it has new power. With their knowledge of the language and the ways of the people, they can do better service than the missionary. So the work already done is pioneer work, and greater triumphs are to come.



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

RICH IN GRACE.

W. B. WILLIAMS. FRANK J. ROBERTSON.

1. Rich in grace, O Sav-iour make me, Grace to help in time of need; Rich in patience when af-
2. Rich in faith in Thee, my Sav-iour, Faith to drive all doubts a-way, Rich in love to my Cre-
3. Rich in joy, O Saviour make me, Scatt'ring sunshine all a-round, Rich in pur-i-ty of
flict-ed, Rich in many a no-ble deed. Rich in life of con-se-cra-tion, To the
a-tor, And to man, tho' gone a-stray. Rich in hope of reach-ing heav-en, Tho' cast
pur-pose, Rich in love, may I be found. Rich in com-fort-ing the mourn-er, In for-
f
FINE.
ser-vice of the Lord, Rich in growth, and ripe fru-i-tion Rich in knowledge of the word.
down, in deep de-spair, Rich to know of sins for-giv-en, Rich in faith and hum-ble prayer.
give-ness of a sin, Rich in time, and rich for-ev-er, For God's kingdom is with-in.
D.S.—Ev-er trust-ing in the prom-ise, Till I see my Saviour's face.
Chorus.
D.S.
Rich in grace, rich in grace I would run the Chris-tian race.
Rich in grace, ev-er rich in grace,

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From HIGHEST PRAISE for SABBATH SCHOOLS,
By per of the Publishers.

CONFIDENCE.

THOUGH waves of sorrow round me roll
And surge about my trembling soul,
'Tis Jesus who my bark commands.
And while the helm is in his hands—
My Lord and King—
My soul in perfect peace doth sing.

Though all around seem going wrong,
He changes sadness into song;
And even in the darkest night
His presence makes my pathway bright.
While he is King—
My soul in perfect peace doth sing.

Though friends may fail when needed most,
In sons of men is not my boast;
I trust alone in Jesus' name,
To-day, for evermore the same.
Since he is King
My soul in perfect peace doth sing.

His plans I may not understand,
But still I know that nail-torn hand
Will guide aright, through joy or pain,
For he o'er all my life doth reign
As Lord and King—
And so in perfect peace I sing.

AFTER!

AFTER the storms of earth below
There is a calm eternal;
From every grief and sin and woe
A rest, a rest supernal.

After the bitter rain of tears,
The sadness and the sorrow,
There is a dawn of brighter years,
A glad, a glad to-morrow.

After the disappointments here
That earth has always given,
There is a blessed hope and cheer,
At last, at last in heaven.

After the journey dark and lone
Along death's awful river,
There is the brightness of the throne
Forever and forever.

—J. W. McCLURE.

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

THREE little words, but full of sweetest meaning,
Three little words the heart can scarcely hold,
Three little words, but on their import dwelling,
What tenderness of love do they unfold!

"For My sake" cheer the suffering, help the needy:
On earth this was My work; I give it thee;
If thou would'st follow in thy Master's footsteps,
Take thou and bear My cross and learn of Me.

"For My sake" let the harsh word die unuttered,
That trembles on the swift, impetuous tongue;
"For My sake" check the quick rebellious feeling
Which rises when thy brother does thee wrong.

"For My sake" press thou with all patience onward,
Although the race be hard, the battle long;
Within thy Father's house are many mansions,
There thine own voice shall join the victor's song.

And if in coming days the world revile thee,
If "for My sake" thou suffer pain and loss,
Bear on, faint heart, thy Master went before thee,
They only wear His crown who share His cross.

DUTIES OF THE LAST TIMES.

Directions in the Bible for the People who Live in the Latter Days.

BY THE REV. CANON HOARE.

IF we are truly looking forward to the Advent, that blessed hope of the Church, "the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ," if we reverently trust that it may not be very long ere it takes place, then it follows that we regard ourselves as occupying the position of men who are living in the latter days—men who may at any moment meet the Lord—men who are called upon to fulfil the duties peculiar to the latter days.

First, we want to be *doing* the work of the latter days. What is the great work of the latter days? I answer, without any hesitation, that there is one great work for the Church of God, pre-eminently peculiar to the latter days, and that great work is, the work of Missions. "This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."

If we look for the Advent of our Lord Jesus Christ as the blessed consummation, then, brethren, it behooves us to do what we can to hasten that consummation, and throw our whole energy and strain every nerve, into the preaching of the Gospel, that is by missions.

If we are looking forward to "the glorious appearing of our great God, even our Saviour Jesus Christ," we must be prepared to *watch* against the dangers of the latter days. If we are to triumpth right on to the end, we must be fully prepared for seductive influences acting on our minds, and for influences working in our people's minds—unsettling, disturbing, and harassing. We must be prepared to see various combinations of error and seductive powers. not merely acting in a general way, but in one distinct shape, and in another distinct shape; and in a third distinct shape, and in every possible combination of the three, working together to prevent the establishment of the kingdom.

And now we come to the third point. We have not only to do do the work of the latter days, not only to watch against the seductions of the latter days, but also we are to be lifted up by that strong, bright glorious hope above the cares and anxieties of the latter days. I believe these latter days are to be full of care. There are to be political cares: "Nation shall rise against nation, "Wars and rumors of wars." There are to be commercial cares. Then physical cares: "Great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines, and pestilences." Then, again, there are religious cares; there are to be seducing spirits in the world, and in the midst of the Christian Church. Alas! as we look on the Church of Christ, our hearts are bowed down sometimes—I fear it is oftentimes—with all we see within it; the heresies, the divisions, the unbrotherliness of spirit, and the half-heartedness.

Now, I can understand people being sorely discouraged by all these things, but it must not be so with those who are looking for the Advent—they have been forewarned of all these things. Other men may have their "hearts failing for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth;" but if we know what is coming—and we reverently hope and believe that we do know what is coming, "for ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief in the night"—we shall not fear? Why not? Because we are looking for our blessed Lord, who himself said, "When these things begin to come to pass," we are not to wait till all these things are finished—"then look up and lift up your heads."

"THE TOWN PUMP."

And How its Name Was Changed, and it Became an Ornament to the Village of Cherryvale.

It was a balmy day in early September when Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wilmot, who had just arrived by the noon train from St. Louis, drove up in Judge Brewster's neat little trap at the gate that opened on the Judge's well-kept grounds. There was no finer house in all Cherryvale than Oak-Hill, where the Judge, who was a hale old gentleman in the sixties, kept bachelor's hall. A cordial welcome awaited the new arrivals, who after removing the traces of dust and travel, were soon seated in the cool dining-room whose windows commanded a spacious prospect of wood and meadow, beyond the sloping lawn, with a corner of the village street included in the view.

"I'm pleased to have you both at Oak-Hill," said the Judge, as he sat beside his guests. "It was kind of you to come down for a week or two to cheer an old fellow like me. I'll go bail for it, you won't find it lonely, though."

"No, indeed, uncle," said Mrs. Wilmot, smiling. "I often think of the happy days I have passed here when mamma was with us." And her face showed a trace of sadness.

"You're just like her, Flo'; just like her when she was your age," and his eyes were moist as he turned to look out of the window. Her mother had been his favorite sister, and his heart naturally went out to the beautiful young wife, whom he had known since her childhood.

"And now that you're here," he resumed, "I want you to make my house your home and to do just as you please—remember, just as you please. You, too, Edward," he added, turning brusquely to Mr. Wilmot, "I shall feel offended if you don't."

"I trust we may not take you at your word too literally altogether, uncle," said the young man, with a pleasant smile. "But we shall not be much indoors, for the natural beauties of Cherryvale were so obvious as we drove up from the station, that we shall probably want to cultivate a closer acquaintance by walks and drives."

"Yes, yes; it's a pretty place—pretty enough," was the Judge's response, "but even in this Eden some find cause for sorrow and discomfort. God grant you may never find them," he added earnestly.

"Well, dear uncle," said Mrs. Wilmot, "it's a pleasant thing to lighten another's burdens, if ever so little a bit, and maybe we can make use of our holiday in that way here. Don't you think we can?"

"Well, I don't know," was the musing reply. "You see it's this way. Up to some eighteen months ago, all the cases that came up here on court days were of a sort to be easily settled—such cases, you know, as come up in the ordinary rural village community. But now it's different since the tavern opened. The 'Red Lion' has done more to drag down the good name of Cherryvale, than all the other causes combined could have done in a dozen years."

"Too bad that the peace of the village should be invaded by the degrading traffic," remarked Mrs. Wilmot.

"I should say so," said the Judge testily. "The majority of our local court cases nowadays have their foundation in liquor and its been so ever since Dick Green was licensed to deal out liquid ruin to our young men."

The afternoon was passed in admiring the Judge's well-kept garden and orchard and in inspecting his stables. A team and carriage were placed at the exclusive service of the Wilmots, and they had the pleasure of a long drive the next day. Passing up the village street they observed the sign of the "Red Lion," swinging at a corner. A few paces off, leaning up against a lamp-post, stood a young man, his face dull and listless, his clothing untidy and his general attitude and appearance betokening that he had patronized the "Red Lion" bar.

At the post-office Mr. Wilmot alighted. After depositing his mail, he talked a moment with the postmaster, an old veteran who had seen service in the war and who, knowing everybody in Cherryvale, was regarded as a sort of village news gazette, since the place had no paper of its own. He accompanied Mr. Wilmot to the door.

"There," he said, looking up the street in the direction of the "Red Lion," "there's young Tad Stryker drunk ag'in, I do believe. That there young man is goin' to the dogs fast as legs 'll carry him. Pity; he'd make a first rate sojer, too."

"You know him, then?"

"I should think I did; who doesn't? Why, he's so well known 'round here they call him the 'Town Pump.' Fine name for a young man with respectable parents, isn't it? Poor old Zeb Stryker, his father's broken-hearted over his goin's on, I believe. Leastways they say he is."

"The Town Pump?" repeated his visitor, somewhat curiously.

"Edzackly, thet's it. They call him thet 'cause he's forever full—only it's whisky, instead o' water. Makes a big difference too. He was such a fine lad; such a promising lad was Tad. Well good-by, sir."

As Mr. Wilmot drove toward Oak Hill he related the incident to his wife. Little was said by either, but that afternoon he drove off alone in the direction of the "Red Lion." Entering the tavern, he found a little group of loungers, but the man he sought was not there. He enquired of the landlord.

"It's Tad you want?" said Green, interrogatively. "Well, he isn't around just now; prob'ly asleep somewheres about, though. He's always dozin' if he ain't drinkin'."

"Wait a minit and I'll engage to hunt him up, sir, if you care enuff about it," said a laborer setting down his glass. "You just wait inside."

Blear-eyed and wretched-looking, but comparatively sober, a figure approached the carriage a few minutes afterward. He was accompanied by the laborer who had volunteered his services to hunt him up.

"Thank you, my man," said Mr. Wilmot. "You have done me a service. Mr. Stryker, I want to make your acquaintance," he continued turning to the other. "My name is Wilmot. I would like to talk with you a little. Won't you jump in?"

"The man drew back, a surly expression on his features.

"What did you want o' me?" he asked suspiciously.

"Oh, nothing much, I assure you; but I can explain better if you come along. Believe me, I have driven down here especially to see you and I'm sure you don't wish to disappoint me. Come."

With an ill-grace, the man permitted himself to be placed in the seat, and as the horses started off, he demanded again, somewhat angrily, to know what was wanted. The door of the "Red Lion," Mr. Wilmot noticed, was crowded with the inquisitive loungers who were curious about the whole proceeding.

As the horses jogged slowly along Mr. Wilmot chatted pleasantly with his strange companion. He was a skilful conversationalist, and, little by little, the sullenness of the other gave way before his kindly talk. Not a word was said about the degraded associations of the "Red Lion," or the young man's own debasement through the drinking vice. He was addressed in all points precisely as though he were socially the equal of his companion, for Mr. Wilmot judged that, though Tad Stryker had already fallen to the level of the common drunkard, there must be some depth in his heart that could yet be touched by Christian kindness, and that self-respect, if it could be aroused, would help in the battle.

When they alighted at the Oak Hill gate, Tad Stryker halted, and faced Mr. Wilmot with some show of resolution.

"No, no," he said huskily, "I can't go in; it's no place for such as me, in there; the Jedge knows it. You've treated me nice, but——"

"Nonsense, Mr. Stryker," insisted Wilmot, placing a hand on his arm. "You have already promised, you know, and besides here is my wife coming to meet us. This is Mr. Stryker, my dear."

Mrs. Wilmot greeted him with a polite cordiality that at once removed any embarrassment. They entered the house and Wilmot conducted Tad to a toilet room, whence he emerged in a few minutes looking cleaner and more presentable. Judge Brewster was invisible.

That late afternoon and evening, Tad, to his own astonishment, stayed with the Wilmots. He was entertained by them as any respected guest might have been and after dinner found himself talking with them quite cheerfully about Cherryvale and its people.

When the brief evening service was held which was part of the daily lives of the Wilmots, Tad Stryker knelt, for the first time in years. No word of prayer escaped his own lips, but his heart almost stood still as he heard Edward Wilmot pleading before the throne of grace in his behalf. It was a simple, earnest petition that their guest might be led to know and to love Jesus as his Saviour and Friend, that he might be strengthened to resist temptation and to become a blessing to others. There were tears in his eyes as he rose from his knees and, stretching out his right hand to Mr. Wilmot, he said in low accents:

"Thank you, sir; I'll not forget that prayer—no never."

Mr. Wilmot saw him to the gate and watched him earnestly as he passed down the elm-shaded road that led to the village. "Oh, God!" he whispered, "save him by thy grace."

* * *

Eighteen months had passed away. It was early spring and the trees around Cherryvale were again beginning to put on their dress of living green and the blossoms were coming out in the garden at Oak Hill. Mrs. Wilmot had come to visit her uncle once more and her husband had written that he would join her there on Thursday, and the two would return to their own home the following Monday. He arrived in time for luncheon Thursday and was welcomed with more than the usual cordiality by the old Judge.

"That son of yours is a wonder, Ed," said Judge Brewster, as they all sat together in the parlor overlooking the front garden. The baby lay sweetly sleeping on a cushioned lounge.

"I hope he'll prove a good man like his godfather," was Mr. Wilmot's earnest answer. "You know, Judge, he must turn out well to satisfy Flo, whose idea it was to name him after you."

"God bless her heart!" exclaimed Judge Brewster. "By the way, Ed," he continued, turning abruptly, "we have invited some friends, Flo and I have, to spend the evening with us. And, come to think of it, there's just three of 'em, like yourselves, a young couple and a baby—isn't it Flo?" and he looked at her mysteriously.

Mrs. Wilmot smiled and stroked little Asa's hair, as he lay sleeping.

"Yes," she replied, "a real nice baby and a pretty name, too."

"And I expected to have you all to myself," said Mr. Wilmot.

The afternoon passed pleasantly. At seven-thirty a neat wagon drove up the road and stopped at Judge Brewster's gate. The new-comers were ushered into the cosy parlor by the servant-maid.

"Mr. Wilmot, let me present some good neighbors of mine, Mr. and Mrs. Stryker and son—my nephew, Mr. Wilmot," explained Judge Brewster, as he made the formal introduction. "Mrs. Wilmot has already had the pleasure of meeting them."

Mr. Wilmot bowed to the lady and the men shook hands. They looked into each other's eyes earnestly, a wistful, searching expression on Mr. Wilmot's face, while that of the other was wreathed in smiles. The ladies looked on as if awaiting developments, and Judge Brewster made a futile effort to appear unconcerned by attempting to chuck baby Stryker's double chin.

"Let me hold your hand just a moment, Mr. Wilmot," said the younger man. "I have wished and prayed for this opportunity to come. You cannot have forgotten the poor, drunken wretch you picked up and took to this house, right out of the 'Red Lion' Tavern?"

Light dawned upon Mr. Wilmot. "But surely it cannot be that you—yes, now I remember," he said slowly.

"Look at me, Mr. Wilmot," said the other. "I was a dissipated sot, a ne'er-do-well, a confirmed drunkard, without a friend in the world, when you held out a helping hand to save me. 'The Town-Pump' they called me, you may remember; that was the name I got, and I deserved it, too. Your kindness and that of your good wife that day by God's grace was the means of my salvation. I shall never forget your prayer that night; it has been with me every hour of these two years. That prayer was answered, Mr. Wilmot, for the last drop of liquor had passed my lips that day."

"Thank God!" said Mr. Wilmot, earnestly.

"But that's not all," he continued. "Years ago I learned to love a young girl, and would have made her my wife, but I fell, and all was over between us. Since I began the new life all blessings have flowed in upon me, and her love returned. She is here—my wife—Nelly, and the baby."

"He's named after you, Wilmot," interpolated the Judge; "a brave little rascal, he is." And he poked again at the chubby dimple.

It was a happy party that gathered around Judge Brewster's bachelor dinner-table that evening. Across that hospitable board was told with a hearty emotion and a deep thankfulness the whole story of Tad Stryker's reformation. His change, dating from that evening at Oak Hill, had taken Cherryvale by surprise at first, and the loungers at the Red Lion sneered, and prophesied that "it wouldn't last." But, strengthened by the memory of Wilmot's prayer, and imbued with earnest resolve, Tad had fought the battle bravely. A hard battle, and often well-nigh lost, but that prayer, repeated by his own trembling lips, always strengthened him at the crisis. At last the calm followed the tempest, and he felt in his heart that the prayer had been accepted. Thenceforth, for him, the Red Lion held no temptations. He had even helped to rescue two of his old drinking-mates there from the fate that had once threatened himself—the fate of the common sot. Living soberly, he gained friends one by one, for there were many good men and women in Cherryvale who heartily hated the tavern and its traffic, and were glad to help Tad in his brave fight back to respectability and honor. It had been a stiff battle, but it was won at last, and the Cherryvale folks all hailed the wonderful change which had transformed the once besotted "Town Pump" into a sober, earnest Christian citizen, a promising business man, and a happy husband.

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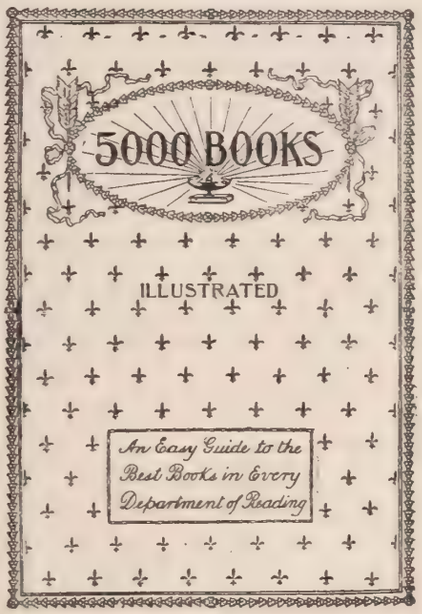

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Five Thanksgivings.*

BY THE REV. J. H. C. McKINNEY.

IT has occurred to me that it would not be inappropriate to remind you of a few things for which we, as American citizens, should be thankful:

1. *The faith of Columbus.* To this child of Providence "faith was the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." By faith he went out seeking a country, not knowing whither he went. It was the mainspring which inspired all his movements, enabling him to surmount the obstacles at home and the difficulties arising in his voyage in his search of the hoped-for New World. Doubtless this faith was inspired by the same great Spirit who moved Abraham to seek a country.

Looking at our America to-day, crowned with the blessings which have come to us since that day, our hearts swell with gratitude to our Heavenly Father for that faith which brought Columbus to these shores.

2. *Benevolent institutions.* We should thank God for the establishment and maintenance of homes for our own unfortunate citizens. The orphan homes, the country homes, the homes for the blind, the insane, and the deaf and dumb, are fruits of Christianity. Instead of a blush of shame coming to the face of those who attend these homes, and instead of attaching in our thoughts or words a taint of disgrace to any such, these institutions should be regarded as public benefactions, and a necessary stay in them as an honorable privilege.

Many a good man is overtaken in life's pilgrimage by misfortune, and in old age has no home and no loved ones able to furnish him one. It certainly is a source of thankfulness to God, who has provided so many comfortable homes by the operation of his providence through the machinery of human government for all such.

3. *Our free schools.* Every loyal American heart beats in harmony with the tributes of praise ascending to God for the network of our free school system, by which all our children can be educated. It is a sad reflection, that through the neglect of parents and guardians, many children fail to receive the educational advantages provided for them by the State. A compulsory law which would require the attendance of children at school would be as reasonable and just as the one which compels citizens to pay taxes to support the schools.

4. *Religious liberty.* We are thankful that all our people can worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, none daring to molest or make them afraid. The devil of persecution and disturbance is bound by the strong chain of the law. All congregations, large or small, assembled for worship, are protected by our laws against disturbers. We are also glad that our laws, which protect true worshipers, likewise provide for the punishment of those who, in the name of religion, transgress the laws of both God and man. Every true lover of the home, which is one of the safeguards of our nation, rejoices that the two-edged sword of the law has cut the carbuncle of Mormonism from the American body.

Closely connected with religious liberty is the American Sabbath. A blow at this is a blow at that. Those who from other nations become American citizens should remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and not be allowed to introduce among our people their loose ideas and customs respecting this sacred day. God's plan of one day of rest after six of work is a wise one. Man needs it physically, mentally, and spiritually. It would be much to the advantage of our people every way if all individuals and corporations would strictly observe this reasonable arrangement of God and man. It is to be regretted that some among us desecrate the holy Sabbath by transacting business and indulging in worldly pleasures on the Lord's day. For this day of rest and recuperation we devoutly thank God.

5. *Civil liberty.* In our America the voters are the rulers, by the will of a majority of whom we consent to be governed. Hence among us the ballot-box is sacred. It is the ark of our covenant, in which each voter puts his testimony in regard to what he wishes the policies of the nation to be. Above this is the mercy-seat, where the Christian voter leaves his prayer for the mercy of God on the principles symbolized in the ballot which he deposits in the box. It is of the most vital importance that we ascertain the real majority. The only loyal and honorable way to do this is by a free ballot and a fair count. No voter should be allowed to be influenced by strong drink, bribery, betting, bulldozing, or in any other unlawful way. The nation's strong arm should be outstretched for the protection of every legal voter in the free exercise of suffrage in all sections of this great country.

In conclusion, I may say that our glad hearts and cheerful voices unite on this happy day with the multitudes of our American people in "offering unto God thanksgiving" for the bounties of his providence by which we are fed, clothed, housed and warmed. He has blessed our schools, and is bringing forward a patriotic and God-fearing generation to execute his great and benevolent design for our country. He has given us a great increase in material wealth and a wide diffusion of contentment and comfort in the homes of our people; he has given his grace to the sorrowing.

* From Thanksgiving Sermons and Outlines. All discourses by American Preachers. Compiled by William J. Reynolds, D. D. Pp. 253. Price $1.25. Published by William E. Ketcham, 2 Cooper Union, New York.

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Thanksgiving in History.

e Day has a Scriptural Origin—Its Cele-ration in Ancient Israel, in Europe and n Our Own Land.

ROBABLY few persons have discovered for themselves that Thanksgiving Day has a Biblical origin, dating long before the Christian era; for among the laws given at Sinai we find the injunction: hree times thou shalt keep a feast unto in the year," etc. (Ex. 23: 14-16); and t third of these is called "the Feast of lathering, which is in the end of the yr, when thou hast gathered in thy la-bis out of the field." It began on the fif-teth day of the month Tisri, the seventh nth—that is, fifteen days after the new m n in our October—and continued sev-en days, afterward adding the eighth day, wh h had anciently been the wine-press fet. It was called the Feast of Taber-nacles, or booths, because during these eight days they dwelt in booths of green br ches, in memory of their sojourn in th wilderness. It was the annual thanks-giving for the vintage and fruitage. The fir and last days were Sabbaths, the eigh being kept as the great day of the fe . All the males were required to come to is feast, and God's special care was pr ised to their homes during their ab-sen (Ex. 34: 23, 24). Josephus ("An-tiq 8: 4, 1) speaks of the eminence of thi festival, and Plutarch calls it the greest and most perfect of the Jewish feas. Every seventh year at this festi-val here was a public reading of the law (Nehemiah 8), and the later Jews poured ope the sacrifices a libation, filling the pitchers at Siloam, and singing: "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of s vation" (Isa. 12: 3); and at this feast our Saviour, on the last day of the feast, "sto d and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let h come unto me, and drink" (John).

T Romans had an autumn festival not unli in its original thought, held in hon-or o Ceres, the goddess of grain; and as Ops "plenty"), the wife of Saturn, was godd s of crops and the harvest, the 19th and 20th of December, devoted to the Opa , followed the Saturnalia, and had com ing of the same rejoicing in the sources of nature, though disfigured com-mon with heathen license. The Saxons had "harvest home," and other Euro-pean peoples had similar festivals; and Christian gratitude early led to many publ thanksgiving services. One of the most noted of these was that celebrated in Leyden, Holland, October 3, 1575, on the first anniversary of the deliverance of that city from the besieging Spaniards. This Leyden thanksgiving was yet fresh in mind when the Pilgrim fathers sojourned there in 1608-20, and probably influenced the customs which they established in New England.

There was something prophetic of the Thanksgiving dinner of their descendants in the occasion of the first American Thanksgiving. The provision must have been bountiful, for there were about one hundred and forty persons, including ninety Indians of Massasoit's com-pany, who were entertained for three days. Rare opportunity was afforded the pilgrim mothers of the households, into which the colonists were divided, for the arts of cooking. All had their share of the supplies. Various kinds of sea-food were at hand; oysters the Indians brought them as desired. Ducks of the choicest variet , highly prized by the epicures of the present day; geese that would have done honor to the Michaelmas feast of England; game of tempting flavor, from the venison to broiled partridge; and, above all, the turkey, of which they found a great store in the forest, and which they have ever justly crowned queen of their bounty, as they will their descendants have been loyal, they have failed to imitate them in other respects—these all garnished their tables throughout the harvest week. Ket-tles, skillets, and spits were overworked, while for us their pewter plates, spoons, knives and skewers, which were kindly assisted by their fingers, made merry. For we these meats without the com-pany of the barley-loaf and the cakes of Indian meal, more highly prized than wheaten millions can imagine.

There is no record of formal religious thanksgiving in 1621, or of any observance in the following year. There was a special thanksgiving observed in July, 1623, originally appointed as as a day of prayer and fasting on account of prolonged drought and fear of the entire loss of the harvest. After the people had assembled to pray, rain fell in moderate and abundant showers, and the day of fasting was turned into rejoicing and thanksgiving. The records of Charlestown show a similar change of fasting to thanksgiving, February 23, 1631, on account of the arrival of a ship with food-supplies; and in 1630 a special Thanksgiving day was appointed for the arrival of Governor Winthrop of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, with a reinforcement of eight hundred colonists. Thanksgivings were at first for various special blessings — especially for the arrival of ships with provisions and new colonists—and were held at different seasons; but later they were in the late autumn or early winter, and in recognition of the harvests and fruits of the year. Similar days were appointed by the governors of the New Netherlands in 1644, 1645, 1653, and 1664, and by the English governors of New York in 1755 and 1770.

During the Revolution a day of thanksgiving was annually recommended by Congress, and there was a general thanksgiving for peace in 1784. In 1789 President Washington, by request of Congress, recommended a day of thanksgiving for the adoption of the national Constitution. A second proclamation was issued by Washington in 1795 because of the suppression of the "Whisky Insurrection" in western Pennsylvania. At the request of Congress, Madison, in April, 1815, recommended a day of thanksgiving for the restoration of peace with England. The official recommendation of the day, however, was mainly confined to New England, where annual proclamations were issued by the governors. In 1863 and 1864 proclamations of a national Thanksgiving day were issued. From that time on, proclamations have been issued annually by the several Presidents, as well as governors of the States and mayors of the principal cities; custom having fixed the time for the last Thursday in November.

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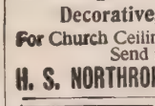

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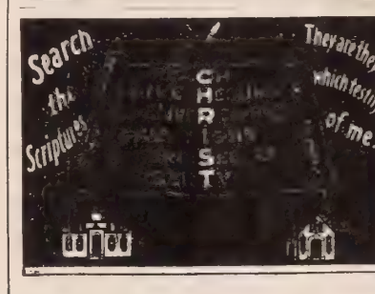

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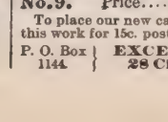

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Banished Stundists.

IN his report of his journey through Asiatic Russia, Dr. Baedeker says that he found many Stundists who were undergoing punishment for their faith. Like the Armenians, they had only to give up their religion and persecution would cease. Dr. Baedeker gives the following description of one of these colonies, which was typical of all:

At Gerusi, near the Persian frontier, a little town about 5,500 feet above the level of the sea, surrounded by high mountains, some forty to fifty Stundist families are kept in banishment, under close supervision. The native population of the place consists of Tartars and Armenians, whose languages our brethren do not understand, and who can shew them no sympathy. The country in the immediate neighborhood is stony and barren, and the native population are consequently obliged to seek employment at other distant places, but the Stundists are not allowed to leave the place. Thus they are condemned to idleness, and unless supplies were often sent to them they would not be able to live. The government makes a small allowance to those who are poor, but it is not sufficient to live on. To some of these banished brethren the question has been asked whether they wish to emigrate, as on the condition that they will never return to Russia, passports would be given them. But of all whom I have come in contact with, only two have expressed a wish to leave Russia for good; the others will rather suffer a while, feeling assured that liberty will eventually be granted to the Gospel and its ministry. Their prayers for the Emperor and his government are unceasing and fervent. But, as in every time of persecution in the history of the Church, a sifting as well as a confirming effect is seen. Some who have been drawn to follow a human leader, and who are not personally fixed on the Rock of Ages, are swept away, and some have returned to the Greek Church, while others have been more established in their faith. All remained loyal to the Czar.

Luther's Home in Decay.

Eisleben, the old-fashioned Thuringian town in which Luther was born, is gradually fading from view. One by one the streets are being abandoned, and the houses crack and fall into ruins, owing to subterranean disturbances brought on by the big hollow spaces made in salt-mining for many centuries. The other day nine houses tumbled in. The geologist, Professor von Fritsch, in Halle, says there is no doubt that the salt layers in the soil underlying the town are in process of dissolution, consequent on subterranean inundations. The town is now appealing to public charity, for one-half the inhabitants have lost their all.

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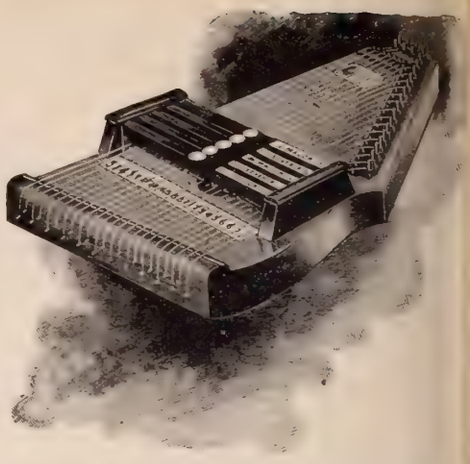

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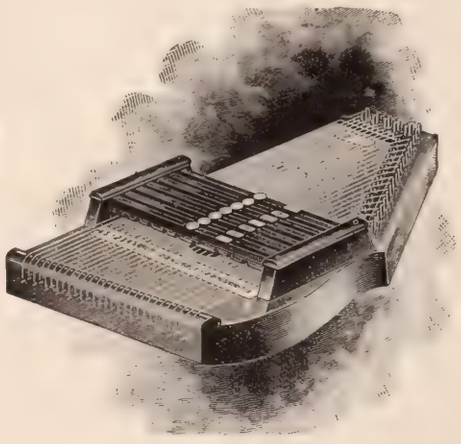

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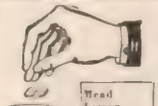

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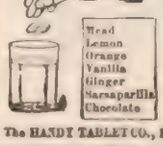

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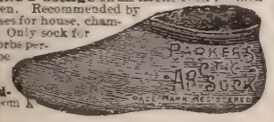

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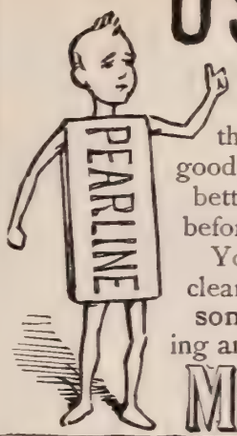

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REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS.

At the Converts' Sunday afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on November 17, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of ur readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. "Reader," La Vergne, Ill., for God's grace in the [illegible] husband also for a brother who is wild and wayward.——S. V. S., Erie, Pa., that God would reclaim a son who is undutiful, leaving his poor mother without any aid.——M. F., Newburgh, N. Y., for the conversion of a young man [illegible] confessing Christ not loving him.——"Subscriber," Bridgeport, Conn., for the [illegible] a young man who needs God's grace to keep him from evil.——"Believer," Hudson, M[illegible] [illegible] friend in poor health and without employment, that he may be led to God in his trouble and obtain a position.——M. A. S., Hardin, Mo., for a nephew who is trying to be a Christian, but is a slave of intoxicating liquor, and [illegible] to give up the habit.——"Teacher," East Hardwick, Vt., for a boy in her class who wants to lead a Christian life, but is being hindered; also for the boy's father, who is a sceptic, that God would save his soul and keep him from obstructing his son's religious life.——R. B., New York, for the salvation of two dear relatives in Virginia.——"Anonymous," for her father, mother and brother, who are all out of Christ, and the brother is going the downward road; also for a dear sister and her husband, who as yet know not God.——"Constant Reader," Morrisonville, N. Y., on behalf of a loved daughter, that God would make her his own child.——"Anxious sick mother," Fort Worth, Tex., that her dear boy might be saved and kept from evil companions and from all the snares of the world; also that her own faith may be increased and a quiet confidence be enjoyed.——A. L., Newton, Kan., for the conversion of herself and a loved one, that anxiety and uncertainty may give place to blessed assurance and acceptance.——"Anonymous," Frewsburgh, N. Y., that one who is away from home may return healed in body and mind and a new creature in Christ Jesus.——S. K. S., Dearborn, Mo., for the conversion of a brother whose life has been a troubled one, that his soul may be saved and that he may be enabled to get the means to pay his debts; also for a son who is not yet saved.——"Constant Reader," Burlington, N. J., for the salvation of a dear son who is indifferent to Christ's claims.——"Reader," Seattle, Wash., for a beloved brother, who has been the subject of many prayers; also for a son-in-law, whose life is strictly moral, that he may be led to see that only through Christ can he be saved."——"Friend," Bowen's Corners, N. Y., for the conversion of a friend.——"Mother," Northfield, Mass., for the salvation of three sons and a daughter; also that her husband may see the duty of family prayer.——E. C. P. Wellfleet, Mass., on behalf of her husband, who is not concerned abont his soul's salvation; also for the conversion of her daughter, who is in feeble health; also for her two brothers and their families, who are all out of Christ.——A Mother and Grandmother, Brooklyn, N. Y., that a young man, the eldest of a large family, may become a decided Christian and confess Christ before men.——"Reader," Arkansas, that his unconverted children may be saved.——Anxious Mother, Nebraska, that all the members of her family may be brought to Christ and peace may reign in her discordant home.——Anxious One, Penn., whose husband is drifting into a life of sin, that God will give him a new heart, also that her six children may give themselves to God in their youth.——Reader, Kingston, N. J., on behalf of a lady and three young persons, that their lives may be consecrated to Christ.

For Special Blessings. L. E. McN., London Grove, Pa., that an effort to do good through a Bible Class may have God's blessing.——A. E. C., that God will avert a financial disaster that threatens to make a family homeless.——"Believer in Prayer" in need of means to support herself and her motther, that she may obtain employment.——C. O. E., Detroit, Mich., for deliverance from a financial burden that seems too heavy to be borne.——M. A. S., Hardin, Mo., that the money may be provided to erect a church-building to accommodate a congregation that is meeting in a school-house, which is far too small to hold all who come.——Distressed Husband, Brooklyn, N. Y., that his erring wife, who has deserted him and her young children, may abandon her life of sin and return to them.——F. H. C., Gallatinville, for grace so to live that her young child may grow up loving Christ and trusting in him.——The pastor of a church in Ohio, where sceptics and avowed infidels are numerous, desires prayer that the wisdom he so sorely needs be given him and that the Holy Spirit may revive the work in his church.——A. L. W., Decatur, Mich., that a little Christian band may have a fresh endowment of the Holy Spirit, and that funds may be obtained to build a church.——J. Law Reynoldton, Pa., for God's blessing on the preaching of the Gospel in his church, that the Holy Spirit may use it to the salvation of souls.——"Tempted One," Germantown Pa., that a dearly loved one, who is unhappily situated, might be led to see the wickedness of a proposal he is urging, and that his pleading may [illegible] for God's glory.

For the Restoration of Health. R., Warrenton, Va., for health to resume work for Christ.——"Subscriber," Montville, N. J., that a dear grand-daughter [illegible] the Saviour at heart.——"Reader," Bowen's Corners, N. Y., that an afflicted family may [illegible] God's good will.——"Constant Reader," Morrisonville, N. Y., that a dear sister and her husband, who are caring for three fatherless and destitute children, may regain their health and live to train the orphans for Christ.——M. A. W., Pottstown, Pa., for better health and more strength to do a little yet to advance Christ's kingdom.——E. G., Philadelphia, Pa., who with a dear sister is suffering [illegible] that prayer may be offered to God for their recovery.——"Eager Reader," for the recovery of a dear brother who is very sick.——M. A., Kiowa, Kans., that God [illegible] it patiently.——"Unknown," for relief from dyspepsia [illegible] Mo., asks an urgent request for prayer from six afflicted persons, who are looking to the Great Physician for healing.——"A Widow," New York, that her only son may recover his health to serve God.——"Young Mother," Ohio, that Christ would cure her of epilepsy, as he cured many similar sufferers when he was on earth. "Anxious Mother," Gaithersburg, Md., that a nervous affection that darkens her whole life may be removed.

New Discovery for Kidneys and Bladder

[illegible] and that is to send for free treatment of Alkavis to the Church Kidney Cure Company, 46 Fourth Avenue, New York. Alkavis is a wonderful remedy, and will be sent to you free and postpaid, if you send your name and address.

THE CITY CHILDREN.

O! THE children, Love's best flowers,
Hearts so full of glee and mirth,
Sunbeams of these homes of ours,
Making Paradise on earth.

Oh, ye fond and loving mothers!
Who in such take dear delight,
Oh, ye sisters there are others!
Withered sore by suffering's blight.

In our rich and mighty city,
Daily do they droop and fade,
'Tis those poor ones need your pity —
Hearts and hands to render aid.

Go ye to the streets, the highway,
Haunts of wretchedness and sin,
In the alley, court, and byway,
Seek for Christ those gems to win.

— HARRIET JULIA EVANS.

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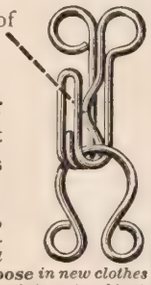

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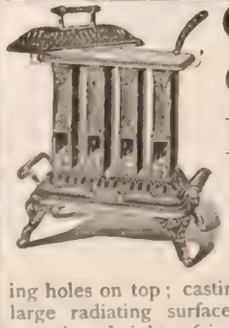

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Extracts from Dr. Hunter's Famous Lectures.

NO. 6.

Why Consumptives Lose Flesh.

The nourishing of the body depends on the power of assimilation in the lungs. No quality or amount of food can add the weight of a grain to the body beyond the lung power of assimilation. The food may be good and the stomach digest it perfectly, and yet the patient lose flesh from day to day. It is surprising how few understand why this is. They suppose that if the food is good and the digestion perfect the patient will gain flesh, or at least hold his own. But such is not the fact. The stomach has little to do with the making of new blood from the food eaten. It is simply a mill to grind and dissolve the foods that their nutritious elements may be separated from the crude mass and absorbed—(taken up as a milky liquid)—and carried to the lungs to be there endowed with life, changed into blood, and made capable of repairing the wastes of the body. This change is what is meant by assimilation. It depends on the size and freedom of the lungs, and only takes place in proportion to the volume of air we breathe. With large lungs a man is fleshy and strong, because he assimilates or transforms into blood, a large quantity of food. A man with small lungs is thin and weak, because he can only assimilate a small quantity. Our weight is fixed by the volume of air we habitually take in at a breath. This we call our vital capacity. Poor food and bad digestion may keep us below this standard, but no dieting can ever make us rise above it.

When the lungs bec me diseased their capacity for air is diminished, and, to exactly the same extent, their power to make new blood from food is reduced. A loss of flesh and strength must take place. If the disease increases, the obstruction to breathing also increases, and the body keeps on wasting or consuming away in the same proportion, and no diet can prevent it.

This is a law of God, and there can be no exception to its operation. You cannot find in all the world a strong, muscular man who has not large lungs and great breathing power, or a man with small lungs and feeble breathing power who is not both thin and weak.

In the light of science, how absurd is the hackneyed promise, so often made by physicians, to build up the flesh and strength of consumptives by food. They have no more power to stop the loss of flesh by food than they have to stop the revolutions of the earth upon its axis. The only way the body can be built up is to stop the lung disease which is wasting it, and improve the breathing. Accomplish this and nature will do the building up.

ROBERT HUNTER, M. D.
117 West Forty-Fifth Street, New York.

NOTE.—Dr. Hunter's book can be obtained by all readers of The Christian Herald who are anxious about their lungs, by addressing him as above.

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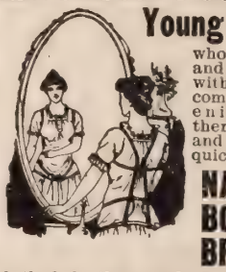
Foster Bros. M'f'g Co., Clay St. Utica, N. Y.

Young Girls



who are weak and stooped, with female complaint fastening upon them, need help, and need it quick. The

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is the help they need. It speedily restores the internal organs to their natural position, holds them there until they become *fixed*, then health ensues. Straightening and strengthening for either sex—young or old.

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G. T. CONGREVE,
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The Cost of Solomon's Temple.

Few people, even in these days of palmy extravagance and millionaire display, have any adequate impression of the gigantic cost of the great temple of Solomon. According to Villalpandus, the "talents" of gold, silver and brass used in its construction were valued at the enormous sum of £6,879,822,000. The worth of the jewels is generally placed at a figure equally as high. The vessels of gold, according to Josephus, were valued at 140,000 talents, which reduced to English money (as has been shown by Chapel's reduction fables), was equal to £575,296,203. The vessels of silver, according to the same authorities, were still more valuable, being set down as worth £646,344,000. Priests' vestments and robes of singers, £2,010,000; trumpets, £200,000. To this add the expense of building materials, labor, etc., and we get some wonderful figures. Ten thousand men hewing cedars, 60,000 bearers of burdens, 80,000 hewers of stone, 3,300 overseers, all of which were employed for seven years, and upon whom, beside their wages, Solomon bestowed £6,733,997. If their daily food was worth fifty cents each, the sum total for all was £63,847,-688 during the time of building. The materials in the rough are estimated as having been worth £2,545,337,000.

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Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co. 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

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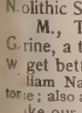

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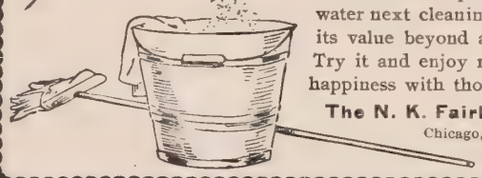

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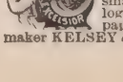

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HOLIDAY OFFERS NOW READY
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LOOK! When you SEE this Advertisement write to us at once for our new 1896 Catalogue of Pianos and Organs just published, the handsomest Catalogue of Musical Instruments in the World, specially designed for Cornish & Co. by a renowned artist. A charming souvenir, illustrated in colors, FREE. The manufacturers of the world-famed CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS have determined to introduce their matchless instruments into every part of the civilized world where not already sold, and with that end in view beg leave to submit the following offer—the most liberal ever made—for the consideration of the American public, who always appreciate a genuine bargain and know a good thing when they see it.

PIANOS FROM $160.

PIANO OFFER. For a limited period only we will sell one of our first class Cornish Upright Pianos in elegant rosewood finished case, full size, 7 1-3 octaves, 4 ft. 4 in. high, 2 ft. 3 in. deep, 5 ft. 1 in. wide, weight, boxed, 900 lbs.; ivory and ebony keys; all metal parts of action electroplated, fitted with our new scale and action and with our third or pianissimo pedal, three in all; perfect in tone, touch and durability, warranted for a full period of 25 years; retail price, $400, our price to all only $160 cash. A full musical outfit presented FREE with every piano. Handsome silk scarf, plush upholstered stool and the noted Cornish Self-Instruction Book FREE. Thousand allexuressent on 30 days trial. Safe delivery guaranteed. CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS SOLD UPON EASY INSTALLMENT PLANS TO SUIT ALL PURCHASERS. When it is not convenient to pay all cash, we are willing to sell on monthly installments. An experience of 31 years, coupled with ample capital, enables us to make better terms than any house in America, and we are the only firm of actual manufacturers who are selling exclusively direct to the people upon terms of *a single instrument at wholesale cost*. There are many tempting offers made by irresponsible advertisers that are never carried out, but this old established and reliable firm carry out their contracts to the very letter. REFERENCES.—Write to-day. We refer to the First National Bank in our city, where we deposit thousands of dollars every day (except Sundays), to the Mercantile Agencies, to *your Bank, any Bank*, the publisher of this paper, and, what's better, to the tens of thousands of happy purchasers all over the world who are using the Cornish Pianos and Organs satisfactorily.

Mention this Paper.

Cornish's New Holiday Catalogue is now ready, and is free upon application.

Don't buy elsewhere till you have seen it. We can save you $100.00 to $200.00 on a Piano and $25.00 to $75.00 on an Organ. We have Cornish Pianos from only $160.00 and Cornish Organs from $25.00. *Write to-day for a Catalogue.* We have one million dollars worth of Pianos and Organs ready and in course of construction for our *Fall and Holiday Trade. Orders shipped same day as received.* No waiting. The Catalogue will cost you nothing, but will be worth many dollars. We are giving more value for money than ever before. Be wise and write to-day.

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and Head Noises relieved by using Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums. New scientific invention, different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.

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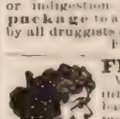

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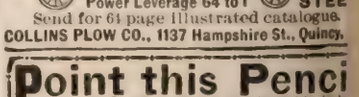

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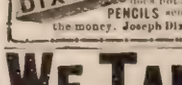

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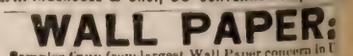

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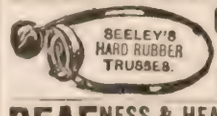

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"Chautauqua" Rocker and Reclining Chair.

It can be adjusted to *any position*, and changed at will by the occupant while reclining. A synonym of luxurious ease and comfort. It is built of oak, polished antique finish, with beautifully grained three-ply veneer back. The seat, head and foot rests are upholstered with silk plush in crimson, old red, tobacco brown, old gold, blue or olive, as desired. It is very strong and perfectly simple in construction. Fully guaranteed.

To be a user of "Sweet Home" Soap is a proof of wise economy and progressive thought. Forehanded, thrifty people pay us in one sum—$10.00—once a year, for the year's family supply of Soaps. As a result they obtain besides their full supply of Soaps, the entire benefit of the saving of middlemen's profits, in a valuable premium, which, if purchased from a retail dealer, would itself cost $10.00. Neither the dealer from whom you would buy your Soaps, nor the one from whom you would buy the article we offer as a premium, can increase in any way the value of the goods, but each must have a profit if you employ their services as middlemen. If you buy direct from us—the manufacturer—the several profits and expenses of retail dealer, jobber, travelling salesmen, etc., are all saved, and accrue to you. Only those already our customers—and they are everywhere, ready to endorse us—realize the possibilities that ten dollars offer when wisely used in co-operation with the ten dollars from each of fifty thousand other people through a marvellously perfect and unique organization, that supplies daily necessities direct from factory to family.

"Chautauqua" Desk.

Most Popular Desk Made.

Number in use exceeds any other one article of furniture.

HAS GLADDENED HALF A MILLION HEARTS.

Solid Oak throughout, hand-rubbed finish. Very handsome carvings. It stands 5 feet high, is 2½ feet wide, writing bed 24 inches deep. Drop leaf closes and locks. A brass rod for the curtain.

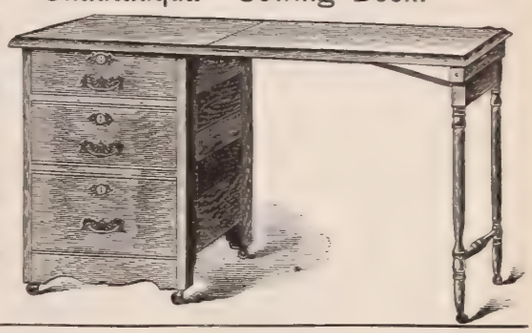
"Chautauqua" Silver Tea Set.

TEA POT (2½ pints), SUGAR POWL, SPOON HOLDER and CREAM PITCHER. Spoon and Cream Pitcher are gold lined.

This Set retails at jewelers' for $10.00.

For quality of goods and beauty of design they are unsurpassed by *any* triple-plated ware.

Ladies' "Chautauqua" Sewing Desk.



A place for materials and all the accessories under lock and key, away from the children.

A very broad and roomy top, 23 x 46, 25½ inches high. Drawer underneath the top, with compartments for thread, thimbles, scissors, buttons, hooks and eyes, yarns, etc. A deeper drawer (5¼ inches) for the patterns, and a very deep drawer (8 inches) for the sewing in hand. Each is 15 inches long and 14½ inches wide. A handsome Solid Oak, varnished and hand-rubbed, compact piece of furniture.

The extension leaf drops down at the side of the cabinet when economy of space is desired.

"Chautauqua" Onyx Banquet Lamp.

The Lamp is made of Solid Brass throughout, gold lacquered. Central Draft Burner and all the latest improvements. Device for lighting without removing shade or chimney.

Onyx column, 6 in. long; Onyx ball pedestal, 3½ in. in diameter.

Height, 30 inches. Open-work fount. It has a beautiful, rich **All Silk 16 in. Shade**, with 8-in. lace flounce. Most fashionable and tasteful shape.

Your choice of colors—red, pink, blue, yellow, old gold or lemon.

"Chautauqua" Book Case.

Adjustable Shelves. Bevel French Plate Mirror.

It is five and one-half (5½) feet high, three (3) feet wide and eleven (11) inches deep. Five shelves. Every exposed part is made of Solid Oak. Has a brass rod and rings for curtains.

You Must Have Soap

It is an absolute necessity — the only question is where you shall buy it; we make it a decided object for you to buy of us — direct from the factory to the family.

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Free With a Combination Box of "Sweet Home" Soap

Your Choice of Beautiful Premiums.

Our soaps are sold entirely on their merits, with a guarantee of purity. Thousands of families use them, and have for many years, in every locality, many in your vicinity.

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100 BARS "SWEET HOME" SOAP . . . Enough to last an average family one full year. For all laundry and household purposes it has no superior.	$5.00
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1 STICK NAPOLEON SHAVING SOAP . .	.10
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All for $10.00. (You get the Premium you select Gratis.)

The List, except "Sweet Home," is subject to such change as you wish to make. You may proportion the Borax ine, Toilet Soaps, etc., as you wish, or omit all else and receive 170 Bars of "Sweet Home" Soap.

After Trial you—the consumer—pay the usual retail value of the Soaps only. All middlemen's profits accrue to you in a valuable premium. The manufacturer alone adds **Value**; every middleman adds **Cost**. The Larkin idea saves you *half* the cost—saves you half the regular retail prices. Thousands of readers of this paper know these facts.

Subscribers to this Paper may use the Goods 30 days before bill is due.

Many People prefer to send cash with order—it is not asked—but if you remit in advance, you will receive in addition to all extras named a nice present for the lady of the house, and shipment day after order is received. Your money will be refunded without argument or comment if the **Box** or **Premium** does not prove all expected. We guarantee the safe delivery of all goods.

Booklet Handsomely Illustrating all Premiums sent on request.

Write your order like this TO-DAY, while you think of it, or cut this out and sign it:

"You may ship me, subject to thirty days' trial, One Combination Box of 'Sweet Home' Soap, with extras, etc., and the . . . . . , upon your own conditions, viz:

If after thirty days' trial I find all the Soaps, etc., of unexcelled quality and the Premium entirely satisfactory to me and as represented, I will remit you $10.00; if not, I will notify you goods are subject to your order and you must remove them, making no charge for what I have used."

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Height, 31 inches.
Diam. of Drum, 8½ inches.
Weight, 12 pounds.

Perfectly Portable. No Pipe Required. Absolutely Odorless.

Heats a large room in coldest weather, will quickly boil a kettle or fry a steak. Very large Central Draft, Round Wick, Brass Burner, heavy embossed Brass Oil Fount, richly nickel-plated. Holds one gallon, which burns 12 hours. Handsome Russia Iron Drum. Removable Top.

Unites every good quality approved to date.

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The Mexican Onyx Top is 9 x 9 inches and sets within a very elaborate open-work cast band. The Empire style legs are solid brass tubes. The lower shelf is also of Onyx, 5 x 5 inches, surrounded by an open-work casting. The table is very strong indeed, holding any weight you would ever put upon it. All brass work is gold finished and lacquered, and will not tarnish, ever preserving its rich appearance. Height, two feet, seven inches.

NOTE.—We are glad to endorse the Larkin Co. of Buffalo. Personal trial of their goods has been made by members of the *Observer* staff. Our readers may take advantage of their offers without hesitation.—*N. Y. Observer.*

NOTE.—The combination offer of the Larkin Soap Manufacturing Co., although unusually generous, is genuine. From personal inspection of factory and experience with their goods and premiums, we know that they are all that is claimed for them and can heartily recommend them.—*The Christian Work.*

FOR 1896

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THERE are few famous writers in Great Britain or the United States who have not already contributed to The Youth's Companion, but some illustrious recruits have been found, who, collaborating with the old favorites, will enable its editors to make the paper notably brilliant during the coming year.

Statesmen, Poets, famous Scientists and Travellers, Eminent Lawyers and Delightful Story-Writers will provide Entertainment and Instruction for our friends and subscribers in a richer measure than ever before.

A Remarkable Announcement!

The Princess Louise — The Companion has recently published an article by Princess Christian. In the coming volume another daughter of Queen Victoria, the Princess Louise, in collaboration with her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, has written on a subject of interest to every home.

Notable Series — Unusually readable articles will be given by the Lord Chief Justice of England and Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes on "The Bar as a Profession." Together with articles by Hon. Thomas B. Reed on "What the Speaker Does" and by Justin McCarthy, M. P., on "How a Prime Minister is Made."

Three Cabinet Ministers — Popular articles of national interest have been written expressly for the next volume of The Companion by

HON. HOKE SMITH, Secretary of the Interior.
HON. J. STERLING MORTON, Secretary of Agriculture.
HON. H. A. HERBERT, Secretary of the Navy.

Four Admirals — Stirring Adventures at Sea have been contributed by the following Admirals

AMONG CHINESE PIRATES. By Admiral Markham, R. N.
THE CAPTURE OF RANGOON. By Admiral P. H. Colomb, R. N.
SEA PETS. By the genial American Admiral, T. H. Stevens, U. S. N.
A SHIPMATE OF LORD NELSON'S. Admiral Sir George Elliot, K. C. B.

Four Serial Stories — From the large number offered, the following Serials are selected

THE VENTRILOQUIST. Story of Southern Life. Miss M. G. McClelland.
IN THE CLUTCH OF THE TSAR. C. A. Stephens.
ROSAMOND'S VIOLIN. A Story for Girls. Ellen Douglas Deland.
IN INDIAN MEADOW. The Pioneer Life of Two Boys. Charles Adams.

Humorous Stories

A NEWSPAPER SENSATION. By F. E. C. Robins.
MISS BELINDA'S DECEPTION. By Mary E. Mitchell.
A BOOTLESS QUEST. By Robert P. Utter.
WHO TOLLED THE BELL? By C. A. Stephens.
AUNT SUKEY'S DISCHARGE. By Frank W. Sage.
JOHNNY WALTON'S ADVENTURE. By R. M. Bailey.

Travels

A FAIR LADY OF JAPAN. By Rev. William E. Griffis, D. D.
A GIRL IN SOUTH AMERICA. By Elizabeth Bisland.
ADVENTURES NEAR HOME. By a noted Mountaineer, W. M. Conway.
THE WILD BIRD BOYS OF IRELAND. By George H. Bassett.

Six Holiday Numbers — Special Souvenir Numbers, double in size, and appropriate to each season, will be given at Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, George Washington's Birthday, Easter and Fourth of July.

50-ct. CALENDAR FREE

Free to Jan. 1, 1896!

New Subscribers who will cut out this slip and send it AT ONCE with name and address, and $1.75, will receive:
FREE — The Youth's Companion every week till January 1, 1896.
FREE — Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers.
FREE — Our Handsome 4-page Calendar (7 x 10 inches), lithographed in nine colors. Retail price, 50 cents.
AND THE COMPANION 52 weeks, a full year to January 1, 1897.

SEND This Slip With $1.75.

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For the Year 1896.

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Secretary of Agriculture
Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes
Sir William Howard Russell
Frank R. Stockton
W. Clark Russell
General Nelson A. Miles
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Hon. Thomas B. Reed
The Dean of Salisbury
Bishop Cleveland Coxe
Bishop Doane
Sir Edwin Arnold
Camille Flammarion
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OLUME 18.

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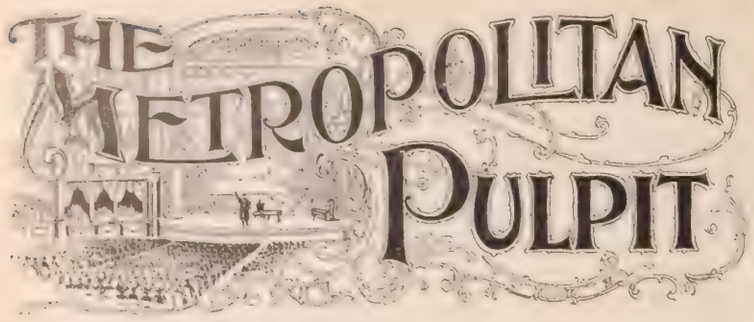
NEW YORK, DECEMBER 4, 1895.

NUMBER 49.

Price Five Cents.

SUNDAY MORNING DIVINE SERVICE IN THE TOMBS PRISON, NEW YORK. (See Page 810.)



PRAISE THE LORD.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Habakkuk 3: 3: "*The earth was full of his praise.*"

BY a sublime egotism man has come to appropriate this world to himself, when the fact is that our race is in a small minority. The instances of human life, as compared with the instances of animal life, are not one to a million. We shall enlarge our ideas of God's goodness and come to a better understanding of the text if, before we come to look at the cup of our blessing, we look at the goodness of God to the irrational creation.

Although nature is out of joint, yet even in its disruption I am surprised to find the almost universal happiness of the animal creation. On a summer day, when the air and the grass are most populous with life, you will not hear a sound of distress unless, perchance, a heartless schoolboy has robbed a bird's nest, or a hunter has broken a bird's wing, or a pasture has been robbed of a lamb, and there goes up a bleating from the flocks. The whole earth is filled with animal delight—joy feathered, and scaled, and horned, and hoofed. The bee hums it; the frog croaks it; the squirrel chatters it; the quail whistles it; the lark carols it; the whale spouts it. The snail, the rhinoceros, the grizzly bear, the toad, the wasp, the spider, the shell-fish, have their homely delights—joy as great to them as our joy is to us. They do not go moping or melancholy; God says they are filled with good.

The worm squirming through the sod upturned of plowshare, and the ants racing up and down the hillock, are happy by day and happy by night. Take up a drop of water under the microscope, and you find that within it there are millions of creatures that swim in a hallelujah of gladness. God feeds all these broods, and shepherds all these flocks, and tends all these herds. He sweetens the clover-top for the oxen's taste; and pours out crystalline waters, in mossed cups of rock, for the hind to drink out of on his way down the crags; and pours nectar into the cup of the honeysuckle to refresh the humming-bird; and spreads a banquet of a hundred fields of buckwheat, and lets the honey-bee put his mouth to any cup of all the banquet; and tells the grasshopper to go anywhere he likes, and gives the flocks of heaven the choice of all the grain-fields. The sea anemone, half animal, half flower, clinging to the rock in mid-ocean, with its tentacles spread to catch its food, has the Owner of the universe to provide for it. We are repulsed at the hideousness of the elephant, but God, for the comfort and convenience of the monster, puts forty thousand distinct muscles in its proboscis,

I go down on the barren sea-shore and say, "No animal can live in this place of desolation;" but all through the sands are myriads of little insects that lead a happy life. I go down by the marsh and say, "In this damp place, and in these loathsome pools of stagnant water, there will be the loathsomest death;" but, lo! I see the turtles on the rotten log sunning themselves, and hear the bogs quake with multitudinous life. When the unfledged robins are hungry, God shows the old robin where she can get food to put into their open mouths. Winter is not allowed to come until the ants have granaried their harvest, and the squirrels have filled their cellar with nuts. God shows the hungry ichneumon where it may find the crocodile's eggs; and in arctic climes there are animals that God so lavishly clothes that they can afford to walk through snow-storms in the finest sable, and ermine, and chinchilla, and no sooner is one set of furs worn out than God gives them a new one. He helps the spider in its architecture of its gossamer bridge, and takes care of the color of the butterfly's wing, and tinges the cochineal, and helps the moth out of the chrysalis. The animal creation also has its army and navy. The most insignificant has its means of defense: the wasp its sting; the reptile its tooth; the bear its paw; the dog its teeth; the elephant its tusk; the fish its scale; the bird its swift wing; the reindeer its antlers; the roe its fleet foot. We are repelled at the thought of sting, and tusk, and hoof, but God's goodness provides them for the defense of the animal's rights.

Yea, God in the Bible announces his care for these orders of creation. He says that he has heaved up fortifications for their defense—Psalm 104: 18: "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies." He watches the bird's nest—Psalm 104: 17: "As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house." He sees that the cattle have enough grass—Psalm 104: 14: "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle." He sees to it that the cows, and sheep, and horses have enough to drink—Psalm 104: 10, 11: "He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills; they give drink to every beast of the field; the wild asses quench their thirst."

Amid the thunders of Sinai God uttered the rights of cattle, and said that they should have a Sabbath. "Thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy cattle." He declared with infinite emphasis that the ox on the threshing-floor should have the privilege of eating some of the grain as he trod it out, and muzzling was forbidden. If young birds were taken from the nest for food, the despoiler's life depended on the mother going free. God would not let the mother-bird suffer in one day the loss of her young and her own liberty. And he who regarded in olden time the conduct of man toward the brutes, to-day looks down from heaven and is interested in every minnow that swims the stream, and every rook that cleaves the air, and every herd that bleats, or neighs, or lows in the pasture.

Why did God make all these, and why make them so happy? How account for all this singing, and dancing, and frisking amid the irrational creation? Why this heaven for the animalcule in a dew-drop? Why for the condor a throne on Chimborazo? Why the glitter of the phosphorus in the ship's wake on the sea, which is said to be only the frolic of millions of insects? Why the perpetual chanting of so many voices from the irrational creation in earth, and air, and ocean—beasts, and all cattle, creeping things, and flying fowl, permitted to join in the praise that goes up from seraph and archangel? Only one solution, one explanation, one answer—God is good. "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."

I take a step higher, and notice the adaptation of the world to the comfort and happiness of man. The sixth day of creation had arrived. The palace of the world was made, but there was no king to live in it. Leviathan ruled the deep; the eagle the air; the lion the field; but where was the sceptre which should rule all? A new style of being was created. Heaven and earth were represented in his nature. His body from the earth beneath; his soul from the heaven above. The one reminding him of his origin, the other speaking of his destiny—himself the connecting link between the animal creation and angelic intelligence. In him a strange commingling of the temporal and eternal, the finite and the infinite, dust and glory. The earth for his floor, and heaven for his roof; God for his Father; eternity for his lifetime.

The Christian anatomist, gazing upon the conformation of the human body, exclaims, "Fearfully and wonderfully made." No embroidery so elaborate, no gauze so delicate, no color so exquisite, no mechanism so graceful, no handiwork so divine. So quietly and mysteriously does the human body perform its functions, that it was not until five thousand years after the creation of the race that the circulation of the blood was discovered; and though anatomists of all countries and ages have been so long exploring this castle of life, they have only begun to understand it.

Volumes have been written of the hand. Wondrous instrument! With it we give friendly recognition, and grasp the sword, and climb the rock, and write, and carve, and build. It constructed the Pyramids, and hoisted the Parthenon. It made the harp, and then struck out of it all the world's minstrelsy. In it the white marble of Pentelicon mines dreamed itself away into immortal sculpture. It reins in the swift engine; it holds the steamer to its path in the sea; it snatches the fire from heaven; it feels the pulse of the sick child with its delicate touch, and makes the nations quake with its stupendous achievements. What power brought down the forests, and made the marshes blossom, and burdened the earth with all the cities that thunder on with enterprise and power? Four fingers and a thumb. A hundred million dollars would not purchase for you a machine as exquisite and wonderful as your own hand. Mighty hand! In all its bones and muscles, and joints, I learn that God is good.

Behold the eye, which, in its Daguerrean gallery, in an instant catches the mountain and the sea. This perpetual telegraphing of the nerves; these joints, that are the only hinges that do not wear out; these bones and muscles of the body, with fourteen thousand different adaptations; these one hundred thousand glands; these two hundred million pores; this mysterious heart, contracting four thousand times every hour—two hundred and fifty pounds of blood rushing through it every sixty seconds; this chemical process of digestion; this laboratory, beyond the understanding of the most skilful philosophy; this furnace, whose heat is kept up from cradle to grave; this factory of life, whose wheels, and spindles, and bands are God-directed. If we could realize the wonders of our physical organization, we would be hypochondriacs, fearing every moment that some part of the machine would break down. But there are men here who have lived through eighty years and not a nerve has ceased to thrill, or a muscle to contract, or a lung to breathe, or a hand to manipulate.

I take a step higher, and look at man's mental constitution. Behold the lavish benevolence of God in powers of perception, or the faculty you have of transporting this outside world into your own mind—gathering into your brain the majesty of the storm, and the splendors of the day-dawn, and lifting into your mind the ocean as easily as you might put a glass of water to your lips.

Watch the law of association, or the mysterious linking together of all you ever thought, or knew, or felt, and then giving you the power to take hold of the clew-line, and draw through your mind the long train with indescribable velocity—one thought starting up a hundred, and this again a thousand—as the chirp of one bird sometimes wakes a whole forest of voices, or the thrum of one string will rouse an orchestra.

Watch your memory—that sheaf-binder that goes forth to gather the harvest of the past, and bring it into the present. Your power and velocity of thought—thought of the swift wing and the lightning foot; thought that outspeeds the star, and circles through the heavens, and weighs worlds, and, from poising amid wheeling constellations, comes down to count the blossoms in a tuft of mignonette, then starts again to try the fathoming of the bottomless, and the scaling of the insurmountable, to be swallowed up in the incomprehensible, and lost in God!

In reason and understanding, man is alone. The ox surpasses him in strength, the antelope in speed, the hound in keenness of nostril, the eagle in far-reaching sight, the rabbit in quickness of hearing, the honey-bee in delicacy of tongue, the spider in fineness of touch. Man's power therefore, consists not in what he can lift, or how fast he can run, or how strong a wrestler he can throw—for in these respects the ox, the ostrich, and the hyena are his superior—but by his reason he comes forth to rule all: through his ingenious contrivance to outrun, outlift, outwrestle, outsee, outhear, outdo. At his all-conquering decree, the forest that has stood for ages steps aside to let him build his cabin and cultivate his farm. The sea which raved and foamed upon the race has become a crystal pathway for commerce to march on. The thunder-cloud that slept lazily above the mountain is made to come down and carry mailbags. Man, dissatisfied with his slowness of advancement, shouted to the Water and the Fire, "Come and lift!" "Come and draw!" "Come and help!" And they answered, "Ay, ay, we come;" and they joined hands—the fire and the water—and the shuttles fly, and the rail-train rattles on, and the steamship comes coughing, panting, flaming across the deep. He elevates the telescope to the heavens, and, as easily as through the stethoscope the physician hears the movement of the lung, the astronomer catches the pulsation of distant systems of worlds throbbing with life.

I take a step higher, and look at man's moral nature. Made in the image of God. Vast capacity for enjoyment; capable of first of eternal joy, and, though now disordered, still, through the recuperative force of heavenly grace, able to mount up to more than its original felicity: faculties that may blossom and bear fruit inexhaustibly. Immortality written upon every capacity: a soul destined to range in unlimited spheres of activity long after the world has put on ashes, and the solar system shall have snapped its axle, and the stars that, in their courses, fought against Sisera, shall have been slain, and buried amid the tolling thunders of the last day.

You see that God has adapted everything to our comfort and advantage. Pleasant things for the palate; music for the ear; beauty for the eye; aroma for the nostril; kindred for our affections; poetry for our taste; religion for our soul. We are put in a garden, and told that from all the trees we may eat except here and there one. He gives the sun to shine on us, and the waters to refresh us, and food to strengthen us; and the herbs yield medicine when we are sick, and the forest lumber when we would build a house, or cross the water in a ship. The rocks are transported for our foundation; and meta

upturned for our currency; and wild beasts must give us covering; and the mountains must be tunneled to let us pass; and the fish of the sea come up in our net; and the birds of the air drop at the flash of our guns; and the cattle on a thousand hills come down to give us meat. For us the peach-orchards bend down their fruit, and the vineyards their purple clusters. To feed and refresh our intellect, ten thousand wonders in nature and providence—wonders of mind and body, wonders of earth, and air and deep, analogies and antitheses; all colors and sounds; lyrics in the air; idyls in the field; conflagrations in the sunset; robes of mist on the mountains; and the "Grand March" of God in the storm.

But for the soul still higher adaptation: a fountain in which it may wash; a ladder by which it may climb; a song of endless triumph that it may sing; a crown of unfading light that it may wear. Christ came to save it—came with a cross on his back; came with spikes in his feet; came when no one else would come, to do a work which no one else would do. See how suited to man's condition is what God has done for him! Man is a sinner; here his pardon. He has lost God's image; Christ retraces it. He is helpless; Almighty grace is proffered. He is a lost wanderer; Jesus brings him home. He is blind; and at one touch of him who cured Bartimeus, eternal glories stream into his soul. Jesus, I sing thy grace! Cure of worst disease! Hammer to smite off heaviest chain! Light for thickest darkness! Grace divine! Devils scoff at it, and men reject it but heaven celebrates it!

At this season of thanksgiving I wish you good cheer for the national health. Pestilence, that in other years has come to drive out its thousand hearses to the cemeteries, has not visited our nation. It is a glorious thing to be well. How strange that we should keep our health when one breath from a marsh, or the sting of an insect, or the slipping of a foot, or the falling of a tree-branch might fatally assault our life! Regularly the lungs work, and their motion seems to be a spirit within us panting after its immortality. Our sight fails not, though the air is so full of objects which by one touch would break out the soul's window. What a trip, after a year's tossing on the sea, would come in with so little damage as ours have, though we arrive after a year's voyage.

I wish you good cheer for the national harvest. The garners are full, the storehouses are overcrowded, the canals are blocked with freights pressing down to the markets. The cars rumble all through the darkness, and whistle up the flagmen ahead of night to let the Western harvests come down to feed the mouths of the great cities. A race of kings has taken possession of this land—King Cotton, King Corn, King Wheat, King Grass, King Coal. Our nets bring up supplies from the cod, salmon, and mackerel fisheries; the whaler's harpoon was never more skillfully flung.

I wish you good cheer for civil and religious liberty. No official spy watches the entrance here, nor does an armed soldier interfere with the honest utterance of truth. We stand here with our arms free to work, and our tongues free to speak. This Bible—it is all unclasped. This is a pit—there is no chain round about it. There is no snapping of musketry in the street. Blessed be God that to-day we are free men, with the prospect and determination of always being free. No established religion: Jew and Gentile—Arminian and Calvinist—Trinitarian and Unitarian—Protestant and Roman Catholic—on the same footing. If persecution should come against the most unpopular of all the sects, I believe that all other denominations would band together, and arm themselves, and hearts would be stout, and blood would be shed, and the right of men to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience would be contested at the point of the bayonet.

Praise ye the Lord! I am glad that last Thursday the people came in from Southern plantation, from Lowell factories and off from Western prairies, and up from Pennsylvania coal-mines, and out from Oregon forests, and in from New England farms, and wherever God's light shines, and God's rain descends, and God's mercy broods, the thanksgiving rose. Praise ye the Lord! Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

By REV. C. H. MEAD.

THE room was cheerful, well lighted, and well ventilated, three important requisites to make a Mission room attractive. The singing, led (not drowned) by an organ, was soulful and inspiring; another attraction good for any place. "Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound," may be good in some places, but "Throw out the life-line," is much more appropriate for a Gospel life-saving station. The room was well filled with an audience that would have convinced the most sceptical that there was at least one place where extremes met. Here wealth came to worship and poverty to pray, and over all the good God watched to bestow a blessing on each. Broadcloth found its opposite in rags, while the sober, redeemed man sat side by side with the poor fellow out of whom the demon of drink had not yet been cast. The trophies of grace and the victims of sin were neighbors, occupying the same pew, while the conductor of the meeting was a magnificent specimen of what the power of God could do to make a sober and bright-faced Christian out of a drunken and profane sinner. Wonderfully saved himself, he was wonderfully in earnest to save others.

Such testimonies as were given there! One of the speakers had been in prison a score of times, for all sorts of offences, and several had occupied a cell more than once. Many had been thieves, and with one or two exceptions, all had been drunkards. Saved! The angels themselves seemed to join in the songs of praise, that between the testimonies, came from the very souls of those who had been thus redeemed.

"YES, PARTNER; THE GREAT PHYSICIAN IS HERE," HE SAID.

In the midst of this thrilling scene, through the door came a boy carrying a boot-black's kit, and leading a man by the hand, and it was easily seen that drink had another victim in that man. He dropped in a vacant seat in the far rear, but the boy, putting down his kit in front of the man, marched up the aisle until he stood in front of the leader. As the song ceased, he looked up into the smiling face and said with a trembling voice, "Please sir, is the physician in?" "The physician! what physician, my lad?" "Why, sir, the great physician. My partner down there is in an awful bad way. He can't leave drink alone, and yet he wants to. He told me he'd give a hundred dollars if he could go even one day and not touch it. He's been to doctors, but he goes right on drinking and getting worse every day. I was wondering what I could do, when a few moments ago, after telling a lady about it, she told me the only one who could cure him was the great physician, and she said I would find him here in the Mission. Oh, sir, is he in? My partner has got lots of money, and can pay well, and I've saved up some money, and I'll give all I've got if the great physician will only cure my partner. Please tell me, is he in?"

The tears were coursing down the boy's cheeks, and there were but few dry eyes in the room. The leader's voice was choked with emotion as he said earnestly:

"Yes, my boy, the Great Physician is here, and he can cure your partner, without money, and without price. I was a drunkard for more than twenty years, and he cured me on the spot where you stand two years seven months and eighteen days ago about nine o'clock in the evening and what he did for me, he did for many others here. Didn't he, boys?"

"Yes! Glory to God, he did," was the quick response. The boy looked around at the company of saved men, and his own face beamed as bright as theirs as he said:

"Oh! I am so glad. My partner is the best fellow in all the world, and he's been so good to me. I began blacking his boots two years ago, and one day when I was giving him a shine, he saw me crying, and asked me what was the matter, and when I told him mother was dead, and I did not know what we could do about burying her, he went right along with me and got a splendid coffin, and had her buried in a beautiful lot, and had a nice stone put up. Then he found a good home for Katie, my sister, and bought me a nice chair for people to sit in while I shined their boots, and he said we would be partners. Just think how proud I was to have a rich man the partner of a boot-black only fourteen years old. The business has been good, but, oh, if my partner can only get cured of his drinking, I'll feel as if I had done something for one who has been so good to me and Katie, and who got such a nice coffin for mother. Please, sir, won't the Great Physician cure him right away?" And as the boy asked this question, he ran back to where his partner sat, to lead him up to the front. He was well dressed, and save for the marks of drink had a noble-looking face. His hat had fallen off and his head rested heavily on his hands, as the boy gently approached him and in a melodious voice, half whispered:

"Yes, partner, he is here, and this man says he can cure you."

The man looked up at the leader, who had followed the boy, and said:

"Who is this Great Physician, and what is his name?"

"His name is Jesus, and he is here to cure and save all that come unto him."

And then the leader told him the story of the Christ, in a tender, simple way, and as he talked, the man and boy listened intently, and suddenly the boy said:

"Oh, partner, maybe he can save me from getting what you've got, while he is curing you of what ails you."

His partner's eyes filled with tears.

"Yes, Willie, he can do that. My mother told me of this Jesus when I was a boy, and if I had only let him save me when I was your age, I'd not have to be cured now. Come, little fellow, we'll be partners in this as well as the business, and God helping us, I'll be cured of what I've got, and you'll be saved from getting it."

That night was a wonderful one in the Mission, for the partners were both saved. Willie graduated from the bootblack's trade to the counting-room of his partner, and they are partners still, both in temporal and spiritual things.

A CHILD SUPERINTENDENT.

Little Libbie Hettman, Aged Twelve, and Her Wonderful Sunday School Work in Wisconsin.

RARELY indeed does it happen that the person chosen as Superintendent of a Sunday School is other than a man or woman of considerable experience, but Mr. W. W. Wheeler, a missionary of the American Sunday School Union in Wisconsin, writes

S. S. SUPERINTENDENT, LIBBIE HETTMAN.

to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD concerning a very exceptional case in that State.

Miss Libbie Hettman, whose picture is given on this page, is perhaps the youngest Sunday School Superintendent in Wisconsin, if not in America. In 1893, Mr. W. W. Wheeler organized a school at Woodman, Wis., which flourished for nearly a year, and then was abandoned for lack of workers. After a few weeks, two little girls, aged between eleven and twelve, being anxious to do something for the Master, decided to try to reorganize and maintain this Sunday School. They secured funds for supplies and began their work, which has been sustained successfully until the present time. At length one of them removed to another place, since which the other, Miss Libbie Hettman, has carried on the school alone.

The school numbers from twelve to twenty. It provides the only regular gathering for public worship in the village, and is doing great good. The missionary visited the school last winter, and conducted the quarterly review, and was very much gratified with the familiarity of the children with the Golden Texts, and the general teachings of the quarter's lessons. Recently, he re-visted the place and Miss Hettman sadly told him the school would have to be abandoned for lack of supplies. He told her he would furnish supplies from funds placed in his hands for such purposes. The little Superintendent cried:

"Oh, Mr. Wheeler, you have made me so happy, for I don't want to close the school."

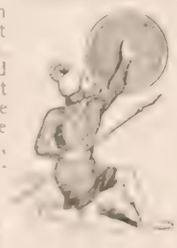
How many places there are in our country where Sunday Schools might be maintained, if older Christians but had the spirit of consecration which these little girls have manifested. A little over one dollar was all that was needed to insure the continuance of this girl's good work. There are thousands of godly men and women who, rather than see the little Sunday School at Woodman stopped, would have given ten times the amount needed for its support.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 15. I. Samuel 20:32-42. Golden Text, Prov. 18:24.

THREE characters are depicted in the lesson and each deserves a careful study. Saul, David and Jonathan are each types of manhood, reappearing in all times and in various circumstances. We miss the object of studying these Old Testament lives, if we think of them as unique specimens of mankind, belonging to their own remote age and having no connection with our modern life. There are men among us to-day who act in their own spheres as Saul acted in his, basing their lives on the same principles and going down to ruin as surely as he went. It does not happen now that a young man is taken from his occupation on his father's farm, and, without any preliminary training, placed on a throne; but there are many whose opportunities are magnificent and whose prospects are bright. They may become great and good, serving their generation and doing Christ's work on earth, or they may do as Saul did, disobey God, follow their own inclinations and become wretched themselves and a curse to all about them. A boy makes a great mistake who says, "The life of this old Israelitish king does not concern me; I shall never be a king." He may make his life just as disastrous as Saul's and by acting in the same way. The trouble described in the lesson can be traced back to one moment, when the same evil thought entered into Saul's mind that enters many a child's mind now. Saul heard people praising him, which was very pleasant, as it is to every one; but they were giving higher praise to David, which was not pleasant. Saul had slain his thousands, they said, and David his tens of thousands. Saul was envious and jealous. He could not bear to hear anyone more highly praised than himself. That was the beginning of the evil. He brooded on the fancied wrong, as many a boy broods on the praise bestowed at home, or at school, on another boy, and the evil seed was planted in his heart. Then see the injustice of his conduct! He began to hate David, who had done him no wrong. He broods till his jealousy becomes murderous. He throws his javelin at David, sends him on dangerous expeditions, tries in many ways to secure his death. It is so now. Many murderers in our time have related how they dwelt on one evil desire until they felt, when the opportunity came, that they must kill. No one becomes bad all at once. The evil is in the heart first and it [illegible] If it is welcomed and encouraged to stay, it begins to show in the life in quarrelsome words, in abuse and, at last, in blows. Envy is a horrible thing; it should never be allowed to dwell in the heart. If it enters, it should be instantly expelled, otherwise it may ruin the life.


ORIENTAL SPEARMAN.

In striking contrast to Saul, is his son Jonathan. If anyone had cause for ill-feeling toward David, it was Jonathan. He might naturally hope to succeed his father on the throne, but David's growing [illegible] Jonathan knew that David, and not he, would be the next king. Yet he loved him, gave him a suit of his princely robes, and his sword and his bow. There was no room in his great heart for jealousy. That he was a dutiful son, the narrative shows, but he was not blind to his father's faults. Saul tried to make him envious, intimated that his own hatred of David and wish for his death was on Jonathan's account, and assured him that so long as David lived, his own chances of succession to the throne were small. But such appeals could not move Jonathan. There are some people who can be turned to any course of conduct by showing them that their interests are involved. There are others — and these are the Christ-like people—who are not concerned about their own advancement; but who will do right even though their own interests suffer by it. Jonathan was of this kind. He remonstrated with his father, reminded him how David had put his life in peril for his country's sake, and how glad Saul himself was to see the giant fall before David's attack. Saul was not altogether lost at that time. He was affected by his son's appeal and vowed that David's life should not be taken. But the evil had too strong a hold upon him to be permanently shaken off, and in a short time he renewed his murderous attack. Jonathan was amazed when he heard that his father had broken his vow, and thought David must be mistaken. Then the plan described in the lesson was arranged. Jonathan found that he was wrong. Saul hated David still, and hated him so desperately that he attacked Jonathan himself, for pleading for his friend. It is a sad thing when a son has cause to be ashamed of his father; but there are times when the son has to decide between his duty to God and his duty to his father and then there must be no hesitancy. Not even a father's authority can justify wrong.

A QUIVER OF ARROWS

David's character, at this period of his life, was altogether commendable. He was suffering wrongfully and through no fault of his own. He knew the king hated him. When a man, time and again, flings a deadly missile at another, there is no room for doubt about his dislike. Yet David showed no resentment. He was even active in serving the king. When Saul had his attacks of insane melancholy —for his malignity at last seems to have become lunacy—David took his harp and tried to cheer him with music. He obeyed the king when he sent him to fight, with the obvious hope that the mission would be fatal. There was no sullenness, no disobedience, no retaliation. Few young people could have acted with such magnanimity. Sometimes this conduct is the one thing demanded of a boy. He is treated unjustly, blamed and punished when he is innocent, and knows that his employer, or his teacher has an unreasonable dislike of him. That is the time for strength of character to show itself. A great man, many years afterward, gave an injunction of which David's life in these trying circumstances was an illustration. He said: What glory is it if when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God." We know it was so in David's case. God called him "a man after his own heart." That is a reward worth having, and it is to be had now. The thought that God sees and is pleased, may encourage a child to be patient and gentle and cheerful under a nagging mistress, or a fault-finding, unreasonable employer. That is being like Christ, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again.

"SAUL CAST A JAVELIN AT HIM TO SMITE HIM"

Jonathan gave his artillery unto his lad. Artillery is the old word for any kind of arms. In the Revised Version the word is translated according to the modern use by the word "weapons." It was simply his bow and arrows that Jonathan handed to the boy. He did not need them for the business he had now to do. David might be a mark for Saul's spear, but to Jonathan he was an object on which to lavish affection. Yet he was a brave man, accustomed to hard fighting; not an effeminate man. Great warriors have often been remarkable for their friendships. When Alexander the Great lay sick in Cilicia he was attended by a physician whom he loved as a friend. He received a letter warning him that the physician was in the pay of his enemy Darius and intended to poison him. Alexander read the letter and said nothing When the physician visited him he took the medicine from his hand, drank it and then gave him the letter to read. True friendship has no doubts.

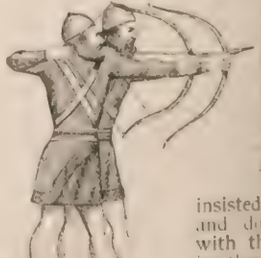
'Between my seed and thy seed forever. Many years afterwards, when Jonathan was dead, David felt this vow still binding upon him, He asked his servants, "Is there yet any left of the house Saul, that I may show him kindness Jonathan's sake?" When they told hi that there was a sick cripple who was son of Jonathan, David sent for him a gave h

"THEY KISSED ONE ANOTHER AND WEPT."

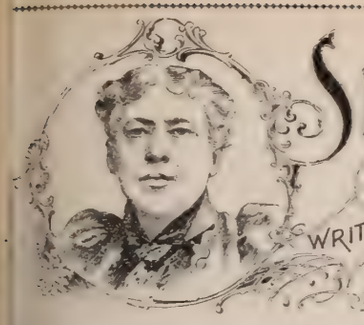
a place in his palace as his own son, provided for him. Montaigne tells Corinthian named Endamidas who in will bequeathed to two friends, as lega the care of his mother and his daugh People laughed at such a will, but friends accepted the trust, and one of th dying before he could fulfil it, the ot discharged both obligations. He suppo his friend's mother as long as she liv and gave the fatherless girl a dowry actly the same as that he gave to his c daughter.

We have sworn, both of us. One of strongest of historical friendships was t subsisting between William, Prince Orange, afterward King William III. England, and William Bentinck. W William was ill with small-pox—in th times often a fatal disease — Benti waited upon him continually. Will said afterwards, "Whether Bentinck s or not while I was ill, I know not; this I know, that through sixteen d and nights, I never once called for anyth but that Bentinck was instantly at side." Not till the prince was out danger did Bentinck leave him and the it was to lie down and grapple with the ease which he had contracted in the ser of his friend. Afterwards when Bentin wife fell ill during her husband's abse the king though overwhelmed with tional cares, personally assured himsel her condition and despatched messen daily to Bentinck to keep him informe her progress.

Go in peace. On the eastern border Russia is a monument bearing the ins tion, "Greater love hath no man t this, that a man lay down his life for friend." It marks the place where a died. He was the servant of a Rus noble and was with him in a sleigh w a pack of wolves came after them. fought the wolves until their ammun was exhausted. Then they sacrificed horses one after the other, cutting t loose to be devoured and delaying


ORIENTAL BOWMAN.

wolves while h the ot two hurri homewa But wolves took an the ser insisted on sta and doing with them, de ing them as he could, wh master made es cape. He from the sleigh the wolves ceased to follow it and rounded him. He was speedily to pieces, but his life was not sacrific vain. The noble reached home in sa and knowing that he owed his life t devotion of his servant, he reared monument to his memory.



SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY

Margaret E. Sangster.

The Little Rift.

"I DECLARE," said Mr. John Freeholder, laying down the carving-knife and fork, with the air of a martyr, "I declare I am discouraged! What do you do with this knife, Lucilla, to make it so dull? ...e best steel which can be bought is ...ned the instant it gets into this house. ...uppose Bridget cuts the kindling-wood ...th it. Anyhow, I can't carve roast ...f with a thing that has an edge like a ... Would it be too much, my dear, to ... you to have the steel brought on the ...le, so that I may sharpen this knife ...self, since you and Bridget appear to ...ve no time to look after so trifling an ...air?" The politeness was cutting, if ... knife was not.

...Ir. Freeholder finished his tirade ... grieved and vexed tone of voice, ...rning at his eldest daughter, who ...ked as if she wished to take her ...ther's part, and, when the steel ... brought by Bridget, he sharpen... the knife with much unnecessary ...phasis. Mrs. Freeholder, opposite ... at the table, flushed and bit her ... Tears were not far from her eyes, ... she was proud and held them ... Fifteen years of married life ...h John Freeholder had not accus...ed her to his maelstrom of fault...ing nor rendered her insensible to ... when he made, in public and be... his family, sarcastic observations ...er house-keeping, her dress and ... management of the children.

...ingularly enough, it was only in ...blic that Mr. Freeholder behaved ...s unkindly. When husband and ...e were by themselves he was gen...ly affectionate, gentle and even gener... But before people, though aware that ...conduct caused his shy and sensitive ... acute suffering, he persisted in follow...in the impulse of the moment, and if any...ing had annoyed him at the office, or if ...Freeholder had had losses, then he ...ge his ill-temper the reins, and every...dy at home felt its power. Words can ...ng like whip-lashes.

...upert, the seven-year-old son (there ...e six children in all) was chatting in ...undertone with his little sister, and ...gled aloud, just as Mr. Freeholder, with ...ourish, laid down the steel, and pro...ded to cut the meat. Instantly the ...'s father was upon him, fancying the ...ghter at his expense, and unmindful of ...Freeholder's deprecating excuse: "

"Never mind this time, Papa; Rupert ...got."

"Yes," he answered, "that is always ...e way; naughty Rupert forgot, forgot ...e. I have forbidden any child under ...e to speak at this table, unless he is first ...oken to. Children should be seen and ...t heard; Rupert, you may leave the ...m at once. You can have your dinner in ...e kitchen, sir."

...his was a great disgrace. "Well, ...Pa," said Agnes, a pretty girl of four...en, not in the least afraid of her father, ...d very sympathetic with her mother, "I ...nk it would be pleasanter if you could ...s over a thing, a little thing once in a ...ile. Rupert has been so good all day, ...d Elsie made him laugh. Why didn't ...u send her away from the table, or me, ...d why do you get so fretted at any tri...ling thing; you called it a trifle yourself ...st now when you spoke to mother about ...e knife."

Agnes, do not be pert and forward," ...id Mr. Freeholder, sternly, passing his ...ate for potatoes.

These potatoes, my love," he added a ...inute after, again turning to the unfor...nate mistress of the feast, "are watery and underdone, raw in fact. If Bridget cannot even boil a potato properly, she would better leave, but I do not know that it is wholly her fault. If you would only look after things yourself more carefully."

So the uncomfortable and dreary meal dragged itself through, the father finding something as a peg on which he might hang a complaint, in every dish and every course, the mother growing more and more silent and pale, the children, hardened by the frequency of such scenes, devouring their gooseberry pie at the end of the repast, with as much relish, as if they had been seated at a table where everything was cheerful, and serenity reigned.

Well said the wise man, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith," and "Better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith, she was so lacking in duteous behavior, but she was beyond the age of parental correction, and, at home, he occasionally spanked one of the babies, as a vent for his anger with their sister. That look of hers, across the room made him very uncomfortable to-night.

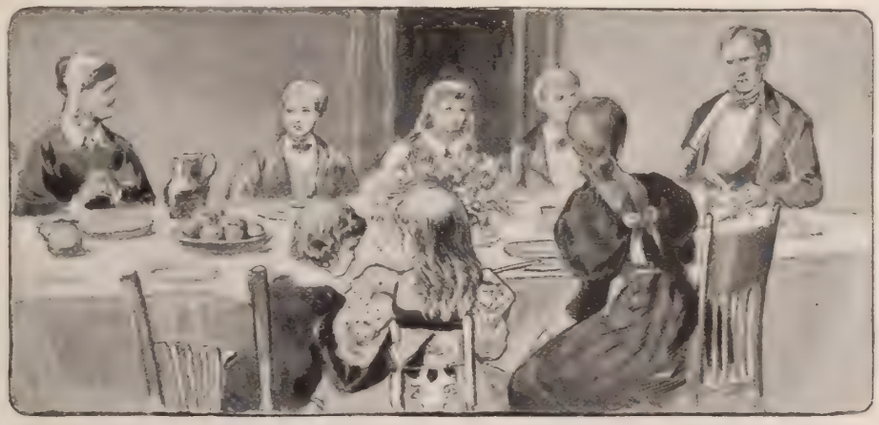
"Big as she is," he said to himself, "she'll find that I'll punish her in a way she'll feel. My lady will be ordered to her room, and shut up for a day or two on a diet of bread and water, if she doesn't learn to control her eyes and her tongue."

Poor Mr. Freeholder! At this instant, the pastor with benignant face, and courteous tone, said, gently imperious:

"We will be led in prayer by Brother Freeholder."

It was a beautiful prayer, but not a syllable, not a sentence in its course, aroused any other sensation than that of antagonism, in the heart of Agnes Freeholder. Her mother instinctively guessed her state of mind, and was not surprised, when, the meeting over, and an opportunity afforded young people to meet the committee, and unite with the church, Agnes, who had lately been seriously considering the matter, walked resolutely past the door. She said nothing, but had she spoken, she would have said that her father's crossness and her father's prayer were, in combination, her stumbling-block on the threshold of the kingdom.

"Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones," says the Saviour, and "woe to him by whom the offence cometh!"



"What do you do with this knife, Lucilla?" asked Mr. Freeholder.

than a house full of sacrifices, with strife."

"Mamma," said the oldest daughter, when Mr. Freeholder had stamped himself out of the house, to prayer-meeting, shutting the front door with a bang, "What does ail papa? Why is he so worried, so cross and unreasonable always? He never has a word of praise for us when things are at their best, and he is forever blaming everyone when they are the least bit wrong. I am ashamed of my father. Don't let us go to prayer-meeting. Papa did not wait for us."

"Darling," said Mrs. Feeholder, "don't allow yourself to speak with disrespect of your father. Business worries him, probably. He really does not mean all he says. It is simply a matter of habit into which he has fallen, and personally, though it used to hurt me, I do not mind it so much now. I am distressed at the impression it leaves upon our friends, because it somehow puts the wife and the home into a false position, when the head of the house indulges in unkind reflections in the presence of guests. When we are alone I can endure it."

"Yes, mamma, you do endure it. Your lip quivers, your eyes are blurred with tears, you cannot help shrinking as if you had been struck when one of the boys is harshly sent away from the table. When I grow up and am married," said the precocious daughter, firmly, "I will begin right. The first time my husband dares to find a word of fault I'll crush the thing in the bud. See if I don't!"

Mother and daughter went to prayer-meeting, entering the lecture-room late. Mr. Freeholder, from his seat at the pastor's right, sent them a severely reproving glance which the wife did not trouble herself to return, and which the girl did return, with one of defiance. Mr. Freeholder sometimes felt as if he could shake Agnes,

Years after, John Freeholder bore his cross in humiliation, when his sons fled their home as if it had been a prison, his daughters remained obstinately outside the Church, and even his wife, patient to the last, treated him with tolerant pity Unrestrained temper and petty despotism had brought forth their legitimate consequences.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute.

Margaret E. Sangster.

A Tangible Answer.

Two men in New York were discussing the utility of prayer, and one of them shocked the other by remarking that he did not believe God paid any attention to individual prayers. His friend said: "I am just going to the Fulton street noon prayer-meeting. Come with me and you are pretty sure to hear something in the way of testimony that may cause you to change your opinion." The invitation was accepted. There was nothing remarkable in the service until a plain, quiet, elderly gentleman rose. He said: "I wish to mention a very brief incident for the encouragement of others. I set out this morning to make some purchases for a sick man. On my way I was called into a miserable tenement house to see a woman who was absolutely without food and fuel. I could not leave her destitute, so I spent the only five dollars I had in relieving her, and asked God to replace it, so that I might keep my promise to my other friend. I did not tell a soul about it. As I entered this room half an hour ago, a friend (there he sits) put this five dollar bill into my hand to be used in the Lord's work. This [holding up the bill] is what I call a tangible answer to prayer."

A Capitoline Soliloquy.

OUR editorial chair having four legs, two of them in New York and two of them in Washington, our readers will want to know about our reception in the National Capital. It was wondrously cordial and far beyond our deserts. How does the city of Washington appear to us now that we have taken up residence here for the first time in our life? It is a complete fascination and enchantment, not only because of the present but because of the past. Wrapped up and interlocked with the welfare and the very existence of this nation stands the city of Washington, on the Potomac, planted here by way of compromise. At the dining-table of Alexander Hamilton it was decided that if the South would agree that the National Government should assume the State debts, then the North would agree to have the capital on the Potomac instead of on the Delaware. So the capital went from Annapolis to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to Trenton, and from Trenton to New York, and then passed from New York to the Potomac.

"Well," you say, "what's all that to me?" You have just as much to do with the city of Washington as your heart has to do with your body. Washington is the heart of the nation. If it send out good blood, good national health. I believe that it has come to a higher condition of morality than it has ever before reached. What an improvement since the day when the most flourishing liquor establishments were under the National Capitol, and Congressmen and Senators went there to get inspiration before they made their speeches, and went there to get recuperation afterward. Thanks to Henry Wilson and a few like him for the overthrow of the abomination. During the war there were one hundred gambling-houses in Washington; there were over five hundred professional gamblers here. One gambling-house boasted that in one year it had cleared over half a million dollars. But what a vast improvement in the morals of the city! Duelling abolished. No more clubbing of Senators for opposite opinion. Mr. Covode of Pennsylvania, no more brandishes a weapon over the head of Barksdale, of Mississippi. Grow and Heitt no more take each other by the throat. Griswold no more pounds Lyon, Lyon snatching the tongs and striking back, until the two members in a scuffle roll on the floor of the American Congress. Oh, there has been a vast improvement!

Now give us a great national religion. I do not mean a religion controlled by State officials, but I mean a religion dictated by a nation gospelized. I mean a religion mighty enough to control the morals of a nation. Old politicians will not be reformed. The undertakers must hurry up the funerals in these cases of political mortification. They will never be any better, those men. But gospelize the voters, and then you will have gospelized officers of the government. The pivot on which this nation turns is the ballot-box. Set that pivot on the Rock of Ages. There is only one being who can save this nation, and He is God. We talk a great deal about putting the name of God more thoroughly into the Constitution of the United States. Ah! it is not God in the Constitution that we want; it is God in the hearts of the people. God and the angels on our side. First came the war of the American Revolution. That was the birththroe that ushered this nation into life. Then came the war of 1812. That was the infantile disease through which every child must go. Then came the war of 1861. That was the great typhoid which was to revolutionize the national system; and when this nation resumed specie payments, that was the settlement of the doctor's bill! Now let the nation march on in its grand career. Let all the rivers of this land flowing into the Gulf, or into the Atlantic and Pacific seas, be rivers of salvation, and all the mountains, Olivets of truth and Pisgahs of prospect, and the mists rising from the lakes will be the incense of holy praise.

T. De Witt Talmage

THE STORY OF "THE TOMBS."

New York's Famous Prison and its Record of Sin and Sorrow—Sunday Morning Service Among the Prisoners.

PASSING along the west side of Centre street, New York, within a few minutes' walk of City Hall, the pedestrian finds himself in front of a gloomy-looking building of a style of architecture that strongly recalls the Egyptian. Ascending a broad flight of stone steps and passing in between massive stone pillars, the visitor stands on the threshold of the most famous prison in America—the Tombs. Its interior is a quadrangle, containing some three hundred cells, arranged in tiers, one above another, and each tier with a corridor. The entrance to the prison proper is on Franklin street, through a locked and barred grating. On the left of the entrance is the Warden's office, from which a short hallway leads to the cells. The main entrance is on Centre street, and to the right of this entrance is the famous Tombs Police Court, with the Court of Special Sessions on the left. The latter is connected with the prison in the rear by a structure known as "the Bridge of Sighs," so-called from the fact that condemned prisoners were led across it after conviction. Two years ago, however, when the new Criminal Court building was erected on the west side of Centre street between Franklin and White a new "Bridge of Sighs" was built to connect it with the Tombs prison. This structure is shown in one of the illustrations on this page. Even in the two years since it was built it has already acquired a pathetic history. It is mainly of iron very stoutly guarded, and spans the entire width of the street, the prisoners being led to it from the Tombs by a covered passage-way which is shown on the left of the picture. Many a hopeless prisoner, as he treads that iron pathway, with an officer of the outraged law on either side to prevent escape, realizes too late that the "way of transgressors is hard."

Where the Tombs Prison now stands, was, in pre-Revolutionary days, the site of the public gibbet which was planted in a small island in the Collect Pond—a marsh that was afterward reclaimed, and filled in. Seven negro slaves were executed there in 1741 for alleged complicity in the negro riots of that year, and since then a great number of other criminals, white and black have met a similar fate for capital offences. The present building was erected in 1840. Originally of white granite, it is now a dingy-faded gray. For several years past the annual commitments of prisoners have averaged 25,000.

The Tombs Police Court has become historic. It is a large, dingy, ill-lighted and ill-ventilated room, the bench and bar at the north end and seats for witnesses and spectators on either side of the room. Here have sat in judgment on offenders against the law a long line of Justices, some of them of national fame. Here, too, have been arraigned hundreds of thousands of criminals of both sexes and of all ages and nationalities, accused of every crime on the calendar, from simple intoxication to murder. During half a century, the Tombs Police Court has had before it a great array of noted criminals, the most important of whom, after a hearing and commitment, have been taken to other courts for trial. More of the human flotsam and jetsam, the waifs and drunkards, the dissolute and profligate, the wanton and the unfortunate, have been arraigned at the bar of the Tombs than in any other court. Justice has been tempered with mercy, and thousands of [illegible] first offenders," have been saved from a career of crime by the leniency of the Tombs Justices in discharging them with wholesome advice instead of consigning them to a cell.

Saturday night is usually a season of revel with the lowest class of the city's population and there are many arrests for drunkenness in consequence. Such offenders are kept together in a large cell or room, which has frequently contained over a hundred prisoners, all of whom are arraigned on Sunday morning before the Justice. Court opens early and this class of offenders is disposed of as rapidly as possible, fines and imprisonments being imposed in proportion to their offences. Many are discharged with a reprimand and salutary caution. It is a sad and significant fact that the great majority of Saturday night arrests are for drunkenness. In the motley and dilapidated crowd in the "pen"—as the prisoners' cage is called—are some striking contrasts. Respectable workingmen and stylishly dressed women are jostled and pushed by low-browed ruffians and by the unfortunates of the street; merchants and clubmen who have been "taken in" for too much conviviality, stand side by side with pick-pockets, common drunkards and viragos who fill the air with their profanity. Here and there a battered face tells of a brawl with fists, clubs or knives as weapons. Police justices are usually keen judges of human nature and the really hardened criminal and professional rogue has little chance at the bar of a police court, while mercy is often extended to the penitent and unfortunate.

Our colored illustration on the first page presents a familiar scene in the Tombs on Sunday morning. Divine service is held at nine o'clock without chapel or meeting-house, the court of the main prison being utilized for that purpose. The Chaplain, Sidney G. Law, stands on the corridor platform where the prisoners can see him from their cell in the tiers on either side, above and below. Some of them sit quietly on their benches, listening; some stand at the grating and watch the preacher, earnestly drinking in every word of the service he is conducting, and even joining in the singing. A few appear totally indifferent, and do not show themselves at all. Every syllable of the short sermon can be heard at the farthest corner of the corridors. Prison officers stand around ready to interfere, should any prisoner interrupt the service, but this rarely occurs. At intervals, as the music or the preaching continues, some prisoner who is needed, it may be, in the justice's court, is quietly removed. Formerly no singing was permitted, but now it is one of the attractive features of the service. Visitors are allowed in the prison Sundays at certain hours, and during service a number are always present.

"THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS."

"The Way of Transgressors is hard."

It is a touching sight to see these friends of the prisoners—sometimes a parent or a sister, or wife—standing alongside the grating that interposes between their dear ones and liberty. A mother will stand thus beside her wayward son, clasping his hand, while the preacher tells of the great salvation that is open even to the chief of sinners through the blood of Jesus. Sometimes a child is among the visitors, and the little one looks with wide-open eyes at the strange sights, and wonders why her father or brother is in there behind those ugly bars, instead of being at home and catching her up in his arms, as he used to do. It is a strange audience, often embracing black and white, Americans, stolid Germans, Britons, tawny-faced Italians, and other nationalities—all integral parts of the great army of those who are experiencing either themselves or through others, the punishment that follows law-breaking.

Of late years, the Sunday religious services at the Tombs have been greatly improved. They are usually conducted by the regular missionary chaplain attached to the prison. Rev. Mr. Law, assisted by Mr. Lindsley, the former conducting a morning, the latter an afternoon service at 3 o'clock. Mr. Lindsley also holds a Tuesday afternoon service. There is no lack of volunteers who aid in making the hour of worship attractive and spiritually profitable. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has placed a Bible in every cell and none who are committed there need suffer for the want of the true "Bread of Life." Much has been accomplished by such means in the direction of reclaiming the erring ones, and the hearts of even hardened criminals have been reached and softened by these ministrations of love and mercy.

A BISHOP DROWNED.

News has been received of the drowning on Lake Nyassa, in South-eastern Africa, of Bishop Maples, who, in June last, was appointed to succeed Bishop Hornby whose health had broken down. The Bishop was a missionary of twenty years standing. He went out under the auspices of The Universities' Mission and had labored with remarkable success through Nyassaland and the adjacent countries. The Bishop was crossing the lake in a boat in company with Mr. Joseph Williams, a missionary friend, when a sudden squall capsized the boat and both were drowned. The disaster has caused general sorrow throughout the country.

One Convert's Good Work.

Saved at the Bowery Mission, He is No Laboring to Bring Others to Christ.

READERS of this journal are alread acquainted with the wonderfu spiritual work that has been a complished at the Bowery Missio throug the mode instr

EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW YORK TOMBS.

mentality of Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, "t Mother of the Mission." For several ye past, Mrs. Bird has devoted her energ and means to the reclamation of the o cast men of the Bowery, and so successf has she been that thousands have be drawn to the Saviour by her pleadin On Thursday evenings she conducts special service among the men and also Sunday afternoons, and at each of the services the Mission Hall is usually crow ed to excess. Mrs. Bird's influence amo the "lost boys of the Bowery" is inde surprising, and some mighty works grace have been wrought upon harden and sinful natures at these gatherings.

One of the men who, while attendi Mrs. Bird's meetings at the Bowery M sion, was led by divine grace to forsak life of worldliness and formalism w C—— S——, a Dane, of fine presence a education. His father is a man of wea and social position in Copenhagen, t Danish capital. For several years af coming to the United States, the you man led a careless life, and at last he very low in the social scale. He was this condition when he was thorough saved at the Bowery Mission, and af that event he resolved to consecrate life to Christ. He became very helpful the Mission, and his fine cultivated vo was regularly heard leading in the singi

Some time ago C—— S—— returned his home in Denmark, and on arrivi there he at once set to work to win so for the Master. A letter just received fr him announces that he has begun the pu lication of an evangelical paper. "It is sm as yet," he writes, "but I hope to mak interesting. At your next meeting the Mission), sing hymn No. 1 on t sheet 'Blessed Assurance, Jesus is Min and pray for me. I beg to be remembe to all the Mission boys."

C—— S—— will not be forgotten the Bowery Mission. He is but one o great army of converts who in the last s teen years (since the Bowery Mission w founded), have been scattered in all pa of the globe, and many of whom are n laboring zealously and gladly for Chri

ROYALTY IN A PAWN SHOP.

Sunday School teachers or missi workers may find an illustration for th use in a report recently published in t *Fanfulla*, an Italian journal. It says tl King Humbert went a few days before, the chief pawn-shop in Rome to see son thing of the working of the system, wh in Italy is under the charge of the gove ment. He was distressed by seein woman negotiating a loan for a "lir which is worth only twenty cents. asked if there were many people as poor that, and was told that there were then keeping a large number of pledges of th amount. The king declared that he wo pay the whole amount, and did so. It w forty thousand lire ($8,000). The peo were then notified that the king had p their loans and they might have th pledges by presenting their tickets witho the payment of principal or interest.

A RECORD OF CHRISTIAN EFFORT.

What Has been Accomplished, Through "The Christian Herald," with its Readers' Co-Operation, In Less than Six Years.

INSTANCES are recorded where it has been shown to be possible to concentrate, in a remarkably brief space, the work of an ordinary life-time. Such an experience, in a considerable measure, has fallen to the lot of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, its conductors and its army of readers, within less than six years, as the result of their combined and consecrated efforts in various fields of Christian work at home and abroad. It may not be inopportune — toward the close of another year of mutual activity in such service — to briefly glance at the work accomplished, and to draw therefrom inspiration for efforts in such other avenues as may be providentially opened in the future.

As its readers well know, it has been the privilege of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to conduct during these years an ever-increasing work in the dissemination of Gospel literature in many parts of the world, but especially in our own land. That this has assumed mammoth proportions may readily be understood when it is explained that the total number of volumes of religious literature distributed has already passed the half-million mark, the exact number being 580,000. Of these over 50,000 were Teachers' Bibles, 50,000 were Gospel Hymns, while 230,000 were "From Manger to Throne," "The Highway of Life," New Testaments, and Miscellaneous Volumes.

This vast work, which has grown beyond all anticipation, has been accomplished at a cost of $453,000, an average outlay of over $80,000 each year since it began. The current season will witness the largest output of elevating literature on record, the present estimate of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S distribution of volumes being not less than 6 Million, involving an expenditure of, literally, hundreds of thousands of dollars. As to the spiritual results of such a work, it is unnecessary to speak. These books will be richly prized and sought after wherever pure, uplifting and helpful literature is appreciated.

Works of benevolence and far-reaching charity have formed a most important part of the mission of this journal. Looking back over the years, the paper and its readers seem to have been divinely led into fields of Gospel and philanthropic duty. We need only refer to the splendid generosity that enabled THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to send to the starving Russian peasants in 1892 a $50,000 cargo of breadstuffs; to expend $35,000 in relieving a multitude of destitute families in New York in 1893; that sent $3,000 to the victims of the Constantinople earthquake in 1894, and last winter gave $27,000 to relieve the drouth-stricken farmers of Nebraska, Dakota, Colorado and Kansas. In two years $15,000 has been devoted to the support of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, where nearly four thousand waifs have been sheltered. Mr. Moody's Gospel work was aided with a gift of $5,000 and many have volunteered, with their prayers and their contributions, to help the spiritual work of the Bowery Mission, on the East-side of New York. Even now, there are many of the persecuted Armenians who are fed and sheltered by the same liberality, at a time when all other succor has failed. Who shall say what showers of rich blessing have not fallen upon many hearts, in answer to the countless prayers of thankfulness that have ascended to the throne? It is well to have a share in a spiritual investment that is so certain of rich reward.

To any sincere Christian, it would be an astonishing and delightful experience to read the letters that come to us in any one day. They are a surprising evidence of how many ways God has of using a journal conducted with the paramount object of advancing the kingdom of Christ. Not the least valuable of the services it has been enabled to render is the suggestion of methods of Christian usefulness. Thousands of God's children scattered all over the land wish that in some way they could devote a portion of their time to the service of their Master, but do not know what to do or how to attempt it. They read in these columns of what someone similarly situated is doing, and they gladly follow the example. Thus the news of a good work done in one city starts a multitude in various cities, and the workers are blessed in service, and are made a blessing to others. Similar service has been rendered in the conflict with evil in public and private life. An effort to succor the tempted or reclaim the fallen, in one city, when described in these pages has become the seed which has sprung up in many cities, bearing fruit for the Lord's garner in many other places.

The great community of believers in prayer have been drawn into conscious brotherhood by the numerous requests for prayer, which we publish from week to week. Not only in the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission in New York, but in many a little prayer-meeting in distant churches and in many a home circle, these requests are presented at the Throne of Grace, and so the tried and troubled are helped, and praying Christians all over the land are fulfilling the apostolic injunction, "bear ye one another's burdens."

To these delightful services, which it has been a pleasure to render, must be added the encouragement which has through the efforts of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD been given to isolated Christian workers in this and other lands. Some are very lonely, laboring amid indifference, or open hostility and they are at times ready to give up the battle. To such heroic workers a letter from some reader who has learned through these columns, of the hard struggle, comes with its sympathy, like a cup of cold water to the parched lips of the thirsty traveller and very often it encloses substantial help as proof of its sincerity. The Bethesda Home in Brooklyn, "Sister Charlotte" in New York, Rev. George W. Sharp in the country districts of Missouri, Mrs. Jamal in Jerusalem, Dr. Currie in Equatorial Africa and many other servants of Christ have gratefully acknowledged the help and sympathy which have come to them through this journal.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., AND DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH.
(The Editor and the Proprietor of "The Christian Herald.")

On this page are two portraits which we feel justified in presenting for the reason that, for the last six years, the originals have been far more closely identified with the readers of this journal in every Christian enterprise than is usual in the relations between editor and publisher on the one hand and readers on the other. Dr. Louis Klopsch as proprietor and Rev. Dr. Talmage as editor, are appreciative of the fact that much of the success of these undertakings is due to the cordial and sympathetic relations that have at all times existed between the conductors of the paper and its readers.

Dr. Talmage was recently called as Associate-Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at the National Capital and has already entered upon his new duties in a pastoral field more far-reaching and important than any other to which he could have been invited. In the prime of mid-life and the zenith of his powers, he has there such an unexampled opportunity of rendering earnest and practical service to the Master as will inspire him to labor with redoubled zeal. His removal to Washington, however, will not interfere in the slightest measure with the efficient performance of his duties as Senior Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for no week will pass in which he will not spend several days at his editorial desk in the Bible House, New York. He will therefore continue to be in constant and sympathetic touch with his readers everywhere, as he has constantly been at all times since the very beginning of his editorial conduct of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Letters should be plainly addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
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Let Us Give Thanks.

AFTER a season of most intense commercial depression, a revival of trade has set in that promises a protracted era of unexampled prosperity. From every quarter come good tidings of unusual activity. With mills reopening, factories resuming, trades reviving, money freely circulating, abundant crops, and returning confidence, let us devoutly give thanks to our Heavenly Father for a future so full of promise.

Victories of the Trowel.

WALKING to-day among the beautiful churches, and the grand public buildings of Washington, I am reminded that while the victories of the sword have often been sung, and the power of the pen has been recognized, and sculptor's chisel has been honored, there is one employment that has not come to due appreciation. The trowel has had much to do with the world's history and progress. I celebrate the victories of the trowel. When the Prince of Wales, in England, after the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of a bridge, or art-gallery, or castle, or church, hangs up the trowel which he used at the ceremony among the hundreds of trowels of similar occasions with which he has adorned a room in his palace, he only honors that implement which has been potent for ages. The sword does well, but it must have an armory in which to drill. The pen does well, but it must have a library building in which to put its productions. Sculptor's chisel does well, but it must have a gallery in which to stand its achievements. Science does well, but it must have a laboratory to shelter its batteries and telescopes. Religion does well, but it must have churches in which to pray. Come, then, all prowess, all literature, all science, all civilization, and all religion, and help celebrate the victories of the trowel. It is an unpretentious implement, and is thrown carelessly among the kit of mechanic's tools. The world has allowed all the years from the creation to this moment to pass without one word of eulogy or appreciation. We all know the sound of it, and day by day we hear it on the rising walls of our cities, and we hardly look up, and do not realize what the trowel has done, and is now doing in the nations. As it rings out on the air, it gives the key-note to the Grand March of the centuries. Oh! the trowel! When it moves, the world moves, and when it halts the world halts, and when it goes down, the world goes down, and when it rises the world rises. The Pantheon of Rome, the Parthenon of Athens, the Alhambra in Spain, the Taj Mahal in India, Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem, the cathedrals of Salisbury and York and Lincoln and St. Paul, Arch of Trajan, Arch of Titus, Arch of Constantine. All these are the children of the trowel. What built Thebes? What built Babylon? What built London? What built these great sea-coast cities? What built the bright homes of the hemispheres? The trowel. It has been the iron hand that more than once has held in its palm the destiny of the nations. May the blessing of God come down upon all who wield it! May its victories in the future surpass its victories in the past! And long after the last sword has clanked into its scabbard, never again to be unsheathed, may the trowel go on building up our individual, domestic and national prosperities.

Work for All.

LET us all go to preaching. Send polished Paul to Athens, and plain Bartholomew down among the fishing-smacks by the sea. Do not look so anxiously into your pockets for your diploma from Yale, or your license from Presbytery. If the Lord does not send you into the ministry, no canon of the Church can shoot you into it. But if he has put his hand on your head, you are ordained, and your working apron shall be the robe, and the anvil your pulpit; and while you are smiting the iron, the hammer of God's truth will break the flinty heart in pieces. Peter was never a sophomore, nor John a freshman. Harlan Page never heard that a tangent to the parabola bisects the angle formed at the point of contact by a perpendicular to the directrix and a line drawn to the focus. If George Muller should attempt chemical experiments in a philosopher's laboratory, he would soon blow himself up. And hundreds of men, grandly useful, were never struck on commencement stage by a bouquet flung from the ladies' gallery. Quick! Let us find our work. You preach a sermon—you give a tract—you hand a flower—you sing a song—you give a crutch to a lame man—you teach the Sabbath-class their A, B, C—you knit a pair of socks for a foundling—you pick a splinter from a child's finger. Do something! Do it now! We shall be dead soon!

Our Mammoth Edition.

THIS Edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD consists of ONE MILLION copies of twenty-eight pages each. In its production thirty-five hundred reams of fine super-sized and calendered paper were consumed. The total aggregate weight of the MILLION copies is **Three Hundred and Twenty Thousand Pounds,** every copy weighing about five ounces. To produce this edition, it was necessary to pass full sheets five and one-half million times through the press. As the average output for each press is about fifty thousand impressions weekly, it required twenty-six presses for the space of an entire month to turn out this edition of one million copies of 28 pages each, aggregating 112,000,000 columns of printed matter. This is the equivalent of a printed strip a full column in width, and over 22,000 miles in length, or almost equal to the circumference of the globe. Each column being equal to two pages of an ordinary book of average size, the total edition, if presented in book form, would fill 560,000 volumes of 400 pages each—a far larger collection than all the libraries of religious literature in America combined.

Nearly three thousand dollars were expended on the edition for printing inks, and Uncle Sam gets about four thousand dollars for postage. The MILLION copies, with the exception of the color work, were printed by **D. Appleton & Co.,** the leading publishers of the United States. The color work on the premium exhibits was done by the Moss Engraving Co. The Tombs picture on the first page, a dingy, cheerless subject, is admirably reproduced, true to its gloomy and sunless nature, by the finest color printers in New York, while the binding of the entire million copies, a most stupendous undertaking, was done by the Knoepke Bindery, the greatest of its kind in the world. The whole expense attending the production of this one edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is upwards of **Thirty-eight Thousand Dollars.**

Fifty young ladies spent a month addressing this huge edition of ONE MILLION copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to as many good Christian men and women throughout the length and breadth of this land, whose names are recorded in this office as faithful and loyal children of the Heavenly King, who delight in the progress of the Lord's Cause at home and abroad. May their names be thus inscribed in the Lamb's Book of Life!

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Joel Bradford, Dayton, O. Are there Christian Churches in Palestine now, of different denominations, like our own?

Yes; in the larger cities principally. They are of different denominations and attended by native Christians.

Saml. Frey, Bay City, Mich. I have, at different times, heard it stated how many letters, words, verses, chapters and books, there are in the Bible, but have not the figures at hand. Can you supply them?

The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 810,697 words, 31,175 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books.

Rural Worshiper, Macon, Ga. Is it right to drive a horse to church Sunday morning, and have him stand two hours in harness, and then drive back, when the animal has worked all the week?

"A merciful man is merciful to his beast." He will give it an opportunity to rest one day in the seven, or at least will work it lightly.

Eben Winterbottom, Ogden, Utah. How long did it take Noah to build the Ark?

According to the ablest chronologists, the order to make the Ark was given by the Lord to Noah about 2448 B. C., and the Ark was finished and the people and animals began to enter it about 2349 B.C., a period of ninety-nine years (see Gen. 6: 14 and Gen. 7: 1).

Laura Winthrop, Detroit, Mich. 1. What is the cost of a trip from New York City to Egypt and Palestine and return? 2. What is the cost per month of board in Palestine?

1. The expense for one person, traveling comfortably but by no means luxuriously, would be about $400. 2. About $20 American money per month.

J. W. Barton, Pittsburg, Pa. In relating an incident or repeating a conversation, where an oath has been used, is it wrong to repeat the oaths as the words of another?

It is decidedly wrong, and apart from the moral aspect of the matter, it is in execrable taste. Conversation interlarded with oaths is unfit to be repeated, and nothing can justify its repetition, except as sworn testimony in court.

Mildred White, Covington, Ky. Please give your opinion of the holding of fairs in the church.

There may be objections to a church holding a fair, but if it is right to hold a fair, there seems to us no reason against its being held in the church building. There is no special sanctity in the wood, or bricks and mortar. It is a question of association only, and that should prevent anything indecorous being done. Lotteries are objectionable however.

P. P. Wray, Denver, Colo. How long a period of time does the Book of Genesis cover? 2. Which Book in the Bible covers the longest space of time?

1. Scientists and chronologists do not attempt to fix the period of time covered by the first two verses of Genesis 1. Probably ages, as we reckon them may have elapsed while the earth was without form and void, until "the Spirit moved on the face of the waters." From Adam to the death of Joseph is reckoned as 1635 years. 2. Genesis, undoubtedly.

Augusta F——, Danbury, Conn. Why does God let a Christian woman be married to a man who loves drink and will not be reformed by her efforts?

Perhaps she did not ask his guidance. Sometimes God lets his children have their own way, that they may see that his will would have been better for them and may learn to trust him. It may be that this trial is intended for her discipline and for the ultimate rescue and salvation of her husband. Being married to him, she should pray for him and by kindness and patience seek to win him to Christ.

Mrs. I. I. Princeton, N. J. Can a boarding-house or hotel keeper who works servants on Sundays from early morning till late at night, be a Christian?

There are household duties that may properly be regarded as works of necessity and the performance of which involves no sin, and as a hotel or boarding-house is merely a larger household, this remark applies to either. But if the proprietor, instead of reducing Sunday tasks and recognizing the right of his help to sufficient time for religious duties, insists on doing work on that day which might be done at another time, he must be a very inconsistent Christian, if one at all. There are many hotel keepers and boarding-house managers who do with less help and less work on Sundays, to make the day as much a day of rest as possible and allow time for religious duties.

T. Bessner, Reading, Pa. Is it wrong for a Christian to sue anyone, when he has been really treated badly and cannot get redress?

There may be extreme cases in which it becomes a duty, to others as well as to ourselves to appeal to the law. Those who follow the Christian life, however, will shun litigation and respect the admonition given in Matt 5: and I. Cor. 6: 6-7.

Robt. Ellison, New Haven, Conn. Does Hebrews 6: 4-6 preclude the possibility of the restoration of backsliders?

It is difficult to say what degree of guilt brings a man into the condition referred to. If any backslider repents, it is obvious that the passage does not refer to him. Our duty in the case of a backsliding brother is not to speculate but to warn, exhort, and entreat him to return, reminding him of the promise of God to receive him. Many Christians have fallen into grievous sin who have repented and have afterward led consistent lives.

Lemuel Brown, Boston, Mass. Does history tell of any instance of sweating blood, other than that of our Saviour?

Many cases are mentioned by various writers, both ancient and modern, but in almost every instance they are unauthentic. Aristotle mentions the sweating of blood as a malady caused by excessive mental emotion. Charles IX., the monarch who ordered the infamous massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which 60,000 Protestants perished, is said to have had shortly before his death a bloody sweat induced by the terrible agony of remorse.

A. Belden, Elmira, N. Y. Does God still call and qualify men for various kinds of work? How may we know that we are called?

He does so call and qualify them. See Ephesians 4: 11-12. Constant prayer should be offered to him for guidance. Indications of his will may be read in the circumstances surrounding the person seeking light. If God has really called, opportunities for service will come. The safe course is to do the work nearest at hand and continue doing it until opportunities for other and higher service are presented.

Inquirer, Little Rock, Ark. 1. What denomination preach that Jesus Christ was not the Son of God? 2. What are the seven wonders of the world?

1. The Socinians, a sect founded by Socinus Faustus in the sixteenth century. Unitarians, Anti-Trinitarians, Anabaptists, and to some extent Universalists are allied to this heretical doctrine. 2. The so-called seven wonders were the Pyramids of Egypt; the Colossus of Rhodes; Diana's Temple at Ephesus; Babylon's Hanging Gardens; the Statue of Jupiter Olympus; the Mausoleum of Artemisia and the Pharos of Alexandria.

Alfred Pease, New Brunswick, N. J. Where do the Scriptures sanction the custom of collecting pastor's salary and money for church expenses on the Sabbath?

Nowhere explicitly. We find nothing in the New Testament, as to the mode of worship or the observance of Sunday, corresponding with the minute rules and regulations in the Old Testament. This custom of collections and others appertaining to Christian worship grew as the need arose. After all, there is no difference in principle between collecting the money from the people on Sunday and their laying by them in store on that day, which the Apostle enjoined the Corinthian Christians to do (1 Cor. 16: 2.)

E. Clarke, Scranton, Pa. Is it wrong to preach a lecture on Temperance from the pulpit?

Certainly not. You must not forget, however, that only a part of your work is done when you have induced the drunkard to sign the pledge. You should not relax your efforts till you have led him to Christ and he has experienced the change of heart which will keep him steadfast. The minister's duty is to preach the Gospel, and it may be that while you are preaching temperance, some anxious soul among your hearers may be needing to know the way of salvation. The sermon or lecture on temperance should have in it a clear statement of the Gospel, which you can easily introduce as higher ground to be reached by the total abstainer.

Carrie Oldham, Belfast, Me. Is it wrong for church members to dance, go to theatre or opera, or attend card parties?

Modern dancing tends to deprave rather than improve. It may be affirmed that those amusements that partake of excitement or dissipation, that involve late hours, promiscuous acquaintance, vain personal display, and the awakening of doubtful emotions, are objectionable, and especially so where church members are concerned. A follower of Christ will do well to avoid all amusements that are obviously stumbling-blocks and hindrances to spiritual progress. The ball-room and the gaming-table have ruined thousands, but we have no record of a single soul that has ever been helped by them or a single heart made truly better and happier. (See Rom. 8: 5-9

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Venezuelan Difficulty.

OUR government is apparently taking a more decided stand in the dispute between Venezuela and England than any of its predecessors have done. Both Secretaries Gresham and Frelinghuysen declined to champion Venezuela's cause, and Secretary Bayard contented himself with offering the good offices of the United States to promote an amicable settlement. Secretary Olney, however, has reached the conclusion that the Monroe Doctrine is involved in the question, and has formally notified England of the fact. The Monroe Doctrine is a declaration that the United States is opposed to, and will resist, any European government acquiring new possessions on the American continent, and England contends that it does not apply to the question in dispute, inasmuch as the strip of territory to which she says claim has long belonged to her. The real facts are difficult to understand, as the strip of barren mud flats, being considered practically worthless, was never accurately defined. Venezuela cared nothing for it, and no attempt was made to settle the boundaries of the strip. Now, however, that gold has been found there in such quantities that it is thought an annual product of two million dollars a year may be exacted from it, the question of boundaries becomes one of importance. England had the boundary defined unofficially on her own account in 1840 by Dr. R. H. Schomburk, but it does not appear that Venezuela accepted the line, nor was England pledged to it by treaty. England has hitherto insisted that she has an indefeasible right to the territory up to the Schomburk line, but it is willing to submit her claims of territory beyond it to arbitration. The dispute has taken an acute form through the demand of England for reparation for injuries inflicted on certain police officials and for molesting her commerce. The position of our government in relation to the quarrel is one of extreme delicacy. Toward Venezuela as an American power and as the weaker of the contestants, our sympathies naturally go forth, but it is important to ascertain if her claim is just before championing her cause. Sympathy must not becloud our judgment. It may be hoped that our Government will be wisely guided in its policy. While there is a blessing assured to the peacemaker, it must be remembered that there is a warning against officious interference in the quarrels of others. The wise king wrote:

He that passeth by and meddleth with strife that belongeth not to him is like one that taketh a dog by the ears. Prov. 26: 17.

Why the Organ was Silent.

An organ-builder discussing recently the various methods employed for supplying an organ with wind, related an incident which illustrated the inconvenience of one method. He said that in a church at Binghampton, N. Y., the organ bellows is driven by a water motor supplied from the city water works. On one Easter Sunday preparations had been made for an elaborate musical service. The congregation, however, was astonished when in the middle of one of the finest passages, the great organ was suddenly stricken dumb. The residue of the service was consequently shorn of its beauty. The next day an investigation was made, and it was found that the stoppage was due to a strange cause. An eel pumped up from the depths of the Susquehanna River was in the pipe that supplied the motor, shutting off the water and silencing the swelling tones of the great instrument. The service rendered by human voices was doubtless quite as acceptable to God without the organ accompaniment, if it was rendered sincerely and with the heart. Sometimes, however, the song of praise, which should continually go up to God from the believer's soul, is interrupted, and the cause of the interruption, like that of the organ, is generally due to power being excluded from the soul by the presence in the life of something of an alien nature, which should not be there—sin or unbelief.

Your iniquities have separated between you and your God. (Isa. 59: 2.)

An Immigrant's Blunder.

The subject of the intelligence that should be required of immigrants before citizenship is granted, was being discussed in a society recently, when one member cited an instance of obtuseness that came under his own observation. A station agent at Bloomington, N.J., saw a man walking on the tracks of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. On his back he carried a huge package, apparently containing household utensils as well as clothes. He seemed tired though he trudged sturdily on. He had not, however, acquired the veteran tramp's skill in walking on the ties, and his journey was evidently telling on his physical powers more than the same distance by the roadway would have done. The agent stopped him and ordered him off the track, telling him that he was liable to arrest for trespass, besides incurring the risk of being killed by a train. The man, who was a Hungarian, demurred and produced a railroad ticket, good from Jersey City to Scranton, Pa. The agent looked at him in amazement, and asked him why he was walking when he might ride. The Hungarian replied that he thought the ticket gave him only the privilege of walking over the road. His right was explained to him and the tired man delightedly boarded the first train that stopped. A similar mistake is often made by Christians, who do not avail themselves of their privileges. They toil through life bearing their burdens of care despite the fact that God has undertaken to bear all their care for them.

Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you. (1. Pet. 5: 7.)

The New Lighthouse.

Plans are being perfected in the Government Department for the erection of a new lighthouse on the Diamond Shoal, a dangerous point jutting out into the sea seven miles beyond Cape Hatteras. This will be a work of extreme difficulty that will tax the skill of the engineering corps. It has been long delayed, owing to the decided opinion of some members of the Lighthouse Board, that it will be impossible to erect a lighthouse on the shoal, and that even if it were possible, it would be swept away by the first of the storms that have made the Cape a terror to mariners. The attempt, however, is now to be made, and a million dollars will be spent in the work. The plan contemplates a skeleton structure resting on eight great iron tubes, which are to be driven to a depth of thirty feet. They are to form a circle sixty feet in diameter, and to be of such a length that the floor resting upon them will be about fifty feet above high water. On this floor a structure of cast steel will be raised to provide quarters for the three keepers, and above will be the light and the steam siren. The lens is to be the most powerful in existence, throwing the light, which is to be electric, to a distance of twenty-three miles. The engineers believe that the plan of having the light rest on pillars, between which the winds and waves can play, promises better success than one for a solid structure that would offer more resistance to the elements. The same principle may be applied to character. The martyrs and those who have stood firm in the storms of trial and temptation, have not often been men of strong physique, but those who are firmly built on Christ and have nothing in their natures accessible to the great enemy. They are safest who, like their Master, can say:

The prince of this world . . . hath nothing in me. (John 14: 30.

THE CITY OF CARACCAS, THE CAPITAL OF VENEZUELA.

A Deluded Boy.

Parents have been advised to caution their children when they go out alone in a city against conversing with strangers. A correspondent of a daily journal mentions as an illustration of this danger an incident which occurred not long ago in New York. A boy was seen near the Staten Island ferry begging from passers-by. His manner and general appearance indicated that he was not used to begging, and the attention of a detective was called to him. The boy on being questioned, gave his name and address. He said he was trying to get a few pennies to pay his fare to Staten Island, where his parents lived. Two weeks previously he had run away from home on the suggestion of a strange man who had made his acquaintance on the boat. The man had taken an interest in him and had promised that if he would come and live with him he should have plenty of pleasure and become a rich man. He often met the man, who pressed his offer upon him whenever he saw him. Finally the boy yielded and went to live with his new friend. The man had been kind to him, but the boy soon learned what he was wanted for. He was to go into hotels and flat-houses and steal any valuables he could find. The man also showed him how to steal jewelry from stores. The boy soon realized that he had been duped. He saw that he was on his way rather to a prison than a mansion, and he took the first opportunity of leaving his employer. He showed more wisdom in quitting such a service and returning to his home than some do, who have been lured away from their Heavenly Father by the promise of pleasure and worldly success. Yet the assurance of pardon and welcome which God gives is unqualified.

I will heal their backsliding and love them freely. Hos. 14 4.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Attention of Our Readers is Directed to the holiday combination offers, with instructions and order blank on page 822 of this issue. Before making any inquiries by mail, better read the instructions, in which you will probably find that your question has been anticipated and answered.

The Bible Society Record states that the Joint circulation of the American and the British and Foreign has passed the number of 200,000,000 copies.

The China Inland Mission has now Nine hundred missionaries in China, and in the churches it has organized are four thousand communicants.

The British Inspector of Prisons in his recently issued report says that female criminality in that land is rapidly declining. During the last decade the number of women in prison has decreased forty-one per cent. There has also been a decrease in the gravity of the crimes for which they are imprisoned.

A Museum in Berlin has Secured Possession of Luther's Bible which he used in his study. Its margins are covered with notes in the Reformer's handwriting. It was printed at Bale in 1509, and is in an excellent state of preservation.

An Evangelistic Effort in India Like the one recently made there by Dr. Pentecost is being planned. It will be under the charge of Rev. J. Gelson Gregson, who expects to reach Calcutta by Dec. 10, and will commence his labors by holding a convention of English speaking people.

The Chinese who have been Prisoners of war in Japan were nearly all opium users. Mr. George Braithwaite writes that they gave a great deal of trouble at first by their piteous pleading for the drug. It was refused them, and they will go back to China emancipated from their thraldom.

The Salvation Army Loses a Warm friend and indefatigable worker in the death of Miss S. P. Blundell of Paris. She founded and edited two monthly periodicals of an evangelistic type which have done a great deal of good. Since she joined the Salvation Army both periodicals have been devoted to its work.

King Khama of Bhamangwato has been spending some weeks in England and has been received by the queen. London impressed him unfavorably. He said it was big and ugly. What he admired most was the fine turf of some well-kept lawns, which he thought must be moss. The thing that impressed him most was the abundance of water and the lavish use of it.

Arrangements have Already been made for the Ocean Grove Camp-meeting Sunday of 1896. The day will be August 30, and the programme will be one unprecedented in the history of the world-famous resort. In the morning the service will be conducted by an eloquent bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church; in the afternoon Dr. Russell H. Conwell of Philadelphia will preach; and in the evening Dr. Talmage, the editor of this journal, will officiate.

The Headquarters of the King's Daughters in New York have been removed from Twenty-third Street to 156 Fifth Ave.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley, Replying to a Question as to the progress of missions in Africa said: When I was at Lake Victoria Nyanza eighteen years ago there was not a missionary there. Now there are forty thousand Christian natives and two hundred churches. The natives are enthusiastic converts. They would spend their last penny to acquire a Bible.

The Statistics of the Baptist Denomination in New York State, given at the recent Convention, show that the Church property is valued at $73,174,145. There are 907 Sunday Schools containing 15,475 teachers and 124,484 pupils. The contributions for benevolent purposes during the past year amounted to $211,656.

The First Female Pastor of a Congregational Church in New England was installed recently. She is the wife of Rev. Mr. Frost of Littleton, Mass. Her husband was pastor of the Church, but his health broke down. Mrs. Frost supplied the pulpit during the first weeks of his sickness, and her sermons were so acceptable that she was invited to become permanent pastor, and she has accepted the call.

Our Government has been Invited to Join that of Great Britain in a protest to the Government of Peru against the treatment to which Protestant missionaries are subjected. The Lima authorities, instigated by the priests, recently ordered the expulsion of Messrs. Peters and Jarrett, two missionaries who had scrupulously obeyed the law and were very popular among the people of Cuzco, where they have labored with considerable success.

A Gratifying Increase in the Circulation of the Bible in Brazil is noted. Mr. Emilo Olsson, a colporteur employed jointly by the Presbyterian mission and the Valparaiso Bible Society, reports that he has sold more than twenty-five hundred Scriptures during the year, in the Spanish, English, French, German, Italian and Portuguese languages, and that they have been offered for sale in hotels, railway stations, business and private houses, hospitals and mines.

A JOURNEY UP THE NILE.

Pleasures of Sailing Past Ruined Palaces and Cities in a Nile Dahabiyeh—"The Sweetest of Waters"—Prayers on a Pyramid's Top—A Thrilling Adventure on the Nile Sands.

Written Exclusively for "The Christian Herald" by REV. W. JAY PECK, M.A.

IT was a night in March when our express train from Alexandria drew its heavy load of tourists into the principal station at Cairo—the Grand. Evidently all the modes of locomotion in the city were in waiting outside for the use of passengers. Awaiting our arrival were sleek Arab drivers, with fine carriages, prancing steeds, donkeys with fantastic saddles, donkey boys, shouting and fighting for a customer, guides, dragomen, vociferous and cruel, camel-drivers, and patient-eyed "ships of the desert." The confusion of the Oriental city was that of a modern Babel.

REV. W. JAY PECK.

A Nubian porter seized our heavy luggage and fastening it with a rope to his back and forehead, swiftly bore it from the car. An Arab dragoman took possession of our persons. We were soon whirling towards the Ezbekah, not however till a "backsheesh" had been given to the conductor, to the porter and to a black man with powerful lungs who had called up our carriage. Afterward, a like present was given to the driver, and to his boy who took the baggage to our rooms.

Cairo was crowded with many visitors. The only room available in six hotels was on the roof of the Grand Hotel Metropole. It was a severe climb. The room was one hundred and one steps from the pavement. There Ibrahim deposited our things and there we staid a full month. From there we started on our Nile journey.

The first trip up the Nile presents such a succession of entertainment, that the days are too short and the nights too long. You do not wish to read, or talk; only to watch the variety of river life. At morning or night the ferry-boats are filled with fellahin, going home to their mud-built huts. They wait in crossing the river for the lazy ferrymen. As you sail past you see them lying under the tall palm trees on the river bank, repeating the Koran, talking or praying.

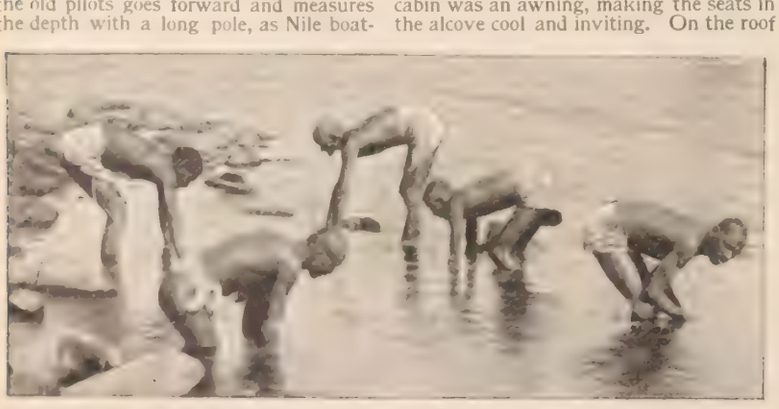
When we reach shallow places, one of the old pilots goes forward and measures the depth with a long pole, as Nile boatmen doubtless did in Moses' time, as pictured in the hieroglyphs. Sometimes we meet a rich barge of well-dressed Moslem ladies and gentlemen, aboard some pleasure-boat; again, a steamer goes by, followed by a native boat, loaded with grain or hay. It is a river of utility and pleasure, as seen by its shapely craft and its rude native boats. The natives find in their boats plenty of hard work, and the tourists much happiness. Constantly, as the bends of the river are passed, other boats appear. At some places the tall Egyptian masts look like a forest. The sail in that climate is delicious, the stillness, the repose, the freshness of the air from the far Abyssinian snow-clad mountains being exceedingly grateful.

As the stars were creeping out, we rounded a bend in the river, and there lay before us the great plain by the site of Homer's hundred-gated city. Not a gate is standing; desolation holds the sceptre now. We looked over the ruins where warriors fought, kings reigned, and palaces were once full of gay life and splendid pomp. Now all is oblivion.

Next morning I witnessed a sunrise from the ruins of the temple of Luxor. After seeing it I did not wonder that here the sun was once worshiped. A few crimson streaks shot up behind the mountains to my left. Soon the sun poured its flood of light over the fields, rich in ripening grain. It made the Nile to blush crimson, till it was like a river of gold. Every ray was a sheaf of light, bathing in strange glory, Rameseion, the temple of Medinet-Aboo, the Hills of the Tombs, the Colossi and the twin Obelisks of Karnak.

Later, in the great hall of Karnak, we saw as beautiful a sunset. It bathed those vast columns in bewitching light, making them look like gleaming sentinels of fading ruins.

Boat-life on the Nile is usually passed in a slow and stately sailing-craft, the dahabiyeh. The choice place on board is the alcove near the cabin entrance, with ample divans on which to recline and drink in the ever-changing view on either bank. There is also a cabin for reading and writing, and for the entertainment of friends. In front of our cabin was an awning, making the seats in the alcove cool and inviting. On the roof of the upper deck was a retired promenade, where the view was not obstructed by the muddy banks which rise twenty or thirty feet above the surface of the water, except in time of inundation. That particular promenade was the favorite of the young people on moonlight evenings.



NATIVE FISHERMEN IN THE NILE SHALLOWS.

Our crew was composed of Arabs and Nubians, the latter decidedly athletic and the finest types of physical manhood I ever saw. It was a sight to see ten or a dozen of them bend to the oar and by their harmonious rowing send the dahabiyeh through the water at a fine rate of speed. They moved like a living machine. Of course, the journey is made more quickly by steamers, and indeed most tourists travel by mail or special steamers; yet for luxury there is nothing in any waters quite equal to the Nile dehabiyeh.

We cannot wonder that a river, that is at times so vast, always so refreshing, and which has made Egyptian history, should be regarded by the natives with spontaneous love and enthusiasm, not to say devotion. The waters are muddy, but to their eyes, beautiful. They call them the "sweet waters." After drinking I was asked: "Are you an American?" "Yes." "Do you have good water in your land? It is not so sweet as the Nile, is it? Do not you love this water? Taste it. Is it not very sweet?"

A COOL RESTING-PLACE AT A NILE FERRY.

I really became quite fond of it; it did taste sweet. I love the Nile, its scenery and its waters.

The natives in summer are fond of bathing, but they are not good swimmers. They like diving and wading in the water that supplies Cairo, Port Said and Alexandria with what they wish to drink, besides ardent spirits. Purifying itself by flowing over thousands of acres of sand, it is a cooling and healthful drink, in spite of advice by hotel-keepers who wish to sell strong drinks.

A few miles from the river Nile are the hills of Mokattam and quarries of Masara. Here, in the bowels of a rocky ridge, were dug the immense blocks used in building the Pyramids. We visited Cheops' Pyramid and, after a rest on the side of the Pyramid, I began the climb to the top, or rather, I allowed myself to be hoisted, shoved, pushed, tossed football-fashion, up the stony shelves. The day was warm, and I waxed hot. Half-way up, we all sat down on the beetling edge of an ærial shelf, to catch our breath. An Arab who had escorted Mark Twain up, and who claimed to be a doctor, said I was red in the face and would be sick. He then seized one leg and rubbed it unmercifully, after which he charged me two and a-half piasters. He rubbed its mate for the same sum. I was lame for four days afterward.

The muezzin had called the hour of prayer. At the top we were in sight of God, but far from men. How impressive was then the scene. The Moslems all turned their dusky faces towards Mecca; they straightened their slight forms; their lips moved; their bodies swayed back and forth till their faces were bent to the rock and their brows touching its roughness. They prayed in the blazing sun till the perspiration stood out on their brows like beads and fell on the stones. Back and forth, swaying, swaying praying, praying. Whenever I think of the Pyramids, I shall see those swaying forms in the act of prayer. It certainly was a rebuke to prayerless Christians.

THE CITADEL OF CAIRO.

On the way down I asked one, "Do you often pray?" "Yes, five times a day." "Does it do you any good? Are you benefited?" "Yes; my soul lives on prayer." "What do you ask in your prayer?" was my next question. "In the first part of my prayer, I praise Allah for his glory and existence. I praise him for his goodness to me. I confess my weakness and wrong deeds. I ask him to take away my evil. I ask him to prosper me and let me reach heaven and its joys."

The doorway of Cheops' Pyramid was so small, we had to go down on all-fours to enter. Above the doorway is a solid rock. Two Arabs backed down the decline. Two others followed us closely as we went in. A little distance further we approached a well into which the guide dropped a stone that fell into darkness.

We entered a room seventeen feet wide and twice as long—the famous "Chamber of the Kings." A royal mummy might have occupied that empty stone box. Suddenly the guides extinguished their lights; mine had already gone out. They did this doubtless to extort a bigger backsheesh. I longed for daylight, and in those few moments I realized something of the nature of the Plague of Darkness.

Out on the sands near the Sphinx one day we saw a couple of suspicious-looking Arabs, who demanded money. Unfortunately they had caught sight of some gold in our purses, and their cupidity was aroused. Foolishly, we had refused the services of a guide. We whipped up our donkeys as fast as we could over the heavy sands, when suddenly a stealthy step was by my side, and the youngest and tallest Arab made straight for me. Flight on that donkey was impossible from those fleet-footed robbers of the desert. By the time he had reached me, I had sprung from the saddle. He seized my left shoulder, and with a fiendish look, said something I did not understand. The other Arab was at that instant trying to drag my friend, the doctor, from his donkey. I saw it was high time to act.

> Ours not to reason why,
> Ours not to make replies;
> Ours but to do or—die.

By a quick movement I freed myself from his grip, and suddenly and unexpectedly dealt him a blow that sent him reeling into the sand. Meanwhile, the doctor, making a club of a strong-handled umbrella, and standing up in the stirrups, had put the other fellow to flight. Whether it was fate, or pluck, or the daylight that scared them, they fled; to us at least it was a victory, even if we could not tell how it was won. As with Napoleon, the Pyramids had looked upon our battle-field and we were content. At the hotel we were congratulated on our narrow escape.

In my next letter I will tell you of my visit to the Nile's ruined cities.

The Christian Herald for 1896.

EVERY year records a marked improvement in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The labors of its ever-popular Editor, Dr. Talmage, the travels of Marion Harland who visited Palestine and Syria especially for the benefit of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, the effective work of the late and never-to-be forgotten Dr. A. J. Gordon, Mr. Sankey's charming music, Margaret E. Sangster's intensely interesting weekly contributions, Rev. C. H. Mead's pathetic stories, Dr. MacArthur's sterling addresses, and a thousand and one other attractions all contributed in the past to make THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the brightest and the best and the most popular family weekly paper in the world.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

But this year greater things are in store for our readers. The brilliant past is to be outdone over and over again in the magnificent programme prepared for the next twelve months. Negotiations have been happily consummated that will result in an array of literary, musical and artistic attractions never before equalled in the history of this paper.

Dr. Talmage, who has been called to a pastorate in the Capital City of the Nation, will devote more time and more attention to his journalistic efforts in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, than was possible for him to do in many a year. The leading events of the day will receive at his hands, terse, epigrammatic treatment, made all the more interesting and potential through his closer contact with many of the foremost statesmen at our nation's Capitol.

B. J. FERNIE.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, whose unusually attractive short stories have often awakened new and holier longings in the hearts of hundreds of thousands of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will contribute to each and every issue during 1896.

REV. JOSEPH COOK, L.L.D.

Rev. C. H. Mead, the author of "His Royal Highness," and many other sweet tales that have endeared him to the hearts of his multitudinous admirers, will write during the coming year exclusively for our columns, and many a rare treat from his pen is in store for our readers.

Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, the sturdy orator of the South whose addresses never fail to reach the heart, but upon his entering third year with us, and will continue our columns to speak uncertain sound to the myriads who look forward with an ever increasing interest to his eloquent, helpful and forceful utterances.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Ira D. Sankey, whom we all love, and whose peerless Gospel songs have melted multitudes, will every week, as in the past, make glad the hearts of our music-loving readers with sweet, charming strains composed by himself or some other musical genius, that will make melodious many happy homes from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

REV. DR. TALMAGE, SENIOR EDITOR

Joseph Cook, now thousands of miles away from home on his tour around the world, will resume his articles in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on his return, and our readers may confidently look forward to contributions of surpassing interest in the early year.

REV. C. H. MEAD.

Ex.-U. S. Senator, W. H. Blair, for many years the foremost champion of Education, Temperance and Freedom in the United States, begins in this issue a series of contributions that will command the respect and the admiration of all thinking men and women.

Dr. MacArthur, the pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York, the leading church of his denomination, will be ably represented in our columns from time to time, and very few contributions will receive closer or more conscientious attention.

Drs. B. J. Fernie and Geo. H. Sandison, who for many years have been associated with Dr. Talmage in the editorial management of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and whose portraits appear on this page, have recently concluded arrangements for an additional series of novel and attractive features during the coming twelve months which will enable THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to outdo all the glorious achievements of its illustrious past.

HENRY M. BLAIR.

A series of articles of remarkable interest will be those contributed by Mr. W. W. Howard, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Commissioner to Armenia, who, at the time of this writing, is in the very midst of that unhappy and destitute country, where hundreds of thousands of Christians are suffering all the horrors of martyrdom rather than forsake the religion of their forefathers. Mr. Howard, who is an eminent journalist, and a fearless explorer, went to Armenia for the purpose of organizing a Relief Committee for the distribution of such funds as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers feel disposed to contribute for the relief of their unfortunate and suffering brethren, located in the land supposed to have been the site of the Garden of Eden, and which contains Mt. Ararat, from the top of which Noah caught his first glimpse of a resurrected world.

REV. R. S. MACARTHUR, D.D.

GEO. H. SANDISON.

And now, last but not by any means least, comes our genial artist, Mr. Albert Hencke, whose magic brush will enable us week after week to portray in beautiful colors many of the most interesting phases of Christian activity, in this country and elsewhere. Thus, for the first time in the history of religious journalism will the American people have an opportunity of being brought practically face to face with the scenes of which they have frequently heard in the past with almost consuming interest, but upon which, thus far, they have never been permitted to gaze.

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* * * * *

Permit us, dear reader, to impress forcibly upon you the desirability of prompt action. Our supply is fixed and we cannot increase it in time for the holiday season. If, after reading the description of these books contained in the adjoining columns, you feel that you want this Library, do not delay, but act at once, for prompt action is the safe-guard against disappointment. Remember, we send the Library to one address and the Paper to another, if so desired.

1. AROUND THE TEA TABLE, by T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., LL. D.

Everybody knows that Dr. Talmage is a remarkably able author, and that everything he writes is well worth reading. "Around the Tea Table" is one of his most charming books. It contains over 300 pages. Never has its famous author done better work. There is not a family circle within the length and the breadth of this great land that will not find this delightful volume an unfailing source of pleasure and profit.

2. BOOK OF GOLDEN DEEDS, by Charlotte M. Yonge.

The grand, the noble, the heroic, the self-sacrificing deeds recorded in this ever-popular book will command the admiration of all people at all times, in every land under the sun. Such stories as these,—and there are many of them in this volume,—are calculated to incite us to higher and nobler achievements, while the wide range of thrilling incidents will ensure almost breathless interest from the beginning to the very end.

3. READINGS AND RECITATIONS FOR WINTER EVENINGS, by B. J. Fernie, Ph. D.

There is no end of books of this kind, but, alas! how few there are that can honestly claim the distinction of being particularly choice. Dr. Fernie, in this volume, has succeeded in combining the patriotic, the thrilling, the humorous, the pathetic and the poetic in such a masterly fashion, that not a single selection will admit of even the slightest adverse criticism. It is the best compilation of its kind, culled from the most famous authors of all ages and all nationalities.

4. GOLDEN TREASURY FOR THE CHILDREN OF GOD, by C. H. Von Bogatzky.

Generations may come and generations may go, but this immortal work will live to charm and to comfort the faithful children of God as long as language remains the vehicle of thought. For every day in the year, Scriptural bread is provided in a most helpful and attractive form for those who long to hold sweet communion with their Maker, and to meditate on his infinite goodness and mercy to all mankind. May God be pleased to bless this book to the good of every never-dying soul seeking to rise and to move heavenward!

5. A BUDGET OF CHRISTMAS TALES, Chas. Dickens and others.

Gather around the family table, and read aloud these Christmas tales. Shall we ever tire of them? How we long to read and re-read them, and though we read them ever so often they are forever new. It will prove an uplift to the family life to listen to these sweet stories so well told, so pure, and so conducive to the development of all that is noble and grand in human nature. If you would know how to be truly happy, and how to make other hearts glad, read this volume, and learn from others who have succeeded in doing both.

6. HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD, by Major A. R. Calhoun.

The aim of every man and woman is to make a success of life. Most people have the stuff in them necessary to make successful men and women, but they do not know how to apply it or to employ it so as to make it tell. Such a book as Major Calhoun has prepared, points out opportunities, plants seed-thoughts, offers suggestions, and leads the reader to see avenues of usefulness which but for this volume might have forever remained undiscovered by him.

7. CAPITAL STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS, by Nathaniel Hawthorne and others.

There must be some diversion if there is to be health and strength, and happy the man, woman or child who knows how to take it innocently. Such a book as this affords the purest and most elevating diversion known. It improves the mind, cultivates an excellent literary taste, and relieves the strain of too much concentration. Read this volume by all means. You will be the better for having done so, and you will also find yourself stronger for the healthy diversion it will afford you.

8. HANDBOOK FOR AMERICAN CITIZENS, by Henry Mann.

Ignorant patriotism is often more harmful than helpful. Intelligent patriotism always tells to the advantage of the citizen and his country. There are thousands of things which every American patriot should know, and the most important of these have been very deftly arranged by a master-hand in this very instructive, interesting and thoroughly patriotic volume. Let old and young place this book next to their Bible, and make a careful study of both, and, thus fit themselves for citizenship here below as well as for the Eternal City, whose Builder and Maker is God.

9. THE CHILDREN'S PORTION, by Robert W. Shoppell.

One of the loveliest books ever sent forth to entertain and edify youth. Not a "baby book," nor a primer, but a volume of the choicest literature for young people, drawn from every conceivable source, and from every land where children live and authors aim to serve them. The reading of these unusually interesting 300 pages will prove an infinite delight to all young people, and to all old people with young hearts.

10. PARLOR AMUSEMENTS AND SOCIAL ETIQUETTE; or How to Amuse and How to Behave, G. H. Sandison, A. M., Ph. D.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Give the young folks by all means a chance to have lots of innocent fun at home, and depend upon it they will not seek it elsewhere. No matter how heavy the atmosphere of your home has been in the past, give the young folks Dr. Sandison's book, and peals of laughter and whole tons of pure mirth and jollity will brighten things up in short order, and bring sunshine and life to the surroundings, and smiles to the faces and joy to the hearts of old and young.

The "How to Behave" part is just the very thing every well-regulated household requires. Our social opportunities are none too many, and yet these few are limited by a sense of embarrassment born of doubt as to what constitutes proper deportment under certain circumstances to which we are comparative strangers. We fear we may make some mistake that would tend to publicly humiliate us, and therefore we decline to accept the opportunity rather than run this risk. Get this book by all means. It will help you over innumerable difficulties, and the simple rules it gives governing the various social functions will enable you to enjoy with a huge relish what heretofore has been a source of fear and apprehension. You need it. Your sons need it. Your daughters need it.

Our readers will agree with us that this is a magnificent array of attractive books, wide in scope, pure in tone, elevating in character. Never did any premium afford us such intense satisfaction as this one, and none will make for us more enthusiastic friends.

* * * * *

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is an exponent of practically-applied Christianity, and one of the most important phases of our work is the putting of pure literature into the hands of the people, and thus supplanting that which is base, vile, and corrupt. We have actually expended hundreds of thousands of dollars in the past five years on this line, and we believe that the direct good accomplished by the million volumes which by the end of this present year will have been distributed by us in one way or another, has made this investment profitable from more standpoints than one.

* * * * *

While we have made very ample provision to meet all the demands, we fear some through delaying too long will have to be disappointed. A few months ago we published another attractive premium offer, and so numerous were the orders that we were actually *compelled to return thousands* — literally thousands — unfilled. It was a very unpleasant task, and though the loveliest kind of a letter accompanied the remittance, we know that many felt sorely disappointed. Now we hope *you* will not hesitate too long. It would be too bad to get your money back under these circumstances, no matter how kind and pleasant the letter that tells you of your disappointment. Better a month too early than a day too late.

* * * * *

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Job submitteth himself to God. PSALMS, 1, 2. Blessedness of the godly
4 Hear, I beseech thee, and I will speak: I [d] will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.
5 I have [e] heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but [f] now mine eye seeth thee.
6 Wherefore I abhor *myself*, and repent in dust and ashes.
7 ¶ And it was *so*, that after the LORD had spoken these words unto Job, the LORD said to Él'i-phăz the Tē'man-īte, My wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two friends: for ye have not spoken of me *the thing that is* right, as my servant Jōb *hath*.
8 Therefore take unto you [g] now seven bullocks and seven rams, and [h] go to my servant Jōb, and offer up for yourselves a burnt offering; and my servant Jōb shall pray [i] for you: for [2] him will I accept: lest I deal with you *after your* folly, in that ye have not spoken of me *the thing which is* right, like my servant Jōb.
9 ¶ So Él'i-phăz the Tē'man-īte and Bĭl'dăd the Shu'hite *and* Zō'phar the Na'ămath-ite went, and did according as the LORD commanded them: the LORD also accepted [3] Job.
10 And the LORD turned the captivity of Jōb, when he prayed for his friends:
B. C. 1520.
CHAP. 42.
[d] ch. 38, 3
[e] Rom. 10, 17
[f] Eph. 1, 17, 18
[g] Num. 23, 1
[h] Mat. 5, 24
[i] Gen. 20, 17
Jas. 5, 16
1 John 5, 16
[2] *his face, or, person.*
[3] *the face of Job.*
[4] *added all that had been to Job unto the double.*
Zech. 9, 12
[j] Isa. 40, 2
[k] ch. 19, 13
[l] ch. 8, 7
[m] ch. 1, 3
[5] That is, *Handsome as the day.*
[6] That is, *Cassia.* Ps. 45, 8
[7] That is, *The horn, or, Child of beauty.* Ps. 89, 17
[n] ch. 5, 26
[o] Gen. 25, 8
also the LORD [4] gave Jōb twice [j] as much as he had before.
11 Then came there unto him all his [k] brethren, and all his sisters, and all they that had been of his acquaintance before, and did eat bread with him in his house: and they bemoaned him, and comforted him over all the evil that the LORD had brought upon him: every man also gave him a piece of money, and every one an earring of gold.
12 So the LORD blessed [l] the latter end of Jōb more than his beginning: for he had fourteen [m] thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she asses.
13 He had also seven sons and three daughters.
14 And he called the name of the first, [5] Jĕ-mī'mà; and the name of the second, [6] Kĕ-zī'à; and the name of the third, [7] Kĕr'en-hăp'puch.
15 And in all the land were no women found *so* fair as the daughters of Jōb: and their father gave them inheritance among their brethren.
16 After this [n] lived Jōb an hundred and forty years, and saw his sons, and his sons' sons, *even* four generations.
17 So Jōb died, *being* old and full of [o] days.
THE
BOOK OF PSALMS.
PSALM 1.
Happiness of the godly, misery of the wicked.
BLESSED [a] *is* the man that walketh not in the counsel of the [1] ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
2 But his delight *is* in the law of the LORD; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.
3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not [2] wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall [b] prosper.
4 The ungodly *are* not so: but *are* like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
6 For [c] the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.
PSALM 2.
Kingdom of Christ; 10 Kings and judges exhorted to accept of it.
WHY do the heathen [1] rage, and the people [2] imagine a vain thing?
2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together,
PSALM 1.
[a] Prov. 4, 14
[1] Or, *wicked.*
[2] *vade.*
[b] Gen. 39, 3
Ps. 128, 2
1 Tim. 4, 8
[c] Nah. 1, 7
John 10, 14
2 Tim. 2, 19
B. C. 1047.
PSALM 2.
[1] Or, *tumultuously assemble.*
Acts 4, 25
[2] *meditate.*
[a] Ps. 45, 7
John 1, 41
[b] Lu. 19, 14
[c] Ps. 11, 4
[3] Or, *trouble.*
[4] *anointed.*
[5] *upon Zion, the hill of my holiness.*
[6] Or, *for a decree.*
[d] Acts 13, 33
Heb. 1, 5
Heb. 5, 5
[e] Dan. 7, 13, 14
John 17, 4, 5
[f] Mat. 21, 44
Rev. 12, 5
[g] John 5, 22, 23
[h] Jer. 17, 7
against the LORD, and against his [3] anointed, *saying*,
3 Let [b] us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.
4 He [c] that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.
5 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and [4] vex them in his sore displeasure.
6 Yet have I [4] set my king [5] upon my holy hill of Zī'ŏn.
7 I will declare [6] the decree: the LORD hath said unto me, [d] Thou *art* my Son; this day have I begotten thee.
8 Ask [e] of me, and I shall give *thee* the heathen *for* thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth *for* thy possession.
9 Thou [f] shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.
10 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.
11 Serve the LORD with fear, and rejoice with trembling.
12 Kiss [g] the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish *from* the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed [h] *are* all they that put their trust in him.
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...trayeth God to hear him. PSALMS, 3-7. *His complaint in sickness.*

PSALM 3.
Security of God's protection.
A Psalm of Dā'vid, when he fled from Āb'sa-lōm his son.

1 LORD, [a]how are they increased that trouble me! many *are* they that rise against me.
2 Many *there be* which say of my soul, *There is* no help for him in God. Sē'lah.
3 But thou, O LORD, *art* a shield [1]for me; my glory, and [c]the lifter up of mine head.
4 I cried unto the LORD with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill. Sē'lah.
5 I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the LORD sustained me.
6 I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set *themselves* against me round about.
7 Arise, O LORD; save me, O my God: for thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek bone; thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.
8 Salvation [c]*belongeth* unto the LORD: thy blessing *is* upon thy people. Sē'lah.

PSALM 4.
...ys for audience. 6 Man's happiness in God's favour.
To the chief Musician on Nĕg'ī-nōth. A Psalm of Dā'vid.

1 Answer me when I call, O God of my righteousness: thou hast enlarged *me when* in distress; [2]have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.
2 O sons of men, how long *will ye* turn my glory into shame? *how long* will ye love vanity, *and* seek after leasing? Sē'lah.
3 But know that [a]the LORD hath set apart for himself him that is godly: the LORD will hear when I call unto him.
4 Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still. Sē'lah.
5 Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and put your trust in the LORD.
6 There be many that say, Who will show us any good? LORD, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.
7 Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time *that* their corn and their wine increased.
8 I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, LORD, only makest me dwell in safety.

PSALM 5.
...ss not the wicked. 7 David prays ...to God to guide him.
To the chief Musician upon Nĕ-hi-lōth. A Psalm of Dā'vid.

1 Give ear to my words, O LORD, consider my meditation.
2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God: for unto thee will I pray.
3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O LORD; in the morning will I direct *my prayer* unto thee, and will look up.
4 For thou *art* not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

B. C. 1023.

PSALM 3.
a 2 Sam. 15. 12
1 Or, about
c Ps. 27. 6
d Lev. 25. 5. Prov. 3. 24
e Hos. 10. 4

PSALM 4.
1 Or, answer.
2 Or, be gracious unto me.
a 2 Pet. 2. 9
b Eph. 4. 26
c Deut. 33. 19
d Ps. 37. 3
e Psa. 50. 5
f Lev. 25. 18. Lev. 26. 5. Deut. 12. 10. John 14. 27. Phil. 4. 7

PSALM 5.
a Ps. 88. 13
b Mal. 2. 17
c Hab. 1. 13
1 *before thine eyes.*
2 *the man of bloods and deceit.*
d 1 Ki. 8. 29
3 *Or, to order my cause.*
4 *that worketh iniquity.*
5 *Or, workers of iniquity.*
6 *In his mouth,* that is, *in the mouth of another.*
7 *in the fulness of thy kindness.*
8 *Or, Make thy path plain.*
9 *Or, from their counsels.*
10 *thou covered over, or, protected them.*
11 *crown him.*

PSALM 6.
1 *Or, when the eighth.*
a Hos. 6. 1
b Ps. 90. 13
c Ps. 30. 9
2 *Or, every night.*
d Ps. 66. 19, 20

PSALM 7.
a Hab. 3. 1
1 *Or, Jemini.*

5 The [c]foolish shall not stand [1]in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.
6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the LORD will abhor [2]the bloody and deceitful man.
7 But as for me, I will come *into* thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: *and* in thy fear will I worship [d]toward [3]thy holy temple.
8 Lead me, O LORD, in thy righteousness because of [4]mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.
9 For *there is* no [5]faithfulness [c]in their mouth; their inward part *is* [c]very wickedness; their throat *is* an open sepulchre; they flatter with their tongue.
10 [c]Destroy thou them, O God; let them fall [2]by their own counsels; cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions; for they have rebelled against thee.
11 But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because [11]thou defendest them: let them also [c]that love thy name be joyful in thee.
12 For thou, LORD, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou [11]compass him as *with* a shield.

PSALM 6.
David's complaint of his sickness.
To the chief Musician on Nĕg'ī-nōth [1]upon Shĕm'ī-nĭth. A Psalm of Dā'vid.

1 O LORD, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.
2 Have mercy upon me, O LORD; for I *am* weak: O LORD, [a]heal me; for my bones are vexed.
3 My soul is also sore vexed: but thou, O LORD, [b]how long?
4 Return, O LORD, deliver my soul: oh save me for thy mercies' sake.
5 For [c]in death *there is* no remembrance of thee: in the grave who shall give thee thanks?
6 I am weary with my groaning; [2]all the night make I my bed to swim: I water my couch with my tears.
7 Mine eye is consumed because of grief; it waxeth old because of all mine enemies.
8 Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity; for the LORD hath heard the voice of my weeping.
9 The LORD [d]hath heard my supplication; the LORD will receive my prayer.
10 Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed: let them return *and* be ashamed suddenly.

PSALM 7.
1 *David prays against the malice of his enemies, professing his innocence: 10 by faith he sees his defence, and decides their ruin edet praises.*
a Shig-gā'ion of Dā'vid, which he sang unto the LORD, concerning the [1]words of Cūsh the Bĕn'ja-mīte.

O LORD my God, in thee do I put my trust: save me from all them that persecute me, and deliver me:

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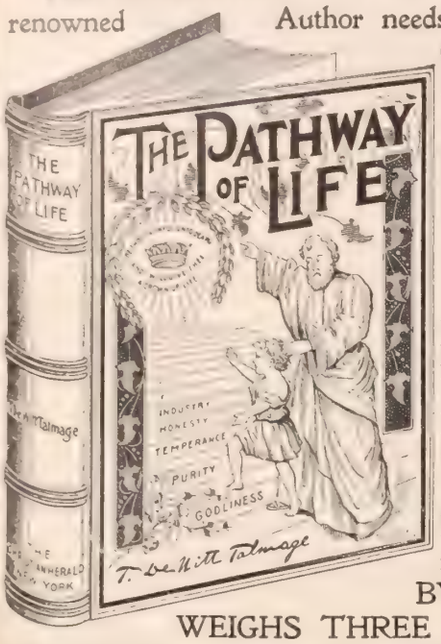

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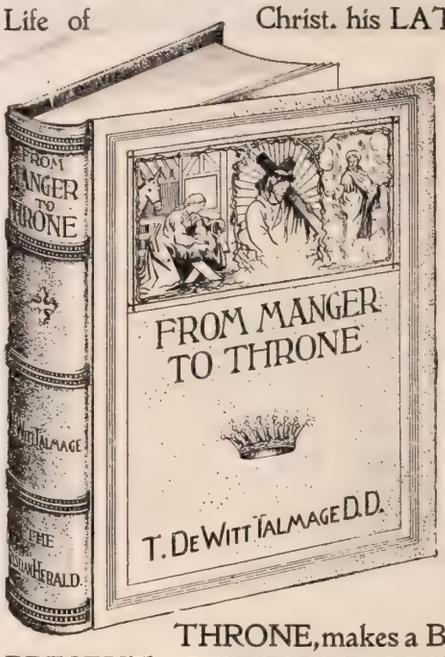

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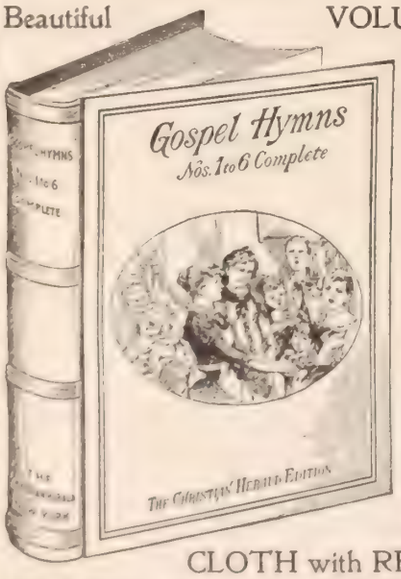

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TO RECLAIM ERRING GIRLS.

A Haven of Shelter Opened for them by the New York Rescue Band — The Girls' Club and Industrial Home and its Blessed Work.

ONE of our modern problems is how to reach certain classes of the community which do not seem to be within the range of the Churches. One of the most prominent organizations which has been quietly working for several years in Mulberry Bend and in Chinatown, is the New York Rescue Band. In the latter place, through its mission at No. 17 Doyer street, just enlarged to double its former capacity, it is doing a great work among the erring girls who frequent this section. This band is composed of forty or fifty consecrated men and women who give of their time several hours regularly weekly, visiting the erring and the sick, and seeking lost souls.

Among the members of the New York Rescue Band, several have been working for years privately, in bands of two or three, among the medium and upper class girls in what is known as the "Tenderloin District" and have been the means of reclaiming a large number of the girls, many of whom are educated and refined, of helping them out of their sinful lives and fitting them, by an appropriate industrial education, for earning their living respectably. Naturally, they have had in embryo many ideas that could be concreted into such a rescue home as would only be appropriate for dealing with this special class of girls. It has been the subject of much prayer and conference private- ly, and one of the most singular features about it was that different workers, without conference upon the matter, seemed to voluntarily agree that Third avenue and Fourteenth street was the best locality for founding such a home.

The Girls' Club and Industrial Home has at last been opened at 208 and 210 East Fourteenth street. In the work of preparation, one step led to another, until finally a definite offer was made by a Christian worker to the present superintendent, of $7,500 for five years' rent, if he would oversee the carrying out, under the roof, of the same methods that had been putting into practice privately, to reach the better class of erring women by uplifting them socially, spiritually, physically, and industrially. As the offer was made by an active business man, it meant the surrender of all social ties, and a great physical strain on a few consecrated workers, as this class of rescue-work is most successfully carried on from 10 P. M. till daylight. But the trust has been accepted, with confidence in God for its success.

These houses were accordingly taken in May last. They are in the heart of the section most frequented by this class of girls. With the voluntary assistance of a Christian architect the houses were thoroughly overhauled, and renovated so that they would have a refining influence as a Christian home. They were furnished anew with appropriate furniture on every floor. The first floor of No. 8 is divided into a business office, conference room, and private Chapel; the second floor consists of three social rooms which can be thrown into one, fitted up with library tables, books, magazines, floor-games and writing materials; the third floor is fitted up entirely for industrial work and the fourth and fifth floors are dormitories. At No. 210, which is connected with No. 208, the whole building has been fitted up as dormitories and is capable of accommodating 100 women. The entire district between 9th and 34th streets, and from Second avenue to Sixth avenue, is carefully districted and the location of the saloons, dives, parlor-houses and lodgings frequented by the middle and upper class of erring women is definitely ascertained. Consecrated men and women who are tactful are given certain portions of the district to visit in bands of two or three, at regular intervals, to invite this class to visit the social rooms at the Home, where is found everything belonging to an ordinary club-room that can contribute to their moral, intellectual or social welfare. There they come in contact with winning Christian women, who converse with them and, if desired, help them in their sewing. Should they manifest a desire to abandon their wicked life, the Superintendent or Matron investigates their environment and the Home physician sees that they are suitable persons to be regularly received in the Home, where they are boarded and lodged free, and taught dress-making, hairdressing, millinery, stenography, typewriting, and the use of the sewing-machine. One of the obstacles which the founders had previously met in their private work, was that this class of girls would not abandon their sinful lives for ordinary house-work as servants, many of them being educated, refined women. This and similar facts are recognized and dealt with in a broad charity that takes no account of denomination or creed, but holds to the belief that these girls can be kept firm only by being led to Jesus Christ who alone can save and keep from sin. Each evening at an appropriate hour, the workers from the street and the girls who are visiting at the Home, as well as the regular inmates, come together voluntarily into the little Chapel for family religious services, the aim being to make it a service that is longed for, rather than an infliction to be endured. Rarely does an erring girl refuse to come from the social-room to the evening service, though an hour later she may be again on the street. They have, thus far, all respected the work sufficiently to bow the knee in prayer. The Home is so conducted as not to be regarded as an institution, but a harmonious household. The table is bountiful and the social and intellectual privileges such as may be found in a refined Christian home. All the girls come in contact with Christian women who endeavor to draw them to purer living by the practical exhibit of their own lives.

A few incidents will illustrate the character of the work. The Superintendent one night, was visiting one of the largest resorts in New York—a notorious "garden" where sometimes there are over 100 erring women present during the evening. While there he was accosted by a young girl with whom he talked, and to his surprise on learning her name, discovered that she was the daughter of a business acquaintance. She had been led into a life of sin some three months before. By kind and courteous conversation, he won her confidence and her respect. When he left the place he at once went home and prepared to take a journey of 200 miles the next morning at 5 A. M. On reaching his destination he found his suspicions confirmed. The girl a few months before had been led astray, and had run away from home, and come to New York, where she was soon after discarded by her enticer. Being too proud to return, and her father having disowned her, she was now on the broad road to ruin. He found the father and pleaded the girl's cause so effectively that consent was given for her return as being after all worth saving. On his return to New York, the girl was told of the journey and its result, and was amazed when she realized that a stranger had travelled 400 miles for her welfare. She could hardly believe that he had not been paid to do such a thing. She consented to return to her home. As she was being put on the train, she said: "I have been thinking there must be some power that is greater than human that causes you to do this." She was told that her benefactor was merely trying to do what the Master himself had done for us. This practical sermon brought her to Christ and she is to-day a noble Christian girl.

Such instances might be multiplied, but one will serve as a type of many others.

"We have had girls come before us," said the superintendent, "who have been receiving as the wages of their sin fifty dollars and one hundred dollars per week, and we have kindly but firmly told them that we don't care how much money they are making, they are no better off than the girl who earns five dollars or ten dollars, because that kind of money burns in their pocket until it is gone, and we can offer them something that is sweeter and more sensible even for this life. In reaching this class of women, we endeavor to win their hearts and friendship first, and then try to show them that what inspires us to such action is the Spirit of God within us. Then we try to show them that nothing can keep them from falling away, except the power of Jesus Christ—not their human wills. Many girls who have been in our Home have said, 'We have been brought up in wealth and have had everything that we wanted in a sinful life; but we did not know there was so much real happiness and honest pleasure in doing right.' We try to impress upon them that a truly Christian man or woman is entitled to all the best of God's things and that so far as it is good for them they will get them."

THE GIRLS' CLUB AND INDUSTRIAL HOME.

THE "SOCIAL ROOM" OF THE GIRLS' CLUB AND INDUSTRIAL HOME, NEW YORK.

(Photographed Expressly for "The Christian Herald.")

There are no workers connected with the Girl's Club or the Industrial Home who are rich people. Believing that it was a work directed by God they pledged their lives and guaranteed their means to have the work practically started before asking a dollar. It has cost the founders $6,500 to furnish both houses and the rent of both together is $3,000 a year, the running expenses also being about $3,000 per year. There are forty thousand erring women in New York, and it is estimated that one thousand such women take illegitimately from the community $1,000,000 a year. Can this heavy financial drain be partly stopped and made to aid self-respecting and self-supporting lives? Friends who feel an interest in the work may help it in various ways, not merely with money but by giving the girls whatever they can of their plain sewing, dressmaking, millinery, envelope addressing stenography and typewriting. It is hoped that in a few years the Home will be partly self-supporting. Of the profit made on work done, one-third is taken for the Home, and two-thirds are passed to the girls and their assistants, for clothing and board. The managers of the Home, some of whom have been engaged in rescue work for twenty-five years, look confidently for cordial support by Christian people, who have the reclamation and spiritual welfare of the fallen girls at heart. They believe the work to be of God and that the Lord's people will rally around it in such force as to make it a potent and blessed agent for the inbringing of these frail ones—"Somebody's Daughters"—who have strayed from the fold. All who are interested in the Home will be welcomed there as visitors at any time. The officers of the Girls' Club and Industrial Home are H. A. Gould, Superintendent, and Mrs. L. R. Perry, Head Matron. The New York Rescue Band is in charge of an Executive Committee,—A. W. Dennett, President, Dr. S. E. Furry, Secretary, H. A. Gould, Treasurer.

ARMENIA PLUNGED IN SORROW.

Over 10,000 Massacred by the Turks and Kurds during the Recent Troubles—Swelling the Christian Martyr Roll—The Destitute Families.

EVERY mail from the East brings intelligence of some new and startling barbarity by the Turks against the persecuted Armenians. So intolerable has the misgovernment of the Armenian people, and indeed of the whole empire, become, that it is not surprising to learn of an almost universal belief in Constantinople, as well as in Europe generally, that a revolution is under way in which the Sultan will find many of his Moslem subjects arrayed against himself. At the present moment the whole military strength of the Empire is exerted to restore order, but in vain. The revolution against the Ottoman despotism has begun in earnest. Dispatches state that not less than ten thousand Armenian Christians have been slain in the recent massacres! This horror has aroused the whole Armenian nation as one man, to battle for its life—and the world looks on in sympathy. Even in diplomatic circles it is now conceded that the Sultan has decided on a policy of extermination. By fire, by the sword, by outrage, by cold and by starvation, his great life-task of utterly effacing the Armenian people goes on from day to day. They are Christians, these Armenians; therefore they must die; and the bloodthirsty and fanatical followers of the Prophet, after the creed and example of their forefathers, carry fire and slaughter into the defenceless Christian villages of Armenia at every opportunity. The story of the many hundreds who were butchered in cold blood at Diarbeker, Trebizond, Bitlis and Erzeroum within the last few weeks alone, is sufficient to excite the most intense indignation in every civilized community; but when it is known that, in a very great majority of cases, the poor Armenians would have been spared, had they denied Christ and accepted Islam—then the loving admiration of God's people throught the world must go out to these martyrs and their kindred. Robbed, maltreated, imprisoned, maimed, and tortured for the sake of their religion, their wives and daughters abused and abducted, their little children slain, their homes converted into a pile of smoking ruins, they had surely suffered all that it was possible for men to suffer. Yet, when the final alternative came—death or Islam—they did not quail. The women, too, as Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, the veteran missionary, recently stated in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, were equally courageous and faithful, and even amid the most frightful tortures, did not fail to call upon *Hissos Nazareetsees* (Jesus of Nazareth). The splendid faith of these martyrs, however, had no effect upon their cruel murderers, who are sworn to make an end of every Christian man, woman, and child in Armenia!

Our illustration on this page (from a sketch made from life by a correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*) furnishes a vivid idea of the Turkish method of dealing with the Armenians. This happened in the city of Trebizond, and letters received declare that no quarter was given to any Armenian by the Turks. One man who refused to give up his religion was hacked to pieces in the presence of his wife and children. Hundreds were butchered in the same way. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is enabled to give below some very significant extracts from official reports sent to the Armenian Patriarch at Constantinople, under recent date. These extracts only deal with a few districts, but they serve to indicate the condition of many other districts where terrorism prevails, and where Turkish and Kurdish murderers, pillagers, and violators have committed frightful crimes unhindered.

1. Murders committed in 1891-1895 in

Sarkis Ogan	Gosman.	Kurd Bey of Khoot.
M. Kasparian	Upper Karason	Same persons.
O. Arsenian	Inner Karason	Bashir of Khoross
Boghos	Adzgor	Amo Baraj of Khrab
H. Kasbarian	Dzaghgan	Mamo.
K. Mouradian.	Djag.	Mamo.
Artin.	Mano.	Gavnas. Tefour-Sehl
Arshin.	Sevenan	Kurds of Bousgan
Daniel	Baschour	Amin of Gavnas.
Hagop	Gorge.	Tepe of Khoross

Asia	Upper Goden	Djehver of Gmch.
Hartoune	Upper Goden	Same person.
Sepos	Kyghos	Mahmi of Gabarson
Nathaniel	Gasge	People of Banashen
Mesrop	Semban.	Beys of Semban
Two sons of Sheikho	Semban.	Same persons.
Sarkis,	Semban	Sheghi Beys son.
Bogino.	Aghoon,	Sheikh Mahmad of Gat
Melik Krikorian.	Mogs	Abdul Ghafoor of Varenden
Res Tookho,	Mogs,	Tax gathering police
Khachik,	Bitlis,	Neighboring Kurds.

Sourp means, in Armenian, saint. Khach means cross.

2. A list of Armenians who have embraced Mohammedanism by "compulsory conversion:" The asterisks indicate women and young girls who, after being outraged, were abducted and compelled to enter Mohammedan harems.

COMPULSORY CONVERTS.	VILLAGES.	PERPETRATORS OF THESE CRIMES.
*M. Shahvian.	Daran.	Khalit Bey of Khoop.
*R. Mesrobjian.	Daran.	Kurm Bey of Khoop.
*E. Avedisian.	Higuves.	Khalit Bey of Pron.
*M. Ehrzarian.	Bron.	Pire Bey of Bron.
*A. Sarkisian.	Bron.	Selim Bey of Bron.
*K. Mouradian.	Bron,	Seyid Bey of Bron.
*S. Gorassian.	Bron,	Andasho Bey of Bron.
*S. Minasian.	Nama.	Kerm of Sherech.

ARMENIANS SLAIN IN THE STREETS.
An Episode in the Trebizond Riots.

*Khambag.	Pars,	Teyfoor of Bousgan.
*S. Mirzoian.	Bron.	Hamdo of Bousgan.
*B. Ganjoian.	Dee	Hassar of Blon.
*B. Asloian.	Anabad	Oubeit of Pars.
*Sister of Makseodian	Petros	Abdullah of Pars.
*K. Ohannessian	Gasng	A Kurd of Blon.
M. Ohannessian	Gasng	Sheik of Khizan.
M. Yeretzian and family	Mahmondan	Sheik of Khizan
*K. Vartanian	Manden	Moussa of Bitlis
M. Khachadorian	Nan	Bakir, Inner Karason.
Simon,	Gakvan.	Sheik of Khizan.
Daughter of Ohan	Dzakhogh	Moussa, a relative of the Sheik of Khizan
Daughter of Ohan	Dzogoo.	Moussa, a relative of the Sheik of Khizan.
Sophie, the wife of Ara	Sib.	Mudarris Avkarim.
T. Hagopian	Bakhoor.	Mirza of Gakaven
Z. Dzeghorian	Pars,	Ameir of Garmes
Kalousd	Pasde	Mehe of Khizan.
H. H. Avmerian	Pasde	Avdee Bey of Pasde.
S. Vartanian	Galasson.	Seyid, a servant of Moustafa Bey.
*S. Sarkisian.	Galasson.	Gofous, a servant of Moustafa Bey.
T. Bedrossian	Inner Karason	Mousa, a servant of the lieutenant of the district
T. Mesrobian	Inner Karason	Mahmoud of Inner Karason.
K. [illegible]	Pasde.	Emin Bey of Pasde.
*R. Dzaghoian	Ourun.	Melik of Khoross.
R. Bedrossian	Ourun.	Abdulhayat and Selim Eyking
*K. Ohannessian.	Ogh[illegible]	Sheik of Khizan.
Bezjan, son of Mesrop	Dzag	Gen Mohmad of Gavnas.
Baghdin, daughter-in-law of [illegible]	[illegible]	Ibrahim of Gaulping
[illegible]	[illegible]	Mehmed of Gaulping
[illegible]	Eghakis	A servant of the Sheik of Kazan
*Daughter-in-law of Kasper	Galno	The Beys of Bron
*Kohar	Sourp Khach	Djangir Bansasagan
*K. Krikorian.	Lee.	Said of Gavnas.
*Kohar, the wife of Bedad.	Dee.	Ibraham of Banssagan
*W. Avedian		Sheik of Khizan.
S. Garabedian.	Sitgan.	Sheik of Khizan.
*Khoumar.	Sitgan,	Hassan of Khizan.
Two children of Khoumar.	Sitgan.	Hassan of Khizan.
*Nargis	Dzardan.	Hassan of Khizan.
The Daughter of Mavough.	Bednord.	Hassan of Khizan.

These lists, two of many that have come into the possession of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, read between the lines, tell a pathetic story of sorrow and suffering—within a limited territory, a series of atrocious murders, accompanied by theft, incendiarism, and crimes unnamable; "conversions" that imply horrors worse than death; the armed midnight attack on village homes; the slaughter of their defenders when they attempted to save the honor of wives and daughters, and the abduction of the women, leaving the place a shambles or a heap of smouldering ashes.

Among the survivors of the numerous massacres of 1894-95 the greatest destitution prevails. Thousands are in hiding among the mountain passes and villages near their old homesteads, where they are in danger of death from cold and starvation. Other thousands, who have lost home, protectors and friends, have struggled in from the ruined villages to Van, and still others in Moosh, Sassoun, and elsewhere, are being helped by the missionaries and by kind friends in distant lands. This help alone has been the means of averting wholesale death by starvation; yet the Sultan's officials, acting with their usual inhumanity, attempted to stop the relief work by requesting the missionaries to leave. Had they obeyed, the slaughter would have recommenced, and what the sword left alive the terribly severe Armenian winter or the lack of food would unquestionably have accomplished.

It is the belief of the Turks and Kurds that they are divinely called to cut off from the face of the earth, as far as possible, the Christians, whom they regard as "giaour," or heathen. Acting on this principle, they have given unrestrained rein to their fanatical passions, and have carried death and desolation to all parts of Armenia. Indiscriminate and wholesale slaughter of Armenians has taken place at seventeen different towns and villages within the last few months. It has been the endeavor of the officials—who were instrumental in conducting these outrages—to inflame the minds of the soldiery and of Moslems generally by circulating lying reports that the Christians had profaned the Mohammedan mosques. This never fails to arouse the fanatical fury of the sons of Islam. Then, when all is over, and when the rows upon rows of Christian corpses are hurriedly buried out of sight, such a version of the story is given to the world by the Sublime Porte as will gloss over the true facts, and make the Armenians appear to have been the aggressors. Thus, with the recent massacre of Christian natives at Diarbeker, it was claimed that the Armenians had attacked a Moslem mosque, whereas the facts, as afterward disclosed, showed the Kurds and Turks to have been the sole and intentional aggressors. The massacre began on Friday, and continued on Saturday and Sunday with insatiable ferocity. Another illustration on a smaller scale of the sort of aggression to which the Armenians have had to submit, was when eleven families of Khantag, with all their members, were announced as having embraced Mohammedanism. The truth was that the death of their defenders, the plunder of their homes, and the vile abuse they themselves underwent, left the women of those eleven families in such a condition that their conversion was of the "compulsory" character, explained in the second list printed on another part of this page.

From the beginning of the recent riots, it is estimated by well-informed authorities, that upwards of 10,000 murders have been committed in cold blood in the name of religion in Armenia. This is exclusive of the Constantinople affair, which alone cost several hundred lives. As might have been expected, the suffering among the survivors has been greatly increased in consequence. At Baiburt, about three days' distance from Erzeroum, there are probably 1000 or more persons in abject destitution, and it is the same in nearly all the neighboring villages. In and around Trebizond also the distress is very great, and relief will be extended as quickly as possible.

Noble work has been done by the American missionaries at Van from the beginning of the present distress. These godly men and women have in the past few weeks vindicated their Christian principles at the peril of their lives. In Van, Miss Kimball and Mr. and Mrs. Raynolds, and in Bitlis, Rev. Royal M. Cole and wife, Miss Charlotte E. and Mary A. C. Ely, Rev. George P. Knapp and wife, Miss Grace Knapp and Miss Alsina Knapp, all Americans, and consecrated to the work through long years of service, have been conducting relief operations. They have been the teachers, pastors and counsellors of the Armenians, and have opened among them the best schools and other educational institutions. Nearly all are engaged in aiding the distressed families and it was that fact alone that caused the Turkish officials to demand their withdrawal, in order that the homeless and destitute Armenians might be left to die. A second remittance has been sent by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Armenian Relief Fund, the money to be used in this work and to be supplemented by other amounts, as rapidly as the work progresses. It is an important matter that the relief work should be pushed forward vigorously before the highways and mountain passes are blockaded with snow and all means of access to many of the sufferers shut off for the winter. Our Relief Fund, to be effective, must have its work well in hand, with sufficient resources to accomplish substantial results within the next four weeks; otherwise the great opportunity of aiding these victims of persecution and affliction may pass unheeded. Never was a worthier cause presented for human sympathy. The oldest of Christian nations and their beautiful country—declared by all the best scriptural and geographical authorities to be the veritable site of the Eden of the Bible—have been turned into a nation of mourning and a land of sorrow and lamentation. It is always darkest before the dawn and Armenia's black night of suffering may yet have a daybreak bright with hope and promise.

But the widows and the children of the Armenian martyrs must meanwhile receive, from kindly hands and hearts in Christian lands that love and help which are denied them elsewhere, and failure which, they must inevitably perish.

That their pitiful case has indeed touched the hearts of the Lord's people in our own prosperous and peaceful country—where each family can worship under its own vine and fig-tree—is evident from the multitude of letters received by every mail, expressing the warmest sympathy for the unfortunate Armenians. There is the strongest desire among the Christians of America to hold out the hand of succor and blessing to those persecuted and homeless ones, remembering their long generations of simple fidelity to the Master and the crimson roll of the martyrs who have sealed their testimony with their lives. It is to help their widows and orphaned ones, the broken families, the scattered exiles, once happy and united, now waifs and wanderers, that Armenia appeals to her brothers and sisters in the West. Her appeal has not been in vain. The Relief Fund is swelling to noble proportions and promises to be the means under Divine blessing, of saving many lives and bringing at least some ray of hope, if not of happiness, to the saddened hearts and shattered lives of the suffering Armenian families. Every contribution to the Relief Fund sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, will be duly acknowledged in these columns.

Winter Life in Holland.

A Country where the Ice affords Universal Enjoyment — An Every-Day Carnival on Skates — The Gatherings at "Slikkeveer."

OF late years sports on the ice have received a great impetus in the United States. Hardly a town that has not either some lake or river whereon, when the frost strikes down in earnest, the merry jingle of sleighbells or the clink of ringing skates is not heard from daylight till dusk. What with skating, tobogganing, sleighing and ice-boating, there is unfailing fund of wholesome enjoyment for all who wish a share of it.

But of all countries in the world, Holland is pre-eminently the land of the skaters. Excelling in many outdoor sports, the Hollanders are probably the finest and most graceful skaters in Europe. Every Hollander skates—at least it would almost seem so, to one who goes along the frozen canals in winter, and sees apparently the entire population of towns and villages disporting themselves on the ice. House-wives, accompanied by their children skate to market, farmers and shoppers are as much at home on the ice as though it were their natural element. Even the great dames and the rich burghers indulge in the same national winter pastime, when they do not travel in runners or sledges. And some of those sledges are odd-looking affairs, of ancient style and belonging to a period long since past. Others are built in the latest fashion, and vie in daintiness and elegance with the court sledges of the Russian nobles one sees on the Neva, or those pretty creations that can be seen gliding swiftly along on the Serpentine or the Thames in England.

Probably no other country affords such abundant skating facilities as Holland does. A network of dams, dykes, canals, sluices and water-gates. The land is flat and low; streams and canals intersect it in all directions, and it abounds in ponds and "polders," or lands that have been reclaimed from the sea or the lakes. But it is on the rivers that the great skating carnivals are to be witnessed, and they present scenes that are at once brilliant and peculiar to that country. The quaint costumes of the peasants mingle with the more fashionable attire of the citizens. The tall, gracefully-proportioned sleighs glide over the polished ice like so many swallows. On the river Maas, a short distance east of Rotterdam, is a famous skating resort, known as Slikkeveer, and it has of late years been the scene of a number of international skating contests. There is no finer place for this delightful exercise than Slikkeveer, which is shown in our illustration on this page.

While the Hollanders do not usually excel in figure-skating—an accomplishment that is difficult with the long runners on the Dutch skates—they are probably the swiftest racers on the ice, being able, on a long distance, to leave most rivals hopelessly behind. Sometimes a long string of skaters, with a pole under their arms, set a swift pace all together across the ice. Occasionally a sail is pressed into service, and with either end of it upheld by sturdy skaters, the group sweeps past before the wind with the velocity of an ice yacht or an express train. Many skaters are quite as clever in the manipulation of the ice-sail as any navigator of a yacht in a cup race, and can make rapid headway close to the wind. Altogether, skating may be said to afford one of the principal pastimes of the Hollanders.

***

A Memory of Childhood.

Long years ago I cried, when Inez said,
"You are no more a little girl," I grieved
To part for ever from that little girl
And all her happy world so near the ground.
It must be sad to outlive aught we love,
So I shall grieve a little for these days,
. . . . O they were sweet,
And none will come just like them.
—LONGFELLOW.

***

The Home Saturday Night.

On Saturday night, as we open the family paper, writes Dr. Talmage, let us catch the odor of pine, and the glance of a most delicately-tinted and beautiful autumnal leaf dropping like the sparks from a forge. Tell us of home. Let us know how wives ought to be attentive to their husbands—but never mind that. Come, O weekly visitant! into the front door with a blessing. Our week's work done, and notes paid, and accounts squared, and the hurry over, and the Sabbath near, speak a cheerful word to the desponding, a chiding word to the wandering, a soothing word to the perplexed; and help the ten thousand of the weary and foot-sore, and the hardly bestead, by the still camp-fires of life's great battle-field, to thank God that the seven days' march is over, and it is Saturday night. Before long our pens, and needles, and trowels, and yardsticks, and saws, and pickaxes will be still. With hand clasping some loved one, we will be waiting for a brighter Sunday morning than earth ever saw. Others call that waiting —Death. I call it Saturday night.

A SKATING CARNIVAL IN HOLLAND.

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Mother-Wisdom.

Women know
The way to rear up children (to be just,)
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of . . . . . .
Stringing pretty words, that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words,
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles; children learn by such
Love's holy earnest in a pretty play,
And yet not over early solemnised.
—E. B. BROWNING.

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A Child's Taste in Reading.

A parent ought to be constantly on the watch to suggest books that are suitable for his child's reading, writes H. Clay Trumbull, and to incite his child to an interest in those books. It is a good plan to talk with a child in advance about the subject to be treated in a book, which the parent is disposed to commend, and to tell the child that which will tend to awaken his wish to know more about it, as preparatory to handing the book to him. Reading with the child, and questioning the child concerning his reading, will intensify the child's interest in his reading, and will promote his enjoyment as he reads. And so it is that a child's taste in reading will be cultivated steadily and effectively in the right direction by any parent who is willing to do the work that is needful, and who is able to do it wisely. A child needs help in this sphere, and he welcomes help when it is brought to him. If the help be given him, he will find pleasure as well as a profit in its using; but if he goes on without help, he is liable to go astray, and to be a life-long sufferer in consequence.

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The Purity of Childhood.

One of the greatest lovers of children is the Rev. Anthony W. Thorold, Lord Bishop of Winchester, who has written some very pretty and touching things regarding them, giving evidence of a close study of the conditions of childhood. He writes this inspiring paragraph, which will be read with delight by every mother.

"If our eyes are open, we presently see what children may become to us, as well as what we ought to be to them. For, in a suitable and reverent use of a great word with many meanings, children are the salvation of the race. They purify, they elevate, they stir, they instruct, they console, they reconcile, they gladden us. They are the ozone of human life, inspiring us with hope, rousing us to wholesome sacrifice. If, in the faults which they inherit, they show us the worst of ourselves, and so move us to a salutary repentance, they also stimulate our finer qualities; they cheat us of weary care; they preach to us, not so much by their lips as by their innocence; their questions set us thinking, and to better purpose than the syllogisms of philosophers; their helplessness makes us tender; their loveliness surprises us into a pure joy. To me at least, if I may say so much, a child, wherever I see it, and no matter whose it may be, is a thing of delight. These fingers tingle with a sensation of delight while I am writing about them here. My chilly friend need not have my joy if he does not believe in it; I will not force it on him, but he shall not take mine from me.

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At the Thanksgiving Fire.

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear;
Each chair is filled, we're all at home.
To-night let no dissension come:
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour.
We're all, all here!
—CHARLES SPRAGUE.

FOLDED LAMBS.

IN the twilight's starry silence
I am sitting all alone,
And my heart is calling, calling
For the dear ones it has known.

And I listen as the shadows
Flit across the dewy air,
While I'm thinking of my lost ones—
For their footsteps on the stair.

Oh, they used to come at even,
And we'd gather by the hearth;
How I prized their love and friendship
As of deepest, truest worth!

Now their voices never greet me,
And I miss them everywhere;
But I miss them most at even
And their footsteps on the stair.

Then I think of God's dear mansion,
And I know they're folded there;
And perhaps they watch and listen
For my footstep on the stair.

I shall find my loved ones waiting
With a sweet, glad welcome there,
For I know they wait and listen
For my last step on life's stair.

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TWO STORIES FOR BOYS.

MR. MOODY, talking with the writer a few days ago, in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, related a little incident illustrative of the value to the individual of a personal interest in Christian work. There was a wide difference between the attitude of a mere spectator or outsider and that of a person who had become identified with the work by "giving something or doing something." The great evangelist recently preached a sermon to an audience of prisoners. It was the Gospel of Jesus, told with his usual touching eloquence, in plain, simple words. A little lad, the son of some visitor at the jail, had been an auditor, and after the service, said to an older friend: "That was the best sermon I ever heard—it was a great sermon." Surprised at his unusual appreciation, the friend asked: "What makes you think it so good a sermon, Willie?" "Oh, so it was," insisted the boy. "You know I put a nickel in the plate." The little fellow had already learned the lesson of the value of actual contact with a good work as a means of stirring up interest and enthusiasm in the heart.

"There's another story," Mr. Moody went on, smiling, "but you may perhaps have heard it. A little fellow in London was brushing up and fixing himself at a great rate and putting an extra shine on his shoes, when another boy inquired: 'Why, where are you goin'? 'To Exeter Hall' was the surprising reply. 'Exeter Hall? what's goin' on there.' 'Foreign Missions,' came the quick answer with another rub at the toe of the left shoe. 'Oh, say! what d' you know about them? Foreign Missions, eh. When did you become interested in 'em, I'd like to know?' 'Why' said the lad, as he gave the last polishing touch and stood upright—'I gave 'em a penny last year an' I'm goin' there to see what's become of it.'

"That's the way to get young folks and other folks, too, interested in Christian work. Get them to get into personal contact—to do something and to give something and they wont be indifferent long."

***

Clever Dames of the Kitchen.

The Austrian lady of station who does not know how to cook, does not exist. Every detail of the cuisine she is acquainted with. A story is told of a Viennese lady, who, having neglected this branch of her education, allowed at a great dinner party which she gave, two dishes of the same color to be served in succession, a fault for which she was hardly to be forgiven!

Young ladies of good families in European capitals, do not learn the art of cooking at cooking-clubs, or from public lessons, as in America, and they rarely learn in their own kitchens. It is the custom to go to some great house—the house of a princess, or to some rich banker's—where there are famous chefs, by whom they are taught.

Starved to Death

in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, yet we hear of it. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

WANTED—A SOBER NATION!

Ex-U. S. Senator Blair Makes a Stirring Appeal to the Pulpit to Lead in a New Temperance Crusade — Organization on a National Basis Needed.

EX-UNITED STATES Senator Henry W. Blair, long known throughout the nation as the apostle of Education and Temperance Reform, has prepared a pamphlet in which he makes a powerful presentation of the whole Temperance question. The CHRISTIAN HERALD is privileged to lay before its readers a chapter from advance sheets of this pamphlet, which deals with a phase of the question that is of the utmost importance. Senator Blair would be glad to receive the names and addresses of all ministers and laymen who feel interested enough in his suggestion to express their approval. All communications should be addressed to him at Washington, D. C. He writes:

I think that any student of our history will admit that among organized bodies of men, the pulpit has been the pioneer and principal promoter of the great steps taken by our nation in civil, social and moral reform. It is the business, as well as the inclination, of the American pulpit, to be right, and to be aggressive. The pulpit was the real leader of the American people up to and through the Revolutionary War.

Giving due credit to all other men, organizations and agencies, ever since the Revolutionary War, and to-day, the pulpit has been and now is the real leader of the American people, whenever they are led toward higher and better life.

The pulpit largely inspires and controls the platform, the press, and all other agencies for good. With this power goes corresponding responsibility.

If, in the future, the Temperance Reform is to be more fortunate than in the past, there must be more general, united, and efficient action for its promotion by the pulpit than there has been in the past.

True, the pulpit has been the champion and sheet-anchor of the cause from the beginning. But very much more might be done hereafter.

The clergy of all denominations might well unite in one vast association (taking lay persons of both sexes and of all beliefs, or of no belief, if you please also,) for the prosecution of the Temperance Reform, the success of which is next to the success of godliness, and without which it is impossible to bring home to the individual man the truths of a religion which can exist only in a clear head and honest heart.

If the pulpit, regardless of denominational distinction, would unite for the promotion of this great cause, and would make [illegible] support it by regular presentation to their congregations calling for contributions to its support, until it comes to be as much a part of Christian voluntary taxation to be enforced by a sense of duty, as is the case with missionary and Bible societies and other general causes, the support of which is recognized to be obligatory upon all who [illegible] the future of the Temperance Movement would [illegible] as the [illegible] by the same eternal Word of God.

And why, since the eradication of the influence of alcohol is a condition precedent to the [illegible] I ask, is it not the first duty of the pulpit to [illegible]?

True, the clergy are nearly all in its favor, and at work for its success, but it is not looked upon generally as a cause for which they are as much responsible as for the regular preaching of the Gospel—it is a good thing, but not exactly a part of the Gospel and of Gospel work.

There is no great body of men who feel responsible for the pecuniary support of the cause of Temperance. The cause has nothing to live on but chance charity. Nobody is responsible for it. When a man pays his minister's tax, or for the support of foreign missions, he feels that he has but just kept even by discharging a duty, that he is still a sinner and needs salvation just the same.

But whatever he gives to the cause of Temperance is given right out, because of his own innate goodness, and he can claim it as so much toward salvation upon the ground of works. God had no real right to it; he is just that much ahead and can draw against the deposit when he becomes a little in debt on Christian duty.

Now, the pulpit if any power can do it, can remedy this state of things. There was a time when the churches did nothing toward foreign missions, and, of course, there were no missions. The pulpit changed all that. The clergy created the missionary societies, and preached the Christian duty of their maintenance, and now the whole world is familiar with the story of the Cross.

Six hundred millions of the race are under the control of governments founded upon the Christian faith, and it would not be many years before that faith would dominate the world if the pulpit would do for the Temperance cause what it has already done for the cause of missions at home and abroad. And the victims of intemperance are our own flesh and blood.

Surely, if charity begins at home, the Gospel ought to start there. It is impossible [illegible] support this cause without regular contributions of money. No regular income adequate to so great a work can be maintained which is not paid from a sense of duty, and unless there be an organized body of men who shall continually preach the truth as it is in the Gospel of Temperance as an integral part of the Gospel of Christ, this sense of duty will never be established in their minds, the money will never be collected, and the whole business must either fail utterly or live on at the poor dying rate of the past, in which it has been "give and take" between God and the devil.

If, then, the clergy of all denominations, or at least of some of the great ones, would take upon themselves to organize the American, or the World's Temperance Society, or, still better, would organize both, and unite such societies with international ties, in due order of development, and then would insist that they be supported like other branches of Christian work by all who profess to recognize Christian or even humanitarian obligations, I think that the most important advance movement that can be suggested would have been made.

It would imply the second step and the whole journey. I believe, too, that it would prove to be the most practical thing possible to promote the general moral and religious welfare of mankind.

Everywhere Christian effort is now stumbling over alcohol, opium, and the rest, and until these gigantic boulders are removed, the ark will sadly shake and jostle in the way. You'll never get there until you fix the road.

In such a movement the pulpit would, of course, summon laymen to their aid, and they would be important coadjutors and sometimes leaders, as in the Anti-Slavery Society; but it is, in my belief, indispensable that the great body of men who, by God's appointment and the dutiful approval and support of their fellowmen, are set apart to promote the interests of man and the glory of God, should prosecute the Temperance Reform as an integral and important part of their Christian work, and see to its pecuniary support as much as to that of any other branch for which they are responsible.

No other body of men will do it, or can do it.

Let the clergy lead in this, setting others at work, and they will find the great body of people, who can be relied upon to support that for which their profession already stands, gladly ready to take on the expense of this as a regular addition to their labor of love.

I need not say that I make this suggestion with diffidence.

But in the multiplying forms of Christian activity it has seemed to me that if the clergy would try this, they would certainly succeed.

The truth is that we do almost anything the minister asks us to do, even in these latter days.

They govern by themselves and through the press and in other ways, though less visibly, yet really as much now as they did when good old Cotton Mather held sway in the Puritan North.

Such an organization among the clergy could be initiated in their assemblies and during the summer study and Chautauqua intercourse could be largely perfected.

Within three months the American Temperance Society, organized for broad and aggressive action in every department of work that could hurt the common enemy, might be put in active operation in some central place, with branches, if they become necessary, in the different States or centres of influence, and the future of the Temperance Reform be made sure.

How much, too, that I do not think of, the young Knights of the Cross could do if they should decide to set about it. But begin now. Do not lose another year, for the harvest is the world, and it is ripe, and the laborers are few.

AN ORIENTAL FUNERAL—OBSEQUIES OF AN EMINENT CHRISTIAN AT OROOMIAH, PERSIA.

A PERSIAN FUNERAL.

Obsequies of the Brother of the Nestorian Patriarch, at Oroomiah.

MAR SHIMMON, the civil and spiritual head of the Nestorians, resides in the village of Kodchaness, in the mountains of Kurdistan. He is the spiritual overseer of all the Nestorian churches of Persia and Kurdistan. Once a year he sends one of his brothers to visit the churches of Oroomiah, for the purpose of receiving the contributions of the brethren, and also to inquire as to the condition of the church itself, and any matters laid before him by the bishops and priests.

Last winter, the Patriarch sent his brother Eshai on this important mission. Eshai was cordially welcomed by the Christian missionaries of Oroomiah. While visiting one of the churches in Oroomiah plain, he was taken sick and brought to the hospital and placed under the care of the well-known medical missionary, Dr. J. P. Cochran, where he died after a short illness. The photograph on this page, which is furnished to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Mr. J. Malek Yonan, of Oroomiah (a young medical missionary now in the United States completing his studies for medical missionary work in Persia) shows the funeral which took place at Charbash, a suburb of Oroomiah. In the foreground of the illustration are seen the officials of the place, the procession being led by a government band. Among the throng of distinguished persons present are the venerable and beloved Bishop, Mar Goriel, the deacons officiating at the funeral, and Dr. Oshana Badal and Kasha Shimmon, native missionary of Hamadan, and preacher to the Jews and Moslems. Dr. Cochran stands at the head of the bier, and nearby is the sister of the deceased. In the assemblage are Nestorians from different parts of the country who come to pay the last tribute of respect to their departed friend. There are also many Nestorian ladies and a number of Moslems in the gathering, who sympathize with the Nestorians and who had learned to respect the deceased. The funeral services were conducted in accordance with the rites of the ancient Nestorian Church.

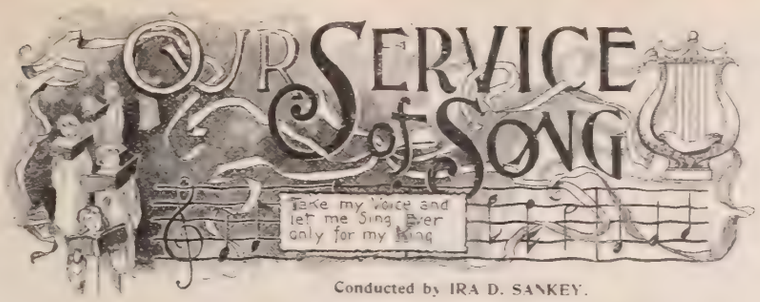
The photograph is particularly interesting as affording a realistic glimpse of the manner in which funeral services are conducted by the oldest body of Christians in that part of Asia. The Nestorians live in the mountains of the Perso-Turkish frontier and on the plain of Oroomiah in Northwestern Persia. They are a kin to the Jacobites of Eastern Turkey and Mesopotamia, and are sometimes spoken of as the Assyrian Christians. The American Board and Presbyterian Board have successful missions in that country.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning December 15. Prov. 27: 9-10, 17, 19.

OUR ordinary mode of speaking of friendship does not indicate the power and influence and depth of devotion which are really included in the ideal association. True friendship calls for the exercise of the noblest qualities of human nature. Montaigne places the love of friends above even the love of brothers, or the love of husband and wife. He contends that as there is in both cases an element of necessity, a sense of duty, which does not exist in friendship, neither of them can compare with the voluntary attachment in which there is no compulsion. Solomon seems to have the same estimate, for in the chapter on which the topic is based, he advises a man in trouble to go to the house of his neighbor (which in this connection means friend) rather than to the house of his brother. David also, in lamenting over the death of Jonathan, says that their love was passing that of women. In Longfellow's beautiful poem, John Alden balances the claims of his love for the maiden with the claims of friendship, and finds the latter more weighty. "So friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand." God himself honors the word in his reference to Abraham. That noble patriarch was distinguished above all the human race by the title of "The friend of God," and the title rests on the fact of his intense reverence and the complete self-abnegation with which he yielded his beloved son, when the higher love seemed to require the sacrifice. Not even the surrender of his own life could have furnished so strong a proof that he deserved the title. The word was a favorite one with Jesus himself. In that most pathetic talk with his disciples, he said, "I have called you friends," and there was an infinite depth of meaning in the words that they did not realize till they knew all he was about to do for them. And into that sweet and tender relationship, Jesus with prophetic foresight opened wide the gate for the multitudes yet unborn, when he said, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

Friendship therefore is an ideal relationship, sacred, unselfish, elevating. It is based on esteem and it calls forth the truest affection. It does not necessarily imply similarity, for often the strongest friendship exists between natures wholly unlike each other. No two men could be more dissimilar than the bold, impetuous Luther, and the gentle philosophic Melancthon, yet the two men loved each other with undying affection. The one nature was a corrective and a complement to the other, and the cause of the Reformation benefited by the association. It has often happened that such friendships have resulted in achievements that would have been impossible to either friend alone. The qualities to be derived in a friend are not of a common order. While there should be no antagonism, neither should there be a mere reflection, or an echo. He may have to administer reproof, to advise, to help in a hundred ways. Above all he must be faithful; always ready to sacrifice his own interests to advance those of his friend. To have such a friend, and to be such a friend is ennobling, elevating, consecrating. Such friendship is within the reach of all; for there is "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

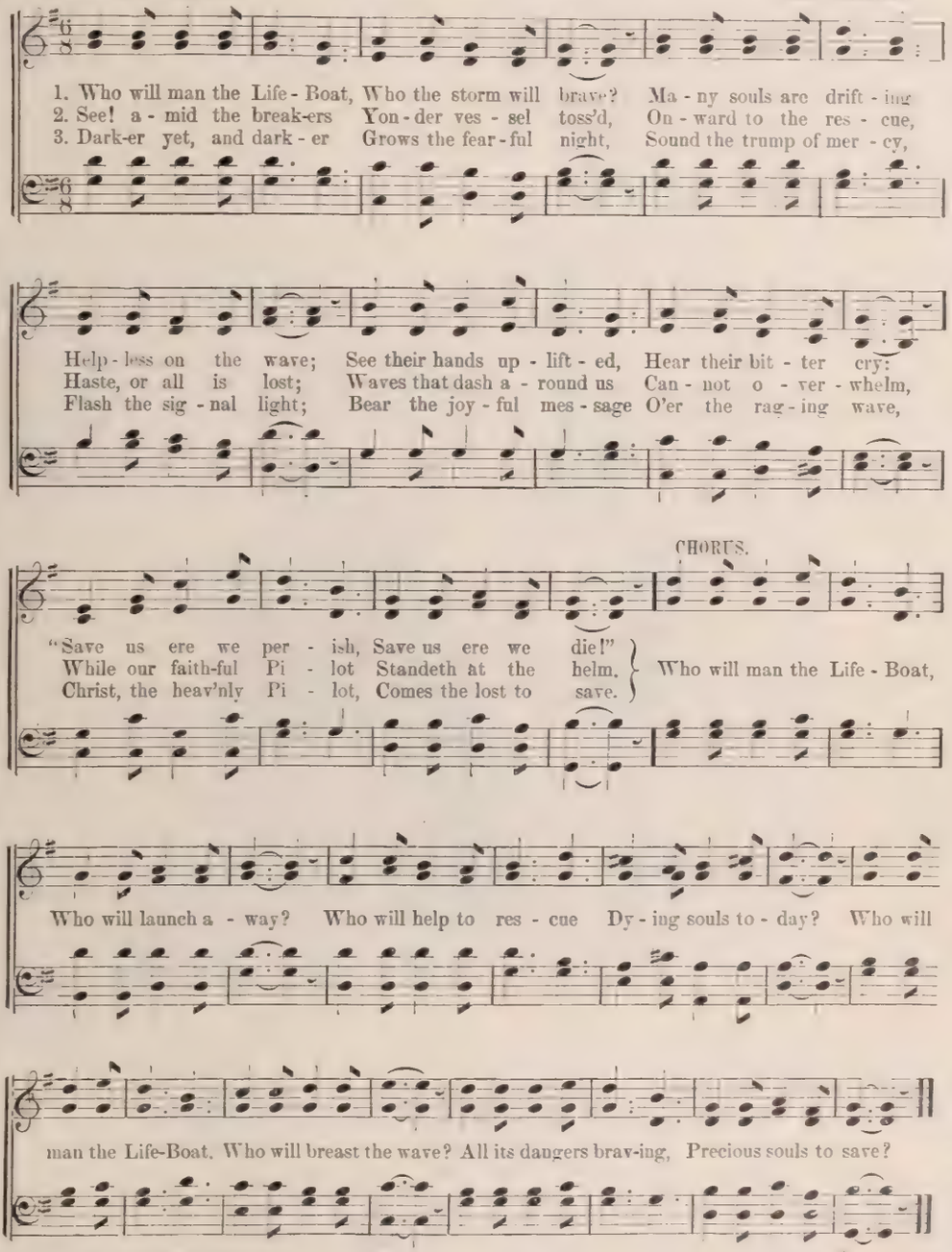


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

WHO WILL MAN THE LIFE-BOAT?

"HERE AM I; SEND ME."—*Isaiah 6:8.*

CARRIE E. BRECK, arr. IRA D SANKEY.


1. Who will man the Life-Boat, Who the storm will brave? Ma-ny souls are drift-ing
2. See! a-mid the break-ers Yon-der ves-sel toss'd, On-ward to the res-cue,
3. Dark-er yet, and dark-er Grows the fear-ful night, Sound the trump of mer-cy,
Help-less on the wave; See their hands up-lift-ed, Hear their bit-ter cry:
Haste, or all is lost; Waves that dash a-round us Can-not o-ver-whelm,
Flash the sig-nal light; Bear the joy-ful mes-sage O'er the rag-ing wave,
CHORUS.
"Save us ere we per-ish, Save us ere we die!"
While our faith-ful Pi-lot Standeth at the helm.
Christ, the heav'nly Pi-lot, Comes the lost to save.
Who will man the Life-Boat,
Who will launch a-way? Who will help to res-cue Dy-ing souls to-day? Who will
man the Life-Boat. Who will breast the wave? All its dangers brav-ing, Precious souls to save?

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FROM GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.

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THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

FATHER thy paternal care
Has my guardian been: my guide.
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied.
Thine is every thought of bliss—
Left by hours and days gone by;
Every hope thy offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

Every sun of splendid ray:
Every moon that shines serene;
Every morn that welcomes day:
Every evening's twilight scene;
Every hour which wisdom brings;
Every incense at thy Shrine:—
There, and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest, all are thine.

—BROWNING.

WHEN THOU ART NEAR.

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain when thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, thou art near!

On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near!

—HOLMES.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Changes Which will Take Place in the Physical and Moral Condition of the World During the Millennial Reign.

BY REV. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.

BETWEEN the earth in her present sinful condition, and her prospective sinless state there will be many striking contrasts, but chiefly this: the entire substitution of righteousness for sin. The earth will continue a sphere surrounded by its blue expanse of sky, but not a stain of pollution will disfigure her fair face. She shall then be like the ransomed glorified Church, "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." She will pass from decay and death to healthfulness and life.

No doubt there will be great cosmical changes. A gleam of their character is given us in the achievements of local disturbances. Earthquakes have wrought physical reforms. Rivers have been turned into new channels, hills have sunk, lakes have been dried, mountains have belched forth fire, and oceans have been displaced. Hereafter, there will be an enlargement and intensification of such convulsions. "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, Yet once, it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens and the earth, and the sea and the dry land."

Provision is made for those who pass over into the restored, and purified earth. As Enoch was caught away from impending judgment by translation, and as Lot was warned by angels to flee from Sodom before the fiery rain had fallen on the guilty city, so will his people be guarded from every hurtful power which may be utilized for the earth's renovation. "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." (Malachi 4:2; 3,17.)

What then in brief are the changes which prophecy leads us to expect in this time of blessedness that is surely coming on this afflicted earth?

I. Heaven and earth will come into closer union and communion. The Tabernacle of God will dwell with men. The New Jerusalem will descend out of heaven and be brought into view. Eden in its virgin purity and beauty, its garden of delights with its tree of life, and its innocent occupiers, was only a type, or resemblance of the more glorious and extensive Paradise that shall be. God's purpose in creation that a sinless race shall inherit the planet can never be thwarted.

II. There will be universal peace. Nation will not war with nation; strikes and strifes will cease from the earth. The Prince of Peace, will lift up his ensign—the Dove with the olive branch. No more battles, no more bloodshed.

III. It will be an era of great fertility. The whole land will yield its milk and honey. Food will be in abundance.

IV. Longevity will be restored to man. The life of a man will be as the tree of life, for death, the fruit of man's sin shall pass away with sin itself, and the fruits of righteousness shall abound. Health will be universal; none will be disabled by sickness, and the people will enjoy the work of their hands.

V. Harmony will again be established between the animals. All discord will forever terminate. The lion and the lamb will lie down together, and the lion will eat straw like the ox. They shall not hurt, nor destroy, nor devour one another throughout the holy mountain, for the earth, with its regenerated populations, shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord.

FATHER AGAINST SON

OR,

How the Curse of Horse-Head House was Lifted.

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

BY J. C. COWDRICK.

CHAPTER I.

REUBEN HILTON was pacing the floor of his bar-room, with a sullen look on his face. On this night again, as for many nights past, his place was deserted—his place of all others, noted for its warm fires, its lights, and for its goodly cheer. And how lonesome it seemed! The landlord was all alone; not another soul was present in the room. The big clock over the bar seemed to annoy him with its loud ticking, for it was almost a strange sound to his ears. Seldom, at that hour, had the clock been able to make itself heard for jest and laughter.

"I wonder how much longer this craze is going to be kept up?" the landlord muttered to himself. "If I had to be alone like this every night, I believe I would soon go mad. Why don't somebody come in?"

He stepped to a window and looked out. It was snowing. Already the ground was covered, and the brilliant lights from the windows sent their inviting rays far and wide upon the falling flakes.

While he looked the landlord saw someone coming, and he drew quickly back as if unwilling to be seen, but hoping that the person, no matter who it was, would drop in. Even a dog would have been welcome company, just then. Yes, he ascended the steps; he was coming in.

In another moment the door opened and a man shambled into the room, stamping the snow from his boots as he came. It was only Joe Mosely, or "Bummer" Joe, as he was more familiarly known, but even his company was welcome at such a time as this, and a smile greeted his coming. There was a wide difference in the appearance of these two men. Joe Mosely was lean, scantily attired, and had the bleared eyes and bloated face of the confirmed toper. He was shivering with cold.

Reuben Hilton, on the other hand, was sleek and well dressed. He was a large man, weighing over two hundred pounds, and was rather noble-looking than otherwise, when seen at his best. He was now in his shirt sleeves. A heavy gold chain crossed his vest, and a diamond sparkled on his bosom.

"Hello, Joe," he greeted; "just come up from Wheeler's?"

"Yes; thought I'd come up an' tell you the news."

"The news, Joe?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is it?"

"Your boy, Will, went for'd to-night."

Reuben Hilton started as if he had been struck a blow, and his face paled for an instant.

Mosely had advanced to the nearest stove and was rubbing his hands before the grateful fire, and he looked at the landlord to see how he received the information he had brought.

From pale, for the moment, the landlord's face became intensely red.

"Joe, you don't mean it," he said doubtfully.

"Well, that's what they say, anyhow," Mosely declared; "and I guess it's so, for it came purty straight."

"Well, if it is so, I will take that kind of foolishness out of him to-morrow. It is about time that some one took a hand in this matter and exercised a little common sense, and I'll be the one."

"Good for you, Mr. Hilton!"

"I would like to know what Silvervale [illegible] the landlord of the Horse Head House and [illegible] the floor. "It was a respectable place before that fool of a preacher came here, and we enjoyed the reputation of being a pretty level-headed sort of people; but I'll stake my dinner if folks can say the same of us now, Joe!"

"You are right, Mr. Hilton, you are right. Things is all turned upside down here now, and no telling where it will fetch up."

"That is the trouble; no knowing where it is going to end. Business has all gone to the dogs as it is, while everybody is running to that church night after night. A church is all right in its place, Joe, but when it becomes a public nuisance it is high time that something was done.

"Thank God!" cried the widow, "I knew my prayer would be answered"

You are the first man who has darkened my doors since the last bell rang, over two hours ago. By the way, how is it down at Wheeler's? About the same, I suppose."

"Yes, about the same; and Ike is madder 'n a wet hen. Heard him say that he wished the church would take fire and burn to the ground before to-morrow morning, and break the business up."

"Well, I don't blame him. You see, it is a matter of dollars and cents with us, For my part, I don't see what people are thinking about. I call it a craze, that is what I call it. Just to think of it! Here all the stores and shops are closed by seven o'clock, every night, — my place and Wheeler's are about the only ones that keep open; while people are breaking their necks to hear that preacher and get religion. And what will it all amount to? By the middle of next summer they will be back again in the old ruts, and some of them a good deal worse than ever, maybe."

"That is gen'ly the way. You'd be s'prised to see the people around that church to-night, as cold as it is. It is packed full inside, and there's great crowds at the doors and windows, satisfied if they can only get a peep, 'pears to me. For my part, I can't understand it."

"No man of sense can, Joe. And to think that you have made a fool of my boy— But I will take care of his case, rest assured," he added determinedly.

"Ha, ha, ha! I bet you will, Mr. Hilton!"

"Isn't it about time their show was over for to-night, Joe?"

"Yes; I think they was about windin' up when I came along by there, and—"

"Ha! here comes the crowd," the landlord interrupted, and he quickly placed himself behind the bar.

Singing was heard, which came nearer and nearer, and in a few moments the big door of the bar-room was thrown open and a crowd of young men came rollicking in, singing a song to the tune of one of the hymns they had just heard at the church.

The landlord of the Horse Head House greeted their coming heartily.

"Here we are again, Hilton!" one of their number exclaimed. "We have just come from the circus!"

"Well, how was the performance to-night?" the landlord inquired, meeting their frivolity with even greater frivolousness. "Did the clown get off any new business?"

"You would have thought so, if you had been there. It was enough to give a chicken the pip. Come, we want something to put our blood in motion and take the taste out of our mouths; hey, fellows? By the way, Hilton, Billy was gathered into the fold to-night meek as a lamb!"

Reuben Hilton's face flushed again, the same as when he had first heard of it.

"Yes, so Joe here has just been telling me," he acknowledged. "But, I will straighten him out all right in the morning. As I was just saying to Joe when you came in, it is high time that somebody took a hand in this business, and I am going to be that somebody."

"You are just the man, Hilton."

"By the way, what have you done with Fred Wilson?"

"Oh, he was another to fall into the net—"

"Fred?"

"Yes; they drew him the first cast."

"Why, he was the loudest scoffer of you all, last night. I never thought they would get him."

"Well, they did, all the same. Oh, it is getting hot up there, Hilton; it was too hot for Billy and Fred, anyhow."

"And I'll make it too hot for Billy again in the morning, I promise you that. I won't have any son of mine bamboozled in this fashion. Where is he now?"

"He and Fred were ashamed to be seen, after it was over, and we left them there in the hands of the brethren. The young parson must have scooped in a score or more to-night; don't you think so, fellows?"

"I counted twenty-three," another spoke up.

"And which of you is going to be the next to succumb?" asked the landlord.

"Which of us? Ha, ha, ha! Well, now, that is pretty good, Hilton, pretty good. Do any of us look as if we would have softening of the brain before to-morrow night?"

"Neither did Fred, last night, but you see what has happened. As I was saying to Joe, there is no telling where the craze will end, now that it has become epidemic, and the best thing you boys can do is to stay away from there; that is my advice."

"Oh, we couldn't think of doing that, Hilton; we have to go up there to see the fun. There is no fun anywhere else these evenings, you know."

"I know it only too well, worse luck! Well, I am going to see to it that *my* family don't make fools of themselves, anyhow, and I will give any one of you five dollars, cash, who will put something in Billy's way that will break up the contagion in his case. The boy has Hilton grit in him, and I may have some trouble, if this thing has taken much of a hold; but," bringing his fist down upon the bar, "I will cure him or I will kill him, one or the other!"

For a single moment his hearers were struck with awe at his threat, but it was not lasting, and the bar-room was soon the scene of song and revelry.

CHAPTER II.

Another Picture.

Service was over. Slowly the immense congregation moved towards the doors, for the place had been filled to its utmost capacity and haste was impossible.

The young preacher, Stephen Gillman by name, stood on the edge of the chancel rostrum where he had just pronounced the benediction, his face aglow and his eyes glistening.

Twenty-three converts to-night making more than two hundred in all! No wonder tears of joy welled up unbidden!

As he looked around upon those who had just taken the most vital step of their lives he seemed particularly drawn to two young men, and stepping down he advanced quickly to speak to them.

"God bless you both!" he fervently exclaimed, holding out a hand to each. "I can almost say that this is the happiest night of my life. Next to the time of my own conversion, it certainly is the happiest. I was about your age then," speaking to the younger of the two, "and I made then the vow that with God's help I would never go back; and, thank God, never have!"

"With God's help, I never will!" the youth exclaimed.

The other said nothing, but he returned the pressure of the young preacher's hand.

"God bless you both," the young preacher repeated; "God bless you and keep you! It may not be easy at first; in fact, it may be the contrary; but, trust him, implicitly trust him."

He turned away to speak to others, and the eyes of the two young men met, and each held out his hand.

"I am glad I won't have them all against me, anyhow, Fred," spoke the younger. "I am quite surprised to find you here."

"You are no more surprised than I am myself, Billy," was the response. "I certainly had no intention of taking this step when I came here to-night, but somehow I had to do it. I felt that it was now

never. How was it with you?" he asked.

"I came with the intention; I had fully made up my mind to it. But, where is your mother? How pleased she will be!"

"She is at home; she did not come to-night; I think that accounts for it, in my case."

Members of the church pressed around them, congratulating them and giving them hearty words of advice, and their conversation was interrupted.

When the great throng of people had gone from the church, these two started out together. They had never been intimates, though their previous feeling for each other had been friendly; but now they seemed drawn together by new and pleasant ties.

Will Hilton was about twenty years of age, a tall, noble-looking youth, with full, ruddy countenance and bright, clear eyes. Fred Wilson was four years older, had black hair and eyes and a mustache, and his face showed the effects of dissipation. He was not so good-looking as Will Hilton, though he might have been had his life habits been as correct.

The landlord's son had been brought up free from the worst vices. While the landlord was in a measure responsible for Fred's bad habits, he had taken good care to shield his own son from the same snares. Not that he had regard for the boy's spiritual requirements; he had an eye only for the physical needs. He did not drink himself, and he had taken good care that his son did not acquire the habit.

"Which way shall we go?" asked Fred, when they reached the street.

"Why, straight ahead, of course. I have not done anything that I am ashamed of, Fred."

"No, of course not; but I want to avoid calling in with the boys to-night if I can. I have been scoffing so much that they will buy the life out of me if I give them a chance."

"Well, I will go around with you then, for company's sake."

"No, I want you to come around to the house with me; you will want to hear what mother will say."

"Well, I will go, for I do not want to meet father till morning."

In a few minutes more they were at the door of Widow Wilson's cottage, and Fred opened it with his latchkey.

They had barely stepped into the dimly lighted hall when a slight scream was heard, as of joy, and Fred's mother came running from the sitting-room, saying rapidly as she came:

"Fred! It is true, I know it must be true; you are home so early to-night. Only tell me that it is true!"

"Mother, it is true."

"Thank God! thank God!" the widow cried, throwing her arms around her son's neck and pressing him to her breast, not noticing that he had brought company. "I have prayed this night as I never prayed before, and I knew that my prayer would be answered this time!"

She kissed him again and again.

"There, there, mother," said Fred, gently, "do not go on so; you do not see what somebody is with me."

"Oh! No, I did not know any one was with you, Fred. Who is it?"

"Will Hilton."

"And can it be possible that you, too, have——"

"Yes, it is true, Mrs. Wilson," assured Will.

"The Lord be praised! I have prayed for you so many, many times!"

She gave Will almost as warm an embrace as she had given her own son, and conducted them into the sitting-room where a cheery fire was burning and where there was an air of homely comfort.

It was a happy hour—the hour that followed, a time never to be forgotten in the lives of the three. Will Hilton, at any rate, never forgot it, for it gave him strength and courage for the bitter trial through which he was so soon to pass.

Walking homeward he said to himself: "It ought to be easy enough for Fred, with a mother like that to help him. I wish I might have a similar reception. If father will only be reasonable and help me to carry out my plan, everything will be all right, and I can pay him back the money sometime. If he refuse—well, I still have Christ to lean upon, and he is one who will never leave nor forsake!"

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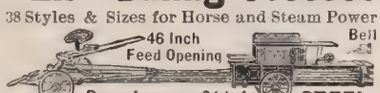

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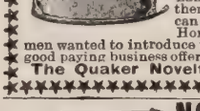

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There was a man who was a famous magistrate in Corea. Once there were two men who quarreled for a chicken. One man said "this is mine," and the other also said thus. At last they came to the magistrate and beseeched him to find out the true proprietor. The magistrate said, "these two men each said he is owner, how can I find out? But this chicken you brought to sell to the market, did you not?" "Yes, sir," said they." Then what did you feed the chicken at your houses when you left your houses in the morning?" asked the magistrate. "At my house I don't have any other grain, but only have little corn, and I fed her that sir," said one of them. "I fed her some rice," said the other. The magistrate told his servant to kill the chicken and cut open the crop, and he found there plenty of corn. The magistrate said to the man who said that he fed rice, "there is no use to remain such a wicked man as you, but I will punish you by some whipping only." And then he gave the chicken to the servant to eat, and paid the innocent man twice as much as the real price.

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There was a poor man who lived in the country, 500 li distant from Seoul. His wife was very anxious for her husband having to suffer to go to Seoul by foot. One day there came a watermelon seller. Now, this village was in a deep valley of the mountain, and she never saw a watermelon before. She asked, "What is it?"

The merchant saw the woman was simple and easily deceived, and replied, "It is an egg of a donkey. If you wrap it with cotton and keep it in a warm place of the room, you would see a small donkey after a few days." "What is the price?" "One thousand cash," said the man. The woman had only three hundred cash. She asked the merchant if he would sell one for three hundred cash. Then she bought it. A few days after, her husband came back. She was very glad to come out to meet him, and said, "I bought a donkey during your absence, and you will never suffer when you go to examination after this." "How could you buy it?" asked her husband. "I had money, but it was too little to buy a big donkey, so I bought a donkey's egg, and it is nearly already to hatch," said she. "How can a donkey have eggs? Let me see what you bought." She showed it to him under a coverlet, but he found a watermelon half rotten. "How much did you pay for it?" he said, "The merchant wanted one thousand cash, but I paid three hundred," said she. The husband was very angry, for they were so poor, to think his wife had bought a watermelon for three hundred cash when it was not thirty cash worth, so he threw it under the fence. There was a rabbit under the fence, and it ran away with great fright. The woman cried and said, "Is not it an egg of a donkey? The young donkey has run away. Why did you not wait a little longer?" The man then also believed it was really an egg of a donkey. He ran after the rabbit, but the rabbit ran into a gentleman's barn and hid under the manger. Then he went to the gentleman and told the story about what had happened, and he wanted to take his young donkey back. "My donkey has born a young one to-day; why are you going to take it by force?" The man answered, "Generally a donkey bears only one young; if there are two, the one is yours, the other is mine." Then they went to the barn and found there were two young donkeys. "There's no doubt about it," said the gentleman to the man," but as it was born from the egg it has no mother donkey to care for it, so you may keep it here until it can eat grain."

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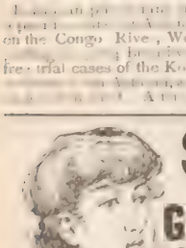

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Saved from Suicide.

THE story of an escape from a terrible danger is related in a letter from a subscriber, which came to this office some time ago. The writer formerly resided in Brooklyn, N. Y., but his letter is dated from a small town in Hungary, in which he was spending a few days during a tour of that delightful land. After expressing his pleasure at finding THE CHRISTIAN HERALD so far away from home, he says: "It was like meeting a tried and trusted friend, for your invaluable paper was instrumental by God's blessing in encouraging and directing me some years ago in a time of severe mental and spiritual conflict." He then proceeds to describe the circumstances of his peril and his deliverance.

It appears that his mother was in the habit of assisting in the musical part of a service, which was held in the asylum for the insane, at Flatbush, N. Y. During one of his visits to his home, he escorted her to the service and remained to listen. The chaplain gave an address and the proceedings were orderly. But before the address was finished, the silence was broken by a blood-curdling yell from one of the cells in the building. It was repeated and taken up by other maniacs who were confined in adjacent cells. The young man was painfully shocked. He had that peculiar, nervous temperament which is powerfully agitated by contact with deranged persons. Instantly the conviction seized him that he was destined to lose his reason and become like the poor creature whose cry he had heard. The horrible dread overmastered him, but he controlled himself and returned home with his mother.

The next day the impression returned upon him with redoubled force and it increased as the days passed, until he became melancholy. His imagination pictured him being carried to an asylum and restrained, while nameless terrors tormented his diseased brain. "All sleep left me," he says, "and all day and night I was haunted by that awful dread. I could do nothing but weep and walk the floor wringing my hands in absolute anguish. Everything that my dear parents and friends could do to alleviate my distress, they did, but without avail. Society, recreations, medical advice, all kinds of amusement were tried without avail. While the dread spectre was driven away for an hour by some strong enjoyment, it soon returned with increased power, and I became utterly prostrate in mind and body. I was convinced that no human power could deliver me from the fate that awaited me." At this time the thought of suicide entered his mind, as it has come to so many, when no other way of escaping a dreaded calamity appeared open. Horrible as such an act was, it seemed to him less appalling than to become like the poor creature whose shrieks still rang in his ears. It was as when this alternative was apparently forced upon him that the message of "One Mighty to save," which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD carries, came to him. Though human skill was, as he believed, powerless to save him, he knew there were no limits to Christ's power. He fell on his knees and committed his case to the Great Physician. How long he remained kneeling he does not know, but when he rose it was a changed man. A sweet peace filled his soul and the conviction that Almighty power would keep him, banished all dread, and it has never returned.

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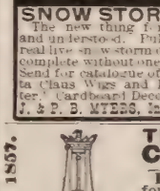

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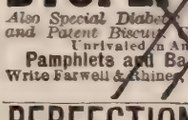

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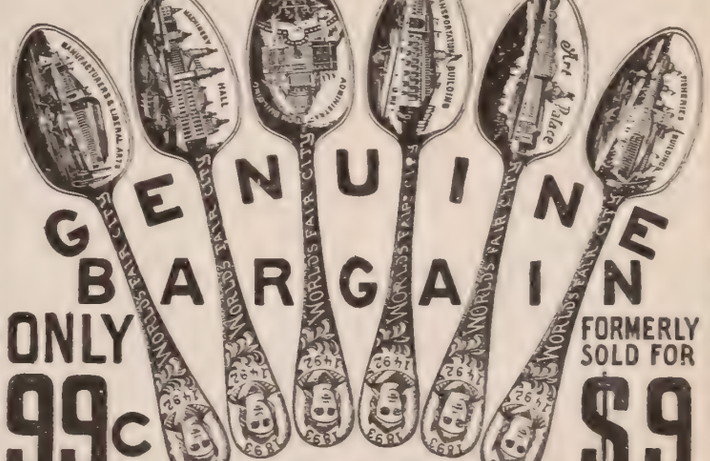

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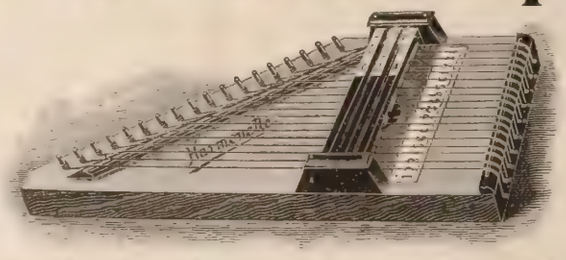

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OLUME 18.

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 11, 1895.

NUMBER 50.

Price Five Cents.

A SCHOOL IN CAIRO, NEAR THE TRADITIONAL HOUSE WHERE JOSEPH, MARY AND JESUS LODGED. (See Page 537.)

THE OPENING WINTER.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Titus 3: 12. "*I have determined there to winter.*"

PAUL was not independent of the seasons. He sent for his overcoat to Troas on a memorable occasion. And now in the text he is making arrangements for the approaching cold weather, and makes an appointment with Titus to meet him at Necopolis, saying: "I have determined there to winter." Well this is the eighth day of December and the second Sabbath of Winter. We have had a few shrill, sharp blasts already, forerunners of whole regiments of storms and tempests. No one here needs to be told that we are in the opening gates of the Winter. This season is not only a test of one's physical endurance, but in our great cities is a test of moral character. A vast number of people have by one Winter of dissipation been destroyed, and forever. Seated in our homes on some stormy night, the winds howling outside, we imagine the shipping helplessly driven on the coast, but any Winter night, if our ears were good enough, we could hear the crash of a thousand moral shipwrecks. There are many people who came to the cities on the first of September who will be blasted by the first of March. At this season of the year temptations are especially rampant. Now that the long Winter evenings have come, there are many who will employ them in high pursuits, in intelligent socialities, in Christian work, in the strengthening and ennobling of moral character, and this Winter to many of you will be the brightest and the best of all your lives, and in anticipation I congratulate you. But to others it may not have such effect, and I charge you, my beloved, look out where you spend your Winter nights.

In the first place, I have to remark that at this season of the year evil allurements are especially busy. There is not very much temptation for a man to plunge in on a hot night amid blazing gaslights, and to breathe the fetid air of an assemblage, but in the cold nights Satan gathers a great harvest. At such times the casinos are in full blast. At such time, the grogshops in one night make more than in four or five nights in Summer. At such times the playbills of low places of entertainment seem especially attractive, and the acting is especially impressive, and the applause especially bewitching. Many a man who has kept right all the rest of the year will [illegible] and though last autumn he came from the country and there was lustre in the eye and there were roses in the cheek and elasticity in the step, by the time the Spring hour has come you will pass him in the street and say to your friend: "What's the matter with that man? How differently he looks from what he looked last September." Slain of one Winter's dissipation. At this time of the year there are many entertainments. If we rightly employ them, and they are of the right kind, they enlarge our socialities, allow us to make important acquaintance, build us up in our morals, and help us in a thousand ways. I can scarcely think of anything better than good neighborhood. But there are those entertainments from which others will come besoiled in character. There are those who by the spring-time will [illegible] in health, and though at the opening of the season their prospects were bright, at the close of the season they will be in the hands of the doctors, or sleeping in the cemetery. The certificate of death will be made out, and the physician, to save the feelings of the family, will call the disease by a Latin name. But the doctor knows, and everybody else knows, they died of too many levees. Away with all these wine-drinking convivialities. How dare you, the father of a family, tempt the appetites of the young people? Perhaps at the entertainment, to save the feelings of the minister or some other weak temperance man, you leave the decanter in a side room, and only a few people are invited there to partake; but it is easy enough to know when you come out, by the glare of your eye and the stench of your breath, that you have been serving the devil.

Men sometimes excuse themselves and say, after late suppers it is necessary to take some sort of stimulant to aid digestion. My plain opinion is that if you have no more self-control than to stuff yourself until your digestive organs refuse their office, you had better not call yourself a man, but class yourself among the beasts that perish. At this season of the year the Young Men's Christian Associations of the land send out circulars asking the pastors to speak a word on this subject, and so I sound in your ear the words of the Lord God Almighty: "Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." Rejoice that you have come to the glad Winter months that remind you of the times when in your childhood you were shone on by the face of father, mother, brothers, sisters, some of them, alas! no more to meet you with a "Happy New Year," or a "Merry Christmas." But again and again have we seen on New Year's Day the sons of some of the best families drunk, and young men have excused themselves by the fact that the wine-cup has been offered by the ladies; and again and again it has been found out that a lady's hand has kindled the young man's thirst for strong drink, and long after all the attractions of the holiday have passed that same woman crouches in her rags, and her desolation, and her woe under the uplifted hand of the drunken monster to whom she had passed the fascinating cup on New Year's Day. If we want to go to ruin let us go alone and not take others with us. Can we not sacrifice our feelings if need be? When the good ship *London* went down the captain was told that he might escape in one of the lifeboats. "No," he replied, "I'll go down with the passengers." All the world applauded his heroism. And can we not sacrifice our tastes and our appetites for the rescue of others? Surely it is not a very great sacrifice. Oh, mix not with the innocent beverage of the holiday the poison of adders! Mix not with the white sugar of the cup the snow of this awful leprosy! Mar not the clatter of the cutlery of the festal occasion with the clank of a merchant's chain. Pass down the street and look into the pawnbroker's window. Elegant watch, elegant furs, elegant flute, elegant shoes, elegant scarf, elegant books, elegant mementoes. You sometimes see people with pleased countenance looking into such a window. When I look into a pawnbroker's window, it seems to me as if I had looked into the window of hell! To whom did that watch belong? To a drunkard. To whom did those furs belong? To a drunkard's wife. To whom did those shoes belong? To a drunkard's child. I take the three brazen balls at the door-way of a pawn-broker's shop, and I clank them together, sounding the knell of the drunkard's soul. A pawnbroker's shop is only one of the eddies in the great torrent of municipal drunkenness. "Oh," says someone, "I don't patronize such things. I have destroyed no young man by such influences. I only take ale, and it will take a great amount of ale to intoxicate." Yes; but I tell you there is not a drunkard in America that did not begin with ale. Three X's—I do not know what they mean. Three X's on the brewer's dray, three X's on the door of the gin shop, three X's on the side of the bottle. Three X's. I asked a man. He could not tell. I asked another what is the meaning of the three X's. He could not tell me. Then I made up my mind that the three X's were an allegory, and that they meant thirty heartbreaks, thirty agonies, thirty broken-up households, thirty prospects of a drunkard's grave, thirty ways to perdition. Three X's. If I were going to write a story, the first chapter I would call Three X's and the last chapter I would call the pawnbroker's shop. Oh, beware of your influence.

The Winter season is especially full of temptation, because of the long evenings allowing such full swing for evil indulgences. You can scarcely expect a young man to go into his room and sit there from seven to eleven o'clock in the evening, reading Motley's "Dutch Republic," or John Foster's essays. It would be a very beautiful thing for him to do, but he will not do it. The most of our young men are busy in offices, in factories, in banking-houses, in stores, in shops, and when evening comes they want the fresh air, and they want sight-seeing, and they must have it, they will have it, and they ought to have it. Most of the men here assembled will have three or four evenings of leisure on the Winter nights. After tea, the man puts on his hat and coat, and he goes out. One form of allurement says, "Come in here." Satan says, "It is best for you to go in; you ought not to be so green; by this time you ought to have seen everything," and the temptations shall be mighty in dull times such as we have had, but which, I believe, are gone; for I hear all over the land the prophecy of great prosperity, and the railroad men and the merchants, they all tell me of the days of prosperity they think are coming, and in many departments they have already come, and they are going to come in all departments; but those dull times through which we have passed have destroyed a great many men. The question of a livelihood is with a vast multitude the great question. There are young men who expected before this to set up their household, but they have been disappointed in the gains they have made. They cannot support themselves, how can they support others? and, to the curse of modern society, the theory is abroad that a man must not marry until he has achieved a fortune, when the twain ought to start at the foot of the hill and together climb to the top. That is the old-fashioned way, and that will be the new-fashioned way if society is ever redeemed. But during the hard times, the dull times, so many men were discouraged, so many men had nothing to do—they could get nothing to do—a pirate bore down on the ship when the sails were down and the vessel was making no headway. People say they want more time to think. The trouble is, too many people have had too much time to think, and if our merchants had not had their minds diverted, many of them would long before this have been within the four walls of an insane asylum. These long Winter evenings, be careful where you spend them. This Winter will decide the temporal and eternal destiny of hundreds of men in this audience.

Then, the Winter has especial temptations in the fact that many homes are peculiarly unattractive at this season. In the Summer months the young man can sit out on the steps, or he can have a bouquet in the vase on the mantel, or, the evenings being so short, soon after gaslight he wants to retire anyhow. But there are many parents who do not understand how to make the long Winter evenings attractive to their children. It is amazing to me that so many old people do not understand young people. To hear some of these parents talk you would think they had never themselves been young, and had been born with spectacles on. Oh, it is dolorous for young people to sit in the house from seven to eleven o'clock at night, and to hear parents groan about their ailments and the nothingness of this world. The nothingness of this world! How dare you talk such blasphemy? It took God six days to make this world, and he has allowed it six thousand years to hang upon his holy heart, and this world has shone on you and blessed you and caressed you for these fifty or seventy years and yet you dare talk about the nothingness of this world. Why, it is a magnificent world. I do not believe in the whole universe there is a world equal to it, except it be heaven. You cannot expect your children to stay in the house these long Winter evenings to hear you denounce this star-lighted, sun-warmed, shower baptised, flower strewn, angel-watched God-inhabited planet.

Oh! make your home bright. Bring in the violin or the picture. It does not require a great salary or a big house, or chased silver, or gorgeous upholstery to make a happy home. All that is wanted is a father's heart, a mother's heart, in sympathy with young folks. I have known a man with seven hundred dollars salary and he had no other income, but he had home so happy and bright, that, though the sons have gone out and won large fortunes, and the daughters have gone out into splendid spheres, and become princesses of society, they can never think of that early home without tears of emotion. It was to them the vestibule of heaven, and all their mansions now, and all their palaces now, cannot make them forget that early place. Make your homes happy. You go around your house growling about your rheumatisms and acting the lugubrious, and your sons will go into the world and plunge into dissipation. They will have their own rheumatisms after awhile. Do not forestall their misfortunes. You were young once, and you had your bright and joyous times. Now let the young folks have a good time. I stood in front of a house and I said to the owner of the house: "This is a splendid tree." He said in a whining tone: "Yes, but it will fade." I walked around in his garden, and said, "This is a glorious garden you have." "Yes," he said, "but it will perish." Then he said to my little child, whom I was leading along: "Come and kiss me." The child protested and turned away. He said, "Oh, the perversity of human nature! Who would want to kiss him? I was not surprised to find out that his only son had become a vagabond. You may groan people out of decency, but you can never groan them into it, and I declare in the presence of these men and women of common sense that it is a most important thing for you to make your homes bright if you want your sons and daughters to turn out well.

Alas! that old people so much misunderstand young folks! There was a great Sunday School anniversary, and there were thousands of children present: indeed, the Sunday Schools of the town were in the building, and it was very uproarious and full of disturbance, and the presiding officer on the occasion came forward, and in a very loud tone shouted, "Silence!" and the more noise the presiding officer made, the more noise the children made

me one else rose on the platform and me forward, and with more stentorian ice shouted, "Silence!" and the uproar rose to greater height, and it did em as if there would be almost a t and the police have to be called in, hen old Doctor Beaman, his hair white the driven snow, said: "Let me try my nd." So he came forward with a slow ep to the front of the platform, and when e children saw the venerable man and e white hair, they thought they would sh up that instant, and hear what the old an had to say. He said: "Boys, I want make a bargain with you. If you will be ll now, while I speak, when you get to be old as I am I will be as still as a mouse." ere was not another whisper that afternon. He was as much a boy as any of em. Oh, in these approaching holidays, us turn back our natures to what they re years ago, and be boys again and ls again, and make all our homes happy. d will hold you responsible for the inence you now exert, and it will be very ght and very pleasant if some winter ght, when we are sleeping under the inkets of snow, our children shall ride ng in the merry party, and hushing a ment into solemnity, look off and say: here sleep the best father and mother at ever made a happy New Year." Arm urself against these temptations of Deember, January and February. Temptaon will come to you in the form of an gel of light. I know that the poets repent Satan as horned and hoofed. If I re a poet and I were going to picture an, I would represent him as a human ng, with manners polished to the last fection, hair falling in graceful ringlets, a little bloodshot, but floating in bewching languor, hand soft and diamondd foot exquisitely shaped, voice mellow a flute, breath perfumed as though thing had ever touched the lips but m of a thousand flowers, conversation file, carefully toned and Frenchy. But I uld have the heart incased with the les of a monster, and have it stuffed h all pride and beastliness of desire and hocrisy and death, and then I would e it touched with the rod of disenchantnt until the eyes became the cold orbs the adder, and to the lip should come foam of raging intoxication, and the foot the spring of the panther, and the soft hand the change that would ke it the clammy hand of the wasted leton, and then I would suddenly have heart break out in unquenchable nes, and the affected lisp of the tongue ome the hiss of the worm that never ds. But until disenchanted, ringleted d diamonded and flute-voiced, and consation facile, carefully toned and nchy.

Oh, what a beautiful thing it is to see a ng man standing up amid these temptons of city life incorrupt while hunds are falling. I will tell your history. u will move in respectable circles all r days, and some day a friend of your her will meet you and say: "Goodrning; glad to see you. You seem to prospering; you look like your father all the world; I thought you would n out well when I used to hold you on r knee; if you ever want any help or advice, come to me; as long as I remember your father I'll remember you. od-morning." That will be the history hundreds of these young men. How do I know it? I know it by the way you rt. But here's a young man who takes t opposite route; voices of sin charm him ay. He reads bad books, mingles in l society. The glow has gone from his eek and the sparkle from his eye, and t purity from his soul. Down he goes, le by little. The people who saw him en he came to town while yet hovered r his head the blessing of a pure mothr's prayer and there was on his lips the ry of a pure sister's kiss, now as they him pass cry: "What an awful ck!" Cheek bruised in grogshop ht. Eye bleared with dissipation. Lip swollen with indulgences. Be careful what you say to him, for a trifle he would take your life. Lower down, lower down until, outcast of God and man, he lies in the asylum, a blotch of loathsomeness and pain. One moment he calls for God and then he calls for rum. He prays, he curses, he laughs as a fiend laughs, then bites his nails into the quick, then puts his hands through the hair hanging around his head like the mane of a wild beast, then shivers until the cot shakes, with unutterable terror, then with his fists fights back the devils, or clutches for serpents that seem to wind around him their awful folds, then asks for water which is instantly consumed on his cracked lips. Some morning the surgeon going his rounds will find him dead. Do not try to comb out or brush back the matted locks. Straighten out the limbs, wrap him in a sheet, put him in a box, and let two men carry him down to the wagon at the door. With a piece of chalk write on top of the box the name of the destroyer and the destroyed. Who is it? It is you, oh man, if, yielding to the temptations of a dissipated life, you go out and perish. There is a way that seemeth bright and fair and beautiful to a man, but the end thereof is death. Employ these long nights of December, January and February in high pursuits, in intelligent socialities, in innocent amusements, in Christian work. Do not waste this Winter, for soon you will have seen your last snow-shower, and have gone up into the companionship of him whose raiment is white as snow, whiter than any fuller on earth could whiten it. For all Christian hearts the Winter nights of earth will end in the June morning of heaven. The river of life from under the throne never freezes over. The foliage of life's fair tree is never frost-bitten. The festivities, the hilarities, the family greetings of earthly Christmas times will give way to larger reunion and brighter lights and sweeter garlands and mightier joy in the great holiday of heaven.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

THERE'S sorrow in many a heart to-night
And grief in the courts up on high
O'er souls that have wandered so far from light,
Away from the fold that is nigh.

There's many a mother on bended knee,
Whose prayer is ascending above,
"Oh, God! save my darling, so dear to me,
The child of my earliest love."

There's many a father whose hoary head
Bends low for the dear absent one,
Who cries, "Would to God I for thee were dead,
Oh, Absalom! oh, my son!"

Yes, many a heart is aching to-night,
And many the tears that are shed,
O'er dear ones who've vanished beyond our sight,
O'er hopes lying buried and dead.

There's gladness in many a home to-night,
And joy on the streets of pure gold,
O'er souls that are longing again for light
O'er lost ones brought back to the fold.

We some day shall stand by the Jasper Sea,
Perchance with our well-garnered sheaves,
Or bowed down with grief some sad heart may be,
To show but a handful of leaves.

Let's share in the joy of the "harvest home,"
For surely the field is so wide,
Let's tell the sweet story to those who roam,
For whom our dear Saviour died.

—MRS. GEORGE E. ROSE.

Youngstown, Ohio.

Multitudes Moved by a Child.

Cleretta N. Avery, the Wonderful Pickaninny Preacher, and her Enthusiastic Work for Christ—Hundreds Converted through her Sermons in the Southern Cities.

A QUIET, unassuming little girl of ten, hardly more than a mere child, rather small in stature, and with dusky yet delicate features that lighten with bright intelligence as she talks; easy and self-possessed far beyond the average child, fluent in conversation, and pleasant in both tone and gesture. Such is Cleretta Nora Avery, the little colored girl from Charleston, S. C., who for several months past has been preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to large audiences in the East with telling effect.

Some time ago, remarkable reports were received from the South, about this colored child, who had been divinely called to preach the Gospel. Wherever she went, she stirred the hearts and touched the consciences of men and women by her lucid, earnest and

CLERETTA N. AVERY, THE TEN-YEAR-OLD PREACHER.

wonderfully spiritual addresses. In North and South Carolina, it is claimed, hundreds were converted through her instrumentality. Yet in no sense is she sensational, but rather quiet and gently persuasive, her sweetly-modulated voice and simple gestures doing more to win the hearts of her hearers than trumpet tones and startling climaxes.

Claretta was born in Washington, D. C., in 1885, of respectable parents. Her mother is a woman of rare acquirements and with an eventful history while her father was an associate and co-laborer with Frederick Douglass and other prominent Abolitionists. Early in life he had joined the Methodist Church, and was ordained a minister of the Gospel. Besides his pastoral work, he found opportunity to edit a paper in the interest of colored schools, and to do much for the general advancement of the colored people in Louisiana and Mississippi. He was a man of strong convictions, a vigorous writer and an eloquent speaker.

When little Cleretta was less than two years old, she began to give evidence of being a wonderful child. It is impossible to say at what age she was converted, but unquestionably, when very young, she realized what it meant to give her heart to Christ. In speaking of her early change of heart, Cleretta always says: "You may doubt it, but since God knows it, and I know it, I am quite satisfied. God's Holy Spirit can acquaint a little child with himself before that child is old enough to know its parents."

When about seven years of age, Cleretta, who had already become a wonderfully eloquent and spiritual child, announced to her parents her divine call to preach the Gospel. They tried to discourage and to divert her from her purpose on the ground that she was too small and uninformed in the Scriptures to attempt so important and responsible a work. But she declared that God had commissioned her to proclaim his truth. and, therefore, she preached her first sermon at Raleigh, N. C., August 17, 1893, at a camp-meeting service. Since then she has preached to large audiences of white and colored people in the towns and cities of North and South Carolina, and has conducted successful revivals at Cherow, Society Hill, Florence, Charleston and Darlington, in which many persons have been brought to repentance and peace. Her sermons are never argumentative nor discussive. A vein of pathos goes through all that she says, and her vividly picturesque and poetic style often carries away the colored portion of her hearers. Her sermons have made an impression upon many hearts.

In her recent sermons preached before both white and colored audiences in New York and New Jersey her manner and the spirituality that pervades all her utterances on the platform have attracted much attention. She never attended school until quite lately and all the education she ever received was that given her by her parents, yet she has a marvelous command of language and her wide and accurate knowledge of the Bible is equally surprising. She talks calmly and deliberately, and discusses the highest religious topics as a mature Christian would discuss them. She makes no notes, but after reading a few verses from she Bible, announces her subject, closes the Book and proceeds in an easy, fluent way that charms her audience. She cannot be diverted from her subject, no matter what occurs or how large the congregation, and she has not even a trace of nervousness.

A few months ago, Cleretta came to Charleston, S. C., and entered the Charleston Industrial Institute and Home for Girls, of which Rev. J. L. Dart is Principal. This institution was founded by a number of leading colored clergymen and laymen of Charleston, for the intellectual, moral and industrial training of some of the thousands of colored boys and girls who are without any school facilities in that city, and are growing up in ignorance, idleness and crime. The demand for Cleretta to preach was very great, and during four weeks she packed several of the largest colored churches three times a day with crowds of white and colored people, and many members were added to the colored churches.

In talking about her extraordinary gift, the child is exceedingly modest. She says no one taught her to preach: the Lord directed her to do so, and she is simply doing his bidding. Her first sermon was delivered in a church at Raleigh when she was eight years old. She doesn't study the Bible for texts, she says, bnt there is always one ready when she wants it. She is never at a loss for words. Many have been converted through her services, but she disdains all merit in such cases, and says that the conversions have come through the power of the Lord alone.

Cleretta has identified herself with the Charleston Industrial Institute, and the proceeds of her lecturing and preaching are to be devoted to the erection of a building for the literary, moral, and industrial training of colored girls. It is estimated that such a building can be erected and furnished for $5000. A site has already been secured on Kracke street, Charleston, adjoining the present Institute buildings. Up to the present time, over one hundred and fifty children have been trained in elementary studies and industrial work at the Institute, and larger facilities are now needed.

Anyone who desires to do so may learn more about Cleretta by writing to President Dart at Charleston. It is evident that the Lord, in his own mysterious way is using this little child for great purposes and should she grow to womanhood, Cleretta Nora Avery may yet render service for Christ compared to which her present experience will be as the bud to the flower, for it is written tnat out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He hath ordained wisdom. All who have heard her receiveed the impression that her mission is sincere and her gifts phenomenal.

The Birth of Christ.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 22d. Luke 2: 8-20. Golden Text: Luke 2: 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

MALACHI, the last prophet of the Old Testament, gives a sad picture of the state of Israel, the people whom God had formed for himself that they might set forth his praise (Isa. 43: 21). Claiming God as their Father, they had ceased to honor him as such, and the very priests who were called to guard the holy name of their God, and maintain his fear, despised his name by offering polluted bread upon his altar, and offering "the blind," the "lame and the sick" for sacrifice, palming off upon God that which they would not have offered to an earthly governor.

It was into such a state of things that the Son of God came into our world! He was not the child of the age, the product of advanced human nature. The time is at hand when the great Antichrist, the man of sin shall "come in his own name," (John 5: 43), and shall be the child of the age, the result of humanity which rejects God. Jesus came, not to exalt human nature, but to take it, in his own person, down to utter shame and condemnation upon the cross; to death and burial, that he might on its ruins make those who would be crucified with him "partakers of the divine nature having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust" (II. Peter 1: 4), i.e., through our human or self-life and its desires.

It was then consistent with the ways of God that, when the stupendous announcement was to be made, that the promised Seed of the woman, the very Son of God incarnate, was born in human flesh, he whose day Abraham saw from afar (John 8: 56), and of whom Moses, the prophets and the psalms spoke (Luke 24: 44), he should announce it to the simple shepherds, who, being unconscious of self, would be able to appreciate the greatness of the communication. Could it be true that the Christ, looked for through nearly four thousand years, was really on earth? Could it be that they, of all other men, and they only, were acquainted with this tremendous fact? But, could it be possible that he, the Lord of heaven, should be born in circumstances so poor and that earth's least instead of earth's greatest should be given to her Lord, and that he actually lay in a manger?

Almost before such thoughts could rise, a divine seal was upon the announcement. A multitude in heaven endorsing the angels' message. This settled the matter, yes; God indeed had spoken, and the Christ indeed was born. But who in Bethlehem knew or cared about the advent of the Messiah? Who even in Jerusalem would hail with believing joy the new-born Saviour? A Zacharias and Elizabeth, a Simeon and Anna, and a little company who "looked for redemption"—this was all! And yet this event touched every soul of man, the salvation of every man who ever will be saved, hung on the good tidings of great joy which, at this moment was shared between heaven's angel host and a few simple, illiterate shepherds! The deepest truths and the most stupendous realities of God are known to the most simple. "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. 18: 3.) Little children are

Not Self-conscious:

self-consciousness thickens the atmosphere so that the presence of God cannot shine through. The angels went away from them into heaven, but the message of God which they had brought remained with the shepherds. What should they do with it? What should we do with any communication from God which may have reached our hearts? Should we lay it up in our memories as a useful truth to give out at our next Bible class? Alas! many thus treat a message from the Lord; they pass it on without letting it become a power in their own lives. But God's messages cannot be thus lightly treated; the word which does not transform, condemns: The shepherds said one to another, "Let us now go even to Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass,

MODERN BETHLEHEM—PILGRIMS ARRIVING ON CHRISTMAS EVE.
(From a Photograph brought from Palestine by the Proprietor of "The Christian Herald.")

which the Lord hath made known to us." They acted on the light from heaven which had come to them. And what about the sheep? They had no time to get anyone to tend them; they ran the risk of losing them because they counted that a message direct from God, of such tremendous import, was worth the loss of the sheep. Are there not many children of God who cannot trust him with their work; their classes and meetings, their visiting or open-air work, and they cannot take time to take in, and make their own, any message from God which has reached them. What would it leave for the shepherds to have waited till morning on account of the sheep and left the great announcement of the Saviour's birth untold till the morning lest the sheep should stray? May not some reader have acted in this way and lost some of God's most precious communications.

The shepherds came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger just as had been told them by the shepherds. With exception of Mary and Joseph, their eyes were the first to look on God incarnate. And their hearts were full, the sheep did not occupy them, a greater thing had come into their lives, and "when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child." Like the disciples after Pentecost, a constraining power possessed them, they "could not but speak the things which they had seen and heard." (Acts 4: 20.) And God prepared the way for their testimony, it was not in vain: unused as they were to speak of the things of God abroad, their simple relation of what had happened came with convincing power; "All they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

CHRISTMAS is welcomed by different people with very different emotions. It has a host of delightful associations, but to one born in a Christian land, it should never come without arousing thoughts of its origin. The event all Christendom celebrates on that day, means so much to us, that it would be singularly ungrateful to celebrate the day without thinking of the event that hallows it. The coming of Jesus Christ into the world is to Christians the most momentous event of all time, and in him and around him centre their hopes for all eternity. Even the worldling, to whom Jesus holds no such tender relation, has reason to think of the incarnation with wonder and thankfulness. The world is the better for Jesus having been in it. From his life and teaching have come influences which have made men kinder to each other, more considerate of the weak and afflicted, more gentle and brotherly. Those influences are better understood and more potent in every new generation than the one preceding it and they will continue to grow to the end of time. The advent, therefore, must be to every one an event of epoch-making importance while to the devout believer, who sees in it "God manifest in the flesh," it is of unspeakable moment. The picture Luke draws of the scene is beautiful in its simplicity. A few shepherds are guarding their flocks from danger in the night. Shepherds in those times were interested in the heavenl bodies, and had a primitive acquaintanc with such astronomical science as could b obtained by observation; but on thi night something a great deal more ma vellous burst on their sight. In thes days we have become sceptical about a gels' visits; but to men familiar with Ol Testament literature, the appearance angels was perfectly credible. And surel if any event could bring them to the earth the birth of Christ would do so. Und their direction, the shepherds went to th adjacent village of Bethlehem, the litt hamlet on the crest of the hill, five mile south of Jerusalem, and there found th new-born babe. The village was crowde to overflowing with the numerous pr geny of the House of David. The Roma conquerors had ordered a census and th gathering was the consequence, every or who honored his ancestry going to th family-seat to be counted. So full was th village that the young Galilean moth had been glad to find shelter in the ca near the inn, which was used as a stabl and had laid her precious child in the fee ing-trough, out of which the cattle a their food. There are now no data for a suring ourselves that the day on whi the Christian world celebrates the even was really the day on which it occurre and, at first sight, it seems improbable th in December shepherds would have be in the fields all night watching their flock but in that land and time it was more pr bable than otherwise that they would ha been there. The day has been observ by general consent for more than fifte hundred years and no valid reason has y been advanced for doubting its authenticit

Good tidings of great joy. If the she herds had known and if the world h known how terrible was the need of Saviour, it would not have been necessa for the angels to say that their tidin were joyful. Some time ago an officer one of the outlying provinces of Aust was lying under sentence of death. had been tried summarily by court mart and condemned to be shot. It was a fe ful thing for him, more on account of wife and children, than his own accou for he had faced death many a time on t battlefield. His wife obtained evidence his innocence and went with it to t Emperor in Vienna. But it was a lo way off and the officer feared that s would not be able to get to Vienna a back before the date fixed for his exe tion. Day after day passed and there w no news of her. The day of his dea came and he was being led into the para ground to be shot, when his wife rode on a panting horse, waving aloft his p don. She had ridden day and night t she might get to the prison in time. H tidings were tidings of great joy to her a to her husband, but the tidings of sal tion that the angels brought were, as th said, to all people.

The babe wrapped in swaddling cloth These were bandages in which, in Ori tal lands, a child was swathed as soon it was born. The object was to keep t child's tender body from being distorted, hurt in handling. The practice was co mon in Western lands also, until the l century, when by repeated protests, p sicians convinced the people that the ch would develop better without the bandag There have been many attempts to c fine the Gospel in the same way. T Jews opposed its being given to the G tiles, and there were many people who posed its being sent to the heathen. B the Word of God is not bound. Wh Moffat the missionary was holding a vice in the house of a farmer in Bechua land, he astonished the farmer by ins ing on the native servants being brou in to hear it. "They cannot understan the farmer said. But they did understa as many have since become Christians.

They made known the saying. That is duty of all who know the truth. The sh herds were not trained preachers but t could tell what they had heard. Everyo can do that and they can often do good that way. A very good man who was means of organizing many Sunday Scho was a wicked man when he was you He was very fond of his little daughte who went to Sunday School and used sing at home the hymns she learned th and talk of what her teacher told her. T father was so pleased with her report t he went to the school himself, becam good man and spent his life in preachi and planting Sunday Schools that oth might get good, too.

AMERICAN TRAVELERS IN PERIL.

Rev. Dr. Whittle's Exciting Experience in the Alexandretta Riot—Gazing on Burning Villages and Armenians in Chains—A Visit to the Greatest College in the World.

HAVING just returned from a second and somewhat extended tour through Asia Minor, and other countries bordering on Armenia, I feel that I owe it to the Christian people of America, and our fellow religionists in the far East, to relate some of my recent observations and experiences.

For several months the reading people of the civilized world have been frequently horrified by reading the accounts of the Armenian atrocities. No doubt many readers have often thought that the newspaper accounts of these horrors were overdrawn, but I beg to assure such persons that the half has not been told.

Some fifteen years ago, the Sultan of Turkey, together with his high officials, determined as a stroke of political policy to create a revival of Mohammedanism. Since this decision was arrived at, Turkey has been more of a religious than a political government. Hundreds of mosques throughout the Turkish Empire were immediately turned into schools, so-called colleges and universities. Into these schools multitudes of boys and young men were gathered, and there they were compelled to spend from two to six years in studying the Koran. Philosophy, mathematics, history, natural history, algebra, geometry and astronomy, so assiduously cultivated by the ancient Arabs, are unknown in these schools; indeed the scientific studies of the Western world are by these self-complacent people utterly despised. I have made personal visits to a number of these theological seminaries—a strange name you will say for institutions from which issue such direful influences

The largest one of these schools that I have visited, indeed I believe it is the largest in the world, is in Cairo, Egypt, where there are said to be 10,000 students. Their ages ranged from five years upwards; many of them were blind. The pupils were barefoot and half clothed; each of them had a pigeon-hole less than three feet square assigned to him, in which he kept his book, clothes and food. On entering a large open court with marble pavement, I saw hundreds of students sitting flat on the floor grouped around their several teachers. Many of the teachers and students were stretched out full length on the pavement, with bread and dates in one hand and the Koran in the other. Many, if not all of them, were studying aloud; the buzz and confusion arising from such a concourse the reader can well imagine.

The schools are hotbeds of Mohammedanism; both the instructors and the pupils are wildly fanatical; many of them know the Koran well-nigh by heart, but they are wholly incapable of comprehending the meaning of its simplest sentences; intolerant of those who refuse the Koran, they are ready to use the sword. Only one thing more is left for the graduates of these institutions to do to prepare them for their bloody work, namely, to visit Mecca, which every good Mohammedan is expected to do once in a lifetime.

In approaching the sacred city the devotee strips himself literally stark naked; this done he goes out into a dark valley, and there, for an hour, "throws stones at the devil. He then returns to the sacred city to listen to a sermon against Christians which is well calculated to inflame his passions and arouse his fanaticism to the highest point. The green turban wound around his head is ever afterwards a sign that he has obtained the Prophet's favor by visiting the heavenly city. He now puts on the war paint; unsheathes his sword and flings away the scabbard, perhaps nothing would now more delight him than to shed the innocent blood of "Christian dogs." In many instances pupils from such schools as I have described, have armed themselves with sharp knives and clubs, and roamed the streets in search of Christians, and as often as they were found they were left bruised, mangled and generally in a dying condition. So much for the cause of these unspeakable troubles.

What shall I say as to the extent of these atrocities? The massacres are by no means confined to Armenians. Only a few weeks ago in Macedonia I saw a burning village, whose Christian inhabitants had just been massacred, indeed nothing but the timely arrival of the British fleet at Salonica prevented this slaughter from attaining fearful proportions. Having a personal letter from the Secretary of the American Navy, I obtained an interview with Lord Seymour, Admiral of the English Mediterranean Fleet, who was full of grave apprehensions at these massacres, fearing that they would soon become general throughout the Turkish Empire.

In Northern Syria a number of Christian men came to my tent and detailed to me some of their recent experiences. Only a week before, several members of their families and friends had been butchered. They said that if they had a cow, a horse, or any other personal property that a Mohammedan wanted, he, without ceremony, possessed himself of it. They appealed to me for help to get away from Turkey, and come to America or any other country where they could live in peace and safety. They are willing to sell themselves into perpetual slavery if they could only thereby purchase these inestimable blessings.

At Alexandretta, whither the *Marblehead* and the *California* have been sent, several members of my party had a narrow escape. Turkish soldiers from the interior were brought to this port awaiting ships to transport them to some field of action unknown to them. But these soldiers were unprovided for; they were receiving no pay from the Government and had no means of sustenance; they slept on the ground under the broad sky; so pinched were they by hunger that they broke into the stores and shops and helped themselves. This caused a great strife between the citizens on the one hand and the soldiers on the other, and soon a mob many hundreds strong was seen struggling in the streets and devastating property. It was a scene of wild confusion. Before I knew it several members of my party were surrounded by the mob; some of them were arrested, but after great anxiety and considerable delay they were extricated.

A sight enough to move a heart of adamant was to see twenty Armenian prisoners brought into Alexandretta, each with a huge chain about his neck, and all chained together. They were immediately thrust into prison where no one, not even foreign officials, was allowed to see them. No doubt some of these poor, unfortunate prisoners were murdered in their chains.

No one who studies the subject with an unbiased mind, can with the facts before him, come to any other conclusion than that the Armenians are a down-trodden, oppressed and long-suffering people. At first, perhaps, the evils were slight and might have been easily corrected, but the little leaven has leavened the whole lump, and now the trouble is widespread, practically over the whole Turkish Empire. The English fleet is composed of 36 men-of-war, that are constantly moving from one Turkish port to another, to inspire in the natives a feeling not less of dread than of respect for England. Hence this fleet is a mighty argument for peace, and is practically the only guarantee of safety that Christians have in Turkish territory.

What are the emergencies of the case? The Armenian people are in deep need of our sympathy, our moral support and our financial aid. These people are full of self-respect and are heroically struggling for freedom; though outnumbered many times by their foes they are contending for their religious liberty, and are bravely defending the sanctity of their homes, and the honor of their wives and daughters with their lives.

Every civilized nation, especially Christian nations should in this hour of despair, extend to them a protecting hand. Some told me they did not know whence relief would come, but they said they believed that God in his own good time would provide some means of sustenance. Have they exercised this faith in vain? I think not. But the question will have to be answered largely by the Christian people of America.

W. A. WHITTLE.

STUDENTS IN THE GREAT MOHAMMEDAN COLLEGE AT CAIRO, EGYPT

(Here Ten Thousand Pupils are Instructed in the Koran and Taught to Hate the Christians.)

A School in Old Cairo.

It is very Near to the House in Which Tradition says Mary, Joseph, and the Infant Jesus Found Refuge.

EDUCATION in the Orient is a very different matter from what it is in Europe or America. Especially is this the case in Mohammedan countries, where it consists almost exclusively of the study of the Koran, which is held by Moslem teachers to contain all that is necessary for the training of the average student in law, morals, and literature. In the higher Mohammedan schools there are, of course, studies in special branches, with a view to fitting young men for the different professions; but at the great majority of schools the Koran is conned industriously, to the exclusion of everything else.

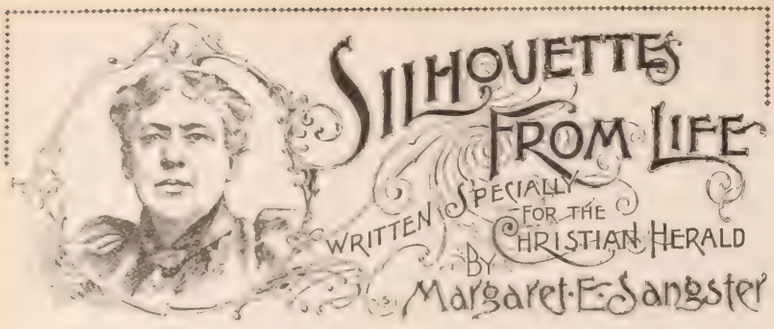
Our colored illustration on the first page of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD presents a realistic picture of a Mohammedan school in the ancient city of Cairo, Egypt, reproduced from a photograph taken by Rev. W. Jay Peck during a recent visit to that city. To all such schools—and indeed wherever the so-called sacred book of Mohammed is read, visitors are admitted by ticket only, and are provided at the door with slippers which must be worn while they are inside the building. This is by no means an easy thing to do, for the slippers are usually of such generous size that they fall off upon the slightest provocation. In the centre of the schoolroom floor sits the teacher, while round about him are grouped the pupils, some of them bright and quick-witted, and others dull, as the case may be. In his hand is a portion of the Koran, or a commentary in Arabic on that book. Back and forth sway the boys as they recite their task, committing a passage to memory after it has been read and explained by the teacher. It is the Mohammedan Bible and is the only book that ever crosses the threshold of such school-rooms. Occasionally the vigilant teacher, finding some pupil derelict, goads him on to more faithful study with an application that strongly recalls the birch-bark of the village schoolmasters in our land. Boy nature is the same the world over.

In general appearance and in order of studies, the Arabic school remains the same from generation to generation. In retired and dingy, yet picturesque quarters in some house, or perhaps in a quiet nook of some dilapidated mosque, the Moslem teacher instructs his class. With him begins and ends their education, unless they happen to have parents who can send them to one of the few Mohammedan universities. In the present instance, the school in the illustration possesses a peculiar interest from the fact that, according to the tradition, it stands near the house where Joseph and Mary and the infant Jesus found a refuge, while they remained in Egypt after their flight from the cruelty of Herod. In going to that house—or the building which now stands upon its former site—the visitor passes this quaint native school, with its grave-faced earnest, teacher and his circle of small pupils, but little changed probably from the houses and schools of old Cairo, as they were eighteen centuries ago.

Flowers for the Sick.

The box of flowers forwarded by a reader of this journal, were distributed among the sick by Miss Jennie Gilmore, a Christian lady doing missionary work in New York. She writes:

I think about twenty-four families were made happy by those smiles from God. How beautiful the box looked on taking off the lid. My own heart went up in thankfulness to the Creator, and a prayer for the thoughtful donors.



A Christmas Box.

"I WOULDN'T feel so badly," said Mrs. Irwin to her husband, "if I didn't see that the church at home has forgotten all about us. Here are we, toiling and suffering, and acting as their representatives, and what do they care? We may starve, and they will make no sign. Look at Jenny's shoes! See Rob, going to school without an overcoat! And, to go no farther than yourself, you haven't a horse, and you haven't the money to hire one. I'm just down to-night. Think of the Christmas they are going to have in Sixty-fourth street, and then compare ours!"

"Why, Maria!" exclaimed the Reverend Jonas Irwin, pushing back his spectacles. "Why, Maria, my love! What has come over you? When we entered this field we knew we would have to endure hardship. I know it's a long pull, but there are great encouragements. Louis McVey signed the pledge yesterday, and Michael Wanzer has given his heart to Christ. Why shall we not trust in our bountiful Lord a little longer?"

Mrs. Irwin was very busy just then with her baby, whom she had taken from his cradle. The golden head nestled against her bosom. The little dimpled hands stole up and patted her cheek. After a moment she looked up, but Jonas had turned away, and his pen was traveling steadily across the page, as he wrote his next week's sermon. Mr. Irwin never preached from a manuscript, for the people in his frontier congregation preferred being talked to from the pulpit. Nevertheless, he always wrote his sermons, every word of them, and in the pleasure of composition he forgot many of the worries which distressed his wife. She bore the brunt of the home missionary's life of privation and struggle, and its iron entered into her soul, and stamped her face, a face early growing old, as did the women's faces throughout the cold and gloomy region of scant harvests and rigorous winters.

"Jonas is a saint," she said, as she watched lovingly the noble head with its thatch of iron-grey hair bent over the corner of the kitchen-table, which sufficed the minister for a study. Then she went to her only other room to see if there was, by chance, a quilt she could spare to make Jenny a petticoat and Robert a cape.

The church at home had taken great pride in sending out and supporting a missionary, and its intention had never been to be niggardly and mean. But you who dwell on the outskirts do not realize how complex city life may be, nor how often it is want of thought rather than want of heart that makes men and women who have all life's luxuries, heedless of their brethren, who have not so much as life's comforts.

One evening at prayer-meeting in the uptown church in New York, the "home church" of Jonas Irwin and Maria, his wife, the pastor rose in his place and asked [illegible]

"The letter is rather unusual," he said, "and it touched me so much that I had to bring it along and let you share it with me."

"ROCKY HILL, Dec. 1st.

Dear Dr. Irwin:

When you came to see my papa last summer, you told us about the Christmas tree the children have in your church every year. Santa Claus doesn't know the way to Rocky Hill, and Christmas trees couldn't grow in our cold climate. But I want to tell you that our mamma cries herself to sleep every night, because she's had to cut up quilts to dress us with, and our papa hasn't a horse, and has to walk through drifts as high as a house when he visits the sick, and all of the people in our church are as poor as the Lord when he was on the earth. If a blizzard comes, we'll just have to die, for we haven't fuel to keep out the cold. Papa has an old fur tippet, and no thick coat. Neither have I a coat. Wouldn't some boy in our home church send me a reefer? Wishing you a merry Christmas, we are, yours truly,

JANE IRWIN,
ROBERT IRWIN.

"P. S.—Papa and mamma do not know we have written. They would not let the letter go if they did. But Johnny Peggit will put it in the mail for us when he crosses the mountain. So, good-bye, Doctor Washburn."

When the letter was finished, there was a dead silence. Deacon Slocum broke it by saying, "Let us pray."

"I've brought you a Merry Christmas," said Johnny Peggit.

After the prayer, the meeting resolved itself into a committee of ways and means. Doctor Washburn told how he had visited Rocky Hill in the summer, and how bravely and buoyantly the minister and his wife, "our own young people who went out from this church so full of eagerness and hope," were battling with sin and overcoming difficulties in their hard field. They had a meagre stipend to live on, and three children to bring up.

"We will send them a Christmas-box," was the conclusion of the conference, "and it must be packed to-morrow."

So, the next morning the ladies gathered in force in the church parlor. I wish you could have seen the things come in for that box. There was not only a reefer, but a whole fine outfit, a generous outfit for an eleven-year-old boy. A mother brought it tearfully, but with a pale, clear smile, conquering the tears. Her Willie needed those clothes no longer. The Lord had taken him hence. The mother had clung to the boy's garments, and felt them to be sacred, but she could withhold them no longer, now that a little fellow Willie's size was in such want. Men who had an abundant wardrobe contributed garments for the pastor, anxiously asking Doctor Washburn about his size and weight and height. Ladies fitted out the mother and the little Jenny, not forgetting the baby, and finally, so much was brought that there was an overflow box for the needy congregation. One benevolent gentleman sent money, the envelope inscribed, "This is to purchase a horse suitable for a missionary's use. Let it be a good one."

Off went the boxes, and on sped the days till Christmas dawned. All over the world, hearts grew jubilant as the Christmas music woke the echoes, the Christmas bells rang from the steeples, the Christmas gifts went from hand to hand, the Christmas trees were hung with apples and popcorn and candies and presents, and twinkled with tapers for high and low. There was joy on earth. There was joy in heaven. And again, in the starlit sky, I believe the angels sang exultingly: "Glory to God in the Highest, good-will on earth, and peace to men."

God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,

sang the Rev. Jonas Irwin on Christmas morning, stopping in the middle of the old carol, to ask a blessing over the oatmeal porridge on the breakfast table. His face was so benignant it made you happy to look at him, but his wife's eyes were red, and there were dark shadows under them. And the children felt somehow a blank, as if Christmas ought to be, yet was not, different from other days.

When "Hurrah boys," and "here's fun," resounded down the road, and there at the door was Johnny Peggit, mail-carrier, expressman and general factotum for the region round about Rocky Hill.

"Its well the snow kept off, or I'd never got these 'stravagin' big boxes over the hills," said Johnny, stamping vigorously to restore the circulation to his cold feet. "I've brought you people a merry Christmas, sure enough, I certainly have!" Johnny Peggit added, blowing on the ends of his frozen fingers.

Then they opened the boxes, and read the letters, and found all the presents: a doll for Jenny, a new knife and sled for Robert, a box of blocks for the baby, a lot of books for the minister, a set of silver spoons for his wife, these all extra, over and above the needed gifts of clothing and money, and a store of warm garments from everybody to everybody; the home church remembering the Rocky Hill branch in true Christmas loving-heartedness.

And to-day as Mr. Irwin mounted on a sure-footed pony goes to and fro among his parishioners, he is fain to say, "Thou hast put a new song into my mouth, even praise to our God."

And round the world a tidal wave
The Christmas cheer extends,
For heaven its best and largest gave
When foes were won for friends,
And on a lowly mother's breast
He lay, the undefiled,
And slept as birdling in its nest,
The blessed Holy Child.

Oh! Lord of all, below, above,
Who came for you and me,
And in surpassing, wondrous love,
There lay on Mary's knee,
Oh! Lord, whose Star in Bethlehem
First dawned, to stream afar,
Take us, to be thy diadem,
Thou bright and Morning Star!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Requests for Prayers.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Nov. 24, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. B. N Talcott, W. Va., for the conversion of a son who is utterly indifferent to his own salvation.——A Sister, Brooklyn, N. Y., for her brother's salvation.——"Broken Hearted Wife and Mother," Mich. That her husband, who has fallen under the power of drink, may be reclaimed and become a Christian; also for her sons and daughters that they may give their hearts to God.——Subscriber, Rochester, N.H., for a young man of brilliant talents who is a friend of the saloon and an opponent of God's Word, that he might be converted.—— "Subscriber," that a son who is exposed to strong temptation may be kept from sin by God's grace, and that two young daughters may be brought to Jesus in their youth.——Subscriber, Poland, Me., for the conversion of her ungodly husband who is very bitter against religion and very abusive; also for the conversion of her only brother.——"Anxious Mother," N. D., for the salvation of her two sons, one of whom is becoming a confirmed drunkard and gambler and the other is without God's protecting grace; also that their three sisters might give their hearts to God.——"Believer," Hudson, Mass., for the conversion of a dear brother who is a slave to liquor and tobacco and that he may be restored to his home.——O. M.W., Erie, Pa., that her son, now far away, might become a child of God; also that her grandson might be led to Christ.

For the Restoration of Health: S. H. Elizabeth, N. J., that two afflicted daughters may be recoved of their malady by him who when on earth heard and granted a mother's prayers for her children——Widowed Mother, Gaithersburg, Md., that the nervous affection that is distressing her and keeping her from the house of God may be removed, and that she may be enabled to put her trust in God and rejoice.——"Believer," Hudson, Mass. That her hearing may be restored.——"Subscriber," Poland, Me., for the recovery of a wife who has been a great sufferer for many years; also for the recovery of a man who has been almost bed-ridden for twenty-two years.——B. N. Talcott, W. Va. that a beloved daughter who has been afflicted for years may be healed.

For Special Blessings: "Tempted One," New York City. That God would give her strength to starve rather than sin.——"Business Woman," Philadelphia, Pa., that her employer who is a Christian and prominent in Christian work, might have his eyes open to see that his employees, who cannot obtain salaries sufficient to provide them with even the commonest food and clothing, must commit sin in order that they may dress as they are required to dress to keep their situations.——"Subscriber," N. B., that God would open the way to the fulfilment of a pledge.——"Believer," that God would enable her to keep her home and to bring up her two children to love and serve him.——L. P. R., Quincy, Mich. Who is becoming blind, that God would give his grace to be patient under the afflictions and vouchsafe such spiritual light as will be a consolation when the scenes of earth and the words in books are shut out from sight.

The Czar's Portrait.

Some time ago, one of the Czars of Russia offered a prize of $30,000 for the best portrait of himself. All the painters in the empire were invited to compete, and nearly a thousand complied with the invitation. A few days before the time appointed for awarding the prize, the committee were passing through the gallery where the pictures were being hung, and, noticing a picture leaning against a post, one of the committee said to the others, "There is no use in hanging that daub." "I beg your pardon," said the artist, who overheard the remark; "I painted that picture, and I claim the privilege of hanging it in the proper light, at the proper distance, and then you may pass judgment upon it." The committee, of course, felt the demand was reasonable, and when the award was given, that picture had the prize. Much depended, indeed, nearly all depended, upon the light and the hanging; and if we let our Christianity hang in the light of worldliness and sin, if we are seen by the world in the environments that are bad, the light which shines upon us will not reveal the features of Christ's character.

VAN MISSIONARIES IN PERIL.

Our Commissioner Arrives Only to Find the City in a State of Seige—A Massacre Imminent —Kurds and Turks Devastating the Surrounding Country.

BEFORE this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches the hands of its readers, the city of Van in Armenia, together with all its mission buildings, its native Christian population and the Armenian attaches of the various missions, may have shared the fate of Harpoot, which only a few weeks ago was the scene of a terrible massacre. Our Commissioner, Mr. W. W. Howard, the news of whose arrival on the Turko-Persian frontier opposite Van, was received last week by cable, describes the condition of affairs in Van and the surrounding country as sufficiently startling to warrant the gravest apprehensions. Telegraphing from Djoulfa near the frontier, he states that Van is practically in a state of siege: that the trees along the streets have been levelled to permit the planting of cannon in positions that command the Armenian quarter of the town. Large bodies of Kurds, who have devastated the neighboring country between Van and the frontier, destroying over forty villages and massacring their inhabitants, are now concentrating in Van. They are supported by Turkish regulars, and all the preparations have been made for a wholesale slaughter of native Christians.

This ominous intelligence adds a new horror to the situation in that unfortunate land, whose people are apparently doomed to destruction. All the despatches lately received from the East lead to the inevitable conclusion that the massacres are the result of official orders from Constantinople. According to the most reliable authorities the number of martyrs who have perished in Armenia by the hands of Moslem murderers during the last two months is as follows:

District.	*Killed in City.*	*Killed Villages.*	*Total Killed.*
Trebizond	800	300	1,100
Baiburt	500	300	800
Gumush Hane	250	300	550
Erzingan	1,000	900	1,900
Bitus	800	400	1,200
Khnous	---	300	300
Boulinak	---	400	400
Harput	---	1,000	1,000
Sivas	---	300	300
Palu	450	200	650
Diarbekr	2,500	500	3,000
Aladjan	300	100	400
Erzerum	700	500	1,200
Curin	300	100	400

These estimates are rather under than over the actual figures, which may even reach 20,000! One estimate says that 150,000 have perished in eighteen months. The story of one slaughter is the story of all: the Kurds, directed from higher sources, swooping down on defenceless villages, rounding up the cattle, slaying the strong men, outraging and abducting the women and killing even the children, concluding their satanic work by burning everything that would consume. Where one month ago there were hundreds of homeless and orphaned ones there are now thousands. No words, no pen can describe the awful condition of Armenia to-day. In many places, the Kurdish troops came equipped with empty sacks strapped to their saddles for the purpose of carrying off the plunder. At Baiburt, where over 800 Armenians were massacred, the Kurdish chiefs openly declared that they were ordered to slay the Christians and take the plunder for their pay. This declaration has been freely made in many other places where massacres have occurred.

Mr. Howard, from the moment he entered that part of Persia contiguous to the frontier, encountered evidence of Kurdish ferocity and hate of the Christians. In a second despatch to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, he telegraphs as follows:

DJOULFA, Nov. 29. Twice driven back from Turkey. Kurds are devastating the country and it is impossible to obtain guards at any price. I have offered $500 for escort to Van. The Hamidieh cavalry, assisted by regular Turkish troops disguised as Kurds, have destroyed forty-six Armenian villages between the Persian border and Van. Many persons have been massacred, a number of women were ravished and girls abducted. It is impossible to estimate the number of killed at present. Armenian patriots gave battle to a large force of Hamidieh Kurdish cavalry for two days near Serai. Many were killed on both sides, and the Hamidieh withdrew. They destroyed Serai and attacked the Persian village of Kotour, but they were repulsed by the fort and the Kotour garrison, after a two days' fight. Turkish regulars waited near, ready to join in the plundering of the village if the Kurds succeeded in capturing it. The Hamidieh attacked and destroyed another village. Refugees in the various districts report that the entire province of Van is being devastated by the Hamidieh.

A letter from Mr. Howard, dated Tabriz, Oct. 27, states that his journey through Russia and Persia was safely and quickly accomplished. At the time of writing, he expected to be in Van within a few days, but, as his telegrams disclose, it was only after nearing the border and making repeated attempts at the risk of life, that he was compelled to temporarily withdraw. News from the missionaries in the invested city will be awaited with much anxiety.

Missionary appeals come from many quarters in the afflicted country where communication has not been suspended. Rev. H. O. Dwight cables to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Constantinople, Dec. 1, urging that telegraphic remittances be made from the Relief Fund, and adding that he has a telegram from the American missionaries at Harpoot, stating that starvation is imminent. Such aid must come quickly if lives are to be saved. The survivors of the Erzingan massacre have appealed to the Patriarch at Constantinople to lay their sore need before the world, and to "send aid quickly, quickly, quickly." But these are only a few; similar appeals, heart-moving in their terrible earnestness, are coming in from a score of districts where continued massacres have made the trembling survivors almost wish for death, that they might be spared the pain of witnessing further horrors.

Meanwhile, the European powers remain passive spectators, not unsympathetic, yet absolutely inactive. Their united fleets are outside the Dardanelles, but not a gun has been fired and not a sword unsheathed to save the life of a single Christian native. It is a spectacle that disgraces civilization. Each jealous of the other, the powers individually are prevented by selfish interests from taking the initiative to stop the massacres. A joint demand was made upon the Sultan to permit each power to have a second war vessel in the Bosphorus. At first the Sultan consented, but afterward revoked the permission, and up to the present, he has continued to defy the authority of Europe and to mock at the threats of interference, knowing that the lack of harmony among the powers would prevent united action. His promise to institute reforms in Armenia has proved worthless, and it is now believed that all the massacres have been inspired if not literally directed from Constantinople. Up to the present time, no Americans are known to have become victims of the Kurdish or Turkish attacks, although much American property has been destroyed. The Sultan has been warned that if there should be an outbreak at Constantinople, the foreign fleets would enter the Dardanelles. His retort is said to have been a threat that if the fleets should enter or attempt a demonstration, he would not be answerable for the consequences—implying plainly that a general massacre of foreigners would follow in all the Turkish cities. So strained is the situation that a war may be suddenly precipitated, involving all the European nations. Even without such a result, the disintegration of Turkey and the general break-up of the Ottoman power seems assured.

There is still an embargo on all postal communication with Armenia, and for weeks past, few letters have been received. One long-delayed letter which has evidently undergone much official scrutiny and has been forwarded only many weeks after mailing, has come from Van, to Armenians in New York. It is specially interesting as containing Dr. Grace Kimball's report of the Industrial Relief work up to October 15. She writes:

The plan of this work is to aid without pauperizing, and to utilize a part of the great number of workers who are idle and starving because there is no work to be had. A large proportion of the people of both city and villages are conversant with the various processes in the manufacture of course cotton and woolen fabrics. This suggested a simple solution of the work problem. Small sums of money had, as early as June, come to us for our distressed people. And on the strength of this money and the increasingly urgent demands for help, a very simple beginning was made. A bag of wool was bought, weighed out into pound portions, and whenever a woman came begging for help or work, her case was investigated, her name registered, and she was given wool to card and spin. On return of the thread it was weighed and examined as to quality; the woman was paid at a rate that, it was estimated, would supply her with bread, and she was given another lot of wool. The giving of two or three lots of wool in this way was enough to bring down on us a crowd, and speedily we found a large business flooding in upon us—one demanding good organization and a corps of distributors. Cotton was added to our supplies, and all the processes and tricks of the two trades were quickly investigated, and every attempt was made to put the enterprise on a sound business basis. We were able to select at once those whom our hearts had ached to help to gain a living, and a good corps of helpers were soon organized. Men to keep the door—and it often took three men to do this against the clamoring crowd—men to receive and weigh the wool, cotton and thread: men for the various demands of the Central Bureau.

For the first two months the work was accommodated in our house, in the rooms used as a dispensary, and we were in a state of seige from morning to night. The long lower hall was devoted to a row of cotton-carders, the twang of whose primitive cards and the dust of whose work, filled the house from early morning till dark, while a crowd of wretched men and women was never absent. The accumulation of thread brought the necessity for weavers, and all the processes of weaving had to be studied. The demand was met at once by weavers who were out of work and in dire poverty. The thread was given them by weight, and the woven goods received by weight; and they in turn were paid with due regard to the needs of their families. Those [illegible] who were too weak and sick to do the heavier work, yarn was given to be spun [illegible].

Shortly, we found ourselves in possession of a good stock of cotton cloth, woolen goods for the loose trousers worn here, and huge piles of coarse socks. And the question what to do with them came to the front. The suggestion was made that this work might help and be helped by the Sassoun Relief work, by our supplying materials for distribution there. The proposition was submitted to Messrs. Raynolds and Cole and gladly accepted by them, and this arrangement has been the means whereby our Bureau could double its efficiency, thanks to having an assured market for all its produce, without affecting the same industries here, which on the contrary it should help. Our goods are done up in bales, loaded on donkeys or ox-carts, and carried down to the lake harbor. They are received by the miserable little sail-boats that ply the lake, and taken—with prayers for insurance—to the opposite side of Van Lake, a distance of some sixty miles. Thence they are transported by horses or carts to Moosh, the headquarters of the Sassoun Commission. The journey takes from ten days to two or three weeks. In this way we have already sent some 2000 pairs of socks, and 1400 webs of cloth. The total number of workers (up to Oct. 15, was as follows:

Spinners of cotton and wool	373
Weavers of cotton goods	49
" " woolen goods	22
" " carpets	5
Carders	9
Spindle Rillers	9
Sizers	4
Weighers, Distributers, etc.	5
Total	476

The average of wages per capita for the week was seven piastres, or about thirty cents. The intense poverty of the people is shown by the fact that these wages, small as they are, exceed from one-third to one-half the regular rates for the same work. On the other hand the demands grow more and more urgent—desperate, I might well say. So importunate are the crowds that I often have to call a man to pass me out of the office after my work is done. They beg and weep and catch at my clothes and will not let me go. And it is maddening to see such misery, and yet be obliged to turn a deaf ear to so much of it. We help, through our 476 workers, some 2000 souls, and this is not in itself, a small thing. But when it is compared with the vast number of helpless poor about us, it accentuates our appeal to our more fortunate fellow Christians for larger help.

The gratitude of these people is touching in the extreme. Would that I could send to each one who has given to this work the blessings and the prayers and the gratitude that are bestowed on them daily. And yet the cry goes up for more help. Winter cold and rains are upon us. Thousands have but the thinnest and most ragged clothing, no shoes or stockings, many no beds, and most no fuel or other winter provisions. Thousands never taste anything but course, dry bread for weeks and months at a time—and little enough of that—while especially in the villages, hundreds have not even that, and are on the verge of starvation. I doubt not that many will have actually starved before these words are read in America.

It is a national tragedy we are witnessing, and we know not what the end will be. It is also and especially an historical struggle between Islam and Christianity. Christianity is for the present sadly worsted, and it remains for Christian Europe, England and America to decide which shall ultimately be victorious. All that Armenian Christians can do is to die martyrs to the Faith, and that they have done, are doing, and will continue to do daily, until help come—help which reaches not merely Embassies and the Capital, but which penetrates to the remote villages and mountain fastnesses where the worshippers of the Cross are to-day at the pitiless mercy of the fanatical Kurd and Turk.

In closing this incomplete report of our mutual work, let me again assure all our helpers and co-operators, of the deep appreciation of their aid and sympathy that is felt, not only by those who receive their gifts, but by the entire Armenian people. And let me also remind whomsoever may feel impelled to send us aid that he is not only aiding a starving people, but is also helping to maintain Christianity against its most virulent foes.

Acknowledgment of contributions to the Relief Fund, delayed on account of the pressure on our columns during the last two weeks, will be found on the next page. All contributions should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, N. Y.

ARMENIAN FUGITIVES ON THE TURKO-PERSIAN BORDER.

MOUNT ARARAT AND "LITTLE ARARAT."

Previously acknowledged $9,146.92
[illegible] 2 00
[illegible] 1 00
Abbott, Gabriel ... 2 00
[illegible] 2 00
Allen, Mrs E 1 00
Allen, S J 5 00
Allison, Mary A D ... 1 00
Ambler, A T 5 00
Andrews, Mrs Lulu .. 50
[illegible] 5 00
Ashton, John 1 00
[illegible] 1 00
[illegible] 50
[illegible] 1 00
Abbott, F A 1 00
[illegible] 15
Alger, Mrs Mary ... 50
Anderson, Albert ... 2 00
Ashdown, Mrs H 1 00
[illegible] 1 00
[illegible] 1 00
[illegible] 5 00
[illegible] 1 00
Baldwin, B B 1 00
Bandy, Sarah 1 00
[illegible] 1 50
[illegible] 1 00
Bassett, Mrs E M 5 00
Basston Mr G E 1 00
[illegible] 1 00
[illegible] 5 00
[illegible] 25
[illegible] 25
[illegible] 5 00
[illegible] 1 00
Boeshore, Jacob B 50
Borton, J J 10 00
[illegible] 5 00
Bray, Mrs Sarah J. 4 00
[illegible] 5 00
Briggs, R I 1 00
Brown, Fannie A 2 00
Brown, I R 1 00
Buehmoyer, Haram .. 25
[illegible] 1 00
Burgess, Mrs A 1 90
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[illegible] 1 00
[illegible] 1 00
Barbour, Mrs MF 50
[illegible] 5 00
[illegible] 2 00
Beringer, J 2 00
[illegible] 50
Bird, Mrs 5 00
Bissett, Chas 2 00
Blair, Miss A E 2 00
Boland, Jno, Sr 5 00
Bounds, Austin 10
Bowne, M H 50
[illegible] 1 00
Bowne, Mrs Hannah .. 50
Brownell, Miss S E .. 3 00
Baker, Ellen L 3 00
Breese, Mr & Mrs J G 5 00
Burgess, C 2 00
Burkhalter, Mrs A 1 00
[illegible] 5 00
[illegible] 50
Beighle, Lizzie 1 00
Benton, Mrs B B 2 00
Blair, Mrs A J 1 00
Blanchard, Mrs E A. 1 00
[illegible] 1 00
[illegible] 50
[illegible] 2 00
Bonnington, Mrs A L 5 00
[illegible] 1 00
Buckingham H A 10 00
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Burr, David S 2 00
Campbell, Mrs M B .. 2 00
Carter, Mrs J J 4 00
Cassel, Abram H 1 00
Caton, James 2 00
Caven, Mrs Ross 2 00
Coe, Mrs Lucy 25
Coleman, Mr and Mrs [illegible] 2 00
Collins, Louisa J 2 00
Colter, Miss Ella P .. 1 00
[illegible] 50
Conrad, Mrs M E 2 00
Cook, Lucius 10
[illegible] 05
Cooper, W M J 5 00
[illegible] 2 00
Cowan, Helen 1 00
Cowling, John 1 00
Cain, W G 1 00
Caldwell, Mary S 2 00
Candee, Mrs S M 1 00
Cannon, Miss Marie .. 2 00
Carpenter, Lyman 5 00
Carson, Mr. Mrs J M. 2 00
Carter, John T 2 00
[illegible] 5 00
Chapin, Ralph 50
Chisholm, Miss L 2 00
[illegible] 1 00
Clapp, Mrs Earl D .. 1 00
Clark, Mrs E L 2 00
[illegible] 25
[illegible] 1 00
[illegible] 2 00
Corwin, Clara L 2 00
[illegible] 1 00
[illegible] 1 00
[illegible] 1 00
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Coleman, Mrs E A 1 00
Craft, Loretta 50
[illegible] 1 00
[illegible] 1 00
Dimmett, Thos 10 00
[illegible] 1 00
Drake, Harvey 1 00
Dawley, Miss O M 1 00
Dean, Mrs 50
Doble, M A 2 00
[illegible] 1 00
[illegible] 1 00
[illegible] 1 00
Darr, Mrs Sarah E 1 00
Davenport, Mrs R A. 2 00
Davies, Robt P 1 00
Davis, Mrs WW 5 00
[illegible] 1 00
[illegible] 1 00
[illegible] 1 00
Davis, Miss Maudie .. 50
Delamatter, Geo A 50
Dickson, W C 50
[illegible] 1 00
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A YEAR AMID POLAR ICE.

The Perilous Expedition of the Jackson-Harmsworth Party in the Little Steam Whaler, "Windward" Thrilling Experience in the Pack Ice—A Safe Return.

THE "WINDWARD'S" CHRISTMAS DINNER.

IF EVER a band of men, snatched from the jaws of death and safely restored to home and friends, felt like praising the Lord of the Christmastide, it was the officers and crew of the steam whaler *Windward*, which, a few days ago, returned to London from a year's exploration in the Arctic. Sixteen months have passed since the *Windward*, with a crew of nearly forty men, set out for the ice-bound coast of Franz Josef Land, between which and the Arctic Ocean lies a great ice-barrier. It was the purpose of the leader of the expedition, if the weather proved propitious, to attempt a journey through to the ocean beyond. How the *Windward* and her crew fared is interestingly told in the story of the expedition written by Mr. Frederick G. Jackson to Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, the patron of the expedition. The object of the voyage was to leave Mr. Jackson and a small party of associates at a point as far north as possible, from which they could penetrate still farther and make explorations. The little ship proved a stanch craft, and this saved her many a time in the stiff stress of Arctic weather, and in the grip of the heavy ice. For sixty-five days she did battle with the floes, and, her coal having run short, she had to sacrifice her topmasts, her 'tween decks, her bridge, every available bulk-head and the 'midship portion of her bulwarks to feed her own engines! But for this self-immolation she would never have got out of the ice, neither ship nor crew being prepared for a second winter in the North. It was hoped, when she sailed from the Thames last year, that she would return before the winter set in after having landed the exploring party at Franz Josef Land. But the *Windward* was fast frozen in off Cape Flora, and all idea of returning that season had to be abandoned.

During the time the vessel lay there, a prisoner of the snow, three members of the crew died of scurvy. A house of pine logs, caulked with moss and lined with felt, was built, in which the entire party were comfortably quartered and a sufficiency of stores were transferred from the ship. There was an abundance of clothing and sleeping bags. Throughout the winter, preparations were going on for the march north to be begun in the spring. Mr. Jackson kept his men in constant active exercise, and every day something was done in the way of collecting specimens or bagging bear.

Mr. Jackson was not satisfied with the deer-skin sleeping-bags, and describes in one of his letters the following test applied to his clothes: "On several occasions during the winter I slept out on the top of the flat roof of the house, having a clear sky above me and the thermometer down to forty degrees Fahr. At other times a heavy gale was blowing with the temperature not above thirty-five degrees Fahr., which is cool; but yet I found that sovik, militza, pimmies and tobocks (foot-wear), after making one or two alterations, were better than any of the sleeping-bags."

On April 4 the ship was placed in great peril by a sudden break-up of the ice. For more than a week furious gales from the east had prevailed, but no one thought that the heavy ice would be greatly affected so early in the season. Suddenly, however, and without warning, great crevasses were rent in the ice near the ship, with cracks and reports like thunder. A whale-boat, which was lying alongside the ship on the port side, was swept away in a moment, and a sheet of open water lay where only a few seconds previously there had been solid ice, ten to fifteen feet thick. So swift is the movement and so sudden the change of the polar pack! Yet both movement and change are often intensely local, and this characteristic saved the *Windward* from being swept out of the safety of her winter quarters into the peril of the swirling pack. The wind was blowing with the force of a gale, and snow was driving thick. Calling all hands together, both land-party and crew, Mr. Jackson got long lines secured to the ship and paid out to a huge ground-berg which lay near by. There was a large floe of grounded ice to the starboard, and to this also he made the ship fast by means of lines. No fires were in the furnaces, and, there was no possibility of getting up steam. The sails might have been set, but they were as stiff and hard as steel sheeting. All efforts were concentrated on making her fast to the portions of ice less likely to break up. A short while afterwards a huge ice-flow many miles in length, and having a sharp, triangular bow, drifted rapidly down upon the ship. Had it touched her, she must have been swept away from her quarters, and probably with a big hole in her side. But, by a fortunate chance, the pointed floe just passed along her side and struck the land floe (between the ship and the coast) with a terrific crash, throwing up hummocks of ice of great size. Then turning, as ice so often does, upon its own axis, it swung round gently and enclosed the ship completely. The *Windward* was safe again in winter quarters, and it was not until July that any further change took place in the condition of the ice in which she lay.

It was July 3d when the *Windward* again set her bow to the south, leaving Mr. Jackson and party comfortably established on Franz Josef Land, at 81 deg. 20 minutes latitude and about 500 miles distant from the North Pole. But another great peril awaited the vessel before she could make her way to the open sea. It took two months to get through the intervening ice barrier, and this was only accomplished by burning part of the ship as fuel. At last, on Oct. 22, she reached her home port.

It is proposed to communicate with Mr. Jackson again by another expedition next September or October. Meanwhile, it is not anticipated that the explorer and his company will have any serious discomforts to contend with in their scientific work. Mr. Jackson took out with him on the *Windward* a small steam sloop, a large quantity of clothing and supplies, and a full equipment of scientific apparatus. The headquarters on Franz Josef Land already mentioned, are well calculated to keep out the winter cold as well as to defend the occupants against assaults by bears or other animals. One of the illustrations on this page shows a fine specimen of a Polar bear which was caught just in time, and taken aboard the *Windward* for the explorer's dinner last Christmas.

Mr. Harmsworth, the promoter of the expedition, is a young Englishman who has made a large fortune as a publisher. Previous to his present trip Mr. Jackson had made a four thousand mile sledging expedition in Arctic Russia. Mr. Harmsworth heard of this and, having a desire to undertake the sending out of a Polar vessel, chose Mr. Jackson as the head of the scientific corps which was to operate in Franz Josef Land for the season after the vessel's departure. It is proposed to push the line of exploration and investigation as far north as can be done before next fall, and if possible, to eclipse the record of the Americans, who have thus far reached a point nearer the Pole than other explorers.

The only expedition which had previously gone in from the south coast was the Austro-Hungarian expedition led by Payer and Weyprecht, over twenty years ago. It is now proved by Mr. Jackson's discoveries that Payer's map is so inaccurate that the English expedition did all this second journey on sea ice, but over a tract marked as land in Payer's map. Mr. Jackson has carefully marched several times over a region never before traversed, and he has been able to rectify much erroneous information previously obtained concerning parts of the Arctic world.

THE "WINDWARD" BREAKING THROUGH THE ICE OFF FRANZ JOSEF LAND AND STARTING FOR HOME

A Medium Exposed.

THERE are still many people who need the advice that Isaiah gave to the people of his day: "When they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits and unto wizards that peep and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God?" They should do so, but they do not, and some of them have been learning their folly.

For some years past, believers in Spiritualism have been interested in the extraordinary manifestations, worked through the medium of a Neapolitan woman, named Eusapia Paladino. The criticism of unbelievers, met with the answer "You should see Eusapia; you have not seen this science in perfection till you have seen her."

At last the Society for Psychical Research induced her to visit London, paying her expenses and fees. The result is described in the English journals of Nov. 1. Her admirers included such distinguished men as Lombroso, Schiapparelli, Prof. Lodge, Prof. Sidgwick, Dr. Hodgson, Mr. F. W. Myers and Mr. Andrew Lang, who all considered her to be a marvelous exponent of occultism. The manifestation was the old spiritualistic *seance* all over again, the individuals present, including the medium, being seated in a ring, holding each other's hands in a dark room. The instruments of music and the persons of the spectators were then touched by invisible hands supposed to be those of spirits. The hands of the medium were, of course, supposed to be held by the wise men. Mr. J. N. Maskelyne, the prestidigitateur, who was among the spectators, sat next to the woman at the *seance*, and found that she only allowed a finger to rest upon his hand. He felt sceptical about the movements being the work of spirits. His own professional feats suggested the conviction that the woman might possibly have an imitation hand that she could hold by her teeth and substitute for her own, which would be resting on her neighbor's, and so have the use of an arm, but he found her device even simpler: she made one of her hands do duty for two, that is, she crossed her wrists and allowed her right-hand neighbor to hold the thumb of her left hand, while to her left-hand neighbor she gave the fingers of the same hand, thus keeping a free right arm to aid the "spirits" in their work. Mr. Maskelyne asked Eusapia if she would consent to have her hands touched with phosphorus so that they should be luminous during the *seances*, but the woman refused. Neither would she have her hands held in position by a piece of twine. Nor would she allow her neighbors in the mysterious ring to hold a thumb each. As she would submit to no tests, the Society for Psychical Research declared her to be a fraud and gave her up. She will now be classed among clever sleight-of-hand performers instead of as a priestess of spiritualism.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission during the past week:

[illegible]
[illegible]
Mrs. Adeline Williams.
Mrs. Hiram Cobb.
S. H. Conover.
N. M.

All desiring to be enrolled on the list of patrons of the Bowery Mission should send their names and addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
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Our Armenian Commissioner.

WELCOME intelligence of the safety of Mr. W.W. Howard, our Commissioner to Armenia, has been received by the cable. After a perilous journey, he has reached the Turko-Persian border, but only to find the city of Van, his objective point, in the throes of a siege and all avenues of approach temporarily occupied by bodies of Kurdish troops, bent on massacre and pillage. For the time being, all communication with the city seems to be suspended, and nothing short of divine interposition can avert the awful massacre that is imminent. God grant that the missionaries may be protected in this ordeal! The relief work, which has thus far proceeded uninterruptedly through Dr. Grace Kimball and her associates, will be made ten-fold more necessary and urgent by these new horrors, since the sufferers are multiplied. A third remittance, to the amount of five thousand dollars, has been forwarded from the Relief Fund during the week, to the Missionary Committee at Constantinople for use in the most necessitous sections of Armenia.

The Right Place.

THERE are thousands of persons in places where they do not belong. The bird's wing means air, the fish's fin means water, the horse's hoof means solid ground; and what would happen if the bird tried the water, and the fish tried the air, happens when men get out of their natural element. Some are to go ahead; they are the prow. Some are to stay behind and guide those who lead; they are the helm. Some are to be enthusiastic and carry the flag; they are the masts. Some are to do nothing but act as a dead weight; they are shovelled in as ballast. Some are to fume and fret and blow; they are the valves. Our happiness and success depend on being where we belong. A scow may be admirable, and a seventy-four gun-ship may be admirable, but do not put the scow on the ocean, or the ship-of-the-line in the mill-pond. Fortune is spoken of as an old shrew, with hot water, shovel, and tongs, pursuing the innocent. But, though sometimes losing her temper, she mostly approves those who are in their sphere, and condemns those who are where they do not belong.

How, then, account for the success of such persons as Elihu Burritt and Hugh Miller—the former a blacksmith, yet showing unbounded capacity for the acquisition of language; the latter a stone mason, and [illegible] one of the old buried Titans come to life, pressing up through rocks and mountains, until, shaking from his coat a world of red sandstone, and washing off from his hands the dust of millions of years, he takes the professor's chair in a college? We answer, different men want different kinds of colleges. The anvil was the best school-desk of Elihu Burritt, and the quarry-stone for Hugh Miller. The former, among the cinders and horse-shoes, learned that patient toil which was the secret of his acquisition of the languages. The latter, from observations made while toiling with chisel and crowbar, laid the foundation of his wonderful attainments, one shelf of rock being worth to him more than the hundred shelves of a college library.

Let the young be sure to begin right. Not once in a thousand times does a man successfully change occupations. The sea of life is so rough that you cannot cross over from one vessel to another except at great peril of falling between. Many have fallen down to nothing between the mason's trowel and the carpenter's saw; between the lawyer's brief and the author's pen; between the medicine-chest and the pulpit. It is no easy matter to switch off on another track this thundering express-train of life. A daffodil and a buttercup resolved to change places with each other, but in crossing over from stem to stem they fell at the feet of a heart's-ease. "Just as I expected!" said Heart's-ease, "You might better have staid in your places!"

Ill in Church.

THE best of men and women will sometimes sicken in a meeting-house. There will be something in the poor ventilation, or in the dullness and protractedness of the sermon, or the ill-health of the auditor, to make him faint. Let there be all sympathy and delicacy evidenced in removing the patient to an adjoining room, and resuscitating him. If nothing better than selfishness influence, let us be attentive and helpful, since our turn to faint may come next. But one thing we protest against, and that is that when a person faints in church all the curious people go out to see what is the matter, and hinder the resuscitation by standing close around the sufferer when his or her chief want is not a gaping crowd, but fresh air. We were one Sabbath preaching in a village church in Northern New York. Whether it was our sermon that sickened her, or the heat of the day, we never knew; but a young lady excited all our sympathies by getting faint. Her father and mother and sister and lover and the sexton went out with her, as was proper for them to do. But in addition to that, an old lady sitting beside the pulpit, and whose characteristic was inquisitiveness, glided down the aisle. This started all the other old ladies, for it was uncertain now whether the old lady aforesaid had taken sick herself, or whether she had gone out to administer to the first patient. The old ladies having departed, the old gentlemen felt as if it would be no more than gallant to go too, and so they joined in the procession. The middle-aged people in the congregation seeing the elderly people go out, felt that it was mean to let the older people put themselves to so much trouble, while they, the middle-aged, sat indifferent, and therefore many of them, urged by this piece of circumstance, went out also. As the middle-aged men were departing, they met the old men coming in to get their hats, the latter promising in the aisle, in a low grumble of conversation, to rejoin the former on the grass. By this time the children in the church had no one to look after them, and as some of them had never seen anybody faint, they went out on a tour of discovery, till we turned around in the pulpit to the minister behind us and suggested we go likewise. But as he protested, we tarried. We found out afterward that the maiden was only a little sick, but they crowded around her so closely that she had no chance at all, and so succumbed to nervousness. Let this be remembered, that six persons are all that at such times can be serviceable in the most urgent and painful case, and that beyond that the people who crowd around are a nuisance and a hindrance. After you find that enough have offered their services, better retire. There are inquisitive people who go to funerals, and go early, so that they can see the family take leave of the corpse, and that kind of people love to stand around a sick person, telling afterward how pale she looked, how her fingers clutched, and what words in her momentary aberration she uttered.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

"Subscriber," Napanee, Ont., Canada. I should like to have the ten books you offer with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD if it were not for the customs duty I should have to pay. Can you tell me how much it would amount to?

You would have no duty to pay. The proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD pays the customs duty and express charges. Subscribers in Canada can thus get the Library on the same terms as those in the United States. If you send the three dollars you will receive the Library and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a year, without any further expense whatsoever.

D. Mechley, Jr., New York City. Where in the Bible is it stated that Satan was cast out of heaven?

See Luke 10: 18 and Rev. 12: 7-9.

A. F. P., Boston, Mass. I have heard the word "Mascot" applied to the goat which bore away the sins of the people, and also to Christ as being "our Mascot." Is that a proper use of the word?

We think it an improper and irreverent term, in such a connection. Mascot is derived from a French word which means a gambler's fetish or luck-bringer. Another interpretation gives "ma escot," ("my share" or "lot,") as the true derivation.

Old Subscriber, London, Ont. Please state in THE MAIL-BAG if one subscriber can get both the Bible and Library premiums?

Yes; by sending $5 you can have your subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD renewed for one year and you will receive the Library premium and the Bible (leather lined, silk sewed, and red under gold edges); or for $4 you can secure the renewal, the Library, and a Bible with plain gold edges.

Laurel, N. J. Shall we have any work to do in heaven?

A life without occupation is inconceivable. One of the great equipments for such occupation will be the enjoyment of perpetual youth—implying strength for service. Unquestionably it will be a life of intense activity—a busy place, with high avocations suited to the varied degrees of skill and to the endowments of the redeemed. Throughout the Scriptures, the future life is invariably represented as a state of active service. Even the Almighty One is not idle. See Rev. 7: 15; Mark 16: 20; John 5: 17 and like passages.

F. Norton, Perris, Cal. Is it right to marry on the Sabbath day?

Christian people usually choose some other day, for the reason that the celebration of a marriage usually involves much work that should not be performed on the Sabbath, viz.: the preparation of elaborate dinners or suppers, and such entertainment as usually accompanies wedding festivities, all engaging the time of indoor and outdoor servants. If the marriage ceremony—which is a sacrament—could be divested of such accompaniments as we have indicated and performed in its simplicity, there could be no objection to Sunday marriages.

J. L. G., Tracey, Cal. What is the width of the Red Sea at the point where the Israelites crossed?

It is generally held by a majority of writers and travelers that the passage was made at Ras Atakah Point, about six miles south of Suez, and opposite the southern end of Jebel Atakah. At Ras Atakah, the land runs out in the form of a promontory for fully a mile into the sea beyond the regular shore line. Beyond this, there is a shoal for nearly a mile more, over which the tide-water at low tide is usually about fourteen feet deep. Beyond this, and before the true channel or centre is reached, there are two other comparative shoals; the channel itself is somewhere about fifty feet deep and three quarters of a mile wide. There is another succession of shoals on the eastern shore. The distance from shore to shore is about five and a-half miles.

E. Gemmell, Richmond, Va. What are the names of the books omitted from the Bible. Why were they omitted?

The excluded books are known as "Apocrypha," and are as follows: I. Esdras, II. Esdras, Tobit, Judith, several chapters of Esther which are found neither in the Hebrew nor the Chaldee, The Wisdom of Solomon, The Wisdom of Jesus, son of Sirach, or Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, The Song of the Three Holy Children, The History of Susanna, The History of the Destruction of Bel and the Dragon, The Prayer of Manasseh, I. Maccabees, II. Maccabees. They were excluded by the early Christian Church on the ground that they were of doubtful authority and not tending to spiritual edification. This decision has never been reversed, although in some periods of the Church's history a number of the apocryphal writings were published in smaller type after the regular books in the Bible. At one time the volume of apocryphal writings was even larger than the genuine, but very many of them, being rejected, quickly perished.

C. Neiser, Butler, Ga., writes:

In answer to the question C. H., in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Nov. 13, I send the lines:

With patient mind thy course of duty run;
God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
But thou couldst do thyself, couldst thou but see
The end of all events as well as he.

They were written by Byron.

A. M., Mechanicsburg, Pa. I have reasons for believing that God has called me to labor for him in the ministry; but I have contracted debts which at present I am unable to pay. Should I be right in hearkening to the voice of God and allowing my friends to lose their money?

Your duty to God stands before all; but we do not think your entering the ministry is your duty. When God calls a man to devote his whole life to his work, he makes the way plain by removing difficulties, and he has not done so in your case. It would bring a reproach on the Christian name for you to act dishonorably in order to enter the ministry, and we do not believe that God would bless your labors. He that serves God acceptably must have clean hands.

B. J. Hillard, Mich. According to Scripture, how high a rate of interest may a Christian take without being guilty of taking usury?

No rate is fixed in Scripture. Your own conscience must guide you. As a general principle you may take it that usury is taking advantage of the borrower's necessities. There are circumstances which justify a higher rate than others, as when the lender straitens himself to help another, or when the borrower is using it in a very profitable enterprise and the loan enables him to make a large gain. The wrong is done when the lender, ascertaining that the borrower is in urgent need and unable to get money elsewhere, avails himself of the opportunity to exact from him an unreasonable sum for the use of the money, thus profiting by the misfortune of the borrower.

T. O. B., Orbisonia, Pa. Does not the principle of denominationalism involve the possibility of every family being a church by itself? If the Apostles organized only one church, surely some churches must be wrong.

While unity is to be desired, and most Christians would sacrifice much to attain it, this disposition to condemn those who differ from us should not be cherished. There are honest differences of opinion as to the teachings of the New Testament. The Methodist, who prefers to have his church governed by conferences, has just as much right to think his system right as the Congregationalist, who prefers every church to be self-governing. The Baptist, again, believes that the only valid baptism is by immersion of the believer, while the Presbyterian believes that he is right in baptizing the infant by sprinkling. Differences of opinion on these matters are to be regretted, but so long as each is fully convinced in his own mind that he is following the will of God, it would be an unwarrantable assumption for one to condemn the other as wrong.

J. P. Howland, Castorland, N. Y., wants the address of J. S., Casey, Iowa, recently mentioned in THE MAIL-BAG.——Louisa Landis, Atwood, Ill. Yes.——M. A. A mixture of occultism and humbug, the latter predominating.——C. M. E. Write to the American Bible Society, New York.——H. H., Newport, N. J. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is and will continue to be a religious undenominational paper.——F. L. Brown, Chicago. We cannot undertake the discussion of political topics.——Miss L. J. Hanscom, Albany, Me. Levant is leather, not cloth.——M. J. Kerr, Maple Green, N. B. 1. No, the psalms in metre are not included. 2. No, where premiums are asked there can be no reduction in the prices advertised. 3. Other sermons will appear frequently.——Christian Endeavorer, Astoria, L. I. 1. No, it is not wrong, if decorously conducted. 2. Three years' hard study. Expense varies. Write Rev. R. A. Torrey, Bible Institute, Chicago. 3. No. 4. It is doubtful. 5. We disagree with you.——G. E. Smith, Pleasant Brook, N. J. 1. It is published in Chicago. 2. We believe it issues reports.——Fred. Fortmiller, Jr. They were farmers and lived in New Jersey.——James Wimble, Milwaukee, Wis. At the present time over two hundred persons.——Constant Reader, Baltimore, Md. No, there is nothing injurious or dangerous in it.——Mrs. Ada Adams, Elsie, Neb., thanks those readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who have sent her religious literature for her work. She is abundantly supplied.——B. F. H., Altegan, Mich. Send three dollars and your subscription will be extended and the Library Premium will be sent to you.——Carrie. Write to Historical Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.——Mrs. R. A. Parker, Conn. 1. Yes, we believe so. 2. He is studying in some Western College at present.——Presbyterian, Phila. 1. He is Methodist. 2. We don't know. Mrs. A. B. C., Boise City, Idaho. We are unable to give the information desired.—— Subscriber, Palisades, Neb. Write to Rev. Mr. Torrey, Bible Institute, Chicago.——Inquirer. The poem is published anonymously. Thos. E. Phillips, Mineral Point, Wis. 1. No, except as a medicine. 2. Same answer applies; everything that grows has some mission in the economy of nature. 3. It is not a work of necessity and therefore should not be done on Sunday. 4. We believe not. It is intended as an encouragement to a liberal, generous spirit.——Mrs. Wm. Dalziel, Cazenovia, Mich. We cannot decide between the merits of the concerns you mention.——A. M. Q., Westfield, N. J. We believe not.—— Rev. John Elderkin, Elkton, Conn. 1. Yes. 2. No.——C. W. Jones, Amherst Co., W. Va. Write to Rev. J. C. Collins, New Haven, Conn.——J. Edwardson. No; it is the King James Version of course.—— Mrs. C. W. Graves, Underhill, Vt. There can be no reduction in the advertised price where premiums are required.——Mrs. C. E. Worden, Klamath Falls, Ore. Kadesh-Barnea.—— Subscriber, Attleboro, Mass. Such an act, while it might not be improper at certain times, at such a time as you mention would be altogether wrong—wrong morally and in execrable taste besides.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Prince and Princess Betrothed.

OFFICIAL announcement is made of an approaching marriage which will be another bond of union between the royal families of England and Denmark. The Princess Maud, youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales, has been betrothed to her cousin, Prince Karl, second son of her mother's brother, the heir-apparent to the Danish throne. English society is, it appears, taking a great interest in the match, as the Princess is the most popular of all the royal family and has endeared herself to the people by her kindly, genial ways. She is twenty-six years of age and is much like her mother, who has a strong hold on the loyal affection of the English nation. Around her father's home at Sandringham, she is as well known as in London and the cottagers in the neighborhood often receive visits from her. It is her delight to slip away from court circles and make informal calls among her humble friends. Gossip tells of an embarrassing tribute to her charms which resulted from one of these excursions. Visiting her old governess incognita, as plain "Miss Mills," she mixed with the company at a family party and so captivated the heart of an impressionable young farmer present, who had no idea of her rank, that he made her a formal offer of marriage and was very persistent in his wooing. Prince Karl, her prospective husband, is twenty-three years old. He and the Princess have known each other from childhood. They were playmates in those pleasant times when the grandchildren of the king and queen of Denmark, the children of their two daughters, the Empress of Russia and the Princess of Wales, assembled in the old Danish castle and, forgetting that they were princes and princesses, played together as boys and girls. The friendship of the two children has now developed into love, and though the English people are disappointed that their favorite princess is not to remain among them, like her eldest sister, the Duchess of Fife, they are glad she is marrying for love and not for reasons of state. In their domestic relations, men and women of illustrious birth can find happiness only in the same way as ordinary people do—through their affections, and they can gain eternal happiness in no other way than is open to every one, through love of Christ and devotion to him.

For there is no respect of persons with God (Rom. 2: 11.)

Unconscious Reciprocity.

A singular coincidence is reported by the Boston *Transcript*. It appears that during the recent foggy weather two schooners were out on a fishing expedition in the South Channel. Their names were the *Fortuna* and the *Emma*. Before the fog came up, a dory left each vessel with two men in each. The vessels were a long way apart, and neither the men on the vessels nor those in the dories had any communication with each other. The fog came up very suddenly and each dory made for the vessel it belonged to. But the fog became so dense that the attempt was futile. After several hours of vain endeavor, the men in the *Fortuna's* dory abandoned the search. While they were aimlessly drifting they were sighted from the *Emma* and were taken on board. They were landed at Provincetown, whence they proceeded to Boston. The *Emma* entered the harbor with her flag at half-mast, her crew deploring the loss of their two shipmates. But the flag was soon raised. The *Fortuna* was in the harbor with the two men on board, she having rescued them in the fog. Thus each vessel had rescued the other's stray, a coincidence unprecedented in the annals of the fishing industry. If the principle on which those two crews acted were commonly followed in the church, more souls might be saved. All four men might have been lost if the crews had been intent only on saving men who belonged to their ships. A man in need of salvation ought to be an object of concern to Christians of every denomination, even though he be a stranger.

As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men. (Gal. 6: 10.)

Profiting by a Kindness.

An alumnus of Dartmouth College tells in the college journal a romantic story of the benefit he derived from an act of kindness. He was at the college commencement, and the chapel being crowded, he had climbed into a window that he might hear the orator of the day. He had to balance himself with one foot on the window sill and the other on the railing of the pews. Several other students followed his example, till the window was full. Outside was a young farmer who had fixed a plank slantwise against an adjacent wall, so that he could see and hear through the window, but now his view was cut off and he might as well have been at home. He was grievously disappointed and appealed to the young men to give him a hand so that he could climb up too. But he was told to be content where he was, as if they tried to help him they would probably fall out. One young man, however, pitying the farmer's disappointment, helped him up, and, to his intense delight the farmer heard the oration as he balanced himself on the window and the plank. He was profuse in his thanks, but the student made light of the service he had rendered. He forgot the circumstance until he went to call on a young lady whom he was anxious to make his wife. She referred him to her eldest brother, to whom in some trepidation he went with his suit. He was astonished to find that the brother was not altogether a stranger. He was the farmer whom he had helped with the plank. The farmer recognized him at once, and the suitor found the slight service he had rendered an excellent introduction. The farmer thought the student must be a kindly man, to whom his sister's future might be safely intrusted. Thus by his kindly act to a stranger he had unwittingly made a friend of the man whose good opinion was of so much importance to him. He is not the first or only man who has had reason to rejoice that, out of pure good will and without expecting to derive any personal benefit to himself, he did a kindness to a stranger.

Thereby some have entertained angels unawares. (Heb. 13: 2.

PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES.

PRINCE KARL OF DENMARK.

A Medium Exposed.

The detection of a fraud has caused a sensation among the spiritualists of Boston, Mass. The *Post* of that city, reports that one of the most famous mediums of the day was caught in a trick at a recent meeting of the Society of Psychical Research. The medium was a woman who was said to have remarkable occult powers. She gave a seance before the Society and astonished every one by her wonderful feats. The musical instruments played and moved through the air, though no one was in the part of the room where they were, and while the medium was supposed to be in the cabinet at the other end of the room. A sceptical spectator, however, suspected that it was she, and not spirits, who was handling the instruments, and determined to apply a test at her next seance. He provided himself with a few pieces of phosphorescent paper which he contrived to sprinkle on the medium's hair, unknown to her, before lowering the lights. In the darkness the paper emitted a faint, lambent glow, like a nimbus which could be plainly seen by every one in the room, except the medium herself. In a few minutes the phenomena began as usual, but when a tambourine sounded in one corner of the room, the illuminated head was seen there and it could be seen passing from one part of the room to another, until the laughter of the spectators showed her that she was detected. Then her mortification was extreme. It was with her as it is with so many; she was not ashamed of doing wrong, but that people should see her doing it. Yet none can conceal their actions from him whose judgment is more important than any other.

For his eyes are upon the ways of man and he seeth all his goings. Job 34: 21.

Respecting a Dead Man's Presentiment.

Two watchmen have been on duty day and night for a week at a cemetery at Newburgh, N.Y. They have been watching the remains of a wealthy citizen who died recently. He had a presentiment that he would be buried alive and left directions as to the precautions to be taken to prevent that horrible fate. The casket was to be placed in an open room in the cemetery and its lid was not to be screwed down for a period of thirty days after his supposed death. It was to be watched day and night, so that if he was only in a trance and not dead, he might find no difficulty, on regaining consciousness, in rising from his casket. Arrangements were made in accordance with his directions, but at the end of a week, decomposition had proceeded so far that there could be no doubt as to his death, and the casket was therefore screwed down and consigned to the grave. It may be hoped that he was prepared for that contingency also. As he looked forward to the time when his body would be laid in the coffin, and had considered what would happen if he were alive then, one hopes he did not overlook what would happen if he were really dead. The fate he dreaded, terrible as it must be, cannot be so appalling as the second death, which awaits all who have not made their peace with God through Christ.

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power (Rev. 20: 6).

BRIEF NOTES.

Our Canadian Readers will be Glad to know that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has made arrangements to have its premiums delivered at all points in Canada customs duty and express charges prepaid.

At the Recent Meeting in Chicago of the Board of Church Extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church, it was stated that the receipts for the past year were $171,237, of which amount conference collections furnished $127,743; personal gifts, $11,871, and bequests, $6,776. The disbursements included $103,399 in gifts to the churches.

Miss Frances E. Willard Announces the purpose of the W. C. T. U. to begin social settlement work in Chicago. After a careful study of the work in England and this country she believes that it offers the best practical means of reaching a class of children in the city who are otherwise inaccessible, and also of keeping many from going back who have felt the effect of good influences.

A Number of Junior Christian Endeavorers in Tennessee have made a peculiar arrangement with their parents for help in the cause of missions. They are children of farmers and are now allowed to take all eggs laid by the hens on Sundays and sell them, devoting the proceeds to the Christian Endeavor contributions to the Foreign Mission Boards.

From the Recent Reports of the Excise Commissioners it appears that Brooklyn, with a population of about a million has 4699 places in which liquor may be sold. Boston with about half a million population has 690 saloons; Philadelphia 1354, and New York 7300.

A Number of Soldiers at Fort Houston, Antonio, Tex., organized a Christian Endeavor Society some time ago, which now has ninety members. By its efforts a Sunday School has been established and a mid-week devotional meeting.

Leonard Weaver, the English Evangelist has been making an evangelistic tour in Pennsylvania. At Harrisburg, Altoona, Sunbury, and Mt. Carmel the meetings have been largely attended and there have been many conversions. Letters addressed to him at Grimsby, Ont., Canada will be forwarded to him.

A Religious Revival of Remarkable power is sweeping through Colorado College. A correspondent of *The Independent* says that it is the outgrowth of the earnest spirit that has pervaded the institution for a long time, and the large society hall is crowded at the daily service which is held there.

The Meetings Held by Rev. J. H. Herbener of Louisville, Ky., at Liberty, Mo., have resulted in extensive gains to the churches. There were frequently over a thousand persons crowded into the tent during the meetings. Mr. Herbener was assisted by the Kirby family, whose musical service was greatly appreciated.

A Call has Been Issued for a National, Christian Conference to be held at Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 18 and 19. The object is to consider the vital issues of the hour as to the liquor traffic and other moral questions, in the hope of uniting Christain citizens of all denominations in an effort to secure legislation on Christian principles in the State Legislatures and in Congress. All information about the Conference may be obtained by addressing Mr. S. T. Nicholson, Atlanta, Ga.

Rev. Thomas Harrison's Services at the Walnut M. E. Church, Cincinnati, O., have resulted in a large number of conversions. At the close of the second week over three hundred had been recorded. The religious movement was so deep that on several days two special prayer meetings were called to plead with God for a continuance of the glorious influence. Mr. Harrison said that in all his experience he had never been so thankful.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has Just Closed a Three Weeks' evangelistic campaign in Eau Claire, Wis. Six churches united in the work. It is an encouraging fact that the most active and earnest helpers in the movement were persons who were converted in the evangelical services held by Dr. Munhall in the city twelve years ago. Dr. Munhall is now holding meetings at Binghampton, N. Y., in which five denominations are co-operating.

The Rev. Mr. Jowett, the Young Minister who succeeds the late Dr. R. W. Dale as pastor of Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, gave a caution to the church at his installation which may be useful to other churches who call a young minister to succeed a very eminent divine. Mr. Jowett said: "Don't expect another Dr. Dale. Second, don't expect the same presentation of the truth. You have a right to expect the presentation of the same truth, but not the same presentation of the truth. Third, don't expect—I don't think you will—autumn ripeness in a spring season."

FATHER AGAINST SON

OR,

How the Curse of Horse-Head House was Lifted

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

BY J. C. COWDRICK.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Will Hilton came in sight of his home he could see the brilliant reflection from the bar-room windows upon the falling snow, and when he got nearer he caught the voices of the merry roysterers within.

If he had disliked his father's business before, he now detested it with an intensity that was almost hatred against his parent as well. He was on the opposite side of the street, and when he had gone a little farther he could look in at the windows.

Reuben Hilton's windows were not curtained; it was his boast that he kept a respectable place and had nothing to conceal from the public.

Will saw the young men of the town making merry, some of them too tipsy to stand still or walk straight; and, in his mind's eye, he saw his father behind the bar dealing out liquor to them.

The bar could not be seen from the street, but was in an alcove between the bar-room proper and the pool-room. Not but that the landlord would have been glad to have that in plain sight, too, as he boastfully declared, but his customers preferred a little privacy, he explained.

Neither could the interior of the pool-room be seen from the street, its windows opening underneath a piazza, the under part of which was enclosed.

Will watched the scene for a few moments, then crossed the street with an aching heart.

He went around the house and entered by a rear way, and silently sought his room without being seen. But he did not enter the room to sleep that night. He made it a night of prayer.

The hour was late when the noise of the bar-room finally ceased and Will heard his father closing the house. Soon after he heard him coming up the stairs, and his heart almost stopped beating when he heard the footsteps turn in the direction of his room.

He had desired that the interview might not take place till the morning.

Reuben Hilton went straight to the door of his son's room and knocked, calling:

"Will!"

"Yes, sir;" was the prompt response.

"I will attend to opening the house myself in the morning."

That was all he said, and turned immediately away before any rejoinder could be offered.

Will hardly knew what to make of this. It told him one thing, that his father had heard of his conversion; but whether this course was favorable to him or not, he could not quite decide.

It was Will's duty to get up first in the morning, open the house, and tend the bar until his father took charge later on. The landlord being up late every night, slept later in the morning. This plan had given Will the lighter duties, and also the sleep his nature demanded.

At an early hour Will heard his father astir.

He waited until he had heard him attend to his [illegible] and do the [illegible] around the house, and then he went down.

He knew his father was at leisure, then, and had an hour in which to doze by the fire, unless some one happened to drop in, which was rarely the case, quite so early, [illegible]

When he entered the bar-room he found his father pacing the floor, hands locked behind his back and his head bowed. Reuben Hilton wheeled about on hearing the door close, and father and son faced each other. For a moment neither spoke. Will was the first to do so.

"Father," he said, "I have come down to have a talk with you."

"You have, eh?" was the demand, in louder voice. "Well, I want to have the same with you, but not now. Go back to your bed, for you have got to tend bar for me to-night."

Will's face blanched for an instant, and then flushed furiously.

He understood now the meaning of his father's words; he realized that the battle had been opened.

"No," he said, respectfully but firmly, "I must have a talk with you, father. I know that you have heard, and that——"

"Yes," cried the father, "I have heard that you have been making a fool of yourself, if that is what you mean, and I am going to take that kind of foolishness out of you; do you understand that?"

"But, father, let me tell you——"

"I don't want to hear anything about it; you have heard what I have to say. It is going to be as I say. I want that young preacher and all his crew to understand that when they meddle with my affairs they have run up against a snag! They can't make a fool of me, and I am going to see to it that they don't make one of you, either, my young gentleman!"

"Do not blame anyone but me, father; it——"

"Not blame anyone but you, eh? Then it's you have turned this whole town upside down and inside out, is it?"

"But, father——"

"No but about it! You prepare yourself to tend bar here this afternoon and to-night."

"Father, I cannot do it."

"What! What is that?"

"I say that I cannot do it——"

"We'll see about that, young man! You are not of age yet, and you will do as I say. You are going to tend bar here this afternoon and to-night, and that settles it!"

"Will you let me say what I want to say to you, father?"

"Not a word, sir! I am the one to do the saying, yet awhile, in this establishment. I am going to put an end to this craze, so far as my own family is concerned, and you will find it out so. I want no psalm-singing and prayer-whining around me, and the sooner you make up your mind to it, the better!"

"My mind is made up, father."

"And so is mine! Do you hear me? So is mine! You will obey me, or you will leave my house for good and all!"

Reuben Hilton had allowed his voice to become louder and louder, in his passion, and his face was white to the lips. Will was calmer than he had been at first, but he was not defiant.

"Then you drive me from home, father, for I can never pass another drop of liquor over that bar," he said quietly. "You may kill me, but I never can do it; I had rather die than do it."

"You mean to say that you will not obey me, that you will not do it?"

"I cannot do it."

"Well, we'll see about that. You may take your choice of two things: You will either obey me, or you will pack up the little that belongs to you and get out of my house. I give you till noon to make up your mind."

"My mind was made up yesterday, father; I will go at once. Useless for me to lay my plan before you, now, so I have nothing to say. You had it in your power to help me, if you would, but no matter. I counted all this before I took the step, and I accept it willingly."

Nothing defiant, nothing disrespectful; a cool, calm statement.

Reuben Hilton looked at his son in amaze. In his heart he knew that no power on earth could break that will, and yet, in the face of that, he grimly resolved that he would undertake it.

"You will change your mind, I think, when you come to face the world and get a taste of its hard knocks. What can you do? You have no trade; it was not necessary to give you one, when I had this fine business to hand down to you. You are a fool; I can call you nothing else. That is, you want to be, but I am not going to allow it; I will make you do my bidding, if I have to use force!"

"No, father; you have given me my choice of two things, and I have chosen."

"I am going to make that condition still more severe, then: If you leave my house you will be no son of mine, for I will disown you; not a penny of my little fortune shall you ever touch!"

"Very well; I had also thought of that, and it was the least of the things that made me hesitate. I will say good-by, father; I know what your will is, and mine is like it; it is useless for us to talk any further. I will get ready, and will leave your roof as soon as I have seen mother and Mary to say good-by to them."

With that, Will turned and left the room, a man in fact, even if not quite so legally. He had made his decision and accepted the consequences, and, with God's help, he would never draw back! But, this was only the beginning of his trial; the worst was yet to come. He had still to meet his mother and sister, and, which he could not foresee, there was yet to come a worse conflict with his father.

He returned to his room, where he selected such clothes as would be of most service to him, and yet as few as might be, in order to make his bundle as small as possible. Having arranged these into a bundle, after having put some extra garments on his person in order to reduce the size of the bundle still more, he took a farewell survey of the room that had been his for so many years, and, with tears in his eyes, made his way down the rear stairs and out of the house by the rear way. It was just daylight, the snow was deep, and the weather was biting cold.

CHAPTER IV.

Tried in the Crucible.

On that morning the household was astir earlier than usual.

Reuben Hilton's loud words in the bar-room had awakened everybody beneath his roof.

When Will came back from the wagon-house, where he had gone to leave his bundle for the time being, he was met by his mother and sister as he entered the door of the rear hall.

They had no need to ask what was the matter; they knew; but they did not know the result of that interview.

"You foolish boy!" his sister chided. "What did you want to go and do anything so ridiculous for?"

"For the reason, Mary, that I had weighed the matter well and made up my mind that it was the right thing to do," was the plain answer.

"But, you will have to give it up, since your father objects," spoke his mother. "Christian notions and hotel-keeping do not go hand in hand, as you must know well enough."

"I am aware of it, mother; I am going away as soon as I have said good-by."

"Going away!"

So cried Mrs. Hilton and her daughter, as with one voice.

"Yes; father insists that I must tend bar, and as I can never do that again, I must go. But I was going, anyhow; only I thought——"

"You thought what, Will?" asked his mother.

"Never mind; that is what I wanted to say to father, but he would not allow me to tell him, so let it pass. It was merely a plan, in which I thought he might help me if he would."

"Maybe he will," said Mary.

Mrs. Hilton was a small, pale woman; the daughter was larger, and had the same full habit of body as her father and brother. She was about eighteen years old, and handsome.

"No, he has made up his mind," said Will, "and nothing will change him."

"Then tell us," begged his mother.

"No use, mother; you cannot do it if you would, so we will say no more about it."

"But where are you going? You must not leave us in this way, William; indeed you must not—you shall not! I will see your father, and have him forbid it. Do you want to kill me?"

"Mother, listen: Nothing you can do can change the situation. This parting is as hard for me as it can be for you, but I am able to take care of myself, and you need not have any concern about me. As for you, Mary, you must take all the more care of mother. And now, good-by!"

He had kissed each of them while speaking, and immediately turned and went out again, and they saw him going in the direction of the out-buildings.

"He certainly meant it, mamma!" cried Mary.

"Yes, yes; I will go and tell his father. He must stop him, somehow!"

"Think of the disgrace it will be!"

"Yes, yes!"

Mrs. Hilton ran along the hall in the direction of the bar-room, while Mary opened the door and called to her brother to come back.

Will heard her, but made no response. He guessed what she wanted, and since it would only necessitate a second parting, what was the use of going back? The matter had been settled between him and his father; they could not change it.

Meanwhile, Reuben Hilton had been pacing the floor of the bar-room more furiously than ever in his life before.

He had resumed his march up and down as soon as the door had closed after Will when he went out, and his anger rose with each passing minute. He felt that he had been beaten.

What did his will and authority amount to, if a boy, not yet of age, could ride over him like that? And all the doings of that fool preacher, as he denominated him, and the mere fool flock that he had gathered around him! Must he stand tamely by and see his family broken up, his business ruined, and—

He had about reached that point when his wife entered hastily.

"Reuben! Reuben?" she hurriedly exclaimed, "you must stop William; he intends to leave his home—in fact, he has gone! Think of the shame! Oh! he must not go, Reuben; you must not allow him to go!"

"Where is he, Martha? Which way did he start?"

"He went in the direction of the barn."

"I'll attend to him!"

Grabbing his hat from a hook near the door, he left the room in haste, hurried along the hall and out.

It had been growing lighter every minute, and it was now full daylight, or very nearly so. He had no trouble in telling which way Will had gone, for the tracks led him to the wagon-house.

Will was still there; he had stopped to kneel for a moment in prayer before turning his back upon his home.

He did not hear his father coming, in the deep snow, and so it happened that Reuben Hilton found him upon his knees, and heard his own name fall from his lips with earnest accent.

His rage scarce knew bounds—if it was all rage; perhaps there was a sting of the conscience added.

Near at hand was a huge "blacksnake" whip, a terrible instrument of its kind, and seizing that, he fairly wound its lithe lash around the body of his son with all his strength.

The whistle of the whip as it cut the air was the first knowledge Will had of his father's presence, and the blow fell almost the same instant.

It wrung a low cry of pain from the youth, and he leaded to his feet and sprang at his father like a tiger.

Reuben jumped back, raised the whip and struck again.

Again the lash wound itself around the body of his son, its tip snapping a hole in the sleeve of his coat.

"Praying for me, were you!" the enraged parent cried. "I'll have none of that, you whiner! I'll bet I will take the religious fervor out of you, and instil some common sense!"

Will had been stung to action by the first cut, but he bethought himself in the next instant and dropped his arms to his and spoke but one word—a low, sorrowful exclamation: "Father!"

(To be Continued.)

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTIANITY.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Dec. 22. Isaiah 52 : 7-15.

DID the great prophet, looking over the centuries before him, see the angelic vision and hear with prophetic ear the strains of the celestial music which long afterwards filled the hearts of the shepherds with joy? It would seem so, for the message, over which he exults, was the very song that the seraphic hosts sang on the Bethlehem plains. "How beautiful he exclaims," and our hearts echo his cry. "Peace and good-will to men," was a message to which the world was a stranger. Only in this late day are we beginning to realize how truly the angels interpreted the event they celebrated. The world misinterpreted the mission of the divine Child. Its perversity turned his advent into discord, so that, as he foresaw, it brought not peace, but a sword, for many generations. But now, while blatant demagogues and rapacious monarchs call for war, the followers of the Babe in the manger demand peace and are full of good-will. As his followers multiply and are more thoroughly imbued with his spirit, that demand will gain volume and power, until at last, war shall no more devastate the blood-soaked earth, and the hand of brotherhood and good-will shall be extended from land to land. Never did a potentate enter the world with so welcome a message. Men were looking up to heaven with fear and dread, and on each other with suspicion and hatred. From around that manger-cradle came the new evangel, bidding them render joyful praise to God and loving greetings to their fellows. They had been brutes with brutal passions and instincts; they were bidden to be men with God-like spirits.

The way to the blissful consummation is clear to the prophetic eye. "Touch no unclean thing," is his exhortation. Purity and holiness are the path to peace. Pollution, that had come from grovelling in the slime and filth of iniquity, was to be washed away. The fountain was opened for sin and uncleanness and into the new way no man should carry the soil and taint of his degradation. Relieved of his burden, purified from his corruption, he was to be received into sonship and become like God, fit to see him as he is. The message of Christianity is a call from the hills, a beckoning upward. He that hears it in his soul must rise. The earth no more monopolizes his thoughts, the pleasures it offers no longer satisfy his nature, the appetites and passions of his body no longer engross his thoughts. He ceases to be a mere animal and longs for spiritual development. God has redeemed him and he is a slave no longer. Wherever the message is carried, it has the same effect. In the slums of our cities, in the vicious resorts of aristocratic debauchery, in the dull, stupid ignorance of benighted misery, in the dark places of heathendom, the message produces the same results. The vicious become pure, the savage gentle, the despairing hopeful, the sordid generous. Like a potent leaven, it moves the soul and, however strong the bonds that hold it, they are loosened and, in spite of the attractions of time and sense, the spirit soars to the higher joys and higher attainments of the Christian life, that it sees with its new vision.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

DOWN ALONG THE AGES.

FANNIE M. PARKER. R. A. GLENN.

1. Down a - long the roll-ing a - ges, Rings a prom-ise ev - er sweet, Bring-ing com-fort, joy and
2. Tho' we oft may tread the pathway All be - set with danger wild, Still the promise of the
3. What - so - ev - er be our mis - sion, Wheth-er hum-ble, great or small, Je - sus lov-ing - ly hath
4. Let us nev-er doubt nor fal - ter Let us nev-er wea-ry grow, Knowing well the bless-ed
Chorus.
glad - ness, For the wea - ry faltering feet.
Mas - ter Will up - hold His weakest child.
prom - ised To be with us thro' it all.
Sav - iour Lead-eth still wher-e'er we go.
Bless - ed prom - ise full of com - fort,
From our best and tru - est Friend, "Fear ye not, for I am with you," Ev - er with you
to the end;" "Fear ye not for I am with you," Ev - er with you to the end.

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From HIGHEST PRAISE for SABBATH SCHOOLS, By per of the Publishers.

THE SEA OF LIFE.

AH! who is such a coward that he puts not
not out to sea,
Though fresh the breeze and white the waves
that roll on restlessly;
Who moors in some fair harbor when work is
to be done,
And passes idle hours alone, from morn till
setting sun?

Who moves along the harbor sides, when far,
far out from land
His Master's work is to be done and he can
see the hand
That beckons ever onward, while a voice cries
true and brave.
"Come o'er the crested waters, fear not tide
nor angry wave!"

If tiny is thy bark and frail, ne'er fear the
tossing wave,
Though many stauncher crafts than thine
have found a treacherous grave;
Yonder's the Light, and floating buoys mark
plain the hidden reef,
Then trusting make thy way straight on—thou
canst not come to grief.

No coward craft that saileth not, but idly lies
at ease,
For fear of storms, the lightning's flash, or
hungry yawning seas,
Has failed the doom it feared to meet, for when
the angry gale
Came shrieking on, it wrecked the fleet that
dared not outward sail.

Then do thy work the Master gives, press on,
do not delay;
If you he calls, take courage, hasten forward
and obey;
For he has marked thy pathway, thou canst
not fail when he,
Who stilled the waters with his "peace," is
safely guiding thee.

Collinsville, Conn. ALBERT LEWIS THAYER.

"I WILL MEET YOU, BROTHER."*

Written for "The Christian Herald."

"I will meet you, meet you, brother,
In that land forever blest,
Far away beyond the shadows,
Where the soul shall find its rest.
Here the home is broken, brother,
And the twilight lingers long,
But the glorious day is coming,
When I'll join your happy throng.

"I will meet you, meet you, brother,
At the dawning of the day,
When the long and weary vigils
Of the night have passed away.
This the hope my heart still comforts,
We shall clasp glad hands once more—
We shall meet again, my brother,
To be severed nevermore.

"I will meet you, meet you, brother,
Swift the day is drawing nigh;
Sadness yields before the dawning,
Light is breaking o'er the sky;
Soon my weary feet will enter
Through the pearly gates of home,
And I'll meet you, safely meet you,
Never, nevermore to roam."

— REV. A. B. BOWSER.

Danville, Pa., Nov. 25, 1895.

*The last words of a noble young Christian were, "Meet me!" The last message to the relatives and friends, and to the weeping companions gathered around his bed was, "Meet me!"

THE APOCALYPTIC SEALS.

Four Already Fulfilled, Two in Course of Preparation, and the Seventh Retrospective

BY REV. W. GIRDLESTONE.

THE seven seals in the sixth and seventh chapters of Revelation give us in a short sketch the whole state of Christ's church militant here on earth, from the First to the Second Advent of Christ. The first four have run their course.

In the first seal the Church of Christ is represented by St. John as arising in its purity; in the second he saw corruption and persecution in the church rising to a head; in the third he observed deep corruption and depression under tyrannical power; and in the fourth was portrayed the total corruption of Christ's church; the fifth showed him the saints who suffer martyrdom; and in the sixth the kingdom of the stone grows into a mountain.

The first seal opens and discovers a white horse, with a rider armed with a bow, and a crown upon his head, going forth conquering and to conquer. Whiteness is purity; "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow;" the horse is a spirit; for in an analogous prophecy in Zech. 6, the red, black, white, and grisled horses are declared to be spirits; the bow an emblem of strength; and the crown, of royalty and priesthood. This seal, then, is the primitive and pure state of Christianity, and represents the preaching of pure Christian truth. And the rider himself is our Priest and King.

The red horse of *the second seal* represents a spirit degenerate and sinful, fiery and hot, a persecuting zeal. The rider has power given him to disturb the peace of the church; persecutions arise in the church; a great sword is given him, the emblem of power and destruction; of conversion by force; it is great and oppressive. This seal then portrays the time of tyranny, degeneracy, and persecution in the church, when ecclesiastical authority was united to the imperial power, which supported and enforced its corrupt doctrines and oppressive decrees: when persecution to death took place amongst Christians; when they should kill on eanother. The third seal discovers a black horse, and he that sat on him having a yoke or balance in his hand. A dark, gloomy, superstitious spirit of ignorance; bearing, if a yoke, the emblem of slavery; if the balance, of scarcity, even that of which the prophet Amos speaks: "Not a famine of bread, nor a thirst of water, but of hearing the words of the Lord."

The fourth seal discloses a horse, pale, livid, gangrened. I incline to the view that this pale horse represents infidelity, which began its career upon the decline of the black horse of Papacy.

The periods thus typified may be stated as follows: The white horse, in power from the first rise of Christianity to the year A.D. 175; from that period the red horse gained influence, increased and continued in power until the subversion of the Roman Empire, about A. D. 476; the black horse—the Papacy—after this arose and extended his power to the era of the Reformation, A. D. 1530; the pale horse—infidelity—then succeeded and will continue his paralyzing influence, I fear, to the Second Advent.

As regards the fifth and sixth seals, the former describes the fate saints and martyrs suffer under the corruptions and persecutions of the Church, and the latter brings us to the great day of our Lord. And then *the seventh seal* brings a silence of half-an-hour, of retrospection and awful waiting for the final consummation, followed by the exultant hallelujahs of the glorified Church at Christ's Second Advent.

Two Royal Families.

One Christian and the Other Heathen, and They Present a Singular Contrast.

MANY years have passed away, and more than one generation has come and gone since the missionaries first brought the news of the glorious Gospel of Jesus to the benighted natives of Old Calabar, on the West Coast of Africa. To-day there are few sections of the Dark Continent more thoroughly evangelized. Churches, schools, and many of the accompaniments of a Christian civilization are found on every side. Yet, amid all this progress and enlightenment, there are still found some who cling to the old heathen beliefs, and are enslaved by the dark superstitions that have so long held Africa in thraldom.

On this page are reproduced two photographs, taken in Old Calabar, which present a remarkable contrast. They are the portraits of two native kings and their families. In Africa there are so many royalties that a traveler grows bewildered, until he discovers that the word "king" and "chief" are practically synonymous, and that the ruler of a cluster of huts or a few villages, feels justified in setting up a sort of patriarchal kingship over his few hundred subjects, in which they willingly acquiesce. In such cases there is very little difficulty about royal robes or regalia. A "trade" crown can be procured of an English, German, or Portuguese dealer, and the remainder of the outfit may be as grotesque or inappropriate as majesty pleases—the effect of a quilted robe or a plush cloak will be equally impressive, as far as the monarch's subjects are concerned. One of the kings in the illustration is Duke, a shrewd old heathen (and said to be enormously rich), after whom Duketown, the chief settlement in Old Calabar, is named. In slavery days, Old Calabar was a central depot of supply for the market. King Duke, who is now seventy years of age, lives in a magnificent house imported from England at a cost of several thousand pounds. If its designers could see it now, they would find it in sad disrepair and very dirty. Many efforts have been made to induce Duke to renounce heathenism and become a Christian, but he remains a heathen still. In the photograph, the old man is shown in all the pomp of a double-decker "trade" crown and a quilted dressing-gown, and surrounded by his wife and children.

Placid in expression and with a face that reflects a disposition innately kind and gentle, King Eyo, the central figure in the other photograph, shows us a quite different type of native potentate. Eyo, who died recently, was a Christian, and was called by the traders, "King Honesty," on account of his absolute fairness and "square-dealing," a characteristic of his conduct even before his conversion. His wife and nephew stand beside him in the illustration, the nephew being his successor in the petty kingship which Eyo administered faithfully and creditably. He always had a cordial welcome for the missionaries, and in his country the Gospel has flourished. Eyo's nephew, like the old king himself, is a Christian.

There is a noticeable difference between the two photographs, in the love of display shown by the one group and the quiet dignity and modesty apparent in the other. King Eyo, though he, too, wears the inevitable "trade crown," has a simple cloak, without decoration, as his outer garment, while his wife and nephew are attired in the ordinary dress of civilized communities.

Both these native rulers could doubtless remember the first visit by the missionaries in 1846, when the rulers and people of Duke-Town and Creek-town welcomed them heartily. There are at present in Old Calabar eight mission stations, twenty-four out-stations, twenty-two native agents, over three hundred and fifty church members, and nineteen day-schools, with nearly six hundred scholars. God is still blessing the work begun in this section of Africa to the conversion of many souls.

DUKE, A HEATHEN KING OF OLD CALABAR AND HIS FAMILY.

***

Dear Old Children.

It is well known that a weakness of the mental faculties, together with feebleness of body, comes with advancing years, and indeed many old people experience a so-called second childhood. Still, sometimes do not children speak of father or mother being in their second childhood, when friends see only the mild quietness and loneliness of old age? For old age, even with the mental faculties unimpaired, must necessarily be lonely, with the friends of one's youth, and frequently one's nearest and dearest, gone. Fashions change, customs alter, friends depart, and the dear aged ones are left behind. The unspeakable loneliness the aged feel is generally borne by them with resignation, yet some few, more energetic than ordinary, dwelling on the past as they do and remembering former happiness, occasionally make a frantic effort to retain it. When to this end they take, what seems to us, very peculiar methods, what a cry is made and how exercised the children are with father's or mother's vagaries. Pressure is brought to bear on the old people, and the commandment "children obey your parents" is reversed.

***

Choosing Christmas Gifts.

However difficult the task may be to find suitable Christmas gifts, writes Phœbe Hanaford, what are they all, the most costly or the most admired, compared to the love that prompts the effort to obtain them, and the dear mother herself who spares no pains to make her children happy? And this she does the year round. There is always Christmas greeting in her "good-morning," always a wealth of loving kindness in her "good-night, my child." Therefore Christmas comes as naturally to her as sunlight after the morning star. The tastes of each of her children she knows. Their needs she apprehends. Their wants she supplies, if it lies in her power. And in that mother's love they are, in a sense, environed while she teaches them of the coming Christ-child and the value of his mission. Happy is that child to whom the Advent season is one irradiated with love, not shown in gifts alone, but in every kind word and loving tone which seems as an echo of the angel song, and which help so very much to make a merry Christmas.

EYO, A CHRISTIAN AFRICAN KING, HIS WIFE AND NEPHEW.

***

A Christmas Song.

THERE'S a thrill in the air,
There's a joy in the heart;
There is generous stir
In the home and the mart:
For the Yuletide is with us; make ready to greet
The Child of the Manger; lay gifts at his feet.

No time for complaining,
For envy or strife:
Let the swift-flying hours
With laughter be rife;
Put by all forebodings, your murmuring cease;
All hail One that cometh, the bringer of peace!

If, led by false glitter,
You've wandered afar,
Come back to your loyalty,
Led by the Star;
Give up your vain quest and your wandering wild,
For the pearl of great price is the Wonderful Child.

Ring out the glad carols,
Old strifes put away;
Deck chapel and church
In his honor to-day;
Let the great organs tremble with symphonies grand,
And send the glad tidings all over the land.

O sing, little children,
And sing, young and old;
Though the joy of the Christmas
Can never be told—
But sing and rejoice, with your banners unfurled,
For the Christ that is come is the hope of the world.

Putting Up the Stove.

THE season has come when we can no more depend on the heat of the sun for our comfort. He kindles his fires so late in the morning, and banks them up so early in ashes of cloud at night. Even the extra coat or shawl in the evening time do not seem to do the work expected of them. We have had three or four sharp frosts. In the city we send for a man to come and examine our furnaces, and the lighting of fires is an exciting event.

But in the country there is a day as marked as New Year or Christmas, and that is the day in which we put up the stove. The children fly around with expectation, and are somewhat in the way during the undertaking. The pipes are brought out and emptied, and thumped clear of soot and dust. The housewife goes over all the surfaces with blackening polish, making the homely dark a handsome black, and then the work of carrying the stove into the sitting-room commences. There are not enough hands. There never are. We have put up stoves a dozen times, and never had help enough. Father, with his lower lip clinched on his teeth, lifts and pulls and shoves, and gets fast in the doorway. Mother and the serving-maid come to the rescue, but pull the stove the wrong way, and get an invocation upon their carelessness, "Don't you see what you are doing? Pull it back the other way! Ouch! Just look at the back of my hand, black and blue from this scrouging. There! you have set that right leg of it on my sore toe! My side is stove in!" But with an all-together lift the heavy burden reaches the middle of the room. Now begins the work of finding one of the lost legs. You make up your mind as to where the joints and pieces belong, and insist on their taking their places, but how to insert the larger in the smaller is a conundrum. You rise on the top of a chair to make the last conjunction; when, without the slightest premonition, one of the lower joints backs out of its place, and down all comes with a crash. Language cannot express one's feelings at such a moment.

Every time the attempt is made, the line of pipe parts at a new place, until at last, to the relief of the whole household, the undertaking is completed. Then the first fire is kindled, the smoke at first not knowing whether to come out into the room and be sociable, or go up the chimney and disappear. But at last the great black instrument of comfort roars with a chorus of congratulation and good cheer, and in the evening all the family gather about to hear it laugh and crackle. And the stove is the centre of many a pleasant winter gathering.

Aches

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Two Sister Evangelists.

Miss Frost and Miss Simpson Preaching and Singing the Gospel and Winning Souls for Christ. Their Work in many Towns.

A REMARKABLE revival work has just closed at the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Seventh Street, New York. Every evening for three weeks past the famous old church has rung with joyful songs, and scenes have been witnessed there which have filled the hearts of God's people with gladness. Whatever denomination a real Christian may call his own, he rejoices to see people renounce lives of pleasure and sin, and resolve in the strength of Christ to live in future for him. The Presbyterian, or the Baptist, or the Congregationalist, loves his own church and glories in its progress, but he is thankful that souls are saved anywhere, or by any means. And this is the work that has been going on in the old Seventh Street Church, which, in the course of its history, has been the birthplace of many souls. There has been little excitement and no hysterical manifestations, but a solemn, earnest, true work of grace. Many have been persuaded to turn to God, who have resisted other appeals and in other churches have sat unmoved under the invitations of the Gospel. Many young people, too, have been led to consecrate themselves to God, and seek that grace which alone is able to keep them safe from the temptations of the world. How much the Church of Christ is indebted for trophies of this kind to Methodist effort will never be known, but the obligation must be enormous. In all our churches and in many of our pulpits there are souls won by the blessing of God on the fire that burned on Methodist altars.

Miss Fanny Simpson and Miss May Frost, *Preaching and Singing Evangelists.*

The meetings in the Seventh Street Church had an element of novelty in them, in that they were conducted by two ladies. Miss May Frost and Miss Fanny Simpson, whose portraits are on this page, were in charge of the movement. Much has been said against women preaching, but no one could listen to Miss Frost's clear and forcible presentation of the truth or to Miss Simpson's Gospel songs, thrilling with deep feeling, without being glad that the opposition to women's work had not succeeded in silencing these two earnest servants of the Master.

The evangelists give a modest account of their past labors, though they have done much valuable work in the Lord's harvest field. Hitherto their meetings have chiefly been held in the towns of Long Island. At Orient, Cutchogue, Northport, Islip, Babylon, Sea Cliff, Whitestone and Greenpoint they have conducted services with remarkable success. At Setauket the work grew under their hands beyond all expectations. The congregations, small at first, increased daily, and the altar was crowded night after night with anxious seekers after salvation. Several notorious drunkards were converted in course of the revival and many persons of openly irreligious life were led to Christ. If the two young evangelists had been troubled before their visit to Setauket with doubts as to their call to the work of preaching and singing the Gospel, that revival must have set them at rest. God used their efforts, and there is no ordination so authoritative as that.

The two evangelists have been working together about four years. Miss Frost, whose father is of Quaker descent, though her mother is a Methodist, had as a girl an earnest longing to go as a missionary to the heathen. After her conversion, some twelve years ago, this longing increased, but there were difficulties in the way which could not be overcome, and she accepted the disappointment as the leading of Providence. Opportunities for service opened at home. She assisted in special prayer-meetings, addressed Sunday Schools, and in other ways occupied herself in Christ's service, until the manifest tokens of God's blessing became so decided that she felt it her duty to give all her time and effort to the work.

Miss Fanny Simpson is the daughter of a Methodist clergyman, and has been an earnest student of music from childhood. Gifted with a voice of singular sweetness and power, which was carefully trained and cultivated under the best teachers, she looked forward to a distinguished career in the musical profession. Her services were in great request in church choirs and at concerts, and her fame was extending to distant cities, when an event occurred which changed the current of her life. The grace of God touched her heart, and the Spirit led her to consecrate herself and her talents to the service of Christ. From that time her ambition for the concert stage was renounced, and she cared only for the power to reach the heart with melodious Gospel song. When, four years ago, Miss Frost visited Babylon, L.I., where Miss Simpson was then living the opportunity for a life of consecrated service was apparent. The two girls joined their forces and each has proved the complement to the other. Each tells the same message in her own way, and together they have been the means of winning hundreds of souls for Christ. They speak in terms of thankfulness of the way God has honored their trust in him. From the first they resolved to make no bargains for their services, and they have persevered in that course. Whatever the Church pays them is accepted and they have found it sufficient for their needs. From New York they go to Port Washington, L. I., to labor for a few weeks, and early in the new year they have promised to begin services at Stratford, Conn.

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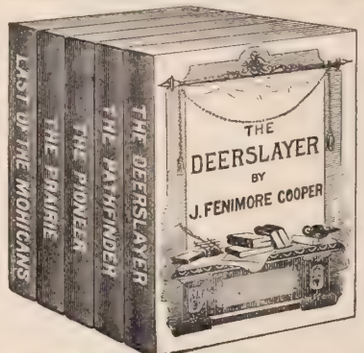

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e Wrote the Nation's Hymn.

r. S. F. Smith, Author of "America," Passes Away—A Long and Active Christian Life Closed.

AST week there passed away a man whose name has become familiar in every household throughout the Union. Rev. Samuel F. Smith, the author of the famous national hymn, or an "America," died of heart disease in ton, the city of his birth, in his eighty-enth year. Dr. Smith studied at Har-l, and was a classmate of Oliver Wen- Holmes. In 1832 he was graduated n Andover Seminary. He became a tist minister, and for a time edited ie Baptist Missionary Magazine" in :on.

e was afterward chosen as the pas- of a church at Waterville, Me., and at same time was appointed Professor of lern Languages in Waterville College, Colby University. In 1842 he ac- ed the pastorate of the First Baptist rch, of Newton, Mass., and for a time d "The Christian Review." He did ge amount of literary work, mainly in line of hymnology, his most noted osition being "My Country, 'Tis of -, Sweet Land of Liberty," which was en while he was a theological student. missionary hymn, "The Morning it is Breaking," was written at the place. He translated from the Ger- most of the pieces in the "Juvenile " (Boston, 1832), and from the nversations-Lexicon" nearly enough tes to fill a volume of the Encyclopedia rican (1828-32). His collection of ial hymns, poetry and ethical transla- has been published under the title of e Gems" (Boston, 1843); "The nist," a noted Baptist hymn-book 5), and "Rock of Ages" (1866-77). r writings by him are "Life of the e Joseph Grafton," "Missionary hes," "History of Newtons, Mass." bles in Mission Fields," and contri- ns to various periodicals throughout e nion.

L Smith was a phenomenal linguist was constantly learning new lan- s, his list consisting of fifteen—Latin, it Greek, modern Greek, French, an, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Portu- Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Anglo- , Danish and Sanscrit, besides his tongue. He wrote the story of his "America," expressing what ht it about. In 1831, William C. bridge, of New York, a noted educa- was deputed to visit Germany and it the system of the public schools. nd that in the German schools much on was given to music. Having f no knowledge of the German lan- he brought them to Dr. Smith, And- hen he was then studying theol- questing him to furnish translations German words, or to write new and songs adapted to the German

"February, 1832," writes Dr. Smith, ng over one of these books, my at- was drawn to a tune which at- me by the simple and natural ment and its fitness for children's Glancing at the German words at t of the page I saw that they were ic, and I was instantly inspired to patriotic hymn of my own. Seiz- scrap of waste paper, I began to and in half an hour I think the stood upon it substantially as they g to-day. I did not propose to write nal hymn. I laid the song aside, early forgot that I had made it. eeks later I sent it to Mr. Mason, and following Fourth of July, much to prise, he brought it out at a chil- celebration in the Park Street , in Boston, where it was sung in or the first time."

then, "America" has been sung in every land under the sun, wherever the patriotic sons and daughters of Columbia gather, and it has added more to the fame of the author than all his other compositions.

Steadfast Chinese Converts.

While foreign missionaries in China have the protection of the flag of their respective governments, the native Christians, having no such protection, are exposed to bitterest persecutions from their countrymen, with no human authority to appeal to. Hence, the greatest sufferers in connection with the anti-foreign riots have been among those natives who accepted the Christian faith and were known as friends of the missionaries. Yet, so far as we have heard, these native Christians have stood the test admirably. A letter from Dr. Griffith John in the English *Independent* refers to the fidelity of the native Christians in Sz'chuen. Dr. John, writing from Hankow, says of the native preachers who have passed through that city from Chen-tu: "On the one hand they have brought much sadness to my mind, but they have brought much joy also. Their patience, their courage, their love, their zeal, their determination to return to their work—all these things have impressed my mind deeply. Then the stories they have to tell of their converts are very inspiring. Almost to a man the converts behaved splendidly in the midst of all their trials.

"As the missionaries were leaving, the converts assured them that they would cling to Christ and their profession of his name. 'We will meet as before,' they said, 'and read our Bibles and pray. We do not promise to sing, for that might involve us in trouble; but we will not forsake the assembling of ourselves together.'"

HOW SHE HELPED ARMENIA.

A touching instance of practical sympathy comes from Brooklyn. Mrs. H., having no money of her own to donate, but being very anxious to help the suffering Armenians, went among her friends and collected $5.30.

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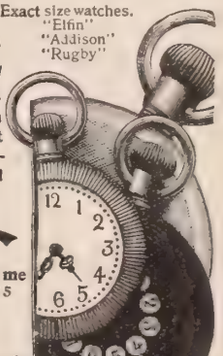
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West Indian Folk-Lore.

WEST INDIAN Folk-lore contains many instances of the influence of Obeah upon the negroes. It has also a collection of fairy tales and silly stories with which the people amused each other, from which I extract an example: "In the West Indies, if you desire to be told a fairy tale or anything of the kind, you must ask for 'Anansi' stories. In the old days these were usually told at local gatherings of the people, such as weddings or funerals, the latter being equal occasions for festivity with the former. The old women keep the children quiet with these tales, and the small, white 'buccra,' sitting by its nurse, will have a flood of folk-lore wasted on its entertainment, which an elder interested in the same will vainly endeavor to hear, the narrator repeating: 'Dat foolishness; wonder missus car to har dat.' Anansi stories, which are those usually told to children, owe their name to a mysterious personage who plays the principal part in them—a hairy, old man, with long nails, very ugly, called Brother or Father Anansi. In some way Anansi bears a resemblance to the Scandinavian 'Troll' or 'Scrattle,' and the 'Lubber fiend' of the English north country; and his character is not unlike that of the German 'Reinecke Fuchs,' or the Japanese 'Kitsuri Fox,' thievish and cunning. Here is one of the Anansi stories: Anansi and Baboon were disputing one day which was fattest; Anansi said he was sure he was fat, but Baboon declared he was fatter. Then Anansi proposed they should prove it; so they made a fire and agreed that they should hang up before it and see which would drop most fat. Baboon hung up Anansi first, but no fat dropped. Then Anansi hung up Baboon, and very soon the fat began to drop, which smelt so good that Anansi cut a slice of Baboon and said: 'O brother Baboon, you fat for true.' But Baboon didn't speak. So Anansi said: 'Well, speak or not speak, I'll eat you every bit to-day,' which he really did. But when he had eaten up all Baboon, the bits joined together in his stomach, and began to pull him about so much that he was obliged to go to a doctor. The doctor told him not to eat anything for some days, then he was to get a ripe banana and hold it to his mouth. When Baboon, who would be hungry, smelt the banana, he would be sure to run up to eat it, and so he would run out of his mouth. So Anansi starved himself and got the banana, and did as the doctor told him, but when he put the banana to his mouth he was so hungry he couldn't help eating it. So he didn't get rid of Baboon, which went on pulling him, until he went back to the doctor, who took a banana and held it to Anansi's mouth, and very soon the baboon jumped up to catch it, and ran out of his mouth, and Anansi was glad to get rid of him. And baboons to this very day like bananas. Besides Anansi stories there are also Duppy or Jumbee stories which relate solely to ghosts, and resemble what the French call 'revenants,' the Germans 'wald gheist,' and are also similar to the Irish 'fetch.'"

In Martinique prevails a curious superstition, that of the 'diablesse,' a beautiful negress, with piercing eyes, who passes silently through some lonely cane-piece where men and women are at work, and whatever man she smiles upon must arise sooner or later and follow her—to death, since he is never seen again. This superstition is apparently akin to that prevailing among the Russian peasants, of the Baba Yagas, or witch woman, whose look wiles a man away to death.

People who are out of doors very early in the morning in tropical latitudes, often feel in the midst of the cool freshness, sudden breaths of hot air—a curious phenomenon. This gives rise to another superstition, and the negroes say they are passing by "Jumbee's fire-place," where he made his fire over-night. The beautiful silk cotton tree is supposed to be Jumbee's favorite haunt, and a negro is loth to cut down one of these trees, certain that some evil will overtake him after so doing. For this a lover of nature is inclined to bless Jumbee, as the means of saving many of those kings of the forest.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Personal Reminiscence of C. H. Spurgeon, (with illustrations). Not a biography but a vivid presentation of the man in daily life as his friend knew him, with numbers of his epigrammatic sayings; by Rev. W. Williams. Pp. 288; price $1.50. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

Scepticism Assailed, or the Stronghold of Infidelity Overturned, by Hon. Britton H. Tabor of the New York Bar. A powerful representation of the Divinity of Christ and the Absolute Truth of the Holy Scriptures; with facts and arguments in evidence. pp. 514; cloth binding, copiously illustrated; price $2.50. The Syndicate Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

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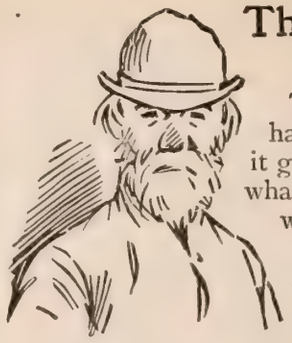

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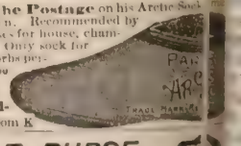

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CHRISTMAS CAROLS and Concert Music. Newest and best. Samples mailed for five cents in stamps. Address J. S. OGILVIE PUB. CO., 55 Rose Street, New York.

Christmas in History.

THE custom of commemorating the birthday of Christ is said to date back to the early part of the fourth century. In *Godfrey's Magazine*, Nora Archibald Smith gives this interesting sketch of the history past and present of Christmas: St. Chrysostom makes mention of the day in one of his sermons as early as 386 A.D. It had in those days, of course, none of its modern accompaniments of Christmas trees, Christmas stockings and Christmas gifts; but was merely a religious ceremonial, interwoven with many purely Pagan observances. It early took deep root in Germany, where its poetic and mystical elements touched an answering chord in the hearts of the people. Before the German nation became Christianized, a solemn festival called, like that of the Romans, the "Twelve Nights," extending from December 25th to January 6th, had been yearly observed. It was intended to celebrate the turning-point in the conflict of natural forces; the ice-king was at the pinnacle of victory, but the sun-god had wheeled his fiery steeds and was about to bring to the world the warmth and buds of spring. Thus the early German Christmas grew to be a curious mixture of Pagan and Christian observances.

The cuttom of binding the trees of the orchard with ropes of straw on Christmas-eve, and shaking the crumbs from the table-cloths about their roots, that they might become more fruitful, point to the mysterious influence attributed to the "Twelve Nights." In the Tyrol, the fruit-trees are soundly beaten for a similar reason; In Bohemia, the limbs are shaken during the performance of midnight mass, while in other localities the orchard is presented with fhe remains of the Christmas supper, to which it has previously been invited. In certain provinces of Austria, it is still customary to perform a Christmas play, just before the holidays.

St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra in the time of Constantine, is, for the children at least, the most popular saint in the calendar everywhere. Familiar legends state that he earned his reputation for generosity in early Roman times by secretly leaving marriage portion at the windows of three destitute maidens. In some countries he is supposed to make his annual rounds riding on a white horse or ass with a basket on his arm. Sometimes he carries a bunch of rods and announces his arrival by the ringing of a bell, in which case the children are summoned and go through an ordeal of questions in regard to their good behavior. In Belgium, St. Nicholas makes his serial visitations at dead of night and silently. In France, the Christchild comes at night unseen, with a retinue of angels, to fill the shoes and stockings with Christmas gifts. In some parts of Austria the lovely Christ-child and grim Rupert, carrying a bell, make an early visit, and leave together. When the tinkling of Rupert's bell has ceased, and he is well out of sight, the children hastily take off their shoes, tie them together and run into the garden to lay them under a bush. Then they cuddle together round the fire, telling stories of bright Christmases past and those to come, till the clock strikes ten. As the last stroke dies away, they fly into the garden to find the shoes running over with apples, nuts, and candies.

There are many superstitions about Christmas-eve, all deep-rooted in some beautiful truth, which are still firmly held in various countries. The belief that cattle kneel at midnight in recognition of the anniversary of Christ's birth, is said to be prevalent yet in remote parts of England, and in modern Mexico they tell you that in the "Good Night" the cocks crow, "*Cristo nacio*," (Christ is born.) In some portions of Germany the table remains spread and the lights burning throughout the night. Throughout Scandinavia, the Yuletide, which begins on Christmas, is the merriest time of the year; watch-dogs are unchained, the cattle receive an extra allowance of fodder and every morning the wild birds are fed with generous handfuls of seed. The table is laid and left standing throughout the day, and each visitor must partake of something or he is believed to carry away the yule-joy. Old quarrels are forgotten, old feuds adjusted, the courts are closed, and on Christmas-eve the shoes of the entire household, great and small, are set close together in a row, that their owners may live in peace and harmony throughout the year. In Sweden and Denmark the Christmas gifts are distributed in numberless curious ways. Sometimes they are thrown into the room by a mysterious messenger who knocks loudly and then disappears. Strange visitors arrive throughout the evening, all disguised in one fashion or another, hobbling on crutches, wrapped in fur, with covered faces or masked in some ingenious way. Knocks sound first an one door, then at another, boxes fly in at the windows; everything is hurry and mystery and the children are in ecstasies.

The Christmas-tree is undoubtedly of German origin, and was formerly used only by distinctly Protestant families and churches. In its present form it is of comparatively recent date, but its Pagan forerunner enjoys great antiquity. To the Russians, St. Nicholas is especially dear, and Christmas-trees are universal. In early England, the holiday merriment seems to have been especially widespread. It was not a children's festival—the introduction of the Christmas-tree there is of comparatively recent date—nor can we find any mention in early times of Christmas stockings or other childish delights. It was, however, a season of general rejoicing and merriment. The boar's head always appeared at the banquet with great pomp. It was carried in by the strongest of the guardsmen singing a Christmas carol, and preceded by a forester, a huntsman and a couple of pages carrying the mustard.

The Yule-log, cut from the forest the year before and lighted with a brand from the last year's burning, was regarded as an emblem of hospitality. Its entrance was accompanied by the singing of the carol:

Come bring with a noise
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing.

Christmas carols were sung everywhere, and indeed this is continued in modern times, while the boar's head is still served at the royal dinner.

Our Christmas in America is still young, but has clothed itself about with many observances borrowed from older countries. Our Christmas-tree comes from Germany, our Christmas-stocking from France, our well-beloved Santa Claus from Holland, but the holy joy and sweet observance and tender reverence of the season come from above.

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I LOVE to watch the coming day
With rapturous delight,
Scattering mists of fogs away,
And gloom of passing night.

I love to watch the sun arise
Radiant with golden glow,
Traverse its pathway through the skies,
And warm the earth below.

I love in loneliness to feel
My Saviour's presence near,
Lowly at his footstool kneel,
Pleading his loving care.

I love to watch and wait to hear
The summons from on high,
With guardian angels ever near,
And Jesus always nigh.

I love to think of dear ones there,
While saints around the throne
Shout glad hosannas everywhere,
And praise the Holy One.

—MRS. J. M. PRENTISS.

Another Florence Nightingale.

A Chinese naval officer, captured by the Japanese, has recently given to a newspaper correspondent high testimony to the gentle, unostentatious labor among the Chinese prisoners in Japan, of an American missionary, Miss Talcott. She had a mysterious happiness whose fountain they could not understand; and her sunny face, aglow with an inward delight, soothed and blessed the sorrowful and broken-hearted.

The conservatism of these men was proverbial, yet the most stubborn hearts yielded to Miss Talcott's simple-hearted love. Though reluctant to acknowledge the superiority of anything foreign, their prejudice was disarmed and their wrong impressions dispelled. They had heard that Christianity was a perverse doctrine; but so deep an impression did Miss Talcott make by her tender ministrations, that they acknowledged its high and noble objects, and said they would never again speak a derogatory word.

Not Wasted Lives.

Some remarkable utterances have been made by the kindred of the missionaries who were massacred in August last at Ku-cheng, in China. The father of the Miss Marshall who was among the slain, is vicar of a church at Blackheath, England, and on the Sunday after the news of his daughter's death arrived, he preached a memorial discourse. He chose as his text the words: "Not unto death, but for the glory of God." In the course of his sermon, he said: "I believe that I shall see that mighty stubborn fortress of Satan—called the Empire of China—handed over to the Captain of our Salvation, and on that day, whether it be here or in Paradise, I know I shall rejoice that one who called me father, was a member of that forlorn hope. I believe that I shall see the 'Divine Enterprise' of bringing millions of souls into the treasure-house of God completely accomplished; and I know that I shall rejoice in that day, when 'these from the land of Sinim' acknowledge that the martyrdoms of Ku-cheng were a factor in the deliverance of their country from its aged-bound heathenism. 'Wasted lives!' Yes, there are many, many wasted lives—alas for the human race! but you must seek for them elsewhere than in the ranks of 'the noble army of martyrs.'"

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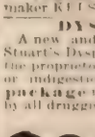

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When George IV. of England was visiting Ireland, he told Lord Roden that on a particular morning he was coming to breakfast with him. He accordingly came; and, bringing with him two or three of the nobility, happened to arrive just as his lordship and family had assembled for domestic worship. Lord Roden, being told that his guest had arrived, went to the door and met him, with every expression of respect, and seated him and the gentlemen who accompanied him, in his parlor. He then turned to the King and said, "Your Majesty will not doubt that I feel highly honored by this visit; but there is a duty which I have not yet discharged this morning, which I owe to the King of kings—that of performing domestic worship; and your Majesty will be kind enough to excuse me while I retire with my household and attend to it." "Certainly," replied the King, "but I am going with you;" and immediately arose and followed him into the hall, where the family were assembled, and taking his station in an old arm-chair, remained during the family devotions.

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Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

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For yourself, our Thyroidine, extract of the thyroid gland, and Natrolithic Salts. Give your mother Cerebrine.

THE DOCTOR.

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Hyomei is a purely vegetable antiseptic, and destroys the germs and microbes which cause diseases of the respiratory organs.

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Mrs. Honey had been suffering severely for three weeks daily with asthma. As soon as the inhaler came she began using it, and after a few inhalations the asthma ceased, and now (Tuesday) it has not returned. She has had this trouble ever since she was seven years old, and is now forty, and we have spent hundreds of dollars in search of relief, purchasing everything we saw advertised. When you consider all this, I think it is the most remarkable thing that once using the inhaler should remove the trouble entirely.

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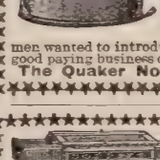

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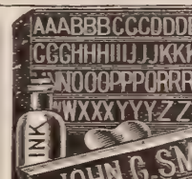

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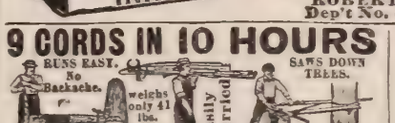

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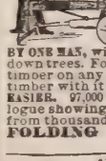

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To the Readers and Subscribers of The Christian Herald.

It is remarkable how quickly the public determines the genuineness of an offer made for good and sufficient reasons. The tremendous amount of talk created by our last **Great Special Coupon Offer,** prompts us to renew for the **Holidays** this rare opportunity of obtaining an elegant **Free Hand Crayon Portrait** at a ridiculously low price. The people who profited by our previous **Special Offer,** already know how we do these things—others can learn—that our reputation guarantees every statement in this announcement.

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HOW TO GET THIS CRAYON PORTRAIT.

Cut out the **coupon** printed below and send it with a photograph, tin-type, or daguerreotype of the person—living or dead—whose picture you desire, and enclosing a deposit of One Dollar. Within 10 days we will send you by express a life-size **crayon** (bust) with an **elegant frame,** complete like cut, with privilege of examination. If satisfactory, you will remit us the balance due of $4.50 on crayon portait and the express charges.

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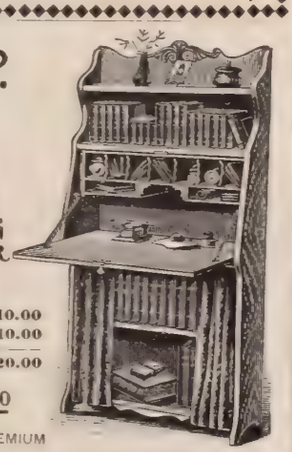

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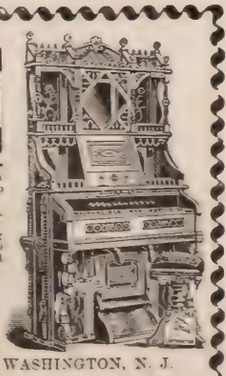

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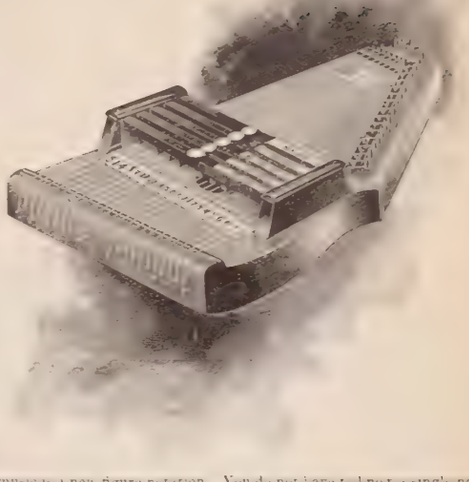

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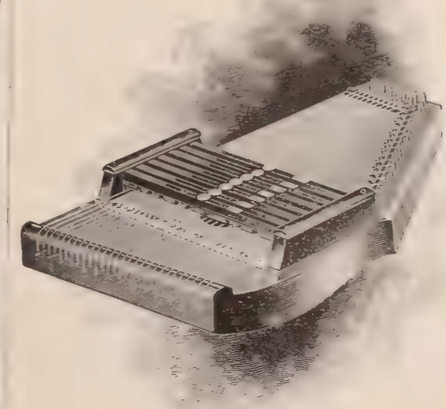

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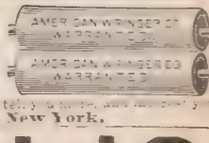

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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VOLUME 18.

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 18, 1895.

Price Five Cents.

THE "BURNING GHATS" OR FUNERAL PYRES, OF THE SACRED CITY OF BENARES, INDIA. (*See Page 859.*)

SMALL TROUBLES.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Deut. 7 : 20, "*The Lord thy God will send the hornet.*"

IT seems as if the insectile world were determined to extirpate the human race. It bombards the grain fields and the orchards and the vineyards. The Colorado beetle, the Nebraska grasshopper, the New Jersey locust, the universal potato-bug, seem to carry on the work which was begun ages ago when the insects buzzed out of Noah's Ark as the door was opened.

In my text, the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion and violent in its sting. Its touch is torture to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run bellowing under the cut of its lancet. In boyhood we used to stand cautiously looking at the globular nest hung from the tree branch, and while we were looking at the wonderful covering we were struck with something that sent us shrieking away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has captains over hundreds, and twenty of them alighting on one man will produce death.

The Persians attempted to conquer a Christian city, but the elephants and the beasts on which the Persians rode were assaulted by the hornet, so that the whole army was broken up, and the besieged city was rescued. This burning and noxious insect stung out the Hittites and the Canaanites from their country. What gleaming sword and chariot of war could not accomplish was done by the puncture of an insect. The Lord sent the hornet.

My friends, when we are assaulted by great behemoths of trouble, we become chivalric, and we assault them; we get on the high-mettled steed of our courage, and we make a cavalry charge at them. and, if God be with us, we come out stronger and better than when we went in. But, alas, for these insectile annoyances of life — these foes too small to shoot—these things without any avoirdupois weight — the gnats and the midges and the flies and the wasps and the hornets! In other words, it is the small stinging annoyances of our life which drive us out and use us up. In the best-conditioned life, for some grand and glorious purpose God has sent the hornet.

I remark, in the first place, that these small stinging annoyances may come in the shape of a nervous organization. People who are prostrated under typhoid fevers or with broken bones get plenty of sympathy: but who pities anybody that is nervous? The doctors say, and the family say, and everybody says, "Oh, she's only a little nervous; that's all!" The sound of a heavy foot, the harsh clearing of a throat, a discord in music, a want of harmony between the shawl and the glove on the same person, a curt answer, a passing slight, the wind from the east, any one of ten thousand annoyances opens the door for the hornet. The fact is that the vast majority of the people in this country are overworked, and their nerves are the first to give out. A great multitude are under the strain of Leyden, who, when he was told by his physician that [illegible] was in such poor physical health he would die, responded, "Doctor, whether I live or [illegible]"

These sensitive persons of whom I speak have a bleeding sensitiveness. The flies love to light on anything raw, and these people are like the Canaanites spoken of in the text or in the context—they have a very thin covering, and are vulnerable at all points. "And the Lord sent the hornet."

Again, the small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of friends and acquaintances who are always saying disagreeable things. There are some people you cannot be with for half an hour but you feel cheered and comforted. Then there are other people you cannot be with for five minutes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you, but they sting you to the bone. They gather up all the yarn which the gossips spin, and retail it. They gather up all the adverse criticisms about your person, about your business, about your home. about your church, and they make your ear the funnel into which they pour it. They laugh heartily when they tell you, as though it were a good joke, and you laugh too—outside.

These people are brought to our attention in the Bible, in the Book of Ruth. Naomi went forth beautiful and with the finest of worldly prospects, and into another land; but, after awhile, she came back widowed and sick and poor. What did her friends do when she came to the city? They all went out, and, instead of giving her common-sense consolation, what did they do? Read the Book of Ruth and find out. They threw up their hands and said, "Is this Naomi?" as much as to say, "How awful bad you do look!" When I entered the ministry I looked very pale for years,and every year, for four or five years, a hundred times a year, I was asked if I had not the consumption; and, passing through the room I would sometimes hear people sigh and say, "A-ah! not long for this world!" I resolved in those times that I never, in any conversation, would say anything depressing, and by the help of God I have kept the resolution. These people of whom I speak reap and bind in the great harvest-field of discouragement. Some day you greet them with an hilarious "good-morning," and they come buzzing at you with some depressing information. "The Lord sent the hornet."

When I see so many people in the world who like to say disagreeable things, and write disagreeable things, I come almost in my weaker moments to believe what a man said to me in Philadelphia one Monday morning. I went to get the horse at the livery stable, and the hostler, a plain man, said to me. "Mr. Talmage, I saw that you preached to the young men yesterday." I said, "Yes." He said, "No use, no use; man's a failure."

The small insect annoyances of life sometimes come in the shape of local physical trouble, which does not amount to a positive prostration, but which bothers you when you want to feel the best. Perhaps it is a sick-headache which has been the plague of your life, and you appoint some occasion of mirth, or sociality, or usefulness, and when the clock strikes the hour you cannot make your appearance. Perhaps the trouble is between the ear and the forehead, in the shape of a neuralgic twinge. Nobody can see it or sympathize with it; but just at the time when you want your intellect clearest, and your disposition brightest, you feel a sharp, keen, disconcerting thrust. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Perhaps these small insect annoyances will come in the shape of a domestic irritation. The parlor and the kitchen do not always harmonize. To get good service, and to keep it, is one of the greatest questions of the country. Sometimes it may be the arrogancy and inconsiderateness of employers, but, whatever be the fact, we all admit there are these insect annoyances winging their way out from the culinary department. If the grace of God be not in the heart of the housekeeper, she cannot maintain her equilibrium. The men come home at night and hear the story of these annoyances, and say, "Oh, these home troubles are very little things!" They are small, small as wasps, but they sting. Martha's nerves were all unstrung when she rushed in, asking Christ to scold Mary, and there are tens of thousands of women who are dying, stung to death by these pestiferous domestic annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of business irritations. There are men here who went through 1857 and the 24th of September, 1869, without losing their balance, who are every day unhorsed by little annoyances—a clerk's ill manners, or a blot of ink on a bill of lading, or the extravagance of a partner who overdraws his account, or the underselling by a business rival, or the whispering of store-confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad debt which was against your judgment, just to please somebody else.

It is not the panics that kill the merchants. Panics come only once in ten or twenty years. It is the constant din of these every-day annoyances which is sending so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. When our national commerce fell flat on its face, these men stood up and felt almost defiant; but their life is going away now under the swarm of these pestiferous annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

I have noticed in the history of some that their annoyances are multiplying, and that they have a hundred where they used to have ten. The naturalist tells us that a wasp sometimes has a family of twenty thousand wasps, and it does seem as if every annoyance of your life brooded a million. By the help of God I want to show you the other side. The hornet is of no use? Oh, yes! The naturalists tell us they are very important in the world's economy; they kill spiders, and they clear the atmosphere; and I really believe God sends the annoyances of our life upon us to kill the spiders of the soul, and to clear the atmosphere of our skies.

These annoyances are sent on us, I think, to wake us up from our lethargy. There is nothing that makes a man so lively as a nest of "yellow jackets," and I think that these annoyances are intended to persuade us of the fact that this is not a world for us to stop in. If we had a bed of everything that was attractive and soft and easy, what would we want of heaven? We think that the hollow tree sends the hornet, or we may think that the devil sends the hornet. I want to correct your opinion. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Then I think these annoyances come on us to culture our patience. In the gymnasium, you find upright parallel bars—upright bars, with holes over each other for pegs to be put in. Then the gymnast takes a peg in each hand and he begins to climb, one inch at a time, or two inches, and getting his strength cultured, reaches after awhile the ceiling. And it seems to me that these annoyances in life are a moral gymnasium, each worriment a peg with which we are to climb higher and higher in Christian attainment. We all love to see patience, but it cannot be cultured in fair weather. Patience is a child of the storm. If you had everything desirable, and there was nothing more to get, what would you want with patience? The only time to culture it is when you are lied about, and sick and half dead.

"Oh," you say, "if I only had the circumstances of some well-to-do man I would be patient, too." You might as well say, "If it were not for this water I would swim;" or, "I could shoot this gun if it were not for the charge." When you stand chin-deep in annoyances is the time for you to swim out toward the great headlands of Christian attainment, so as to know Christ and the power of his resurrection, and to have fellowship with his sufferings.

Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the clinker and the slag. I have formed this theory in regard to small annoyances and vexations. It takes just so much trouble to fit us for usefulness and for heaven. The only question is, whether we shall take it in the bulk or pulverized and granulated. Here is one man who takes it in the bulk. His back is broken, or his eyesight put out, or some other awful calamity befalls him; while the vast majority of people take the thing piecemeal. Which way would you rather have it? Of course in piecemeal. Better have five aching teeth than one broken jaw; better ten fly-blisters than an amputation; better twenty squalls than one cyclone. There may be a difference of opinion as to allopathy and homœopathy; but in this matter of trouble I like homœopathic doses—small pellets of annoyance rather than some knock-down dose of calamity. Instead of the thunderbolt give us the hornet. If you have a bank, you would a great deal rather that fifty men would come in with checks less than a hundred dollars than to have two depositors come in the same day each wanting his ten thousand dollars. In this latter case you cough and look down to the floor, and you look up at the ceiling, before you look into the safe. Now, my friends, would you not rather have these small drafts of annoyance on your bank of faith than some all-staggering demand upon your endurance? But remember that little as well as great annoyances equally require you to trust in Christ for succor, and for deliverance from impatience and irritability. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." In the village of Hamelin, tradition says, there was an invasion of rats, and these small creatures almost devoured the town, and threatened the lives of the population; and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very sweet tune, and all the vermin followed him—followed him to the banks of the Weser, then he blew a blast and then they dropped in and disappeared forever. Of course this is a fable; but I wish I could, on the sweet flute of the Gospel, draw forth all the nibbling and burrowing annoyances of your life, and play them down into the depths forever.

How many touches did Mr. Church give to his picture of "Cotopaxi" or his "Heart of the Andes?" I suppose about fifty thousand touches. I hear the canvass saying, "Why do you keep me trembling with that pencil so long? Why don't you put it on in one dash?" "No," says Mr. Church, "I know how to make a painting; it will take fifty thousand of these touches." And I want you, my friends, to understand that it is these ten thousand annoyances which under God, are making up the picture of your life, to be hung at last in the galleries of heaven, fit for angels to look at. God knows how to make a picture.

I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click! I say, "Why dont you strike harder?" "Oh! he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way; I must do it this way." So he works on,

and after awhile the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of developmeut, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come, and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no; God says that is not the way. And so he keeps on by strokes of little vexations, until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men.

You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletions. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grain-field sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances, that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting, and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may send destruction through a block of store-houses. Catherine de Medicis got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of a new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings.

Now, be careful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul unarraigned. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny-nail sometimes produces lock-jaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

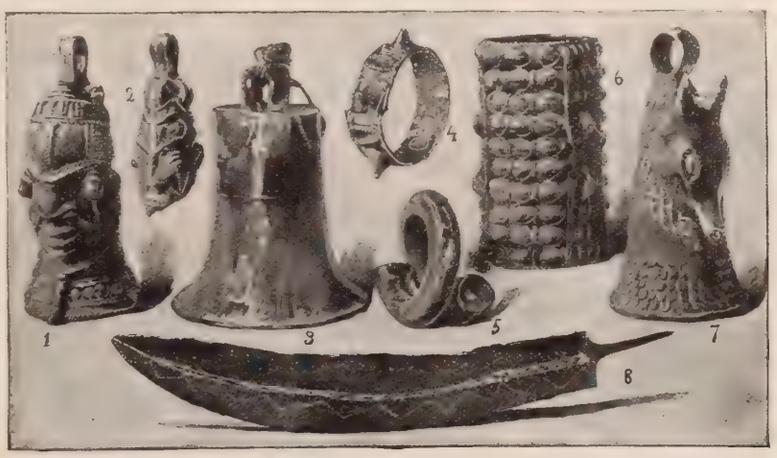
Our Government does not think it belittling to put a tax on small articles. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, oh Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction. A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle; and if you have the grace of God in your heart, you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy.

A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers rowing up the Ganges were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. I have seen the earth strewed with the carcases of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles. What would you say of a soldier who refused to load his gun, or to go into the conflict because it was only a skirmish, saying, "I am not going to expend my ammunition on a skirmish; wait until there comes a general engagement, and then you will see how courageous I am, and what battling I will do?" The general would say to such a man, "If you are not faithful in a skirmish, you would be nothing in a general engagement." And I have to tell you, oh Christian men, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale, you will never be able to apply them on a large scale.

If I had my way with you I would have you possess all possible worldly prosperity. I would have you each one a garden—a river flowing through it, geraniums and shrubs on the sides, and the grass and flowers as beautiful as though the rainbow had fallen. I would have you a house, a splendid mansion, and the bed should be covered with upholstery dipped in the setting sun. I would have every hall in your house set with statues and statuettes, and then I would have the four quarters of the globe pour in all their luxuries on your table, and you should have forks of silver and knives of gold, inlaid with diamonds and amethysts. Then you should each one of you have the finest horses, and your pick of the equipages of the world. Then I would have you live a hundred and fifty years, and you should not have a pain or ache until the last breath.

"Not each one of us?" you say. Yes; each one of you. "Not to your enemies?" Yes; the only difference I would make with them would be that I would put a little extra gilt on their walls, and a little extra embroidery on their slippers. But, you say, "Why does not God give us all these things?" Ah! I bethink myself. He is wiser. It would make fools and sluggards of us if we had our way. No man puts his best picture in the portico or vestibule of his house. God meant this world to be only the vestibule of heaven, that great gallery of the universe toward which we are aspiring. We must not have it too good in this world, or we would want no heaven.

Polycarp was condemned to be burned to death. The stake was planted. He was fastened to it. The faggots were placed around him, the fires kindled, but history tells us that the flames bent outward like the canvas of a ship in a stout breeze, so that the flames, instead of destroying Polycarp, were only a wall between him and his enemies. They had actually to destroy him with the poniard; the flames would not touch him. Well, my hearer, I want you to understand that by God's grace the flames of trial, instead of consuming your soul, are only going to be a wall of defence, and a canopy of blessing. God is going to fulfil to you the blessing and the promise, as he did to Polycarp. "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned." Now you do not understand; you shall know hereafter. In heaven you will bless God even for the hornet.



1 and 2. Charms. 3. A Bell. 4 and 5. Armlets. 6. An Anklet. 7. A Charm. 8. A Knife.

RELICS RECENTLY DISCOVERED ON THE NIGER, AFRICA.

A Boy or an Ox.

The low estimate placed on the value of a boy in Africa comes out in a letter to the *Missionary Herald* which Mr. Woodside sends from Lakanjimba in West Central Africa. He says: "About a month ago one of the lads who has been here with us for several months came to me much agitated, saying that they had sent word for him to come to the chief's village, for, as there was considerable sickness, they were thinking of making a feast to the spirits, and that this lad was to be given for an ox to be killed for the feast. They threatened that if he did not come they would come and take him and tie him up, etc. I told him to send word to his relatives to come here and we would talk the matter over. They did not come, but when I was at the village the chief spoke to me of the matter, as did also the relatives. After considerable talk I offered to give enough cloth to purchase an ox instead of buying one with the boy. An ox was ultimately secured, and it was argued that the boy should furnish the cloth at some future time. This family, in some of its branches, has been accused again and again of causing sickness or death, and they have given one and another member in payment until this was the seventh, and only three or four remained. Two of the lad's brothers I know to be in slavery in this way."

The Hindu's Sacred City.

Benares, on the Ganges, the Home of Hinduism and Centre of Idolatry – Its Ghats, Temples, and Hideous Sacrifices.

ONE of the most ancient cities in the world, and the centre of a venerable and far-reaching religion, is Benares, on the river Ganges. Both city and river are held as sacred by the Hindus. The first reaches far back into the mists of antiquity. It was a famous city nearly three thousand years ago, in an age when Babylon, Nineveh and Tyre were in their prime, when Athens was young and Rome unknown. It is possible that the people of this ancient city, in those early days, may have heard of the fame and glory of Solomon, whose name and the story of whose wisdom and magnificence had spread to "the ends of the earth." Long afterward, in the seventh century, A.D., Benares was visited by a celebrated Chinese pilgrim and philosopher, Hiouen Thsang, who in his writings, which are still preserved in the Flowery Kingdom, described it as containing thirty Buddhist monasteries, attended by over three thousand monks. At that time, he added, there were about a hundred temples of Hindu gods, with idols innumerable. After the lapse of many centuries, Benares still preserves many of its ancient characteristics. It is still, as of old, the religious centre of Hinduism, the principal seat of the worship of Siva, and the supposed abode of that widely-worshipped deity.

Our color-picture on the first page of this issue presents a view of Benares showing a part of the city fronting on the river Ganges. Here the river forms a sweep about four miles in length, the city being on the northern bank, at a considerable elevation. Its dimensions are about three miles in length and a mile in breadth, and it is thickly studded with domes and minarets. Along the river bank are many fine "ghats" or landing-places, erected of solid stone by pious devotees and some of them elaborately ornamented. These ghats are usually crowded with bathers and worshippers, the one term being synonymous with the other, for it is a religious ceremony to bathe in the sacred stream. Along the banks are also many shrines and temples. So narrow are the streets that a carriage can scarcely pass. A peculiarity is that the streets are nearly all lower than the level of the ground floors of the houses. The latter are built of chanar stone, and many are five and six stories in height. Another peculiarity is the painting on the outer walls of the dwellings, whereon are pictured flowers, men, women, bulls, elephants, gods and goddesses in strange confusion. There is a multitude of small temples, many being of graceful form and covered with carvings.

Thousands of Brahmans are to be found in Benares at all seasons, but at the time of the great festivals the throng is such as to crowd every dwelling, street and square in the city with priests, pilgrims, devotees and mendicants; many coming from the most distant parts of India and even from Burmah and Tibet. Large numbers of rich Hindoos, in their old age, perform the pilgrimage to the "sacred city," desiring to worship at its shrines and bathe in the "holy Ganges" ere they die. As they scatter their wealth lavishly, the throng of mendicants attracted thither on such occasions is quite unprecedented.

At the "ghats," are the places set apart for the burning of the dead, a ceremony of frequent occurrence in Benares, and which is shown in the colored illustration. Great piles of dried wood, broken into even lengths, lie along the river-side, and this wood is made up into bundles, and after being consecrated by the priests, is sold to the relatives of those whose bodies are to be burned. The bundles are placed on the stone copings of the "ghats" and saturated with oil; the bodies, draped in white linen or cotton cloth, are placed on the top of the funeral pyre and one of the relatives applies the fire which soon communicates to the entire pile. Sometimes half a dozen columns of dense, suffocating smoke, ascending simultaneously from as many "ghats" testify to the popularity of this method of disposing of the dead. There is usually a simple ceremony.

A Hindu in Native Dress.

What Mecca is to the Mohammedan, and Jerusalem was to the Jew, Benares is to the Hindu. No severer indictment of Hinduism can be given than Benares affords. The superstitions of the people in bringing their sick and dying and dead to the Ganges, the filth of the streets, the cholera-breeding tanks, and the general poverty and ignorance of the people are the answer to the claims of Hinduism as a propagator of intelligence and civilization. So flagrant have been the violations of all sanitary laws by the pilgrims to these great feasts that the severest measures have to be adopted by the British officers in India to prevent the spread of cholera and other diseases.

Relics of a Past Age.

SOME very remarkable curiosities have recently been excavated at the banks of the Niger Delta, Africa, which are of great interest to antiquaries. Concerning them, the London *Graphic* says: "Their precise archæological and anthropological significance is as yet somewhat obscure. It is hoped that Sir Wollaston Franks, the keeper of the Ethnographical Department in the British Museum, may be able to assign them a more definite period and history than would appear at present justifiable."

The various objects which are shown in the illustration are of a fine rich green color, and apparently of the early bronze age. The designs are slightly suggestive of Chinese influence. They consist of anklets, armlets, bells, knives, scarabei and representations of animals. One armlet (No. 4) is formed of horseshoes of twisted wire, drawn-up bosses with a small wire ring fixed on the apex of each, and strands of wire, mostly in groups of three, with their ends turned up.

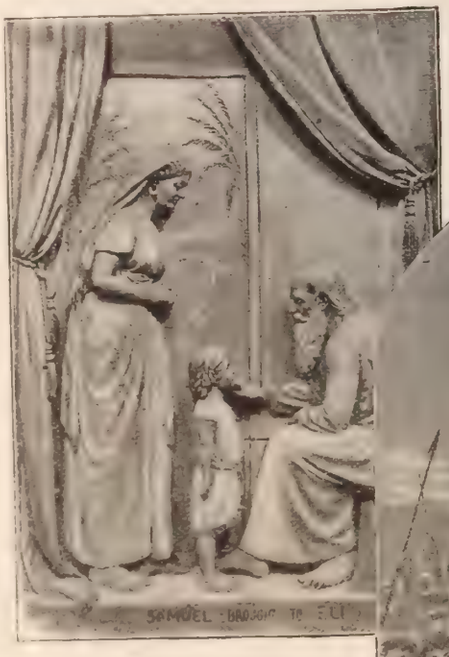
These are placed alternately, and the whole secured by means of two strong pieces of wire forming the edges; in fact, made in much the same manner as a nineteenth century jeweller would construct a gold bracelet. An anklet has a design in which scarabei and birds' heads appear. Fig. 8 is supposed to be a sacrificial knife.

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 29. Psalm 78, or Heb. 11: 24-40. Golden Text Matt. 6: 10.

THE period to be covered in the Review Lesson of this week extends from the death of Joshua to the middle of the reign of Saul. There are, as was explained, when we were considering the lesson of October 6, two estimates of the length of this period, owing to the divergence of the two methods of reckoning the chronology of the Book of Judges. According to the one method, it was a period of about 364 years, and according to the other, of about 530 years. The difference is not important to the teacher who follows the Bible method of inculcating moral and religious lessons, and that is the object of the Bible record. To the historical student, dates are all important, but the men who wrote the Scriptures were concerned with spiritual life and progress rather than with chronology. That the facts occurred as they are set down the Christian reader can have no doubt, but whether they are recorded in consecutive and chronological order is not known.

The picture of the condition of the nation at the beginning of the period is a gloomy one. There was no organized government, but every man knew the general principles of the Mosaic law, understood in outline what his duty was, and he was expected to fulfil it. In the words of the inspired historian, "Every man did that which was right in his own eyes." It was a time of struggle. Enemies were on all sides and in the midst. On the southwestern border, the Philistines had settled and were continually trying to encroach on the Hebrew possessions; on the East, were the Moabites, a war-like nation usually hostile to the Israelites, and disposed to plunder; on the south were the Edomites, also unfriendly; and scattered through the country, were settlements of the original Canaanites, who by fraud or force had succeeded in escaping expulsion. When Joshua died no progress had been made [illegible] the original division of the land, in increasing the Israelitish territory. Indeed, in some instances, ground had been lost [illegible] Canaanites had recovered territory that Joshua had taken from them. The Hebrews had also lost ground in another way, that the sacred chronicler regarded as far more disastrous. Association with the Canaanites and the Philistines had brought about religious degradation. God's people were found attending the feasts and festivals of idolatrous worship, and were paying reverence to the gods of their neighbors. The way God took to check this degeneracy, was to stir up the enmity of the surrounding nations, so that there should be no relations but hostile ones between them and his people. God uses that method still. When the church and the world become friendly, and the church accepts favors from the world, and in gratitude sacrifices some of its austerity, it often happens that persecution breaks out and the unholy alliance is roughly and painfully sundered. Christians are, as far as is possible, to live in peace with all men, but they must not sacrifice their principles for the sake of peace. When God sees his child turning to the world and forgetting him, he sends such trouble upon him as will force him to seek his Lord and cling to him for his very life. If peace and prosperity lead to impurity, then peace and prosperity must be withdrawn, for God's children must first of all be pure.



SAMUEL SHOWING SAUL TO THE PEOPLE.

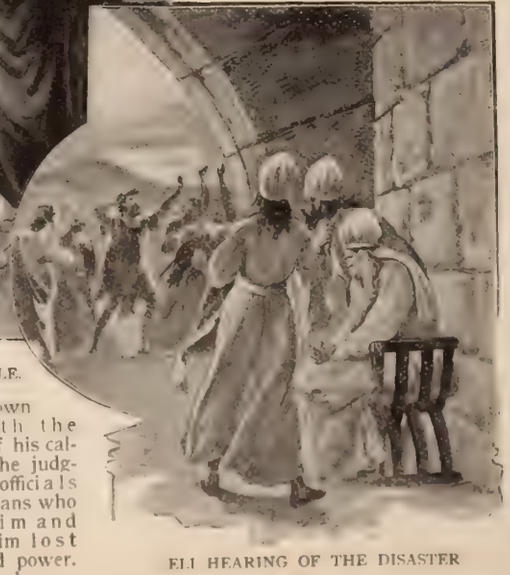
Ten lessons are included in the review. They are: 1. *The time of the Judges*, showing the dangers of evil associations. 2. *The triumph of Gideon*, an illustration of what may be accomplished by a man who has faith in his God. 3. *Ruth's choice*, the lovely idyl with its lesson of fidelity rewarded. 4. *The child Samuel*, an example of the honor and usefulness that may come even to a child, whose heart is pure and who serves God. 5. *Samuel the Judge*, a lesson teaching how people who have wandered from God, and are being punished for it, may regain his favor and get relief from their suffering. 6. *Saul chosen king*, a warning that physical beauty and martial courage are not the sole requisites for a useful career. 7. *Saul rejected*, an instance of a man wrecking his life by disobeying God and setting up his own judgment in opposition to God's commands. 8. *David anointed*, a lesson of good cheer for the humble and lowly, showinng that when God needs a man to do work for him, he may select one who is despised, but who is quietly doing his duty in his humble calling. 9. *David and Goliath*, an illustration of a wicked man trusting in his strength, being brought down by a youth, trusting in his God. The enemy of God being armed and protected with all that the world counts formidable, overcome by simple means, directed by faith. 10. *David and Jonathan*, the two friends who could not be alienated by selfish considerations, men who loved each other for the good qualities in each other and were faithful in adversity

I come to thee in the name of the Lord. It seemed an unequal struggle. The gigantic man with his huge sword and spear against David who came in the name of the Lord. But it is a mighty name and many strong men have gone down before it. Three years ago, in New York the struggle for pure municipal government between a minister of the Gospel and the corrupt police force with Tammany at its back seemed a hopeless one. People sneered at Dr. Parkhurst, and even people who sympathized with him and deplored the evil he was grappling with, had no hope of his success. The men in power were so strongly entrenched, the wealth at their command was so large, their supporters so numerous and influential, that it was supposed that only a great political organization could hope to cope with the evil. What could a clergyman without political influence do? But Dr. Parkhurst fought his own way, with the weapons of his calling, and the judges, police officials and politicians who derided him and opposed him lost place and power. The man who enters the lists against evil in high places in the name of the Lord is a formidable foe, though in his battle he has to contend with giants.

DAVID SELECTING STONES FOR HIS FIGHT WITH GOLIATH.

The battle is the Lord's. When that is really so, he has abundant means for winning it. In 1588, Philip of Spain determined to conquer England and crush the Protestant religion. The most renowned Catholic soldiers in Europe flocked to Philip's standard. In all, a well equipped force of 45,000 men was assembled, a great army in those days. The fleet consisted of one hundred and thirty powerful warships. Elizabeth's fleet was insignificant in comparison. It could never have contended with the Spaniards. But when the Spanish fleet sighted the English coast it was so weakened by the storms, that the English fleet ventured to attack it, and more stormy weather coming on, the invading fleet was dispersed and a fresh attack was made by the English admiral. The losses sustained from the elements by the enemy were so great that only fifty-three battered hulks survived the expedition and crawled ignominiously home to Spanish ports.

David took a harp and played upon it, so Saul was refreshed and the evil spirit departed from him. Numerous instances are on record of melancholy being removed, or anger and madness appeased, by music. The following is one instance: Sultan Amurath, a prince notorious for his cruelty, laid siege to Bagdad; and, on taking it, gave orders for putting thirty thousand Persians to death, notwithstanding they had submitted and laid down their arms. Among the number of the victims was a musician, who entreated the officer to whom the execution of the Sultan's order was entrusted, to spare him for a moment, that he might speak to the author of the dreadful decree. The officer consented, and he was brought before Amurath, who permitted him to exhibit a specimen of his art. Like the musician in Homer, he took up a psaltery which resembles a lyre, played upon it, and accompanied it with his voice. He sang the capture of Bagdad and the triumph of Amurath. The pathetic tones which he drew from the instrument, rendered the prince unable to restrain the softer emotion of his soul. He not only directed his people to spare those among the prisoners who yet remained alive, but also to give them instant liberty.



ELI HEARING OF THE DISASTER

A JOURNEY UP THE NILE.

Arab Donkey-Boys and Policemen—Memphis and its Mummies—The Gizeh Museum—A Vocal Memnon—Ceremony of "The Sacred Carpet."

Written Exclusively for "The Christian Herald," by Rev. W. Jay Peck, M.A.

TO properly see the temples along the Nile in Upper Egypt, at least, it is best

ENTRANCE TO THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

to buy a government ticket of admission to them all. It costs five dollars, and will admit you to all the wonders of ruined Memphis, the Colossi of Rameses, the Necropolis of Sakkara, the Step Pyramid, Marietta Bey's House, the Tomb of the Apis (bulls), the Tomb of Ti, and the Mastaba of Mera.

Landing at Bedrashen—the stopping-place for Memphis—we were surrounded by forty vociferous donkey-boys, each clamoring and fighting for the privilege of showing us what is left of the once far-famed city. We only needed three donkeys and boys. They would take us all day for two shillings each (or for fifty cents), and a shilling goes to the donkey-boy who carries your wraps and dinner and whacks the poor beast. His money is fully earned. The boys got to fighting to see who should take the contract. A cruel Egyptian policeman, compared to whom a New York blue-coat is the embodiment of a gentleman, walked into the crowd and struck right and left with a rawhide, on their heads and shoulders. He looked to me like one of Pharaoh's taskmasters, who, probably in that same region of Memphis, drove the children of Israel to make bricks without straw. A little later we saw some poor, naked Nubians ,making Nile mud bricks about a foot square. The brick-makers only get two and a half piasters per day. An overseer drove them to work faster under a broiling sun. It looks as though there was still a system of slavery carried on up the Nile. Nubians were plowing the fields where old Memphis stood, getting three piasters (or fifteen cents) a day, and women two for labor in the fields.

Memphis—"the heaven of the good"—was built in the dim ages by Menes. It was no doubt once a thing of beauty though now so dreary and desolate. We rode for miles over its vast ruins, the ruins of a city whose streets were half a day's journey in length. We paused at the image of Rameses the Great to think of the littleness of all human greatness. His sceptre was once potent as Neptune's trident; now he is only a harmless mummy, to be gazed at by the curious in the Gizeh Museum.

Talking of mummies, there used to be plenty in the necropolis. As we rode into the ancient burial-place, Ibrahim picked up a skull, whose nose protruded from the sand. He hid it in his toga, till a convenient place was reached, and then placed it between the ears of a white donkey which was ridden by a brave lady tourist. She gave a scream of horror, and turned her face from the grinning object. She then asked Ibrahim "How much he would take for it?"

The "Step Pyramid," suppose by some to have been built by the Children of Israel, is slowly wasting away. Steps that could be used by a giant lead you to the top where a notable panorama lies before you. In the distance are the minarets of Cairo, the Mokattam hills, the pyramids of Gizeh, the windings of the sacred river, the fertile strip beyond the yellow band of the desert, while nearer you look upon ruined brick walls, rock caverns, the tombs of Mera, of Ti, the Tomb of the cats, the Pyramid of Teta, and the vast pyramids that skirt the desert. At our feet are the sites of palaces, the domes, temples, houses and streets of fair Memphis.

In the tombs we were conscious we were in grand vaults dedicated to the dead—the house appoinied for all the living, the final resting-place. We felt disappointed at not finding a single king in his tomb, where evidently all had expected to lie till the resurrection, from the care with which they made their graves. They built hidden halls and intricate corridors, and had them sealed up and the entrance covered, but all in vain. At Deir-El-Bahara we were shown where the mummy kings were discovered in 1870, by Maspero, and there also we saw a mummy dug up.

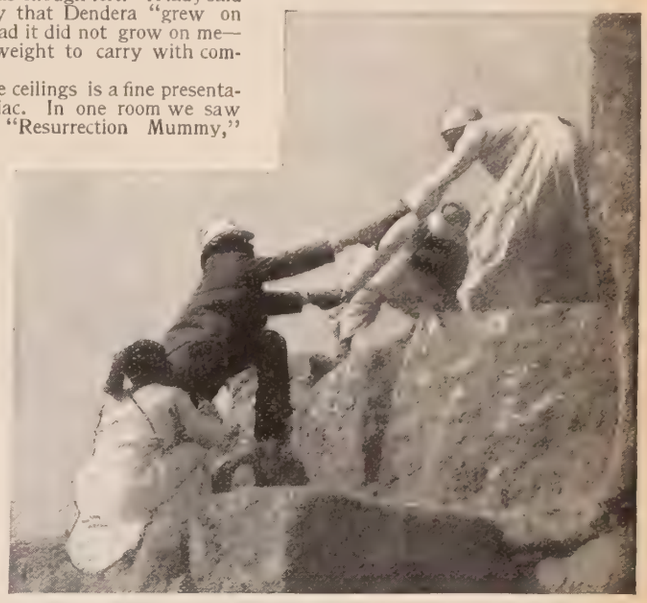
For hundreds of years the buried kings were in hiding, in truly Egyptian darkness. Some scarabs told the secret to the world. Some of those ancient scarabs—little metal or stone imitations of the beetle, the emblem of immortality—were sold at big prices to tourists on the Nile. A few fell into the hands of a professor at Bulak. He

THE GALLERY OF MUMMIES IN THE GIZEH MUSEUM.

followed this clue and looked for a fresh and unopened burial place, A vender of scarabæi, who was in the secret, revealed to him the place. He conducted them to Thebes and showed them the way to the secret mummy chamber at Deir-el-bahara. Then they were conducted to a shaft forty feet deep. At the bottom was a hallway and corridors which they followed and in the core of the mountain they found a chamber six feet high, where were thirty-six mummies of royalty and priesthood. All were carefully bundled up and put in the museum at Boulak. Again, later, the mummies were moved to the Gizeh Museum on the banks of the river they had loved and perhaps worshipped. Among them is the mummy of Seti I. His son, Rameses, by whose side I lingered long, was the old-time Napoleon of Egypt and no doubt the king that oppressed the children of Israel. One could almost read in that selfish and stern mummy-head a cruel, tyrannical character.

At intervals during our Nile journey we passed temples thrown into fine relief by the grey mountains, the yellow sands or the groves of palm-trees that cluster around them. Many of the temples are in decay. The one at Dendera, we are told, was in excellent condition, and we found it so. The propylon, it is true, has lost one of its horns, but it has enough left. A lady said enthusiastically that Dendera "grew on her." I am glad it did not grow on me—it is too great weight to carry with comfort.

On one of the ceilings is a fine presentation of the Zodiac. In one room we saw the so-called "Resurrection Mummy," evidence that the Egyptians believed in a future existence for the body. Outside and inside this vast and beautiful temple are inscriptions that would answer for a fair-sized history of the world. It is right to admire them and if possible to read them all, but we did not, for we were in a hurry.



CLIMBING UP THE GRAND PYRAMID

On the way back to the river I had the joy of riding a tall and swift member of the donkey family, and I urged him to do his best. It seemed as though he would. Once or twice the ass answered me—as they will. Balaam understood his, but I did not mine. Near the landing was a wide and brimful irrigating canal. The water had just been turned on. The donkey did not like to leap it, but it had to be done—and quickly, too. To my urging, the boy, a fat, good-natured soul, added arguments that were not altogether unefective. The brute gave a leap, shot through the air, and just missed the other bank. We both tumbled into the ditch. He got out and so did I, with no worse mishap than a lively shake-up.

Among the noteable sights on the Nile are the Colossi called by the natives Tama and Chama. The north Memnon certainly has a female figure, and besides, she is the one that is said to be vocal. Her colossal arm, which rests on her knee, is eighteen feet long. He foot is ten. At the annual inundation the water comes only to her foot-stool, while she looks over miles of an inland sea. Here, since the world was young, the pair have sat together, viewing the restless race of the world for wealth, fame and power. The Greeks supposed the northern Memnon made melody to welcome Aurora. I waited to hear if she would speak, or sing. I waited till the sun was near the purple hills, when lo! I heard a weird sound, as if from sad lips. I am certain I did. Again I heard it—a melody—a harp-like strain. I was convinced it was produced by a pair of good vocal chords, for, after the last strain of music had died away, I caught sight of a spry Arab climbing down from her capacious lap. He demanded a big present. The mystery was solved!

The sail down the Nile was as charming as the voyage up had been, giving us opportunity to visit more of the tombs, temples and ruined cities. When we arrived at Cairo, we were told of the death of Ismail Pasha, a former khedive. His body was on the way from Constantinople, where he had died in exile.

Cairo is always gay and bewitching with oriental life and color. The people dress in bright apparel. If it is cotton or the cheapest calico, it must still be gorgeous in tint. The love of color is a part of their emotional life. It is infectious, and after a few weeks I found I was unconsciously investing in bright things. The street scenes were brilliant, while those of other cities are somber. I bought for a trifle a vest of as many colors as the rainbow, a white toga, blood-red shoes with a tassel, and with these and a red fez, I could mingle with the natives as one of them. So I found it easy to enter into their life.

One day, I received an invitation to attend the ceremony of the "Sacred Carpet." It is their most popular religious festival. At the hotel a piece of the carpet was given me by an English lady who saw it made. It was of silk and velvet. Silver and golden threads were used. I was early at the Citadel. On the plaza were many styles of brilliant carpet. One was a spacious velvet canopy, spread on the back of a camel richly caparisoned. In such canopies, formerly the wives of the caliphs rode to Mecca. A score of sections of carpet, stretched on long frames and borne aloft by sturdy devotees, was carried to Mecca to be deposited in the Temple. When Khedive Abbas arrived in a carriage, drawn by six white horses, the enthusiasm broke out in cheering and dancing and song. As the carpets born by the men paraded before him, he threw out handfuls of small coin to the crowd. The boys got most of it. Then the procession received his blessing. The trip takes three months. When the pilgrims reach Mecca they march seven times around the temple, then deposit the new and receive the old carpet, which is generally brought back with the same pomp to Cairo, to be divided among the faithful. No description can do justice to the splendor of the caravan as it starts. A long line of cavalry, with beautiful Arabian horses, is followed by the royal band. Next come the proud soldiers, followed by the "ships of the desert," gayly dressed. Then follow the Khedive and his suite, immediately preceding the carpet; then sheiks, priests, officers of state, and an endless procession of donkeys, camels and common people in all kinds of raiment. All the hues of the rainbow were blended there. It was a spectacle never to be forgotten. I could not but contrast all the glitter and show of their festival, with the sweet quiet of our Christmas and Communion seasons. But our faith means more to us than theirs to them.

ALL NOW HELPING ARMENIA.

Christian America Pouring in Its Gifts to the Fund—Our Commissioner Forbidden by the Porte to Enter Armenia, but the Relief Work Progressing Uninterruptedly.

SOMETIME after the departure of Mr. William Willard Howard, our Commissioner to Armenia, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was notified by the State Department at Washington that the Sultan's government might possibly regard our envoy as a hostile person, in consequence of certain letters and articles he had written to the leading American newspapers, after his return from his first visit to Armenia last summer. In these articles (which did not appear in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), Mr. Howard told the simple truth about the terrible suffering in Armenia, and its cause. But the Turkish government hates the truth, and all the more bitterly does it hate it when it is written or spoken by a Christian; and so, when it learned that this truthful American was revisiting its dominions, on a mission of mercy, it resolved to prevent his entrance by every posssible means. The government of Turkey and the Sultan himself, had decreed the utter extermination of the Armenian Christians, and here was an opportunity to strike a deadly blow at the starving survivors of the recent massacres, and simultaneously to gratify the desire to punish the American envoy, by excluding him from that unfortunate country. This object was accomplished, Mr. Howard being prevented by the Turkish officials from crossing the frontier opposite Van, and a notification of the order for his exclusion being sent to Mr. Terrell, the American Minister at Constantinople, who cabled the fact to this country.

REV. GEO. C. RAYNOLDS AND WIFE.

On this page are presented photographs of the leaders of the little band of American missionaries at Van, toward which only a few days ago, the tide of pillage and massacre seemed to be setting. Fortunately the situation at Van, as appears from the cablegrams, is not now so critical. A cable message from Mr. Hallward, British Vice-Consul at Van, received a few days ago, states that a letter from Dr. Grace N. Kimball is on the way and makes no mention of imminent peril, so it is reasonable to assume that the demands of the American minister for ample protection to the missionaries has been fully complied with. Just how Dr. Kimball and her associates are progressing in their relief plans will doubtless be made known in her letter. Dr. Kimball is a native of Bangor, Me., and went out to the Armenian mission field in 1882. She has rendered most valuable service as a medical missionary, is considered one of the most capable of women in the service, and owing to her wide experience among the Armenians and her knowledge of their simple home life, she has been specially successful in relief work in the early part of the present distress. Her associates, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Raynolds, Mrs. Allen and Miss Fraser, are all missionaries who have a thorough acquaintance with the field.

Although more massacres have occurred at several places during the week, there has been a comparative cessation of disturbance at others. The startling facts concerning the extent of the late massacres is all now coming to light. According to reliable estimates telegraphed to London from Constantinople, the total number of those who have perished by fire, famine and the sword in Armenia and of those who are probably now dying of hunger and cold, is not less than **500,000.** Within the area from Trebezond to Van and from Alexandretta to Karahissar, a large number of Christian towns have been pillaged and burned and their inhabitants massacred. Many of those who have been left alive have been compelled to turn Mohammedan. All too well has Abdul Hamid's order of extermination been carried out, for in many districts there is not now a Christian remaining.

MISS KATE B. FRASER. DR. GRACE N. KIMBALL. MRS. ELLEN R. ALLEN.

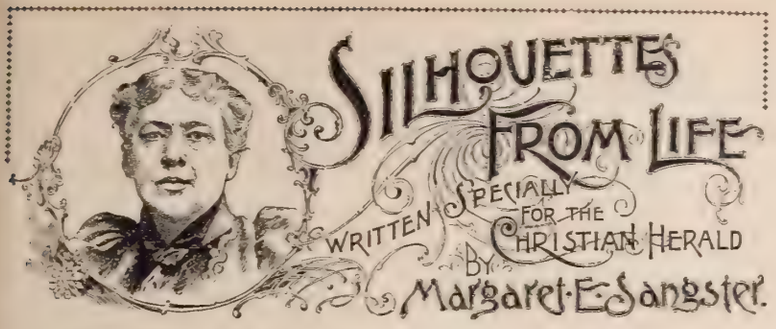
AMERICAN MISSIONARIES CONDUCTING RELIEF WORK AT VAN, ARMENIA.

Mr. Howard's recall from the field, does not, even in the slightest degree, impede the work of the distribution in Armenia of the Relief Fund subscribed through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Previous to his arrival in the East, two remittances from the Fund had been sent to the American Missionary Committee in the Bible House, Constantinople, to be used in the relief work, and communication had been opened with Dr. Kimball, at Van, by cable. Last week the remittance from the Fund was forwarded to Constantinople through the American Board of Commissioners, the money being sent by cable to W.W. Peet, Mission Treasurer, Constantinople, to be distributed under the direction of Rev. H. O. Dwight, head of the Missionary Committee, "with special reference to sufferers in the neighborhood of Van." Thus, the works goes steadily on, notwithstanding the exclusion of Mr. Howard by the Porte. And it will continue to go on as originally intended, the major portion of the Fund being devoted to the destitute in the Van district, where they will be substantially aided by Dr. Kimball's industrial relief plan, and such other measures as the missionaries at Van have seen fit to introduce to meet the pressing needs of the thousands of starving families. Thus, every dollar sent to the Fund now, at the time of greatest need, goes straight to the centres of suffering, and accomplishes the mission whereunto it was sent. There is absolutely no tax on the Fund for expenses, all moneys being cabled weekly to the Missionary Committee at Constantinople by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the entire cost of our commissioner's journey to Armenia being voluntarily borne by the proprietor of this journal.

All indications point to such early action by the powers, as will gradually restore peace to Armenia. Their demand to be permitted to send extra guardships through the Dardanelles has been denied by the Sultan, but will probably be enforced, and may be the initiatory step to much-needed reforms. But, while the powers are engaged in outlining policies, multitudes of Armenians—those who have not bowed the knee to the Mohammedan Baal—are dying of starvation. To save at least a portion of these helpless ones is the object of the Relief Fund. As the Christmas season approaches, with all its hallowed memories of Him who came to bring peace on earth and good-will to men, let not the homeless and destitute Christians of Armenia be forgotten. All contributions will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The following sums were sent to the Armenian Relief Fund during the week:

Previously ack'ged $12,766.11	
Adair, Wm	3 00
Allen, G E	3 00
Allen, Jas H	1 00
Anderson, Mary D	1 00
Andrews, Mrs S H	1 00
Angell, Tena & friend	5 00
Atwood, A L & M A	10 00
Atwood, L W	1 00
Adams, R N	2 00
Allston, Sarah	1 00
Bruen Mrs Alxdr M	100 00
Bailey, Mrs J B	1 00
Bailey, M E	1 00
Bain, Benj	10 00
Baird, Elliott	2 00
Barbour, Mrs	1 00
Barbute, Will & Lillian	2 00
Baxter, Mr & Mrs D	5 00
Billings, Mrs Wm	50
Bogart, Jane L	5 00
Briefly, Mrs Jas	1 00
Bronson, Mrs H F	50 00
Buchanan, D	1 00
Buchanan, Mrs D	1 00
Buchanan, D A B	1 00
Buchanan, Miss J C	50
Bunker, Mr & Mrs J	2 00
Burford, John	1 00
Butler, R M	1 00
Bailey, W A	1 00
Blakely, John	4 50
Bowers, Geo H	25
Bowles, Mrs L A	1 00
Brubaker, Mrs B F	50
Bull, Miss	5 00
Burbeck, Mrs J	1 00
Burnet, J B, M D	1 00
Carter, John W	5 00
Clark, John	1 00
Cock, Mrs H W	1 50
Collister, E	2 00
Cooley, H K	2 00
Cooley, Mrs L M	1 50
Couse, Mrs	2 00
Culbertson, J J	25
Cunningham, S W	10 00
Curtis, T M & M C	2 50
Carpenter, A H	4 00
Caulkins, Alenie	10
Caulkins, Alice	5
Caulkins, Mrs H H	1 00
Cecil, J	1 50
Chisholm, A & sons	3 00
Coddington, M F	1 00
Cole, Mrs Harriet M	5 00
Comfort, J W	2 25
Copp, Geo A	5 00
Cronk, N O	2 00
Crowell, L F	2 00
Darkes, Jacob K	25
Degling, F S	2 00
Dewey, E A	2 00
Dewey, Selden & wife	1 00
Dorman, P M	2 00
Douglas, Andrew J	1 00
Drake, Miss Carrie	5 00
Driggs, L C, S S class	9 61
Drummond, Dan'l	5 00
Dewey, Mrs W H	2 00
Donaghey, H	2 00
Dutton, Benj	2 00
Edings, D Scott	1 00
Evans, John & wife	2 00
Edmond, Mrs P F	1 00
Ewing, Mrs Mary	1 00
Farrow, Mrs M A	1 00
Faulkner, O E	1 00
Fish, D W	2 00
Ford, Mrs H G	1 00
Forrest, Wm	2 00
Frost, Mrs S H	2 00
Field, Mrs Wm	1 00
Flanagan, Mrs C S	1 00
Flowers, F A	50
Ford, F G	5 00
Foskett, Elisa	3 00
Foster, Mrs Jennie	1 00
Franck, Mrs Val	2 00
Freeman, Mrs & dau	2 00
Getchell, Bruce	2 00
Getchell, Mrs E W	3 00
Glassell, R T	2 00
Godfrey, Mrs A	1 00
Goodfellow, Mrs A M	1 50
Green, Mrs A E	20 00
Gallbraith, Mrs C M	1 00
Gillmore, Miss S E	3 00
Goodwill, Mrs F J	2 00
Goodwin, Mrs L	25
Gorton, Marie	50
Gossard, Mrs E M	2 00
Graves, C M	3 00
Graves, Ida	1 00
Greenleaf, Mrs E E	6 30
Griswold, Mrs Wilson	50
Hall, Louisa	50
Hardy, Mrs M C	50
Haszard, David	50
Hawkins, O M	1 00
Hearn, J G	2 50
Heath, J J	1 00
Heimlich, D	1 00
Helwig, Christianna	50
Hinckley, Mrs Emily	1 00
Hoar, Geo E	10 00
Hoge, Ella	1 00
Hooker, A C	1 00
Horning, Amos	2 00
Howes, Mrs Willard L	1 00
Huffstatter, L R	3 00
Humphrey, Mrs JnoD	4 00
Huston, Mr & Mrs Baxter	2 00
Hutchinson, Miss N	1 00
Hutchinson, R A	1 00
Hatner, C F	5 00
Hafner, Mrs J C	5 00
Hanson, S	1 00
Harmer, Henry	1 50
Harris, Mary	50
Hill, A H	1 00
Hill, C F	2 00
Hodgdon, John A	5 00
Hunter, Mrs John	5 00
Huyett, Mrs Carrie	1 00
Johnson, Miss Lucie	3 50
James, A	1 00
Johnson, Jacob	1 00
Judd Mrs Cornelia E	5 00
Kachler, F F	1 00
Keeley, H C	3 25
Kent, P	5 00
Kerns, Elias	3 00
Kilgore, Mrs M	1 00
Knouse, Mr & Mrs E S	2 00
Keck, Mr & Mrs L	5 00
Keeler, Mrs M L	25
Keely, Mrs W H	8 00
Keipp, Francis	5 00
Keith, Mrs. Franklin	1 00
Kinney, Mrs R M	6 00
Knapp, E C & sister	2 00
Lee, G B	1 00
Little, L H	13 00
Loomis, H S	3 00
Loud, Mrs Helen S	2 00
Lowrie, Mrs A P	1 00
Lamb, Mrs L L	2 00
Leader, E J & N	5 00
Leggett, Miss Anna	1 00
Leupold, L H	2 00
Lillie, M W	1 00
Lippincott, Tyler	1 00
Longacre, Carrie	2 00
Longfellow, Mrs Lucy	10 00
Lozar, Mrs Ellen	50
Lucas, B	3 00
Lynn, F C & wife	2 00
McKay, A	50
Magee, Mrs E F	2 00
Miller, Mrs H W	1 00
Mitchell, Jos D	1 00
Mitchell, Mrs W H	1 00
Mohn, John A	50
Mooers, E E	1 00
Morris, H H	1 00
Morton, Mrs Thos	4 50
Mosher, F A	1 00
Moss, Mrs R K	5 00
McElvain, Nelson	4 00
McGeehon, Nancy	2 00
McMaster, Matilda	5 00
Martin, Adam	2 00
Michaelian, G M	50 00
Miller, Mrs E	1 00
Miller, R R	10 00
Miller, Miss Retta	1 00
Miller, W B	5 00
Morgan, Bettie M	2 00
Mudge, Chas	3 00
Murdock, W B	2 00
Nicholson, Mrs J H	75
Nuss, Mrs J B	25
Nevin, M I	1 00
Ostrander, W S	1 00
Painter, H W	1 00
Parker, Sarah M	2 00
Paules, Mrs Henrietta	1 00
Phillips, Mrs Chas	5 00
Pierson, Miss Ora	1 00
Pulsifer, Mrs M V	1 00
Pangborn, Miss L E	2 00
Pearson, H	1 00
Peters, Mr & Mrs H H	2 00
Pierce, J C	5 00
Porter, Mr & Mrs A	5 00
Potter, Mrs Jos	3 00
Rees, Miss C	2 00
Richardson, A B	3 00
Ritchie, Mrs E P	10 00
Russell, Diana	1 00
Ramey, Carrie E	2 00
Reams, Miss Lula	1 00
Riday, Chas S C	2 00
Riddle, Jas	75
Roberts, M A	1 00
Robinson, A W	2 00
Rockwell, Mrs H R	1 00
Rogers, Mrs C R	50
Rounds, Mrs Oliver	5 00
Rysdyl, J	1 00
Runkel, Jacob K	50
Scales, R C	1 00
Schenk, Jacob	2 00
Scott, Jane	2 00
Simpson, Date	5 00
Smelser, N K	10 00
Skiff, Mr & Mrs G H	2 00
Smutter, George	1 00
Shawson, H H	5 00
Smith, Miss	25
Smith, John	50
Smith, Mrs L A, Jennie	5 00
Smith, W T & Son	25 00
Snowday, John	1 00
South, F E	2 28
Spitler, Ellen E	1 00
Stevens, E C C	1 00
Stevenson, Richard	5 00
Strohm, Dr Jas M	1 00
Sweeney, Mrs R H	1 00
Salmson, Miss Edna	1 00
Scherriff, L	1 00
Scovil, Mrs. Esther J	20 00
Shauck, R C	50
Sherman, H B	2 00
Southward, Mrs S E	1 00
Southwick, N H	50
Spalding, Caroline E	2 00
Sterling, Mrs E	2 00
Stine, Mrs C W	1 00
Stults, Mrs A M	2 00
Taylor, John H	3 50
Thomas, G C	2 00
Thompson, Mrs G. W.	1 00
Thomson, Duncan R.	50
Tobey, Mrs Eunice	1 00
Townsend, Mrs S P	2 00
Trowbridge, H & D M	3 00
Tull, L & A	2 00
Turner, J T	5 00
Ulrich, Wm H	25
Valentine, Mrs J C	1 00
Van Cleve, Mrs S J	1 00
Vansickle, G	2 00
Verdin, Mrs J B	3 00
Vinton, Maria E	5 00
Vandewater, I R	2 00
Vanosdol, Arthur	25
Vedder, A B	1 00
Vierling, Benj S	1 00
Walker, C L	5 00
Wardwell, Mrs M J	1 00
Warner, J	1 00
Weston, Mrs H A	1 75
Whitaker, ——	2 00
Winter, Jos	2 00
Witherell, Jennie L	1 00
Walker, Chas G	25
Walker, Herbert T	5 00
Ward, Chas S	5 00
Weisgerber, John	2 00
Wickser, J G	1 00
Williams, Mrs Sarah F	5 00
Wilson, W W	2 00
Wolf, Geo J	50
Wood, Mrs Margaret N	5 00
Woodbury, S F & Nellie	2 00
Annie, Lindsay, Ont	2 00
Little Katie, Springland	2 00
Ada, L I	1 00
Cash, N Y City	40
J S L, Bridgeville	3 00
C F H, Lynn	1 00
M A C, Mich	1 00
L W, Kansas City	1 00
W B H, Lakeland	1 00
M J M, Balto	1 00
R H W, Epping	1 00
Mrs M J F, W Berlin	1 00
R A B, Centralia	3 00
E T N, E Hampton	1 00
H H, N Y	1 00
J E, Worthington	10 00
M C H, N Y City	1 00
K T M, Worcester	1 00
S W, Rock Creek	1 00
S H W, N Y City	5 00
J L C, Great Falls	2 00
M P, Little Compton	1 00
C P, Balto Co	5 00
L E S, Brooklyn	1 00
Mrs V S R, Oswego	1 00
I S L, Wash	2 00
J C R, Louisville	2 00
M E L, Mt Vernon	2 00
M J G, Toledo	2 00
J F, Beaver Dam	5 00
E M S, Oak Grove	2 00
A P, Cash Corner	10 00
D N, Clintonville	5 00
F S, Cainsville	1 00
M P W, Newark	1 00
A C W, Phila	1 00
P H F, Ware	1 00
B V V, Poughkeepsie	5 00
K Bl, New Bloomfield	2 00
L H J, Vt	1 00
A K B, Greensburg	5 00
L E N, N Y	1 00
M E G, Montreal	1 00
C H L, Waterloo	75
C D, Rantoul	1 00
S & E, Hanover	5 00
D P S, Gloversville	1 00
R, Knoxboro	1 00
F C L, N Y C	1 00
A E F, Haverhill	5 00
A C M, Balto	6 00
G A H, Ionia	50
E K, Allegheny	7 00
M L C, Milton	2 00
H A, Centre	2 00
Miss M J H, Greenfield Hill	1 00
M A H, Portland	1 00
W A C, Heyworth	1 00
——, Annapolis	5 00
——, Lathrop	1 00
——, Pleasant Valley	1 00
——, Gilboa	1 00
——, Manville	2 00
——, Plattsburgh	2 00
——, Overton	2 00
——, Acme	1 00
——, Baylake	1 00
——, Weymouth, Mass	3 00
——, Reedville, Va	1 00
——, Cayuta, N Y	3 00
——, Catlin, Md	2 00
——, Anaheim, Cal	6 79
——, N Y	2 00
——, West Chester, Pa	1 00
——, Dresden, Ont	5 00
——, Bennett's Mill, Va	25
——, Caledonia, Ill	1 00
——, Columbus, Ga	5 00
——, Newbury, Vt	1 00
In memory of loved ones, N Y C	25 00
Reader, Spangle	24
" Mohawk	1 00
" Bethel	1 00
" Sidney	1 35
" Branchton	3 00
" Tennessee, Ill	50
" Minneapolis	1 00
1 H N, Perry's Mills	4 00
" Mascot	3 50
" Allerton	1 00
"	50
" Baltimore	1 00
" Ferguson	10 00
" Phillips	2 00
" Davis	2 00
" & 2 of his little ones, Indianapolis	5 00
" Ludlow	1 00
For Jesus' sake, Post Mills	25 00
In Jesus' Name, Stony Brook	1 00
" " Woodbury	5 00
" " Indianapolis	1 00
J M, Durham	5 00
In Christ's Name, Pleasant Valley	1 00
Readers, Bar Harbor	2 00
2 " Terrell	1 00
2 " Freehold	2 50
Sub'r, DeKalb	2 00
" Albion	3 00
Symp'y, Harleysville	1 00
" Harleysville	1 00
A Sympathizer, S D	1 00
Sympa's, S Towanda	3 25
Thanksgiv'g, Richland	4 00
The Lord's money, Dudley	1 00
A widower in Neb	25
Fellow Christian, Va	25
A young lady, N Y	1 00
2 little boys, Reading	1 50
2 sisters in Albany	2 00
A Follower of Christ, Carson City	1 00
A widow & orphan, Uniontown	3 00
A brother, Union City	1 00
2 Swedish girls N Y C	2 00
One who loves the Saviour, S Newbury	10 00
Poor Christion, Mechanicsburg	10
King's D, Grace Hill	3 00
A "White Ribboner," Dublin	2 00
Matt 25-40, Lynchburg	1 00
Ladies' Work'g Band Union Ch, Tenn	5 00
Dis. No. 3, St. Charles	1 50
Ep League, Easton	14 35
Ep League of C E, Prospect	8 00
YPSCE, Griffins Cor	5 00
GlenarmPres YPSCE	5 00
Islay Union, YPSCE	3 00
YPSCE Pres Ch, Pa	2 00
Ref Ch, Mineral Point	11 26
U Ev Ch, Inland	3 15
United Pres Church, Pratt Creek	8 60
Pres Chu, Harrison	1 00
Union Service Cong & Pres Churches, N S	8 55
Union Service Baptist Church	15 46
Glenarm Union S S	2 00
Cup of cold water, Parry Souud	5 00
Sunshine Circle of K D, Sterling	1 00
Branchton Y P S C E	8 75
Mt Zion Y P C E Soc, Wash	2 75
C E Soc, Anthony	3 38
Swampscott Readers Bap Miss Band	1 00
Class No 1, Advent Lutheran S S	1 00
S S class of girls, Cohoes	2 00
S S class of boys, Swampscott	50
"Talitha Cume," Tex	1 50
Dorothea, N Y C	1 00
Francis, Elyria	1 00
For Jesus' sake, Jonesville	1 00
Friend, Prompton	1 00
" Louisville	5 00
" Council Grove	2 00
" No Pomfret	1 00
" E Aurora	1 00
" Greencastle	15
" N C	2 00
" Linton	2 00
" Orchard Hill	2 00
" Greenfield Hill	1 00
" Perryopolis	1 00
" Lima	5 00
" in Mass	1 00
Friend, Avon Park	50
" Old Orchard	2 00
" Grand Rapids	1 00
" New Burlington	1 00
" Sheridan	2 00
" Scottdale	10 00
" Townsend	1 00
" Annette	2 50
" Cambridge	1 00
" Aurora	1 00
" E Rockaway	2 00
"	5 00
" Hancock	5 00
" Hebron	1 00
" Reed City	5 00
" Chelmsford Ctr	50
" Evansville	2 00
" Weybridge	1 00
" Ann Arbor	6 00
Friends, Newark	7 00
" in Hennepin & Scott Co's	4 25
4 " Henry	5 55
" Strong	3 50
" Owensboro	4 00
2 " Pa	10 00
3 " Templeton	6 30
Friends, N Y C	10 00
" Wilhamstown	7 00
2 " Syracuse	10 00
I H N	10 00
Reader, Oakland	1 00
" Sudbury	5 00
" Wilburtha	1 00
Sub'r, Wiarton	1 00
" Greenfield Hill	50
Smpathizer, Ashland	48
Sympathizer, Osceola	1 00
Striving for Christ	50
Family led by Jesus	1 00
Sympathizer, Mass	3 00
Redeemed Scarcy, Ala	1 00
Kansas Endeavorer	1 25
Young fellow, Pa	1 00
Two sisters, Thamesf'd	2 00
Two sisters, N C	3 00
One who loves Him	5 00
Anonymous,	5 00
Cash, Bangor, Me	1 00
Cash	50
Christian Band, Litchfield	2 05
Athelstan Y P S C E	5 00
C E S'y, 1st Pres Ch	3 00
Scranton Ave Free Will Bapt C E S'y	5 00
Kiantone Home and Foreign Miss Soc	6 65
J League, Ozone Park	5 00
Danish Bapt Church	7 00
Arlington Ave Presterian Church	26 75
Grace M E Church Springfield	7 00
Pulteney Free Bap Ch	1 66
Olivet Mem Ch, Mass	35 00
Presb Church, Corin	10 25
Class No 20, Grace Reformed Church	5 00
And over 100 others to be acknowledged next week.	
Total	**$14,436.42**



To Him That Overcometh!

OFTEN think," said my young friend, Edward Saulus, "that it is strange that there is so much in the Bible about overcoming. Just as if life were all an uphill road, with trials and fighting on every hand. Now, so far, I haven't had much to overcome."

"No, Ned," said Uncle Ralph, passing a wrinkled hand over his forehead and brushing back a great rough mass of shaggy iron-gray hair, much like the mane of an old lion, "no, Ned, you have had a pretty straight path thus far. A good home, kind parents, a good education, and money enough to live on. But, don't boast, my boy! To every mortal on this earth, the good Lord sends the hour of struggle; we have it hand to hand with Apollyon, sooner or later, and the old adversary of souls is wily, wily; he takes you when you are at a disadvantage, tired, and sorely put to it, and sometimes he downs you. But," said the old man, starting to his feet and pacing the floor, "the Christian may shout, 'Rejoice not over me, my enemy; though I fall, I shall arise again!' 'He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and the Lord will not blot out his name from the book of life!'"

"Father," said Lucy Benson (Uncle Ralph's married daughter from the South, who was paying us a visit), "tell these good people the worst time you ever had in your life."

"Lucy, I will," said the old gentleman, solemnly, "though Ned here will not see how hard it was. He has not had the key to such puzzles yet.

"It was when I was twenty-five years old, and Lucy's mother was dying before my eyes; dying of slow starvation, because in the sort of wasting sickness that had fallen on her, the doctors said she must have change of air, and travel, and plenty of fruit and nourishing food, and everything a rich man could compass for his wife, and a poor man couldn't get to save his soul. And my heart was breaking with grief and anxiety.

"I was a clerk for Boyd & Truslow, and I had a very small salary and saw no chance of promotion. Some people might have thought Mary Anne and me foolish to marry at twenty-one as we had done, when our means were so small, but we loved each other, our wants were few, and we knew we could manage on a little, if anybody could. We didn't count though on the children coming so fast, and Mary Anne's losing her health.

"The two boys and Lucy were, you may say, only babies. Mary Anne was growing weaker, we were very poor; I worked all day, and I'm not ashamed now to say I sometimes cried at night, for I was in a hole, a slough of despond, and I couldn't see my way out. Now and then I'd find myself wishing we were all in heaven together.

"Now, Edward, if you can put yourself in my place, fancy how you would have felt, if, things being at their very blackest, Mr. Boyd, your employer had said to you one Saturday night, paying your wages, 'I'm sorry, Ralph, but we've got to cut down expenses and dismiss some of our force. We won't need you after another two weeks. Come to me if you want a recommendation. I'm as sorry as I can be, but I can't help myself. We must retrench.'

"I give you my word, I staggered home that night half blind. My brain was dizzy. I did'nt know what would become of us. Staggering on like one beside himself, I stumbled over something hard, and mechanically I stooped down and picked up a thick, fat, bulging pocket-book. I looked up street and down. There was nobody in sight. I thrust the pocket-book into my breast pocket, and ran—fairly ran home.

"The children came to meet me, and Mary Anne, sitting up among her pillows smiled when I opened the door, but I took no notice. I tore upstairs to our little attic, locked myself in, and counted that money. There were fifteen hundred dollars in that book.

"I tell you, fifteen hundred dollars looked big that night. What wouldn't it do? I saw Mary Anne well, I saw myself easy in mind and body. I coveted that wealth for my dear ones, and the longer I looked at it, the more I wanted it, and the bigger it grew in my eyes.

"Then, there came to me, clear as a voice from heaven, the sound of my angel mother's voice saying, 'Ralph, thou shalt not steal!' 'The money is not yours!' went on that pleading voice of the mother who had been in glory since my early childhood, 'The money must go to its owner! My Ralph cannot demean himself to be a thief!' Yet my soul clamored to keep the money.

"The devil and I had it out then and there. I fell on my knees and prayed, prayed as for my life! Then I went down stairs, gave Mary Anne my week's wages, and slipped around to my pastor's house. Ned, I didn't dare keep that temptation of a pocket-book in my own hands over Sunday. I gave it to Dr. Thomson to keep for me, or for the owner, till I could advertise it on Monday.

"To make a long story short, the owner was found, and she,—it was a woman, no man would have gone tramping around so carelessly with such a lot of bank bilis,—gave me one hundred dollars reward. That was a God-send. It gave Mary Anne her first start at getting better, and she lived, bless her, to bring all the children up. Better still, the woman told in her home about my honesty, which was only right, and my poverty which was grinding enough, and her husband sent for me, and found a place for me in his mill, and from that day on to this, I have never been in debt, and have never known want. I went on from step to step, till I became a mill-owner and a rich man myself."

"It was a dark hour though, father dear," said Lucy, softly, "and I am proud that you overcame." Lucy kissed the wrinkled but fine old face.

"Not proud, daughter Lucy, not proud, dear child, but very thankful. For we do not conquer in such battles in our own strength, but only in the might of him who is stronger than we."

"Uncle Ralph," said Ned, rising, and holding out his hand, "I feel ashamed that I am so crude and superficial. I don't know how I would stand in the hour of temptation. I have seen good fellows go under. But, God helping me, if I ever do find myself pitted against Apollyon, I will do as you did, and resist him to the uttermost, calling on my father's God."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

BOUDOIR OF THE ASHANTI QUEEN.

THE ASHANTI KING'S BED-ROOM.

Enemies in Fellowship.

In connection with the Japanese occupation of Formosa, the following interesting incident is published by "The Church at Home and Abroad:" In the town of Makung, on the Pescadores, is a native mission church of Chinese converts. When the Japanese army arrived, some Japanese Christians, including an officer, found this out, and they have united with the Chinese Christians in their worship. The hostility of warfare is forgotten at the altar of Christian worship. Brotherhood rises to its place of supreme significance, and hearts, whether Japanese or Chinese, which are linked to Christ, are also linked to each other. The morning service is in Chinese and the afternoon service in Japanese, but all attend both services. One of the Japanese Christian officers wrote to an English Presbyterian missionary residing in Taiwanfu, the nearest missionary station, on the west coast of Formosa:

"We are here in Pescadores. We do not know what will be our future; but at present we are doing our best to help the Chinese Christians in this place. They have all been keeping their Sunday services with us in the Lee Pai Tong (the Chinese word for chapel). We Christians in this detachment are not many, yet we made ourselves into one body in his name, and we earnestly pray that the great truths of the Lord might be revealed in this part of the world, and strike into the dark bosoms of China and her continental neighbors, and thus quicken the coming kingdom." Thus a common brotherhood in Christ draws men into fellowship and communion who are enemies to each other by race and nationality.

The Secret of Peace.

When Joseph John Gurney, the Quaker banker and scholar, went on a visit to Dr. Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich, in 1830, he was charmed with the serenity of the Bishop, then in his eighty-fifth year. He remarked that what he saw reminded him of the exquisite description of a tranquil old age which Cicero gives in his "De Senectute." The Bishop replied:—"Joseph, my tranquility is founded on the merits of Jesus Christ."

Royalty at the Equator.

IT would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that presented by the trappings of royalty, as it exists in Europe, and royalty's surroundings in equatorial Africa as presented in the illustrations on this page. The boudoir of an African queen is simplicity itself, while that of the king is almost equally plain. These pictures are from sketches made by the correspondent of a London paper, during the last Ashanti war. There is some slight pretension to ornamentation in the apartment of the king, but that of his royal spouse seems to be little else than a bare room, with a mattress or raised mat laid upon the rush-strewn floor. These pictures disclose an amount of Spartan simplicity which is hard to reconcile with the general impression that love of display, however cheap and tawdry, is a leading characteristic of savage royalty.

Why the Miner Yielded.

Evangelist Moorhouse went on one occasion to the mining districts of Yorkshire, England, to hold services among the miners. Not long before there had been a terrible disaster in which a large number of men had lost their lives. It was hoped that the awful fatality might have disposed the survivors to think of their eternal interests. The men, however, were as careless and profane as ever, and one, named Tom Brown, who was known as "the worst man in Barnsley," was especially abusive. Mr. Moorhouse preached on the love of God. After the service a Christian man who was there said to him, "You made a great blunder: you ought to have told those miners that they would go to hell,—you should not have told them God loved them." The next night, Mr. Moorhouse said, 'I was told I made a great blunder in saying God loved you, but," he said, "I am going to repeat it;" and he preached from the same text. Presently the tears rolled down their cheeks, and "the worst man in Barnsley" was weeping. Mr. Moorhouse asked him if he wanted to be saved, and he said, "I do, if God can save me." That night that man passed from death unto life.

ARMENIA.

ARMENIA, O Armenia!
Will nations heed thy cry,
Or must thou feel the Moslem's steel
Till all thy people die?

Thy land that once held Eden,
Where Adam went to dwell,
The savage Turk by fearful work
Hath made it now a hell.

Where Noah's mighty mountain
Uplifts its ancient head,
And views a plain piled high with slain,
Armenia's martyred dead!

Where maidens, Christian maidens,
Knelt down to fiendish Kurds,
And on the air they breathed a prayer
We dare not frame in words.

A prayer that even a savage
Might listen to with pain,
As daughters fair with bosoms bare
Begged simply to be slain.

To woman's prayer was answered
A demon's mocking laugh,
And then the knife that ended life
Seemed kinder far by half.

O chivalry of England!
Of Europe! Of the earth!
Your swords should flash, your cannons crash
For human right and worth.

Ought Turkish tigers shepherd
This primal Christian fold,
And boast of crimes unnumbered times,
Too awful to be told?

Wake, lion-hearted Richard!
Shake off the clinging sod!
And once again lead Christian men
Against these foes of God.

La Belle, Mo. —H. B. YACOUBI.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Entered [illegible] New York as Second-class Matter

True Patriotism.

I BELIEVE there are now, and have been all along the line of American history, men who served the country through pure love of the country. Do you know how much money Washington received for his services as Commander-in-chief of the Army in the time of the American Revolution? Not one farthing. His successors in the army have received their $17,000 or $19,000 salary a year. But for Valley Forge, and Monmouth, and the Delaware crossing, and all the other horrors of the Revolution, Washington received not a farthing. What but pure love of country inspired Governor Nelson, of Virginia, during the Revolutionary War, when, at the siege of Yorktown, Lafayette asked him to what point the cannon had better be directed, and Governor Nelson answered: "Point to that house; it is mine, and the best house in town, and Lord Cornwallis will surely be occupying that as his headquarters." What but patriotism led Lydia Darragh, at Germantown, when she overheard in her own house the enemies of her country in a council of war, planning for the capture of Washington, to take a horse, as though she were going to the mill, and inform Washington of the proposed attack just in time to allow him to escape? What but patriotism led Bismarck, when at one time he was threatened with death because of his effort to get Germany away from the Austrian clutches, to cry out: 'What care I if they hang me, provided the rope by which I am hanged binds this new Germany firmly to the Prussian throne?" Thank God, in all lands and in all ages there has been a spirit of patriotism abroad and there are men and women to-day—hundreds of thousands—who would die for their country if the exigency demanded it. I adjure you, cultivate love of city, love of State, and love of nation. Our lot has been cast in pleasant places.

Great Conquest.

EVERY autumn, every spring, great conventions are telling a story of conquest for God and the truth and the purification of society that ought to fill the land with doxologies. While they are celebrating the great things already done, they are laying out plans for the complete renovation and salvation of this continent. No general in consultation with his officers ever drew out a campaign of such vigor, brilliancy, and comprehensiveness as that recently projected in these religious convocations for the subjugation of all wrong and the establishment of all right. Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian and other denominations never saw such a day of prosperity or glowing anticipation as to-day. The battle of centuries in which Christianity has been assailed with all human and diabolical fury, is about to culminate in the eternal triumph for our side if we are on the right side. Those were great victories for Pompey's host when they had captured 1,500 cities and defeated 2,000,000 men. That was a great victory when, at Alesia, Cæsar had seventy-four standards surrendered to him, and he overwhelmed an army five times as large as his own. That was a great victory when at the battle of Dunbar, Cromwell's troops rushed on with the watchword, "The Lord of Hosts. the Lord of Hosts!" and the fog that had hidden the battlefield suddenly lifted, and, taking that sunburst as a divine encouragement, the great English general shouted: "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered!" and all along the line the cry was taken up and re-uttered until their enemies were in full flight, and the victors halted and sang Psalm cxvii, of David: "Oh, praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise him all ye people, for his merciful kindness is great toward us, and the truth of the Lord endureth forever. Praise ye the Lord." And all the armies shouted: "Praise ye the Lord!" But all the victories ever gained by English or American or German or French armies put together would be tame compared with the time when our Lord of Hosts shall drive back the armies of sin from all the earth, and peace shall be declared for all nations. The bravest fight we now make is only a skirmish. God hasten the Armageddon. Then the psalm of Cromwell's men at Dunbar will be overpowered by the clapping shields of all the church militant as they celebrate the day when the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our God!

Confidential Letters.

NO man who has had any extensive correspondence, but has in the pigeon-holes of his desk, or in packages put away, letters which, if exposed, would make family trouble, or business trouble, or social trouble, or political trouble. A man who betrays the confidence of postal correspondence sinks forever in the estimation of all right-minded people, but the law ought to put its clutches upon offenders of that character and pronounce their behavior criminal,and either by fine or imprisonment, or both, put a stop to such outrages. The whole tendency of things is to break up confidence between man and man and woman and woman. The evil was abroad so long ago as the time of Martin Van Buren, President, who said the rule of his life was never to write a letter and never destroy one. But the evil has increased, and all young people need to be educated in the sacredness of private correspondence. If the time comes when you think, for the cause of justice or the public good, some things you have had written to you should be put in type, communicate with either the author or authoress of such epistle and get permission to print. But take a confidential letter and either pass it around for perusal in social circles or put it on the wings of the newspapers, and the crime of which you are guilty is that which the police courts should take hold of.

Two Ladders.

IT will be a mighty boost toward the millennium when we try to build others up instead of trying to pull them down. There is an enormous amount of common-sense in the world, and every man, in the course of time, fully demonstrates his real character and value, or worthlessness, and if a man in any sphere is now passing for more than he is worth, he will, after awhile, do something or say something that will allow the world an opportunity of taking his right measure. Anyhow, we will have as much as we can do to attend to our own work and move in our own sphere and meet at last our own account.

Room in this wide world for us all. Bury your hatchets. Sheath your swords. Spike your guns. Sweeten your sarcasms. Choose between two ladders which St. Paul makes in Galatians. The one reaches down and the other reaches up. The ladder going down has for its rounds, among others, hatred, variance, humiliation,wrath, strife, seditions, envyings, murders and such like; but the other ladder reaching up has for its rounds love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith. Take your choice of the two ladders.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. R. L. Knapp, Lowell Mass., writes:

The premium case of books arrived yesterday. I placed them on the table, thinking to look them over at my leisure, but they are in such demand, I can hardly get hold of them. All who have seen them say "how nice they are, how I wish I had a set," etc., etc., and when they learn that I obtained them as a premium with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, wonder that I could get so much reading for so little money.

All speak well, too, of the attractive bindings and pretty case, so I have no reason to regret that I gave up a paper I had taken for years for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

W. H. Halberstadt, Farmersburg, Ind. What evidence is there that Jesus was born on Dec. 25?

No positive evidence. The earliest record of the nativity being celebrated on that day is a passage in the writings of St. Chrysostom which shows that in A.D., 386, the observance was general. The only serious doubt about the date arises from the idea that at that period of the year shepherds would not have been in the fields in December all night watching their flocks. As a matter of fact, however, there is evidence that they were very likely to be there. December falls between the early and the latter rains when there is plenty of herbage, and when in Palestine the cold is never severe. Andrews, who has made an exhaustive study of the arguments for and against the observance, thinks that the probability is in favor of the December date.

M. M., Elk Ridge, Md. We read (1. John 1: 9): "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." After a man has experienced that blessing, is it proper and orthodox that he should continue the prayer of the Publican, or its substance, in his approaches to the Mercy Seat, although he may not feel that he has committed any actual or wilful sin since his change?

No; the true Christian, after repentance and confession, accepts salvation through Jesus Christ, and takes God at his word unquestioningly. His sins are forgiven, if he asked forgiveness in the right spirit, and it would be doubting God and displaying a lack of saving faith to repeatedly implore forgiveness for past offences. He is thenceforth a child of God, and should mingle with his prayers a request to be kept from sin and strengthened to resist temptation.

Celia D——, Rantoul, Ill. I wish you would stir up a dozen of the most prominent newspapers to open a fund for the Armenians; for if the suffering is half as great as reported, all that the subscribers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can do, will be as "only a drop in the bucket," and relief ought to be sent at once.

We would, if it were possible, multiply the sources of Armenian relief a thousand-fold. The newspapers are fully aware of the great need, but as we cannot govern the action of others, we must be content to do all that lies within our own reach toward alleviating so much suffering. We are now sending weekly remittances by cable to Constantinople, and if all our friends help the cause, a great deal of good will certainly be accomplished. It is difficult to understand how any one possessing a heart, could remain indifferent.

"Reader," Truro, N. S. 1. How is Christ's assurance (John 4: 14) to be reconciled with the fact that people fall from grace? 2. Do the fruits of the Spirit such as purity, honesty, etc., result naturally from true conversion or must the Christian strive to produce them? 3. Is perseverance in good works the only test of conversion?

1. Christ said that the water that he would give would satisfy, but he never forces his gifts on any one. If the man neglects to seek it, he does not get it and his fall is a natural consequence. 2. Those fruits are to be expected from true conversion but the man must not be passive and expect to have the virtues conferred upon him. He is promised divine help and he is assured that with that, he may overcome, but he will probably have to struggle with temptation and he will need to be vigilant. The desire to sin and the love of it receive their death-blow in true conversion, but the force of evil habit and association have often caused men to fall into sin. There is, however, this difference, that when they fall after conversion they are sorry for it and ask forgiveness while before conversion they were not distressed by it. 3. No, it is one of the tests but not the only one. The change of disposition. the increase of love to God and the spirit of kindness and helpfulness are tests. A man may know that he is truly converted by his own spirit, without waiting to the end to see whether he perseveres.

Miss Julia B——, New York City, writes:

Your premium Bibles for 1895 surpass those with which you favored your subscribers in 1894, and they were the most satisfactory editions for teachers that I had seen. I have subscribed for three, and you may be sure I shall recommend them as opportunity offers.

Constant Reader, Ashland, O. Should the people of the United States give aid to Cuba or Armenia by sending troops?

No; our national policy is non-intervention, and avoidance of entanglements in the affairs of other nations. This, however, does not prevent the extending of practical sympathy and relief, such as America is now sending to Armenia through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Guelph, Canada. 1. Is there more expected of an active member of a Christian Endeavor Society than of a Christian who has not joined the Society? 2. What is the address of the President of the Society?

1. We do not know what may be expected of him, but the Society requires nothing of its members but what is the duty of every Christian. It is an association of Christian young people for mutual help in their own spiritual life and for aggressive work. The pledge they take is a means to that end and as experience shows it answers the purpose. The society simply helps them to be better Christians and to work more effectively in the cause of Christ. 2. Dr. Clark's address is 646 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

"Weak One," Akron, O. Before I was converted I was addicted to a certain sin and I am now tempted to return to it! The fact causes me to doubt whether I have really been converted. Am I right?

No, the recurrence of the temptation is no evidence of itself that your conversion was not genuine. It was sure to return. There may be physical reasons why it could not be otherwise. You may have a hard struggle but you will conquer if you hold fast to your faith and do not cherish doubts of Christ's readiness to help you. Whenever temptation comes upon you, look to Christ instantly for succor and meet the temptation in his strength. Your conversion should never come in question. It rests on the assurance God gives to every man who puts his trust in Christ. You have God's word for it; now you have to go forward to do battle with your old enemy, but now you are armed with divine power and need not fall if you will use it.

James Elder, Virden Manitoba. Is there any evidence that Mary, the mother of Jesus, belonged to the tribe of Judah? The fact that her cousin Elizabeth belonged to the tribe of Levi (Luke 1: 5), would suggest the possibility, at least, of Mary being of the same tribe.

There is no direct evidence. It is, however, now generally believed that the genealogy given by Luke is that of Mary. It was a Jewish custom to speak of a man's son-in-law as his son. Thus if Heli was the father of Mary, Luke might still write according to the popular custom as he does (Luke 3:23) that Joseph was the son of Heli. Matthew says that Joseph's father was named Jacob (Matt. 1:16). If that theory is correct there is no doubt of Mary belonging to the tribe of Judah. The fact of Elizabeth being of the tribe of Levi does not prove anything as to Mary. The Levites having no territory assigned to them on the division of the land were scattered among the other tribes. It was quite possible for the two girls to be cousins while belonging to different tribes if the mother of one of them married a Levite and the mother of the other married a descendant of Judah.

Thomas Gibson, Dos Palos, Cal. Is it safe to substitute some other duty for the one in which we have Christ's example? (See John 13: 14).

If men went about now barefoot or only with sandals, and it was still the custom for a servant to wash the feet of the guests before a meal, there would be reason in the observance; but to follow it under present conditions is to show a slavish obedience to literalism. It is perfectly safe to follow Christ's spirit of humility and service, and that spirit can be manifested more truly and more usefully in other ways than in washing each other's feet. A woman who will wait on a sick neighbor and do menial work to relieve her, or a man who will go a journey to oblige another, or do some other service for him that he needs, is more faithfully and more intelligently obeying Christ's injunction, than would do by simply washing his feet, which the man could do for himself.

T. W. Mc G., Rock Lick, W. Va. No, to all three queries.——Mrs. J. S. D., Strathray, Can. Yes.——Subscriber. Pastor is the regularly called and ordained leader of the flock. Supply is temporary as far as that church is concerned.——Chas. F. Frase, Claremon, Cal. We do not know whether it has appeared in book form.——G. F. Williamson. 1. Yes, he warned the people while he was building the ark of the coming flood. 2. It is the name of a drama.——1. E. A. Oke, Aspen, Cal. 1. Opinion is decidedly unfavorable. 2. Certainly not; a glance at affairs in Turkey will probably convince you.——A. L. Pease, Kerkwood, Ill. Yes.——Miss A. G., Prescott, Ont. Yes, they are sent free of duty.——Mrs. L. C. G., Saltvale. No, he gave it up forty years ago.——Mrs. A. Rhoades, Lancaster, Pa. We believe it is not in circulation nor likely to be. Subscriber, Paterson, N. J. Write to Rev. A. B. Simpson, 692 8th avenue, New York.——Mrs. P. Kirtland, Man. Write to Biglow & Main, music publishers, N. Y. City.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Atlanta Exposition.

GRATIFYING reports of the success of the great International Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., are made by the managers. It has been a genuine surprise to all visitors from the North and West. In spite of newspaper reports of Southern progress and the development of business and manufactures, people were not prepared for such amazing proof of the advance that has been made, as is furnished by this exposition. A full description of the buildings, with illustrations, was published in this journal on October 30. The promise then given of a brilliant success has been more than fulfilled. The exhibits prove that in art, science, manufacture, agriculture and horticulture the Southern States have made greater progress during the last quarter of a century in view of their depression after the war, than any other section of the country. Of the fourteen States represented in the exposition, each has some special feature, besides indicating general development. Georgia herself is the leader, and her exhibit shows that not only in cotton and woolen industries, but in machinery, furniture, pottery, and many other products she is capable of producing all that is needed by the people of her own section. Louisiana, Alabama and Arkansas have made exhibits still more remarkable when their circumstances are taken into account. But, probably, there is no feature of the exposition that has occasioned more surprise and more general gratification than the exhibit of the colored people. They are to be congratulated on their success in all departments. Especially in the educational exhibits from Hampton and other schools is there encouragement for hope of still more rapid advance in the future. It is clear that some of the young men whose work is shown, have the capacity of leaders from whom great things may be expected. Of the architectural characteristics of the exposition we have already spoken in our former article, but we cannot refrain from mentioning with special praise the beautiful Chime Tower of which a picture appears on this page. It is the highest of all the exposition buildings, and is singularly elegant and graceful. The music of the bells has been a great delight to all visitors to the exposition. They are sweeter in tone than any bells in the country, and the chimes have been played with remarkable skill. The lady who plays them is said to be the most accomplished bell-ringer in America, if not in the world, and there is a special feature of interest in her performances, in the fact that she was born in Atlanta. It seems almost incredible that but little more than a quarter of a century ago this whole section, now so thriving and prosperous, lay distracted and desolate amid the horrors of war. The position they have attained shows what marvellous recuperative energy they must have possessed. We may hope, too, that their spiritual progress will always keep pace with their material prosperity. The many able and devoted preachers in the South are not likely to let their people forget that

Righteousness exalteth a nation while sin is a reproach to any people. (Prov. 14:34.)

Counterfeiters at Work.

A large quantity of counterfeit money is reported to be in circulation. W. P. Hagen, Chief of the Secret Service Division of the Treasury, says that the counterfeiters have utilized the latest scientific discoveries to aid them in their nefarious business. During the past year Chief Hagen's men have arrested over eight hundred counterfeiters and have seized counterfeit bills of the aggregate face value of two and a half million dollars. Most of these counterfeits had been made by the photo-lithographic process, and were therefore exact fac-similes of genuine bills. The perfection to which this art has been brought renders the imitation easy, and it is only by the difference in the paper used that the genuine can be distinguished from the counterfeit. Chief Hagen fears that even this test will soon fail, as the counterfeiters are finding out how to make the paper with the distributed silk threads in it, that the Government uses. If success in that direction is attained, the public will be at the mercy of the swindlers, as only an expert will be able to detect a counterfeit bill. This is not a pleasant prospect, and it will be the duty of the Government to devise some means of rendering the operations of the counterfeiters more difficult. It would be well if some means could be discovered for protecting the Church against similar frauds. It has often suffered loss and reproach by them isconduct of professors, who like wolves in sheep's clothing, have pretended to be followers of Christ when they have experienced no change of heart. They succeed in deceiving clergymen and church officers, but their final detection is inevitable.

The Lord knoweth them that are his. (II. Timothy 2:19.)

A Boon to Patients.

At the recent meeting of the Philadelphia Medical Society, Dr. T. Parvin explained to the assembled surgeons the new method of relieving patients of pain under operations. It was discovered by the famous German surgeon, Professor Schleich, who has used it successfully in the Berlin hospitals. It differs from the ordinary method in the fact that the patient does not lose consciousness during the operation, though he feels no pain in the part of the body operated upon. The part is thoroughly cleansed by an antiseptic solution, and its temperature reduced by a spray of chloride of ethyl. When the surface has become numb under the spray, hypodermic injections are made in all directions with a solution of salt, cocaine and morphine which renders the inner tissues also insensible. The operation is then performed, and for a period of half-an-hour, the patient feels no pain from the cutting and sewing. Dr. Parvin said he had used the method in this country, and had found it perfectly effectual. The benefit of the discovery will be inestimable, especially to patients who, owing to affections of the heart, cannot, with safety, be deprived of consciousness by chloroform or ether. The same principle operates in the spiritual world. Men who are conscious of spiritual maladies, and are constitutionally prone to various forms of sin do not need to withdraw themselves into monasteries and hermits' caves, shutting themselves out of life, as the etherized patient is shut out of his consciousness of life. They fulfil Christ's will better when they are rendered impervious by their own resolve in the strength of the Holy Spirit to the temptations to their besetting sins.

I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil. (John 17: 15.)

THE CHIME-TOWER AT ATLANTA, GA.
One of the Wonders of the International Exposition.

The Prisoners' Friend.

A friend of the late Col. L. S. Hargous in the course of some reminiscenes of the famous merchant tells how extensive were the obligations he conferred on his fellow-countrymen in their difficulties. In 1846 and for twenty years afterward Col. Hargous conducted a large banking and shipping business at Vera Cruz, Mexico. In the early part of his career there were a large number of United States citizens suffering imprisonment at the fortress of Perote. The greater number were confined for political offenses and many were prisoners of war. The discipline of the fort was rather lax and the prisoners had many chances of escape of which they were not slow to avail themselves. But outside the fort they were in imminent danger of being caught and carried back to captivity. They had no money and as the frontier was closely watched they had no hope of getting out of the country but by sea. Both difficulties could be overcome by Col. Hargous' help. He was rich and he had ships continually going to and fro, but the utmost caution on his part was necessary, as the Mexican government would not suffer him to continue doing business in the city if they found that he was helping prisoners to escape. A selfish man in his position would not have imperilled his business interests for the sake of men who were strangers to him. But Col. Hargous was not that kind of man. Any escaped prisoner who appealed to him found his purse open and a free passage provided for him; the Colonel stipulating only that he should not reveal the source of his assistance. The risk Col. Hargous ran in thus helping the prisoners caused him great embarrassment which, his friend says, was increased by the "ungrateful carelessness" of the escaped men who when they reached the United States did not scruple to tell newspapers who it was that had aided them. Their stories sometimes reached Mexico through the press and Col. Hargous was often in danger of expulsion, yet to the last he continued to befriend the prisoners who came to him. The good man was not deterred from his kindly work by the ingratitude of those he helped. In that he was like Christ, who has often reason to complain of the ingratitude of those whom he has delivered from the bondage of Satan, but their fault is the converse of that of the Mexican prisoners. They ought to speak the praises of their deliverer but neglect to do so.

Many believed on him but because of the Pharisees they did not confess him. (John, 12:42.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has Arranged to Hold a series of evangelistic services at New Haven, Conn., commencing January 6.

The Many Friends in this Country of Mr. R. C. Morgan, the esteemed editor of the London *Christian*, will sympathize with him in the loss he has sustained in the death of his beloved wife.

Rev. Jacob Freshman, D.D., preached on Sunday, December 8, in Romeyn Presbyterian Church, New York. While waiting a call to a pastorate, Dr. Freshman will be glad of opportunities to hold special evangelistic services. His address is P. O. Station O, New York City.

An Interesting Service was Held at Mt. Olivet Baptist Church, New York, on December 1. An address was given by Cleretta Avery, the ten-year-old colored girl whose portrait appeared in this journal last week. Several persons were impressed by the child's simple eloquence and asked her to pray for their conversion.

It is Estimated that Mr. Moody Preached to over two hundred thousand persons during his campaign at Atlanta, Ga., which closed on Dec. 1. The Tabernacle was crowded every time it was opened, and the great evangelist's earnest sermons were listened to with eager attention. Mr. Moody paid a brief visit to Augusta before returning to Northfield.

Rev. A. P. Werden and Evangelist Fred J. Mills have been conducting revival services at Flowers, Boone Co., N. Y. The Wesleyan Church has been crowded every night for two weeks past, and during the day the two workers have visited the people in various parts of the town and held meetings for prayer and praise. Some very remarkable conversions of notoriously irreligious men have taken place.

The Financial Report of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions shows that the receipts for six months have been $292,927 against $209,856 for the corresponding period of last year. The different departments show gain as follows: the church—general donations—$8,872; young people's societies, $4,039; legacies, $24,423; miscellaneous, $56,792; Sabbath Schools show a falling off of $731, and the Women's Boards of $10,324. The net gain is $83,070.

Rev. Grant C. Tullar and Isaac H. Meredith have been holding revival services at Vineland, N. J. The churches uniting in the movement were the Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, and Baptist. The evangelists, encouraged by the earnest spirit manifested, labored indefatigably, frequently holding three services in a day, besides outdoor services and meetings at noonday in the shops. It is believed that fully three hundred conversions took place.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's Services at Binghampton, N. Y., have resulted in a wonderful blessing. Over five hundred persons have made confession of Christ during the campaign. The Tabernacle Church large as it is, would not accommodate the crowds that thronged to hear the preacher. At every meeting large numbers rose to ask the prayers of God's people for their conversion. Miss Fanny Crosby, the blind poetess, addressed the women's meetings.

A munificent Friend of Taylor University, at Upland, Ind., has generously offered a gift of twenty thousand dollars toward the endowment of a chair of Missions on condition that the same amount shall be raised in four years by other friends of the institution, making the endowment $40,000. Dr. Steinen of the Taylor University has been appointed to develop and organize the medical department of the new American University, at Washington, D. C., of which Bishop Hurst in Chancellor.

Sunday, Dec. 15 was the Day Fixed by the various Societies working for the abolition of war, for united prayer that the nations of the earth may be led to settle their differences by arbitration, and men may learn war no more. Pastors are respectfully asked to deal with the subject in their sermons. If Christian people in every land were a unit in demanding arbitration in international disputes, an important step would be gained in the direction of universal peace.

The "Dismal Swamp."

Once the Favorite Refuge of Fugitive Slaves, and Now a Scene of Peace and Quietude. An Open Air "Baptizing."

THERE are many persons who, whenever the "Dismal Swamp" is spoken of in their hearing, conjure up in their minds a great quaking morass. They, with many others who haye only a faint idea of what the "Dismal Swamp" really is like, wjll no doubt be surprised at a scene like that shown in the illustration on this page from a photograph taken in its very depths. A goodly portion of the swamp is drained and under cultivation, and on the farms here the negro lives a quiet, uneventful life, broken into by a revival, or "protracted meeting,' during the month of August, when little work is done and all give themselves up to religious duties. Afterward comes the baptizing, and one of these occasions was recently caught by the camera at a point on the North-West river, a few miles from Lake Drummond—which the poet Moore has celebrated in verse as the "Lake of the Dismal Swamp."

The name "Dismal Swamp" was given during slavery days, to two extensive stretches of morass on the seaboard. The larger of the two, distinguished as the Great Dismal, lies in the peninsula between the James River on the north and Albermatle Sound on the south, and thus belongs partly to Virginia and partly to North Carolina. Its length from north to south is about forty miles and its breadth about twenty-five. The greater part of the area is covered with a thick and almost impenetrable stratum of vegetable soil, without any mixture of earthy particles, which at once supports and is augmented by a luxuriant growth of aquatic plants, brushwood and timber. The prevailing trees are cypress, juniper, and white cedar, and on the higher ridges oak and beech. The surface of the swamp is actually higher in some parts by as much as twelve feet, than that of the surrounding country; so that, except on the western side, where it receives a few small steams, the waters flow outwards. The centre is occupied by Drummond Lake, an oval basin about six miles long and three wide, with perpendicular banks and an extreme depth of fifteen feet; the water is clear and abounds with fish. The swamp has long furnished large supplies of timber, much of which has been obtained by excavation from the peaty soil in which it was preserved. The transit is facilitated by means of canals. Two lines of railway pass through the outskirts of the Virginia portion of the swamp. The Little Dismal is of much less importance. It lies in North Carolina, in the peninsula between Albermarle Sound and Pamlico Sound; and in the days when slavery was still legal, it, also, was a noted harbor of runaway negroes.

A BAPTIZING SCENE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

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The Bereaved Husband.

In married life there are all possible varieties of affection and devotedness, represented in their extremes by the distance between the poles. The parting, when it comes, writes Bishop Thorold of Winchester, divides one life rather than separates two; the void that it leaves gapes with a fissure that knows no filling. The soft familiar tread, the rustle of the gown, the music of the bright greeting, the half-timid tap at the study door, the dear caress; the sunny face opposite you at breakfast, the cheek which glowed with an irrepressible joy when others praised you, the feet that ran so nimbly to meet you in the distance, the full and tender heart which never felt shame though others detected its love—they are gone and passed away, and if you live a hundred years can never come back just as they were. There is no one now to cheer you up in the evening. The cares of life are suddenly doubled, for the worries that were kept from you before meet you now. The children are ill, and you must nurse them. The servants leave, and the task of finding others devolves on you. You may have more money now, but she who shared your poverty cannot care for it. When a wife dies, the husband feels the light gone out of his home, the taste out of his enjoyments, the color out of his landscape.

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Childish Indulgence.

A child is entrusted with very small sums from time to times, to spend in little indulgences or in Christmas presents. When he goes to school he has more, and as he grows older the amount increases, and with the increase comes a more complicated set of duties. Very possibly there is a school mission to support, and a fraction of his possessions is given to that. Here facts should be ascertained; as compared with the amount spent in indulgence, the total given in charity by schoolboys is a beggarly pittance. And yet people wonder at the niggardliness of adults. The explanation is that never having been taught the duty and the joy of giving, in their early life, they have contrived to frame a rule of charity for themselves, on which they act for the most part with singular consistency. It is that expressed in the cynical definition of the schoolgirl: "Charity is giving away what you don't want yourself."

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Influence of the Kindergarten.

Without a doubt the kindergarten is one of the longest steps forward that has yet been taken in the race with poverty; for in gathering in the children it is gradually, but surely, conquering also the street with its power for mischief. The kindergarten, writes Jacob Riis, author of "The Children of the Poor," begins at the very beginning, and in the best of all ways, with the children's play. What it does, counts at both ends on that tack. Very soon it makes itself felt in the street and in what goes on there, as any one can see for himself by observing the children's play in a tenement neighborhood where there is a kindergarten and again where there is none, while by imperceptibly turning the play into work that teaches habits of observation and of industry that stick, it builds a strong barrier against the doctrine of the slum that the world owes one a living, which lies in ambush for the lad on every grog-shop corner.

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A Little Girl's Strange Team.

In Central Park, New York, there may occasionally be seen a chubby-faced little girl driving the queerest-looking team that ever was put in harness. They are a pair of elk, the only elk in the world which are driven to harness, and they look very odd when they are driven about the streets of the city. Daisy Woodberry is the little mistress of the elk, and she drives the animals in Central Park and all over the city, much the same as other little girls drive ponies. Last July these elk were in the wild woods of Canada. They had never seen steam cars, nor brick or brown-stone houses, nor paved streets. Many horses are afraid of the noises and strange sights in a big city, but the elk take no more notice of elevated trains, electric cars and bicycles than they did of trees and rocks when they were at home in the woods. They are very intelligent animals. The elder is a buck, four years of age, named Jack; and the doe, whose name is Nettie, is three years old. Nettie has no horns, but Jack has a fine pair of antlers. They are soft and tender, for they are still growing. The elk are now half grown. Their food is much the same as that for horses—oats and hay. They are also fond of fresh clover. They do not kick like horses, but strike out with their front feet when angry. Still they are very patient with their little driver who always treats them kindly.

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Fairy Tales.

A child can read choice fairy tales, understanding that they are fanciful, with less danger to his mind and character than he would incur in the reading of a falsely colored religious story-book. In the one case he knows that the narration is wholly fanciful, while in the other case he is liable to be misled through the belief that what is both fictitious and false may have been a reality. Not the wholly fanciful, but the fictitiously false, in a child's reading, is most likely to be a means of permanent harm to him. It is the line between the false and the real in moral fiction that he needs help in defining.

LIFTED OVER.

AS tender mothers, guiding baby steps,
When places come at which the tiny feet
Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms
Of love, and set them down beyond all harm
So did our Father watch the precious boy
Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft
Myself, but strove to help my darling on;
He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw
Rough ways before us where my arms would fail;
So reached from heaven, and lifting the dear child
Who smiled in leaving me, he put him down
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad
And thanking God, press on to overtake?

—HELEN H. JACKSON.

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Childish Joys and Sorrows.

IN his joys as in his sorrows a true child wants some one to share his feelings rather than to guide them. If he has fallen and hurt himself, a child is more helped by being spoken to in evident sympathy than by being told that he must not cry, or that his hurt is a very trifling matter. The love that shows itself in tenderly binding up his wound, in a case like this, has less hold upon the child than the sympathy that expresses a full sense of his pain, and that recognizes and commends his struggle to control his feelings under his injury. It is easier, indeed, writes Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, to comfort a child at such a time, and to give him power over himself, by showing him that you feel with him, and how you want him to feel, than by telling him, never so lovingly, what he ought to do, and how to do it. And it is the same with a child in any time of joy, as in every time of grief. He wants your sympathy with him in his delights, rather than your loving approval of his enjoying himself just then and in that way.

How many parents there are, however, who are readier to provide playthings for their children than to share the delights of their children with those playthings; readier to set their children at knowledge-seeking, than to have a part in their children's surprises and enjoyments of knowledge-attaining; readier to make good, as far as they can, all losses to their children, than to grieve with their children over those losses. And what a loss of power to those parents as parents, is this lack of sympathy with their children as children. There are, however, parents who sympathize with their children in all things; and as a result, they practically train and sway their children as they will: for when there is entire sympathy between two persons, the stronger one is necessarily the controlling force with both.

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Christmas Kindnesses.

At this season of the year, remember that it is your duty, as children, and also your privilege to glorify God, to promote peace. and to extend good-will among those around you. You may promote the blessing of peace on earth by frankly forgiving those who may grieve or annoy you, by persuading enemies to be reconciled to each other, and by daily prayer to God to preserve the nations of the earth from the dreadful horrors of war. And you may in a great many ways show good-will to men. Are there not poor people within a short walk of your own door who will receive no Christmas cards, no nice presents of food or new clothing, whose children have no nice toys or picture-books, of which some of you have such an abundance that you scarcely know where to find room for them? Perhaps, writes a thoughtful pastor, if you should distribute of your abundant blessings among those who have need of them, you would not only feel gladdened at once by what you have done, but in a far distant time hear the voice that spake as never man spake saying unto you, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

THE YEAR'S PROGRESS.

iggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning December 29. Phil. 3 : 7-14.

AS the year closes, the mind instinctively turns to retrospection. There is no avoiding the accounting that is to be made. Conscience sits in judgment and records its verdict. What the man has done nd what he is, at the end of this chapter his existence, are both under scrutiny. is possible to shut the eyes to the record, ignore it and to go on heedss into the future, but the cord is made, and if it is not garded, the penalty is postoned, not evaded. The proerbial trick of the ostrich in rying its head in the sand hat it may not see the approaching calamity, is unworthy of intelligent human beings. The course of wisdom is survey the past, that the ssons its events can teach ay serve as guides for the fuure. That is the practical use retrospection. Regret there ust be, and disappointment nd sorrow. The best of men, they are honest with themelves, must be conscious that ey have done things that ey should not have done, and ave left undone things they ught to have done. But reret without resolve is waste time and feeling. The only seful result of retrospection is gain wisdom and strength r a better life in the future. he causes of past failure may e detected, the indiscretions hat have led to disaster should e noted, and the weaknesses hat have given ingress to emptation should be recogized. Like a vigilant commander of a besieged city, the Christian should learn from very assault, the points of reatest danger and the best nethods of defence.

Some such retrospection the Apostle had been making when he wrote the passage connected with the topic. Modesty does not appear to have been a conspicuous feature of Paul's character, but here he writes as one conscious of attainments he had not reached. He represents himself as a man striving after a prize. He turns his back on the past and looks earnestly to the future. He has learned something. It is a question of values. There were some things that he had valued highly, but he had changed his opinion of them. Once he had regarded them as gains, but now they are worthless in his esteem. Indeed, they have sunk below zero, they are detriments. Nothing now is of any value in his eyes but the knowledge of Jesus. To know him and to follow him, to have the power of the resurrection—that is the supreme object of his life. All else is of no account. Spiritual progress is the only progress worth having, spiritual attainment the only pursuit worth following. He was an old man when he recorded this conviction and he knew by experience all the hardship and privation involved in such a life, but there is no hesitancy and no qualification in his declaration. Christ taught the same truth, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." It is this that Paul makes the rule of his life. To be found in that kingdom, to be accounted worthy of the resurrection is the supreme prize, and he would sacrifice everything to that. Like a traveler in a difficult country laden with property, he finds his treasures impediments, making his progress slow and he casts them away. They were precious to him once, but now they are hindering him from reaching his goal and they are unhesitatingly sacrificed. Like a captain in a storm he sacrifices his cargo to save his ship.

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

FIRMLY STAND.

"HOLD FAST—THAT NO MAN TAKE THY CROWN."—*Rev. 3 : 11.*

REV. LEONARD SWAIN.—CHO. by R. L. F. J. B. HERBERT.

Boldly.

1. My soul, weigh not thy life A - gainst thy heav'n - ly crown; Nor suf - fer
2. With pray'r and crying strong, Hold on the fear - - ful fight, And let the
3. The bat - tle soon will yield, If thou thy part ful - fill; For strong as
4. Thine ar - mor is di - vine, Thy feet with vic - - t'ry shod, And on thy
CHORUS.
Sa - tan's dead - liest strife, To beat thy cour - age down.
break - ing day pro - long The wrest - ling of the night.
is the hos - tile shield, The sword is strong - er still.
head shall brightly shine The di - a - dem of God.
Then stand in the
Firm - ly stand in the
might of our King, Then stand (firm - ly stand) in the might of our King; With the
sword of the truth We shall con - quer the foe, Marching on at our King's command.

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FROM GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.

By per of the Publishers.

SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.

O SING to me, but not of earth,
It cannot soothe the pain;
But sing of Heaven that blessed land
Where we may meet again.

The world is beautiful, I know,
For God hath made it fair,
But hearts are sad and eyes are dim
With weeping and with care.

Ay, sing to me of Heaven, of home
Where tears shall never flow,
Where genial skies and smiles for age
Their beams shall round us throw.

Oh, sing of Heaven, where never more
A longing wish shall wake,
Where love is life and life is love
Where all the bliss partake.

Ay, sing of Heaven, that land of rest
Where suffering is unknown,
Where joy shall fill each wearied heart
Without a sigh or moan.

THE PALACE OF SONG.

IN an hour of despondence and gloom,
He showed me the Palace of Song;
Where the bending trees in the murmuring breeze
Make music all day long.
Suffused with a rapturous joy,
I heard the seraphim raise
To the hautboys clear in that ringing sphere,
One loud hallelujah of praise.

Majestic crescendoes of joy!
Sweet diminuendoes of love!
And the lyric wine of those songs divine
Transported my spirit above.
Those thrilling and jubilant chords,
That music that never shall cease,
By the crystal flood in the Palace of God
Had spoken me infinite peace.

Toronto, Can. REV. O. G. LANGFORD.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

The Subject Important and Urgent—Objections that Deter People from Studying it.

BY REV. GEO. F. PENTECOST, D.D.*

SOME of the more common objections that are urged against the study of prophecy especially of those prophetic utterances which relate to the second coming of our Lord are the following:

1. "It makes people fanatical who believe in this doctrine." Leaving out of the account, that all earnest people are considered fanatics by those who are not in dead earnest, this objection might be urged against almost every great doctrine of the Bible which has been intensely believed and preached in a time when it had fallen into disrepute or neglect by the mass of Christians. Luther, preaching the doctrine of justification by faith was, in his day, charged with making fanatics; so of Wesley and Whitefield preaching the necessity of being born again; so of the doctrine of holiness. Indeed, whenever a neglected truth is taken up and preached with power so that men are stirred.

2. "The believers of this doctrine are for the most part unpractical Christians. They are more interested in the things of the world to come than they are in the practical every-day things of life." This is true, but it is blessedly true. Christ used the fact of his speedy coming to arouse the "practical" Laodiceans out of their lukewarmness. It is because of his speedy coming that we are exhorted to set our affections on things above. A doctrine that will break up the "practical" worldliness of the present church life ought to be hailed with joy.

3. "It gets people into an unhealthy excitement." So did they think who were not in sympathy with the Christians at the time of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the Day of Pentecost. And so is this cry raised whenever the truth of God is preached in the power of the Spirit, and men's consciences are aroused to consider their sin and the paramount importance of their souls' salvation. And yet I have never witnessed half the excitement upon this subject that I have seen in connection with a hundred secular and worldly interests—politics, for instance.

4. "It frightens timid people." The imminent and speedy coming of the Lord ought not to frighten those who know and love him. Why should a wife be frightened at the thought that her long-absent husband might come at any day or hour? Such a fright on the part of the wife would argue that she was unfaithful, and feared to have her husband come home. The same holds true of unfaithful Christians. But the preaching of death and the judgment frightens people. Must we, therefore, for this reason, give up such preaching?

5. "What is the use of preaching the 'Second Coming?'" Because we have been commanded to do so by the Lord and all his apostles, lest he come and overtake us as a thief in the night and find us unprepared for his coming.

6. "We cannot know the day nor the day nor the hour, no, nor the year nor the generation, in which he will come." If this were true, that is the very reason why we should be on the constant lookout for him. For this very reason He has urged and warned us to "watch and pray," "for in such an hour as ye think not, the Lord will come." If we knew just when He would come, we might fall into the sin of the unfaithful servant, who said: "My Lord delayeth His coming."

*From an article in an English magazine.

FATHER AGAINST SON

OR,

How the Curse of Horse-Head House was Lifted.

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

BY J. C. COWDRICK.

CHAPTER IV Continued.

"I'LL see who will be master here!" Reuben added, with another blow. "I'll see whether you will leave home in this disgraceful fashion or not! I said last night that I would take a hand in this revival business! Why don't you say something? I'll cut you till the blood runs, if you don't give in and get this nonsense out of your head!"

Three times, four times, five, six, seven, eight times, yes, and nine times, did the terrible whip rise and fall, and then——

With an oath the user dashed it to the ground with even more force than he had struck the blows, if possible, and looked more closely to see the awful effect of that last cut.

The blow had fallen a little higher than those that had gone before it, and the cruel tip had fairly bit a piece of the flesh out of one of Will's ruddy cheeks, leaving it hanging there, while the warm blood flowed down his face and dropped upon his coat.

"Father!" he again ejaculated.

The oath Reuben Hilton uttered was against himself.

"Well, don't blame me," he cried, however; "you brought it all on yourself. Go into the house and have that cut attended to, and let this be a lesson to you that my word is law in my own house!"

He turned and started away. "Father, stop."

"Well, what is it?"

"You may think about what you have done, but I forgive you freely. Your word may be law here, it is right it should be, I suppose; but there is a higher Word, a higher Law, which I am bound to obey first. My determination is the same as it was before; nothing shall turn me back from my purpose, God helping me! Before I will pass another glass of liquor to my fellow-man, I would see my right hand wither! Yes, I mean it. That case of Sloan's decided me, as long ago as last fall; two of his children dying—and did die—for want of proper food and medicines, while you took his daily earnings across that bar!"

"That was his business; I had no right to refuse him; my license stands in the way of that, and—

"And it stands between you and eternal life as well."

Will had already picked up his bundle, while he held his handkerchief to his wound with the other hand, and with that last remark he passed out from the wagon-house and went down the carriage way to the street.

CHAPTER V.

The weather was keenly cold that morning, as mentioned. The sky had a heavy, sullen, leaden appearance, as if more snow was ready to fall at any moment.

Already the blood on Will's handkerchief was freezing as he turned up the street, and the wound upon his cheek was burning like fire. He hoped that he might not meet anyone who would question him. He hoped in vain. A man suddenly appeared around a corner just ahead, and Will was face to face with Joe Mosley.

"Heigh-ho!" the "bummer" exclaimed, stopping short. "What is the matter wi' you, Billy, boy? Where ye goin' so early? Why, you are bleedin' like a stuck pig, al-

"I am going away, Joe, that is all," was the answer. "As for my face, I felt something strike me there a minute or so ago; it is nothing."

"Ha! ha! I guess your old man——"

"Look here, Joe, when you speak of my father just call him my father, if you please!"

"Oh! sartinly; but you can't fool Joe Mosley by divin' under like that, my boy; I'm too old a bird. I'll bet your father had something to do with what struck ye; come, now, didn't he?"

"Do you think my father would do such a thing. You had better not let him hear you make that remark, Joe. I give you friendly warning. Good-by!"

"No, I don't think I will," the toper muttered, as Will went on and he stood gazing after him for a moment. "I have got my own opinion about it, though, all the same."

Will saw other men coming, and in order not to meet them, turned into one of the side streets, intending to avoid the main thoroughfare of the village until he could strike into the road leading out into the country. He had an objective point in view, of course. He had not gone far in this direction, when whom should he meet but Fred Wilson, his dinner-pail in hand. This was an unusual sight, almost as unusual as Will's own appearance at the moment.

Fred was a carpenter by trade, but of late he had worked only when he felt like it, and he had not felt like it very regularly. In fact, he had grown somewhat ashamed of his overalls and dinner-pail. His association with the son of the president of the village bank and those of his set, had made him almost despise his humble calling. Both stopped and Fred uttered an ejaculation.

"Will! What's the matter?"

"Something struck me in the face a few minutes ago, that is all, Fred."

"And that is enough, I should say, by the way you are bleeding. But, where are you going?"

"Well, I am going first of all to Deacon Barkmore's. I heard yesterday that he was looking for a hand, and I am going to get the job if I can. Where are you going?"

"Why, I am going to see Beaver. He offered me a few days' work yesterday, and I refused it. I'm going to ask him to take me on."

"Good for you! I wish that I, too, had a trade.

"But, you are not going to hire out as a farm hand—that is ridiculous!"

"What else can I do? I am fitted for nothing else, unless it be to sell rum, which I never will!"

"Well, that is so; and yet you have a pretty good education, and ought to get something better than common labor on a farm. You have got more grit in you than I have got, Will?"

"Maybe I will, in time, but for the present I must take the first thing that offers. However, I must not detain you, or you will be late——"

"No, I have plenty of time yet. Then your father——But, no need to ask you that. What I want to say, you must not go any farther in that condition; you must stop and let mother fix up that cut."

"Do you think she will——"

"What a question for you to ask! Just go around in the back door—for she is in the kitchen, and she will see to it for you."

"Well, I will, for it is quite painful. How do you feel this morning? But, it is hardly necessary to ask you, for this meeting answers the question for us both, I think. I see you mean to hold out."

"I am going to try hard, Will."

"And I am determined, God helping me."

A few more remarks and they parted, and Will went straight to Widow Wilson's cottage. He knocked at the back door, and when the widow came to open it she gave a scream and turned pale at the sight.

"Goodness me!" she cried. "What is the matter, Willie?"

She had known him all his life, and she addressed him affectionately.

"Why, I have got my face cut, Mrs. Wilson," was Will's explanation, "and I chanced to meet Fred and he said he thought you would fix it——"

"To be sure I will! Come right in. I need not ask you what has happened; but where are you going?"

Will told her.

"But, your face; how did it happen?"

"Mrs. Wilson, I prefer not to tell. Please do not ask me to explain."

"I will not, certainly. Wait, I will get some warm water and a soft rag, and you can be taking off your coat."

In her young days Mrs. Wilson had served as an attendant in a city hospital, and the sight of blood had no terrors for her. In fact, she was the first person sent for when any one got hurt.

By the time Will had removed his coat she was ready, and examined the wound.

"Mercy!" she cried. "A piece of flesh has been plucked right out, and it merely hangs there! I must put some stitches in it, if you can bear it. I am afraid it will make a mark that you will carry through life."

"I can stand the pain, Mrs. Wilson. In fact, I may not feel it, my face being cold. Go ahead and doctor it to suit yourself; you know what it requires, I guess."

The good woman had a little case containing curved needles, etc., and in about fifteen minutes she had the laceration neatly caught up, the bleeding stopped, and a plaster over the wound. They talked, meanwhile, but nothing further was said about the wound—that is, as to how it had been inflicted.

"There!" the widow exclaimed, when she gave the finishing touch, "I am not a little proud of that bit of surgery. Now it only remains for me to clean the blood from your clothes as well as I can——"

"That will be too much trouble, Mrs. Wilson; I can——"

"Do you think I would let you leave my house looking like you did when you entered it? I guess not. You had better stay here to-day, anyhow——"

"No, I cannot do that; I may lose the job if I do."

"Well, that is true. But you can stay an hour, anyway. You have had your breakfast, of course."

"No, I have not, Mrs. Wilson, and——"

"Not had your breakfast?"

"If you would not mind giving me a cup of coffee, Mrs. Wilson, it——"

"Just you wait two minutes, and I'll give you something to amuse yourself with while I am cleaning your coat."

"She flew around, and in almost the time specified she had a tempting repast on the table. She talked cheerily the while, and when Will had taken the chair she placed for him, gave her attention to cleaning the garment.

While Will was eating there came a knock.

The widow opened the door, and there was a boy whom Fred had sent with a message for Will.

The son of a farmer living just beyond Barkmore's place was in town, having come in to send some stuff away by express on the early train, and Fred had asked him to drive around and stop for Will when he started for home.

"See!" exclaimed the widow, when the boy had delivered his message and was gone. "See, how all things work together for good, for those who trust him. Trust in him, William, fully trust in him; yield to him in all things. You have started out to be a Christian, and to be that is to be Christ's; simply to yield our will and life to him."

By the time Will was ready the farmer's son came around, and the latter was not kept long waiting. His name was Horace Freeman, and Will knew him, of course. He was about Will's own age. Will thanked the widow for her kindness, and got into the sled with his bundle, the widow calling out a cheery good-by and bidding him not to forget her promise of the night before; and with a crack of the whip the farmer's son started his team, and they were off. A new home, new scenes, new friends, new duties and a new life—all these lay before Will Hilton now.

CHAPTER VI.

Hiring Out as a Farm Hand.

Meanwhile, everything at the Horse Head House was moving on much as usual. The only noticeable difference was that the landlord himself was around at an earlier hour, and that Will was absent.

No one had witnessed that terrible scene in the wagon-house, and no one knew of it save the two persons concerned. Its recollection burned in Reuben Hilton's mind like a coal of fire. He picked up the whip, after Will had gone, and put it out of sight. He hated himself for what he had done, and yet he found excuse—or tried to find such. He forced himself to a degree of calmness and returned to the house, where his wife and daughter were waiting.

"Where is he?" Mrs. Hilton asked.

"He has gone," was the sullen response. "He will be back again, though, no fear about that."

"I hope so. Perhaps you were too severe, Reuben; it might have been better to have allowed him to go his own pace in the matter; he would have become tired of it soon enough."

"What, humor him? Never! What is more, see to it that you and Mary stay away from that church. One fool in the family is enough."

He went on, and entered the barroom. No one was there, and he paced the floor furiously to and fro. He was so doing when the door opened and Joe Mosley shambled in.

"Good-mornin', Mr. Hilton," the toper greeted. "You are up 'arly this mornin', it 'pears."

"Yes," was the snarl.

"It looks as though there had been another storm besides a snowstorm, too. I met Will just up the street there."

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothin', of course, only I remembered what you said last night, and I put two and two together, that's all. Did you have to fire him out? I noticed his face was bleed in' rather freely."

He looked keenly at the landlord as he said this.

Hilton, however, had just put out the light, and his face could not be seen distinctly.

"His face was bleeding?" he asked.

"Yes; he looked like a porker, almost."

"What was the matter with it? Did you speak to him?"

"Yes, I spoke to him, but I got no satisfaction; he said somethin' hit him, that he had felt somethin' strike him a minute before. Mebby it was a piece of ice, or somethin' like that, somebody throwed at him."

"You may be right; anyhow, I guess it was nothing serious."

And so was started the story that Will had been struck in the face by something thrown by somebody, and his father, for shame, was glad to have it so understood.

"Then he is gone?" urged Mosley.

"Yes, he is gone. I gave him his choice of two things, and he chose that. I told you last night what I would do, didn't I?"

"You said you was goin' to take that foolishness out of him, if I 'member right. It seems you didn't do as much in that direction as you figgered on. You found he had some of his dad's grit, mebby; ha! ha! ha!"

To be Continued.

My Back

Arms and legs are stiff and lame and it is misery for me to move. This is rheumatism, caused by lactic acid in the blood. Neutralize this acid, purify the blood, and cure rheumatism by taking the one true blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for the last six months, and find it a great help to me. I have been suffering with rheumatism in my left arm and shoulder, which was rendered entirely helpless. I am able to use them again since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. C. E. SAY, Box 414, Junction City, Kansas.

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WITH ROYALTY IN COREA.

Mrs. Hall writes of her Visits to the Famous Palaces—A Snake as an Omen—The Summer Pavilion and the Mulberry Palace—A Plea for Corea's Evangelization.

WHEN I first reached Corea, in 1890, I found the whole country in mourning for the old Queen, Cho. Near relatives

MRS. ROSETTA S. HALL.

dress in mourning for three years. Coreans dress mostly in white, and in such delicate tints of blue and green, that it looks like white in the distance, but when in mourning it must be all white—the black hat and black shoes that are ordinarily worn, and even the black satin and strings upon the head-band, must be exchanged for white, as these are among the most expensive articles of a Corean man's dress. Mourning attire with them as with us is an extravagance. In the case of old Queen Cho, everybody from the highest official to the lowest coolie dressed in white for one year.

When the Great Tai Cho selected the place for his palace in the new land, he had two advisers, one of whom urged him to build at the base of Fuk San (which means North Mountain), while the other prophesied if he built there, a terrible result would follow in 200 years, and he advised building near the west gate (Sa Moon.) Tai Cho, however, erected the palace at the foot of the north mountain, where the new palace occupied to-day now stands; but the prophecy was fulfilled and this place was destroyed during the Japanese invasion 200 years after. After that the palace was built upon the spacious grounds near the Sa Moon, as had been before recommended. It has since fallen to ruin, and is now known as the "Mulberry Palace." To encourage silk-worm culture the enclosed grounds have been set out with mulberry trees. I have often visited these grounds. Only a few of the buildings are now in repair. The Audience Hall shows signs of having once been a beautiful edifice. It is approached by a grass terrace, up which, in front of the hall, are stone steps guarded by carved stone animals, and upon the low stone balustrades are carvings resembling the eagle. The Hall itself has a massive tile roof, now mostly overgrown with weeds and grasses. There are many small stone images, upon the ridge-plates. The rafters are made of smooth peeled logs about four inches in diameter and not more than one foot apart—this is true, however, of all Corean buildings.; the roof of tiles and mud is so heavy that all the supports must be very strong. All the frame-work is made of massive hewn logs. The rafters appear beneath the tiles and together form eaves that overhang the building for three feet or more, turning up in Chinese style at the four corners. The ends of the tiles and the rafters of the old Audience Hall are ornamented. A great deal of fancy wood carving and bright-colored painting gives a pleasing effect to the great overhanging eaves. Within, the ceiling is composed of small panels, painted in neat designs; bright tints of red, green, yellow and blue are the prevailing colors used both in the ceiling within and the eaves without. Entering the Audience Hall we find still some vestiges of the former splendor of the throne. There are images of birds, with great spread wings, suspended over the throne, but many of the beautifully painted wooden panels in the ceiling above have disappeared, and real birds now fly in and out, nesting beneath the roof.

There is also a palace near the East gate, part of which was built by a son of the great Cho, and part by the 10th King, and the remainder by the 19th King of the reigning dynasty. By nature it is perhaps more beautiful than either of the other sites, but its buildings are not remarkable. Their Majesties, however, are generally moving back and forth for some reason or another from this palace to the new palace at the foot of the North mountain. I remember once while I was there the cause of removal was that the Queen saw a snake fall from the roof of the New Palace, and as this was a bad omen they at once withdrew to this palace. The grounds here are well watered, and heavily wooded.

The palace occupied during the recent war stands upon the ancient site selected by Tai Cho. As before stated, it was destroyed three hundred years ago; during the Japanese invasion, it was rebuilt, and again destroyed by the Chinese. It lay in ruin therefore two hundred years, and was only rebuilt during the present reign by the King's father, the Tai Won Kan, who was regent for nine years during the King's minority. This place is surrounded by a wall twenty feet high, that encloses one hundred acres or more. The back enclosure runs fare up the sides of Puk San, and there is an opening out to a still higher mountain known as Puk Han, or the North Fortress, to which the King can escape in time of danger. I spent two delightful weeks on Puk Han one summer. The wild beauty of this wall-enclosed mountain fortress of the King is something never to be forgotten. The palace enclosure proper is just at the foot of Puk San, and is quite level; the outside enclosure is rougher and is used for holding the competitive examination. Scholars come up from all over the eight provinces to these examinations hoping to obtain rank or "pyo sal," as they call it. Each is seated under an umbrella made of oiled paper, in front of him are some large sheets of Corean paper which, by the way, is the strongest and most durable paper in the world, at his side are his ink-stone, cake of lamp-black, and pens which resemble our long handled camel's hair paint-brush. Here comes in the use of the long finger nail so carefully cultivated on the little finger of the hand of the literary man. At these examinations when the water is passed around to rub up the ink with, each scholar's supply is dipped up with this nail.

Passing through to the great south gate of the palace across the large compound where soldiers are drilled, through a second gate into a smaller enclosure, across the moat on a stone bridge guarded by crouching tigers carved in stone, you pass through a third gate into a court where stands the great audience hall. It is built much upon the same style as the one described in the Mulberry Palace, and is a fine oriental building. The beautiful carving and painting that decorate the massive eaves is protected from the birds by wire gauze of Corean manufacture. To the west of the audience hall is a large lotus pond, the surface of which by the middle of July is one mass of lotus leaves and flowers. They are gigantic water-lilies, the leaves two and three feet in diameter, and the beautiful pink blossom measures fifteen and eighteen inches across. A large banquet hall known as the Summer Pavilion, is built over this lotus pond near its eastern side and is reached by two stone bridges; it is perhaps the most beautiful edifice in Corea, and the view obtained from it is delightful. The city with the great East gate (Tong Tai Moon) at one side, Nam Sass (South Mountain) with its soft green grass and beautiful pines in full view in front; to the west precipitous mountain sides of granite, surmounted by Pulpit Rock, while in the rear is Puk San, overtopped by the rugged peaks of Puk Han.

The readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who were interested in Dr. Hall's work at Pyong Yang, Corea, and those who helped him in raising the money with which to buy property for a hospital, may be glad to know that after securing a fine site, building a wall, and making some necessary repairs, there were left 620 yen ($310 gold). Dr. Hall intended to make this the nucleus of a fund that should grow until sufficient to construct good hospital buildings in the place of the small native houses now in use. He had hoped to be ready to begin building as soon as peace should be established in Corea, and he looked forword with much pleasure to having a hospital in Pyong Yang complete in each department. The last Christmas that he spent upon earth, he proposed that we sacrifice the pleasure of making each other and our friends the usual gifts, and instead make our Christmas offering to Pyong Yang, and one hundred yen were laid upon that altar.

Already Corea has stepped out as an independent kingdom among the nations, and she will soon be making long strides toward modern civilization. Dr. Strong says in *The New Era* the prospect is that in the course of a few generations the heathen world will become either Christian or agnostic—which it will become will depend upon the church.

What can be done to make heathen Corea Christian? No greater help toward this end can be given than to build a Christian hospital in Pyong Yang. This city, the ancient capital of Corea, contains 100,000 people. It is situated upon a large and beautiful river in a fine agricultural district with coal fields and great metallic wealth in its immediate vicinity, and it is bound to become the metropolis of Corea. As before stated, Dr. Hall had already set aside money towards building this hospital in the city which he was the first to open to Christian work. Might it not be the most fitting tribute that could be paid to his memory if his plan be yet carried out? Nothing of the kind would better please him than such a building for Pyong Yang whose people he loved and for whose highest interest he labored and died.

Let the children help,—Dr. Hall wrote, you remember, how in the first place the fund for buying the property in Pyong Yang was started by three little children of the missionaries. "It was only $1.60 and the prayers of God's little ones," but it soon grew to over $1500. Perhaps Corea may become a Christian nation in the lifetime of the children who read this, and if they have helped to make her so, how happy they will feel. Phillips Brooks once wrote, "If I can only place one little brick in the pavement of the Lord's pathway, I will place it there, that coming generations may walk thereon to the heavenly city."

Liberty, N. Y. ROSETTA S. HALL.

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Dr. Hunter's Lectures on the Lungs.

NO. 7.

WILL ANY CLIMATE OR CHANGE OF AIR CURE CONSUMPTION?

Cod-liver oil, cough mixtures and change of climate used to be the stereotyped treatment for all consumptive cases, and under it the disease was so invariably fatal that it came to be regarded as incurable. And it cannot be doubted that physicians rather encouraged the belief in its incurability, because their ministrations always resulted in failure.

The thought that consumption could be cured by air alone was one of the oldest delusions of its treatment, It has been persistently tried for centuries, in every climate of the globe, and invariably terminated in disappointment.

We now know that consumption is a germ disease of the lungs common among the natives of all lands. It is a little less common in warm than cold countries, because in the latter congestions of the lungs are more prevalent. The difference, however, is very slight—only a fraction of 1 per cent. Those therefore who go to warm countries with the disease are no better off than natives of sueh countries who have consumption contracted in that climate. As the latter get consumption and die of it despite the climate it is folly to suppose Northern patients would be cured by going to it. Change of air is always beneficial to the general health, because it is helpful to the appetite, digestion and strength of the patient temporarily, but the benefit is only general and in no sense curative of the lung disease. As no natural air can kill the germs in the lungs or heal the wounds they have inflicted, no climate in the wide world will ever cure consumption. California, Texas, Colorado, Florida and the Adirondacks in this country, and Nice, Naples, Villa Francs, Egypt, Algiers and Maderia, in the old world, have all been tried in vain. The graveyards of those countries attest the failure of their climate to cure the disease. It is a cruel deception to pretend that living parasites, which are devouring the tubes and cells of the lungs—as moths feed upon wools and furs—can be destroyed and expelled by any natural atmosphere in the world. No other germ disease of the body was ever cured by air alone and all medical experience goes to prove that the germs of consumption cannot be got rid of by any change of climate.

Do not, however, imagine from this that I am opposed to change of climate or do not regard pure air as necessary to a proper treatment of the lungs The air is the life of the lungs. "God breathed into his nostrils and man became a living soul." Air is the natural purifier of the blood, and the element which assimilates and makes new blood out of the foods eaten, and is therefore necessary to health, just as good food, proper clothing and regular exercise are necessary to good health. Wherever they can be best obtained with the least exposure to injury is the best place for the sick. But what I wish to impress upon all is that no climate in the world will kill the germs of consumption or save from death those afflicted with lung disease. This can be done only by inhaling germ-destroying medicines into the lungs. Such germicides have been discovered by me and I am now applying them with great success in all forms of lung disease. It is only by properly medicating air that it can be made healing and curative of lung complaints. The germs in the lungs are the source of all the danger to the patient. If they are not reached and expelled they destroy the very citadel of life. They cannot be reached by anything taken by the stomach nor by any hypodermic injection through the skin. The germicides must be be brought into actual contact with the germs in the tubes and cells of the lungs or no cure will result. That is why I say that my treatment by inhaled germicides is the only course that can possibly arrest and cure consumption.

ROBERT HUNTER, M. D.,
No. 117 West 45th-st.

New-York, Dec. 2, 1895.

Note—Readers of The Christian Herald who are interested in Dr. Hunter's views can obtain his book without charge by addressing him as above.

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The Shepherd and the Sheep.

A GENTLEMAN traveling in Syria, writes Rev. L. A. Banks, relates how he stopped to watch three shepherds who were at a well, watering their flocks. The three flocks were all mingling together the watering place. The traveler could e no difference between them, and he ondered how they would ever get them parated again without great trouble. At presently one of the shepherds stood rth and called out, "Men-ah"—the Ara- c for "Follow me"; and, sure enough, irty sheep immediately separated them- lves from the indiscriminate mass and gan to follow the shepherd off up the ll. Then a second shepherd lifted the y, "Men-ah"; and a second flock separ- ed themselves and started after him, hile the rest of the sheep remained as nconcerned as if no one had spoken at l. The traveler was so astonished that, : he saw the third shepherd preparing to :part—laying his hand to his crook and :ginning to gather a few dates fallen om the palm beneath which he had been sting—he stepped up to him and asked: Would your sheep follow me if I called iem?" The man shook his head. "Give e your shepherd's cloak and crook, and t me try," the traveler said. He even ound the shepherd's turban around his ead, and standing forfh began to cry Men-ah! Men-ah"; but no sheep stirred. hey only blinked at him lazily in the inshine. "Do they never follow any ne but you?" asked the traveler. "Only hen a sheep is sick; then the silly crea- ire follows any one," the shepherd said. What a wonderful commentary this :ory is upon the figure which the Lord esus uses here to represent his relations) us! And what a sure indication it is iat we are sick with the deadly disease f sin when we refuse to heed the voice of ie Great Shepherd, and go recklessly llowing strange voices into the dangerous ays of wickedness.

Good Causes Helped.

The following sums have been contrib- ted by the readers of this journal to the arious worthy causes mentioned below:

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Total	$60 65

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M Money cents	50
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—, Steelton, Pa	50
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Louise	2 00
Rec'd. through The Witness, Montreal	1 00
G Haub	3 00
Gratitude, Brantford Ont, Can	10 00
A little club in Free- hold, N J	2 50
Total	$541 30

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

A Cable Dispatch from London Published by *The Independent*, announces an important discovery of a mass of documents, letters and unpublished sermons of Charles Wesley. There are in all four- teen of these volumes, besides a roll containing many manuscript poems of the great Methodist hymnist. It is said that an examination shows that many of these poems have not been published, par- ticularly those relating to the American Revolution. The volumes contain several sermons in manu- script.

New Cure—Kidney & Bladder Diseases

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The Week of Prayer.

The following are the topics for the Week of Prayer, January 5-12, 1896, as suggested by the Evangelical Alliance.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 5TH. SERMONS. "But the Com- forter, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."—John 14: 26.

MONDAY, JANUARY 6TH. HUMILIATION AND THANKSGIVING. *Confession:* Of sins of omis- sion and of commission. *Praise:* For temporal and spiritual mercies; to individuals, communities, and nations.—1. John 1: 8, 9; Psalm 32: 1-5; Psalm 116: 12-19; Psalm 100; 1. Chron. 29: 10-13.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 7TH. THE CHURCH UNI- VERSAL. *Praise:* For increasing fellowship among believers since the formation of the Evangelical Alli- ance, fifty years ago. *Prayer:* That the presence and power of the Holy Ghost may be felt; that the communion of saints may be perfected; that the Word may be preached in its purity.—Acts 1: 5-8; John 17: 20-23; Eph. 4: 16.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8TH. NATIONS AND THEIR RULERS. *Praise:* For increasing recog- nition of the rights of conscience during the past fifty years; for the revival of civic patriotism. *Prayer:* For all in authority, that laws may be wisely enact- ed and faithfully executed; for religious liberty; for peace; for the persecuted; for the abolition of the opium, slave, and strong drink traffic; for all needed reforms—moral, social, industrial, and political.—1. Tim. 2: 1-4; Matt. 5: 10-12; 1. Pet. 2: 13-25; Rev. 11: 15.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9TH. FOREIGN MISSIONS. *Praise:* For missionary progress; for the "Student's Movement" and the increased number of candidates for the work. *Prayer:* For all missionaries in their labors and trials; for missionary societies under their financial burdens; for the opening of new doors as the result of wars in the East; for the sup- pression of the African rum traffic, and for the re- moval of all hindrances; for the conversion of the world.—Isa. 40: 1-5; Psalm 67; Rom. 10: 11-15.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10TH. HOME MISSIONS. *Praise:* For increased appreciation of opportunities and obligations. *Prayer:* For missionaries and other laborers; for missionary socieites; for in- creased offerings; for the heathen at our doors; for depleted rural districts and neglected city popula- tions; for increased Christian comity.—Luke 10: 1, 2: 14: 21-23; Isa. 60: 1-5; Mark 9: 38-40.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11TH. FAMILIES AND SCHOOLS. *Praise:* For the gracious promises to the godly and their children, and for the increasing number of young disciples. *Prayer:* For a deeper sense of the sacredness of the family relation; for parents, children and servants; for increased Christ- ian nurture; for Sunday and day schools; for Chris- tian associations of young people.—Mark 10: 13-22; Matt. 19: 3-9; Deut. 11: 18-21.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12TH. SERMONS. "Let him take hold of my strength, that he may make peace with me."—Isa. 27: 5. "The greatest of these is Charity."—1 Cor. 13: 13.

THEE FIRST AND LAST.

THEE first and last, my God, my King,
The closing year thy praise shall sing:
And while I tune my harp again,
My soul repeats her glad Amen!

I know not what may lie before,
I only see an open door;
I only feel a guiding hand
As duty answers love's command.

What if my vision could command
The prospects of the opening land;
Would then my soul so closely cling
To thee, my Father and my King?

Better my hand be still in thine,
Be lost my will in will divine;
Where can a child so safe abide
As pressing to a Father's side?

Thee first and last, my God, my King,
The opening year thy praise shall sing;
And each succeeding day shall be
A fresh memorial, Lord to thee.

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A Cuban Country Home.*

THE interior was divided into two parts. Several posts had been placed in the ground and lashed to the rafters overhead. Pieces of royal palm bark had been fastened to these poles, and a certain amount of seclusion was possible to the inhabitants. This enclosed portion of the house was used by the women and children as sleeping quarters. The men attached to the encampment slung their hammocks in the open part of the house, which was also used for general purposes during the daytime. In the morning, on rising, the men rolled their hammocks up so that there was plenty of room for lounging purposes.

A short distance from the house was a smaller structure of a similar style of architecture. This was used for cooking purposes. In the centre a small space had been set aside and filled with earth and stones. On top of these stones a fire was made. Other stones furnished resting-places for the iron pots while in use for cooking purposes. A few tin cups and plates were the only articles for table use. Knives and forks were not to be seen. One large spoon was used generally in eating.

The coffee was entirely different from that made in other countries. The green berries were parched in the iron pot. They were then placed in a wooden mortar, where the coffee was pounded into a very fine powder. In cooking the coffee for consumption, a small quantity of this powder was placed in a sack made of coarse cloth. This sack was hung in a rude framework. The boiling water was then poured into the sack, and it dripped through into the cup which was placed beneath. In boiling the water the juice of the sugar cane, or, if obtainable, some raw sugar, is generally added. But a very small quantity of this strong coffee was considered necessary for a single person. In some Cuban country houses, I learned that where any pretension was made to wealth, the housewife had three or four China bowls of coarse manufacture. These were used for coffee drinking, A portion of coffee early in the morning, at about sunrise, is all that the Cuban generally takes until noon, when the breakfast is eaten. The three meals during the day are served successively at twelve, six, and about ten o'clock at night.

The Magician and the Genii.*

THERE was a great magician, who was the ruler of all the Genii in all the world. They were all powerful and rich, and wonderful magicians, but he could make them obey him, and give him what they stored away. And he said: 'I will build a splendid city that all the world shall flock to and wonder at and remember forever. And in it some of all the things in the world shall be seen, so that the people who see it shall learn what the world is like—how huge it is, and what wisdom it has in it, and what wonders! And it will make them know what they are like themselves, because the wonders will be made by hands and feet, and brains just like their own. And so they will understand how strong they are—if they only know it and it will give them courage and fill them with thoughts.'"

She stopped a moment, and Rob pushed her gently with his elbow.

"Go on," he said, "I like it. It sounds quite true. What else?"

"And he called all the Genii and called them by their names. There was one who was the king of all the pictures and statues, and the people who worked at making them. They did not know they had a Genius, but they had, and he put visions into their heads, and made them feel restless until they had worked them out into statues and paintings. And the Great Genius said to them: 'You must build a palace for your people, and make them pour their finest work into it; and all the people who are made to be your workers, whether they know it or not, will look at your palace and see what other ones have done, and wonder if they cannot do it themselves.' And there was a huge Genius who was made of steel, and iron, and gold, and silver, and wheels, and the magician said to him: 'Build a great palace, and make your workers fill it with all the machines and marvels they have made, and all who see will know what wonders can be done, and feel that there is no wonder that isn't done that is too great for human beings to plan.' And there was a Genius of the strange countries, and one who knew all the plants, and flowers, and trees that grew, and one who lived at the bottom of the sea and knew the fishes by name, and strode about among them. And each one was commanded to build a palace or to make his people work, and they grew so interested that, in the end, each one wanted his palace and his people to be the most wonderful of all. And so the city was built, and we are in it, Robin, though you are only twelve years old, and nobody cares about us."

"Yes," said Robin, "and the city is as much ours as if we were the magician himself. Meg, who was the magician? What was he?"

"I don't know," said Meg. "Nobody knows. He is that — that —" She gave a sudden, queer little touch to her forehead and one to her side. "That you know Rob! The thing that thinks—and makes us want to do things and be things. Don't you suppose so, Rob?"

*From *Adventures in Fairy Land*, by E. E. Wood [illegible] Pp. [illegible] price [illegible] published by [illegible] New York, publishers.

*From *Stories of Child Life and Progress*. A Story of Work for Children. By [illegible] Pp. [illegible] price [illegible] published by [illegible] New York, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Great Charter of Christ: Studies in the Sermon on the Mount, by the Rt. Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., D.C.L. Pp. 300; price $1.50; published by Thomas Whittaker, 2 Bible House, New York.

The Story of Princess Alice: An Ideal Woman, by Eliza F. Pollard. Pp. 144 (with illustrations); price 50 cents; published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

Memorable Voyages of Rabel and Victory: an allegory of sin fighting and Bible living, by Rev. A. B. King. Pp. 248; price $1.50; published by James H. Earle, Boston, Mass.

The Prophesying of Women: an Exposition of the Bible doctrine, by Rev. O. F. Wilkin. Pp. 348; price $1.50; published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

Arnold's Practical Sabbath School Commentary on the International Lessons for 1896. Pp. 235; with maps, illustrations and blackboard exercises. Price 50 cents; published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

The Elements of Higher Criticism, by Andrew C Zenos, Professor of Biblical Theology in the McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago. Pp. 268; price $1; published by The Funk & Wagnalls Co., 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

Practical Christian Sociology, a series of Special Lectures before Princeton Theological Seminary, by Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph.D. Pp. 524; price $1.50; published by The Funk & Wagnalls Co., Lafayette Place, New York.

The Temptation of Katharine Gray, by Mary Lowe Dickinson. Pp. 380; Price $1.50; Published by the American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Whispering Leaves of Palestine. A work on the vegetation referred to in the Bible. By Rev. A. W. Lewis, B.A., B.D. Pp. 208; price $1; published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

Women in the Mission Field. Pioneers and Martyrs; by Rev. Augustus B. Buckland, M.A.; pp. 122; price 50 cents; published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

Select Notes. A Commentary on the International Sunday School Lessons for 1896. By F. N. and M. A. Peloubet. (Illustrated.) By far the best aid to the Sunday School teacher published in book form; pp. 333; Price $1.75; published by W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.

The Unity of the Book of Genesis, by Prof. William Henry Green, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Oriental and Old Testament Literature in Princeton Theological Seminary. pp. [illegible] price $1.25; published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Ave, New York.

The Spiritual Life. Bible Lectures by Rev. Geo. C. Needham. pp. [illegible] price $1.25. Published by The American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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OUR HELPER.

Psalm 28:—5:7.

LIGHT from the throne of the Highest proceeding
Falls on our vision, though feeble and dim:
And the great Father in mercy is pleading,
Bidding his children draw nigh unto him.

Shall we, then, think of our toils and privations?
Shall we remember brief seasons of pain?
Shall we remember our selfish vexations?
And in his presence be sad and complain?

Nay rather, on wings of grateful thanksgiving,
Up to the regions of light we will soar:
While we are kept in the land of the living,
We our preserver will gladly adore.

May he direct us in paths of devotion;
May he preserve us from sin and from strife:
And may his love like an infinite ocean
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THE CHRISTIAN CITIZEN'S DUTY.

Sermon by Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D. D., Atlanta, Ga. Text: I. Peter 2: 13: "*Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake.*"

TO that native love of freedom which is universal among men, no word is more offensive than slave. With that word is associated all that is most revolting in tyranny and cruel torture. But notwithstanding this fact, the apostles gloried in the use of it when they described their relationship to God and Christ. In King James' version of the New Testament, the Greek word for slave is translated "servant," but all the great scholars of our day contend that servant does not express the full force of the original word. In the beginning of his second epistle, Peter proclaims to the world that he is the slave of Jesus Christ. Paul does the same thing again and again, and every time in the spirit of exultation.

In using this most hateful of words to express their relation to the Sovereign of the universe, these apostles of our Christ did not mean to endorse the institution of slavery as it then existed among the nations of the earth. While they recognized the existence of slavery as a civil institution, and encouraged obedience to the civil laws which protected and regulated it, they knew they were teaching religious doctrines which were destined to exterminate it from the face of the globe.

Why then did they rejoice in calling themselves "Slaves of God?" They did it for the very obvious reason that no other word in the Greek language would so well serve their purpose in emphasizing the absoluteness of Christ's authority over his people. When these inspired men call Christians "slaves," they mean to say that the rule of Christ is nothing less than a divine despotism.

Such language startles the generality of men. It is for this reason that we use it. It is for this reason that the spirit of God inspired these apostles to use it. The most of men need to be startled before they will thoughtfully and seriously consider who Christ is, what he offers to do for men, and what he demands that they shall do for him. Christ and his apostles were reformers, and all great and successful reformers are given to intensity of speech. It indicates clearness of conception, depth of conviction, and honesty, and singleness of purpose. The soft speech and mild manners of the average preacher of this time-serving generation are incompatible with the spirit and purposes of the Gospel. "These are they who turn the world upside-down," will always be true of that class of preachers who take Christ and his apostles for their models. It is not expected that one of our latter-day ecclesiastical dudes, who is hired to prophesy smooth things, to a congregation of wine-bibbers, round-dancers, and club-house sensualists, will ever startle his flock by a manly proclamation and endorsement of the doctrine, that all true Christians are the slaves of Jesus Christ. Such fidelity is expected only of the unpurchased and unpurchasable element of the Christian ministry.

You call Christ Lord and Master, but do you realize the full significance of these words? To call him Master is to confess that he owns you, and that it is his right to rule you in all things. Is your submission a reality of your daily life, or a mere empty expression of your lips? Do you report to him every morning for orders, saying, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and when night comes, and you fold your arms for sleep, do you look up into his face and say, "My Master, I have tried to do thy will?"

The most of men would accept Christ as a Saviour if they could do it without submitting to him as a Master. But this is an impossibility. Submission must precede salvation. Paul's sins were not washed away until he has fallen before the risen and exalted Christ and cried, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The Incarnate Son of God was named Jesus because he should save his people from their sins. You may be very willing to be saved in your sins, but very unwilling to be saved from your sins. You will accept salvation if it can be done without forsaking a life of sinful indulgence. You will take Christ as a Redeemer—a refuge from the coming wrath of God—but not as a King.

Wanted—a church in which a man can be recognized as a Christian, and be ready for heaven when he dies, without absolute submission to Jesus Christ. This is the unadvertised desire of the majority of men and women in this country. We need not to be told that such people can very readily find churches which profess to be able to accommodate their wishes. The worst old beer-bloated and vice-eaten lepers in this country are holding membership in some church, under the satanic delusion that the Divine Master, whom they have refused to serve, will open to them the gates of glory when they die. The minister who can stand and witness these disgraceful travesties upon Christian living, and utter no word of reprobation or warning, is as unworthy of the pulpit as he is unfit for the heaven of Christian heroes and martyrs.

One of the most offensive features of Christ's government to the unspiritual mind, is the law which requires us to submit to every ordinance of man. In this commandment God seems to identify himself with all human government, even to the extent of supporting what is wrong and despotic. "Submit yourself to every ordinance of man." If the State of Georgia should require me to paint my house red, or to wear a certain kind of hat, or to eat nothing but corn-bread and bacon, would the Word of God require me to submit to such a law? Yes. If the State of Georgia should require me to keep on my premises a certain number of cats and dogs of the most degenerate breed, would the Word of God require me to submit to such legislation? Verily, it would. "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man."

But in requiring us to submit to all civil legislation, God does not mean that all such legislation is wise and just. Nor does he mean to forbid us to make every reasonable endeavor to abolish it. Christianity recognizes the fallibility of human government. Its Divine author knew that they would always be more or less corrupt.

There are about nine hundred bar-rooms in Georgia. They have a legal right to exist, and Christianity binds me to respect that right. To intimidate the keeper of one of these dens, by threatening violence to his person, or injury to his property, would be not only unpatriotic, but un-Christian. But while the Christian religion requires me to submit even to the most unrighteous civil enactment, it does not forbid me to condemn it. It does not forbid me to generate a sentiment in favor of its repeal. It makes it my solemn duty to do this. Not to do it would be insubordination to Christ. By all that the incarnate Son of God taught in person and through men whom he commissioned and inspired to reveal his will; by the sinless life he lived; by the nameless agony he endured; by every drop of blood he shed for my salvation and the redemption of my fellowmen; and by every vow of fealty to a cause to which I have professed to consecrate my life, I am bound to identify myself with the virtuous and patriotic citizenship of Georgia which is calling upon our State legislature to exterminate the bar-room curse.

The organic civil law of our commonwealth guarantees to every person charged with the commission of crime, the right of trial by jury. To deprive any man of that right is not only disloyalty to the State, but a crime against God. Where there is a civil government there can be no justification of mob-violence in any form; and the man who will not support the State in suppressing and punishing white-cappers and lynchers, is wilfully disobedient to the divine command which requires him to submit to every ordinance of man.

While we are inviting the world to come hither and see the progress we have made along material lines, we ought to be maturing some plan by which we may educate our people away from the disgraceful habit of hanging men in defiance of civil authority.

More lynchings take place in Georgia in one year than occur in Germany in forty years. I know that the crimes which pro-

(*Continued on next page.*)

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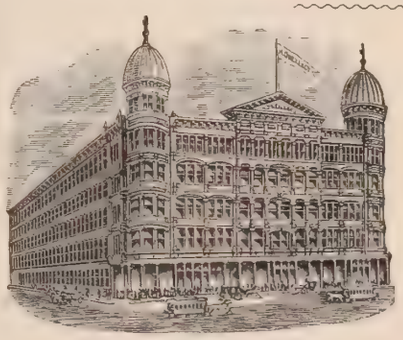

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The Christian Citizen's Duty

Concluded from previous page.

voke our people to these unlawful executions are exceptionally black and revolting. I know that courts move slowly, and that justice is too long delayed. But these facts are no warrants for a reign of mobocracy, even for a single day or a single hour.

"Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, whether it be to the king as supreme, or unto governors as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well. For so is the will of God." It is not difficult to understand these words. Uphold the government to which you look for the protection of your own life and property. Do not yourselves undertake the punishment of evil-doers, but leave that to those who have that authority of law.

There are more murders in Fulton county in one year, than occur among the same number of people in England in five years. The explanation of this is that, in England if a man is insulted or wronged in person or property, he appeals to the courts and they punish the offender, while here, if a man is only insulted, he jerks a pistol from his hip-pocket and punishes the offender by shooting the life out of him. Such conduct is unreasonable, unpatriotic, unmanly, barbarous and inhuman. The frequency of it in this country shows that in the most essential element of civilization we are a hundred years behind some other countries.

Great efforts are being made to encourage emigration in this direction. We are advertising on a prodigious scale the advantages of our climate and soil, and the vastness of our undeveloped mineral wealth. But if our newspapers, pulpits, and lyceums, would combine to support our government in an effort to abolish "the pistol in the hip-pocket," they would accomplish more in bringing desirable emigrants to our section than is done by all the agencies which are scattering information concerning our climate, soil and minerals. The shortest method of removing this fearful disgrace, which is keeping back the material development we so much covet, is to confess the whole truth about it, and then say to our civil authorities, "You shall have our united and unflinching support in the passage and enforcement of such laws as are needed to abolish this curse."

From the beginning of his ministry the fealty of Jesus to the civil government was discredited. Enemies of his religion were zealous in trying to make it appear that he was unfriendly to Cæsar; but when they put to him the question, "Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar?" he replied, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

A distinguished writer says, "It was a favorite charge against the early Christians that they were plotting the overthrow of the Empire, and the dethronement of Cæsar in favor of 'one Jesus.' Their private meetings were supposed to be convened for unlawful political purposes. It was therefore necessary that men's minds should be disabused of the impression that any violence subversive of existing society was contemplated." This will account for the many passages in the writings of the apostles urging Christians to respect and obey the powers that be. So consistent was the conduct of the members of the early Churches in this respect, that Pliny admitted in his letter to the Emperor Trajan, that he found no cause of blame in them except "a perverse and extravagant superstition."

"Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man." Of course there are limits to the application of these words. God does not mean that we must submit to any violation of the rights of conscience. The apostles, who were the first to advocate obedience to existing authority, were also the first to exclaim, when that authority invaded the realm of conscience, "We must obey God rather than men." Jesus Christ had commissioned these men to preach his Gospel. Their consciences required them to obey that commission, and they did obey it in defiance of mobs, courts, governors, kings, and emperors.

In concluding this discussion, I would impress upon your minds the sacred and lofty motive set before us in the text: "For the Lord's sake." "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake."

What is it that a true man will not do and suffer for the sake of his friends? See Pythias mounting the scaffold and rejoicing in the privilege of dying as a substitute for his friend Damon.

What obligation too great for the patriarch to lay upon his country's altar? See Marcus Curtius mount his war horse, and with the hope of closing the chasm in the Roman forum, ride headlong into the yawning abyss.

If for the sake of friends, or country, or mother, we would struggle, sacrifice and suffer, what should be our feeling when we hear the voice of him in whom we live, move and have our being, and through whom we have redemption from sin and death and hell, saying, "Do this for my sake!"

Brother, go in imagination and sit with your loving Lord at that last supper, and look into that sweet, sad face, and hear his words of counsel and benediction; follow him to the garden where he will grapple with that mysterious vision, and sweat as it were great drops of blood; go back with him into the city, and see him condemned, crowned with mock royalty, buffetted and spit upon; pursue him to the place of execution; sit down before his cross and see him die, the just for the unjust; then let your thoughts dwell upon him as the risen and exalted Prince and Saviour, giving us repentance and remission of sins, and preparing for us an eternal heritage of beauty and bliss, and I know that you will be constrained to throw yourself at his feet and say:

My gracious Lord, I own thy right,
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight,
To hear thy dictates and obey.

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DYSPEPSIA! NEW CURE!

A new and positive cure has been discovered in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. So great is the faith of the proprietors that it will cure any form of Dyspepsia or indigestion, that they will send a **free trial package** to any sufferer. Full sized package sold by all druggists at 50 cts. Address,
F. A. STUART CO., Marshall, Mich.

Artistic Effects

in watches for shoulder or belt wear.

Charming Shadings in enamel for evening gowns—

light blue, pink, white or crimson. . . . .

POPULAR PRICES.
Our unquestioned guarantee with every watch.

The Waterbury Watch Co
WATERBURY, CONN.

Send for our Catalogue No. 115

Cudahy's Rex Brand Extract of Beef
is now put up in
CAPSULES
as well as Jars and Bottles.

The demand by cooks for flavor for soups, by the sick for strengthening bouillon, by camper and traveler for convenient and quickly prepared nourishment, explains why

CUDAHY'S REX BRAND
is sold in 25,000 stores.

An interesting illustrated booklet and sample box of Capsules mailed for four cents.
The Cudahy Pharmaceutical Co.
South Omaha, Neb.

NEW MAMMOTH
Poultry Guide for 1896 Fine book ever published, contains nearly pages, all printed in colors, plans for b poultry houses, sure remedies and recip for all diseases, and how to make poult and gardening pay. Sent post paid for 1. John Bauscher, Jr., box 68 Freeport, I

BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE
The Family Wash Blue. ALWAYS RELIABL
For Sale by Grocers.
D. S. WILTBERGER, 233 N. 2d St., Phila. I

Are You Open to Conviction?

Our advertisements have proved convincing to thousands upon thousands of fair-minded men and women, representing every walk of life—clergymen, lawyers, doctors, teachers and business men have been open to conviction, and *now* endorse BOOTH'S **Hyomei,** the Australian "dry-air" treatment of

Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Etc.

HON. F. H. WILSON,
Member of Congress from Brooklyn, says:
Temple Court, New York City,
November 26, 1894

My Dear Mr. Wyckoff: On your suggestion, I procured from your friend, Mr. Booth, one of his pocket inhalers. It has worked like a charm. The bronchitis has entirely disappeared, and, thanks to you, is the first thing I have found in ten years that has given permanent relief. There is certainly a great field here for a remedy having such merit. Cordially yours,
F. H. WILSON.

[The above is to the late W. O. Wyckoff, Esq., President Remington Typewriter Co., from Hon. Francis H. Wilson, Member of Congress.]

DR. S. H. MORRIS,
Buffalo, N. Y., September 5th, 1894.

Dear Sir: In thirty years' experience in the practice of medicine I have never given my name in support of a proprietary remedy, for I never saw one that performed all, and more than was claimed for it, until I met with *Hyomei*, which I indorse with all my heart professional ethics to the contrary notwithstanding. I believe it a duty I owe to humanity. Since testing *Hyomei* in Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, Hay Fever, and last, but far from being least, Galloping Consumption in an advanced stage, which by use of *Hyomei*, with no other medicine, in four weeks was transformed into an assured recovery, I believe in it for itself, for what it has done.
S. H. MORRIS, M.D.,
159 Franklin Street.

REV. PETER STRYKER, D.D.,
Pastor 34th Street Reformed Church, writes:
326 West 33rd St., New York, Sept. 4, 1895.

MR. R. T. BOOTH:

Dear Sir: After using *Hyomei* for some two months, and observing its effects upon many others, I wish to give my testimony as to its merits. I have seen it used in cases of Asthma, Catarrh, and Bronchial affection, with wonderful relief, when other remedies had failed. In each case it gives promise of a speedy and permanent cure. Personally, I may add, it has been of great service to me in giving clearness and elasticity to my voice in speaking and singing.
Yours cordially,
REV. PETER STRYKER, D.D.

Are you afflicted and *still* skeptical? Send me your name and address, and my pamphlet, giving similar letters by the score, shall prove that **Hyomei** does heal and cure. Are you afflicted, but believe that **Hyomei** will help you? Don't delay—write to-day for

Booth's Pocket Inhaler Outfit, by mail, $1.00.

consisting of pocket inhaler (made of decolorized hard rubber, beautifully polished), a bottle of **Hyomei**, a dropper, and full direction for using.

Hyomei [illegible] a purely vegetable antiseptic, and destroys the germs and microbes which cause [illegible] of the respiratory organs.

The air, thoroughly charged with **Hyomei**, is inhaled through the Pocket-Inhaler at the mouth, and, after permeating the minutest air-cells, is slowly exhaled through the nose. It is aromatic, delightful to inhale, inexpensive, and gives immediate relief. It stops all spasmodic coughing instantly, clears the voice, expands the lungs, and increases the breathing capacity. Consultation and trial treatment free at my office.

R. T. BOOTH, 18 East 26th St., New York.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of **Walter Baker & Co.** (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

"SWEET HOME" SOAP.

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR CHOICE

A "Chautauqua" Desk

OR A "CHAUTAUQUA" ROCKER AND RECLINING CHAIR

WITH A COMBINATION BOX FOR $10.00.

The Combination Box at retail would cost,	$10.00
Either Premium Ditto,	$10.00
Total,	$20.00

YOU GET BOTH FOR $10.00

WE WILL SEND BOX AND EITHER PREMIUM ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL; IF SATISFACTORY, YOU CAN REMIT $10.00 IF NOT, HOLD GOODS SUBJECT TO OUR ORDER.

THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

Our offer fully explained in The Christian Herald, Nov. 27th.

NOTE.—The [illegible] of the Larkin Soap Manufacturing Co., although unusually generous, is genuine. From personal knowledge of the Company and experience with their goods and premiums we know that they are all that is claimed for them, and can heartily recommend them.—*The Editor.*

To Wear, or Not to Wear Bloomers?

That's the question—whether 'tis better to don the new-styled garb or suffer the annoyance of greasy skirts—Ah, there's the rub—and yet it requires but little rubbing to clean the skirts with

COCO
TRADE MARK.

The *perfect* soap for washing white goods or any goods of dainty color and texture. Try it. 5c. per piece at the grocer's. Made only by

The N. K. Fairbank Company,
Chicago, New York, St. Louis.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

{Spring No. 2.}

Nature's Great Remedy in Uric-Acid Diathesis. The Only Known Solvent of Stone in the Bladder—Its Value in Gout.

Case of Gov. THOMAS M. HOLT, of North Carolina.

Stated by Dr. E. C. LAIRD, Haw River, N. C.

Gov. Thomas M. Holt, of North Carolina, a patient with strongly marked **Uric-Acid Diathesis,** suffered frequent attacks of **Nephritic Colic,** and at the same time a severe **Gouty** affection. Except as to the usual treatment for the relief of present paroxysms, I put **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** **Spring No. 2,** him exclusively upon which has been attended with happy and remarkable effect, both as to the **Calculus** and **Gouty** affection. Under its action he has at various times discharged large quantities of **Calculi** and **Sand.** The deposition of fine sand not infrequently exceeded a teaspoonful. Under microscopic examination it was evident that the Calculi were originally parts of larger formations which had been disintegrated by the action of the Water.

What Governor Holt Himself says:

"I do not at all doubt that **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** which I my life was preserved by must regard as one of the most wonderful **Waters of the World.**"

This Water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles $5.00 f. o. b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent **free** to any address.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

DAINTY AND CAPTIVATING

Christmas Gift

GENUINE BARGAIN ONLY 99c FORMERLY SOLD FOR $3

Description of Souvenir Spoons.

They are standard after-dinner coffee size, heavily coin silver plated, with gold colored bowls each spoon has a different World's Fair building exquisitely engraved in the bowl and the handle are flower shaped showing a raised head of Columbia. Column with the dates 1492-1893 and the words "World's Fair Chicago." It is packed in an elegant plush lined case. The entire set is sent prepaid for 99 cents, and if not as represented your money will be refunded.

We want you to have a set. Everyone who has these for a gift them are delighted. Hundreds will be sold before Christmas. We have ordered [illegible] to handle and we believe we have [illegible] Souvenir Spoons. We print below a few letters we have received from those who have purchased them. You will be deeply interested in their remarks. If this we will send you and whether you care to [illegible] or not you will be glad you bought them. This is the kind of letters we receive daily.

Detroit, Mich., September 3d, 1895.

Leonard Mfg. Co.—Please forward me four sets of World's Fair Souvenir spoons. Enclosed find Chicago draft for the amount. I have many orders and wish to deliver as soon as possible. Miss A. A. Gamble, 491 N. Church Street.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 14, 1895.

To the Leonard Mfg. Co., Dear Sirs:—I send an order like the enclosed for the set of spoons I got for a wedding present to a grand daughter and they were the most pleasing of all her silverware which was abundant as a souvenir of the Fair. Miss Sydney Allen, Howard University.

La Porte, Ind., Sept. 14, 95.

Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago. Gentlemen:—Enclosed find check for $23.76 for thirty-six sets of Souvenir Spoons. Very truly yours, E. S. Lathrop, Pastor M. E. Church.

I received the spoons in good condition and did them all I could desire. Enclosed find Money order for $5 94 for six more sets, with which you will also send the spoons as premium. Respectfully yours,

Miss L. C. Sanders, 201 Pierce Street, Sioux City, Iowa.

Send 99 cents by Postoffice or Express Money Order. Individual checks and C. O. D. orders not accepted. We refer to First National Bank of Chicago or any Express or Mercantile Company, and any leading Religious Paper in the Country. Be sure to order at once as this is a Christmas Offer.

LEONARD MANUFACTURING CO., 152-153 MICHIGAN AVENUE, L.F. CHICAGO. ILLS.

CHILDS SET [illegible] plate this gs but a real, serviceable Knife, Fork and Spoon in a pretty [illegible] box. Beautifully engraved and heavy silver plated Just the thing for the little folks. Special Christmas price 50 cents prepaid. Usual price is $1.50. Money refunded if not as represented. Address as above.

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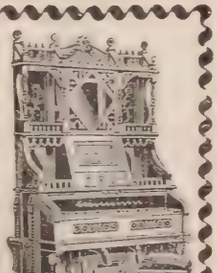
FREE

Now is the time to buy a PIANO or ORGAN from [illegible]

TERMS [illegible]

REFERENCE Bank references [illegible] application; the [illegible] any responsible [illegible] ments in their homes. A book of testimonials [illegible] every catalogue. Agents [illegible] ment we will sell the first Piano in a place for only $159. The first Organ only $25, Stool, Book, &c., FREE.

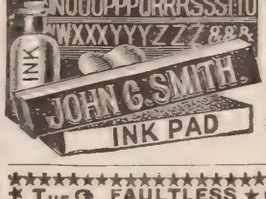
If you want to buy for cash, or if you want to buy for instalments, BUT DON'T BUY UNTIL YOU Write Us.



BEETHOVEN PIANO & ORGAN CO., P. O. Box 741, WASHINGTON, N. J.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by my INVISIBLE Tubular Cushions. Have helped more to hear than any thing else. All devices combined. Whispers HEARD. Help ears as glasses do eyes. **F. Hiscox, 853** B'dway, N. Y. Book of proofs FREE.

NERVE LIVER TABLETS & Treatise FREE Brain, and **Nerve Exhaustion,** with **NERVE,** the [illegible] month's trial, 6 months 10 cents. Address **NERVE,** Box 762, New York City.



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For printing cards, marking linen, books, etc. Contains everything shown in cut. Type, Tweezers, Holder Indelible Ink, Ink Pad, etc. Thoroughly practical for business or household use and a most instructive amusement. Sent with catalogue illustrating over 100 Tricks and Novelties, for 10c. in stamps to pay postage and packing on outfit and catalogue. Same outfit with figures 15c. Large outfit for printing two lines 25c.

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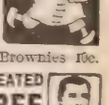

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G. A. R. series Rubber Stamps, 12 characters. Makes all kinds of Battles, Encampments and other military pictures, 25c postpaid. Address

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Dep't No. 61 65 Cortlandt St., New York.

THE FAULTLESS ★ QUAKER DISH WASHER

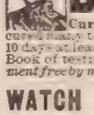
Will make your wife smile. your daughters rejoice. your home happy & bright. You don't have to wait. It washes, rinses, dries and polishes dishes at once. No chipping or breaking, no scalding hands, you don't touch them—so simple a child can use it, lasts a lifetime. Honest agents, women or men wanted to introduce this humane device. A good paying business offered if you write at once.

The Quaker Novelty Co. Salem, O.

SAVE TWO PROFITS.

Oil Heaters direct from Maker to User. Special Christmas Offer. This No. 14 [illegible] only $4.98. Shipped [illegible] pounds. It is 42 inches high, with brass [illegible] perfection. Former price $6.00, now $4.98. Money refunded if not satisfactory. **Just the thing for a Christmas Present.** Agents wanted for our Diamond Kerosene and Gasoline Stoves. Catalogue free. Diamond Mfg. Co., Wayne, N.Y.

PATENTS FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington, D.C. No attorney's fee until patent is obtained. Write for *Inventor's Guide.*



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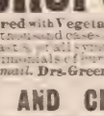

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WATCH AND CLOCK REPAIRING

Taught Free, in our manual on watch repairing, which is combined with our illustrated trade [illegible] showing the most necessary tools and telling [illegible] to use them; mailed free if you care to know the secrets of the business. Address

The Hofman Supply Co., 281 Ray St., Columbus, O.

$3 A DAY SURE. Send us your address [illegible] we will [illegible] ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., BOX 2 5, DETROIT, MICH.

FREE TO BALD HEADS.

We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address

Altenheim Medical Dispensary,
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CANCER and Tumors scientifically treated and cured. No knife. Book free. 25 years experience. Dr. L. H. Gratigny, 118 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Pears'

A lazy boy gets up in the morning just for the fun of a scrub with it.

A Standing Offer.

Made for the purpose of acquainting you with the merits of the **Harris Wire Buckle Suspenders** and other—

Harris Patent

We will send to any one, on receipt of ten cents, a fine, heavy Silk Watch Fob with guaranteed **Gold-Plated Buckle,** together with a handsome book that will interest every man who cares to be well and comfortably dressed.

WIRE BUCKLE SUSPENDER CO.,
Williamsport, Pa.

Climax Oil Heater

Four 4-in. burners; one or more can be used, according to heat required; cooking holes on top; castings all nickeled; large radiating surface; great heating capacity; height, 26 inches.

[illegible] by freight prepaid, and the money [illegible] we claim for it. Our catalogue of all sizes of heaters is free.

CLIMAX MANUFACTURING CO.,
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MONUMENTS.

DON'T buy Marble or Granite until you investigate

WHITE BRONZE.

It is much more artistic and enduring, and much less expensive.

NO Moss-Growing. Cleaning. **NO** Cracking. Crumbling.

Prices to suit all. Work delivered everywhere. Write for designs and information. Costs nothing to investigate.

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Stamped Steel Ceilings

Decorative, Durable and Best

For Church Ceilings of any shape, old or new. Send for Catalogue B.

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BEFORE BUYING A NEW HARNESS

[illegible] Leather Harness [illegible] at wholesale prices. Why not buy from first hands and save the middleman's profits? You can buy by mail as safely as if here in person. Making to order a specialty.

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All sizes. Fit any axle. Easy to take off and to put on. Send for circular.

Empire Mfg. Co., Quincy, Ill.

Ideal Spring Beds

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TRANSPARENT KNIFE.

Name, address, pictures under handle. Agts. w'td. New Cut. Co. Canton, O.

WIFE Can Not See How You Do It For the Money.
$9.00

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THERE'S MONEY IN EGGS

and poultry. There are few more lucrative occupations than poultry raising—if rightly managed. The demand for choice poultry and fresh eggs constantly exceeds the supply. They are the steady source of pin-money to the women folks of many a family. Poultry raising is peculiarly a woman's work. Many of the best egg raisers in the world are women. **Farm-Poultry** teaches all women how to make money with a few hens. The men also, who are posted on the right management and care of poultry and its preparation for market; who know the secret of making hens lay early and of getting the greatest yield of eggs when prices rule highest, are making good profits. Such are the men and women who edit **Farm-Poultry.** They are actively engaged in raising poultry upon farms and in suburban towns. They have positive knowledge of the most profitable methods of feeding and caring for all kinds of fowls under all conditions. This knowledge, the result of their practical experience, as well as the newest ideas of the brightest men and women everywhere in the poultry business, *you* can get by reading

Farm=Poultry

Semi-Monthly.

The best poultry paper in the world. **$1.00** a year; **50c.** for six months.

A year's subscription to Farm-Poultry makes a very desirable Christmas gift. Send 2c. for sample copy.

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Waverley BICYCLES.

Are made in the largest and best equipped bicycle factory in the world.

It requires a corps of scientific men to construct a bicycle that will meet the demands of the modern rider. We have the best men in the world in each department—steel experts, mechanical experts, superintendent, master mechanic, etc.—the largest and most thoroughly modern bicycle plant in the world—buy the best of high-grade material, regardless of cost, and make every part under our own roof—hence we know we are right in warranting the Waverley to be the best bicycle built in the world, regardless of price. Do you want the best? Our catalogue is free by mail.

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Main Building Absolutely Fire-proof.

At DANSVILLE, NEW YORK.

For thirty-seven years the leading Health Institution in America, is under the personal care of regularly educated and experienced physicans, and is distinctive in its methods and character.

A delightful home for health and rest seekers in which every provision is made for recreation, comfort, and good cheer, as well as for skilled medical care and treatment.

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P. O. Box 1865.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

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BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

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Test trial for 30 days in your own home. **NO MONEY REQUIRED.**

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Women and Women only

Are most competent to fully appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of CUTICURA SOAP, and to discover new uses for it daily

In the form of washes, solutions, etc., for distressing inflammations, irritations, and weaknesses of the mucous membrane, it has proved most grateful.

CUTICURA SOAP appeals to the refined and cultivated everywhere, as the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet and bath.

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CUTS MORE than any machine on earth. We make and sell 33 kinds of Saw Machines and Saws. Have had 12 years experience in this line. Buy where you can get a variety to select from. We sell everything in the saw line and all kinds of powers to run farm machinery. 5 sizes tread powers, sweep powers 1 to 10 horse, oil wood and coal engines, at prices less than ever offered before.

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BONE and GRAIN MILLS.

A complete line of poultry supplies at *lowest prices.* Green cut bone will **MAKE HENS LAY** in Winter and produce fertile eggs for hatching. Send 4c. for catalog and valuable information on poultry raising.

PEERLESS INCUBATOR & BROODER CO., 513 Y Ohio St., QUINCY, ILL. Absolutely Self-Regulating.

"Eli" Baling Presses

38 Styles & Sizes for Horse and Steam Power

Power Leverage 64 to 1 **STEEL**

Send for 64 page illustrated catalogue.

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PERFECTION CAKE TINS.

Delicate Cake easily removed without breaking. Require no greasing. All styles — round, square and oblong. 2 round layer tins by mail 35 cts. Write for prices. CAUTION.—Our Trade Mark, "Perfection" on all Improved Tins. Can't leak batter. Made with a groove. Look for it.

Agents Wanted. RICHARDSON MFG. CO., 6 St. Bath, N.Y.

MY HUSBAND Can teach how you do it.

$60 Kenwood Machine for - $23.00
$50 Arlington Machine for - $19.50
Standard Singers - $8.00, $11.00
$15.00, and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight ship anywhere on 20 days free trial, in any home without asking one cent in advance. Buy from factory. Save agents large profits. Over 100,000 in use. Catalogue and testimonials Free. Write at once. Address (in full), **CASH BUYERS' UNION,**

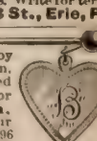
158-164 West Van Buren St., B 18 Chicago, Ill.

NO DIRT LEFT

in clothes washed with the "BUSY BEE WASHER." 100 pieces in one hour and no hard work done. That's the record. **AGENTS WANTED.** Exclusive sale. Write for terms.

Lake Erie Mfg. Co., 119 E. 13 St., Erie, Pa.

FREE TO ALL Our New Trilby Heart Initial Pin, Fine Gold Front, Hand Engraved with any Initial, for either Ladies' or Gentlemen's wear, for **10c. each, $1 per doz.** Agents wanted. Our New Illustrated Catalogue for 1896 free to any address. **CURTIN JEWELRY CO.,** MANF'RS, Attleboro, Mass.



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Young or old have fun and make money printing for others. Type-setting easy by full printed instructions.

WE TAN

Cattle hides and all sorts of skins whole for **ROBES** and **RUGS.** Soft, light, **moth-proof.** Get our tan circular. We make [illegible] coon and galloway **fur coats and robes.** If your dealer don't keep them get catalogue from us

The CROSBY FRISIAN FUR CO., Box 56 Rochester, N.Y.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 18. COPYRIGHT 1895, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH. NUMBER 52.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 25, 1895. Price Five Cents.

THE STAR THAT LED TO BETHLEHEM. (See Page 870.)

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the

Text: "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem" Matt. 2: 1.

AT midnight from one of the galleries of the sky a chant broke. To an ordinary observer there was no reason for such a celestial demonstration. A poor man and wife — travelers, Joseph and Mary by name—had lodged in an outhouse of an unimportant village. The supreme hour of solemnity had passed, and upon the pallid forehead and cheek of Mary, God had set the dignity, the grandeur, the tenderness, the everlasting and divine significance of motherhood.

But such scenes had often occurred in Bethlehem, yet never before had a star been unfixed, or had a baton of light marshalled over the hills winged orchestra. If there had been such brilliant and mighty recognition at an advent in the House of Pharaoh, or at an advent in the House of Cæsar, or the House of Hapsburg, or the House of Stuart, we would not so much have wondered; but a barn seems too poor a centre for such delicate and archangelic circumference. The stage seems too small for so great an act, the music too grand for such unappreciative auditors, the window of the stable too rude to be serenaded by other worlds.

It is my joy to tell you what was born that night in the village barn; and as I want to make my discourse accumulative and climacteric, I begin, in the first place, by telling you that that night in the Bethlehem manger was born encouragement for all the poorly started. He had only two friends—they his parents. No satin-lined cradle, no delicate attentions, but straw, and the cattle, and the coarse joke and banter of the camel drivers. No wonder the mediæval painters represent the oxen as kneeling before the infant Jesus, for there were no men there at that time to worship. From the depths of that poverty he rose until to-day he is honored in all Christendom.

What name is mightiest to-day in Christendom? Jesus. Who has more friends on earth than any other being? Jesus. Before whom do the most thousands kneel in chapel and church and cathedral this hour? Jesus. From what depths of poverty to what height of renown! And so let all those who are poorly started remember that they cannot be more poorly born, or more disadvantageously, than this Christ. Let them look up to his example while they have time and eternity to imitate it.

Do you know that the vast majority of the world's deliverers had barnlike birthplaces? Luther, the emancipator of religion, born among the mines. Shakespeare, the [illegible] of literature, born in an [illegible] house at Stratford-on-Avon. Columbus, the discoverer of a world, born in poverty at Genoa. Hogarth, the discoverer of how to make art accumulative and administrative of virtue, born in an humble home in Westmoreland. Kitto and Prideaux, whose [illegible] ments in the Holy Scriptures which had never been entered, born in want. Yes, I have to tell you that nine out of ten of the world's deliverers were born in want.

I stir your holy ambitions to-day, and I want to tell you, although the whole world may be opposed to you, and inside and outside of your occupations or professions there may be those who would hinder your ascent, on your side and enlisted in your behalf are the sympathetic heart and the almighty arm of One who one Christmas night about eighteen hundred and ninety-five years ago was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Oh, what magnificent encouragement for the poorly started!

Again, I have to tell you that in that village barn that night was born good will to men, whether you call it kindness, or forbearance or forgiveness, or geniality, or affection, or love. It was no sport of high heaven to send its favorite to that humiliation. It was sacrifice for a rebellious world. After the calamity in Paradise, not only did the ox begin to gore, and the adder to sting, and the elephant to smite with his tusk, and the lion to put to bad use tooth and paw, but under the very tree from which the forbidden fruit was plucked were hatched out war and revenge and malice and envy and jealousy and the whole brood of cockatrices.

But against that scene I set the Bethlehem manger, which says, "Bless rather than curse, endure rather than assault," and that Christmas night puts out vindictiveness. It says, "Sheathe your sword, dismount your guns, dismantle your batteries, turn the warship Constellation, that carries shot and shell into a grain ship to take food to famishing Ireland, hook your cavalry horses to the plow, use your deadly gunpower in blasting rocks and in patriotic celebration, stop your lawsuits, quit writing anonymous letters, extract the sting from your sarcasm, let your wit coruscate but never burn, drop all the harsh words out of your vocabulary — 'Good will to men.'"

"Oh," you say, "I can't exercise it; I won't exercise it until they apologize; I won't forgive them until they ask me to forgive them." You are no Christian then—I say you are no Christian, or you are a very inconsistent Christian. If you forgive not men their trespasses, how can you expect your Heavenly Father to forgive you? Forgive them if they ask your forgiveness, and forgive them anyhow. Shake hands all around. "Good-will to men."

Oh, my Lord Jesus, drop that spirit into all our hearts this Christmas time. I tell you what the world wants more than anything else—more helping hands, more sympathetic hearts, more kind words that never die, more disposition to give other people a ride, and to carry the heavy end of the load and give other people the light end, and to ascribe good motives instead of bad, and to find our happiness in making others happy.

Out of that Bethlehem crib let the bear and the lion eat straw like an ox. "Good-will to men." That principle will yet settle all controversies, and under it the world will keep on improving until there will be only two antagonists in all the earth, and they will side by side take the jubilant sleigh-ride intimated by the prophet when he said, "Holiness shall be on the bells of the horses."

Again, I remark that born that Christmas night in the village barn was sympathetic union with other worlds. From that supernatural grouping of the cloud banks over Bethlehem, and from the especial trains that ran down to the scene I find that our world is beautifully and gloriously and magnificently surrounded. The meteors are with us, for one of them ran to point down to the birth-place. The heavens are with us, because at the thought of our redemption they roll hosannas out of the midnight sky.

Oh, yes, I do not know but our world may be better surrounded than we have sometimes imagined; and when a child is born angels bring it, and when it dies angels take it, and when an old man bends under the weight of years angels uphold him, and when a heart breaks angels soothe it. Angels in the hospital to take care of the sick. Angels in the cemetery to watch our dead. Angels in the church ready to fly heavenward with the news of repentant souls. Angels above the world. Angels under the world. Angels all around the world.

Rub the dust of human imperfection out of your eyes, and look into the heavens and see angels of pity, angels of mercy, angels of pardon, angels of help, angels crowned, angels charioted. The world defended by angels, girdled by angels, cohorted by angels—clouds of angels. Hear David cry out, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand. Even thousands of angels." But the mightiest angel stood not that night in the clouds over Bethlehem; the mightiest angel that night lay among the cattle—the Angel of the new covenant.

As the clean white linen was being wrapped around the little form of that Child Emperor, not a cherub, not a seraph, not an angel, not a world but wept and thrilled and shouted. Oh, yes, our world has plenty of sympathizers! Our world is only a silver rung of a great ladder at the top of which is our Father's house. No more stellar solitariness for our world, no other friendless planets spun out into space to freeze, but a world in the bosom of divine maternity. A star harnessed to a manger.

Again, I remark that that night born in that village barn was the offender's hope. Some sermonizers may say I ought to have projected this thought at the beginning of the sermon. Oh, no! I wanted you to rise toward it. I wanted you to examine the cornelians and the jaspers and the crystals before I showed you the Kohinoor—the crown jewel of the ages. Oh, that jewel had a very poor setting! The cub of bear is born amid the grand old pillars of the forest, the whelp of lion takes its first step from the jungle of luxuriant leaf and wild flower, the kid of goat is born in cavern chandeliered with stalactite and pillared with stalagmite. Christ was born in a bare barn.

Yet that nativity was the offender's hope. Over the door of heaven are written these words: "None but the sinless may enter here." "Oh, horror," you say, "that shuts us all out!" No. Christ came to the world in one door, and he departed through another door. He came through the door of the manger, and he departed through the door of the sepulchre, and his one business was so to wash away our sin that after we are dead there will be no more sin about us than about the eternal God. I know that is putting it strongly, but that is what I understand by full remission. All erased, all washed away, all scoured out, all gone. That undergirding and overarching and irradiating and imparadising possibility for you, and for me, and for the whole race, that was given that Christmas night.

Do you wonder we bring flowers to-day to celebrate such an event? Do you wonder that we take organ and youthful voice and queenly soloist to celebrate it? Do you wonder that Raphael and Rubens and Titian and Giotto and Ghirlandajo, and all the old Italian and German painters gave the mightiest stroke of their genius to sketch the Madonna, Mary and her boy?

Oh! now I see what the manger was. Not so high the gilded and jewelled and embroidered cradle of the Henrys of England, or the Louis of France, or the Fredericks of Prussia. Now I find out that that Bethlehem crib fed not so much the oxen of the stall as the white horses of Apocalyptic vision. Now I find the swaddling clothes enlarging and emblazoning into an imperial robe for a conqueror. Now I find that the star of that Christmas night was only the diamonded sandal of him who hath the moon under his feet. Now I come to understand that the music of that night was not a completed song, but only the stringing of the instruments for a great chorus of two worlds, the bass to be carried by earthly nations saved, and the soprano by kingdoms of glory won.

Oh, heaven, heaven, heaven! I shall meet you there. After all our imperfections are gone, I shall meet you there. I look out to-day, through the mists of years, through the fog that rises from the cold Jordan, through the wide open door of solid pearl to that reunion. I expect to see you there as certainly as I see you here. What a time we shall have in high converse, talking over sins pardoned, and sorrows comforted, and battles triumphant!

Some of your children have already gone, and though people passing along the street and seeing white crape on the door-bell may have said: "It is only a child," yet when the broken-hearted father came to solicit my service, he said: "Come around and comfort us, for we loved her so much."

What a Christmas morning it will make when those with whom you used to keep the holidays are all around you in heaven! Silver-haired old father young again, and mother who had so many aches and pains and decrepitudes well again, and all your brothers and sisters and the little ones. How glad they will be to see you! They have been waiting. The last time they saw your face it was covered with tears and distress, and pallid from long watching, and one of them I can imagine to-day, with one hand holding fast the shining gate, and the other hand swung out toward you, saying:

Steer this way, father, steer straight for me:
Here safe in heaven I am waiting for thee.

Oh those Bethlehem angels, when they went back after the concert that night over the hills, forgot to shut the door! All the secret is out. No more use of trying to hide from us the glories to come. It is too late to shut the gate. It is blocked wide open with hosannas marching this way, and hallelujahs marching that way. In the splendor of the anticipation I feel as if I was dying—not physically, for I never was more well—but in the transport of the Christmas transfiguration.

What almost unmans me is the thought that it is provided for such sinners as you and I have been. If it had been provided only for those who had always thought right, and spoken right, and acted right, you and I would have had no interest in it, had no share in it; you and I would have stuck to the raft mid-ocean, and let the ship sail by carrying perfect passengers from a perfect life on earth to a perfect life in heaven. But I have heard the Commander of that ship is the same great and glorious and sympathetic One who hushed the tempest around the boat on Galilee, and I have heard that all the passengers on the ship are sinners saved by grace. And so we hail the ship, and it bears down this way, and we come by the side of it and ask the Captain two questions: "Who art thou? and whence?" and he says: "I am Captain of Salvation, and I am from the manger." Oh, bright Christmas morning of my soul's delight! Chime all the bells. Merry Christmas!

Merry with the thought of sins forgiven, merry with the idea of sorrows comforted, merry with the raptures to come. Oh, lift that Christ from the manger and lay him

down in all our hearts! We may not bring to him as costly a present as the Magi brought, but we bring to his feet and to the manger to-day the frankincense of our joy, the prostration of our worship.

Down at his feet, all churches, all ages, all earth, all heaven. Down at his feet the four-and-twenty elders on their faces. Down the "great multitude that no man can number." Down Michael, the archangel! Down all worlds at his feet and worship. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men!"

A Truthful King.

IN one of his recent works, Rev. H. Clay Trumbull relates the following beautiful legend as illustrating the principle that a lie is never justifiable.

Viswamitra, the tempter and accuser, appears in the council of the gods, face to face with Indra. The question is raised by Indra, who is the most virtuous sovereign on earth. He then asks:

"What chief of mortals is there who has never told a lie?" Harischandra, king of Oude, is named as such a man. Viswamitra denies it. It is agreed (as in the testing of Job, according to the Bible story) that Viswamitra may employ any means whatsoever for the inducing of Harischandra to lie, unhindered by Indra or any other god.

First, Viswamitra induces Harischandra to become the custodian of a fabulous treasure, with a promise to deliver it up when called for. Then he brings him into such a strait that he must give up to Viswamitra all his possessions, including that treasure and his kingdom, in order to retain his personal virtue. After this, Viswamitra demands the return by Harischandra of the gold which has been already surrendered, claiming that its surrender was not according to the contract. In this emergency Viswamitra suggests, that if Harischandra will only deny that he owes this amount to his enemy the debt shall at once be canceled. "Such a declaration I can never make," says Harischandra. "I owe the gold and pay it I will."

From this time forward the efforts of Viswamitra are directed to the inducing of Harischandra to say that he is not in debt to his adversary; but in every trial Harischandra refuses to tell a lie. His only son dies in the desert. He and his wife are in poverty and sorrow; while all the time he is told that his kingdom and his treasures shall be restored to him, if he will tell only one lie. At last his wife is condemned to death on a false accusation, and he is appointed, by the sovereign of the land where she and he have been sold as slaves, to be her executioner. She calls on him to do his duty, and strike off her head.

Just then Viswamitra appears to him, saying: "Wicked man, spare her! Tell a lie even now, and be restored to your former state!"

Harischandra's answer is: "Even though thou didst offer to me the throne of Indra, I would not tell a lie." And to his wife, Chandravati, he said encouragingly: "This keen saber will do its duty. Thou dead, thy husband dies too—this self-same sword shall pierce my breast. . . . Yes, let all men perish, let the stars that shine above grow dim, let all seas be dried up, let all mountains be leveled to the ground, let wars rage, blood flow in streams, let millions of millions of Harischandras be thus persecuted; yet let truth be maintained, let truth ride victorious over all, let truth be the light,—truth alone the lasting solace of mortals and immortals."

As Harischandra strikes at the neck of Chandravati, "the sword, instead of harming her, is transformed into a necklace of pearls, which winds itself around her. The gods of heaven, all sages, and all kings, appear suddenly to the view of Harischandra, and Siva, the first of the gods, commends him for his fidelity to truth, and tells him that his dead son shall be brought again to life, and his kingdom and treasures and honors shall be restored to him. And thus the story of Harischandra stands as a rebuke to the Christian philosopher who could suppose that God, or the angels, would co-work with a man who acted on the supposition that there is such an anomaly in the universe as "a lie of necessity."

PILGRIMS TO BETHLEHEM.

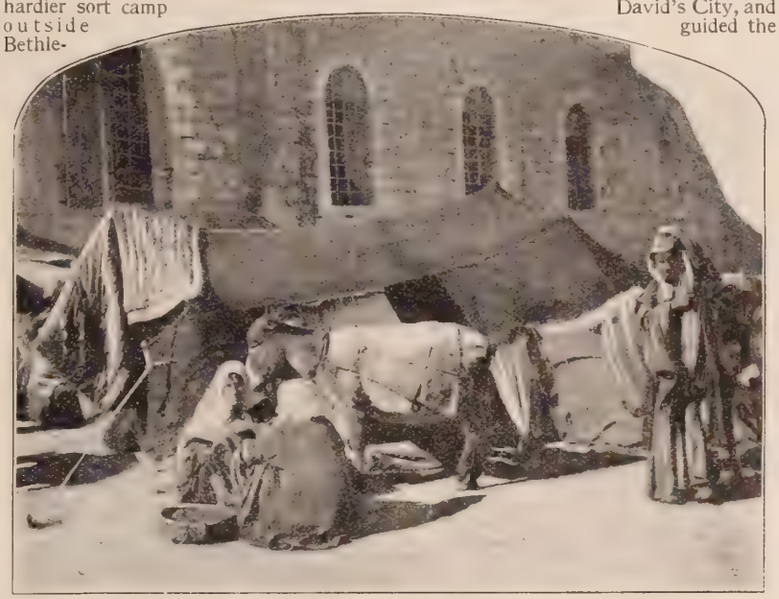
Strangers from All Lands Assembling in David's City on Christmas Week—A Scene Before Bethlehem.

TRAVELERS who have visited Bethlehem, during the season of the Christmas celebration, have been struck with amazement at the vast concourse of pilgrims gathered there from all parts of the world. For many centuries, the scenes in and around the City of David in Christmas week have been such as to awaken the religious feelings and thrill the hearts of the multitudes who assemble there. A very large proportion come as genuine worshipers, drawn thither by a sacred and holy purpose; others come in fulfilment of a solemn vow, and still others drift in with the great tide of pilgrims as mere curiosity seekers.

For days before the Christmas festival, the highways leading to Bethlehem are crowded with these pilgrims. Between Jerusalem and David's city is a carriageway, about five miles in length, and it is crowded with the stream of travel. Bearded pilgrims from Russia and the Caucasus on foot, Greeks with swarthy faces, dusky Arabs on camels, Europeans and a sprinkling of Americans in carriages, strange-looking men from India, Persia and the remote parts of Asia, are all found in the throng that is moving to the city of the Nativity. Here and there may be seen a Moslem official, mingling with the crowd. Across that same highway in olden times, passed the armies of the Crusaders. Soon the little city is crowded to excess and as there is but one hotel, the accommodations afforded by the hospitable monastery and the private houses are soon exhausted. Many of the travelers find a temporary shelter in the spacious great square, and others (and probably the larger number) return to Jerusalem where there are usually ample accommodations. Some of the hardier sort camp outside Bethlehem by the roadside or on the open plain.

A CORNER OF THE GREAT SQUARE OF BETHLEHEM AT SUNSET.

(Photographed for "The Christian Herald.")



GIPSIES CAMPED OUTSIDE THE BETHLEHEM GATE.

(Photographed for "The Christian Herald.")

Between the Church of the Nativity and the hotel, however, in the great square, is the scene which, outside of the actual celebration, possesses most interest for the stranger. This square is filled with people in holiday attire, and even the roofs of the buildings that overlook it are crowded. On many of these roofs there is room for a considerable party. Below are the throngs of gayly-dressed men and women, the contrast between the white veils worn by the women of the Orient and the bright-colored coats and turbans of the men, making a vivid picture. Immediately outside the city gate may be seen the tents of gypsies who like the others have come to Bethlehem, but for the purpose of gain alone. In a corner of the market-place one can descry a shepherd with a string of lambs for sale, and in another, a group of kneeling camels, relieved of their loads.

New arrivals constantly pour into the already overcrowded square. Such a scene might have been witnessed on that occasion, nearly 1900 years ago, when the Roman mandate brought the scattered people of Palestine home to their respective birth-places, and "all the world" was to be taxed. There were such crowds in the khans, around Bethlehem, that there was "no room at the inn" for the two weary and traveled-stained strangers who arrived from Nazareth. And when, at the birth of Jesus, the wondrous star shed its refulgence over David's City, and guided the wise men to the manger-cradle of "David's greater Son," the little Judæan town was still full of strangers who had come to be taxed.

Along the highway leading from Jerusalem to the Bethlehem gate came the Magi, three eastern princes, whose names tradition has preserved as Melchior, Balthasar and Caspar. From the farthest East they had been guided by the marvelous star. In their own land, ever since the days of Seth, their progenitor, the prophecy of the appearance of this great luminous star, as the precursor of the Messiah, had been cherished and handed down from father to son through many generations. That prophecy, the tradition declares, was written by Seth in a book. In all the intervening years, twelve wise men had been chosen who should watch the heavens for the appearance of this star, and when one of their number died, another was selected to fill his place. Year after year, those Magi scanned the heavens from a great mountain-top, and at last after many generations had passed, the star appeared, and they followed it for two years until it rested over the little white-walled town on the slope of the blue Judæan hills.

While the whole world knows the story of the Magi, it is only in Bethlehem that one hears most fully of their sacred quest. The towns-people of the place relate a very beautiful legend, which says that Caspar and his companions, having reached the plains of Judæa, and finding the star apparently stationary, made certain in their own minds that the city of Jerusalem was the locality divinely indicated and hence concluded to relax their vigilance. After two years of arduous travel, their search seemed to be happily ended. So, halting with their camels, they rested with minds at ease and no longer kept watch on the heavens. Presently, to their amazement and sorrow, they found that the bright monitor had vanished from the sky, and they sincerely repented that they had been guilty of carelessness in trusting to their own judgment, rather than implicitly accepting its guidance to the end of their journey. Taking counsel together, they prayed that the Lord might restore to them their lost guide, that they might follow its leadings in humble obedience. They halted while yet some distance from Jerusalem, and rested at a well in the plain, which local tradition still indicates as the "Well of the Magi." Gazing into its cool depths, they were overjoyed to find, reflected on its smooth surface, the Star, which, though it had become for a time invisible to their eyes, was still shining brightly overhead. Raising their eyes once more heavenward, they saw it shining more resplendent than ever; and, led by its rays, they continued their journey until they laid their treasures at the feet of the Babe in the lowly Manger at Bethlehem.

Lost in Sight of Home.

Some fourteen years ago, in Canada, there was a young lady whose custom it was to spend her winter nights at balls. She had gone one night to a ball six or seven miles from home, and her parents did not expect her to return that night. When the ball was over, she took it into her head to go home unaccompanied. They tried to dissuade her, but it was no use, and, to make matters worse, there was an awful snowstorm. The next morning, when her mother looked out of the window, she fancied she saw an object upon the snow some distance from the garden gate. She rang the bell, summoned up the servant, and said, "I think some poor traveler has missed his track during the night, and if he stays there he will succumb to the intense cold." They went out and brought the object in, when the mother found it was the lifeless body of her darling child. The snow around showed there had been a struggle, and she had got within 150 yards of her home, and there perished. How many there are who get within sight of the home of Christ's kingdom, and yet some sinful indulgence keeps them back! "Almost, yet lost!"

The Forerunner.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 5. Luke 1: 5-17. Golden Text: Luke 1: 76. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IN the days when God was about to send his Son, born of a woman, to be the Saviour of this lost world, there was among God's hidden people a very definite expectation that the Messiah was at hand. It had been revealed to aged Simeon, by the Holy Ghost, "that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ" (Luke 2: 26); Anna, the aged prophetess, was acquainted with a little band in Jerusalem which "looked for redemption" (v. 38). When later on, John the Baptist began to preach, "the people were in expectation" (or suspense), with the question constantly before them, "Is this unusual man, whose preaching has such power and such results, the Messiah for whom we are looking?" The worldly were as worldly as ever, and the unconverted theologians, who studied and expounded the Word of God, still "knew not the Scriptures nor the power of God" (Matt. 22: 29); the hypocrites who did all their works "to be seen of men," abounded, but among them all there were standing upon God's watch-tower, waiting for what he should say to them (Heb. 2: 1), and for what he was about to do, some who did know the Scriptures, and the power of God. Of this minority were

Zacharias and Elizabeth,

who were not only of the family of Aaron, but were children of the living God; "both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless." Free from an evil conscience, they were at liberty from themselves to bear the burden of the Lord, and his cause lay strong upon them. When it fell to the lot of Zacharias to execute the priest's office in the order of his course, the old man took to heart with the deep intensity of one who had comprehension of the times in which he lived this opportunity to draw near to God. Probably it was the first and last time in his whole life that it fell to him to burn incense upon the golden altar. How far in that supreme moment, when only the veil separated him from the cloud of God's presence, from which Moses had heard his voice speaking in the tabernacle, Zacharias could speak out the burden of his heart, we know not.

While many then may perhaps have prayed, as many do now "Come Lord and tarry not," and similar things which implified that the Lord was delaying his coming, Zecharias saw that the unruly state of his people was delaying him, and he could not join them, and thus reproach his God. He saw his God ready and the coming of the Messiah hindered because there was not found a people prepared for the Lord. Who knows what took place in his heart before the sudden appearance of an angel of the Lord standing on the right hand of the altar of incense. The old priest was troubled; did this messenger from heaven, the first who was ever known to appear in the temple, sent to speak of the judgment which the unreality of priests and people merited? He was not kept long in suspense: "Fear not, Zacharias, for thy prayer is heard, thy wife Elizabeth shall bear a son and thou shalt call his name John." It was too much. Used through long years to darkness, the eyes of faith were always intended for that light. That his prayer of years was heard, and that the instrument was to be a son miraculously born in his old age! It seemed so impossible. It involved him in an unexpected step of faith. He looked back upon himself and doubted.

The tension of the long waiting had been very great. He had sighed and groaned, and prayed that the children of Israel might be "turned to the Lord their God;" he had prayed that "Elijah which was for to come," might appear, "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord;" but perhaps he had thought it would come about in a very different way. Let us learn to be pliable, willing to give up any preconceived notion, so that if our Lord's coming may be other than we have imagined, we may yet be found ready. Zacharias himself needed to be made ready, and the angel answered him, "I am Gabriel that stand in the presence of God; and am sent to speak unto thee, and to show thee these glad tidings. And behold, thou shalt be dumb and not able to speak, until the day that these things shall be performed, because thou believest not my words."

How little Zacharias knew of the unbelief which lurked in his heart! He had been faithfully and really looking for his Lord, and yet was taken by surprise, and unprepared for the announcement of Gabriel, because it made demands upon his faith which touched his own person. Are we so really waiting upon our God and looking for our Lord that nothing will take us by surprise? When, six months later, the same Gabriel took the wondrous message to Mary that the Christ should be born of her, she asked no confirmation of Gabriel's words, when he told her that the Holy Ghost should come upon her and the power of the Highest overshadow her, and that the Son of God should be born of her, for "with God nothing should be impossible," or R. V., "No word from God shall be void of power." Mary believed that with God to say is to do, and instantly and absolutely she surrendered herself to God; "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it unto me according to thy Word."

Great things were to take place on this earth of ours during the next year, but only few were aware of what was about to happen. The promised son was born to the aged priest. But before this time, Mary and Elizabeth, the mother of the Messiah, and the mother of his forerunner, met together and strengthened one another in the Lord, by the deepest adoration, and praising God that he had counted them worthy to be his instruments at such an hour of the world's history. In the counsels of the Lord those two women of Israel ranked as more honorable, and more important for the destinies of man than Augustus Cæsar on the throne of the world's empire. No ovation of successful Roman emperors would have found an echo in the court of heaven, but the song of Elizabeth and the song of Mary (Luke 1: 22-55) make part of the living Word of our God, and we can believe that it thrilled through heaven as it was spoken.

The angel said of John: "Many shall rejoice at his birth," and the prophecy was fulfilled; his mother's neighbors and cousins heard how the Lord had showed great mercy upon her; and they rejoiced with her. It was otherwise when Jesus was born in the stable at Bethlehem. Eight days after the birth of John, when they came to circumcise the child, the friends gave him his father's name. But the mother knew the secret of the Lord, and said, "Not so, he shall be called John." The matter was referred to his dumb father, who wrote, "His name is John," and immediately the ban which Gabriel had laid upon his speech was removed; the old servant of God had learned his lesson in his enforced silence, and he spake and praised God. In the atmosphere of such a home, and then later in the solitude of the desert, John was prepared for the important work which lay before him. He "grew and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts unto the day of his shewing unto Israel." Filled with the Holy Ghost himself, and imbued with a sense of his vocation by his parents, John had the true spirit and power of Elijah during his short life and brief ministry.

There is a general belief among Christians in this day that the coming of our Lord is near. There are, as no doubt there were in the days of Zacharias, many opinions afloat. Many may have argued that when he came it would be with majesty and power, bringing his saints with him, overturning the powers which be and setting on high his people Israel among the nations. But there were some, a little company, who understood that Israel must first acknowledge her iniquity, and that, before Christ could reign, he must suffer for our sins.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

BURNING INCENSE.

THE Gospel of Luke, from which the lessons for the next six months are taken, has many distinctive features of its own. The question of its authenticity has been exhaustively discussed in recent years, but no valid reason has appeared for doubting that it was written by the man whose name it bears. There is evidence that it was in general use in the churches throughout the world as early as the latter half of the second century, and was then accepted as genuine. Of Luke, himself, little is known. He does not appear to have been a disciple and it is doubtful whether he was a Jew. Tradition says that he was a Gentile physician of Troas, who was converted by the Apostle Paul. However that may be, it is evident from Paul's epistles and from the Acts of the Apostles (which is undoubtedly written by the same author as the Gospel), that Luke was his companion in some of his journeys and in his imprisonment. He derived the materials for his work, as he frankly states in his introduction (1: 1-4), from the immediate followers of the Lord, who were eye-witnesses of the events he records. He also, it would appear, had access to the narratives to which he refers. It seems certain, from several verbal peculiarities, that he had the Gospel of Mark before him when he wrote, and possibly that of Matthew also, but his work is much more exact as to dates and circumstances, than theirs and is more systematically arranged. It also contains much that is given by no other Evangelist. Among other matters for which we are indebted to Luke alone, there are no less than eleven parables, including those of the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son. Luke also describes six miracles not mentioned by any other writer. Many other events such as the annunciation to Mary, the vision of the Shepherds, the visit of Mary to Elizabeth and the finding of Christ in the Temple, we know of only through Luke's Gospel. The influence of the apostle Paul may be recognized here and there, as when he traces Christ's genealogy back to Adam, as the head of the whole race, while Matthew contented himself with tracing it to Abraham. That and other peculiarities confirm the tradition of his being a Gentile.

The events of the lesson are related only in his Gospel. It would appear that Zacharias was an ordinary priest, living quietly and inconspicuously in the Hebron region, and going up to Jerusalem twice a year with the other priests of his class to do a week's service in the Temple. There, on this momentous visit, he drew the lot to burn the incense. While engaged in the duty he sees a supernatural vision, and is informed that he is to have a son who shall fulfil the prophecy of the forerunner—the man who should go before the long-expected Messiah to prepare the people for his coming. His incredulity is reproved by a loss of speech, which he recovers after his son's birth, on giving his child the name appointed by the vision.

In the days of Herod. At first sight the days of a bad king would be the most unlikely time in which to expect the appearance of a very good and great man; but history shows that it has often happened. The very evils and dangers and wickedness of the time have the tendency to evoke heroism. A few illustrations which might be greatly multiplied are: Knox in the time of Mary, the wicked Queen of Scotland; Savonarola in the time of the infamous Pope, Alexander VI.; Coligny in the reign of Charles IX. of France; Ridley and Latimer in the bloody reign of Mary of England, and John Huss in the time of the ex-pirate Pope John. In the days of Herod, the king notorious for his evil life, appeared the greatest prophet of the Old Testament dispensation.

Walking in all the commandments . . . blameless. Among so much evil and corruption as there was at that time Zacharias and his wife were living a blameless life. Yet Zacharias went twice a year to Jerusalem weere the evil was greatest. It is possible for a child in a sinful home and a man in a factory of wicked men to live a pure life. An eminent writer says: "Strolling along the banks of the Columbia River, where there is a high rise and fall of the tide, I came at low water upon a spring of sweet, pure, fresh water clear as crystal gushing from between two rocks near the edge of the river. Twice a day the muddy water of the river rises above that beautiful fountain and covers it over, but there it is down under that soiled, salt stream sending out its purity and when the tide has passed, it is visible again, still pouring out its cold, fresh water as before. It has not ben polluted or defiled with the dirt above and around it.

While he executed the priest's office. Zacharias was attending to his ordinary duties when the messenger from God came to him. Young people are apt to think that they cannot serve God and cannot enjoy his notice and favor unless they are ministers or evangelists. It is a mistake; God can be served in any honest vocation, and more than once in the Bible story we are told of his call coming to a man while working at his trade. An eminent clergyman paid an unexpected visit to one of his people who was a miller. Not finding him at his house, he went to the mill, where he found the miller busy among the sacks of flour. The miller came forward to meet his visitor, apologizing for not shaking hands by showing them covered with flour. "Give me your hand," said the clergyman, "it is the hand of an honest man. When my Master calls me, may he find me, as I find you, engaged in duty."

Many . . . shall he turn to the Lord. There will come a time when that record will be the highest honor. Now we admire great soldiers, great orators, great financiers, but in eternity the man most honored will be the one who has turned many to the Lord. Sometimes this is done indirectly. It is a matter of history that one child's influence led to the conversion of her father and he was the means of saving many souls. Punshon, the famous Methodist preacher used to describe one remarkable chain of influence. He said: An unknown man wrote a tract that was the means of converting the famous Richard Baxter, who wrote a book that led to the conversion of many, and among them the eminent Philip Doddridge, whose book brought Wilberforce to Christ; Wilberforce's writing turned Legh Richmond to God, and Legh Richmond's work brought Thomas Chalmers to Christ.

Father Eliphalet.

"LIPH'S getting old!"

"Yes, he must be a good ten years older than Hiram, and Hiram's seventy odd."

The two old ladies with their knitting, sitting each beside her window in the sunny kitchen of the farmhouse, looked down the road. Their home was with a niece, and their place on the fringing edge of a country village, was one of a half-dozen farmsteads where life drowsed tranquilly on, just as if there were neither trolley cars, nor electric lights in the whole United States. Aunt Susy and Aunt Emmy were pretty well on in years themselves, one being seventy-five and the other seventy-three, but both felt quite young and spry; they had round rosy faces wrinkled a little like winter apples, and they spoke in brisk, crispy voices, and when they moved, stepped about with energy.

Eliphalet Jansen, passing the house, had lifted his hat to his old friends, and bowed in a courtly old-school fashion. He lived in his own house in the village itself, and a daughter and her family staid with him and made it a home. As one of the principal citizens and the most venerable inhabitant of the township, the dear old gentleman was called Father Eliphalet by the grown people, and grandfather by the children of the community. He was the real grandfather of a troop of sturdy boys and girls, but the fitness of things and his gentle and tolerant spirit had made the rest of the children adopt him for their own. It is a fine and noteworthy event in any set of human relationships, when one person is so lovable that everybody claims him or her, and regards life as happier because of the claim. The hoary head is indeed a crown of glory, when it is found in the way of righteousness.

As Grandfather Eliphalet wended his way homeward, the little blue-eyed tots, toddling before the doors, or the older ones playing on the sidewalk caught hold of his hand, and walked along with him a little way. One little ten-year-old girl, clad in the deepest black, in mourning for her mother, cried out:

"Hello, Grandfather Eliphalet. Are you coming to my house to play with me?"

"Not to-day, Madge," said the dear old gentleman, "but you may run and ask aunty to let you go home with me. Then we'll have luncheon, with roast apples and hot gingerbread. And afterward I'll tell you a long story. I'll walk on slowly and you can overtake me, if aunty says yes."

Madge presently caught up with him, and the child and the old man went on together.

As they reached the school-house, the scholars poured out for the noon recess. As the poet has it, they came "storming out to playing." In an instant Grandfather Liph was surrounded. Boys swarmed around him, girls lifted up their sweet faces and told him how their mothers were, and all about the presents their fathers had brought them from the market town some miles off, and I don't know what besides. Grandfather Liph had an ovation. Serenely smiling he went on his way, and soon Madge and he were at their journey's end.

"Lottie," said the old gentleman to his daughter a few days after, "do you know that next Thursday I'll be eighty-five years old? I mean to give a party, dear. I may not have another birthday this side of the river."

"Who will you invite? Grandfather Eliphalet is so popular the house won't hold all his friends, I'm afraid."

"I'll begin with the old survivors, daughter; the old people who were young when I was; there are only half a dozen left who call me Liph; and then I'll invite the middle-aged, the burden bearers, and when I've gotten through with them, I'll have in the children. A notice might as well be read out from the pulpit the Sunday before. That would be the easiest way to get hold of them all."

"Well, father dear," said Mrs. Evans, smiling fondly at him, "I can't make ice cream for the town, but I'll set to and we'll have pounds and pounds of homemade candy, and we've bushels of hickory nuts, and barrels of apples, and so we'll manage."

But Lottie Evans need not have worried about the question of refreshments. When the morning of her father's birthday arrived bright and early the neighbors bgan sending in their donations to the table. There were cooked hams and chickens, loaves of bread, pyramids of cookies, and great mounds of frosted cake. Every housewife sent her contribution, and an immense hamper came by express from a nephew who had gone away from home and made his fortune. It was packed with fruit, golden oranges, red-skinned sangerines, and fragrant bunches of grapes, both black and white, with yellow pears filling the interstices. Over all were laid masses of the loveliest pink and white roses. All the own grandchildren brought presents all day long, and the grandchildren by courtesy were not behind them, so that the house looked like a museum before night.

"We saw the Coyotes on the hill side."

"The best birthday I ever had," said Grandfather Liph, as he asked the minister to read. And the minister read, "With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation. Length of days is in her right hand; in her left hand are riches and honor. As thy days thy strength shall be," and many another golden text from that Word which is a treasury full of gold and gems, and in which one never seeks in vain for an amulet, a garland, an anodyne, a weapon, a tool, a bit of comfort, or healing for disease. After the reading, there was prayer, and the children sang, and so the old man's birthday came to its bright and genial close.

A year later, and a stranger passing through Father Eliphalet's village would have asked involuntarily, "What has happened here?" For every shop was closed, and every household seemed to be mourning for a bereavement. The school-house was shut, too, and the children stood in little, forlorn groups about the long street and at the corners. In Mrs. Evans' parlor lay a saint of God fast asleep. The open casket was covered with flowers, so that one saw only the lofty noble face, hushed in the great peace that passeth understanding. Neighbors dropped in, one by one, and children by twos and threes, and as they looked at the majestic form of the sleeper, they smiled, so lovely was his face in its perfect repose.

"I shall never be afraid to die," said Madge. "I saw mamma, and now I have seen Grandfather Liph, and I am sure an angel kissed them as they left the earth."

By-and-bye, a procession wound its way to the church. That, too, was a bower, for though flowers were not in season, everyone has brought the blossoms from his or her home window garden, and there violets and roses, and a great green palm branch ready to be laid on the coffin, when at last it was locked.

Yet, here was not one of earth's famous sons. Only an obscure and aged man, who had lived patiently, gently, and lovingly, who had been as a child among children, and had never done or said an indirect or mean thing or word in all his clean and upright life. But he had lived so as to be missed, and over him, as he lay at rest, they sang:

Servant of God, well done!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Surrounded by Wolves.

A Sunday School Missionary's Adventure on the Western Plains.

THERE are many sections, in remote parts of the Union, where the missionaries of the American Sunday School Union are doing excellent work that is rarely heard of by the outside world. In a recent letter from Mr. J. W. Armstrong, a missionary of the A. S. S. U. at Colfax, Wash., the writer says:

"Some time ago, wife and I made preparation to take a trip through a portion of country embracing Steptoe and Kamiak Buttes. We took a supply of provisions and bedding with us, so as to be prepared for camping out in case it was necessary. While we were in the vicinity of Kamiak Butte (or mountain), we visited the Sanders community and found the Sunday School in a very prosperous condition, and since I organized it, a very successful revival meeting had been held, which resulted in a church organization. The next day we came to Four Mile district, and while visiting that community, we found that there had been a revival held there also with marked results, terminating in a church organization and a prosperous Christian Endeavor Society. Their Sunday School is very large and doing a good work.

"From there we started on a trip in a northwesterly direction towards Steptoe Mountain, and on our way there visited a few homes in a sparsely settled community. Night overtook us, and there was no house in sight, except an abandoned dwelling, so we concluded we had better camp there for the night. So we got out our little oil stove, warmed up our lunch, spread a cloth on the ground, and after giving thanks, we enjoyed our evening meal. By this time, the shades of evening gathered round. All about us were the hills, in formation like the waves of the sea. From the crest of one of them came a sharp, shrill sound, and looking up, we saw a coyote (prairie wolf); then we saw another one farther down the hill, and still farther down, two smaller ones, so you can form some idea as to the music.

MISSIONARY J. W. ARMSTRONG.

My wife feared that the wild animals might overtake us and do us harm. However, we had a kind Providence watching over us, so we passed the night in safety.

"In the morning, we discovered that we were about midway between the two great Buttes, Steptoe and Kamiak, that stood in bold relief pointing upwards among the clouds. At the time our government engaged in a campaign against the Indians (in 1856 and later on), Colonel Edward J. Steptoe, commanding the United States troops, says, 'I was ordered to move forward and occupy the hill (Steptoe Butte), so we finally reached the hill near the summit, and the Indians having completely surrounded us (they outnumbered us five to one) we dismounted and picketed our horses on the summit, and posted our men around the crest, making them lie flat on the ground, as the Indians were threatening to charge the hill. This hill, mentioned in history, is now known as 'Steptoe Butte,' named after Colonel Steptoe. It is a treeless mountain. This butte is owned by Mr. James S. Davis, who makes it his home. The butte is round and runs to a point, and its elevation is 5,590 feet above sea-level, 1,700 feet above the level of the surrounding country. Chief Kamiakin, who fought against the government, frequently gathered his troops on this Butte Kamiak, and during a siege Chief Kamiakin was slain, and was buried on the butte.

In his letter, Mr. Armstrong adds:

"I send a portion of a letter written recently by one of our faithful superintendents of Walla Walla county: He says: 'We are very much encouraged with our Sunday School; it is on a steady increase. We have an attendance from seventy to seventy-eight, and a weekly prayer-meeting well attended. I shall never forget the time you came here three years ago and helped us with your warning and words of counsel, that if Sabbath desecration and infidelity and carelessness toward God were not given up, God's displeasure would rest upon us. Under difficulties you organized the school though small at first, see how it has increased. We still have no preaching, as the people are too poor to support a preacher, but the Lord is blessing our labors.'"

Bees that Became Robbers.

Buchner, a noted scientist, speaks of thievish bees which, in order to save themselves the trouble of working, attack well-stocked hives in masses, kill the sentinels and the inhabitants, rob the hives and carry off the provisions. After repeated enterprises of this description, they acquire a taste for robbery and violence; they recruit whole companies, which get more and more numerous, and finally they form regular colonies of brigand bees. But it is a still more curious fact that these brigand bees can be produced artificially by giving working bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink. The bees soon acquire a taste for this beverage, which has the same disastrous effects, upon them as upon men; they become ill-disposed and irritable, and lose all desire to work, and finally, when they begin to feel hungry, they attack and plunder the well-supplied hives. There is one variety of bees—the sphecodes — which lives exclusively upon plunder in preference to working for it.

Training German Preachers.

The Great Work that Originated in the Humble, Self-Denying Labors of a Country Tailor.

AN interesting and almost romantic story is told of the origin of the educational institution of which a picture appears on this page. It is now a college regularly constituted under the charge of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and its history is related in the organ of that church, *The Church at Home and Abroad*. It appears from this statement that more than half a century ago the German emigrants who had settled in the West were almost without spiritual privileges. They were living in widely separated sections and had few opportunities of hearing the Gospel in their own language. The danger of their lapsing into religious indifference and even into practical infidelity, was obvious, but no organized effort was made to save them from the peril. It remained for a poor Dutch tailor to initiate the movement that was destined to evangelize the whole region. Adrian Van Vliet was a man of deep piety and considerable learning which he had acquired by a life of hard study. He had curtailed his hours of labor at his trade that he might cultivate his mind. His tailoring provided him with the necessaries of life, and Van Vliet cared for nothing more. He might have made a fortune in those days, but he preferred to give his time to reading and the acquisition of Latin, Greek, Hebrew and German. To Van Vliet, the spectacle of the vast multitude of German-speaking people living without worship and without spiritual

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, AT DUBUQUE, IOWA.

teaching of any kind, was distressing. Why was no effort being made on their behalf? Van Vliet wasted no time in appeals or vain regrets, but leaving the tailor's bench, quietly set to work to reach them himself. It was not much that he could do but he would do what he could. He went from farm to farm and from village to village, teaching and preaching. The effects were soon visible in several regularly organized churches. But there were no German-speaking preachers for them. Van Vliet undertook the duty of providing them. He gathered into his home at Dubuque a few promising German lads of ordinary education and the grace of God in their hearts and set them studying theology under his guidance. The picture of this grand, quiet, self-reliant, self-helping Dutch tailor, becoming preacher and tutor for the sake of his neglected brethren, is one of true heroism worthy to live in history.

For twelve years Van Vliet carried on his work sustained only by his faith and his indomitable spirit. But churches were [illegible] stirred by a kindred spirit, eager to work for Christ and asking only to be taught and trained for the service. Years, exposure, and [illegible] began to tell on the noble worker. To his sorrow he found his strength decreasing just at the time that the demands of the work were increasing. In 1854 he found himself quite unequal to carry it forward alone any longer. But the need and the success of the modest attempt to meet it had been demonstrated too clearly to be ignored. The embryo college became a Presbyterian institution and, six years later, the general assembly assumed control of it. An eligible site at Dubuque was secured and the college building represented in the illustration was erected. It contains dormitories for forty students with lecture rooms, etc. It is an interesting fact that one of the chief professorial chairs is filled by Dr. Godfrey Moery who was one of Van Vliet's earliest pupils. Among the other professors are Dr. Adam McClelland formerly of Brooklyn, Rev. A. C. Krœsche and Dr. N. M. Steffens.

The school is admirably located in Dubuque, the centre of population for the western half of German-speaking people. But, better than that, it has a vast number within easy reach who belong to the Presbyterian Church. While the great mass of German immigrants is Lutheran, large numbers in this region are of sturdy reform stock. There is a call from this multitude, which the school is not able entirely to answer. Many fields are seeking organization, but not enough ministers can be prepared to supply this natural demand. With larger means a still greater work can be accomplished. As it is, there are in this western field, 77 ministers, 109 churches and 6,234 members. The school has been the chief instrumentality in securing these results.

Gospel Work in India.

FEW people are aware how stupendous is the task of giving the Gospel to the teeming millions of India. A humble Christian worker who recently went out there on business, was so deeply impressed by what he witnessed there of the spiritual darkness of the people that he gave himself up entirely to quietly teaching all the natives he could reach, independent of any missionary society. He reports that an immense amount of good may be done in this way. In a recent report of village work one worker says: "In the native State of Bhor there is not a witness for Christ! Although even the smallest of its villages has its two or three temples with numerous idols, a standing witness not only to their degradation, but of their own felt need, and of a seeking after God." The same report states that at Sirkoli, the cruel ceremony of the swinging-hook is practiced once a year in a modified form. In front of one of the temples is a pole twenty-five feet high, erected on a stone platform; a cross pole is balanced on the top and from one end of this cross pole the man is suspended, the other end being held down by a rope. At the performance in 1893, the Patel, or head of the village, an old and apparently feeble man was the victim; with some persuasion we got him to show us the healed wounds in his back. His son, now seven, when twelve years old, will be fitted to take his father's place, the honor being conserved in the family.

"The preceding two or three days are kept as a fast, and on the day of the ceremony the victim takes opiates, and his back is rubbed with a mixture of ashes and other material to numb the flesh. In this case the hook was put into the flesh of his back, and with a cloth around him he was suspended and swung round five times, throwing down pieces of colored dried cocoanut to the assemblage, who attach much virtue to them. When asked why he went through this painful ordeal, his reply was—'Because Shirksaie (the goddess) requires it.' At other places visited the same cruel ceremony is practised. At Chikli, where a lot of people assembled, curious to know our mission, they, too, listened for the first time to the Gospel."

Atlanta's Famous Preacher.

Dr. J. B. Hawthorne's Distinguished Career and his Services to the Causes of Religion, Temperance and Public Morality.

ONE of the best known preachers in the South is Dr. James Boardman Hawthorne, Pastor of the First Baptist Church of Atlanta, Ga., whose sermons have appeared from to time in this journal. Dr. Hawthorne's fame has spread everywhere, his foes having been as active as his friends in making him known. He is the kind of man about whom the public is never neutral—a positive element, with strong convictions and a most emphatic and forcible way of expressing them, that inevitably affects his hearers strongly, either in admiration or opposition. There is never any mistake about Dr. Hawthorne's attitude on any public question, after he has handled it; and when he has spoken his opponents may conclude that they know exactly the worst that can be said about them and their cause. There is nothing of what Emerson called "the mush of concession," about Dr. Hawthorne; neither wealth, nor influence, nor public opinion can avert his denunciation, if he is convinced that any man is identified with an unrighteous cause, or is concerned in any dishonest, immoral, or unpatriotic proceeding. He has the courage of his convictions and like one of the ancient Jewish prophets, he declares woe in the name of the Lord against sin in all its shapes and tempters in all their guises. But Dr. Hawthorne's preaching is not all denunciatory. No man appreciates more than he the power of love in the Gospel message or more tenderly assures the penitent of the infinite mercy of God.

REV. J. B HAWTHORNE, D.D.

Dr. Hawthorne is a native of Alabama. He was born in Wilcox county, May 16, 1837. His father, Rev. Kiddare Hawthorne, was a zealous, energetic Gospel preacher, who in the course of his ministry baptized over five thousand persons. The family on the father's side is of that combination of Scotch-Irish origin which has given to this country so many distinguished men in statesmanship, the bar, and the pulpit. The pioneers of the American branch of the family settled in North Carolina in 1750. There they lived until 1817, when Dr. Hawthorne's father removed to Alabama, taking with him as his wife Margaret Baggett, a daughter of one of South Carolina's most honored families. It was pioneer work in those days, for the Indians were active in the neighborhood, and the new settler was called upon to follow Gen. Jackson in his famous Seminole campaign. The future minister was sent to school at Oak Hill and Camden, Ala., after which he went to Howard College for a two years' course. It was then his intention to enter the legal profession, and after his graduation he read law with the firm of Chandler, Smith & Herndon at Mobile. He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty, and at once took a prominent place as an eloquent and fearless advocate. One or two speeches before juries proved that he was a master of a clear, forcible, convincing style of oratory, which was likely to carry him to the front rank among the lawyers of the day.

Two years practice was, however, all the legal experience Dr. Hawthorne was destined to have. During a visit to Washington on legal business, he was brought under the power of the Spirit, and resolved there and then to devote his future life to the cause of Christ. He returned to Mobile, promptly wound up his affairs and returned to Howard College to take a theological course. He remained there until 1860, when he accepted an invitation to become pastor of the Baptist Church in Broad street, Mobile. He had barely settled there when he was called from the pulpit to camp. The cause which stirred the South through all its borders was not likely to appeal in vain to a nature so sensitive and so robust as that of Dr. Hawthorne. With fifty members of his church he joined the Southern armies as a private, but was afterward appointed Chaplain of the Twenty-fourth Alabama Regiment.

In the re-arrangement which went on all through the South after the war, Dr. Hawthorne settled at Selma. He was later induced to accept the invitation of the Franklin Square Church, of Baltimore, Md. After four years' successful labor there, the Broadway Baptist Church, of Louisville, Ky., called him to the pastorate, and in 1874, he was invited to become pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, of New York. His work in this city was brief. The climate did not suit him and under the strain of unusually arduous labors his health broke down.

An illness prostrated him from which it was thought he could not recover. But God spared his life for years of usefulness. As soon as he was able to travel, he went South to breath his native air. He recovered slowly and soon resumed active pulpit labor. At Montgomery, Ala. and subsequently at Richmond, Va. he held pastorates and did valuable and successful work. In 1884 the First Baptist Church of Atlanta, Ga. invited him to become its pastor and there Dr. Hawthorne still is, ministering to a large and influential congregation. Dr. Hawthorne is a diligent student and has been a frequent contributor to the religious and secular press.

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, ATLANTA, GA.

Prayer.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Jan. 5 Luke 18 : 1-14.

EVERY Christian has probably at some period of his life been troubled with difficulties and doubts about prayer. Our very faith in God, and our reverence for him, suggest such difficulties. If he is so wise as we believe him to be, will he change his course at our request? If he is so loving as we know him to be, will he not do all that we need without going to him with our petitions? The sailor who, in a crisis, when his life was in imminent peril, prayed for almost the first time, and made it a plea that he was not like the landsmen who were always troubling God, expressed a feeling that, in one form or another, has entered many minds. Yet the impulse to pray is so common that it seems instinctive. There come to all men, times of suspense, of ardent longing, of appalling fear, when having done all that human power can do, there is an impulse to seek the aid of divine power. That the impulse should not be suppressed, we may be quite sure, and perhaps the difficulties may be removed more satisfactorily by an appeal to the highest authority than by arguing about them. Jesus who knew the mind of God, "spake a parable to the end that men ought always to pray and not to faint." He thus taught that prayer was a duty as well as a privilege, and that we might hope for answers to prayer. Not only was there a mercenary ground for prayer, but God welcomed it, and was ready to give blessings in response to it. That teaching is to the Christian a sufficient authority for prayer. We may, however, undermine our intellectual difficulties by considering what prayer really is. It does not consist in petition only. It includes the idea of communion. Our relations to God are much like the relations of children to an earthly parent. We would not deem a child loving, or dutiful, or filial, if with access to his father continually, he never approached him, or spoke to him. Confession of shortcoming and thanks for benefits already received, render prayer a duty, even if no petition were offered. But answers to prayer are promised and we are encouraged to make our requests known to God. Indeed, Jesus went so far as to say that under certain conditions every prayer would be answered. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." Thus, when there is full and perfect accord between Christ and his people, they may be trusted to ask what they will, and they will ask nothing that he will not grant. So, then, we come back to the original question of faith. As the child in difficulty or sorrow, may go to his father with his trouble, so may the Christian carry his trial to God in full confidence for removal or for strength to bear it.

He will submit every request to the infinite wisdom of God. If he is in pain, or in trouble, he will be willing to bear it, and not urge its removal, if God in his wisdom deems it better for him to suffer than to be relieved. As it was in Paul's case, it may be a greater blessing for the man to discover that God's grace is sufficient for him, than for him to be relieved of suffering. He wants above all things the blessing of sanctification, and it may be that God sees that the only way to it in his case, is through suffering. Then the man, who is abiding in Christ will be grateful even for "the cross that raises him." To some there would be no greater calamity than to have their prayers answered. Nor must we suppose that answers to prayer necessarily involve God's changing his plans. His omniscience foresees the prayer and has provided its answer before ever it is uttered.

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

KEEP STEP WITH THE MASTER.

IDA S. TAYLOR. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Keep step with the Mas-ter, what-ev - er be-tide; Tho' dark be the pathway, keep close to your Guide,
2. Keep step with the Mas-ter, wher-ev - er you go; Thro' darkness, and shadow, the way He will show,
3. Keep step with the Mas-ter, nor halt by the way; Whate'er He commands you, oh, haste to o - bey!
While foes are al - lur-ing, and dan - ger is near, When walk-ing with Je-sus you've nothing to fear.
The light of His presence your path will illume, And make all the des-ert a gar-den of bloom.
A - rise at His bidding, press on in His might; While walk-ing with Je-sus, you're sure to be right.
Chorus.
Keep-ing step . . . go brave-ly for-ward, And thy cour - - age still re - new, . . .
keeping step, And thy courage still re - new, still renew,
Dai - ly walk . . . with Christ your Sav-iour, He will lead you all the jour-ney through.
dai - ly walk

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By per of the Publishers.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES.

WHEN Christmas comes,
The baby girl who scarce can speak,
The youth with bronzed and bearded cheek,
The aged, bent with weight of years,
The sorrow-stricken spent with tears,
The poor, the rich, the grave, the gay,
Who fare along life's rugged way,
Are glad of heart, when in the sky
The wondrous seraph wings sweep by,
When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes,
The sailor on the seas afloat,
The traveler in lands remote,
The warrior by the campfire's light,
The courtier in the palace bright,
The student by the midnight lamp,
The miner deep in dust and damp,
Alike uplift, through riven skies,
The wondrous look of glad surprise,
When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes,
In field and street, in mart and farm,
The world takes on a lovelier charm;
Sweet-scented boughs of pine and fir
Are brought, like frankincense and myrrh,
To make our hallowed places meet
For hands that clasp and tones that greet,
While hearts, worth more than gold or gem,
Go forth to find their Bethlehem,
When Christmas comes.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

LET THE LORD MANAGE.

WHEN angels of sadness lead thee
To walk in a desolate land—
When all that was lovely and precious,
Has perished by death's smiting hand,
O, fly to the Lord in thy sorrow—
Thy refuge in trouble is he—
"Lean not to thine own understanding,"
But let the Lord manage for thee.

Chorus: O, cast all thy care upon Jesus,
And make his sure promise thy plea—
Thy Saviour will bear every burden of care—
Then let the Lord manage for thee.

When every fond purpose is thwarted—
When hopes have been dashed to the ground—
When thou art oppressed and desponding,
Not knowing where help shall be found,
Then turn to the Lord everlasting—
Thy hope and thy help he will be—
"Lean not to thine own understanding,"
But let the Lord manage for thee.

In life and in death he is with thee—
He knows the beginning and end
Of all that is dark and perplexing,
And he will make circumstance bend
To bring every soul that will trust him,
A blessing of highest degree—
Then lean not to thine understanding,
But let the Lord manage for thee.

Vineland, N. J. —MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

THE TRUTH ABIDES.

THE truth that served the sires of old,
Serves now the children, too.
Throughout all time it may be told,
And still be ever new.

Its orb-like splendor filled the past,
And shall the future fill;
For in the mind of God 'twas cast,
And finished by his will.

Of God, it shall like him endure,
When time itself expires.
Yes, Lord! thy Word shall stand secure
'Mid nature's funeral fires.

That Word then, while the ages roll,
Shall be our guiding light;
Give hope and gladness to the soul,
To cheer earth's darkest night.

The Lord's Coming.

Its Prominence in the Scriptures and its Pertinence to Christian Life.

BY DR. GEO. F. PENTECOST.

NO single doctrine or event is so conspicuous or so frequently alluded to as that of the Lord's Second Coming. By ten to one is his second coming spoken of as compared with the references to his death. There are nearly, if not quite, one thousand promises and references to his second coming in the New Testament. This is vastly in excess of texts upon any other subject.

The doctrinal importance of our Lord's Second Coming can only be faintly appreciated when we say that every important doctrine in the Bible is taught and enforced in connection with this always imminent event. Morover, it is used by Christ and his apostles to urge every practical grace and duty on his disciples. This great truth runs through the entire New Testament from beginning to end, touching every doctrine binding every duty, arousing, consoling, directing, guiding, and inspiring the believer at every step of his pilgrimage. Wherever we turn, it arrests the eye; whatever the subject of inquiry, it engages the attention by its presence.

It is the blessed hope of the Church, and has been in all ages, and will be "till he come." Whatever we have lost of loved and precious treasure will come to us then: whatever of hope deferred in our life will be realized when "He comes;" whatever of spiritual perfection we have longed for will be realized when he "who is our life shall appear," for then "we shall be like him." Therefore, according to his own Word, we are to "look for and hasten the blessed hope, the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Where is the promise of his coming? This is an old question, and curiously and sadly enough, though inspiration has recorded it as emanating from the scoffers of the last day, it is not unfrequently asked in something of a scoffing spirit by those who ought to be "watching and waiting" for their absent Lord. Beside all the Scriptures which underlie what has already been said, I will specify a few of the many hundred promises to be found scattered through the whole Bible.

The promises of Jesus: "Let not your heart be troubled . . . I will come again and receive you to myself." (John 14:1,3.) "Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." (Rev. 22: 12, 20.) Besides, I would refer you to his great parables of the bridegroom; of a nobleman who took a long journey to receive a kingdom and return; of the talents and the pounds; and of the great prophecies of Matt. 24, 25; Luke 21 and Mark 13.

The declaration of the angels: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

For the teachings of the apostles, we refer you to every epistle in the New Testament, in the which the promises of his coming run like a golden thread binding all the truth of God together. We might say that this doctrine is the warp in which all apostolic teaching is woven.

The entire Book of Revelation, containing the last and final utterances of Christ, is concerning those things, "which must shortly come to pass," and all in connection with and dependent upon his coming. Beyond the third chapter, the whole book remains unfulfilled. His descent toward the earth in mid-heaven where he will receive his Church, "those who have fallen asleep in Jesus" and those "who remain" being "caught up together.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
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B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
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Let All Help Armenia.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD congratulates its friends everywhere on the prompt and generous responses that are being received in answer to its appeal for aid to the stricken people of Armenia. It is a splendid illustration of practical Christianity, which thus reaches out, across oceans and continents, to succor the thousands of homeless and destitute Christians of that unfortunate land. It is also a tribute to the constancy of the Armenian people, whose simple faith, preserved intact through generations of persecution, has now come to the time of sorest trial. Thousands have already perished with the name of the Saviour on their dying lips; thousands more are outlaws for his sake. At no time in this world's history has there been an emergency more strongly calculated to wake the warmest sympathy as well as the righteous indignation of Christ's followers, as that which now confronts them in Armenia—the ancient Eden—now deluged with the blood of her martyred sons and daughters who have died for the faith.

Much has already been done to mark the deep and wide-spread sympathy felt in our own land for the people of Armenia, but the real work of relief is just beginning. Half a million souls facing famine and starvation—such is the situation, as explained by the cablegrams, by the reports of Consular officials and by the corroborative testimonies of a large number of missionary workers. Money is needed, and quickly, to save precious lives. Our Relief Fund is now over $15,000, but in view of the fact that nearly half a million persons are facing starvation, much more money will be needed.

We urge all whose hearts have been touched by the woes of Armenia to join with us in this movement for the rescue of the suffering ones. It is a Christian service which should be welcomed by everyone who loves to do the service of the Master. These Armenians are hero-martyrs. By denying Christ, they can win life and prosperity; by rejecting Jesus and accepting Mohammed, they would be assured of Turkish friendship and protection. The trial through which their brothers, and sons, and daughters, have passed is awaiting them also. Christian America can and should strengthen and succor them now. Let the churches, the societies, the Sunday Schools and the circles for Christian work in every Christian denomination, help to save Armenia. No mite is so small, no gift so insignificant, that it Moslem cruelty. And let earnest prayers come with all the gifts, prayers that the Almighty arm may be outstretched to save Armenia from utter extermination, in a crisis when all Europe seems to have forsaken her to her fate. Whatever other nations may do, let our people take a stand for Armenia, and thus demonstrate to the world that we are a compassionate Christian nation.

The Coming Cold.

ONE-HALF of the industries of our day are employed in battling inclemency of the weather. The furs of the North, the cotton of the South, the flax of our own fields, the wool of our own flocks, the coal from our own mines, the wood from our own forests, all employed in battling these inclemencies, and still every December, with blue lips and chattering teeth, answers: "None of us can stand before his cold." Now, this being such a cold world, God sends out influences to warm it. I am glad that the God of the frost is the God of the heat; that the God of the snow is the God of the white blossom; that the God of December is the God of June. The question as to how we shall warm this world up is a question of immediate and all-encompassing practicality. In this zone and weather there are so many fireless heaths, so many broken window-panes, so many defective roofs that sift the snow. Coal and wood and flannels and thick coat are better for warming up such a place than tracts and Bibles and creeds. Kindle that fire where it has gone out. Wrap something around those shivering limbs. Shoe those bare feet. Hat that bare head. Coat that bare back. Sleeve that bare arm. Nearly all the pictures of Martha Washington represent her in courtly dress as bowed to by foreign ambassadors; but Mrs. Kirkland, in her interesting book, gives a more inspiring portrait of Martha Washington. She comes forth from her husband's hut in the encampment, the hut sixteen feet long by fourteen feet wide—she comes forth from that hut to nurse the sick, to sew the patched garments, to console the soldiers dying of the cold. That is a better picture of Martha Washington. Hundreds of garments, hundreds of tons of coal, hundreds of glaziers at broken window-sashes, hundreds of whole-souled men and women, are necessary to warm this December weather. What are we doing to alleviate the condition of those not so fortunate as we? Know ye not there are hundreds of thousands of people who cannot stand before his cold? It is useless to preach to bare feet, and to empty stomachs, and to gaunt visages. Christ gave the world a lesson in common sense when, before preaching the Gospel to the multitude in the wilderness, he gave them a good dinner.

Looking Ahead.

SOLOMON said long ago that there is a time to keep silence as well as a time to speak. The man who can chain his own tongue is master of his own destiny. The most successful men have been the most reticent. It is a great deal better to tell what you have done than to tell what you are going to do. One of the most brilliant addresses ever made to an army was made during our Civil War by a general who came from the West to take command of the army at the East, but that brilliant address, telling what he was going to do, was the precursor of ruin and displacement and recall. He said: "I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies, from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary and to beat him when found, whose policy has been attack and not defence. I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system and to lead you against the enemy and it is my purpose to do so, and that speedily. I desire to dismiss from your mind certain phrases which I am sorry to find much in vogue among you. I hear constantly of taking strong positions and holding them, of lines of retreat and bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas. The strongest position that a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can most easily advance upon the enemy. Let us study the probable line of retreat of our opponents and leave our own to keep for itself. Let us look before us, and not behind. Success and glory are in the advance. Disaster and shame lurk in the rear." That was a resounding address, followed by defeat after defeat and disaster after disaster. Better report after a brave thing is done than before. Better tell us on December 31 what the year has accomplished than tell us on January 1st what the year will bring forth.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Reader, Hampshire Co., Mass. What book or books that are very interesting and might have a tendency to create a desire to read helpful and instructive literature, would you advise one to place in the hands of a young man of nineteen who has no taste for reading?

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Library Premium of ten books, which have been selected as the very best from among hundreds of good books that were under consideration, would probably be the best and most acceptable gift you could place in his hands.

D. T. F., Village Springs, Ala. What disposition did Jephthah make of his daughter, or did he dispose of her at all? (Judges 11).

Commentators vary in their conclusions on this subject, some holding that the vow was performed literally and the maid offered as a sacrifice, while others believe that she was offered up in the sense of being consecrated to a monastic life of seclusion and perpetual virginity. His vow was to consecrate, not to destroy. Josephus, the Jewish historian, says: "He sacrificed his daughter as a burnt-offering, such an oblation as was neither conformable to the law nor acceptable to God."

J. L. Emery, Osborn, Mo. 1. Someone of influence should write or telegraph to the mayor of every city of this country, requesting that a mass meeting be called and funds raised instantly to help the stricken Armenians. 2. Could not the President be induced to issue a proclamation also?

1. Mass meetings have already been held in various cities and others are now being arranged. 2. It certainly would be an excellent thing if our government should take some action that would show at least practical sympathy, if such a course did not conflict with our settled policy of non-intervention in foreign affairs.

D. F. A. Would it be right to use money put aside as the Lord's tenth, to buy flowers to decorate the church, or to buy candies for the children of the Sunday School.

Your own conscience must guide you. The Christian is not under law. If you are honestly trying to serve God in using the money in those ways, you have a perfect right to do so. If you are seeking praise for yourself, or merely gratifying a wish to please others, you cannot regard the money as spent in the Lord's work. The motive is everything in these cases. Ask yourself why you are buying the flowers and candies, and if your heart tells you that you are doing it for the love of Christ, then the expense may legitimately come out of the Lord's tenth.

H. O. Keen, Baltimore, Md. When did Charles Wesley write "Jesus Lover of My Soul?" Under what circumstances?

Charles and John Wesley, and Richard Pilmore were holding a twilight meeting on a common, when a mob assailed them, and they were compelled to flee for their lives. They managed to hide from the fury of the rabble in a spring-house. Here they struck a light with a flint-stone, and after dusting their clothes, and washing, they refreshed themselves with the cooling water that came bubbling up in a spring, and rolling out in a silver streamlet. Charles Wesley, inspired by these surroundings, composed the hymn "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." These facts were given by Mr. Pilmore, an eye-witness, to Mr. Hicks, who stated them to Rev. I. H. Torrence, of Philadelphia.

Mr. G. M. Michaelian, Secretary of the Armenian Relief Cowmittee of Fresno, Cal., in forwarding $50 to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Armenian Relief Fund, writes:

You can rest assured that the Armenians everywhere will cherish your journal most affectionately as they remember its Christian and philanthropic services in the time of their sore distress. We expect that your relief work will be extended to the Bitlis and Erzroom districts. The apathy of the Christian powers has been a great disappointment to us. Our bitter cry is falling on deaf ears. The moral and material help which we justly expected, has been denied to us all because of their petty jealousy of each other. The Sultan understands this, and is losing no opportunity of carrying out his cherished plan of exterminating the Christian Armenians, and thus enlarge the Armenian question. He never as bold as to drive the missionaries away from the disturbed districts, in order to have a free hand in massacring and starving to death the Armenians. The only comfort that the Armenians have is the consciousness that they are not entirely forgotten by the sympathy of Christian and philanthropic people both in America and Europe—that there are some who are willing to wipe the tears from the eyes of a bleeding nation, and save some of them by their generous gifts from an agonizing death of starvation. We hope earnestly that you will kindly use your whole influence, either with this government, and with others if necessary, in order that this infamous action of Turkey may be checked, and that you may freely forward help to those whose only sustenance depends on the outside charity sent by you. You will accept our sincere thanks in behalf of a suffering and persecuted people, for "His Name's Sake."

Subscriber, Gaylord, Mich. There are certain crimes which were punished with death under the Mosaic law and are still punishable by imprisonment. If a man were to commit one of them would God forgive him if he repents and tries to lead a different life?

There is no question of it, if he pleads the merits of Christ, firmly resolves in Christ's strength to quit his sin and trusts in him for salvation. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." (I. John 1: 7.)

J. W. D., Matoca, Va. Is it possible for any one to know that their souls are saved and that they are going to heaven?

It is possible. When a man accepts the offer of salvation through Christ, he is justified in feeling perfect confidence. He has no right to feel any doubt as to God fulfilling his promise, if he on his part fulfils the conditions. In fact, doubt would be insulting to God and a grievous sin.

Mrs. E. A., Whitehall, Ill. I have seen frequent allusions to Cowper's religious melancholy. Will you explain the cause?

It was due to ill health. Cowper was delicate from boyhood, and had to be removed from school on account of the harsh treatment he received from his schoolmates. He had a constitutional tendency to despondency, and was afflicted with an unconquerable shyness. He led a secluded life, and had fits of depression which returned at more or less frequent intervals. This inherited malady clouded his intellect during the last four years of his life.

J. B. Davis, M.D., Oregon, Ill., writes:

I have found that the premiums offered by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are exactly as represented, in fact—better. This paper should merit the consideration of every Christian family in America regardless of denomination.

Constant Reader, New Salem, Pa. 1. Who assisted Martin Luther, if any one, in translating the Latin Bible? 2. What is the exact date when it was published? 3. What is the date of the death of the great reformer Zwingli?

1. The translation was mainly done during his imprisonment in the Wartburg. He had no collaborateur, although at times he undoubtedly took counsel with friends as the work progressed. The New Testament was almost wholly his own. Occasionally, when feeling the want of technical knowledge, he would lay all his friends under contribution—Melancthon, Spalatin, Bugenhagen, Justus Jonas, Aurogallus, Roser and several rabbis, who met at his house once a week, when he resided at Wittenburg. Their assistance, however, chiefly related to the Old Testament translation. 2. The New Testament appeared Sept. 21, 1522, the Old Testament in 1534. 3. Oct. 11, 1531.

I. London, Valley Park. If the Holy Spirit has departed from any soul is it of any use for that person to pray? Would his prayers be heard? Would prayer induce the Holy Spirit to return?

A person who is anxious on these subjects need not be in despair. It is evident from his anxiety that the Holy Spirit is still influencing him. When the Holy Spirit leaves a man, he becomes careless and indifferent and has no desire to pray. It is difficult- almost impossible, for man to understand the operations of the Spirit, but you may be assured that the love and compassion and long-suffering of God are infinite. Christ said that he would cast out none who came to him. With such an assurance, no man need wait to try to solve the mysteries of the Holy Spirit's work. The practical duty of closing with Christ's offer of salvation is the first thing for him to do.

Robert D——., Bellaire, Mich. Because its advocates are generally right in theory but wrong in practice.——Reader. You will find the hymn, "I Love to Think of Jesus" in "The Crown," published by the John Church Co., Cincinnati, O.——J. L. Latum. The same inquiry was recently answered in THE MAIL-BAG.——M. S. F., Fairfax, Vt. Yes: at $1 for the smaller, and $2 for the larger size.——H. Seither, New Orleans. There are thousands. You should write to the different missionary boards for their lists.——E. B., Bloomfield, N. J. By Protestant Christianity.——Arna C. Phillips, North Adams, Mass. Write to Dr. Avvazian, 424 W. 57th St., N. Y.——John Winnemore, Trenton. Yes; the one you mention is considered the best.——E. D. Taylor, Cleveland, Okla. The incident is a true one, names of place and persons only being changed.——Woman Subr., Perry, N. Y. Write to *The Scientific American*, New York, and you will receive full information and advice.——Miss E. C. L., Dayton, Oreg. If they are unjustly and tyrannically used, and peaceable remonstrance is unavailing they are justified in resisting.——W. P. Richardson. 1. Nothing further is disclosed concerning her than is stated in the Bible. 2. They are the attributes of the Trinity.——Rachel A. Hollingsworth, Richmond, Ind. She has abundant justification if the facts are as you state.——E. A. C., Berwick, Me. Yes, it is quite customary. There is no reason why they should not be paid for such services.——E. E. H. It costs fifty cents a year extra in addition to the regular subscription if sent direct from this office.——G. B. Crooks, Providence, R. I. Tarrytown, N. Y.——Subscriber, Mississippi. See answer to same question in reply to B. J. Hillard, Michigan, in THE MAIL-BAG of Dec. 11.——D. E. K., Thomaston, Me. Certainly not.——C.T.Y., Canton, Kan. Yes.——M. F.M., Westboro, Man. The author's name is unknown.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Ashanti Expedition.

PREMPEH, King of Kumassi, is about to experience the consequences of quarrelling with the white man. The English government having secured possession of the Gold Coast, and organized the scattered settlements there into a regular colony, some twenty years ago, finds itself embarrassed in its trade and communication with the "hinterland" within its sphere of influence, by the condition of the Ashanti states, over which Prempeh is trying to enforce his sway. The trouble is a legacy from the old quarrel of 1874. At that time King Koffee reigned over all the Ashanti tribes, but when he was overthrown and Kumassi destroyed, eleven of the states over which he had tyrannized took the opportunity to throw off the yoke, and asked British help in their rebellion. This was refused, but friendly relations were established with them, and they have continued to the present time. Anarchy prevailed through the entire region, and large numbers of the people, weary of the perpetual quarrelling and fighting, left the lands and settled within the British states, where peace and order were maintained. Seven years ago the people of Kumassi resolved to reconstitute the monarchy, and decided that a lad of fourteen, Prempeh by name, was the rightful heir to the throne. He was formally installed on the golden stool, which is the symbol of royalty, and was recognized by the British representative on the Gold Coast as King of Kumassi. But Prempeh had an ambitious mother, who incited him to declare himself King of Ashanti, and to restore the lost glory of his house by bringing the eleven rebellious states into subjection. This was an extensive undertaking, involving widespread war and general disturbance of the whole region. The British tried by negotiation and the offer of a subsidy to avert the war, and they were the more in earnest because the young king and his mother had proved themselves unfit to rule. They had revived the practice of offering human sacrifices, and had organized slave raids, both of which were forbidden by the treaty of Fomana, negotiated with the British in 1874. An embassy was sent to Kumassi to bring these matters to the king's attention, but he treated it with contumely, and one of the soldiers escorting the embassy was killed. Finally, demands were formally made on the king that he abstain from attacking the Ashanti tribes, and that he receive a British resident at Kumassi, who should see that the treaty obligations as to human sacrifices and the slave trade were fulfilled. As he would not comply with these demands, an expedition has been dispatched against him. War is always deplorable, but in this case, if the facts are as represented, it would appear to be a necessity in the interests of humanity. Thousands of men and women may be saved from death or slavery by the overthrow of the tyrant.

For they know not to do right who store up violence and robbery in their palaces. Therefore, an adversary shall be round about the land, and he shall bring down thy strength and thy palaces shall be spoiled. (Amos 3 : 10, 11.)

A Callous Criminal.

An execution took place at Minneapolis, Minn., on December 11, of peculiarly revolting character. The murderer was a young man of good family. His father was the owner of large property in the city and his brother is a physician in good standing. The young man had been well educated but had persistently associated with disreputable persons and had lived a dissipated life. His victim was a dressmaker whom he robbed of her savings under the pretence of investing them for her and who at his urgent request insured her life for ten thousand dollars in his favor. Then he plotted her death and compassed it with cold-blooded atrocity. After he was condemned to the gallows he shocked all who came in contact with him by his flippancy and by his stories of crimes he said he had committed or wished to commit. When the day of execution approached he was told that any request he had to make would be granted. He asked permission to give a supper to his boon companions. He spent much time in preparing the menu which included the choicest delicacies in the markets. There was champagne in abundance and the doomed man was the most jovial person present, telling stories and jesting about the approaching execution. He went from the supper table to his cell and prepared his toilet for the scaffold. The supper and merry-making had lasted till midnight and the execution was to take place at two in the morning. On the scaffold he continued his coarse jests and interrupted them only to fulfil a promise exacted by his lawyer, which was to say, "O Lord for Christ's sake forgive my sins." Then he told the sheriff to "go ahead" and with a joke on his lips he was launched into eternity. He boasted all through that he would "die like a man," but there was no manliness in such a death. It was more like the death of an unintelligent brute and it shows how persistent wrongdoing may harden and brutalize the heart.

THE PALACE OF KING PREMPEH AT KUMASSI, WEST AFRICA.

They have refused to receive correction; they have made their faces harder than a rock. . . Surely they are foolish for they know not the way of the Lord, nor the judgment of their God. (Jer. 5 : 3, 4.)

A Strange Transformation.

An enormous fortune awaits the chemist who can make the best smokeless powder. Whatever it might cost, the Government would be compelled to have it, and every nation in Europe would want it. Chemists are well aware of this fact and are eagerly striving to make it. A dispatch from Wilmington, Del., announces that the most effective explosive yet produced has been made near that city. The inventor keeps the details of the manufacture secret for the present, but it has been learned that the basis is the peculiar one of cast-off cotton undershirts. The materials are reduced to a pulp by the action of nitric and sulphuric acids. The pulp is then treated with an alkali to bring its explosive quality under control. The result is then very much of the nature of gun-cotton, and after further treatment with agents known only to the inventor, it is ready for use. He claims that its propulsive power is no less remarkable than its absolute freedom from smoke. The extraordinary feature of the invention is that so deadly an agent should be produced from so harmless a thing as an ordinary garment. The clothing that protects the body from the cold is thus transformed into a power that will destroy the body. Man has done a great deal of that work in the world, turning the good things to evil purposes. Even in spiritual matters the process goes on.

Was then that which is good made death unto me? Rom. 7 : 13.)

Chasing a Fire.

One of the strangest fires on record is reported from Freeport, L. I. The village is lighted in primitive fashion with oil lamps, and every night a man is employed to drive around the place in a wagon with a tank of oil to replenish any of the lamps that have burned low. On Dec. 14, he was on his rounds as usual and was out of the wagon filling one of the lamps with his can, when the lantern in front of the wagon exploded and set the vehicle on fire. The flames might have been easily and quickly extinguished if the wagon could have been reached; but the sudden glare startled the horse and he ran away. The draught caused by his rapid flight soon carried the flames to the oil tank and the whole stock of oil caught fire. An alarm to the local fire-brigade brought out the engine, but the location of the fire by that time was a long way off. The horse was so frightened and so anxious to escape from the heat, that he was careering at his utmost speed through the roads and no one could tell where he might go and whose property he might be the means of setting on fire. The engine gave chase, but the horse with the portable fire had a good start and a lighter load. It was a long time before he was overtaken and detached from the burning wagon. The horse wanted to be saved from the fire, but in his fright he took the course that delayed his being saved. It often happens that a similar course is taken by persons who have become alarmed for their spiritual safety. Instead of committing themselves to Christ to deliver them from evil, they try to reform and quit their sins unaided. To them the way of safety is that prescribed to the Israelites when they were flying from the tyrant:

Fear ye not; stand still and see the salvation of God. (Ex. 14: 13.)

Sinking a Ship to save it.

A shipowner in New York in conversation with a friend who had recently enjoyed a voyage on one of his vessels surprised him by telling him that the fine ship whose praises he was uttering had once been under water. Some seven years ago the ship was at her dock in the East River waiting to have a quantity of ballast taken out of her hold before taking in cargo. Early one morning smoke was seen issuing from the hatchways and an examination showed that in some unexplained way a fire had started and had just reached a compartment in which a quantity of hay was stored. The hay caught fire quickly and the flames shot up to a great height. The river fire department was quickly on the scene and deluged the ship with water. The scuttles were opened, too, and in a short time the ship went to the bottom. The owners and the fire department agreed that the best hope of saving her was to sink her. She was not badly injured and the work of raising her was at once begun. In a few weeks she was again afloat, thoroughly repaired and newly painted. She had proved a staunch vessel and had since done good service. Ordinarily no greater calamity can happen to a ship than to be sunk, but in this case it preserved her for future usefulness. If the owners had refused to have her sunk the fire would probably have consumed her. It is so with some lives. When the fires of avarice and lust and passion are consuming the soul, there is nothing that can save it but some great calamity that submerges it, from which by Christ's power it rises regenerated.

Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it (Luke 17:33).

BRIEF NOTES.

At the Recent Meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society a letter was read from Rev. M. Bowen, the society's agent in Constantinople, presenting an urgent plea for help on behalf of the Armenians. He said that the reports of suffering and danger brought in by the colporteurs were heartrending. The American public will be more disposed to credit statements so endorsed than those issued by the Turkish legation in Washington which say that the Sultan is protecting and providing for the Armenians.

Rev. W. Whipple, who is Agent for the American Bible Society in Persia, reports that both at Oroomiah and Hamadan there is an unusually large demand for copies of the Bible in Persian and there have been extensive sales.

A Successful Rescue Work Among fallen women is being carried on by Mrs. Williamson in one of the worst districts of New York. She has worked for many years, as our readers are aware, in the dives and disreputable haunts of the city and has helped many women to quit their evil lives. Mrs. Williamson has hired a house in which she can temporarily shelter free of charge women who want to reform. She will need some assistance in paying the rent. Any contribution for this purpose, sent to us, we shall be glad to forward to her.

A Remarkable Revival has Followed the united efforts of the churches of Melrose, Mass. The leading members of the various Evangelical churches met and raised a thousand dollars to pay the cost of hiring a hall. An invitation was sent to Rev. C. L. Jackson to lead the meetings and all the pastors assisted him in his labors. An excellent choir was organized and there was a house to house canvas of the town. The results have been wonderful and the united efforts have induced a brotherly feeling among Christians of the different denominations which is in itself a blessing.

The Receipts for Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the year closing October 31, were $1,242,659.73, an increase over last year of about $54,000.

Governor Greenhalge, of Massachusetts, in his Thanksgiving Day address at Lowell, put the theme of Christian citizenship in epigrammatic form by saying: "The Christian ought to be a citizen, and the citizen ought to be a Christian."

At a Missionary Prayer Meeting Recently held at Warsaw, Ind., an excellent address was given by Mr. I. B. Moosha, a Persian who has come to America to receive theological training, intending to return to Persia to preach Christ to his people.

Successful Evangelistic Meetings were Recently held in Denver, Colo., by Frank L. Smith, of New York. During the Young Men's Christian Association's week of prayer Mr. Smith gave his time wholly to the young men. He afterward held union meetings at the Hyde Park Presbyterian Church.

The United States Minister at Madrid has now notified the State Department that the Spanish authorities persist in their determination to delay the authority for the American missionaries to return to the Caroline Islands. This much desired privilege, it appears, is dependent upon the humor of the governor of these islands who insists that the missionaries would not be safe. The American Board commenced work in the islands forty-three years ago. It was carried on until 1890 when the Roman Catholic priests stirred up opposition and the missionaries were expelled.

Rev. Samuel Dunham, of Binghampton, N. Y., says that the services of Dr. Munhall in that town which have just closed, have been a great blessing to the entire community. Every Protestant church has received additions from the converts at the revival. Six hundred cards were signed by persons desiring to make profession of Christ and unite with Christian churches. At the concluding meeting on December 4, the ministers of the various denominations were present, and after Dr. Munhall's last words of advice to the new converts, shook hands with them and promised them their spiritual help to lead a consistent life.

The Children of Armenia.

A Glimpse of a Native Kindergarten at Sivas. Little Tots at their Object Lessons.

THESE are sad days for the mothers and children of Armenia. Thousands of those who, but a few months ago, were in comfortable if humble homes, are now widowed, orphaned, and destitute, cast upon the mercies of a world whose people (in that region at least) know no mercy.

Mr D. M. Bedekian, an Armenian teacher now in America, has given to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some interesting information regarding the early tuition of the children of his native land. The photograph on this page shows Mr. Bedekian and his kindergarten class at work in their school-room. It was taken under happier auspices, and before the terrible scenes of massacre and carnage, which have recently caused such suffering in Asiatic Turkey, had begun. Mr. Bedekian's school was in Sivas, one of the districts afterwards devastated by the Kurds, and it is more than probable that some of the little pupils have perished with their parents in the late massacre there, while it is certain that the others are, in common with all Armenians in that section, homeless and in misery.

Mr. Bedekian is an example of self-culture and is highly esteemed among his countrymen. He studied Froebel's system of teaching, and in order to get a thorough knowledge of the kindergarten system, he went to Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and was there trained under the leadership of an American lady, Miss Nellie Bartlett. He proved himself an apt kindergartner, and equipped with a certificate, went out to work more vigorously for the best education of the little ones. But wherever he went, the young man encountered difficulties and hindrances at the hands of the Turkish authorities. The government closed his school and threatened to imprison him if he should attempt to renew his efforts to establish a kindergarten. This was an unexpected and hard blow to his energies, but he is not a man to be easily discouraged. He came to America, where he now enjoys the luxury of liberty and freedom, and he is preparing to resume his work with more enthusiasm than ever!

Mr. Bedekian is only one amid many thousands of similar cases of persecution by Turkey. No Armenian is safe where Turkish authority prevails, and especially is this true where the Armenian is prospering in his calling. A thriving merchant, a busy professional, or a prosperous farmer is especially marked as the prey of the fanatical Moslems, who daily implore Allah to cut off the "Christian dogs" from the face of the earth.

A CHRISTIAN KINDERGARTEN IN SIVAS, ASIA MINOR.
Now broken up by the Turks, and some of its little pupils probably slaughtered.

Noble Armenian Boys and Girls.

Director Alexander McLachlan, of the American High School in Smyrna, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as follows:

"You will be glad to know that your journal is gaining a large number of admirers among the Armenians of Smyrna. A few weeks ago, I brought the case of the suffering people of old Armenia before the Armenian pupils in our High School for Boys here, and their sympathies were so stirred up that they resolved to form themselves into a relief committee, and for the last four or five weeks have been contributing regularly for this purpose. Among our boarders in the school an additional sacrifice has been made in their agreeing to give up an important item in their morning bill-of-fare for breakfast, with the result that during the past few weeks we have forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD special Commissioner and to our own missionaries at Van the sum of forty-one Turkish liras (or $180.) The American Girls' School here has shared with us in this good work, and have contributed seven liras of this sum. About seven liras more were contributed by some Armenian young men and other friends—the balance by our boys here in the High School. We are continuing to send weekly contributions, and now that the news has come to us that the Turkish Government is not permitting Mr. Howard to proceed to the famine-stricken districts we are addressing our remittances to the missionaries at Van. It would encourage our boys and girls to see their contributions acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

Spurgeon and the Lunatic.

An English pastor, who was well acquainted with the late Pastor Spurgeon, recently related in one of his sermons the following incident: "One day a visitor called at Nightingale Lane with the request that he might be allowed to see Mr. Spurgeon at once on urgent business. On entering the study, the stranger closed the door, stood with his back to it, and began, 'What's this you've been telling the people at the Tabernacle about me?' 'Why, nothing, my friend.' 'Oh, yes, you have, and I've come to have it out with you. I'm not going to stand this sort of thing.' Seeing that the man was stout and strong, and that he carried a stick like himself, Mr. Spurgeon adopted a soothing, matter-of-fact, reasoning tone. 'Well, my friend, you are a stranger to me. I don't think I ever saw you before, and certainly I don't know you. If I know nothing about you, I can't tell anything, can I?' 'No,' said the man, 'I suppose you can't,' and then, after a meditative pause, asked, 'Have you a brother?' 'Yes.' 'Is he much like you?' 'No, I can't say he is.' Then came a furious burst. 'No, it wasn't your brother, it was you; and I mean to settle the matter. Do you know that I have been in an asylum?' 'Have you? I am sorry to hear that.' 'Yes, and when I was there I was so strong that it took ten men to hold me.' The man began to flourish his stick, and make threatening advances, and then he asked, 'Are you strong?' This was the preacher's opportunity, and power of will over brute strength at once asserted itself. 'Yes, I am, terrifically.' 'What, as strong as ten men?'

"Mr. Spurgeon sprang to his feet, assumed a tragic tone, and shouted, 'Yes, I'm stronger than a hundred men; and if you don't get out of this room, I'll crush every bone in your wretched little body!' The man trembled with fear, turned to the door, threw it aside, rushed down the stairs, out through the doorway, and along the road, as if pursued by furies, leaving his stick behind as a memento of his visit. Mr. Spurgeon was not a little relieved when he heard that the man was caught."

The Gospel in Macedonia.

Faithful Missionaries Carrying the Truth into Remote Places.

IN a letter from Samokov, Bulgaria, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mrs. Elizabeth R. Terziera, a reader of this journal, writes:

"We are greatly interested in the relief work in Armenia. We all feel for them here in Bulgaria, and in many places it is talked that the time has come when that cruel, tyrannical nation—the Turkish nation—must leave Europe for ever and fly to Asia or off the face of the earth. Only those who have suffered from the Turks know their terrible cruelty. They are torturing and killing our brethren by hundreds in Macedonia, and especially those who took part in the recent fruitless révolution are suffering unspeakably—they and their families.

"If traveling and touring were only more safe in Macedonia, the work of God would prosper better than it does now. But still as it is, it is prospering beyond expectations. The people are more simple-hearted and good and earnest, and receive the truth with greater readiness than the people here. There were such cheering reports read here at the annual meeting of the missionaries last summer from the Macedonian missionaries, that we were very glad to hear them and were greatly encouraged. Every town and village is opened for work, and the people are eager to hear the truth, and in many places they have congregations. In some places they need to have churches and school-houses built but are not permitted by the government. Two active missionaries, Dr. H. House and Mr. E. Haskell, began their work about two years ago in Salonica, and have traveled up to Servia working in towns on the boundary where there are Servians living. There are some very good Christians there. Dr. House said that if the missionaries cannot enter Servia from the proper door—Belgrade—they will enter it from the back door—Macedonia. We pray and believe that they are now on their way to that part of Servia where there is not one missionary.

"We heard lately that these missionaries had hardly any funds for traveling this year. We trust that some good friends will be raised to help in the work in Bulgaria. Now we are collecting help from all our friends in Bulgaria and many have given generously for the building of a library in Sophia, our capital, and a hall or big room up-stairs where there will be different good books and papers to read, and coffee or tea served instead of beer or wine, and where lectures shall be given to the young men who are encompassed with temptations on every side, and nothing good to draw their attention or help them to a better life. The place is bought now, and there is a little money towards the building, but it is very insufficient."

"A Heart of Gold!"

An Incident in the McAll Mission Work at Marseilles, France.

THERE is at Marseilles in connection with the McAll Mission, a flourishing society, called "The Society of the Blue Cross." Its hall is situated on the busy quay, where people of all nationalities congregate, and on the blue shutters is a notice that a meeting is held on Sunday afternoons "to reform drunkards." There are thirty-three drinking-places on the quay for the manufacture of drunkards, and one only to save them! A goodly number of its members are Christian women who have enrolled themselves in order to save others. Some have been raised from the lowest depths of degradation, and are now honored and honorable members of society. Pastor Brown gives the following incident as having occurred there: "Tounead is a strong, muscular man, who could carry three hundred pounds of wool on his shoulders from six o'clock to twelve o'clock without taking a rest. He was a hard drinker, and has swallowed thirty-five glasses of absinthe neat in a day. When drunk he was a terror to his neighbors.

"A Christian youth, saved through the Temperance Society, requested prayer for him, for he had "a heart of gold." So a few met to pray for "the golden heart." He attended the meetings and signed the pledge for a week; fell and signed again. He was invited to the little prayer-meeting, and the sight of the little group on their knees dazed him. His heart was enlarged—it became "great." He hurried from that meeting with a strange, new sensation, and falling on his knees in his poor home, he prayed this prayer: "O, God, if you are a God, reveal yourself to me; make me a good man; change my heart." With strong crying and tears he cried to him who could deliver; and he said, "Something took place here (pointing to his heart); I don't know what, but I was another man. I did not swear again, I who swore with every breath. I did not feel fight, and I had no desire to be drunk. Can you explain that, Monsieur Brown?"

His prayer gives the solution. "Oh God, I thank you. You have turned the devil out of me, and delivered me from a dirty world, and put something good in me which I cannot explain, but I thank you very much." The "Golden Heart" is a priceless gem, picked up in the gutter, and brought by the prayers of a few of God's dear children to the Refiner of silver. He is soon to be married, and I have just been invited to be present at the happy ceremony."

The Gospel in Bohemia.

Rev. Dr. Norman Walker, who recently made a tour through the lands of Huss and Luther, refers to a visit at Prague and to his attendance at a Bohemian service in that city, at which our missionary, Rev. Dr. A. W. Clark, preached. Dr. Walkec was much surprised to find the audience consisting largely of men, the rule in Austria being that women outnumber the men at religious services. Dr. Walker concludes his commendation of the work done by the mssionaries of our Board in Austria by saying, "In a land where the moral tone is in the last degree low, it is effectively helping the way of rescue and reform. In short, the impression left on my mind is this: that in very few countries indeed is an evangelistic enterprise being carried on which is conducted so wisely and with such energy and success as that of the American Board in Bohemia."

ARMENIA'S BLACK CHRISTMAS!

Massacres of Christians Continue, While the British Warships Lie Idly at Anchor—The Red Cross Undertakes the Relief Work—Clara Barton and "The Christian Herald."

THE BRITISH FLEET OFF SALONICA.

Ships that Rocked at Ease while Christians Perished.

ONCE more the example of a body of Christian men and women, working together earnestly, harmoniously and prayerfully for a common purpose, has been the means of stimulating a nation to activity in the same direction. The Armenian Relief movement, which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD started several months ago, has now become national, and the hearts of the American people, touched by the terrible story of Armenia's woes, are now yearning to help the sufferers. Such material aid as has already been sent, has been administered to the best advantage through the American missionaries in Van direct, as well as through the American Board missionaries in Constantinople who are in communication with the mission workers in all parts of Armenia. But this work of relief has been conducted under extraordinary conditions, the Turkish Government hampering and opposing it at every point and making it clear to all the missionaries that the deliberate intent was to allow the Armenians to die of cold and hunger.

Abdul Hamid had decreed that the Christians should be exterminated; those who had survived the massacres at Moosh, Sassoun, Dalvorig, Trebizond, Erzeroum and Harpoot, would die quietly if let alone. They were mere Christian dogs—all of them, and deserved to perish for the glory of Allah and his prophet. And when the missionaries, faithful to their duty, and at the risk of their own lives, continued to extend succor to the starving ones, their mission buildings were burned down, their converts slain and they themselves compelled to seek a place of shelter. And thus by threats, killing of converts, incendiarism and other violent measures, the Turkish officials have at last made it well-nigh impossible for any of the missionaries to continue to act as administrators of the relief sent from America or Europe.

This is now the case at almost every one of the important points in Asiatic Turkey. Even at Van, the regular mission work, as the cable informs us, is at a standstill, and Dr. Kimball and her associates, are doubtless struggling with great difficulties in the relief work. Yet, with characteristic courage, our American missionaries are the last on the field, for the European missionaries abandoned the relief work some time ago, in compliance with Turkish demands, and the relief funds raised in England, together with those contributed in this country, were thereafter and up to the present time, distributed by the American missionaries. Had they, too, given up the struggle, nearly half a million homeless and destitute Armenian Christians of all ages—a very large proportion of them women and tender children—would have been left to perish, either by famine and exposure to the elements, or at the hands of the Turks.

Realizing that even this last means of dispensing relief might at any moment by Turkish caprice be cut off absolutely, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last week decided to enlist the sympathetic and practical co-operation of the Red Cross in the work in Armenia. Protected by special International Treaty, to which Turkey is a signatory power, it is not probable that the Sultan, with all his craft and arrogance, could successfully object to the Red Cross entering Asiatic Turkey. In response to our request and to many others of a like nature, Miss Clara Barton, the President of the American Red Cross Society, after taking counsel with her associates in the organization, has accepted the summons to active duty and will undertake the work of relief distribution. Miss Barton will take the field in person at the head of her corps of trained workers. She will doubtless have the full co-operation of the European Red Cross societies, as the International President of the Red Cross in Switzerland, has already cabled his approval of her brave determination.

CLARA BARTON, PRESIDENT, AMERICAN RED CROSS.

Who has bravely Undertaken to carry Relief to Armenia.

Meanwhile, the news from Armenia is of the gloomiest character. The apathy of the European governments encourages Turkey to continue its infamous career of persecution and massacre. Incredible as it seems, the so-called "Christian powers" have apparently no intention of interposing to prevent the Sultan from carrying out his diabolical plan of Armenian extermination to its full completion. Yet, so critical is the situation at Constantinople, that a day may precipitate a change that will involve much for Armenia among others.

Details of the recent massacres in Erzeroum and Trebizond prove that the slaughter was prearranged, and that the Armenians were not in any sense the aggressors. The Erzeroum massacre started at the office of the Vali in the government building. An Armenian priest of Tevnik was in the building endeavoring to gain an audience with the Vali, when he was shot down by Turkish murderers. Then followed a horrible saturnalia of carnage, during which over 1,000 Christians were slaughtered. After the butchery, the dead victims were dragged by neck and heels into the cemetery and cast into a long, deep trench, not unlike the death pit of Geliguzan—the murdered fathers, mothers and sweet, innocent babes, all calm and peaceful in the sleep of death, flung down like carrion. Nothing more horrible or more pathetic could be imagined than that scene at the cemetery two days after the massacre. The spaces between the poor dead bodies were filled with the skulls and thigh-bones that had been taken by the sacrilegious Moslems from the oid, upturned graves and then, all were covered up together out of sight. The survivors dared not even express their grief.

No less shocking is the news that comes from Kaisarieh in that part of Asiatic Turkey known as Cappadocia, where a frightful massacre of Christians took place recently, accompanied by the outraging of women and the looting of the shops and houses. This, it is declared, was done in obedience to orders from Constantinople. Over 1,000 were killed and the fury of the Kurds, not, satiated with slaughter, vented itself in the mutilation of the inanimate bodies.

The Harpoot massacre, three weeks ago was another butchery carried out under orders. Sixty Christians fled to a church in the vain hope that its walls would furnish them a shelter against those who were crying for the blood of the Armenians. They were permitted for a time to believe themselves secure, but suddenly the church was surrounded by a great number of Kurds. The doors were then blown in, and the Christians thought that they would be massacred within the sacred structure. They were not. Their captors took them one at a time outside the church, and there, heedless of the cries for mercy from women and children, killed them, either by shooting or stabbing them. The first victim was the Protestant pastor of the church, who, as he was dragged out, bade the others, if they had to die, to die as Christians. He met his death like a martyr. Some of the refugees in a very agony of terror offered to abjure their faith and accept Islamism, thinking thus to save their lives. The offers availed them nothing, for their insatiable enemies, after accepting them, dragged the converts out and killed them one by one. The Armenian church has been turned into a mosque, and the Protestant church into a stable.

It is impossible, the cable tells us, to describe the present condition of the Armenians who have survived these and kindred afflictions. Van and Trebizond are filled with fugitives from the pillaged villages adjacent to those cities. Great numbers of women and children, almost completely exhausted from fear and lack of food, have reached the two cities. Their condition is most deplorable. They have been robbed of about everything they possessed. Large numbers of them were barefooted, and with only a single garment as their covering in the inclement winter weather. There is no doubt that many hundreds of those who escaped death at the hands of the Kurds will die from the effects of the exposure they have undergone, and thousands must fall victims of starvation unless quickly cared for. The promptest aid that can reach the sufferers from foreign countries will hardly avail to prevent an enormous death list from these causes, but unless aid is soon furnished in unstinted measure from some quarter, the deaths from famine will reach an appalling number. It will be a black Christmas for Armenia!

To Europe's shame it has to be recorded that the fleets of the great powers have lain inactive at anchor within a few hours' sail of Constantinople, while these atrocities have been going on unchecked. Not a gun has been fired nor a hand lifted to stop the flow of Christian blood. The great war-ships of England lay in the Gulf of Salonica as quietly as though the whole world were at peace. England was pledged by treaty in 1878 to secure good government for Armenia, a pledge that has been basely broken. Her thousands of innocent men and women have for weeks and months been appealing in vain to the civilized powers of Europe to save them from the Moslem swords and the Moslem lust, and they are even now dying—expiring with the name of Jesus upon their lips—while the great fleets rock idly on the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Other generations, in more enlightened days, will look back with indignation and horror at the supineness of Europe which has consented to this colossal crime of the age—the extermination by the wicked and barbarous Ottoman power of the defenceless Christians of Armenia. Such an attitude invites the judgment of heaven against those nations that have a share in the infamy.

The Red Cross managers are now busily preparing for the work before them. They will require not less than $100,000 in money and $400,000 in pledges before entering the field. It is expected that their relief work will continue six months or more.

Clara Barton's name and the story of her life-long devotion to the cause of humanity, are known throughout the Union. Miss Barton was born in Oxford, Mass., in 1838. She had a thorough education in the public schools of that city, supplemented by a course of study at Clinton, N.Y. For some time she was a teacher in the public schools of Oxford, and subsequently was principal of the first public school at Bordentown, N. J. She was engaged in the Patent Office at Washington in 1861, when the war introduced her to the work that has made her name famous in all lands. Resigning her position in the Patent Office, she devoted herself exclusively to hospital work. As the need increased, she hired a vehicle and went to the scene of the slaughter—Culpepper Court House being her first destination.

Miss Barton was on the battle-fields of Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Falmouth, and at the siege of Charleston. How many lives were saved in those scenes of slaughter through her prompt ministrations, none can estimate. With her band of trained nurses, she did noble service, and continued in it to the end of the war.

With a frame exhausted by continuous labor she went, by the advice of her physicians, to Europe to recuperate. She was there when the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and she immediately offered her services. At Metz, in Paris, and in other scenes of the conflict, she ministered to the wounded and comforted the dying. The Emperor of Germany acknowledged her services by the presentation of the Order of the Iron Cross, and other distinguished personages gave her grateful proofs of tangible esteem. Since then, as President of the American Red Cross Society, she has rendered beneficent services in the Ohio floods, the Michigan fires, the Charleston earthquake, and the Johnstown flood and other calamities of national import. During the great famine in Russia, when THE CHRISTIAN HERALD chartered the steamer *Leo* with a load of food for the suffering peasants, the Red Cross also sent generous relief. Miss Barton is one of the noblest women of the century, and her memory will long be cherished by a nation which she has inspired to admiration by her life of self-sacrifice. Her photograph which appears on this page was taken expressly for this journal.

Contributions to the Armenian Relief Fund will be found acknowledged on page 894. All contributions will be promptly acknowledged in these columns.

Courtesy in Church.

PARENTS do well to teach their young folks to be courteous in all the relations of life. There is a special courtesy which might be learned in regard to behavior in church, and especially toward strangers. How often we see the stranger in a church standing apparently at a loss, while the regular members of the congregation are comfortably seated.

Several years ago, two strangers, well dressed young men, entered a church in a small town and seated themselves in an empty pew. Presently a woman, the owner of the pew, came to the door and motioned to them to come out until she should pass to the further end. They were offended at her discourteous manner and marched out of the church, refusing to listen to any invitation to remain.

One day a scholarly-looking man, plainly dressed, came into a church in Holland and took a seat near the pulpit. A few minutes later, a haughty lady swept up to the pew, and seeing a stranger in it, ordered him by an imperious gesture to leave it. The stranger obeyed, and going into one of the seats reserved for the poor, joined devoutly in the services. After they were over, the lady's friends gathered round her and demanded whether she knew who it was that she had treated so rudely. "No; some pushing stranger," she replied. "It was King Oscar of Sweden," was the answer. "He is here visiting the Queen." Her mortification may be imagined.

There is no reason why the same rules of politeness that prevail in the drawing room should not be exercised in the church, as far as consideration for others is concerned. It is comparatively a small thing to show a little kindness to a stranger, but to the recipient it means much and goes far toward turning into a means of spiritual blessing a service that might have been marred and rendered unprofitable by an act of discourtesy.

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Children in Iceland.

The real work of instruction in Iceland is performed by the parents during the long winter evenings, writes Ruth Shaffer in the *Chautauquan*. Then the family surrounds the centre table, a large kerosene lamp suspended from the ceiling and great chunks of burning peat ablaze upon the hearth rendering the room comfortable and attractive. The books are got out and several members of the family assume the duty of teachers. Meanwhile the women knit and spin, the men read, and the old folks as they sit with their feet to the fire hold the little children on their knees and weave tales that greatly delight the imagination of the wee folks. All children are regularly examined by the pastor of the parish. Every child must possess an elementary education before being confirmed at about the age of fourteen, and as confirmation carries with it certain important civil rights the observance of this ceremony is rigidly practiced. The Icelanders are mostly Lutherans and are stanch Protestants and the most loyal, innocent, pure-minded people in the world. Crime, theft, debauchery and cruelty are almost unknown among them. It is entirely safe for any woman to ride unattended through the country.

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Woman and Home.

For home there is absolutely no substitute. Language, which is but the crystallized thought of nations, tells the story. Home without woman is unknown to human speech. The military officer has his "quarters," the sea-captain his "cabin," the herdsman his "ranch," the student or clerk his "room," or, perhaps, his "den;" associated men have "clubs," "societies," "lodges." Woman only has "home"—and man as associated with her. The mother can make a home for a grown-up son, a sister for a brother, a daughter for a widowed father. Mother and daughter, grandmother, daughter and granddaughter, perhaps, or a bevy of sisters, will have a "home." But father and son, or a group of brothers, never. If they maintain for a time a "house—apartment—residence," that is all. The word and thought of "home" drop out. There is need of just the peculiar kind of affection and tenderness natural to womanly character, in order that home may be.

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"Help Others," a Good Motto.

"A sure way to be happy is to do something for somebody," is the remark of a plain philosopher. It is true, for the sum of life is service—service to others, and not to self. Self is a narrow space. This should be impressed upon young men who have just opened the door of life, and old men who are just before the door that opens to the life beyond. Life is not an existence for self. It is this service that is the grand exponent of a successful life. To determine what success a life may attain is to see how much a life may accomplish for the bettering of humanity.

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Christmas Decorations.

The beautiful custom of decorating homes and churches at Christmas with evergreens is one held in common by all. Our forests teem with conifers, and other evergreen trees and vines, that are of themselves bright and attractive. There has come up lately a desire for genuine holly and mistletoe, imported at Christmas. The expense is far in excess of the decorations furnished by our wild woods, and in regard to the imported holly, its beauty is far below the standard of the home-grown branches. The leaf and berry of the American holly are unsurpassed in beauty by any in the world. The English mistletoe is not more beautiful in leafage and richly clustered pearly-white berries than that obtained from our own forests. From New England, south, the holly flourishes in every State, and the berries turn a brilliant scarlet just in time for Christmas. That is why they are always so fresh and beautiful. In combination with palms, ivies, and blooming plants, and with mistletoe, pine, and arbor-vitae, nothing surpasses our home-grown holly for Christmas decorations.

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Four Marks.

These are the four marks of the child of light. He is a picture of God. He is a chaser away of evil. He brings gladness with him wherever he comes. And he does not live to himself.

THE ROAD TO DAVIES.

BY JAMES WILLIAM McCARTHY.

HE paused upon the highway,
At the turnpike in the road—
A dear old man with silvery locks,—
And face that earth-cares showed;
His clothes were old and rusty,
His stiff gait slowed by years;
Yet behind it all there seemed to be
That faith which calms all fears.

"Say, lad, which way to Davies'?"
He asked a youngster small;
"I've got to get there somehow
'Fore snow begins to fall.
These limbs of mine feel weary,
And the air most cold has growed;
I've traveled away from Sintown,
And forgot the one right road.

"You see, I'm Davies' brother,
And he haint seen me in years.
Since youth I've been a pilgrim—
In this world of smiles and tears.
The other day I found out
That he lived in this 'ere clime;
So I guessed I'd cease to wander,
And join him Christmas-time.

"For I always thought it happy day
(Before my manhood's dawn),
To be with all the loved ones
On the day when Christ was born.
And tho' I've been a prodigal,
No more again I'll roam;
My peace is made: pray tell me, lad,
The road to Davies' home?"

"There are two roads here—be careful, sir,
For oft' I've heard it said,
That on the left—the wider one,
By many folks is tread.
And also, too, that every one
That takes that rock-strewn way,
Ne'er reaches Davies' mountain home,
Where shines a perfect day.

"But to the right, my good old man,
That narrow path you see,
Will take you straight up to the place
Where happy people be.
No thorns will tear your weary flesh,
You'll meet no unkind fate,
And a right good, merry welcome
Will greet you at the gate."

"There are two roads here—be careful, sir.'

"Well said, my honest country lad,
I'm on my way again;
A Merry Christmas to you!
Let your light so shine to men!
The road to Davies' mountain home
Is the *right road;* like the wise,
I'll take it." . . . . Dear friend, why not
It leads to Paradise. [you?

"MY SONG SHALL BE OF JESUS."

MY song shall be of Jesus,
His mercy crowns my days,
He fills my cup with blessings,
And tunes my heart to praise;
My song shall be of Jesus,
The precious Lamb of God,
Who gave himself for ransom,
And bought me with his blood.

My song shall be of Jesus,
When, sitting at his feet,
I call to mind his goodness
In meditation sweet;
My song shall be of Jesus,
Whatever ill betide;
I'll sing the grace that saves me,
And keeps me at his side.

My song shall be of Jesus,
While pressing on my way,
To reach the blissful region
Of pure and perfect day;
And when my soul shall enter
The gates of Eden fair,
A song of praise to Jesus,
I'll sing forever there.

—MRS. HEYER.

***

CHILDREN AT THE TABLE.

TABLE manners are, or ought to be, an important part of the training of children. If possible, the little folks should always meet with the father, mother and older members of the family at the table. It is not always wise to crowd them off to a side table all by themselves. They should not lead the conversation; they should be taught never to interrupt their elders, but they should be allowed to assist in the conversation which will teach them to express their thoughts intelligently, and parents should see that they use the best language. Children can be early taught to eat quietly; to avoid noises in swallowing and chewing; to use the fork and not the knife, that with the fingers can be taken bread, fruits and cake; the proper use of the napkin, and that they are not to display any marked likes and dislikes. Older members of the family should be as polite to each other and to the children, as to any guest; then you will not be haunted by the fears, that in some unguarded moments, the children will bring themselves and you to disgrace, for table manners "are sure indications of social, mental and moral culture."

***

Child-love for Mother.

Happy they whose first years have been infolded in parental piety, who begin their course in this world with a religious atmosphere about them, taught, as the beginning of all instruction and all discipline. Thank God if you are so fortunate as to be a child of many prayers. "Who cares for mother?" said a boy one day to his sister, who told him that mother wished him to leave his play on the sand and come home. "My boy," said a gentleman who overheard the remark, "don't speak thus. I despised my mother, and took my own way, and broke her heart. But, after her death, oh, what would I have done to be able to call her back! I was miserable until I remembered how she taught me to pray, and I cast myself on her God. Oh, how much I owe to my mother and her prayers!" The boy's eyes kindled, and his voice trembled, as he said, "I will never speak lightly of my mother again, sir; no, never!"

Always

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Requests for Prayer.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Dec. 8, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends: "In Christ's Name," Manchester, Va., for a father and [illegible] ——"Believer in Prayer," Sayville, L. I., that a dear son may give his heart to the Saviour.——S. F. McG., Lewiston, Idaho, that a dear friend who is an infidel may [illegible] Christ.——"Reader," Ontario, in behalf of a father that he may have full assurance of salvation; also [illegible] receive grace to overcome a passionate temper; also for a brother, that he, too, might be saved and kept from sin.——"Anxious Reader" in a Mining Camp in Colorado, that a man and his wife, once earnest Christians, but now wanderers from God, might be forgiven and regain God's favor.——"Believer," York, Pa., that a young man who some time ago professed conversion, might have grace to live near to God, and be saved from growing careless and worldly; also that another young man who is a great trouble to his widowed mother, might be converted.——"Praying Mother," Sarissa, Tex., for two sons who call themselves "Liberals" in religion, but are really sceptics, that she may live to see them converted to Christ.——"A Friend," Louisville, Ky., that a friend and his family might be saved.——"Reader," Virginia, Va., for the conversion of a young man, the only son of an afflicted mother, and that he may enter the Lord's service.——"Connecticut Reader," that one who is completely discouraged, might be convinced that the Lord is ready to pardon the sins of all who are truly penitent, and that he might have assurance of acceptance, and re- [illegible] spiritual mental and physical strength. ——Constant Reader, Redfield, Dak., that some dear ones might be made new creatures in Christ.——M. A., Kiowa, Kans., for her husband and five sons, that they might all become children of God.——R.C. N., Avonia, Pa., for the conversion of her husband, [illegible] would keep her children from being contaminated by evil example.——M. C. E., Racine, Wis., on behalf of a dear son who fought for his country and nearly lost his life in the great war, that God would save his soul.——"Subscriber," ——, that [illegible] may return like the Prodigal, with [illegible] and tears and prayers for forgiveness; also for a son-in-law of blameless character, but not a Christian.——"Believer," Pine Plains, N.Y., whose parents are not saved, that they may turn to Christ before the shadows fall upon them.——"Believer in Prayer," Hudson, Mass., that a dear friend, sick and without employment, might be led to God in his trouble, and be delivered from his embarrassment. ——M. S., Upton, Mass., whose husband has deserted her, that God would look upon him in his wan- [illegible] and save his soul, delivering him especially from his appetite for drink.——M. J. S., Hickendon, Pa., for the blessing of God on a whole family.—— "Believer," Mo., that God would save the souls of two wicked sons-in-law.

For the Restoration of Health. "Subscriber," Lunsbury, Conn. For the recovery of one who has suffered a long time from a nervous affliction.——"Believer in Prayer," York, Pa. For recovery, if it be God's will, and if not, for grace to be submissive.—— C. D. H., Alderson, W. Va. Who has been heavily afflicted for seven years that God would mercifully give relief.——T. A., Louisville, Ky. For the restoration of health in all ways.——J. S. A., Forest, O. That God would grant health if consistent with his will and grace in any event to be faithful to him.—— "Believer," Philadelphia, Pa. For the recovery of two persons suffering from a nervous trouble.—— Mrs. M. E. W., Elmira, N. Y. Who is ill with pulmonary disease, and is anxious about her family, [illegible] that for their sake she may live.—— M. H. W., West Haddam, Conn. That she may be [illegible] able to provide for herself.——"Subscriber," Bolton. For the recovery of hearing so as to be more useful in God's service.——I. H. N., Missouri. For recovery from a terrible affliction.—— M. F. H., Milano, Tex. For the restoration of health. ——W. G. Cain, Tyler, Tex. That a beloved daughter whose affliction has not been relieved by the physicians who have treated her, may be healed by the Great Physician.——"In Christ Name," Manchester, Va. For a mother and sister in delicate health that God would sustain them spiritually and physically.——M. M. M., South Salem, O. For a son now in a hospital, and who seems almost beyond hope of recovery, that God would raise him up.——Invalid, Fall River, Mass. That God would bless the means now being used for recovery; also that a loved one now suffering may be restored.

For Special Blessings. G. T. W. Calvin, I. T., for guidance and support under a critical ordeal, and [illegible] and wisdom in [illegible] be [illegible] ——M. A. J., Bowling Green, Ky., for grace, and to be kept in the narrow way.——G. E. V. D., Cannon Falls, Minn., for help that under all future circumstances faith may never falter.——C. E. S., Caldwell, N. J., who is in prison, that God would forgive the [illegible] and bless him in the future; also, that loved ones now suffering owing to [illegible] may be restored to them.——C. [illegible] E. D. S., Mad River, O., that God would bless The [illegible] ——[illegible] over his wife.——A. B., Jersey City, N. J., for more [illegible] a mighty Saviour than now.——V. F., Carlisle, Pa., [illegible] bless the revival services in that town.——G. A. H., [illegible] vainly seeking employment, that in some way an opportunity to earn a living may be found, and that [illegible]

Feed Them Properly

[illegible]

Peace in Answer to Prayer.

Some time ago (writes P. A. A., St. Augustine, Fla., to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), a deep sorrow came upon a friend, a sorrow of which she could speak to no one, only the cry of her heart was, "My burden is greater than I can bear." When her sorrow was the greatest she would often exclaim, "Has God forgotten to be gracious? Is his mercy clean gone forever? Are his promises nothing?" In her great distress she picked up the Bible, and read: "But verily God hath heard me; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer. Blessed be God which hath not turned away my prayer nor his mercy from me." She read it over and over, it fascinated her; she believed it; it was true God had heard her prayer, but although she believed it no comfort appeared to come into her heart. So great was her sorrow nothing could rouse her from it, but her cry to God was continually, "Remember the word on which thou hast caused me to hope, remember thy promises, Lord."

For over a year she sorrowed almost as one who had no hope; her minister wondered that she could believe and yet sorrow so. Night after night she lay awake crying to God in her agony of heart and soul, but one night she fell asleep as sweetly as a little child. In the morning she awoke and peace was in her heart. Everything was strange to her. She thought of her sorrow; it was there in all its dreadful reality still, but peace, unutterable peace, was in her heart. It was so strange, so grand, and beautiful, she could not understand it. If only some word had come with it she would know it was God's peace sent to her, she thought. While she was wondering there came to her like strains of sweetest music, the words, "But verily God hath heard me; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer. Blessed be God which has not turned away my prayer nor his mercy from me." And now, four years after, peace is still in her heart, although sorrow is there, too, but peace above and over all.

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FATHER AGAINST SON

OR,

How the Curse of Horse-Head House was Lifted.

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

BY J. C. COWDRICK.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

AND he has found that I was not to be trifled with, Joe," said Hilton. "But, he will be back again, like the prodigal son, when he has tried faring on husks for awhile, I am thinking. I don't know where he is going, but I will give him about a week to cool off in, and two to come back."

"Well, I hope he will, for it is a shame for a fine young feller like Billy to go to ruin that way."

"He will see it, Joe, when he gets his eyes open. Here he had a fine business to step right into, some day, and no need to do a day's real work as long as he lived. For my part, I can't see what he was thinking about. But then, he was not all to blame; it was that preacher; he has turned the whole town crazy. I'll be glad when he stops his mill and gives us a rest."

"There don't seem to be much sign of his stoppin', the way things went last night, Mr. Hilton."

"Then we'll have to see if there isn't a way to make him stop, that is all. A pity, if the people of this town can't have something to say about it. He will go it till he hears of something that will surprise him, I shouldn't wonder."

"Don't see what can be done, Mr. Hilton. And when you talk about the people, he has got the whole people with him as it is. That is to say, all but you and Wheeler, and a few of us old residenters; but, we'll stand by you as long as there is anything left to stand on!"

The landlord of the Horse Head House stopped short and was thoughtful. "There is something in that, I guess," he admitted. "Well, let it run its course, like any other epidemic, and meanwhile Wheeler and I will do business at the same old stands. Our old patrons will find us here when the tide turns the other way. I have seen these things before, though never such a one as this, and there is always a turning."

Others came into the barroom, and the matter was dropped. Hilton had spoken more lightly than he felt. His thoughts were upon his boy, and the wrong he had done him.

He was glad the truth was not known, and yet it galled him to think how the boy had shielded him. If he had only told the truth—not that he had told a falsehood, but if he had only out with it all and given him ground for bitterness. Worst of all, his son's parting words kept ringing in his head, and he could not still the voice, strive as he would.

But, to return to Will. He and Horace Freeman had entered into conversation as soon as they started from the widow's cottage, and Will had to tell some of the facts concerning himself. Not that his conversion was any news to Horace, for he had heard of it before; but the fact that he was leaving home, and was going to offer his services to Deacon Barkmore, that was a surprise.

When they reached the deacon's place, Will got out, thanked Horace for the favor, and went to the house. He applied at the kitchen door, and it happened to be the deacon himself who opened to him, and the deacon's surprise on seeing who it was, was great.

"William!" he exclaimed. "What has brought you here?"

"I heard that you wanted a hand, Mr. Barkmore, and——"

"You have heard of some one, eh? Much obliged to you for stopping to tell me——"

"No, you are wrong, Mr. Barkmore; I have come to apply for the job myself, if you think I would be of any use to you. I am strong, and you will find me willing. I would like to try it, anyhow!"

The farmer stared at him in amazement. "Have you taken leave of your senses, Will Hilton?" he demanded. "Come in and tell me the meaning of this."

"Why, you were at the church last night, Mr. Barkmore; you know all about that part of it. You said if I wanted a friend to come to you, and here I am. I have had to leave home."

"I see, I see;" the farmer muttered as he closed the door. "Set down by the fire, William, and we'll have a talk the first thing, and then we'll see about the other. Mother," calling to his wife, "come here and see if you want me to hire this chap."

Mrs. Barkmore came, and when she saw who it was she, too, was surprised.

The farmer stated the few facts he knew in as few words as possible, and then turned to Will and asked for the whole story.

Will told it all, save only the incident of the whipping, and as soon as he had done, Mrs. Barkmore turned to her husband and declared that it was their Christian duty to do what they could.

"How old are you, William?" the farmer asked.

"Past twenty, sir," Will answered.

"But not of age yet."

"Not till in September, sir."

"There is something in the way, then, to start with. Your father can come and take you, if he wants to; and he can demand your wages, anyhow."

"But you will not get into trouble by hiring me, will you?" asked Will.

"Oh, no; that part of it is all right."

"Then never mind about the other; father will not come for me, and you can turn my wages over to him."

"Well, I will take you on, then. Your pay will be ten dollars a month, and your keep, if you stay; but I am half afraid that you will back out at the end of a week or so."

"Not if I can do the work to suit you," Will assured.

"Then there is another thing; you will have to cart wood for me, right into town. That will be galling for you, and I have my doubts about your holding out as you have begun. Still, you are a sturdy fellow, and you are the best judge of that."

"I will try it," said Will.

CHAPTER VII.

Facing the Enemy.

The bargain was struck.

Will Hilton had begun his new life.

"When will you come on?" asked Deacon Barkmore, "immediately?"

"Right away, sir," Will answered. "My bundle is out by the gate. Had I not got the job I was going straight on."

"Well, that shows grit, anyhow. We'll see what the weather is going to do, and if it breaks away we'll get ready to cart wood to-morrow. You will find a big difference."

Continued on next page.

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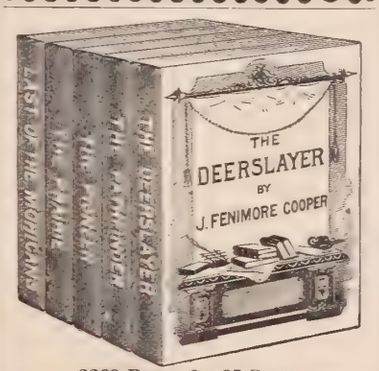

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"Brevity is the Soul of Wit." Good Wife, You Need **SAPOLIO**

"That is what I have sought, sir."

"And what is the matter with your face?" asked Mrs. Barkmore.

"Something struck me and cut it," was the matter-of-fact explanation Will gave.

He went out for his bundle and was shown to the room he was to occupy, where he changed his clothes, and when he reappeared he was ready for whatever might be given him to do.

He was a man in size, as we have tried to make plain, and it has been mentioned that he was sturdy and muscular.

There was no stronger youth in all Silvervale town.

By mid-day the sun struggled through the clouds, and in the afternoon the wood sleds were loaded to make ready for an early start to the village next morning.

Will was up before daylight without having to be called, being used to getting up early, and performed the chores nearly as well as the deacon could have done them himself, stranger though he was.

They had an early breakfast, and then Will set out with his load for Silvervale station.

This would be, as he felt and knew, his greatest trial.

He looked like almost anybody else than Will Hilton, son of the landlord of the Horse Head House.

He had on a suit of rusty-looking overalls and jumper, which he had found in the barn, having asked permission to wear them, for he wanted to save his clothes all the wear possible; and with an old cap, which the deacon had given him, pulled down over his ears, and the plaster on his cheek, he was almost in disguise.

On the way he met no one who recognized him, and it was not until he came to Wheeler's Hotel, on entering the village, that any one spoke to him.

There, his team turned out of the road toward the hotel, to stop, and he had to speak to them sharply.

The deacon's last hand had been in the habit of stopping there, and for that reason had been dismissed. The deacon and his family, driving to church one Sunday, the deacon sitting in a dreamy fashion, had met with the surprise of finding themselves come to a stop at the hotel; and that had told the story.

Just as Will shouted at the team, the door of the hotel opened and Joe Mosley came out.

He recognized the voice, and looked up quickly.

It was known in the village, by this time, that Will had hired out to Deacon Barkmore.

"Hello!" the old toper cried, with a drawl. "Bless my eyes if it ain't Billy Hilton! Come here, Wheeler," calling back into the barroom; "come and see this sight!"

Will felt the hot blood mount to his face, but he paid no attention.

The landlord came running out, followed by all who were in the room, and all laughed heartily.

"Hello, Saint William!" the landlord shouted, derisively. "You look well on that kind of an altar! You will have to get that team converted, next, or come into town the back way!"

The crowd laughed the more at this, but Will looked straight ahead and gave them no heed.

The road was heavy, and the team moved slowly.

Joe Mosley, who had been on the point of setting out for the Horse Head House, anyhow, left the others and soon caught up with the sled.

"You look out o' place there, Billy," he declared.

"You think so, Joe?" Will cheerfully asked.

"Yes, you do; you was cut out for somethin' better'n haulin' wood."

"Well, may be I will do something better, one of these days; we shall see about that."

"Your old man—I mean your father; he gives you a week to get tired of this, and two weeks to come back in; but I'll give you a month, for I know your grit. How do you like it?"

"It is not a question of whether I like it or not, Joe, and I may get tired of it, as you say; but to coming back, never!"

"You speak as if you mean it."

"I do mean it."

"Deacon Barkmore is one of the hardest old skinflints in this whole county, and ——"

"There, Joe, I guess that will do. I have heard that of him, I admit, but I have yet to find the actual proof of it, and until I have found such proof I won't believe it."

"Well, now that you are one of the flock, Billy, it is only nat'ral that you should stick up for the brethren, I s'pose. Seein' as you don't ask me to ride, I will trudge along and let the folks know you are a-comin'. No doubt they will feel cur'ous to see you."

Will said no more, and the "bummer" forged ahead in the direction of the Horse Head House, not a little piqued.

He announced Will's coming to every person he met.

When Will came to the church he looked toward it with a new feeling in his heart. He had always had a certain amount of respect for the house of God; now he loved it.

The parsonage was next to the church, and Will saw Mr. Gillman coming down the path to the gate.

The minister looked, but did not know him. He nodded, however, and Will said good-morning.

The minister responded, looked closer, and then seeing who it was, hurried forward to shake hands and speak a word of good cheer.

Will told briefly the circumstances which had placed him in that position, but did not stop long, as his time was not his own; and when he went on he was sure of one heart in sympathy with him.

From there he could see the sign of the Horse Head House, a swinging sign with the picture of a horse's head, and he tried to nerve himself for whatever might next occur, with a silent prayer for help that he might be able to bear patiently anything that might be said.

Joe Mosley had already arrived there.

As Will approached, all in the barroom came out, all save his father, and Will was greeted with taunting gibes and jeers.

Among those present were the son of the bank president, and two or three of his set, and they remembered the offer the landlord had made to them on the night of Will's conversion.

"Here comes one of the fold!" exclaimed one.

"Don't you see that halo around his saintly head?" cried another.

"Brother Hilton will now lead us in prayer," remarked still another, and all roared with laughter.

Within, Reuben Hilton heard, with a flush of shame—shame of a commingled nature this time, perhaps; and in the room over the barroom the mother and sister were peering through closed blinds.

"What a disgrace!" cried Mary.

The mother was silent. She did not speak her secret thoughts.

Will did not look, did not seem to hear, but drove straight ahead, his eyes fixed upon the road.

"Why, he's deaf!" one cried.

"No, no; he hasn't cooled off enough for that, yet. I'll stir him up!"

This one grabbed some snow and quickly pressed it to a ball and threw it at Will, and the others following his example, they pelted him unmercifully.

He made four trips that day, and each succeeding day, when the weather was suitable, for several weeks. He had a hard struggle for a time, for all manner of wicked tricks were played upon him and evil jests without number were thrown at him, but he bore it all, and his was the victory—and a greater was just ahead.

Meanwhile, the revival had come to its close, and already some had fallen away, and it was prophesied that Will's turn would come; his time was extended a little, that was all. But they did not know him; they did not know the full extent of his determination—his determination with God's help; he never expressed it without adding that.

(To be Continued.)

Wm. M. King, ex-Chief of Seed Division of U. S. Dept. of Agriculture writes voluntarily to the Editor of the American Agriculturist as follows: "As a comfort producer and fuel saver, I can assure the readers of the American Agriculturist that the Rochester Radiator, which I have thoroughly tested, is all that it is recommended to be." More valuable testimony to the merits of this article which we are advertising could scarcely be obtained.

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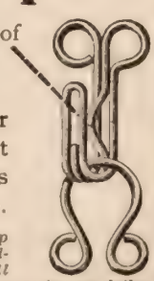

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An Arab Funeral.*

AN Arab funeral is one of the most pathetic of sights. Although you know beforehand that the howling and mourning accompanying the services are usually hired by the hour, they are so effectively performed that your sympathies are enlisted in spite of yourself. The paid mourners come first in the funeral procession, and they are usually women. Their number is governed very much by the same circumstances which regulate the number of carriages at some of the funerals in our own land. If Achmed Bedawi hired a dozen mourners at the recent funeral of his fourth wife, when a child or a wife of Hassan Ali is to be buried there will be at least thirteen mourners; for, although Hassan is not quite as wealthy as Achmed, his family pride requires that he should have "quite as good a funeral." Clothed in white and tossing their arms frantically aloft, the hideous creatures come. They part the air with their large handkerchiefs and give forth the most dreadful howls with imposing fervor. The real mourners can only be traced by the slight response they give to the shrieks of those who are under their pay. A motley crowd of men and boys follow the women, and some of them carry the bier on their shoulders. Others chant a sort of a dirge which is led by the beating of a drum, and many carry flags. All the sadness possible is put into their voice—"No God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet" is the funeral cry, "Allah! Allah! Allah! Allah!" is the doleful response. Talking and laughing are interspersed. At the grave, all gather around and share in the bowing, swaying, and moaning, and swirling until they are tired, when the grave is filled and the howling ceremony is repeated while the procession returns. Some such scene as this must have met the eyes of Jesus, and excited his divine pity, as he approached the city gate of Nain. He restored an only son to his mother just as Elisha had done over nine hundred years previously in the little town of Shunem, but a short distance across the plain from Nain. The difference in treatment and regard between the boys and girls practised by the people who live in Palestine now is in striking contrast with that of Jesus who expressed the same sympathy for the distinguished Jairus when his "one only daughter lay a-dying" as he did with the "great lady of Nain," for the little girls in Syria do not receive very much consideration and love from their Mohammedan parents, as a rule. When a girl is born into a family there is about the same amount of howling as there is at a funeral. The neighboring women come in and condole with the mother over "the dreadful misfortune which has happened to the family," and they "wonder what great sin the father has committed, to be punished by having a daughter born." The helpless little one also comes in for her full share of fault-finding. If two women are journeying together with their children and the little girl becomes tired or sick, the mother is urged by her companion to "throw her away, because she is only a bint and not worth any trouble." A "bint" is a girl. There is a proverb among these people that "When a girl is born, the stone of the threshold of the house weeps forty days." As she grows up, the little girl is cursed, kicked, and abused. She is apt to see her own mother treated in the same way, and she learns to take it for granted that it is to be her fate. Ask her father how many children he has, and if she is his only child, to your astonishment he will answer, "Not any." Inquire to whom the little girl belongs and he will answer, "Oh! she is nothing but a bint—we don't count her." When a boy is born there is a different state of things. All the neighbors come and compliment the father and rejoice with him, and the father immediately changes his name, for the fathers are always named after their eldest sons. Aboo means son, so if the baby boy is named Salim, then his father become Aboo-Salim [the father of Salim], though his name previously may have been Mohammed. But if no sons are born to him he is condemned to bear the name which was given him at his birth. Sometimes, when he is beloved by his neighbors and holds an honorable place in society, he is allowed to take the name he would have named his son if he had had a son. If a Mohammedan is away from home he will never think of writing to his wife or daughter, but always addresses his letters to his son. I often saw my dragoman do this; and although much of the letter was for his wife, it was addressed to his son who was but seven.

*From *In Scripture Lands*. New Views of Sacred Places; by Edward L. Wilson, with 150 illustrations from original photographs by the author. A really valuable volume, replete with accurate information concerning all the places made sacred by Scriptural history. Pp. 386; cloth; price $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

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"I seek refuge with Allah from Satan, (the rejeem) the accursed. In the name of Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful! O Lord of all Creatures! O Allah! Destroy the infidels and polytheists, thine enemies, the enemies of the religion! O Allah! Make their children orphans, and defile their abodes! Cause their feet to slip: give them and their families, their households and their women, their children and their relations by marriage, their brothers and their friends, their possessions and their race, their wealth and their lands, as booty to the Moslems, O Lord of all Creatures!"

All who do not accept Mohammed are included among "the infidels" referred to in the prayer.

*From *The Armenian Crisis in Turkey*, by Rev. F. D. Greene, M.A., lately returned from Van, Armenia, where he has been for years a missionary associate of Dr. Grace Kimball. It is the only full, recent and authoritative discussion of the whole subject yet issued. Thirteen thousand copies already sold. Twenty illustrations, and good map and two hundred pages. Cloth, $1; paper, 60c. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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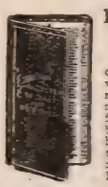

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Baird, Dr L W	2 00
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Bonsor, Mrs A	1 00
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Brookshire, Mrs A	25
Brookshire, N	50
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Ellingson, A	5 00
Errington, F C	5 00
[illegible]	2 00
Ewing, A J	1 00
[illegible]	50
Ewing, John	1 00
[illegible]	50
[illegible]	55
Evans, Mrs E M	3 00
[illegible]	5 00
[illegible]	50
Finnigan, Ida	1 00
Fleming, Mrs M	1 00
Fletcher, C & Son	1 00
Fraser, Mrs A	25
Forrest, Mrs J W	5 00
[illegible]	1 00
Gardner, Mrs John	5 00
[illegible]	25
[illegible]	2 00
Gillingham, Wm	5 00
[illegible]	25
[illegible]	2 00
Gurney, Chas J	2 50
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	50
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	2 00
Holt, Mrs H	1 00
Howel, Mrs C C	1 00
Hoyt Mr & Mrs J J	20 00
Hunter, R A	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	5 00
Harsh, J W	1 00
[illegible]	5 00
Hetrick, Chas	1 00
Humphrey, Margaret	[illegible]
Jube, John P	[illegible]
Jefferson, Eunice	1 00
Jenks, Rosa H	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Kennedy, Alex	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Kindermann, H	[illegible]
[illegible]	5 00
Kraft, Mrs C S	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
King, Mrs Cha	[illegible]
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Leslie, Mrs L	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
M't arley, Mrs H M	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Mc'ouag, R	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Mc Knight, Mrs L M	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
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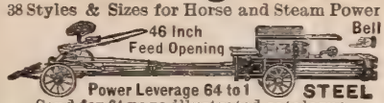

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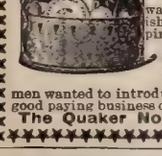

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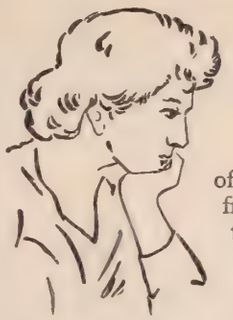

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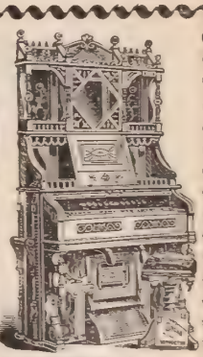

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